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project X

ISSUE 36

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Images:

On the Front Cover:

Coverstar Liv Tyler was photographed
for *Project X* by Josh Jordan.
Styling by Patti Wilson.
Hair and make up by Clyde Haygood.
Liv is wearing a racer jacket by Courreges,
Celema's glasses, Daryl K's skirt, and Rebecca
Dannenberg's kerchief.

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ERNIE GLAM, AD DIRECTOR

Corrections: In club rub (#35), the duo from Showroom 126 is Christian and Calin.
Sleaze Rock fashion was photographed by Alex & Leja Kress,
styled by Karen Levitt, make-up/grooming by Beautyhead.

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A Liquid Affair

LETTERS

say a few words about Ravestock 95... I megarevent was a total downfall for the true underground. I can't afford to do their own thing promoter. This full-color pizza (flyer) everything on it was 99% bullshit. is to bullshit to pull numbers is in it for son. Scotto and his posse are losers. angry intention backfired in yer face.

TO PRO X

Best! I'm so bored! It's around 3:30 AM on Thursday. My friend dissed to go to the Tunnel. Fuck him. Anyway I'm here by myself trippin' on acid or whatever that was! Hey I think the mag is all that! It keeps gettin' better and better, keep up with good work! See you later. Dudes!
-Moises on Acid
P.S. Just had not'n better to do!

Project X

Just wanted to say a few words about Ravestock 95... This commercial mega-event was a big joke, a fucking scam and a downfall for the true underground. Any promoter who can't afford to do their own thing shouldn't be a promoter. This full-color pizza (flyer) loaded with everything on it was 99% bullshit. Anyone who has to bullshit to pull numbers is in it for the wrong reason. Scotto and his posse are losers. Their money hungry intention backfired in yer face. Kharma rules.

-The Tribe

(The West is the best!)

Yo Project X

What's up? I'm so bored! It's around 3:30 AM on Thursday. My friend dissed to go to the Tunnel. Fuck him. Anyway I'm here by myself trippin' on acid or whatever that was! Hey I think the mag is all that! It keeps gettin' better and better, keep up with good work! See you later. Dudes!

-Moises on Acid

P.S. Just had not'n better to do!

Pro X

As always, it is refreshing to find a mag of interesting value for a meager charge of three duckies, and as a first-time reader, probably the phat-est amount of satisfying input around upstate in awhile. I just went cover-to-cover on #35 (Superstar DJ's) with Keoki, Josh Wink, and Sven on the cover. It was good to see that Sasha, Danny Tenaglia, and especially Taylor get some shouts through your mag, and even though I only picked it up on #35, "Lifestory" seems phat enough for #36! Even though it is hurtin' budget-wise, the short on Rave Inflation by Ernie is too true. When I got into the scene 2 years ago in Minneapolis, I was so happy to be around such generous people. Jivin' and poppin' all night long with a crew of the best-outfitted group around made a believer of me. However, now upstate in Rochester, NY, I find it hard to connect with the good vibe. All the raver-brats try to out-do each other with gear, drugs, connections, and it seems to be all pushy promoters and their thugs. The ravers in true belong to Toronto's scene. DJ John "E" is up there in vibe, and Pleasure Force definitely gives a good line-up. All I want to say is you have a good mag and please don't raise the price. Our loot after rave inflation leaves us just enough for your mag and a toke. Peace out.

Dan L., NY

Dear Project X,

Your magazine rules down here in Florida!! I look forward to buying your mag every time I can grab a copy when I'm night-clubbing in O-Town (Orlando). I live in a little town called Rockledge which is just south of Cocoa and north of Melbourne. I'm stuck in the middle of deadsville, basically! I need some info from you guys; first, could you tell me if Stace Bass is single? Secondly, could you tell if you all have received any other letters from any single club-hopping women who are looking for a hardcore club-hopper such as myself and who live down here in Florida?

Sincerely, Lee Oliver, Jr., Rockledge, FL

Dear Project X,

Who in the world made a wack decision to put those losers on your cover when there are talented and hard-working DJs out there that truly represent the scene. Did Keoki get beat up before the photo shoot? Who the hell is Sven Vath and why is he on your cover? I don't remember the last time he played East Coast, does anyone? And what about Keoki? Does having a nice picture taken make you a star? Why don't you give some props to people who deserve them even though they're not "photogenic" like Merrit, Onionz, Derrick May, Paul Van Dyk, or Frankie Bones? Many of us fans think they're very good looking too. If I see one more photo of Junior Vasquez in that retarded clown suit in your magazine, I'll cancel my subscription! Overall, it was a nice feature, but only Wink belongs on that cover as far as I'm concerned.

Hey Project X

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-Disney Prawatgotin, New York City

Dear Project X,

I was wondering how I could get in touch with that gorgeous hunk James who you showcased in last month's DJ issue. He's the one with the stripes on his face in the "Life Under The Stars" fashion section. I think he's ill-rad, super fly, and all that rolled up into a fresh sushi package. Not only are his hip hop reviews on-point, his sense of style and freakish joie de vivre is the stuff dreams are made of. I know that James is your office manager but I was wondering if he wouldn't mind managing this for a little while.

-Consuelo "da J-Train", Et.

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

There are two ways to tell it's autumn: the city gets invaded by trendy monsters that are away from home for the first time (they use the "college" excuse to go crazy) and by the drag queens at Wigstock that mark the official start of the season. With all the academic hype in the air, you may be wondering: Wouldn't it be cool to coordinate your very own school? What would it be like to attend a Project X Academy? After much thought (or is it hallucinations?) we decided that, well, it's much more fabulous than you can even imagine!

At the Project X school this semester, our most popular teacher, Suzanne Bartsch is teaching "Ostrich Feather Application," "To Glitter or Not To Glitter," and "Building A Better Bouffant" in the home economics department; her hubby, David Barton, is the gym teacher extraordinaire. Madonna is the health teacher (Madonna has just signed a contract with us to teach health classes and we can't give you numbers but our accountant says it's somewhere in the seven figures. What hooked us was her proposed special lecture entitled "Let's Get Unconscious!", where she passes out pills of Rohypnol and we all take a much-needed beauty nap.) Drag Queens rule the theater department with Girlina and Candis Cayne casting the chorus girls and Varla Jean Merman and Ru Paul are both set to lecture. Perfidia will set up her beauty-fix shoppe in the hallways for make-up between classes (Who needs a school nurse when there's Perfidia to take care of all your beauty boo-boos? Hair-care delinquents will be sent to Mr. Danilo's office.) Instead of a school store, we'll have an Eightball Records shop with Junior and Jazzy Nice as supervisors (lecturing on Tribal vs. Moonshine Music) while hallway speakers will be installed for the resident DJ sets: ambient in the morning, trip hop and jungle during lunch, and hardcore will rule until the end of the day. Of course, the Nervous Disco Dolly will preside over detention hall.

Support groups instead of extra curricular activities are a must (jazz junkies and club kids that appeared on talk shows will be the most popular). Boy's wrestling coach will be Larry Tee (unfortunately, we've had to cut back on our sports teams due to an inordinate number of players currently at afterhours) but our tennis skirt-wearing team has just captured the state championship (Congratulations cuties!)

During lunch, the luxury go-go mobile will be chartered from school to the fabulous shopping spots, but only the honor students (those who pass the fashion midterm and complete the thesis on Marc Jacobs) can attend.

Unfortunately, we haven't been able to get rid of those sick perverts —Gus Van Zant and Larry Clark—two ex-janitors who hang out in the parking lot in their 1957 Buick sporting their AmberVision sunglasses and cruising unsuspecting freshmen. Can you believe it!

It all sounds so cool! But, sadly, Project X school is just a figment of our ingenious, though universally misunderstood, creativity. There could never be a real Project X Academy. The Secretary of Education would never stand for it. Newt Gingrich and his brainwashed constituency would never allow something so revolutionary and deliciously bizarre to influence "their" youth. The unfortunate truth is that Barbara Bush (think Brandywine) will still be the closest we ever come to a drag queen in the White House. Meanwhile, remember that a copy of Project X will fit perfectly into those boring textbooks!



JULIE JEWELS,
Editor in Chief

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Space Ghost-the Real Thing

Remember Space Ghost? The intergalactic do-gooder from the mid-sixties? Well, Mr. Ghost has resurrected his career with a late night talk show that would make Conan green with envy. Basically, Space Ghost Coast-to-Coast is a cartoon with a talk show format with real, live, coverstar-quality guests and in our opinion, his guest list puts Letterman and Leno to shame. He's had everyone from Jim Carrey to The Bee-Gees. Have you seen that episode of Letterman with Madonna? Every episode of Space Ghost Coast-to-Coast is like that - twisted. Still not convinced? Here's a head to head comparison. You decide.

	Letterman	Leno	Space Ghost
Clothing	Jacket and tie	Suit	Hood and cape a la Marc Jacobs
Music	Paul Schaeffer	Cornball orchestra	Zorak beats
Body Strength	Normal	Normal	Superhuman
Easy Laugh	Top 10	Headlines	Powerbands
Vehicle	Car	Motorcycle	Phantom Cruiser
Chin	Medium	Large	Massive

Synthetic Pleasures

It's 2:00 in the afternoon, in the heat of summer, and Miss Thing languidly rolls out of bed, contemplating possible events for the day. The TV weatherman announces a coming typhoon, but this meteorological impediment does not cramp our heroine's style. Miss Thing ruminates: "Hmmm...What should I do today? Do I sun myself on the calm, warm sands of the indoor beach or do I go snowboarding on the slopes of the year-round winter mountain? So many choices..."

Boys and girls of Pro X, these are the possibilities that now tax our jaded minds. Iara Lee's documentary, *Synthetic Pleasures*, explores these possibilities of artificial realities that are technologically available to us, and focuses on "the human drive to control nature and to overcome the limitations it imposes

The chart says it all and the show has to be seen to be believed. Case in point: Would Dave or Jay say, "Silence, you Harlot!!" to former Catwoman Eartha Kitt because she wouldn't stop purring and meowing on his show? I think not. Enough said. Space Ghost Coast-to-Coast can be seen on the Cartoon Network at 11 p.m. ET every Friday. -J. L.

It may be a typhoon out there, but it's sunny and warm in here.

upon us." Yes, with the technological revolution comes the ability to transform reality into exactly what we want it to be. This could definitely be a good thing...

But why stop at transforming our environment into artificial indoor beaches and ski slopes that are featured in this documentary? *Synthetic Pleasures* also talks about the technological ability to alter our bodies. Clips of drag queens at Limelight stress the importance of the availability of gender changes for transsexuals as a method of recreating oneself at will. After all, if you don't like what nature gave you, just change it! Some people do go mad with this power of self-transformation, like the performance artist Orlan, who has had over 20 plastic surgical operations to simultaneously achieve the look of Botticelli's "Venus" and Da Vinci's

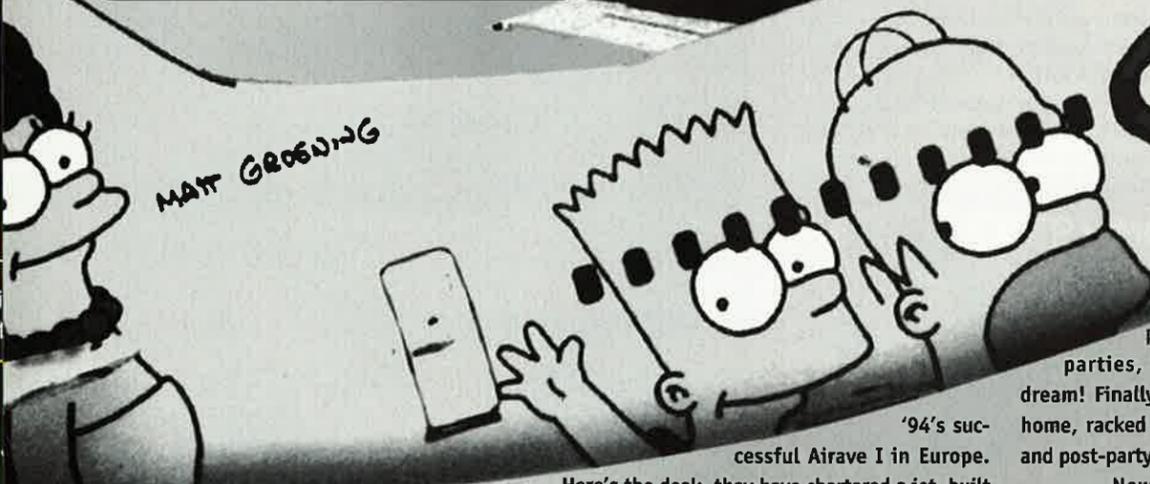
Stress

"Mona Lisa". Also, somewhere in the world is a woman who has had plastic surgery to make herself look exactly like a Barbie Doll.

The last section of the film is about synthetic identities, and the power we have to alter our minds. This part is probably starting to sound very familiar to some of you. Interviews with the ubiquitous cyber-babbler Timothy Leary bring up obvious ways of synthetically altering mental reality, and *Kids* star and alleged It-girl Chloe Sevigny has a cameo discussing the synthetic pleasures of, among other things, "sugar and hair dye".

If there were a video companion to your "global guide to tomorrow's scene", this would be it. The soundtrack of ambient music's greatest hits and the virtual reality visual clips are crazy cool.

It's summed up at the end of the film with a little help from Burger King: "Have it your way." -L. G.



Fly Style: Airwave '95

Tired of those tedious transatlantic flights? Bored with the in-flight movie selection (an inordinate number of which feature Richard Gere)? Well, kids, on Transatlantic Move's flight from Frankfurt to Las Vegas, when the captain turns off the "fasten seat belt" sign, you really can feel free to move about the cabin. It seems those guys at Transatlantic Move have organized a new Airave, following

'94's successful Airave I in Europe. Here's the deal: they have chartered a jet, built a 5-row dance floor by removing 45 seats, and hired DJ's like Carl Cox, Steve Mason, and DJ Dick to spin over the "best audio system you can find" when you're this high...

After touchdown in Las Vegas, the European Airavers will meet up with American Kids for Desert Move - a 3,000-strong desert party featuring a line-up of Laurent Garnier, Dmitry, Josh Wink and more, and live performances by Moby and Plastikman. Additional

parties are offered as well: pool parties, "techno brunches"... dare to dream! Finally, those crazy European kids fly home, racked with sleep deprivation, jet lag, and post-party maladies.

Now what kind of airplane would host such mayhem, you ask. We at Project X suggest Western Pacific's new logo plane: its bright yellow exterior is conspicuously decorated with the beloved Simpson Family. Says the airline, "We take safety and service very, very seriously. But, we also think flying is fun." We think the answer is clear - raving in a Simpsons airplane. Maggie won't be the only one with a pacifier and Marge won't be the only one with blue hair. -L. G.

The Simpsons



Retard Revival: the Richard Bey Show

During a recent Ricki Lake show entitled "I May Be Ugly But I Can Still Get Any Man I Want (Insert finger snap and head wave)," I found myself dismissing Miss Lake for her obnoxious joie de vivre though I found the topic worthy. Look at Elizabeth Taylor, she's been ugly for years and she's still getting a new husband after every butt lift. While we found that to be a topic worthy of a show, chat shows that have always been notoriously shocking are hitting the rock bottom on the interest scale. In fact, these days, when physical violence, incest, and sheer repulsiveness no longer assure you a television audience by being the purveyor of the outlandishly outré, Richard Bey has bypassed the typical trailer park and Appalachia-inbreeding crowd that other shows feed upon in favor of the intoxicatingly seductive world that is New York City's nightlife. The music may be retarded, the clubs may be overfilled and Guido-infested, the outfits may be the sickest known to mankind, but that hasn't stopped the world's most grotesque and perversely exciting creatures (Bey included) to descend upon New York every season. They come by Greyhound, by PATH train, by burro with a sack of coffee beans over their shoulders (Opps! That's Juan Valdez. He disappeared from the scene years ago.) One of our spies spotted Bey at Limelight's Disco 2000 last Wednesday (researching, of course) dressed inconspicuously in pony-hair bondage gear. Everyone else thought it was Mistress Formika but we knew the truth. In between sips of his Malibu and pineapple, Bey clued us in on the future of talk shows as we know it. "Forget all about the albino housewife who breeds champion lesbian showdogs!" he squealed. "Get over the peroxide über-bimbo who orgasms everytime someone sneezes! I'm just not feeling that anymore. That's yesterday's news!" Bey was at Disco to uncover the most bizarre and scandalous news that just seems to erupt from the club scene every night. In fact, while most of America is sleeping, outrageous things happen in nightclubs faster than Ricki Lake can finish off a family-pack of Kentucky Fried Chicken, which just goes to prove that transvestites and club freaks are the newsmakers of tomorrow. "Woooooord." Bey concurred. -K. T.



Bey all the way

Europa A-Go-Go

Travel to Europe is always an exciting prospect. Sadly, it's also expensive. In addition to the expense, how can you guarantee yourself some great party time in a country about which neither you nor your friends have much knowledge? You've heard about the slammin' ultra-mega-dance events in Germany, but how do you find them once you get there?

Vagabond Publishing's attempted solution to this quandary is *Let's Party! Europe*, a 37-city bar and club guide. Regrettably, the book tries to cover too much territory and gives short shrift to many important party scenes. Berlin for example, is given a measly ten bar/cafe/club listings. As a city whose hype is way bigger than the wall that use to surround it, such a paltry amount of info makes the author seem rather clueless. Even more inexplicable is this book, omission of Ibiza and Rimini, both of which are world famous night clubber hangouts. In all fairness, Vagabond publishing at least has the right idea, it's attitude is younger than Fodor's, and it's only \$13 (the price of one drink at Bains Douches in Paris). The authors just need to lose their Big Mac-chomping backpacker contributors and replace them with some (herbal) ecstasy-popping party editors. One of the list servers on the Internet might be a better source of hyper-party events.

Another problem with getting to Europe is air travel. Most Project X readers are simply too spontaneous to book a flight two months in advance just to get the lowest airfare; and what if you're not in the mood two months later? Airhitch comes to the rescue of the impatient, the spontaneous, and the planning-impaired with its handy and inexpensive "airline hitch-



Those crazy Euro techno-headz are always coming up with the newest dance moves.

hiking program." It works this way: you must be willing to depart within a five-day period and travel from/to any city within your general origin/destination region, respectively. In exchange for this sketchy travel drama you can get last-minute one-way tickets for as low as \$169. There are no registration fees, and unlike similar air courier discount flights, Airhitch doesn't have those crazy carry-on baggage only policies.

Perhaps you'd like to call Airhitch (800-326-2009) to book a flight to Rimini, Italy to attend Nightwave '96, the first international expo dedicated exclusively to nightlife, May 11-14 1996. For the past few years Rimini has been the epicenter of a mad techno scene on the Adriatic Coast. Thousands of tourists converge on this area from May to September for all-night resort decadence. In fact, Rimini's reach is so long that many New York City nightclub celebrities have spent entire summers at this resort town, working the go-go cages and the nerves of the generally Euro-trashed multitudes. This event is somewhat reminiscent of the Style Summit held in New York in 1993. If it can match the frenzy of the Style Summit, no one should miss it.

Many of Italy's most famous clubs and some of Europe's major discos will recreate their nights at Nightwave, with their DJs and celebutants in full effect. In the daytime, for anyone who's awake, there will be seminars on street culture and fashion, as well as booths for magazines, record companies, and other related scams. It sounds like a blast, and we hope they send us plane tickets for writing about it!! (Just kidding, that would be bribery!) For more info, call the Rimini Trade Fair (541) 711-220. In the interim, start saving your lira, amici. -E. G.

Moments

Men's fashion moment Snakeskin Belts and Crocodile Loafers

A guido can kick a mod's ass up and down the street any day

Radio moment Funkmaster Flex

Playing hip-hop the way it should be played, old skewl and ill-style

Refresher drink moment Orangina

Take a break from the iced tea wars

Sport moment jai alai

Unpronounceable, unplayable, but soooo Miami Vice

Movie star moment Jason London

From *Dazed and Confused* to Pro X's celebrity muse

Retro sixties icon moment Andy Warhol

Everyone's doing their remake of the Factory. We're too busy living it.

Plastic surgery moment UN-doing nose job disasters

Lisa Marie has finally shown Michael the light

our "It-ness" chart



Animal accessory moment a palm-sized Shih Tzu

Too much puppy means too much poopie

Furniture moment Half-Baked Ideas' bong furniture

Couches that are a big hit with the hooch crowd

Trendy euro-DJ moment Jeremy Healy

London's latest pig-tailed wonder

Salad ingredient moment a tie between Feta and Arugula

Feta is about fashion, Arugula is about style

Fascist-but-fun-resort-spot moment Cuba

Think Gloria Estefan drag queens

Optical moment Christian Roth for anybody and everybody

Roth isn't afraid to throw shade on the slickest heads of the season

Male beauty statement moment Boys with no eye brows

Freshly-plucked boys make the best disco toys!



Shoe fetish moment Fluevog rollervog clogs

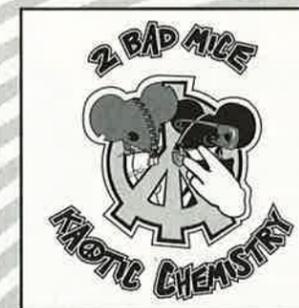
Geisha girl + roller derby = smooth footwear for girls and boys

Your True Choice

Just as the commodification of the NY club scene's drag queen and club kid population reaches new heights with *To Won Fu*, photographer Adolfo Gallea has put a clever spin on the nascent use of prepaid calling cards. Gallea, who is well known for his portraits of downtown celebutantes, has joined forces with PhonLynx to create a 12-person collection of prepaid phone cards called "A Real Drag", available from PhonLynx (800) 698.9950.

For our more compulsive readers who actually collect phone cards, y'all should know that the production will be limited to 1,200 cards, and the first 300 nuts to buy all 12 freaks will receive a bonus kook. Most of the cards sell for \$9.00 for ten minutes of long distance calling, which doesn't seem like much of a bargain until you consider the more competitive refill cost of 33 cents/minute. Savings or not, we love these cards, although the real drag is that you can't call half of the featured queens because their phones have been disconnected! -E. G.

ANOTHER



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Your essential student guide to New York City

Of millions of kids going back to school this fall, a few will be coming here for the first time. Imagine our beautiful city being invaded by a whole army of post-pubescent fashion monsters from all across the globe who've scammed their parents into letting them come to New York and actually giving them money to do it. But what many newcomers don't realize is that one can't just jump into New York's nightlife without proper preparation (and we don't mean Preparation H!) You've perused Project X cover to cover for all the latest looks du jour. You've saved up enough money to afford a blunt a day for the next nine months. Now the time has finally come! Here's a little guide to help you:

Where to eat

One has to keep energy up by eating right. Do you think you can continue to dismiss the competition by living on cigarettes and drink tickets? All the night time lovelies we know have eaten their way through such fine establishments such as Lucky Cheng's, Global 33, and Stingy Lulu's. Lucky's is for the exotic girlfriend who likes her cuisine chinois not very chinois (and her lady servants not very lady-like.) Global 33 is to '95 what Sugar Reef was to '94—only saucier and spicier, with lots more celebrity whores who kiss our superstar butt everytime we walk in. You would have to be loco to skip Lulu's for their easily-digestible down-home diva dinners! When that ostrich-feather corset starts to get a little tight, we suggest the three-martini diet currently being served up at Bar d'O (comes with a vodka appetizer and crême Courvoisier for dessert.) For you House of Field groupies out there, you will most likely find those working girls working the buffet at Bandito's (watch out for the fake eyelash in the guacamole!) And for the those who just can't get her loose change together, you'll be forced to eat at Gray's Papaya where you'll have to give up a day's worth of Aqua Net for two franks and a pint of that fruit stuff we're all afraid to call juice.

School Supplies

That Trapper Keeper you made in fifth grade with all the sequins may have been acceptable in Wisconsin but it will just not do here. Kids who know the 411 on educational accoutrements go to Air Market for their S.Papa backpacks, Mr. Friendly pencil cases, and all that other fabulous trash that Japan's seems to spew forth like nobody's business. If the thought of a baby blue vinyl Astroboy portfolio seems a bit too chinky for you, then pop on over to Canal Jeans for real, everyday gear at great price or Canal Street where you can pick up some I-can't-believe-it's-not-Chanel, Moschino, and Louis Vuitton bags perfect for whacking your professor with if he asks you to do something out-of-the-question (like putting away your lipstick during lecture!)

Piercing/Fetish

On the first day of school, what's the best way to make a good impression on your fellow classmates? Show up in bondage gear and make the class nerd meow like a pussy cat with your brand new leather whip! No student is ever properly equipped without their school-sanctioned S & M gear, and all the kids in town (including the high school quarterback and political science professor) are getting their leather corsets refitted at Body Worship, the East Village's most complete bondage shop. Why not get a few piercings to make the look complete? Gauntlet and Venus Body Works are where all the really happening kids are getting done. For better pricing stop by at Pleasurable Piercings in Hawthorn, N.J.

Clothes

Aside from hiring your own little Parsons student to coordinate a wardrobe for you, there really is no way to stay ahead of the style hurricane that sweeps through Manhattan every few weeks. If sticking UPS stickers over your entire body seems fresh and cool, then chances are someone's already done it and we're over it. You could always spend a small fortune stocking up on those trendy, one season wonders from London (i.e. Hussein Chalayan and Alexander McQueen) but why do that when you can just steal an envelope from Federal Express, cut it up, and make a skirt for free? The truth is that, even though there are a million stores in this city, the only way to get truly fierce outfits is to make them yourself! Although all the supermodels out there get the good stuff really cheap at Century 21, Allan and Suzi, or Tokyo Joe's, where on a lucky day you will find Versace, Oldham, Mugler or even Chanel tucked away in some corner at prices not even the Wiz can beat. Aslo, for a sure thing, look for sale signs up and down East 7th and 9th Streets.

Smiles everyone, Smiles!
Welcome to New York City.
We hope you survive!

Michael Williams

Your guide to recovering after you've just come to New York

You stumble home at eight in the morning somewhere in the meat-packing district tottering on nineteen-inch platform flip-flops. Your carefully coifed afro-do looks more like an electrocuted hairball than an Oribe original and you have a class in a hour! If this sounds like you, then you are (as they say in clinical terms) a party monster. You've been lured by the glamour of New York City and all that it has to offer. You've followed our back-to-school guide just a little too religiously and have out-done everybody—including us! Frankly, we're a little embarrassed to say you are one of our readers (if anyone asks, you've never heard of Project X.) But there is hope. Since we got you into this mess, we suppose its our responsibility to get you out. Here are a few tips:

Tip #1 Cover those boo-boos before they make you go "boo-hoo"

Shovel foundation on those black-and-blue marks immediately with Dermablend, the best thing we've found for your face since Aunt Jemimah pancake mix. Made originally for burn victims, Dermablend is equally helpful for burn-out victims. Available at Rickie's (locations all over Manhattan) or at the Florie Roberts counter at Macy's for \$12.99 (a small price to pay for gorgeous looks).

Tip #2 Is that your head or did your neck vomit?

We know about hair problems. After spending our lives having birds build nests in our bouffant, having random small children run up to us on the street and demand to swing from our pigtails, after finding Salman Rushdie hiding from the Ayatollahs in our beehives, we've learned to deal with hair surprises. While our hair is under 24-hour surveillance by the Pentagon, chances are yours doesn't need to be. Rub in a little of Trish & Snooky's Manic Panic (321 E. 9th St. 254-5517) hair coloring on your head and watch all those bald spots, furry animals, little children, and misplaced French fries wash away!

Tip #3 Masseuse to the rescue

With thousands of adoring fans trying to grope you as you sashayed through Roseland, there's bound to be a random elbow that whacks you in the back or a flying Fluevog that knocks you in the head. Night after night of this senseless groping can wear you down. To release all the tension you must endure (which has, unfortunately, made you look more like Audrey Humpback than Audrey Hepburn), run to Stress Solution (12 E. 46 St.) or Salon de Tokyo Shiatsu (200 W. 57 St. #1308) for a luxurious rub-down by a trained masseuse. Also check out The Beach on Greenwich Avenue for a well-priced massage.

Tip #4 Take a techno time-out

In experiments conducted upon laboratory rats, scientists have discovered that prolonged exposure to bad techno can cause brain hemorrhaging, loss of appetite, and dry hair. The only remedy for this syndrome is to avoid the mega-clubs and seek respite at smaller, more intimate salons where more wig does not necessarily mean more fun. Places like Nation (50 Ave. A), Bob Bar, Den of Thieves (145 Houston St.) and Sound Factory Bar (12 W. 21 St.) are perfect little hotspots for friends, and funk. Less crowded, less competitive, and much less catty than their big brothers, these small spaces serve up real rest and relaxation on big platters. Also try any Giant Step party for some new grooves or sit home a listen to Lite FM at least an hour a day.



Don't let this happen to you!
Use our recovery guide!

Jac

GLOBAL HOUSE CULTURE

クラブ・インタナショナル



Vol.1

FUTURO

未来



ハウス・カルチャー

1996



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CONTINUOUS DJ MIX BY JAMES CHRISTIAN
OVER 70 MINUTES OF ACIDIC TRANCE-INDUCING RHYTHMS LAYERED UPON TRIBAL HOUSE GROOVES. PROGRESSIVE DANCE MUSIC AS IT SHOULD BE HEARD: IN THE MIX



Liv (Tyler) On the Edge

by Jared Paul Stern

feel like a nerd," Liv Tyler tells me. "I don't know anybody here." We're having brunch in the garden at Bowery Bar, the social center of Manhattan (for now), and she's feeling self-conscious about the 'scene'. She's been here only once before, with her friend Stephen Dorff; they sat in the back. She's only been to Cafe Tabac once also - she much prefers a quiet trattoria in the West Village. I had to convince her to come here; she wanted to go to some dark, quiet, out of the way place, but it was too nice of a day. I picked her up at The Rutherford, a famous building most recently eulogized in Coerte Felske's *The Shallow Man*, a book, coincidentally, about a man whose sole purpose in life is to bed models. I, however, chose to sacrifice intimacy for fresh air. Eventually someone she knows does show up, performer Lysa Cooper, who guards the Bowery's door on the big nights, and runs the twice-monthly lesbian free-for-all Juicy at Buddha Bar (Liv promises to go by).

"When I was younger and when I modeled and stuff I would go out a little bit, and I think you kinda have to do the scene a little bit, but I didn't enjoy it. I much prefer being with people I love and that love me back, and that I can feel safe and comfortable with, and have a good time with. It's weird when you go to clubs..." As with modeling, Liv has given up clubbing for more serious pursuits. Her modeling career was launched at the age of fourteen, when some photos of her taken by her friend, model Paulina

Porizikova (the one married to that guy with the funny ears from *The Cars*), were published in "Interview." It was fun for a while, but being constantly re-made into some photographer's idea of beauty didn't jibe with her innately independent spirit. "It was a lot of fun when I was 15 and 16, it was a blast, but it got to be overwhelming." She decided to become an actress instead. She had never studied the craft, but set a goal for herself to make a movie by the time she graduated from high school. In fact, she made three - "Silent Fall," with Richard Dreyfuss, "Heavy," with Evan Dando, and "Empire Records," with her stepfather Coyote Shivers.

If she does venture out these days, she's likely to stay with familiar

Photographed by JOSH JORDAN

Styled by Patti Wilson
Hair and make-up by Clyde Haygood

Jacket by Courreges, glasses by Celema's,
Skirt by Daryl K, kirchief by Rebecca Dannenberg.

On the Edge

faces. She recently went to Paulina's birthday party at Vinyl, and to see family friend Marianne Faithful perform at Don Hill's.

"I love Don Hill. My mother has known Don forever. Whenever I go there, he's like, 'How's your mom? Tell your mom I said hi.' I used to go to Squeezebox (the club's Friday night party), because all my friends, (Squeezebox promoters) Michael Schmidt and Miss Guy and all them were there, and all these other drag queens, and now it's the hottest place... It used to just be this biker bar way downtown and hard to get to. It's the only place I ever go to. I didn't get to see Debbie Harry though," she adds a trifle wistfully.

Her mother, Bebe Buell, has an illustrious past that has provided Liv with many interesting companions. She came to New York in 1972 at the age of seventeen and started modeling for Ford, becoming very successful quickly. She was a big part of the '70s rock-'n'-roll scene, and in 1979 she started her own band, the B-Sides, and stayed on the alternative, indie side of recording ever since.

Liv is, of course, absolutely gorgeous: five-foot-ten, long brown hair, big blue eyes, and her dad's bee-stung lips. She's a sight to behold, even in her Sunday grunge. I have to remind myself that she's only eighteen years old ("I've spent my whole life lying about my age" she says). She's mature for a girl of eighteen, a fact that she plays up with near

constant cigarettes. "I've always had a really old soul," she says. Even so, there's a fragility about her that makes your protective instincts kick in. I insist that she order a full meal instead of just a muffin, and smile when she contemplates a mimosa (a little champagne couldn't hurt). I make a face when she puts a ton of sugar in her coffee; it transpires that she's a bit of a caffeine freak. "Whenever I make a movie, the first thing I have is coffee, and then the second thing I have is coffee, and then it's noon and I haven't had anything but coffee; it's just like, the first thing you put in your system is this black shit. I tried to stop for a while, but..."

Though she can come off as quite urbane and sophisticated in a way, she grew up in the relative wilderness of Maine, as the (assumed) daughter of freakish musician/producer Todd Rundgren (XTC, Patti Smith, New York Dolls), and didn't move to New York until she was twelve. Her father, Steven Tyler of Aerosmith, was in bad shape, popping pills like they were M & M's, and her mother wanted her to have a stable childhood; only later on did she discover her true parentage. Her mother hadn't figured out quite how to handle the situation, but it came up a little sooner than she expected. The reunion "happened by accident", her mother says. "We were at a Todd Rundgren show in Boston; Liv was ten years old, and Steven showed up with his then girlfriend (now wife) Theresa. They had just entered into

a sobriety program. The second that Liv and Steven saw one another, well, I guess there's something to be said about blood, because she just knew. It was instinctive."

Liv says she doesn't regret her mother's decision; "I was really excited, like, 'Oh my god, I'm gonna have two dads.'" She moved to New York at just the right time she says, to get "a perfect taste of both... New York is the only city I could really live in; I love New York. You're one in a million, you can do whatever you want, whenever you want, however you want. You don't need anybody's help, you do it for yourself, nice and independent. There's always something to do, you've always got a store to go to at any hour, places to eat, a great vibe, good rock 'n' roll."

As to what it is like to be the daughter of Stephen Tyler, a rock star and near-mythical figure in today's pop-culture obsessed world, she denies any supernatural feeling. "My dad is real - one of the most real human beings - he's amazing. He's got so much energy, he's such a cool cat. Madonna and Michael Jackson - they don't seem like real people."

She has her dad's taste in music - strictly rock 'n' roll. Her current favorites are Etta James and guitarist Link Ray (when she mentioned him to "Rolling Stone" they printed "Lee Gray"). She hasn't gotten into techno at all. "Moby sounds sort of interesting, but I'm not into it really." I don't think she believes me when I tell her his name comes from Moby

Dick - "We had to read that in school... How is Traci Lords' album?" she wants to know. "I haven't heard it. I'm curious to see one of her old porn films. It's probably pretty scary, my mother told me some pretty scary shit. She was great in "Crybaby" though."

Though her visits to Don Hill's these days are few and far between, she's not totally out of touch with the club scene. "When I was younger I went out all the time and I went clubbing. At eighteen I already feel like I've done it all... I've lived the life of an adult for half my life without actually being one." She met her friend Miss Guy through her mother. "When I first moved here, Miss Guy used to live on 14th St. and he was one of my best friends - he's a beautiful man. I would go over and we'd hang out all day and then we'd spend hours getting ready to go out. He did my makeup for the first pictures I did for Paulina. He's hot."

Spying a picture of club habitué Jennytalia in my copy of Project X causes her to exclaim, "Jennifer! She used to go to high school with a friend of mine. I don't really know her anymore, she's different now. She didn't used to have things in her cheeks, I don't remember her looking like that. I don't remember her having a shaved head either." Shelley Bomb's outfits remind her of something Gene Simmons might have worn.

Modeling is completely behind her now. She stopped doing it the moment she got her

first movie part; "I enjoyed [modeling] when I was younger, but I could never do it now. I just couldn't cope with it at all. It's a lot of hard work and it takes a certain kind of person, and that's not me." She also did Italian Vogue with Pamela Hansen. At the age of fourteen she did the Valentino Oliver campaign, and a couple of spreads for Mademoiselle. Though her dad was in the Betsey Johnson show ("she's a cool woman") during the New York collections, she turned down all offers to participate herself. "It's fun to see crazy things at the shows. Here it tends to be more trendy than really creative, like it is in Europe." She's exasperated with fashion at this point. Looking at a fashion magazine, she says, "I hate the kind of pictures that are like, 'I'm a male model, I've got a perfect chest' - I don't find them attractive at all."

At this point, Judi Wong, the Bowery's manager drops by the table to chat with Liv; they discuss her recent achievements. "People have this idea that you have to be successful and make a lot of money, but as long as you have a good family, friends, and you're happy, you're set for life." They agree that "learning about people is the most interesting thing about life," but when the Bowery's owner Serge Becker comes by with his friend Erica, you can tell that Liv is starting to get uncomfortable with all the activity. Talk turns to something that happened between Veronica Webb and Michael Jordan the previous night.

"I don't know any gossip," Liv says quietly. Eventually, she slips quietly out the back door while everybody is busy chattering. I'm a little sad to see her go.

By the time you read this, Liv will have finished filming Bernardo Bertolucci's "Stealing Beauty" in Italy, starring opposite Jeremy Irons, a part that many more experienced actresses would kill for. The movie, Bebe says, "is about quest, it's about finding yourself, it's about journeys. It's about graduating from high school and going off to Italy to meet family friends, people that were friends of your mothers, and unraveling all of these mysteries about your life" (Although her father is Italian and she did just graduate from high school, Bebe says the similarities end there). This is the picture that will make her a hot Hollywood commodity, and she is already planning her big trip to Cannes next May, when she will get her first real taste of major celebrity and truly come to embody the Cannes ideal of the "starlet." She has also landed a big part in the next Woody Allen movie, of which nothing can be disclosed save for the fact that it also stars Drew Barrymore, Julia Roberts, Better Midler, Tim Roth, Alan Alda and Judy Davis. But back on that warm summer day, we didn't know any of this was going to happen, and to me she was just a beautiful, sincere young girl, a little shy, and destined to leave many more men with a similar feeling of regret at being left behind.

OUT NOW: *Woman Can Have It*, the debut album from **Eve Gallagher**. Produced by **Boy George**. Includes the singles "Love Come Down," "Love is a Master of Disguise," "Heaven Has To Wait," "Change Your Mind," "You Can Have It All," "Last Night" "A chanteuse with a voice and image to rival Annie Lennox" -- *Billboard*

Eve Gallagher

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TOP TEN TIPS TO KEEP HIM ON HIS TOES

INSIDE STORY BRINGING ALL BEHIND THE SCENES IN 'OH CALCUTTA'

CONFESSIONS HIS 3am CALLS DROVE ME CRAZY

TEENAGE MUMS EXCLUSIVE SURVEY RESULTS REVEALED

WOMAN CAN HAVE IT

ONE WOMAN SINGS HER OWN STORY

Position Guide

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US EDITION

OUT NOW: *Sole Purpose*, the debut album from **Secret Life**. Includes the singles "Love So Strong," "As Always" "She Holds The Key," "I Want You" "Lush, cinematic soul" -- *Billboard*

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Liz Torres

Liz Torres' giggly, shy voice is barely audible when she speaks and there was no way I would ask the "Queen of House Music" to speak up. For sure, she rarely belts it out like Juliet Roberts or Heather Small. To some extent, she sings like a Latin drag queen doing Barbara Streisand or Eartha Kitt - campy and fun yet sexy and seductive, a perfect match for the sensual tracks Jesse Jones was pumping out of Chicago's State Street Records in the late 80's. You can't think of Chicago house without hearing "No More Mind Games" or Liz's vocal on Master C&J's "In The City" or the gorgeous, classic "Can't Get Enough" in your head. Along with such luminaries as Marshall Jefferson, Ralphie Rosario and Xavier Gold, Liz Torres helped put Chicago's name on the dance music map. Chicago never got the chance to pass down the house music torch; New York simply took it from them after Ten City and CeCe Rogers failed to duplicate their cross-over success and acid house squiggled up its own ass. I asked Liz how the energy that brought so many innovations to dance music could fizzle out so quickly. "Chicago had all this power and then they lost it. I think they underestimated themselves. But I also think Chicago will wake up and do it again. They can't be waiting around for someone to do it for them. They have to do it themselves and they can't hold back."

Holding back is not exactly what Liz Torres isn't doing nowadays. After a brief stint with Jive records and a few singles released on her own Streetside Music, Liz is back with the fierce new single "Set Urself Free" produced by Junior Vasquez for Radikal Records. The twelve inch cover sports a great photo of Liz the showgirl with a feather boa covering the naughty parts. "Pat Fields came up with the look. I love the showgirl look. It was so much fun. I didn't want to leave!" And what does she think about people calling her "Queen of House Music"? "I love it! Some divas were going around saying that they deserved it more than me. I never took it seriously because I never named myself that. This was something that was given to me and no one can take that away." - Kevin Bozelka

Li'l Louis' Last Laugh

"They used to laugh at me, but I saw the future"
-New Dance Beat

When Chicago-bred mixmaster Li'l Louis was 12, something wonderful happened to him. During a community dance party that his mother had organized, the DJ fell ill and was taken to the hospital. The show had to go on, so Louis' Mom summoned her young son to go keep the party going. Unassumingly, Louis slapped Rufus Thomas' "Ain't Gonna Bump No Mo' With No Big Fat Women" onto the turntable, and when he saw bedlam break out on the excited dance floor, his life's path suddenly had a new, urgent direction.

Since that magical moment, DJing became Louis' obsession, and despite his teen status, he landed gigs mixing at various adult nightclubs. "When I was 13 or 14," Louis recalls, "I had this little girlfriend. When I used to go to her

*IC
DJOS*

Caspar Pound

Upon hearing that I spent a couple of hours in the bar of the Royalton Hotel with Caspar Pound, head of Rising High, one of the U.K.'s most interesting record labels, my friends who already know Casper greeted with either a wry "Ooh, I know what that means!" or a sympathetic "How's your head?" remarks. They all knew something I had to learn the hard way.

We met to discuss Rising High's new U.S. label, but first, I was told I had to get my priorities straight. "I'm drinking a Sea Breeze," says Caspar and in a blink of an eye, my first drink was in hand and I fired away: Why did Casper wait until now to open a U.S. office? "Oh, that was because of Nicole, our publicist. She wanted to move to the States so we decided to open an office here for her," he replies.

Since its inception in 1991 as a vehicle for the release of Caspar's own projects and collaborations,

High has become a big name in diverse genres of techno music, mostly Mixmaster Morris's ambient work, but also for hardcore, jungle, house, and particularly trance. The new big name on Rising High is Wagonchrist, a.k.a. 21-year old Luke Vibert, already on his genre-transcending second CD in Britain. Throbbing Pouch will be the first artist release on Rising High U.S.A. There have already been two sampler-style compilations, Ascension, which shows off the housier end of things, and Trance Fusion. "We decided on releasing Ascension first, as I think, especially over here, we're more known for trancier stuff," says Caspar, "and we wanted to spread our net wider than that. With Wagonchrist, we were looking for a U.S. distribution deal, but we decided not to bother and to do it ourselves." Many Sea Breezes and miscellaneous other drinks later, I find myself in a cab



hurtling towards the Limelight - Caspar's idea. Once there, I have to admit defeat and leave after one drink without saying goodnight properly and wake up the following morning with a huge headache. I do however recall one last question: Why is the Rising High U.S.A. office in L.A., not New York? Is it because of some new music industry trend to relocate there? "Oh, no, that was Nicole again. She wanted to live in California." - John Speakman



"...Instead of crying, about the state of the dance industry, producers should do something about it on the creative end. Don't follow the pack. Write a proper song, and put your own stamp on it."

house, I'd see this club about a block down from her, and I saw these incredible people, who we used to call 'players' back then - hustlers, players with big gangster hats and canes right out of 'Shaft'. I was enthralled by them and wanted to be a part of that scene in some way."

Determined to sculpt his own persona onto the pre-house Windy City scene, Louis started promoting his own mega-parties and cutting his own tracks, which he would create especially for a particular gig. From the hundreds he recorded, his sultry "French Kiss" created international hysteria. When the smoke cleared, "French Kiss" went on to sell four million copies, and Louis found himself signed to Epic. Unwilling to dish up a collection of rote tracks, his 89 full-length, which contained nuggets like "I Called U" and "Blackout," displayed Louis' mellifluous signature: meshed strains of jazz, R&B, house and poetry.

After disappearing to London for a year, he moved to New York and launched Li'l Louis & The World in 92. A year later, he issued one of the seminal dance albums of all time, Journey With the Lonely. There were more club hits, such as "Club Lonely" and "Saved My Life", but Louis fell out of synch with Epic and went his own way. Since then, the rumor mill has been churning out lots of stories about Louis, one even suggested that he had quit producing all together. Not so. Over the past two years, he's been on the incognito tip, quietly setting up his sprawling, state-of-the-art 48-track studio. While occasionally mixing records for M'Shell

N'degelocello and Babyface, he readied the launch of his new Strictly Rhythm-distributed label, Bootleg Records, and has dedicated his time to working with his label's first signing, Tomboy, an all-girl R&B group. In the interim, he cut Lou2's "Freaky" with "Little" Louie Vega, and has been gigging frequently at clubs in England and Italy.

"The dance community is very lazy," asserts Louis, who believes that copycat productions are killing the genre. "There are a few artists who shine through, but overall, instead of crying about the state of the dance industry, producers should do something about it on the creative end. Don't follow the pack. Write a proper song, and put your own stamp on it. That's the only way that we'll progress."

Louis' plan for Bootleg will find his groups concentrating on a street-smart R&B vibe, with him overseeing the pumping club remixes, of course. Having survived his own roller coaster ride of fame and fortune, his goal as a DJ, producer, and label mogul is to satisfy all of his creative aspirations. "Marvin Gaye once said that a good artist suffers for the people," he notes. "I've always felt like that has applied to me. The ups and downs are fine, because I look at those as just marker points. I don't compromise, and if you knock me down, I'll just get back up." - Darren Ressler

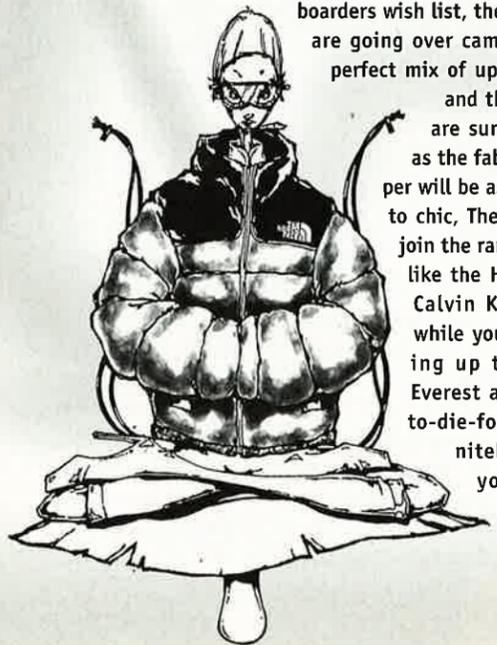
Put way those books and focus on your looks!

If you saw "Clueless" this last summer, then you know that working a school hallway can be just as tough as working a Gaultier runway. Girls like Cher show no mercy when it comes to the wardrobe disabled, and unless you show up to school in a neck-brace and wheelchair, there really is no excuse for being fashion retarded. Teenagers these days can be especially vicious, and if you're not sporting a competitive outfit, then you better start scouting for empty tables in the lunchroom because you'll probably be eating alone for the rest of the semester. Unlike those disdainful trendies who rule the school in their Banana Republic plaid separates, we here at Project X understand how far ahead of the fashion front you really are. You've bypassed Urban Outfitters (a.k.a. Urban Over It) in favor of truly original looks that all your other classmates could never find at the mall (no matter how hard they looked.) You do not follow fashion trends, you transcend them. So, for being so fashion forward, we've decided to reward you with a few of our style secrets. Of course, we can't give them all away (that would be more than a mere human could handle) - here's just a taste of what kids are wearing this fall at the Project X Academy:

The North Face style

The yummiest way to keep warm this fall can't be found at any trendy boutique on Melrose nor on the relentlessly rehashed catwalks of Bryant Park. To claim the prize as a true wardrobe potentate this back-to-school season, one will have to drag their slinky body over to their nearest sporting goods store and snatch up the hyper-stylish gear from The North Face. While we would never let a fashion editor roam freely in a well-stocked Prada shop, we do condone the North Face fever which has already infected the hip-hop world and is set to descend upon urban hipdom right about now. Originally a manufacturer of outdoor gear and apparel, the North Face used to be the well-kept secret of granola preppy types who summered in Sun Valley and wintered in Tahoe. The fresh looks, the innovative fabrics, and the status label made it the must-have jacket of last year for b-boys all over the world. This season, their

Mountain Light snowpants are on every snowboarders wish list, their Nuptse puffy vests are going over camel-hair suits for the perfect mix of uptown and downtown, and their chinchilla jackets are sure to replace fake fur as the fabric every smart shopper will be asking for. From street to chic, The North Face is set to join the ranks of fashion staples like the Hermès Kelly bag and Calvin Klein underwear. So while you may not be climbing up the side of Mount Everest anytime soon, these to-die-for morsels will definitely come in handy in your never-ending struggle to climb the ladder of style.



First row, left to right: 1. Barbie Doll mirror compact by Calin, white paper vest by Mecca at Showroom 126 2. Corduroy nylon hip-hugger belt from Diesel, black vinyl pants from Lip Service 3. PVC coffin backpack by Undertakings, zebra print jacket by Times Seven Todd Oldham. **Middle row, left to right:** 1. Cigarette-holder neck chain by Tokyodo at Air Market, tight tee by Pervert, belt chain by Diesel 2. Sunglasses by Christian Roth for Optical Affairs, 3. Plastic Poppy billfold by S. Papa, polyester striped

Back to Cool?

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away and much more stylish than ours, there was a very hip French couple named Marthe and Francois who had two kids. One of their kids was fairly mainstream, who choose to wear denim and t-shirts and cater to the mass public. The other child was wildly avant-garde, who loved to read The Face and hang out all night with her other club friends at Global 33. As you have probably figured out, this is the story of Girbaud. There used to be a time when every frat boy in America had the Girbaud label stitched across his crotch and every Chess King in the world was selling their t-shirts to

Midwestern teen queens who found them very *Parisienne*. People like you and I stayed away from these people because we were never about denim or acid wash. But there is no way we can resist Girbaud's latest runway collection. Full of smart and stylish looks that combine the eclecticism of the past with the chaos of the future, Girbaud's designer line makes us forget about the bridge-and-tunnel style of their jeanswear. Their designer collection reminds us of us—

inventive, rebellious, and very, very sassy. The line includes colorful, reconstructed sweaters and dresses, parkas and hooded shirts in space-age fabrics, and stripes and patterns that bring out the alien-chic in all of us. And don't worry, those suburban trendoids won't be able to get their hands on these scrumptious samples—they're only available right now at the Girbaud store in Los Angeles and Chicago and by special order.



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Virtual Boy

For too long virtual reality was only a reality to us on the big screen. In movies such as *The Lawnmower Man* and *Total Recall*, Hollywood promised us a day when the lines between truth and fiction would become blurred. Well, we're tired of waiting for Hollywood's version to become a reality. Short of popping a palmful of psychedelics, the closest we've been able to get to an alternative reality is the new Virtual Boy from Nintendo. Introduced in Japan last fall, the 32-bit units were gobbled up by the technology-starved video freaks who live and die for things like *Mortal Kombat*. The RISC-based (whatever that means) system utilizes two high-resolution, mirror-scanning LED (light emitting diode) displays to produce a 3-D experience not possible on conventional television or LCD screens. The president of Nintendo, Hiroshi Yamauchi, promises to transport game players into a "virtual utopia" with their new gizmo. The Virtual Boy eliminates all external stimuli, totally immersing players into their own private universe with high-resolution red images against a deep black background. Available this fall, the new Virtual Boy will retail for \$179.99 at an electronics store near you. Remember when all the globe-hopping DJs accessorized themselves with Game Boy, well those days are over.

future
style

PlayStation vs. Sega Saturn

If you thought the brawl between Ivana Trump and the woman who handles her hairspray application was fierce, then you haven't seen anything yet. In the video game-gear wars brewing in Japan, this coming gift-giving season might just be the bloodiest bat



tle we've seen since TheFlavor Festival Awards (when Junior Vasquez and Traci Lords started pulling each other's hair out to claim the "Queen of Manhattan" prize). Both Sega and Sony—two of Japan's massive video game Goliaths—are introducing new 32-bit game stations which will feature state-of-the-art video production and never-before-seen sound and graphic quality which should change the way we play video games. But that's nothing compared to the 64-bit system—the Nintendo Ultra 64—which will be launched next April. As the video wars heat up this season, here's a Project X look at a potential first round TKO in Tokyo for either Sony or Sega :

Contender A : Sony PlayStation

In this corner is the latest newcomer to the advanced systems arena—the Sony PlayStation, which promises better three-dimensional realism, CD quality sound and motion picture quality special effects that will rival those of the arcade version. Weighing in with a 32-bit CPU, the PlayStation contends to be such a heavyweight that it will "Rearrange your priorities" and "Challenge every neuron in your quivering body." Steven Race, president of Sony's computer entertainment division, claims his system is the first to "make the suspension of disbelief automatic—it will be a graphically realistic dinosaur who attacks you—not a brown blob with feet." (Hey! Some of us like brown blobs with feet—just ask Michael Alig's new boyfriend!) The PlayStation is supposed to deliver radically enhanced gameplay via custom chip technology developed exclusively for Sony Computer Entertainment, and high speed parallel processing resulting in massive incremental power over video game systems with single processors. Already, a million units have been sold to crazy Japanese kids who have nothing better to do in their cramped little apartments except to play video games while their mothers are out shopping at Matsuda. PlayStations should be available in U.S. stores this month and are expected to retail at around \$299.

The Odds :

The Sega Saturn has a small edge over the PlayStation if sales is any indication: The Saturn sold 500,000 units in its first month on sale in Japan while the PlayStation only sold 300,000. Also, the Saturn contains 4 more megabits of VRAM than Sony's version. While the Saturn considers itself the "Ferrari" of videogame systems, it also has a sticker price to match—over \$200 more than the PlayStation. But what Sony lacks in VRAM it more than makes up for in graphics and game control. We game-tested "Battle Arena Toshinden" and were literally pounded senseless by the breathtaking imagery and player movement permutations. (Wait! That wasn't the PlayStation! That was Limelight door-monster James Lee passing out on our head!) So for all you cash-strapped club beggars out there who come up to us and beg to be comped, we favor the PlayStation—it's bigger, it's better, and it costs less bucks.

Contender B : Sega Saturn

In the opposite corner is Sega's new interplanetary game system—the Saturn. The Saturn positions itself as "defining the Next Generation" of video stations with its phenomenal graphics and intense game player options. (Even though everyone already knows that Project X has already defined and conquered the Next Generation.) The Saturn markets itself as a state-of-the-art arcade architecture that allows for unprecedented software development which will include 3D rendering, 360 degree action, intense surround-sound capabilities, dynamic perspectives, and truly revolutionary graphics, speed, and fluidity. Sega Saturn's launch will include arcade favorites such as *Virtua Fighter* and *Daytona, U.S.A.*, as well as new features like *Panzer Dragoon*, *BUG!*, and *Clockwork Knight*. The Saturn will initially be available at Electronics Boutique, Software Etcetera, Babbages, Toys R Us and Patricia Field's (just kidding). Call 1-800-SEE-SATURN or write to segasaturn@segaoa.com for more information and retail availability

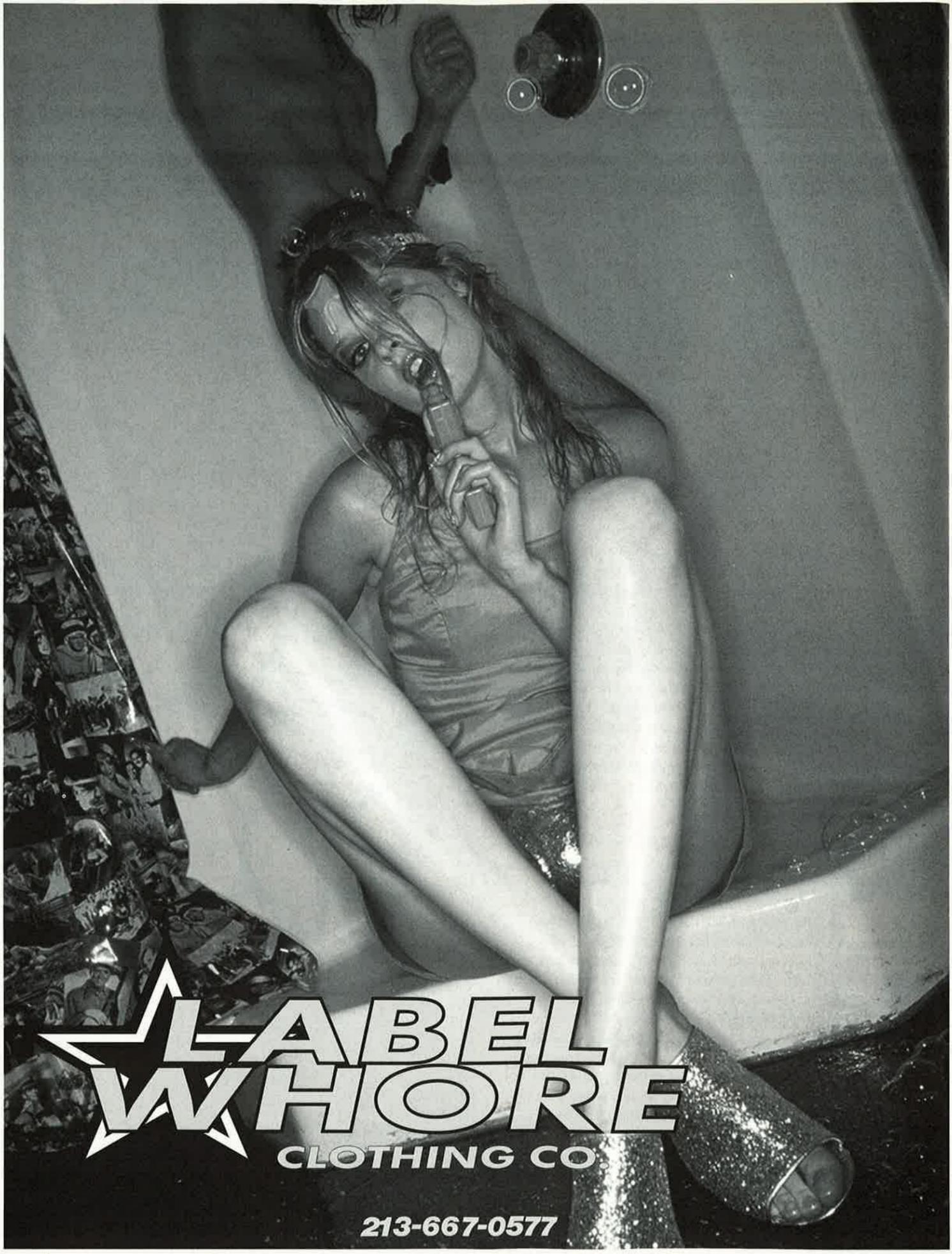


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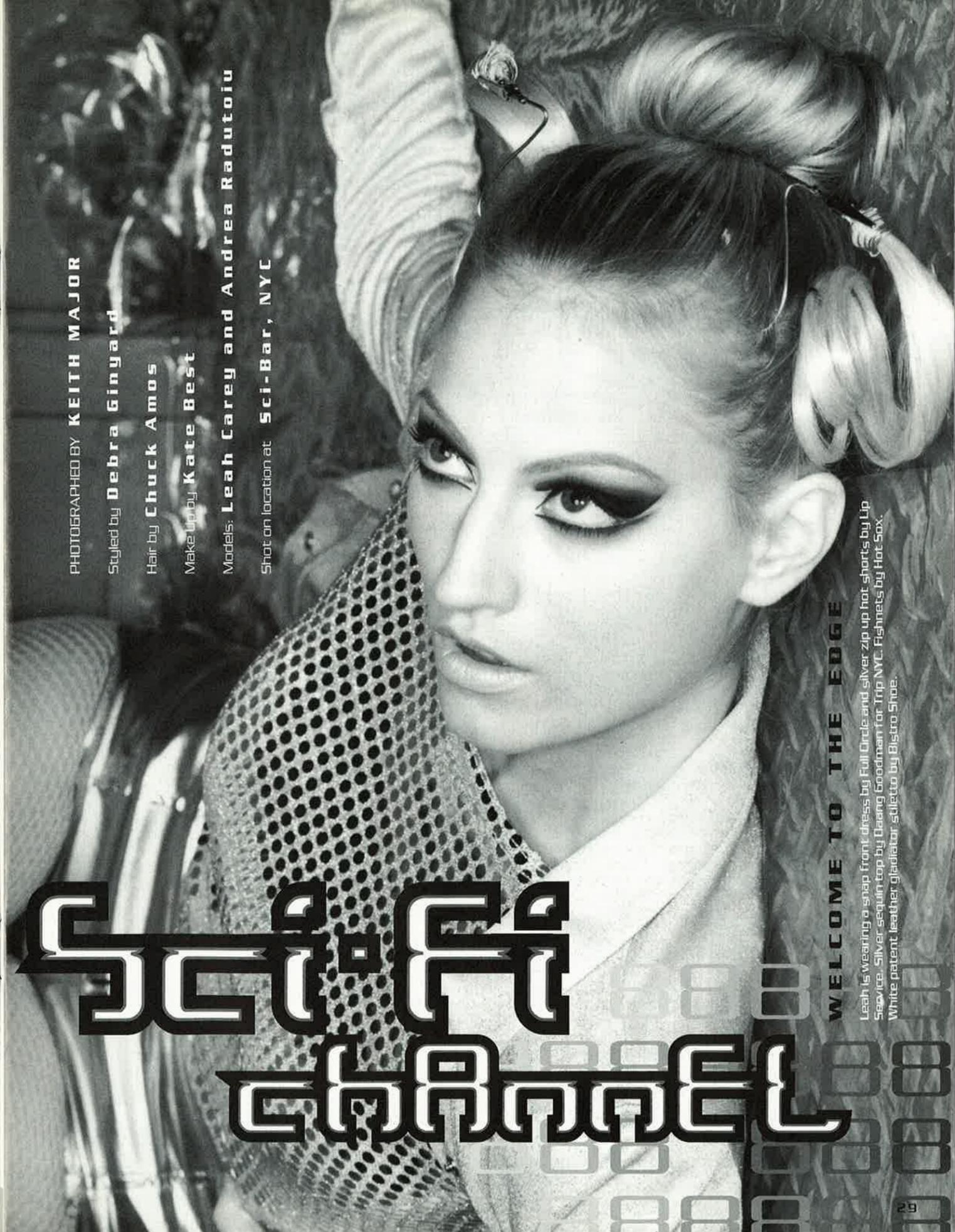
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Hair by **Chuck Amos**
Make Up by **Kate Best**
Models: **Leah Carey and Andrea Radutoiu**
Shot on location at **Sci-Bar, NYC**

WELCOME TO THE EDGE

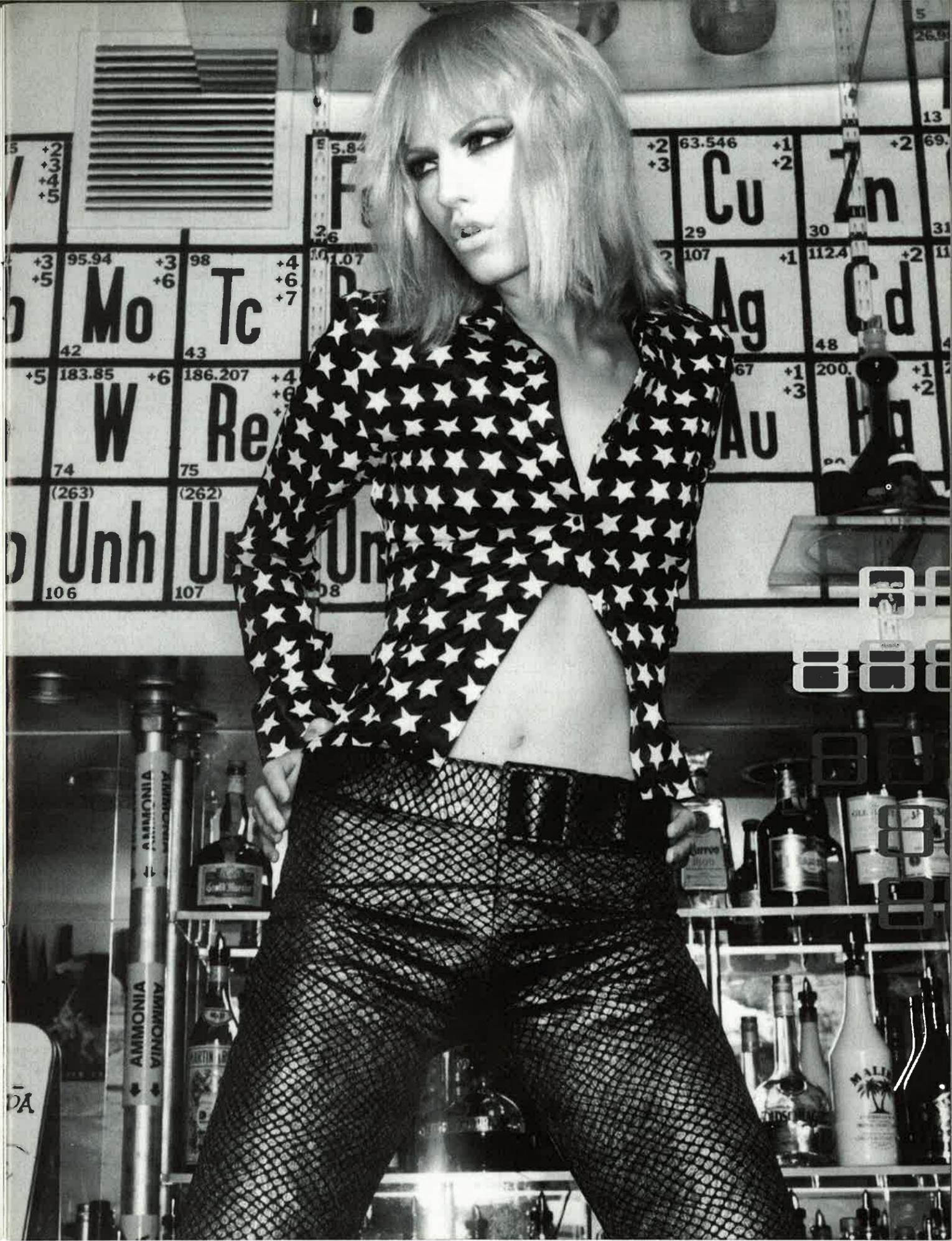
Leah is wearing a snap front dress by Full Circle and silver zip up hot shorts by Lip Service. Silver sequin top by Daring Goodman for Trip NYC. Fishnets by Hot Sox. White patent leather gladiator sandals by Blistro Shoe.

Andrea is wearing a quilted patent leather hooded faux fur coat by Daang Goodman for Trip NYC.
Grey quilted patent skirt and bra by House of Field.
Grey crocodile knee hi boots by Robert Clergerie. Fishnets by Danskin.



EXPLC

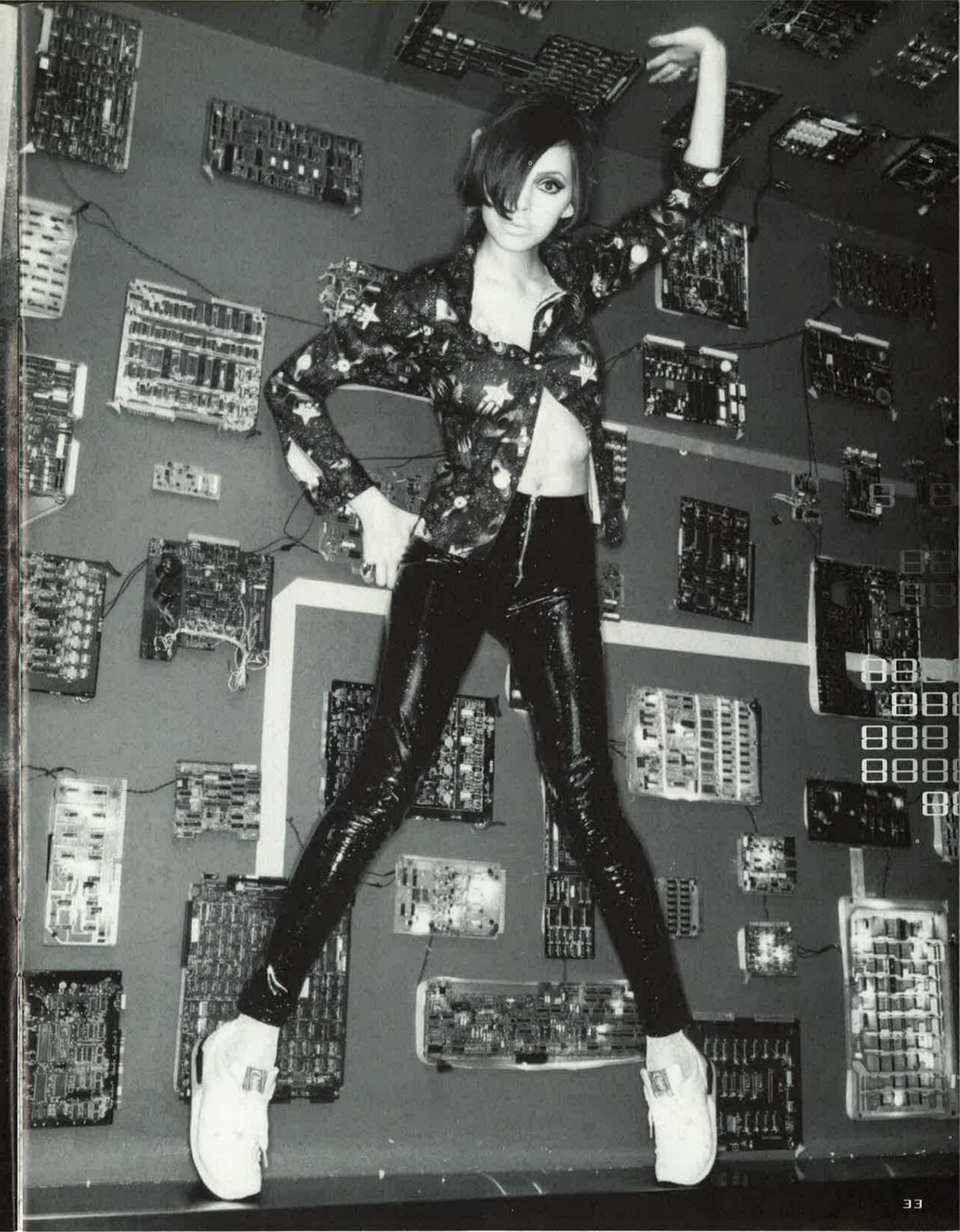
Leah is wearing star shirt by Annie & Helen's Bionic Threads.
Bra and hyper pants by House of Field. Silver boots from Blistro Shoes.

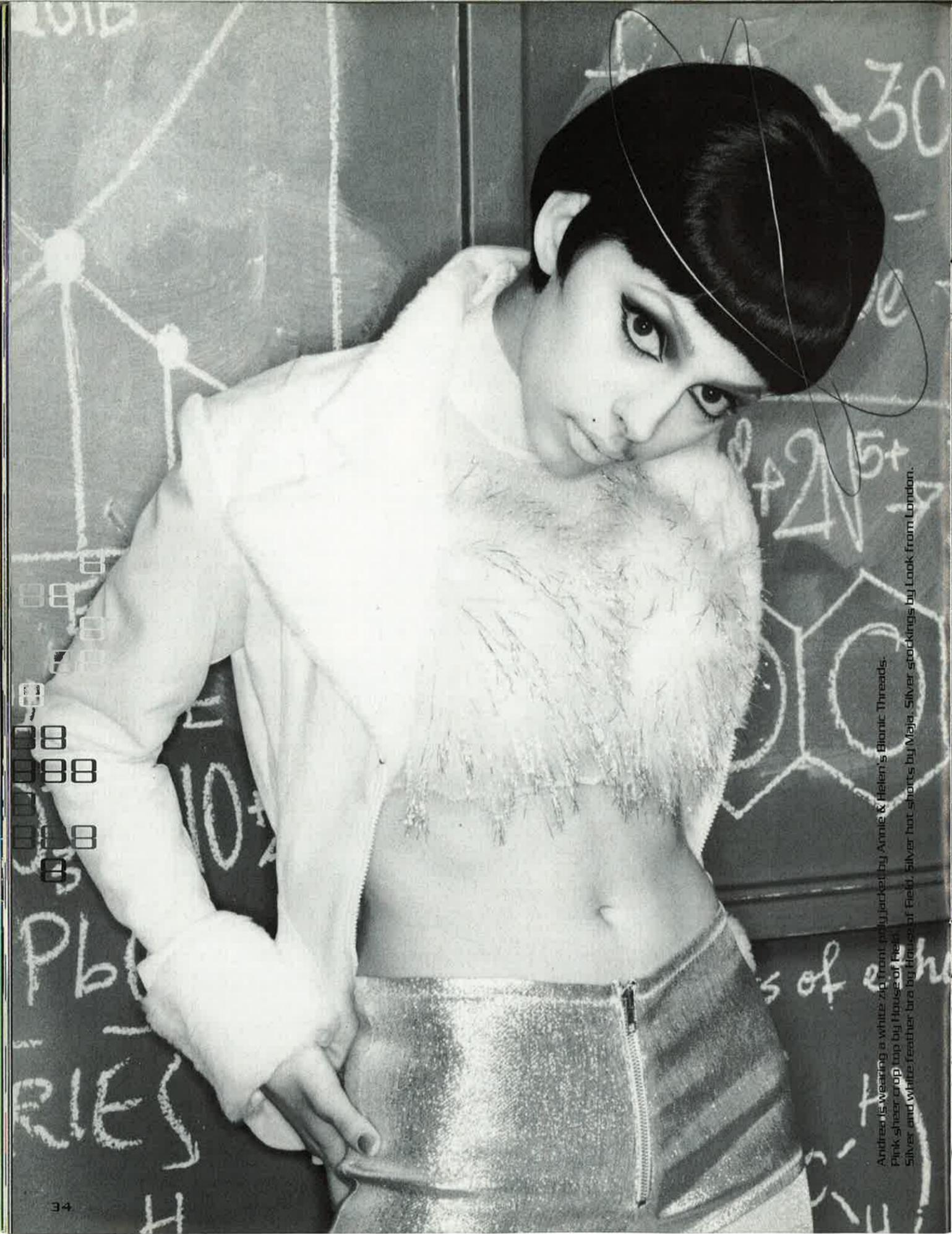


Leah is wearing a red metallic bra by World Domination by Carla.
Rubber nipple skirt by Deang Goodman for Trip NYC. Fishnets by Hot Sox.
Pearl angle boots by Robert Clergerie.



Andrea is wearing a black skirt with rockets and spaceships by Dollhouse. Black zip front Galaxy pants by Deang Goodman for Trip NYC.
Silver socks by Kball. Yellow patent leather sneakers by Chipie. Silver ring by Versami.





Andrea is wearing a white zip front polo jacket by Anne & Helen's Bionic Threads. Pink sheer crop top by House of Hel. Silver and white feather bra by House of Field. Silver hot shorts by Meja. Silver stockings by Look from London.

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Queens are in the House

Ever since RuPaul was signed to Tommy Boy and took Pop culture by storm with *Supermodel*, every other queen in New York City (with real or imagined talent) began to believe that their big break was next. With the recent *New York* magazine exposé on the mainstreaming of drag, this anticipation of imminent stardom has probably intensified among the featured queen contingent, even though many of them may already be played-out. Fortunately, established acts like Roxy and newcomers like Queenspeak (featuring Girlina & Paul Alexander) and Ground Control One (featuring Asif Glamour & Chris Couture) are refreshing alternatives to the drag hype. They have been going about their business, collaborating with musicians and producers, and recording tracks for the dance market.

Their recordings do not cater to mainstream tastes, preferring instead to work the dance nerves of the club-going public. These individuals, all of whom support themselves with jobs unrelated to the music industry, simply record music for the fun of it, hoping to give back to the club scene as much fun as they've enjoyed. They may be bitchy and boisterous, but their obnoxious behavior is funny and entertaining. Although their attitudes might make them seem unapproachable, all of them are quite receptive to chatting with any interested reader or music enthusiast. There's just one little thing you should know: In a transvestite twist on the Generation X-label phobia, DON'T CALL THEM DRAG-QUEENS!

Queenspeak's single *Queen of Soul* is an upcoming project on Moonroof Records co-written by Paul Alexander, an "ageless and timeless" native New Yorker who is most familiar to NY clubbers in his role as MC at Jackie 60, where he has been motivating the party almost since the beginning. He got his gig there on a whim. "I went the second week that Jackie was opened and felt the need to get on the stage and seize control of the mike after Chi Chi (Valenti) and Richard (Move) had finished their shows. They loved my performance and asked me to come back the following week, and I've been doing it for over three years since then."

Queen of Soul came about when Paul met Eric Talbert at a party. Shortly thereafter, Eric gave Paul an instrumental version of his track so that Paul could write some lyrics. With the lyrics written, Paul felt that only someone with a more flamboyantly feminine persona could do the song justice, since he considers himself a "drag king", so he asked Girlina to sing the main vocals. Girlina is another native New Yorker who is well known in the New

York club scene as a "gender-illusionist" (she thinks the word drag is too clownish) and as a party hostess at Bump on Sundays and Crobar on Tuesdays.

The song is a hybrid house medley with a beat similar to Diana Ross's late-70s disco hit *Love Hangover* layered with generous samples from the early-80s rap version of Bohannon's *Let's Start the Party*. The overall sound is somewhat retro, so it might not fit on a main dance floor, but the song would definitely bring a breath of fresh air to an old school dance floor. The silly lyrics are fun and it would be no surprise if acapella samples of this queeny rap pop up on every gay (or straight) dance floor in the city.

Ground Control One is a project put together by Hex Hector, who is best known for spinning Saturday nights at Tunnel. *Absolutely Fabulous* is the title of one of three tracks on an EP that will be released in late-September by Emotive Records, which is famous for releasing *Didn't I Know (Divas to the Dance floor)*. In a clever ploy on Hector's part to pile on the glitz and the glamour, the project features voice samples by Asif Glamour and Chris Couture.

Asif was once, and Chris still is, a student of New York's Fashion Institute of Technology, a college that always supplies the city with fresh club victims every new academic year. Attending FIT (or Fags In Training, as much of the student body jokes) has been a natural evolutionary phase for these two queens. "It was just an excuse for getting out of my parents' house and for moving to New York," admits Asif, who was born in Pakistan and grew up in Springfield, IL. Thoroughly devoted to night clubbing, Asif works the door and Chris works the VIP ropes Fridays at Webster Hall, while they both host Saturdays at Lighthouse. They give the same reasons for getting into a life of dressing up: Fashion and drama always fascinated them as children. Chris, who grew up in the Bronx and is not as bedazzled by the big city, seems the more serious and career driven of the pair. He'll soon graduate from FIT with a degree in fashion merchandise management. In contrast, Asif, like so many club kids before him, dropped out.

Absolutely Fabulous is a bouncy techno-flavored house song. Anyone who spent Saturdays at the defunct USA should be very familiar with this sound, since Hector is quite fond of it. The attitude-filled, though repetitive, vocals and the broken Spanish samples clearly reveal this project's preference for image over substance. But so what, this is dance music, not art, and I can easily picture myself dancing to it at 4 a.m., slinging cocktails with one hand and attitude with the other. I don't know about listening to it in the afternoon, though.

If you feel the need to listen to catty drag queens in the afternoon (and we at Project X often do), your best choice is Roxy. Her latest single,

Accident on the Tribal Records compilation *Shake Your Rump Roast*, is cuntiness at its most brilliant. With mock-evil rants like, "Do you suppose if I stoned her to death they'd think she was the victim of an avalanche," this song is her funniest spoof yet on pathological jealousy, a spoof that began with her first dance floor hit *Get Huh*. Surprisingly, Roxy is not as involved with the club scene as our other featured queens. Perhaps her status as a suburbanite (she lives in White Plains, NY) endows her with an outsider's insightful perspective on the urban conflagration queens she so flawlessly ridicules. Or perhaps she's one herself, since she admits to having spent many nights at the Paradise Garage in the late 80s and at Sound Factory in the 90s.

As for her singing style, Roxy raps in a wacky British accent that has always tickled my curiosity. This intensely affected speech is very reminiscent of an evil Disney cartoon witch, kind of like Ursula from *The Little Mermaid*. Certain that she didn't pick it up in White Plains, or even at the Hyde Prep School in Bath, Maine (where she attended high school), I asked about its inspiration. "This is just the way I talk," Roxy blithely explained. Hmmm, I suspect she adopted this speech pattern during one of her boarding school's many theatrical productions, had an "accident", bumped her head, and forgot how to revert to a normal voice! In any case, this voice is what sends her records over the top and makes them so fun.

Musically, all of Roxy's tracks are created by Louie Guzman (with the exception of *Money* by Danny Tenaglia). The sound for *Accident* is contemporary, consisting of subdued drum and bass beats that give Roxy's voice center stage. My first reaction to *Accident* was to sit and listen, but after a few listenings you'll want to dance and lip-synch it. In the hands of a capable DJ, this song could be massive. Roxy's fans will be happy to learn that they won't have to buy five different compilations just to collect her recordings; she's working on the winter release of an album. We think it will make a great holiday stocking stuffer. (Panty hose stuffer, in this case!)

At the time this article was written, there were other rumored releases by additional downtown queens, but this was just talk, and we required promos as proof. However, the lack of promos might have more to do with poor organizational skills than with wishful thinking, so stay tuned. As far as any tips for queens who aspire to recording careers and stardom, Roxy simply states, "It's not easy." Girlina is a little more generous with her advice: "Don't get caught up in a drug scene. Nothing is free, so don't come to the city expecting homage and comps. I've worked hard and I've always been patient, polite, and friendly. If you're secure, it will come to you." Amen to that.



Left: Ground Control posse - Chris Couture and Asif Glamour
Right: Girlina and Paul Alexander are Queenspeak
Center: Roxy is absolutely fabulous

story by Ernie Glam
photographs by Roberto Ligresti

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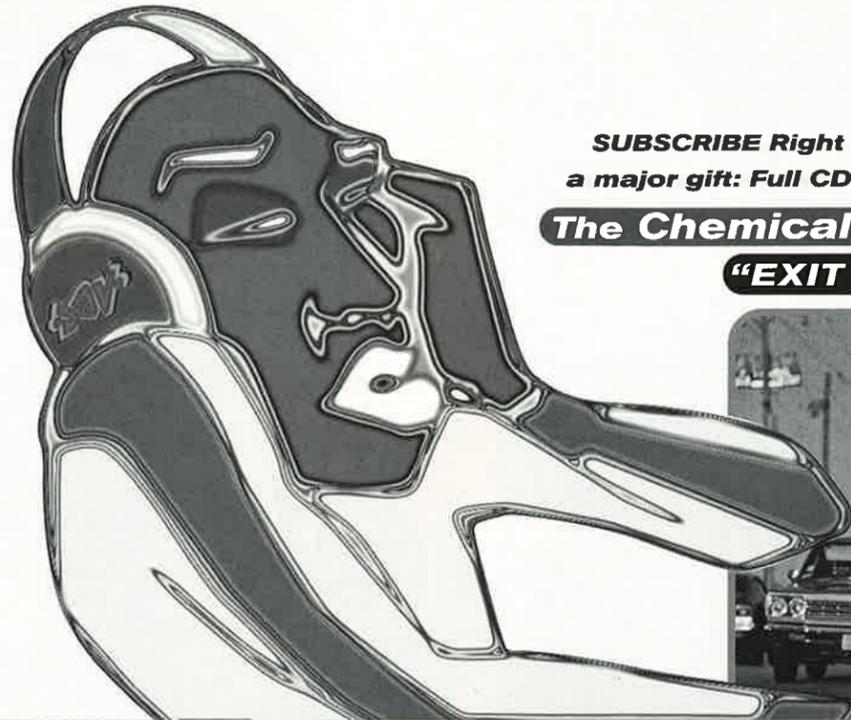
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Club Roots



Silver gets the gold: Matt E. Silver, Best Promoter winner, with club graduate Denise (pic by R. Ligresti)



Can the coffee, it's not a doughnut! At Flavor Festival: Junior "Queen of NY" Vazques accepts his Best DJ Flavor Trophy (pic by R. Ligresti)



We wanted a scandalous drag queen to give out awards, but Moby did a better job (pic by R. Ligresti)



Silver gets the gold: Matt E. Silver, Best Promoter winner, with club graduate Denise (pic by R. Ligresti) & Mylar - famous for gluing his ears to his head (pic: J. Logan)



Blondes having more fun: Traci Lords with Montgomery Frazier at Electronic Dance Music pre-award dinner part at Bowery Bar (pic by R. Ligresti)

by Michael Alig

The better off I am, the worse off my friends are. God must be making sure of this, because it's working out so well. While I was having convulsions in the lobby of my apartment building, Jenny was enrolling in NYU film school. While I was begging for quarters on the street, James St. James was writing his book. Now, however, things are quite the opposite! While I'm studiously writing my column for *Project X*, Freeze and Olympia are in a K hole (as we speak) at Coney Island. While I'm sitting through a boring board approval meeting for my new apartment, Jenny is partying in her apartment that happens to be full of runaways she picked up at the neighborhood bike shop in the afternoon.

It just has to be this way, or else we would all be dead. It's the delicate balance of nature or what I refer to as the Buddy System - half of us remain sober to nurse the other half that's teetering on the brink of disaster. For example, every time I'm on

the verge of death, Jenny is on a Macrobiotic diet and has an inner need to take care of me until I'm ready to do the same for her. Imagine how boring the club scene would be if both sides decided to rejuvenate at the same time. Or how it would come crashing down if we were all be messes at the same time. It's all about a perfect balance!

Last issue's cover model and superstar DJ Keoki and his ego-boosting boyfriend Marlon, while on rohyponol, decided to go their own separate ways. Keoki remains in New York, while his poor, miserable, forgotten old shoe, Marlon, got hauled off to Miami by his grandmother. The official story goes like this: Keoki bought Marlon a pair of Armani wrap-

around sunglasses and Marlon, while on rohyponol, mysteriously misplaced them. So Keoki bought Marlon the same pair of sunglasses. Soon after, Keoki found the original pair of sunglasses conveniently nestled away, behind some junk in the closet. A bit suspicious, huh? So the only thing to do was to break up.

While we're on the subject of last issue's cover monsters, everyone in New York knows that Sven Vath was a no-show at Flavor Festival for the Electronic Dance Music Awards that he was set to headline. Apparently he got canceled off the Lollapalooza tour that followed the Flavor Festival and decided that it just wasn't worth his time to come here. We pleaded, we bargained, we begged, we offered more covers until then he finally gave in, providing we plan his Hamptons vacation. But then he changed his mind again, mumbling something about lost sunglasses in the closet. Why can't everyone just be like Josh Wink - sweet, punctual and someone who loves playing dress-up?

What's all the hubbub about a girl named Squish? She's been dubbed the West-Coast version of Jennytalia and has moved in, lock, and barrel... with Keoki! Hmmmm...

Now it's time to examine the NORMALCY CHART. The pendulum is the pits! Each year (or season) the merciless arm of the pendulum swings out further and further from the state of normalcy. When will it end?

	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996
1991	NORMALCY					
1992	boredom	mass confusion				
1993	money		starvation			
1994	good health			sleep deprivation		
1995	elation				disarray	
1996	depression					depression

Just goes to show you that there's one end to every story.

Meanwhile, everybody seems to be talking about Larry Tee's new record label, Unique, NYC. He's signed up practically everybody in the club scene to a record deal starting with Richie Rich and now Unique represents all the notable club stars like Tobelle, Boob, the Hustlers and

Flavor Trophy in his hand and a gram-y in his pocket: Keoki thanking all the little people for his Best Compilation award (pic by R. Ligresti)



Jackie among others. It certainly took long enough to get a label to showcase the talents we have all enjoyed for years.

Celebutant James St. James celebrated his 32nd birthday with the Queen of Dallas, Brooke Humphries. I was invited, but my plane ticket was misplaced or something, so I just stayed in New York. Oh well. I guess I'll just go to his 40th. I absolutely live by James's dirty clothes rule. Here it is, plain and simple: Take your dirty shirt or blouse, throw it in a pile amidst other items of dirty clothing. Leave the room for a week or so, and PRESTO! When you return, you won't only find that dirty shirt clean, but the whole pile as well! I can't explain it, but I think some sort of pixie-fairy comes and sprinkles the dirty laundry with glittering Richie Rich-type dust that magically rids your clothes of dirt and grime. It really works.

Oh! Everybody's eating (or taking) Salad! Oh my God! If you don't know what salad is, God help you. It's the most ingenious concoction ever. Get this: (Dr.) Olympia actually prescribes this stuff! It's tailor-made to fit your personal needs. It's sort of like eating dinner at Beni Hana - custom cooked to order. She actually mixes it right in front of your face, explaining as she goes what each ingredient does...i.e., Feeling depressed over your relationship failure? No problem. Bored with going to the same club night after night? No problem. Not seeing enough pretty colors in this bland depressed world? No problem! It sounds a little hard to believe, but it's the latest in custom-mixed entertainment. If all that wasn't enough, it also comes in flavors: vanilla, strawberry, banana, pina colada! I swear!

This is a new section in Club Rub designed to cater to the NYC club scene and to titillate the average Pro X reader. You may wonder, for example, who or what is Boob and who's Mylar?, etc... Mylar is some person from San Francisco who glues his ears back! In fact, James Tea wanted to throw a party called Pin the Ears Back on Mylar. Boob, the new punk-rock disco band sweeping NYC, has performed at Lollapalooza at Randall's Island. Boob consists of Walt Paper (see last issue), Desi Monster, John Boy, and Willyhem, and they are produced by Keoki. Here you go, now you know everything.

Wow! Our heads are spin-

Club Rub

Wide eyed and caffeinated DJs Micro and James Christian (pic: R. Ligresti)



James St. James in a Kung Fu moment (pic: J. Logan)



Sven Vath is the kinder more modern days with Alyssa (pic: Johanna)



Whyhem - part time DJ, part time Boobster (pic: J. Logan)



Boob Boob dee Boob at Squeeze Box.



B-Ballers: Joi Cardwell and Kevin (pic: R. Ligresti)



ning from Flavor Festival - the monumental party for the Electronic Dance Music Awards. As limos and cabs lined up outside, everyone waited in line to catch a glimpse of Manhattan's finest: Ru Paul sashayed in out of drag and looking fab; Lady Miss Kier came with her world clique (post Dimitri, post Mello, with new escort of the day Jamalski); Keoki with day-glow orange mohawk and matching shoes; and Michael Musto with his constant companion - his gossip radar. Detroit techno pioneer Kevin Saunderson was a surprise guest DJ and London's star DJ Princess Julia came in with Frankie Feliciano. Just as Caffeine's Micro was taking the dance floor from DJ Pierre to a new level, a giant screen video came down on the stage and the Awards began with a video presentation highlighting all the nominees. That show stopping techno-celebrant Traci Lords started the show by presenting the Flavor Trophies (It looks like a giant doughnut she said although we all hoped that the Philippe Stark chrome lifesaver influence shined through). Traci, who kept the list of nominees in her undies so she wouldn't lose it, presented the Best Promoter award to Matt E. Silver for Pluto - featuring The Orb and Future Sound of London at Roseland party and to Cosmic Baby for Best Electronic Dance Act. Junior Vazquez (I'm the Queen of New York He corrected his King of New York intro) presented Best US Record Label award to Rob DiStephano from Tribal Records. Moby presented Best Track to Josh Wink for Don't Laugh, but Josh wasn't there so Moby got the urge to give the trophy to some geek in the audience and we had to chase him down and pry it away. Eightball's Joi Cardwell presented Junior with Best DJ award. Danny Tenaglia won named Best Remixer, Future Sound of London was voter's favorite Ambient Act. Wow!

And by the way, who actually wrote that movie KIDS anyway? And who thinks it close to reality anyhow? I mean, does anybody actually believe that the big problem in club land and among pre-pubescent clubbers is pot and alcohol? Where are the real drugs that are happening right now? And who, in their right mind, will believe that cool Manhattan club girls go for skinny, spotty, fourteen year old buggers with braces in their mouths? The only ones that fall for that fifth grade charm is Larry Tee! If their watered-down Mid-western version shocked America, what would the real truth have done!?! James, hurry up and finish that book.

Remember when it used to be Hey Mom, look at that man with long hair. Isn't he cool!?! Now it's Hey Mom, look at that man drinking his own urine, and sleeping with five transsexuals. Isn't he boring?? Remember, Big Sister is watching!

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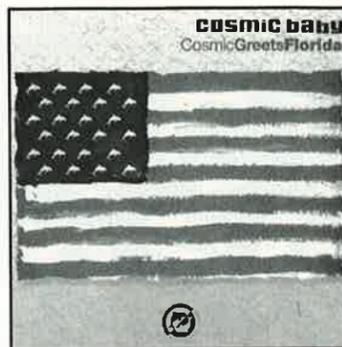
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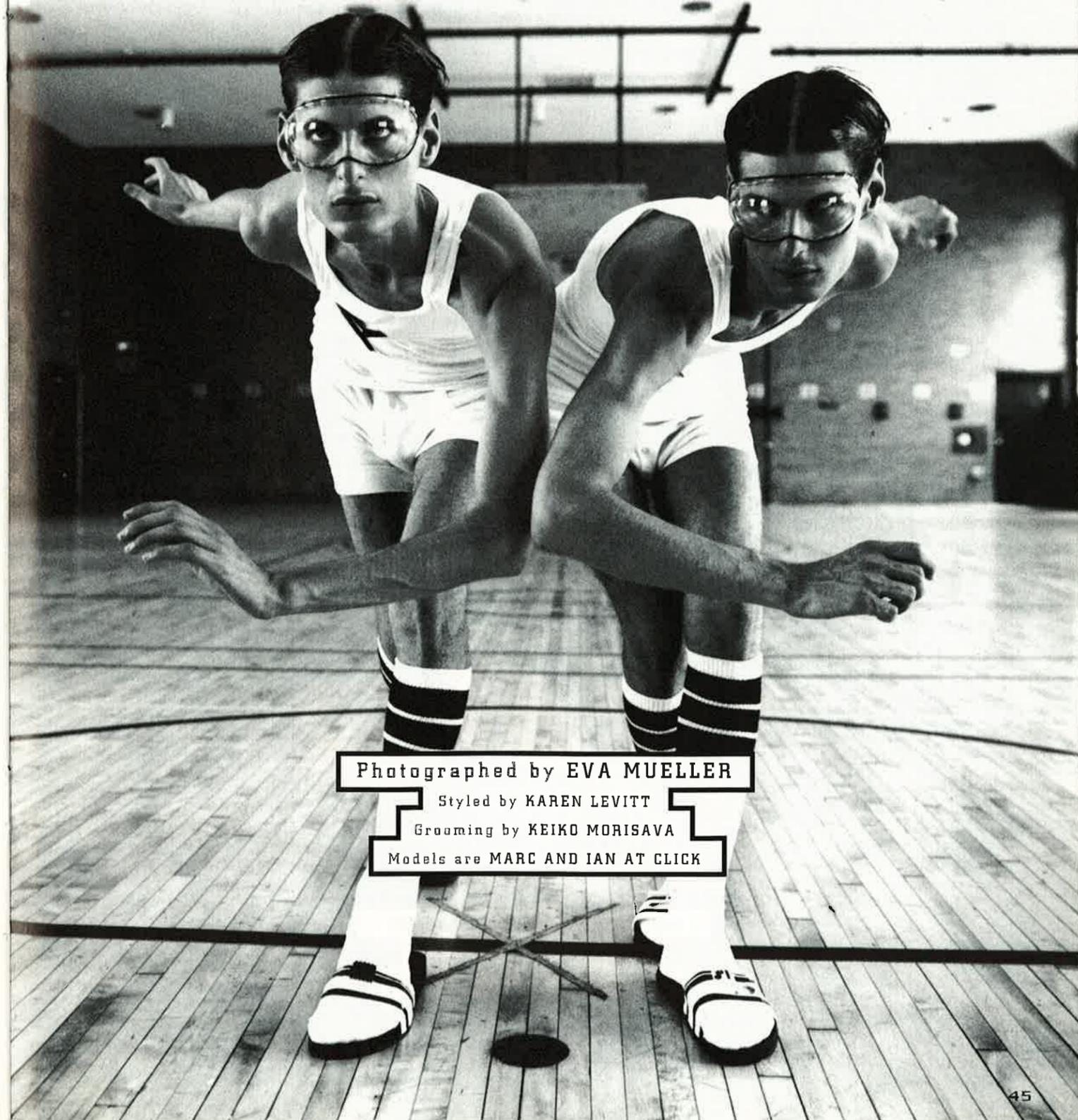
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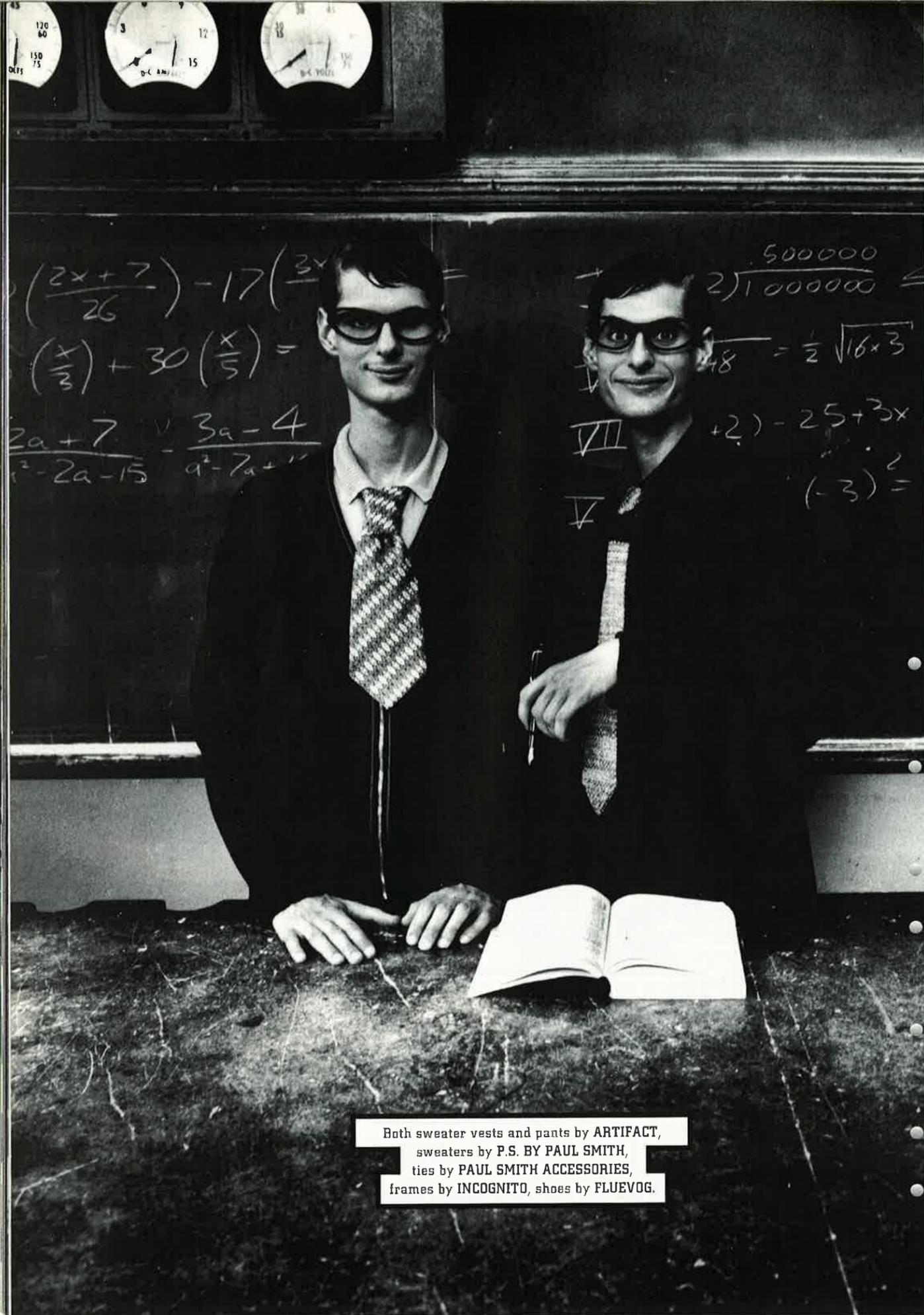


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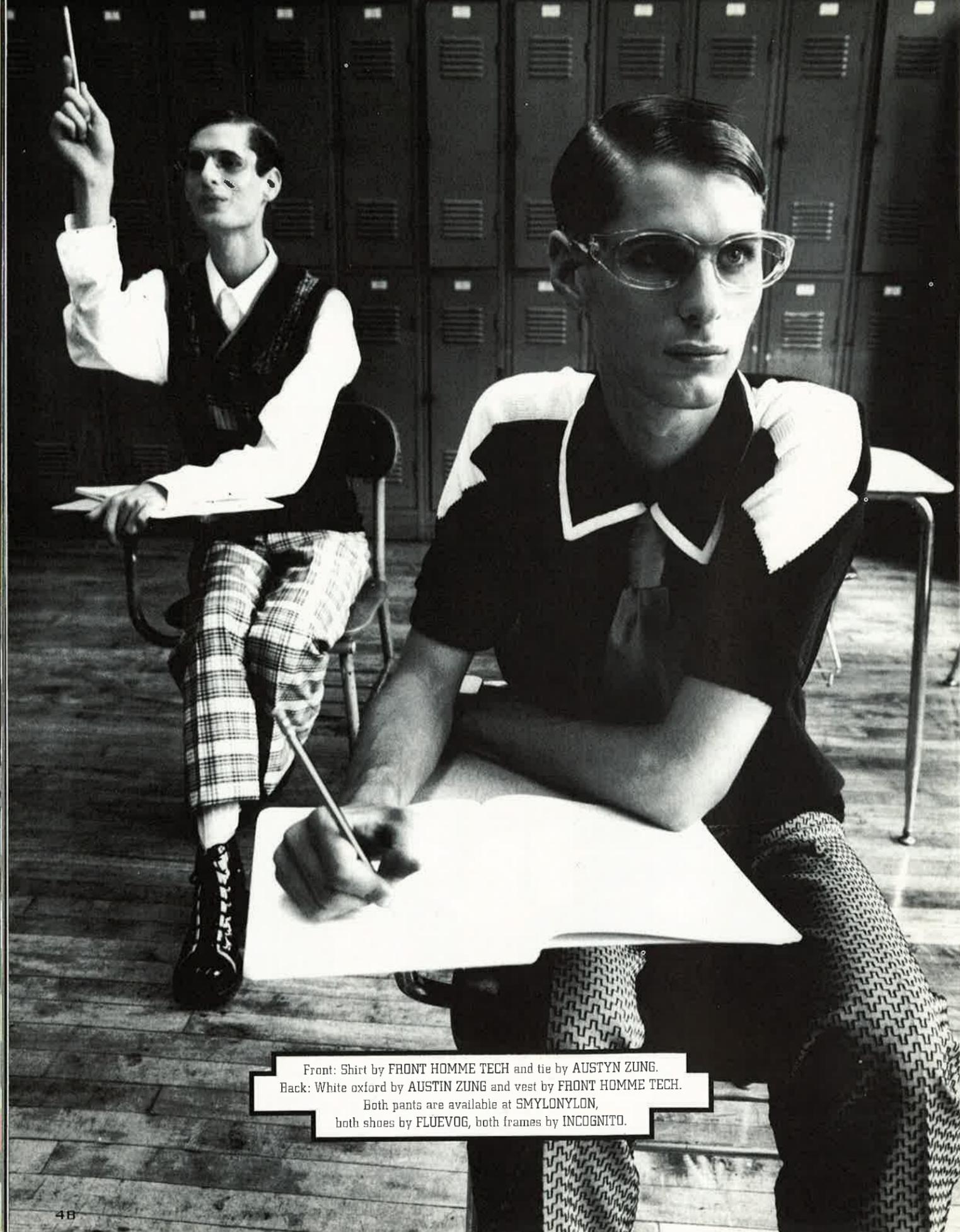
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THINK

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Thanks!

- How old are you?
 Under 18 18-24 25+
- M or F?
- Occupation: _____
- Are you a full-time student?
 yes no
- Highest educational level completed:
 high school 2-year trade school
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- Average annual income:
 \$10,000 or less \$10,000-\$15,000 \$15,000-\$20,000
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- I live in:
 an urban area suburbia middle of nowhere
- I live with:
 roommates my family myself
- Sexual orientation:
 straight gay bi
- Musically, I'm into: _____
- How many tapes/CD's/records do you buy per month? _____
- Do you own a computer?
 yes no
 If so, what kind? _____
- Do you have a car?
 yes no
 If so, what model? _____
- What would you buy with a \$500 gift from grandma? _____

continued on next page...

Project X reader poll, continued...

15 How many times per week do you go to a club? _____

16 How many times per month do you go to a non-club party/event? _____

17 Do you smoke?
 no yes (brand) _____

18 Drink?
 no yes (favorite brand or drink) _____

19 Monthly budgets (approx.):
 music _____ clubs/concerts _____
 restaurants _____ beauty stuff _____
 clothes _____ movie theaters _____
 video movies _____ other _____

20 Where did you get this magazine?
 subscription _____
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21 What other magazines do you read? _____

22 What do you like best in Project X? _____

23 To how many friends do you show your copy o' Project X? _____

24 Who would you like to see on a Project X cover and why? _____

25 What's the first feature you turn to in Project X? _____

26 What types of articles would you like to see more in Project X?
 street fashion
 fantasy fashion
 music reviews
 celebs
 underground and music celebs
 music features
 cyber babble and technology
 club reports and personalities
 other _____

27 What would you like never to see again (be nice!)? _____

28 What type of person loves Project X? _____

29 Name and phone number for a date with the editors (optional) _____ () _____

30 What is the meaning of life (extra credit)? _____

dj profile

By Darren Ressler

There's no sight of any drag queens or muscle boys tonight at Manhattan's Roxy as they've been mysteriously replaced with corporate-types dressed in Armani suits, rendering this more like a singles night at the Catskills. As these execs (and exec-ettes) mill about the dance floor exchanging business cards, the lights dim, and a wild sample bursts through the air: "DJ Pierre-Oh, shit!" The piano intro from Romanthony's "Testify" starts pumping amid a swirl of gospel vocals, and DJ Pierre, the man who pioneered the acid house sound, begins working his magic on the decks to the clueless crowd.

A few weeks later, I'm talking to DJ Pierre, and in all of his years in the booth, he's never encountered such a weird gig. "That was the worst crowd I've ever played for," moans Pierre. "They didn't respond to anything that I played, and as a DJ, you need people to give you feedback so that you can take them somewhere else." Pierre's usual gigs go somewhat better. As a musical pioneer, Pierre has traveled the world and played at some of the most legendary clubs around.

DJ Pierre started out in the early 80s learning from the best while living on the south side of Chicago during house music's infancy. "There was this station called X-FM, and that was the first time that I'd heard DJs mixing records," recalls Pierre. "I was interested how those DJs did what they did; I used to mix with a cassette deck, and I thought that's what they were doing on the radio—you know, with pause buttons! I got curious, went to some par-

ties, and I saw that these guys were mixing records off of turntables."

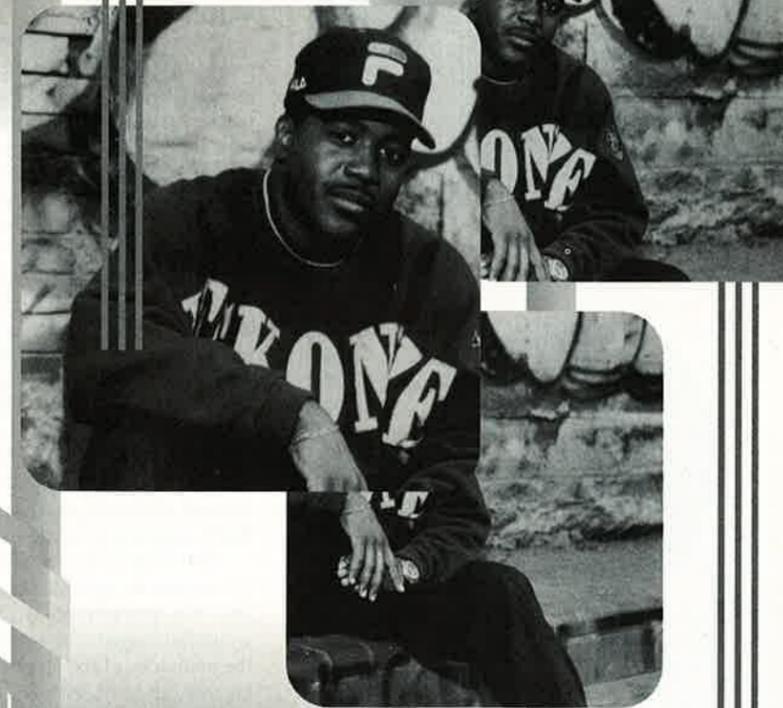
Although influential figures such as Frankie Knuckles and Li'l Louis were breaking new ground both in the DJ booth and in the studio, DJ Pierre stumbled onto Ron Hardy, the late Music Box jock. "Ron Hardy was the most underground DJ I've ever heard. He didn't care for fame or publicity," beams Pierre. "I went up there to the Music Box, and Ron had a magical spell over those people. He was playing these beat tracks and unreleased cuts from Marshall Jefferson and Adonis that I'd never heard. Hearing him was like getting baptized."

Influenced by Hardy's style, Pierre's friends, Spanky and Hebert J, convinced him to make a record ["They told me about this box that made beats...it was called a drum machine."] with them. They tried unsuccessfully for about a year, until stumbling onto a 303, the final ingredient needed for their hybrid electro recipe. The next track they sculpted was the ground breaking "Acid Trax," and they promptly brought it to Hardy.

"That man played it and it cleared the floor," Pierre laughs. "He played it again, and some people stayed on. Then he played it again, and the crowd knew that he was play-

ing with them. By the fourth time he played it, they were going crazy! A week later, people were talking about Ron Hardy's 'Acid Trax,' so that's when we stepped out and introduced the group as Phuture."

Upon using the textures of acid, house, and techno on other outings, like Phantasy Club's "Dream Girl", which was cut with a 15-year-old Felix Da Housecat, Pierre relocated to New Jersey. There, he helped define the moody Wild Pitch sound through his classic, Photon Inc.'s "Generate Power", which began his ongoing relationship with New York's leading house label Strictly Rhythm. Since then, Pierre has written for Juliet Roberts and remixed tracks for Midi Rain, Li'l Louis, and others. Lately, he's been concentrating on vocal records with his wife, LaVette, who recently cut "Muzik Set You Free" for Tribal Records. Having steadily produced innovative records which have made a difference, DJ Pierre continues to aspire for more. "Everything I've done so far is just the tip of the iceberg!"





BEYOND CLUELESS

Debsy quickly turned off the hot water nozzle, and stood under the ice cold shower for as long as she could. Then she jumped out and quickly dried herself off. She used a towel to wipe the fog off of the full length mirror that lined one side of the bathroom wall. Then she stepped back and stared at her naked body.

So it was all true! She really had taken ecstasy and spent the night with DJ Ludwig the other night after SupaRavathon. It was now a full 24 hours since that night. She had fallen asleep at 8:00 that morning, woken up at 4:00 in the afternoon to explain to her concerned mother that she was coming down with a cold and was trying to sleep it off, and then fallen asleep again until 11:00 at night, when she woke feeling really dirty and in dire need of a shower. Now she was clean. She looked into her eyes and could see that the pupils were finally returning to normal.

The effects of the "e" were finally wearing off and she thought about how really strong it was. She decided next time she would only take a quarter, instead of the whole thing. Suddenly, the memories of the previous night came rushing into her head, and she felt her cheeks going red and hot. So she had really done it. She hadn't been sure when she woke up that morning, 'cause she was still too high. But now she was sure. She had really gone all the way. And with DJ Ludwig, the most glamorous superstar of the moment. She felt that she had matured, even aged in the past day. In fact, she could even see a little hint of a wrinkle forming above her left eye. In general, however, she felt sophisticated. When she was young and in junior high school a couple years back, people always told her she looked like a young Bjork. But ever since she had died her hair blonde, everyone was saying she looked like Patricia Arquette, which was okay with her because "True Romance" was one of her favorite movies of all time.

Thinking of "True Romance" made her think of her girlfriend Arcadia, with whom she had gone to see it three times in a row two summers ago when it was playing at the mall. She decided she would call Arcadia and ask her if she wanted to hang out at the park tomorrow. Debsy smiled at her herself. She felt funny today. Somehow empowered. She had lost her virginity, and she felt that she now could deal with guys on a different level. Like Brad from the basketball team, for example. There was a while in the beginning of the summer when he would give her a really big smile every time she saw him in the park. And she would smile back, but that was all. She looked for him a couple times at the raves that Matt Gurner threw, but he was never there. Supposedly he would hang out at a local bar and drink with these older biker dudes who lived in the cruddy part of town. Well, she thought, today she would make moves on him in the park. Without any drugs or anything, she would get into a conversation with him and see if it would work. After all, she was experienced now and ready for a more mature relationship.

It was Monday night, which meant she still had a full six days before school started back up again. Debsy had quit her summer hostess job at Bennigan's a week early without telling her parents. She had planned to use this week to hang out at the community pool, work on her tan, and read some trashy novels. But now she was on a mission. She took a last look at herself in the mirror, and realized that the casual, t-shirt and jeans outfit she would usually wear on a day like today would no longer work. She decided she would try to dress like Ursula, the cool girl whom she had hung out with at SupaRavathon. Thinking of Ursula made her feel sad, because Ursula had gotten so mad when Debsy told her on the phone about what happened with Ludwig. But she wasn't really that concerned about Ursula, or even Ludwig. She would probably never see them again. They all had their own screwed-up lives to deal with in far away places, and she had hers.

Debsy went through her closet and realized that she was in dire need of a shopping trip. But she didn't have one straight skirt, or knee length tall vinyl go-go boots or tight sweater sets - all essential wardrobe items for Fall, according to Seventeen magazine. She went to the phone and called Arcadia. "Get ready," Debsy said. "I'm a new person as of today and we're both going to get a total makeover."

KING OF THE JUNGLE vs. KING OF JUNGLE

"C'mon, let's go in," Sudan said to Matt Gurner. He took Matt's hand, and could feel him instinctively pull back. He laughed inside, having seen this kind of reluctance to make male to male contact on the part of so many guys in the past. He'll get over it. He toughened his hold on Matt's hand, and lead him toward the front door.

Matt nervously looked around as Sudan pushed his way to the front of the massive crowd that had gathered in front of Limelight and waved to the door girl. She looked even more bitchy now than before, when Matt had tried to get her attention. She walked toward Sudan and leaned toward him, ready to tell him off or to look for his name on her list. Matt tried to make out what Sudan was saying, but it was too loud.

Sudan, on his part, wanted to make certain that Matt didn't hear him, in case his plan backfired. He had always been able to talk his way into clubs, but usually he was dealing with laid-back kids pretending to be door people in either suburban, or even rural areas. In those places, his looks alone would guarantee him admission into clubs. Here in New York, he decided he had to throw out a sure-fire line.

"Listen, I've got the DJ's drugs," he said softly, but directly in her ear.

"No way," she said. "He must be freaking out. He's already been playing for, like, three hours."

"Yeah, well you know I had to see some other people first."

Matt continued to watch incredulously as Sudan spoke intimately to this icy blonde with pink streaks in her hair. She was looking deep

into his eyes, and was moving closer to him. He remembered the lessons they had learned about body language in his junior year health class. This was a classic case of the girl telling the guy through body language that she was ready to have sex with him on the spot.

Sudan turned to Matt and winked at him as the door girl opened the ropes and peeled off two passes. Matt felt an adrenaline rush as he walked past the ropes toward the entrance. Just a few moments ago, before he had met Sudan, he had tried to talk to a girl standing in the crowd. She had given him one of those "Don't talk, look or even breathe in my direction" looks. He glanced back into the crowd just before they reached the big wooden doors. Sure enough, she was looking up at them. But then he realized that her eyes were focused directly on Sudan. Looking around the crowd, he soon realized that most of the crowd was staring up at Sudan. Then Matt looked at Sudan, and realized that he was completely oblivious to all this attention. He suddenly felt a tremendous amount of respect and awe for this stranger that he had just met, yet who was treating Matt like an old friend.

Strangely enough, Sudan could feel these emotions running through Matt. He had been through this so many times before, and he knew just the right moves to make to impress young impressionable kids like that. Sometimes he felt a little sorry for those types, as they were such willing participants in Sudan's accomplishments, yet never lasted long enough to reap the benefits. As they walked into the club, Sudan felt an adrenaline rush himself when he saw the jam-packed dancefloor, and felt the power of the massive, ear-piercing speakers. It was moments like this, when he felt an urge to destroy and conquer large crowds of people, that he felt certain that in past lives he must have been a great general who led millions of warriors into battle, and ruled over many empires.

"Hey wanna get a drink?" Matt asked him, pulling him out of his reverie.

"No time for that, Matt. We gotta get to the DJ booth. You're a promoter, right?"

"Well, I promoted my events, yeah."

"If you can promote your events, then you can promote this place."

"Really? You think so?"

"C'mon, follow me." Sudan grabbed his hand again, and this time Matt allowed himself to be led with little reluctance. Soon they were climbing a flight of stairs leading to the DJ booth. Once in the booth, they both waited as the DJ mixed into a new record. Matt didn't recognize him, and he was playing jungle tracks that Matt also was unfamiliar with.

Sudan walked up to him, quickly grabbed the knob to turn down the booth monitors before he could react, and then put his hand on top of the needle.

"Yo, what the fuck are you doing?"

"I won't do anything if you just answer my questions. If you hesitate at all to answer me, I'll scratch this record so bad that the speakers will blow out and I guarantee you'll never play

here again."

"What the f...! Alright, what do you want to know?"

"Who's the promoter tonight?"

"Jason Strange."

"How much does he pay you?"

"300 bucks."

"For the whole night?"

"No just till 2:00. Then he pays another guy 300 bucks to close."

"How much does the club pay him?"

"I don't know." Sudan pushed his finger down on the record, causing a slight distortion, but not quite a scratch. The lighting person had been on the side of the booth smoking a joint, and now just noticed what was happening. He started to move toward Sudan with an angry look on his face, but Sudan turned quickly, still keeping his finger on the needle cartridge, and using his best Johnny Cage pointed toe kick, he struck the lighting guy in the jaw, knocking him out completely.

"Okay, okay, just take it easy," screamed the DJ. "The club gives him 50% of the door."

"That's better. Is the club happy with the promoter?"

"As far as I know, yeah. Hey, the record is coming to an end. Let me at least change records."

"One last question. Does this club ever have special DJs play?"

"Yeah, but not too often. The owner doesn't like to pay high fees."

"Okay, you can go back to your set now."

Matt could see security people rushing across the dancefloor and pointing up at the booth.

"Sudan, we better go." They moved quickly down the stairs, and headed toward a back bar behind which was an exit sign. As they walked back into the street, Matt could feel his heart racing.

"Wow," he said to the very calm-looking Sudan. "That was fucking wild."

"Oh that was nothing Matt. Now is when the real fun starts. And now is when you can start to help by giving me some information as well." Matt froze, a look of panic appearing on his face.

"Oh don't worry Matt. You and I are friends. I just need to know if there is a DJ who has never played New York, but who could take some of the ravers away from that club if he were to appear."

"Yeah, of course. I just hired him to play my rave in Long Island, SupaRavathon"

"Oh good. Who would that be?"

"Well, who else? DJ Ludwig."

DINNER AT DANCE TRAX

"Lara I don't understand why you are so mad," Ludwig said to his manager/girlfriend, trying hard to exhibit some genuine sympathy, even though he really didn't understand why she was so upset.

"And why are you being so nasty to our friend, Milena? She helped get you out of jail today." Both Ludwig and Milena leaned toward Lara, hoping that she would give some response. They had been sitting in the lobby of

the Royalton Hotel since 7:00 pm that night when they had bailed Lara out of jail, trying in vain to solicit some response from her. She had been imprisoned after going on a crazy driving and shooting spree, which had been brought on by an internal emotional breakdown over her relationship with Ludwig. Of course, Ludwig didn't know this was the reason for her outburst, and it made Lara even more angry knowing that he was so oblivious to her turmoil. Lara took a long swig from her martini, breathed in deeply, and then prepared to speak.

Ludwig," she said softly. "Give me the contract that you signed today with Alienation Records." Ludwig went into his record bag and retrieved the 40 page document, which he had signed without even reading. He handed it to Lara. He then pulled out his headset, and blasted his system, not wanting to hear the angry conversation that he suspected was about to occur.

"Now Milena, you work for the record label that Ludwig has signed to, am I correct?" Milena nodded, now feeling a little anxious over the tone of Lara's voice. "And is this the only copy of the contract?" Milena nodded again.



"And let me ask you two, when did you meet up?"

"At SupaRavathon, the rave where Ludwig played last night," Milena said, innocently. "I looked for you, but when people told me that you weren't there, I introduced myself to Ludwig." Milena suddenly noticed a small spot of red lipstick on Ludwig's bald head. My God, what a slob, she thought. He hasn't yet showered from the previous night. Looking back at Lara, she immediately knew that Lara was reading her thoughts.

"And how much of Ludwig's advance did you use today in order to bail me out?"

"Well, the whole thing."

"Then I guess we have no more business with you," Lara said. She held the contract in front of Milena's face, and slowly ripped it in half.

"Lara, what the fuck are you doing?" Milena said sharply, her thoughts immediately going to the 1966 Mustang that she had planned to buy with the bonus she was going to get from signing Ludwig. Lara stood up and waved to the waiter to bring them a check.

"I think Ludwig and I shall leave now. It has been a long day, and we must get to bed. You'll pick up the check. C'mon Ludwig." Ludwig was still staring straight ahead, listening to his music. Milena leaned over and removed his headphones.

"Ludwig," Milena asked, desperation rising in her voice. "Did you see what Lara just did. Its...Its...like, illegal. Tell her that you've signed to Alienation, and that she can't do anything about it."

"Milena she is my business manager. I can't do anything without her advice. You know that," he said sympathetically. Lara took his hand and led him from the lobby toward the elevators. She had already forgotten about Milena, and was now thinking of how she would wreak revenge on Jay Retco. That was the other guy that Alienation Records had sent to New York to try to induce Ludwig to sign. He had offered her a bribe in order to help him in his quest for Ludwig, and she had almost accepted. It was one of the reasons she had a breakdown. How could she have been so weak? Ludwig, for his part, stood next to her quietly. He had seen Lara like this before, and knew it would pass. During moments like this, when tension and hostility was all around, he would just think about his music. At this moment, all he could think of was Dance Trax Records, which he had visited earlier that day. Nice, neat rows of vinyl. Imports. Domestics. Trance, house, hardhouse, garage. Just thinking of all that vinyl made him feel calm. He would go back there first thing in the morning. At that point, he would decide when and how he and Lara would return to Germany. Unbeknownst to him, however, returning to Germany was the last thing on Lara's mind.

THAT AND A BOTTLE OF VODKA

"You guys raised me like this, so it's all your fault if I'm so fucked up!" Ursula screamed at her parents, Charles and Claire, who stood

before her in their magnificent, marble-floored foyer in their 9 million dollar Madison Avenue townhouse. Their faces conveyed a combination of anger and panic, and had been this way ever since Ursula had arrived home 10 minutes ago, a drunken, staggering mess. About five hours earlier, she had thrown a tantrum when her father refused to help her on a wild goose chase to find superstar DJ Ludwig. She had been told by Debsy that Ludwig had not yet gone back to Germany, but rather was at a downtown Manhattan women's detention center, trying to bail somebody out of jail. Ursula had decided that her lawyer father would help her to get Ludwig's friend out of jail, thereby giving her the chance to see Ludwig again. She knew the moment Ludwig saw her again he would remember just how beautiful and kind-hearted she is, and he would never leave her again. But Charles had called her idea ridiculous, and had then become furious when she let it slip that she met him at a rave. Ursula's parents had prohibited her from going to raves ever since Claire had found strange pink pills in the pocket of her Living Doll dress. Amidst all of the screaming and shouting in this usually sedate, upper crust home, Ursula had decided that she had enough, and she stalked out of the house.

She quickly walked around the corner into the Madison Avenue Bar, one of the few dingy spots in her area. It was a relic from another time, and somehow had avoided ever becoming trendy by all the Upper East Side kids who had a habit of adopting dives as their own every few months. For Ursula it had become somewhat of a haven over the past two summer months. The perfect spot to drink straight Vodka whenever the world around her just became too hectic to deal with. Well, now it was 12:30 so she decided it was time to head back home just to find this confrontation by the fury of her tired, exasperated parents who had obviously been waiting up.

"How dare you use such language in front of your mother," said Charles.

"Oh dear Charles," responded Claire. "Don't blame her. She's been drinking."

"No Claire, I'm tired of treating her with kid gloves. She's 18, and has to start acting like an adult."

"There you go again," shrieked Ursula, her words slurring slightly. "Talking about me like I'm not here. I can't take it anymore." And with that, Ursula abruptly did an about-face, threw open the delicate French country style front door, and ran out of the apartment, her father shouting after her. Ursula ran into the middle of Madison Avenue and jumped into the first cab that came down the street.

"Quick! Head downtown," she yelled.

"Vat?" responded the Middle Eastern cab driver with a heavy accent. "Downtown!" Ursula yelled, kicking the seat in front of her. The driver shot her a dirty look in the rear view mirror, then accelerated down the street.

Ursula shut her eyes. She couldn't bear the idea of turning around and seeing her father running after her. Her head started to spin and

the effects of drinking half a bottle of vodka and then sprinting for a hundred yards took effect. "Wow," she thought. "This is officially it. The worst day of my life." She decided the only way she could ever regain any sense of sanity was if she found Ludwig. She would have to go to every club in Manhattan that night and look for him. He had to be out somewhere.

"Okay driver, go to 20th and 6th Avenue," she said, deciding that the first stop would be Limelight. Even though she hated that club, she knew it was a place that all European DJs checked out whenever they came to New York. The cab moved quickly through the after-midnight, quiet streets of New York. Ursula spent most of the ride looking at herself in her compact, fixing her make-up. They rolled up to the club just as Matt was coming out of the back exit. Ursula recognized Matt from the previous night's rave in Long Island, and immediately knew that he would probably know the whereabouts of Ludwig. Throwing ten dollars at the driver, and stumbling out into the hot, humid street, Ursula immediately caught Matt's eye, and the two moved toward each other without any memory of the previous night's mishap in which Matt had inadvertently caused Ursula to fall face first into a pool of mud.

"Hey it's you," Matt yelled, a big smile on his face. "I've been looking for you." Suddenly he forgot all about the depression he had been feeling in the beginning of the night, and the anxiety he had been feeling ever since he met Sudan.

"Yeah," Ursula responded. "And I've been looking for you," she said, a smile concealing her lie. They hugged, both caught up in the moment. Matt felt a presence behind him, and he immediately felt threatened by Sudan, afraid the Ursula would like him.

"Ursula," Matt said quickly. "Um, this is my friend Sudan."

"Pleasure," Sudan said, a big smile on his face. "Hey, you look great, I really like your Liquid Sky outfit." Matt's confident began to shrink. Ursula, however, gave a Sudan a curt "whatever" and then returned her attention to Matt.

"You know Matt, I've been wondering about something ever since your rave. Is Ludwig playing anywhere else in New York?"

"Ludwig," yelled Sudan. That's so funny that you should ask about him. We were just talking about him, weren't we Matt."

"Um, yeah, we were."

"Well then, I guess we can all look for him together, hmm?" continued Sudan. "It kind of reminds me of the The Wizard of Oz. Matt and I are like the Tin Man and the Scarecrow, and Ursula, you're like Dorothy. Shall we go, my friends?" Sudan had positioned himself in between Matt and Ursula, so he was able to take both by the hand at once, and begin leading them down 20th street.

"Now all we need is a yellow brick road," said Matt softly.

"Yeah, and a bottle of vodka," murmured Ursula.



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"IT TAKES

turntable teams

**TO MAKE
IT-OUTTA SIGHT"**

the chemical brothers

by Darren Reesler

The Chemical Brothers are Tom Rowlands and Ed Simons and they aren't really siblings. Nevertheless, these non-biological brothers-in-rhythm are perhaps one of the U.K.'s most revered production/DJ units. Tom and Ed met six years ago at Manchester University. They both had the two best record collections on campus, so they naturally became friends. Known originally as The Dust Brothers, they started out DJing at student parties, then opened their own

club, and before they knew it, they were producing their own records.

"Song to the Siren" was their first bottom-heavy '92 jaunt, which comfortably found influence in hip-hop, rock, and cutting-edge dance music. One year later, it was picked up by Junior Boy's Own, and the Brothers haven't looked back, though they did have to change their moniker after losing it to the U.S. outfit who already had dibs on the name. In the meantime, they've DJ'ed all over the place, remixed tracks for the likes of Leftfield, Method Man, Primal Scream, and Saint Etienne, and have a diverse debut on their hands, *Exit Planet Dust* (Astralwerks).

"In London, you end up in clubs at a fairly young age," says Ed. "I ended up at the Mud Club when I was 14, and I put on a stupid Mohair jumper and listened to disco. From a record buying perspective, we bought rock, funk, and anything that was weird. Jesus & Mary Chain

was my big band when I was 16, and I loved the Smiths. Then, living in Manchester was influential to us, and they have the best clubs and bands, because it's a place where you can totally indulge yourself in music."

Influenced by turntable luminaries such as Andy Weatherall, Mike Pickering, and Justin Robertson, The Chemical Brothers have always concerned themselves with building tension while spinning, rather than trying to needlessly impress the jaded trainspotters.

"We still haven't mastered the technique part of DJing," admits Ed, half-seriously. "We just pride ourselves on having a good record collection and having great timing. We just try to get the records on and off without having a falling-down-the-stairs-type noise. It's three records on, three records off for us. We've always done it like that; maybe that's the secret of our success, because we both push each other to keep up the level of intensity. No one wants to drop the pace or be the one responsible for losing the floor. It's kind of a competitive thing that's always spurred us on."

With The Chemical Brothers recently stepping out to perform a series of full-fledged live shows to support *Exit Planet Dust*, they're hoping to continue pushing club music's limitless sonic extremes for a long time to come. "We get on well and don't argue, because we believe that life's too short," concludes Ed, who also shares a house with his bandmate, Tom. "Sure, there are some creative arguments, but as friends I'd say we're pretty solid. From studying for history exams in the blazing heat together to playing before thousands of people, we've just learned to put our heads down, and to concentrate on whatever task is before us."

Like Adam & Eve and Itchie & Scratchie, the turntables teams profiled here exemplify the benefits of creative collaboration. For these duos, it's all about partnership, growing together, and carrying each other's record cases.

Farley and Heller, the two behind Junior Boy's Own, clicked after the first time they worked together in a studio. West Coast's Freaky Chakra (Daum Bentley) and Single Cell

Orchestra (Miguel Angelo Fierro) work best

together during live performances, while Roc &

Kato work best as a business team. Peter and

Vanessa Daou collaborate best in the bedroom,

and Tom Rowlands and Ed Simons are so good

together they adopted a fraternal name: The

Chemical Brothers. So find yourself a partner

and read about these duos together.

Farley and Heller

by Lily Moayeri



Fire Island. Roach Motel. Farley and Heller. For progressive house musicheads, these names are associated with pumping, powerful singles and memorable remixes. The black and white sleeves with the minimal design are like magnets in indie vinyl stores. No fancy artwork or eye-grabbing logo has as much pull as the simple contrasting starkness of the Junior Boy's Own jackets.

Fire Island established themselves on the shelves with the very first release from Terry

Farley's own ultra hype label, Junior Boy's Own, titled "In Your Bones." The masterminds behind that project have since become staples in every DJ's box with hit after hit. Their alter ego, Roach Motel snuck up on everyone with a bang. The cuts from this act found their niche just as quickly in the DJ infested areas.

Terry Farley and Pete Heller are the knob-twiddling duo behind these two projects and leading remixers and DJs in their own right. Originally ("In the old days") Terry worked with the globally admired DJ and producer Andrew Weatherall.

"The first few remixes were Happy Mondays and a couple of other rock-y type things that we basically slung a breakbeat underneath and thought that was OK, it probably was at the time," Terry remembers. "And then we hooked up with Pete. It was a remix for a group called That Petrol Emotion. Weatherall and I were doing it and we didn't know how to work a drum machine. Pete had a drum machine. We asked him to come along and just sort of stuck together after that. Musically, myself and Andrew weren't really compatible so it became me and Pete."

Since that fateful remix, Farley and Heller have worked with numerous house acts

both in remixer and producer capacity. "It took me and Pete quite a while to convince people. From the start we were never into mixing rock or indie dance bands but all the good house acts wouldn't let us touch them. It's only in the last couple of years that we've proved ourselves and are doing Michael Walford, Robert Owens and people like that," Terry says proudly. "It's taken us a long while to get where we are really. On a house tip is where we always wanted to be. Remixing rock groups that are trying to make themselves funky is just really hard work," he sighs.

They've come a long way from those days. With remixes for Junior Vasquez and M-People under their belts as well as production for Michael Walford and the deConstruction diva, Kylie Minogue, they are firmly on a house tip. "If you've got a really good vocalist, it's makes everything so much easier for us. It just fits in, as opposed to when you're hired by a record company to try and rescue something," Terry explains. "You can sit there for hours shaking your heads at each other saying, 'Oh God, what are we doing here.' But when the songs are good and the vocalist is good, it's a breeze really."

It may be a breeze to them but what we're feeling on the dancefloors is a typhoon of energy. Punters and DJs alike await with bated breath for the next offering from either Fire Island or Roach Motel. Terry sees his two acts in completely different spheres. "Fire Island is basically me, Pete and an engineer who we always use called Gary Wilkinson and the singer," he elaborates. "With Fire Island we just want to be the producers and any singer to be the act, whereas Roach Motel is just a track thing, a DJ-producer thing we do just for the DJs. We're not particularly worried whether anyone plays it on the radio or whether it's a hit. As long as the DJs like it, it's a hit."

Terry and Pete are planning to extend their talents to incorporate those of their label-mates in the near future. "They (the acts on Junior Boy's Own) tend to be very intermingled. Pete and I are moving into our own studio soon. Maybe we'll get to work with Ashley [Beedle] and start another group up. It's all very incestuous."



by The Mad Uni-bomber

It's not since EPMD blew up the 80's has a rap group lit up the hip hop industry like Smif-N-Wessun. The pressures and volatile nature of the music industry are so high that the odds are against any two individuals staying true and loyal to each other during their battle to succeed. But Tek and Steele of Smif-N-Wessun don't see any problem in this area. Their bonds formed long before they became recording artists, when they were growing up together in Brooklyn, which they put on the hip hop map as "Bucktown" with their debut single of the same name.

"We've been together about eight years solid," says Steele. "Going through the trials and tribulations in the street. You know when you're growing up, you have someone that you hang out with, go to the movies with, mess around with ladies with? That's me and Tek."

"We went to high school together," continued Tek. "We ran with a city-wide gang together called Deceptions and Power Masters, running buckwild. It put us in the spotlight of all types of stuff. I started actually rappin' in school, bangin' on the tables, or in the bathroom gettin' high, cuttin' out of class, or whatever. Takin' it to the lunch room, or on the handball wall, get some 40 oz.'s, some L's, and just start buggin'..."

Eventually, the two started to hone their rhyming skills, and they became a team. "Forming Smif-N-Wessun was just one of those things where we knew we had something. Before we started rapping and writing together, we had a vision of Smif-N-Wessun. We were always feelin' the same vibe, and were always in the same light. For some reason wherever Tek was, Steele was, and vice versa. It was like when we weren't together it wasn't right."

Their break came when they worked with a dancer who turned out to be the sister of Buckshot from Black Moon. She introduced them to Buckshot, and soon after, Tek and Steele started opening up shows for Black Moon. It didn't take long for the people at Nervous Records, the label to which Black Moon is signed, to see the potential in the duo, and in the spring of 1993, they were signed to the

label.

Smif-N-Wessun's first single, "Bucktown," blew up the East Coast, eventually selling over 100,000 copies. In January 1995 the debut album, "Dah Shinin'" was released, and it quickly moved 200,000 units and became the hip hop album for all the East Coast hip hop heads.

On a superficial level, the essential physical trait that distinguishes them from each other is their heads. Tek keeps his shaved, while Steele has dreadlocks. With respect to their rhyming styles, however, when first listening to "Dah Shinin'" it is not easy to distinguish one from the other, as their lyrics flow so smoothly back and forth, often coming together in the same verse. Upon deeper inspection, it becomes apparent that each of their styles has its own very distinctive flavor. Steele has a slower, more philosophical cadence, as in "Wrekonize," where he flows, "I'm feelin' the rush/ From the cannabis/ Plant/ But I can't lamp/ Cause niggas get me amped/ Talkin' this and that but my rap format's fat/ And I slap cats that commence to stab backs..."

Tek, on the other hand, has a more sinister, threatening overtone in his rhymes, as in "Next Shit," where he rhymes, "This is a story of a place that we call home/ Where the kids pack heat when it's time to roam/ Everybody's on a scramble/ Life's a gamble/ Hoppin' on the white horse/ Tryin' ta getta handle."

One thing they definitely have in common, however, is a shared respect for each other, and a bond that will help sustain them in a quest for knowledge and success. As Steele explains, "Smif-N-Wessun is trying to deal with things. Smif-N-Wessun is just the light, Smif-N-Wessun is knowledge, 'cos knowledge is infinite, and we're constantly able to grow together. Tek is the left foot, and I'm the right foot, and we climb when we gotta climb, or we step when we gotta step, and we run when we gotta run. To chop your left foot off, you're gonna be hoppin' around like a multhafucka. You might get around but it's gonna be slow. But we move in unison, so when the left foot trip up the right foot is gonna be right there to make sure you don't fall. It's all about being partners in crime, partners in doing what you do, 'cos you gotta make moves or either get moved on. If you're standing around on a corner, you're gonna get moved on. Smif-N-Wessun gotta keep moving constantly, constant elevation."

Roc & Kato

by Colleen Murphy



heavy-hitting, big-bottomed productions are what most house fans attach to the name Roc & Kato. With underground hits such as "Jungle Love", "Jungle Kisses", "Cherry Lips" and, most recently, "Alright" constituting their calling card, many may think the buck stops there. Ray Roc and Juan Kato's musical versatility and successful business endeavors have remained hidden to most, but with their growing notoriety, they are now ready to be seen and heard by all.

Before Roc & Kato joined forces in 1988, they were with different DJ-production teams. Based in Queens, Ray Roc committed his loyalty to Nonstop Productions while Juan Kato belonged to Majestic Sounds. "We were each other's competition," recalls Roc. "Juan was editing reels for (radio station) Hot 97 back when they were Hot 103 and I was doing edits for my own purposes. Then we started trading them."

Soon after, the two hooked up and started doing edits for record companies, getting their first break with "War Party" on Warlock Records. While their production ventures proved commercially viable, Roc & Kato were waiting for a chance to do what they really desired. "We were doing freestyle which was happening on the radio, but our hearts were really into house music. We hooked up with Metropolitan and showed them all of our house tracks and they said we had enough to do a label. That's when we started Digital Dungeon." They busted out with "Kings from Queens" and followed up with the underground smash "Jungle Love", finally making a name for themselves in the house community.

Deals with other record labels followed, including an album deal with the Latin division of Sony, Soho Sounds. Roc feels the album Into The Digital Dungeon may have preserved Roc & Kato's enigmatic status. "We went very deep with that record. The audience was confused because they were used to our hard-edge sound whereas the album had a lot of versatility such as commercial pop house, deep house and the harder stuff."

Frustrations with the record biz began to fester prompting the team to take the reins into their own hands while broadening their horizons. "We got sick of dealing with the business so we formed U.G.M.G. - The Underground Music Group and started distributing other labels. I started a new record label, Rhythm Factor, and Juan started his own graphic company. I began to get more involved with the business end."

While Roc & Kato seized control of their stateside affairs, England's growing interest in American producers worked in their favor. After doing a remix of Fire Island's "If You Should Need A Friend" on Junior Boy's Own, the duo got major props and started doing more work for Slip n' Slide, who had previously licensed "Jungle Kisses". "Alright" solidified their relationship with Slip n' Slide and they recently remixed Densaid's "I'm So Grateful" which will soon come out along with a new Roc & Kato vocal track. They've also completed production for a new Digital Dungeon release, "Heart Throb" coming out on Heartbeat Records in Italy.

Their work in Europe has given them the chance to work on more soulful material which should help dispel the notion that Roc & Kato only play hard. "I don't want people to say that's Roc & Kato," states Roc. "I want them to say that could be them. The hard sound is easier than doing soulful vocals, but we love vocals the most."





Vanessa & Peter Daou by Darren Ressler

Vanessa Daou, the sultry, singer-songwriter wife of musician/producer Peter Daou, is a sight for sore eyes (and ears). A striking beauty blessed with exotic features and a seductive set of pipes, she's proof-positive that a well-aimed whisper can easily devastate the emotions. By marrying poetic phrasings with Peter's dreamy, jazz-influenced grooves, Vanessa's understated vocals nibble erotically at your lobe, titillating the senses to a heady arousal.

Married seven years and currently residing in a quaint duplex which overlooks Central Park, the duo's musical history dates back to the '80s, when they recorded as Vandal for Nu Groove. After Peter established himself as right-hand sessionman to New York's remixer elite, the couple launched their own jazz/rock/dance outfit, The Daou, and issued a brilliantly trippy album for Columbia, Head Music. Things didn't work out, so they asked to be let out of their contract, and promptly cut two evocative singles for Tribal America, "Give Myself to You" (co-produced with Danny Tenaglia), and "Are You Satisfied?" (co-produced with David Morales), where they fine-tuned an expansive, highly erotic signature.

Their confidence led them to self-finance Vanessa's debut, *Zipless*, on their Lotus label, where she set the poetry from Erica Jong's *Becoming Light* to song over Peter's ebullient, dubby textures. "Even though I write my own lyrics, I love Erica's writing and all of the themes that she brings to her poetry," says Vanessa. "I wanted to have a sexual album, but I also wanted to explore the intellectual part of eroticism."

Better yet, *Zipless* allowed for a better division of labor between the couple. "Vanessa is comfortable writing melodies and posing in front of the camera," says Peter, "and I'd rather sit in the studio and produce the records. The functions for us are so clear now."

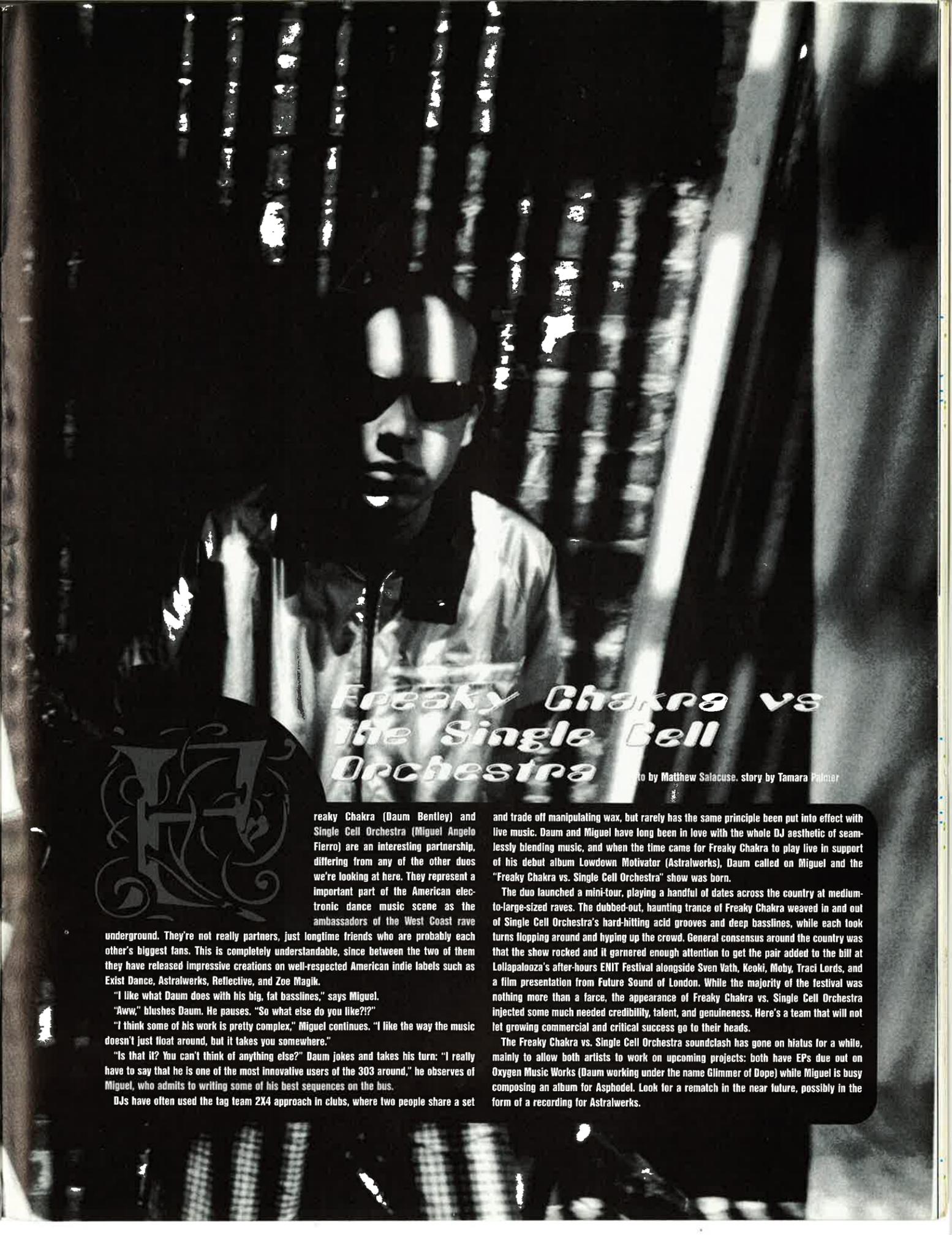
With *Zipless* recently receiving a second life after being picked up earlier this year by the MCA-distributed Krasnow Entertainment, the album's first single, "Near The Black Forest," was also reissued, and a sexy encompassing video was shot to promote the project. That risqué clip, which is full of contorting bodies, caused a little friction between Mr. and Mrs. Daou, specifically the scene where a naked Vanessa is carried by four brawny men. "It got to the point where the director kept apologizing to me every five minutes," says Peter. He kept telling me to close my eyes."

So how does this couple who live and work so closely together manage to stay together?

Vanessa (Laughing): "Well, having two floors to our apartment helps. When we're working together, we'll fight over a word in a song, and Peter will treat me like some session singer who just walked in off the street."

Peter: "Actually, we never fight in our 'regular' life, but when we're in the studio, it's like cats and dogs. There's some engineers who can attest to that. But we have a very equal relationship, but boy, can Vanessa scream and yell when we're working! I believe that a man shouldn't hit a woman, but she hits and kicks me if she doesn't get her way in the studio."

"C'mon, Peter," giggles Vanessa, playfully rolling her big brown eyes. "I don't do that anymore."



Freaky Chakra vs The Single Cell Orchestra by Matthew Salacuse, story by Tamara Palmer

Freaky Chakra (Daum Bentley) and Single Cell Orchestra (Miguel Angelo Fierro) are an interesting partnership, differing from any of the other duos we're looking at here. They represent an important part of the American electronic dance music scene as the ambassadors of the West Coast rave

and trade off manipulating wax, but rarely has the same principle been put into effect with live music. Daum and Miguel have long been in love with the whole DJ aesthetic of seamlessly blending music, and when the time came for Freaky Chakra to play live in support of his debut album *Lowdown Motivator* (Astralwerks), Daum called on Miguel and the "Freaky Chakra vs. Single Cell Orchestra" show was born.

The duo launched a mini-tour, playing a handful of dates across the country at medium-to-large-sized raves. The dubbed-out, haunting trance of Freaky Chakra weaved in and out of Single Cell Orchestra's hard-hitting acid grooves and deep basslines, while each took turns flopping around and hyping up the crowd. General consensus around the country was that the show rocked and it garnered enough attention to get the pair added to the bill at Lollapalooza's after-hours ENIT Festival alongside Sven Vath, Keoki, Moby, Traci Lords, and a film presentation from Future Sound of London. While the majority of the festival was nothing more than a farce, the appearance of Freaky Chakra vs. Single Cell Orchestra injected some much needed credibility, talent, and genuineness. Here's a team that will not let growing commercial and critical success go to their heads.

The Freaky Chakra vs. Single Cell Orchestra soundclash has gone on hiatus for a while, mainly to allow both artists to work on upcoming projects: both have EPs due out on Oxygen Music Works (Daum working under the name Glimmer of Dope) while Miguel is busy composing an album for Asphodel. Look for a rematch in the near future, possibly in the form of a recording for Astralwerks.

underground. They're not really partners, just longtime friends who are probably each other's biggest fans. This is completely understandable, since between the two of them they have released impressive creations on well-respected American indie labels such as Exist Dance, Astralwerks, Reflective, and Zoe Magik.

"I like what Daum does with his big, fat basslines," says Miguel.

"Aww," blushes Daum. He pauses. "So what else do you like??"

"I think some of his work is pretty complex," Miguel continues. "I like the way the music doesn't just float around, but it takes you somewhere."

"Is that it? You can't think of anything else?" Daum jokes and takes his turn: "I really have to say that he is one of the most innovative users of the 303 around," he observes of Miguel, who admits to writing some of his best sequences on the bus.

DJs have often used the tag team 2X4 approach in clubs, where two people share a set



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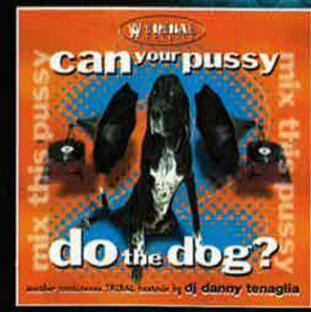
"Wagon Christ looks set to provide one of the landmark dance albums of 1995."
- *Music Week*

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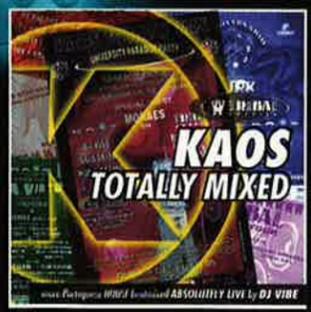
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MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT



ISSUE'S CHOICE

HIT & RUN HOLIDAY

My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult

Interscope

Mondo is a slang expression that has evolved over the years from the Italian word for "world" into a catch-all descriptor for any outrageous, decadent, lurid, or sensationalistic topic. The director John Waters has lovingly described his violence-, gore-, and sex-filled mondo tribute, *Mondo Trasho*, as a "gutter film". In *Hit & Run Holiday*, the new album from My Life with the Thrill Kill Kult, the band sings, "Thrill Kill's got mondo fever," and this fever is hot! In this fifth album, the Thrill Kill Kult explores the musical inspiration that lies in the sleazy and glamorous worlds of Betty Page and *Faster Pussycat, Kill! Kill! Kill!* In fact, a world of exploitation movie soundtracks seems to be the band's final destination. Beginning with their third album, *Sexplosion*, The Thrill Kill Kult moved away from their original Wax Trax, industrial-dance sound in favor of '70s disco, '60s garage rock, and '50s cocktail lounge orchestrations. This unlikely amalgamation of such disparate musical genres, combined with the band's joking and gorgeously perverse 90s sensibility, has resulted in a jazzy rock sound that is eccentric and hard to appreciate, but brilliantly kitsch. The band members obviously live for freaks, drugs, and extravagance, since every song is a parody or kooky tribute to counter-cultural elements of American Pop. It's a sure bet that the band members have rented every single tape in their local Blockbuster Video's cult section, owing to the generous B-movie samples that run through their album. 50s and 60s exploitation film fanatics will get the most pleasure from this record, since it's a veritable quiz-show of movie dialogue. For the non-experts, this album should be enjoyable if you appreciate a tongue-in-cheek, sleazy rock sound or bizarrely cool cocktail lounge music. Ultimately, you really have to enjoy a ridiculous mind-fuck, because that's what this band has always delivered. (Ernie Glam)

ALTERNATIVE VIEWS

POST

Bjork

Elektra Records



Thank (fill in the blank with deity of your choice) for the likes of Bjork. Someone who understands. Someone who, despite being tagged as a spaced-out elf, is 100% real. Like fellow crusaders Tricky, the Verve, and Massive Attack, Bjork is someone who creates music that transcends time, space, and genres, sticking her finger in your brain and messing with "reality" all the while. On *Post*, Bjork has taken her all-encompassing, global sounds to seemingly impossible heights. Where *Debut* was a giddy, wide-eyed revelation of sample-heavy grooves and club culture aesthetics, *Post* radiates a more somber and organic vibe. Stripped-down arrangements and slower, more languid songs put even more emphasis on *that voice* and her bittersweet, metaphysical message. Simply put, this is

the perfect soundtrack for getting your life together, a record that will understand and console you. Songs like the menacing "Army of Me" extol self-sufficiency to a creepy, analog bassline. The claustrophobic clank and clatter of "Enjoy" (a collaboration with the Tricky one himself) laments the complexity of human emotion, while the beautifully nostalgic "Possibly Maybe" soothes the fear of what's been lost and what's to come. Things get really deep on the percussive and horn-powered south-of-the-border blast "I Miss You," where we find Bjork intensely missing the perfect lover. Only thing is, it's someone who she has yet to meet (and we all know how that goes). *Post* ends with "Headphones," a hushed thank-you note to Graham (808 State) Massey for a mix tape, obviously of the kind that most of us have abandoned "LP's" to pursue. But as long as there are albums like these in the bins, there's reason to make exceptions. (Scott Sterling)

AXIS MUTATIS

The Shamen

Epic



Over the past five years, The Shamen have done through several evolutionary phases: 1) The underground stage, by-the-scene-for-the-scene stage; 2) The early 90s rave media hype stage, and 3) the mainstream Pop stage. With the release of their new album, *Axis Mutatis*, due out in October, The Shamen have reaffirmed their determination to be known as a Pop group. With their catchy hooks and bouncy vocals, this album serves up shopping mall techno tunes and New Age mysticism-flavored ambient tracks. As repulsive as the suggestion of such a musical combo platter might sound, it's actually silly and fun! For example, The Shamen's efforts to write profound lyrics is sometimes senseless and often laughable. As case in point is the debut single "Destination Eschaton", a millennial-fever inspired bubblegum tune about the end of the world. (The title concerns eschatology, a branch of theology concerning Armageddon. You figure it out.) It's better to enjoy the vocals as just another instrument and draw your own comparisons to Erasure or the Pet Shop Boys. My favorite song is an electro-ballad called "MK2A", in which The Shamen sing about Andromeda. I'm not sure if there's referring to the mythological Ethiopian princess, or northern constellation, or the galaxy, but it's a great song. The only disappointment is the lack of anything that sounds like a big dancefloor hit a la "Move

Reviews

Any Mountain". Ultimately, this album is fluffy bubblegum electronic that should be enjoyed at work in the afternoon as you bob to the beat while doing something else. As for purchasing a CD or cassette, I'd go to the lower priced cassette since, like any good bubblegum, you'll only want to chew it for a little while and then spit it out. (Ernie Glam)

ON THE FLOOR

MIND EXPLOSION E.P.

DJ Pierre



STRICTLY 4 THE UNDERGROUND E.P.

Roger S.

Strictly Rhythm

If someone were to ask me, "What is house music and how can I learn more about it?" I'd have to go into a long history of a club culture and its leader DJs. While dropping names of producers and famed hot spots of the underground, I would definitely allocate a special explanation about DJ Pierre and the Wild Pitch sound which he pioneered. Then I would start rambling on about Roger Sanchez and the uncountable vocal anthems that he has filled our dancefloors with. Among the many contributors to "House Culture," Pierre and Roger S. stand out as someone who consistently delivered the goods and stayed true to the scene. *Mind Explosion* and *Strictly 4 the Underground* are E.P.'s from these marvelous producers within the house

nation. Their classic styles and sounds are an education in House 101 for people interested in dance music as well as for their full time fans. A definite must have on vinyl or CD. (Ben Dover)

EAT STATIC

Epsilon

Mammoth



The question I have to ask here is: How soon are past sins forgiven? Eat Static, aka Merv and Joie, used to be one half of the monstrous purveyors of Brit-crusty-hippy nonsense Ozric Tentacles, who committed a number of most heinous breaches of taste. But a couple of years ago they went their own way and became East Static, producing user-friendly bursts of high-speed acid trance laced with hilarious samples from *Outer Limits* and *Doctor Who*. Much beloved in the UK for their outrageous humor, they weren't as successful over here in USA, where your average listener doesn't want his portion of techno served with the funnies. Now, however, Eat Static have gone serious on us with the *Epsilon* portion. They've dropped most of the samples and broadened their musical scope with addition of jungle on tracks like "Dionysiac". Their signature breakneck pace has been slowed down slightly to make a thoughtful techno album which is full of pleasant surprises. It's also a pleasure to hear the very wonderful "Gulf Breeze" out on a CD at last. Nice work. But I miss the funnies. (John Speakman)

THE NUMBER OF MAGIC

Richard Kirk

TVT



Richard Kirk has been tirelessly tip toeing on the edge of the

music world for the past twenty five years. He's been recording under the names of Sweet Exorcist and Sandoz, not to mention his contributions as half of the legendary Cabaret Voltaire, and of course, releasing under his own name as well. In his latest endeavor, Kirk crosses trance, dub, world music (inspired by his recent trip to Goa) with smooth vocals and strong beats. The mellow mood is set with three excellent groovy tracks: "Lost Souls of Funk", the bass heavy "Love is Deep" and the funky "So Digital". The influence of the world music thang is more apparent on "Indole Ring, East of Nima" and "Atomic". If you want the "Classic Kirk" skip these three and go to track number seven, "Poets Saints Revolutionaries"-by far the most energetic track combining enigmatic vocal samples with powerful trancy beats. Remember this one for when you need a boost of energy. "Monochrome Dream" sets off on a trip-hop-ing-trancy-dream-e feeling with a splash of flamenco at the beginning, while the title track "The Number of Magic" is a smooth ten minute conclusion to a very moody Richard Kirk. (Andrew Safavi)

IN THE LOUNGE

WHO KILLED ACID JAZZ?

The Baby Buddah Heads:



GIVE 'EM ENOUGH DOPE - VOLUME 2

Compilation

C&S

The Baby Buddah Heads is the first project from Jazz Moses Productions - a collaborative effort between Giant Step's DJ Jazzy Nice and producer Mitch Moses - and I am surprised to report that I enjoyed it more than the second Dope compilation. The Heads album leans more to the trip-hop side, thank God, and let's hope they are the ones that kill acid jazz. It sounds kinda like the *Let Them Eat Bingo* record by Beats International. Each track is a refreshingly anonymous, refreshingly inorganic collage. Blues guitar, soul



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vocal and spoken word samples function as reiterated hooks and reinforce a sense of purpose missing on the Dope compilation. The latter is comprised of hard to find singles such as Pressure Drop's scary sound collage "Up Against The Wall," T-Power vs. M.K. Ultra's ambient-jungle-all-of-a-sudden "Horny Mutant Jazz," Mekon's (interesting name) "Last Breath," and a remix of Portishead's hit "Sour Times" that puts a doze of hop in the mix. Certainly more strange and eclectic than the Heads album, the Dope cuts simply wander around a bit too long. But only Soundscape's "The Journey Within" is totally worthless. The tempo/genre shifts are lush and imperceptible. And Freakpower In Dub's "My Heart Sings" is almost worthy of the brilliant Tricky himself. (Kevin Bozelka)

EARTHRISE -NTONE.1 Compilation

Instinct Records



From the producers that brought you DJ Food as well as Lisa Stansfield's number one album and Eric B and Rakim's "Paid in Full," comes an eccentric collection of experimental tunes featuring adventurers and explorers of electronic music. Coldcut, Jonathan Moore and Matt Black, have gathered a varied and futuristic crop of musicians under a loose blanket of a "space dub trip." Among the talent are Drome (Germans with an ethnic flavor), Transcend (full of industrial sample), Neotropic (female touch of electronic wizardry combined with conventional and not-so-conventional instruments), Real Life (underwater sounds via the Great White shark), Journeyman (Woob's Paul Frankland and DJ Colin Waterson) and of course the alter egos of Coldcut themselves, Hex and

Hedfunk, also known as the destroyers of musical barriers. In double CD form, the blend of jazz, funk, ambient and dub is a trailblazing effort in atmospheric washes over dubbed out tones. Each track has a distinct character that fits with the flow while standing on its own. Highlights include Hex Hedfunk remix of "Surf" and "Harmonic." A two hour journey into the depth of strangeness. (Lily Moayeri).

LAND OF COMPILATIONS

BATTLE GROUNDS Techno compilation



Mokum Records
WOW! I don't even know where to start with this CD. The best way to description this is straight out speed. If your a speed freak-techno junky-head trippen' motherfucker, than you'll be down with this bitch. Fifteen tracks in all, and absolutely positively nothing resembling house, trip hop or any of the standard shit that normal people might think about listening to. Some might even find this to be the perfect CD to play after a long hard night of partying and maniacal mischief. A chance to relax at well over 200 BPM without a worry in the world. I especially recommend playing this bad boy for all your friends at the office. They'll love you for it. (The Mad Uni Bomber)

IBIZA AFTER HOURS 2 Compilation

Moonshine Music
If I had the money, I'd buy a one-way ticket to Ibiza and never come back. But since I don't have any,

I got this CD and some organic mushrooms to experience this in my very own virtual reality. The results were



weird - I saw all these beautiful girls that I couldn't touch and I laid out on the beach without getting a tan. Then I went to a mad foam party at a groovy club Cafe del Mar where all my favorite DJs played and partied until I passed out. Than I woke up in the middle of an afterhours club on the beach with more beautiful girls and the sun was coming up and hung out with the local DJ Jose Padilla who was mixing brilliant tunes. The nightlife was incredible, but funny thing is, I didn't have a single hangover. My trip eventually ended and the

only thing I have to remember it by is this amazing CD. One fantastic track after the other. Boy, does it ever bring back memories! Between the girls, the sun and the nightlife, the music of Ibiza is what I'll always remember most. (Peppe Ronni)

KAOS TOTALLY MIXED House Compilation



Tribal America
This release comes during what I hope is going to be the explosion of the house music era (yeah right!) and I'm

Reviews

convinced that it will be brought to you by Tribal Records. This label is so consistent with pumping out the best of that New York twisted sound that immediately our favorite names pop into the picture like Junior Vasquez, Danny Tenaglia, Murk, and Frederick Jorio. Now Tribal is on to something new. We've all heard about those crazy parties in Portugal (and Danny Danny Tenaglia swears to us it's his favorite place to spin) Now, if the trend continues, (and Tribal gets their way) Portugal will become a huge force in house music, especially because of that fine offering "So Get Up". Check this out and see if you agree. We do. (Al Cohulics)

DECON STRUCTION CLASSICS Compilation

deConstruction
The biggest dance label in the UK is celebrating the release of 100 singles with a commemorative double CD collection featuring the cream of the deConstruction classics. Twenty six

tracks altogether, it's filled with fantastic floor fillers here that we may have forgotten all about. Predominantly vocal tracks with lots and lots of piano riffs, this is history of dance music in the U.K. and it's represented quite comprehensively. K-Klass' "Rhythm is a Mystery", Felix's "Don't You Want Me", Hyper Go-Go's "High", Way Out West with "Ajare", the Hed Boys with "Girls and Boys" as well as the Grid with their two smashes "Texas Cowboys" and "Swamp Thing" are only teasers for this chock-a-block compilation. DeCon have not forgotten their artists from the early days either with tracks from Guru Josh, N-Joi, T-Coy and Black Box. The DJs are represented too



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with Sasha and Lionrock (Justin Robertson) in the mix. And of course, the chart topping M People and the born again vixen, Kylie Minogue. To remember all the sweatiest sing-along moments in your dancefloor career, slip in the deConstruction Classics collection and let the memories flow. (Lily Moayeri)

HIP-HOP



NERVOUS HIP HOP Compilation

Nervous artists

Kenny "Dope" Gonzales, better known as a house music guru and half of the Masters at Work team, is actually just as known in hip hop circles as a master DJ and producer. Kenny Dope makes his mark as a hip-hop force on this mixed continuous compilation. Masterfully mixed, this treasure of a compilation contains timeless classic and New York style cuts from Nervous and its Wreck and Weeded divisions featuring stars Black Moon, Smif-n-Wessun, ragga king (and Source ragga Artist of the Year) Mad Lion, and local demi-god Funkmaster Flex. Bucktown's own Black Moon and Smif-n-Wessun bring the moody Brooklyn bass. Mad Lion has the brilliant formula of hip hop and ragga, while Flex represents with his truly dope "bounce" flavor. All this is mixed with minimal "noise," something hip hop DJs should concentrate more on. Every song here is on point and Kenny mixes at the perfect time - not too early before the song peaks and not long after the song lays itself out. The best tracks are the old skool style "Shoot to Kill" from Mad Lion and everything from Smif-n-Wessun is classic. My only question is where's Flex's breakthrough single "Nuttin' but Flavor" that features the unstoppable trio of Charlie Brown (L.O.N.S.), Ol' Dirty Bastard, and Biz Markie? Oh well, I still haven't decided which track is my favorite. It seems to be a toss up between all of them. (James Lee)

THE D&D PROJECT Various

Arista



New York's D&D Studios are known for spitting' out the best in hip hop. Smif-n-Wessun, BDP, Gangstarr and crew, Mad Lion have all made a permanent home there. No other studio gets as much props as D&D. With that in mind, Guru and Premier (Gangstarr) put this project together, assembling new artists and producers in the rap game. The first track "1, 2, pass it" is already a classic in the making. It features Doug E. Fresh, KRS-One, Fat Joe, Mad Lion, Smif-n-Wessun, and Jeru the Damaja on the mic and DJ Premiere on the cut. All the new rappers on this CD now have the potential to really make it, and most of them couldn't choose a better place to debut. I especially like the third track, "Act Up" by Ill Breed and was shocked to discover the Beat Minerz production credit on it. It's not the typical skeletal bass track, but quite the opposite with upbeat and melodic flavor. II Unorthodox's "Just a Little Flava" was just a little wack. They sound like muppets. It reminds me of the mid 80s, when New York hip hop was more unified (remember the self destruction campaign, Native Tongue, etc...). The production of this CD can't be touched and everyone seems to have a sincere devotion towards D&D and hip hop in general. That alone is enough to make me want to buy it. (James Lee)

Tasty 12's

by Afshin & David Waxman

GROUND CONTROL ONE Hex Hector

Emotive

-Nothing turns us on more than the sound of Aphrodita moon-ing....or is that bitch just acting shady again? Either way, "Absolutely Fabulous" is chuck full o' club kids and one-liners.

BALLOON White Label

-Ever think you would hear Robert Planet singing with a house beat? Well, thanks to leading technology (and a get rich quick scream) anybody can make a bootleg with classic vocals.

RUNNING AROUND TOWN Billy Ray Martin

Sire

-It's good and all, *but* it's a far cry from "Your Loving Arms". BT's Jacob's Ladder Mix is very smart, *but* doesn't build to anything significant.

LITE'S IN THEE SKYY Aphrohead

Power Music

-Nice lyrics, under 130 BPM's and no loud thump of a kick drum. Can't believe it's on Power? Neither could we! DJ Duke's 101 Mix is the one, don't bother with the rest.

PAPER MOON/TRACKTION 51 Days

Bold Records

-Basically, if you don't already have this on import or at least know about it, you're so fucking new skool it's not even funny. Therefore, no review is required. Just make sure nobody is watching when you get it or just casually slip it into the middle of your pile.

PANINARO '95 Pet Shop Boys

EMI

-Angel Morales mixes march in the same line as his own "Welcome to the Factory". Tracy's and Sharon's mixes (haven't got a clue who these people are) are decent but nothing special while the Tin Tin and Pet Shop Boys mixes are pure crap. Pretty crappy song to begin with really.

NO MORE I LOVE YOU'S Annie Lennox

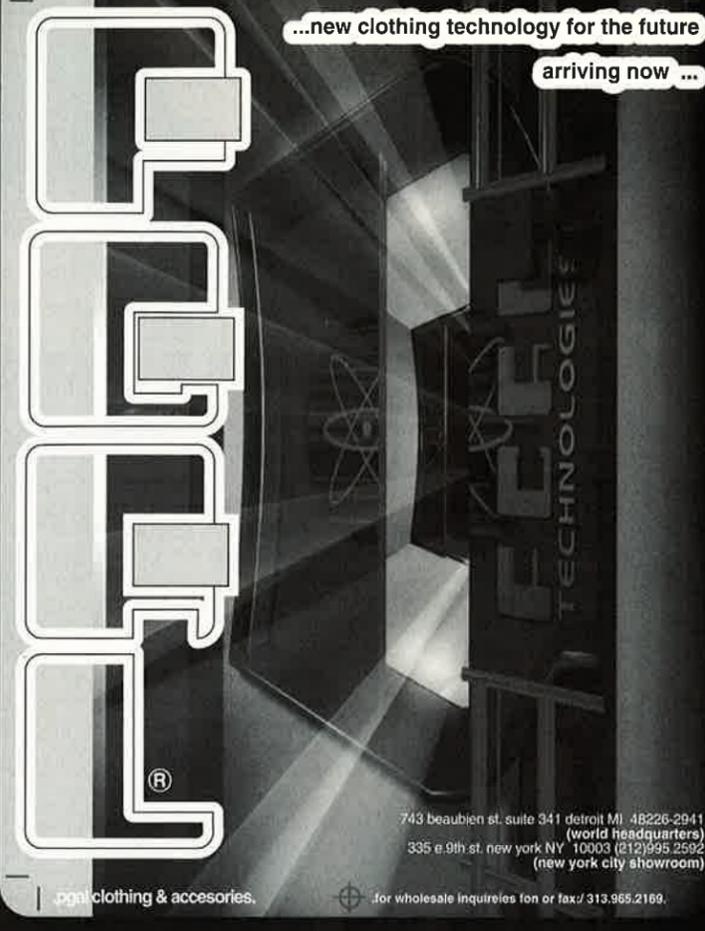
Arista

-Recipe for success: first you take a hefty portion of samples, sprinkle the intense voice of Annie Lennox until covered completely. Blend it all together by Junior Vasquez and voila, dance floor soufflé.

Reviews

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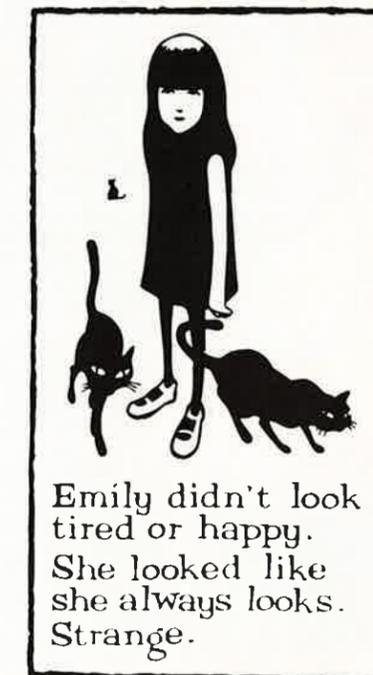
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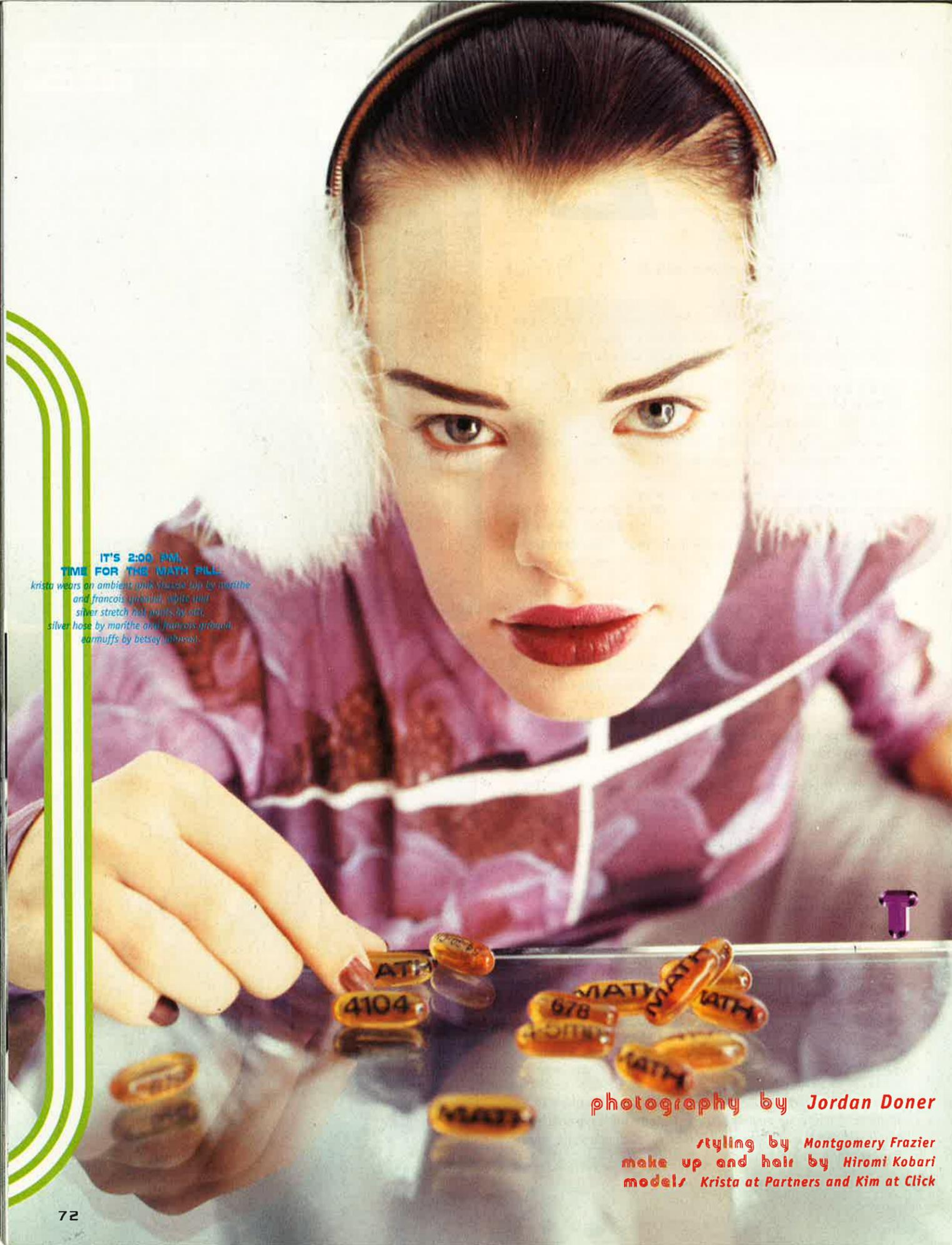
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CONSUME

IT'S 2:00 PM. TIME FOR THE MATH PILL.

krista wears an ambient pink viscose top by marithe and francois, jeans, belts and silver stretch hat pants by van, silver hose by marithe and francois, graham earmuffs by betsey johnson.



T H E

photography by *Jordan Doner*

styling by *Montgomery Frazier*
make up and hair by *Hiromi Kobari*
models *Krista at Partners and Kim at Click*



PHILOSOPHY POP
kim wears black vinyl cybergown by jean-paul gaultier, gloves by la crosia, bracelet by ka-bel wear.

KNOWLEDGIE

INJECT THE INFORMATION

kim wears a silver second-skin hooded bodysuit by marithe and francois girbaud, and a pink ruffled halter waitress dress by david dalrumple for the house of field.



HISTORY: HANDLE WITH CARE
kim wears quilted skirt and top by sarah corynen.



ETHICS: TOLERANCE OR DORK DELETION

kim wears blue and white gingham schoolgirl dress by betsey johnson, choker by maja at the house of field, white gloves by la crasia, pink mary-janes by john fleuvog, hairpieces by vivianne mackinder hairware by matrix.

KIM WARDEN



RECESS: PLUG AND PLAY TIME

left to right: kim wears silver bodysuit by marithe and francois girbaud, scuba suit by body glove, glasses by christian roth for optical affairs, and lunar sneakers by marithe and francois girbaud, krista wears a silver bodysuit and lunar sneaker boots by marithe and francois girbaud, a peach fur-trimmed cybersuit by jean-paul gaultier, and glasses by christian roth for optical affairs. he wears a silver bodysuit, lunar pants and sneaker boots by marithe and francois girbaud, blue cybersuit jacket by jean-paul gaultier, glasses by cutler and gross.

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DESERT MOVE

Las Vegas, Secret Area In The Desert
saturday 6 pm - sunday 6 am
september 30th/october 1st

Venue: Secret Area In The Desert Of Nevada - Bus Shuttle Service
Every 15 Minutes From Hotel Luxor (North Parking Lot) To Location

No Cars Allowed At Venue!

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NYC's master DJ, big all over the world as an essential part of massive dance hitmakers: Dee-Lin. Originating from Russia - probably about to break every Vegas bank between sets

Josh Wink

Hypnotizing creator of some of the most popular underground tracks of '95, an original Philadelphian with blood dreads and the sound of acid future on the tables

Richie Hawtin & John Acquaviva

If anyone, one of the mainstays of the Techno experience, Founders of and Producers for labels like Definitive and +9 Probe and for ancient years enjoying worldwide recognition as the torchbearers of true inventiveness from Toronto

Westbam

Forceful and focus personality of Germany's Techno Culture, original Master of Playtes, co-owner of Low Spirit Records, Creator of countless rave world anthems, for once a tireless pioneer of Energy Music, now seeing his dream of an international techno culture fulfilled

Derrick May

The original DJ Guru from the original Technotown Detroit, a legend for his work on classic tracks like Strings of Life, his collaborations with Juan Adams and his spark to the evolution of Techno Music

Doc Martin & Mark Lewis

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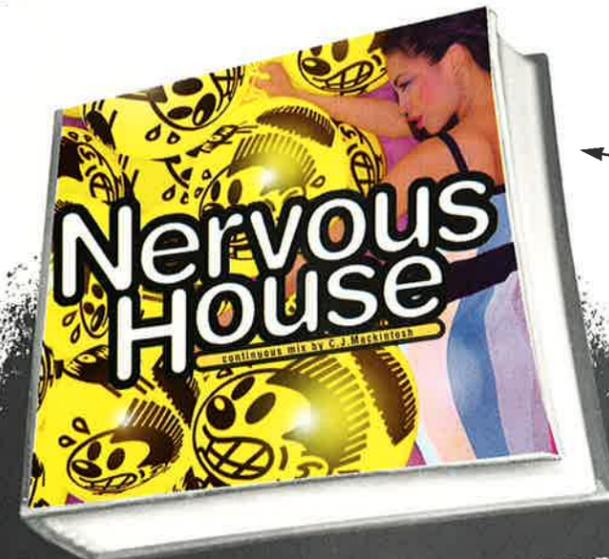
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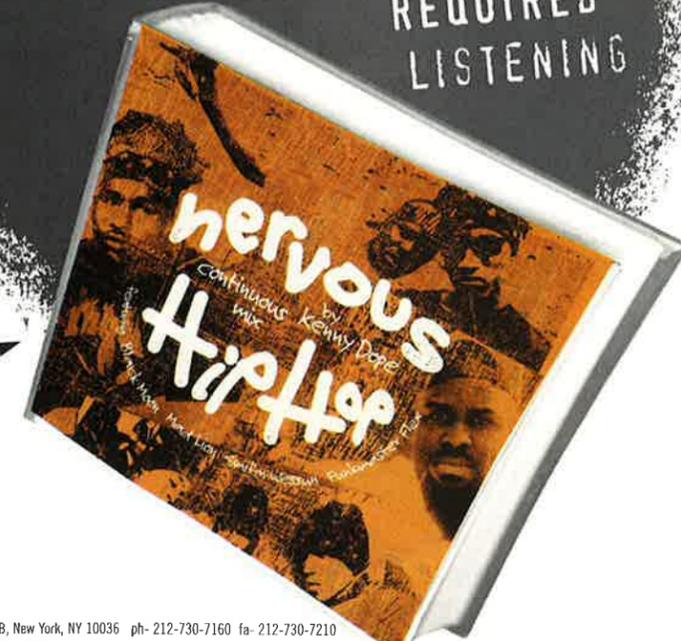
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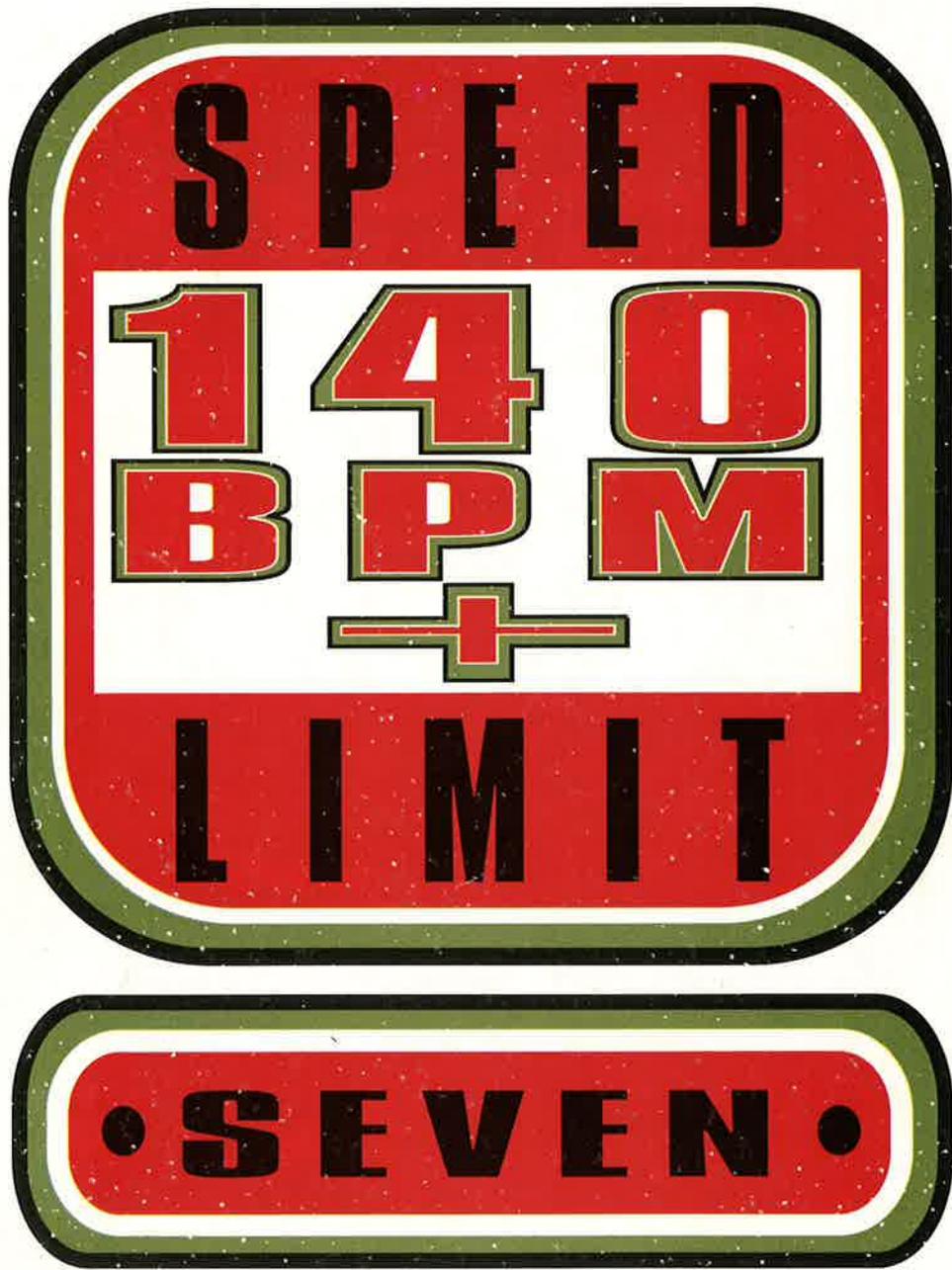
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