

Your global guide to

tomorrow's scene!

project X

\$3•US \$3.95 CAN.

mag•34



bubblicious!!!

Covergirl >>>

Milla and Tony Ward
are **LOST IN VEGAS**

Jungle Music X-Plosion
Space Out w/Veruschka
Leftfield Sounds Off



MAKE CONTACT WITH WHAT'S

OUT THERE

FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON

I . S . D . N

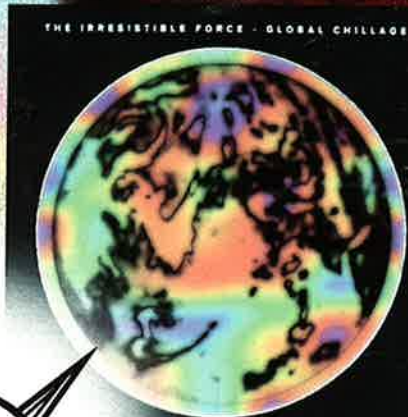
First released in January, the 10,000 ltd. edition sold-out in three days.

Due to the overwhelming demand, we've re-issued this monumental recording. Imagine a collaboration between FSOL and Quentin Tarantino... Out in June.

FSOL ISDN

IRRESISTIBLE FORCE

GLOBAL CHILLAGE

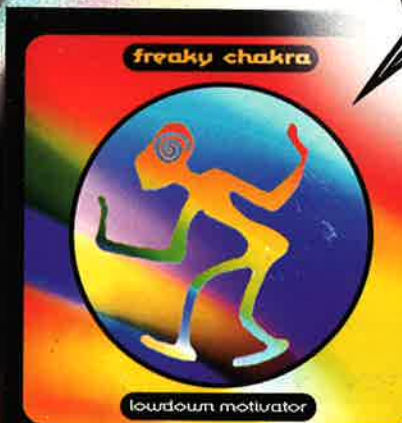


"This record is dedicated to the global ambient underground. It's time to lie down and be counted."

—MIXMASTER MORRIS
a.k.a.
IRRESISTIBLE FORCE

"An Ever-Mutating, Funky, Pulsating Blob of Groove... For the Ultraworld"

LOWDOWN MOTIVATOR includes the classics "Halucifuge (BUND DIVE MIX)" and "Peace Fixation," as well as a collaboration with Curve's TONI HALLIDAY on "Budded On Earth To Bloom In Heaven."



LOWDOWN MOTIVATOR
FREAKY CHAKRA



SYSTEM 7.3: FIRE + WATER

The new double CD from Steve Hillage and Miquette Giraudy.

FIRE is 73+ minutes of trippy dancefloor reconstruction.

WATER is 75+ minutes of beatless ambient bliss.

UPCOMING:
CHEMICAL BROTHERS: EXIT PLANET DUST :CD/CS/LP
BEN NEILL: GREEN MACHINE :CD/CS
EXCURSIONS IN AMBIENCE: THE FOURTH FRONTIER :CD/CS/LP



ASTRALWERKS

E-MAIL: ASTRALWERKS@CYBERDEN.COM

© 1995 CAROLINE RECORDS

contents

THE SUBSILICIOUS SUMMER ISSUE

...34...

FEATURES

Covergirl **Milla and Tony Ward** in Vegas
photographed by Chris Brenner » p.20

Surreal world: 6 strangers under one roof » p.25
photographed by Roberto Ligresti

FASHION

Chemical Lab

photographed by Marcello Kracilic » p.62

Atomic style: guy gear

photographed by Leja and Alex Kress » p.41

Space Out with Veruschka

photographed by Erez Sabag » p.80

MUSIC

Jungle Special: » p.58

Omni Trio, Guy Called Gerald, Goldy, the Jungle Sky label.

DJ Profile: Danny Tenaglia by Colleen Murphy » p.32

Leftfield interviewed by Darren Ressler » p.30

Underground Resistance

interviewed by Scott Sterling » p.56

Reviews » p.67

DJ Playlists » p.34

X-TRAS

Alien pop culture; Vinyl style; Popular gifts;
Traylor Parque chic; Burning man festival; club gum;
Nike phenomenon; DJ DB; Headtravel CD-ROM;
Crash worship tour; New York's new fashion dolls. » p.10

REGULAR STUFF

Letters » p.5

Life Story: Pro X soap opera » p.52

Pro X merchandising

- damn good shirts! » p.50

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
w graphique

crew
stompy
eschew
luna
circa
organic

quite possibly the finest baked goods on this planet
1388 Haight St. Suite 259
San Francisco, CA 94117
415.487.7623

Project X MAGAZINE

Issue no. 34 The Bubblicious Summer Issue

Editor in Chief & Publisher • JULIE JEWELS

Graphic Design • EIKONOGRAPHIA

Art Direction • JAVIER MICHALSKI

Consulting Designers • Hank Dregster & Cicero deGuzman Jr.

Music Editor • AFSHIN

Director of Fashion Marketing • MONTGOMERY FRAZIER

Fashion Contributing Editors • KAREN LEVITT,

JOSE SILVA, GABRIEL FELICIANO

Club Rub Editor • MICHAEL ALIG

Arts Editor • STEVEN MILLER

PR and Marketing Associate • Johanna Logan

Words

ERNIE GLAM, JAMES LEE, JUNGLE JEFF, LISA MOAYARI,
GREG CUOCO, DAVID JENISON, JOHN SPEAKMAN,
TAMARA PALMER, JOHANNA LOGAN, DARREN RESSLER,
SCOTT STERLING, COLLEEN MURPHY, DAVID WAXMAN,
JARED STERN, KHIEM TRUONG, MIKE WEISS.

Images

CELIA CALLE, EREZ SABAG, ALEX & LEJA KRESS,
CHRIS BRENNER, ROBERTO LIGRESTI, MARCELLO,
KRASILCIC, HASSAN, DELPHINA JONES.

West Coast Editor • KHIEM TRUONG

Office Manager • JAMES LEE

On the Front Cover

MILLA was photographed for Project X by ROBERTO LIGRESTI.

Styled by JILL TOPOL. Hair and make-up by VANESSA EVELYN.

MILLA is wearing a silver crop T shirt by TASTY and DIESEL SHADES.

FOR ADVERTISING CALL

Call (212) 366-6603 Ernie Glam, Account Executive

Corrections: In Kung Fu issue (#32) we identified a lovely design collective from Minneapolis as Poot!, but the company from Minneapolis we meant to write about is Tasty clothing. Poot! is from Kali and we truly apologize for our mistake. We're just a bunch of sorry air heads! And while we're on that subject, our friend Laura Whitcomb, who designs all the great Playboy & Bond gear for Label deserves an apology as well because we incorrectly credited her violet satin jacket as being from Amy Chan. We'll never do it again - WE PROMISE!

PRINTED IN U.S.A. PROJECT X MAGAZINE
no.34 1995 Bubblicious Issue

Published bi-monthly by Project X, Inc. Distributed nationally in USA, in Canada, and in UK. Full year subscription is \$14.95, (\$30.00 in Canada and outside US by ground, and \$50.00 overseas by air, back issues \$6.00/copy.)

Our corporate world headquarters are 37 West 20th Street Suite #1007, NYC, NY 10011 Tel 212.366.6603. We are not responsible for any of the editorial contents or advertising contents in this publication. We don't know who is. Please don't sue us because we don't have any money! No one is allowed to reproduce any part of this magazine without our written permission. So don't do it! If you steal our art, at least credit us, you jerks. You can also write to us and send us samples of your work - we are always on the look-out for new talent. If you submit stories, also submit art/photos to accompany them. If your business is interested in buying copies directly from us or from our distributors, please call our office. Now enjoy the Bubblicious Issue and please write us lots of fan letters.

letters to pro X

Dear X

When we (Ultraworld) first started throwing parties, there were two things we said we'd never do. One was never advertise in a random access medium like TV, radio or newspapers, and the other was to never seek out coverage by the press. However, when your magazine decided to list us as one of the top promoters on the East Coast and gave a little bit of our story, we were both pleased and excited. I've often read and enjoyed Project X, but it seems like being in Baltimore put us a little out of reach, even though this city has been the dance/techno Mecca of the East Coast for quite some time now. Speaking of history, I wanted to set the record straight with regards to what appeared in the Ultraworld description in your last issue. You had written that "Rave the Bay" featured a light show over the lake, although that party was actually on the bay, and didn't have much lights. The party with the lake was "Emerald Forest, The Moonrise Gathering," which you said featured 15,000 sq ft chill out tent. Close. The party with the tent was "Glow," although Diesel boy, Keoki, Sun, and Dave Trance, (to name a few) are hardly chill out DJs. That's it. You guys didn't do too bad for a hurried phone interview, and again, we can't thank you enough for taking notice of Ultraworld, and the hard work we have done over the past few years. Oh, one last thing, you had mentioned that we had friends in high places, but actually we just have high friends in places. Keep up the positive vibes!

-Lonnie

Hey, that was less mistakes than usual! But please, understand our agenda here at Project X. We intentionally include mistakes and typos as part of the on-going contest: Whoever guesses the right amount of fuck-ups we make (on purpose, of course) per issue wins a free subscription to Project X and a set of Ginzu knives. So we appreciate your concern, but please let the publishing professionals do their job!

Dear Project X

LONNIE FISCHER IS MY DADDY!

For one thing, we don't call him a promoter, he's Dad. He takes care of us, guides us away from danger, plays with us, and loves each and everyone of us. I've heard the mayor said that the rave scene is healthy for us kids, and, as a matter of fact, at GRAND in December, the cops stopped by and talked to Lonnie and he told him something like that his job was to organize parties and make sure that everyone is happy and catches their groove. And the cop said something like, "That sounds like a really great job!" Which brings me to the next great thing about Lonnie... he has a tradition of always speaking to us at the end of his parties. I remember the caring that he showed at my first rave, before I even knew what Ultraworld was, and that caring was one of the things that made me come back. (He also wears these funny little caps on his head that we're all convinced his mom knits for him). Lonnie just started having these small, unpromoted parties at his new house (a 1st class warehouse). At the first one I attended, GET LOOSE, He thanked us for coming and said as long as we're cool with it, he'd continue having them. He gave a speech at the second one about how Crystal Meth/Glass was bad for the scene, especially when used in excess, and that we shouldn't push ourselves all weekend, every weekend. That kind of behavior was killing the scene and that we need to take care of ourselves and each other. Wow! You had pictures of Matt E. Silver, Micro, and Stace Bass and Kimball Collins, but none of our space cadet, Lonnie. Is there a reason why? If it is just that you didn't have any, then I will sneak you some of shots him. Don't let him know I told you.

Elisa Jasper Carson

Mum's the word!

ecstasy

the world's first organic ecstasy
(m.d.m.a.) alternative

From Tokyo to South Africa to the United Kingdom to Argentina, with over 2 million units sold in over 15 countries, a product known as **herbal ecstasy**® is revolutionizing the way the world thinks of designer drugs.

Using 9 exotic botanicals imported exclusively for this product, **herbal ecstasy**® has been carefully formulated to produce a considerable range of pleasurable effects.

"Reported effects last 4-8 Hours:

- euphoria
- tingly skin sensations
- highly increased energy levels
- increased sexual sensations
- mood elevation (a mild serotonin inhibitor)"

Dr. Janis Burton
New Psychology Magazine • Paris, France

"Developed by many of the same doctors who created the chemical version, **herbal ecstasy**® is 100% natural & absolutely safe. **herbal ecstasy**® contains no chemicals or other impurities. This product is synergistically blended in order to maximize benefits and eliminate any possible side effects."

Dr. Steven Jonson • Tel Aviv, Israel

**MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE**

toll free • 24 hours • 7 days
1-800-365-0000

2 doses (10 tablets) \$19.99
10 doses (50 tablets) \$69.99
20 doses (100 tablets) \$99.99
add \$8 for postage and handling
add \$10 for next day air



Send Check or Money Order to:
Global World Media Corporation
PO Box # 16442 Beverly Hills
California 90209-2442

Distribution and wholesale inquiries
FAX (310) 581-4456



SOUND WARPED.



APHEX TWIN I CARE BECAUSE YOU DO

Produced by Richard D. James

"Not since Kraftwerk has an artist made electronic music sound so organic, so resonant, so full of life."

- Melody Maker



THE BLACK DOG SPANNERS

Produced by The Black Dog

"Spanners has something to make you laugh, something to make you dance like a lunatic when you think no one is looking. Is that back to basics? Not really. Back to the future, more like."

- New Musical Express



TOWA TEI FUTURE LISTENING!

The Future Is Calling U.
Post space-age bachelor pad music from Deee-Lite's technical wizard.

Featuring "Technova" and "Luv Connection"
Produced by Towa Tei



On Sire, EastWest and Elektra
compact discs and **WARP** cassettes.

Letters to pro X

Project X,

Thanks to Moby, I almost threw out the issue (#33) after seeing his pic on the front and his line "...for one simple reason, the music got less and less interesting." Yo, that 10" release of "Feeling so Real" has the weakest Jungle version this side of 2Unlimited! Damn stanky! But after reading the whole interview I was impressed. As I am a straight-edge DJ, Raver, and music lover. I enjoyed hearing you give it up to the downside of the scene, and how so much is missing from what we all hoped "Techno" would evolve into. Just like the Richie Hawtin quote "...2000 people sitting down on the dance floor with blankets? I'm playing live! What the fuck!..." I'm seeing it more and more in Upstate New York and Toronto. Seems like Omni Trio, Van Helden, and some Rotterdam track "Check the Penis" are the only sounds moving butts around here! Props to Moby, To Atkins (History class I'll go to!), To all at Pro X- especially the fun pix of clothes 'dis month, a big thanx for printing some sick promoters! And tell Traci Lords to take that fold-out poster out of her album or she might blow her cover as an underground artist (did she think I'd believe her crap in Pro X and Urb Mag?) Another issue to cuddle up with, I love you all Pro X! Peace to all freaks. -Owe, Rochester, NY
P.S. Upstate, look for events by the headrush crew!

"History of Detroit Techno was the first article Juan Atkins ever wrote and as a result of overwhelming response from our readers, Atkins has agreed to teach summer school. Classes will include "Techno v. Tekkno", "Why I know everything there is to know about Techno", and "Pizza Delivering: How DJs make extra money in their spare time".

Hey Project X-

I have a question about one of your models, Bunny. In mag #33, you have one normal raving space cadet photo and another one that's just wack. It's pretty damn funny though. When I need a good laugh, I just open up Project X. Anyway, where did you get the fucked up idea for that costume? Vera Parham, Vt.

In our never ending research for the cutting edge and the avant garde, our Florida correspondent Todd Bates discovered Bunny flipping burgers at the local shopping mall and quickly signed him as an exclusive model/designer for Project X. Aren't we so ahead of our time? Eat your heart out, Vogue.

Dear Project X-ers,

First let me say thank you for the history of Detroit techno! Finally! And if there's anyone out there looking for an untapped market to sell techno/progressive CD's, please come to Detroit! It's nearly impossible to find the new releases on CD here, and Musicland just doesn't cut it. Second, I wish I could afford to spend every day in Alphabet City - sounds

like fun! But doesn't anyone there have a job or go to school? I guess the "ultra chic" don't have to. Thirdly, I'm so glad that you finally cut through all that cyber-babble shit! It had to be done, but if you're looking for some new phrases, we have a couple for you. Here's one to describe that peaceful trancey feeling you get from "Little Fluffy Clouds" or driving back to campus at 8 am after a rave in the middle of Massachusetts: "Cool Mediterranean Blue!" And another one for those times you just lie down in the middle of a park - on wet grass - just for the hell of it, because you needed your "horizontal space." Maybe the city kids won't get it, but it sounds better than "virtual unity with the consciousness of infinity". But M is for Moby? C'mon!

-Cara, horizontally Spaced in Detroit

The reflective quality of the utopia created by the transient mood of the horizontal space occupation is one of the collective differences between the power of the new consciousness and non-existence. Our friends at XLR8R will definitely agree.

Dear Friends at Project X,

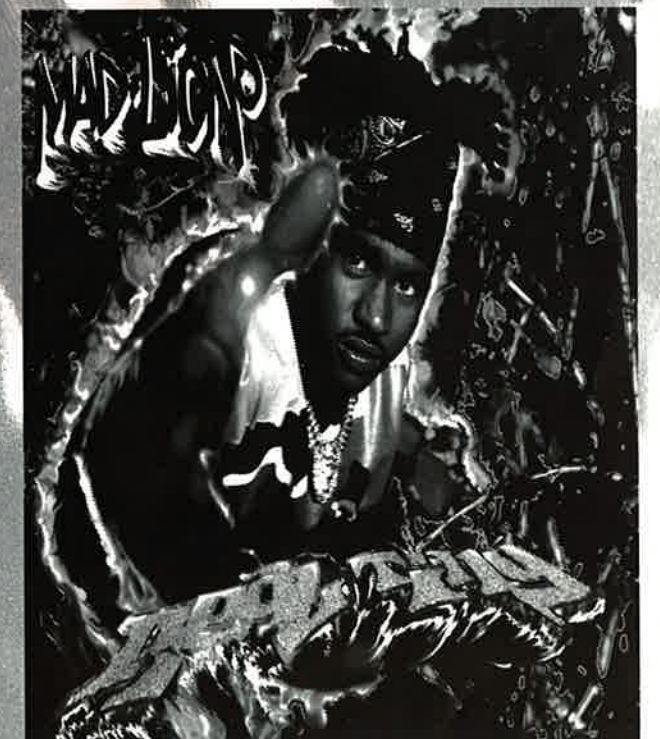
Sunny greetings from O-Town, Orlando that is. This is Stace Bass comin' at cha with a few shouts from the underground. In your Mag #33, you did a smokin' feature "U is for Underground Promoters", including a snippet on me and Kimball and we're extremely flattered. Unfortunately, a few bits

SPARK DA REALTING!

produced by KRS ONE

CONTAINS THE HITS:
TAKE IT EASY
SHOOT TO KILL
OWN DESTINY

ON WEEDDED/
NERVOUS RECORDS



NERVOUS INC. 1501 BROADWAY, SUITE 1314 B, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10036. PHONE - 212-730-7160. FAX - 212-730-7210.

of info got a tad outta whack and we'd like to get schmoothed out.... Kimball and I used to be at the Beecham Theater where we were involved with nights called "Pure Energy", "Egypt", "World War III", and the 4 year running "Aahz". Kimball was on the decks and I was on the lights and EFX- it was completely underground- no promotion, no flier... DJ Dave Cannalte joined us on the tail end of "Aahz" making the night complete. New management and city pressures kicked us out of the venue (heavier than the Sound Factory story) allowing us to do some wonderful one off's, and solid small weeklies. We had a sellout "Reunion" party which led the management to invite us back. The Edge moved in about 8 months afterwards and promptly kicked us out.

We now like to have our high end parties at The Club at Firestone - which is not at Walt Disney World. It is in the heart of Downtown Orlando and is a stunning venue, with one of the best sound systems in the world, the friendliest management and staff, the nicest self-cleaning restrooms, that successfully integrates its predominantly gay clientele with the straight, open-minded underground clubbers for wildly themed parties, concerts and weekend... Our "Magic" party at the Club at Firestone featured Sasha and the soulful Sam Mollison in honor of the track they collaborated on together. Cosmic Baby was here on three separate occasions too. There are many clubs, shops, promot-

ers, extremely talented DJs and recording artists. This is in addition to our foundational likes of DJ Icee, Robby Clark, Dave Cannalte and the Hallucination Records crew in Tampa. We all now have an important responsibility to keep the "old school" fans comfortable and to educate all the "new school" of kids with the importance of "partying smart" and appreciating good music and a phat mix. Everyone included in this circle deserves very special props for contributing alternatives to our musical nightlife in Central Florida.... Thanks for the flattery- I just felt compelled to give proper props because it takes all of us to make it happen. -Stace Bass

Sure. Go ahead and blame our writer, again. Just remember the pressures of fact-checking. Fact is, our writer was hung over, got confused, and thoroughly enjoyed your scene.

TO THE PROJECT X CREW,

I regret to inform you that I'm writing this letter from jail. I'm sure you can all safely assume the reason why I'm here (Drugs). Its been quite a devastating experience for me as I sit here awaiting my trial. I've been here one long month, and I still find it hard to believe that my so-called friends set me up to save their asses. I have a little bit of advice for all you people out there: There are no friends in the drug biz. Keep it on a recreational level. I still am lucky

enough, though, to have some real friends who dropped me off a recent issue of Project X (issue 32). And since the prison system doesn't allow cassette or CD players, I can still read things that cover the scene. If I seem to be sounding a bit positive about my situation, don't be fooled. The love of my life (the scene and music) is canceled indefinitely. And for being a DJ for about five years now, I can't begin to imagine how out of touch I will be when I get out. I felt compelled to write to you guys for a couple of reasons. One, I am a DJ and I used to be one of the most prominent promoters here in St. Louis, Mo. Two, I found it ironic in issue no. #32, that one of your features covered LSD Blotter art. LSD is the reason why I'm here. Also, Logic Records had an ad in that issue for their new CD and party tour. I was the promoter in charge of throwing the Logic party in St. Louis scheduled for 2/25. Of course I wasn't able to do it. I'm looking forward to reading all of your issues to come. Keep up the good work. Keep the sound underground and all that. Peace, -Joel S. (DJ Merlin) St. Louis

Everyone at the magazine got really depressed after reading this letter. Send us your address and we'll send you comp mags to jail. Keep your head up, and when you get out and can't find any work, you can always be our intern.



THIS OUGHTTA TIDE YOU OVER UNTIL YOU'RE READY FOR THE TATTOO.

YOUR VERY OWN IRON-ON. WEAR IT PROUDLY ON YOUR CHEST, AS IF TO SAY, "LOOKEY HERE, I'M IMMENSELY FOND OF SNAPPLE® BEVERAGES AND BY GOLLY YOU'RE GONNA KNOW ABOUT IT." THE IRON-ON FLAVOR OF CHOICE? A RIGHTEOUS NEW CONCOCTION: BALI BLAST (A PINEAPPLEY, KIWIEY, LIMEY COMBO OF GOODNESS).

Okay, you have some ironing to do. Preheat your iron on a high setting (no steam), lay out the garment on a hard surface, and smooth out those wrinkles. Position the Snapple iron-on facedown on the garment. Cover it with a large piece of paper so as to avoid scorching (scorching is never fun). Then, with your preheated iron, press down in a circular motion for 40-60 seconds. Iron much longer than that and you'll end up with a big, crispy, brown blob, causing people to wonder, "What's the deal with the big, crispy, brown blob?" Finally, let your iron-on cool down and carefully remove the paper backing. And presto, you're ready to sport your new Snapple threads.

Feel good about your new Snapple iron-on, not only is it friendly to the environment, but it may be safely laundered in cold water. The don'ts: don't use bleach, don't dry clean, don't speak unless spoken to, and don't iron directly on the iron-on area. All children must have parental supervision.

© 1995 The Snapple Beverage Corp.

So, you've tried the others....Now, try the best!

EUPHORIA™

Euphoria™ is the purest, most potent "herbal ecstasy" (M.D.M.A. alternative) available. Euphoria™ has added aphrodisiacs for extra sensual pleasure. Euphoria™ is made of the finest herbs from around the world and packaged in capsule form (no fillers or binders needed to hold it together as in tablet form).

Available at parties, concerts, raves, rages,

Dead Shows, specialty shops and retail stores...

Check out our introductory prices!

Shipped World Wide!

Sample package of 3 doses: \$ 19.95 (\$6.65 per dose.) \$4.50 s/h

25 doses: \$112.50 (\$4.50 per dose.) \$6.50 s/h

50 doses: \$175.00 (\$3.50 per dose.) \$10.00 s/h

Visa/MC accepted! Phone 1-800-333-5444 to order...or send money order to:

Freedom-song Enterprises 2550 Fifth Ave. #164 San Diego, Ca. 92103 Dealer/Distributor/Sales Rep. Inquiries Welcome.

Look Around

M@X
postcards
are everywhere.
They're beautiful,
useful and
absolutely free.
Look for the
M@X postcard
rack where
you eat,
shop, workout-
everywhere
that counts.
Pocket some
next time
you're out.

m@x

RACKS™

It's not e-mail, it's free mail.

*hey!
Parker
Posey*

LEADING THE NEW YORK UNDERGROUND DJ DB

"Did you hear that? I switched from trance to jungle and a cheer went up. They cheered!" We're at VIVID in New Brunswick, 45 minutes from Manhattan and DB has just finished his guest DJ set. For an average Friday night, this club is jammed with suburban kids who don't have the means to hit the city. And why should they? They're NASA kids, after all, and tonight, NASA's leader is honoring them with his presence.

As always, DB takes the opportunity to push the envelope a little and hits the dancefloor with a drum-and-bass for the second half of his set. DB's method of continuous experimenting just reflects his enthusiasm for the music. And after six years of being at the forefront of the United States' dance

music scene, DB knows what he's doing.

"I am really in love with this music at the moment, and you can quote my passion!" DB's enthusiasm, which champions new forms of underground dance music, is



"I forget that the music business is a 'business'. To me it's just about art, and I get very frustrated sometimes in the office that the bottom line is not just about records that I like, and they've got to be somehow viable so we can put more out."

exemplified by his recent signing of England's drum-and-bass masters, Omni Trio, to his homebase label Sm:(e) Communication.

But in order to understand DB's position in American underground, it's important to look at the history of this DJ, scene innovator, and record biz expert. In 1989 DB arrived in New York from London with two crates of acid house records and a whole lot of eagerness to introduce this side of Atlantic to the intense sound of the UK scene. Playing initially at the hot clubs back then like MK and

Mars, at first his following was a posse of the elitist Brits who longed for a bit of what was going down back home. But DB quickly realized that there was no U.S. equivalent of the booming illicit warehouse party scene which had developed in the U.K. and, luckily, that created an opportunity beyond belief.

Wasting no time, he launched Deep, a legendary dodge-the-cops mobile rave operation that moved from 200 cliquey Brits to a regular 2000-strong weekly posse and soon managed a whole year of hopping around Manhattan every Saturday without ever getting shut down (although they had "major visits"). The fusion between U.K. rave and U.S. hip-hop that Deep represented became a schism and DB moved onto a Madchester-indie-dance party called Orange. Later on, he met his soon-to-be partner, Scotto, at a huge AIDS benefit he organized and within a month, the duo started NASA - the spiritual home of the Manhattan raves at the Shelter.

"For the first six weeks at NASA we lost money but I wasn't worried, I just knew it was going to be massive. This was a new genera-

tion of clubgoers who hadn't been to clubs before. They weren't jaded by the typical New York club cynicism, they were just full on into it," he comments. He was right. NASA revolutionized clubbing Manhattan-style and ravers became a distinctive part of the city's nightclub mosaic.

"In the three or four years I've been in the rave scene in New York, I've seen three generations of ravers come and go and get bored of it or burnt out. Maybe because they abuse themselves so much or whatever."

The Shelter (recently rumored as a possible site for the reincarnation of Sound Factory) hosted NASA from the beginning until the end (the building was seized by the IRS over the landlord's non-payment of property taxes) and became legendary. NASA became not just a party, but a movement that everyone knew about from San Francisco to Boston. There were stickers, gear, slip mats, and eventually national tours that introduced America to the concept of massive raving and the sounds of experimental DJs. Completely original in line-up, NASA tours featured Orbital, Aphex Twin, Vapourspace, Moby and created star

DJs overnight.

"It was an interesting experience but not really one that I enjoyed," said DB who at that time became an A&R consultant for Profile Records and developed "Best of Techno" and "Best of House" compilation series and since then formed the label's dance division, Sm:(e) Comm. to handle not just dance music, but a variety of multimedia and "cyber-culture" projects. Their current project is "DJ-ROM", a CD-ROM which enables you to practice beat matching in your own home without investing in turntables, or vinyl, or a mixer. Then there's "Robot Wars" a spectacle of radio controlled robots designed to inflict damage on each other while engaged in a sort of demolition derby (a popular event at San Francisco art underground). Finally, there's "DJ On-line", a forum on the internet for people to interrogate their favorite DJs. The Sm:(e) logo itself is appropriated from cyberspace, much in the same way that NASA's flyers were subverted corporate logos, and while DB doesn't actually "like" computers, Sm:(e) recognizes the importance of communication between the followers of dance music.

HEAD TRAVEL

Talk about a clubber-friendly produce! Headtravel is a project from San Francisco that can be explored through a CD-ROM drive or be heard on a CD player. The visual part of this project captures today's cyber culture with full motion video footage from various events and incorporates graphic art, animation, photographs and seven tracks that totally define the current scene. The CD-ROM runs on both Mac and PC systems and contains three separate pieces of full motion video and a Digital Gallery of photographs, flyers and artwork. Once you click on a track selection, the full motion video gets underway. The music ranges from the realms of ambient to the hypnotic, trippy trance style that San Francisco is well known for. The software also includes info about local record labels, sound systems, promoters, and a complete edition of XLR8R magazine. Major props to DJ Jon Williams, Graham Seaman of Natural Music and Damian of Together Traxx for this very cool presentation and preservation of San Francisco's underground scene. Check it out, cause if you've ever partied in the Bay Area, you might recognize the gathering or even spot yourself or your friends in the Digital Gallery. Headtravel sells for the same price of any music CD and can be spotted either in the CD-ROM or music section of your local record store.

-A.



THEY CAME, THEY PLAYED, THEY WENT TO JAIL THE CRASH WORSHIP TOUR

San Diego has known for years something both Ringling Bros and the country-at-large are just learning now—Crash Worship is the greatest show on earth. Musically, the band is a mix of neo-tribal drumming, percussion, industrial funk noise, liquid distorted vocals and bottom heavy guitar. However, it's the band's highly controversial live shows which takes them over the top. Nudity, fire, alcohol, torches, food, body paint, tribal procession, and sometimes even sex are all a part of a "normal" show, contributed to equally by both the band and audience.

As Crash Worship left San Diego on their tour across the country, it was easy to imagine how shocked many cities would be at these excessive, and totally fab live performances. In New Orleans, a police attempt to stop a show last year resulted in a full scale riot and five police officers in the hospital. CW's vocalist JXL remarks, "The police met us at the venue and said that if we did the show, we'd end up either in jail or the hospital. They even had a SWAT team mobilized." Even still, Crash Worship was not deterred. "So instead, we had people pile into cars and into our Ryder, and we took the show right into the center of the Mardi Gras in the French quarter. About five hundred people met us there, and we started marching through the streets. Fireworks were going off, windows were being broken, cars were being turned on their side... I didn't know whether this was a good thing or a bad thing, but I decided to enjoy myself considering we were all probably going straight to jail."

"Fat!" band member Jack Torino adds, "When the police cars drove up, people laid flammable liquids on the ground creating these six foot walls of fire that kept the cars back. Then they tried to herd us, but we had about five hundred people by this time and we ended up herding them... It looked like Bourbon street was going to burn to the ground." Eventually, the police took control through massive mobilization and excessive violence, and even arrested people from the crowd and a few members of the band, who are presently still in jail. JXL adds, "Yeah, yet the whole thing still smelled like victory." If Crash Worship is hitting your town, enjoy the madness and consider yourself warned!

-D.J.



THE (REAL) NEW YORK DOLLS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALEX AND LEJA KRESS STYLED AND EDITED BY KAREN LEVITT STORY BY JOHANNA LOGAN

Unlike the majority of style-flakes on the scene, there is a small population of young women who carry a large responsibility - making sure all you divas on the dance floors and disco dollies look extra super styling in your latest club gear. These girls are dedicated designers, and although they're ultra popular these days, they are not sell-outs. Our innovators know what's fresh and they are set to evolve what we call "fashion" to a new plateau of personalized and unique clothing. Girls (and boys) like you and I will fall in love with their style and their creations. Meet four women who have added color to the latest fashions and flava' to our scene.

MAJA graduated from Risdy in '92 and started working for the high fashion designer Steve Fabricant, while dreaming up her own line between the 9-to-5 job. "It was a hellish year and half!" Now Maja dedicates all the time to her own line, named "Maja" of course! Her designs are all about fun, sexy, shiny, sparkling clothing that club starlets love. Of course she is inspired by her fashionable childhood heroes Wonder Woman, Barbarella and Elvis. Today Maja shows her line internationally "thanks to Pat Field" who reps her from Paris to Miami and was the first store to carry the line. "The things I make wouldn't have belonged anywhere else," Maja says about her first collection. Today her line is sold at all the right places like TG-170, Play Mates, and Beat Non Stop; the designs do not discriminate. "I don't think you have to have the perfect body to wear my stuff - some of the dresses look really good on a girl with a big chest, some other stuff could look good on a waif girl. What my clothes do require is a confident, self-assured girl who is not afraid to show off what she's got or... hasn't got." Maja's most popular design is her fab little bikini which is "...perfect to wear out or just around the apartment". Last season Maja showed her first official "Fashion Show" at the New York Public Library which that was non-stop labor, though Maja didn't mind at all: "At this point, for me to really get anywhere, I have to work basically 24 hours a day." Now that's dedication.



MARY is the woman behind all Liquid Sky designs and, at 25, she is part owner of this chill store whose signature style first became recognizable through all those cool silver quilted space-jackets, inflatable suits, and T-shirt designs all featuring the Space Girl logo. "I like drawing," says Mary, "and putting it on a T-shirt is the ultimate statement. With my designs I want create a statement, an emotion, and a little controversy." Speaking of controversy, today Mary is working on her very own brand new line called Volvo Skateboards which is set to be "a clothing line for boys who want to be girls." This doesn't mean she won't be doing maintenance on the store ever again (Mary has been named the official handyman at the Liquid Sky store), she just needs to express herself as an individual. "Everybody knows me as 'Mary from Liquid Sky'" she says. "There is a time you need to get out, break away and do your own thing." Although she considers herself the "kind of, NOT, sort of, NOT" girlfriend of partner Carlos (DJ Soul Slinger), she does not plan on leaving the store on Lafayette Street altogether. "I love Liquid Sky! I love the whole concept and definitely want to be a part of it for the rest of my life." Mary is inspired by DJ culture and all the "awesome" kids that "hang out" in the store. This down to earth artist combines a street vibe and her smooth style (she was born in New Orleans after all) to create what the posse down at Liquid Sky calls "Spirituality through Reality." Translation? Liquid Sky promotes a positive vibe that started with Astro Girl which Mary considers "the ultimate positive symbol of the future".



FASHION XTRAS



JENNY

graduated from Parsons in 3 years and began working with designer Amy Chan.

Last year (on April fool's day) Jenny, along with her partner Roger decided to open their own business, so they started Spooky Clothing. Jenny incorporated her personal signature look of sexy fishnets and stilettos, which is what you'll see her wearing clubbing at Squeeze Box, dragging at Queen, or just out drinking in the East Village. With all the hard work it takes to run a business, and design two lines a season (one for hip office day people and one clubby line), Jenny still finds time to go out with her friends and rock-star boyfriend, Scott Lano, for a night of drunken fun (Jenny only drinks what she calls the "real drink" - gin and tonic). But business is only fun when you create. "Basically what we like to do is take classic, pretty, clothing and kind of fuck them up in one way or another. It's totally about shape and being proud of your body. You don't have to starve yourself to wear our clothing" says Jenny. "In fact, the more you have the better you'll look!" By combining 40's classic shapes with a '90's flare, Spooky accentuates and focuses on the hourglass figure. One of Jenny's personal favorites from their new collection is a little tight jacket with leopard trim. "It's like tits and waist and ass, I love it because it fits so well." But don't get the wrong idea, Jenny considers herself "very feminist". "Our clothing is not slutty in a demeaning way, but in a sexy, empowering way."

SARA K. sells her hype, futuristic, and cute designs under the label "Cake", which is sold in cool stores like X-Girl, X-Large and in "every city that has a rave scene", Sara's key market. While still at Parsons, club stars Walt Paper and Desi Monster recruited this one of a kind rave chick to make their outfits and eventually, Sara started working for Anna Sui as her design assistant when she finished college. Less than a year ago Cake was introduced and Sara has been considered an innovator on the underground style scene ever since. She was one of the first to ignite the silver look with her cyber-prep pants and A-line skirts. Then she moved on to combining technology and design by scanning computer images on to high tech fabrics and nice results (her bubble dress is one example). Sara's latest appeal is "mixing" different looks. Her mirror sequin baseball shirt/dress combines glam and an old school athletic look. Now Sara is big on the mirror sequin look but it won't be long before she finds her next trend. "My taste changes all the time, but I try to stick to what I like - if I didn't want to wear it, chances are I'm not going to make it." This "NASA baby" of fashion, Sara K. (K. stands for "a very long Polish last name" - not what you snorting fiends are thinking) is inspired by her boyfriend DJ Detrix's ambient and acid samples, and the rave scene, which "has become more of a way of life than a subculture." Despite all the style, fresh fabrics, and originality that Sara puts into her "fun but well thought-through, girlie-but-not-too-girlie, cute clothes with a futuristic edge," she is always thinking about her low income market. "I keep my prices as low as possible," says Sara, who knows what ravers spend all their parents money on. "I try to look at what ravers wear and slowly evolve from there, because clothing serves a purpose for a lifestyle." She is designing for those select few who are keeping the vibe alive, people who don't totally rely on drugs to have a good time, but get up and dance when they feel the energy of the DJ. In fact, that's her motto: "If I can't see someone dancing in it then I won't make it."



VINYL over the RAINBOW

They said vinyl was out of style, then out of circulation in music shops altogether. But as new technology continues to evolve and create a new level of mindless entertainment for cyber-morons, it's back to basics when it comes to hype dance floor DJs. Call it old skool nostalgia on a high tech edge, but vinyl is the only way to go. When the masterful jungle samples from a clear acetate or baby blue 10 inch from Sm:(e Communications are mixed with trippy acid from a neon pink 7 inch from Mind Food or Mo' Wax Records, it's not just effective, it looks real good! Vinyl is not just spinning the best dance floor energy, it's doing it in high style and in the colors of a rainbow.

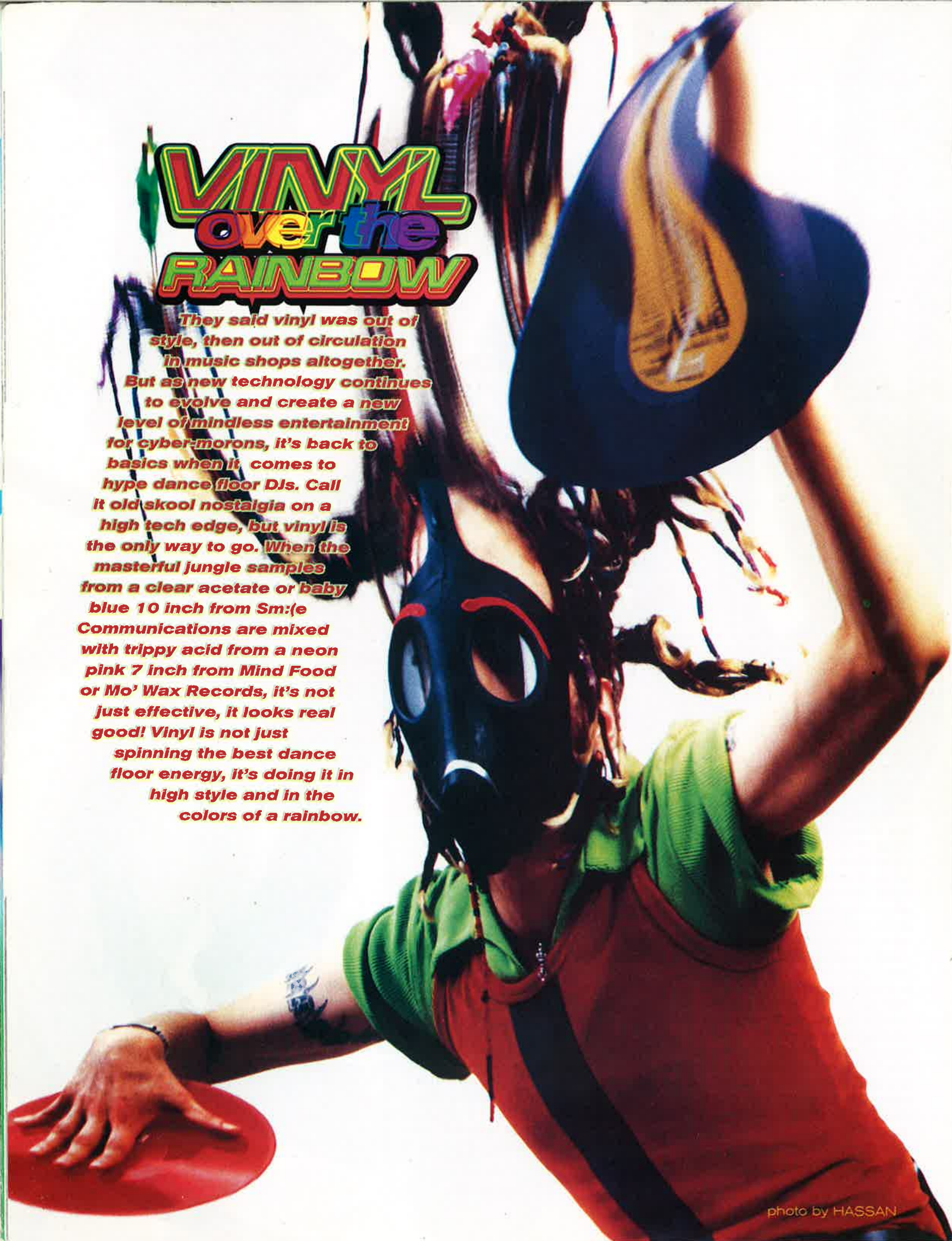


photo by HASSAN

STYLXTRAS

WEB GOODIES

OK, there's no excuse for not being plugged into the Internet (although the editors of this very magazine plugged out after only two days on-line that led to mind-boggling fuck-off messages to everyone who was sending in junk mail and PR crap). But other than that, don't tell me only dorks use it because I have it on good authority that Lady Miss Kier has been spotted logging into rec.bareteers for quite a while now. For those of you out there who find the transition from slacker couch potato to literate computer user a bit paralyzing, here's now a graphical browser known as World Wide Web (or just Web) to keep you up on the latest news. Developed back in 1989 by Swiss tekkies, it was originally intended as a hypertext multimedia system, but evolved into the illest way to communicate. What makes it better than the rest is the nifty set of links which allows you to access sites all over the worlds and accompanies all info with relating pics and

sounds. While the editors are still snubbing the Beastly Boys/X-Large site (We've had enough of the Sabotage brothas), some of the more surreal ones are worth checking out.

HYPERREAL

<http://hyperreal.com/>

Based in Berkeley, this is the most extensive rave-related site in the universe. Started by Brian Behlendorf, who was also the mastermind behind the rave net, Hyperreal shoots the flavor into your ear with rave archive sites, links to Vrave (Virtual Rave Talk Group), electronic zines that cover the rave world, and info on drugs and other paraphernalia. For the serious-minded dork.

THE PIPE

<http://iuma.southern.com/PIPE/pipeintro.html>

The slacker set of cyberia should plug into this slowly-growing "loose, luscious, and lazy on-line techno concept fun thang dedicated to What It All Is". Whatever that means. Hype info on ambient, electronic, dub, cut-up, acid, techno, hip hop, and funky jazz and psycho FEVA (Fucked-Up Electronic Art).

MIXMASTER MORRIS

<http://www.mit.edu:8001/people/trellos/home-page.html>

The Junior Vasquez of the New York's late night radio world, the Mixmaster Morris Web page will tell you everything you ever wanted to know, and a few things you really don't care about, the Mixmaster himself. The latest news on Irresistible Force, the name he records under, and well as audio samples from Space Music, Cosmic Music, and Protoambience!

FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON

<http://www.hyperreal.com/artists/fsol/www/>

The home page for England's ambient gods, FSOL, this site provides artwork, photos, articles, discography, and sound samples from Amorphous Androgynous to Papua New Guinea 12" original.

-K.T.

E.T.

PHONE HOME

WITH NEW ALIEN CALLING CARD

Do you ever wonder about life existing outside our world? Do you believe in intelligent aliens chilling somewhere in the cosmic arena of the unknown? Are you a Stanley Kubrick freak and watched "2001: The Space Odyssey" at least twenty times and still sit glued to your TV set every time "Outer Limits" is on? Do you feel a strange closeness to Carl Sagan? Well, if you answered "yes" to any of the above question, then you need help, and we suggest a nice group home in the country and weekly therapy. The fact is, all recorded data of UFO sightings and alien kidnappings are full of disputed facts and unconfirmed data and anyone who cares to argue this one out can submit their own damn UFO story to this magazine. All that aside, the philatelic culture of individuals obsessed with the possibilities of life in outer space has become quite the target market for science fiction television, movies, book, toys, and countless memorabilia. But among the space-junk set, some have the originality to stand out. The First Holographic Alien card set is a dope multi-colored set of cards each featuring an "eye-witnesses" description of space aliens along with date and location of the sighting, and a pretty cool sculptured holographic image. The Feinstein Foundation (which ironically funds public education) just released the "Face on Mars" phone card, and Nicaragua has become the first country in the world to release a set of postage stamps featuring the "likeness of outer space aliens". These stamps have doubled in value since their release, and the holographic cards are best sellers among card collectors!

-J.J.



World Wide Web

TRAILER PARK CHIC: NOUVELLE CUISINE?

New York's restaurant business, probably the most competitive market in the country, compels restaurateurs to carve out an edge any way they can. Witness the proliferation of establishments with gimmicky themes: Lucky Cheng's has drag queens, Polyester's has the 70s, and The Fashion Cafe features tacky model-wannabe tourists from the Mid-West (See issue #32 for more on theme restaurants). Two of the more clever theme wonderlands, Cowgirl Hall of Fame and Twins, have upped the gastronomic ante with dishes that can only be described as Trailer Parque Chic.

A fave among downtown trendies and drag queens, the Cowgirl Hall of Fame, really must be fun if these fickle types keep going after all these years. What keeps them coming is a brilliant, yet simple dish that takes the culinary experience where no diner has gone before (or at least will admit to having been). This concoction, a creative twist on nachos, is called a **Frito Pie**, which consists of a small bag of Fritos corn chips on a plate, artfully cut open to form a disposable serving bowl into which a heaping ladle of Chef Boy-R-Dee's chili con carne is poured, with a grated Velveeta garnish providing the finishing touch. This dish is so popular that anyone from Joey Arias to the entire staff of Patricia Field can be seen scarfing them down.

Meanwhile, on the Upper East Side, Twins puts a unique spin on uptown panache with its own culinary foray into Trailer Parque Chic. Its pièce de résistance is called Twinkies Flambé. Elegantly nestled atop a bed of berries and bedecked with sprigs of mint, the Hostess corporation could have never imagined that Twinkie the Kid would rise to such heights of sophistication. And in case any of you are wondering, Twinkies are not flammable. The trick to this spectacle is the use of Wary & Nephew Overproof Rum, which at 126 proof puts the flame in flambé, explained a Twins spokesperson.

Project X suspects that the Trailer Parque Chic trend is about to explode in Manhattan, as evidenced by swirling rumors concerning the imminent opening of a dining establishment whose entire menu will consist of this nouvelle cuisine. To be located at 11th St. and Seventh Ave., it will be called, appropriately enough, 7-11. -E. G.



BURNING MAN

Every Labor Day weekend in Nevada's Black Rock Desert, young and old performers, artists, and clubbers gather to build and raise a 40-foot, 1,500-pound effigy called Burning Man, a rural underground festival of the eccentric elite. When Larry Harvey, the director of the Black Rock Arts Festival (informally known as Burning Man), is asked why he does this event, he responds, "Because it's the thrill of a lifetime. I look around me and see all these people painting themselves blue, driving weird cars, wearing strange costumes, and they seem to be on fire, like lighted gas jets...It's so radically, so creatively expressive...Here's a fire shared by everyone that has the power to consume the differences that normally divide us."

With an agenda consisting of participation in performance art, going naked, skeet-golf, and drag races (a 50-yard foot race in drag), this pseudo-religious event appears to be a lot less stuffy than the Rainbow Gathering that took place last summer in the Grand Canyon, where the Zippies and their out-door rave were not at all welcomed by the sound system-vandalizing Rainbow Hippies. Perhaps this event would be more appropriate for the groovy Megatropolis-style rave that the West Coast promoters tried to stage last year, since it seems that anything at Burning Man believes the more eccentricity the better. When Larry Harvey is pressed to pin down the true meaning of Burning Man, he states, "All we've ever really done is play with fire."

For more information write to the Burning Man Project, P.O. Box 420572, San Francisco, CA 94142-0572 -E.G.



PLEASE DON'T STEAL THE NIKE ADS

Slumming it and monopolizing the New York City subway system is how I get around. But the other day, a strange thing happened. After hopping the turnstile, I jumped into the F, Brooklyn bound. But as I entered the train I was bombarded by laughter. As I stood there like an ass trying to figure out what's so funny, I realized that they're laughing at me, or more specifically at my four foot Nike platformed kicks. The unstylish commoners! And my attempt to ignore them created even more chatter about Nikes. As I reached into my draws and pulled out a very realistic looking Glock 19 water gun and decided to terrorize the old granny slandering my good name and shoes, I looked up and noticed the whole car filled with very yummy, smooth graffiti style Nike ads that everyone was talking about. Damn, and I thought it was all about me! That afternoon I decided to come back and steal every single one.

At four in the morning I was strapped with an X-Acto knife and a large messenger bag ready to redecorate my apartment. To my dismay, I walked into the same subway car to find every single poster gone! Apparently some other bastard had beaten me to it. Crestfallen I went home and decided to write an article instead. Here goes...

You can call me old school, but I'm no fool. At least back in the day there was a stealing rule - steal things you can't afford, or more importantly, steal things relevant. People used to get jacked over sheepskin jackets, gold chains and fronts, and sneakers (usually those damn overpriced Nikes), but the kooky kids in New York would rather steal the ads.

The fab ads can be seen everywhere from billboards in Times Square to Alphabet City buses and it turns out the artist is our chronically late but terminally cool art director and Todd Oldham look-a-like, Javier (he's much cooler than Todd). So

next time you see the ads don't steal them no matter how tempting, instead tell your friends, "My friend, Mr. Kool guy, Jav designed them and I was his muse."

EXPRESS YOUR SCENT-IMENTS

Are you feeling down, lonely or depressed? Did Mrs. Huffington in Psychology 302 embarrass you in front of the class again just because you couldn't care less why Mendel cross bred those damn peas in the first place? Did your boss fire you because he caught you doing your toe nails in the reception area (you couldn't help it, you wore strappy Manolo sandals for your lunch date!) Did your boyfriend dump you for your worst enemy in senior class even after he saw how fab you looked in your new pink Danilo hairdo and extra short Anna Sui ensemble? Well, it's time to dump back! Literally! With Eau de Cow-logne, the scent-sational gag gift from Tongue In Cheek, a company known for its creative packaged line of gifts that are elaborately wrapped in delivered (anonymously, if you wish) right to the door of anyone in the USA. Tongue In Cheek staff is convinced that humor is a better way to cope with life's stresses and catastrophes - and people who cause them. (Project X agrees and we are in the process of preparing a list of unpopular recipients of this fab gift to help express our true scent-iments to flaky promoters, overpriced designers, blank tape bootleggers, and K-hole messes at Tunnel). This environmentally-correct, tastefully presented gift can't be found at the local Sacks Fifth Avenue, but you can contact T.I.C. Inc. at 1-800-332-KISS next time you don't have words to express what's on your mind, or on the bottom of your shoe! -J.J.



CHEWING OUT

Does the following scenario sound familiar? You're off to a night-club to hang out and cuddle in a corner with that special someone you just met. Unfortunately, it's a weekday and you had to get up at 7:30 that morning so you feel an uncontrollable yawning fit approaching and your breath stinks from gallons of cappuccino you had in order to stay up. What's a clubber to do?

The Japanese have devised a perfect solution (yet again) with wake-up caffeinated chewing gum. Originally created in Japan for use as a quick pick-me-up on the way to work or during office hours, these brands, **Sting** and **Kiss Mint**, are equally effective at night. Kiss Mint's name hits the social nail on the head by understanding every clubber's desire to be energized, air-kissed, and have fresh minty breath. Kiss those late-night, pre-club pit stops at cafés and coffee bars good-bye as you chew your way to a tongue-tingling, bright-eyed state of alertness.

For those of you who drink the café au lait for the milk, Sam Bok (a place that specializes in Japanese products in N.Y.) also carries a mint-calcium gum called Ca. A Project X taste test revealed that one stick of Kiss Mint with a stick of Ca is the caffeine and calcium equivalent of a café au lait. Despite a price of \$1.50 per pack, these chewing gums are still competitive with the trendy coffee bars. So chew them up, spit them out, and kiss the late night gloomies away. -E. G.

STYL XTRAS

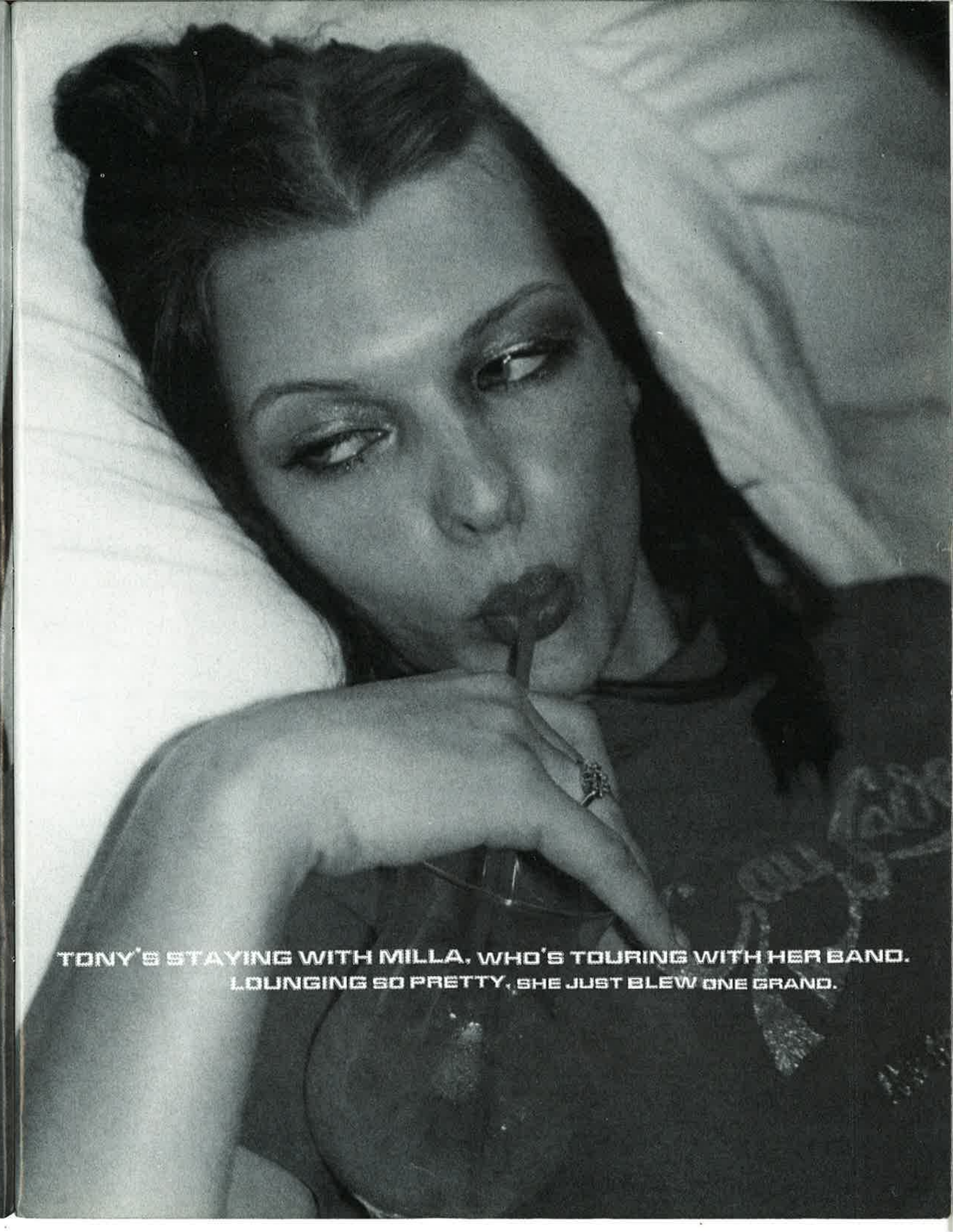


LAS VEGAS TRYST

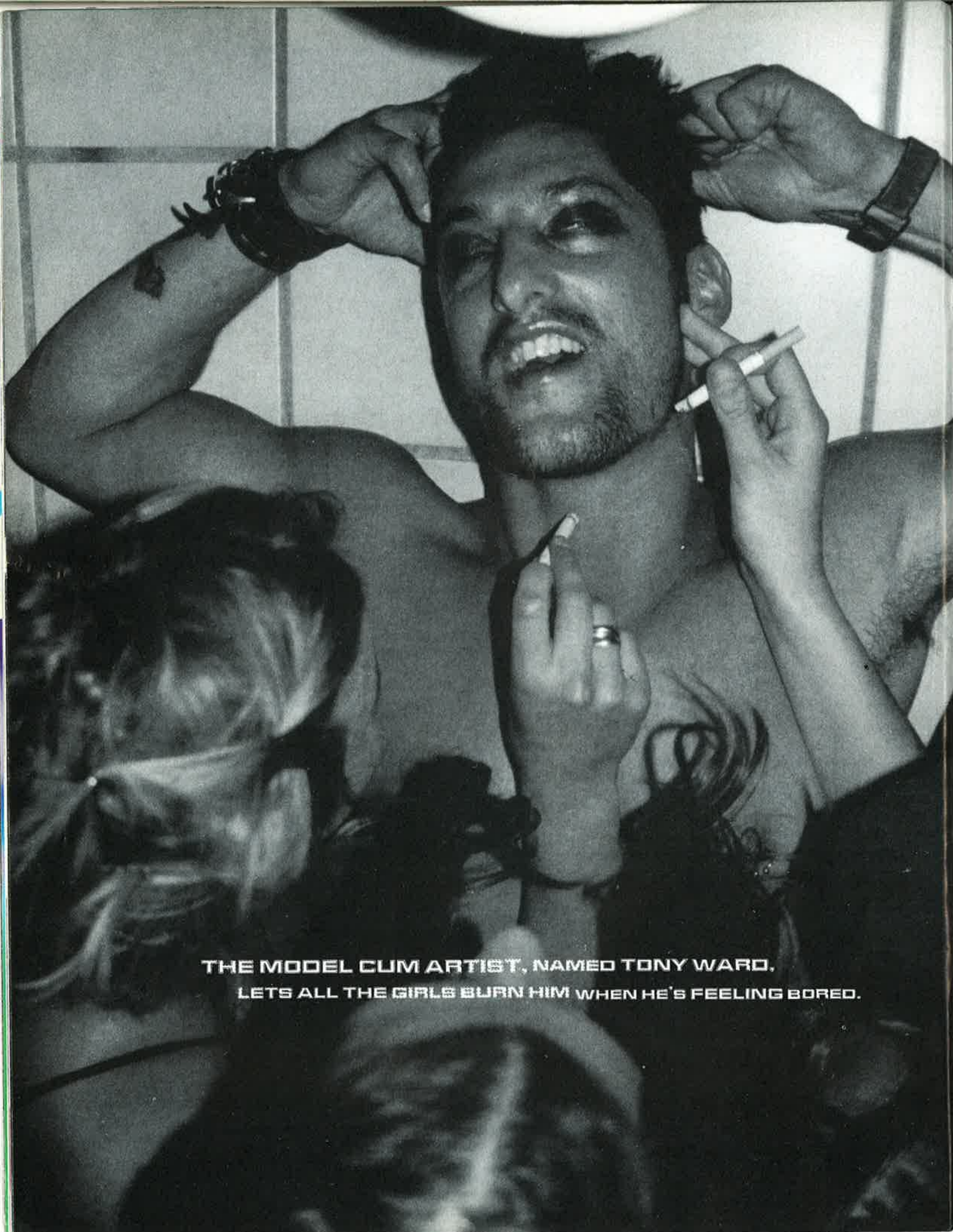
A photo fable by DR. SUE-US featuring glamour cookies
MILLA and TONY WARD.

Photographed by CHRIS BRENNER.

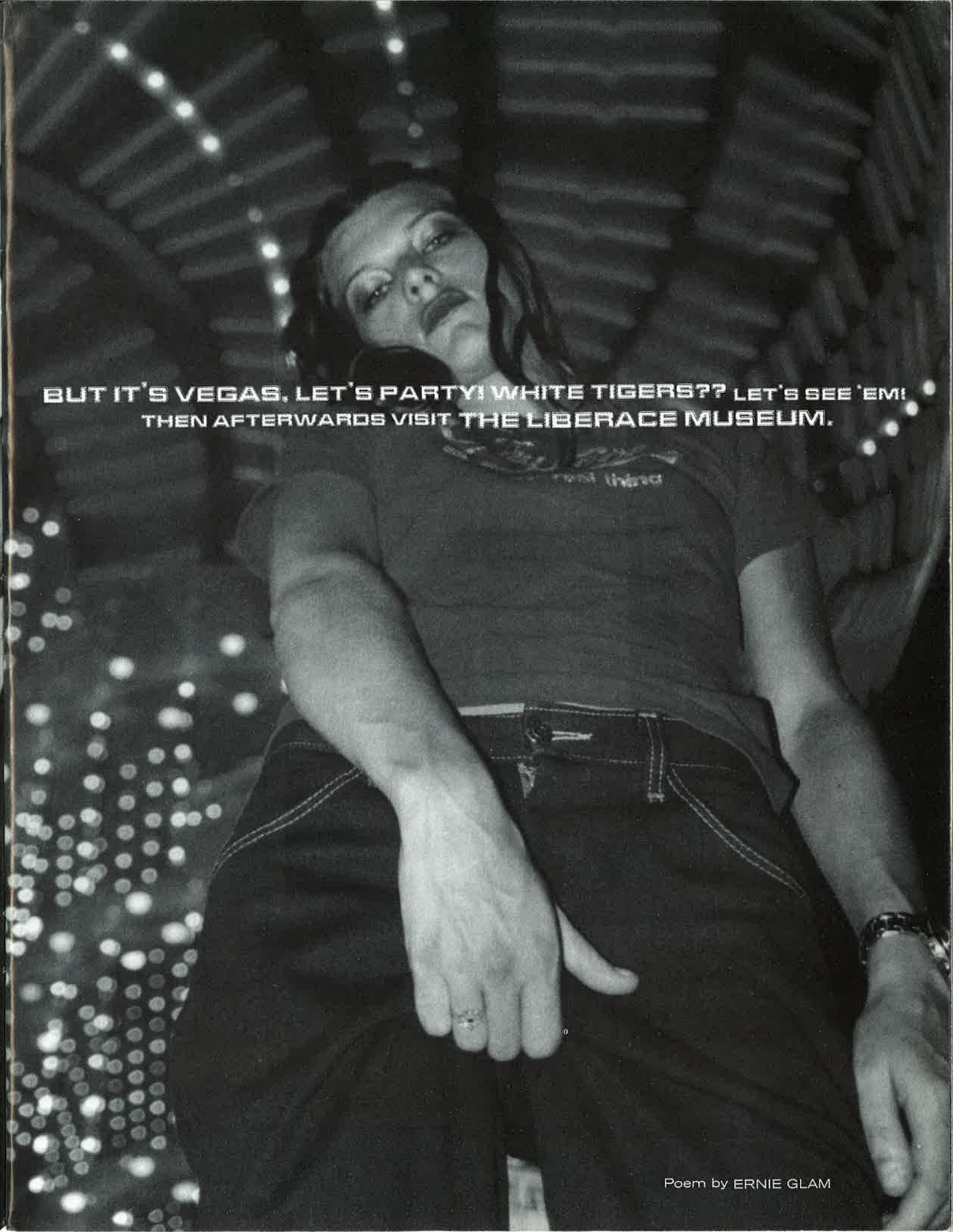
GARISH CITY IN THE DESERT. WEEKEND GET-AWAY FOR TWO.
LAND OF ALL-NIGHT OPEN BAR. BIG GULP CURACAO BLUE.



TONY'S STAYING WITH MILLA, WHO'S TOURING WITH HER BAND.
LOUNGING SO PRETTY, SHE JUST BLEW ONE GRAND.



THE MODEL CUM ARTIST, NAMED TONY WARD,
LETS ALL THE GIRLS BURN HIM WHEN HE'S FEELING BORED.



BUT IT'S VEGAS. LET'S PARTY! WHITE TIGERS?? LET'S SEE 'EM!
THEN AFTERWARDS VISIT THE LIBERACE MUSEUM.

Poem by ERNIE GLAM

*¿Por que hace
un agujero
la polilla?*



It was four years ago that MTV made us all a nation of peeping Toms by giving us an exhilarating glimpse at the life of seven strangers forced to live together in a fabulous apartment in their highest rated series, *The Real World*. We admit it, we were just as captivated as all of you were. But how real is *The Real World*? How many roommates do you know work things out by talking? I mean, seriously, if guns and leather whips aren't involved, can anything be truly resolved? Who tells the truth anymore these days? I have a hard enough time getting my roommate to admit he ate my Cheerios.

After much intense negotiations with our dearest friends, Mr. Geffen and Mr. Katzenberg, over apéritifs at the Bowery Bar, Project X is proud to announce our own show that will deal with problems that face us and that truly represent the embittered, miserable,

pain-stricken lives American youth is forced to lead. With Gina Lollabridgida as the landlord, the new program, filmed at Hotel 17, will be called *The Surreal World*, where no one tells the truth ("Excuse me, honey, but that is not a Patrick Cox original!"), everyone steals from each other ("For the last time, I have not seen your bong anywhere!"), no one knows what gender they were born as, and everyone ends up in bed with each other anyway (it's healthy for the ratings!). Premiering sometime this summer, *The SurrealWorld* will be the next revolutionary step towards television that really matters, issues that strike close to home, problems from America's heartland. In an exhaustive search through New York's underground, we have come up with a group of strangers forced to live together and truly capture the zeitgeist that is PROJECT X's...

**surreal
WORLD**

Photographed by Roberto **Ligresti**
Story by Khiem **Truong**

**CHANTÉ,
the aspiring
catalogue model**

Hastily signed by John Casablancas in a shocking incident of beergoggling, Chanté Kuala Lumpur finds herself garnering a coveted spokesmodel contract with Contempo Casuals - America's favorite mall wear. Starts hanging out with Zoe Cassavetes thinking it will get her an A-list table at Café Tabac (little does she realize that Zoe eats at Blimpie's religiously). After a few weeks, Zoe drops Chanté, claiming she needs to

spend more time thinking about her nose, and Chanté is forced to hang out with even lesser stars, like that little girl from Blossom. She comes home every day from testing with photographers she meets at Tunnel the night before and swears the photos are for In Fashion magazine. No one in the house believed her when she told them she had sex with Johnny Depp until he showed up at their doorstep and warned Chanté in front of everyone to stop calling him every day because Kate Moss is getting really pissed. (Jill as Chanté)

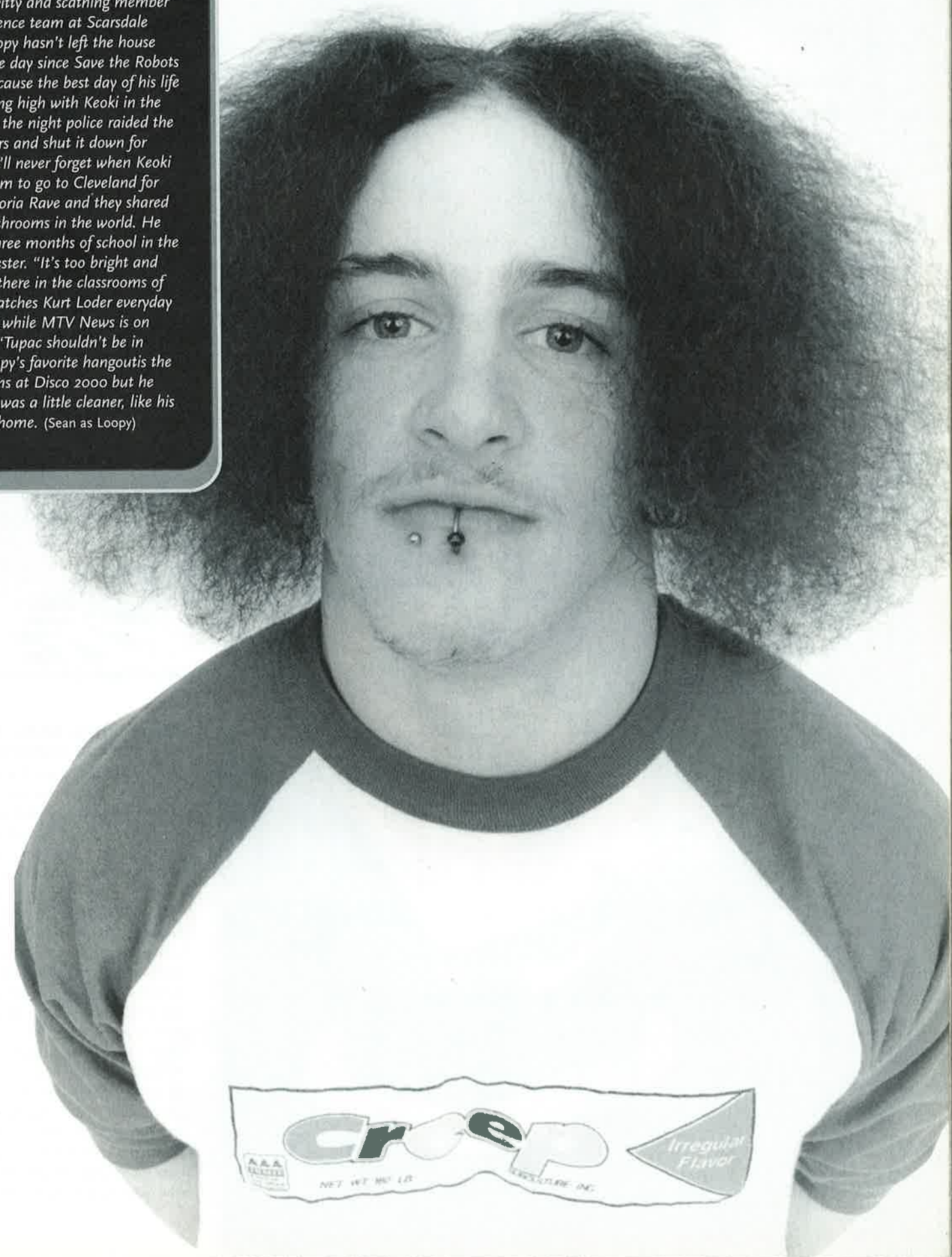


**Pinky Pomponi,
the supa-chic
raver freak**

Hailing from a small town in Connecticut, Pinki finds herself an unwilling superstar to a meaningless, yet arrogantly self-important culture known as St. Mark's Place-land. She wakes up early every morning in order to get a high-profile spot on that big balancing cube on Astor Place between Lafayette and 4th Ave. and sells barrettes on street corners to buy the latest issue of Big Brother. Pinki spends most of the day trying to trick her parents into sending her more money ("Dad I almost have enough for this delectable Veronica Leroy halter dress! It's for a school project!") She travels to every rave that Cosmic Baby is headlining and periodically wakes up in the middle of the night and wonders, "Is techno really worth the pain?" (Johanna Logan as Pinki)

LOOPY, the drug kid

Once a witty and scathing member of the science team at Scarsdale High, Loopy hasn't left the house during the day since Save the Robots closed because the best day of his life was getting high with Keoki in the DJ booth the night police raided the after-hours and shut it down for good. He'll never forget when Keoki invited him to go to Cleveland for the Euphoria Rave and they shared the best shrooms in the world. He missed three months of school in the first semester. "It's too bright and cold out there in the classrooms of FIT!" Watches Kurt Loder everyday and cries while MTV News is on because "Tupac shouldn't be in jail!" Loopy's favorite hangouts is the bathrooms at Disco 2000 but he wishes it was a little cleaner, like his new fab home. (Sean as Loopy)





**Mad-Ultra M.C. Ton,
the almost superstar DJ**

In his never-ending quest to be one step ahead of the scene (and since all the other DJ have cashed in the whole hair color thing anyhow), Ultra has been seen gluing Mighty Morphin Power Ranger figurines to his DJ bag and sporting seventies silk Fiorucci ensembles ("If Shalom can be glam, than so can I!"). Has an unnatural fixation for hanging out at Eightball records because he heard Junior Vasquez shops there, until one day they kicked him out. Since then he visits Dance Trax every day where he reads DJ magazine and trainspots the DJs. Has a fondness for using the adjective "dope" when describing the new Little Louie Vegas and Armand Van Helden's records and thinks everyone in the house is a loser except Pinki because she knows who Sven Vath is. (James Lee as Ton)



**PHRANKIE,
club kid galore**

A part-time sales clerk at Rickie's Beauty supplies by day, by night Phrankie becomes "Bitchy Bitch," the rudest vixen to have ever stapled ostrich feathers to his bootie. Refuses to watch, and won't let anyone else watch, House of Style until Cindy gets a proper stylist and gets back together with Richard. He also thinks that short, scruffy troll that does "Todd Time" is divine. On his days off, Phrankie writes songs, watches cartoons and threatens anyone's life who dares to flip the TV channels when he's watching Talk Soup on E! Performs a melody of Celine Dion favorites every Tuesday night at Sound Factory Bar. (Richie Rich as Phrankie)

DISCLAIMER All similarities between the characters in this show and persons either living, dead, or just in a k-hole, are purely coincidental. This story is pure fiction just like everything else in this magazine.

Whether we like it or not, rules and regulations constantly hover over our lives. Sometimes these societal edicts protect us from harm; at other times, they repress our

most innate desires. For those working within the art world, however, there's only one responsibility, and that is a liability for practitioners to freely create without concern for public opinion.

In 1989, longtime friends Paul Daley and Neil Barnes formed Leftfield, and they did precisely that in the often scrutinizing world of dance music. In an unglamorous home studio space, they accidentally wrote a new chapter in contemporary club music when they threw caution to the wind and remixed "Not Forgotten", a track Neil Barnes had previously released on Outer Rhythm. The bristling track embraced a whole host of elements from Detroit, Chicago, New York, and even London. Still, its fiery, often relentless nature rendered its hybrid and ethnically enhanced sound completely unique. On that day, progressive house was born.

"Not Forgotten" became a massive U.K. club hit, but Leftfield couldn't immediately capitalize on its buzz. For legal reasons, they couldn't record straight away, so they dipped their feet into the world of remixing and worked on underground tracks for outfits such as Supereal, If?, Inner City, David Bowie, Ultra Nate, and React II Rhythm. As they kept refining their sound, their electro rhythms became more focused, and the twosome further locked in on fine-tuning the Leftfield sound.

"LEFTFIELD is a very underground, minority music."

"Why should we try and sound like anyone else?" offers Neil Barnes. "We admire lots of American producers, and even people who make music in Asia, but we didn't want to sound like those people. London is such a cosmopolitan city that you can't grow up without being influenced by other things."

With both Barnes and Daley having roots in punk, soul and dance, it was only natural that Leftfield's plethora of influences would ooze into its music. That's when the duo stumbled on its second magnificent idea - to throw punk and house into a blender just to see what happens. The result was yet another dance floor smash, "Open Up," featuring none other than ex-Sex Pistol pal John Lydon on lead vocals. More hysteria, more hype, more press, Leftfield was well on its way to fame and fortune despite MTV Europe's decision to ban their single due to the line "Burn, Hollywood, burn..." which unfortunately (and accidentally) coincided with a series of deadly L.A. brush fires.

Well over a year and two singles later, Leftfield's debut, *Leftism*, has been available on British shores (look for its official U.S. release later this year) since January. Distributed through their own Hard Hands imprint via Columbia, *Leftism* brings forth a cavalcade of disparate musical ideas into a frothy package. Intended to be experimental, the full-length features a host of vocalists, including Curve's luscious Toni Halliday and Danny Red, and a variety of textures. Still, the common thread running through their wafting beats is Leftfield's groovy freshness.

By working with Lydon and Halliday, two established rock stars, Leftfield found that using guest vocalists of such a high caliber is a subtle way of easing the punters into their sound. "To be completely honest, that was part of the consideration. We wanted to work with people who were really good at what they do, and there are some natural similarities between PIL and Curve," says Barnes. "When we did 'Open Up,' people thought that it was quite a mad thing to do, but we had planned it three years previously, but we couldn't get it organized. First it took me a year to get off of Outer Rhythm, then it took a year to get John into the studio, and in the end it finally worked."

Leftism's bold sound booms from the speakers with consistent authority. With everything from jungle ["Storm 3000"] to dub ["Original"] gracing the release (which is available in a superior DJ-friendly triple vinyl configuration) there isn't a bum track in the lot. Recorded in Rollover Studios, a small family studio in West London, Barnes says that the album took so long to complete due to their constant desire to conjure up new concepts.

While Paul Daley remains a well-respected and most versatile London DJ, Leftfield's next goal is to conquer the live frontier. Leftfield in a live context will assume the role of the sound system where a rotating series of vocalists will take part in the evening's events. Barnes and Daley might be prepping to tackle gigs, but calls for their studio touch continue to pour in.

"We get asked to do lots of remixes, and there a few things that we want to do, but our main goal is to get Leftfield up and running," says Barnes. A firm believer that labels often use double-packs as a shameless marketing ploy, he's unwilling to add to the remix glut. Thankfully, Leftfield mean what they say as *Leftism*'s album cuts are unusually ready for the dance floor so that DJs don't have to go out and buy limited-edition twelve-inches. "Remixing is fun, as long as you don't have to do too many of them. It burns you out and you have to use a lot of your own ideas if you want to do it properly." As Leftfield works on

Though the group recently appeared on **TOP OF THE POPS** and received mainstream accolades for scoring parts of the British film **SHALLOW GRAVE**, LEFTFIELD knows exactly where its fan base lies. "Let people discover us on their own."

creating its live show and readies themselves to invade the mythical land of America for the first time later this year, their Hard Hands label remains quite busy. "We have a unique deal [with Columbia] where we market the first five or ten thousand copies through our own shops, and we can do what we like," boasts Barnes. So far, Hard Hands, which has been up and running since '92 when the duo issued 'Release The Pressure,' has had a slew of non-Leftfield hits, including Kris Needs' Delta Lady project. "We're up to about 14 singles, in addition to one album from Full Moon Scientist."

What the future holds for Leftfield is uncertain, but in a relatively short span of time this production unit has forever altered the very essence of dance music. In a medium where mediocrity is often praised, their meticulously crafted *Leftism* might very well be the blueprint for all future progressive house producers. In the end, Barnes and Daley see the perils of believing the hype and realize that they can do little else but continue striving to create more musical magic. "Leftfield is a very underground, minority music," Barnes sums up. Though the group recently appeared on *Top of The Pops* and received mainstream accolades for scoring parts of the British film *Shallow Grave*, Leftfield knows exactly where its fan base lies. Quite clearly, they have no aspirations of broadening their appeal to sell a few more copies of their album. "We get a lot of attention from the

music press, but aside from that we've had very little interest whatsoever and we're fine with that. Let people discover us on their own."

by Darren Ressler

Leftfield



"What I'm trying to do is unify: to hook in as many people as possible," states premier New York DJ/producer Danny Tenaglia. And that's exactly what he does. From his DJing to his production which is exemplified on his recent album debut, *Hard & Soul*, Tenaglia seamlessly transverses boundaries. With a sound that crosses from tough heaviness to ethereal beauty, he is one of the few underground dance kingpins who is able to slide easily from the Sound Factor to the Sound Factory Bar. His weighty, Billboard-charting "Bottom Heavy" contrasts the more melodic, jazzy production style of his work with Daphne and Peter Dinklage. Tenaglia's versatility and open-mindedness are results of his warm personality, a trait not often found in most of your egotistical, self-centered top DJ's or producers. His unpretentious humility may be partly due to his somewhat humble, "normal" background.

Born in Brooklyn, nurtured on soul, salsa, and Motown, Tenaglia first came in contact with the DJ world at the age of 11. "I discovered a DJ's tape and that was it! I knew that this was what I was going to do." Consequently, he set up his own rough version of two turntables and a mixer. "I took two old record players and hooked them up to one stereo amplifier and the balance control would be my mixer."

Within five years, the budding DJ got his first official gig at a local bar in Brooklyn, of course, with his parents' consent. "I had relatives in the neighborhood who would visit. Otherwise, my parents would have not permitted it."

So, how did this kid from Brooklyn dig up the more sophisticated, deep underground sound? What was the ultimate experience that changed his life as a DJ? "Two words: Paradise Garage. It was like crossing the bridge. In Brooklyn, I'd go to a disco here and there like Inferno and Starship or The Loft in Manhattan, but it wasn't until I finally went to The Garage. Once I went, I was wrapped up in the whole aura. It was better than anything I've ever been to."

Inspiration from the Paradise Garage and the profound sound of DJ Larry Levan has rightfully been cited by many East Coast underground dance scenesters. Yet, many of these old clubheads have a pessimistic outlook of the present and future, saying the underground scene will never again reach that apex. Tenaglia, however, doesn't let nostalgia cloud the present. "I'm trying not to be jaded, I'm trying to not be stuck in the past. I'm trying to accommodate the kids of today that don't know where we're coming from ten or fifteen years ago. Some of these kids buying records are 12 years old. They just don't know 'Girl You Need A Change Of Mind' or records that I was brought up on. I know from records like 'Don't Laugh' by Josh Wink or Armand Van Helden's 'Witch Doktor' - I hate these records, but they're charting."

It seems many of the current crop of hard track producers are able to create formulaic music somnambulistically, their only goal to make it hard. Real hard. However, they often sacrifice a certain sense of deep feeling. Although Tenaglia is able to cross over into that world, his take fuses the heaviness with the soulfulness. He has proven that producers don't need to abandon the groove to remain hard-hitting. His single "Bottom Heavy", which has sold 13,000 copies and is one of Tribal America's best selling singles to date. Danny remembers how his remix of The Daou's "Surrender Yourself" was where his own sound first gelled: "It was funky but hard at the same time. I realized I had something there without being predictable. It was a combination of styles instead of just elements."

This idea of balancing opposites runs throughout his debut full-length platter *Hard & Soul* on Tribal America. Blending the pretty with the raw, the humorous with the serious, the songs flow into one another taking you on an emotional journey. Alongside the weighty dancefloor stomper "Bottom Heavy" and the cover of Norman Connor's "Look Ahead" with

Profile

Carole Sylvan, *Hard & Soul* features a beautiful, down tempo tune which brings the album together. "It started taking place after I did 'World Of Plenty' which totally surprised me. I impressed myself with that because I really did it all myself except for that flute solo. I'm not your traditional musician although I do have experience with keyboards and programming, but I couldn't believe that I actually came up with that melody. I was at Axis Studio with the lights off and came up with the chorus. I guess they're derivative of the Jackson Five's 'Blame It On The Boogie' ('don't blame it on the sunshine, don't blame it on the moonlight...'), but that's not where I got it from. I really looked up at the sky and full moon and it came to me. It showed another side of me because I love funk."

Aside from "World of Plenty", the remaining seven tracks are heavy underground dance scorches and Tenaglia related how he wanted to make a DJ-friendly biscuit: "My goal was to make an album for DJ's, for the dance music community. I know how far I can push my talent and I know who it appeals to most. I wasn't trying to fool myself or anybody else. I didn't set out to make an album for a label; I set out to make an album for the dance market. Rob [Di Stefano of Tribal] is totally 100% dedicated to dance music and there was nobody in between to mess it up."

Tenaglia's quite fortunate to have worked with a label that didn't make one request for his album, as other premier producers signed to major labels, such as David Morales, have to make some compromises. It seems this freedom has worked in Tenaglia's favor as the album continues to be one of the most requested records in the stores and is climbing up the dance charts.

Currently, most of Tenaglia's time is being spent flying all over the country, as well as Japan and Europe, promoting *Hard & Soul*. He's taken some time out to remix East 17's "Hold My Body Tonight" and just produced an up-and-coming female singer, Mija, on Maxi Records. Maxi also distributes Tenaglia's own record label, Sexy, which was formed for his own releases "...because you do a remix and it doesn't come out. So I'll put out the shit myself the same way as Todd Terry, Roger S. and Kenny Dope do." This May will see a Tenaglia remix of Willy Ninja's club hit "Hot" on Nervous Records. Hot - get it?

Meanwhile, despite success and imminent stardom, Danny Tenaglia's hopeful, eclectic vision of the future remains steadfastly linked to his roots. "I've always loved garage music first. When I was a boy, before I even considered it garage, it was Gladys Knight and The Pips - it was soul. But when I discovered nightclubs, I got into alternative things; I was open-minded. I think that's what I'm trying to be like now: not close-minded about styles."

Spreading love across the Americas

Summer tour '95

DUBTRIBE

Touring with the Dubtribe Soundsystem:
Doc Martin

Regional Guest DJs:

Jenö
Onionz
Goodwill

For tour dates and general info contact:

(415) 764-2903



dy-na-mix
445 Hickory St.
San Francisco, CA 94102



Dubtribe recordings are available exclusively on Organico records, tapes and CD's. For more information fax 312-227-1475.

DANNY TENAGLIA, NEW YORK
THE ABLOLUTE introducing Suzanne Plamer-
 "There Will Come A Day" Tribal • **ST. GERMAIN**
 - "Thank You Mum" F Communication • **FLOPPY**
SOUNDS - "Ultrasong" Wave Music • **H2O** -
 "Livin' for the Future" Liquid Groove • **DANNY**
TENAGLIA - Hard & Soul LP Tribal • **Mija** -
 "Need That Fun at Home" Maxi • **WINTER**
DARLING - "Higher Love" Strictly Rhythm •
SAPIEN - "Amor Negro" Pterodactyl • **LIBERTY**
CITY - "That's What I Got" Tribal • **INDIGO** - "Fly
 to the Moon" Defender

SVEN VATH, FRANKFURT
SYSTEM 7 - "Alpha Wave" Butterfly • **PAPER**
CLIP PEOPLE - "The Vonn Trapp Family EP"
 Acruacree • **OPEN** - "The Climax" • **SVEN VATH** -
 "Touch themes of Harlequin, Robot, Dancer"
 Eye O • **GLOBAL ELECTRONIC NETWORK** -
 "Time Square Part I" Mille Plateaux • **ELECTRONIC**
NETWORK - "Respected" Remixes •
HARDFLOOR - "Global" Harthouse • **SPEEDY J** -
 "G Spot" Warp • **NINJAHEAD** - "Pulseman"
 Frogman • **BLACK LABS** - "Black Labs LP" Trope •
BRAINCELL - "Liquid Dreaming" Harthouse

KIMBALL COLLINS, ORLANDO
REESE PROJECT - "Direct Me" (Sasha's Mix)
 Network • **GRACE** - "Not Over Yet" (B.T.'s Mix)
 Perfecto • **DJ TIM & DJ MISJAH** - "Access" X-Trax
 • **BLUE AMAZON** - "The Runner" Jackpot • **FINI**
TRIBE - "Love Above" (Sourmash's Goa Mix)
 FFR • **2 IN A ROOM** - "Amora Es" (Bottom
 Dollar Dub) Positiva • **J.T COMPANY** - "Feel it"
 (Joe T. Vanelli Mix) HWM • **MOTHER'S PRIDE** -
 "Floribunda" Skinny Malinky • **CROME** -
 "Bumper/Fixation" Consolidated • **AMOS** - "Let
 Love Shine" (Cleveland City Dub) Positiva

Lists

JAMES CHRISTIAN, STRONG ISLAND
THE PRESTA PROJECT - "Biggatty" Strictly Rhythm
 • **LUCID** - "Lucid" Floorwax • **JAMES CHRISTIAN** -
 "Dungeon Tracks" Emotive • **THAT KID CHRIS** -
 "Mind Candy E.P." Sorted • **SCOTTIE DEEP** - "The
 Bomb" Digital Dungeon • **MANHATTAN PROGRES-**
SION - "Pray" Strictly Rhythm • **VOICE OF THE**
UNDERGROUND - "Just a Little Trip" Empire State
 • **LEASURE POSSE** - "Tonight" Renegade • **MAT-**
CUS SCHULTZ - "Rubbed Ticklers" Waaco •
OSHEEN - "The Meltedown E.P." Blinded

OMNI TRIO, UK
HIDDEN AGENDA - Flute Tune • **ESSENCE OF**
AURA - So This Love • **HITHER SENSE** -
 People of the Universe-Remix • **ALEX REECE** -
 Fresh Jive Remix • **FOUL PLAY** - Total Control-
 Andy C remix • **D.J. KRUST** - Poison • **WAX**
DOKTOR - Touch of Jazz Remix • **PHOTEK** -
 Watermarfin

CARL CRAIG, DETROIT
BERNARD SZAJNER - "Welcome (to
 Deathrow) Initial • **DJ RUSH** - "Heaven, Hell"
 Dance Mania • Anything by **GEMINI**, Cajual/Relief •
The 4th Wave - "Electroluv" Planet E •
CABARET VOLTAIRE - "Taxi Music Dub" Double
 Vision • **ELEMENTS OF LIFE** - "Still Holding On"
 Oxygen Music • **DAVE ANGEL** "Airbourne Mix"
 Island • **CARL CRAIG** - "They Were" Blanco y Negro

DJ EVEL DEE, HOT 97
MOBB DEEP - "Survival of the Fittest" Loud/RCA
 • **OL' DIRTY BASTARD** - "Shimmy Shimmy"
 Elektra • **METHOD MAN/MARY J. BLIGE** - "All
 That I Need" Def Jam • **BIG L** - "Put It On"
 Columbia • **JR. MAFIA** - "Player's Anthem" Big Beat
 • **THE ROOTS** - "Silent Treatment" Geffen •
NOTORIOUS B.I.G. - "Who Shot Who" Bad Boy
 • **OL' DIRTY BASTARD** - "Brooklyn Zoo" Elektra
 • **MAD LION** - "Own Destiny" Weeded/Nervous •
MIC GERONIMO - "Master I.C." Blunted/TVT

PROJECT X MAGAZINE PRESENTS

FLAVOR FESTIVAL III

THE FIRST ANNUAL
ELECTRONIC-DANCE MUSIC AWARDS

*This outta-this-world event will feature best DJ,
 acts, lights, fashion shows, celebrity hosts and
 dancefloor freaks - you gotta be there!*

New York City, late Summer 1995.
 Date and location to be announced.

Please circle your choices on this ballot and vote for
 reader's favorite nominee. Winners will be presented
 with kool trophies by scene stars at the lush award cere-
 mony. Include your address and we'll send you an invite.

Award show categories and nominees

Best DJ

Junior Vasquez / Josh Winx
 Kimball Collins / Doc Martin
 John Acquiviva / Little Louie
 Vega / Robbie Hardkiss

Remixer

Junior Vasquez / Danny
 Tenaglia / Masters at Work /
 Jam & Spoon / David
 Morales / Armand Van
 Helden

Independent US Label

Tribal / Sorted-Nervous
 Strictly Rhythm / Power
 Music / Eightball / Sm:)e
 Communication

Import Label

Junior Boys Own / F
 Communication / Bush / Slip
 N' Slide / R&S

O.P.P.

(Other People's Props) Label:
 or Best Licensee Label
 Moonshine
 Instinct
 Silent
 Cleopatra

Best Dance Compilation

(DJ mixed)
 JUNIOR FOR TRIBAL-
 This is the sound of Tribal UK
 Josh Winx for DMC- United
 DJs of America Volume III
 KEOKI FOR MOONSHINE-
 Journey by DJ
 CJ MACINTOSH FOR
 NERVOUS - Nervous House

Best Track

"THROW" by Paper Clip People
 "DON'T LAUGH" by Winx
 "WITCH DOKTOR"
 by Armand Van Helden
 "BOTTOM HEAVY"
 by Danny Tenaglia
 "DIDN'T I KNOW" Work Your
 Body dub by E.G. Fullalove

Ambient Artist

Irresistible Force
 Space Time Continuum
 Future Sound of London
 The Orb

Electronic Dance Act

Jam & Spoon
 Orbital
 Plastikman
 Dub Tribe
 Cosmic Baby
 Underworld

**Fill it out baby! Then wait for
 your invite, and don't miss
 this event!**

Name: _____

Address: _____

City, state, zip: _____

Comments: _____



Divas

Billy Ray Martin by Darren Ressler

For years now, the dance music industry has always been heavily dominated by males, especially in the DJ and production end. A woman's role at its best was that of a vocalist or a back up singer. Divas like Martha Wash constantly got ripped off by the industry that took advantage if a woman who didn't know better. But those days are long-gone. Today's divas like Billy Ray Martin, Joi Cardwell, and Adeva have all paid their dues to the industry and, at the same time, refused to get screwed over. Not only can these woman sing and write, but they're also involved in production. And in the true diva tradition, they look fierce!

"THE STUFF that's in my book is so bizarre. When I read what I wrote, some of it is so strange that I can't put any of it into a song."

Billie Ray Martin, the broken-hearted voice behind the club classic "Talking To Myself" and an integral force within the melancholy, now-defunct U.K. house supergroup Electribe 101, helped catapult her outfit from obscurity to the top of the club charts. Several years since her group's meteoric rise and fall, she's now skillfully navigating the straights of soloville.

So far, Martin's voyage is off to a grand start as her Hi-NRG Euro hit "Your Loving Arms" finds her elegant voice gliding effortlessly over a lustrous electro backbeat. Following the lead of her work with Electribe 101, as well as her wondrous one-off collaborations with Spooky and The Grid, "Your Loving Arms" is Billie Ray Martin at her best and, of course, her saddest.

An artist who eschews happy-go-lucky themes in favor of constructing intense vignettes vacuum-packed with heavy doses of mood and tension, Martin's anomalous pedigree instantly ignites global dance floors despite its somber tone. Imagine, if you will, Leonard Cohen on stage at the Sound Factory Bar, and you've got a glimpse of Martin's highly cerebral and often glum essence.

Though her music tends to depict life's more miserable moments, you know, the ones we'd really rather forget about, Martin has never been happier thanks to the transatlantic success of "Your Loving Arms." Her career might be on the upswing, but she's quick to point out that her recent renaissance didn't happen overnight.

"I couldn't get a (record) deal. Believe it!" says the German-born chanteuse, who resides in London. "I had all of the songs ready, but nobody was interested in me for two years. I spent that time doing my spiritual homework; I made contact with myself, which was something that I had never done in my life."

Now that Martin's personal and professional affairs are in better order, she's readying the release of her forthcoming full-length, which will no doubt feature more of her compelling tales of the heart. A self-described workaholic, Martin constantly scribbles into her notebook and she's shocked by the random ideas for songs which she jots down. "The stuff that's in my book is so bizarre. When I read what I wrote, some of it is so strange that I can't put any of it into a song."

With mixes of "Your Loving Arms" available in various flavors courtesy of Junior Vasquez, Roger S., and The Grid, Martin, who prefers trance and techno, is enjoying her revived status as a unilateral club diva. Even better, it's helping to nudge this homebody out of the house a little more often.

"I never go out and I also have an obsession with television," Martin giggles. After rattling off a list of her favorite U.S. shows, she admits that she sometimes gets a little too wrapped up in Hollywood. "I almost had a breakdown when I found out that David Caruso left *N.Y.P.D. Blue*. I sat there all alone in my hotel room in horror when I turned on the show and saw Jimmy Smits." Sounds like the makings of another sad song to me.

Darren Ressler reviewed his first album, AC/DC's *Back In Black*, in the eighth grade.

the dancefloor

Joi Cardwell by Colleen Murphy

"I went up there singing Sheena Easton's 'For Your Eyes Only' - that's how naive and stupid I was. But I won anyway; I won the crowd over with my voice." That's how the musical career of Joi Cardwell began, when she first won the Amateur Night at the Apollo Theater back in 1986. Like Billie Holiday before her, she won this highly acclaimed award multiple times, enabling her to tour the world with the Apollo Revue. Once she returned, she hooked up with premier R&B producer Kashif, who was putting together a girl group called The Promise. "I call it The Broken Promise," laughs Cardwell, "but that's when I started writing. I spent two years on the project but abandoned it because the album was too poppy. It was during a time when the music started changing from sugar bubble gum pop to a more funky-edged thing. En Vogue was coming out with slamming guitar R&B, and I just thought, there's no way - we're going to get killed."

However, with Kashif's encouragement and connections, she did back-up vocals for such luminaries as Germaine Jackson and Whitney Houston, strengthening her voice. During this time she also discovered her song writing talent which she put to good use for herself. After reading an ad in the Voice saying Epic Records was looking for female background singers for a tour, Joi auditioned and got the gig. However, it wasn't a tour she auditioned for, it was actually Lil' Louis looking for a singer and co-writer for his album. "I auditioned on a Saturday and got the job on Sunday. Within days I wrote 'Dancing In My Sleep' and on Thursday I flew out to Chicago to record it." She stayed in Chicago for months, working with Lil' Louis on the album *Journey With The Lonely*. "We worked like two crazy little dogs. That was my introduction to dance music."

Last year, Cardwell saw her success as a songwriter and producer in her own right with the soulful club hit "Trouble". Although this track rang out on dancefloors across the world and seemed to guarantee house diva status for the singer, Joi's new album, *The World Is Full Of Trouble*, out this month on Eightball Records, only features four house tunes out of the eleven. Alongside "Trouble", and her latest smash "Jump For Joi", her solo debut includes two other uptempo dance tracks "Love and Devotion" and "Keep It Real". The remaining tracks are more of a soul, R&B nature. "The album has enough tunes to keep my house fans happy but it shows my full range. Eight of the songs are recorded live with a band. I love that as I'm from the live set. I'd much rather just sit down at a piano or keyboard and maybe a drum machine and that's it. Maybe it's because I grew up in the R&B tradition and its mainly live. Kashif always told me if you can't sit at a piano and sing a song, then write another one. So that's how I write my music."

With a song called "Keep It Real" about the music industry and its two-faced attitude, and of course, the spiritually uplifting "Trouble" which is a reminder to "keep your head up and watch out for yourself", the album showcases Cardwell's perspective on the world around her. "This album is a social album. I wrote a lot of it last summer while I was selling books on St. Mark's. I wrote one song called 'Killing Time' which is the most R&B song on the album. It's about wasting your life; standing on the corner and watching it go by. You see it every day. People are just kind of hanging with no direction what-so-ever. Those are my observations. Its not depressing; its just a commentary."

Meanwhile, Joi co-wrote and sang a song, "Luv Connection" on former Deee-Lite DJ Towa Tei's debut, and has just released a single called "The Creator has a Master Plan" with the Brooklyn Funk Essentials. She's also started writing material for her second album, even though she's unsure as to what label it will appear on.

Cardwell's goals for the future show that this woman means business: "My immediate goal is for 'Jump For Joi' to go number one. I really want one #1 in my name. My long-term goal is to produce and pull in some other girls; to start helping the girls in this boys' industry. Last year, when I said I produced and wrote 'Trouble', some guy had the nerve to say, 'Well, do you think you have the props?' I said, 'Well, I guess so.'" Work it, sister!

pic by Alex @ Leja Kress
Styled by Karen Levitt
Dress by Amy Chan



"THIS ALBUM is a social album. I wrote a lot of it last summer while I was selling books on St. Mark's. I wrote ONE SONG about wasting your life; standing on the corner and watching it go by. You see it every day. People are just kind of hanging with NO DIRECTION whatsoever"

Adeva by Darren Ressler

Adeva might be the blissful voice behind Frankie Knuckles' latest album, *Welcome To The Real World*, but her status in the annals of house music dates back well over a decade. Since exploding out from the New Jersey underground in the late '80s with "Respect," Adeva has come to embody the very definition of the term "diva."

Unwilling to compromise her style which commands r-e-s-p-e-c-t, her songs and imposing take-no-shit stage presence exude an aura of self-confidence, playful devilishness, femininity and unabashed bruntiness. Combined with a deep, rich vocal gift, which was honed as a child while singing in church, Adeva's attitude is as dichotomously uplifting as it is intimidating.

On the strength of subsequent club smashes "Warning" and "I'm The One For You," Adeva's career blossomed in the early '90s, and she won a legion of fans all around the globe. She eventually signed with Capitol in the States and Cooltempo in the U.K. and released *Love or Lust*, which fared well on both sides of the Atlantic. As Adeva's soulful, R&B-influenced style was on the brink of a mainstream crossover, she had a falling out with her longtime producers, Smack Productions, whom she claims ripped her off. Despite her strong-willed nature, the trauma nearly destroyed her.

"After I found out," she recalls, "everything got hectic. It devastated me because music is my livelihood, and it almost destroyed me...but because of what happened, I'm a much stronger person now than I was then."

Seeing no other choice but to start over again from square one, Adeva slowly got back to work and sought out new opportunities. Before she knew it, she had hooked up with legendary DJ/producer Frankie Knuckles (who had incidentally mixed several of her singles) and was enlisted to front Knuckles' gallant sophomore album.

Luckily for Adeva, her union with Knuckles has not only jump-started her career, but it's also rejuvenated her spirit and faith in mankind. "I've always wanted to work with him, and to my knowledge, he's always wanted to work with me," says house music's Rock of Gibraltar. "I was down in the dumps. My Dad died and it seemed like my whole life was being thrown out the window. I can say that I'm happy now with the direction of my career, and I really love Frankie Knuckles. He's shown me that there are honest people out there."

As a survivor who's consistently managed to land on her feet with a song in her heart, Adeva says that she'll always continue to champion her special brand of empowering dance music. Looking ahead, she sees writing and producing for others as a challenge she'd like to tackle. "I'd like to help someone out like I was helped," says Adeva, who co-wrote several tracks on *Welcome To The Real World*. "I thank Smack for getting me started, but that's about it. It's time to move on. I'm still Adeva, and I'm coming back with a bang."

-Darren Ressler's mission in life is to teach Project X's editor Afshin the difference between acid jazz and house.

"I WAS DOWN in the dumps. My Dad died and it seemed like **my WHOLE life** was being thrown out the window. I can say that I'm happy now with the direction of my career, and I really love Frankie **Knuckles**. He's shown me that there ARE HONEST PEOPLE out there."

MALCOLM MCLAREN PARIS

CATHERINE DENEUE FRANÇOISE HARDY AMINA

ALBUM AVAILABLE NOW

INCLUDES BONUS CD

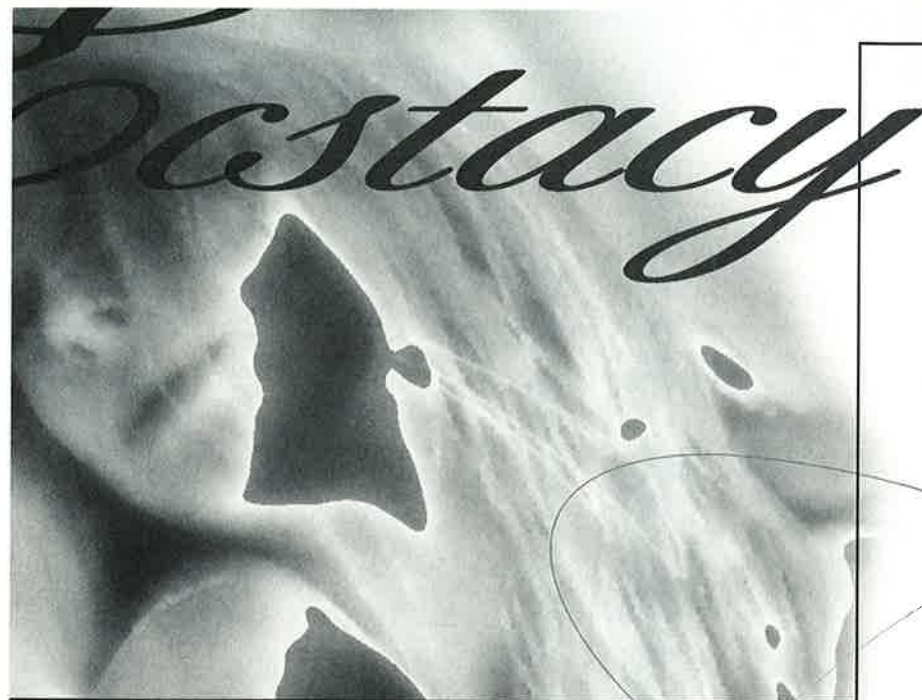
BACK CATALOGUE INCLUDES



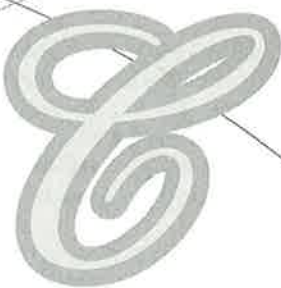
Duck Rock - features "Buffalo Gals" (422 842 871-2)
Fans - features "Madam Butterfly" (422 842 872-4/2)

No!GEE  

©1994 DODGEE VOUE S.A. WORLD ATTRACTIONS LTD UNDER LICENSE TO GEE STREET/ISLAND RECORDS
314-524 108-4 314-524 107-2



The Original Alternative
to M.D.M.A. in the WORLD.



cloud
NINE

1-800 6 JOURNEY

ADVANCED RESEARCH

8759 Airport Rd. Ste. C
Redding, CA 96002

FAX: 916 • 223 • 5973

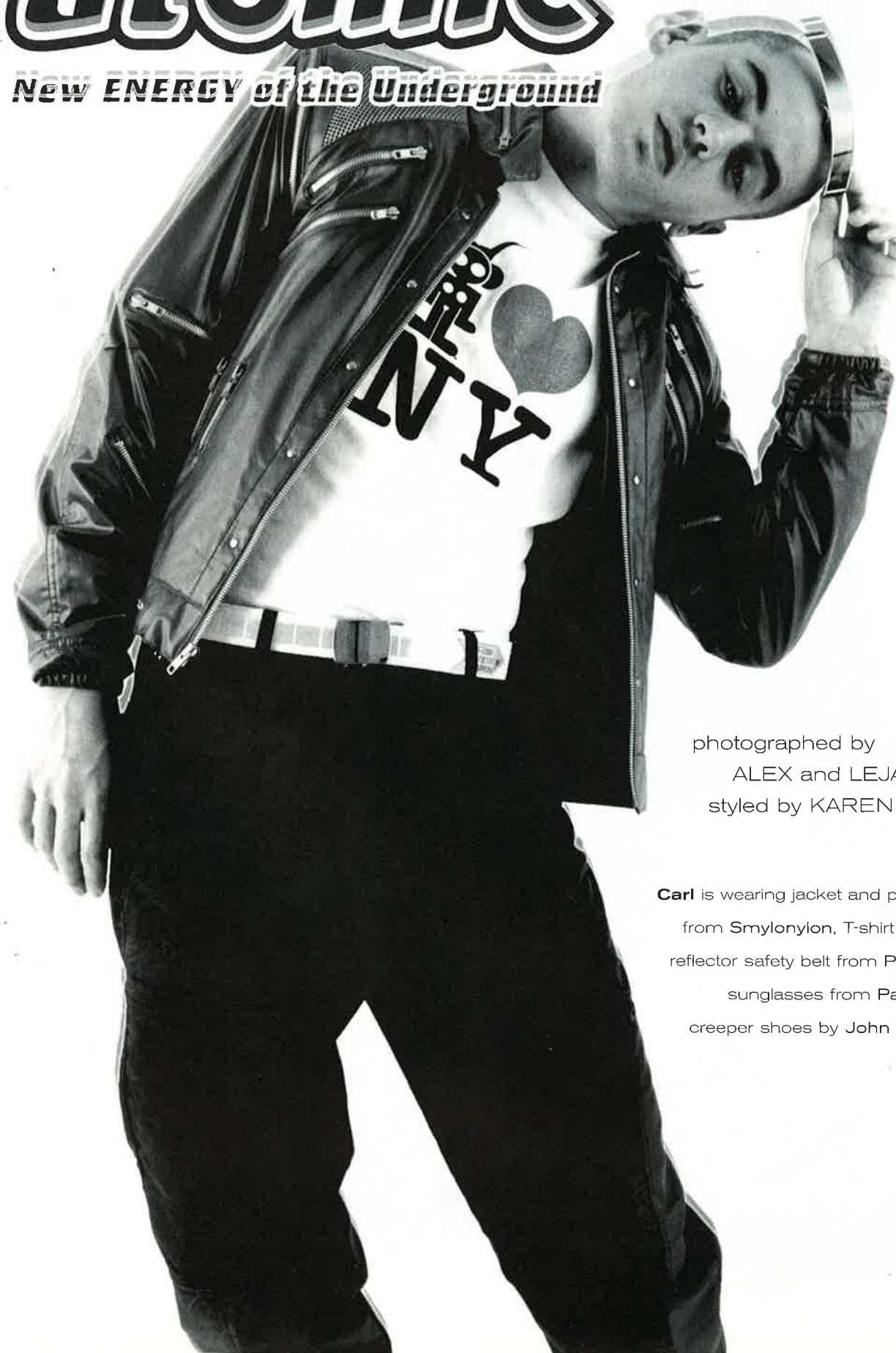
VISIT US ON THE INTERNET!

DJUtopia@ix.netcom.com

HTTP://WWW.Aimnet.com/~thixon\

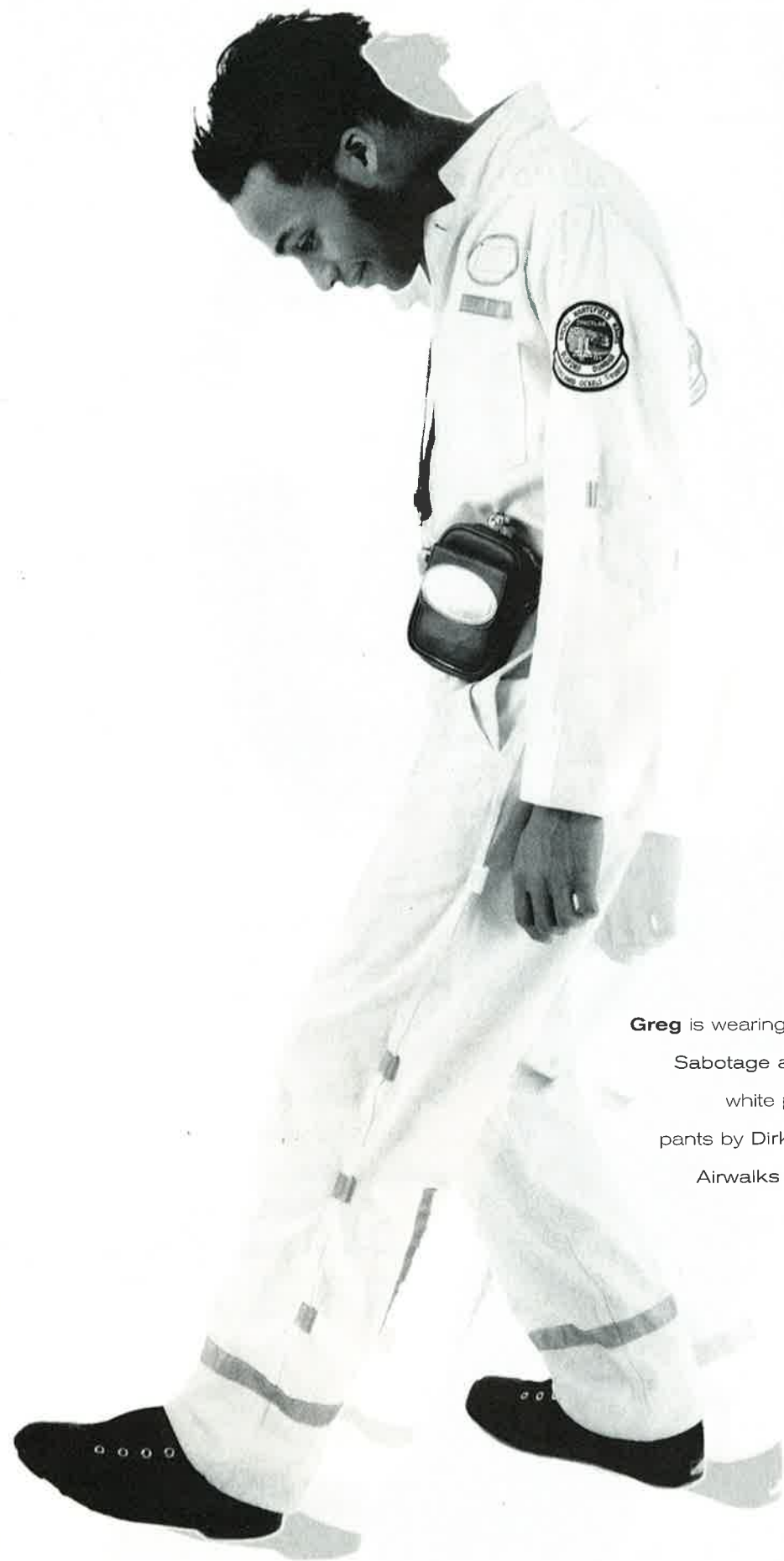
**CALL NOW
TOLL FREE!**

atomic
New ENERGY of the Underground



photographed by
ALEX and LEJA KRESS
styled by KAREN LEVITT

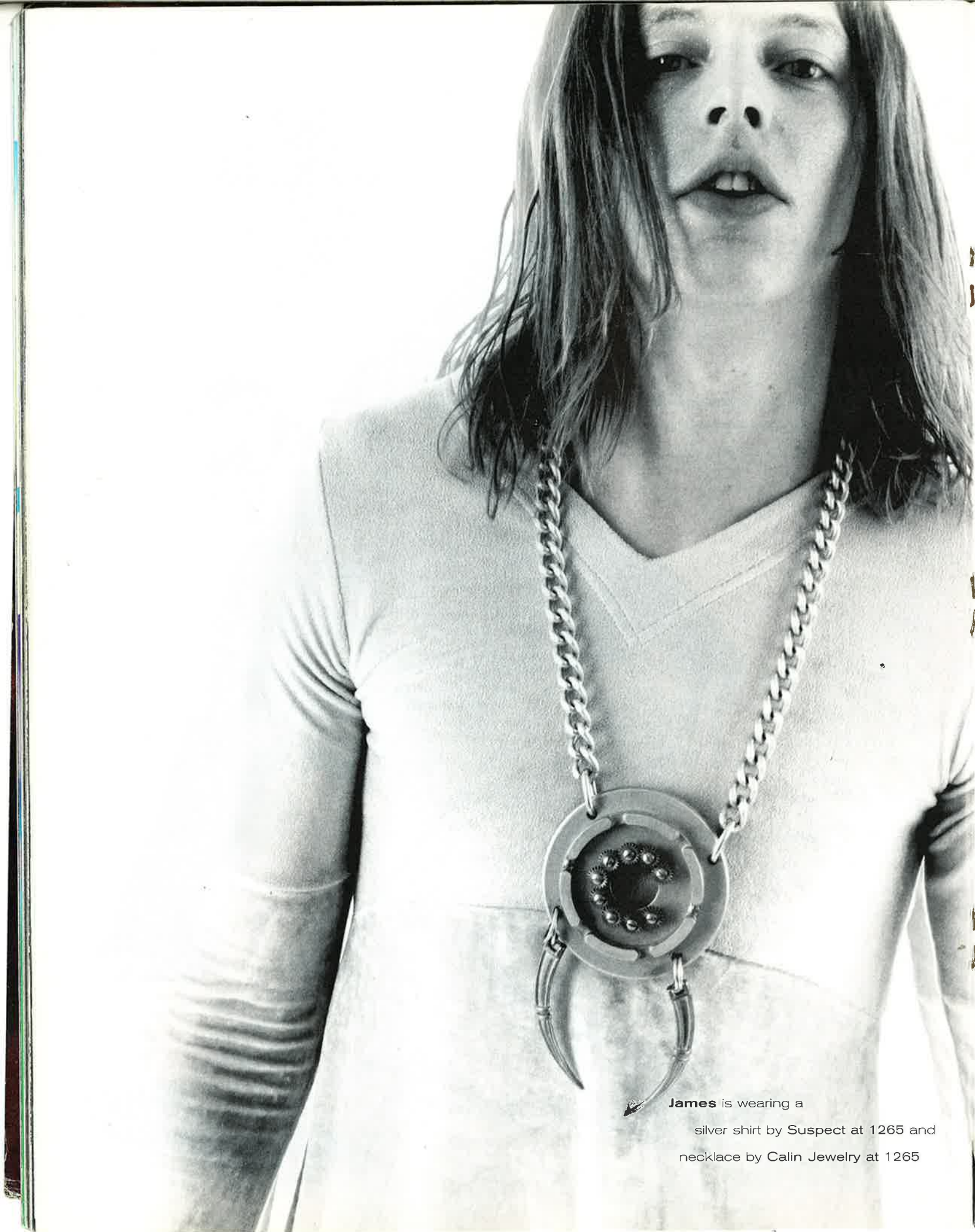
Carl is wearing jacket and pants
from Smylonylon, T-shirt from Liquid Sky,
reflector safety belt from Pluto Cat on Earth,
sunglasses from Pat Field,
creeper shoes by John Fluevog.



Greg is wearing a shirt by
Sabotage at 1265, jacket by Liquid Sky,
white paper pants by Mecca, black construction
pants by Dirk, clear glasses from Pat Field, black vinyl
Airwalks available at Trash & Vaudeville.

Delmar is wearing a
space suit and energize box with reflector
belt by Pluto Cat on Earth, vintage Converse
high tops available at Smylonylon.





James is wearing a
silver shirt by Suspect at 1265 and
necklace by Calin Jewelry at 1265

James wears black mesh shirt

by Mecca at 1265, pants by Red Mechanic at Pat Field,
headphones courtesy of Pluto Cat on Earth, Generation
Star Wars record from the collection of DJ Spooky,
black vintage sneakers from Smylonylon.



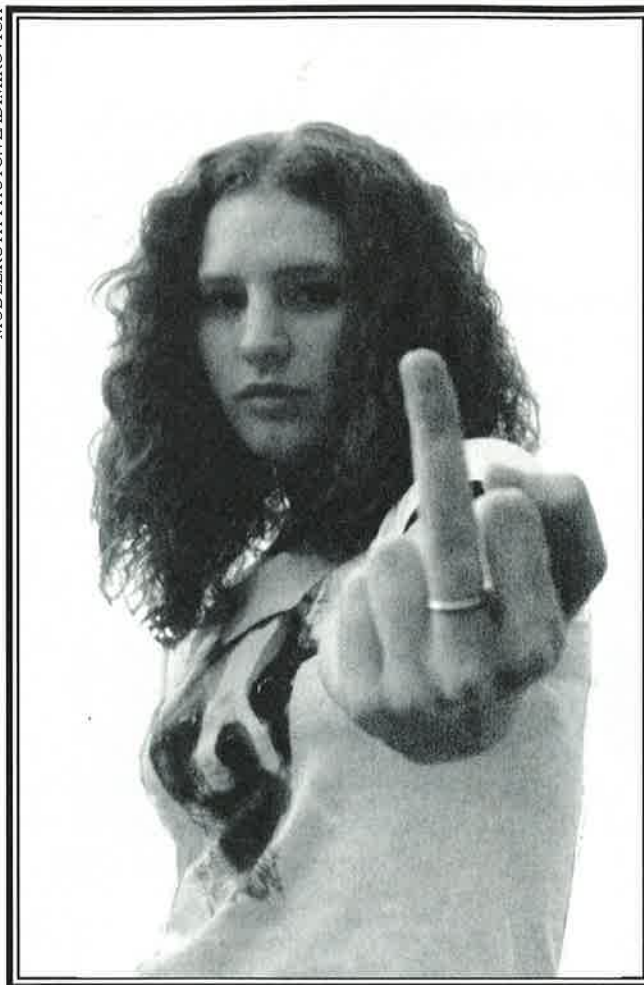


Greg is wearing a
jacket by Suspect at 1265

TASTY

I'M TIRED OF YOUR CRAP

MODEL: RUTH PHOTO: VLADIMIROVICH



CHIHUAHUA TEE

TASTY HAUTE COUTURE

612 874 1663

NA NA • ANTIQUE BOUTIQUE • LAVA LOUNGE • RETRO VIVA • ZATS
sf/la/nyc nyc mpls seattle tula



T H U M P
INC.

1433 E. Franklin Ave.
Minneapolis M.N. 55404
(612) 874-1663
Send SASE for stickers



Paying too much for vintage clothing?

**Get your vintage clothing where the
downtown boutiques get theirs.**

***Incredibly cheap (wholesale) low, low prices.
Huge range of garments including theatrical wardrobes and
military uniforms. Everything cleaned and pressed***

Domsey
WAREHOUSE
431 KENT AVENUE, BROOKLYN NEW YORK

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK.

MONDAY to FRIDAY (8AM to 5.30PM)

SATURDAY (8AM to 6.30PM) SUNDAY (11AM to 5.30PM)

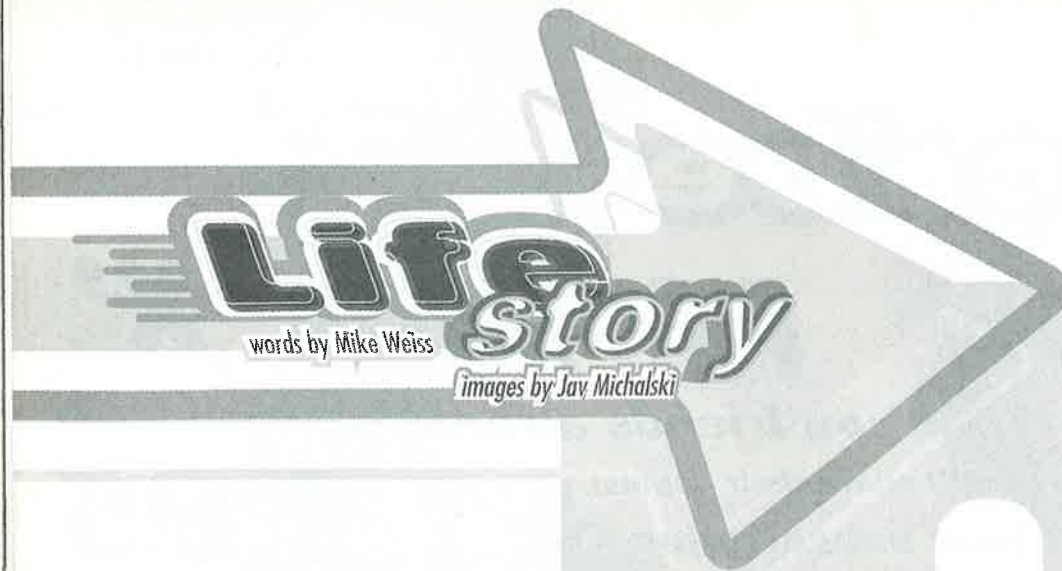
Where?

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

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

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

DISCO 2000
IS 100% PURE
SATISFACTION
(SUPERSTUDIO)
RENTAL WAREHOUSE
200 ATLANTIC AVENUE



Clockwork Orangutan

Matt woke up in the pit of a deep depression. It was the morning after the night of SupaRavathon, and he felt that he had failed. Sure, he had a wad of cash in his pocket, adding up to almost \$7,000. And he had survived a sabotage attack by the Cantini Brothers. And nobody had been arrested. And all the DJs and helpers had been paid. Yet as he stared blankly at the trashed Ramones poster on his wall, he felt like a dark cloud of sadness had enveloped his room. And it was all over some girl. He was surprised at just how deeply Ursula had entrenched herself into his soul. This was a girl that he barely knew, and who probably didn't know he even existed. And yet the true reason he had thrown last night's event was to try to impress her and make her notice him. Sure she noticed him. She noticed that he was the idiot that had made her fall off the DJ platform into a pool of mud. Thinking about the moment when she looked at her mud-strewn face in her compact and screamed still gave him shivers. At the same time, though, to him she still looked really cute. He had taken off his t-shirt and tried to help her clean herself, but she had pushed him away, so hard in fact, that he himself had fallen in the mud. From that moment on, he had decided to focus on taking care of business, knowing that his hopes of ever going out with her were finished.

There was a knock at his door, and he sat up quickly.

"Yeah," Matt groaned. "Who is it?" He dreaded the authority-filled, mature, deep voice that he knew would answer.

"It's your Dad, Matt. Can I come in?" Before Matt could answer, the door started to open. A couple hundred dollar bills were spread over the blankets and Matt quickly stuffed them all under the pillow. "Another late night, son?" asked Matt's father, chief of police Gurner.

"Yeah, dad. Just hanging out with the guys, watching some horror flicks. You know how it is."

"Oh yeah. Back in my day, we'd watch Westerns all night. John Wayne was always my favorite. Well, I'm just glad you're not mixed up with these illegal parties. We thought we were going to break open the whole case last night."

"What happened?" asked Matt, his head laying back on his pillow as he stared up at the British flag that covered his ceiling.

"Oh these people are smart. Definitely professionals. They had phony invites made up that advertised the party being way over in another county. By the time my men got back, it was already 5:00 in the morning. By then the real party was over, so I called the whole thing off."

Matt looked at his watch. It was 8:30 in the morning. He had only arrived home a half hour ago. His father could have easily busted their rave. Matt himself was surprised none of the people who lived by the school had called the police on them.

"I know I've asked you this before, son, but you wouldn't happen to know any of the people involved in these things."

"Gee Dad, I just don't have the slightest idea." Matt waited until the door was closed, then jumped up and stared at himself in his mirror. He knew he could never bear to have his father walk into his room on Sunday morning again. Nor could he bear to sit at the kitchen table while his mother cooked eggs and asked him whether he had met any nice girls to take to the prom. And how about his younger brother, Ted, who was only thirteen and on the track team and had already set the district record for the hundred yard dash. If he had to sit through another dinner listening to his brother tell about another track meet, his head would definitely explode. Matt rose from his bed and stared at himself in the mirror. He knew just by looking deep into his own eyes that he had reached a turning point. Yes, he was going into the city. He had thrown the biggest rave Long Island had ever seen, and now it was time to hit New York.

Debsy Does DJ

Debsy woke with the warm sensation of her bare skin rubbing against the soft, warm sheets of her bed. But then she realized that she never slept naked, and her sheets at home weren't quite this soft. She opened her eyes and quickly remembered that she didn't sleep at home the previous night. Lying next to her was the good-looking, well-built man whom she had slept with the previous night. And lying next to him was the black haired girl who also had been in bed with them. Both of them were equally naked, and for a moment Debsy couldn't stop staring at them. She had never woken up with naked strangers before, and it was a very shocking vision for her. Slowing rising from the bed, Debsy suddenly felt dizzy. The extra-strength ecstasy they had all taken the previous night was still working. She balanced herself, then tip-toed into the bathroom and threw up a little bit over the toilet. Turning on the lights, she was faced with the equally shocking sight of her own naked body, her hair seemingly standing on end, and her eyes rounded with smudged mascara. She almost felt she would fall again, but before the dizziness could totally overtake her she moved toward the sink and splashed water on her face. She rose her head from the sink and stared into her eyes, amazed as always at the sight of her

hugely dilated pupils gleaming at her. Turning to dry herself, she noticed the Mayfair Hotel insignia that marked the towels. The only other time she had been in this town's most luxurious hotel, was last year for her cousin Heather's Sweet Sixteen. The party was at the hotel's main ballroom, and she remembered that her bitchy cousin and her friend, also named Heather, had been in the bathroom most of the night talking about how they were going to call their boyfriends and ask them to come to the hotel with drugs and spend the night with them. Wow, if only her cousin could see her now! She'd be impressed, for sure!

Debsy dried her face, lowered the toilet seat, and then slowly sat down. What a night it had been! And how did she end up here with the most famous DJ there? Oh my God! She had sex with Ludwig and it was her first "real" time! Oh yeah, there had been that geeky kid at summer camp last year with whom she technically lost her virginity. But that was such a wack experience. This had been really fun, she was sure, although she couldn't really remember anything. Also, it did concern her a little that another girl was sleeping in their bed! She drank a gulp of warm water, and then waited for another e-fueled dizzy spell to pass. Then she tried to review the events of the previous night, wanting to remember exactly how she had ended up nude at the Mayfair Hotel. The night had begun strangely enough, with her meeting this really cool city girl named Ursula, and then persuading Ursula to take her to SupaRavathon. Once inside, Debsy had gone into the high school where SupaRavathon was happening to find a bathroom. While walking the school's dark hallways, she met up with some drug dealers who sold her 3 e-tabs, warning her that it was really strong stuff and that she should only take 1/4 at a time. By the time she had left the school and had re-entered the field, she saw Ursula standing at the top of the DJ platform. But then she lost her balance and fell off. Debsy ran over to try to help her, but then kids were starting to crowd onto the field, and by the time she reached the platform Ursula was gone.

Debsy proceeded to wander around the party for several hours, not really knowing that many kids because this was an older crowd. Finally, at around 4:30, she had given up on finding Ursula and had decided to leave, knowing that she was dead if her parents were up waiting for her. Just after she had unlocked her bicycle and was about to ride away, a red Porsche 916 drove up next to her. The window came down, and a pretty, older looking girl who looked like she was from the city asked Debsy if she knew where the Mayfair Hotel was. Debsy started to explain, and at a certain point the person

in the passenger seat starting speaking in a low voice to the driver. "You know my friend here wants to know if you would like to join us for a little private chill-out party." Debsy was about to turn down the offer, but the person in passenger seat leaned toward her slightly and she could see that it was none other than superstar DJ Ludwig. Debsy decided this was an opportunity she could not pass up on. Quickly forgetting about her promise to be home by 11:00 p.m. she agreed to lead this mysterious couple to the Mayfair. When they arrived, Ludwig stepped out of the Porsche and gave Debsy a beautiful, full mouth smile. Debsy felt her blood-rush to her face and she lit up in a blush. The woman walked to her with a warm smile and introduced herself as Milena. Debsy decided she was in her early 20's, and was from Los Angeles or Miami, as she had a deep, natural-looking tan. She was wearing a white tight baseball jersey V-neck dress with navy sleeves, and while she seemed nice enough, something inside told Debsy she should not trust this woman.

All anxieties were quickly forgotten, though, when they arrived in their plush penthouse suite. Debsy cheerfully offered



everyone an e-tablet and swallowed hers whole. It wasn't long before the sound system was brought into the room and filled the night with Ludwigs live mixing. Debsy remembers dancing on the coffee table and than someone pulling off her silver Tasty top and then blank...

Debsy decided to gather up her clothes and leave before either of the other two woke up. She was about to leave the bathroom when suddenly Milena walked in, just as naked as Debsy.

"Oh excuse me," Milena said, quickly grabbing a towel to cover herself.

"Oh it's okay. I was just about to leave," Debsy responded. "You're pretty young, aren't you." Milena asked.

"Not really," Debsy said defensively.

"Oh I don't care, really. I'm just curious. Hey more power to you. I wish I was your age again. Oh by the way, incredible ecstasy you gave us last night."

"Oh no problem. Out here in Long Island, we get really good drugs."

"I wish I could say the same about LA. The drugs out there just totally suck."

"Wow you're from LA. That's cool. I've never been there. "You're not missing much, trust me."

"What are you doing out here in Long Island?"

"Well if I tell you, promise to keep a secret. Just girl to girl?" "Sure."

"Okay then. I work for a record label. And we've been trying to sign up Ludwig for a long time. So my boss, Mick, sent a guy out here to try to sign him. But the guy totally screwed up and got messed up with this girl who went on some kind of gun shooting spree. So yesterday, at about 4:00 in the afternoon, I'm sitting by my pool at my condo on Melrose Place, and Mick calls me and asks if I can catch the 4:30 plane from LA to New York. Says that Ludwig is only in the States for this one night, but he wants me to make sure that he stays long enough for Mick to fly in this afternoon, meet him for lunch, and convince him to sign a deal."

"Wow, you have the coolest job I ever heard of. I definitely want to have that kind of job when I grow up."

"Well it's not always this much fun. I have to admit, I didn't really plan on sleeping with Ludwig. But when I saw him last night with his cute bald head, I just couldn't resist." The bathroom door was still open a crack, and they could both hear Ludwig pick up the phone. "Shhh," Milena said.

"Yes hello... Can I please have room 764... What do you mean there's been a problem... What kind of problem?... Last night this happened... And do you know where I can find Lara now...4th precinct, and where is that...okay thank you very much."

"Sounds like the fun is over," said Debsy softly. Suddenly Ludwig flung open the door to the bathroom. Debsy noticed that he was wearing only briefs, and was looking at her and Milena as if he had never seen them before in his life.

"Excuse me," he said. "Can one of you drive me to New York City? My girlfriend and manager, Lara, has gotten into a lot of trouble and is now in jail."

"Wow, that's terrible," said Milena. "Sure I'll drive you in."

All three quickly dressed, and were soon in the parking lot. Ludwig walked directly to Milena's car, not even bothering to say good-bye to Debsy. Milena, on the other hand, gave her a warm hug, along with a card. "Now look, I have a feeling that you and I could become good friends. So if you ever get into LA, you give me a call." "Sure, I'll do that." She continued to watch them as the Porsche drove off. The card said, ALIENATION RECORDS, Milena, A&R electronic dance division. This was the only remnant Debsy had of the previous night, and Debsy decided she would save it for ever. Driving back home on her bicycle, Debsy started to think up different excuses for what she would tell her parents. If they didn't believe her, this could cause her serious, serious domestic penalties.

A Witch Is Born

Lara continued to sit on the floor of her holding cell, in New York's downtown criminal court, known to locals as The Tombs. She took another deep drag on her cigarette, then stubbed it out in the coffee cup that was already filled with cigarette butts. She had been sitting like this ever since 1:00am, when she had gone berserk after finding out that Ludwig had left for SupaRavathon without her. For the first hour, she had been harassed constantly by the disgusting prostitutes and drug addicts who were her companions in the holding cell. She would not respond to anyone, however, and after a while they started to leave her alone. She knew that she was in deep trouble, but it didn't really bother her. She felt comfortable in the realization that all men were evil. The faithless, cheating Ludwig. The slimy American guy, Jay, who had wanted her to betray Ludwig to sign a record deal with his label. Her former boyfriend in Germany who had promised her to stay off heroin, and then got high and fell out their window, shattering his legs. Her father, who during her childhood would get drunk and beat her mother. Her grandfather, whom she suspected was one of the leaders in the Nazi party. Yes, no doubt about it. She had discovered one of the great secrets of the human race. sAll men were evil, and it was now her job to try to destroy the entire male race. Suddenly there was commotion in the pen. One of the guards opened the door and called out Lara's name. "C'mon you," said the guard. "You got a visitor." Very good," thought Lara with a thin-lipped smile. "Now my mission in life can begin."



NERVOUS gear

ORDER FORM			Price			No. items			total amt		
1	White Nervous t-shirt (19484-XL tag)	14.99	10	White Wreck Bullet cap (49610-OSFA tag)	14.99						
2	Black Wreck t-shirt (19454-XL tag)	14.99	11	Blue Sorted Trance Logo cap (49600-OSFA tag)	14.99						
3	Black Sorted t-shirt (19424-XL tag)	14.99	12	Red Weeded Smoke Logo cap (49590-OSFA tag)	14.99						
4	Ivy Weeded All-Over Smoke t-shirt (69404-XL tag)	16.99	13	Nervous Hockey Jersey (73170-OSFA tag)	43.99						
5	Black Strapped t-shirt (20404-XL tag)	14.99	14	Nervous Basketball Jersey (73184-XL tag)	18.99						
6	White Nervous Dog t-shirt (20484-XL tag)	14.99	15	Yellow Wreck dj slipmat	6.99						
7	White Nervous Extra Jumbo logo t-shirt (19524-XL tag)	14.99	16	Yellow Nervous dj slipmat	6.99						
8	Slate Nervous Extra Jumbo logo t-shirt long-sleeve (59500-OSFA tag)	23.99	17	Yellow Weeded dj slipmat	6.99						
9	Green Nervous Records Cap (49580-OSFA tag)	14.99	18	Yellow Sorted dj slipmat	6.99						
			19	Yellow Nervous Dog dj slipmat	6.99						
			20	Yellow Strapped dj slipmat	6.99						

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Card type _____ Card Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Cardholder signature _____

Phone orders can be placed by credit card only.

all shirts come in one size - XL
all hats come in one size fits all

Sales tax (New York state only) total x .0825

Postage, packaging, handling (US) add \$3.50 for first item, \$2.00 per additional item (double these amounts for orders outside USA)

ALL PERSONAL CHECKS REQUIRE DRIVERS LICENSE NUMBER AND STATE

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. All orders subject to availability.

Send money order (US funds only) or personal check or VISA/MC or AMEX number to:

Nervous Inc.
1501 Broadway,
Suite 1314B,
New York, NY
10036

ph - 212-730-7140
fa - 212-730-7210

try it.

Gauntlet

body piercing

tel. 6.310.657.6677

N.Y. 212.229.0680
S.F. 415.431.3433

mail order & catalog 800 Rings 211

revolutionary

Red Hot + Bothered

the Indie Rock Guide to Dating

*New songs by **Folk Implosion** (John Davis & some guy from Sebadoh), **Freedom Cruise** (members of Guided By

Voices and the Breeders), **Noise Addict** (teenage hormones from Australia),

Liquorice (Jenny Toomey's new supah-group) and **Grifters** (with an exclusive all-Grifters line-up!)

*IMPORTANT COLLECTORS ITEM NOTICE—

only 5,000 copies in print and available from

Red Hot/Kinetic on 10 inches of vinyl only,

twinky breath. Also includes snazzy 32-page zine.



©Kaz 1995

This is the 6th in a series of AIDS awareness projects from the Red Hot Organization

Jungle Fever

Sounds for Renegade People

Forget what you may have read, jungle is not a new phenomenon and it's not just a passing fad. Simply put, it's a beat science: a genetic recombination of global sounds and ideas. Ambient, dub, jazz, reggae, R&B and more—it's all there for the sampling. We have assembled a cross-section of sounds emanating from today's jungle laboratories to acquaint you with the wealth of what's out there, from the pioneering sounds of original junglists Goldie and A Guy Called Gerald and the gentle drum and bass of the mysterious Omni Trio to the dabbings of jazz-masters D*Note and New York's own Jungle Sky Music. Take a good look and then do some exploring of your own. Above all, don't be afraid to listen.

Goldie by Tamara Palmer

"I blame the media in America for blowing it up, hyping fucking jungle 'til they're sick in the teeth and when they get some pinky perky bullshit that didn't even come from the source..."

Goldie sighs. He's understandably frustrated with the way it (he prefers the term breakbeat to jungle-fever nasty connotations) has been presented to the American record buying public. Media coverage and a few stereotypical compilations have led many to believe that all there is to be found in this music is breakneck-speed breakbeats with ragga chatting over the top. It's not a sound palatable to many people who might otherwise be interested in this form of music, and as a result they have summarily dismissed the entire genre without trying to scratch below the surface.

Long before he began his career in breakbeat, Goldie ran with the b-boys in Miami and New York. Ten years later, he's still a respected graffiti artist and gets props in the hip-hop community. Most recently he completed remix work for Scarface's "Hand of a Dead Body," a single that also features Ice Cube. This background makes it easier to understand why Goldie resents the media distortion of breakbeat - it's the second time it's happened to a culture that he proudly represents. Firmly intertwined in both cultures, he sees endless parallels between the two.

"People talk about the 'jungle explosion', but I don't think that's really going to happen because what they're being given is the same thing that we were given years ago when hip-hop first began," he quips. "You need to check

how you've been given jungle, it's exactly the way people will foresee something." "If you check out the history books, wasn't hip-hop the same [in the UK]? It came as a fad and everyone wanted to go out and buy a fucking shiny tracksuit and the latest major label compilations, 'DJ Fresh Tracks' or whatever, and then it kind of went away for a bit. And then...it kind of came back, but it started coming back a bit more grown-up. We started to find the real McCoy as opposed to 'How to Breakdance, Volume One.'"

Turning out wax under the names Goldie, The Metalheads, and Ruffie Cru (many on his own Metalheads label), Goldie has amassed a back catalogue of tracks that serve as blueprints for the many different phases that UK breakbeat has gone through, mainly as a result of him being there first. Ask those who know - Goldie is an innovator.

Significant snatches of history behind him, Goldie is now ready to count himself as one of the leaders of the new school, bringing breakbeat into its more mature incarnation. A two-album contract with London Records will allow him to share his vision with more people than ever before. The first album, *Timeless*, is due out later this year. Still in the studio, Goldie is incredibly proud of this fourteen track creation, which he terms a "concept album".

"It spans across a whole ratio of a kid just growing up, being an artist trying to say what I want to say," he explains. "Every track is just so completely different, but it all derives from the same source: UK breakbeat."

For now, listeners may content themselves with the current single "Inner City Life", the Scarface remix, his collaboration with A Guy Called Gerald called "Energy" as The Two Gs on Gerald's Juice Box label, or any of his numerous old creations, though they are now pretty rare. Keep an eye on Goldie, mad beat scientist.

Renegade

"WASN'T HIP-HOP the same? It came as a fad and everyone wanted to go out and buy a fucking shiny tracksuit and the latest major label compilations, 'DJ Fresh Tracks'."

Omni Trio by Tamara Palmer

OK, listen up: you're gonna love this. See, Omni Trio isn't really a trio - it's just one humble guy named Rob Haigh who runs a record store called Parliament about thirty miles north of London. Rob's a low-profile kinda guy - most of his customers at Parliament don't even realize that his alter-ego is a well-reputed junglist who records emotive drum and bass on the high quality British label Moving Shadow and Sm:)e Communications Stateside. He prefers it that way. It frees him from the trappings of celebrity image and leaves him to work on the music. Besides, it keeps him shrouded in mystery.

For months Aden Ikram, promotions manager at Sm:)e, tried to get Rob to do interviews to no avail. Finally, he struck gold: Rob agreed to talk to Project X for our special jungle segment, only the third or interview he's ever granted.

I telephone him up at Parliament, eager to talk to him about his new album called *The Deepest Cut* on Moving Shadow and *Music For The Next Millennium* on Sm:)e. It's too busy and loud at Parliament so Rob escapes to the quiet and solitude of the bathroom to conduct the interview and for forty minutes we chat about life, his career, and about some of the popular misconceptions about jungle. It's an interesting thing to consider, especially now that jungle is slowly invading America (even MTV uses rolling drumbeats in their ads).

The one point that's stressed is that most jungle is more of an outlook and a consciousness than a specific sound. It's definitely not just breakneck-speed beats and ragga gangster vocals. There's room for a multitude of different approaches and jungle has drawn in musicians from many diverse musical scenes. Omni Trio's own sound emphasizes complex percussive patterns and vocals more traditionally associated with what we used to call breakbeat, but is now being loosely termed "hardstep".

Satisfied with the conversation, I thank him and let him go on his way. I play back the cassette recording I've made of the interview only to find that his half of the chat has become imperceptible under the acoustics of the bathroom. The exact details of our talk now remains between me, Rob, and the toilet seat, but that's almost fitting. The mystery lives on.

OMNI TRIO

MUSIC FOR THE NEXT MILLENNIUM

Jungle Sky Label by Jungle Jeff

The pulsating rhythm and the manic breakbeats that can range from 80 to the upper echelon of 180 beats per minute, arguably makes Jungle music the freshest aspect of the rave culture. For some, the more intense the music, the more intense the high: kids dancing in unison or out of sync with each other, everybody just groove'n to the music, the scene is great! With the increasing popularity of the jungle sound, more record companies are trying to capture the scene, especially on CD compilations. And as usual, some of the best discoveries are still with the small labels and one newborn label that stands out is Jungle Sky, a subsidiary of Liquid Sky Music which is the sister company of Liquid Sky. As you already know, Liquid Sky has been dressing the rave kids for years and now Carlos aka DJ Soul Slinger and DJ Reese formerly of Astralwerks are going to now supply the latest in boom bass'n jungle beats.

"Carlos has been making music and has been a part of the Jungle scene for years. I was the first person to approach him about a Jungle album for Astralwerks," says Reese. "Then a few weeks later David Stone from Sour Records in the UK also approached him about doing some stuff as well." Based on the advice they received from David, Reese and Carlos started Jungle Sky with David as a partner. "David thought that Liquid Sky deserved its own record label. It didn't need to be under somebody else's eye. We would be free to do whatever we choose regarding licensing and signing multi-record deals."

Reese and Carlos want to make this connection between Euro jungle and US hip hop more prominent with the help of their record label. "You've got to realize that jungle is Britain's first minority musical movement ever. It is not simply African. It is Asian. It is Caribbean. There are a lot of different ethnic minorities involved with this movement. Basically, if you are not white and live in the U.K. this is the rap music, and it gives you your culture and identity," Reese continues to explain. "And here, jungle can go mainstream if the right buttons are pushed."

The popularity and the longevity of jungle music in the States remains a big question mark. If the example set by the success of Liquid Sky in the rave clothing market can follow suit in jungle music, then there is a glimmer of hope. Reese adds, "It's still too early to tell if Jungle is going to happen over here. The question is 'Will it become a permanent part of rave culture or rap culture?'" Meanwhile, Jungle Sky plans to expand into Home Entertainment, a sector which will feature ambient music while dance and house rhythms will be on Liquid Sky Music. Some of the artist on Jungle Sky label to look out for include T-Power, Soul Slinger, Stunt Lion Crew, and Tony Garcia. Reese is already planning a compilation entitled *This is Jungle Sky* for release later this year.



CARLOS SOUL SLINGER - the blunted up music man.



THE JUNGLE SKYWALKER - another excellent logo from Liquid Sky

D*Note by Lily Moayeri

Matt Wienevski likes things that are difficult. As the mastermind behind the ever changing faces of D*Note, he is open and inviting to musical challenges of all kinds. The first album from D*Note, *Babel* was an acid jazz, hip hop combo with soundtrack elements thrown in. *Criminal Justice*, their current album, is the first documented marriage between jazz and jungle.

"I've had a bit of a problem with a lot of dance music, it never really clicked with me. I found it too rhythmically straightforward. When I heard jungle I thought it was complicated but very exciting. To me it sounded like a lot of elements of jazz, almost as if the drums weren't programmed, as if a jazz drummer was playing a beat at double the speed or something. If it were a be bop drummer, not even double the speed because a lot of jazz is that speed anyway. If you listen to the records of Miles Davis, they're about 160 BPM and that's the speed of jungle," Matt reflects on the parallels between jazz and jungle. "I thought maybe there was an interesting way of combining these two together. They're both quite anarchic forms of music, they don't really care that much about structure and form, and I thought they could be merged together interestingly."

"I'VE HAD a bit of a problem with a lot of dance music, it never really clicked with me. I found it too rhythmically STRAIGHTFORWARD. When I heard jungle I THOUGHT IT WAS very exciting."

He managed to combine the two in a unique and smooth manner in "Iniquity Worker", "Flesh and Blood", as well as in the title track on *Criminal Justice*. Jazzy influences and jungle elements are hard at work in these hybrid numbers, while the other six tunes are a blend of soulful, ambient melodies with the croonings of Pamela Anderson prominently on display. The vocalist used on the jungly tracks is MC Navigator who gives way to Pamela in "Flesh and Blood," the most successful of the three in Matt's opinion.

According to him, many of his acid jazz cohorts are closet jungle aficionados.

"They're into what they can play around with. Maybe it appeals to their rhythmic sense because they're more into hearing syncopation. If you really like listening to Max Roach, Elvin James or Tony Williams

or any of the great jazz drummers, hearing jungle programming is like making an exciting comparison between the two. I think people who are into jazz are biased towards things that may be a bit more fresh and difficult."

As with anyone who treads in a stranger's territory, Matt is open to slaggings from the jungle world. "Jungle is operating in a very narrow area. There are certain loops that are used over and over again, people like what they know, are not interested in hearing anything different, only various versions of the same thing over and over again," he says, "To a lot of junglists the music that we're doing probably sounds more jazzy than jungly and in some respects, it's probably true."

Having conquered the jazz and jungle fusion, Matt is ready to take things in a "freshly" direction. "We'll always keep the jazzy flavor but keep changing the other elements and try keeping it as original as possible."

A Guy Called Gerald by Darren Ressler

Every time he's done a track over the past decade, Manchester's Gerald Simpson, aka A Guy Called Gerald, brings a new wrinkle to the vibrant fabric of British dance music. But despite his breathtaking compositional talents, Gerald's luck hasn't been so good.

While part of the Hit Squad, he helped pen "Pacific State," a groundbreaking track 808 State initially took credit for. (Gerald sued and was finally given the proper credit.) In 1988, he gave the world the classic house anthem "Voodoo Ray," and was promptly scooped up by Sony after a temporary gig flipping burgers at McDonald's. Upon issuing his flawless self-produced debut, *Automanikk*, Gerald toured the States and then ran into problems with his label.

"You start off with a label and they'll let you do whatever you want at first, and then they'll turn it around on you and say, 'Now look, this is what we really want from you,'" says Gerald. He's talking from his new studio in London where "Dr. Who" was filmed years ago, trying to get a vibe for a session he's been booked to do for Radio One. As he speaks in his deep, rich Mancunian tone, Gerald is unaware of the breakbeats that are flying out of control in the background.

"I'm dealing with Mercury now on a side project for a girl vocalist who I'm helping out, but after working exclusively with a major record label, I don't think that I could do it again," he admits. "They totally take over what you're doing and you end up working for them. It's like being chained down."

After his deal with Sony went sour (sadly, his second effort, *High Life - Low Profile*, never saw the light of day), Gerald formed his own label, Juice Box, and he completed a slew of EPs which led up to his '93 release, *28 Gun Badboy*. After getting ripped off by his manager, who was also handling his label's affairs, Gerald is finally back with a new team, a brilliant jungle album, *Black Secret Technology*, and hopefully some better luck.

"I didn't give up on house music, I just started chopping things up into bits and pieces," explains Gerald. "Under A Guy

Called Gerald, I'm doing jungle tracks. Under the name Ricky Rouge, I'm doing housier stuff, and I've got Inertia for the more techno/experimental tracks."

Though jungle mirrors techno in that it's a primarily anonymous singles-driven medium, Gerald saw too many possibilities in the genre's mix of electro, reggae and hip-hop. "I've done that harder side of jungle, so I wanted to do an album that was more spaced out and chilled so that people could get into it a little more. With jungle, a lot of people can't understand it when you listen to it for the first time. There's loads going on in the track. I wanted to strip things down a bit."

With remixes of "Finley's Rainbow" due out this summer, Gerald Simpson is continuing to stand on the edge on both the artistic and label front. So, who knows what he'll come up with next. "Even before 'Voodoo Ray' I was never looking at the charts. I've never respected the way that the system runs. There's a lot of music out there that's beautiful, and it never gets looked at, just because there isn't a lot of money behind it."

Although a healthy dash of adversity has always helped Gerald's music thrive ("I Won't Give In" was the closing blood letting on *Automanikk*), the U.K. success of *Black Secret Technology* will hopefully prevent his back from being up against the wall any time soon. "I've got music in my head that I've got to get down. At the moment it's just me in the studio and I'm on a mission. Nobody's gonna stop me."

"YOU START OFF with a label and they'll let you do *whatever you want* at first, and then they'll turn it around on you and say, 'Now look, *this is what we really want from you...* but after working exclusively with a major record label, I don't think that I could do it again... *They totally TAKE OVER* what you're doing and *YOU END UP* working for them. *It's like being chained down.*'"



"I WAS NEVER looking at the charts. I've never respected the way that *the system runs*. There's a lot of music out there that's **BEAUTIFUL**, and it never gets looked at, just because there isn't a lot of **MONEY BEHIND IT.**"

THE SEASON OF THE
**CHEMICAL
LOUNGE**

IT'S SUMMER 1995
AND IT'S ALL
HAPPENING AT
THE LEISURE
LOUNGE
WHERE
THE STYLIN'
POSSE
SYNTHESIZES
M.O.M.A. FOR
AN AFTERNOON
OF FUN.
COMPOUNDS ARE
SUCH A BLAST.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MARCELLO KRASILCIC

STYLED BY GABRIEL FELICIANO

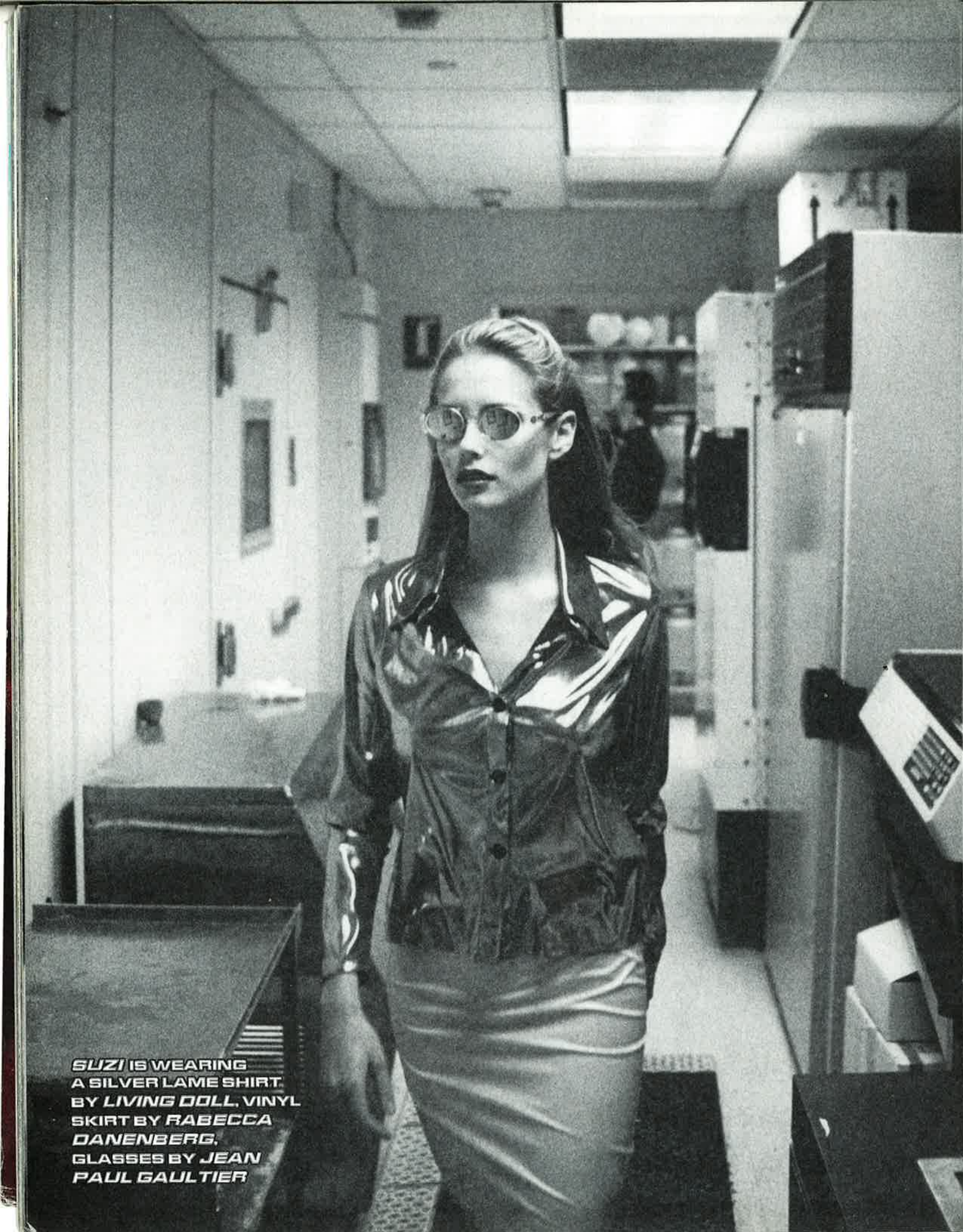
HAIR & MAKEUP BY RACINE

MODELS: CLAUDIO AND
SUZI RICHARDS AT COMPANY

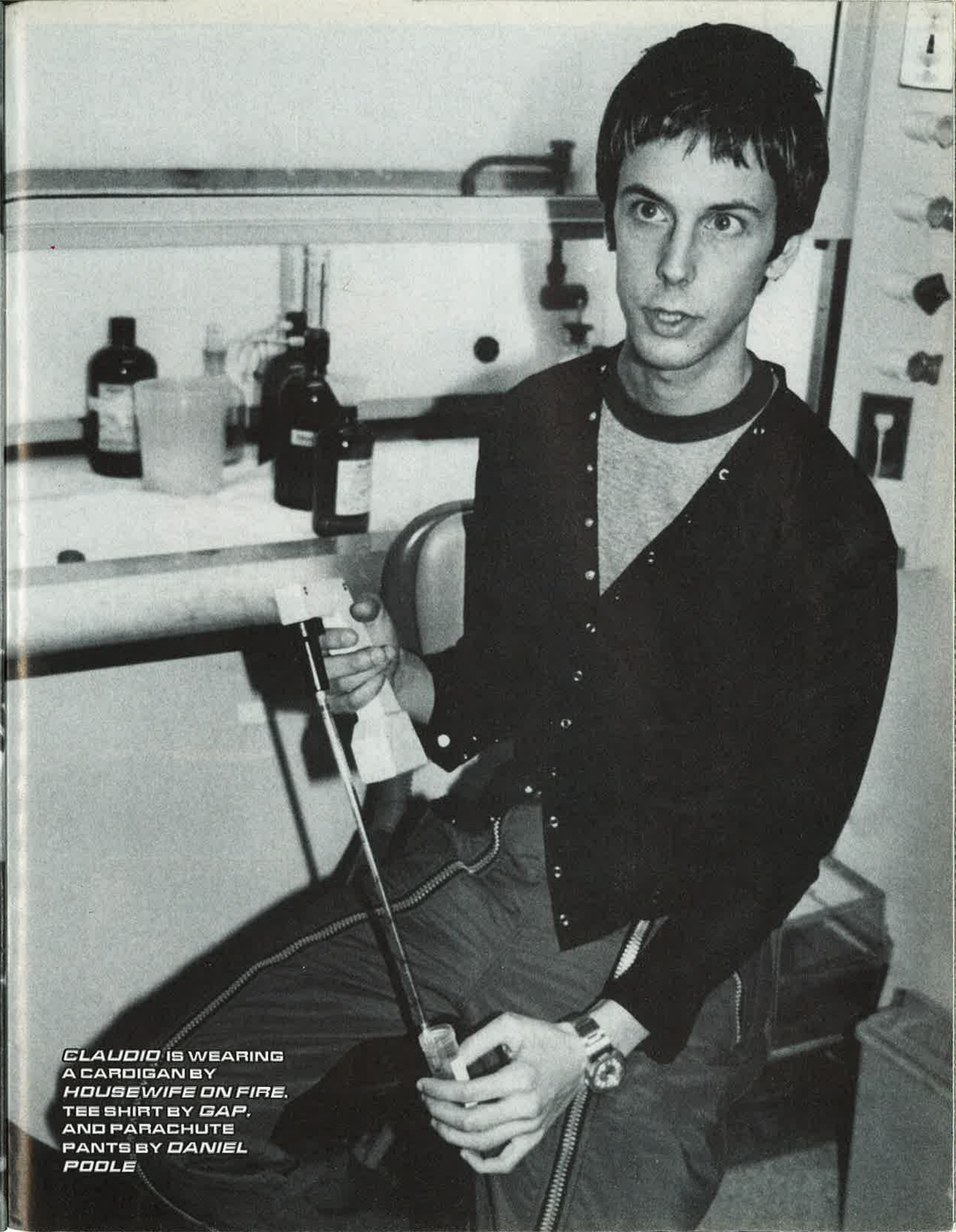
SUZI IS WEARING
GLASSES BY JEAN
PAUL GAULTIER AT
OPTICAL AFFAIRS



SUZI IS WEARING A
PLAID SHIRT BY BUILT
BY WENDY, SATIN
SKIRT BY DARRYL K.,
PATENT LEATHER
PUMPS BY KENNETH
COLE AND DIGITAL
WATCH BY CASIO



SUZI IS WEARING
A SILVER LAME SHIRT
BY LIVING DOLL. VINYL
SKIRT BY REBECCA
DANENBERG.
GLASSES BY JEAN
PAUL GAULTIER



CLAUDIO IS WEARING
A CARDIGAN BY
HOUSEWIFE ON FIRE.
TEE SHIRT BY GAP.
AND PARACHUTE
PANTS BY DANIEL
POOLE

BEHIND THE EYE VOL. II
eye q. compilation

EYE Q COMPILATION
"BEHIND THE EYE VOL. II"

R E S P E C T

HARDFLOOR
"RESPECT"

HARTHOUSE
BITTER FRUITS

HARTHOUSE COMPILATION
"BITTER FRUITS"



SPICELAB
"A DAY ON OUR PLANET"



DER DRITTE RAUM
"MENTAL MODULATOR"



PULSE
"SURFACE TENSIONS"



DARK HEARTS VOL. I

HARTHOUSE

EYE Q
RECORDS

recycle or die

EYE Q MUSIC INC. · 8756 HOLLOWAY DRIVE · WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90069 · PHONE (310) 657-7241 · FAX (310) 657-1019

STEREOTYPE

Mixed by
Armand Van Helden
Get Up

Strictly Rhythm

Not for the easy-listening minded, this mix-CD compilation from the dance label with lots of good stuff, Strictly Rhythm, has what it takes to get you on the floor bustin' the

Mixed by
Josh Wink
United DJs of America

DMC America

With a shake of his magic wand, Josh Wink can make many dancefloors come alive. Currently riding high on a string of killer singles including "I'm Ready", "Higher State of Consciousness" and "Don't Laugh", this continuously-mixed compilation serves as a reminder to all; his talent as a producer is equally matched by his skills as a DJ. The selection of songs are definitely on the more progressive house tip and include only two tracks by Josh himself. How very modest! The follow is smooth while the vibe is hard and full of energy. The action really picks-up with the fourth track "How's the Music" and with the fifth you'll be "Losing Control". Forget about it, I don't need to say anything more. This is one of the best mixed DJ compilations on the market, so don't delay, get yours today. *Afshin*

Continuous
Dance Compilation

moves. Mixed by one of the producer/remixers of the moment, Armand Van Helden, who opens the journey with his own masterpiece "Witch



Doktor", the whole CD is full of Armand's particular flavor. A very instrumental track oriented mix with a few vocals thrown in, the choices are of the progressive nature (for lack of a better term) and this is true of what I would expect to hear from Mr. Van Helden. However, a good number of the selections do have a deep and funky feel to them. Gems such as Louie Vega's "I Get Lifted" sung by Barbara Tucker, Frankie Feliciano's "The Hoe Down", Roger S.'s "Sumba Lumba" (Listening to Roger chant as he

puts you into a trance is not to be missed) and DJ Pierre's "Project Blast" will all stick in your head long after the CD is over. The feel you get upon listening to this CD is one of energy. Lots of tribal beats and far out sounds to move you right along to dance heaven. The perfect way to get a house party jumpin as this non-stop mix of music builds into a frenzy and hits hard with true club spirit. (Greg Cuoco)

Continuous Mix by
James Christian
Gettin' Lifted

Lifted Records

In this house town, we have a bunch of DJs of the Junior Vasquez mold who lay down tracks that just command you to dance. James Christian, a truly



PRICK



Prick your imagination.



nothing

©1995 INTERSCOPE RECORDS. MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED BY ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. MADE IN U.S.A. 92395-2

THE ATLANTIC GROUP

unsung New York house hero, doesn't do that: he just points to the dance floor and lays down a subtle groove that seduces you onto the floor. This mix CD has all the Lifted releases you know and love, but doesn't sound like a single-label compilation, it really does sound like a James Christian set (and there are only two of his own choons on it)! The first few tracks are a bit on the abrasive side - as he should, he lets the vibe build consistently until it's so thick you can stand a fork up in it. He sticks the "You Think You're Big Time" sample from the crowd-pleaser "Big Time" in a

couple of places, but it's not until track 13 when he really has the vibe at max that he lets it go. A Lovely set. **John Speakman**

Groove Beats

Freaky Chakra Lowdown Motivator

Astralwerks
Freaky Chakra is Daum Bentley, a shaggy-haired beard merchant and "ex-amateur mountain bike



racer" from San Francisco, where quite nice neighborhoods like Haight Ashbury are spoiled by smelly old soap dodger hippies trying to cadge food off you in restaurants. *Lowdown Motivator* is an ideal introduction to the San Francisco sound, a combination of what I suppose you might call tribal trance and dubby ambient stuff. It's nice and will bring a smile to your face, but it's not

what you'd call groundbreaking - a west coast acquaintance described it this way: "It gets you floating but doesn't take you anywhere". Some of the remixes,

however, are dance-floor musts. Check out "Peace Fixation" on vinyl for one, the rather nice Trance Mix is included here on the CD.

Lowdown Motivator is a truly user-friendly bunch of interesting and varied stuff, but more of a laid-back education in where its at on the West Coast than a truly compelling booty-shaker. **John Speakman**

Black Dog Spanners

EastWest
John Speakman, our British correspondent here at Project X, informs us that "spanners" is slang for wrenches. It is also used in an insult—if you want to call someone ugly

Aphex Twin I Care Because You Do

Sire/Elektra

For those long time followers of Richard James and his many name disguises, this record is a return to his old style which made him famous all over the world. The first eight tracks are hard industrial grooves that will keep you in a hypnotic follow; good to the last beat. "Ventolin", the fifth track, which is the first single from this record, is the only one I absolutely could not bare. Those of you who suffer from asthma might relate to this track, but I don't and I couldn't. For those who only became familiar with the Aphex Twin with last years release *Selected Ambient Works Volume II*, tracks 8 through 12 will provide the same type of emotional euphoria. Track 11, "Cow Cud is a Twin" crosses new boundaries with a very funky hip-hop beat. The young Albert Einstein of electronic music cares because you do, therefore you can't lose with this record. (Afshin)

you may say that their face looks like a bag of spanners. Anyhow, what we've got here is more than one uniform set of tools, it's really a mixed bag of differ-

ent utensils. With 19 blended tracks, some as short as 17 seconds, *Spanners* explores all sorts of different genres from jazz to jungle in an utterly smooth trip.

Simply put, they rock. Just check out the clever use of sounds typically found in disco in "Barbola Work"—Black Dog recontextualize a tired idea and make it innovative. If you're in a mega-buying mood, try and also hunt down their project called Plaid on Clear Records (UK) and save up for Bjork's awesome upcoming album on Elektra. Black Dog have written and produced some wonderful tracks for her. **Tamara Palmer**

Sven Vath The Harlequin, the Robot, and the Ballet Dancer

Eye Q/Warner Bros.
While many "techno" artists tend to capitalize on trends and



change their styles as often as they change their hair color, five years ago, Sven Vath found his niche and stuck to it. While DJ/producers were busy posing for magazine editorials and "evolving" from trance to progressive to jungle, Sven Vath traveled the world, focused on his newly found influences, and found inspiration in his studio in Frankfurt. His early works like *Accident*

in Paradise, and especially the lush and melodic classic hit single "L'Esperanza", first credited this talented visionary as the man at the forefront of the trance movement. Since then, Sven's fan base grew from a bunch of German DJ groupies to a movement of global clubbers that caravan to any appearance he makes. They are characterized by their preference for his Goa style acid trance (as well as their massive preference for any style acid, and e-tabs, and anything else that'll help last through the legendary trance holiday week-

ends). Famous for his sweaty twelve hour sets surrounded by dozens of trainspotters and fans, Sven Vath defines "superstar DJ" and is one of the few who deserves the title. The hard edged and intense sound of his signature style is present in his new work, but it also contains some nice surprises. The Harlequin, the Robot, and the Ballet Dancer is a multi dimensional collection of ambient compositions, some more dance oriented, and most based completely outside the dance arena. The new direction is potent, acid saturated, intelligent, and as everything else Sven does, original. **Julie Jewels**

Jungle compilations

Face of the Future Compilation

Sub Base Records U.S.A./Moonshine

As interest in the sounds of jungle are raising the curiosity of the country, compilation are there to deliver the quick answers to all the questions. There are no familiar names to look for on these compilations nor any record labels in the states that have established themselves as jungle experts. In this case, you can at least put your trust in the hands of Sub Base U.S.A. and Moonshine, professionals when it comes to compilation CDs. Thier latest jungle venture, *Face of the Future* starts out a bit slow with the first six tracks sounding somewhat typical, but the second set of six, kicking off with "Mood Swing" by Clone Inc., put a distance between this record and its predecessors. The second half is more complete with tracks that contain lots of dubby vocals and more rhythmic beats. One of the better jungle compilations you'll come across. **Afshin**

N.Y. BOUTIQUE SHOW BOOTH 3444

FUMES

CLOTHING CORPORATION

AVAILABLE AT • HOUSE OF FIELD • SATELLITE • 99X • ODYSSEY

3 0 3 . 8 9 2 . 6 8 0 1 FAX 3 0 3 . 8 9 2 . 6 8 0 9

eightball records presents
Joi Cardwell's debut album
THE WORLD IS FULL OF TROUBLE
STREET DATE JUNE 14, 95 EBC062

album includes
smash hits:
Trouble
Jump For Joi
Love & Devotion
AVAILABLE ON CD & VINYL

THE SHOP THE SHOP THE SHOP THE SHOP

TO ORDER DIRECT CALL @
212-473-6343 OR ASK FOR IT
AT YOUR LOCAL
RECORD STORE

COMING OUT SOON



Available Now
eightball COMPILATION 3

VENUS GENETRIX T's

YES!
IT HURT!! AND
I'M STILL #@!%
BLEEDING!!

Nikki is wearing VG's CHERRY POP Design

INFO? call the Venus Genetrix PussyWareHouse 212.691.1141
or Fax 212.691.2364

Various King of the Jungle

I think there is an old saying in the small, elite dance music community, that goes something like this, "So you wanna be hardcore, with your hat to the back, listening to that bass and kick drum crap," or was it just "break-beat and jungle sucks." And I've always thought "junglist" were just a bunch of ravers who thought they were too cool to admit they were ravers, you know, the javers.

booty move. The good thing about King of the Jungle is the breaks are much fresher and cleaner than most other jungle CDs, the bad thing is there aren't enough ragga MC vocals. If it wasn't for the rolling bass, I wouldn't be able to distinguish it from plain old breakbeat. If you're a breakbeat or jungle enthusiast, the CD is worth looking into. Out of a possible five, I give it four bannanas. Or four mangos or whatever else grows in the friggin' jungle. **James Lee**

Chilly Chill

Ambient Voids

Hypnotic/Cleopatra

You are about to enter into the dark side of the ambient world. A side which ventures into the outer limits of space and time. From the haunting first track, "Orion Nebula" by Synaesthesia right on through to the last track, this compilation takes you deep into the mysterious expanse of electronic music. With numbers like "The

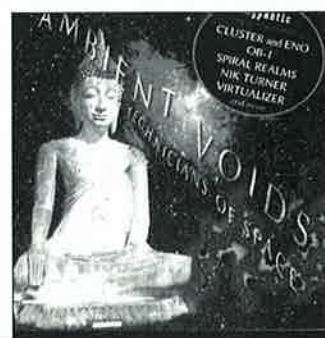


Frankie Knuckles

Virgin Records

At last, the long awaited album by Frankie Knuckles, "Welcome to the Real World", has arrived; it was worth the wait. It is filled with soulful and beautifully written songs that are made even more wonderful by Adeva's enchanting voice. The production is tight, leaving you wanting more. It's Frankie - remember "The Whistle Song"? This time Mr. Knuckles gives us lots of R&B as well as energetic dance songs that slide in and out of your head.....smooth stuff. At last, in a sea of records that I won't even keep in my house, real music!!! The "Godfather of House" remains true to his name with "Welcome to the Real World", "Love Can Change It",

Wildlife" by Mr. Majic's Night Flight and Klange's "Harjoitus Nelja", you can imagine yourself venturing outward, deep into the solarwinds of space. There is a touch of human element on tracks by ex-Hawkwind's Nik Turner and OB-1 that injects a tribalesque rhythm layered with spacious synths and distant voices creating yet another dark element. Included is a Cluster and Eno



track which never suffers from sounding outdated even after 20 years of existence. All the songs work well together creating what could be best described as the

soundtrack to a life-after-death experience. A trip into the realms of the unknown. A dimension not only of sight and sound, but

of mind. A journey into a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of imagination. That's the signpost up ahead - your next stop, the Ambient Voids.....

Brian Emrich

The Jazz Head Trip Acid Jazz & Trip Hop compilation

City of Angels
The third release for this new label from a city full of angels like O.J. Simpson shows

a steady rise of improvement that will make them strong competitors in the compilation market. The CD begins with The Crystal Method's Trip Hop Mix of "Keep Hope Alive", a funky groove with powerful words of wisdom. From there, the compilation sustains the up-beat grooves set by the first track, keeping things fresh and far from boring. Electronic and hypnotic, most of the tracks have somewhat of a techno-jazz feel that's very addictive. The final three tracks, numbers 8, 9, and 10, get a little stale and to laid-back



Astralwerks

Irresistible Force Global Chillage

What did we all think of Flying High, the first solo number by the inhabitant of the famous smelly silver suit? If you found it to be the ambient manifesto, you'll find this second effort minimalist to the extreme, much more in line with the recent Instinct ambient stuff than anything you'd probably like. A lot of people however found the first effort to be a wee bit too full of funny bleeps and self-help-video-style exhortations to chill out, that it sounded like what it was, the first record by an ambient DJ turned artist - anxious to create a good impression. If that's what Flying High



meant to you, then you'll think as I do, that here is a lovely mature exploration of what you can do by keeping ambient music simple. Less really is more in this case. It goes up and down in all the right places, concentrating on purity of form rather than special effects. I must confess to a few pangs for the introduction of a loping house beat now and then, as his tour-mate Jonah Sharp tended to inject halfway through the recent Space Time Continuum sets, but that wouldn't really be playing the game, would it? **John Speakman**

best of the issue

"Whadda U Want (from me)", and "Walkin'", which are all housey treats to get you shakin'. "Too Many Fish" and "You're Number One (in my book)" make one revel in R&B heaven. This album even has ballads like "Tell Me Why", which is a superior and touching song. The album is dedicated to Larry Levan as stated by Frankie in "Tribute", followed by a great reprise of "Walkin" done acappella style. Anyone who is a fan of good vocal records will fall in love with the quality work that both Mr. Knuckles and Adeva have orchestrated. It's good to the last beat, when you first get up, at home during the day, or for that get together of 10 to 150 of your closest friends. Every selection is a winner, so be prepared to have this album stuck in your stereo for quite awhile. **Greg Cuoco**

Malcolm McLaren Paris

No! Gee Street/Island

In all his years as a pop icon, Malcolm McLaren has left no culture unexplored in his efforts to expose his following to new sounds. The fans who have monitored Malcolm's career since his late-70s affiliation with punk rock have been introduced to rap ("Buffalo Gals"), opera ("Madame Butterfly"), and voguing ("Deep in Vogue"). Through this exploratory process of music making, Malcolm has become a counter-culture tour guide, turning each album into a musical cruise, with this latest aural travelogue focusing on Paris. Malcolm has appropriated the sounds of this multi-cultural city and combined them with the streets, personalities, and imagery he feels are must-sees for any musical tourist. His references to the Saint-Germain des Prés in three consecutive songs are an attempt to walk the listener through this neighborhood, while casually waving to Catherine Deneuve on the way to Miles Davis's table at the Café Les Deux Maggots around the corner. The

results of this double CD French culture lesson are surprising. I preferred the Euro-fashion instrumental mix, which might even become a hit on fashion runways à la Enigma in 1991. With the exception of two or three clunkers, Malcolm strikes some cool world beat poses on these instrumentals. The disk with vocals is much more challenging and requires a very open mind. My first reaction was dislike, but after considering Malcolm's career, I began to appreciate the pretentious lyrics, shameless name-dropping, and Catherine Deneuve's French vocals. The campy elements of this album became more obvious after each song. Repeated listening convinced me that Malcolm was playing a high-fashion glamour-puss joke on Paris in the guise of a homage. If your musical tastes are flexible, you'll appreciate Malcolm's twisted sense of humor and his obvious enthusiasm for Euro-sophistication and drama; it's another amusing milestone for this magical-mystery tour guide. **Ernie Glam**

RISING HIGH FUTUREScape

instinct

two cds of the latest trance, acid, and intelligent electronic music from the uk's rising high records

includes new material from the irresistible force as well as tracks from neutron 9000 and syzygy

also available from instinct records

KING OF THE JUNGLE [dbl cd]
20 bass bumpin' jungle phatties
PLUG IN & TURN ON X.2 [dbl cd]
ambient and trance compilation

instinct

INSTINCT RECORDS: 26 WEST 17TH ST #502-T
NEW YORK, NY 10011
email: 72170.1753@compuserve.com
send for a free catalog of releases



60 min. of continuously slamming hits that will keep your feet movin' and body groovin'

cut and send order form

\$10.00 per tape

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____
phone () _____

send check or money order made out to: Impact Records
mail to: 612 N. Eckhoff St., Orange, Ca. 92668
phone in order: (714) 634-9166 For a catalog send \$2.00

for the rest of the record. They just lack the energy of the previous seven, but this shouldn't scare anybody away from this compilation. The Jazz Head Trip is full of fun-key rhythms that you don't have to slow down to enjoy. **Afshin**

Alternative View

Rockers to Rockers
Rockers Hi Fi

Time to get stoned with the Rockers Hi Fi, formerly known as the Original Rockers. The Rockers have a prominent laidback sound that flavors all of their songs, whether they be for the club, like the famous title track or

"Push Push," or just for chilling, like "More & More (Hidden Persuader)" or "Seven Shades of Dub." They were also creating this stuff before the term "dub" resurfaced and became a fashionable term. This is a domestic release of an album previously available overseas, but this version contains three new tracks, including the bleak "What A Life," which also appears on the soundtrack for the Basketball Diaries. What's interesting to note is that although most of these tracks came out in 1993 on their UK label Different Drummer, the sound is still fresh and definitely worth a listen.

Tamara Palmer

Hip Hop

Ol' Dirty Bastard
Return To The 36 Chambers: The Dirty Version

Elektra

With everyone in Wu-Tang pursuing solo careers, it was only a matter of time before Ol' D.B. cut his own album. Ol' Dirty Bastard deliv-

ers with his now signature "drunken" style, and the catchy piano loops that made 36 chambers a classic. Ol' D.B. rants with hurricane intensity on his first single "Brooklyn Zoo" with creative metaphors like "My hip-hop drops on your head like ra-ha-hain" and a catchy ▶

New Jersey Drive
Soundtrack Volume 1 and 2

Tommy Boy Records

In the last couple of years, the soundtracks that accompanied movies targeting the "hip hop" market seemed to do better than the actual movies. That includes "Menace II Society", "Juice", and "Crooklyn". If the trend continues "New Jersey Drive" (the movie) will bomb and New Jersey Drive (the soundtrack) will go at least gold. I only have twenty words for you: Biz Markie, Jeru the Damaja, BlackMoon, Smif-N-Wessun, O.C., Redman, Mad Lion, Keith Murray, Flip Squad, and Biggie Smalls. Mad Flavor. In my opinion, the best possible line-up since the Lakers in the (dare I say) pre-HIV Magic Johnson days. The only thing I could've done without was Blak Panta, Sabelle, and MC Eiht (does Compton still even exist?). Overall the CD is buttery, although I am more partial to Volume 2. The only way the movie will do better than the CD is if everyone goes out and buys the bootlegs, and I know you're not that skanless. Otherwise the soundtrack should blow up like 2Pac's nuts. **James Lee**



DANG

Dealer Inquiries: 714.960.3372 Fax 714.536.3868 P.O. Box 7306, Huntington Beach, Ca 92648

LOGIC

Records



Barramundi - The ultimate Ambient collection featuring Transformer 2, Alcove, Karma De La Luna and more



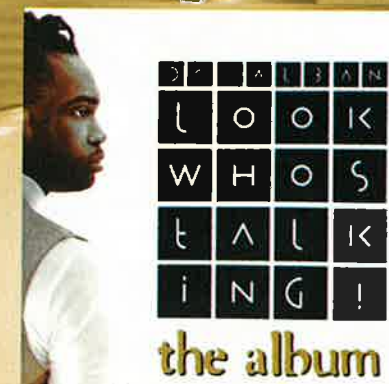
Cosmic Baby - including "Loops Of Infinity" and "Fantasia"



Logic Trance 2 - double CD set featuring 23 singles including tracks by The Orb, Future Sound Of London, Cosmic Baby, Orbital and more...



Sparks - includes the #1 European hit "When Do I Get To Sing My Way"



Dr. Alban - from the artist that brought you "Sing Hallelujah" and "It's My Life", featuring the new single "Let The Beat Go On"

KING OF THE JUNGLE

episode #3

JOE AND FRANK HEAR A
SINISTER HISSING...

JOE, WE GOTTA
GET OUT OF HERE!

SHOULDN'T WE
INVITE HIM TO
THE PARTY?

IT'S... THE
GREYS!

a massive DOUBLE CD! packed with crazy breaks and
mindspinning grooves. 20 bass bumpin' jungle phatties featuring
RONI SIZE, DJ KRUST, DJ MASSIVE and BIZZY B.

INSTINCT RECORDS: 26 W. 17th St. #502-T NY, NY 10011 • email: 72170.1753@compuserve.com
send a SASE for a free mailorder catalog

also available: RISING HIGH FUTUREScape and EMIT 2000 - ambient and intelligent trance

Have
a
bitchin
summer...

dick.



k.i.t.

phone 415.896.2844 fax 415.546.7957 san francisco

reviews

sing-a-long chorus ("Oh baby I like it raawwww") on "Shimmy Shimmy Ya". "Hip to da Hoppa" and "Rawhide" are freestyle sessions featuring the (signed) talents of Method Man and Raekwon the Chef ("I cook up marvelous shit"). "Protect Ya Neck II the Zoo" and "Drunk Game (Sweet Sugar Pie)" are examples of Ol' D.B.'s weaker



moments. Ol' Dirty Bastard, along with Meth and Raekwon, sound best when supported by the other members of the Clan (not the Klan). And am I the only one who thinks Ol' D.B. sounds like Biz Markie after hittin' the pipe too long? And why does Ol' D.B. hype up Staten Island in 36 Chambers, Brooklyn in this solo album, though he lives in Queens? Pick a borough. Any borough. **James Lee**

Mad Lion Real Ting

Nervous/Weeded

When I first heard "Shoot to Kill" I was desperate to find out who the artist was, but I had one of those episodes where they play it on the radio all day long and never mention who the artist is, and right when I think they're going to tell me, they go into a 2000 in-a-row music marathon (I hate that). I eventually found out the artist was Mad Lion, and in my opinion, he is (or will be) the most imitated artist (Nine and Blak Panta are biting awfully close) since Rakim. It's hard to write a review for a record like this, you know, where every single track is slammin' without sounding redundant. Mad Lion comes off hard, but not threatening; humorous, but not corny. The album is mostly sex, checks, blunts

and stunts. And the album was produced under the masterful eye of KRS-One (Attack!) I really can't go into detail about the content of each song because half the lyrics are incomprehensible, but everything on the LP is flavor. Honorable mentions are the just-released single "Destiny", influences from Rod Stewart, and "Baby Father" which about getting a woman in China pregnant, very funny stuff. My suggestion is to go out and buy five copies of Real Ting (not the bootleg!) cuz, everyone including your mom is going to try and lift it, and when that happens, and it will, you'll be a sad lion. Meow. **James Lee**



"...It's hard to
write a review
for a record like
this, you know,
where every
single track is
slammin'..."

tasty

reviews

by Afshin
& David Waxman

Willie Ninja "Hot (The Remixes)"

Nervous
-We didn't think anybody could make us like this song. Hands down to Danny Tengalia. His "Runway Mix" is like pulling a rabbit out of a baseball cap.

Blunt Funkers "God's an Astronaut"

Logic Records
-Logic takes off into orbit with their first house choon. "Stonebridge's Monday Bar Full On" is waiting on the launch pad. Get set for take-off.

The Butter Foundation "The Butter Foundation EP"

Champion Sound
-Smooth like butter and tasty like Parkay. This jazzy EP is a five-toker, not to be played for any jokers.

Sade

Bootleg

-If you liked the last one, you'll love this. Maybe if Epic's now defunct dance department were smart enough to release Sade dance remixes themselves, they might still be around.

Winx

"Don't Laugh" Remixes

Sorted
-Junior's "Sound Factory Mix" is like a trip with Bugs, Elmer and Josh's laugh inside a high speed blender, set to puree. "And That's All Folks."

The 4th Wave "Ethereal"

Planet E
-"Ethereal" is the A-side, "Electrolux" and "Touched" are the B-sides. Electro music in the Detroit style, laid back, but always edgy.

Karnak

"Black Moon"

Tribal America
-The title alone should tell you this is going to be dark 'n' lovely. Definite proof that Jaydee is far from a one hit wonder.

Roc & Kato "Alright"

Slip n' Slide
-"And move about. And jump about." And while your at it, get this sweet little double pack. It makes everybody do just that.

The Police "Voices Inside My Head"

A&M
-It's not a message in a bottle, but on vinyl. Roger Sanchez gives some swing to an old alternative classic and making it a house classic.

OMNI TRIO :

MUSIC FOR THE NEXT MILLENNIUM
8012

"masters of drum and bass jungle"

-ROLLING STONE

"music of melodic purity"

-MIXMAG (1p of the month jan 1995)

"sophisticated post ambient jungle"

-NME

OMNI TRIO

MUSIC
FOR THE
NEXT
MILLENNIUM

believe
THE HYPE

acid
resistant



a mixed trip of intensity by dj db

ACID RESISTANT :

A MIXED TRIP OF INTENSITY BY DJ DB
8011

a continuous mix of the best acid tracks
out of Germany, mixed by top ny dj db.
Prepare yourself.

sm:)e

now available on compact disc,

cassette, and special vinyl

© 1995 Sm:)e Communications, Inc.
make contact: sm:)e communications 7-10 Broadway ny ny 10003 sm:)e@earthlink.net

Like a manic mélange of Japanese X-Men (featuring Cameos by Luke Cage and Black Panther, no less) OD'ed on transmissions from the Mothership (as in Parliament's extraterrestrial vessel), the sonic superheroes known as Submerge are here to save you from the evil clutches of faux Techno. Taking it upon themselves to spread the groove gospel, cosmic crusaders like Underground Resistance, Aux 88, Octave One and Drexciya are handily propelling the sound of Detroit well into the 21st century.

For the uninitiated, Submerge is the code name for Detroit's famed crew of Techno terrorists that create stark, intricate soundworks that are both beautiful and brutal. Home to such labels as Happy Soul, 430 West, Generator and Matrix, Submerge boasts artists that can do it all; Ambient, Hardcore, Trance, Electro, House - often in the course of one track.

"Right now, we're getting back to the true sound of Detroit," says Drexciya, who produces lethal Electro tracks that would make Kraftwerk jealous (check the hot double 12" *The Unknown Aquazone 4* for proof). "We grew up on stuff like Cybotron and Planet Patrol. Those were our influences. Somewhere along the way, Techno lost it's identity, it's soul. Back in the day, the music had emotion in it."

Here inside the Submerge headquarters, it's easy to forget the gloomy desolation that plagues the urban jungle known as Detroit. Housed in the old Detroit Engineering Institute, Submerge is akin to the high-tech digs that Marvel Comic's Fantastic Four called home. A stone's throw from the prestigious Cass Technical High School, this Techno mecca runs like a perfectly-programmed cybernetic organism; there's the vinyl warehouse downstairs, while recording studios, a graphic design company, and a worldwide communication net that rivals the bridge of the Starship Enterprise are all situated on the floors above.

There's also "Somewhere In Detroit", which is the name of Submerge's in-house record store. Run by DJ Frankie 0002, Somewhere in Detroit is an exclusive shop where appointments are necessary to have the latest tracks presented to you.

"I always felt we didn't have a dedicated store inside the city limits of Detroit that sold our music. That was terrible," says "Mad" Mike Banks, the leader of the Submerge empire (as well as the legendary and mysterious group Underground Resistance). "Plus, it's a great way to display what we do. It adds a little something to what's going on upstairs" (Laurent Garnier, Miss Djax, and the Orb are just a few of the notables that have stopped by to pick up these often exclusive tracks).

"The records we put out are always real," says Banks, gesturing at the countless platters of vinyl that adorn all four walls around him. "It's not about state-of-the-art equipment or anything like that. It's about artists making the best tracks possible. Some of them have good equipment, and some don't have any gear at all, and they use my stuff. Whatever it takes, you know. That dedication comes out on the records." Banks is a man of incredible insight. Funny, articulate, and outrageously passionate, his thoughts and observations on dancefloor culture are both poignant and priceless. "The underground is kind of like the Olympics. You have a DJ, who takes one record from Detroit and one from Germany, and mixes them together to make a third record. This is *his* record, the party's record, the record that makes it all happen. If you look at all the factors that go into making that moment happen - the sound, the lights, everything - you can look at a party in a whole different way. If every link on that chain has been done right, then it's truly magic." "At that moment in time, the person dancing is not violent, he's not racially-inclined to look at you differently, he's in another world," Banks continues. "And it's because of what we did as the catalyst for that moment." Banks is an ardent supporter of the Detroit underground party scene, which is currently under siege by the local police department, who've been forcefully busting every gig they can (even showing up to one party with guns

drawn and news cameras in tow). But of all the promoters and DJ's in Motown, it's House guru Ken Collier of the gay after-hours club Heaven that Banks gives the biggest props to. "We've been working really hard to see that Ken gets his just due. I'll bring only the certain cool people from Europe up to hear Ken spin, and see that he gets some interviews and such. Heaven is not the easiest joint in the world for a straight guy to feel comfortable in," adds Banks with a laugh. "But we're all God's children, and He doesn't care who you're (sleeping with). Underground music brings people together that normally don't get together, and Ken is a master of creating a good vibe for everyone."

Where most

Detroit DJ's have made their mark by traveling to other scenes (and often countries), Mad Mike feels that it's about time people came to Detroit to hear the music being created here. "For one, I don't want to be a weekend commodity over in Europe, although we never were in the first place. We've always been very picky about where we play. A lot of Detroit artists got engulfed in the money available in Europe. I look at it like this - if you're gonna be underground, make yourself a rarity."

And the Submerge collective is as underground as they come. Citing his operation as "a militaristic, communist set-up," Banks has created an environment where Detroit artists can record and produce records and get paid for doing so. This in itself is a shrewd political statement. "Look at Drexciya," he says in reference to Drex' massive 6 ft. plus frame. "This is one big brother. He could very easily go out and do some crazy shit and make a whole lot more money than he does putting out records. But instead, he comes to me with an idea, a piece of his soul that he's proud of. I'm honored to put that track out. And if I can give him a check at the end of the day, then it's really special. So now he can look at the American system in a whole different way."

"We take our cues from the government," emphasizes Banks, expounding on his political metaphor. "That's why our studios are in perpetual lock-down. That way people can't

just come in and see how we do what we do, and then go out and recreate it. You don't see the government showing us how to make nuclear weapons or firearms. But," he adds with deliberate emphasis, "they're quick to show you a trade like brick-laying or street sweeping."

"This is no joke," Banks concludes before heading back up into the confines of the studio. "If you're down with Underground Resistance and Submerge, you're underground for life."

the

Submerge

by Scott Sterling

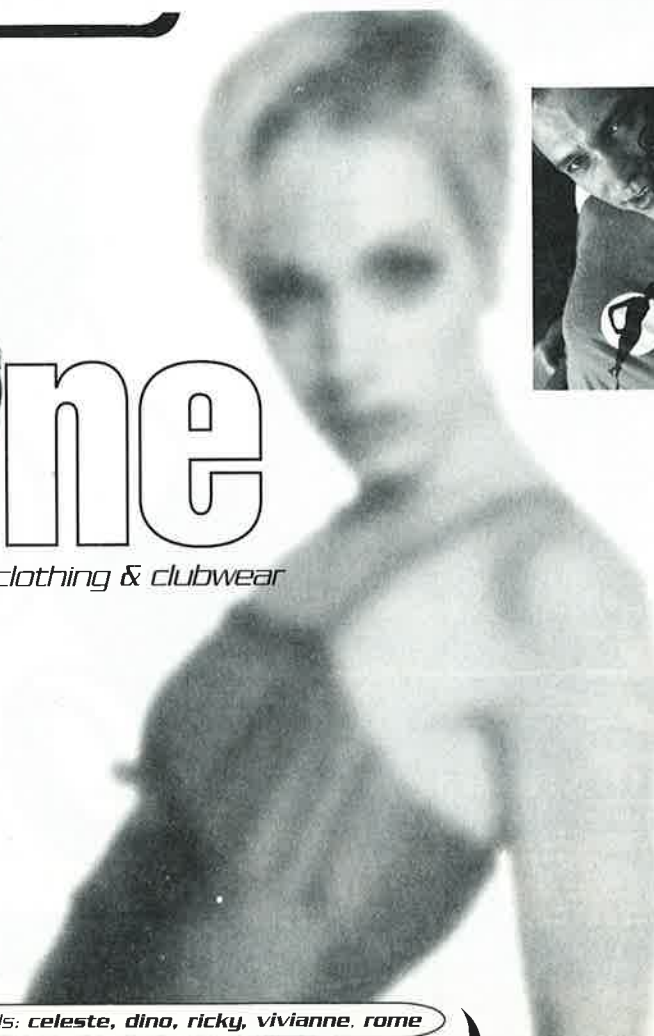
Rises to the Surface



212-473-0858



clothing & clubwear



Hollywood • Honolulu

dealer inquiries
213 939 2703

or pornstar@cinenet.net

SUMMER'S HERE
TIME TO DANCE...

harmonize
realize
Live

18 & OVER

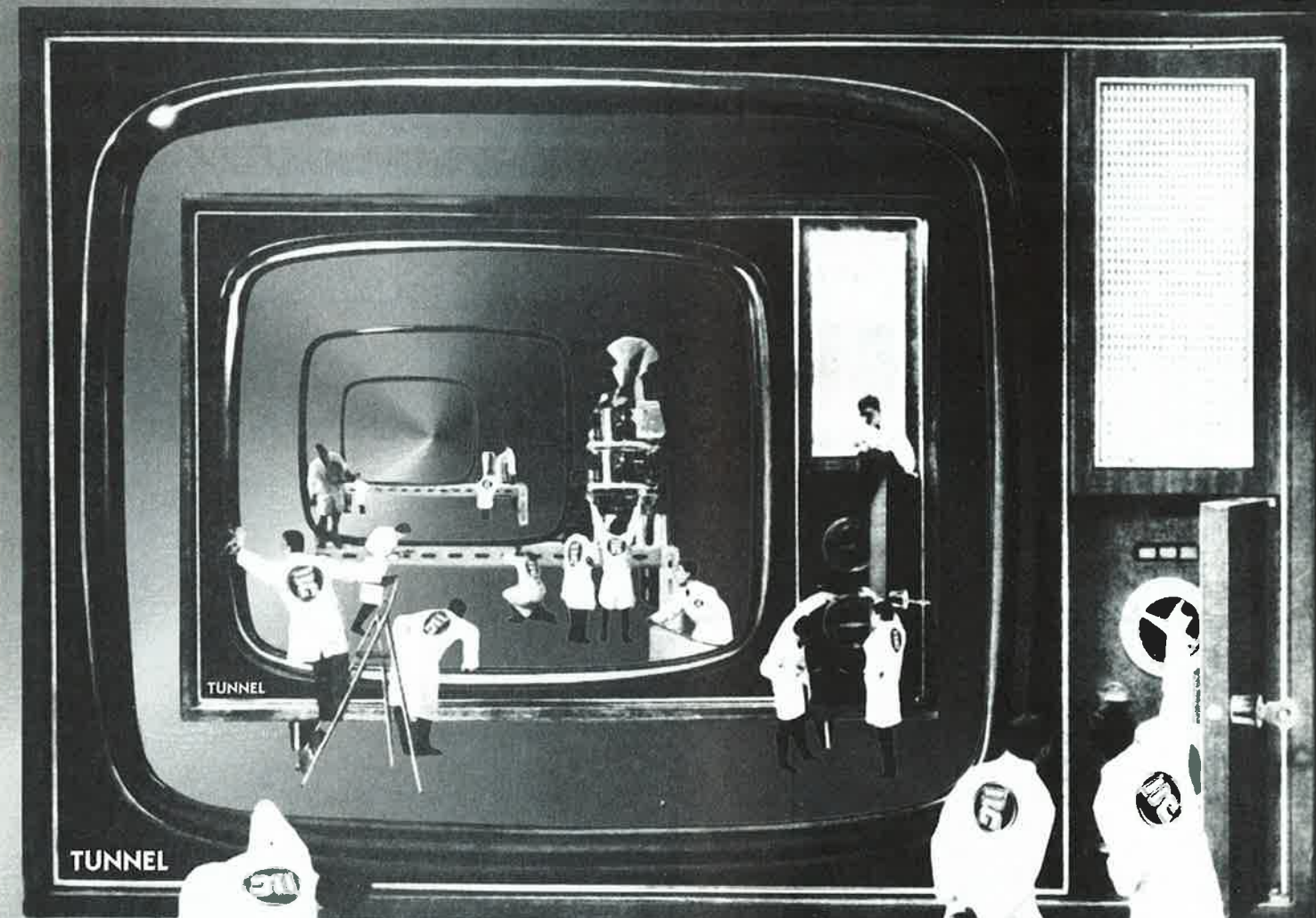
AT

21 TO DRINK

CLUB
ORPHEUS

1003 E. PRATT ST. BALTIMORE 276.5599

W I L L Y O U



FRIDAYS & SATURDAYS

W A T C H O R



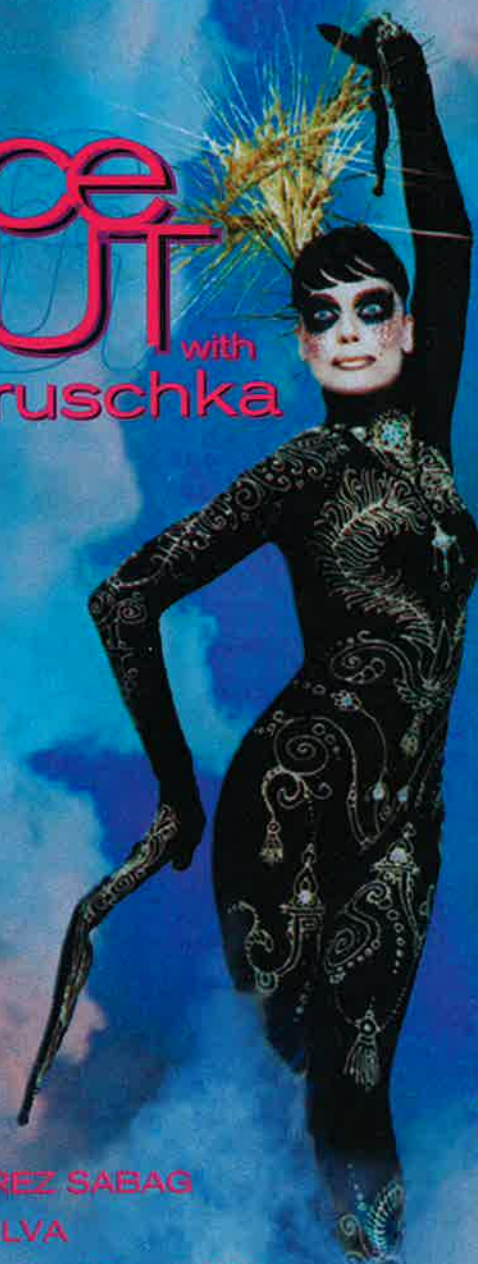
TUNNEL
27TH ST. @ 12TH AVE
NEW YORK CITY



B E W A T C H E D ?

photos: kiino villand models: celeste, dino, ricky, vivianne, rome

Space OUT with Veruschka



photography, EREZ SABAG

stylist, JOSE SILVA

hair, DANILO for Ford Beauty N.Y.

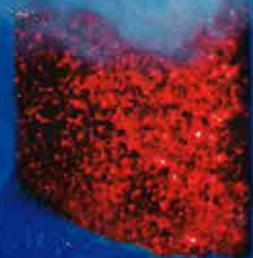
make up, MATHU ANDERSON

for Ford Beauty N.Y.

graphic collage by DANIELLE KIM

for Creative Exchange N.Y.

text by ERNIE GLAM



If fashion is an illusion, then Veruschka is a femme fatale of fantasy. She was the biggest model of the late 60's, an era when strange became beautiful and fantasy became the order of the day. Her popularity was so great that she appeared on the cover of Vogue eleven times. Veruschka's personal life was just astounding as the following pictures. According to Michael Gross's recent book, *Model*, she was born as Vera von Lehndorff into German nobility in what is now Poland. She was plunged into scandal in infancy when her father participated in a plot to assassinate Hitler in 1944. The plot failed, her father was executed, and she and her family were forced to live transient lives in West Germany. Such childhood difficulties didn't hold her back, fortunately. While in art school, a chance encounter with a stylist got her exotic looks into European magazines, though that the gimmick that propelled Vera to stardom was her persona. By assuming a Russian name and identity and by always wearing black, which few young people did back then, Veruschka created an exotic mystique about herself that seduced the 60's fashion gurus. Diana Vreeland in particular, who let Veruschka do whatever she wanted and then published it. The following year she appeared in the film *Blow-Up*, which made her even more famous because of the pot-smoking scene that turned all the cool people in Europe onto pot smoking. Finally when fantasy fell out of fashion, around 1971, Veruschka suddenly disappeared from the fashion world and returned to art. Today, Veruschka returns to give a taste of the outrageous that made her famous.

Veruschka is wearing stretch velvet and embroidered cat suit by Mathu & Zaldy by special order at (212) 243-3700

Black satin bustier, gloves and bracelet by Dolce & Gabanna; silver ring from Trash & Vaudeville; black glitter wide belt and black slip from Cheap Jacks Vintage; black and red glitter garter belt by Chantal Thomass; Chinese glitter panties by Pat Field; platform shoes by Else Anitas; blue fake fur from Salvation Army.



Space OUT

with
Veruschka

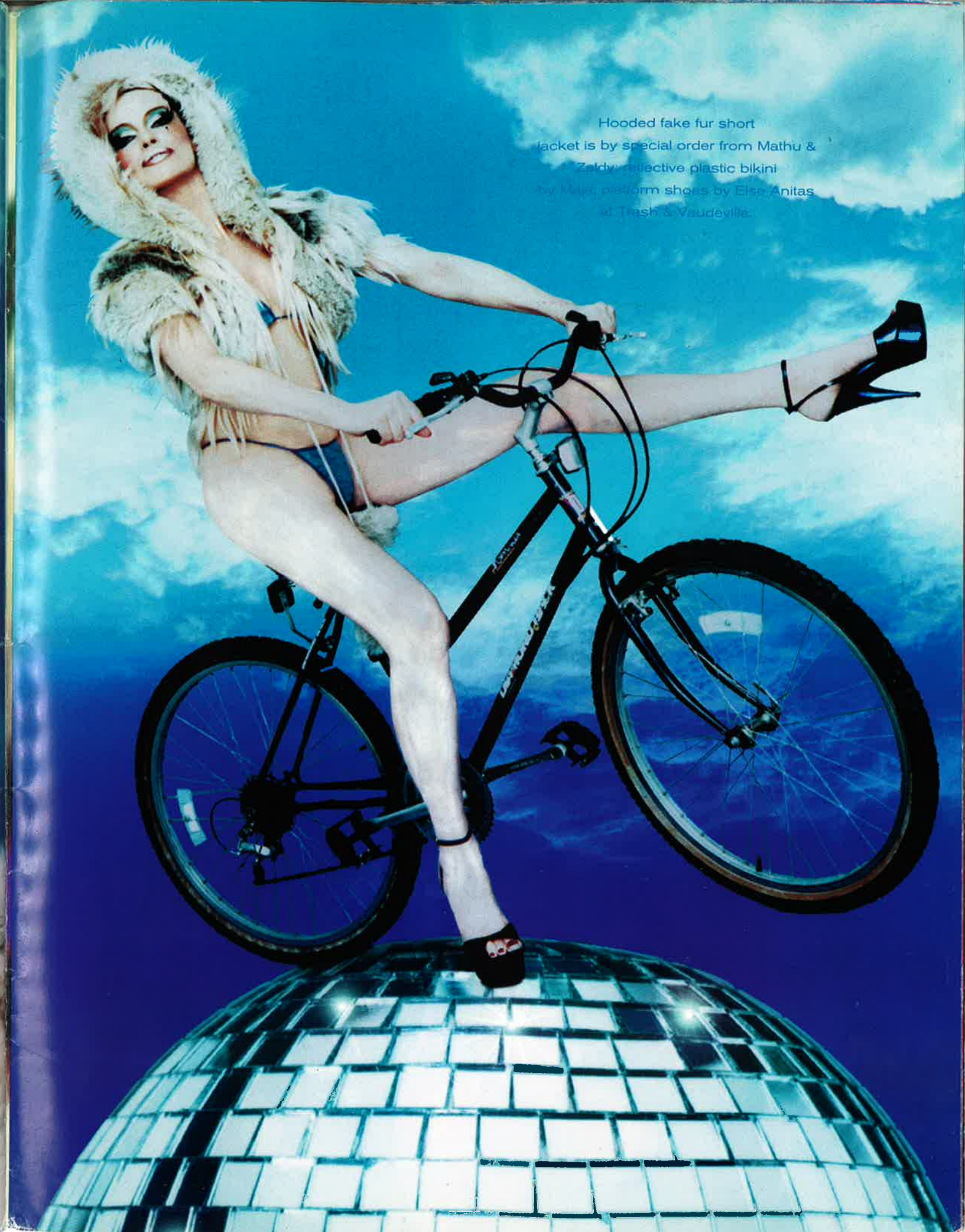


photography, EREZ SABAG
 stylist, JOSE SILVA
 hair, DANILO for Ford Beauty N.Y.
 make-up, MATHU ANDERSON
 for Ford Beauty N.Y.
 graphic collage by DANIELLE KIM
 for Creative Exchange N.Y.
 text by ERNIE GLAM



Black satin bustier, gloves
 and bracelet by Dolce & Gabanna; silver
 ring from Trash & Vaudeville; black
 glitter wide belt and black slip from Cheap
 Jacks Vintage; black and red glitter
 garter belt by Chantal Thomass; Chinese
 glitter panties by Pat Field; platform
 shoes by Else Anitas; blue fake fur
 from Salvation Army.





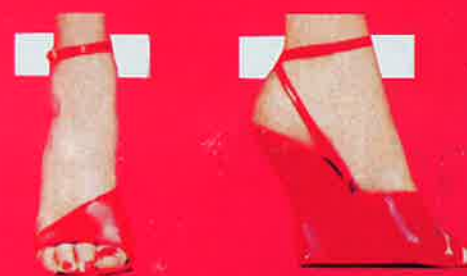
Hooded fake fur short
jacket is by special order from Mathu &
Zeldy; reflective plastic bikini
by Maja; platform shoes by Elise Anitas
at Trash & Vaudeville.



Bike helmet painted
with gold glitter from Modell's
Sports; yellow fake
fur outfit created by the stylist
using safety pins;
fake snake skin belt from
Cheap Jack's



White leather choker, bra
with a pom-pom boa, pink boa
and silver glitter heart box
all by Pat Field; sequined heart
shorts by Maja and trench
coat by Maja; Vanity mirror from
Toys-R-Us; bracelet by Trash
and Vaudeville; vintage glasses
from Second Coming, N.Y.

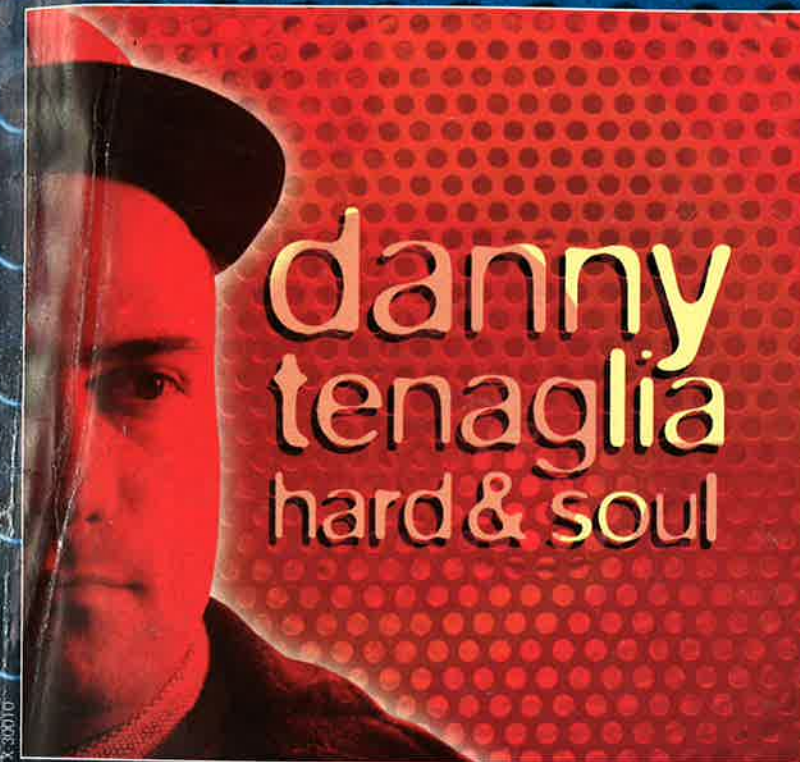




XXX T-shirt by Kitty Boots;
red and yellow flame gloves and
pants by Maja; red patent
leather boots from Trash and
vaudeville; glitter hat custom
made by stylist.

Wait No More!

TRIBAL proudly announces the release of the long-awaited debut album from **DANNY TENAGLIA**



Eight newly-recorded songs including
"Bottom Heavy",
"World of Plenty"
 featuring Dana Vlcek,
"\$ (that's what i want)"
 featuring ROXY, and the
 import-only single
"Look Ahead"
 featuring Carole Sylvan.

on compact disc, cassette, and
 limited-edition double-LP
 with gatefold sleeve

a l s o a v a i l a b l e f r o m **T R I B A L**



X-31505

DEEP DISH
Penetrate Deeper
 (a collection of productions
 and remixes from
 Washington DC's DEEP
 DISH. Continuously
 beatmixed by Dubfire &
 Sharam. Includes Elastic
 Reality "Cassa de X", Prana
 "The Dream", and Quench
 "High Frequency").



X-32958

KAOS PORTUGAL ARTISTS
Total Kaos
 (the best of Portuguese
 HOUSE music, featuring
 "So Get Up" by Underground
 Sound of Lisbon, "Work in
 Progress" by L.L. Project,
 "Urban Dream of Love" by
 Urban Dreams, and the new
 single "Unreleased Project"
 by DJ VIBE).



X-32975

CLUB 69
Adults Only!
 Produced by leading
 underground dance icon Peter
 Rauhofer in connection with Eric
 Kupper. Includes the top 10
 Billboard club hits "Let Me Be
 Your Underwear" and "Unique"
 plus the brand new, never before
 released recording of the
 Normal's "Warm Leatherette".

Join the **TRIBE!** Call the 24-hour **TRIBAL** hotline at 415.979.4874 (normal toll charges apply) or write to:
TRIBAL America Records 594 Broadway, Suite 901, New York, NY 10012
 or e-mail: TribalGuy@aol.com.



© 1995 Tribal America/IRS Records



MOONSHINE JUNGLE

Jungle Warfare (MM 80027-2/4): Jungle's Turntable Guerrillas in the Mix
Double CD Pack of Jungle's most upfront Dub-Plate Selections
CD-1 Mixed by Mickey Finn CD-2 Mixed by Darren Jay

E-Mail to: feedback@moonshine.com OR CHECK OUT OUR WEB SITE: <http://www.moonshine.com/>
For info on other Moonshine releases send a self-addressed stamped envelope to: Moonshine Music 8525 Santa Monica Blvd. West Hollywood, CA 90069 - Fax: 310.652.8146