PROJECT X

Your inside guide to NYC's trendiest scene June/July 1990

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KIINO

A Letter from the Editor

As we all know, most magazines have a "Letter from the Editor", so, of course, this intellectually stimulating publication shall have one too!! To get an idea of what editors actually write about, I went to the newsstand, picked up every entertainment-related magazine, and read every "letter from the Editor". What I found out in every letter was that they didn't really say anything and never came to a point. The best selling magazines didn't have one at all - which proves my theory that editors can't write. The best of the best can't event spell. And the really important ones are retarded. Since Project X is a small magazine, and I'm just a beginner editor, I must be brilliant! But in order stay that way, Project X must never actually grow!

That is something that became totally unavoidable: Suddenly our subscriptions doubled, our circulation tripled, we found a great art editor, and liquor companies bought ads (that defines success of a magazine, you know!). We have discovered an important new talent of tomorrow - artist/illustrator William Morales. We have uncovered the truth behind the fiction - writer/activist Michelangelo Signorile is really a closet heterosexual. We have rediscovered the early talents of Dianne Brill. And we have just covered all of downtown's lucid sexual affairs. And that's just the beginning.

So back to my theory...I am now slurring words, and getting other symptoms of retardation, which means this magazine must be purely brilliant!

Julie Jewels,
Editor in Chief

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PROJECT X

Your guide to NYC's trendiest scene

Issue #14 JUNE / JULY

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CLUB-RUB!

by Michael Alig

photo:Patrick McMullen

Yederday's news: Alexis Del-whosit with two friends at Limelight. Oh, Gaylor is gone too

Have you ever wondered what happens to your favorite (or your least favorite) club personalities when their stars fizzle out? So have we, but we can't locate any of them to find out! As a matter of fact, we can't even find photos of most of them to print ... almost as thought they never existed ... Sometimes these missing mega-nothings pop-up in conversations, in the middle of a sentence, like "Didn't he live with ..Oh, what's that designer's name? You know, the one with the hair!"

As a public service for our readers, we have compiled a listing (only partial, of course! We couldn't remember most of them...) of all gone-and-forgotten club starletts of yester-year. Turn the page ...remember anyone???

Miriam Bendehan...
Nick name: Seamonster.
Last Scene: Throwing mustard at Kiki Mason at Market Diner.
If you see this girl (?) run the other way into a stream to lose your scent

Too pooped to pop? Those ultra-fabulous PopTarts at Tempest.

Lauren Bo Peep Has Lost Herself. This photo was taken a long, long time ago for Paper magazine and we stole it from there.

MISSING AND PRESUMED DEAD

Ravel
Sarah Nolan
Jeffrey Costello
Gina Garren
Max the Lesbian
Luke Warm
Chatham
Nanci Zipkin
Raz
Jeffrey Olay
Stephanie
Andy Miller
Wendy Wild
Tina L'Hotsky
Brenda Bergman
Fetish
Marina
Tommy Sreet
Bobby Brandley
Mark Kostabi
Mark Gabriano
David Ilku
Zoe Tamerlane
Animal X
Eloise
Trey Spiegal
Tony Johnson
Celeste-Monique-Lindsy
C.C. Borisovich
Ginelle and Jennifer
Tony Love
Foster Perry
Iza Mueller
The fake Du-Pont Twins
Rollerina
Allard

Raphael
Dainty Adone
Christina Downing
Thomas the Doorman
Otto Duffay
Paisley
Jessica Rosenblum
John Tincani
David Halpern
Terri Tang
Michelle Tang
Edwidge
Dominitrix
Queen Sheeba
Samantharella
Magenta
Oliver Twisted
Greg Lawston
Peter Stack
Mocha
Lynn Mendlebaum
James Boulton
Lauren Bo Peep
Liz and Gina Go Glo
Tanya Ransom
Michael Clancy
Alba from Area
John Onassis
Iry Bernhart
Ann Cummings
Lola and Deena Dynell
Maria Benvenutti
Jimmy Breeze
Tish Gervais
Madame Rachel
Harmonyy

On the other hand, clubland has its hands full of eternal night creatures. Rumor has it that there are supernatural beings among us...that is to say that some of us are not as we seem to be. Take the average lifespan of a club kid, for example 1.2 years. Anybody that outlives this computed length of time is either destined to run many multi-leveled nightclubs, or is a witch! That's right, a witch! (Or a warlock if the person happens to be a man). Don't you remember when we learned that Samantha Stephens and her entire mystical family would live forever and without aging. Well, clubs have their own share of never-dying witches. There is no record of them being born , no SS#, no nothin'! Of course, they are the most fabulous of all, because they have mystical powers, (not to mention the fact that they've been around for so long that some of their press clippings take up over 4,900 volumes. Still in disbelief? There's PROOF that these folks are forever!!!

Larissa - witches weren't always club celebs! Larissa and Peter Sabilla: Larissa used to be a famous actress.

Witches and warlocks:
Nickie D
Rudolf
Anita
Haoui
Stephen Saban
Sally Randall
and more!!!

Sally Randall was a witch. She had her powers revoked by the witches council around 1985. You can always tell if the person is a witch or not by the amount of work they do to remain fabulous. People who usually do a lot of work are mortal.

Which way did she go? Sally something talking to somebody at Tempest.

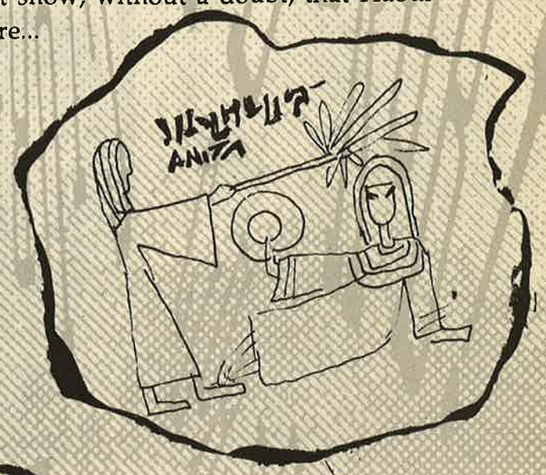
Vanishing Vanderburgh!

Older than the hills: Queen of the witches Anita Sarko has Steven Lewis under a nasty spell..Mr.Lewis suddenly hired the be-witching D.J. to play upstairs at La Palace for VIP parties...

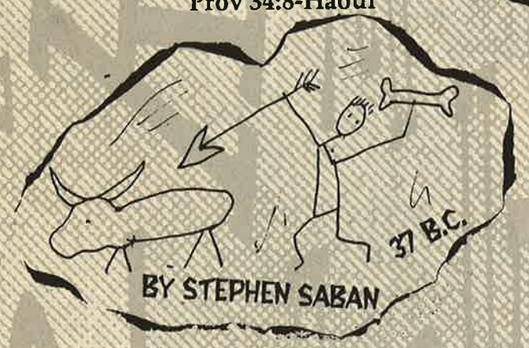
photo:Patrick Mcmullen

Club witches are frightful creatures for the simple fact that they RUN everything...forever, if they want to! Don't ever cross the path of one the wrong way, or you'll never get into your favorite nightclub again... Why is everyone afraid to tell off a big meanie who dictates everything? Because they don't want to spend the rest of their lives in a frying pan that's why!

excerpts from the old testament show, without a doubt, that Haoui and Anita have always been here...



"Watching daily at my gates
Waiting at my doorsteps
For he who finds me life,
And obtains favor from the load
But he who sins against me
Injures himself
All those who hate me
Love death..."
Prov 34:8-Haoui



"Now therefore,
Oh sons, listen to me,
For blessed are those
Who keep my ways
Heed instructions
And be wise
And do not neglect it.
Blessed is the man
Who listens to me.
Prov 32:8-Anita

photo:Patrick Mcmullen

Misery loves company: Sylvia Myles and Grandpa Munster at his restaurant.

CLUB-RUB!

Wednesday nights are once again bewitching at The Twins ' ZEST, at midtown 43. It's the same group that brought you everything from IT to X MARKS THE SPOT,...Robert, Tim, Keoki the D.J... at least they're consistent.

R. Couri Hay had an extraordinary dinner party for Marcus Leatherdale's return from India. (He, by the way is going to be "Special Projects Editor, here at Project X). Marcus is mortal, as far as we know. You never can tell though, there were a lot of witches/warlocks at the party: Tama Janowitz, Mary McFadden, Beverly Johnson, Larissa, Dianne Brill, Sylvia Miles, to many a few. Since most of Marcus' friends are you-know- whats, he is highly suspected!! There were men too, but I can't remember who. Dinner was held at Punsch, which happens to be the restaurant of the minute and the party was sponsored by Cointreau (A bit unusual?!) Dinner started promptly 1.3 hours late, and, even though Couri invited me personally, there was no place setting for me. Suspiciously absent were Michael Musto and Baroness Sherry. When quizzed upon their absence, Couri gaily replied, "He is not welcomes in any building which I'm in", and "She has so many parties and not once invited me..", respectively.

photo:Tina Paul

Miss. Sex: Robin Byrd and Mr. Gossip: M. Musto

photo:Robert William

Mary McFadden with hubby Kohle Yohanan at Roxy

Baroness Sherry and her niece with Dolph Lungdren

photo:Scott Korn

Mr. Doorman: Gilbert and friend

CLUB-RUB!

Always the attention shifter, (see PX issue #13), Robert Twin stole all the glamour way from me by sneaking his surprise birthday party the very next day after mine! Well,it wasn't entirely his fault, that sneak Tim probably planned it that way. Anyway, I'm not the one to be jealous, it was a lot of fun. Next year I'm waiting him out...

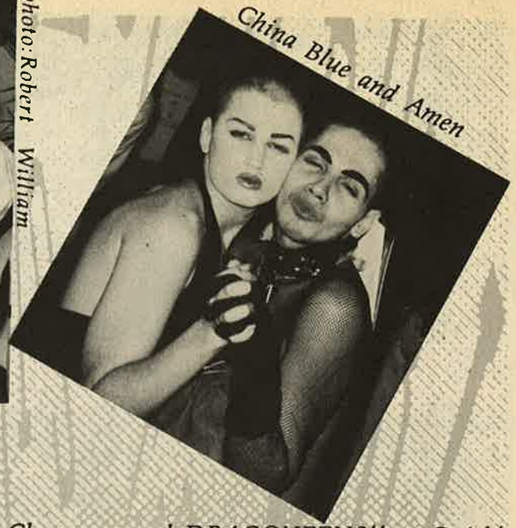
Another extraordinary event of the season was Scott Currie's dinner party for Sandra Bernhardt at his new club Giant.In attendance were the likes of Justine Bateman, Rob Lowe, Issaac Mizrahi,, and all of Sandra's friends. Said Sandra," This is the most fabulous free meal I've ever attended." D.J. Andy Anderson did the groovy music stylings which had both Miss Bernhadt and Mizrahi vogueing down the isles. But Sandra wasn't satisfied with just ONE measly party, she went all out and had a cocktail-type get-together at Roxy, hosted by Paper Magazine. The more the merrier - has always been the motto at this magazine.

Have you seen those things on top of James St. JAmes' head?? You have?! Well, he says he likes his new do, do you?

The starts came out for Princess Diandra's HOUSE OF ECSTACY BALL at Red Zone. Attilla allegedly hit Pat Field in the head after she challenged illustrator Alvaro's judging qualities. Pat tried to strike back, but was restrained by R.Z.'s security guards. Karim Ecstacy wanted the famed store owner tossed out on her tuft, but the club's rep Steven Leweis nixed his decision. Pat picked up her house and booked.

photo:Robert William

Mr oh-so-fashionable himself: Montgomery Frazier and Steve



China Blue and Amen

Yuki, Chauncey, and DRAGQUEENS!! at Quick!

photo:Tina Paul

You can't change leopard's spots: Alicia coudn't change Matt's mind

Jon Jon, Al, and Keith at Red Zone

Tomm Finn and Gane Thorvaldson at Red Zone

photo:Scott Korn

Project X honchos Kat and Julie Jewels

photo:M.K.L.

Ms. Fierse: Grace Jones at Sound Factory

photo:Tina Paul

Mr.Food: Punsch's owner Olrick and Ann

Matthew Todd, of Roxy, then La Palace fame, usually gets his rocks off with drag queens (like China), but it took a real girl, like Alicia to change his mind. She moved in, he didn't change, she moved out. End of story.

Larry Tee is hoping celebrities will feel right at home at his new venture, La Palace de Beaute, which opened last month with bookings like Grace Jones, Matsuda, Kashin Sato,etc. Tee, who is the official host of the club sez,"It's the first international nightclub the city has seen in a long, long time! Where are the real celebs to go to right now?

One choice on any given Tuesday night is Tuesdays at Stringfellow's with Kat and Julie Jewels, (yes, that's the name of the club... I don't know what these gals are trying to do. Start a club without a name??)' This was a famed event of yesteryear called Cha Cha Palace, but this time around their crowd is "a little more fashion oriented"(?) WIth D.J. Mark Kamins and an open bar, this must be on everyone's itinerary.

Celebs certainly can't go to Choice, which the police have promptly closed after it's grand re-opening. Several officers 'raided' the club one Friday night and padlocked the popular dance club, but not after a fight! No one wanted to leave!! Don't they realize if they close all the close all the clubs , we'll revolt and burn down the city? Guess not.

Publicist to the stars, John Carmen, threw a birthday dinner bash for Grace Jones, (the only 'star' he reps??), also at Stringfellow's. The star showed up so early to her party that there were only 30 guests present, everyone else was fashionable late of course. Doesn't she know it's uncouth to be on time for your own party? But it was O.K. because there were also about 50 photographers present, so the room looked packed!

Last, and least, is Time Cafe. This restaurant/ club /joint - venture of Eric Goode and Berns Fry, (M.K. fame) is the latest addition to the scene. Thursday, is the best night to be seen there.

THE END!

photo:Tina Paul

Dianne Brill hates to be photographed with drag queens, ...sez a reliable source

Mr:Movies: Pedro Almodovar at Morrissey

Rabecca Moses and Jeffrey at Undochine

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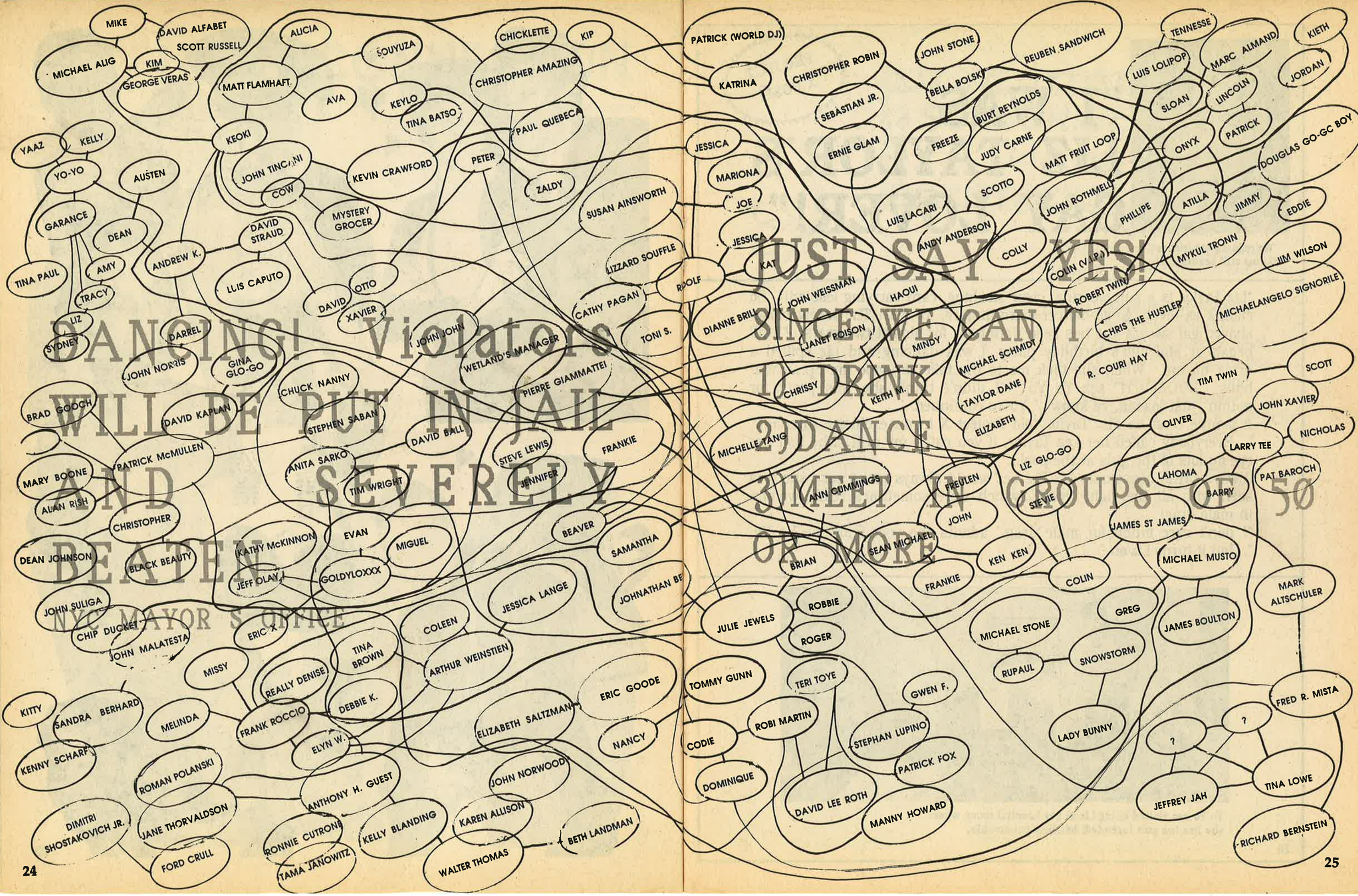
THE LOVE CONNECTION

It really all began when Michaelangelo Signorile made a national pastime out of *OUSTING* people from the closet. Naturally people were shocked and outraged or at least pretended to be. Secretly, they were thrilled and whispered among themselves who did what to whom.

That's where we come in. Pulling the cloak off someone's sexuality is childsplay, we know what you want...*NAMES!* You want details.

So here we go. On the next page is the chart you've heard so much about. The one you're terrified to look at. Maybe you're on it, or worse...you're not!

Now don't get mad at us, we didn't compile it, you did. Every night of the week you fed more and more names onto it. We cannot verify its accuracy, like everything in *Project X*...it's strictly heresay.



DANCING! Violators WILL BE PUT IN JAIL AND SEVERELY BEATEN NYC MAYOR'S OFFICE

JUST SAY YES! SINCE WE CAN'T 1) DRINK 2) DANCE 3) MEET IN GROUPS OF 50 OR MORE

PROJECT X POSÉ!

"I WAS LIZ TAYLOR'S GAY LOVER!"

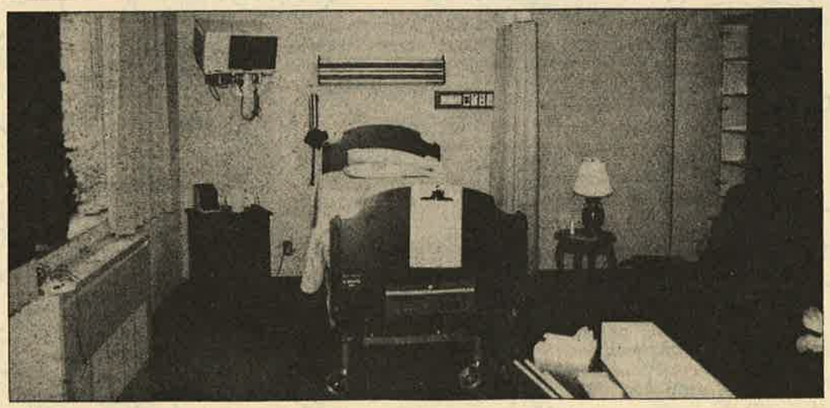
"We're just good friends!" claims still beautiful Liz.

"Liz Taylor is a suit-wearing, cigar smoking, card carrying lesbian!" So claims ex-lover, go-go-dancer-extrordinaire, Yo Yo. The lovely close-shaven gal swears she has been dating Liz for almost two years! "It all began at Malcolm's birthday party, I was dancing and Liz spilled a drink on me. When she took me to the toilet to wipe me up...whoa-baby, "LOOKOUT!" sez Yo Yo. "I didn't think she was pretty or nothin', just loaded, ya know..." Yo Yo continued.

A source close to Ms. Taylor told Project X in an exclusive interview, "...Everybody called her Lez Taylor, if you catch my drift...She had her eye on lots of the girls at the pool..."

Always press conscious, Liz the Lez would always make sure she was seen with all the right "men"...which were sometimes really women in male drag!

"I don't care much for male drag," admits the very feminine Yo Yo, "...but it turns Liz on."



Yo Yo has visited ailing Liz in her hospital room; where she lies (no pun intended) battling pneumonia.

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TEE-HEE

Johnny Dynell talks to Larry Tee

Most people think of New York as a bubble - a cocky, self-sufficient island that has little to do with the rest of the world. Everything west of the Hudson river is a suburb of Los Angeles; Everything east of the FDR is the Atlantic ocean. There are, however, lots of little bubbles like NY, tiny parallel universes working together to give the rest of the country indigestion. Larry Tee comes from one of these little bubbles. Two and a half years ago Larry, with his soul mates Lahoma VanZandt, Rupaul, and Lady Bunny, pulled up their roots, shook off some of the dirt (red clay) and moved to New York from Atlanta. Our bubble has never been the same since.

In Atlanta, Larry was royalty - a king surrounded by ruling queens. A big fish...in the late seventies he was part of the campy new wave scene, playing in various punk bands, including the cult group "The Fans". "We were about the only artsy band in the south. We opened for bands like Talking Heads, Television, and also influenced the B-52s"

Playing keyboards in "The Fans" was not Larry's cup of tea. "I got tired of taking music so seriously, I just wanted to do something funny". So Larry, along with his royal family formed "The Now Explosion", a wacky, visually perverse theme group that was "never afraid to use a cheap gimmick" The Now Explosion's singles "Nappy b/w Stuff" and "Bad, Bad, Bad" exposed the gorgeous Georgians to an unsuspecting world. They traveled across the country and played regularly at New York's Danceteria and Pyramid Club.

In the afterglow of 1987's harmonic convergence, Larry realized that "New York is where I'd rather stay, I get allergic smelling hay." So Larry and his hillbilly posse threw their sequins, feathers, and beads into an old van and set out to find fame and fortune in the big city. New York smiled upon them right away. They found a lovely house and a home at Pyramid club where "The Now Explosion and "La Palace de Beaute" (the band's latest incarnation) played many times before.

Fellow southern belle Sister Dimension gave Larry his start here as a DJ. Soon, his fun-loving style caught the exploitative eye of tiny terror Michael Alig, who brought his merry band to the then-trendy Tunnel. "He was cute, Hungry, and I knew he would work cheap", remembers Michael Alig.

With the success of his night, The Celebrity Club, and the release of two singles from his band, Larry and co. were making their mark on the big city. But last year Larry took control. He recorded "What am I gonna do", "Vogueing", and "Deja Vu", under his own name. He also started promoting his own night at the very unlikely Underground. His Tuesday night "Love Machine" became an instant success. It brought Larry's music, friends and trashy sense of humor together under one tent. The unstoppable Mr. Tee is currently taking charge of the Underground, now called La Palace de Beaute. It is sure to be a desperately needed kick in the pants. "I want my club to be the reason people move to New York". And as a musical director Larry has some different ideas. "I want the music to be a celebration, not just hypnotic house or retro. Coming from Atlanta I'm not bound by the traditional ideas of what New York music is. What used to be underground is now top 10. People are looking for something new, why not explore the possibilities? But don't get me wrong, I don't want to go over everyone's head. My Dee Jays can't be afraid of throwing in cheap shots."

This sassy dixie dance king has all NY in-a-tizzy over his new place. Mark Kamins has done a hot remix of "What am I gonna do" for Quark records, (Larry wrote a new song called "Love Machine" for the B side). "It's hard, I'm trying to keep up with DeeJaying, club stuff, record stuff". Maybe you need a rubbermade to keep everything organized, Larry!

KRITIQUE a la KOOKI

Peter Murphy - "DEEP"
Beggar's Banquet Records

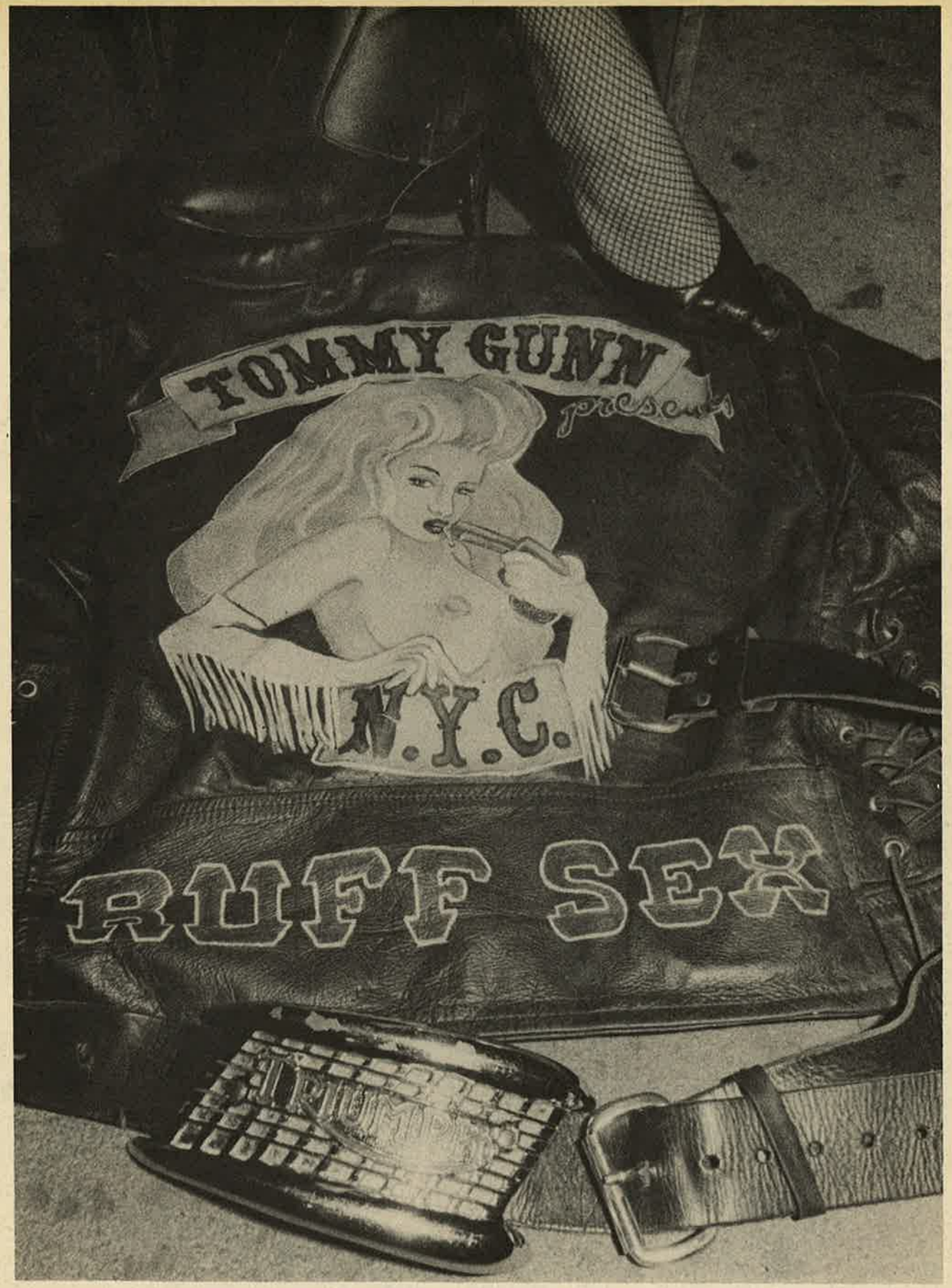
There is no point in reassuring Bauhaus fans on the power of Peter Murphy's mind amplified through his lyrics. Murphy's latest venture "DEEP" takes you into yet another twitching, thwarted angle of Murphy's mind. When you're indulging in the album, the tracks, "a line between the devils teeth" and "cut you up" crawl up along your insides. The album, on Beggars Banquet records, should not be missed. Bauhaus or not, the man is brilliant.

Nitzer Ebb "SHOWTIME"
Geffen Records

Tense, tense, tense ... in small doses, Ebb might not be enough. Whether you were turned on by the name, the sound, or their cute haircuts, fans know the Ebb can't be ignored. The new album "SHOWTIME", with producer Flood's 100% torrential influence is yet another bold product and one of Germany's best exports. The pick tracks on the album are "Shame" and "The Lighting Man". P.S. Note the renegade soundwave friendship. Giffen records - buy it!

Lil Louis and the World
"FROM THE MIND OF LIL LOUIS"
Epic Records

For the club fan whose heart and soul doesn't fend to the house groove, you have but two choices: go home, or venture out there and see what the house music has to offer. "SLAP!" You found it..Lil Louis! Redefining what house music consists of, Lil Louis gives full reign to his bizzare musical imagination on this debut album, "From the Mind of Lil Louis". Most club goers have already felt the intensely hypnotic effect of "French Kiss", or the funky effect of "I Called You". There is much more of what this artist has to offer. The album is on Epic. Trip it and try it!.



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PEARL

I had a rendezvous with Pearl, the glamorous costumier and bon vivant on a balmy, mid-spring night. My engaging quarry is spread out like a swastika on a leopard print bed in a room dripping in red velvet and gooey with gold appointments wearing just a skirt and sweater.* Her clear eyes and flawless complexion belie her late-night club dates and the endless daytime hours beading up the bustiers of the glamorous and clamorous. Suzanne Bartsch, Grace Jones, Dianne Brill, Kenny Kenny and Princess Poo Poo de Rothschild are all proud owners of Pearl's couture. The Princess was even wed in Pearl drag. A cool draught on a long joint and presently the good witch's intoxicating magic and royal serenity are being woven into a glorious drag queen tapestry in front of my very own ears. The demure diva begins:

JB: Darling, didn't we first meet in front of the Geurlain counter in Harrod's?

P: Oh sweets, you may be right but I thought it was the Marcella Borghese stall. I was trying to match my lipstick shade to my new ball fringe trimmed shades.

JB: Oh that's right! 1985 was just another phase...and then that same night I saw you at Club Taboo in Leciester Square.

P: That's true. By that time of the day I had dumped my ball fringe look for something with a little more verve.

JB: Oh, Queen of Sheba, you are genius! No one was into matte sequins and crystal rhinestone combination then. You were / are / will always be fabulous!

P: Thanks, honey, ditto!

JB: Say Pearl, how do you like high heels?

P: Well, I feel very funny about heels, actually. Heels are a very personal thing. I appreciate a posing pump as much as the next girl, but baby lemme tell ya when you walk around as much as I do...

JB: uh-huhhhh

P: No, girl, I'm serious! A simple stacked-heeled gangster moll look: a witch's shoe. Tres a la mode.

JB: Oh I know - that 'looks like a pump feels like a sneaker' thing.

P: Precisely! The comfort and quality a queen craves.

JB: How consonant of you! Listen, petal, I'd love to dish a little fashion, but I'm afraid the drone that is tulle and tiaras and prattle of the sonambulist's defile might be an instant dose of narcolepsy. However any fabulous beauty tips for the would be beauty queens would be well appreciated.

P: All I can say to any budding pansy is *lashes, lashes, lashes and more lashes!* Oh, and large very large orange mouth.

*colloquial village-speak for any simple day into evening drag.

JB: I'm seeing it, I'm living it! But once one has spent all this time on one's visage where does one send thyself?

P: For an exciting experience, my drug of choice would be *La Palace de Beaute* or for an equally esoteric event they could come watch me perform my duties on my new job.

JB: I love the word 'perform'. What are you performing now, or where?

P: I am now acting...

JB: I love the word 'act'.

P: I am now acting as protocol princess*/ executive high drag doorperson to the DJ booth of that queentesential queen, Sister Dimension on Friday nights at Panty Girdles at Quick!.

JB: Oooh, what a high falutin' queen you are!

P: Thanks.

JB: I know I mentioned your fashion creations briefly before, but I don't think I emphasized how impressive they really are.

P: You are too kind.

JB: Oh no I'm not. All that French seam work and hand basting are completely over the top and that's before you even start the beading and jeweling process. You are really pumpin' couture finish on those pieces. Their involvement brings to mind Charles James' old time atelier oeuvres. Are you familiar with Mr. James' work?

P: Love him!

JB: That's because you're so smart but, darling, isn't it true that you've got to have a caviar purse to purchase one of your fabulous frocks?

P: Well, dear, it is so, but you know it takes days and sometimes weeks for each creation.

JB: And well worth every sapphire shaped, individually attached, crystal bead I say.

P; Many thanks to your royal highness.

JB: Ditto, my queen!

FASHION FLASHBACK

DIANE BRILL

WOMAN OF

THE '90's

Sally Beers & Dianne collaborated on this dress from a picture Dianne found in a French comic book. Earrings from Patricia Field

She has always been at the forefront of fashion, fearlessly forging new looks, new trends and new ideas. Recently, we here at Project X, uncovered these long hidden (and we wonder why) photos of Dianne in her groundbreaking early '80's years, kicking up her heels and causing a raucous! The girl can't help it! According to *Details* issue #6 in 1982, Dianne was "...out every night at all the events that made up the important downtown social scene..." and could be seen in one or another of her original outfits. "Dianne styles all her own hairdo's to which she adds sprays of silver or gold depending on her outfit." (Dianne also staged fashion shows, each having a special, "which Dianne sang live") "1979, Dianne lived and worked in London where she sold buttons". After two years, she graduated to selling shoes and handbags which she hand painted herself. Next up for Dianne was Gumex...designing, or rather, 'reconstructing' old clothes, making them 'new' and 'modern' with lots of shoulders and "...accents of leather and fur..." Rudolf was her top model!

Dianne wears her fifties' brassiere as an evening top with a wool skirt, fishnet stockings. Mules from Ian's, earrings by Patrick & Nini from Patricia Field, hat—an old military cap sprayed black by Dianne

GET A LOAD OF DIANNE!

CLUB WARS

So many new spots are opening up these days, it's become a real jungle out there! It's a dog eat dog world , honey...So if you wanna' win at this game, you gotta be TOUGH!

MARS
RED ZONE
QUICK!
ROXY
LA PALACE DE BEAUTE
EXODUS
POWER HOUSE
MIDTOWN '43
GIANT
CAT CLUB
MORRISSEY
TRACKS
ACADEMY

Club promoters have stopped at NOTHING to attract new customers, short of killing one another....

KILL or be *KILLED.*

It's gotta be
YOU or *THEM.*

Old friends are old news
in this
SURVIVAL OF
THE FITTEST
club world.

Tension mounts in an
already flooded
club market!

OUTING!

OUTING!

OUTING!

OUTING!

by Chip Duckett

The word on everyone's lips these days? OUTING. Outing means dragging a famous gay person out of the closet. It came up when Outweek, New York's gay magazine, began listing gays under the ambiguous title "Peek-a-boo". Then features editor MICHELANGELO SIGNORILE started outing closet-case gossip columnists he felt were ignoring or harming important gay issues. Then came the cover story: "The Secret Gay Life of Malcolm Forbes." Now, even the Star and the National Enquirer are at it, outing KRISTY McNICHOL, RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN, JOHN TRAVOLTA, and CHASTITY BONO, among others.

Is this right? What about privacy? What about the freedom to speak the truth? Is it wrong for Outweek to say that Malcolm was gay? He was. Why is this somehow wrong, when apparently those opposed to outing think it's fine for closet-case LIZ SMITH to connect him romantically with LIZ TAYLOR?

Here are a couple of things to consider. About 30% of teen suicides are gay-related. Many of these are kids who have difficulty relating to BOY GEORGE, perhaps the only openly gay person they've ever heard of. Even if John Travolta didn't want to say he was gay, hearing about it might mean the whole world to some gay fifteen year old in Peoria, a place where (unlike our city) they don't have Gay Pride parades and representatives of Hetrick-Martin going into the schools every day.

Also, isn't it just a little homophobic to say that it's bad to say that someone is gay? Why is it an invasion of privacy to say Chastity is gay, when it's okay to say that PAULA ABDUL is straight? I'm not saying that you should describe just what Chastity and HEIDI do in bed together --- THAT is an invasion of privacy. But I believe that it is <u>good</u> to be gay --- just as good as it is to be straight --- so there's really nothing wrong in saying it.

There are those who we can all easily out, like homophobic closet-homo DAVID GEFFEN. David Geffen is a gay man who signed such horrors as GUNS AND ROSES and ANDREW DICE CLAY to his record label (these acts specifically are anti-gay). When GMHC refused to allow Guns and Roses to play at a benefit, Geffen pulled out of it altogether and called GMHC a bunch of "assholes". Meanwhile, he hires boys right and left. In fact, porn star JOEY STEFANO recently said that Geffen tried to fuck him without a condom; Geffen assured him that he was safe. This disgusting pig profits from promoting anti-gay sentiments and AIDS misinformation, then quietly spends his millions on high-priced call-boys. As Joey said, "He always condemns me for doing porn, but he still pays".

Also a hot topic around town: the crackdown on illegal and semi-legal clubs. Closed in the past few weeks are Carmelita's, the Locker Room, Cellblock 28, and Attitudes, among many others (you can thank Channel 4 for Attitudes closing; they did an exposé on the club). Other semi-legal spaces, like Handle Bar and Boy Bar, are being hounded constantly. Regardless of your patronage of these spots, let's hope that they are all back among us soon!

And some little bits to whisper about...Dean Johnson may be opening his Rock and Roll Fag Bar at Midtown 43 on Tuesdays...Dean also has a house music band these days...the site of the old Stonewall Inn will be a new gay bar/restaurant, opening this spring...ACT-UP will attack the National Institute of Health (NIH) in late May. The NIH's record so far? One billion dollars spent. Ten years of work. ONE drug approved for AIDS. Now that's a reason to protest...Hot new activist group? The Queer Nation, dedicated to increasing gay/lesbian visibility. The group has scores of fags and dykes go to mostly straight hangouts like McSorley's and just...be gay. Fabulous.. The theme for Gay Pride this year is Friends/Family/Lovers. Is it just me, or is this AWFUL? And that's all.

PROJECT X
PIN-UP PERSON:

MYKUL TRONN

Artist, Club Promoter, Rapper

Age: 19

Sign: Cancer

Measurements: 40-28-30

Favorite Color: Chartreuse

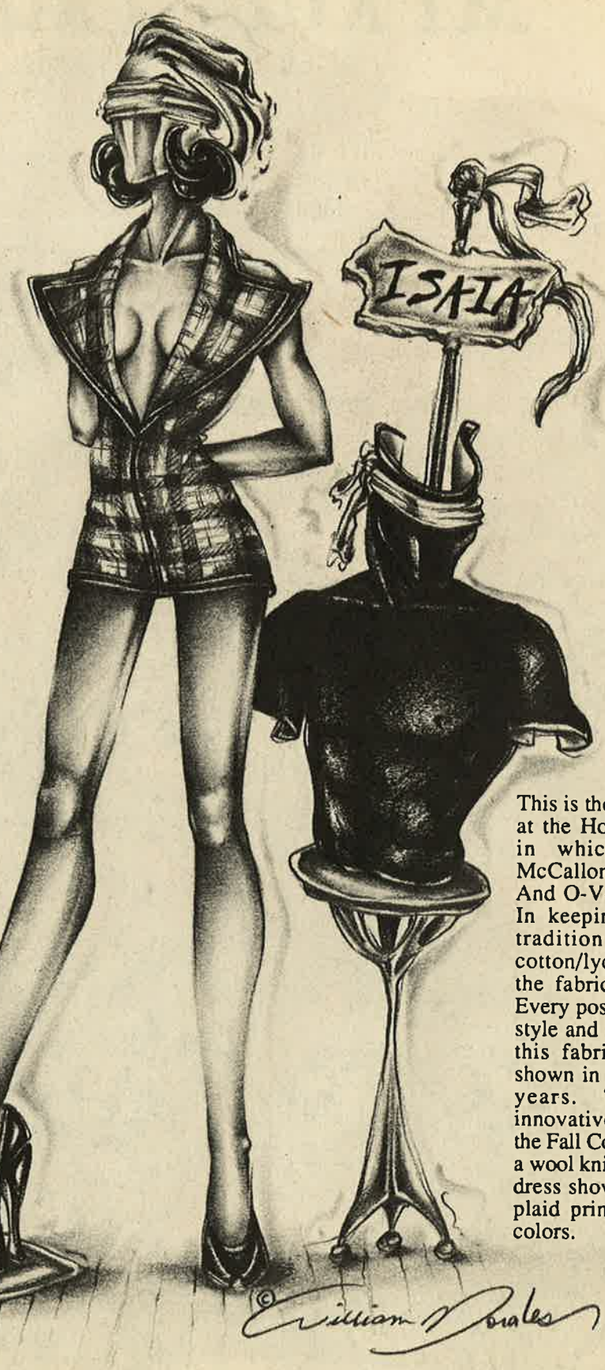
People he looks up to most: Jesus, Salvador Dali, Andy Warhol

Future Plans: To cut a rap record ... also to paint murals to raise money for Art Against Aids

photo: Stephan Lupino

Project X
crashes the...

COLLECTIONS



Maybe we were invited and maybe we weren't... only we know the truth. On the following pages, artist *William Morales*, illustrates the best from each designer.

This is the first season at the House of Isaia in which Michael McCallon took over. And O-V-E-R it was! In keeping with the tradition of Isaia, cotton/lycra remains the fabric of choice. Every possible length, style and silhouette in this fabric has been shown in the last five years. The most innovative idea from the Fall Collection was a wool knit micro mini dress shown here in a plaid print of 'spice' colors.

Betsey, Betsey, Betsey, you are the only one who can create a club atmosphere at 5:00 pm during fashion week in the Parson's auditorium! This was no prom dance!! The theme, "Alice in Wonderland" was played out to the limits. The collection, or should we say event, was purely Miss Johnson. Of course there were the staple items like the black mini, catsuits, bustiers and teir skirts. Illustrated here is the newest look; a hooded sweater shorts set with matching mittens and leg warmers. BRAVO!

Fall 1990 at Dianne Pernet was H-A-U-T-E! Impeccably cut cocktail dresses were punctuated by her excellent sense of styling. Very demure, terribly tasteful and perfectly pretty. Don't be caught dead wearing them in a sweaty night club.

A Drag Queen's dream come true! Wonderful evening dresses and gowns in the lightest fabrics and the softest colors made this show the sexiest of the season. Perfect for any Downtown Diva.

Viva Las Vegas! exactly what we expected from Bob Mackie. He is the master statement maker. This show left us completely speechless.

Joining the ranks of the "American Designer Image" is Carmello Pomodoro. Clean lines, simple shapes and comfortable sportswear was the main theme. The only excitement of this show was Ivana Trump in the audience, oh, and of course, the gowns.

THIS MONTH DESIGNER ROCKSTAR ALBERT CRUDO AND MEGA PHOTOGRAPHER, LIZZARD SOUFFLE SNEAK INTO THE BEDROOM TO EXPOSE UNDERGARMENTS AND ADDICTIONS OF THIS PAST CENTURY, OR
IN OTHER WORDS...

Lingerie AND Vices

The ROARING '20's, Flappers and cigarettes, champagne and bound busts, 23 skidoo! Kristen shows off a pair of frilly Tap pants and pearl s, Gads and Gads of pearls. A real kick in the head, eh, old sport?

Hollywood glamour, Hollywood haze, the 1940's, the allure of secondals and silk jersey, kimono 117 is a hot number in a flame negligee by ALBERT CRUDO and is bombed on barbiturates. She's ready for her close-up Mr. DeMille!

Honey, I'm home! Sorry Bob, It's the '50's and your wife has been serving *your* martini to a rebel *with* a cause her pleasure! Miss 117 explodes in a pink bullet bra and long line girdle, by MAIDEN FORM and PLAYTEX RESPECTIVELY WAYNE DEAN watches.

GROOVY! Welcome to the swinging '60,s. Tune in, Turn on, and let it all hang out! Kristen looks like a trip in a PSYCHEDELIC baby doll out - fit with matching panties, op-earrings by ALBERT CRUDO. Don't Bogart that joint, my friend.

1970's The age of Aquarius, Burn your bra, burn the flag hey, peace man! Pass the granola. It must be the night fever. Rebecca will blow her date away in this floral lounge lounge ensemble. Toot, toot, hey, beep, beep

Forget the '80's, *we have* '90's and the future--- Mind, body and spirit, clean and clear, sleek and sexy, no drugs, no booze, only one vice, the gym. Skin is the ultimate accessory. Rebecca wears a sheer and cotton lycra body suit, Wayne is in a cotton lycra tee short. Both by ALBERT CRUDO

HAIR AND MAKE-UP/ LORY PAVSNER and ALBERT CRUDO
PHOTOGRAPHY and CONCEPTUALIZATION/ LIZZARD SOUFFLE: In the Dark Studios
STYLING and TEXT? ALBERT CRUDO

HOUSE PICNIC

Hat and pin from Hysterics Halter Top by Andasimo from Particia Field Hand bag, slacks, and shoes all from Screaming Mimi's

BOAt-NIC

Sailor cap from army-navy surplus store Gingham top by Pat Field Big jeans by Amanda Uprichard for Living Doll from Screaming Mimi's Clown doll from Little Rickie's Deck sneakers by Van

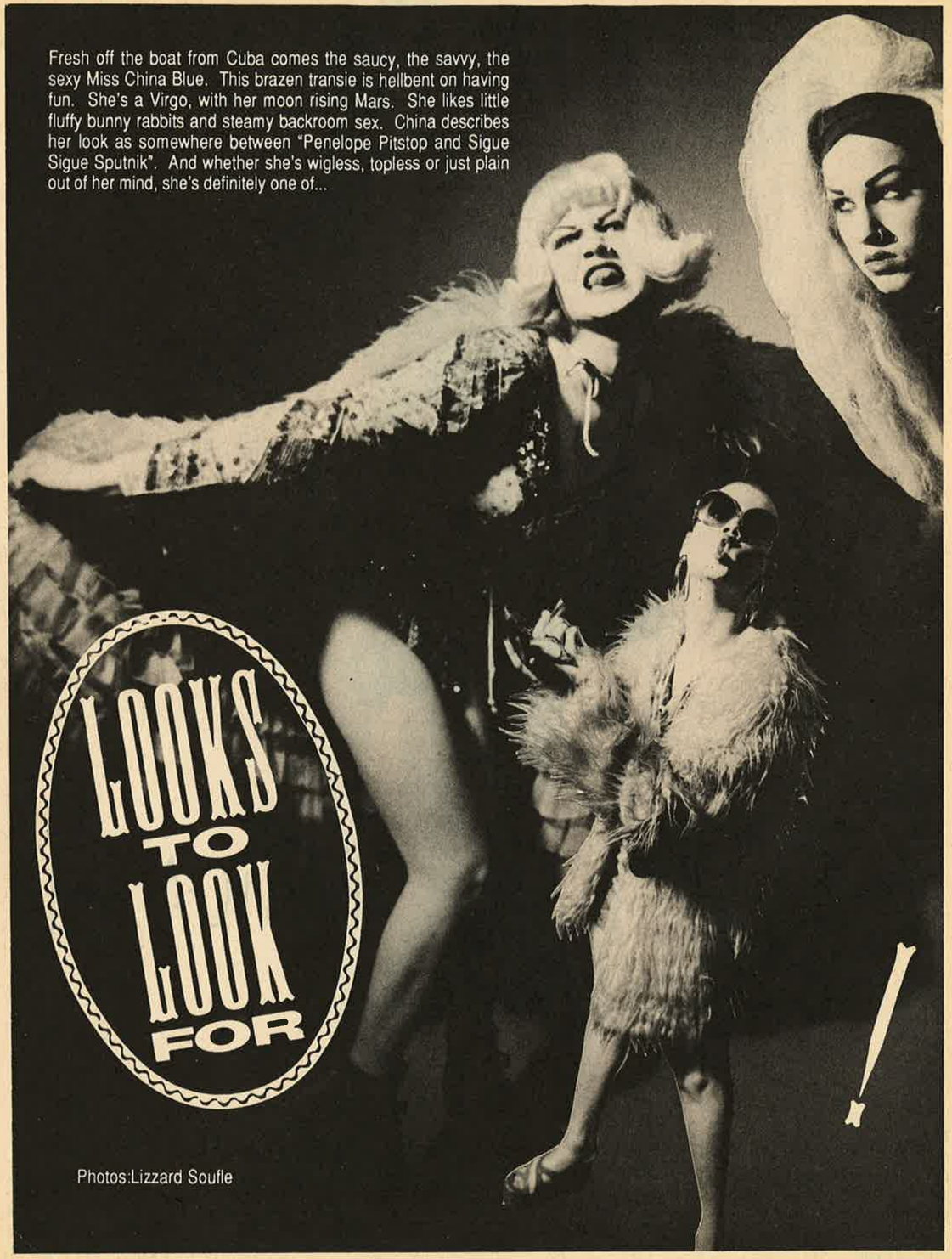
PARIS PICNIC

Top and scooter skirt set by Particia Field
Shoes from Screaming Mimi's

PICNIC-A-BILLY

Hankie top by Amanda Uprichard for Living Doll from Screaming Mimi's
Jean Jumper by Gamzo Inc from Patricia Field

photos:
Michael Fazakerley
model: Donna Lynn
Produced by:
Michael Ecomony



Fresh off the boat from Cuba comes the saucy, the savvy, the sexy Miss China Blue. This brazen transie is hellbent on having fun. She's a Virgo, with her moon rising Mars. She likes little fluffy bunny rabbits and steamy backroom sex. China describes her look as somewhere between "Penelope Pitstop and Sigue Sigue Sputnik". And whether she's wigless, topless or just plain out of her mind, she's definitely one of...

LOOKS TO LOOK FOR

Photos:Lizzard Soufle

ALLAN & SUZI

Home of Retro Fashion

416 AMSTERDAM AVE NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10024
(CORNER WEST 80TH STREET)
212-724-7445
1713 SHEEPSHEAD BAY ROAD BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11235
718-332-7003

EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS BEFORE LEAVING!

Tallulah Bankhead was in the ladies room of a Paris nightclub when she realized her stall had no toilet paper. Seeing a pair of shoes under the divider of the next stall, she asked her neighbor, "Daaarling, have you got any toilet paper?" When the response came back negative, Miss Bankhead opened her purse and fumbled around until she found a ten dollar bill. Passing it under the divider she said, "Daaarling, have you got two fives for a ten?"!

QUICK

Rudolf, the 'Ronald McDonald' of New York nightlife, has served more customers than any franchise in nightlife history. His clubs have allowed him to almost single handedly support the toilet tissue industry. At MARS alone, close to three thousand rolls are used monthly.

"A club's good image starts with the attention it gives to the customer's ass and that includes the toilet paper, I use only U.S.D.A. approved toilet paper because the safety of all patrons comes first." says Rudolf.

LIMELIGHT

At the Limelight, you will find bathroom attendant, Anthony Bongiovanni, who is probably one of the most fascinating characters on the New York night scene today. "I've been in bathrooms for fifty-two years. I've worked at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, 21, the Waldorf, and the Stork Club, doing everything from coat check to baggage room." Tony's proud of his work at the Limelight, "This is the cleanest bathroom in New York. I don't care if you compare it to the Waldorf Astoria, the Plaza or Trump Tower. There's a lot of restaurants with eating places that aren't this clean. I spray disinfectant in the bowls and urinals every hour!"

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is a piece written for and rejected by *EGG Magazine* so we here at Project X, rarely reject anything and always accept rejections. Are you a reject??? Write to us!

LA PALACE DE BEAUTE

On a recent Tuesday night at Larry T's Love Machine, I found Goroghy Slifie, bathroom attendant, sitting lazily in a chair against the wall, reading *The Star*. A stack of paper towels were within arms length as were several combs, a large afro pick, hairspray, and a jumbo can of room deodorizer. (A copy of L. Ron Hubbard's *Dianetics* lay nearby for extra support) "Usually I work on Fridays, this is my first Tuesday, so I didn't know what to bring" She said apologetically in her Island accent. When I asked about her clientele, she leaned toward me and whispered, "The white girls are messier than the black girls. Not only are they a mess, but they don't care where they throw their paper towels!"

AREA

"There were thematic setups and projection rooms. People were fornicating (fucking) in there, and it even had a bed. It was a real wild scene." says Eric Goode,entrepreneurial disco owner turned artist.

Michael Alig an attendant, Alba, and her bathroom as though it were yesterday. "She worked the room with two kids helping her, but only on weekends because they also went to school. She had a pet cat that she kept under the sinks and one night it had kittens. She gave me one and I named it Kitty Carlyle."

ROYAL FLUSH

Since most nightclubs purchase their toilet paper in bulk it only costs them about ten cents a roll. To make up for being charged five dollars at the door, you would have to steal about 30 rolls. Below is a list showing how all the nightclubs measure up sheet for sheet.

MARS

3400 rolls of TP a month at a cost of $800 to $900 a month

PALLADIUM

Four cases a week, 96 rolls a case at $30 a case

RED ZONE

42 industrial sized rolls (24" across) a month. 3500 yards on each roll. $383.25 a month.

BATHROOM HALL OF FAME / SHAME

THE ANVIL

This nightclub was located on New York's waterfront in the late '70's before it got chic. Wall Street boys, leather men and even a former first lady was rumored to have stopped by in its hay day, before it was closed by the Board of Health. Two long rotting metal troughs made up this club's john!

THE WORLD

This place resembled the ballroom from the "Poseidon Adventure"...after the boat tipped. There were no lightbulbs in the bathroom so no one could read the thought provoking literature on the wall or , more importantly, what they were standing in! Also absent were toilet paper, mirrors, stall doors and plumbing.

THE ROYALTON HOTEL

Designed intentionally to confuse, this bathroom does little to relieve any of the customers who frequent it. It was designed by Andre Putnam, who has always had an eye for the perverse. The urinal resembles a waterfall which some patrons mistakingly believe is a sink and wash their hands in!

BY: SCOTT CURRIE

SIGNORILE, signOrile

by James St. James

It's what you've been suspecting all along: "Militant", "Left-wing", homosexual Michaelangelo Signorile is actually a card-carrying,, beer-drinking hetero-sexual, as evidenced here by his being caught off guard by our roving camera with his snuggle bunny, Phillis Diller.

In his secret life, M.A.S. has been carousing 'straight' bars, cruising chicks, and placing bets on football games... He's as straight as an arrow.

"When he's not pretending to be gay, he's out with his straight friends rustlin' up action", says an undisclosed but a reliable source, Michael Musto, in an exclusive interview. "Signorile is a real lady's man - one night he claimed to be out with his sister, but later I caught them kissing - real DEEP - in the bathroom. Brothers and sisters don't kiss like that! The next night he was out with a 'cousin', then an 'aunt', and later, his 'mother'. They're either a real close family or somethins' afoot!".

Faux faggot Michelangelo Signorile and Snuggle Bunny Phillis Diller at her Cape Cod home. Signorile claims "She's just another Fag Hag!" and denies accusations that Miss Diller resembles a drag queen. Photo: Patrick McMullan

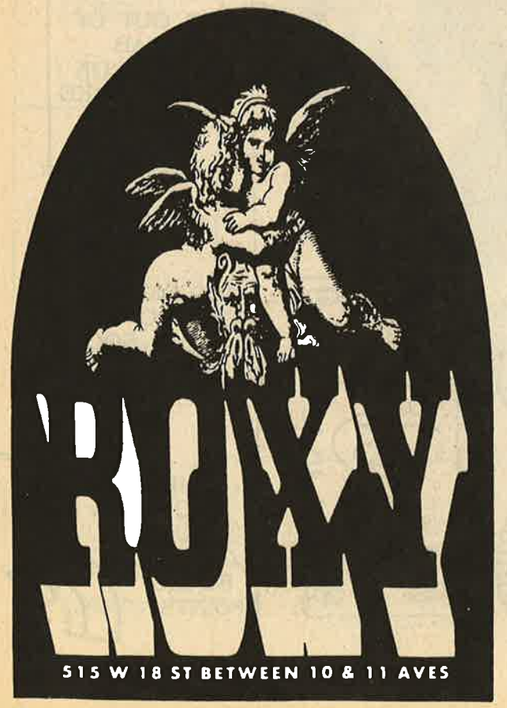
"I SEEN IT", says our reliable undisclosed sourse Michael Musto, . . . The pig denies knowing Signorile.

When recently caught at a Giants game, the pretending pansy quickly quipped, "Er, uhm, look at that tight end!", and moved away from his "sister".

Why must Signorile hide behind this fanatical guise of homosexuality? Why can't he just admit that's he's straight?? Is it not "hip" to be straight? Is it not COOL? We all know that's what he's really after . . . ACCEPTANCE! Who would accept this smarmy, limp wristed, lisping man if he were straight??!!

"Sally", (not her real name), met Signorile over at the A&P. "He'd make me dress like one of them, there, transvites, you know, those men who look like women, and me, I am a woman lookin' like a man tryin' to look like a woman. Sorta Victor/Victoria - like, you know? Anyways, Michael said it was important to be seen at the Boy Bar, so there we'd go, all done-up.. They wouldn't let me in otherwise. So I went along, I went along...:

Shame on you, Michaelangelo!!! We all know now, and we're not afraid to "IN" you!



BUY X-TASY LOSE $25

DROP-OUT OF SCHOOL GAIN 20 SOCIAL POINTS

ROLL DICE TO CHOOSE CAREER

START

DISTRIBUTE CLUB PASSES GAIN $30 AND 30 SOCIAL POINTS

WRITER FOR MAGAZINE GAIN $50 & 40 SOCIAL POINTS

CLUB PROMOTER GAIN $100 & 80 SOCIAL POINTS

BATHROOM ATTENDANT GAIN $10 & 5 SOCIAL POINTS

FASHION DESIGNER GAIN $80 & 50 SOCIAL POINTS

DOOR PERSON GAIN $50 & 70 SOCIAL POINTS

CHOOSE *SEXUAL* PREFERENCE

STRAIGHT

GAY

PARTY SUCCESS

IF YOU ROLL A :
ONE OR THREE - GAIN 10 SOCIAL POINTS AND $10
TWO OR FOUR - GAIN 20 SOCIAL POINTS AND $20
FIVE OR SIX - GAIN 60 SOCIAL POINTS AND $60

WAKE -UP WITH A STRANGER IN NEW JERSEY LOSE TURN

YOU GET DRUNK; TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES AND RUN AROUND THE CLUB NAKED. GAIN 50 SOCIAL POINTS

CLUB PROMOTER GIVES YOU A DRINK GAIN 10 SOCIAL POINTS

1-3-5 YOU GET IN !

2-4-6 YOU DONT GET IN LOSE A TURN

YOU GET TO THE CLUB. NOW ROLL TO SEE IF YOU GET IN !

ARRIVE IN NEW YORK AND START COLLEGE. THEN YOU GET AN INVITE TO A CLUB!

DRUG REHAB

BETTY FORD

GET OUT OF REHAB AND O.D. ON HEROINE TAKE PIECE OFF BOARD

GET ON THE GERALDO SHOW GAIN 30 SOCIAL POINTS

QUIT DRINKING, SMOKING,& DOING DRUGS. LOSE 20 SOCIAL POINTS

IN CLUBS WE TRUST

CLUB CZAR

LOSE A TURN

YOU THROW A PARTY! ROLL TO SEE SUCCESS

GET MUGGED LOSE $50 GO BACK SIX SPACES

SAME SEX LIKES YOU LOSE TURN

OPPOSITE SEX LIKES YOU LOSE TURN

YOU THROW A PARTY! ROLL TO SEE SUCCESS

GO TO X-TASY PARTY LOSE $20

FATHER FINDS OUT THAT YOU DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL.GO BACK TO IOWA TAKE PIECE OFF BOARD!

GO DIRECTLY TO DRUG REHAB

YOU GO-GO DANCE AT A CLUB. GAIN $50

GET IN FIST FIGHT WITH CLUB OWNER GAIN 20 SOCIAL POINTS

HAVE TO TALK TO THE MOST ANNOYING PERSON IN CLUBLAND FOR A HALF HOUR LOSE 20 SOCIAL POINTS

BECOME AN ALCOHOLIC GO TO DRUG REHAB

LOSE PREVIOUS JOB GO BACK TO START

IF YOUR NAME IS MICHAEL ALIG, ADVANCE 4 SPACES IF NOT GAIN $20

PROJECT X THE GAME

And now, let's see what's happened to dubowners and promoters

MISSING IN ACTION!

By Rudolf

So we know by now that a lot of trendies appear and disappear every fifteen minutes. The same is true for the biggies, the scene-makers, the impressarios, the jet-setters. Of course this does not apply to the immortals like Larissa, Carmen D'Alessio, Rinaldo Herrera, etc. These are the ones who will one day innaugurate the "Monument to the Unknown Trendie" to be located at, let's see... the site of El Morocco? Studio 54? Oh no, how depressing!

NOVAK *Used to be one of those guys that were always telling you the incredible projects that he was involved in. For all purposes, it is true that he was driving a white Rolls Royce during the disco days. Many people say that his business was also white-related, but who knows. He was a guitarrist with no band and he got a part in the film "Hair", the big flop that Lester Persky produced in 1979. In the 80's he used to run an after-hours club called RSVP that never had more than 2 or 3 people in it. He continues this underwhelming operation nowadays and has been redecorating the place for the past 3 years with no end in sight.*

EDWIGE *By 1979 she was the darling of "tout Paris", the muse of Le Palace, and on the cover of every french magazine. Then she came to New York, and made great parties, had lotsa girlfriends, played in two bands (Mathematique Moderne & Jungle Geisha), made the first events at Carmelita's and was seen everywhere. But she had a relentless habit that was consuming her so by 1988 she had to go to an ashram and clean-up for good. She now looks wonderful and happy and is glad to be out of the "scene".*

PARVIZ *Used to throw parties at Xenon or Ice Palace or Gotham or Infinity or else. Inevitably his invites read "meet Elizabeth Taylor and Liza Minelli, my best friends, etc..." Well, also inevitably these divas "cancelled at the last minute" and only the biggest mustaches and hairdos showed up. He disappeared for a long, long time and he was spotted a week ago at some godforsaken party smiling and saying that "he alone created all these people that are making the scene now...".*

MARK BENEKE *Was the ultimate star doorman at Studio 54. He defined and embodied doormanship as we know it. Thousands were rejected. Millions humiliated. Countless left the country forever because of this Stalin-at-the-Gate. Then he decided to act in a Broadway Musical called "Gotta Go Disco" in 1979. The show closed in 3 days. After a sint in California he came back to do the door at Howard Stein's downtown club, called Rock Lounge and lasted 3 days at it. When Studio 54 reopened he was there and lasted 3 days. Then he went back to LA and he still seems to be involved with Vertigo, but then again, we are writing this on his second day...*

YEHJONG *Was Mark Beneke's assistant at the old Studio. Everybody says she was a bitch, what do I know. Then she disappeared. Rubell dug her out from nowhere for the Palladium door, where she clashed with Sally Randall and everybody else. Then she disappeared. Appartently she now owns a store in Rhode Island.*

RAY CAVIANO *The $6 Million discoman, the king of radio, a producer only supplanted by Casablanca Records, emperor of DJ's in the 70's, music master of 54, etc... Blew his entire fortune thru the nose, became a crook, went to jail, had a long article published in the Voice, showing photos of him bloated behind bars. Probably out by now, we wish him well.*

FRAN BOYAR *Another grand promoter of the disco era who disappeared a long time ago and is only heard from every year when she calls us with monumental schemes that never happen. Her neighbours complain that all sorts of people bang at her door all night, screaming and yelling. Well, at least we see some action here...*

RICARDO AMARAL *A major impresario, used to operate the "Club 78" in Paris, in the 70's, and owned "Club A" in New York. He's rumored to have been Rudolf's partner in many clubs in Brazil, but nobody wants to talk about it. Nowadays still runs a successful import corporation in New York, dealing with Latin-American products. He continues to be a great jet-setter in Brazil, where he owns many discotheques and recently opened that country's first skateboard rink. He's cool.*

JERRY RUBIN *Rebel kid of the 60's revolution, Abbie Hoffman's competitor, disappeared after being framed by some CIA neo-fascist sting. Reappeared in 1980, resolved his legal problems, became the world's first yuppie, promoted huge events at Palladium for "Networking Professionals" and made large amounts of money at it, until it fizzled out. Tried to open a gigantic restaurant together with various promoters, but failed and lost some dough. Now organizes quaint events at the Limelight.*

STEVE MAAS *The most important downtown person of 1979 was the owner of the Mudd Club. This nightspot is legendary by now and Steve's weirdness is too. He was the first to supervise the door policy with videocameras, telling the doorman who should and shouldn't come in. After Mudd, he made the "World's Edge" twice at the same location, Arthur's club (so that the World became the most re-opened club of them all; 2,683 times!) Now, when you see him around he mumbles crazy stuff about genetically-altered beans in martinis, and so on. We didn't have the patience to ask him what he's doing now, but you can call him, he's listed.*

JOHN ADDISON *Was the fabulous owner of Le Jardin, the first of the fabulous discos in fabulous NYC in the fabulous early 70's. Owned NYNY, a very famous nightclub in 1975 and was partners at one time or another with Maurice and Steve Rubell who sent him to jail for a few months. He came out to open the biggest disco in the world, called Bond's, on Times Square. He bombed. His boyfriend O.D.'ed. Embittered, he went to Florida where he was doing well for a while. That's the last we heard from him.*

AUSTIN, TEXAS

LIVE MUSIC LAND OF THE BEER GUZZLIN', FUN LOVIN' COWBOY

by: KAT

Austin is best known for its live music scene. Having stated that, you're probably asking yourself,"What the hell does Kat know about music?". Well, nothing, but I had a great time anyway. Gavin Lance, from Roadstar Productions, graciously flew Richard Metzger and me to Austin for the weekend.
Our first night there we went to see Sinead O'Connor. Undoubtedly, this had to have been the shortest concert in history. For reasons unbeknownst to us, Sinead walked off the stage after only four songs, offering no refund to her fans. To be honest, I was kind of relieved. I had bigger fish to fry.

We grabbed a couple of the band members, Susie Davis (keyboard) and Marco (bass) and went on to paint the town a...tasteful shade of beige. We went to the *Sanitarium*, for their Saturday night *Bondage-a-go-go* party, where the bartender bitched at Marco about the show. I told Marco to hit him because he couldn't go to far as he was chained to the ceiling. We opted to leave and go to *Antone's*, the famous blues club where we were entertained by a couple of the local greats. While everyone drank beer, I felt a little rebellious and ordered a white wine spritzer.Then came the witching hour and they kicked us all out.
We went back to the Driskill Hotel, a beautiful building dating back to the Civil Was with all the decor to match. Incidentally, there was a Crowly convention taking place that same weekend in our hotel and apparently this is not out of the ordinary. Scary!
I guess it's true, you can't be in Texas and not hear of an Elvis sighting, except this time...I SAW ELVIS...he brought a pot of coffee to my room at 10:30am on that Sunday morning! Elvis is alive and well and working at the Driskill...Oh, and he didn't commit suicide. I asked him, tipped him and then he left. Now we were off to the *8th Annual Fabulous Thunderbirds Riverfest* (an all day outdoor concert, showcasing several bands).

Backstage L to R Wammo, Gavin, fans, Kat, and Twang's David Garza

At first we wandered around the grounds, I stared at the acutely tan, muscular cowboys before we stopped at a concession stand for a bubblegum flavored, crushed ice concoction. Mmmm. Time to see the bands... *Twang Twang Shock-a-Boom*, three Austin teenagers with a unique sound, opened the event.I remember one song with cute little teenage lyrics that listed all the things one can acquire, like"...you can get sun block...you can get a mediocre education..." and so on, "...But Don't Get AIDS". Their sincere naivite was quite refreshing.
Soon the sun got too overwhelming and I ran (for beer)to the air-conditioned trailers. There I met *Wammo*, who soon became my cohort for the day. He's Austin's #1 DJ/performance artist, and may I add, the most jovial ol' soul I'd ever met.
Well, the *Red Hot Chili Peppers* were about to go up and I wanted to see this band that's on everyone's lips. Richard suggested I watch the show from on stage, but I said,"Hey, When in Rome...Ya Know!" So I grabbed Wammo and ran to the front of the stage. As soon as the band hit their first cord, people started slamming, beer went flying and only them did I understand why Richard was so adamant about his suggestion. But, NO dammit, I was staying... Kids were stage-diving, security was pouring water on them and it was all around chaos! Austin's 'finest' threatened to stop the show until lead singer, Anthony Kiedas verbally reprimanded the crowd by referring to the cops as *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles.* It was a little like trying to quiet a crying infant by smacking him. They managed to finish the set somehow. Wammo and I went backstage to find Richard...and more beer.Richard and I agreed that the Chili Peppers have one of the greatest love songs ever written since *Strangers in the Night*, entitled "*I Want to Party on Your Pussy*" It's easy to see their appeal..
Waiting to get autographs from these red-hot romantics, were 2 girls (which Richard referred to as "..the Devil's spawn of a trailer court") We captured their moment on film.
It was time to take a break from the shows and discover Texas BBQ. We sat under a tent, chewin'the fat with none other than...*Eddie Munster* and his prepubescent girlfriend. Again, just to prove how little I know about the music world, I never got the hint when people started introducing themselves by their first *and* last names, that maybe I should know them, until someone pointed it out to me.

You know, I've always wondered about bestiality. Then I met a guy named *Dog.* He greeted me by licking both sides of my face. I could never date a guy named Dog..."Kat and Dog sittin' in a tree..." Nah, it doesn't work.
Anyway, to close the event, Austin's 'homeboys', *The Fabulous T Birds* took over the stage and the crowd. It was Jimmie Vaughan's last Riverfest since he decided to retire from the road.
By midnight, my boys had on the keg party buzz and we all decided to go to ...*The Ritz*...yup, every city's got one, and watch some wacked out headbangers perform. A few more bottles of beer and I convinced Richard to join the crowd in a berserk, ritualistic, heavy metal "hair dance". Unfortunately, Clair LaVaye, our resident photog, was not present to document this moment.

T Bird photos by Robert C. Smith

Dirty Dozen Brass Band

all other photos by Don Yarbro

CHICAGO

By : Mike Timble

COED Prison Slut performanceat Shelter Cabaret Room
photo:Mitchell Canoff

It was easily one of the best ten parties of the year when **SHELTER** finally opened it's doors on march first. To be admitted to the club, one had to apply a Cracker Jack type tattoo to any part of your body and show it to the doorman. Long lines, beautiful people, great music and a multitude of **Hostess Twinkies** for hors' devours made the air crackle with power and energy. The constant comparisons to New York clubs and the long lines were the only annoying things about the night. **Michael Blatter, Jerry Kliener, Barry Paddor** and company really outdid themselves. Shelter is basically a large warehouse with a huge upstairs dance floor, a downstairs dance floor, and several intimate and quieter lounge areas. The sound, lighting an attitudes are all outstanding.

I absolutely LOATHE performance art. Basically, they're loud, screaming, angry mimes, justifying their psychoses under the guise of 'art'. But despite this fact,**CIRCA '90** was one of the best parties of circa 1990. **Neon Magazine**, celebrating the release of their new issue, and Chicago's **Museum of Contemporary Art** with **Tom Doody and Associates,**, sponsored this event. Nearly 2000 people attended.

The **PARK WEST** celebrated their grand REopening the last weekend in April. **Jam Productions** , Chicago's #1 concert promoters, bought the place and are trying to get it a hip look.

Speaking of Park West, **Metro Magazine**, a failed attempt to publish Chicago's version of *Interview Magazine*, held their Issue #4 party there the first week in May. Like the magazine, the party was just ok.

Never have so many unattractive people congealed in one place at one time (excluding some yuppie bars) than did at **AVALON** for their 3rd Anniversary party. Yikes!

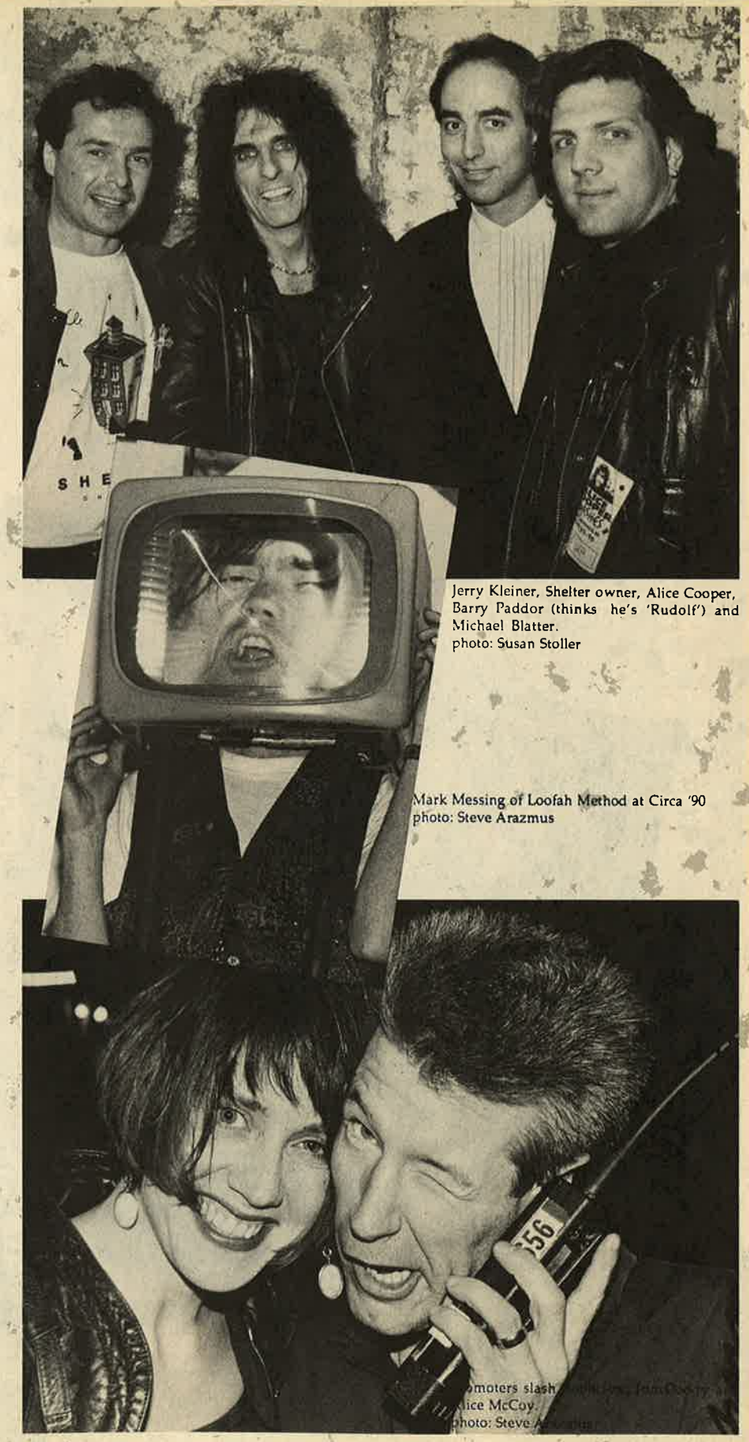
CATWALK; in. Catwalk; out. Catwalk; in, again. Catwalk; out, again. Catwalk; ?. Who knows.

Byron Dorsey of **CAIRO** has started throwing parties of his own as of late. In April, he threw his Heavenly Bodies party at the **MARS GALLERY**. A great mix of sexes, sexualities and lifestyles proved to be an explosive party situation.

The **Denim by Design** dinner party at the Nikko Hotel was a blast and a half as the gay community's big wigs mingled with Chicago's philanthropists to raise bags of $$ for the **AIDS Foundation of Chicago.**

A few months ago, **Goodies** was a retro toy store and ice cream parlor. But now Goodies is closed. This space will be a toy store for boys as big time pop gay club / bar **CHRISTOPHER STREET** will be moving in soon.

Some say it was one cow's revenge, others say that's bull and it was an accident. Either way, Chicago's original gay leather / biker bar **TOUCHE**, went up in a ball of



Jerry Kleiner, Shelter owner, Alice Cooper, Barry Paddor (thinks he's 'Rudolf') and Michael Blatter.
photo: Susan Stoller

Mark Messing of Loofah Method at Circa '90
photo: Steve Arazmus

...moters slash ...
...ice McCoy
...hoto: Steve A...

Elite Models Cynthia Moore and Allison Albers at the opening of Shelter.
photo: Mitchell Canoff

Phil In Phlash, crazed cl[illegible] Preast.
photo: Mitchell Canoff

Portrait photographer, Marc Hauser with John Waters.
photo: Marc Hauser

ironic flame in March. But one month later, Touche has bounced back, moved to the up and coming Roger's Park area and re-opened.

Just a few years ago, there was a movement to encourage more outdoor cafe's and restaurants to open in the city. I guess too many people were having too much fun because some stuffy assholes whined enough to get a new law restricting outdoor establishments to 11:00pm closings during the week and midnight on Saturdays. Midnight?! Who goes out before midnight? Well, to tie it into the column, **THE BRIDGE** opened just over a year ago in a heavily industrialized area, nearly a mile from any home, right on the Chicago River, overlooking the city from the west. You can pull your boat up to the dock, hang out and have a drink before getting back to the Yacht Club. But these new laws could easily jeopardize The Bridge's existence. But owners **Steve Eddleson and Dick Balsamo** fought back with a Petition Party in late April and are confident in the outcome. Look for their season opening party in May!

"I wanna be where all the club kids are free!" Boiler Room Host, John Boy at Shelter.
photo: Mitchell Canoff

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NEW!

PANKOW 'SHOW YOU THEIR DONGS'
WAX 9109 / 12", CDS
I'm talking about me and my best friend... me and my ding dong... you and my ding dong. Pankow will be showing America their dongs on tour come March.

KMFDM 'VIRUS'
WAX 9108 / 12", CSS, CDS
Follow-up to the album 'UAIOE' and the KMFDM / Ministry tour of the U.S.A. Non-LP A-side and all new 'More & Faster' B-side.

GREATER THAN ONE 'G-FORCE'
WAX 7100 / LP, CS, CD
Known for their free-standing art installation, and performance pieces, G.T.O. turn their efforts once again towards music for this collection of all new material.

ACID HORSE 'NO NAME, NO SLOGAN'
WAX 9091 / 12", CSS, CDS
A collaboration between Cabaret Voltaire and Wax Trax' infamous Luxa-Pan crew. Electronic spaghetti western in two very different styles.

NOISE UNIT 'DECEIT'
WAX 9102 / 12"
A collaboration between Front Line Assembly's Bill Leeb and the Klinik's Mark Verhaeghen. A full length LP, 'Grinding Into Emptiness' will appear soon.

RECENT!

NEW!

SIGLO XX 'UNDER A PURPLE SKY'
BIUS 1035 / LP, CS, CD
The dark and mysterious SIGLO XX produce their finest recording to date with this classic album. Divine dreams of love and hate.

CLICK CLICK 'BENT MASSIVE'
BIUS 1036 / LP, CS, CD
'Bent Massive' refers to the manipulation and contortion of sound which was aimed for and achieved by Click Click and their producer for this recording. Recorded at Fon Studio - Sheffield, England.

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO
'DOG STAR MAN' / BIUS 3037 / 12", CDS
A natural coalition of four individuals from various backgrounds (music, dance, live and filmed visuals) come together to create not just a fusion of talent but an ear-splitting explosion.

a:GRUMH
'A HARD DAY'S KNIGHT'
BIUS 1030/LPCS CD
Going out on a limb so far they almost disappear, a:GRUMH are as amoral as they come. Seldom have electronics been this harsh and unrelenting. a:GRUMH could go very far indeed. (N.M.E. 4/89)

THE NEON JUDGEMENT
'GAMES OF LOVE'
BIUS 3027/12
As paradoxical as the juxtaposition of a lone star brussels may seem at first. The Neon Judgement pulls it off with what could be the sure-beat soundtrack to a John Wayne movie. (C.M.J. 12/89)

WRECK
S/T
BIUS 3033/12
Wreck's debut EP enlists bassist Keith Brammer of Die Kreuzen and producer Steve Albini. This debut EP brings the Chicago guitar sound to P.I.A.S.-U.S.A. for the first time.

RECENT!

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM U.S.A.

WHAT EXCITES A *CLUB* LEGEND MOST?

...UNFORGETABLE INVITATIONS.

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MONGERS ABOUT TOWN... BELIEVE IT OR DON'T!

MONGERS BANK FEARS END

As you, our Monger fans know, this is a section reserved for the biggest dish...It appears that you have been terribly reserved lately. Pretty soon we won't be able to count on you for excess in your behavior in any way! What ever happened to the good ol' days when you stole each others boyfriends, drugs, drink tickets and dildos? Or when you'd do anything short of selling your mothers into slavery for press! These are the hot young Mongers that made this column...*Stop being so well behaved!* Don't you know that bad press is the *only* press?

STRIKE A POSE

Julie, don't get too close to me when I'm voguing, Jewels, has recently been accused of bludgeoning innocent bystanders on the dance floor. It's safe to say that when this booty shakin' monger 'strikes a pose', she *strikes* for real! "I don't mean to hurt anyone, I just get a little carried away." sez Jewels.

GERALDO RIVERA

"Geraldo" may be old news to most of you, but we're here to tell you what you didn't know...Geraldo is one of the first semi-successful, female into male, sex changes of the '60's. *Geraldine Rivers* was a frustrated lesbian with bovine beauty. She was in love with a hetero woman who loved sex, "I need a man with muscle, Geraldine" said the woman. This line echoed in 'Gerry's' mind over and over until one day, she read the article that would change the course of her life forever...and that's the story as only Mongers could bring you!

U F Oh No!

Jane Thorvaldson, she came onto the scene out of the blue, but from where did she appear? You, our faithful readers deserve to know. She's the spawn of an alien! Almost 30 years ago her mother reported a UFO sighting, but nobody believed her. Well the proof is indisputable. Phone home, Jane!

BEHIND THE VELVET ROPES

This cable talk show is a 'clean' version of a celluloid *Project X*. They cover fashion, music, nightlife and art of some of the most impressive downtown personalities. You can catch this punchy program on channel J, Sunday nights at 7:00pm.

CHOICES

The following has been written across the face of 240 East 3rd Street after being ordered to vacate the building we own by The City of New York...

To Whom it may concern:

This was *The Choice*. But this choice, like so many of our choices, is being taken away from us by the insidious growth of fascism in our country.

Hizzoner David Dinkins, who led us to believe that he was on the side of those who are trying to "keep hope alive" has used his Department of Buildings to close us down. The Fire Department did everything they could to help us make this place safe in case of a fire. They did not close us. The Police Department never had a problem with us because we indulged in a costly but very professional and effective security staff that had an incredible record in providing people's personal safety in this place. They did not close us. But The Department of Buildings won't give us a permit to assemble, even though they have approved our application for such a permit.

The right to assemble publicly used to be an unquestionable basic right in the United States of America!

The right to dance has never been questioned before...anywhere!

Very truly yours,

Richard Vasquez

Richard Vasquez
Conceiver and Coordinator of The Choice

MONGERS WEEKLY MENU

Monday: Stay home
Tuesday: Stringfellow's, Love Machine
Wednesday: MK, Zest
Thursday: Quick, La Palace, Red Zone, Copa
Friday: La Palace, Quick, Time Cafe, Grolier
Saturday: Roxy, La Palace, Quick, Mars, Danceteria in the Hamptons
Sunday: Mars, Danceteria in the Hamptons

HOROSCOPE

BY Miss Conception

GEMINI

Sybill, party of twelve, Sybill, party of twelve! Although your symbol may be the twins, this month finds you dancing to the beat of several drums. One part of you. wants to fuck that hot young stud you've been flirting with all month, your voice of reason is whispering, "Stay home with your mate or you'll regret it", and yet another voice is telling you to separate yourself from your libido and become self-absorbed.

CANCER

Your overwhelming urge to spend money you don't have makes you one of Miss Conception's favorite people. There's a Scorpio who's longing for your passionate presents. certainly a drink ticket should do it!

LEO

As I finished sipping my tea, I took notice of the odd collage my leaves had made at the bottom of my cup and I knew it could only be a message for you, Leo. After all this waiting, it's finally your minute! The club owners, bartenders and more importantly, the press love you!

VIRGO

Get ready for the time of your (sex) life. Flawless is here and it's wearin' a sombrero! A rather sex-starved Piscean is hot on your trail. Don't give in right away, he's definitely worth the wait.

LIBRA

There's a fantastic party on the 26th, but you should avoid it at all cost. At 10:00am you'll wake up with zits and fall asleep in the sun. At 5:00pm you'll be aware of the burn and drown your pain in happy-hour cocktails. By midnight you look like shit all the way around!

SCORPIO

Darling, you've been playing with fire! What does Miss Conception say about this? Well, nothing. On to a more intriguing tid bit, there's a special Cancer in your life who is a pretty good bet on a drink ticket. Don't let opportunities like this pass you by.

SAGITTARIUS

Now, aren't you sorry you ever listed your phone number on all of those phone love connection lines? You must have known that sooner or later you'd be all ' .... ' out! Settle down with that Taurus who doesn't mind if you can't get it up right now.

CAPRICORN

I know it seems like you can't keep a job, but it's really just a phase right now. When the right pimp comes along, trust me, baby, you'll know.

AQUARIUS

I know you're still wrecked that you made a fool out of yourself on national television when you entered the 'Geraldo' look-alike contest. I'm sure it was a close race, maybe you shouldn't have worn the pumps...or the lipstick...

PISCES

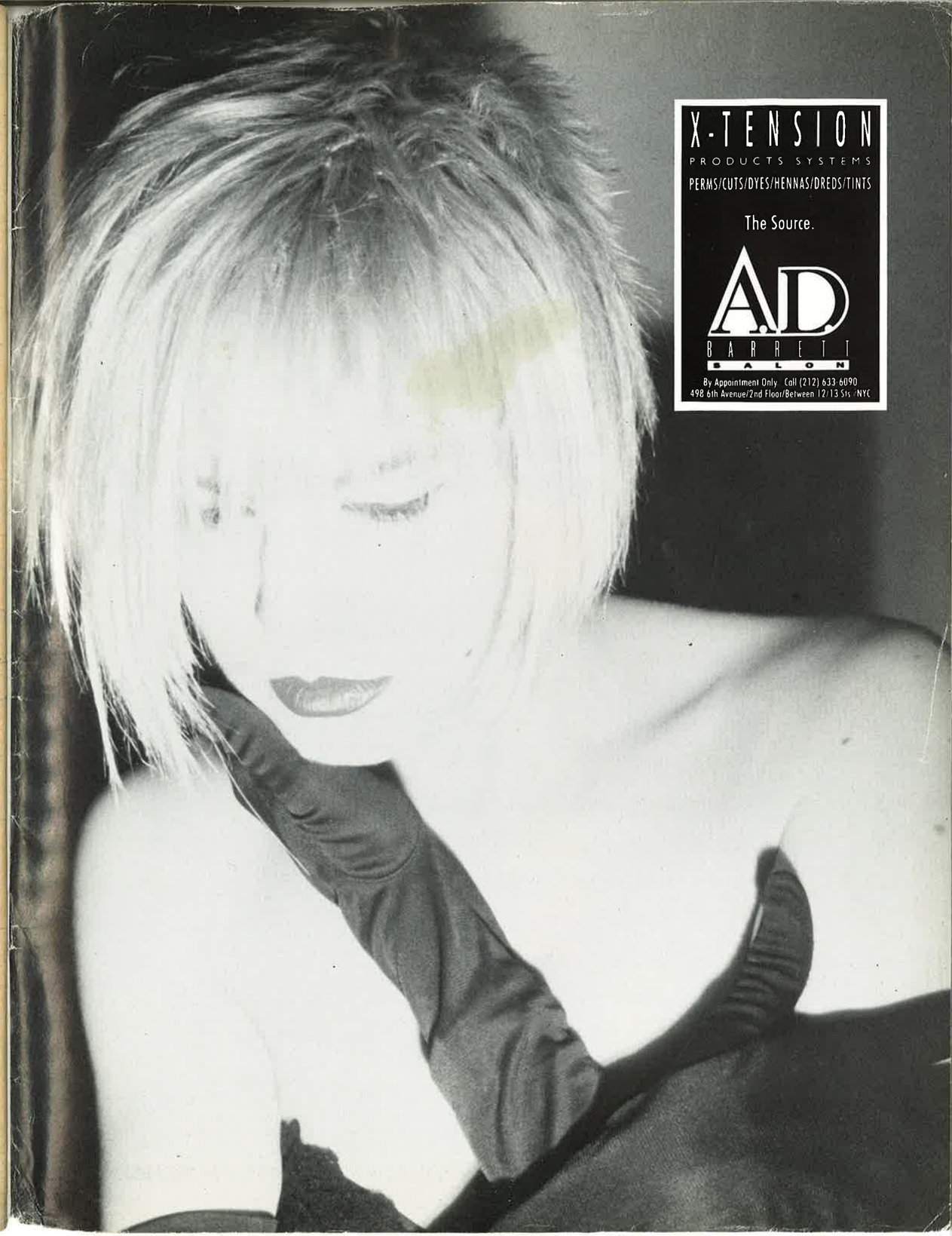
'Virgo, the virgin', she's your's and she's ripe for the pickin'. There's nothing wrong with starting the evening with a little champagne, candlelight and exctasy.

ARIES

You will receive in the mail the one billionth club invitation, printed by KINKO's and this will entitle you to one free night on the town at Red Zone, including a lovely pasta dinner in the restaurant and two drink tickets. Congrat's.

TAURUS

Your Sagittarian is comin' home to you. Treat him well,and go easy on him. You can't imagine what he's been through.



Stoli. For the purist.