

glue

style and action in Los Angeles

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the music
issue



Betty call!

**Betty Blowtorch fires up
a hot debut CD,
a Disney movie,
and Vanilla Ice**

Leonardo DiCaprio & Tobey Maguire in a film you'll never see
Inger Lorre Rock's enfant terrible is back from the brink
Camille Rose Garcia The consumption of consumerism

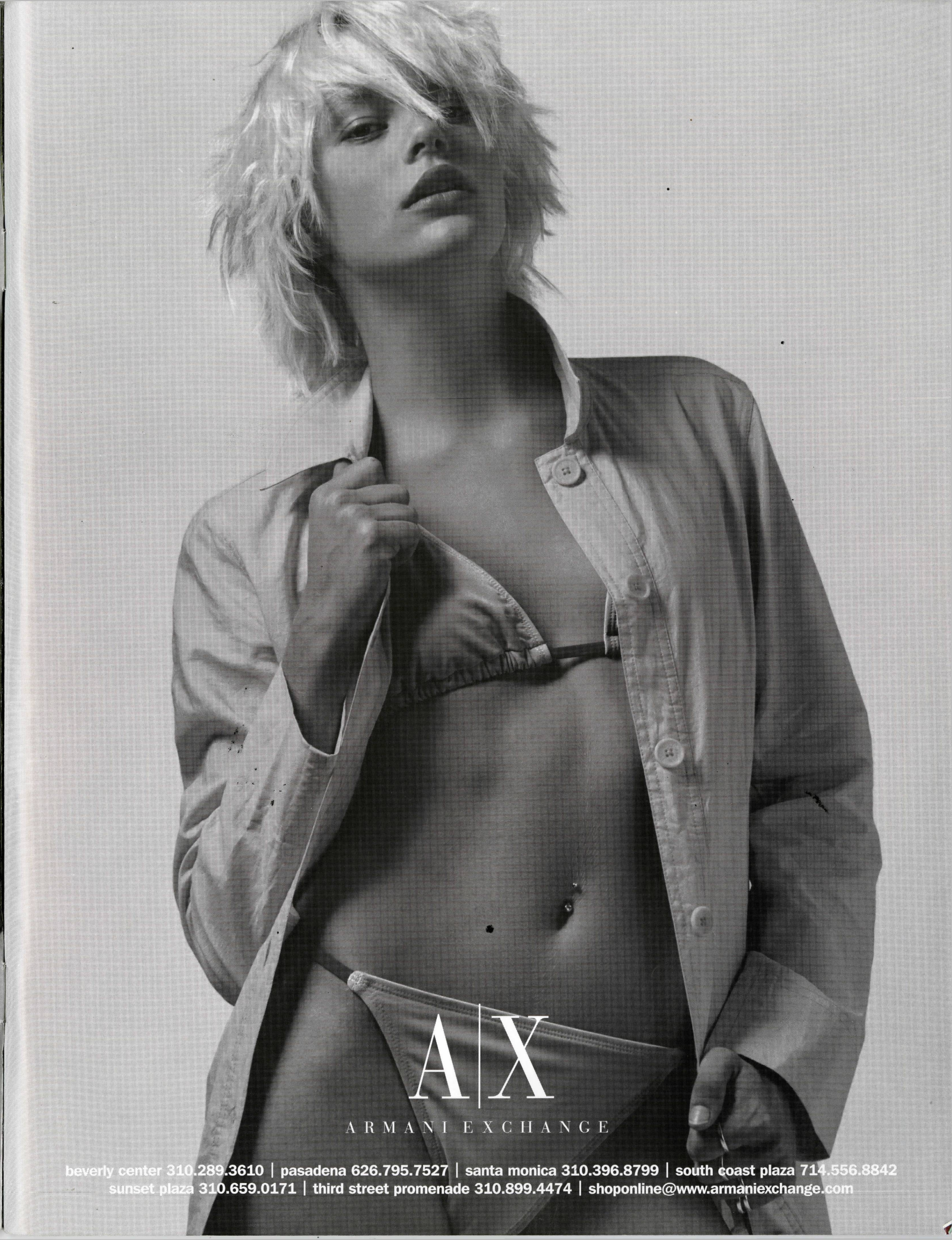
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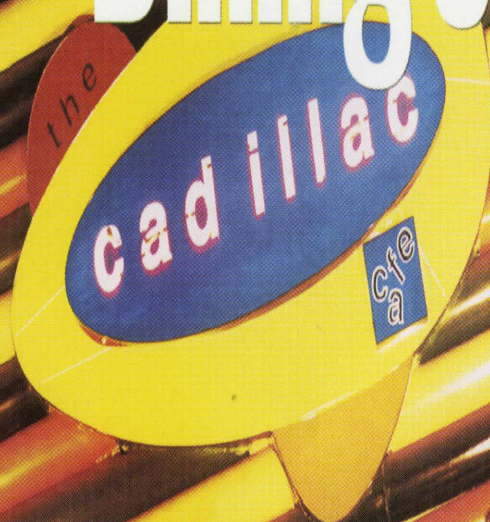


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Editor and Publisher

Laurie Pike

Associate Publisher

Liz Tarshis

Art Director

Toastacia Boyd

Advertising

Renee Harrison

Glue
magazine

PO Box 27067
LA CA
90027-0067

Senior Editors

Matt Duersten, John Morse, Dave White

Fashion Glenn Belverio, Steven Leiserovich

Film Richard Glatzer

Comics, TV, web Josh Braun, Nick Scoullar

Restaurants Bob Blumer AKA The Surreal Gourmet

Garden Andy Cao, Stephen Jerrom

e-mail:

gluemag
@earthlink.net
website: www.
gluemag.com

Contributors

Johnny Angel, Robin Batters, Bob Cantu, Heather Cocks, Vaginal Davis, Roger Park, Jaime Pina, Jon REGARDIE, Ruth Reynolds, Doreen Sanchez, Emili M. Vesilind, Lara Warren, Mar Yvette

Photographers

Greg Endries, Jack Gould, Kent Jones, Gregory Kay, Gary Leonard, Mark C. O'Flaherty, Maria Ramirez, Reuben Reynoso, Ramona Rosales, Todd Weaver, Austin Young

Illustrators

Dame Darcy, Chip Wass

Editorial Assistants

Sarah Aaronson, Bonnie Cha, Kristin Gifford, Andrew Keown, Lindsey Thornburg

advertising:
(213)

487-8367

editorial:
(213)

427-9344

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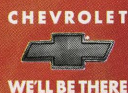
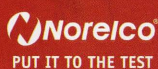
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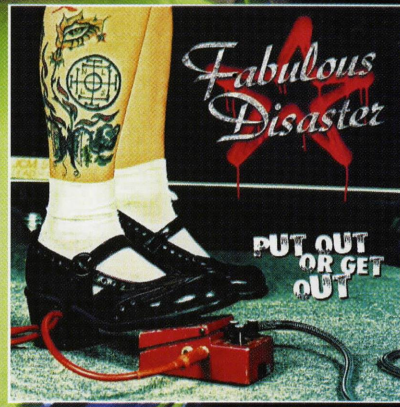
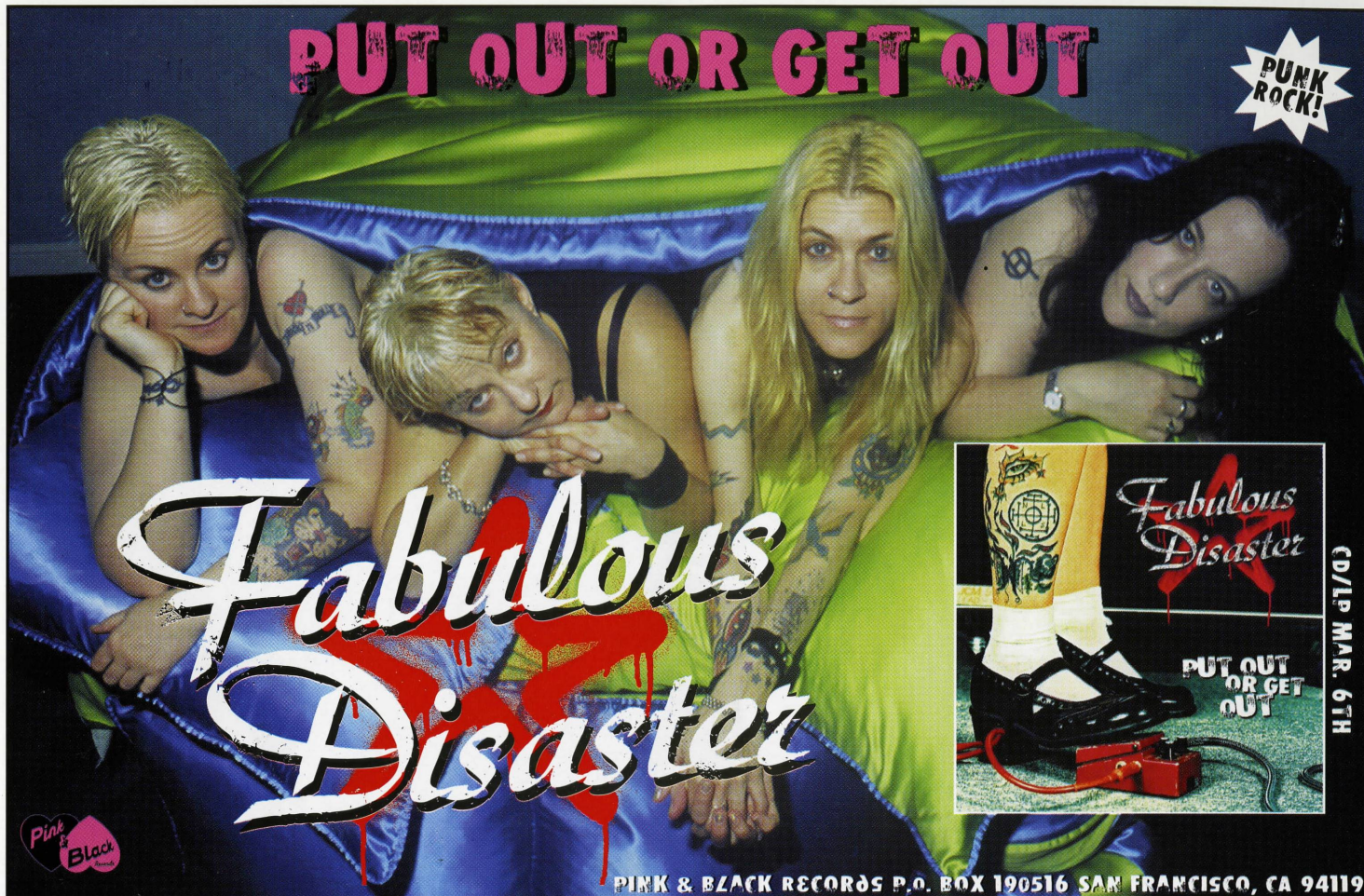


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**Greg
Endries**

Glue is proud to feature the first fashion editorial by wunderkind Greg Endries. The upstate New Yorker started shooting for *Glue* shortly after graduating from college and moving to LA. "I really loved the idea of putting a modern twist on old album-cover art from the '50s and '60s," says Endries of his pictorial (p. 30). He even made a special retro mix tape for the shoot.



LISA STICHI

**Matt
Duersten**

In his illustrious career as *Glue*'s senior editor, Matt Duersten has gone to the mat (well, near the mat) with Mexican wrestlers and the seemingly incestuous Largo music scene. A prolific freelance writer, he has penned stories for *Los Angeles* magazine, *Flaunt* and a cover story for the *LA Weekly*. Despite all his accomplishments, we still refer to him as "that kid from Wisconsin."

**Bob
Blumer**

Food writer, wine slave, and professional bon vivant Bob Blumer is the author and illustrator of three cookbooks under the nom de plume "The Surreal Gourmet." Whether he is poaching salmon in a dishwasher on the Food Network or concocting recipes in his own "Pee-wee's Playhouse"-like kitchen, Blumer is constantly leading people off the eaten path with his insatiable appetite for inspiring food and culinary adventure.



contributors

you need music
we have music
case closed

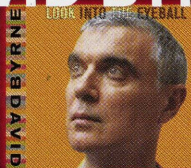
B.R.M.C. black rebel motorcycle club

the debut album featuring **Love Burns** and **Red Eyes and Tears**.



DAVID BYRNE look into the eyeball

the new album featuring **Like Humans Do**



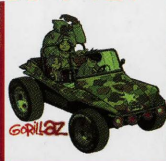
DAFT PUNK discovery

the new album featuring **One More Time**



GORILLAZ gorillaz

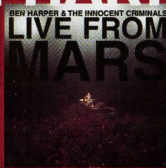
the self-titled debut from the world's first virtual band.
featuring **Clint Eastwood**



BEN HARPER live from mars

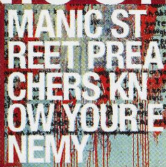
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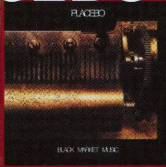
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featuring David Bowie and **I Feel You**



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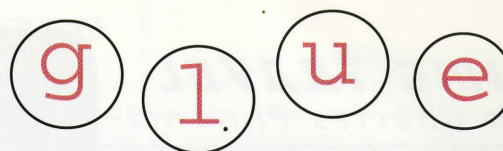
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the music issue



cover story

Betty Poop.....24

Betty Blowtorch could be (and should be) LA's next megaband. Let's just hope their dirty rock anthems won't be censored.

On the cover:

Betty Blowtorch

photographed by Austin Young/austinyoung.com

Hair: Carlos Ortiz for Cloutier/Siren Salon

Makeup: Julie Tomlinson

Photograph on this page by Greg Endries

Stylist: Steven Leiserovich

Model: Isabelle/Nous

Hair: Manuel/Artists

Makeup: Beth Carter/The Crystal Agency

Set and props: Joshua Benny

TIME TRAVEL with Charles Phoenix

1958

Young Executives Backyard Masquerade Party in Arcadia

In a stash of old photos I found taken at this party were couples dressed as cowboys and cowgirls or cowboys and Indians. There were Hawaiian shirts and grass skirts; a couple of martians with a third eye painted on their foreheads; and some pulling off a gay '90s look (from last century, not this one). But these two with their painted paper bags stole the show!



funny you should ask...

One of the dangers of meeting your heroes is that they're usually not worth meeting. During the interviews she conducted for what would eventually become *Book of Changes*, Los Angeles journalist Kristine McKenna, whose byline you might recognize from the *LA Times*, *NME*, *LA Weekly* and the late, great *Wet* magazine, endured humiliations and frustrations to gain insight into the minds of 38 cultural icons. Photographer William Eggleston went on a drinking binge while under McKenna's care, Neil Young turned out to be a jerk with a chip on his shoulder, and James Brown relentlessly hit on her. "There are some people I don't want to meet for that reason," McKenna says. But, as is clear after reading her book, not many. *Book of Changes* is a compilation of some of McKenna's favorite interviews from the start of her career in 1977 to today. In it,

Leonard Cohen, R. Crumb, Tom Waits and Van Morrison discuss what makes them tick. Among the sometimes dry exposition of lofty ideas that McKenna evokes through a genuine appreciation for her subjects are candid tidbits like Nick Cave's assertion that his mother is one of the greatest women he's ever known ("he was pretty wholesome for a heroin addict," McKenna notes),

David Lynch's admission that he once applied depilatory cream to a mouse, Nico's comparison of her music to Mahler's (with one distinction: "he was Jewish and I'm not"), and William Burroughs's claim that he believes in God. *Book of Changes* also jumps with some rare bits of meanness that are usually edited out of magazine and newspaper interviews. McKenna says her meeting with filmmaker Werner Herzog left her in tears. "He dismissed my questions and warned me not to make him a dancing bear," she says. Artie Shaw aired his brutal opinions to her on Frank Sinatra ("He bores the shit out of me") and Benny Goodman ("Benny was pretty dumb"). It all confirms that heroes are best observed from afar—or by journalists, like McKenna, who know what they're doing. (Liz Tarshis)

Book of Changes is published this May by Fantagraphics.

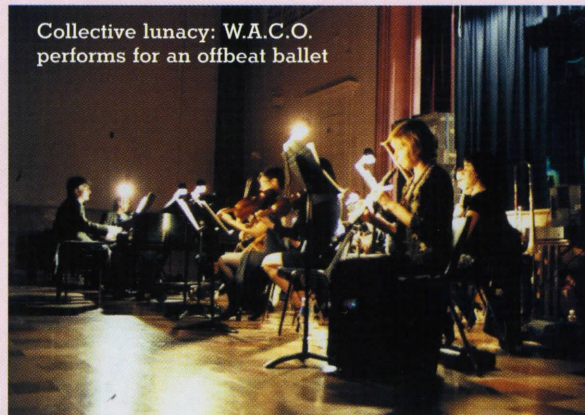
orchestral manoeuvres

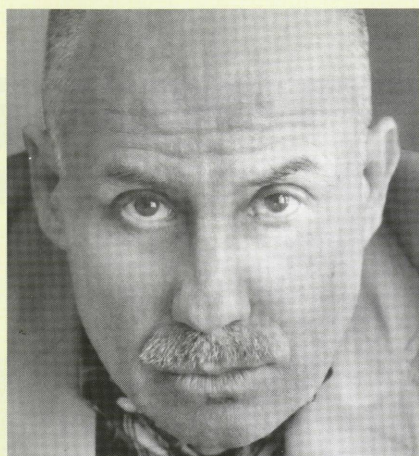
Twenty-six people divided by two bands equals...it equals two mini-orchestras and no Brian Setzer-jive in earshot, is what. Two very unusual orchestras in LA are applying the DIY ethics and experimental openness to a form of music generally thought of as rigid and formal. The Open Door Orchestra, led by Shannon Michael Terry, has 15 worldly musicians revolving through it, some from as far away as Senegal and Brazil. Ensemble members collaborate on pieces and have even invented their own instruments, hoping to "bridge the gap between the primitive and the future," says Terry. They've performed at various LA non-nightclub venues and are about to drop a new CD. Terry composes and records experimental music on his own, too, most recently for art exhibitions organized by The Bureau of Arts and Culture. At that now-defunct Crenshaw art gallery, he was an artist-in-residence, literally living under the Bureau's exhibit space and performing the pieces at openings. Both the Open Door's first self-titled CD and *Breathing Sounds: Original Compositions for Art Exhibitions* are gettable through Terry's website, primalfuturenow.com.

A world away from Open Door's global beatisms, the 11-piece Wild Acoustic Chamber Orchestra, or

W.A.C.O., has a new CD happening, too. *A Game of Cards* is tense, reeling, carnival-of-drunken-souls music that band member Steve Gregoropoulos calls "our version of pop, which will be a pretty extreme statement for anyone who knows us." The band of croupiers prepared their card game while simultaneously creating the music for a ballet with choreographer Jane Paik, one that featured the dancing talents of singer-songwriter Mia Doi Todd and was performed at an East Side middle school. Having finished that, they will be performing more around the city ("It's kind of hard to tour when you have 11 members. You end up making twenty bucks a gig," cracks Steve.) They will also celebrate the release of *Cards* at a (what else?) casino near you. (Dave White)

Collective lunacy: W.A.C.O. performs for an offbeat ballet





Dallas confidential

His mother was murdered on the mean streets of Los Angeles and James Ellroy himself prowled the same streets, doped out of his mind and breaking into houses to sniff the panties of poodle-skirted teenyboppers. Then he cleaned up in 1975 and started writing. His four-book love letter to the LA of yesteryear (*The Black Dahlia*, *The Big Nowhere*, *LA Confidential*, and *White Jazz*) are gritty, politically incorrect stories of bad cops, dirty newspapermen and deceiving females. Ellroy left Los Angeles two decades ago—as a home and a subject—and showcases a new style in his latest book, *The Cold Six Thousand*. It's a 700-page epic that will probably confound those unfamiliar with the Kennedy assassination, as it mixes real and fictional events and characters surrounding it. The introduction will be familiar to Ellroy fans, with its focus on three different characters, but he eschews the lush wording of his previous work for a short, rat-a-tat style that mixes street rapping with a beat-noir delivery. This book will wrap up the writer's obsession on the Kennedy family, he says. Wonder who he'll go after next, Nixon or Clinton? (Jaime Pina)

The *Cold Six Thousand* is published this May by Knopf.

crawl space

When Osseus Labyrint were invited to perform in a conference room in the former MTA building, they were less than inspired by the site. "It has a low ceiling and orange carpeting and a weird sterile feel to it, almost like an operating theatre," says Hannah Sim, half of the mutant-looking duo known for their nude dance/art performances. "At first we wondered, 'What can we do with this?' We considered trying to use other parts of the building." But their final decision to go with the space actually inspired a performance that shows a different side of the group. They cooked up a sort of academic seminar which allows them to incorporate the film, video, design and text that has long been a part of their work but often gets overlooked when two naked and hairless bodies begin to writhe and twitch in front of a crowd. "Osseus Labyrint" will examine the "exobiology, mutant locomotion, artificial selection, and the migration of sentience" of the mysterious osseus labyrinth species. Best of all: there's no test after the show. (Laurie Pike)

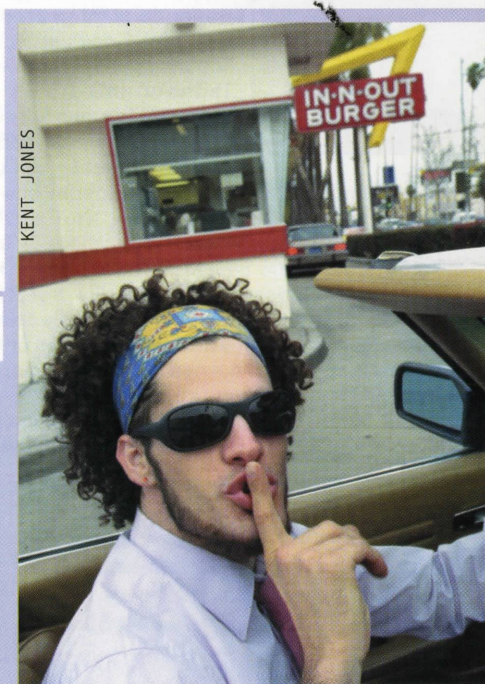


"Osseus Labyrint," part of the Side Street Live series "Urbanecology: (Living Patterns in LA)," April 27 and 28 at Side Street Live, 425 S. Main St., downtown, \$10, (213) 620-8895. A post-event discussion will be held on April 27. In addition, Osseus Labyrint's short documentary about the LA River, "52 Miles of Concrete," can be viewed at www.SpyWorm.com.

secret recipe

Maybe you know that In-n-Out Burger is one of those rare family-owned chains. And like other families in business together—the Osmonds, the Bushes—they have a cult following that sometimes shares their secret in-house code. The simple In-n-Out menu offers single or double burgers, fries, sodas and shakes. And that's it. But if you pull up and order a Wish Burger, a Flying Dutchman, a Neapolitan shake and a Four by Two, the staff will know exactly what you mean—and will serve you,

respectively, a vegetarian burger, a bunless burger, a mixed shake of chocolate, vanilla and strawberry, and a burger with four meat patties and two cheese slices. The secret code is not explained on the menu or even on the company's website. When we called headquarters, they declined to comment. Is the chain a weird cult? You decide: look closely at the burger wrappers and drink cups and you'll find numbers of Bible scriptures. (Kristin Gifford)



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The sweet stench of unsubstantiated gossip



"I am at **Moomba!**" a barely legal clubtante boasted into her cell phone. "It's a celebri-teria," giggled **Vag Davis** after her third Moomba-politan at the opening night bash at the club on March 31. After a month of private parties, the exclusive New York hang-out for models, rocks stars and actors to get messy opened its Los Angeles outpost doors for...well, another private party. **Vincent Gallo**, **Kylie Bax**, **Taye Diggs**, **Tori Spelling**, **Heavy D** and **Mickey Rourke** roamed around the very remodeled former Luna Park on Robertson Blvd. in West Hollywood. **Bijou Phillips** held tightly to **Sean Lennon's** hand throughout the night, which probably relieved artist **Dustin Yellin**—last year the wild child accidentally stabbed Yellin at a party and he had to get stitches. Looking cozy were **Stella Schnabel** with **John Frusciante**, and **Snow Falling on the Cedars** actor **Rick Yune** with sexy professor **Jennifer Doyle**. Artist **Ben Ruhe** plopped down sketch books of his drawings, painting and collages in front of unsuspecting guests. When the guest was finished looking at one book, he'd switch it for another from his tattered valise (if you weren't at the party, you can see his work at **Kantor Gallery** in West Hollywood). Even better than the free-flowing drinks and flawless food was the fact that there was no press line and no corporate sponsor!

Just because **Courtney Love** is suing her record label to get out of what she calls an unfair recording contract doesn't mean she doesn't want *any* recording contract. In a move not unlike sleeping with your ex-boyfriend's kid brother, Love approached

Epitaph Records with her side project, **Bastard**, as a kind of "screw you" to Universal, according to *Glue's* source at the super-indie. The band—composed of **Hole's** original drummer **Patty Schemel**, **Veruca Salt's** **Louise Post** on guitar and **Gina Crosley** of **Rockit Girl** on bass—is slated to be in the studio this spring on Epitaph's tab. As if that weren't enough, our source said that Love also wants

Epitaph to put out all of **Nirvana's** unreleased songs as well. Talk about sweetening the deal. Let's hope Epitaph doesn't piss her off, too.

Actress **Julie Delpy** (*Killing Zoe*, *Before Sunrise*) is designing a line of clothing. But don't fear any fashion experiments like **Kim Basinger's** self-designed disaster at the Oscars many moons ago. Delpy has been making her own clothing for years, and we remember her sporting her own hand-crafted de-con looks long before anyone else in Hollywood had the nerve. Fred Segal and other stores have indicated interest in carrying the line.

Alleged Gallery, New York's home of art by skateboarders, fashion photogs and other fringe elements, may be moving from its Chelsea digs in Manhattan to LA. **Ed Templeton** and **Terry Richardson** are among the art stars who have showed at Alleged, which started on the Lower East Side but later moved to the more tony Chelsea neighborhood. "We're figuring it out," says owner **Aaron Rose**, who is married to fashion darling **Susan Cianciolo**. "We don't know yet if it is time to move on [from New York] or if we're going to expand [with a second gallery]." If it's a go, the new Alleged Gallery in LA will open with a show in September.

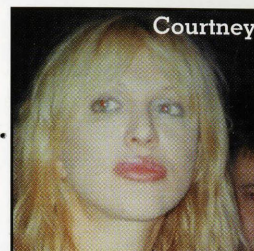
Silver Lake leather daddies have their studded G-strings in a twist over the sale of the old-skool gay bar **Detour** (at 4100 Sunset Blvd.). "It's filled with hipsters looking very 310 and wearing the wrong shade of black," snipped one miffed patron. Mike Leko, who owns the Eat Well restaurants and is developing the Paramour mansion with Dana Hollister,

cleaned up **Detour**, renamed it 50/50, and says he wants it to be more of a neighborhood bar.

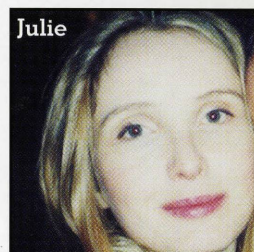
Hey **Lloyd Cole!** The swank club in Hollywood is called **Three Clubs**, not **Three of Clubs**. The folk rocker made the common mistake on his song "Past Imperfect" on his new album *The Negatives*—which is, despite the error, fantastic.

Once again there is talk in the fashion community of streamlining LA fashion week. Considered an ugly stepsister to the highly promoted and organized fashion weeks in New York, London, Milan and Paris, LA has struggled with no company or individual undertaking the effort. Though our world-class designers put on terrific shows (and sometimes mega-spectacles, like **Michelle Mason** taking over Union Station and **Eduardo Lucero** making a circus big top out of a nightclub), they do not attract the sort of credible international press that they deserve. Now PR force of nature **Lynne Franks** is meeting with fashion editors, power stylists and corporations to try to structure LA fashion week the way she did in London.

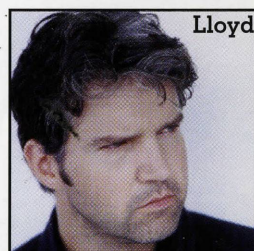
LA Confidential is the name of a book, a film, and now a magazine. **Jason Binns**, who recently launched **Gotham** magazine in New York, will soon unleash a glossy fashion and socialite monthly. If it's anything like his **Ocean Drive** (in Miami) and **Hamptons** (in NY), it will ooze with spreads on rich people and what they do and buy. On the other end of the spectrum, **Flipside** magazine seems to be gone forever, but some of its writers have started **Razorcake**, a newsprint music 'zine jam-packed with reviews, interviews, and sweaty concert pix.



Courtney



Julie



Lloyd

Quote of the month

From a hostess at **El Carmen** to a couple requesting an open table they saw: "Sorry, but we keep that open for important people."



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Plum Pudding

The Leo and Tobey film you're not supposed to see

THE INDUSTRY

by Arthur Noma

It is every first filmmaker's wet dream—having a cast from the cover of *Vanity Fair*'s Young Hollywood issue star in your movie for free. It's 1995, and Leonardo DiCaprio is the biggest name in show biz, post-*This Boy's Life* and *What's Eating Gilbert Grape?*, pre-*Romeo and Juliet*, and well on his way to being the world's sexiest eunuch. There is also apple-cheeked Tobey Maguire, Scott Bloom, Jeremy "White Squall" Sisto, and Amber Benson. Director R.D. Robb aims to make a Mike Leigh-inspired improv piece featuring some of his talented buddies. Maybe this little indie film can ride the wave of their tumescent careers and win international acclaim!

Well, in a way, yes but, then again, no. The film was shot over three days, mostly in one location—a diner called Don's Plum.

Sometime in the following months, another few days were added to the shoot. A cut of the feature was unveiled in June 1996, with DiCaprio and Maguire in attendance. According to producer David Stutman, DiCaprio was ecstatic, jumping out of his seat and applauding repeatedly. Maguire was not so happy. Apparently, he felt that his adlibs revealed way too much of his own pusillanimous self. Soon, Maguire convinced DiCaprio that the movie was dangerous to both their careers. The two stars and their agents took it upon themselves to strong-arm any distributors who were interested in the project, making sure the movie would die an early death.

Stutman admits that contractually DiCaprio had the right to kill the film if he disapproved of it but claims that DiCaprio did at one time give his seal of approval. Disgusted by the stars' behavior and owing hundreds of thousands of dollars in post-production fees, Stutman sued the two actors in 1998 for the tidy sum of \$10

million. Lawyers got to work. Lars von Trier's company Zentropa even got into the act, comparing the Hollywood talent agents who tried to kill the film to the Stasi, the East German secret police. By December 2000, *Don's Plum* had become the most famous unreleased movie of its time. Finally, some sort of settlement was reached, allowing Zentropa to sell the film internationally but banning it from screening in the U.S. or Canada.

But then there was Europe. *Don's Plum* premiered last February at the Berlin International Film Festival. Needless to say, it was *the* hot ticket. Audiences packed the Zoopalast in gleeful anticipation of

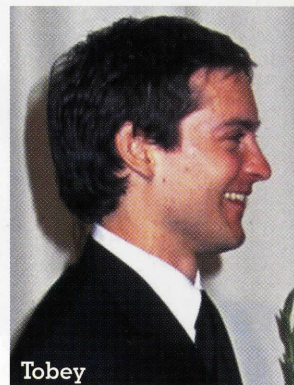
Audiences gleefully anticipated seeing Hollywood royalty soil itself in the most famous unreleased film of its time

seeing Hollywood royalty soil itself. And soil themselves they do! *Don's Plum* is so wrong-headed and irksome, you actually experience the unnerving sensation of sympathizing with the Hollywood agents who wanted it burned. It's not just that the movie's boring, it's career-crushing. The plot amounts to little more than a handful of snotty white boys sitting around jawing. The boys have a weekly rendezvous at a diner, each accompanied by a new potential female conquest. Nothing really happens. The guys attack their dates, attack one of their own for being bisexual, attack a nearby customer who is "working class" and another who is "homeless." The girls whine and occasionally become hysterical. Two indulge in a little French kissing. Periodically we cut to the bathroom, where, in what feels like Acting 101, people say to the mirror what they can't say in the open, with some profoundly embarrassing results.

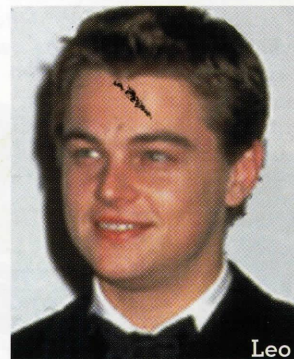
Ultimately, DiCaprio's Derek apathetically confesses that his

father committed suicide, then takes a girl into the back room to hook up. When the girl won't put out, he viciously turns on her, brandishing the three favorite words in his character's vocabulary: "fat," "ugly," and "bitch." Unlike *In the Company of Men*, which locates its characters' misogyny in a specific milieu, *Don's Plum* offers no context for its free-floating malice. The boys' vileness doesn't come across as commentary as much as disclosure. What the talent agents feared comes to pass: it's hard

not to associate the actors with their roles. Tobey Maguire comes off as a stoned, bright-eyed twinkie, who, to his credit, has the sense to fall silent for long stretches of the movie. DiCaprio, on the other hand, undertakes his part with gusto, reveling in Derek's misogyny and misanthropy. The unpleasantness of his "improvisation" is so unrelenting that you can't help feeling you're seeing the bile and superiority that underlie his recent performances. From the dreadful narcissism of *Total Eclipse* to the phony romanticism of *The Beach*, the actor has recently done little more than strike poses and flare his nostrils. *Don's Plum* does us the service of confirming what we suspected all along: that the real DiCaprio would have shoved Kate Winslet off that piece of driftwood and saved his own lily-white ass.



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New blood or fresh meat?

Six City Council rookies will change LA politics. But how?

THE CITY

by Jon Regardie

Two years ago Alex Padilla, who was 26, became the third-youngest City Council member in Los Angeles history when he was elected to represent the city's 7th District, which encompasses a large and fairly poor swath of the San Fernando Valley. Padilla instantly joined an exclusive and often Byzantine world, one where personal relationships are everything, and where trying to do too much too soon can result in abject failure. Fortunately, Padilla surrounded himself with an experienced staff and set a limited agenda.

"I think one of the first things you have to learn or acknowledge is you don't know it all coming in," says Padilla, who has earned praise for focusing on seemingly small neighborhood issues like installing street lights and fixing sidewalks. "One person isn't going to turn the city on its ear and make it do whatever you want it to do."

Padilla's lesson is key, because this summer six new members will join City Council, the biggest infusion of freshmen into the body in decades. The spark behind the change was a 1991 vote by Angelenos to limit the 15 council members to two four-year terms. In 2003 (when even-numbered districts come up again; this year odd-numbered districts hold elections), another six members will be termed out. In a weird quirk, if Padilla continues to win he will be the most senior member of council in 2007, at the ripe old age of 34.

Although it is not yet known who will occupy these seats come the July swearing-in (Glue went to press before the April 10 primary, and a June 5 run-off will finalize the undecided races), the influx means city business will be handled differently. "What is very important on the City Council are the personal dynamics," says Fernando Guerra, director of the Center for the Study of Los Angeles at Loyola Marymount University. "That will be completely changed. The coalitions will have to be reassessed and will have to be rearranged."

Local politics is an intense power game, requiring so much force, cunning

and alliance-crafting that it makes "Survivor" look like "Sesame Street." Council members routinely approve or shoot down projects worth millions of dollars, yet must also remain attuned to the street-level needs of their constituents. Some districts have around 250,000 residents—the size of the city of Riverside.

Among the new council's likely first

anomaly, the true outsider to join City government, instead of the hopscotching career politico. The process leaves some unimpressed.

"Sacramento has had term limits for a long time, so the general level of mediocrity is pretty well-entrenched," says Joel Kotkin, a senior fellow at the Davenport Institute for Public Policy.

Applying that to Los Angeles, he says, "I think mediocrity is our destiny. Who gets involved in politics anymore? I don't think really good, smart people get involved in politics."

Kotkin posits that the election of Hayden and others could shift the already liberal council even farther to the ideological left. Another local effect could be the exact opposite of Padilla's patient approach: Guerra notes that with term limits, politicians often strive "to make a greater and quicker impact on public policy." Impress them right away, goes the thinking, and maybe they'll

remember you when you are termed out and run for another office.

The next two years will be especially interesting, as the rookies stand alongside veterans such as Ferraro, Hal Bernson (first elected in 1979), Ruth Galanter (1987) and, if he loses the mayoral race, Joel Wachs (1971). The question becomes whether the elected will in fact be new blood, or whether those with decades of experience will chew them up like so much fresh meat.

Padilla, the member who most recently endured the first-year struggles, says he hopes to help establish an orientation program for the new crew. Yet while there will certainly be a learning curve, this next generation is expected by most observers to fare relatively well. Sacramento veterans like Hayden could prove key, as they have relationships to the big-time state dollars, points out Guerra. Kotkin reaffirms the fact that the new batch holds few true novices; most have been involved with the system for years or even decades.

"They have been hanging out longer than the roaches," he says.



order of business will be selecting a president, as current head John Ferraro (elected to council in 1966) is ailing and is not expected to keep the seat. Thus the six new members have 40 percent of the vote.

"The president appoints all the council members to their committees, and they have no appeal," says Guerra, bringing to mind the way Ferraro punished or rewarded his compatriots by giving them either plum or unpopular assignments. "The council president is the main negotiator with the mayor and with the City Attorney on various citywide issues. It is an awesome position very few people understand."

Term limits were intended to put new figures in public office, but in an unexpected twist, many of the top contenders for open council seats are political veterans. Tom Hayden (running in the 5th District) is a state senator experienced in Sacramento. Ed Reyes, contending for the 1st District, and Jan Perry, for the 9th, are both former chiefs of staff to current council members. Padilla (running unopposed in the 7th) is the term-limit

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ROBIN DORIAN

Photographed by JESSICA TANZER. Hair and makeup: Jorjee Douglass

BECAUSE I SAID SO

Did I have sex with Eminem?

by Vaginal Davis



I'm so excited about hooking up with that humpy, bad-boy rapping piece of snow, Eminem. I thought it would be a hoot if the two of us got together, especially with me in high drag. If he'll duet with that tired queen Elton John, why not go tete-a-tete with moi? There is definitely a little sugar in Eminem's tank, and I'm just the right person to bring it out of him.

I first heard his song "My Name is" at Easy, Jeffreyland Hilbert's once-a-month fag party at the Gauntlet. When Jeffrey took a DJ break I asked him about the track, and he laughed, saying something about how irritating the rapper's voice was. I'm not a big rap fan so for that song to pique my interest says a lot. Jeff was playing it before it had been released to radio so no one knew what the artist looked like. I thought he was a jibas.

Many months later I discovered he was a white kid from non-glamorous Detroit (just like Madonna, who was also mistaken for a black chick when she started out). I got his album, and the songs have a wonderful Jean Genet-like homosexuality to them that can be easily interpreted as a celebration of both the elan and dangers that come with being a fag on the prowl.

Jeffrey bought me an Eminem picture-calendar, and the photo of him shirtless with his large inflamed pectoral cavity glistening really got my attention. It was cropped to his waist and his expression made it seem like he was getting fellated. Who knows? Maybe he was.

For some strange reason, Eminem's publicists were not having my black drag queen music-journalist self. So I went above them and approached my friend who is a bigwig at Eminem's record company. Twenty-four hours later I got a call from Mr. Mathers (as I immediately called him). He

addressed me as Ms. Davis like it was the most natural thing in the world.

To my utter surprise he knew of me. He saw me perform with my concept band Cholita at the NYC club Squeezebox in 1993. It was part of the New Music Seminar, but he clearly wasn't there to schmooze A & R people. Mr. Mathers actually appreciates art-damaged Latino drag pop! Who knew? What really blew me away is that he said he had also seen me at this lesbian bar/rock club called The Six Tits in Detroit in 1990. I was on a Midwestern tour performing with Fifth Column, the Toronto dykecore hellcats and spiritual mothers to the riot grrl movement. Not only did I do some major shrimping in this performance, but, because I was drunk, there was some nasty puppy-chowing involved, if you know what I mean.

Now, let's take a moment to consider what it means that Mr. Mathers attended this show. This bar was filled with van-loads of noisy baby dyke-doodles, junior fagettes and straight queers, all pawing each other in shameless displays of sexualizing instigated by yours truly. They didn't card at this bar, so Slim Shady—who was 17 years old at the time—was possibly involved in some underage hide-the-salami with God knows who (or what). I was so snackered that night that I wouldn't have remembered if I had sex with him. Now, how's that for shady?

Most people would be surprised to know how quiet, personable and soft-spoken Eminem is one-on-one. His voice isn't whiny and bratty like on his records. He speaks no louder than a sultry whisper, like one of those old records Huggy Boy played on the radio. He didn't come

across as a big pop star at all and was as down-to-earth as, well, as anyone who sells millions of records can be. I told him I'd like to do an in-person interview, but he suggested instead we spend a day together "kicking back and looking good." I threw out places to go, like the lesbian club Michelle's Triple XXX.

Being the hornpig that I am, and wanting to test the waters a bit, I let slip that I'm cuckoo for Caucasian cock. He said that I'd be disappointed with him because he has a very small penis. (His exact words were "small, funny-shaped dick.") His candid admission really warmed my heart, because nothing floats my boat more than a cute honky with low self-esteem.

He perked up when I told him I wasn't a size queen. I got bolder at this point and told him we should do the interview at the hetero sauna and Fleiss-girl favorite called Splash, a 35-cent version of the Madonna Inn but with hot tubs. He laughed and said, "Copacetic."

I believed him when he said he wanted to get together, and I believe we still will. But I haven't spoken to Mr. Mathers in a few weeks. And I guess if our date doesn't pan out, I can't feel completely dejected. For all I know I could be carrying his butt-baby from a previous encounter.

Into the groove

LA's able little record labels

By Matt Duersten
Photographs by Ramona Rosales

Rock
Sympathy for the Record Industry
Long Beach
www.sympathyrecords.com

In his art- and tchotchke-clogged house, Long Gone John demonstrates how he inserts four CDs into their sleeves simultaneously: "My hands touch every single record!" he boasts. The juvie-hall alum started Sympathy with \$20,000 he won in a lawsuit over a workplace brawl. "I never worked for a record store and I had no burning desire to start a label," he says. "I had this horrible job that I hated—driving forklifts and operating heavy machinery—and going

Despite doom predictions about MP3 putting homegrown record labels out of business, those feisty mavericks keep popping up like post-rain mushrooms. Their owners—often working out of their homes—are contributing as much as the performers to the city's new musical landscape. If they've collectively proven anything, it is that the same technology that was supposed to render them obsolete is helping them to thrive. (Gotta 4-track and a CD burner? Got two grand's worth of day-job paychecks saved up?) And the buying public have spoken: records, like magazines or sex partners, must be tangible. We want to hold them in their hands. We need to know that somebody is countering the onslaught of Britney Aguileras and Backstreet Syncs, and that music is still being made for fun and art, not just for money.



to see my friends' bands five nights a week." When his pals The Lazy

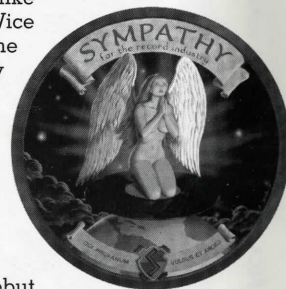
Cowgirls approached him in 1988 to record a live album for them, Long Gone gave the ultimate indie answer: "But I have absolutely no idea what I'm doing!" Now, 12 years ("Fifty-six in indie years") and over 600 artists later, Long Gone is still Sympathy's sole employee.

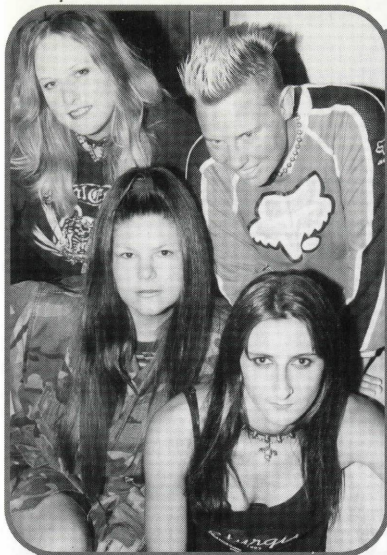
When a major label tried to tap his sharp instincts, John considered renaming his label Prostitute Records (slogan: "In bed with the majors!"). Needless to say, the deal didn't materialize. What has materialized are stand-out releases from artists like El Vez and the Chubbies, a breeding ground for girl bands like the Neptunas, the Kirby Grips and the Vice Principals, and a haven for groups like The White Stripes, a Detroit duo discovered by Long Gone that is now in the midst of their own major-label tussle (for now, they're sticking with Sympathy). "I think I've succeeded by the sheer fact that [the label's] identity is so scattered," John says. "The one luxury I've always had is never having to answer to anybody."

Latest/Upcoming releases: *Phoning It In*, debut album by the girl duo Rizzo; *Pure Pop for Punk People* from the Excessories; *Here and Now*, the new Lazy Cowgirls, a self-titled debut from Candypants.

Other great rock/indie labels: Shrimper, Cleopatra, Foodchain, New West, Pinch Hit, Sansei, Shipwreck Records, Stone Garden, Triple X, Vagrant, Vegas

Solo act: Busting out hundreds of releases every year, Long Gone John is still the sole employee of his label





Female Chauvinist Pigs

When four girls cite Lagwagon and Pennywise as their major musical influences, get ready to jump into the pit. Female Chauvinist Pigs front old-school punk rock courtesy of singer Donielle Vickers, guitarists Amelia P-Nut and Meri Kirkpatrick, and drummer Danielle Elliot. "Our inspiration comes from everyday-life encounters—you know, baggin' on guys, baggin' on guys' girlfriends, talkin' shit about guys, banging guys..."

ON THE RAG RECORDS

PUNK On the Rag Norco

www.ontherag.net

Renae Bryant, founder of the feminist punk label/fanzine *On The Rag*, speaks wistfully of riot-grrrl conventions and L7's Rock for Choice. "It's really a sad statement when U2 is more political than punk," she says from her home/label office out past the dairy farms of Riverside. Bryant fronted the early-'90s punk band He's Dead Jim, which came out of the same Inland Empire scene as Voodoo Glow Skulls. She started *On the Rag* in 1993 "out of pure frustration" that the female punk scene was being overlooked. "It's very rewarding because I feel like I'm giving back to a scene that completely

empowered me. It's so amazing to have something that says, 'Here little girl, seek refuge with us!'" Bryant emphasizes that the label is not a "separatist movement" from the rest of SoCal punk, but, on the other hand, she has no problem mixing it up with the boys: the cover of the 1998 comp *Put Some Pussy in Your Punk* featured Bryant spanking a muscular skinhead—her homage to her days as a dominatrix. "I still get guys who try and fuck with me when I'm onstage," says Bryant. "When you've worked six years as a dominatrix and you've been paid to verbally humiliate people, you can really tear a man up. The funny thing is, they're the ones that come up to you after the show: 'I love you.' 'Yeah? That'll be fifty dollars, buddy!'"

Latest/Upcoming releases: *Put Some More Pussy In Your Punk* comp ("I will get 32 bands for this one if it takes me all year"); *Faster Pussycat! Rock Rock!* featuring the Voids (from Fullerton), Female Chauvinist Pig (from Long Beach), Undergirl (from Pennsylvania) and Angora Machine Gun (from Sacramento), and Renae's own band, All or Nothing HC.

Other great punk labels: Junk, Rock and Fucking Roll, Dark Realm, Dead Beat, Liberation, Hopeless/Sub City, Know, Nitro, Revelation, Hostage, Porterhouse, Deep Six



Punk princess:
Renae Bryant
whips the punk
scene into shape



All ears: Devin Sarno has made
the City of Angels a weirder place

AVANT-GARDE W.I.N.

Silver Lake

www.winrecords.com

Given last year's successful Knitting Factory benefit for W.I.N. star Petra Haden, this should be the banner year for Devin Sarno and Tom Grimley's label. Unfortunately, the label (which stands for Waldo International Network after their group Waldo the Dog-Faced Boy, which they started the label to showcase) lost its hallowed recording studio Poop Alley. From 1991 to 1999, Poop Alley was LA's own John Peel Sessions: Beck, That Dog, The Rentals, The Geraldine Fibbers, Popdefect, The Neptunas and Josh Haden all played in its hallowed halls. "It was a nice situation because Tom could bring people in to record stuff for free," Sarno says. Start-up wasn't a problem—Sarno had a good day job working for Virgin Records—and W.I.N.'s catalog currently stands around 40 releases from the likes of Rod Poole, Solid Eye, the Centimeters, Beth Capper, Speculum Flight, Chika Chika, Bennet, Lynn Johnston, Danny Frankel and Jen Wood. Eventually, the demands of maintaining Poop Alley took a financial toll. But W.I.N.'s artists are as flexible as they are tenacious: now they record in their own living rooms.

Latest/upcoming releases: Crib, Sarno's own project, is due for a new CD this fall.

Other great avant garde labels: Transparency/True Classical, Organ of Corti/Cortical Foundation, Volvolo, Fluxus, Cowboy Small's Sound Ranch

The Centimeters

When goth weirdness collides with art damage, the Centimeters crawl out and crack up. Singers Nofa Keyes and Max Gomberg come off like a flapper Holliie Hobby and a dashing Vincent Price. Look behind their stage contortions and dramatizations and you'll find three veterans of LA art rock fiddling with synths, guitars and drums. Their stunning debut, *The Facts of Destiny*, was the LA Album of the Year everyone forgot to award because the band isn't the self-promotin' kind.



W.I.N. RECORDS



Can-do duet: Michelle Krupkin and Jeff Gauthier stretch the meaning of jazz

CRYPTOGRAMPHONE

JAZZ Cryptogramphone Venice

www.cryptogramphone.com

Does it please composer/producer/violinist Jeff Gauthier, who started Cryptogramphone in 1998, that we couldn't quite decide how to categorize his scary-talented flock of forward-thinking alchemists? "When people refer to us as 'experimental' I have to say, 'We're not experimental, we know exactly what we're doing,'" he laughs. Among the Crypto crew making music that hasn't been invented yet: pianists Alan Pasqua, Don Preston and Alan Broadbent, percussionists Peter Erskine, Alex Cline and Jeanette Wrate and guitarists G.E. Stinson and Nels Cline. To Gauthier, their organic gumbo of traditional and free jazz, avant garde, fusion, classical music and world rhythms is as essentially LA as traffic. "In New York there's that strong, heavy-duty jazz tradition," he says. "Here, if you use the example of someone like Nels, we really prefer to travel through various categories of music." (Gauthier himself has gone from playing Bach with a full orchestra to jamming with John Cale.) As intent on documenting his musician friends as he is about refusing to pigeonhole them, Gauthier also hand-designs many of label's beautiful digipaks, including its twin tributes to the music of the late bassist/composer Eric Von Essen. Crypto also sponsors the innovative Inner Ear concert series. "I think if things got any bigger it might take over our lives," Gauthier admits. "Right now, we can be creative with the resources that we have and do a lot."

Latest/Upcoming releases: A collection of Stuart Liebiger concertos featuring Nels Cline, veteran sax-man Vinny Golia, Mark Dreeseer and Tom Varner; *The Constant Flame*, the latest from the Alex Cline Ensemble; and Volume 3 of *The Music of Eric Von Essen*; and *Mask*, Gauthier's solo album.

Other great jazz labels: MAMA, Fuzzy Music, Talking Drum, III, Sea Breeze/Night Life, Thankyou, Central Avenue Records, K2B2, Meta Records.

These prolific siblings had to stop playing free jazz together in Quartet Music because they kept guessing what the other one would play. They're back together though, in the Destroy All Nels Cline and on Alex's upcoming CD, *The Constant Flame*. The Clines' collaborations with rock and jazz greats can be heard on over 70 releases, but Cryptogramphone is their home for solo projects.



HALL OF FAME



After 30 years and over 350 releases, Greg Shaw's Bomp! is one of the old-

est running indie labels in the world for rock and punk.

Forget Beck, Fu Manchu or LuteFisk (if you can), there's still Tom Rothrock and Rob Schnapf's singled-handed revolution of melding blues with hip-hop (a la R.L. Burnside).



May be too big (and too young) for this list, but it deserves a shout-out for having elephantitis of the

nuts to push LA techno talent from the get-go.

This fifty-year-old geezer retro-revived its catalogue of '60s cheese and brilliantly reinterpreted it through modern LA artists.



Lee Joseph won't let LA's great surf, garage and Latino bands of yesteryear go forgotten.

Their name says it all: the final word in punk. Don't hate them for the Offspring; love them for Gas Huffer and Zeke.



The alchemy lab for the Silver Lake sound, like, a decade before it was ever called that.

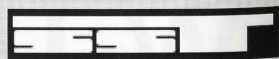
Entering its third decade as a head-banger empire in the middle of Reagan's Simi Valley ("Nancy, what's all that noise?").



Woodwind ppo-bah Vinny Golia's jazz label laid the ground-

work (and the appreciation) for LA's creative Jazz scene.

Started by Black Flag's Greg Ginn



and named after an electronics company. (Need we even mention Soundgarden, the Meat Puppets or the Minutemen?)

ELECTRONICA

Exist Dance

Santa Monica

www.existdance.com

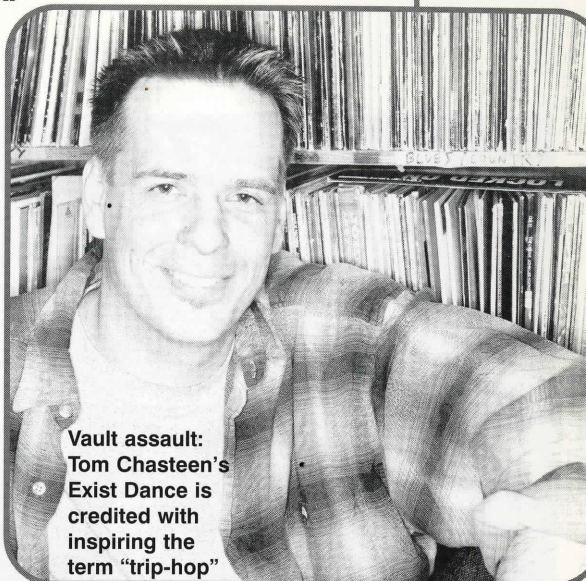
Launched in Echo Park in 1991 by CalArts students Tom Chasteen and Mike Kandel of trip-hippie duo Tranquility Bass, Exist Dance has issued a consistent stream of quality 12-inches (including the groundbreaking 1993 singles "They Came In Peace" and

"Cantamilla"). Unfortunately, the music was too ahead of its time for most retailers or distributors. "I literally couldn't sell it to anyone in LA," Chasteen marvels. "They just said, 'This is too slow; this is too weird.' Finally, I sold 20 copies to a record store in London. Then a lot of DJs over there started playing it." (The British journal *Mixmag* claims to have coined the term

"trip-hop" when describing an early Exist Dance track.) ED's limited resources prevented it from surfacing above cult status, and the label folded in 1994. While Kandel carried on Tranquility Bass recording for Chicago's Astralwerks, Chasteen reopened Exist Dance in 1997.

"Honestly, sometimes it feels a bit perverse running the label [in LA]," he says. "We've always had this organic, psychedelic sound that a lot of people associate with San Francisco." ED has also been a huge influence

on the current "ethnotechno" scene through snatches of psychedelia, Eastern exoticism, dub, ambient, '70s funk and soul and especially '80s hip-hop. Its roster of artists includes Le Pimp, Dada Munchamonkey, DJ@Large and Chasteen's alter ego Ballistic Mystic, whose "52 Pickup" was featured in the recent Robert DeNiro film *15 Minutes*. "We're a three-person staff so we're still definitely on the garage side of things," Chasteen says. "I want to keep following my own path and supporting a couple other people along the way. And conducting ethical business. No, I'm not kidding."



Vault assault: Tom Chasteen's Exist Dance is credited with inspiring the term "trip-hop"

Current/Upcoming Releases: A Chasteen/Ed Ruscha Jr. collaboration; a new album from Dada Munchamonkey as well as another of remixes; the new DJ@Large; Holy Mountain, a hip-hop collaboration between Chasteen and Phoenix rapper Riff Raff; and (maybe) a Ballistic Mystic full-length.

Other great electronica labels: Emperor Norton, Seasons Recordings, Plug Research, Base 9, Moonshine, Atom Candy, Beats Nonstop, Earth Sun & Moon, Room Recordings, Dufflebag, Rampant, Mekanik, Orbit/Atomic Hardcore/Oblivion, The Pehr Label, Simballrec, Phthalo, V-Wax, Wax

**exist
dance**



HIP HOP

Stones Throw
Mount Washington

www.stonesthrow.com

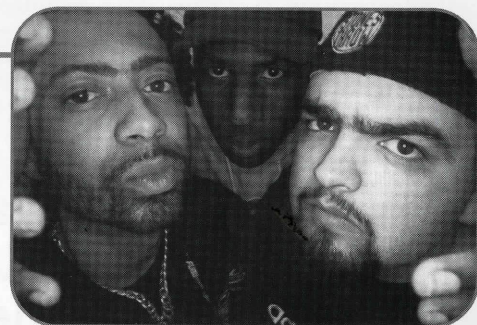
Innovative San Jose turntablist Peanut Butter Wolf (31-year-old Chris Manak got his nom de DJ from *The Toxic Avenger* movie) came out of the same Bay Area scene as Blackalicious, Mystic Journeyman and DJ Qbert but wound up moving his five-year-old label to LA. "Something in the [LA] water makes it similar to the 1400's in Europe when everybody was inventing something," says Wolf. Stones Throw has dropped top-notch releases by the 10-piece collective Breakestra

(who have a coveted residency at Gabah's Thursday-night Root Down), the Lootpack and Rasco (part of the same "Cali Agents" crew as Kazi and Planet ASIA) and Wolf's own head-expanding 1999 solo opus *My Vinyl Weight A Ton*. It also releases DJ "battle CDs" like *The Turntablist's twin Super Duck Breaks*, which was assembled by DJ

Babu of Dilated Peoples and the World Famous Beat Junkies. Da Wolf doesn't stop there: not only has he mixed at the board with Kool Keith, he's launched a campaign to revive the choked-off 45rpm disc. "It's one of the dumbest business decisions I've ever made," Wolf says proudly. "None of the 45s even break even in terms of profit, but it's one of the main things keeping me going because I have fun doing them. Those little records make me a proud daddy."

Current/Upcoming releases: A five-year anniversary comp with some new unreleased tracks, mixed by Peanut Butter Wolf; Lootpack's second album; a compilation of rare '60s funk songs with a megamix from Cut Chemist of Jurassic 5 and Yesterday's New Quintet, a jazz album produced and performed by Madlib.

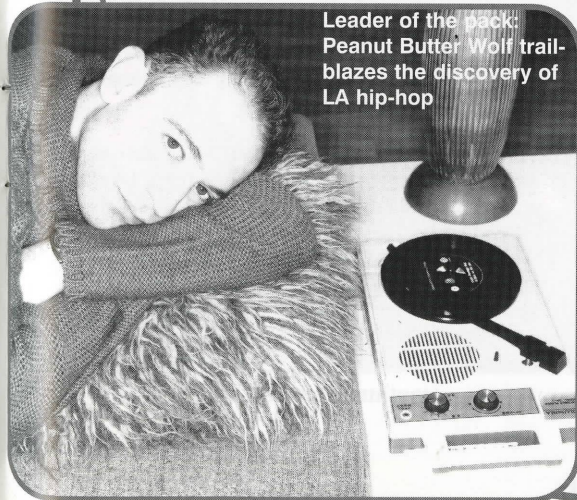
Other great hip-hop labels: Celestial/Vortex, Project Blowed Recordings, Afterlife Recordz, MassMen, Blackberry Music/III Boogie, Sunshine, Ill Productos/III Sonic, Afrodesiac, Threshold, GoodVibe Music



The Lootpack

Straight outta Oxnard, DJ Romes, Wild Child and magic-fingered producer Madlib first entered the hip-hop scene in 1994 with the self-explanatory single "Mary Jane." They moved on to collaborate with the Alkaholiks and finally broke out with their solo debut *Soundbites: Da Antidote*. Madlib, in particular, is becoming one of the most sought-after producers/DJs in the business, with his signature sound—dusty breaks, jammy beats and nasal-heavy vocals.

Leader of the pack: Peanut Butter Wolf trailblazes the discovery of LA hip-hop



Betty Call!

Throw KISS, the Runaways, L7 and the Go-Go's into a mosh pit and double the tattoos, and you've got Betty Blowtorch. "I am a Size Queen" they crow, with Vanilla Ice (in his savviest career move) dropping in to boast that he fits the bill. Gimmicky, yes, but just as fun as getting stoned to AC/DC for the first time. Their debut full-length CD busts out to fulfill all the promise hinted at on their self-distributed EP *Get Off* (produced by Duff McKagen in 1999). The production polish on *Are You Man Enough?* (courtesy of Matt Hyde) showcases LA's ballsiest bad girls—especially Bianca Butthole's voice, which growls and coos at both ends of the spectrum. The Betty poop: Bianca (lead vocals/bass) previously played in Butt Trumpet with Blare Bitch (guitar) and Sharon Needles (guitar/vocals). Sharon also played in Bobsled, whose drummer was Judy Molish. When Judy joined the other three, the Betty Blowtorch big bang took place. Their CD is due out June 5.

Glue: With song titles like "Part Time Hooker" and "Size Queen" on your debut CD, you seem destined for the same sort of censorship controversy you had with Butt Trumpet's song "I'm Ugly and I Don't Know Why." And there's a version of it on the new CD.

Betty Blowtorch heats up a Disney movie, resuscitates Vanilla Ice, and dares radio stations to play their dirty rock anthems.

Bianca Butthole: In Seattle a few years ago, they introduced that song as being by the Go-Go's and played us by accident. It got so many requests and hits that it was #1 for six weeks on the End [radio station KNDD]. We sold 1,000 records a week because of it.

Sharon Needles: It was great press to get in hot water with the PMRC [Parents' Music Resource Center].

Bianca: They banned us in Boston. JAM-PAC got involved [Krist Novoselic's Joint

Artists and Music Promotions Political Action Committee].

Sharon: I'm sure we'll get controversy over "Shut Up and Fuck."

Blare N. Bitch: Most of our songs have words you can't say on the radio. But so what? We'll have clean versions. But a lot of it is not so much the words but the content. "Size Queen" is what it is. You can't change the content.

Glue: "Size Queen" is my favorite song on the record. I envision major crossover on that one! How did you get Vanilla Ice to rap on it?

Bianca: We ran into him at the recording studio. He was in a back room smoking a joint. I said, "Can I ask you two questions? Actually it's two favors. Can we interview you for a documentary we're doing, and can you sing over our record?" He said, "Let me check it out." So I played him the part of the song that we didn't know quite what to do with, and I challenged him. I said, "You think you can rap over that?" And he said, "Sure, I can rap about anything." And I said, "Can you rap about how big your dick is?" And he said, "Are you serious?"

Glue: Well, it's made a Vanilla Ice fan out of me.

Blare: He was such a great sport. He came up with his part in five minutes.

Glue: The whole album is a blast. You sound like you're having so much fun.

Blare: We were like pigs in shit! We were so happy to be able to record songs we had been waiting forever to do. And Foodchain Records gave us the best set-up. All we had to do was go in and play.

Glue: Why is this record more pop, in places, than your EP on Foil Records?

Blare: For the EP, the Foil guys brought in Duff McKagen [of Guns N' Roses] and the plan of action was for it to be a shocker and leave the radio-possible "hits" off it.

Sharon: Duff brought his whole posse in and we got to meet Steve Jones. I asked him if he'd ever met Joan Jett. He holds out his hand and goes, "Touch me. I fucked her!"

Bianca: After the EP came out we won Best Punk/Hardcore Band at the *LA Weekly* Music Awards and we played South by Southwest. Warner Bros. and Interscope came to our shows in LA and there was some label interest. But then nothing happened. I knew the A & R girl at Foodchain because we toured with her band, Liar's Inc. She would always say, "I'm going to sign you!" But when nothing else happened, I asked her to help us shop a deal. Then she did sign us.

Glue: I can see how some music executives might not understand you at first. You're not riot girls, because you play your instruments too well, and you've got this slutty '80s LA rock thing going on, but you're the band instead of the groupies.

Bianca: I loved the '80s. I hung out in Hollywood at Gazzari's and Screem and Raji's. I was into the punk rock thing too, seeing X and the Butthole Surfers and Brian Grillo's band

Lock Up.

Glue: 2001 is clearly the year of the Blowtorch. Besides the record, you have your feature film debut later this summer—a Disney film, no less!

Sharon: Yes, it's a Disney/Touchstone movie called *Bubble Boy*. It's about a boy with no immunities—like the John Travolta film *The Boy in the Plastic Bubble*. We all had our own trailers with a TV, VCR, stereo, our own toilet. But we got lonely and were like, "Hey, what are you doing over there? Wanna come over here?"

(continued on page 26)



Bianca: We replaced Ozzy Osbourne. They had already shot all these crowd shots of people screaming "Ozzy! Ozzy!" But he couldn't do it for some reason, so they tried to get Kittie, and that didn't work out either.

Glue: Do you perform in a club, like L7's immortal scene as the band Camel Lips in the John Waters film *Serial Mom*?

Sharon: Yes! Bubble Boy meets a biker who is going to see Betty Blowtorch at the Hard Rock Café in Las Vegas. We do the song "Hell on Wheels."

Bianca: After the show we're on the tour bus in lingerie with whips on a round, rotating bed.

Sharon: Bubble Boy sees us on the bus and we try to seduce him. We're all fighting over the virgin!

Bianca: The tour bus was so Hollywood. In real life we'd be in sweat pants doing yoga.

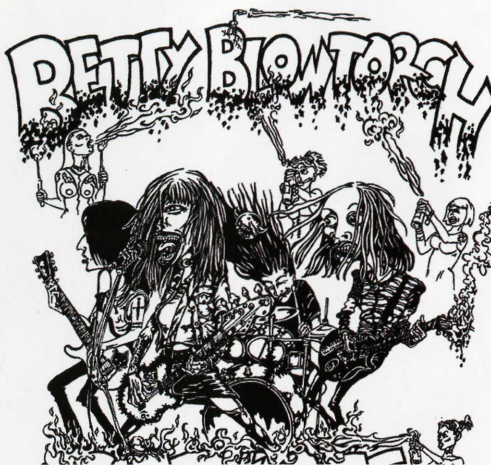
Judy: The lingerie was not true to life. "Boxers" in their terminology are not "boxers" in my terminology.

Bianca: I wear lingerie!

Glue: What's ironic is that there are so many actual Hollywood-worthy moments in the band. Like getting into hot water for the pyrotechnics.

Bianca: In Wyoming I bought all these mortars that shoot into the air. We shot them off in Denver in the parking lot of a club. This thing

was shooting off 20 mortars at a time, like the grand finale at a fireworks show. The guy at the club said, "That's a federal offense, and the police precinct is two blocks away from here!" I started sticking them in the RV, trying to hide them under beds and stuff. The cops came zooming in and one of the club guys



acted like he was our manager. He told the cops he saw two kids on bikes with backpacks but that they had taken off. The cops searched the entire neighborhood!

Glue: Your tours are legendary. You flash truckers on the road, and you've got a song called "One Night Stand" that reminds me of the Lynryd Skynyrd song "What's Your Name?"

Judy Molish: What goes on tour stays on tour.

Glue: And yet there's the professional side of

Betty Blowtorch. I was almost disappointed when you showed up all polite and on time for the photo shoot.

Bianca: Well, that wouldn't have happened 10 years ago. We've been working a long time, over many years of touring, from squat tours to finally affording one motel room between the four of us. We're really positive people that like to have a good time and love to play.

Glue: There's not exactly a lot of introspection on your songs. There's sincerity, like on "Sucker," which Sharon wrote about being the willing booty call. But not the touchy-feely type of introspection.

Bianca: I can write serious songs on my acoustic guitar at home, when it's just me and my self-pity, wallowing in my despair. But it's nothing I would bring to the band.

Glue: Let's talk about boys.

Bianca: Guys are afraid of me! I kind of like [name withheld—you wouldn't know him anyway!] but I'm afraid to call him.

Glue: I think he's single.

Bianca: (jumping up and down) Really? I figure if I call him he won't remember me.

Sharon: (imitating Bianca) "Hi, it's me, Bianca. Bianca Butthole."

Bianca: Most guys see the spitting and the "Show me your dick!" They don't know I stay home and bake cookies.

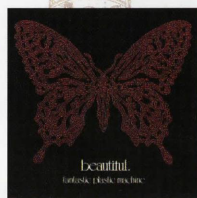
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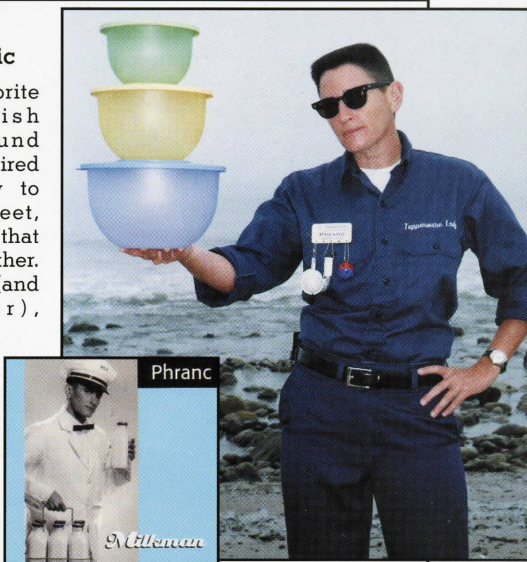
by Johnny Angel
photography by Todd Weaver

At some point, you will see someone who once rocked your world hunched over a dryer at a lavanderia, folding a stack of stained wife-beaters. So many of our rock heroes shrink from their larger-than-life existence, earning less with their art than they need to feed a family of one. And so our love objects, like us, go to work. Some of these Boho outlaws do a 360 and go corporate, but it appears that most of them—like our faves, here—find appropriately fringe occupations, if not benefits.

PHRANC Plastic Fantastic

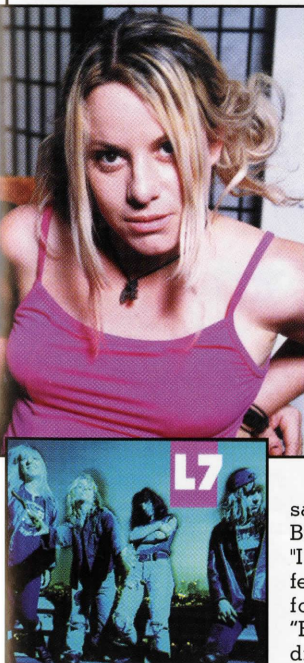
America's favorite lesbian Jewish folksinger found herself a little tired of scraping by to make ends meet, especially now that she's a new mother. As a true folkie (and punk-rock), Phranc had too much integrity to don a suit and sell out to a corporate gig; if she was going to sell anything besides her songs, it had to be something she believed in.

Which turned out to be Tupperware. She grossed more than a grand at a recent Valley Tupperware shindig—not bad when you're averaging three parties a week. "It really is a helpful, environmentally-positive item and it is life-enhancing," Phranc says, bowled over by her bowls. Her enthusiasm is now seeping back into her music: she plans to release a single "Tupperware Lady" later this year.



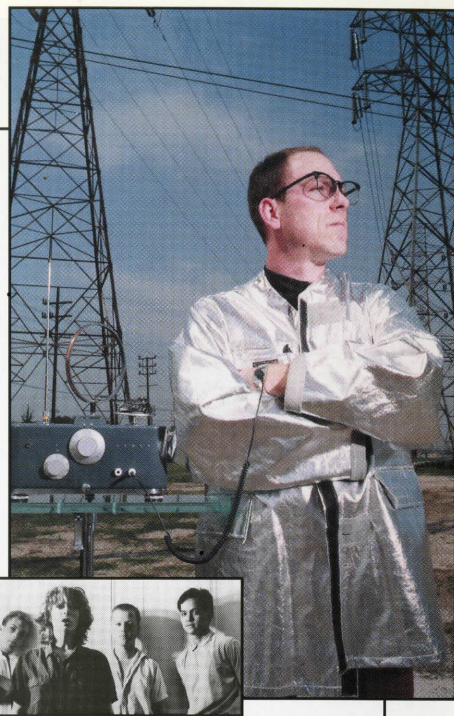
JENNIFER FINCH From L7 to HTML

This former L7 bassist used to stomp barefoot like a demented cave-woman on LA stages in the early '90. A primal beast. You'd assume that Precious, as she is also known, would now be in a body shop or doing personal training for a living. But in fact, she co-owns a web-design company and recently taught a course of same at Computronics, a Beverly Hills trade school. "I had begun to get my feet wet by doing sites for friends," says Finch. "But before I knew it, the director of the school [where I learned the programs] called and ask if I could fill in for one of his instructors. I stayed for five weeks, and it was fucking hard. Not the work, but being there, on time, every morning, dressed like—well a teacher." In shoes, probably.



DAVID LOVERING Magical Pixie

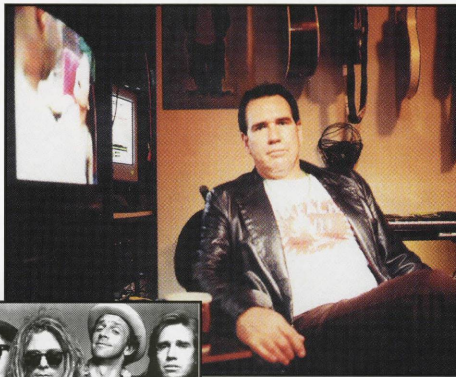
As the Pixies' drummer, David Lovering was a no-nonsense kind of timekeeper, precise and sure-handed. Before he was a human metronome, he was an engineering student at Northeastern University. Put these two skills in a blender and what do you get? One of LA's up-and-coming prestigitators, a self-proclaimed "scientist magician." Like most sleight-of-hand wizards, he refuses to discuss his tricks in any detail. He has done a few local gigs, opening for former bandmate Frank Black and being the life of any party he's at, as long as a stack of cards are present. A possible career? "I have no idea where it will lead to," he says. "That's the nature of magic, though, isn't it?"



MIKE MARTT Booty duty

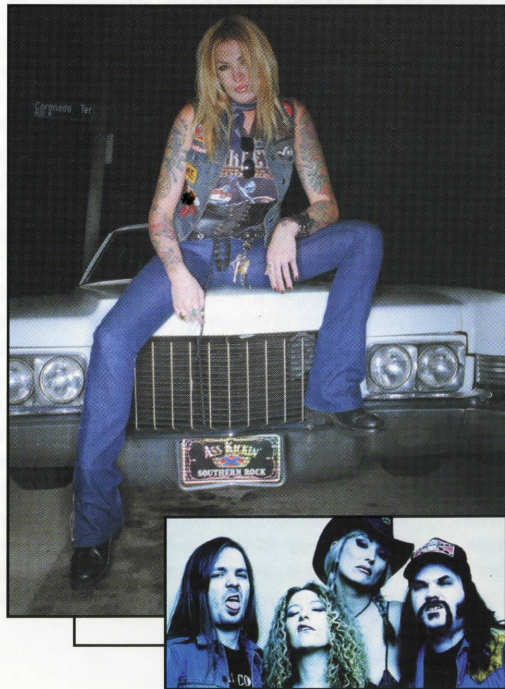
One of LA's most heralded songwriters, this former Low and Sweet Orchestra frontman and Thelonious Monster guitarist is waiting on the powers that be to release his first-ever solo disc. In the meantime, the cantankerous Martt is learning an alternative trade to pay his bills: editing porn flicks in Chatsworth. He mastered the art of set-making some years

ago, only to find that "I hated physical labor, not to mention getting up before sunrise." Martt has begun an apprenticeship in the splicing and dicing of videos. Given that one of his most famous compositions is entitled "Clean the Dirt" (covered by Junkyard), you wonder what kind of inspiration an endless sea of T & A will provide him.



CORY PARKS Hostess with the Mostess

At 6'3" and tattooed head to toe (with "eat me" inscribed beneath her navel), this boss bassist has taken her last flame-throwing breath onstage with Nashville Pussy and has returned to LA to recharge her psychic batteries. In need of a bit of scratch (and not wanting to lean on her brother, Cherokee Parks of the LA Clippers), Parks is manning (or "femaling" as she puts it) the door at the ultra-posh Hollywood eatery Les Deux Cafes as maitre'd. "I was chosen for my vibe," says Parks, whose leather hellion costume is belied by her affable and downright business-like job performance. Parks interrupted our interview to seat Martin Short and take a reservation for Tori Spelling, whom she says (with a laugh) is "very rowdy here—I almost had to throw her out one night." Parks could do it without raising a sweat.





Fine feathered fiend:
(Clockwise from left) Lorré
in a 1992 performance;
backstage at an X show
with Exene in 1996; on
the cover of the debut
issue of *Fiz* magazine in
1992, and, without head
piece and getting her head
together today.

ARLAN HELM

The Frances Farmer of Rock Noir

LA's legendary Inger Lorré stages a comeback ..at 33

By Johnny Angel

Inger Lorré and her band the Nymphs are in gig hell. Warming up in a Riverside club that becomes a strip joint after 10 PM, Lorré has gone hoarse and withstands hooting and "show us your tits" cat-calling. Sensing an opportunity for a Lorré-style rock moment, the diminutive, red-haired ex-model leans on the mic stand and glares at the mostly redneck/part Nymphs-fan crowd. "So, do you people wanna see how a good Catholic girl gets her voice back?" she demands. When no answer is returned, Lorré reaches down into the front row and pulls her boyfriend onstage. As deftly as a career street-walker, she pulls down her lover's trou and commences to fellate away, while her band looks on in amazement and the audience surges forward to get a look. Then bouncers and patrons break out into a full-on riot and the

band is hustled out the door, Lorré into a waiting limousine. Police arrive and search for the cause of the bedlam. But she is long gone, back to Hollywood.

"I heard for weeks afterwards that the police were asking 'Where's the redhead?'" says Lorré, laughing about the incident today, 10 years later. "Well, what was the big deal anyway? I mean, it wasn't like I was sucking a stranger's cock."

And so went another night in the crazed life of a Hollywood icon whose story has become synonymous with the glam and grunge era's excess. If Courtney Love and Axl Rose got more mileage out of their growing up and throwing up in public, it may just be because there was a lot more control going on. With Inger Lorré, what you saw was the real deal. A

rising star at 22, a wreck at 24, a recluse for almost a decade. And now, a hopeful comeback. At 33. This is no calculated spectacle. She is possibly the edgiest performer of her generation, a no-holds barred multi-talented kook/genius. Courtney Love, once a bitter rival, now calls her the original bad girl of rock 'n' roll.

In 1989, there was little doubt in the minds of local scenesters that Lorré and band were careening toward stardom. As the usual opening act for Jane's Addiction at the Scream and other throbbing venues, the Nymphs built an impressive following. "We'd pick up another 20 fans or so per gig," says Lorré. "We had our own crowd and then the labels came after us." With a swampy wall of feedback guitars over which the chanteuse wailed her stories of gloom and dissolution, the Nymphs were in the right place



at the right time. They straddled the world between the alternatives like Jane's, Nirvana or the Pixies and stadium-fillers like Guns N' Roses. Their rock-star behavior was so extreme that they even offended other rock stars; they were kicked out of a recording session when Bono complained to A & M honcho Herb Alpert

that the band was engaged in an orgy at the label's studio. Then they turned down a hot director's offer to do a music video for them for free; see, Inger didn't like his idea that she wear a dress in it. Shortly after Inger's PDA with her boyfriend, she got into a fight with him that landed them both in jail. And on and on. Many claim that Courtney Love swiped aspects of Lorre's persona; she was at least jealous enough to call *Fiz* magazine to berate them for putting Lorre on their cover. And though Lorre was an unpredictable mess—because of it, in fact—she put on a hell of a show. "We're brats; that's why we all joined rock bands," Lorre told a reporter. After the inevitable bidding war, the Nymphs chose Geffen Records. And all hell broke loose.

Flash forward to 2001: Lorre is in a Hollywood recording studio, tracking a guest vocal onto a brand new Radiohead tune, slated for that band's summer release. The song "Talk Show Host" is a haunting, minor-key vamp over a light electro-loop, and Lorre's eerie harmony, plus her own lyrical contribution, is tracked over and over. On the first few takes, she hits the harmony effortlessly. On the latter takes, she adds a few lines of her own, including "I'm leaving, and I'm taking as many with me as I can." Not entirely out of character for an artist whose last band was named Motel Shootout.

The recording was a harrowing experience

for the diva. Unlike the cocky 20-year-old who marched into Hollywood from New Jersey and quickly became an underground starlet, Lorre is a more cautious being, even though she doesn't look like she's aged a day—amazing, given her well-documented

history of bad habits and rehab stays.

Fretting and squirming all the way to the session, she is no longer the supremely confident proto-riot grrrl who once peed on the desk of her A & R guy. "I used to be so sure of myself," Lorre says. "But everything has changed. Like, I know I still have my talent, but I never used to worry. Now I do." As well she may; the rise and fall of the Nymphs and their figurehead is one of the great and somewhat forgotten tales of Hollywood excess.

After signing with Geffen in 1989, the Nymphs found themselves on ice for two years. "They wouldn't let us play live, which killed the band," says Lorre. "We had too much time on our hands. Plus, I had gotten into dope then and the other guys were curious about it, and with nothing else to do, they got into it, too." The band finally recorded their debut disc, only to have the project stuck in limbo when producer Bill Price left to mix a Guns N' Roses record. "Axl said that he had to have Bill or else, and that was the last straw," says Lorre. "I mean, we burned through almost a million dollars in advances by then and had nothing to show for it. I'd take vacations to England and Hawaii, limos everywhere, and they'd pay for it. I never thought of it as my money! We were completely broke and going nowhere when I told Jet [the guitarist] that I had had enough." The piss attack was her way of communicating her frustration.

In another move that makes Marilyn Manson's act look old, Lorre sucked live maggots from a teacup—five times, because it was being shot for the Nymphs music video, "Sad and Damned." "Naturally, I told the press that I'd had worse in my mouth," Lorre remembers.

But the rock world was not quite ready for this love child of Iggy Pop and GG Allin. Neither single, record nor video did much business. "I saw them once at the Gaslight and they were amazing," says Gordon Holmes, lead singer of the band Woodpussy. "Inger kicked this guy right in the head for getting too close to her. They succeeded locally, as so many bands do, but making it out of the small pond is the hardest thing to accomplish, and it just didn't happen." Some fans of the band admit that by the time the CD came out,

it sounded dated; their window of opportunity for major fame had closed.

On the band's first American tour, supporting Peter Murphy, Lorre began to crack up. "I had an uncontrollable breakdown, crying all the time, drugs, going through withdrawal on the road," she says. "In Florida this fan came up to me and handed me a Nymphs record to sign. I spat in his face. That's when I knew I'd lost it." Later that night, the band broke up. On stage. "The band went on without me," she says. "I walked on as they were singing my parts, and as soon as I did, they walked off. In front of thousands of people, I stood there. All I could say was, 'I should be waiting for the crickets to start chirping, huh?' and I walked off. We were done."

Since the band's dissolution, Lorre returned to New Jersey and made an excellent indie for Triple X, *Transcendental Medication*, in 1998. Finally, buoyed up enough to try again,



MERRI CYR

she seems frail but determined. "I have new management, I'm doing paintings and piano pieces, I'm trying to stay sober as well," she says. If she is able to pull off this miracle rebirth, it may be the greatest second act in LA's rock history—one that might not be as colorful as the first, but one that's less fatal.





Photography by
Mark C. O'Flaherty

Styling by
Venia Polyhronaki

T-shirt by Smashing Grandpa.
Leggings by Joe Casely-Hayford.
Leather cuff from Na Na.

Opposite page: Shirt by standard + riche.
Jacket by Yohji Yamamoto Pour Homme.
Pants by Earl Jean.
Leather tie, sleeve and belt from Squaresville.

The Smiths





T-shirt by Express.
Jacket by Joe Casely Hayford.
Skirt by Levi's Red.

Opposite page: Jacket by Cornell Collins.
Pants by Levi's Red.
Leather belt from Squaresville.





Photographed by Mark C. O'Flaherty/ PC.P (London). Styling by Venia Polyrhonaki. Hair and Makeup: Irena Rogers. Stylist's assistant: Rochelle Fry, with thanks to Lisa Santoso. Models: Anna/Select, Jody/Select (London) and Janice Taylor. For fashion credits, see page 42.



T-shirt by Express.
Vintage hat, suspenders and badge from Meow.
Pants by Earl Jean.

Opposite page: Tank T-shirt by Benetton.
Jacket by Yohji Yamamoto Pour Homme.
Pants by Levi's Red.
Leather choker from Na Na.
Vintage hat from Meow.

sheri bodell

and her hotties

got a light?

includes
"light my fire"
"heat wave"
"fever"

and other songs
that make
you hot to (fox) trot



Ouch! Sheri Bodell burns the place down with her red-hot sounds and spicy beats. These sexy sambas and char-broiled cha-chas will set your heart—and feet—aflame.

Photography by Greg Endries
Styling by Steven Leiserovich

Beaded top and matching skirt by Sheri Bodell. Earrings and bracelets by Tarina Tarantino.

*The Lun*na Menoh Singers*

Things are Looking Up!

All their greatest hits

Up, Up and Away

Uptown

Up on the Roof

Don't Hang Up



Lun*na Menoh, artist and member of the Japanese-Korean psychedelic electronica group Seksu Roba, flies solo this time. The tunes are airy but never air-headed. Let these numbers lift you away!

Nikolaki and his Exotic Knights

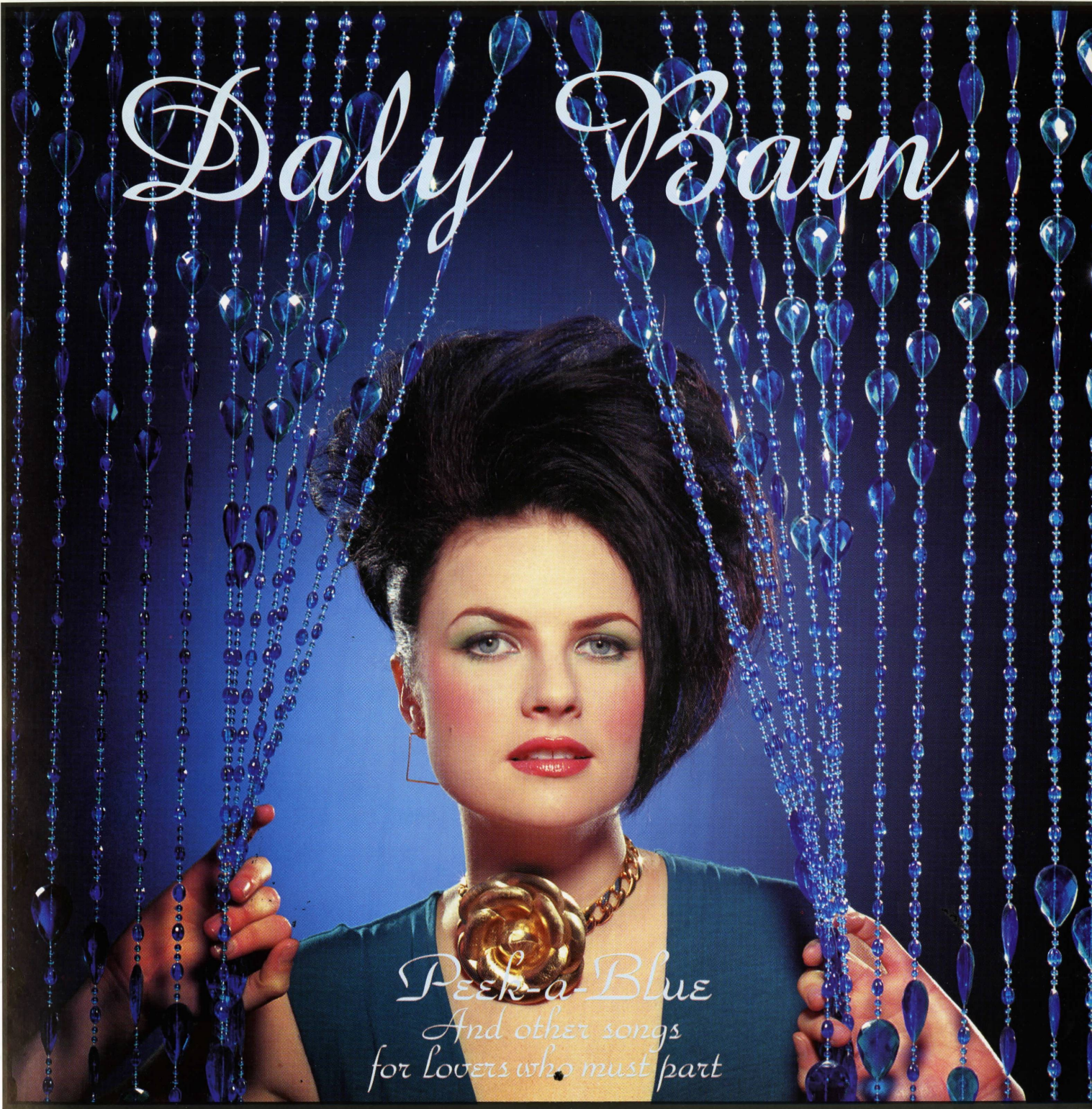
take you on a...
Sophisto-safari



Nikolaki kidnaps you to a sexy safari! Animal passions run high as he escorts you through a strange, earthy kingdom. Good thing he's a diplomat's son. Rumor has it he's half-Venezuelan and half-Greek. That explains his exquisite taste in women. Like you.

Dress by Nikolaki. Shoes by Jimmy Choo. Vintage belt from Squaresville. Glass ring by Laura Costliagiano. Bangles by Tarina Tarantino.

Daly Bain

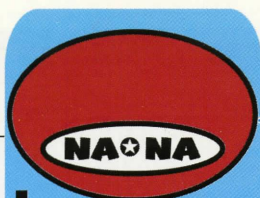
A woman with dark, styled hair and blue eye makeup is the central figure. She is wearing a dark blue, possibly velvet, dress and a large, ornate gold choker shaped like a rose. She is holding two strands of blue beaded curtains, one in each hand, which are partially drawn to reveal her face. The background is a solid blue color.

Peek-a-Blue
And other songs
for lovers who must part

With a decade of solid grooves behind them, Pauline Daly and Daniel Bain continue to make beautiful music together. How can you stay blue when their compositions make you feel so good? Their sexy yet classic sounds are rooted in England and energized by the swingin' So-Cal sunshine. May the duo play on for another ten years.

Dress by Daly Bain. Leather choker by Noir. Earrings by Asia Leong.

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Retail Therapy

New kids on the block

by Robin Batters

Photographed by Reuben Reynoso

Eyeballing the future

Shocking but true: When the clerk gave Michael Sparks his license to open a retail store, she told him it was the very first in the Beverly Hills "triangle" to be owned by an African-American. Aside from his historical significance, this San Francisco transplant makes fabulous eyewear. Ellen DeGeneres and Jodie Foster have already stopped by to peruse his metal and plastic frames, and even if you're not a star, Sparks will probably offer you a cocktail from his in-store martini bar. Standard frames run \$165 to \$350. Artistic Eye, 459 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, (310) 278-1810.

Does she or doesn't she?

In an airy gallery-like space with windows from floor to ceiling, former pro snowboarder Amber Gabbard stocks everything from underpants to \$1,000 leather jackets. In that, her store is like the closet of a very well-informed fashionista. It's got denim by Seven (a line created by blue-jean industry vets), dresses by In the Now and chiffon experts Tree, fedoras by Eugenia Kim, and '70s inspired leather handbags by Gen Art award-winner Temma Dahan. Great basics from LA houses Blue Dot and Mon Petit Oiseau blend well with the reworked vintage line Sta and Billy Kirk watches, which are new but sport vintage new-old stock bands. Blonde, 2430 Main St., Santa Monica, (310) 396-9113.

Paper Weight

Vivid displays of unique, 1920s-style address books, photo albums, clipboards, stationery and wrapping paper make Marie Orluc's Soolip shops a sort of visual opium trip. "People love paper because it reminds them of their youth," says Orluc, who has similar shops in Paris and New York. "I don't want to be too much in fashion. I think stationery has to be refined and elegant. You mustn't become tired of something." Soolip-Marie Papier (8574 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood, 310-360-0581) carries handmade photo albums (\$55-\$145) and address books (\$29) but no pre-printed items. Soolip, just a few doors down (8646 Melrose, 310-360-0545), is more old world with handmade papers with pressed flowers (.50 to \$5 a sheet), greeting cards (\$6-\$15) and wrapping paper (\$6 to \$22 a sheet). (Kim Heinrich Gray)

Hammer time

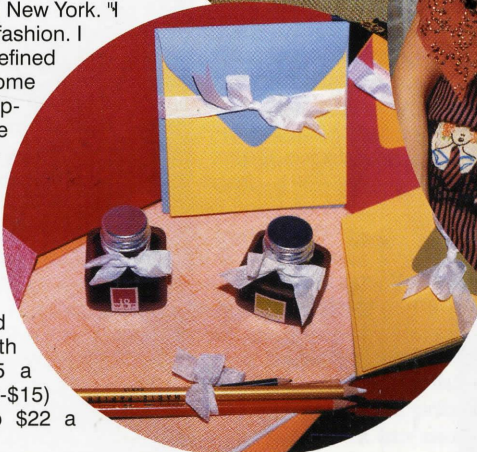
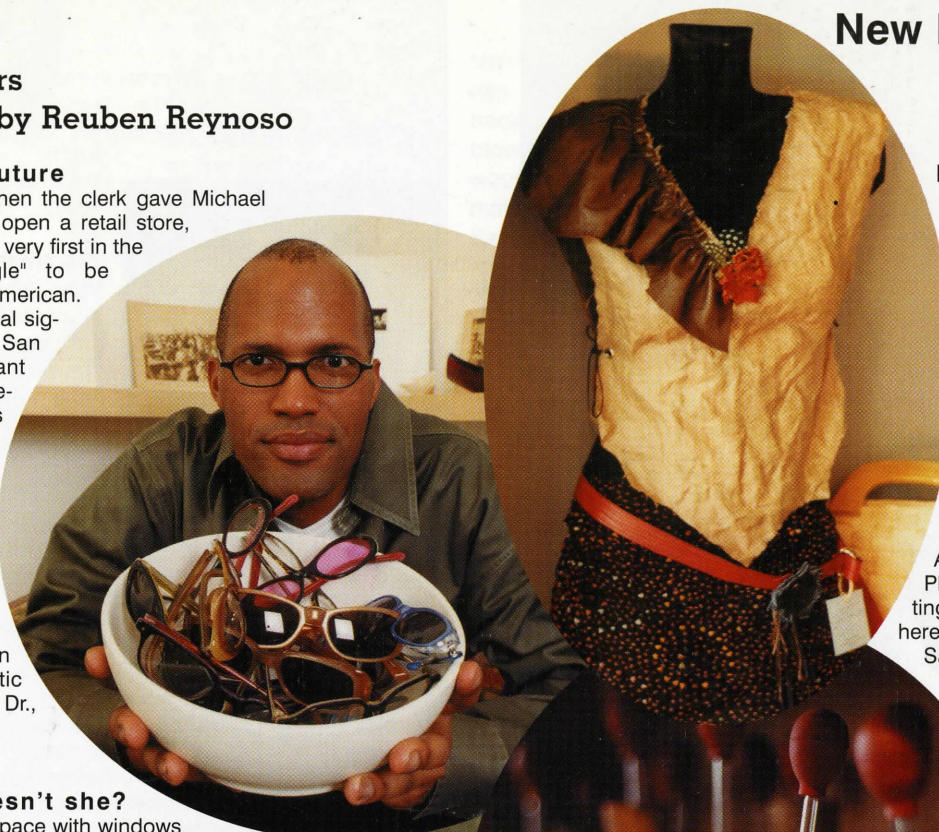
At the new boutique Sirens and Sailors, Velvet Hammer vixen Maria Basaldu introduces her fashion line Ynnub, reconstructing vintage pieces such as psychedelic fishnet dresses. One-of-a-kind vintage pieces from Missoni and Diane Von Furstenberg bump hangers with the edgiest of LA designers (Grey Ant, Porkchop, Prototype, Made in Japan, Gloud and J.P. Dawn), and owner Jennifer Phillips keeps everything in a reasonable \$75-\$125 price range. And move over, Calvin Klein: Phillips also makes her own jasmine-scented unisex fragrance that she sells here. It's called Hey Sailor. Sirens and Sailors, 1102 Mohawk St., Echo Park, (213) 483-5423.

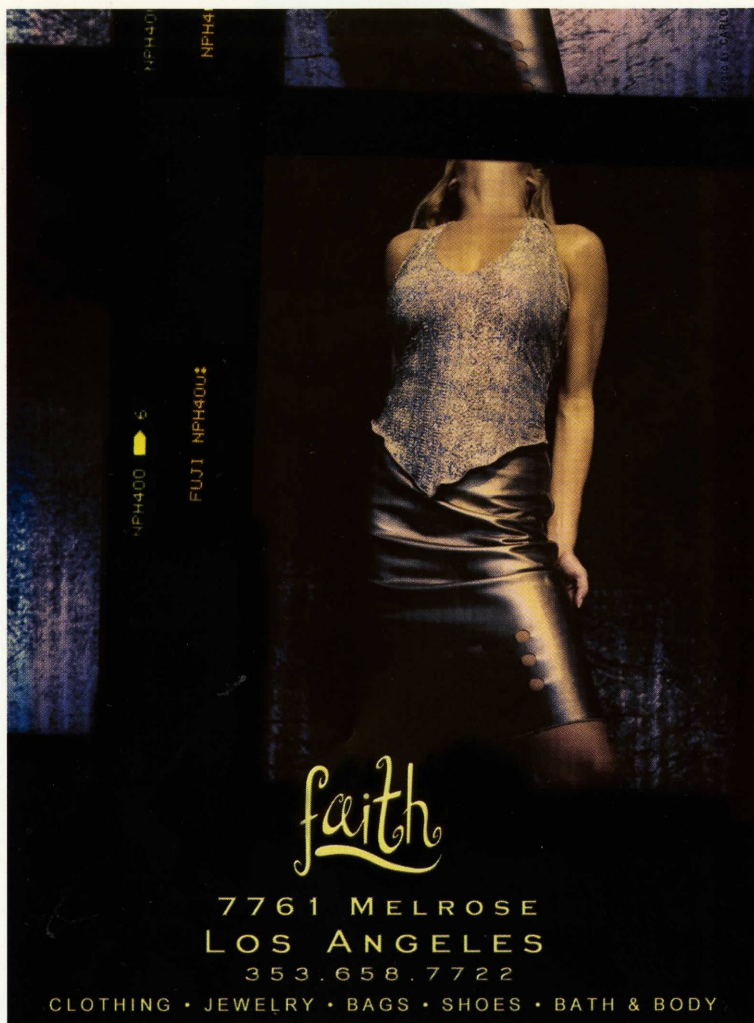
Body issues

Now in its 25th year, Homebody is an amazing resource for beautifully packaged bath, beauty and body products from around the world. But the star attraction is their cache of more than 100 scented oils that they mix to order in their own body lotions and bath gels. Fig, Frankincense, Freesia, Forest Rain, Fatal...those are just the Fs. Dreams and China Rain are their most popular scents, and they carry a dozen essential oils. You can get a single scent or mix them in any combination. Because of the store's amazing word-of-mouth business, they don't spend money on marketing—and can thus offer a 16-ounce bottle of body lotion or bath gel for a measly \$15.50. Homebody, 8500 Melrose Ave., (323) 659-2917, www.spiritbody.com.

Giddyup

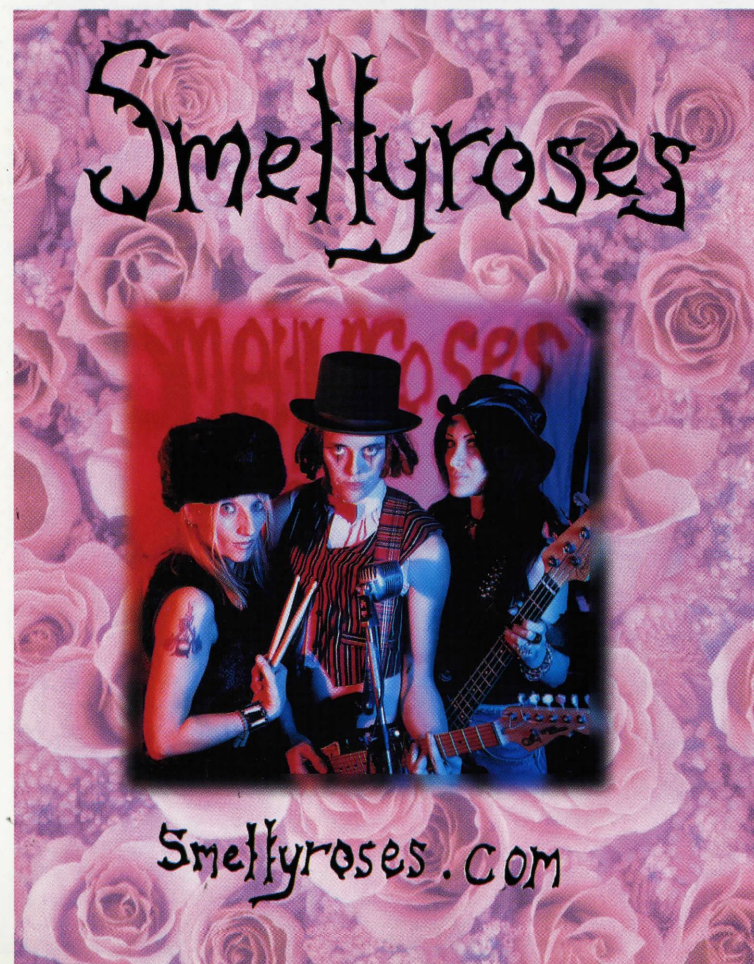
Fame, Flashdance, Xanadu and A Chorus Line come to mind when you step into Show Pony, a jewel box of a boutique. They've got airbrushed dead-stock T-shirts from the '80s by Body Language originally made for the band the Tubes. Owner and designer Kime Buzzelli makes spray-painted pink-and-blue purses with hand-drawn bunnies. Other post-modern fashion statements giving Imitation of Christ a run for their money include Heather Porcaro's bedazzled lion top, Sta's kitten-print halter top, and Brian Lichtenberg's glow-in-the-dark turtle-neck. Prices range from \$35-\$250. Show Pony, 1543 Echo Park Ave., (213) 482-7676. (Only open 1-6 PM Friday through Sunday). Pictured: Kime Buzzelli and the mannequin wear ensembles by Buzzelli for Show Pony.





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fashion credits

Page 9

Ruffled collar shirt by Estevan Ramos, \$220 by special order at (323) 663-6013. Glass ring by Laura Costliagiano, \$55 and bangles by Gerald Yoska, \$35 each, at Jennifer Kaufman, LA (310) 854-1058.



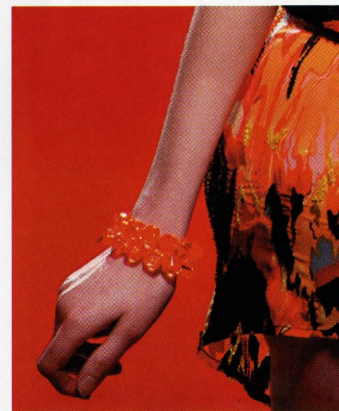
The Smiths

Page 30: Iggy Pop T-shirt by Smashing Grandpa (customized by the stylist), \$32 at Traffic, LA, (323) 659-3438. Leggings by Joe Casely-Hayford, by special order at KBond, LA, (323) 939-8866. Leather cuff, \$12 from

Na Na, 1245 Third Street (on the Promenade), Santa Monica. **Page 31:** White shirt from standard + riche, \$120 from wearitall.com. Black jacket by Yohji Yamamoto Pour Homme, \$1390 at Maxfield, LA (310) 274-8800. Black jeans by Earl Jean, \$110 at Earl Jean Boutique, LA. Leather tie, \$16 at Squaresville, LA, (323) 669-8464. Sleeve, \$18 and belt, \$18 from Squaresville, LA. **Page 32:** Dark blue cotton jacket by Joe Casely Hayford, by special order at KBond, LA. "Chaotic blech" denim skirt by Levi's Red, \$121 at Naked, LA. Cotton T-shirt by Express, \$20, www.expressfashion.com. **Page 33:** Silk taffeta jacket by Cornell Collins, \$2100 by special order at (562) 494-0069. Dark blue jeans with red clawmark detail by Levi's Red, \$132 at Naked, LA. Leather belt with metal studs, \$25 from Squaresville, LA. **Page 34:** Black tank T-shirt by Benetton, \$34. Black jacket by Yohji Yamamoto Pour Homme (same as above). Tie-dye jeans by Levi's Red, \$132 at Naked, LA. Leather choker, \$12 from Na Na, 7559 Melrose Ave., LA. Hat, \$32 from Meow, Long Beach, (562) 438-8990. **Page 35:** Express T-shirt (customised by stylist), \$20 at Express, LA. Jeans by Earl Jean, \$125 at Earl Jean Boutique, LA. Hat, \$32, suspenders, \$15 and badge, \$3, all at Meow, Long Beach.

33 1/3

Page 36: Beaded top, \$172 and matching skirt, \$209, both by Sheri Bodell at Atlantis, Malibu, (310) 456-5773. Earrings, \$45 and bracelets, \$22 each, by Tarina Tarantino at Jennifer Kaufman, LA, (310) 854-1058. **Page 37:** Lun*na Menoh vest, \$320, and skirt, \$48 at Shabon, LA, (323) 692-0061. Shoes by Adriana Caras, \$275 at Theodore, Beverly Hills, (310) 276-9691. **Page 38:** Silk zebra stripe dress by Nikolaki, \$350 at Henri Bendel, NYC, or by special order at (323) 661-0172. Shoes by Jimmy Choo, \$500 at Jimmy Choo, Beverly Hills, (310) 860-9045. Vintage gold belt, \$15 at Squaresville, LA, (323) 669-8464. Glass ring by Laura Costliagiano, \$48 at Jennifer Kaufman, LA. Bangles by Tarina Tarantino, \$28 each at Jennifer Kaufman. **Page 33:** Jersey dress by Daly Bain, \$326 at Bleu, LA, (323) 939-2228. Gold leather choker by Noir, \$145; earrings by Asia Leong, \$55 at Jennifer Kaufman.



before

Our victim, actress Isabelle Dahlin, showed up in one of her endless supply of white wifebeaters, gray Dickies and a pair of enormous boots. She was wearing the only bra she owned, and it was held together with a safety pin. "I'm lazy and my friends say I look like a skank," she said. Stylist-to-the-stars Stay-C Little did not appear daunted.

Things got off to a shaky start when Stay-C pulled out a pair of red faux snakeskin jeans (\$5.99) and a tube top (\$4.99), and plopped Isabelle in front of the world's most unflattering mirror. "I look like an old, fat porn star," Isabelle whined.

during

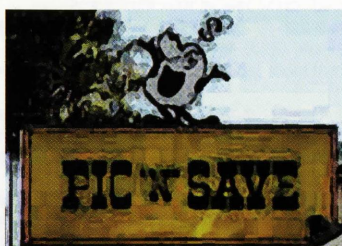
Make-up and hair stylist Beth Carter went to town. Isabelle, who had earlier admitted to secretly yearning for "big and sexy" hair, got her wish in spades, along with enough eye shadow to make even this self-described tomboy feel like a Texas debutante.

Does Isabelle look better before or after?

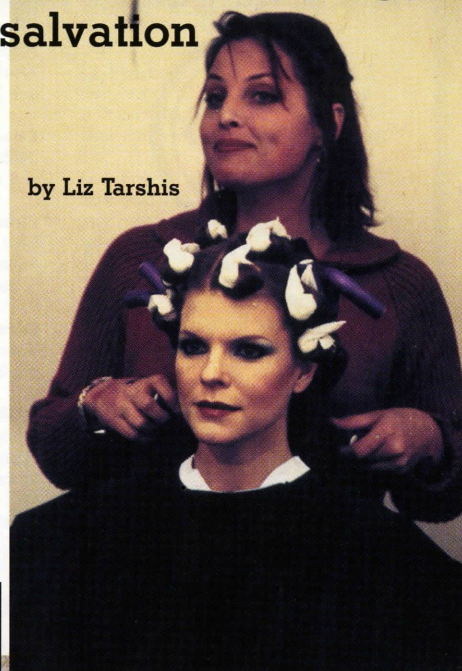
E-mail your vote to gluemag@earthlink.net and we'll print the results in our next issue.

The Glue makeover A Pic 'n' Save salvation

Makeover Shmakeover. Anyone can look better after trading in a track suit for Gucci threads and a blow-out. Glue wondered what would happen if we limited our makeover to \$50 worth of Pic 'n' Save gear. You decide.



by Liz Tarshis



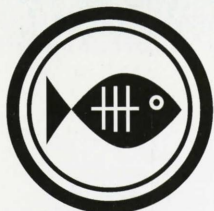
after

More aborted attempts at hooker glam on the cheap included a pair of cotton hot-pants (\$4.99) with striped knee-socks (\$.99) and tube top pictured here; and Catholic school-girl culottes (\$4.99) and a navy blue sweater (\$4.99), pictured below left. It prompted the size-2 Isabelle to comment on her ass's resemblance to a barn door. No one argued.

Things finally began to gel when the duo decided to layer a couple of sheer nighties (\$5.99 each) over a pair of sick panties featuring a glow-in-the-dark skull (\$1.99). After a few finishing touches—knee socks, stilettos & bangles—the team gave the ensemble a rousing thumbs-up. Then they started drinking.



the glue guide



RESTAURANTS

\$ = most entrees under \$10

\$\$ = most entrees \$10-\$20

\$\$\$ = most entrees over \$20

BREAKFAST

Home - 1760 Hillhurst. Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 669-0211. Kitschy mom food in a lush garden make the bad service worth it. \$

Hollywood Hills Coffee Shop - 6145 Franklin Ave., Hollywood, (323) 467-7678. Hearty breakfast for Industryites. \$

Quality - 5880 W. 3rd St., WeHo, (323) 934-9791. Great fruit salad, fat burgers on real kaiser rolls, friendly service. \$

BriteSpot - 1918 Sunset Blvd, EchoPark, (213) 484-9800. Diner food at its best. \$

CoffeeTable - 2930 Rowena Ave, Silver Lake, (323) 644-8111. Outdoor patio, good food. \$

Eat Well - 3916 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 664-1624 and 8252 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (323) 656-1383. A modern diner that gets everything right. \$

Fox's - 2352 Lake Ave., Altadena, (626) 797-9430. Taxidermied foxes make this a plushie paradise! \$

Kings Road Cafe - 8361 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax District, (323) 655-9044. Strong coffee and great panini in a hang for actors and other beautiful people. \$

Maxwell's - 13329 Washington Blvd., Venice, (310) 306-7829. Little diner with great breakfast classics. \$

Millie's - 3524 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 664-0404. Where musicians feed you nutritious hangover food. \$

LUNCH

Rita Flora - 468 S. La Brea Ave., (323) 938-3900. A girly cafe and flower shop in one. \$

Senor Fish - 422 E. 1st St., downtown, (213) 625-0566 & 4803 Eagle Rock Blvd., Eagle Rock, (323) 257-7167. Ceviche rules. \$

Chili My Soul - 4928 Balboa Blvd., Encino, (818) 981-7685. Close to 30 chilis varying in spiciness from mild to yikes. \$

Hollywood Canteen - 1006 Seward St., Hollywood, (323) 465-0961. A retro grill with old Hollywood charm. \$-\$

Dear John's - 11208 Culver Blvd., Culver City, (310) 397-0276. Fogey-chic piano lounge with surprisingly good lunch fare. \$

Ammo - 1155 N Highland Ave., Hollywood, (323) 871-2666. Hollywood's most put-together crowd chomps on turkey burgers and other modern comfort foods. \$

The Pig - 612 N. La Brea Ave., WeHo, (323) 935-1116. BBQ heaven. \$

Apple Pan - 10801 Pico Blvd., Westwood, (310) 475-3585. Juicy burgers. \$

Doughboys Cafe - 8136 W. 3rd St., (323) 651-4202. Boho California cuisine and amazing French toast. \$

Finney's in the Alley - 8840 Olympic Blvd., Beverly Hills, (310) 888-8787. Philadelphia-style lunch stand in the heart of Jewish Beverlywood. \$

Girasole - 225 1/2 N. Larchmont Blvd., Hancock Park, (323) 464-6978. One of the last real mom- and-pop trattorias. \$\$

Phillipe The Original - 1001 N. Alameda, downtown, (213) 628-3781. Possibly the home of the French dip. 9c coffee. \$

Rae's - 2901 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica, (310) 828-7937. Classic diner that's happily been spared any renovation. \$

DINNER

Nick & Stef's - 330 S. Hope St., downtown, (213) 680-0330. A tasty steak joint from Joachim Splichal. \$\$-\$\$\$

Sunset Room - 1430 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 463-0004. Expensive food in a chi-chi supper-club setting. \$\$-\$\$\$

Saddle Peak Lodge - 419 Cold Canyon Rd., Calabasas (818) 222-3888. If you've ever considered eating an antelope, kangaroo or buffalo, this is the place. For the meek, their Sunday brunch is more tame. \$\$-\$\$\$

Reata - 421 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, (310) 550-8700. Fancy cowboy food. \$\$-\$\$\$

Nyala Ethiopian Restaurant - 1076 S. Fairfax Ave., (323) 936-5918. Spicy food scooped up in bread and eaten with your bare hands. \$

Linq - 8338 W. 3rd St., WeHo, (323) 655-4555. Over-the-top '80s setting with art-directed food and a huge by-the-glass wine list. \$\$\$

Taylor's Prime Steaks - 3361 W. 8th St., Koreatown, (213) 382-8449. LA's best filet mignon in a Dean Martin meets Bonanza-esque setting. \$\$

The Farm - 441 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, (310) 273-5578. Continental food with an Italian accent. \$\$

360 - 6290 Sunset Blvd, (323) 871-2995. Penthouse views to die for. \$

Cafe Stella - 3932 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 666-0265. A gorgeous setting despite its wannabe Euro roots. \$\$

LesDeuxCafes - 1638 N. Las Palmas Ave, Hollywood, (323) 465-0509. Deathly glamorous crowd and Michelle Lamy ruling the earth. \$\$\$

Moomba - 665 N. Robertson Blvd., WeHo., (310) 652-6364. The food's as stellar as the A-list crowd. \$\$-\$\$\$

Musso and Frank Grill - 6667 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 465-0509. Hollywood's oldest restaurant; the chicken pot pie and steaks are advised. \$\$-\$\$\$

The Smoke House - 4420 W. Lakeside Dr., Burbank, (818) 845-3731. Suburban splendor for the steak-and-martini set. \$\$

Voda - 1449 2nd St., Santa Monica, (310) 394-9774. Sample the enormous vodka collection or have a full dinner in this dark lounge. \$\$

BRUNCH

Cadillac Cafe - 359 N. La Cienega Blvd., WeHo, (310) 657-6591. Tasty and creative brunch fare in an arty, lively setting. \$

Hotel Bel-Air - 701 Stone Canyon Rd., Bel Air, (310) 472-1211. The place to take your parents when they visit. \$\$\$

Cha Cha Cha - 656 N. Virgil Ave., Silver Lake, (323) 664-7723. A colorful Caribbean gem. \$\$

Empress Pavilion Restaurant - 988 N. Hill St., Chinatown, (213) 617-9898. LA's best dim sum; long waits on weekends. \$-\$\$

Kokomo Cafe - (in the Farmers Market) - 6333 W. 3rd St., Fairfax District, (323) 933-0773. Fight your way to the counter and order the Swiss-cheese pancakes. \$

VEGETARIAN

A Votre Sante - 1025 Abbot Kinney Blvd., Venice, (310) 314-1187. Great veggie variety.

Eat-a-Pita - 465 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax District, (323) 651-0188. Vegetarians and meat lovers chow down side by side at outdoor picnic tables.

Mani's Bakery - 519 S. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax District, (323) 938-8800. Good sweets and great lunches.

World Cafe - 2820 Main St., Santa Monica, (310) 392-1661. Nice patio setting.

COFFEE

Anastasia's Asylum - 1028 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, (310) 394-7113. Asylum from coffee-chain banality. Extensive vegetarian menu and live music, usually jazz, every night.

Buster's - 264 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, (626) 744-1264. Great coffee in an old, friendly corner of South Pasadena.

Cafe Tropical - 2900 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, (213) 661-8391. LA's best cafe con leche—and trendiest AA meetings.

Frances - 404 E. 2nd St., downtown, (213) 680-4899. French-style patisserie that looks like a cake inside.

Highland Grounds - 742 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood, (323) 466-1507. Live music.

Stir Crazy - 6917 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, (323) 934-4656. Cute Gen X-ers make eyes at each other over their journals.

The Back Door Bakery - 1710 Silver Lake Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 662-7927. Java and pastry stopover for folks on their way to the dog park.

Tsunami - 4019 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 661-7771. Grab a pillow seat

and watch the East Side parade go by.

PIZZA

Berri's Pizza Cafe - 8412 W. 3rd St., Fairfax District, (323) 852-0642. Your choice: either NY-style thin crust.

Damiano - 412 N. Fairfax Ave., (310) 475-6751. Good (not great) pizza and a big selection of beers.

Mulberry Street - 240 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, (310) 247-8100. Old-school Brooklyn pizza with an LA twist. Try the eggplant pie with basil.

Palermo - 1858 N. Vermont Ave., (323) 663-1178. Never order anything but pizza here. Free wine while you wait for a table.

Pizza Buona - 2100 Sunset Blvd., Echo Park, (213) 413-0800. Family-run corner joint. Try the eggplant pizza.

Vito's Pizza - 812 N. Vermont Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 667-2723. Our vote for LA's best NY-style pizza. Delivery after 6 PM.

CHINESE

X'ian - 362 N. Canon Dr., Beverly Hills, (310) 275-3345. Health-conscious entrees such as spa rice in a looks-like-it's-pricey-but-it-ain't restaurant. \$-\$\$

VIP Harbor - 11701 Wilshire Blvd., West LA, (310) 979-3377. Lobster, crab, abalone and shrimp plucked live from the tanks and cooked to order. \$\$

Mon Kee - 679 N. Spring St., downtown, (213) 628-6717. Crispy whole shrimp served with a secret-recipe sauce. \$\$

Yang Chow - 819 N. Broadway, Chinatown, (213) 625-0811. Feast on the slippery shrimp and crispy beef. \$-\$\$

Chi Dynasty - 2112 Hillhurst Ave., Los Feliz (323) 667-3388. Even chefs from other Chinese restaurants praise their preparations and upscale setting. \$\$

ABC Seafood - 205 Ord St., Chinatown (213) 680-2887. Cheesy decor; thrilling, exotic and authentic Chinese seafood. \$-\$\$

Formosa Cafe - 7156 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (323) 850-9050. Try the hoisin chicken. \$-\$\$

Mandarette - 8386 Beverly Blvd., WeHo, (323) 655-6115. Never fails. \$-\$\$

THAI

Anajak Thai - 14704 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks. (818) 501-4201. High marks for the sushi tempura rolls and fish of the day. \$-\$\$

Chan Dara - 1940 W Pico Boulevard, West LA (310) 479 4461. Best known for their sexy waitresses. \$-\$\$

Pataya Cafe - 1525 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, (626) 356-0404. College kids, lunch buffet. Un- fancy good food. \$

Saladang Song - 383 S. Fair Oaks Ave., S. Pasadena, (626) 793-5200. Wonderful dishes served by hot girls in silk dresses. \$-\$\$

Tommy Tang - 7313 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, (323) 937-5733. Thai food from an acclaimed chef. \$-\$\$

Tuk Tuk Thai - 8875 W. Pico Blvd., Beverly Hills, (310) 858-9795. Exquisite food and a "tuk tuk" (a type of Bangkok pedicab) built Hard Rock Café-style above the entrance. \$-\$\$

JAPANESE

Sushi Nozawa - 11288 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City, (818) 508-7017. Eat whatever Nozawa puts down in front of you—he's the Soup Nazi of sushi. \$\$

Ita-Cho - 7311 Beverly Blvd., (323) 938-9009. Madonna-approved. \$\$-\$\$\$

The Hump (at the Santa Monica Airport) - 3221 Donald Douglas Loop South, (310) 313-0977. Modern, woody and cozy—who'd ever guess you were in an airport? \$\$-\$\$\$

Flying Fish - 120 Japanese Village Plaza Mall, Little Tokyo, (213) 680-0567. Sushi on a conveyor belt. \$-\$\$

Hama Sushi - 347 E. 2nd St., downtown, (213) 680-3454. No noodles, no tempura, just great sushi. \$\$

Noshi Sushi - 4430 Beverly Blvd., Koreatown, (323) 469-3458. Usually crowded, and for good reason. \$-\$\$

Oomasa - 100 Japanese Village Plaza Mall, Little Tokyo, (213) 623-9048. Extensive menu and traditional preparation make this a Japanese tourist favorite. \$-\$\$

Saito Sushi - 4339 Sunset Blvd., Los Feliz (323) 663-8890. If you can get past its strip-mall location, Saito's sushi lunches are among the best bargains in town. \$-\$\$

MEXICAN

El Cholo - 1121 S. Western Ave., Mid Wilshire, (323) 734-2773. Cal-Mex cuisine since 1927. \$

Babita - 1823 S. San Gabriel Blvd., San Gabriel, (626) 288-7265. Mexican food with French panache. \$\$

Monte Alban - 11927 Santa Monica Blvd., West LA. (310) 444-7736. Fab mole in this hole in the wall. \$

Taxco Gardens - 1113 N. Harper Ave., WeHo, (323) 654-1746. Authentic Mexican food in a '50s mariachi setting. \$

El Cid Show Restaurant - 4212 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 668-0318. Live flamenco dancing. \$\$

ITALIAN

Posto - 14928 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks (818) 784-4400. Fancy schmancy fare from the owner of Valentino. \$\$-\$\$\$

Trattoria Tre Venezie - 119 W. Green St., Pasadena, (626) 795-4455. Northern Italian cuisine in a family den-like setting. \$\$-\$\$\$

Amici Trattoria - 469 N. Doheny Dr., Beverly Hills, (310) 858-0271. Food that draws real Italians. \$-\$\$

Anna's Italian Restaurant - 10929 W. Pico Blvd., Westwood, (310) 474-0102. So dark you hardly know what you're eating, but it doesn't matter because everything's so good. \$-\$\$

Farfalla - 143 N. La Brea Ave., Fairfax District (323) 938-2504 and 1978 Hillhurst

Ave., Los Feliz (323) 661-7365. Delightfully sophisticated. \$-\$\$

Capriccio - 1757 N. Vermont Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 662-5900. Warm owners and waitstaff; inexpensive and hearty fare. \$-\$\$

Il Fornaio - 24 W. Union St., Pasadena, (626) 795-2851. Better for lunch and sandwiches than for pasta. \$-\$\$

Pane e Vino - 8265 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax District, (323) 651-4600. Large portions mean you always take something home from your power lunch. Save room for their creme brulee. \$\$

FRENCH

Le Petit Bistro - 13360 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks. (818) 501-7999. Authentic French bistro fare. \$-\$\$

French 75 - 1464 S. PCH, Laguna Beach, (949) 494-8444. Little Parisian bistro and champagne bar with live jazz Wednesday through Saturday nights. \$\$-\$\$\$

Mimosa - 8009 Beverly Blvd., LA, (323) 655-8895. Fab bistro fare with a lovely patio. \$\$

La Cachette - 10506 Little Santa Monica Blvd., Century City, (310) 470-4992. Upscale romantic joint from the chef at L'Orangerie and Cicada. \$\$-\$\$\$

The Little Door - 8164 W. 3rd St., WeHo, (323) 951-1210. Where French chefs and waiters go on their days off. \$\$

Bouchon - 7661 Melrose Ave., WeHo,

(323) 852-9400. All French fixtures, including the hot waiters, give this bistro real ooh-la-la. \$-\$\$

La Poubelle - 5909 Franklin Ave., Hollywood, (323) 465-0807. Packed with Eurotrash and Scientologists. They make a good vodka penne. \$-\$\$

Les Freres Taix - 1911 W. Sunset Blvd., Echo Park (213) 484-1265. French the way your grandparents would expect it, served in yesterday's elegance. \$\$



24 HOURS

The Standard - 8300 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (323) 650-9090. International comfort food in the devastatingly chic lobby of the Standard Hotel.

Bob's Big Boy - 4211 W. Riverside Dr., Burbank, (818) 843-9334. Bustling hot-rod scene on Friday nights. \$

Canter's - 419 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax District, (323) 651-2030. Awesome pastrami on rye and second home to legendary DJ Rodney Bingenheimer. \$-\$\$

Jerry's Famous Deli - 8701 Beverly Blvd., WeHo, (310) 289-1811. Typical deli fare, and you can nurse a coffee all night if you don't have a place to crash. \$

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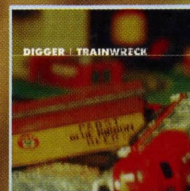
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Pacific Dining Car - 1310 W.6th St., downtown, (213) 483-6000. Where else can you get lobster at 3 AM? \$-\$\$\$

Pink's Hot Dogs - 709 N. La Brea Ave., Hollywood, (323) 931-4223. A reuben dog at 3 AM will give you nightmares, but also prevent a hangover the next day. \$

The Pantry - 877 S. Figueroa, downtown, (213) 972-9279. It all ends up here. \$

Tommy's - 2575 Beverly Blvd., downtown, (213) 389-9060. At 2 AM, the scene at this burger stand is as fierce as the chili fries. \$

OPEN LATE

Pattaya - 1727 N. Vermont Ave. Los Feliz, (323) 666-0880. Authentic Thai served until 4 AM nightly. \$

Maurice's Snack 'n' Chat - 5549 W. Pico Blvd., Mid Wilshire (323) 931-3877. Soul food as good as the homey name; try the liver and onions. Open 'til midnight Monday-Thursday; 2 AM on Friday and Saturday. \$

Electric Lotus - 4656 Franklin Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 953-0040. Spicy Indian food and live DJs 'til 1 AM on Friday and Saturday. \$

Roscoe's Chicken and Waffles - 1518 Gower, Hollywood, (323) 466-7453. Who cares if your arteries clog? You'll be in heaven. This location is open 'til 4 AM on Friday and Saturday. \$

House of Pies - 1869 N. Vermont Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 666-9961. An unironic coffee shop with marginal fare. Open 'til 1 AM. \$

Lunch to Latenite Kitchen - 4348 Fountain Ave., Silver Lake, (323) 664-FOOD. Better-than-average diner fare. Open 'til 1 AM Sunday-Thursday, 'til 4 AM on Friday and Saturday. \$

Suehiro Cafe - 337 E. 1st St., downtown, (213) 626-9132. Little Tokyo's best udon and vegetable gyoza are served 'til 1 AM on weekdays; 3 AM on weekends. \$-\$\$

Toi - 7505 1/2 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (323) 874-8062. Thai in a rock 'n' roll setting. Open 'til 4 AM. \$-\$\$

Ye Rustic Inn - 1831 Hillhurst Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 662-5757. Greasy bar food served 'til midnight every night except Sunday. \$

Swingers - 8020 Beverly Blvd., (323) 653-5858. LA's cutest waitresses in LA's shortest skirts. Come for the scene as much as the food, 'til 4 AM daily. \$



BARS

Akbar - 4356 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 665-6810. Imagine. A bar where straights and gays mingle.

Bigfoot Lodge - 3172 Los Feliz Blvd., Atwater Village, (323) 662-9227. Log cabin decor and a working fireplace make the overpriced drinks worth it.

Black Lite Cocktail Lounge - 1159 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, (323) 469-0211. Trannies getting yelled at by bartenders.

The Blue Room - 916 S. San Fernando Rd., Burbank, (323) 849-2779. Glamorous jewel box with a jukebox that leans mullet-ward.

Bonaventure Hotel - 404 S. Figueroa St., downtown, (213) 624-1000. LA's last revolving penthouse with tragic '80s decor.

Brass Monkey - 659 S. Mariposa Ave., Koreatown, (213) 381-7047. Karaoke, karaoke, karaoke!

Burgundy Room - 1621 1/2 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 465-7530. Dark, narrow, and unmarked; features some of the best DJs and hottest bartenders in town.

Canter's Kibbitz Room - 419 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax District, (323) 651-2030. The full bar and live music can remedy an overwhelming meal next door.

Club Tee Yee - 3210 Glendale Blvd., Glendale, (323) 669-9631. The next cool bar for you to ruin.

Coach & Horses - 7617 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 876-6900. Far enough away from the Strip.

Daddy's - 1610 N. Vine St., Hollywood, (323) 463-7777. Chic but not pretentious.

Drawing Room - 1800 N. Hillhurst Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 665-0135. Silver Lake chic meets *Barfly*. Strongest pouring arms in LA.

Encounter - 209 World Way, Inglewood, (310) 215-5151. Overdone Jetsons-esque perch between runways at LAX.

Father's Office - 1018 Montana Ave., West LA, (310) 393-2337. Micro-brews and fancy wines.

The Faultline - 4216 Melrose Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 660-0889. *Blade Runner* meets Tom of Finland.

Frolic Room - 6245 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 462-5890. Doing its damndest to preserve Hollywood's seedy glory.

Good Luck - 1514 Hillhurst Ave., Los Feliz, (323) 666-3524. Red and flocked fantasy vision of the Far East.

HMS Bounty - 3357 Wilshire Blvd., Koreatown, (213) 385-7275. Old Hollywood realness in leather and brass.

The Joker - 2827 Pico Blvd, Santa Monica, (310) 828-9235. Dive with obscure oldies, pinball and darts.

Lava Lounge - 1533 N. La Brea Ave., (323) 876-6612. Hollywood. Tiki haven with blues dreamboat Jake La Botz on Mondays.

Max's - 442 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax District, (323) 651-4421. A soulful pseudo-dive.

Palm Tree L.A. - 3240 Wilshire Blvd., Mid Wilshire, (213) 381-3388. Bowling, pool & booze.

Quon Bros. Grand Star Restaurant - 934 Sun Mun Way, Chinatown, (213) 626-2285. Artists' hangout.

Red Lion Tavern - 2366 Glendale Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 662-5337. Imported

beers and authentic German grub.

Regal Biltmore Hotel - 506 S. Grand Ave., downtown, (213) 624-1011. Pretend you're more fabulous than you are at the hotel bar.

The Room - 1626 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 462-7196. LA's smallest hip-hop haven.

The Roost - 3001 Los Feliz Blvd., Atwater Village, (323) 664-7272. So cool it's Elliott Smith's hangout.

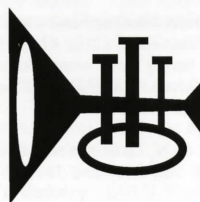
Smog Cutter - 864 N. Virgil Ave., Silver Lake, (323) 660-4626. Karaoke dive frequented by musicians.

The Spotlight - 1601 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 467-2425. The gritty truth: not all drag queens look like RuPaul and Vag Davis.

The Study - 1723 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, (323) 464-9551. Gay and around the way.

Three Clubs - 1123 N. Vine St., Hollywood, (323) 462-6441. Dark and moody.

Tiki Ti - 4427 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 669-9381. Wear a muu-muu! Order a Ray's Mistake! Rock-a-hula.



LIVE MUSIC

Al's Bar - 303 Hewitt St., downtown, (213) 626-7213. The Art District dive where history oozes off the walls. Bands nightly except Mondays.

Boardner's - 1652 Cherokee Ave., Hollywood, (323) 769-7070. Bands play outside in front of a fountain.

Dragonfly - 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 466-6111. Come to see the Hollywood scene as much as the bands.

The Fold - (at the Silver Lake Lounge) - 2906 Sunset Blvd., (323) 666-2407. The bands in a Latino drag bar. Call for schedule or check: www.loop.com/~fold.

14 Below - 1348 14th St., Santa Monica, (310) 451-5040. The best West-Side live music venue.

Goldfinger's - 6423 Yucca St., Hollywood, (323) 962-2913. Swank, James Bond-worthy interior.

The Key Club - 9039 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (310) 275-5800. April 20: VELVET CHAIN. April 21: ST. DICKSHIFT. April 25: HIJOS DEL SOL. April 26: L.A. GUNS with PRETTY BOY FLOYD. April 28: AGROKULCHER, PHYLLIS, PILL SHOV-EL. May 3: BR5-49. May 10: LIVING COLOUR. May 12: STANLEY JORDAN. May 18: NEVERMORE. June 22-23: THE AMAZING JONATHAN.

The Knitting Factory - 7021 Hollywood Blvd, Hollywood, (323) 463-0204. Amazing range of ultra cred (and

ultra weird) music. April 16: SHIPPING NEWS. April 19 & 20: ELVIN JONES, JAZZ MACHINE. April 21 & 22: CHICKS ON SPEED. April 24: ARAB STRAP. April 25: D-CHROMATIC, CAIN IS ABLE, SIGNE, SONIC PILOT. April 26: WAXWINGS, FONDA, SMALL STONE, CHAMBER, STRINGS. April 27: KATE AND ANNA MCGARRIGLE, MARTHA WAINWRIGHT. May 1: BRENT from CAUSTIC RESIN. May 4: ROBIN EUBANKS AND MENTAL IMAGES, WAGONCHRIST.

Largo - 432 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax District, (323) 852-1073. Pop singer/songwriter haven with unannounced appearances by Beck and Aimee Mann, among others.

Martini Lounge - 5657 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, (323) 467-4068. Cheesy; almost Coconut Teasz-y.

Mr. T's Bowl - 5621 1/2 N. Figueroa Ave., Highland Park, (323) 256-7561. Fogies at the bar add charm to this bowling alley-turned-rock venue.

Opium Den - 1608 Cosmo St., Hollywood, (323) 466-7800. Roomy and exotic.

Organic - 510 1/2 N. Hoover St., Silver Lake, (323) 660-8637. Mellow live music on this new venue.

The Roxy - 9009 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, (310) 276-2222. Indie heaven.

The Smell - 247 S. Main St., downtown, (213) 625-4325. All-ages club draws emo kids from all walks of life.

Spaceland - 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Silver Lake, (323) 661-4380. The East Side band scene starts here. We recommend their free Monday night residencies. Apr 21: Iggy Pop B-Day Bash Tribute Benefit for Sweet Relief and the AIDS Ride: TEXAS TERRI, MOTORCYCLE BOY, W.A.C.O., CLONE REVOLT, EAGLE, CHAMPION, FUCK BUNNY, FIREBUG. Apr 22: DUKEY FLYSWATTER'S BIRTHDAY PARTY with GREEN JELLO, ROSEMARY'S BILLYGOAT, INSECTO, K.I.S.S (Karaoke In Satan's Service). Apr 24: INCREDIBLE MOSES LEROY record release. Mondays In May: ANNA WARONKER (ex-That Dog). May 3: The JEALOUS SOUND, ACTION-SLACKS. May 4: OF MONTREAL, IRVING. May 8: GUSH. May 19: THE BELLRAYS. May 26: EC8ER, 400 BLOWS.

The Troubadour - 9081 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (310) 276-1158. All kinds of rock from all over the country.



CLUBS

MONDAY

Buddha Bar (at Barfly) - 8730 W. Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (310) 360-9490. Sushi, house and hip-hop. Go figure.

Cachet (at Les Deux Cafes) - 1638 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, (323) 465-0509. Glitterati DJs like Adam Sidel and lone Skye make this a buzz to remember.

Camaro (at the Viper Room) - 8852 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, (310) 358-1880. Poison, RATT and vintage Van Halen.

Illusions (at Club 7969) - 7969 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (323) 654-0208. Drag shows, dancing, lots of eye candy.

Monday's Social (at Louis XIV) - 606 N. La Brea Ave., Hollywood, (323) 934-5102. Electronica.

Nocturne (at Blue) - 1642 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, (323) 462-7442. Got goth?

TUESDAY

Beige (at 360) - 3290 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 871-2995. Gay social frenzy in the sky.

Boys Night Out (at Circus) - 6655 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 462-1291. House, techno, salsa, disco and drag shows.

Cookin' (at 14 Below) - 1347 14th St., Santa Monica, (310) 236-0141. DJs T-Bird and Markman cook up dance grooves.

Global Village (at the West End) - 1301 Fifth St., Santa Monica, (310) 313-3293. Hip-hop and reggae.

Resonance Lab (at Bar Azure) - 5571 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City, (562) 599-6170. Drum 'n' bass.

WEDNESDAY

China Club (at Barfly) - 8730 W. Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (310) 360-9490. The gathering place for some of the city's most famous musicians.

Que Sera - 1923 E. 7th St., Long Beach, (562) 599-6170. LBC's indie music refuge.

Pretty Ugly (at Dragonfly) - 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 466-6111. Porn stars and guys in tight pants.

Konkrete Jungle (at Spaceland) - 1717 Silver Lake Blvd., Silver Lake, (213) 833-2843. Full-on drum 'n' bass, hip-hop.

That '80s Night (at the Factory) 661 N. Robertson Blvd., WeHo, (310) 659-4551. Synth-pop, new wave and bad geometric haircuts.

Magic (at Blue) - 1642 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, (323) 462-7442. DJ Paul E spins techno, trance and jungle.

Saturn 5 (at Montecristo) - 3100 Wilshire Blvd., (213) 885-0747. Hip-hop and house.

Shag (at the Ruby) - 7070 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 467-7070. '60s and '70s Brit-pop.

THURSDAY

BossaNova (at Sugar) - 814 Broadway, Santa Monica, (310) 281-7950. Jason Bentley's club features the popular KCRW DJ and guest DJs.

Hot Apple Pie (at Blue) - 1642 Las Palmas, Hollywood, (323) 462-7442. Hip-hop and funk.

House is Home (at Sky Sushi) - 1901 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (323) 654-4682. Have some sushi and then dance it off to hip-hop, old school and house.

the glue guide

Insight (at Montecristo) - 3100 Wilshire Blvd., (213) 885-0747. House and progressive beats.

Jamaica Live (at Dragonfly) - 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 466-6111. Reggae bands and Jamaican artists.

Milk (at Fais Do-Do) 5257 W. Adams Blvd., (323) 954-8080. Ping pong, girl bands, high Sapphic style.

Mocean (at the Sunset Room) - 1430 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 463-0004. Grab bag.

Perversion (at the Ruby) - 7070 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 467-7070. Industrial, new wave, goth, ethereal and darkwave.

Puss 'N' Boots (at Jewel's Catch One) - 4067 W. Pico Blvd., (323) 734-8849. Dyke-friendly.

The Root Down (at Gabah) - 4658 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, (818) 759-6374. Hip-hop, roots, soul, funk and rare groove. Featured DJs include Dusk, Miles, and Souluz.

3D (at Barfly) - 8730 W. Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (310) 360-9490. Live celebrity performances. Dance and hip-hop take over after the famous people leave the stage.

Spinoza (at Space 6507) - 6507 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 466-8557. A whirlwind of mod, soul, Brit-pop and indie. Plus live bands each week.

FRIDAY

Clockwork Orange (at the Ruby) - 7070 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 467-7070. Three rooms of indulgence: '80s new wave and pop; funk, house and techno; and industrial.

Club Crystal (at Jewel's Catch One) - 4067 W. Pico Blvd., (323) 734-8849. Trance and house.

Club Violator (at Amagi's) - 6114 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 962-6808. Break out the Cavaricci for this night of '80s rock.

The Conga Room - 5364 Wilshire Blvd., Mid Wilshire, (323) 938-1696. South-of-the-border glamour and salsa dancing.

Elysium (at the Key Club) - 9039 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (310) 274-5800. Trance and deep house.

The Mix (at Dragonfly) - 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 466-6111. A potpourri of funk, disco and hip-hop.

Move (at Blue) - 1642 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, (323) 462-7442. International DJs.

Popstarz (at the Factory) - 661 N. Robertson Blvd., WeHo, (310) 659-4551. Yet more '80s retro.

Sugar in the Raw (at Sugar) - 814 Broadway, Santa Monica, (310) 899-1989. DJ Buck's hip-hop, rare groove, R&B and funk.

Pumps (at Club 7969) - 7969 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (323) 654-0208. Boom-boom dance beats and drag shows.

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SATURDAY

Climax (at Barfly) - 8730 W. Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (310) 360-9490. Dance and hip-hop.

Fast Times (at Dragonfly) - 6510 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 466-6111. DJ Ben Baller's hip-hop and funk.

God's Kitchen (at the Key Club) - 9039 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (310) 274-5800. House and speed-garage.

Sin-A-Matic (at Club 7969) - 7969 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (323) 654-0208. As decadent as they wanna be.

Stigmata (at Blue) - 1642 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, (323) 462-7442. Industrial and goth. Boo!

Funktion - 333 South Boylston St., downtown, (323) 960-4477. High profile DJs spinning in four different rooms.

Back Alley (at the Opium Den) - 1608 Cosmo St., Hollywood, (323) 466-7800. Rare groove, funk and hip-hop.

Bang (at the Ruby) - 7070 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 467-7070. Two time-warped rooms ('60s mod and '70s psychedelia; '80s new wave and '90s Brit-pop) and one modern one (electronica).

Chocolate Bar (at Gabah) - 4658 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, (323) 664-8913. Shakespeare hosts one of LA's longest-running and most popular hip-hop clubs.

SUNDAY

Basil (at Boardner's) - 1652 N. Cherokee Ave., Hollywood, (323) 769-5001. Live percussion, world house, soul and funk.

The Dungeon (at Blue) - 1642 Las Palmas Ave., 462-7442. Fetish-gothnight.

Soul Slimmy (at Sky Sushi) - 7901 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (323) 654-4682. Hip-hop, soul and house.

Beat It! (at the Ruby) - 7070 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 467-7070. Three rooms rotating fetish, new wave, and '80s music.

Club Elements (at Gabah) - 4658 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, (323) 664-8913. B-boys poppin' and spinnin'.

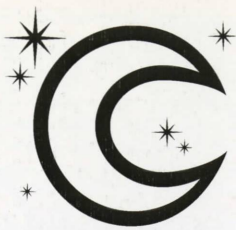
TWICE-MONTHLY CLUBS

2001: Salsa Odyssey (at Rudolpho's) - 2500 Riverside Dr., Silver Lake, (626) 282-0330. Hot gay salsa night. Last two Saturdays of each month (Apr. 28, May 19 & 26, June 23 & 30).

B-Bop Battlin' Ball (at Rudolpho's) - 2500 Riverside Dr., Silver Lake, (323) 669-1226. Swing and rockabilly with live bands. First and third Friday of every month (Apr. 20, May 4 & 18, June 1 & 15).

Deep (at Vynyl) - 1650 Schrader Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 461-5889. One of Hollywood's hottest clubs. Groove and house. First and third Sunday of each month (Apr. 21, May 6 & 20, June 3 & 17).

Revival (at Vynyl) - 1650 Schrader Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 461-5889. Turntablists 'turn up the heat early (4-11 PM). Second and fourth Sunday of each month (Apr. 22, May 13 & 27, June 10 & 24).



MONTHLY CLUBS

Club 66/77 (at Bigfoot Lodge) - 3172 Los Feliz Blvd., (323) 662-9227. '60s and '70s punk, psychedelic, bubblegum and power pop. Last Thursday of each month (Apr. 26, May 31, June 28).

Club Stereophonic (at Fais Do-Do), 5257 W. Adams Blvd., (323) 931-4636. Jazz, rare soul and Afro-Latin Beats. Fourth Saturday of each month (Apr. 28, May 26, June 23).

Dragstrip 66 (at Rudolpho's) - 2500 Riverside Dr., Silver Lake, (323) 969-2596. Costume ball for drag queens of every gender and their fans. May's theme is "Moulin Rouge." (May 12, June 9).

Makeup (at the El Rey) - 5515 Wilshire Blvd., Mid Wilshire, (323) 936-4790. LA's hottest monthly. Dress like a freak, wait in line and maybe you'll end up on an E! documentary. First Saturday of each month (May 5, June 2).

New Directions (at Miceli's Restaurant) - 1646 Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, (323) 578-0553. Soulful '60s R&B and jazz. Third Saturday of each month (Apr. 21, May 19, June 16).

Nappy at the Roots (at Fais Do-Do) - 5257 W. Adams Blvd., (323) 954-8080. Rare groove, hip-hop and old school dance beats. Fourth Friday of each month (Apr. 27, May 25, June 22).

Rodney's English Disco (at Fais Do-Do) - 5257 W. Adams Blvd., (323) 954-8080. The glam 'n' glitter looks and sounds have been revived, so why not the club itself? Fourth Friday of each month (Apr. 27, May 25, June 22).

Satellite (at Fais Do-Do) - 5257 W. Adams Blvd., (323) 954-8080. DJ Frankie Macchia spins synth-pop, new wave and dark wave. Fourth Saturday of each month (Apr. 28, May 26, June 23).



THEATRE

Actors Co-Op - 1760 N. Gower St., Hollywood, (323) 462-8460. WAIT UNTIL DARK, a mystery thriller about a blind woman matching wits with three ruthless criminals, through Apr. 22. AS YOU LIKE IT, Shakespeare's play set in occupied France in 1941, Apr. 16-June 3.

The Actors' Gang - 6209 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 465-0566.

Center Theatre Group/Taper Too present RICE BOY, Sunil Kuruvilla's story of a 12-year-old East Indian boy. Plot flashes between Canada and India circa 1975, Apr. 25-May 13.

American Renegade Theatre - 11136 Magnolia Blvd., NoHo, (323) 663-1525. THE LAST PITCH, a drama about a son's first major league baseball game and his father's last, May 4-June 10. CRAZY MARRIAGE, a comedy about a young girl who wants to be a nun, May 11-June 17.

Bitter Truth Theatre - 11050 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, (818) 505-6406. CATTLE CALL, an improvised musical including audience participation, through June 22. EXTREME THEATRESPORTS, making the short form even shorter, through June 22.

Center Theatre Group/Mark Taper Forum - 135 N. Grand Ave., downtown, (213) 628-2772. THE BODY OF BORNE, a story of the brief and brilliant life of Randolph Borne, whose book "Youth and Life" remains a counter-culture manifesto, Jun. 7-Jul. 15. Alan Alda stars as the eccentric Nobel Prize-winner Richard Feynman in QED, through May 13.

Cornerstone Theatre - 708 Traction Ave., downtown, (213) 613-1700. The Great Lakes Theatre Festival presents PETER PAN, a modern-day retelling set in contemporary Cleveland, May 3-20.

Coronet Theater - 366 N. La Cienega Blvd., WeHo, (877) 386-6968. LATE NITE CATECHISM, the long-running, interactive comedy with the "Sister" teaching an adult catechism class (the audience), continues indefinitely on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Dorie Theater at the Complex - 6476 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 957-9009. C-CUR, a comedy by Doug Field about a woman with a mastectomy whose husband has been cheating, through May 13.

East West Players - 120 Judge John Aiso St., downtown, (213) 625-4EWP. YANKEE DAWG YOU DIE, a serio-comic valentine to Asian-American actors, past and present, May 23-June 17.

Flight Theatre at the Complex - 6472 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (310) 289-2999. A showcase of scenes from Chekov, Shakespeare, Neil Simon, Tennessee Williams. Admission is free, May 10-14.

Fountain Theatre - 5060 Fountain Ave., Hollywood, (323) 663-1525. CENTRAL AVENUE, about LA's historic 1940s black jazz scene, June 8-July 15.

Geffen Playhouse - 10886 Le Conte Ave., Westwood, (310) 208-5454. A comedy set in small Ohio town, LOOKING FOR NORMAL, through May 13.

Groundlings - 7307 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, (323) 934-9700. WHEN GROUNDGLINGS ATTACK!, a collection of sketches and improvisational skits. Continuing indefinitely on Fridays and Saturdays.

Hudson Theatres - 6539 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 856-4249. THE COMING OUT PARTY, the gay Pygmalion set in WeHo circa 1978, through May 20.

Knightsbridge Theatre LA - 1944 Riverside Dr., Hollywood, (626) 440-0821. CYRANO DE BERGERAC. THE MIRACLE

WORKER, both through May 6. A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN, May 11-Jul. 1. Oscar Wilde's THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY, May 18-Jul. 1.

Knightsbridge Theatre Pasadena - 35 S. Raymond Ave., Pasadena, (626) 440-0821. George Bernard Shaw's ARMS AND THE MAN, a satirical look at heroism, romantic versus realistic love, and the place of women in society, through May 13. HENRY IV PART I, Apr. 21-May 26. HENRY IV PART II, June 2-Jul. 8. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, May 5-June 10. BOYS IN THE BAND, June 16-Jul. 22. THE RECRUITING OFFICER, May 18-June 25.

LA Opera - 135 N. Grand Ave., downtown, (213) 365-3500. Puccini's TOSCA, a saga of lust, sadism, murder and true love in the Napoleonic era. Jun. 6-27.

LA Theatre Works - (at the Skirball Cultural Center) 2701 N. Sepulveda Blvd., Brentwood, (310) 827-0889. The Radio Theatre Series features actors reading plays for later broadcast on KCRW.

The MET - 1089 N. Oxford Ave., Hollywood, (323) 957-1152. NEW WORLD, a story of a president on a hunting retreat following a troublesome war. Jun. 1-Jul. 8.

Odyssey Theatre - 2055 S. Sepulveda Blvd., West LA, (310) 477-2055. Goethe's FAUST, a story of magic, comedy, sex, hedonism, and philosophy, May 5-Jul. 21. TRUE WEST, written by Sam Shepard, two brothers and role reversals, through May 18.

Renberg Theatre - (LA Gay and Lesbian Center's Village at Ed Gould Plaza) 1125 N. McCadden Place, Hollywood, (323) 860-7300. In SECRET AGENTS, the turbulent relationship of a sister and brother revolves around the metaphor of their favorite childhood game. May 4-27.

Sacred Fools Theatre - 660 N. Heliotrope, Hollywood, (310) 281-8337. Zoo District presents THE SLOW AND PAINFUL DEATH OF SAM SHEPARD, an American fable about the creation of an American myth. May 4-June 10.

Santa Monica Playhouse - 1211 4th St., Santa Monica, (310) 394-9779. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, a musical adaptation of the French classic. Through May 27.

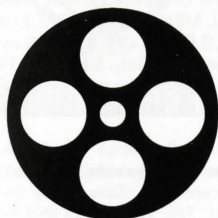
Tamarind Theatre - 5927 Franklin Ave., Hollywood, (323) 465-7980. COMEDY SPORTS, an ongoing late-night comedy improv. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30.

The Theatre District at the Cast - 804 North El Centro, Hollywood, (323) 957-2343. In BUS STOP, William Inge strands a group of people in an isolated location and invites us to watch the human spirit rise to the occasion. May 4-June 3.

Theater/Theatre - 6425 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 871-9433. ADIEU JACQUES, a one-man play about the Belgian songwriter Jacques Brel. Through Apr. 29. Wolfpack Theatre Co. presents a modern day HAMLET. May 10-June 16. THE LOVE OF THE NIGHTINGALE, a modern retelling of a Greek myth. May 3-June 16. Ensemble Studio Theatre presents FIRST LOOK, FULL-LENGTH, the best new plays from Winterfest. Jun. 21-Jul. 1.

Theatre West - 3333 Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, (818) 761-2203. Storybook Theatre presents THE EMPORER'S NEW CLOTHES, an interactive musical for children. Through July 30.

Third Stage - 2811 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, (818) 842-4755. PRIVATE HEARTS, an interracial romantic comedy, through May 12. BIG BEAR, original comedy by Justin Tanner about LA execs vacationing, Jun. 9-Jul. 28. THE IMPROVIDERS, improv troupe continuing indefinitely on Wednesdays at 8 PM. REALLY SPONTANEOUS THEATRE COMPANY, improv troupe continuing indefinitely on Sundays at 8 PM.



MOVIE THEATRES

FIRST RUN

Laemmle - Sunset 5, 8000 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (323) 848-3500 and Monica 4-Plex, 1332 Second St., Santa Monica, (310) 394-9741 and Pasadena Playhouse, 673 E. Colorado Blvd., (626) 844-6500. LA's mecca for independent film.

Vista - 4437 Sunset Dr., Los Feliz, (323) 660-6639. Deliciously gaudy; roomy, comfy seats.

Loew's Cineplex Beverly Center - 8500 Beverly Blvd., WeHo, (310) 652-7760. Not your usual mall cineplex; runs foreign and independent titles.

Nuart - 11272 Santa Monica Blvd., West LA, (310) 478-6379. Often screens films you won't see anywhere else.

REVIVAL

Last Remaining Seats - www.laconservancy.org or 213-430-4219. A series of classic films and live entertainment hosted in the lavish movie palaces of the Broadway Historic Theater District. May 30: PAL JOEY at Los Angeles Theater, 615 S. Broadway. June 6: SABOTEUR at Palace Theater, 630 S. Broadway. June 13: THE THIRD MAN at Million Dollar Theater, 307 S. Broadway. June 2: THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD at Los Angeles Theater. June 27: OUR HOSPITALITY at Million Dollar Theater.

Laemmle - Sunset 5, 8000 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (323) 848-3500 and Monica 4-Plex, 1332 Second St., Santa Monica, (310) 394-9741 and Pasadena Playhouse, 673 E. Colorado Blvd., (626) 844-6500. The latest installment of "American Independents." Apr. 14-15 at Sunset 5; Apr. 21-22 at Monica 4-Plex: Frank von Zerneck, Jr.'s GOD'S LONELY MAN. Apr. 21-22 at Sunset 5; Apr. 28-29 at Monica 4-Plex: Portia de Rossi in THE INVISIBLES. Apr. 29 at Sunset 5; May 5-6 at Monica 4-Plex: BETTY. May 5-6 at Sunset 5; May 12-13 at Monica 4-Plex: Best Screenplay at LA Independent Film Festival, PANTS ON FIRE. May 12-13 at Sunset 5; May 19-20 at Monica 4-Plex: Mira Sorvino in TOO TIRED TO DIE.

Rialto - 1023 Fair Oaks Ave., South Pasadena, (626) 799-9567. Classic cinema and ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW every Saturday at midnight.

the glue guide

New Beverly Cinema - 7165 Beverly Blvd., (323) 938-4038. Themed double features of oldies but goodies.

The Silent Movie Theatre - 611 N. Fairfax Ave., Fairfax District, (323) 655-2520. LA's haunted home of the silent film.

Old Town Music Hall - 140 Richmond St., El Segundo, (310) 322-2592. Silent films accompanied by live organ music.

American Cinematheque at the Egyptian Theatre - 6712 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 466-3456. Elaborate themes and historical series, plus a specialty in bringing old prints back to life with new footage and 70mm glory. May 10: THE WEDDING VIDEO featuring "Real World" cast members. May 22: THE DOE BOY, James Duval stars as a native American hemophiliac coming to terms with his family, first love and his health. May 3-6: PTUSHKO RETROSPECTIVE, a rare opportunity to see the work of this Russian fantasy filmmaker. May 11-27: ANNUAL FILM NOIR FESTIVAL. May 31-June 3: NANNI MORETTI RETROSPECTIVE, films by one of the most influential figures in Italian cinema; 3-D FESTIVAL. June 19-20: DOWN UNDER WONDERS: AUSSIE SHORTS.

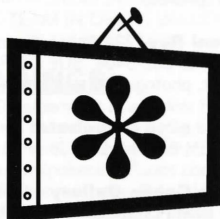
DISCOUNT/SECOND RUN

Loews Cineplex Fairfax - 7907 Beverly Blvd., Fairfax District, (323) 653-3117. All shows \$2.75.

General Cinemas Redondo Cinema 3 - 1509 Hawthorne, South Bay, (310) 370-8558. All shows \$2.

Aero Theatre - 1328 Montana Ave., Santa Monica, (310) 395-4990. All shows \$6.50.

The Vine - 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 463-6819. \$5 double features.

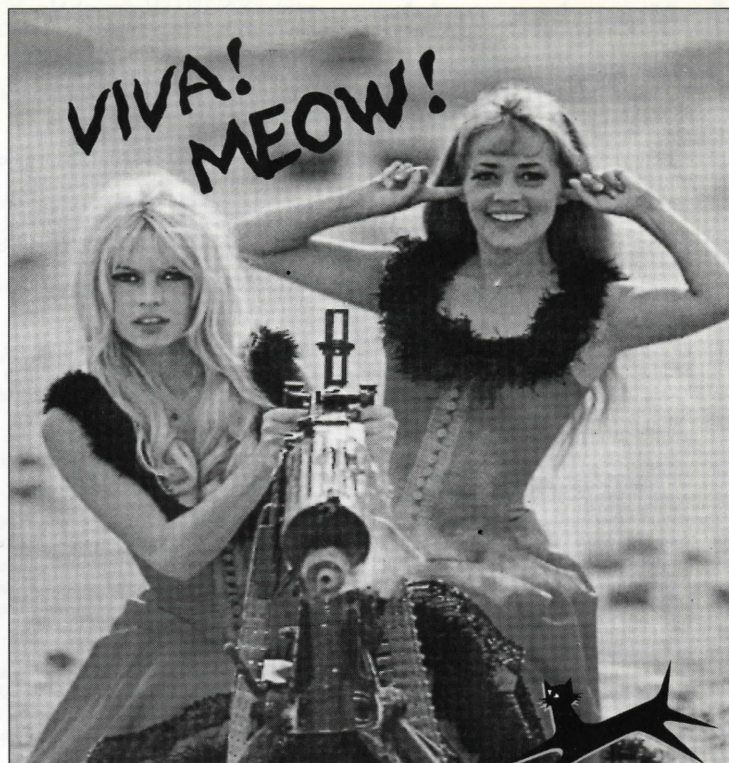


ART GALLERIES

ACME - 6150 Wilshire Blvd., Miracle Mile, (323) 857-5942. CARLOS MOLLURA's inflatable sculpture installations; DANIEL WIENER's works on paper, through May 26. KATIE GRINNAN's works on paper, sculpture, and mixed media; JOYCE LIGHTBODY's sculptural works on paper, June 2-30.

ah Gallery - 427 Bernard St., Chinatown, (323) 441-1624. CARLEE FERNANDEZ's "Friends," animal sculptures dealing with our relationships with animals, through May 12.

Bedlam Art Salon - 1972 Hillhurst Ave., Los Feliz, (213) 924-9000. EMMERIC KONRAD's "Through the Looking Glass" is the provocative pop artist's first solo show in LA, through June 8.



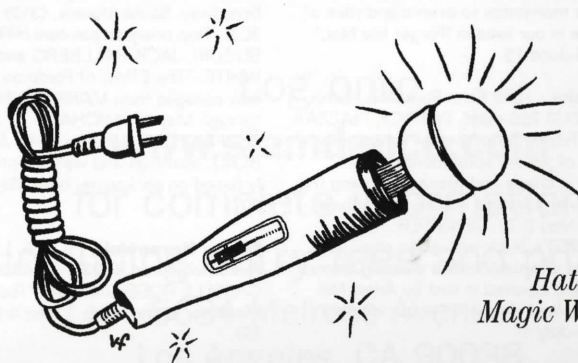
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Circle Elephant Art - 4634 Hollywood Blvd., Los Feliz, (323) 662-3279. JOE NOVAK's "Recent Drawings and Etchings," May 4-26. S. BRETT KAUFMAN's photo-collage portraits deal with issues of celebrity, identity and representation, June 1-30.

Cirrus Gallery - 542 S. Alameda St., downtown, (213) 680-3473. "Auxiliary Settings," DANIEL AKSTEN, DIMITRY KOZYREV (paintings), GEORGE RAGGETT (sculpture) and ALMOND ZIGMUND (photos and sculpture), address the landscape, shaping it to the needs of the user, through May 31. ROGER HERMAN, new lithographic woodblock prints, May 5-31.

Coleman Gallery - 8625 Melrose Ave., WeHo, (310) 360-0819. The inaugural show of this new gallery features paper sculpture from MAURA BENDETT, textual paintings from WILLIAM DeBILZAN, American cultural samplers from MARK HOBLEY, and ROBIN MITCHELL and STEVEN CHARLES SUTPHEN's feline icon paintings, April 21-June 8.

Craig Krull Gallery - Bergamot Station, 2525 Michigan Ave. Bldg. B-3, Santa Monica, (310) 828-6410. Three artists deal with the theme of suburban development: LAURIE BROWN's "Recent Terrains," black-and-white landscape photography of construction sites; LAURA HULL's "Interiors," large color photographs of the insides of houses; BRUCE EVERETT's "Paintings," landscapes in oil, all through May 12. SCOTT PETERMAN's "Ice Fishing," large-format color landscape photography; NANCY MONK's "Painted Photographs," small black-and-white or toned portraits covered in hand-painted designs, both May 19-June 30.

Crazy Space - 1629 18th St., #2, 18th Street Arts Complex, Santa Monica, (310) 447-7609. Twenty artists, including GEORGIA FEE, CINDY DeSANTIS, ED GIRDA, CHRIS SAMP, JEFF CAIN, CURTIS LEMIEUX, CORY FALKIFF, PHYLLIS GREEN and BOB BERS collaborate on a junkyard odyssey in "The Matter of Structure," through May 26. "Flophouse," every Friday and Saturday night in June: performance artists push themselves to the artistic brink.

DiRT Gallery - 7906 Santa Monica Blvd. #218, WeHo, (323) 822-9359. ALISON FOSHEE's pushpins and thumbtacks in decorative floral arrangements work as mementos to events and rites of passage in our lives in "Forget Me Not," May 15-June 15.

Fototeka - 1549 Echo Park Ave., Echo Park, (213) 250-4686. PATRICK PIAZZA's "Junk TRACE Relic Wreck," macro color images of junked automobiles act as studies in shape and texture, showing the points where human culture and nature collide, May 5-27. JENNIFER GARDNER's black-and-white photographs of naked bodies wearing animal heads and covered in text by Anais Nin (on men) and Henry Miller (on women), June 2-July 1.

Gallery 2211 - 2211 N. Broadway Ave., Lincoln Heights, (323) 276-9662. The new gallery's "Inaugural Exhibition: Part 2," features video painting, works on paper and photo-based installation by San Francisco artist JIM CAMPBELL, New York artist ALEX GREY, Boston artist PAUL LAFFOLEY, and Los Angeles

artist JODY ZELLEN, through May 28. New work by Fluxus artist BEN PATTERSON and works of mixed media, video, and sound sculpture by EMMETT WILLIAMS, NAM JUNE PAIK, and PAUL DE MARINIS, June 2-July 9.

Goldman Tevis - 932 Chung King Rd., Chinatown, (213) 617-8217. A multimedia group show loosely based around landscape featuring TOM BALDWIN, BEAT STREULI and JEAN-MARC BUS-TAMANTE, through May 12. SARAH WATSON curates a group painting exhibition, May 19-June 30.

INMO Gallery - 971 Chung King Rd., Chinatown, (213) 626-4225. "Between Representation: LA's Greatest Unsigned Artists," guest curated by artist/writer DOUG HARVEY and featuring a panel discussion about why these artists aren't represented, May 12-June 16.

Jan Kesner Gallery - 164 N. La Brea Ave., Hollywood, (323) 938-6834. MAX YAVNO's "Vintage & Small," never before displayed black-and-white photographs of LA's historical architecture, through May 26.

LA Louver - 45 N. Venice Blvd., Venice, (310) 822-4955. The work of ED MOSES and JOHN CHAMBERLAIN united for the first time, through June 16. Group show of LA artists, June 28-Sept. 1.

La Luz De Jesus - 4633 Hollywood Blvd., Los Feliz, (323) 666-7667. GLENN BARR's "Beneath the Valley of the Brain," LA debut of oil paintings from the cartoonist known for his work on "Ren and Stimpy" and MAD magazine, May 4-27.

Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions - 6522 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 957-1777. CLAUDE COLLINS-STRACENSKY's "Exploded Drawing," sculptures, prototypes, performance art and drawings that take what's fake and makes them real and practical, through May 9. D'ETTE NOGLE's video, sculpture, autobiographical works documenting past experiences and feelings, through June 30. LESLIE WILKES' "Smoother," figurative paintings, through June 30.

MAK Center for Art and Architecture - Schindler House, 835 N. Kings Road, WeHo, (323) 651-1510. "In Between Art and Architecture: Contemporary Artists Reflect on the Work of Rudolph Schindler," through Sept.

Mark Moore Gallery - 2032 Broadway, Santa Monica, (310) 453-3031. Pop-oriented painters HIROTAKA SUZUKI, JACK HALLBERG and WAYNE WHITE. "The Effect of Fords on Barbara," new collages from MARK BENNETT, both through May 12. MICHAEL REAFSNYDER's abstract oils. ALEX BLAU, paintings and wall sculpture loosely based on packaging, both May 17-July 30.

Merry Karnowsky - 170 S. La Brea Ave., Hollywood, (323) 933-4408. CAMILLE ROSE GARCIA's "The Soft Machine," June 2-July 7 (see article, p. 59).

Michael Dawson Gallery - 535 N. Larchmont Blvd., Larchmont Village, (323) 469-2186. Photography at ArtCenter, 1940-1950, May 26-July 21.

Ojala Fine Arts & Crafts - 1547 Echo Park Ave., Echo Park, (213) 250-4155. HADLEY HOLLIDAY, paintings using

fields of color, minimal forms, and subtle landscape references, May 5-27. STEPHEN ROULLIER's "Souvenirs and Epiphanies," intimate three-dimensional worlds composed of found objects and set in hand-crafted boxes, June 2-July 1.

Organic Gallery - 510 N. Hoover St., Silver Lake, (323) 660-8637. Pop artist THH70's "Shit for Your Walls," May 4-17. MIKE STILKEY's recent surreal and figurative paintings, drawings, and inkwork, May 16-31.

Patricia Correia Gallery - 2525 Michigan Ave., E2, Santa Monica, (310) 264-1760. "California Eclectic," a group show featuring NORTON WISDOM, DAVID JONES, VICTOR COHEN-STUART, ROBERT HERNANDEZ and PATRICK SHAW; Paintings by LAWRENCE YUN, both through May 5. JULIE MCMANUS's "Garden Party," super-realistic, bright and whimsical paintings; MARK EMERSON's acrylic paintings dealing with landscape and atmosphere; LYNN BENNETT, collage with Greek mythological themes, all May 12-June 9. CLAYTON CAMPBELL, mixed media figurative paintings and drawings; PATTI HEID, airbrushed digital prints featuring representational figurative portraits; CURTIS STAGE, video and installation, all June 16-July 14.

The Pink Gallery - 1555 Echo Park Ave., Echo Park, (213) 977-8839. ANNA WALKER's "The Other," landscape and architectural color photographs capturing the artist's vision of the spirit world, May 6-27. EMILY SKINNER's "Blur," landscape photographs smeared and blurred to create an ethereal effect on everyday images, June 3-24.

RJB Gallery - 7223 Melrose Ave., (323) 857-0752. "California Group Show," featuring paintings by FRANK RAMME, surrealist LORI MARKMAN's eccentric figurative portraits of women, expressionist twin brothers BRYON and DENNY KIRKWOOD, JEFF INGALLS's new abstractions, EMEK's poster art, and VIGGO's pop expressionist works, through June 30.

Sandroni Rey - 1224 Abbot Kinney Blvd., Venice, (310) 392-3404. SUE DE BEER's new work, photographs dealing with teens and violence in the media; "Ghost Stories," a group show curated by CASEY MCKINNEY, both May 12-June 23.

Stephen Cohen Gallery - 7358 Beverly Blvd., (323) 937-5525. "Urban Wilderness," cibachrome photographs of graffiti, weather and grime by IRVING GREINES, through May 26. Dutch artist AERNOUT OVERBEEKE's color landscape photography, June 8-Aug. 4.

the...gallery - 1628 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 462-4866. BOBBIE BENNETT's photography, May 26-June 26.



MUSEUMS

The Getty Center - 1200 Getty Center Dr., (310) 440-7360. ANCIENT ART

FROM THE PERMANENT COLLECTION, through Dec. 31. MAKING A RENAISSANCE PAINTING explores the methods and materials employed by Joachim Beucklaer for his "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (1563) to illustrate how Renaissance artists created panel paintings, through Aug. 19. MEXICO: FROM EMPIRE TO REVOLUTION, through May 20. RITUAL SPLENDOR: ILLUMINATED LITURGICAL MANUSCRIPTS, through May 6. SHAPING THE GREAT CITY: MODERN ARCHITECTURE IN CENTRAL EUROPE, 1890-1937, through May 6. AUGUST SANDER: GERMAN PORTRAITS, 1918-1933, through June 24. TO CREATE A LIVING ART: NINETEENTH-CENTURY DRAWINGS, May 1-July 15. A ROYAL MENAGERIE: PORCELAIN ANIMALS FROM DRESDEN, May 1, continues indefinitely. ILLUMINATING COLOR explores the symbology of color in illuminated manuscripts, May 22-Aug. 26.

Museum of Jurassic Technology - 9341 Venice Blvd., Culver City, (310) 836-6131. THE WORLD IS BOUND WITH SECRET KNOTS: THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ATHANASIOS KIRCHER (1602-1680). Continues indefinitely.

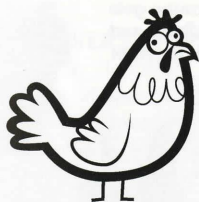
Norton Simon Museum - 411 W. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena, (626) 449-6840. CREATION, CONSTELLATIONS AND THE COSMOS examines how artists define their spiritual connections with the cosmos, through June 4. TULIP MANIA: FLOWER FEVER IN 17TH CENTURY HOLLAND, through July 23.

LA County Museum of Art - 5905 Wilshire Blvd., Mid Wilshire, (323) 857-6000. PAUL STRAND: THE MEXICAN PORTFOLIO, social concerns and aesthetic formalism are fused in prints of 1930s Mexico, through May 8. THE MAX PALEVSKY COLLECTION OF JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINTS, through May 15. MADE IN CALIFORNIA: NOW, installations by 11 California artists provide opportunities for interaction, through September 9. MASTERPIECE IN FOCUS: ROCOCO TO NEO-CLASSICISM, 15 18th-century French works of art, through July 1. A CENTURY OF FASHION, 1900-2000, examines how fluctuations in fashionable dress expressed the changing role of women in 20th century society, through January 5, 2003. SHIFTING TIDES: CUBAN PHOTOGRAPHY AFTER THE REVOLUTION, through July 1. L'ESPRIT NOUVEAU: PURISM IN PARIS, 1918-1925, the work of Le Corbusier and Amédée Ozenfant, founders of the Purist movement, and their closest colleague, Fernand Léger, through August 5.

Museum of Contemporary Art - 250 S. Grand Ave., downtown, (213) 621-2766. A ROOM OF THEIR OWN: FROM OLDENBURG TO GOBER, SCULPTURE SHOW. Continues indefinitely. PUBLIC OFFERINGS, more than 100 works by 25 young "art stars," including Damien Hirst, Steve McQueen, Laura Owens and more, through July 29. At the Pacific Design Center (8687 Melrose Ave., WeHo, 310-657-0800): SUPERFLAT surveys a tendency towards two-dimensionality in Japanese art, animation, and graphic design, through May 6.

Skirball Cultural Center - 2701 N. Sepulveda Blvd., (310) 440-4500. RESOLUTIONS: A STITCH IN TIME, Judy Chicago's collaboration with needleworkers to illustrate age-old proverbs and adages. Through Apr. 29. C.O.L.A., featuring the work of ten mid-career local artists, May 25-July 15.

UCLA Hammer Museum - 10899 Wilshire Blvd., Westwood, (310) 443-7000. MATISSE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS FROM THE GRUNWALD CENTER, May 8-Jul. 29. AROUND THE PARISIAN TABLE: PLEASURES AND POLITICS OF FOOD. Honoré Daumier's images depicting elegant, eccentric, and also mundane aspects of daily meals, May 8-Jul. 29.



FARMERS MARKETS

Santa Monica - Arizone Ave. from 2nd St. to 4th St. Wednesday 9 AM - 2 PM, Saturday 8:30 AM - 1:00 PM.

West Hollywood - 1200 N. Vista St. Monday 9 AM - 2 PM.

Fairfax District - 6333 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles, (323) 933-9211. Open daily.

Hollywood - Ivar between Hollywood and Sunset Blvd., Sunday 8:30 AM to 1 PM.

Beverly Hills, 200 block between Wilshire Blvd. & Dayton Way, Sunday 9 AM - 1 PM.

Westwood - Weyburn Ave. between Westwood Blvd. and Tiverton Ave., Thursday 2 PM - 7 PM.

Culver City - Venice and Culver Blvds., Tuesday 3 PM - 7 PM.



FLEA MARKETS

Long Beach Outdoor Antique and Collectible Market - Veterans Stadium, Lakewood Blvd. & Conant Street, Long Beach, (323) 655-5703. Third Sunday of each month. (Apr. 15, May 20, Jun. 17).

Melrose Trading Post - Fairfax High School parking lot, 7850 Melrose Ave., Fairfax District (323) 656-POST. Every Sunday.

Rose Bowl Flea Market - Rose Bowl parking lot, 1001 Rose Bowl Dr., Pasadena, (323) 560-7469. Second Sunday of each month. (May 13, Jun 10).

Santa Monica Airport - Airport Ave. and Bundy Dr., (213) 933-2511. Fourth Saturday and Sunday of each month. (Apr. 28 & 29, May 26 & 27, Jun. 23 & 24).

CELEB-SPOTTING

Dan Tana - 9071 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (310) 275-9444. Spot the old-school players like Lew and Edie Wasserman.

Beauty Bar - 1638 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 464-7676. See tough goddesses like Christina Ricci, Rose McGowan and Donita Sparks.

Book Soup - 8818 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (310) 659-3110. Stars who can read buy their books here.

Chateau Marmont - 8821 Sunset Blvd., WeHo, (323) 656-1010. Peep Christopher Walken, Matthew McConaughey and Chloe Sevigny in the lobby (where you can hang out over drinks or food).

Decades - 8214 Melrose Ave., WeHo, (323) 655-0223. Fight over a Pucci shirt with Renee Zellweger, Tom Ford or Julie Delpy.

Erewhon - 7660 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, (323) 937-0777. Where the beautiful people go for wheat-grass shots.

Eurochow - 1099 Westwood Blvd., Westwood, (310) 209-0066. Mr. Chow's latest art-food spot.

Hugo's - 8401 Santa Monica Blvd., WeHo, (323) 654-3993. Where actors and agents power-breakfast.

Fred Segal - 8118 Melrose Ave., WeHo, (323) 655-3734. You can spot Lenny Kravitz, Lara Flynn Boyle or Julia Roberts here.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Silver Lake Film Festival Call For Entries - www.silverlakefilmfestival.com. The second annual Silver Lake Film Festival (to be held September 20-23) seeks feature film and shorts. Deadline: June 15. Screenplay contest entry deadline: July 15. Festival trailer contest entry deadline: July 15. Visit the website for all entry forms.

L.A. Modernism Show - Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, Santa Monica, (310) 455-2886. The 14th annual showcase of the collectible furniture, jewelry, clothing and decorative and fine art from the last 100 years. Items for sale from Art Deco, Art Nouveau, Bauhaus, Arts and Crafts and WWII eras.

Dawson's Book Shop - 535 N. Larchmont Blvd, Larchmont Village, (323) 469-2186. Ted Faye screens and discusses his new film about Death Valley, *A TWENTY MULE TEAM IN DEATH VALLEY*. Apr. 21.

READINGS

Spoken Interludes - at Le Colonial Restaurant, 8783 Beverly Blvd., Beverly Hills, www.spokeninterludes.com. A monthly salon for short stories. Dinah Manoff, May 14. Bill Pullman reading Brendan Schallert, May 20.

Venice Abbot Kinney Memorial Branch Library - 510 S. Venice Blvd., Venice, (310) 821-1769. Gerry Fialka leads a discussion about Marshall McLuhan and his work's relationship to *Finnegans Wake* in the MARSHALL McLUHAN-FINNEGANS WAKE READING CLUB. The first Monday of each month. (May 7, June 4).

Dawson's Book Shop - 535 N. Larchmont Blvd, Larchmont Village, (323) 469-2186. The Los Angeles Salon, a continuing Saturday series on the past and future of Southern California: MARK THOMPSON discusses and signs his new biography *American Character: The Curious Life of Charles Fletcher Lummis*, Apr. 21. ALAN HESS discusses *Palm Springs Weekend: The Architecture and Design of a Mid-Century Oasis*, May 19.

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reviews:



The pits: Life in a commune gets
hairy for Jessica Liedberg and
Lisa Lindgren in *Together*

TOGETHER

It's Sweden, 1975. The Summer of Love is almost a decade old, but counterculture values are still sifting into bourgeois life. Lukas Moodysson's new film *Together* focuses not on the original revolutionaries, but the second-hand ones, living together in a suburban commune. It's the time of ABBA and the Bader-Meinhoff gang, of free love and budding feminism, and it all gets mixed up in Moodysson's pleasing but thin hippie frappé. The film opens by contrasting two siblings: spinelessly p.c. Goran (Gustaf Hammarsten) who lives at the commune with his free-loving girlfriend Lena (Anja Lundkvist); and Goran's sister Elisabeth (Lisa Lindgren), who seeks refuge with her children after her husband physically abuses her. Through Elisabeth's eyes, we are introduced to the assorted denizens of the commune: Lasse (Ola Norell), whose wife Anna (Jessica Liedberg) has left him because she might be a lesbian; Erik (Olle Sarri), who disapproves of his roommate's lack of political commitment; Klas (Shanti Roney), a gay man who lusts after Lasse, and so on. "Kooky" is the governing adjective at the *Together* commune. When Anna has a vaginal fungus, she does the housework sans pants; and when her ex-husband finds himself distracted by her pubis he whips out his cock as retaliation.

Despite its full-frontal nudity, *Together* is a fairly conventional ensemble piece that follows its characters' romantic escapades with bemused detachment. Anna starts to flirt with Elisabeth, who is only too ready to shed her conformist past; Lena obtains Goran's permission for a one-night stand with Erik, then finds herself totally smitten; Klas keeps coming on to Lasse, refusing to register rejection. Some of *Together*'s plots work nicely. Elisabeth's transition from housewife to feminist, for instance, is nicely observed and beautifully embodied by Lindgren. Other characters don't fare as well. Bassett-eyed Goran's doormat obsequiousness becomes increasingly annoying, and relentlessly eager Klas (in a Prince Valiant coif, no less) is nobody's idea of a gay good time.

Sweet as *Together* is, it's disappointing if you've seen Moodysson's debut piece, *Show Me Love*. That movie, which centered on the romance of two girls aged 14 and 16, was exhilarating, unpredictable and more than a little punk rock. *Together* sometimes sags under the weight of its good intentions, but luckily there's a teenaged girl here as well to puncture the balloon—Elisabeth's bespectacled mope of a daughter, Eva (Emma Samuelsson), who sits stoically by herself in the communal van rather than participate in the household shenanigans. She becomes a refreshing center of gravity in the midst of the romping about. (Richard Glatzer)

Jennifer Jason Leigh gets stranded twice...commune living in the '70s...

THE ANNIVERSARY PARTY

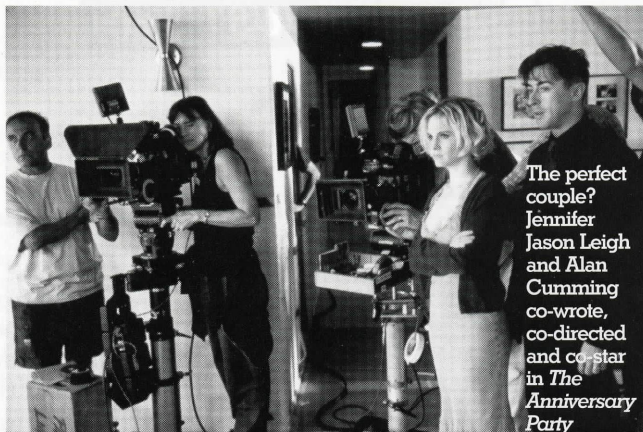
Luckily for Jennifer Jason Leigh, her makeup artist is generous with eyeliner; otherwise, it would be impossible to navigate her flat performance in *The Anniversary Party*. Perhaps aiming for "nuanced"—and missing—Leigh's version of aging actress Sally Therrian moves from sober to stoned, from happy to bitter and back again, with nothing but streaking makeup to distinguish one scene from the next. It's a pity, because the movie she co-wrote and directed with Alan Cumming is a game, if occasionally frustrating, swipe at both the complexities of couplehood and man's sad vulnerability to basic human nature.

The Anniversary Party centers on Sally's relationship with husband Joe (Cumming), a novelist-turned-director whose debut project is a brutally frank interpretation of their fractured past. The couple's sixth wedding anniversary comes up a few months after their reconciliation; to prove their newfound solidity—even as it looks increasingly dubious—Sally and Joe throw an all-night bash for their nearest and dearest. The guest list is a buffet of LA loons: a flagging director (John C. Reilly); a giddy starlet (Gwyneth Paltrow); a smooth agent (John Benjamin Hickey); a highly strung, Xanax-popping actress and new mother (Jane Adams); and a skittish neighbor (stage vet Mina Badie). Nothing seems to tickle Hollywood quite like a cynical poke at its resident neurotics, so *The Anniversary Party* proceeds for its first hour like a drawn-out guffaw at the combustible crowd and its antics.

When that gimmick runs dry—and oh, it does—the film trades inside jokes for another trite plot device. Unexpectedly gifted with Ecstasy, the party-goers pop the drug and proceed to strip away their inhibitions and, in some cases, their clothing. The moment only works here because the comic-relief clutter finally settles into the scenery, letting the rest of the cast expose and explore the film's emotional core.

First-time directors Leigh and Cumming shot *The Anniversary Party* digitally and in a mere 19 days, creating an intimate feel befitting its heavy moments while accommodating the clogged schedules of its celebrity cast. Each ensemble actor returns the favor, imbuing pencil-sketch stereotypes with likeability, candor and humor (Badie and Phoebe Cates are particularly fine). But the glut of famous faces soon becomes claustrophobic.

Unsure where to look and who to follow—and why Parker Posey's hair is channeling Grease-era Stockard Channing—the viewer



The perfect couple? Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming co-wrote, co-directed and co-star in *The Anniversary Party*

longs for the movie to shed its extra weight.

The script is an intriguing argument that love and infidelity are two halves of a whole; the same primal passions that draw us to another human being will inevitably push us toward someone else. With that as the film's heart, the pulse beats with Cumming and Leigh—and that's where it ultimately both succeeds and fails. The lead actors ably play anger, but as lovers and helpless victims of that love, the duo lacks chemistry. Otherwise, Cumming is splendid, cracking open what could be an unsympathetic role and giving it a quixotic blend of intensity and goofiness. He can't decide whether to throttle Sally or procreate with her, and that ultimately gives *The Anniversary Party* its redeeming honesty. (Heather Cocks)

STARTUP.COM

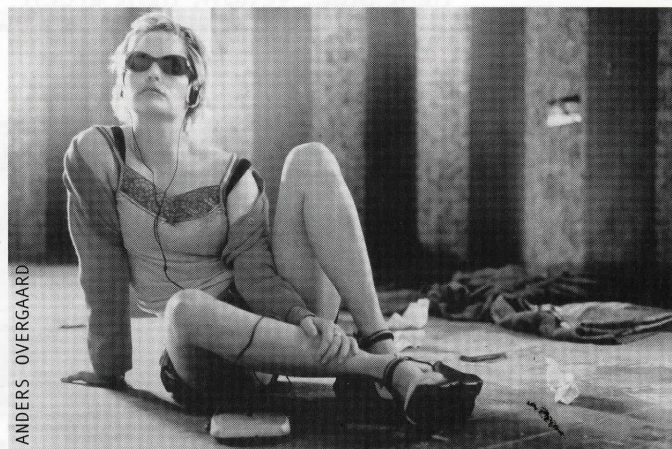
What starts out as a mild yet insightful peek into the Internet startup dreams of two high-school pals becomes the ultimate voyeuristic dot-com shadenfreude. It's perfect entertainment for those who continue to delight in the misery of formerly smug cyber-millionaires who are presently just hoping to be promoted to head french fry chef. Although this doc confirms that the only thing more boring than most Internet sites are the people behind them, the story itself is not boring. In fact it's as engaging as you'd expect from doc producer DA Pennebaker (*Don't Look Back*, *Monterey Pop*) and director Chris Hedges (*The War Room*) who co-directs with Jehane Noujaim.

A lifelong friendship unravels as Kaleil Tuzman and Tom Herman shoot high (a \$17

million investment, meeting President Clinton) and come crashing to the ground. Just as they launch their brainchild, Govworks.com, which allows people to pay for parking tickets online, a competitor overshadows them and the offices are robbed. Before you can say April 2000, the investors pull the plug and the boys are left with nothing but a room full of empty cubicles. It's actually disappointing when the former partners, obviously aware of the cameras surrounding them, become friends again after the company goes down the drain. It's clear that overwrought dramatic endings are taking the place of "reality" in this post-"Survivor" age. (Josh Braun)

THE KING IS ALIVE

Jennifer Jason Leigh chews up the scenery, once again, like a rabid dog. This time her back-drop is a dogma '95 film ably directed by Kristian Levring, one of the founders of the movement in which filmmakers work under strict guidelines such as no artificial light and no



I'm listening: Jennifer Jason Leigh plays a tourist trapped in an abandoned African town in *The King is Alive*

added music. Other dogma '95 films, such as Thomas Vinterberg's *The Celebration* and Lars Von Trier's *Breaking the Waves*, catapult the momentum forward by combining resonant characters and a realistic storyline with the movement's characteristic spartan yet exciting technical boundaries. *The King is Alive* does not quite rank with those two, but its deeply pre-tentious plot (a group of bus passengers stranded in the desert perform *King Lear*) is elevated by the performances of Janet McTeer, Miles Anderson and Leigh. And while the look is grainy and raw, its desert setting allows for an expansive beauty that you don't always get in a dogma '95 film. Ultimately, it's the acting that keeps you riveted to a film whose emotional states peak predictably. (Josh Braun)

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COMIC BOOKS

Hellboy: Conqueror Worm #1 (of 4)

Writing and Artwork by Mike Mignola
(Dark Horse Maverick)

Foodstix Master: Due to the possibilities of seeing decapitated heads in places besides comic books, we are expanding the column this month.

Particle Board Boy: As long as we don't have to get up from our seats, we are happy to trash or—God forbid—praise some TV shows and websites, also.

FM: OK, that's out of the way. Our first comic book is the first in a mini-series of four. Mike Mignola has always been inspired by comic legend Jack Kirby, and it shows here. Even the Nazi theme harkens back to Kirby's early work in the 1940s on *Boy Commandos*.

PBB: Hellboy and his equally invincible sidekick Roger the Homunculus investigate and combat the menace of the Nazi space program, embodied by a meteorite in space that changes course on command and has a big Nazi logo on it.

FM: It's all about the branding, isn't it?

PBB: This is the year 2001. I kinda felt the use of Nazis as villains was a bit lazy and predictable.

FM: The idea that the Nazis had a secret space program made it compelling enough for me, although I agree the theme is tired unless you are one of David Duke's constituents.

PBB: The device of introducing a comic hero from the '40s—"the Lobster"—was much more intriguing. Particularly the mug shots of gangsters mysteriously killed with only a mark on their foreheads—a mark that look suspiciously similar to the Red Lobster logo!

FM: And, of course, such a character opens up the story possibilities involving melted butter and lemon.

PBB: As with other mini-series, the first issue is so jam-packed with expository material you almost have to read it twice. That's a bit annoying. And the issue ends with Hellboy being attacked by a standard-issue evil giant monkey, and Roger, the indestructible sidekick, at the bottom of a ravine looking pretty destroyed. Is that enough of a cliffhanger to make you want to get the next issue?

FM: Between the great artwork, also reminiscent of Frank Miller's *Batman*, and the potential of the story, I found enough to warrant coming back for more. But a casual reader might want to wait for the collected trade paperback that is sure to follow.

Shpilkes (Vol. II, #0)

Written and drawn by Frederick Noland
(Xeric Foundation)

PBB: Another self-published, black-and-white indie comic that proclaims in its press notes to provide "precious moments of backhanded slapstick humor and a decidedly punk sensibility. Elements that have been missing from the scene for far too long."

FM: Uh-oh. Off to a bad start. Petty and frustrated individuals such as those who write reviews about other people's creative endeavors don't really want to be told how cool and chock-full of precious moments his work is.

PBB: Yes, it's our job to seek out such moments and, having located them, determine if they are indeed precious.

FM: The first story, "Stagger Lee," was pretty good. Would you agree that the unfocused work of this talented young artist holds promise?

PBB: I'm feeling charitable, so I'll admit that I didn't completely hate it.

FM: That's big of you.

WWW

www.rotten.com

FM: What's the main purpose of the world wide web?

PBB: Why, the uncensored dissemination of information, e-mail and broadband entertainment.

FM: Well, pull up a chair and send e-mails to all your friends because what could

be more entertaining and informative than a site devoted to feces, decapitation, genital mutilation and an unending supply of headless torsos and bloody stumps?

PBB: I remember the days when I'd have to travel miles and miles to see an man eat a human baby. Now I can do it all from the comfort of my own home.

FM: There's something for everybody. If the stomach-churning gore doesn't float your boat, check out the penis caught in a mousetrap or the "Downward Spiral"—one woman's lifelong decline as documented in her many mug shots. It would make a great TV show. Since violence is OK on TV but sex isn't, Jack Valenti might be thrilled to learn that you have to pay (and prove you are over 18) to see the nude celebrities section of the site, but you can see a emergency room shot of a man whose face has been literally scraped off in a motorcycle accident for free!

By Foodstix Master & Particle Board Boy

PBB: Rotten.com really provokes the viewer. I was actually feeling hostile towards the makers of it when I checked out the autopsy shot of a two-year-old baby. To be fair, the link to that photo does say "you really shouldn't see this."

FM: Clearly the creators want you to be outraged and have a reaction. To that end, the site is successful, subversive and horrifying.

PBB: And highly recommended! Try not to look. Just try.

TV

Marilyn Monroe: The Final Days

(AMC TV documentary to air June 1 at 8 PM)

FM: This documentary on the making of Marilyn Monroe's final uncompleted film, *Something's Got to Give*, is an interesting peek into the creative and business struggles that went on behind the scenes. The tensions, rumors and ego battles in the 1960s were no different than they are today in the business of Show.

PBB: It is a thrill to see the film itself, even if it's not complete: the editing, music and color are lovingly true to films of the era.

FM: But they should have shown the film first.

PBB: Before I saw the movie, I thought MM was a boozed-up bleached blonde who has sex with famous guys. After watching the doc, I realized I was thinking of Courtney Love.

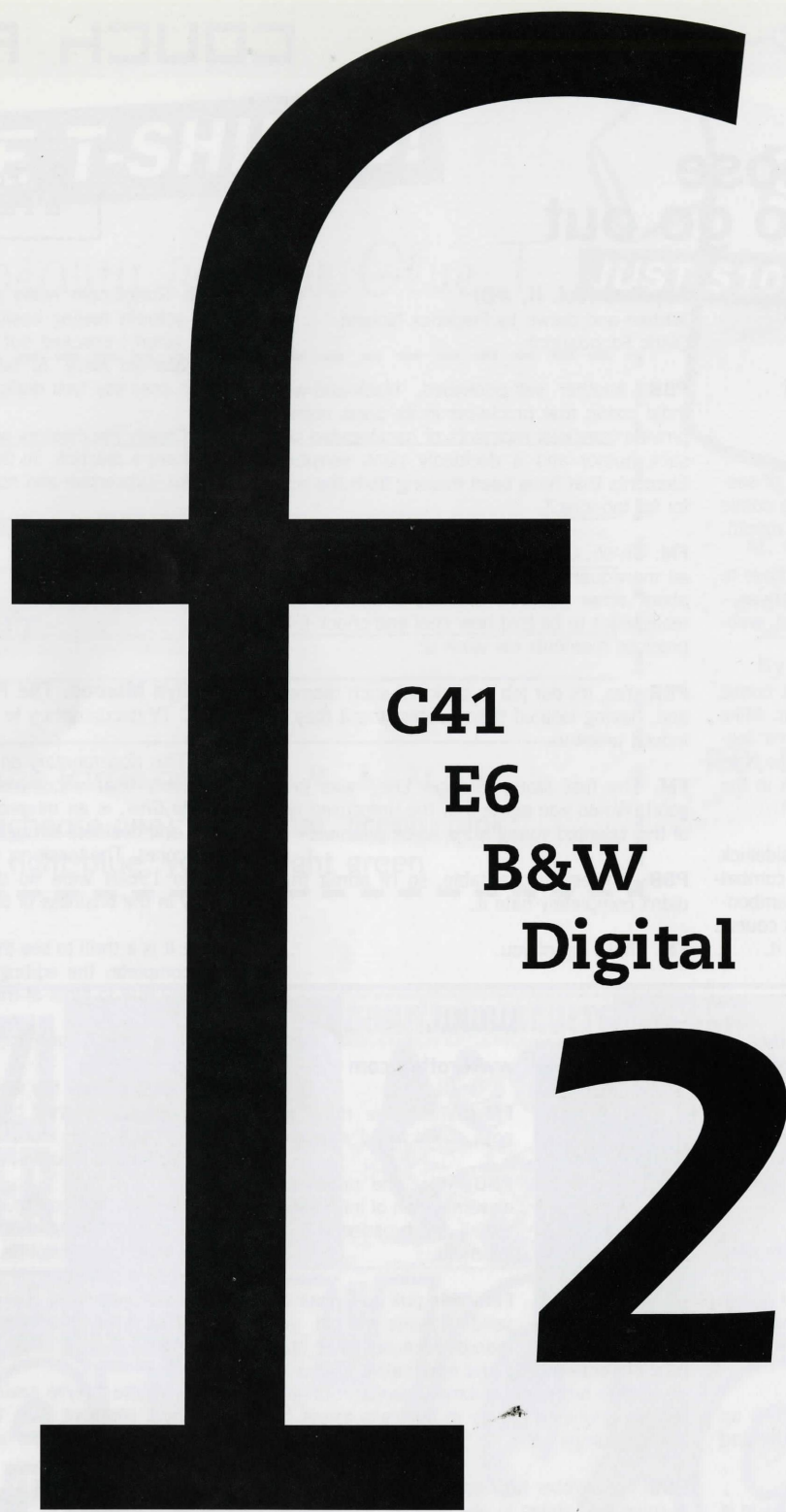
FM: The sex and controversy were underplayed. Hints at drug-taking and sex with the Kennedys could have been amplified considerably. AMC is owned by a conservative company (Cablevision), so it's not surprising that the show is, generally speaking, a bit conservative for this type of documentary.

PBB: Maybe they're saving the real dirt for E!. The best moment was the footage of George Cukor losing his temper and yelling at the child actors.

FM: Yes, that was a rare moment of Hollywood candor that you just don't see enough. There should be a documentary on that.

PBB: To sum up: The show is entertaining yet hollow. But the shot of Marilyn Monroe naked in the pool gave me a Marilyn Mon-woody.





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Thai me up, Thai me down Rethinking LA Thai after a visit abroad

By Bob Blumer
AKA The Surreal Gourmet

Thailand entices travellers with an alluring cross-section of vices. Some get hooked on the opium, others shop 'til they drop for custom-sewn silk garments at Wal-Mart prices, and many are seduced by oil massages "with happy ending." My downfall was the green papaya salad: a harmonic convergence of shredded unripened papaya, cherry tomatoes and sliced long beans, tiny "mouse drop" chilies, garlic, lime, palm sugar, fish sauce, dried shrimp and soy nuts. The crunch, sweet, heat and tang is instantly addictive—especially when washed down with an icy cold Sing-ha beer.

I first discovered the flavors of Thai cuisine 15 years ago when I started coming to Los Angeles in my former life of a rock 'n' roll manager. Warner Bros. Records was flying high and I was treated to many recoupable meals in the city's finest Thai restaurants. The popular menu staples of spring rolls served with spicy cucumber salad, chicken satay with peanut sauce, pad Thai noodles and coconut soup all seemed so exotic to me at the time. But there is nothing like a 400-mile cycling adventure through the tiny villages of northern Thailand to redefine exotic.

During my ride last Christmas, my professional curiosity led me into many kitchens where, through observation and broken English, I received an informal lesson in the essence of traditional Thai cooking. Many of my most memorable meals were enjoyed in tiny roadside stands where the entire open-air kitchen consisted of a mortar and pestle, a rice maker, and two woks—one for stir frying and one for deep frying. Always within arm's reach were galangal (a member of the ginger family), an arsenal of fiery chilies, minced garlic and shallots fried into crisp golden morsels, lemongrass, palm sugar, fish sauce, limes, fragrant kafir lime leaves, fresh greens, flat rice noodles, and sparingly used bits of chicken, fish and pork. From this palette of ingredients came inspiring dishes. Suddenly, the dishes I ordered at those swish Thai restaurants IN LA seemed so chop suey.

On my return, after the saddle sores healed, I set off in search of the addictive green papaya salad and other delicacies I was craving. I quickly discovered what LA's burgeoning Thai population already knows: you don't have to strap yourself into 16 cubic feet of personal space for 8,000 miles to find the real deal—in fact it's in a cluster of strip malls just a mile east of the brand-name Thai restaurants.

Palm Thai (5273 Hollywood Blvd.) is the largest and best known of the group. Their papaya salad is exactly what I remembered from Thailand, as is the juicy and crunchy morning glory which is quickly stir-fried with chilies and garlic (not on the menu, but available upon request). One house specialty worth ordering is

a whole fish cooked in lime juice, ginger and spices, and served in a fish-shaped metal bowl, sizzling atop a sterno flame. At first blush, the presentation seems a bit touristy, but having seen it all over Chiang Mai, I can vouch for its authenticity.

Slightly less authentic is Palm Thai's tacky, wicker palm-laden stage which is home to a Thai Elvis impersonator who gets all shook up, and a non-stop assortment of Thai singers whose sounds bear an uncanny resemblance to Seals and Croft. While such musical accompaniment

may seem incongruous with Thai cuisine, it is very in keeping with the musical tastes of a country that still deifies the Carpenters. Come for the food, but don't turn your back on the King. You will be hard-pressed to find more endearing kitsch anywhere on the Vegas strip.

The service at Jitlada (5233 Sunset Blvd.) can be laugh-

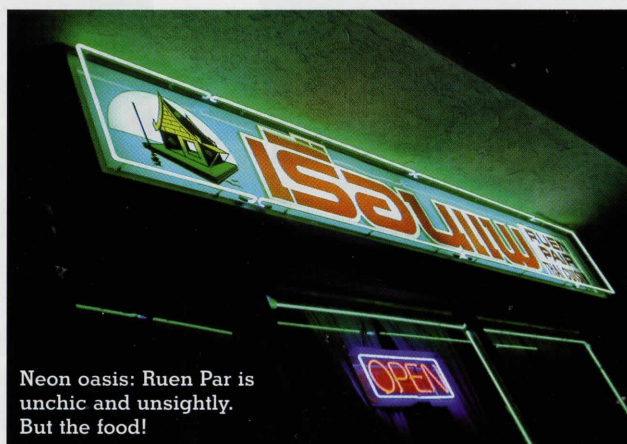
ably bad, and the two adjoining rooms offer you the choice of under-lit and over-lit. Nonetheless, I can't stay away from their tangy green mango salad—a variation that substitutes shredded unripened mango for green papaya, the shrimp pa-nang—a richly flavored red curry, perfumed with coconut milk and complex layers of heady spices, and spinach of flame—spinach sautéed in garlic, chilies, black bean sauce and generously topped with roasted cashew nuts.

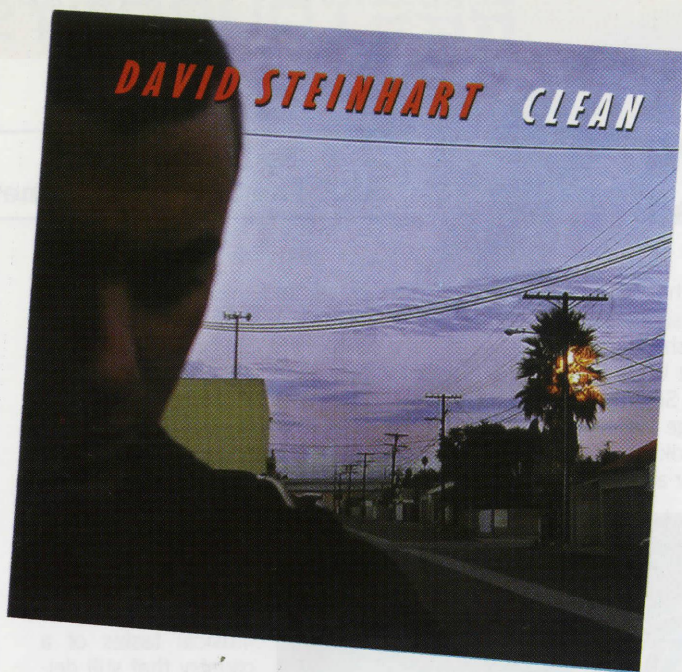
Yai (5577 Hollywood Blvd.), with its fluorescent lights, Formica tables and full frontal view of the 7-Eleven next door, is a quintessential, no-frills Strip mall joint. Their green papaya salad is formidable, as is the Jungle curry—pa-nang ratcheted up several notches with green peppercorns, more chilies, and the inclusion of miniature white Thai eggplants. And their pan-fried

flat rice noodles are made with the perfect combination of chilies, mint, and sugar (which I observed in Thailand's kitchens to be the secret ingredient in most of their spicy dishes).

Ruen Par (5257 Hollywood Blvd.) is situated a laundromat and a donut shop away from Palm Thai. The small room is adorned with several spirit houses brimming with the day's offerings for Buddha. Their papaya salad dressing seems like the lite version, but their morning glory greens make up for it. So does the crispy, whole fried pompano topped with garlic and chilies, and the sticky rice—a sweet, glutinous, slightly al dente rice that northern Thais ball up and eat with their fingers.

If I had a nickel for every time I heard someone say that LA's restaurant scene sucks, I could be on a plane en route to my next cycling adventure. All four of these restaurants—and many others in the neighborhood—are the hidden jewels of Los Angeles Thai cuisine. As you cross Western heading east, say goodbye to valet parking, plush surroundings, celebrity sightings, and pin-up waitresses, and hello to many future Thai dinners with happy endings.





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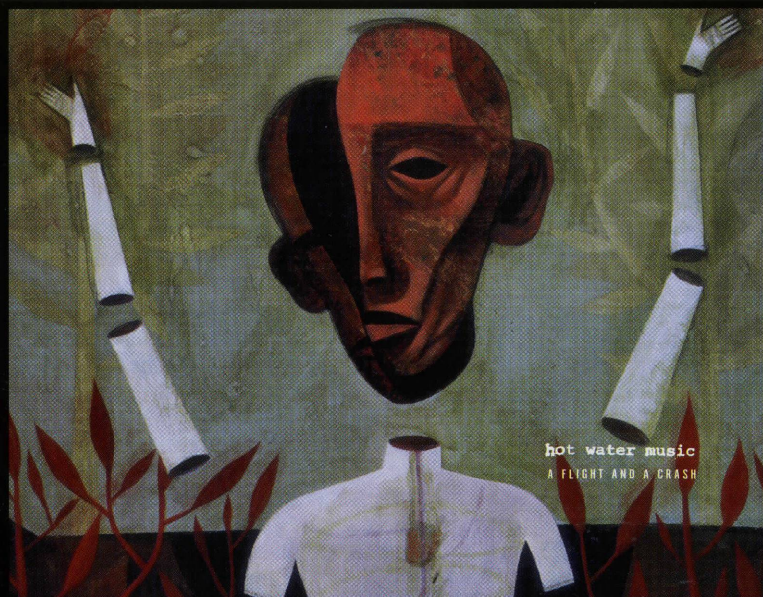
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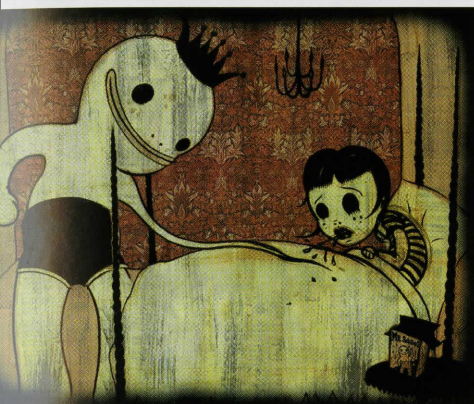
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Cooking with Camille

Recipes for consumer annihilation

by Larabeth Warren



Poisoned sweets: Camille Rose Garcia's latest work includes "Creepcake Annihilation Plan" (below) and the 9-panel series "Creepcakes Bakery" (two of which are above).

"I'm obsessed with how humans are turning more and more into a cyborg race," Camille Rose Garcia says, setting down a beer bottle in her studio downtown. "It's as though computers are becoming more organic, and humans are becoming more computer-like. Even microscopic things like parasites and viruses can work well together. But humans just can't." The sound of two homeless men arguing outside drifts in through the open window. Garcia continues, "We pave over nature to make room for fake nature," she says, referring to theme parks and golf courses sprinkled with larger-than-life fiberglass trees. "It really just doesn't make sense."

Her sugary-

sweet paintings show doe-eyed children caught in fairytales that are more sinister than the giddy schoolgirls in them realize. Closer examination of the panels reveals the antagonists—slithering worms and scheming centipedes, parasitic outlaws. All grinning.

The characters look as though they've been plucked from a silent cartoon of the 1920s, outlined thickly in black with ghost-white complexions and simplified features. The surreal settings hint toward some sort of plague, an impending doom underneath the powdery pastels and sparkling glitter.

Many of Garcia's works tell a story when viewed together. "Creepcakes Bakery," a 9-piece set of silk-screened images with flocking, looks innocent enough at the start. Mr. Snackums brings yummy treats to the bakery, and everyone scarfs them down. A few panels into the series, however, it is revealed that the sweets are actually being pushed on the public by evil centipedes who hide toxins inside. The entire town falls ill and the protagonist flees, apparently the only one aware of the plot.

The destructive nature of capitalism and society's indifference to or ignorance of evil are common themes in Garcia's work. "My characters are unaware of the horror that's going on

around them," Garcia says. "They turn a blind eye to it and pretend it's not really there."

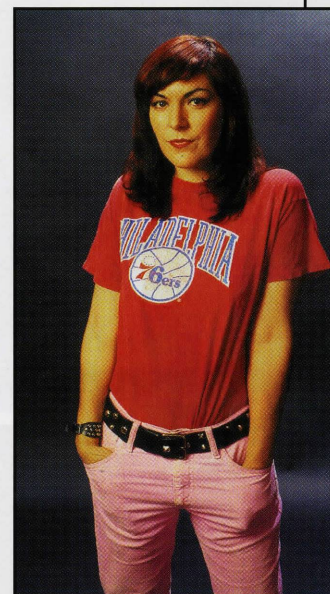
Machines and parasites and pestilence are disguised as something else. Her characters are seduced and enamored by the beauty of the facades. Garcia continues this theme in her upcoming show, "The Soft Machine," titled after the William Burroughs novel, at Merry Karnowsky Gallery. The show addresses the marketing of desire, but without lifting pop culture images often seen when this theme arises in contemporary art.

Garcia keeps the message from being too obvious or too obscure. "I tell stories and fables. I speak in metaphor," she says. "My works are about consumption. The characters are unaware of the repercussions of their gluttony and greed. Our culture—capitalism—breeds these things. It seems like we're on a doomed trajectory." Garcia doesn't offer the audience solutions.

Where did these obsessions begin? Garcia admits she has no idea. She grew up in suburbia (Huntington Beach) and moved to LA to earn her BFA at the Otis Art Institute of Parsons School of Design, then her MFA at UC Davis. She served as art director of *Mean* magazine for a stint of two years, and before that at *Grand Royal*—magazines that, like this one, can be seen as promoting consumer culture as much as commenting upon it. "I just needed a job," she says. "I never wanted to think about my work [paintings] in terms of money because I felt it would show, so I always needed a job to help pay the rent."

She seems more proud of the stickers and posters she is known for, promoting bands and the former pirate radio station KBLT. "I always thought of it as a tool of cultural terrorism. That's why I made things like the comic books, posters and stickers. I like my work to be democratic. I feel like most of the art world is non-inclusive and elite but I really think art should be more like pirate radio."

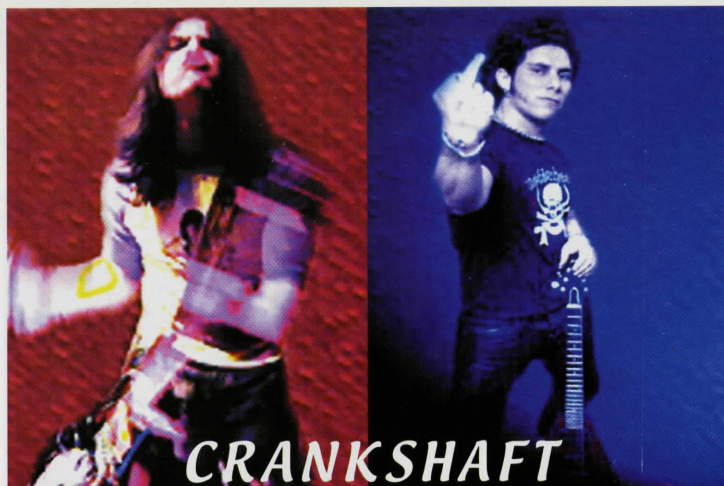
"The Soft Machine" opens June 2 at Merry Karnowsky Gallery, 170 S. La Brea Ave., (323) 933-4408. Garcia's work can also be seen at camillerosegarcia.com.



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Photo: Randee St. Nicholas

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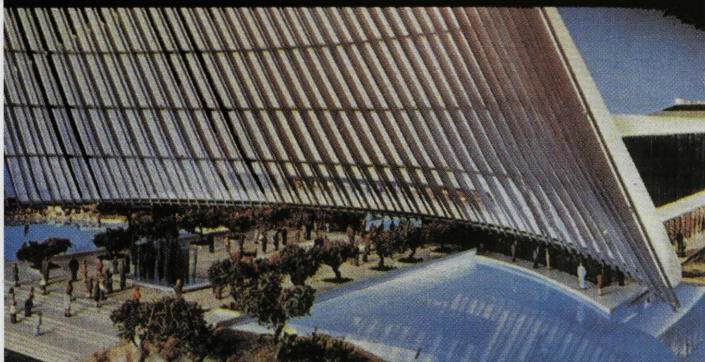


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NoHo BoHo

It doesn't get any less Hollywood than North Hollywood

by Emili M. Vesilind

It's another star-ry night in Los Angeles. You're sitting at the overdecorated bar at the club you frequent a little too frequently when it occurs to you that mixing Diet Coke and vodka from the comfort of your couch would be a good alternative to the \$10 cosmopolitans doled out by your bartender/actor. While Hollywood remains a clubbing destination for Valley folks, many nightcrawlers here in the city are going in the opposite direction to discover the new cheap, weird and decidedly anti-Hollywood clubs in North Hollywood.

Kulak's Woodshed and the California Institute of Abnormalarts (C.I.A.) look and feel completely different, but both opened last year espousing pro-patron and pro-artist principles. Neither serves booze or makes a profit, so you might want to check them out before the crush of capitalism kills them off.

Kulak's Woodshed is a small enclave for the singer/songwriter set and those who love them. With its second-hand chairs and couches, old quilts tacked to the ceiling, and a hand-crafted sign hanging behind the stage, the Woodshed looks like an old juke joint from the '20s. A fish tank, record jackets, (Hank Williams, Nancy Sinatra, Judy Collins), and small Christmas lights line the walls. It's absolutely cozy.

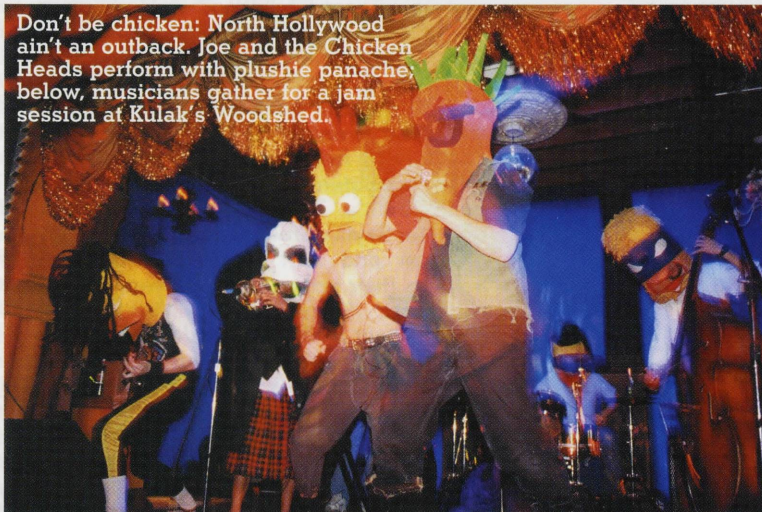
Tuesday nights have evolved into a kind of residence for Freebo, the long-time bass and tuba player for Bonnie Raitt, and a smattering of his musician friends. They squeeze onto the minuscule, barely elevated stage and play folksy tunes. The small gathering of fans, ranging from older, turquoise-wearing hippies to leather-clad hipsters, duck into the Woodshed to experience a rarity: music written and performed for its own sake. The shows start at 8 PM, and doors close when the last guitar is shoved into its road-ravaged case. And it's all free; there's no cover and even the coffee bar operates on a donation policy.

If cozy isn't your thing, say hello to morbidity at the California Institute of Abnormalarts, or C.I.A. Sandwiched

between auto repair shops on an unlit street in the so-called North Hollywood Arts District, the C.I.A. is part performance art club, part freak show. Robert Ferguson, co-owner, visual

artist and chief decorator, serves up cola and donuts under the hairy head of Sasquatch and the petrified body of Fish Boy hanging on the fluorescent-striped walls. Everywhere you look are remains from Circus Schmircus, salvaged after its freakish members died in a 1969 train wreck. Or so the story goes. You never know what's what here—or even

Don't be chicken: North Hollywood ain't an outback. Joe and the Chicken Heads perform with plushie panache; below, musicians gather for a jam session at Kulak's Woodshed.



where you are; a patron once got lost in the maze-like compound, screaming, "Get me out of here!"

"This song is about prehistoric Los Angeles," a keyboardist mumbled into the microphone during a recent show by an experimental jazz band. A small crowd lined the perimeter of the performance room, simultaneously mellow and leery. A magician dressed in a suit of shiny red and white sat on a vinyl bench, awaiting his stage moment.

Specializing in multi-media acts and oddball bands, the C.I.A. prides itself on booking talent too strange to gain exposure elsewhere. "As we go, you'll be seeing more painful performance art," says co-owner Carl Crew. The Kids from Widney High, a band of mentally challenged teens, are one recent offering here. They weren't all that entertaining, but neither are a lot of the bands on Sunset Strip. Crew also books better-known acts such as Guitar Boy, Bridget the Midget, Shoofly, and Reeves Gabrels (David Bowie's guitarist during and after Tin Machine).

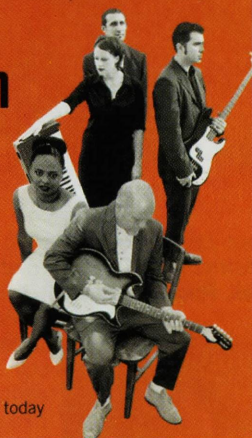
What North Hollywood lacks in buzz, it makes up for in originality. The Institute recently obtained the body of a dead clown, buried in full

make-up and hermetically sealed in a glass-topped box. Crew plans to hold a memorial service with a live organist. Clowns will pay their respects in full regalia, and the original eulogy from 1912 will be read. Party.

Kulak's Woodshed, 5230 1/2 Laurel Canyon Blvd., NoHo. (818) 766-9913

C.I.A., 11334 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, (818) 506-6353. Thursday through Saturday.

the Now Time Delegation



watch for today

NOW TIME DELEGATION Watch for Today (In the Red)

Can I get an amen? Los Angeles treasure Lisa Kekaula moonlights from the Bellrays with another soul/rock outfit; this one's based in Austin and they channel the Stax/Philly/Memphis sound of the mid-'60s. If you're a fan of "Rhapsody in Black," the stellar KPCC radio program of rare oldies, you will thrill to this odd CD. Half is covers of somewhat obscure artists the Flirtations (the ones from the '60s, not the '80s), the Quik, and TSU Toronados (billed

reviews: The BellRays' Lisa Kekaula moonlights...

as Houston's answer to Booker T and the MG's). The other half is original songs that truly match the simplicity, energy, hearty Hammond organ riffs and toughlove lyrics of the genre. Hallelujah! (Ruth Reynolds)

NATIONAL SKYLINE This=Everything (File 13)

Dark electro-pop at its finest, National Skyline's second full-length release plays like the Cure's *Disintegration* in slow motion. This=Everything is simultaneously sparse and lush, layering guitar and ethereal effects over quiet beats. This bi-polar disorder, honed on Skyline's self-titled debut and a follow-up EP, *Exit Now*, reaches its true potential here. Similar in style to Greg Dulli's Twilight Singers project, National Skyline (founded by Jeff Dimpsey of Hum and Jeff Garber of Castor), arrange their songs in thick layers of subtle sound. Songs like "A Million Circles" and "A Night at the Drugstore" are somber '80s dance numbers imbued with Sunny Day Real Estate-ish guitar. With the exception of the slight instrumental "Make it Stop," Garber's voice lends a human warmth to tracks that might otherwise feel robotic. (Emili M. Vesilind)

THE BICYCLE THIEF

You Come and Go Like a Pop Song (Artemis)

Jangly Cat Stevens guitars, empty bar stools meets Jerry Stahl—this is the feel of Bob Forrest's debut of his latest incarnation, The Bicycle Thief. LA's poet laureate and Theloniou's Monster survivor makes moody, sweet, tarnished LA rock 'n' roll. Raji's may be long gone, but this CD will remind you of the days before rock became a prefabricated, "get 'em in-get 'em out" monolith. Forrest's songs are timeless. His music has always been subtle, perfectly crafted and tempting. *You Come and Go Like a Pop Song* is the ideal palette-cleanser to everything that came

Forrest fire:
Bob Forrest's
cleaned-up catharsis



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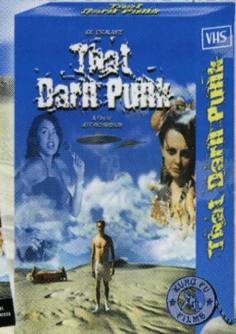
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THE FEATURE FILM



The Bicycle Thief CD, at long last...

post-Nirvana. A page was torn from the Steve Earle book of self-discovery, and we all benefit from this. He's seen the fire, danced with the flame, watched friends get swallowed up by it and lived to tell the tale. (Doreen Sanchez)

FIVE AND DIME

Ride This One Out (Drop Records)

Here's the LA band most likely to land on MTV. Their self-distributed EP proves that indie efforts can look and sound as slick as big-budget major releases—and come off indistinguishable from all those other overproduced, spiky-haired, wife beater-wearin' pop-punk bands. The chorus of their song "Superstar" goes: "So I stare at the sky/looking at the sun/asking if I'm ever going to be the one/to stand at the top of the world/looking down at everyone looking at me." Take a look at heavy-rotation music videos right now and you know this guy's dream is going to come true. (Laurie Pike)

ALIGN

Some Breaking News (Iguana Records)

Mourning the death of Helmet? Align's full-length debut will remind you of the days when you pushed back in the mosh pit (instead of trying to salvage the rest of your dirty martini by holding it above the fray, you wuss). The Minneapolis quartet recreates the kind of singsong hardcore branded in the late '80s/early '90s by the likes of Quicksand, who brought speed to the mellow grunge party. Though the tracks are consistent and appropriately ragged, the riffs are familiar enough to sound stale. Most tracks commit to little more than blind aggression, and lack the crisp, quirky touches found in the best of this genre. The 10-song album clings too tightly to its influences, sounding occasionally like your neighborhood post-hardcore cover band. (Emili M. Vesilind)

KNOXVILLE GIRLS

In a Paper Suit (In the Red)

Knoxville Girls evade the sophomore slump with a follow-up, that's even better than their superb debut last year. The supergroup of punk survivors—including Jerry Teel from Honeymoon Killers and Chrome Cranks, Bob Bert from Sonic Youth, Kid Congo from Gun Club and Cramps—reinvent cowpunk with a genuine southern-accented singer, soulful keyboards and piano, and a refusal to rest on their legendary laurels. The only miss in the pack is the cover of the Shangri Las' "Sophisticated Boom Boom"; it's too kitsch for a band that otherwise twangs without nudges or winks. (Laurie Pike)

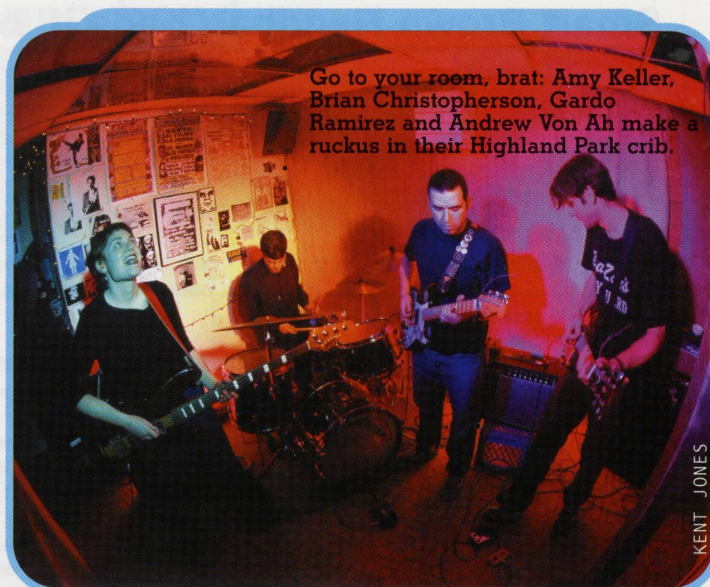


No slouches: Knoxville Girls knock socks off on second CD

SCANNERFUNK

Wave of Light by Wave of Light (Sulfur)

Scannerfunk a.k.a. Scanner a.k.a. Robin Rimuad has made a name for himself in the electronic underground scene by fusing sounds from scanners and cellular phone conversations with evocative beats and samples of house, jungle and early electro-funk. His latest release is an expansion of his sound-collage approach. "Speechless" is an eerie experimental tune that cascades over ominous robotic voice samples, while "Red Stone Sun" pulsates dark electronica reminiscent of early Kraftwerk and Brian Eno. Some of the songs, such



Go to your room, brat: Amy Keller, Brian Christopherson, Gardo Ramirez and Andrew Von Ah make a ruckus in their Highland Park crib.

House music

Roommates-turned-bandmates

The wordless wonders of Bratty & Jackass

The debut of Bratty & Jackass begins with a moody bass intro that kicks off "Have You Ever Been To The Playboy Mansion?" It's a song that, at times, brings to mind the energetic jams of the Pixies or Sonic Youth. With musical influences as diverse as Black Flag and Black Sabbath, this quartet brings a fresh exuberance to intense guitar noodling—but without ever incorporating the signature trademark of alterna-rock: angst ridden lyrics. Every song is instrumental. "The music we like to make doesn't seem conducive to vocals," says bassist Amy Keller. "It's noisy and aggressive." Taking their moniker from a nickname Keller had for two childhood neighbors, Bratty & Jackass formed four years ago when Keller, guitarists Gardo Ramirez and Drew Von Ah and drummer Brian Christopherson set up a rehearsal space in their shared home in Highland Park. "You'd come home from work and someone would be playing, and you'd start jamming with them," says Keller. The offbeat musical leanings of the members led them to team up in different configurations with each other and other musicians. They showcase their work at monthly salon-style concerts in their home, which came to be known as Latona House. "Bratty & Jackass was the configuration that worked the most," Keller says. It worked so well, in fact, that they waited a full four years before recording. See, it was never about making getting famous. And though several people approached them about recording, they said yes only when someone said they could do it right in their living room. "That's the way it should be," Keller says. "It's hard to separate living here and the music." (Bob Cantu)

...Smart Brown Handbag bags it, but there's good news...

as "Automatic," come off more on the stale, repetitive side compared to the other tracks that pierce your groove sensors with laser-beam accuracy. (Roger Park)

THE AVENGERS VI

Real Cool Hits (Bacchus)

Fire up the tiki torches for this rockin' surf-band reissue. The album was the only one from these six Anaheim dudes, with all the tracks laid down during an all-nighter in 1964. It was originally sold by the Good Humor Company from ice cream trucks! *Real Cool Hits* mixes covers like "Downtown" and theme songs from *Peter Gunn* and *A Summer Place* with their own compositions; the best being "The Avengers' Stomp" and "Time Bomb" (later covered by Man or Astroman?). The modest production values are forgivable in light of the band's cohesive instrumentation and the classic feel of bonafide surf. (Andy Keown)

FOR STARS

We Are Beautiful People (Future Farmer)

There's a poetic beauty to For Stars' front-man Carlos Forster. The San Francisco

band's third CD aches with the anger and bitterness of grunge ("And the memory that I have of my beautifully fucked-up dad...") softened with country and folk reminiscent of Bob Dylan. Jerky vocals speak of loss and longing. The band needn't feel obliged to temper their bitterness with upbeat songs. When they do, it compromises their earnest melancholy. (Kristin Gifford)

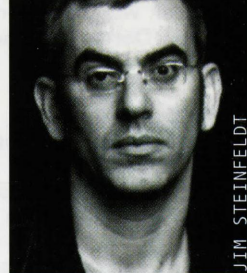
DAVID STEINHART

Clean (Stonegarden Records)

I love pop. I love melodies. I don't want to hear about your child abuse. So thank Christ for David Steinhart, who makes great pop, not crap-radio pop. Remember great pop? Lulling melodies, dulcet voices sans sweetening? *Clean* is just what it claims to be, stripped-down, thoughtful pop that never gets coy. When he sings "This is just a sad love song," he's backed by an optimistic Burt Bacharach-style vibraphone that belies his claim. Steinhart's sensitive-guy approach and his experiences on both ends of breakups give you songs to identify with no matter where you are in your love life. If you're wondering what happened to Steinhart's last band, Smart Brown Handbag, he explains it on the short 'n'

sweet opening track, whose chorus goes, "Not so smart after all." But it's devoid of bitterness; in fact, the whole CD resonates with the feeling you get when you get over someone faster than you expected to. (Ruth Reynolds)

Pop without preservatives: David Steinhart goes solo

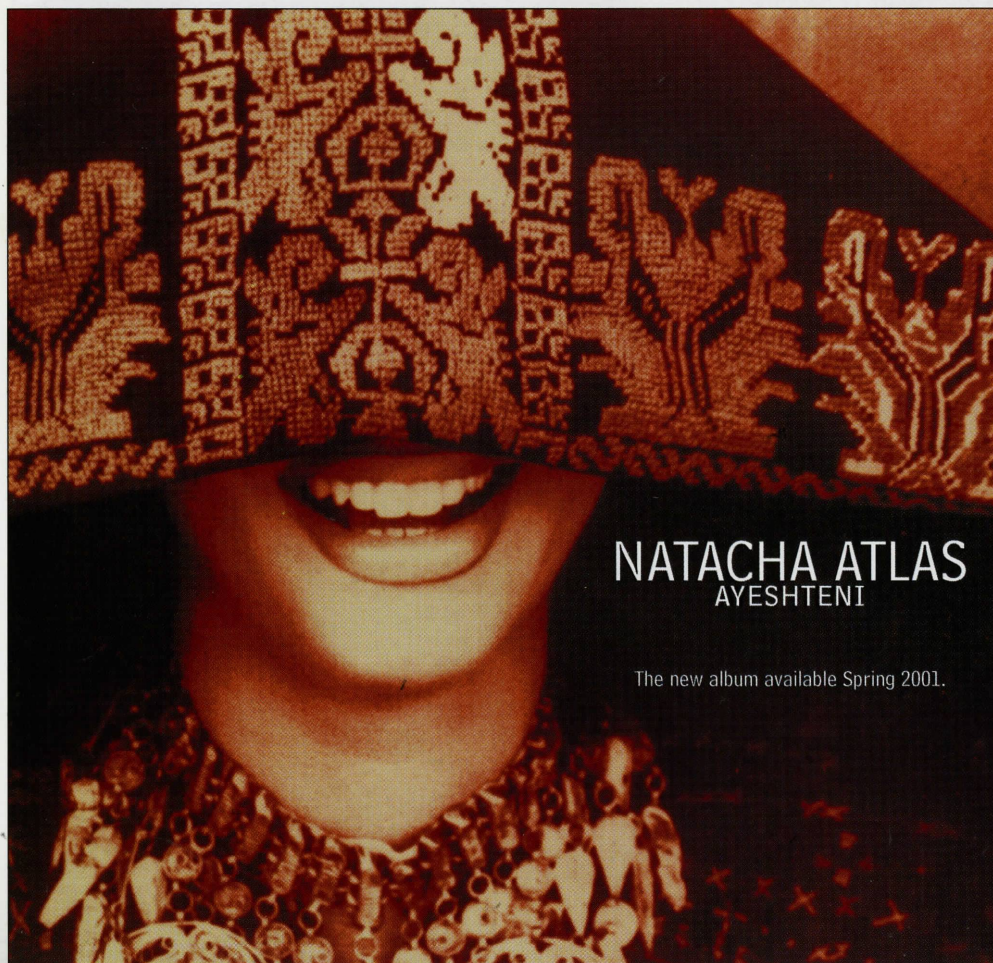


JIM STEINFELDT

JAMES COMBS

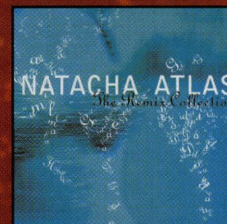
Please Come Down (Ubiquity)

The former front guy for the indie outfit Arson Garden is now flying solo, singing rainy-day songs that cast small rays of sunshine with warm melodies and wistful choruses. The opening, "Soft Star Mode," reminds me of the Foo Fighters' acoustic version of "Everlong," while "4 Star Alarm" has Combs pounding it out with all the testosterone of Ani DiFranco. Walking somewhere along the path of Elliot Smith and Badly Drawn Boy, Combs competently pens poignance and gives it voice with his trembling, high-octave style. (Mar Yvette)



NATACHA ATLAS
AYESHTENI

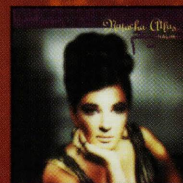
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Go West, young band

LA's not just full of implants, it's full of transplants, too. Why leave the fertile farmlands for the City of Angels? Five bands sing the LA's praises and bemoan its drawbacks						
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	moved from	Cleveland, OH	San Francisco, CA	Nashville TN via Oklahoma	Fargo, ND via Minneapolis, MN	London, UK
	reason for leaving	to pursue a musical career in a more conducive environment	we liked it after visiting	warm weather	the musical climate sucks in Minneapolis	to conquer America
	epiphanies about LA	home can be found or made anywhere	every time we leave the house something interesting happens	most LA bands suck	there's more to LA than Hollywood	The very rich are very stupid
	biggest complaint about LA	people who don't know how to use their fucking turn signals	smog	all the "I-wanna-sound-just-like-Rage" musicians	worst drivers ever	see above
	biggest love of LA	increased chances of being seen and heard by industry nerds	an appreciation for whimsy	beautiful girls!	the climate	sun
	most homesick for	ideals..... and stadium mustard.	family members	\$2 Pabst Blue Ribbon	good and plentiful coffee shops	certain individuals

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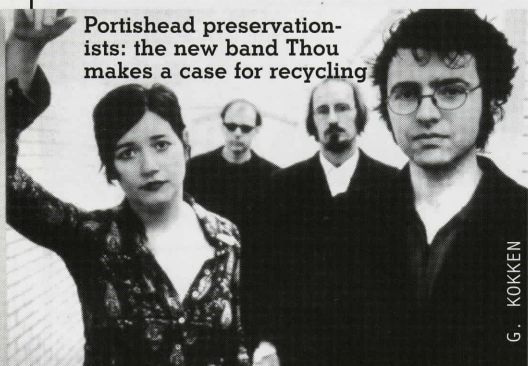
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...Thou records over unused Portishead tracks...



Portishead preservationists: the new band Thou makes a case for recycling

THOU

Put Us In Tune (SeeThru Broadcasting)

Does the fact that Thou's U.S. debut was recorded over unused Portishead rhythm tracks automatically make it trip-hop? Not exactly. Ridding themselves of all the Tricky/Portishead comparisons that accompanied their first two albums, Thou has indeed put us in tune with an array of atmospheric, fuzzy electronics that fuse straightforward pop simplicity with an experimental edge. Guitarist Bart Vincent's kitschy male falsetto and Thom Yorke-ish laments brush nicely against female vocalist Does de Wolf's balmy dreaminess. It all

gels perfectly, with the exception of the lo-fi excerpt at the beginning of "C'est Moi"; it sounds like the climaxing moment of some trashy porno flick. (Mar Yvette)

FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE

Beautiful (Emperor Norton)

"I am beautiful!" The opening one-line track of Fantastic Plastic Machine's third release is a prelude to aural paradise where everyone is beautiful, trees sway, the sun always shines. The incarnation of Japanese export Tomoyuki Tanaka, FPM is the progenitor of brilliant Bacharach-style samples filled with flighty flutes, leaping bass lines, and deep grooves layered between Barry White-like voiceovers and female whispers. The amped-up Copacabana vibes and lounge numbers are as appropriate for an Express store as they are on a WeHo dance floor. (Mar Yvette)

BY A THREAD

The Last of the Daydreams (Revelation)

Only a band from Canada would call this hardcore. It's emo with some irresistible slow stoner-rock riffs. Beavis and Butthead would totally rock out to this, and then

they'd become mortified when it dawns on them that all lyrics are about wanting to be all mushy with girls. I guess Canada is good for one thing: it's far enough away from America's pretty-boy hard rock to elude its musical clichés. (Ruth Reynolds).

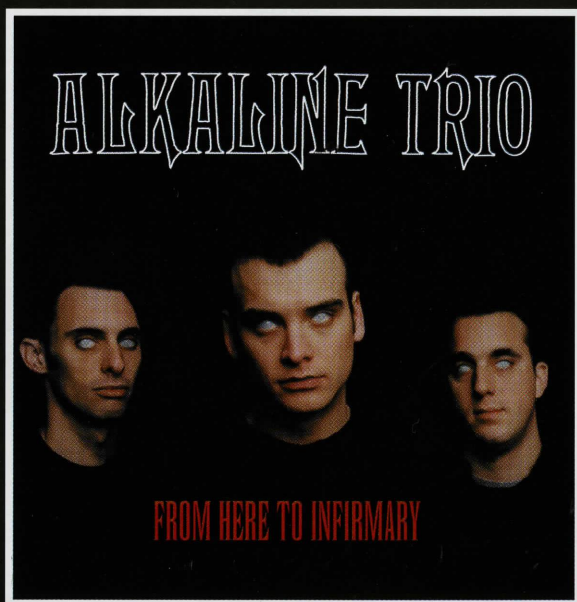
THE DOWN 'n' OUTS

Subterranean Beat Punk Blues (Max Picou Records)

Back in 1973 music critic (and later, guitarist with the Patti Smith Group) Lenny Kaye compiled the first *Nuggets* album for Elektra Records featuring a host of forgotten '60s singles by the likes of the Standells, Chocolate Watch Band and Shadows Of Knight. Who would have guessed that nearly three decades later underground bands would still be taking inspiration from those fuzzy psychedelic sounds? Like the LA band the Fuzztones, Denver, Colorado's Down 'n' Outs sound like something time-warped out of the mid-'60s. Taking a cue from the stand off-ish attitude of the Standells and the Music Machine, the Down 'n' Outs offer up signature tambourine shakes and caveman screams in all the right places. It's probably the most fun retro '60s album since the Pandoras' *It's About Time*. (Bob Cantu)

ALKALINE TRIO

FROM HERE TO INFIRMARY



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...The Slackers remind us of yesteryear's soulful ska...

THAT DARN PUNK

Soundtrack from the film *That Darn Punk* (Kung Fu)

This is a 28-track comp of rock anthems, slippery pop ditties and snippets of dialogue from the film of the same name, starring Joe Escalante of the Vandals. It's a psychotic carpool of previously unavailable music by the Ataris, Vandals, Swingin' Utters and Nerf Herder, in addition to classic cuts by Rancid, Pennywise and Lagwagon. This CD maintains a breakneck pace, so by the time you get to "Only You" by "emocore" kings No Motiv, you welcome the moody release. Josh Freese's "Why Won't Left-Eye Get with Me?" typifies the laff-riot undertone. An ambitious compilation, it energizes, ridicules and emotes so well, you have to get the film to bear witness to the Alex Cox-ness of it all. (Doreen Sanchez)

FABULOUS DISASTER

Put Out or Get Out (Emperor Norton)

If harmonies were a crime, this band would be guilty of a felony! These girls crank out one tight punk ode after another on their debut album produced by the harmony god himself, Fat Mike of NOFX. Imagine if the Go-Go's & the Ramones had babies and sent them to the Joan Jett Academy of Punk Style. These veterans of the San Francisco fetish scene have been around the block a few times, and offer up their wise opinions on songs like "Rich Bitches in Volvos Piss Me Off." (Doreen Sanchez)

THE SLACKERS

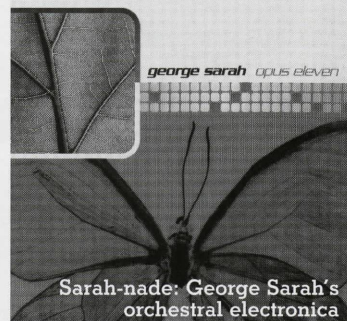
Wasted Days (Epitaph)

Lo and behold, the ultra-magnetically winsome and romantic CD to put on when the sun is going down, tiki torches are being lit and your friends are starting to feel their buzz at your BBQ. This falls on the classier side of ska, with its understated rhythms, jaunty beats and timeless, hollowed-out vocals. These NY natives have created a beautiful disc that transported me back to 1984, the first time I heard the Specials or saw Fishbone. (Doreen Sanchez)

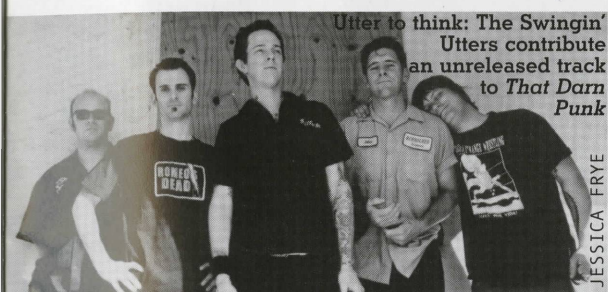
GEORGE SARAH

Opus Eleven (Beautiful is as Beautiful Does)

A beautifully simple booty-shaking drum track makes you want to stomp your feet, and then dreamy keyboards make you feel like your simultaneously floating heavenward. For some reason the first track on George Sarah's debut reminds me of *Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark*—not their hits, but all those great songs on *Dazzle Ships* and *Architecture and Morality*. His two-CD album rocks with variations on this formula, which feels deep one moment and superficial the next, the way electronica often does. It's addictive listening for even this non-fan of techno. As the CD progresses, it veers toward classical on some tracks, Beatles-balladesque on others, and on others still, poppy songs that sound like themes to teen TV shows (in fact, Sarah has done tracks for "Buffy," "Angel," and perhaps most impressive, a Japanese game show). (Ruth Reynolds)

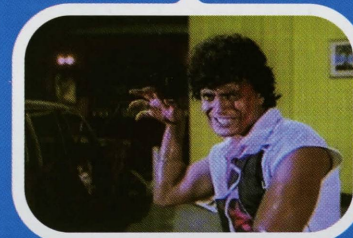
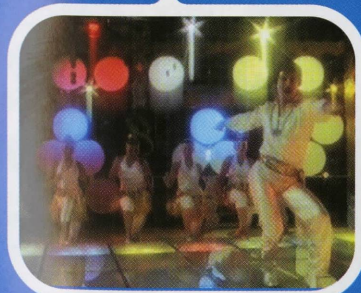
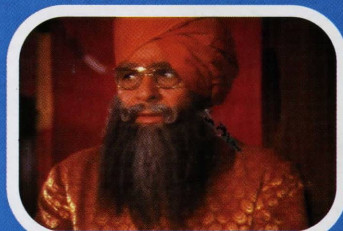
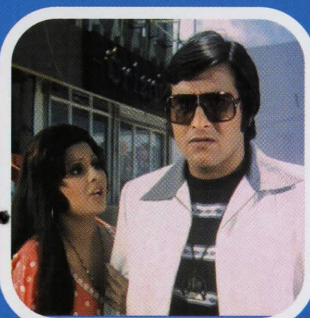
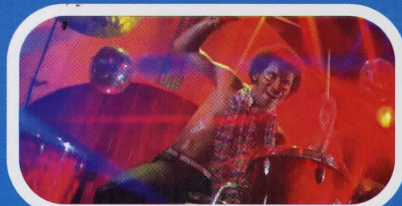


Sarah-nade: George Sarah's orchestral electronica



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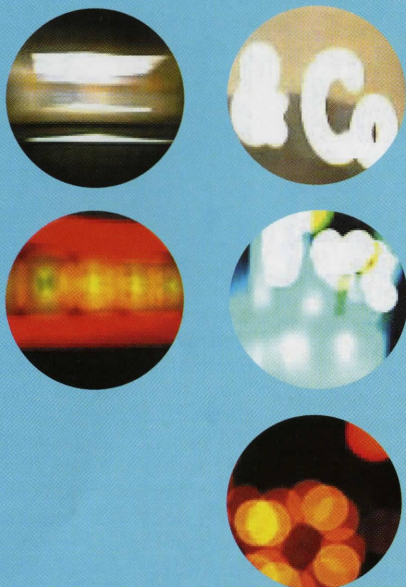
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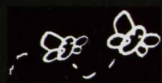
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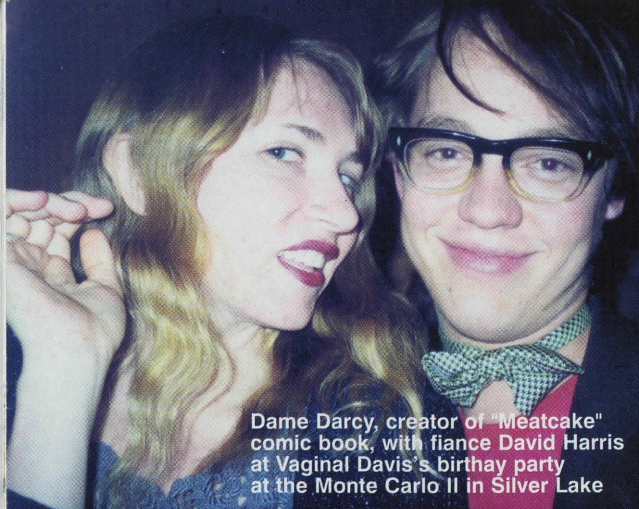
PALM SWINGS

SWOONING
FOR A
SWOOPY TREE

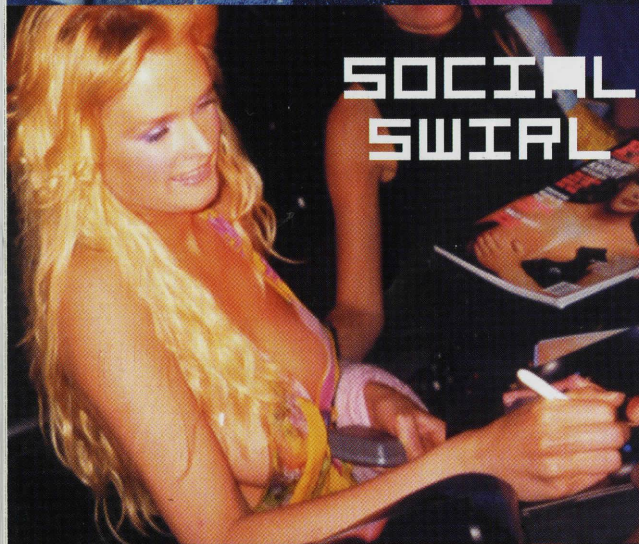
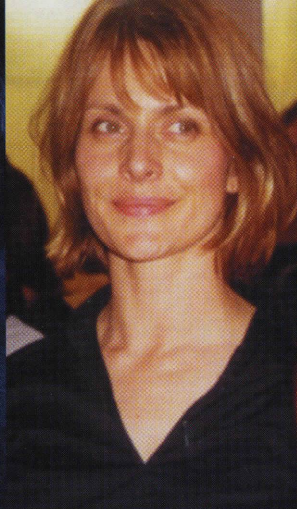
We stumbled upon this swoopy *Glue* moment on a day trip to Palm Springs. This demented palm tree has made a home at "Desertland" (a.k.a. The Moorten Botanical Garden) for 70 years.

Notice the bright green grass. This is an anomaly of Palm Springs, where, in defiance of its desert locale, natural underground springs water acres of lawns and golf courses. It is said that the water will dry up in two centuries. So enjoy it while you can!



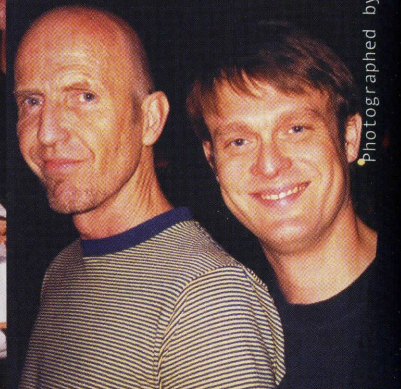


Dame Darcy, creator of "Meatcake" comic book, with fiance David Harris at Vaginal Davis's birthday party at the Monte Carlo II in Silver Lake

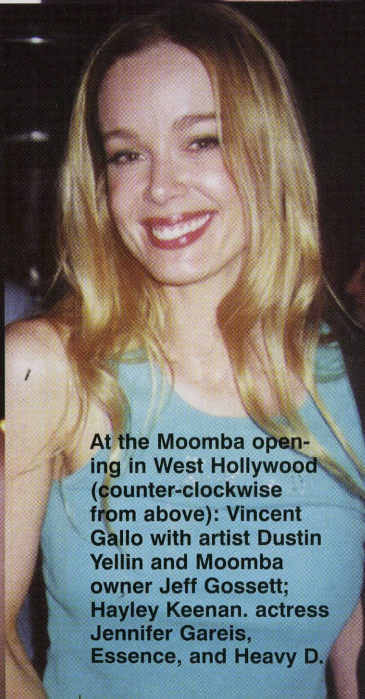


SOCIAL SWIRL

At the Vanity Fair/Guess Jeans party at Les Deux Cafes in Hollywood: Kylie Bax (left), whose fans were interested in another magazine, Nastassja Kinski (above); Kirsten Dunst reads VF, Danny Masterson and Ashton Kutcher of "That '70s Show," (above right) Monk magazine's Michael and Jim (far right)



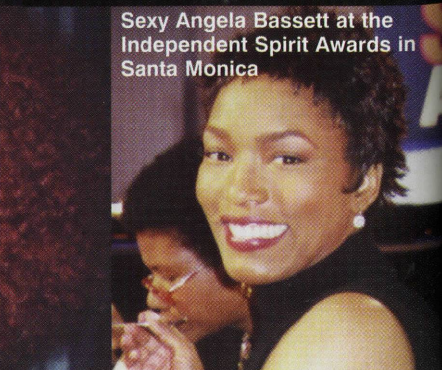
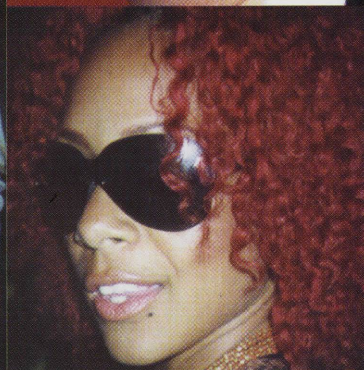
Kelly and Kim Deal do a secret Breeders show at the Garage in Silver Lake



At the Moomba opening in West Hollywood (counter-clockwise from above): Vincent Gallo with artist Dustin Yellin and Moomba owner Jeff Gossett; Hayley Keenan, actress Jennifer Gareis, Essence, and Heavy D.



Filmmaker Penelope Spheeris with Sharon Osbourne (Ozzy's wife) at the Egyptian Theater screening for We Sold Our Souls for Rock 'n' Roll



Sexy Angela Bassett at the Independent Spirit Awards in Santa Monica



Just a little reminder

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