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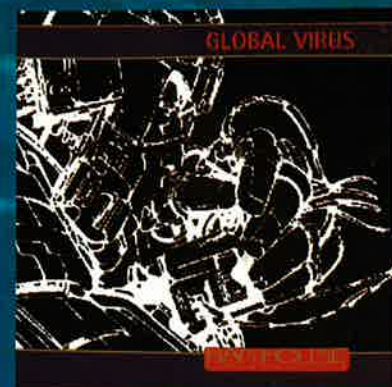


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Kung Fu Mania Issue no.32

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photo by Udo Spretzenbarth

# LOOKS 2 LOOK 4

HELLO, Miss Concubine!!

Have those of you lucky enough to live in Manhattan seen cable's freshest fortune cookie, Annabel Chung, on channel 35 recently? If not, NYC's most recent arrivals, Sears & Robot, have. Annabel left an indelible impression, or psychological scar, on these wide-eyed youngsters, compelling them to pay her homage with the outfits featured here. Sears & Robot, a.k.a. Michael and Hushi, were dissatisfied with 7th Avenue's lo-cal, MSG-free, à-la-carte servings of Asian style, so they unleashed their passions for egg rolls, Japanimation, ping pong, Suzi Wong, and, of course, Shiseido. The results are these heart stopping, artery clogging, Stir Fried Styles.

What about their private lives, your inner, typical American media consumer demands to know? Michael (a native of Las Vegas) met Hushi (originally from Iran!!) in San Francisco's percolating club scene. They became instant friends and discovered that Hushi's illustration skills and eye for fabrics complimented Michael's sewing skills. Before you could drop a chopstick, they started serving up wanton suits, rendering themselves club darlings in the process.

The move to NY came as a result of Hushi's talent for visual display, culminating in his Best Windows designation by the San Francisco Chronicle, but not before some Asian sorority femi-nazis from Berkeley protested and vandalized the display for "perpetuation of stereotypes." With Oz-like effect, these PC hags-of-hot-air whipped up a whirlwind of scandal that swept them up and over a continental rainbow, depositing them in our not so emerald, though very jadeed, city. - E.G.

## Project X MAGAZINE

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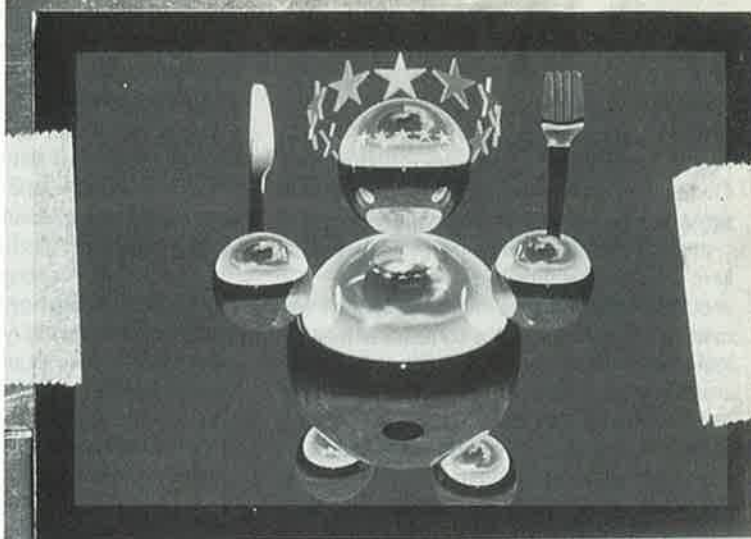
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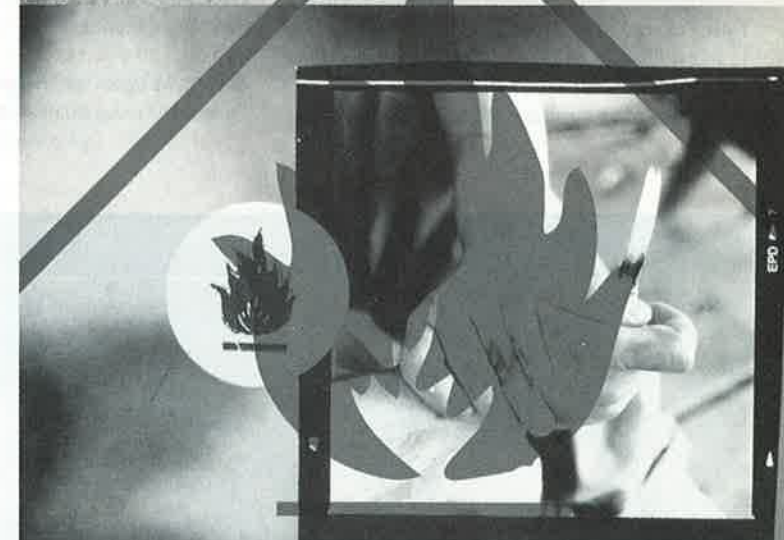
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## Letters to Pro X

Dear Project X

I enjoy reading your magazine very much and do believe that you're one of the only magazines in the world that covers the underground-rave, dance scene... I especially enjoy reading the reviews and fashion. You've got a good thing going here so keep it up! On the other hand, I believe you should also concentrate a little more on the international underground dance scene (as in mag 29 - Klubbing UK Style) or chose a different location around the globe as a party pointer of interest i.e. Manchester, Ibiza, Amsterdam, Goa, etc... Perhaps many of your readers don't have the opportunity to travel to faraway places, but I'm sure some do, like me. Or maybe some would like to plan a holiday and know when and where the party is.  
-Paul S., Michigan

*Editors: Well, if you feel so strongly about sharing your experiences with other Pro X readers, then please submit a story with pictures about your fabulous travels.*

Dear Project X

I think it really important to realize the role of the "rave" scene in our society and appreciate that it gave many of us a culture and an environment we

feel we can belong to. When my friends and I plan for an event, we plan in advance everything from our outfits, to driving music, and we look forward to a getaway weekend of incredible music and just hanging out with friends. Well recently, I've noticed the corniest shit on TV associated with "rave." For example, and I'm sure many of you are aware and shocked about this - "Beverly Hill's 90210" rave which was held at a diner, thrown by the group's West Coast guide - Steve - who wore a tuxedo (yes, a white tuxedo!) and was filled with mall types dancing to Crystal Waters. Another example, is an episode of Saved by the Bell (yes, I watch a lot of TV), if you can believe it, and guess what the characters wore: Dr. Seuss hats and whistles. I'm sure there are more atrocious examples of this rave-abuse. In fact, just the other day when I was channel surfing, out pops MTV's Woodstock coverage with Kennedy at Ravestock running up to everyone with a microphone and asking "Are you raving?" Gimme a break, no one even uses that word anymore. The underground is still going strong and if I ever see "Steve," I'm gonna kick his butt. I hope you print this because I never write letters to anyone, especially to magazines.  
-Marie and friends, FL

*Editors: We agree, and suggest that you drop some "euphoria" in his smart drink and if he doesn't drink*

*it, then trash it on his white tuxedo.*

Dear Project X

Your last issues was the greatest, I loved the swimsuit pictures! But my favorite was Junior Vasquez interview. That was dope. Junior is the leader of the whole underground in my opinion, and even though I've only been the Sound Factory once, it was the best experience. He manages to come off totally honest and he has a great sense of humor. And if other DJs dis him, it just because he's the star! I just wish that you didn't run that Sound Factory Map because by doing so, you just support all the segregation between white -black, gay-straight, ravers-queens, etc... Can you send me some pictures of Junior, like the one in the issue?

-Jerome S., San Francisco

*Why don't you write him a fan letter c/o Sound Factory 530 East 27th street NYC, NY 1001.*

To Project X

I don't read your magazine every issue because it's too hard to find it where I live, but every time I go to the city I always buy it... recently I noticed that someone put an article from your last issue (techno categories) on the net in my school and everyone has been adding new categories to it. I read in the last issue someone's letter and their

additions like "make-out techno" and "back-back techno," but this list is seriously long now, I'm gonna send it to you so that you can run it in the next issue. Another article that was on the net was the Sound Factory categories. It's hysterical. I hope that everyone adds to that too! Anyway, here's my subscription and a list of stores here that you can distribute your magazine at.  
Peace, Brad, IL

To the writers of the "Sound Factory Map" story, Do you people realize that the whole map is totally wrong. I mean, how could you get it so wrong? Sound Factory and Junior are a legendary legends in this scene and it's almost a crime to get things that screwed up! C'mon, the drug dealers don't hang out where you placed them anymore - they have all moved to the bathroom area, and that bar where Olympia supposedly works - well, it's not there anymore, and Olympia is hardly there anyway. Then, the "Valley of the Voguers" is now replaced by the House of Aviance, where Kevin Aviance and his house rule - we've cleaned all that trash out! And the model mention - there are no girls at Sound Factory - only my friend, you know the one with a blond ponytail, and Madonna. At least they are real women! So I think it's just horrendous. Did you people even go there before you wrote the article?  
-Anonymous, NYC

*Editors: Well, you read us from cover to cover, MissThing!*

Dear Project X

Ya, dudez! The swimsuit issue is blazing. All I can say is an emphatic YES! Even the pages are in order. Finally, the long-awaited return of Club Rub with James and Michael. Oh Lord, Michael is back! Truthfully, did he return for the glory or the money? Either way I'm glad he's still able to fuel his egocentric activities. You fashion layouts are severe. Unfortunately, the raving cybertribe on NE-Raves didn't think too highly of the term rave net dorks in the "Calling All Geeks" pictorial. Most of the thread on the net revolved around sentences like "Project X is ridiculous." Don't worry I stuck up for you and posted back, "You're right. Project X is ridiculous." One thing that amazes me is how beautiful the female models look. However, the male models usually look like they're from another spool of thread. The "Buzzer" guys looked like they were in Right Said Fred. And what the hell was going on in the "jungle" spread? I hope you feature jungle DJs instead. You seem to be concentrating on the NY House lately (although who could bitch about Armand and Vasquez?) One question - when you guys send an issue to print, do you do victory laps around the office? You should because you guys are stars. Keep shining. I can't believe how patronizing I can be. I

should right seven-page articles on Chloe for *The New Yorker*.  
Your friend, Rob

Dear Project X

What is happening to New York? I was just there last week, need less to say I had a great time at the places I went to, but is this the end of the superclubs? Club USA, the one I heard so much about closed the day I got there, and Studio 54, which I apparently just reopened is shutting down. It just proves that the mentality is real and underground. The era of the "fabulous club personalities" has come to an end (before I got to meet anybody) and the "warehouse" mentality and the music scene kicked in. It's like that already here, where I live. But maybe that's because we never had the superclubs. Anyway, thanks for keeping the vibe alive in your magazine and I hope you don't get too bored in NY without the big clubs. P.S. I would also like to see some articles on the acid jazz scene in your magazine.  
Cyrus, Kansas



before



after



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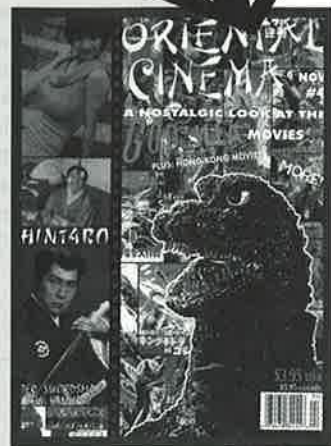
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## EXPLOIT-Asian

In case you've haven't considered the development of Asian schlock since those bygone, childhood Saturday afternoons spent viewing *Mothra* reruns and Kung Fu matinees, Project X has done it for you! And we hit pay dirt! It appears that this genre didn't disappear in the 70's. It always maintained its mainstream appeal in Hong Kong and Japan, while going underground in the U.S., thanks to the arrival of VCR's in the 80's. Obscure publications and small video distributors have spawned a fanatically devoted and highly opinionated scene. The following descriptions should provide enough info to help you find an on-ramp to the Exploit-Asian Super Sleaze-way.

It's all about Hong Kong's gangsta divas, "the 80's toughest ladies", and "TV's Top Heroines" in *She* magazine. Within its glossy covers lie news, video reviews, and tasty trash. It's the ultimate fanzine for lovers of dominant women. In a similar vein, though more broadly focused, is *Oriental Cinema*. If you ever considered the writers or editors of Project X to be obnoxious, you haven't read *Oriental Cinema*. The editor clearly suffers from the Trekkie Syndrome: A nerdy kid who grew up loving trashy Sci-Fi, all the while suffering endless torment from his peers for always rambling about the brilliance of *Godzilla Vs. The Smog Monster*. Understandably, this guy grew up to be the heterosexual male version of a bitter queen who has started his own 'zine so he could always have the last word. This makes the 'zine funny and offensive, yet extremely informative, since the guy knows his trivia. Plus, O.C.'s issue #4 is the ultimate *Godzilla* reference guide. Both these titles, in addition to *Draculina* magazine, which covers the low-budget(sleaze) movie industry, are available by mail order from *Draculina Publishing*, a virtual Publisher's Clearing House of exploitation. Send for their catalog and you'll get the idea. (P.O. Box 969, Centralia, IL 62801)

The most professional and easiest to read 'zine is *Hong Kong Film Connection*, (P.O. Box 867225, Plano, TX). Each issue usually contains one article, several feature and capsule reviews, and news. Since most of the films can be found in Chinese video stores, the Chinese characters are wisely placed next to the titles reviewed to facilitate communication with non-English speaking video staff.

All this discussion of Asian film 'zines is pointless without mentioning how you can buy these films, if you're not lucky enough to have a Chinatown in your city where you can rent them. Eastern Way Films (P.O. Box 291655, Los Angeles, CA 90029), will send you a fairly extensive catalog for one dollar. Enjoy! - E. G.

## Is That A Fly In Your Drink? Or are you just TRENDY?

Liquor companies are constantly battling each other for a share of your cocktail dollars. For example, Absolut's rise in popularity has resulted in more vodka brands from Scandinavia than there are countries. The result of this struggle for market share is a willingness to resort to any marketing trick, with the gimmick-du-jour being foreign objects floating in the liquor bottle.

While the worm has always been associated with certain brands of mescal or a form of tequila, no other insect or animal has enjoyed similar popularity. The plant kingdom, on the other hand, scores higher on the popularity scale. For the vegetarians among you, there's a brandy from France, Poire Williams. It contains a medium sized, attractive looking pear, which might make pouring the last drop beautifully difficult. (Their spokesperson has the nerve to tell us that they actually place liquor bottles onto branches of a young pear tree so that the pear can grow into in! Is that treacherous marketing or what!) For those of you with a sweet tooth, try Anis Tres Castillos from Puerto Rico. It not only has rock candy at the bottom of the bottle, but also a tree twig suspended in the syrupy liquid. Talk about a sugar rush!

However, the prize for most pretentious additive goes to Switzerland's Goldschlager Cinnamon Schnapps. The Swiss, whose vaults spill over with third world robber baron's loot, have decided to put their excess gold where the party is. "Yes, it's real gold," claims their advertising. Anyone concerned about the wisdom of swallowing a precious metal can relax. Since gold is an inert substance that won't react with the human body, consuming the stuff won't hurt you, though the next day's p\*\*p will give a literal meaning to flushing your money down the toilet.

So consider this, next time you raise your glass for a toast, chew before you swallow! - E.G.

▼ No she's not acting. Ann Magnuson gags on a worm.



▲ DYNASTY: Overaged yuckies



▲ THIRTYSOMETHING: middle-aged yuckies



▲ TODDLERS INC: Greed, deception, and scandal pre school style

## From Diamonds to Diapers

As the nation's obsession with youth starts to get out of hand (witness the sheer volume of "Generation X" bullshit), every woman in America over the age of 30 rushes to the Chanel counter for anti-aging elixir, like lemmings diving into the Fountain of Youth. There is no better barometer for this juvenile mania than the soap operas that manage to transcend mere daytime TV and enrapture the entire country; examining the de-evolution of the genre in the past two decades gives us a pretty accurate forecast of what we'll be watching in the year 2000.

It all started out with a bunch of menopausal schemers on *Dynasty*, *Falcon Crest*, and *Hotel*; wealthy, treacherous, lecherous middle-aged CEOs bent on screwing their heirs and their heirs' lovers. The settings were Texas oil-fortune ranches, grand old hotels, sprawling California vineyards and baroque, over-decorated mansions. Gold-tone Corvette convertibles idled in front of majestic archways while the sun set over mountains tinged in mauve. Jewel-encrusted, ball-gowned, dowagers plotted against the tuxedo-jacketed, Stetson-hatted, Grecian-formulated patriarchs banging the flashy, frosted-haired, gold-digging, laméd sirens on the side, while the young, homoerotic, gold-chained studs in tight-fitting Wranglers went to the store for more blush. Key names: *Blake, Storm, Stone, Blaine, Rain, Carrington*. Rich white trash carried the day, and "Who shot J.R.?" was a far more pressing question than "What is the meaning of life".

A little later, these farcical, Chaucerian melodramas ceded prime time to a younger cast of characters on *Saint Elsewhere* and *Hill St. Blues*. Greed, avarice, incest and backstabbing finally gave way to caring, sharing and sickly sensitivity in the cloying, maudlin *Thirtysomething*. Ad execs, doctors and lawyers became the new urban folk heroes as the Yuppie Years dawned on an economically intoxicated country. Key names: *Michael, Randy, Phil, Karen, Kim*. A nation of housewives was mesmerized, at least for a while.

Ironically, the Pepsi generation was ushered in by octogenarian Aaron Spelling, inadvertently creating a cottage industry devoted entirely to ridiculing his only daughter in the process. *Melrose Place*, *Beverly Hills 90210* and *Models Inc.* gave us the pseudo-hip twentysomethings of postmodern Candy Land California. The fact is these earnestly myopic, squeaky-clean, trendy little Swatch-dogs and sincere little Sassy sluts had nothing in common with real, live young American. Although Dylan was a pretty good drug mess. Key names: *Brandon, Kelly, Steve, Billy, Brenda, Amanda*. One tab of acid was subplot fodder for weeks.

Now the most popular soap on television (and despite what Mr. Spelling would have you believe, these are merely soaps) is *My So-Called Life*, about a bunch of kids in junior high. There's the token homosexual, the junkie, the whore, the prep - you name it. By the creators of *Thirtysomething*, who ought to know the business, it's the latest stop on the immaturity express. So, Project X wonders, what's next? *Toddlersomething*? *Zygotes, Inc.*? *Magnum, D.N.A.*? How much lower can we go? I guess we'll find out next season...

## Calling all clubbers, calling all clubbers

Next issue is our Encyclopedia of Cool collector's edition. So here's your one and only chance to pitch us your favorite club, label (music or gear), DJ, promoter, artist, store, or instant oatmeal flavor. Here's what you have to do - stop for just a second from that twizzler of your party life and send us a note with your idea for our consideration. Include a photo if you can (no, not of yourself, you press whore) of that someone (or something) lusciously cool in your scene that, in your opinion, we just have to be report on in the next issue of Project X. Remember, this is not a contest or anything, it's just that we can't be everywhere at the same time, and the underground treasure of your scene may be worth sharing with other Project Xers. So hurry, and do it as soon as you finish reading this, otherwise someone else in your town is going to beat you to it. And remember to be creative, because we already know everything...





## SURF'S UP

*Tsunami*, the Japanese word for tidal wave, perfectly describes the fashion wave officially set into motion by the Metropolitan Museum of Art's newest costume exhibit: Orientalism. Opening just before Spring & Fall 95s debut of kimonos, satin, and mandarin collars, while coinciding with the release of *Street Fighter* and *Mortal Combat*, Hollywood's entrance in a series of martial arts inspired films, the Met has detonated a Pop culture bomb that promises to explode all over 1995. While we expect numerous ready-to-wear labels to recreate for consumers the designer equivalent of kung-fu vs. karate, Project X would like to pass a tip to all budget minded Ninjas.

Chinatown is crowded with lots of martial arts supply shops. Guys, simply take a blank t-shirt, \$20 worth of iron-on patches, the household iron (no steam), and 20 minutes later you can look as if you just stepped off an Anna Sui runway (the patches are available from TC 2000) For a slightly bigger fashion investment, you can buy an upper body fighting vest and wear it over a long sleeve t-shirt. That's a good behind-the-turnstile look. The quilted texture of the fighting gear is much more updated than those tired DKNY and Prada float vests. Ironically, this look practically replicates the House of Lanvin's \$20,000+ couture creation on exhibit at the Met, and allows you to exit the stores with some dollars still clenched in your fists of fury. Meanwhile, here's a topic: *Street Fighter* (hip hop soundtrack and Kylie Minogue as Chun Li) Vs. *Mortal Combat* (hard techno soundtrack and Talisa Soto as Mileena)... Discuss amongst yourselves. - E.G.



Yesterday's fighting gear is today's club gear

- ▲ The T-shirt patches are all the rage
- ◀ This trend has caught on big time at the Met

## THE SCOURGE OF NEW YORK



▲ Would Nadja really be seen at the model theme bar?

Have you noticed that going out for a drink these days isn't as simple as it used to be? Further evidence of the Disneyfication of America, it seems that every damned bar has to have a *theme* these days. Now by "theme" I don't mean that the décor is consistent with a certain place or time, nor am I referring to authentically ethnic establishments. I'm talking about the rash of new bars with loud, obnoxious, in-your-face atmospheric *policies*, the kind that won't allow you to just drink away your sorrows in peace. This aggressively enforced fun inspires the legions of imbeciles who populate these places to act out rôle-playing fantasies left over from their Dungeons and Dragons days, thereby adding insult to injury to the poor stiff unlucky enough to stumble into one of these demented gin joints in search of nothing more than a cold one. At Hogs & Heifers in the Meat Packing District for instance, the redneck theme is taken a trifle too far. Along with the requisite moose heads, tractor bits and sundry other farm items, there are bras strewn about the place, and the female bar staff are required to dress like slightly pornographic versions Daisy from the Dukes of Hazard. The doormen were last seen in *Deliverance*. Joe the Stockbroker gets home from work, ties a red bandanna around his Christophed locks, grabs his Harley out of his \$1000-a-month garage and heads down to H & H to hoist a few \$2 cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon. If he happens to come in straight from work, his chalk-stripe suit will be forcibly removed. And because of all this effort, he feels compelled to act like a redneck asshole the whole time. Another unfortunate idea has spawned an entire chain of nightmarish venues that go by the name Polly



▲ A definite theme moment.

Esther's. In an attempt to capitalize on the unfortunate Seventies revival of a few years back, these places are decorated with Charlie's Angels posters, Bee-Gees records and the requisite lava-lamp, disco ball and accouterments. The music is strictly '70s schlock, and you can always find a handful of idiots who thought it'd be neat to put on bellbottoms, feather their hair and do the hustle, which, as any jaded *Project X* reader could tell you, was fun for all of about two seconds back in 1992. Even the NYU students will figure this out eventually, and then they'll have to turn it into an early '80s bar. The newest and perhaps stupidest of all is called Twins, just opened on the Upper East Side. Owned by twin sisters and Tom Berenger, 27 sets of twins work there (you're not allowed to come to work if your brother/sister is sick). There are baskets of Doublemint gum, double handles on the bathroom doors, double bar stools and a DNA double-helix sculpture. It's cute for the first five minutes, then you get the overwhelming urge to scream and flee across the street to Elaine's, where the only annoying bit of décor is Woody Allen. I won't even go into Theme Bar Heaven, otherwise known as West 57th Street, except to say that a few girls named Cindy, Naomi, Christy and Claudia beat you to it and opened a Planet Hollywood-style temple devoted entirely to the modeling profession, including famous lip-liners, push-up bras, nude backstage fashion-show photos and \$10,000 couture dresses. I could neither confirm nor deny reports that it's be called Hard Cock Café...

## SEX, DRUGS & HOME FURNISHINGS

Has anyone else noticed that the choicest gossip in the city seems to emanate from the retail's upper-echelon? Perhaps in retaliation for their murderously boring jobs, they delight in revealing everyone's unmentionables. Cocktail conversation at Barney's sets the tone for next day's gossip columns. Rumors at Charivari spread like wildfire, empires crumble, careers evaporate, egos deflate like so many flaccid balloons. All because of some bored merchandise buyer at Neiman Marcus. The really big stores such as Bloomingdales and Macy's spend a king's ransom on marketing and PR to preserve their image as family-oriented, big-on-tradition bastions of the American way. In an effort to insure grade A journalism, Project X made a friend over at Bloomies...

P., now an ex-manager at the Bloomingdales flagship store on 59th St, has some stories that will ensure your trips to Bloomies will never be the same. I finally persuaded her to tell me all the dirty little secrets. It seems that over 10 years ago somebody printed as a joke that the men's employee bathroom on the 5th floor was the coolest place for gay sex. Ever since, they've been catching unauthorized visitors, in twos and sometimes threes, in, uh, *compromising* positions. The dressing rooms are also frequently used for dangerous liaisons, and Liza Minelli in particular likes to duck in for a mid-shopping smoke. If you're rich, bored and bi, why *not* do a line of coke on your girlfriend's cleavage while you try on that Chanel gown? Over in the Donna Karan boutique, it has become cool to forsake the dressing rooms altogether, and bare breasts are the order of the day, sometimes to the accompaniment of gawking passersby. Speaking of Donna Karan, her collection last year was so poorly made that most of it had to be sent back. For \$2000, you expect a blouse to at least be free of holes. The shoplifter's choice award goes to Giorgio Armani; P. reckons that more of it got stolen than sold. Then there's the time the Arab princess and her entourage came in and paid for everything with \$25,000 in cash... there's more... we can go on and on... but we don't want to get anyone in trouble. So don't tell anyone you read about it here! But next time an obnoxious looking clubby type sales girl dressed in a black Galliano number gives you a dirty look, remember that becoming her best friend could supply you with cocktail conversations for the next season!







## TOTALLY HIDDEN Video

CCS and its retail counterpart, the Counter Spy Shop of Mayfair, London, strike again with a line of covert video systems guaranteed to make you paranoid for at least the next couple of years. Their clever engineers can install miniature video cameras with 3 millimeter pin-hole lenses in almost anything. Say you want to videotape yourself having sex with your boyfriends and girlfriends (a perfectly normal desire), but they're camera shy and get all freaked out when you start setting up the Ikegami on a tripod. Not a problem any longer. Just bring your favorite stuffed animal into CCS, the one that you conveniently keep in your bedroom at all times, and the folks there'll be more than happy to turn one of its cute little jeweled eyes into a high-resolution video camera, hooked up to a mini VCR. Talk about viewing pleasure. If you're me, you can't stand it when your friend Jill — you know, the one with the *Save the Whales* sticker on her 325 ix — acts like the biggest drunken slumhound at every party imaginable, goes home with god knows who and their girlfriend, and then, instead of feeling ashamed the next day at brunch, as she should be, she claims not to remember a damn thing. You try to tell her about the donkey, but she says you're making it all up. Well, CCS has her number. Now you can get irrefutable evidence of her misdeeds on video tape. Just bring in your favorite pair of Ray-Bans or your favorite Fornasetti cravat (a house specialty), and they'll install invisible cameras. Your new video sunglasses or stylish camera tie let you get it all down for blackmail later, while still allowing you to hold drinks in both hands. If you want a soundtrack to go with all the pretty pictures, CCS' miniaturized tape recorder fits very nicely into a pack of hollowed out Marlboro Light 100's. It also lets you record exactly how many times Mark Spitz bums a cigarette off you, and you can play back his whiny "I'll buy you a pack tomorrow" when he doesn't make good. So provided you don't remove your hard-wired haute couture, you'll get some nice footage of Jill in the bathroom blowing anything with an accent. Just let her try and talk her way out of that one over Eggs Benedict...J.P.S.

Foxy fanzine — an collection of their friends, clothes, and kitsch), Fine delivers the goods like best colored "Fuck Panties" tees. In NY we have new names to drop like Kitty Boots, Dom Casual, and New Breed, shown here. Getting dressed has never been so much fun!

## Now Hear THIS

Ever since the 70's, when Star Trek reruns became part of our television heritage, I always felt my childhood impersonations of Lt. Uhura were incomplete. "Capt. Kirk!! All frequencies are jammed," I'd yell, violently spinning on a bar stool and clutching my earlobe with a pseudo-frantic facial expression and a bath towel wrapped around my waist (a sad, terry-cloth substitute for her futuristic 60's uniform).

What was missing, besides anyone in the house to arrest my proto-lunacy, was that chic metal gadget she'd insert in her ear just before her dramatic scene when the Klingons attacked. Though not the Federation, American Technology Corp. has come to our rescue with a plastic version of that accessory, FM Sounds, the world's smallest FM radio. For only \$20, you can walk around the East Village and have people ask, "What's that thing in your ear?"

Dissatisfied with this product's overall drab appearance and the moderate attention shift it provoked, I decided to do what I do best: Glamorize the shit! The possibilities were endless: Modern Primitive, Cyber, Deconstruction, Neo-Punk, etc... For stereo sound purposes, I had two available for transformation and ended up with a Priscilla, Queen of the Desert (the feathered look shown here) and a Gangsta Chic model (add some monster chains and a big gold \$). For a fun rainy day project, run over to Comp USA for FM Sounds, then to a craft store for some sequins, studs, and glue, and unleash your imagination.

Once this company improves its technology and raises the sound quality to an ear shattering decibel, promoters can stage history's quietest event, the Silent Rave. They can simply rent transmitters instead of speakers and include two receivers with the price of admission, while having five DJ's spin SIMULTANEOUSLY on different frequencies. If we dancers don't like the mix, we can change the channel. Zap the DJ!! So promoters, start planning the party, and put me on the list, plus three. — Ernie Glam







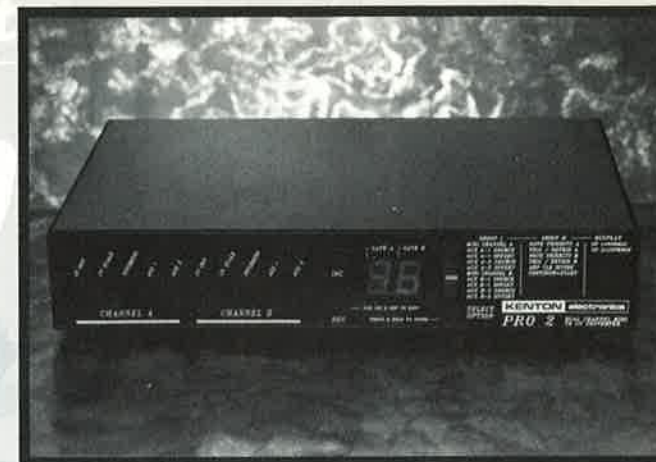
### Handbag to the Floor

The newest term on the club music scene is "handbag." Now let us explain, before you dismiss it with a click and a snap, that although it does have a corny explanation, it's all the rage. The music is the most progressive, uplifting, mind-twirling, head-spinning sound to hit the floors in a while. The story goes something like this... It all started back in the late 80's when a popular underground house DJ from Holland had his name placed incorrectly on a flyer. His real name was DJ Hans Bag, but the British club Mecca who had booked him, printed it as DJ Handbag. He was regarded as an excellent house DJ whose sound was associated with energetic hand-raiser anthems, so he simply kept his new name after the incident. Now, if this version is a little to far fetched for you, here's another one... All the office girls in Europe who commute to work in the city and plan to go clubbing at night simply don't have the time to travel back home to slip into something more comfortable - you know, a wig, a pair of clunky platform boots, a vinyl mini skirt, and such... So they simply bring their club outfit to work in their handbag, which they have to carry at night while clubbing and when the DJ starts working it and the music starts making your booty shake, all the handbags go on the dance floor while the disco dollies dance around them! And that's why it's called Handbag! As it takes a while for the terminology to catch on in America, clubs in UK have "handbag nights" and some groups are considered to have a "Handbag sound." One example is The Hed Boys "Boys + Girls" on Deconstruction label which simply took a picture of a handbag and printed it as cover art. Surprisingly, the group disapproved. "This was done without our approval," responded Dave Lee (aka Brad Hed) of The Hed Boys. "Handbag house is a cross between hard American beats and a sort of European pop sound. It tends to be more commercial and not as underground." Deconstruction wanted the song to be categorized as Handbag because they tend to draw better sales figures and The Hed Boys don't want to argue with good sales. The single is now available through Logic records domestically so you can decide for yourself. Just grab on to a handbag and pop the song in your stereo and find out what happens.



### Old school meets new school in the studio

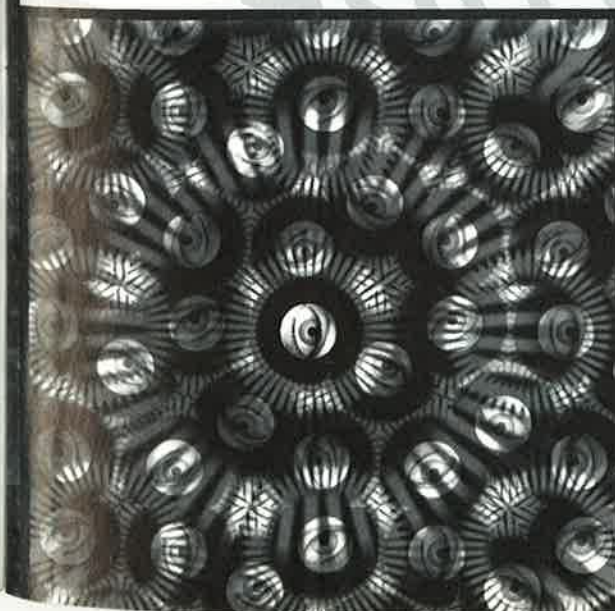
If today's new high tech synths don't suit your low budgets and if their complicated manuals make you nauseous, look no further than Kentons Pro 2. The term "Back to the Future" has never been more relevant. The Pro 2 lets you convert non-MIDI pieces of equipment to MIDI. Before Musical Instrument Digital Interface technology came about, most of the older synthesizers used a method of control called CV & Gate. The CV acts as a controller telling the synth what note to play and the Gate would say when to play it. By using the Pro 2, you can control these older synths from a modern MIDI instrument or sequencer. It allows you to convert Midi signal into CV & Gate. The converter even comes with instructions for connecting to the Roland TB-303, Minimoogs, Korg MS series and so on. The connections are simple and the possibilities are endless. You can pick up old synths at half the price of today's equivalent gear without any worries of complicated MIDI conversions. No technical mumbo-jumbo needed here, the Pro II will put your new-old purchases to use with any current studio set-up right away. This interface only uses three buttons and a simple bargraph, so figuring it out shouldn't take you very long. The Pro 2 provides two separate MIDI channel conversions, should you need more, Kenton also produces the Pro 4 which not only gives you four separate channels, but is also doubles the price. Retailing at a very reasonable \$399.00, the Pro 2 can give you the classic electronic sounds of the past decades that new technology won't provide.



### CD ROM: Exploring Headcandy

My first interactive CD-ROM. Happy Happy Joy Joy! With all the junk on the shelves, I picked Headcandy - a visual trip for the Macintosh set to original music by Brian Eno. The disk is easy to set up and operate. You need to have Quicktime 2.0, Sound Manager 3.0 (but don't sweat it if you don't, these two are provided on the disk) and System 7.1. The CD also comes with two Headcandy approved 3-D glasses. Once you get set up and tune in, the first image that appears is five floating spheres bouncing around each other inside a box full of bright vivid colors with eyeballs (including lids). By clicking on each sphere, the screen shifts into a mini-optical 3-D movie with constantly changing forms, shapes and colors all being played to the ambient sounds of Brian Eno. I wonder if the makers ever thought people would take hallucinogenics before watching this excursion? The imagery and colors are really cool, but the music can get awfully boring. The soundtrack isn't all that, so I got the best results after I turned on my own stereo and played my favorite songs really loud. That was cool! You'll find that either pump'n house beats or wicked acid trance records will work the best. Also remember the simple fact that larger screens give you more to look at. If you have a small room and anything smaller than a 14" monitor, forget about it. A couple of tips for those who don't know about the program, holding down the option key,

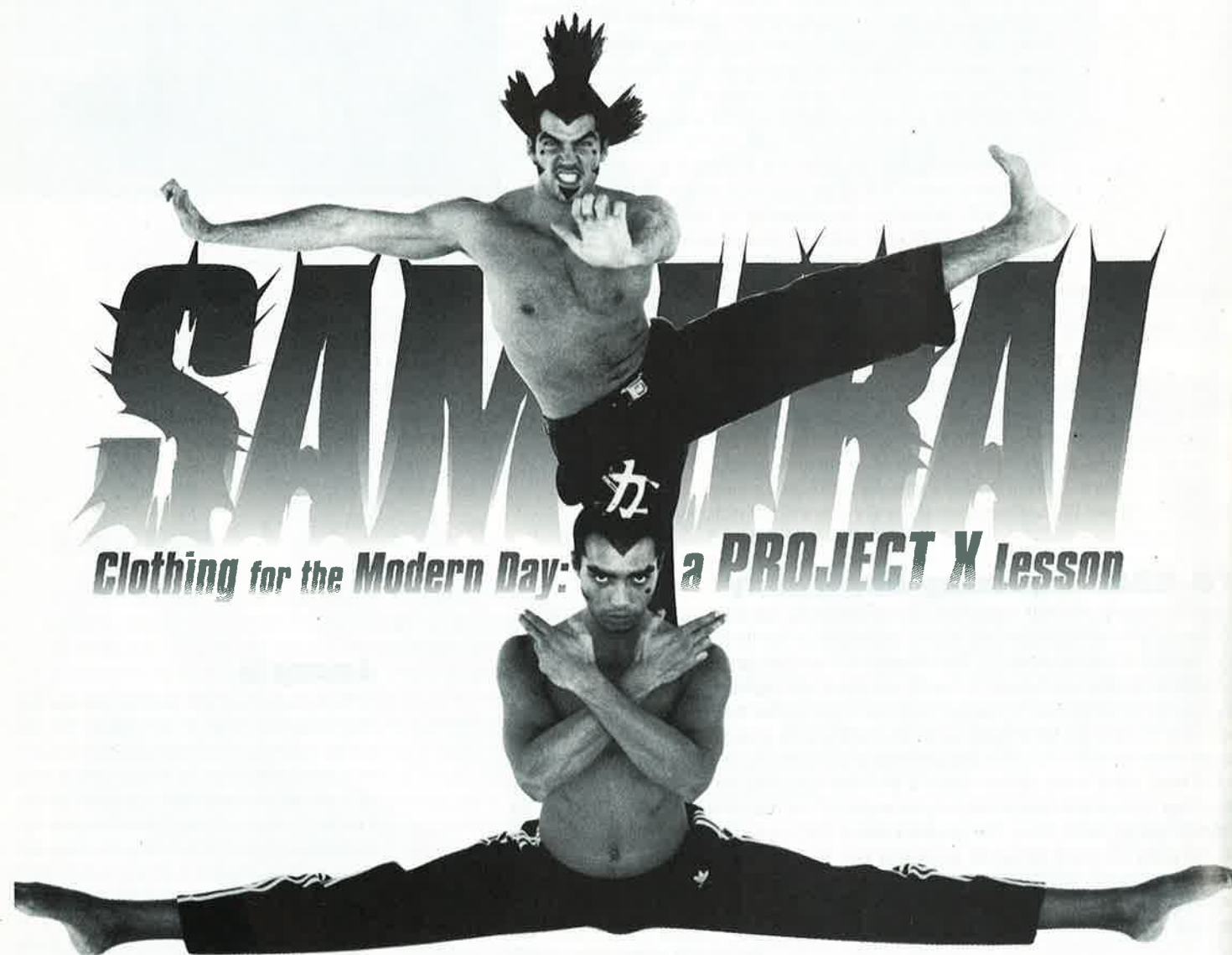
then clicking on the background will make trails appear following the path of the floating spheres. And holding down the control key, then clicking on the background will turn the background to black. Nah, these people weren't bugg'n! In all, there are 40 minutes of visual effects that you can enjoy with your friends. The disk even comes with a file for ordering more of the plastic 3-D glasses for when you want to have a party.



### Loung'n

We're tired of the '80s nostalgia and the '70s retro poop, but we're all grooving to the 60's lounge culture as the underground breed of music is re-born again. From the always fantastic early 60's pop culture comes Mom and Dad's all-time favorite, lounge/pop-instrumental/space-age bachelor pad music. Bands such as Love Jones and Combustible Edison gave it life again while others like Black Velvet Flag gave it dimension by covering classic punk songs in this style. Interest in these new groups has also brought about a strong resurgence in Juan Garcia Esquivel, who is dubbed as "the undisputed king of bachelor pad music." The origin of this sound is directly related to the Hi-Fidelity Sound Explosion of the early 60's. Everybody was going nuts for the two-channel stereo system and wanted to desperately test them out. Esquivel's musical arrangements took full advantage of the stereo phenomenon with bongo beats, glass shattering brass and perky xylophones. Lyrics were replaced by whistling and humming while vocal choruses were taken over with chants of "Zu-Zu-Zu" or shouts of "Pow! Pow! Pow!" Could this be bigger than the grunge phenomenon? Only if everybody starts dressing like Pee Wee Herman. Good luck and don't get caught at the porno pics!





Photographed by **Eva Mueller**, Styled by **Galadriel Masterson**, Hair/make-up by **Hiromi Kobari** for **Parella Management**,  
Models: **Adrian** at **Tribe** and **Grant** at **Maxx** men.

### **JUDO FOOT BLOCK**

*First essential in learning judo is learning how to position yourself properly. Without this, practice throwing sessions are impossible. In combat, the ability to position, kick and fall without injuring the body is essential toward mounting a counterattack.*

*On Grant: Tox pants by Tommy Zung and belt from Pat Field. On Adrian: Adidas pants.*



### **THE OKINAWA-TE BREAK-FALL**

*The foot block, also called the ankle throw, is one of the tougher throws and therefore worthy of diligent practice.*

*On Grant: Sex tank, belt, and pants by Joop! On Adrian: mesh top and pinstripe pants by Todd Oldham, belt from Pat Fields.*





## TAIOTOSHI

*Also known as the leg throw or the body freeze, is effective when used against an opponent. Do not straighten leg or kick clear, as you will break the Taiotoshi and ruin the drop.*

*On Grant: Pussi Wip T-shirt by Venus Genetrix, plaid pants by Pleasure Swell from Satellite, boots from Foot Gear and Activewear, belt from Pat Field. On Adrian: shirt by Speedway, skirt from Fab 208 and boots from Footgear and Activewear.*



## CIRCLE THROW

*This handy move is also known as the stomach throw. Grasp opponent on both sides of the collar, execute a back break-fall. Place your right foot against his stomach as you fall, toes just below the belt.*

*On Grant: top by Caesar Arleanes from Pat Field, pants by John Richmond, Sauconys from Foot Gear plus Activewear. On Adrian: top by Bill Hallman from Pat Field, pants by Lip Service.*





### **THE JUJITSU HIP THROW**

*This starts from a standing position and as opponent advances, drop back to your knee, pulling him down and forward with your hands.*

*On Adrian and Grant: argyle sweaters, down vest, corduroy pants all from Fab 208, Hanes T-shirts and boots from Footgear and Activewear.*



### **THE FLOATING SCREAM**

*The moment you pull your opponent forward, turn your body to the left and using your stomach muscles, release the inner energy and fly like a dragon.*

*On Grant: button up shirt and plaid pants from Fab 108, pullover by Todd Oldham.  
On Adrian: tie dye button up shirt by Todd Oldham, tie from Salvation Army, jacket by Bill Hallman, pants from Fab 208, belt by Joop! Sauconys from Footgear.*



# dream Tokens:

COLLECTING LSD BLOTTER ART by Thomas Lyttle

A recent development in the world of art-collecting and anthropology may set the media - and your local PTA - reeling. It's a small step back for conservatives and thought-police and a giant leap forward for psychedelic and rave philosophers as **LSD** art goes public.

Usually illegal sheets of **LSD** "blotter acid" have been turning up, not in homes of eccentric hippies or Haight-Ashbury elders, not in the Rave clubs across America or at Grateful Dead shows, nor at Rainbow Tribe festivals, but on the walls of serious art galleries and museums and in the hands of nations most prominent collectors and historians!

These sheets of **LSD** had become legendary in underground Americana as they featured the pop image of the moment printed on the acid marinated paper and distributed on the local underground scene. Some of the most famous **LSD** images had been Mickey Mouse "Sorcerer's Apprentice" (from Disney's Fantasia), Beavis and Butt-Head, UFOs, Sega's Sonic, and actual FBI emblems. Talk about a trade-mark with style - to own is to be arrested! When this art is saturated with **LSD** it carries stiff penalties for possession - up to 10 years or more!

As unbelievable as this sounds, there is a lot of surreal flag-waving going on these days. Previously the only way to view such artwork up close and personal, was to break the law or sit in some DEA's "Just Say No" lectures. Nevertheless, millions of techno hippies and tongue-pierced ravers recognize the little pictures with fondness, pride and a smile.

Recently, a number of art shows, gallery events, museum exhibitions and even collector's forums have sprung up all showcasing **LSD** art. Of course, all the **LSD** had to be removed or neutralized before any art-brokering, trading or picture-hanging took place. Nowadays, a collector can buy a numbered print autographed by the likes of psychedelic elder himself, Dr. Timothy Leary.

## LSD Art as a Cultural Icon

An outspoken proponent of **LSD** art collecting is a well-known New York City art critic and Club DJ Carlo McCormick, who wrote a Manifesto for **LSD** blotter art collectors called A Culture In Disguise (San Francisco Art Institute, 1987). In this McCormick expounded on the cultural significance of **LSD** blotter art collecting and preservation during which he commented that "...the importance of these prints as cultural signifiers can be traced back to an interesting history of private communication... that has long existed as undercurrent riding against the mainstreams of authority. Youth Culture! ...Their identifiable markings of belonging - insignias of school, team and fraternity, tattoos, gang "colors", band logos - and icons like the peace-sign, the swastika or the anarchy "A" - constitute the basic semiotics of **LSD** blotter prints."



**LSD** blotter art collecting was portrayed as a "holy goof" and dead-pan prank in the popular 1987 book Pranks by A. Juno and V. Vale. A chapter was given to well-known San Francisco artist Mark McCloud. A long-time **LSD** art collector

(and College Art Instructor) - McCloud actually managed to cajole a National Endowment for the Arts Grant to study **LSD**

iconography and the whole emerging art movement. This led to McCloud's touring of the country's art galleries with his **LSD** collection. In a fine Alice-In-Wonderland form, McCloud's exhibit ended up garnishing a 2nd place ribbon at the San Francisco County Fair's art competition! A "blue-ribbon" for **LSD** - God Bless America!

## Gallery Shows

In the last few years a number of **LSD** blotter art shows have toured, branding the consciousness of underground art lovers. The collections made their way into the more courageous galleries and art museums across the USA. The first major show titled "The Holy Transfers of the Rebel Replevin" featured Mark McCloud's excellent showmanship. Next came "The Cure of Souls" which was held at Psychedelic Solutions' art gallery in New York City. Gallery owner Jacob Kastor, McCloud and others combined East-coast and West-coast **LSD** art collections and displayed about 75 brands of blotter acid, matted and framed in first-class style. Naturally a media circus ensued - to the delight of everyone, especially the crowds that filled the gallery. Kastor lamented that the show might have been larger, but "one of the problems is that this art was consumed, so there was not more to show..."

## Legal Issues Surrounding LSD Art Collecting

The fact remains that all **LSD** blotter sheet art is completely free of **LSD**, although people have occasionally been hassled and at least one person

has been arrested for the possession of **LSD** blotter sheet art. Many hard-core Detroit heads, have already heard the story about a local party-er that purchased Richie Hawtin's Plastic Man CD, which showed perforated **LSD** blotter art, at the local music store and ended up behind bars. It seems that the police didn't get the joke when they found the CD cover on the dashboard of the guy's car (the fact that he was speeding - literally - may have had something to do with it too).

## Tips for Collecting LSD Blotter Art

Starting a collection requires certain some underground sensibilities, nerve, and hanging out with other collectors. Attending art shows and gallery displays is also important. You can daisy-chain it from there and find brokers who deal with collecting autographed editions by the likes of Albert Hoffman (the man who invented **LSD**), Ken Kesey, Allen Ginsberg, Tim Leary, and others. You may find brokers who handle such items based on autograph value alone! One such collector is encryption-software executive Robert Demarest who owns an antiquarian book business Mycophile Books specializing in rare scriptures pertaining to drug-history and psychedelia. "There is a wide open upscale potential for collecting **LSD** art," said Demarest as he proudly displayed his matted and antique-framed **LSD** blotter art they showcased the Nights of Malta Military Crests and autographed by Dr. Albert Hoffman. "As a rare book dealer, I know that a book's worth will double when it's autographed... same holds true for **LSD** blotter art." Also, check out 1960s specialty catalogs like Skyline Books, Flashback Books, and Rosetta.

Next time you're hanging out at your local underground event, remember, the cheap trip of the day can be a priceless museum piece tomorrow.



Thomas Lyttle has published over 75 articles and 8 books for the popular and scientific press. His latest books are Psychedelics: The Most Exiting New Materials On Psychedelic Drugs (Lyle Press/Barricade, 1994) and his soon-to-be-released opus Psychedelics Reimagined. He can be contacted at Box 4465 Boynton Beach, FL 33424



# Studio All-Stars

Project X presents the top remixers  
of Trance, House and Hip Hop.

by **darren Ressler**

*In Trance underground, the name to know is Jam and Spoon. In house music, it's Masters At Work. In Hip Hop circles, it's T-Ray. They are remixers and producers whose innate vision and discerning DJ skills place them at the top of their profession and their scene. Through pumping out consistently flawless work over the years, they've all quietly taken their distinctive underground ethos to the masses without having to compromise themselves. As we hurtle towards the millennia, these talented studio stars are shaping tomorrow's club music today.*

A little over two years ago, German duo Jam & Spoon quietly issued a treasure of a single called "Stella" from their Tales From A Demographic Ocean EP on the famed R&S label. With techno gaining mainstream popularity around the world, and wafting ambient tracks bubbling up from the European underground, "Stella" brought to the forefront yet another new term to dance music: Trance. Combining elements of techno, house and ambient styles, this Frankfurt-based pair stumbled on a new sound which would accidentally inspire a new wave of producers.

"Stella" topped charts all over Europe, and excited import-hungry U.S. clubheads. Yet, Jam & Spoon's success was hardly the result of years of struggling. Both members had already achieved success on their own prior to their union. Jam El Mar (aka Rolf Ellmer) had produced among many Dance 2 Trance, and Paris Red, while Mark Spoon (aka Mark Loeffel) worked at Logic Records, was a prominent DJ on the Frankfurt legendary underground, and co-owned a local club XS. When they finally met and worked together for the first time, it was only to do a remix for Dr. Alban out of necessity.

"There was a big hit single, 'Hello Africa,' and it needed remixing. At the time, there weren't too many good remixers here in Europe, so Mark Spoon, who worked at the label at the time, had quite a problem trying to find somebody to do it," recalls Jam of their first mix, which sold an impressive 150,000

copies. "Spoon then decided to do it himself, but he didn't know anything about programming or working with computers and synthesizers. He got my name from a friend, and we met and went into the studio and realized that we worked very well together."

Jam & Spoon then banged out several other striking remixes, including Alex Lee's "The Age of Love." When they were asked to remix Quincy Jones' "Back On The Block," they knew that their sound was getting heard across the Atlantic, although the invitation to re-sculpt a track from the master was initially a bit overwhelming.

"After we did the 'Age of Love' remix, there was a lot of interest in us because people seemed to like our tracks," explains Mark. "That remix was very important to us because Quincy himself wanted to listen to the track before it was released, and he accepted it! Quincy Jones is one of the godfathers of production, and to get the chance to remix a song from his very personal album was something that was breathtaking."

At the point when it was clear that they could've gone on to a profitable career as remixers - after all, by then they had interpreted tracks for everyone from Stereo MCs to Enigma to Frankie Goes to Hollywood - Jam & Spoon decided that it was time to shift their efforts. "After going through a lot of remix work, we felt that we should spend some time working on our own productions," reasons Jam. "That's the time when Jam & Spoon was really born."



## jam & spoon

Having based their production career by not playing by the established rules, Jam & Spoon opted to take their time when they signed a worldwide recording contract with Sony. With a single still rocking dance floors across the planet, conventional wisdom might've called for a quick follow-up but Jam & Spoon took their time, and created *Tripomatic Fairytales 2001*, which was released via Epic last year. (*Tripomatic Fairytales 2002* is its ambient counterpart.) 2001 is the rare club album which requires a definite commitment from the listener. Sure, tracks like "Stella" are perfect for the dance floor, but many of the songs are intentionally diverse. "Mark listens to many different styles of music

and loves all of the grunge and progressive rock music from America. When we want to listen to music, we almost never pick up a dance-music LP," explains Jam, who, along with his partner, won *Mixmag's* "Remixers of The Year" honors in 1992.

"We didn't want to release an album that had a bass drum going on for maybe 80 minutes with some [Roland] 303s on top," he concludes. "That recipe is great for rocking the people at clubs, but when you're at home and you want to listen to music, the whole experience is different. We wanted to go one step ahead. We tried to catch people's attention with extraordinary concepts and make them listen to the music again."





# Remixers

continued

Remixer and producer Todd "T-Ray" knew early on that he had the knob twiddling skills to pay the bills. But, unlike many upstarts on the braggadocios tip, he chilled, and opted to learn as much as he could before diving head first into production.

Born and raised far away from the burgeoning early eighties New York rap scene - in Lancaster, South Carolina to be exact - he gave himself a crash course by proxy in Hip-Hop 101 after hearing Afrika Bambaataa's "Planet Rock" and discovering George Clinton and Parliament Funkadelic. As he paid his dues working as one of the South's busiest mobile DJs, he saved up his loot and invested his hard-earned dough in equipment.

Wisely, he'd regularly fly up to N.Y.C. to embark on weekend record shopping sprees where he'd buy up all of the vinyl manna which was unavailable back home. While in the Big Apple, he'd snatch up two copies of every twelve-inch rap record on the wall in Times Square record stores like the Music Factory. From DJing, he's gone on to become one of rap's hottest remixer and producers.

Now living in Brooklyn with his family in an inconspicuous house on a quiet tree-lined street, he toils daily in his well-equipped basement studio. So far, he's remixed jams for Cypress Hill, Lord Finesse, Grand Puba, Funkdoobiest, Fishbone, Jamalski, The Boss, Luscious Jackson, and 311. (Even the king of rock, Mick Jagger, called him from the Fiji Islands to ask him to

remix "Sweet Thing," a single off of his last solo album). On the production end, he's hooked up beats for MC Serch, as well as joints for new artists, such as Whooliganz, Artifacts, and Fatal.

With his raw mixing style drawing from a well-schooled knowledge of funk and rap, the enigmatic T-Ray, who has never granted an interview until this one, has intentionally remained low-key.

"I've been concentrating more on making records rather than worrying about hanging out," he says, stressing his desire to remain on the down low. "If I know of an industry party, I don't go. Whenever I do go out and people see me, there's always this stupid controversy, and people try to question the reality of who I am. There's a lot of racial shit that goes on, and I never really thought about it until I got into the music industry where people try to label me because I'm white." Currently poised next to Pete Rock on the top rung of the hip-hop production ladder, T-Ray is extremely selective about his projects. He constantly gets calls from A&R execs who are desperate for a remix fix; however, most of the conversations end up with him frankly telling them that their group is wack. "I tell them to their face, 'Hey, your shit is garbage.'"

CLICK!



T-Ray's recent exploits include work behind the boards for Kool G Rap's next album for Epic. Even mic legend Rakim has called him about hooking up beats for his next project. T-Ray's talents go beyond hip-hop as he successfully gambled his reputation on producing *Betty*, the latest album from Gotham noise rockers, Helmet. It seems that guitarist Page Hamilton and his crew asked him to produce *Betty* after hearing T-Ray's tumultuous remix of their "Just Another Victim" duet with House of Pain from the *Judgement Night* soundtrack.

T-Ray closely considers each project that's offered to him and manages to keep an open mind about things. But the more he comes into contact with clueless label reps, the angrier he gets towards the people in power. "I'm getting sicker and sicker of the industry," he complains. "A lot of people look at me as the new 'hip' thing, and I get a lot of offers. Even when I've politely turned projects down, the label people will sometimes go, 'Okay, but will you do it for twice the amount?' Like that's supposed to matter! I can't see spending three months of my life working on something that I don't believe in. Making music isn't just about making money."



# Remixers

words by **mike Weiss**

photo by **roberto Ligresti**

*continued*

In the house music industry, top name remixers are famous for using the same tracks over and over again for their remixes. Usually, this is not out of any sense of laziness, as all of them are extremely talented producers. The problem comes from the industry side, where you have narrow minded A&R execs offering them up to \$40,000 to use the same "smoothed out, verse-chorus progression, slightly techno-y," track over and over again.

You'll never find this happening with Masters at Work. This two man team, made up of "Little" Louie Vega and Kenny "Dope" are probably the most innovative, unpredictable remix team going. "A&R people know that when we do a project, bottom line, we don't do things for money. We take on projects we feel good about." Their list of remixes is long, but among the classics are "Set Your Loving Free" by Lisa Stansfield, "Still in Love" by Melissa Morgan, and "That's the Way Love Goes" by Janet Jackson (on which they worked with CJ Macintosh). Among their production credits are "Can't Get No Sleep" and "Love and Happiness" by India (to whom Louie is married), "Deep Inside" and "I Get Lifted" by Barbara Tucker on Strictly Rhythm, and "The Nervous Track" by Nu Yorican Soul on Nervous Records.

A little bit of background on the two of them gives some insight into why their work is so varied. As an aficionado of classic diva disco records, Little Louie is a champion of garage-style house anthems. He is the resident DJ at the Sound Factory Bar on Wednesdays, and is always on the lookout for a great new song to expose to his crowd. "When we do a mix, we try to compliment the artist and the song, but also compliment the dance floor," says Louie. "The floor has got to be rocking."

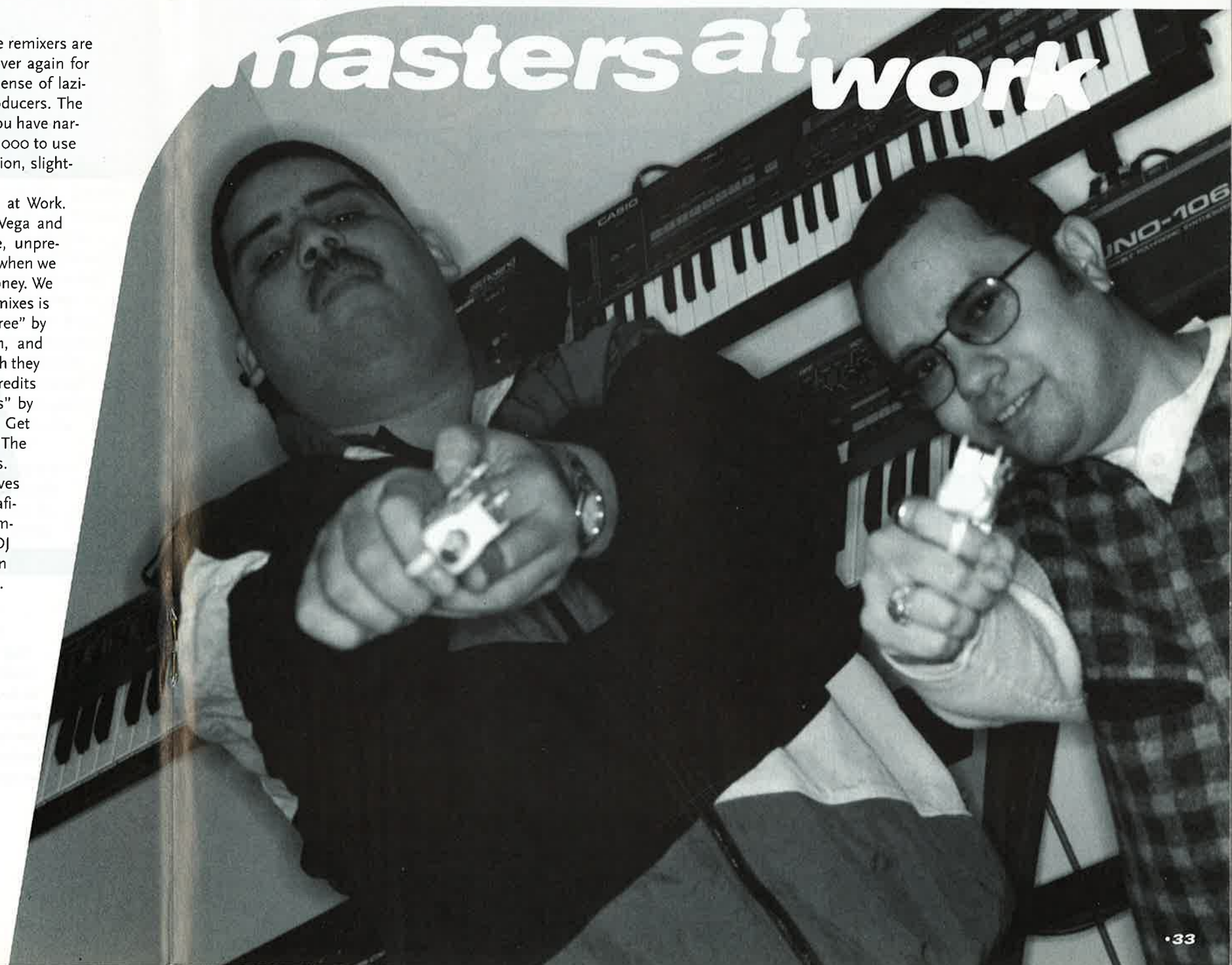
Kenny Dope, on the other hand, is famous among New York's hardcore hip hop crowd. A resident of "Bucktown" (Brooklyn), Kenny's bootleg mix tapes are among the most sought after in new York. When every DJ and his brother was making sample house tracks about three years ago, Kenny had the idea to make a hip hop sample track. He produced such hip hop classics as the "Supercat Dondada" track, "Blood Vibes," and "Get Up," as well as many of the best hip hop sample track records on Nervous and Freeze Records. Currently he's doing production with KRS-One on KRS-One's upcoming album on Jive Records.

The combination of Louie's musical sense and Kenny's strong affinity for rugged beats is what makes this remix team so exciting. Fortunately they are good friends as well as partners. "Kenny and I have a special relationship where we have no problems with each other with jealousies or anything like that," says Louie. "That's important in any type of relationship because when you start hiding things from each other, that's when you start having problems."

Their personalities balance each other well in the studio as well, where the mixing room is usually crowded with some of the many industry friends who come to their sessions. While Louie has an excitable, somewhat impulsive personality, Kenny is the more stable, laid back of the pair. "Sometimes we'll do a mix, and after Louie does the key-

boards, I'll make the beat," Kenny says, obviously appreciative of his partner's idiosyncrasies. "Then I'll leave the room, thinking the engineer is going to start doing the mix. I'll come back an hour later, and Louie's gone ahead and put all new music to the track."

Upcoming projects include their own label, Masters At Work record label. According to Louie, "I want it to be just like Sleeping Bag Records in the 80's, when everyone was so anxious to see what was the next release on the label." They are also working with Donna Summer on a remake of "I Feel Love," as well as the follow-up to Nu Yorican Soul. Whatever it is, you know that when this team is involved, it's something that's going to make noise.





One record. There is always one record that everybody holds close in their minds and hearts. Three years ago, *Blue Lines* by Massive Attack became my one and only record. It managed to combine funky rhythms, soulful lyrics and a vision that I had never heard before. I told all my friends about the record, played it at every party and made sure the volume was turned up nice and loud. I was even lucky enough to see them live on one of their few East coast performances back in 1991. Since then, I haven't heard one positive word about the future of this group.

The word from the British press was that the band seemed to wither away one piece at a time. The three core members, 3-D, Mushroom and Daddy G lost Shara Nelson, their lead vocalist, who left to pursue a solo career. Then followed producer Jonny Dollar and manager Cameron McVey who left to work on Neneh Cherry's new record. As 3-D explains "with Cameron disappearing as our manager, Shara not around, and

first work), every critic was more than surprised to discover an absolutely brilliant album. No, it's not *Blue Lines*. Rather it's Massive Attack three years later and smarter. Tracey Thorn from Everything But The Girl sings on two songs along with Nigerian born singer Nicolette, who contributes on two others. Tricky Kid returns from his solo project to kick it with 3-D on two rap tracks and Horace Andy spreads his Jamaican sunshine on two reggae-flavored songs. The record also contains two beautiful instrumental tracks that will literally leave you gasping for breath.

The album starts with Tracey Thorn singing the title track and debut single "Protection." Not only is this song better than anything she has ever done in the past, but it is also very reminiscent of the first single from *Blue Lines*, "Safe from Harm," and my personal favorite, "Unfinished Sympathy." The most exciting contributions are "Three" and "Sly," sung by Nicolette. Possessing what is described by 3-D as, "a voice like Billy Holiday on acid," she adds a spirited enthusiasm that brings a whole new dimension to the record. The

# the new sound!



—by **afshin**

Horace (who sang on three songs from the previous album) in Jamaica, Massive Attack was pretty much back to zero." It seemed like there was nothing so massive anymore while every new band in sight listed Massive Attack as a strong influence on their music. Everyone wondered if they would ever put out another record again and what it would sound like. Could it compare to *Blue Lines*? Or could it be that the Massive crew was a one hit wonder? Just another one record band? Low and behold, Massive Attack's second, full length record entitled *Protection* has just been released.

Although the band never received any recognition here in the States, they were regarded very highly in the rest of the world, especially in Britain. "The first album had such an impact as a 'new thing' that everyone was waiting for this second album and of course, they were going to compare it to *Blue Line*," said 3-D. The news of the second record had all the press and critics ready to go with their pen and paper, trying to get their hands on one of the most highly anticipated albums in years. With expectations of major disappointment (due to the greatness of their

two instrumentals are insightfully orchestrated with smooth hooks and each is followed by the deep vocals of reggae star Horace Andy. He first does a cover of "Spy Glass" over housey electronic dub beats and then sings a cover of the Door's classic "Light My Fire" with bullets being reeled off everywhere. It's wonderful.

Tricky and 3-D team up in a Massive rap style on "Karmacoma" and on "Eurochild," a second song that has now become the band's icon. "Eurochild" is featured on the album's cover as an animated character created by 3-D, made up of six spheres representing turmoil, confusion, and Europe's frame of mind as a result of unification. 3-D not only created the cover art for the album, but many different art pieces that will be presented as an installation along with the performance on the group's tour. This makes Massive Attack not just a band, but an entire sound and visual system. "Everywhere we go, we transform the whole building, no matter what it looks like, modern or old, into our own environment, visually and audibly," explains 3-D as the band plans their tour through Japan and Europe with possible thoughts of coming to America. "In the States, there is a different tradition of rock and roll," expresses 3-D. "You get on stage

and perform as a band, but people want performers and stars... We might do a couple of key cities if we can plan it with the right people, do a really good, big event, but on the whole, we're not going to bring the concept to the States 'cause I don't think they would really understand it."

The attitude and sound of Massive Attack is very chill and straight forward, whether on tour or in the studio. Their slow pace is often associated with their roots in Bristol, England, and the city of Bristol has always been associated with breeding lazy, laid back people - maybe they just like to take their time and get things right. This Bristol quality and slow sound is now put to constant comparisons with fellow Bristolites, the group Portishead. In the time that Massive took to release the second album, Portishead developed their own sound in Bristol and jumped onto the charts and into the spotlight. They have managed to grab lots of headlines, not to mention the constant comparisons to the Massive crew, just because they are both from the same area. Although they feel that Portishead deserve their just credit, they also believe that the two bands don't sound anything alike. "They're doing a very different record. It's very much more of

a blues album with the guitar thing," as 3-D puts it. "Our record is of a similar vein, but a different kind of soul, and still within the rap and dub thing." Bottom line, each record should stand on its own merits.

Massive have originated their sound through time and now, with the help of producer and long time mate Nellee Hooper, it's easy for them to admit that production of the record is a major key to their success. "He works as a judge or arbitrator," explains 3-D. "When you have a lot of ideas coming from the three of us, they tend to become quite personal. You then have a specific objective of how it's supposed to sound... you need someone to think more laterally. That's when Nellee becomes really important."

Three years is a long time between records, but when they're this good, it's worth the wait. For those long time fans of *Blue Lines*, who are looking for another "Unfinished Sympathy" or "Daydreaming," you won't find it here. This is 1995 and Massive Attack have moved on to bigger and better things. Give *Protection* a whirl and you'll find it to be as infectious as its predecessor. 3-D best sums up the band's feeling on the new record by simply stating "We're proud of it."



Winx  
Winx

Don't Laugh

On Sorted

Kim English  
Kim English

Time For Love

remix by David Morales

On Nervous

Kuyoe's Children  
Kuyoe's Children

The Tribal Recordings

produced by KRAZE

On Nervous

The debut single by

M-Five  
M-Five

Lift Me Up

remix by WINX

On Sorted

DJ  
lists

### Felix Da House Cat

#### Chicago

STRING FREE Phortune, DJ  
Pierre Mix - White Label  
CAN U FEEL IT, Mr. Fingers -  
Trax  
HEART ATTACK REMIXES,  
Roy Davis - Sex Trax  
THE PACE, Robert Hood - Axis  
MARK THE 909 KING - Sex  
Trax  
LIGHT SPEED, Nate Williams -  
Sex Trax  
DERAK SIDE EP, Armondo -  
Radikal Fear  
ON THE SNEAK TIP EP, DJ  
Sneak - Radical Fear  
CASHBACK, Aphrohead - Power  
Music

#### Scott Hardkiss

##### 1994: A Year in Review

1. Loveyesforever
2. Warm Sun on Face
3. Kind Buds and Blood Red  
Wine
4. BEASTY BOYS, ILL  
Communications - Grand Royal
5. On-U Sound
6. Las Vegas, Nevada

#### DJ Pierre

##### NYC

DISCO EROTICA, DJ Sneak -  
Cajual  
SOUFFLE, Little Louie Vega -  
Bootleg  
METHADONE MAN, Cut N'  
Paste Engineer - Gemini  
DOMAIN, Spank Spank - Sextrax  
HORNY, Cajmere - Cajual  
THE BLAST, Photon Inc. - Strictly  
Rhythm  
THE VIBE, Marshall Jefferson -  
Freetown (UK)  
FREEFALLING/THEE INDUS-  
TRY MADE ME DO IT,  
Aphrohead - Power Music  
TAKE IT UP, DJ Pierre E.P. -  
Strictly Rhythm  
SEX ON MY MIND, N/A - King  
Street

#### Doc Martin

##### Los Angeles

AFRICAN ENCHANTMENT,  
Doc Martin - Acetate  
ACID PEOPLE, Sweet Drop -  
Groovalicious

(DOC MARTIN CONTINUED)

PLUS, Atom - Tribal  
NU SKOOL SONIC, Satori -  
Yoshi Toshi  
PAUL'S PAIN, Nightman - Strictly  
Rhythm  
FLIGHT D H2126, The Wave  
Catcher - Just a Matter of Taste  
(UK)  
GET DOWN, The Hug Club -  
Absolute (Holl)  
TRAIN OF THOUGHT,  
Escrima - FFRR (UK)  
INSPIRATION, Arnold Jarvis -  
Freetown (UK)  
PEOPLE TOGETHER, Doc's  
Daily Funk - Groovalicious

#### Juan Atkins

##### Detroit

GAME ONE, Infinite Black N -  
Power Music  
FADE II BLACK, Tweekin - Black  
Nation  
WRATH OF THE PUNISHER,  
Waveform Transmission Vol. 3 -  
Axis  
AURAL, Robert Hood -  
Superstition  
PHYLYPSTRAK  
WELFARE CHEESE, Claude  
Young - Utensil  
STARGATE, Dark Energy -  
Underground Resistance  
DE JA VU, All Over the World -  
Ricky Rouge  
I WANT TO BE THERE, Model  
500 - R&S  
ORIXA, Datura-La-Yerba Del  
Diablo (the remixes) - Trance  
Records

#### The Project X all-stars

DON'T LAUGH, Josh Wink -  
Sorted  
RELEASE ME, Space 2000 -  
Wired  
DISCO EROTICA, DJ Sneak -  
Cajual  
PAUL'S PAIN, Nightman - Strictly  
Rhythm  
KEEP IN TOUCH (BODY TO  
BODY), The Shades of Love -  
Vicious Muzik

domoello

worldwide tour and talent

jockeys  
the hardkiss brothers  
mark farina  
charlotte  
derrick carter  
jon williams  
g most  
three  
reese  
keoki  
professor smith  
wade randolph hampton

live and direct  
god within  
rabbit in the moon  
little wing  
hawke  
the velvet hammer

stylee  
panya boulangerie  
peepholes and polkadots  
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## MUSIC REVIEWS

### Logic Trance 2

Trance compilation

Logic Records

I love that moment in a night when house gives way to trance. The small hours of the morning are starting to get medium-sized and the drinkers and other lightweights are heading for home. Up in the booth, a new captain takes the helm and the happy wailing dives fade into the distance like the earth's gravitational pull. The appeal of trance (for me anyway) is the rather surprising ability of totally synthetic music that can induce such strong positive emotions. Logic Records know this better than most. I can't count the number of dumbfuck rock music fans who've been totally converted when I played them the original Logic Trance compilation. Nearly three years later comes the follow up, Logic Trance 2 (although it's been released in Europe since the summer). Wisely, Logic have kept to the mellower side (the harder stuff can at times put your feet in too much of a frenzy for just chilling at home) and put together a selection of what is genuinely the best of the best. Three years is a long time for this still underdeveloped genre and as a result, the collection consists of some mighty familiar trance anthem hits. The fans will squeal with delight for the classics like The Orb's "Little Fluffy Clouds" or Underworld's "Rez," "Papua New Guinea" by Future Sound of London, Orbital's epic "Lush 3.1" and Jam & Spoon's masterpiece "Stella." All of these tracks are brilliant and they are just a little reminder why people love this music. (John Speakman)



### This is the Sound of Tribal United Kingdom

House compilation

Tribal America

Junior Vasquez spins his wicked web on this live recording from the legendary Sound Factory. The album kicks off with Pato Banton's "Beams of Light" and heads forward with house superstars such as Joi Cardwell, Danny Tenaglia, Junior Vasquez and then rounds to a conclusion with a dreamy Orb remix of "Beams of Light." Seventy-two minutes in all, the songs on this compilation deliver great vocals, dubs and only few seconds to catch your breath in-



### TRIBAL UNITED KINGDOM

between. Unlike most DJ mixed compilations, this one throws a lot of different aspects in to the game than simple mixes. Bouncing beats from one song into the next and great sound effects through out makes the whole album more interesting. A definite must have for all party hosts, wanna-be DJ and the unfortunate who have never experienced the madness of the Sound Factory at 8 AM, here's a small taste-test.

### DJs Take Control- Volume 1

House Compilation

One Records

Not everybody who can mix two records should be called a DJ. The point is to be smooth and flow from one song to the next like a stream of water. This is the very reason why Tony Humphries is so famous worldwide. The first in a series of DJ compilations from One Records features a 74 minute live recording of Tony on his return back to where it all started for him, Club Zanzaibar. Eighteen tracks in all, the CD includes artists such as Masters at Work, Armand Van Helden, Black Science Orchestra and Victor Simonelli. Vocal songs dominate this compilation with a few harder tracks squeezed in-between. The selection of songs are soulful and up-lifting with the classic garage feel that established Tony Humphries' reputation. One Records will also be distributing a limited edition double vinyl pack for all you DJs featuring seven songs from the CD and an eighth previously unreleased cut not available on the CD.



### Prick

Prick

Nothing/Interscope Records

While writing Pretty Hate Machine back in '89, NIN's Trent Reznor played keyboards in a

Cleveland band fronted by one Kevin McMahon. Now, five years later, McMahon has released an album under the name Prick on Reznor's own Nothing Records. Produced in part by both Reznor and Warne Livy (The Jesus Lizard), Prick's self-titled debut has a sound which incorporates such influences as the electronic pop of New Order and the industrial guitar of Nine Inch Nails, making what could be called "industrial pop." The album's biggest strength is McMahon's use of distortion which is varied in sound and never drowns out the emphatic inflections in his vocals. Furthermore, most of the songs demonstrate very strong guitar hooks, while some actually feature sing-along type choruses. One might guess that Prick takes strong guitar pop rock songs and distills them through layers and layers of electronic programming, samples, and effects to create this stylized industrial sound. The result is an album where every song is instantly accessible, which suggests the group will likely find wide acceptance from those in the mass general public willing to verbalize their love for phallic rock. (David Jenison)

### The Wolfgang Press

Funky Little Demons

4AD

Proclaiming rock and roll dead is like proclaiming capitalism dead, people have been doing it for years and with logical reasons, but they've underestimated its ability to assimilate. The Wolfgang Press have spent seven years making critically acclaimed dark and gloomy indie alternative records. Once hit on the head by De La Soul's Three Feet High And Rising, they went off on a totally unpredictable funky track. That was three years ago and the result was the album "Queer." Everyone from the long black overcoat brigade to London club DJs to Welsh cronies and on-stage lingerie collector Tom Jones (who covered two of the tracks on his new album) loved it. And now The Wolfgang Press are back with an even better effort. "Funky Little Demons" beats its predecessor hands down and is already a prime candidate for my rock album of the year. They've added some trancey numbers to the funky stuff, a couple of almost Motownish things and some particularly atmospheric stuff (especially "Chains") that reminds me of the Velvet Underground. All this





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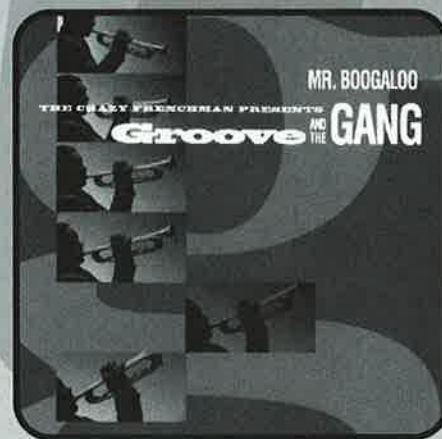
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sounds like a recipe for absolute disaster, but it really works and just goes to show that once again, people like me who are always proclaiming rock and roll dead, spoke too soon. (John Speakman)

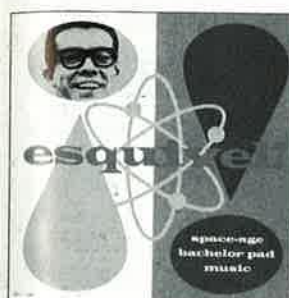
## Space Age Bachelor Pad Music

Esquivel

Bar/None records

editor's  
pick

It's hard to put a finger on this one. The artist, Juan Garcia Esquivel is recognized as the undisputed king of his genre - cocktail lounge music/pop instrumental. I don't know. The first things that came to my mind were Woody Allen in Sleeper with the fabulous 'orb-gasmatron' and Ren & Stimpy. I first thought of Woody because I imagined someone really nerdy like him decked-out in a fitted suit with a bow-tie



lounging around an apartment with cool 50's futuristic furniture. But then I kept hearing odd big band sound effects like the ones they use for Ren & Stimpy and The Simpsons. As a bachelor, I don't think my date would be impressed if she walked in and I had the lights dimmed listening to Esquivel, but then again, I don't live in a space-age bachelor pad. Now, if I had a sunny place by the ocean in Florida, I could see myself opening those paddy-o-doors and kicking back to this CD while sipping on a martini with a twist. Yeah, that's the ticket. Worst comes to worst, it'll make a nice gift for your parents.

## The Deep and Slow

Ambient compilation

Strictly Rhythm

This is strictly insane! A chill-out compilation from a record company known around the world for their house influence? The record is definitely not what you would expect. It's not ambient in the form that we've become familiar with, but a hybrid of different genres in a chill manner. Some of the songs like the opening track, "The Deep & Slo" contain soft house beats with lots of jazzy flavors while others use elements of Hip Hop. Very few of the songs contain any of the standard spacey, trippy, knob twitting sounds that have become the law of ambient music. The record is a refreshing change from the much slower paced

chill-out  
sounds

## MUSIC REVIEWS

chill-out records that seem to all sound alike now a days. The Deep and Slow offers a new breed of relaxation after an energetic night at the clubs, but won't put you to sleep until you're ready.

## Toward the Within

Dead Can Dance

4AD

Dead Can Dance's latest collaboration is an audio-visual documentation of their 1993 world tour recorded live at The Mayfair Theater in Santa Monica, CA. The duo of Lisa Gerrard and Brendan Perry, combine traditional instruments with state of the art technology to achieve their unique sound. However, this being a live recording, they needed the help of five additional musicians to perform their complicated arrangements. Lisa Gerrard's voice has incredible range and power, even though, at times she hits notes better left untouched. Not to leave Perry's vocal contributions out, but without the gripping lyrics (when singing in English, of course) is best unheard. A lot of tribal beats and chants crowd around the singing to give it the ethnic label. My favorites were "Yulunga (spirit dance)" and "Don't Fade Away." About ten out of the fifteen songs have never been recorded before. For the loyal followers and those of you who saw their concert, this album is a must have. (Andrew Safavi)

## Turntable Tastemakers Issue No. 1

Various Artists

Moonshine

groovy  
beats

This is the first in a new series from Moonshine that aims to expose the non-DJ sector of society to some of the more popular dance music labels in the world, this one focusing on Cleveland City Recordings from the UK. For those already familiar with this label, this is basically a "best of" collection and if you know you like the sound, go for it. This will not turn around someone who knows they don't like the Cleveland City sound. For the uninitiated and curious, the Cleveland City sound is very progressive with catchy vocal hooks, cheesy but reveling in its cheesiness. Anyone who has found themselves in a club in the last year or so would probably recognize many of the songs, like Direct 2 Disc's "Morning", which builds off of a Crystal Waters sample, "Saturday Night Party" by Alex Party, a huge anthem with the "read my lips" hook, or the retro chugging of "Testament I" by Chubby Chunks Vol. 1. This doesn't really float my boat as there isn't really anything complex here, musically speaking. Fun party music, though. Look for Issue No. 2 of

this series in March, featuring the Hooj Choons label. (Tamara Palmer)

## Musik

Plastikman

Nova Mute

Phased to amaze....Richie Hawtin seems to have hit a raw nerve directly wired to the psyche of a rave new nation. Co-founder of +8 Records, the brainchild behind F.U.S.E., Cybersonic and now, Plastikman, Hawtin's been the seminal trickster surfing the soundscape of the new, old-school Detroit vibe. Following closely on the heels of his first full length acid encounter, Sheet One, brilliantly translating his skills as the DJ tweaker magnificque, Hawtin's back in the mix with Musik. Pulling fellow trippers further into the gurgle of his warped imagination, Musik gently beckons the listener into the surf of rolling basslines, warm synth washes and crisp, clean percussion, ssst, ssst, ssst, with such a minimalistic beauty, it's breath-taking. Hawtin's genius at capturing the subtleties and sheer beauty of the 303 is absolutely fuckin' ingenious. After he's good and done with you, gasping for air, you're not quite sure whether you've been through some kinda pre-Victorian torture chamber, been run over by a train, or just had the craziest sex of your life. (Terry Martin)



## Evolver

Grid

Deconstruction

What's going on with electronic dance music today? All of these ex-"new wavers" and ex-"hippies" pounding out some pretty amazing choons on their synthesizers, and all having amazing production, remix and writing credits under their belts. Well, this January we have the Grid's Evolver. On their third album we find



# underworld

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## MUSIC REVIEWS

Richard Norris and Dave Ball (yes, that is Soft Cell's Dave Ball) flying somewhere between earth and outer space on acid with The Beverly Hillbillies. Saturated with rocky riffs on the guitar and dueling banjos, these hi-energy tracks are phosphorously mind bending, like nothing you've ever experienced. So break out those chaps, and your rocket pony because with tracks like "Texas Cowboys," "Swamp Thing," and "Rollercoaster," this album will lasso you in and transport you to the wild west somewhere in the 21st Century. Hee haw, check it out, and if you just can't get enough of the Grid from this LP, you should check out their fab collaboration with Billie Ray Martin on R&S. (Brian Bumberry)

### Recycle Or Die

Ambient compilation

Planet Earth

What we have here is Planet Earth's long-awaited Recycle or Die (Harthouse's ambient label) compilation taken from the first six releases on ROD, including luminaries such as Oliver Lieb and Dominic Woosey (good name for an ambient artist - he should be on Comatone Records!). The album is thoughtfully put together and one is shaken to attention by several tracks including the sparkling "Summer Offering" by #9 Dream. But nice enough though, this compilation isn't unique or estranged as one would like it to be even if you haven't got any ROD records. Fans of the genre will enjoy it while new comers might have problems distinguishing it from other similar materials. Either way, everybody should check out Planet Earth's Mission Into Drums CD for a more trancey reworking of ROD stuff. (John Speakman)

### International Times

Trans-Global Underground

Epic

### Djanghai

Loop Guru

Nation UK

Of all genres, techno has been surprisingly fundamental in widening our awareness of various world musics recently due to an expanding need for fresh samples. At the same time, mainstream audiences have been increasingly receptive to dance music in general (particularly in Europe). London-based Trans-Global Underground trod confidently through all of these areas on their stunning debut, Dance of 1000 Nations, combining club-friendly beats with exotic samples and the vocals of Natacha Atlas (who has guested with Jah Wobble, among others). Here, Atlas' inspired Arabic coos and wails again provide lift-off when the occasional guest rap threatens to hinder the proceedings. They've managed the difficult feat of crossing-over in the UK while retaining the support of a fickle dance community (their latest single "Looke Here" features a Dread Zone remix, for example). And while this follow-up is decidedly less commercial, TGU stand poised to take their multi-ethnic groove to the masses (and in the process, potentially wiping the likes of Enigma and Deep Forest from the map).

Meanwhile, label-mates Loop Guru (which features TGU guitarist/bassist Count Dubulah) take their global-minded samples to an even higher level, relying less on straight-ahead vocals and more on the occasional Ofra Haza-style embellishment. Heavy on Middle-eastern influences, this full-length debut--following an impressive batch of extensively-remixed singles--makes for a rich, spacious, trance-inducing listen. (Dev Sherlock)

## TASTY 12"s

by Afshin and David Waxman

### "Don't Laugh"

Josh Wink

Sorted/Nervous

-Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-haunting. Simple and to the point. Basic cross over progressive house. A bit novel, a bit weird and a bit of insanity all rolled into one.

### "Paul's Pain"

Nightman

Strictly Rhythm

-It's creepy and cooky, mysterious and spooky. Full of tribal beats and an Eastern vibe - A+. All we want to know is who's this guy Paul and why is he in so much pain?

### "Bottom Heavy"

Danny Tenaglia

Tribal America

-Deep dark Danny delivers more delectable dubs on this double vinyl. Bottom Heavy booms with bass and blasts with beats.

### "Release Me"

Space 2000

Wired

-DJ Pierre spins a strong and triumphant mix that will keep the dancefloor pump'n. Strong male vocals shine through on this house odyssey that's sure to become a late night classic.

### "Now (set it off)"

Jahkey B

Knockout Records

-Hee-haw, space cowboy 2000. A deranged house ho-down. "Girl, oh, I like it, set it off, NOW." Side B features more deep, down to earth tracks.

### "Keep in Touch (body to body)"

The Shades of Love

Vicious-Muzik Records

-"What we're gonna do here is go back, way back," back to the old skool kid. Junior Vasquez and Jonny Vicious pump out eighties samples in a fierce nineties fashion.

### "Come on baby"

DKNY

Aztonk

-No, Donna Karan isn't expanding (she's all ready wide enough). Good bonus beats on the A-side, especially "Rochard." Down with the 70's bassline on the B-side. Happy Bizzness/Wild Luv Roach Motel Junior Boy's Own-"I party till Sunday, don't go to work on Monday," hal-lelujah. We can relate to these lyrics. This song works. Great B-side to boot.

### "Want Me Love Me"

Justin

UMM

-Acoustic house. Typical smooth Italian sound. Great effects, acappella and guitar-appella.

### "Throw ya Hands in the Air"

Black Rhythms Vol. 4

Power Music

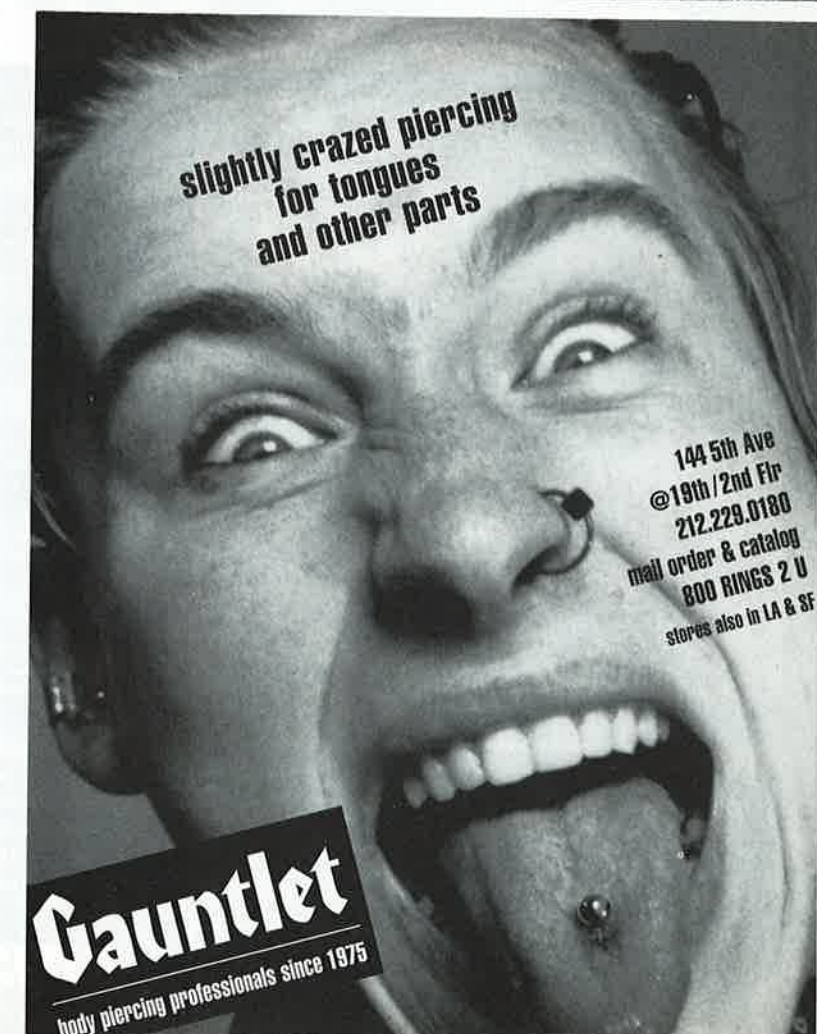
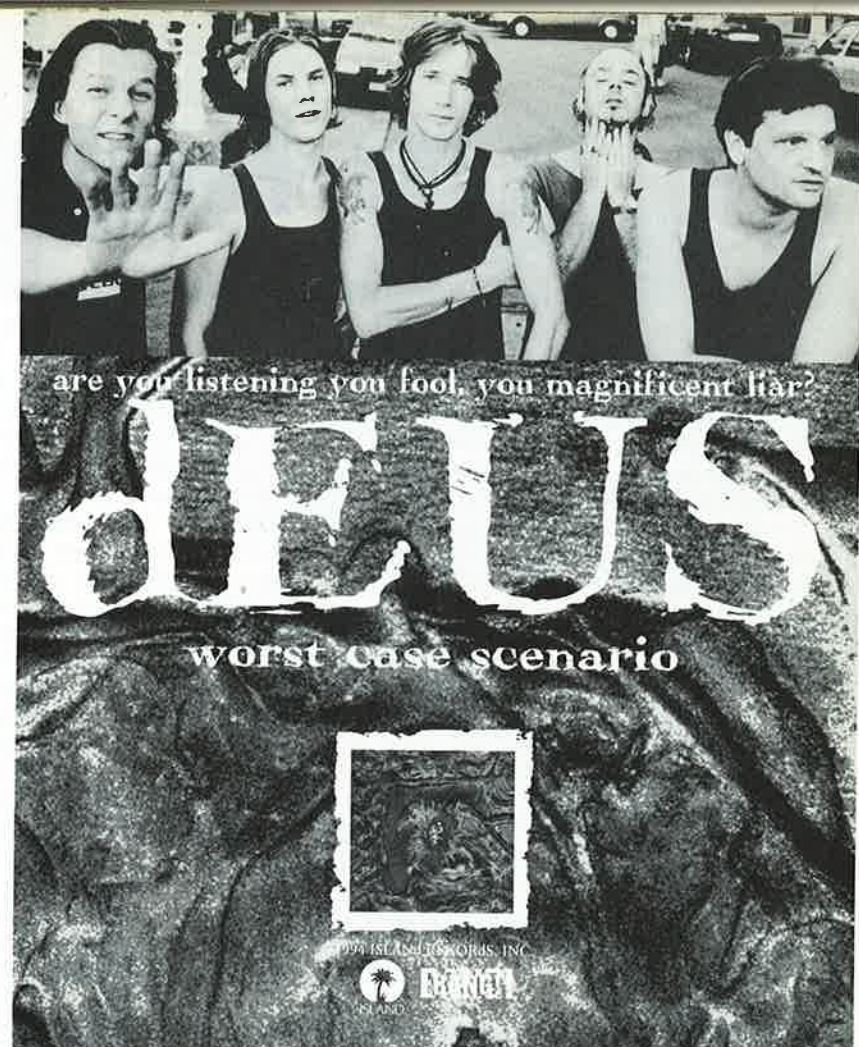
-DJ Pierre Puts 4 to the floor while DJ Duke plops one on the floor. Pee-uuuuuu!

### "Realm"

Gods of the Underworld

Empire State Records

-Consistent from beginning to end, both sides have their moments with thrusting effects and a driving bassline.





# hip hop

by Donna Snell

Dana Dane hits large with the first joint from his stunning album *Rollin' wit Dane* out this month on Madonna's Maverick label. Ten points for their signing of this remarkable rapper who's story-telling process is very rarely equaled if witnessed. Produced by Battlecat, the album also includes the standout cuts "Show Me Love," "Nina" and "Once Again" as well as the current hit "Record Jack." Staying with the old school flavor, Slick Rick hits equally massive as he continues his stint in Rikers Island prison. But not to be deterred, his album *Behind Bars* (Def Jam) features the title track which is also the first single produced by Warren G of *Regulate* fame. The entire LP is a serious slice of vivid story-telling with large amounts of humor and street vision included.

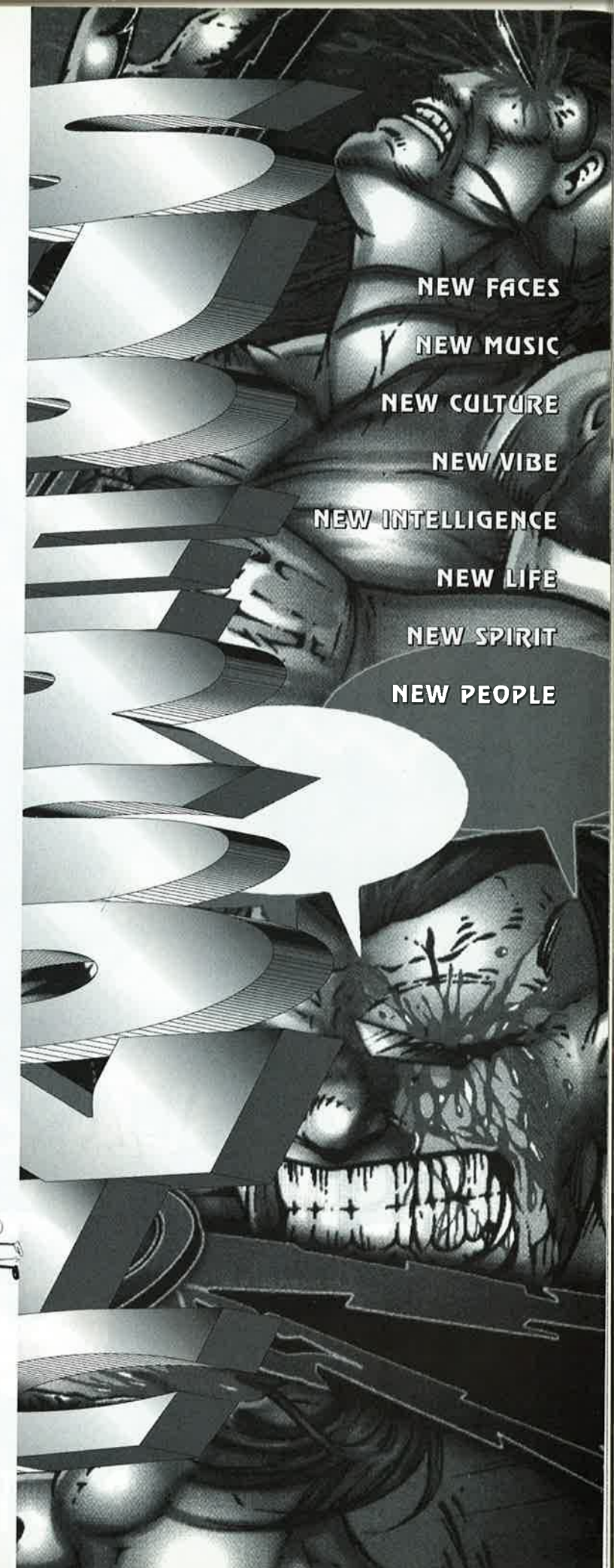
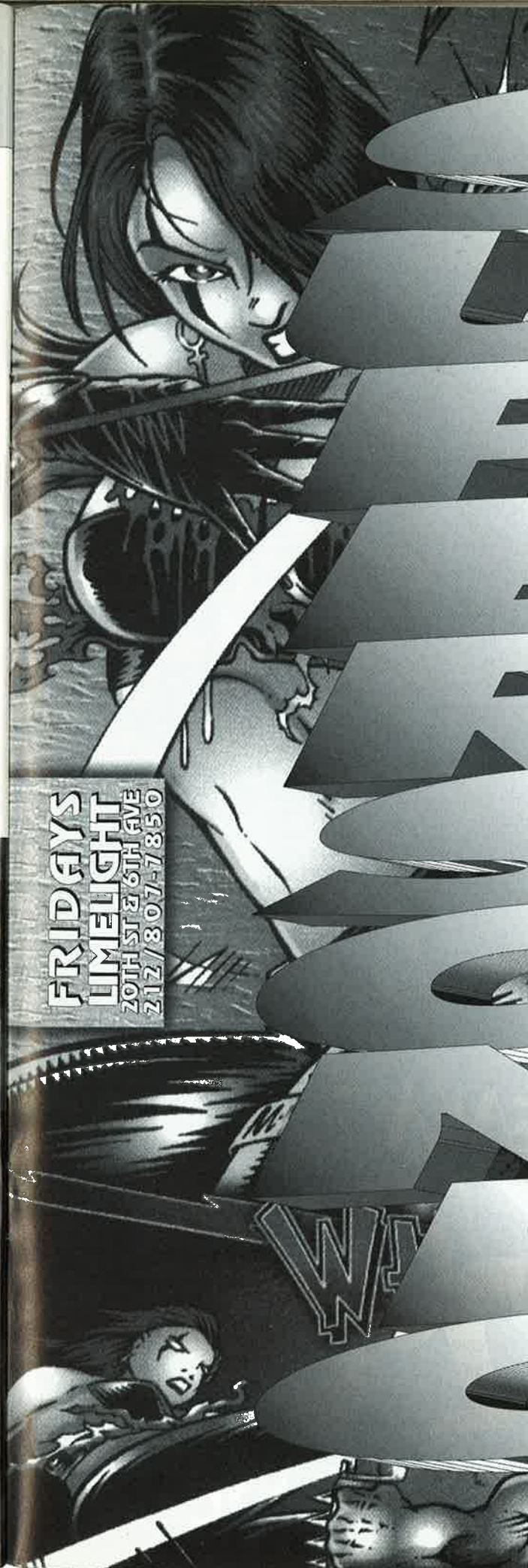
It's excellent seeing the new year opening with a brilliant Hip Hop Motion picture to see the 9-5 in. Most notable and talked about releases are from John Singleton's "Higher Learning" which stars Jennifer Connelly, Ice Cube, Larry Fishburne & Michael Rappaport with a soundtrack courtesy of Epic Records. Although not a Hip Hop related film, John Claude Van Damme's "Streetfighter," which is currently doing the rounds at major movie hous-

es, is complimented by one of the most wicked soundtracks for the Hip Hop nation. The album, out now on Priority Records, contains all new cuts from some of the best in the business including L.L. Cool J, NAS, Ice Cube and Pharcyde to name just a few and is well worth the investment. Stay tuned for a wicked compilation from none other than Erick Sermon due to be released in the new year on Interscope Records including phat shit from Keith Murray, Hurricane Gloria and Redman as well as new rising talent like Tone Capone. Also be on the lookout, at a venue near you, for a tour including, none other than, The Beatnuts, Organized Confusion and Common Sense which should be well worth catching.

On the reggae tip, Profile Records, home of one of 94's best rap rediscoveries in rapper Nine, has some brilliant singles and albums dropping for '95. Among these, well worth checking for, are releases from Terry Ganzie on the lovers tip with his single "Treat the Lady Right" and album *Heavy Like Lead*. Also Sluggo Ranks album *Ghetto Youth Bust* which includes no less than 12 tracks with standouts "The Badge," "Take the Slug," "Badness Nah Go

Work" and the title track "Ghetto Youth Bust." No prizes though for the cheesiness of Simple Simon's cover of "La Bamba" which spells WACK at every turn. But not to disrespect the label, they are seriously redeemed with more goodness by the likes of Mega Banton and his "First Position" single, most flavorsome in it's Reggae Mix. Other brilliant reggae induced, but seriously Hip Hop focused releases include Lil Viscious' wonderful "Nica" and Don Jaguar's latest cut. In compilation city, there are a couple of gems well worth picking up, particularly on the dancehall side, most notably is *Strictly the Best Volumes 13 & 14* on VIP Records, which include hours of boggle-badness.

We all know that Hip Hop is alive and well and still rearing its bad-self all over the globe, but living in New York City you could be forgiven for thinking the genre had died and gone to heaven. At present, the only regular night worth checking for is Mecca every Sunday in Manhattan plus occasional one-off affairs. If you know of more serious jams happening around the country, please let us know and we will endeavor to check them out or at least give the props they deserve. Hip Hop definitely needs more happy feet, no less, get ready to shock out.



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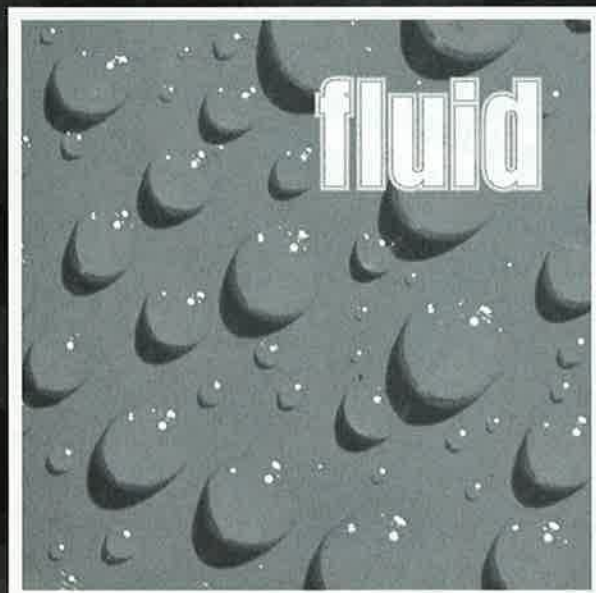
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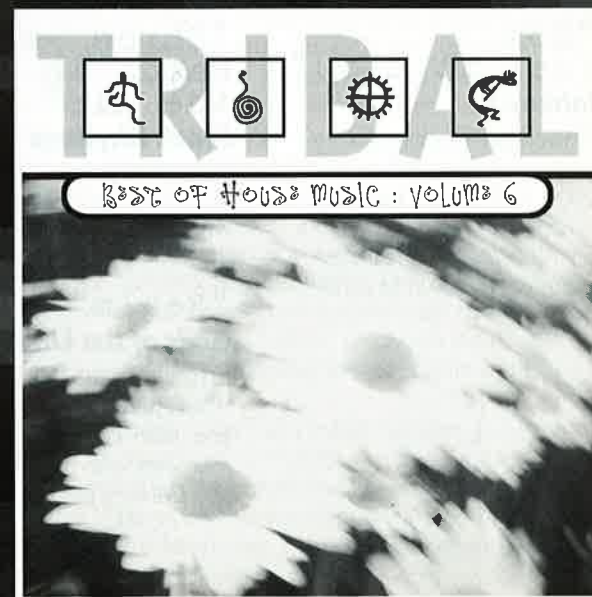
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WE ALL SCREAM FOR  
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Clubbers with a Lunachick at Webster Hall (pic: M. Martin)



Frilly Billy being silly (pic R. Ligresti)



Just look at what happens when Todd Oldham doesn't get his beauty sleep. (pic R. Ligresti)



Just in case you didn't know what Pat Fields looks like - here you go. (pic R. Ligresti.)



On line to get into Bowery Bar: Stephen Dork and Sophia Coppola (pic E. Chung)



West Coast flavor at Flavor Festival II in San Francisco. (pic. M. Martin)



The new school has taken over: Jennytalia, Jeremy, Jill and I... is there any place left for tired old slaves to the grind of clubland? As our loyal readers tune in here once again for the words of sheer confusion, we must pay tribute to the old school when Sushi - Japan's answer to Leigh Bowery, Walt Paper, the towering Desi Monster, Richie Rich and two dying flames known as Michael and James burned so brightly on a New York night. Now, they're using us for Future comps and free K damn it!

Are we being too neurotic dahling? We ain't going anywhere yet, hello! We better cut this depression. The dust is still flying. After all, we are Michael Alig and James St. James! This factory isn't over! USA might be great American history but we couldn't even get a bottle of champagne from that bartender at the Palladium Christmas party, but we're here and you're reading us. We must assert our dominant-aggressive role. But who has the energy? Since the closing of USA, our life has been turned into days of sulking and moaning like a couple of babies.

Oooops, sorry for interrupting an otherwise action-packed column, but first we have to figure out our week so we can bring you all the club news that's fit to print... Monday nights are still Sugar Babies at CBGB's gallery. It's so "Breakfast at Tiffany's" there, isn't it? It's like that one really fabulous scene where Holly Golightly has the little party at the apartment, and it gets more and more crowded as the night goes on. You remember, everyone gets drunk and Mag Wildwood ends up falling on the floor and that woman talks into that mirror in the biggest K hole! Actually, Jackie 60 on Tuesday's used to remind me of that, as well. And Disco 2000 on Wednesday's. La di da, La di da... All these new posh places opened up uptown like Gaugin, but I can't tell you anything about them, they're just too damn far uptown.

Fridays are a real problem, so much to do in so little time. First, you have to stop by at Bowery Bar, the only place to be these days. After being open only a few weeks, everyone who is anyone has been by there. You know, Madonna, Bruce Weber, Iman and David Bowie, Jaye Davidson has breakfast, lunch and dinner there, Howard Schaffer, Steven Meisel - just everyone! Then, all the new-school people want us over at Supersonic, the new Friday night soiree with DJ Chris Harshman who has been lured into moving up here from Florida. Jenny and I were busy bringing in everybody from Tunnel, it was great on that first night.

**CLUB RUB**

BY MICHAEL ALIG AND JAMES ST. JAMES

It's time for a breakdown. Everybody knows it as we sadly mourn the death of that high flying flag of the grand old USA. Our "home away from home" is tragically lost to the waves of capitalism. Saddened, shagged, and fagged, we sit here pouring out our words to the earful masses as we are immersed in what is now the winter of our discontent.



# CLUB RUB

Smashing Pumpkins' James Iha all choked up about USA closing (pic R. Ligresti)



Supermodel, Hollywood superstar and Canal Street regular Tyra. (pic R. Ligresti)



Our friend Liv Tyler's dad (what's his name again?) He always yells at us at slumber parties. (pic E. Chung)



Old School Regime: Desi Monster and pal at Future (pic M. Martin)



New Year's Eve Heaven rave was just so damn great! (pic: Aaron)



Free klonopin from Gabby Klonopin and Lyz who were fighting for the yummy punch! Well, they didn't have to fight really because I stole it all! Well, then there's that new clean-up guy who kicked us out of the bathroom just because there is a little sign that said "women" outside the door. But that crowded dance floor made it all worth while!

With all these super clubs and celeb eateries, the truly hip urbanites stay at home. No, not in their home, stupid! They go to each other's homes and play "Suburbia" the fabulous new game for all ages. The rules are: Plan a cocktail party with Martinis and Cosmopolitans, have bartender in a tux, make sure all the guests dress for the theme (employee-of-the-week award at the office, or the pre-country club gala are favorites) and make sure that everyone brings goodies like magic mushroom puffs, space cookies, LSD-deviled eggs, Ecstasy Jell-O. Be as imaginative as you can! But if that doesn't work out, you know we'll still be trancing over at that wondrous Tunnel. You have to try that new Light and Dark party, too. Zack is at the door and all these flying breakbeats and progressive trace inside. Or you can run over to Muzik, Larry Tee's new gig that captures that Bliss crowd.

Meanwhile, talk about holiday blues! The Heaven rave got busted at 2:00 am on New Year's Eve!!! The promoter said

something about ravers pulling the fire alarms over and over until the fire department sent everyone packing. But where can one go in the middle of the night in the middle of the most deserted area in Queens in a middle of a rain storm! Well the answer

is nowhere 'cause the trains don't run, so six thousand ravers sat in a subway stop dripping, tweaking, shivering with no place to go. It was a sad sight indeed not to mention a setback for the East Coast rave scene! But those in the know went to Caffeine where they dried off, had some hot soup, popped some pills and danced their blues away. DJs Juan Atkins and Felix the House Cat had to bribe a cab \$100 bucks to take them back to the city and our art director jumped on the back of someone's pick up truck and rode all the way back in the pouring rain. Promoters, get it together! OK, back to our depression...

Hey, now we have another game idea! Let's try to match up old school fixtures with the new school shiners! Shall we?

CATEGORY	OLD-OLD SCHOOL
CLUB	WORLD
AFTER-HOURS	Twilight Zone
RESTAURANT	150 Wooster
CLUB MUSIC	GARAGE
FASHION COLORS	BLACK
IT PHOTOGRAPHER	BRUCE WEBER
HYPE CLUBBERS	DRAG QUEENS
SHOES	WESTWOOD STILETTOS
IT GIRLS	SUPERMODELS
IT TV SHOW	SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
CULT MOVIES	ANYTHING BY WHARHOL
POP STARLETTE	MADONNA
CARTOON	JOSIE + THE PUSSYCATS
DRUG	COKE
CLOTHING	DECONSTRUCTION/GRUNGE GEAR
DRINK	MINERAL WATER
HAIR DO	PONYTAIL

OLD SCHOOL
SOUND FACTORY
SAVE THE ROBOTS
PUNCH
PROGRESSIVE TECHNO
PASTELS
STEVEN MEISEL
CLUB KIDS
FLUEVOG PLATFORMS
SUPERWAIFS
HOUSE OF STYLE
ANYTHING BY DAVID LYNCH
BJORK
ASTROBOY
ECSTASY
BABY TEES AND BACKPACKS
SMART DRINKS
CAESAR

NEW SCHOOL
LEISURE BARS
JUNIOR 5 DJ BOOTH
BOWERY BAR
AMBIENT/JUNGLE
METALLICS
ROBERTO LIGRESTI
DJ GROUPIES
PATRICK COX JELLIES
GIRL ROCKERS ON HEROINE
THE STATE
BLAXPLOITATION FLIX
DONOVAN LEITCH
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Well, we hope you enjoyed that mind-expanding activity. Stay tuned to new games in the next issue!

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In an opening scene from *The Crow*, one of the most profitable (yet underground) action movies of the year, we're introduced to Top-Dollar, the movie's chief scumbag, and Mycah, his half-sister/girlfriend, reclining together in some sort of post-coital bliss. The naked corpse of a nondescript brunette lies beside them on the bed and as our semi-incestuous duo roll her onto her back, Mycah, played by the Chinese actress Bai Ling, mutters "I love her eyes - pretty," before carving the organs out with a humungous Bowie-knife and roasting them for dinner. It's a warning. If you liked Meryl Streep as a white-water rafting housewife in *River Wild* or if you thought Sandra Bullock was rather good driving a bus in *Speed* or even if you were quite impressed with the sight of Jamie Lee Curtis airlifted from a plunging limo in *True Lies*, it's time to wake up. There's a flurry of action Goddesses kicking butt across the East and they make most of their American counterparts look like the hamstrung, cloistered, male-subjugated cyphers that they are. The American action-movie heroine is dead and blinded.

Mycah, who spends most of her time looking fantastic and dabbling in black magic, is the best thing about *The Crow*. The fact that a supporting role played by an actress from China is the most enjoyable element in this grunge-infested exercise in Gothic stupidity is telling, because over the past ten years, more and more women have been taking over Kung Fu and action screens across East Asia, performing moves and taking on roles that Western audiences could only reserve for men. With the exceptions of *Thelma & Louise*, *Aliens* and perhaps the *Terminator* films active roles for women are slim on the ground.

"For a male actor of course it's better here," says Bai Ling, "but for an actress - you're always like an object, they don't put you in an important position. In Hong Kong movies they put you in a very good position - I would do an action movie if the part was aggressive and the part really had the power to let things go. In action films I always wish I could play the man's part - they could write them for a woman but they just don't do it. Like Brandon Lee's part, it could be a woman... They act like they don't need women..."

In Hong Kong they *do* need women. Six white-robed virgins assaulting an insane Japanese swordsman (*Heavenly Weapon*); Teams of lesbian psychotics in hot pants beating men into submission before castrating and then killing them (*The Naked Killer*); Armies of crazed kung-fu chicks suspended from wires (*Once Upon A Time In China 4*); Women in designer raincoats single-handedly gunning down hordes of Vietnamese grunts while the men gawk in mute amazement (*A Better Tomorrow III*); A woman officer in the Chinese Red Army electroshocking vicious terrorists before kicking them into a pulp and diving out the window ten stories onto a moving crane (*Supercop 3: Project S*); Two women swirling through the air while disrobing each other in a rapid-fire series of Kung Fu moves (*Dragon Inn*). It's all there *and* that's just the beginning.

"You know, the roles are getting kind of androgynous nowadays," says Michelle Yeoh, who as the highest earning actress in Hong Kong is the reigning queen of action and martial arts movies. "I think



by Olly Blackburn

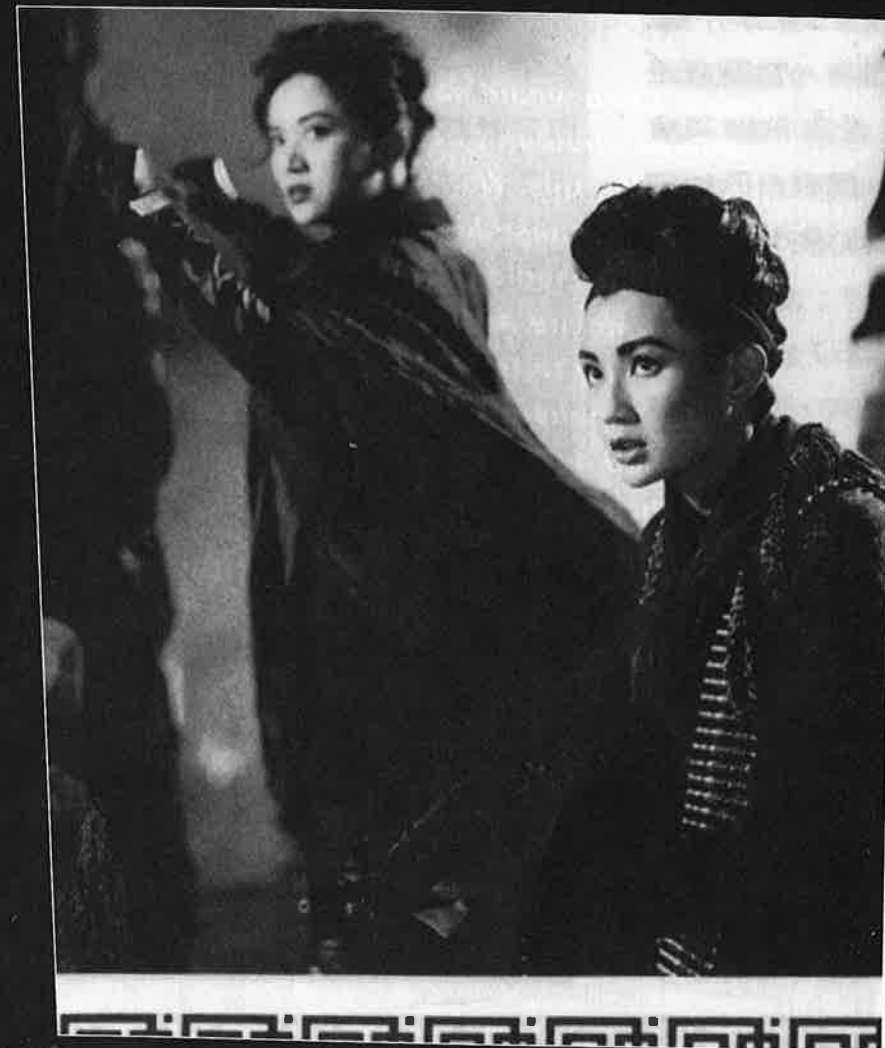
that's one of the things about having women there, they're much more attractive to look at and it adds a different dimension to a certain movement and also it's easier for the audience to be more impressed by stunts done by women. It's funny - when I did *Supercop* with Jackie Chan, one of the problems the director was facing was, you know, 'If I let you do this stunt, I have to think of a stunt that's going to be ten times more dangerous for poor Jackie to do!'"

With Michelle Yeoh far at the top, the rest of the A-list for Hong Kong (and East Asian) action star-lettes includes Maggie Cheung, Anita Mui, Carrie Ng, Bridgette Lim and Sharla Cheung. Although some of these actresses also do dramas and weepies as well as singing or modeling, the big movies are essentially martial arts films, swordplay sagas or action movies - and often a combination of the lot. And, as of yet, none of these stars have crossed over into America.

In terms of sheer physical grace and agility the Hong Kong martial arts women turn their skills into near-abstract pieces of choreography - which isn't surprising when you realize that many of them were trained in dance, ballet or Chinese Opera. Also the movies themselves are more about spectacle and showmanship than plot line or story structure, which means that they often turn into protracted excuses for large numbers of people to swirl, somersault and hack their way through the air in stunning patterns of movement. In *Holy Weapon*, for example, six women fuse together to form the 'Virgin Sword' a gigantic human body that hops, skips and jumps like a circus acrobat troupe wired on amphetamines. In the *Heroic Trio*, where Michelle Yeoh, Maggie Cheung and Anita Mui save Hong Kong from supernatural doom (the women's action pic *par excellence*) Wonderwoman, one of the eponymous heroes, spends a lot of time bounding across telephone cables and juggling tumbling babies: no joke. The other Wonderwoman, you know - Lynda Carter, could never stand a chance.

If the films are obsessed with physical style, they're also obsessed with physical beauty. Everyone looks great, but especially the ladies, who are made up and set into motion to resemble nothing less than divas of an operatic intensity. While in Hollywood there's still some spurious notion that the worse you look in a movie, the better an actress you are (Oscar winners Jodie Foster, Emma Thompson and Holly Hunter), the Kung Fu/action stars are super-real. They look better than anything that reality has to offer. Rather than seeing themselves as unglamorous, working professionals they are presented as silver screen goddesses who, much like the crop of super-models, hark back to a silent movie star tradition of presentation through the face and the body - in a word, attitude. There's a great moment during the climax of *Heroic Trio* when Maggie Cheung, is lifted twenty feet into the air, strangled by 400-year-old witch till blood spurts from her mouth and then blown up and thrown twenty feet back down to the ground, at which point she turns to Anita Mui in horror and yelps, "Is my face still looking good?" And it is!

It's more of a chameleon acting style, where you literally transform yourself on the screen. Bai Ling who, as a movie star in China, only played soft, dramatic roles, bears virtually no resemblance whatsoever to her slinking, knife-toting character in *The Crow*. "You know, they put on all this make up and all that and I feel like I've become another person. I took my friend to see the movie and she was laughing. 'I can't believe that's you! You're an innocent girl from China, from a communist country. Here you are in this film killing people, rock'n'roll and everything. It's so dark and this world has nothing to do with you.' When I finally got killed in the movie, the girl sitting next to me in the movie theater said 'Oh good!' You know, they hated me! I like this reaction, and I like the way people don't recognize me."



**"In Hong Kong movies put you in a very good position - I would do an action movie if the part was aggressive and the part really had the power to let things go. In action films I always wish I could play the man's part" -BAI LING**

Photo of **Bai Ling** by **Roberto Ligresti**  
Styled by **Montgomery Frazier**  
On **Bai Ling**: vinyl outfit and boots by **Betsey Johnson**, hat by **2B**





**Jackie Chan would say 'Women shouldn't be fighting like this. Women shouldn't do these kind of things, they should just be pretty, feminine and leave the fighting to the men.' Then he'd pause there and turn round and say, 'Except for Michelle, of course' because he'd know I'd kick his butt if he said that.'** -MICHELLE YEOH

Michelle Yeoh just thinks the parts are more challenging in the East. "There haven't been that many active female roles in Hollywood... most of the women do one kick in a movie and then they're termed as an action star. Jackie Chan would say 'Women shouldn't be fighting like this. Women shouldn't do these kind of things, they should just be pretty, feminine and leave the fighting to the men.' Then he'd pause there and turn round and say, 'Except for Michelle, of course' because he'd know I'd kick his butt if he said that. In fact when I first started to make action movies with *Yes, Madame*, we had a lot of people opposing the fact that women should fight, I mean like hard fighting because to them, if a woman fights she'd either be a dyke or very butch-y. You know previously there were fair bit of sword fighting movies and things like that, but even then the fighting was very stylized. It was more dancing than fighting, so now you were talking about a whole different kind of fighting. We wanted to fight like the guys, we wanted to be in there and be able to kill someone if we wanted to. Fortunately my

Not only do the actresses move better and look better, but many of the movies themselves are far less explicitly masculine than their Western versions - surprising, as China has the image of a hyper-misogynist culture. In *Swordsman 2* - which has all sorts of stunning stunts involving great chunks of the landscape getting tossed around, people flying through mountains and horses physically split in half - the evil mastermind, Asia (played by Bridgette Lim), gradually changes through the movie from a man to a woman, reaching the apogee of his/her power when the evolution into womanhood is fully complete. This creates all sorts of complications for Asia's girlfriend, not to mention some of the guys. *The Naked Killer*, a Hong Kong riff on *Basic Instinct* which makes the latter look like *Forrest Gump*, opens with a potential rapist stalking Carrie Ng in the shower - without even drying off she guns him down, breaks all his limbs with exercise weights and finally blows his penis away, leaving him to die. The film becomes increasingly demented as rival teams of lesbian killers run around wiping out businessmen in luxury swimming pools and caged rapists with only an impotent cop, who pukes every time he draws his gun, to stop them. *Wing Chun*, one of Michelle Yeoh's most recent vehicles, is all about a female martial arts expert who spends most of her time making tofu and kicking the hell out of any men who should cross her path. It all culminates in a Kung Fu tournament against a semi-Neanderthal bandit which, should she lose, she becomes his wife and if she wins he becomes her son. He ends the movie calling her "Mommy". Go figure.

**While in Hollywood there's still some spurious notion that the worse you look in a movie, the better an actress you are (Jodie Foster, Emma Thompson and Holly Hunter) the Kung Fu/action stars are super-real. They look better than anything that reality has to offer.**

director at the time was game, he had the attitude that if you fight, fight like a guy or else forget it, but at the same time you'll keep your femininity - I won't have you marching around with bulging muscles, like a crab on the street."

While Michelle Yeoh and her fellow stars are content to stay in Hong Kong until Hollywood's willing to come up with roles that are good enough (the loss is ours), Bai Ling is determined to crack the system. So far many of the parts she's been up for have been action and villainous characters, but she wants to snatch the serious dramatic roles, which is a tough call. "American film makers don't know what to do with Asian people in a film without action. They don't really know us, they couldn't see us in a serious part, like sitting at this table drinking coffee. I think a lot of it comes from Hong Kong movies, they give them an image.. and from there the first image will be Kung Fu: and the girls will become Kung Fu too." So far she was just piped for the lead in Oliver Stone's *Heaven And Earth* and she's the principal in a Broadway production of *Sansho The Bailiff* which, as written by Terence Malick and directed by Andrzej Wajda, already has way too much talent in one space. Are there any action movies she'd like to do?

"Head of the Mafia, I'd like to play that. I think it's so cool, there's something about the mystery of power..."

**Maggie Cheung in Heroic Trio. "There haven't been that many active female roles in Hollywood... most of the women do one kick in a movie and then they're termed as an action star."**



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# Life story

words by Mike Weiss

images by Jav Michalski

## Ziggy and Loopy , With Friends Like these....

Ziggy inhaled deeply on the spliff, then slowly let the sweet smelling smoke drift out of his nose.

"Hmmm," he said to his friend Loopy. "This shit is incredible. Where'd you get it?"

"Don't you remember when I told you I was driving into Manhattan last week to buy some weed. I went to the place on like 150th Street and Broadway. Bought it from these Dominican guys."

"Sounds dangerous. You went by yourself?" Ziggy passed the joint.

"Nah, I went with Gurner. He stole one of his Dad's portable police sirens, so we knew if we had any trouble we could just stick that on top of the car and drive away. But anyway, there are a lot of local kids who buy over there now. And as you can see, the shit they sell is phenomenal."

"Yo someone's coming," Ziggy said, shielding his eyes from a car's on-coming headlights.

Ziggy and Loopy were standing about a half-mile in front of the warehouse where Matt Gurner and his crew had originally scheduled their party - SupaRavathon. But now that the Cantini Brothers had swiped the event away from him, he had quickly changed the location to the High School football field. He had Ziggy and Loopy standing by the original site to tell select attendees to go over to the football field for the real deal.

"It's a BMW," said Loopy. "Probably some asshole from the city or an undercover cop. Don't give them a flyer."

"Yeah, but remember what Matt said. He's trying to find some babe named Ursula. He said she would probably be driving a nice car. Maybe this is her."

He walked out into the road, waving his

hands. The 530i BMW with darkened windows pulled up next to him. Expecting to see a sexy smile and a nice body in a tennis dress and high platformed Adidas, Ziggy was taken aback a little when a guido with a Michael Bolton hairdo and an acne-scarred face appeared behind the darkened window. Next to him sat a skinny girl with a bad perm, too much make-up and a ugly pout on her face.

"Yo, is this part of the rave?" he said with a heavy Queens accent. "Yo Marianne, this is cool right? My uncle really knows how to throw a party."

"Your uncle," asked Ziggy. "What do you mean, your uncle?"

"Uncle Luigi, one of the Cantini Brothers. This is his party, right?"

Holy Shit!!!!, thought Ziggy.

"Um, yeah dude. Straight ahead."

"So, gimme a flyer. I want to get the full rave treatment....flyers, loud techno, and psychedelic drugs. Everything. Just like on those news specials about raves."

"Hey, you have psychedelic drugs too," chipped in Marianne.

"Um, you can get everything inside."

"Okay, so gimme a flyer."

"Oh, they got better ones up front. You don't want this one."

"Hey, don't fuck with me, asshole!" He reached out quickly, grabbed Ziggy by the neck of the Anarchic Adjustment shirt with one hand, and grabbed a stack of flyers. Then he spit on Ziggy's brand new Pumas.

"I'm gonna tell Uncle Luigi and Uncle Mario about you!"

As he drove away, Ziggy desperately tried to unwrinkle his new shirt.

"What happened?" asked Loopy.

"Oh nothing, we just ruined the entire night for everybody, and probably messed up Matt Gurner for the rest of his life. Gimme your cellular phone. I gotta call the ticket booth over at the football field and warn them."

## GURNER, The Player

Matt Gurner walked through his party, feeling like the proud father of an incredible creation. The lights set up on the trees gave the outdoor football field an eerie, smoky, "Apocalypse Now" like feeling. The speakers were perfectly situated on all four sides of the field, so that there was not a single area where you could escape the massive, pounding beat that DJ Wink, now on the turntables, was sending forth.

As Matt wandered around, he picked up snippets of conversation...two girls in pig-tails talking about the incredible LSD someone was selling...a couple kids saying that Juliette Lewis was here with Johnny Depp...a bunch of guys talking about flying to Orlando the following morning and going right to The Edge to catch the Orbital show, which would

still be going till noon....two guys in silver snowboard outfits were practicing their dance spins... two other girls were looking around complaining how young everyone was....Juliet Lewis and Johnny Depp silently standing by the speakers smoking cigarettes.

Matt felt an especially strong surge of adrenaline when he looked over at the ticket booth, which had a line at least 200 kids long. But still one thing was missing. And that was the person who inspired him to do this event in the first place....the luscious, gorgeous, Ursula. How many nights had Gurner fantasized about her? So many, in fact, he felt he knew her.

Fuck it, he thought with resignation. He had officially thrown his first major rave. Time to grow up and become a businessman. Couldn't let anyone hold him back, not even Ursula. But then he thought how gorgeous she had looked the last time he had seen her, wearing her pink vinyl mini dress. He had walked close enough to smell her perfume, and after having walked around the perfume section of the local A&S at the mall, he had learned that it was "Love" by Estee Lauder. For a second he actually thought he was smelling her perfume again. He closed his eyes so the feeling would last, and then someone was tapping his shoulder... maybe it was her!

He swung around.

"Yo, dude," said Rez, one of the kids working the ticket booth. "You got a call from Ziggy." Gurner grabbed the phone.

"Wut up," he said loudly.

"Gurner. We're fucked. I just gave one of the flyers to Mario and Luigi's nephew."

"What!"

"Yo man, I'm sorry. It was an accident. But

you better watch out. They know where we moved the party to and they're gonna be on their way over to you any minute, and they're gonna be out for blood."

"All right. Get over here right away. We're gonna need all the help we can get."

Gurner gave the phone back to Rez.

"Tell everyone I'll be back in about a half-hour. And make sure Wink gets off in a half-hour, and that Micro goes on next, okay?"

"Sure thing," said Rez. "Where're you going?"

Gurner felt the drama of the moment. He hesitated before answering. Then, just as the beat broke down, and the music moved into a trancey build-up, he said with gritting teeth, "I'm heading over to the hood to get some help."

## Ursula Cassidy and the Sundance Debsy-Kid

Ursula had just survived a long ordeal in the back of the Cantini Brother's van, and had narrowly escaped torture, rape, and the possibility of being seen with the horrid Cantini brothers. Now she was sitting outside a suburban mall parking lot in a daze, having been followed by some chick named Debsy who kept asking her if she wanted to get revenge on the guys who abducted her.

"Is there a CVS around here?" asked Ursula







who was able to concentrate on only one thing at a time.

"Why, are you hurt? Do you need a band-aid? My dad is a police man, I know all about first-aid."

Ursula was starting to find this girl very tiresome, even though she really liked her silver Corrugated shirt.

"What I need is some powder, eye liner and lipstick. Everything is in my bag, which I left in the van."

"I still can't believe you were kidnapped in the back of a van."

"I wasn't kidnapped. 'Kidnapped' is the kind of the thing you watch in old Hill Street Blues episodes. I was just taken by a couple of jerks. If I ever see them again, I'm gonna kick 'em both really hard where it hurts. Now I'm asking you again, is there a drugstore around here?"

"Yeah, sure. There's a Pathmark on the other side of the mall. I'll take you there. Hey, you must be from the city right. You talk like you're from the city."

"Yeah, I'm from the city. Listen do you know where the SupaRavathon is being held?"

Debsy's face lit up. "Wow, are you going to a rave. Cool! I wish I could go, but if my dad found out, he'd really ground me."

"Whatever." Ursula said impatiently but she could tell from the look on Debsy's face that now maybe she was being a little too mean. "Look, you really don't have to worry about me. I'll be okay. Now do you know where it is."

"Sure. It was supposed to be at this big warehouse in the cruddy part of town, but the guys who kidnapped, um, took you away got involved. So Matt Gurner, the kid who is promoting it decided to change the location to the high school football field."

"You sure know a lot for someone who isn't allowed to go."

"Oh, well this is the biggest event to ever happen in this town. This famous German

DJ, Ludwig, is showing up. They say he is the most famous DJ in the world! I read this interview with him in DJ Magazine and he said that his favorite color is silver. So I wore this shirt just for him! I have a poster from his Trance-Europe Express tour right above my bed, I can't wait to actually see him in person. I think he's just..."

Ursula's mind clicked off. "My Ludwig! He's here!" For the first time that night her thoughts were clear and focused.

"Okay Debsy, I'll make you a deal. If you give me your lipstick and your brush for the night, and drive me to the party, I'll let you hang around me for a little while longer." Debsy's face lit up.

### Interview With A Gangster

"Oh shit," said PB (known by Matt Gurner to be short for Pittbull), when he saw Matt pull up in front of the pool hall on Steam Boat Road, the place he and his gang usually hung out when they were looking for trouble.

"Wut up, PB," said Gurner, getting out of his Nissan. He glanced at his watch. It was 11:45. The Cantini Brothers would probably be at his party by midnight. He would have to work fast. He acknowledged the various members of PB's crew, all of them doing their best to look like the hardcore Brooklyn gangsters that they admired while watching Hip Hop videos on The Box all day.

"Listen man, I need some help."

"Some help, hmm," PB said, rubbing his chin. "Yo, you hear that Fast," he said to the gangster by his side, grabbing Fast's hand with a loud smack. He then began to pull his hand away, but not before grabbing Fast's fingers and rubbing them hard to form a loud snap. "You my man, Gurner. I know you be hooking us up with nice weed and all, but yo man, help around here is expensive. Especially when you're dealing with my crew."

Gurner knew that he had fucked up. He could ask for some help from PB when he was

by himself, but when he was with his crew, he couldn't appear soft. And anyone dealing with a white boy would be considered soft. Well, he had no choice. He had to go for it.

"Look, help me out tonight, and I'll supply you for the rest of the year."

"Supply me and my peeps, you mean. Anyway, what kind of help do you have in mind?"

"I'm throwing a party tonight, over at the football field - totally underground. Some dudes named Cantini Brothers are gonna come down, probably with some bats and shit and try to break it up. I need you guys down there to help me keep 'em away."

"Oh shit," said a kid named 45Clip. "You want us to be your protection. And just for some weed. Yo PB, let's fuck his white boy up. Who does he think he is, coming down here like we a bunch of chumps."

Pittbull gave Matt a nasty, nasty look. Matt knew he screwed up what had been a good, useful relationship.

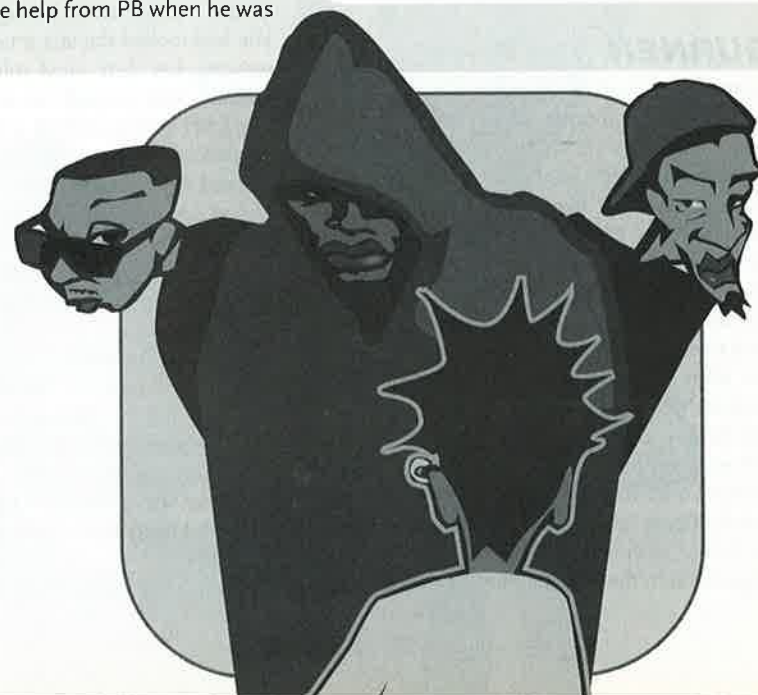
"I'm not trying to disrespect," said Matt. "I'm just desperate. PB, you know I wouldn't come down here unless it was an emergency. If you guys don't help me, the party is history."

"Aiiight, aiiight, stop begging, said PB. "Check it out. Me and my crew here are going inside to have a conference and in five minutes we'll tell you what we're gonna do."

Matt nodded and looked at his watch. 11:50. Ten more minutes, and his party was gone. By then, the Cantini's would probably come looking for him. That's when the shit was really gonna go down.

Damm, he thought. He should've listened to his mother and stuck with the math team in Junior High. Maybe he wouldn't be in this mess now.

To be continued in the next issue.



Photographed by Geert Teuwen

Styled by Eric Hester

Make up by Matthew Sky

for Pierre Michel at the Plaza

Hair by Dennis Lanni for Bumble & Bumble

Models: Dawnya Milkens at Company,


John Ross at Partners,

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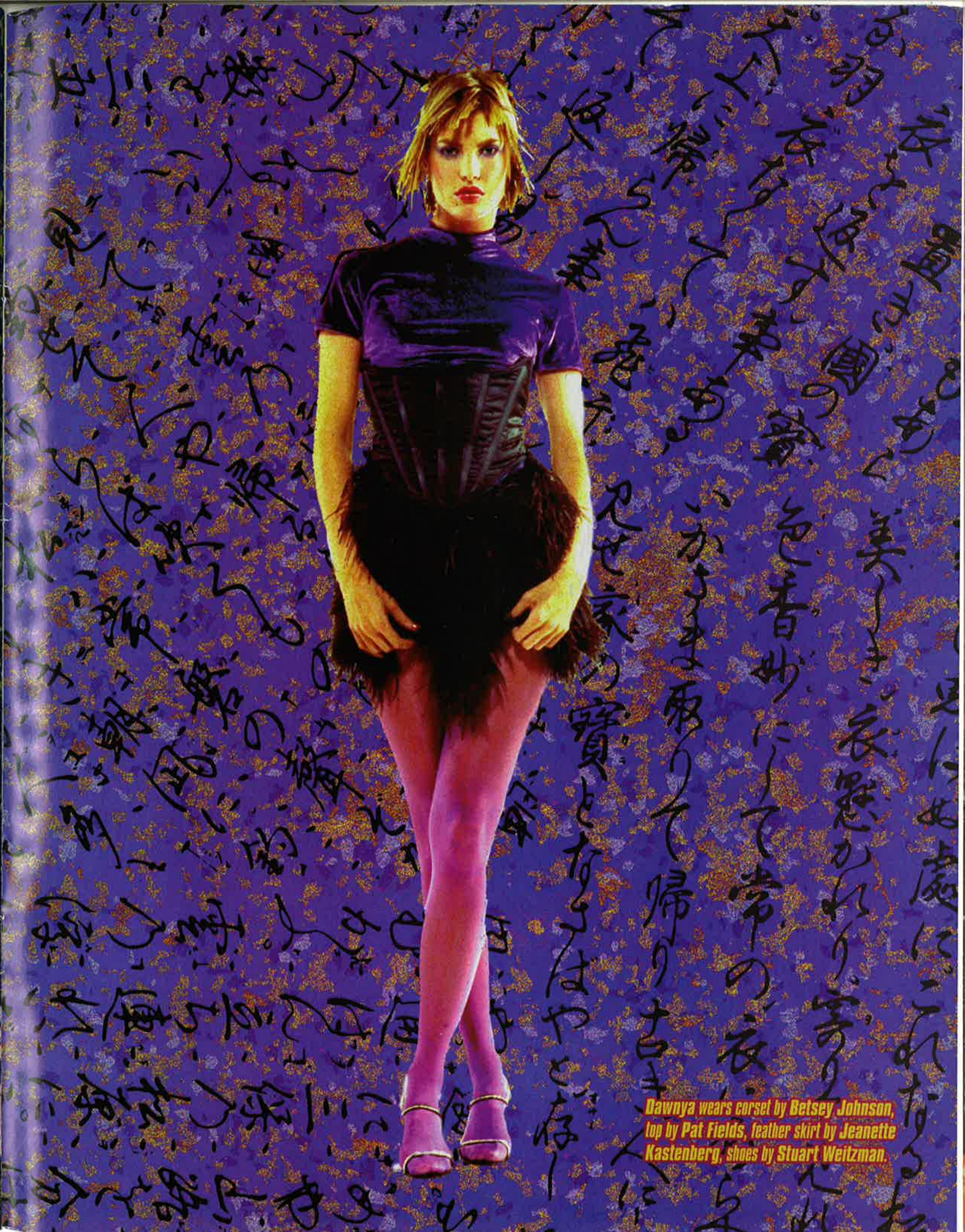


*Dawnya wears a dress by Wearable Energy  
by Frances Colon, gloves by La Crasia,  
bracelet by Mark Jacobs.  
John wears top by Pat Field,  
pants by Agnes B.*



*Dawnya wears a sweater,  
skirt, and boots by Mark Jacobs.*









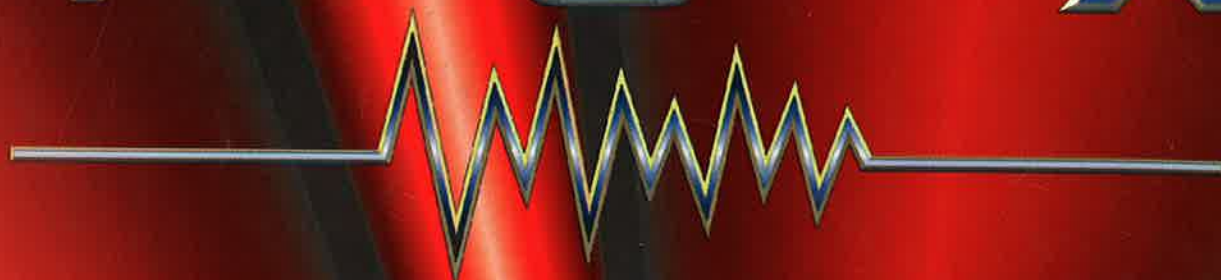
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