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the magazine for the rest of us

featuring
sofia coppola

super (natural) style

gaming with
the beat junkies

artist profiles

leo rodriguez
torch fontana
jamie thinnes

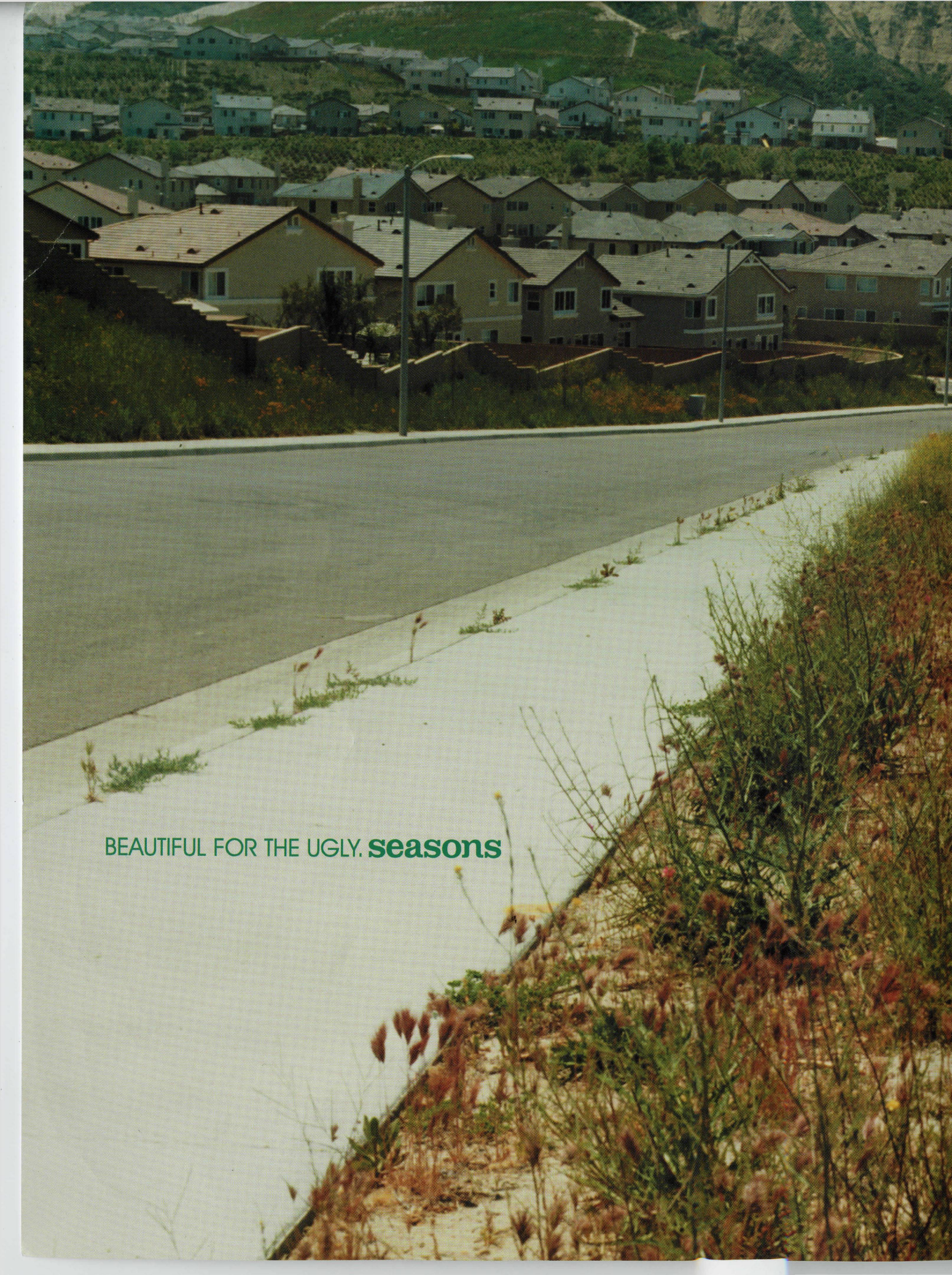
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volume 2 / issue 4
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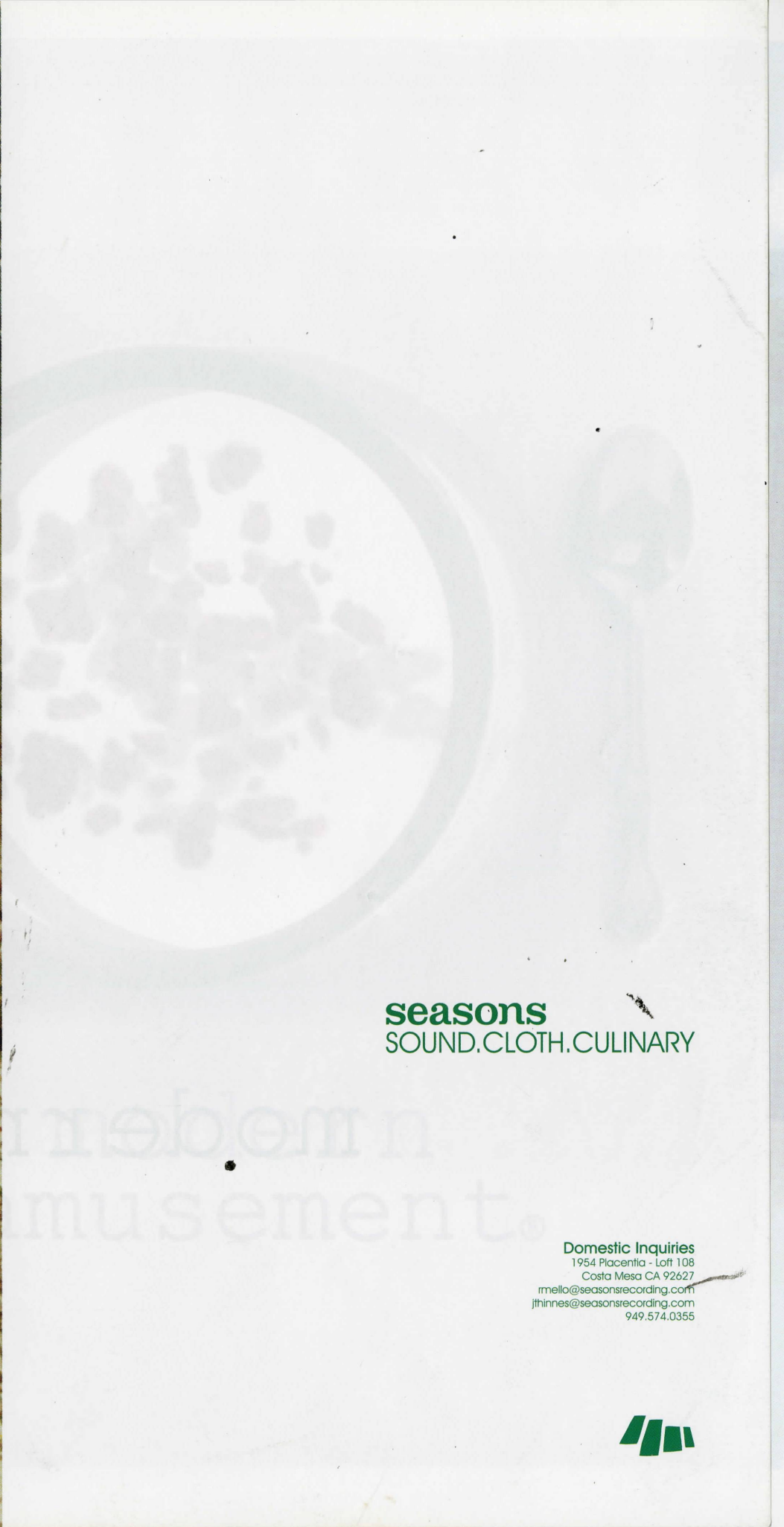
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A photograph of a suburban neighborhood. In the foreground, a wide, light-colored paved road curves from the bottom left towards the right. To the right of the road, there is a concrete curb and a grassy area with some small plants. In the background, a hillside is covered with numerous houses, mostly with light-colored roofs and walls. The houses are arranged in a tiered fashion, following the slope of the hill. The overall scene is a typical suburban landscape.

BEAUTIFUL FOR THE UGLY. **seasons**

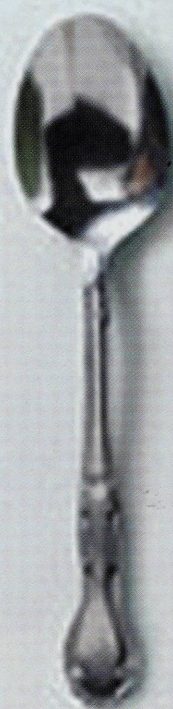


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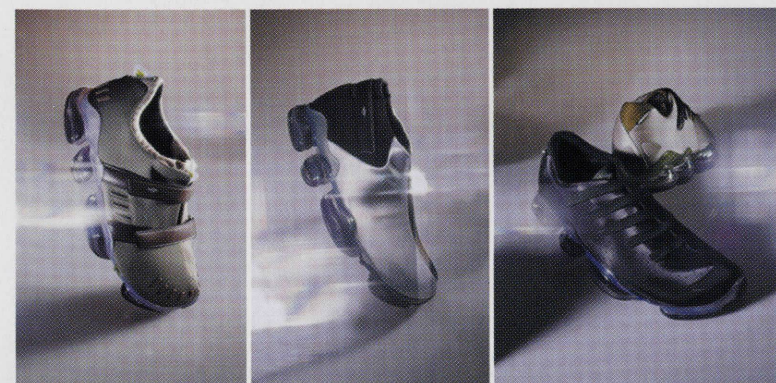
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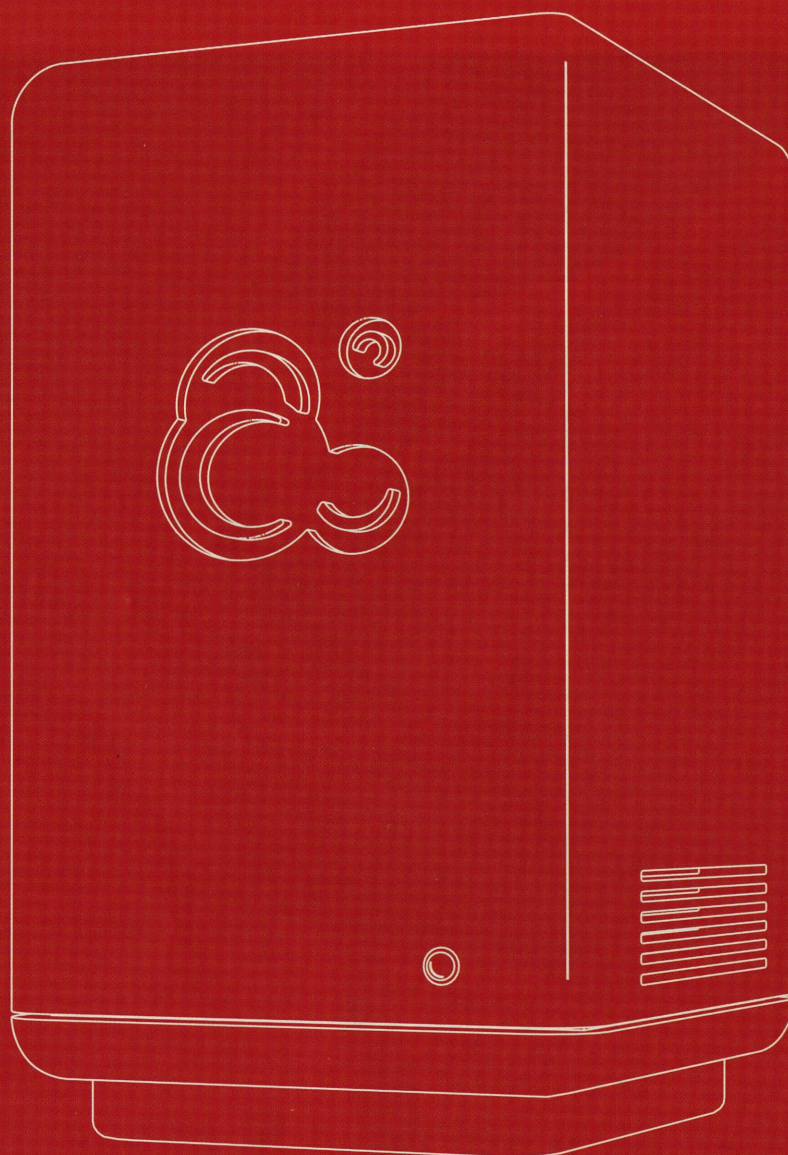


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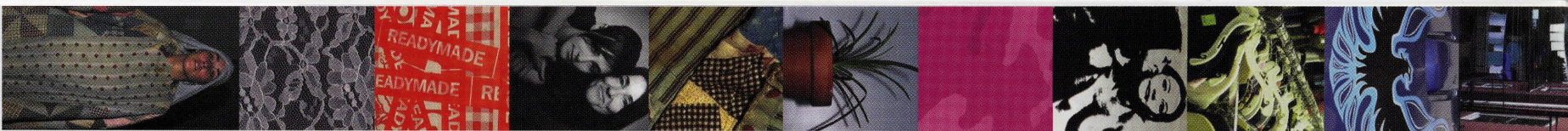
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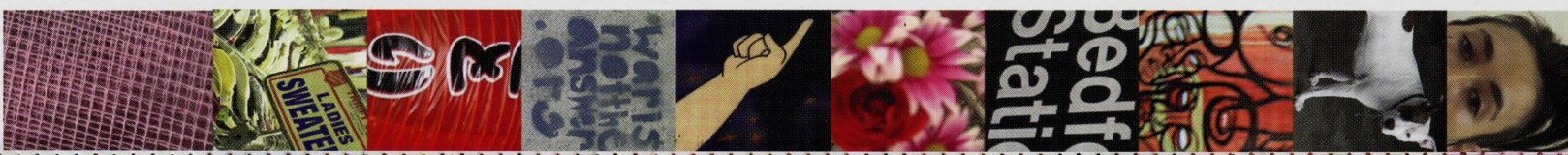
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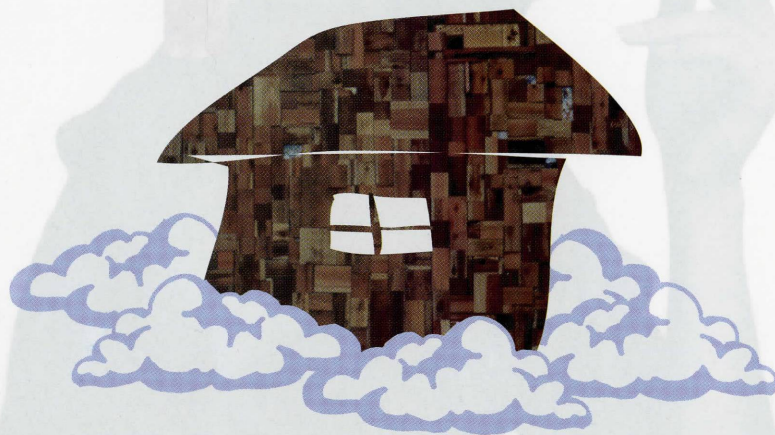
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table of contents

sofia coppola

32

spring fashion:

super (natural) style

fresh picked

hanging out...



59

26

45

profiles:

jaime thlnes

torch fontana

17

21

featured designer:

leo rodriguez

69

guest video game & console reviews

with the world famous beat junkies

50

new artist activity book:

featured artist: torch fontana

35

review:

spring cleaning your teeth

24

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featured gear in this issue, check out:

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on the cover products
clockwise from top:

1. reebok diamond
2. adidas original terry
3. nike dunk
4. freshjive cubano
5. ok47 tank
6. seasons gingham
7. ambiguous check

table of contents

sofia coppola

32

**spring fashion:
super (natural) style
fresh picked
hanging out...**



**59
26
45**

**profiles:
jaime thinnes
torch fontana**

**17
21**

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69

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featured artist: torch fontana**

35

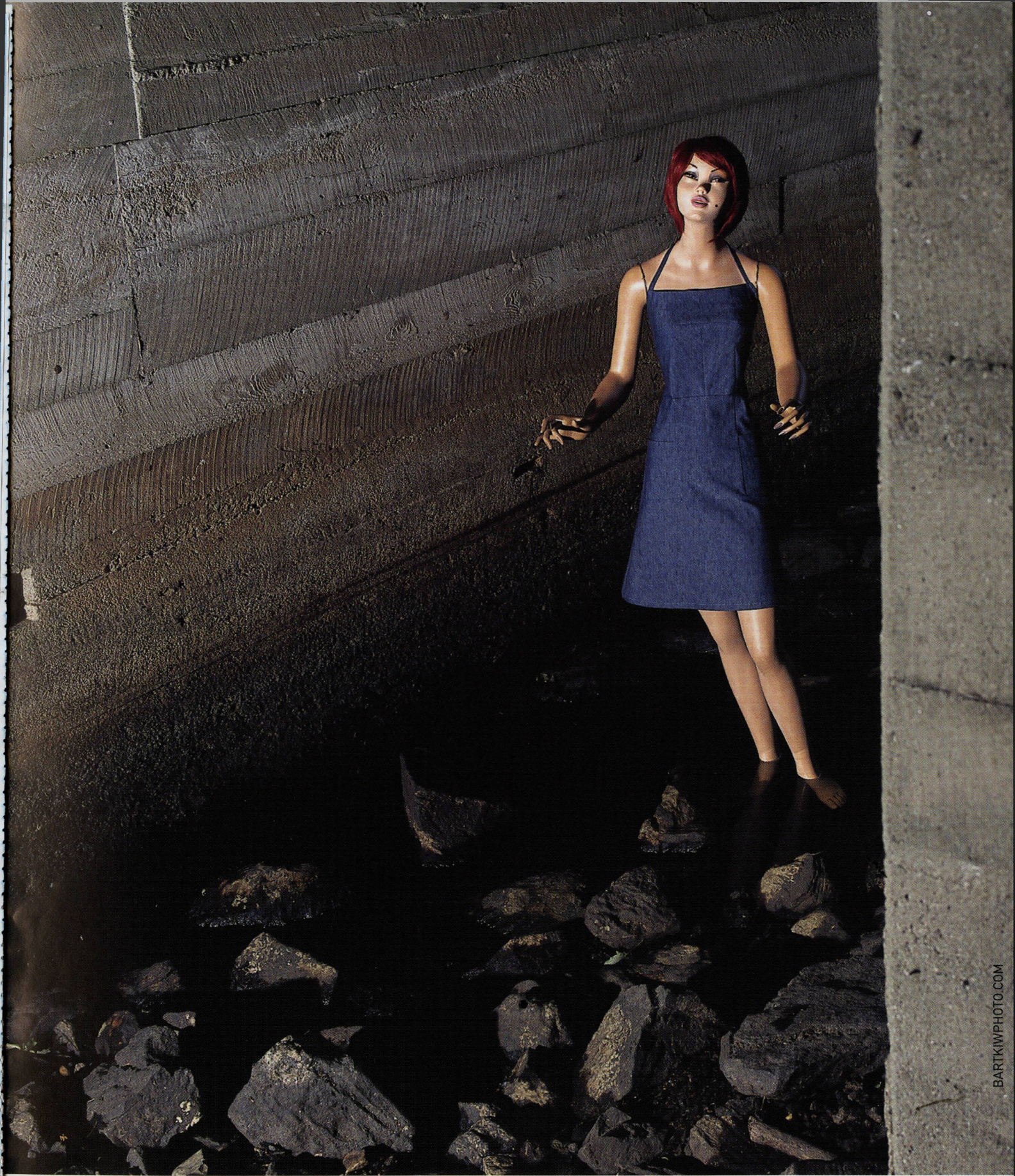
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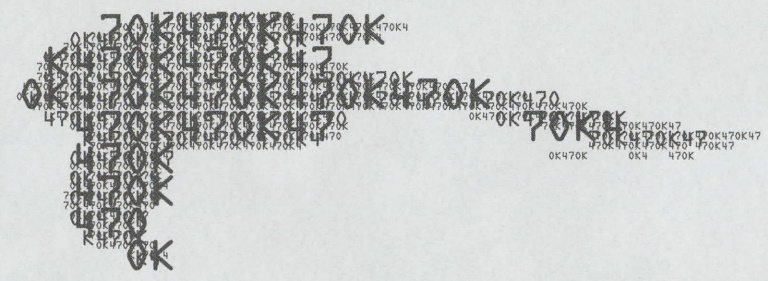
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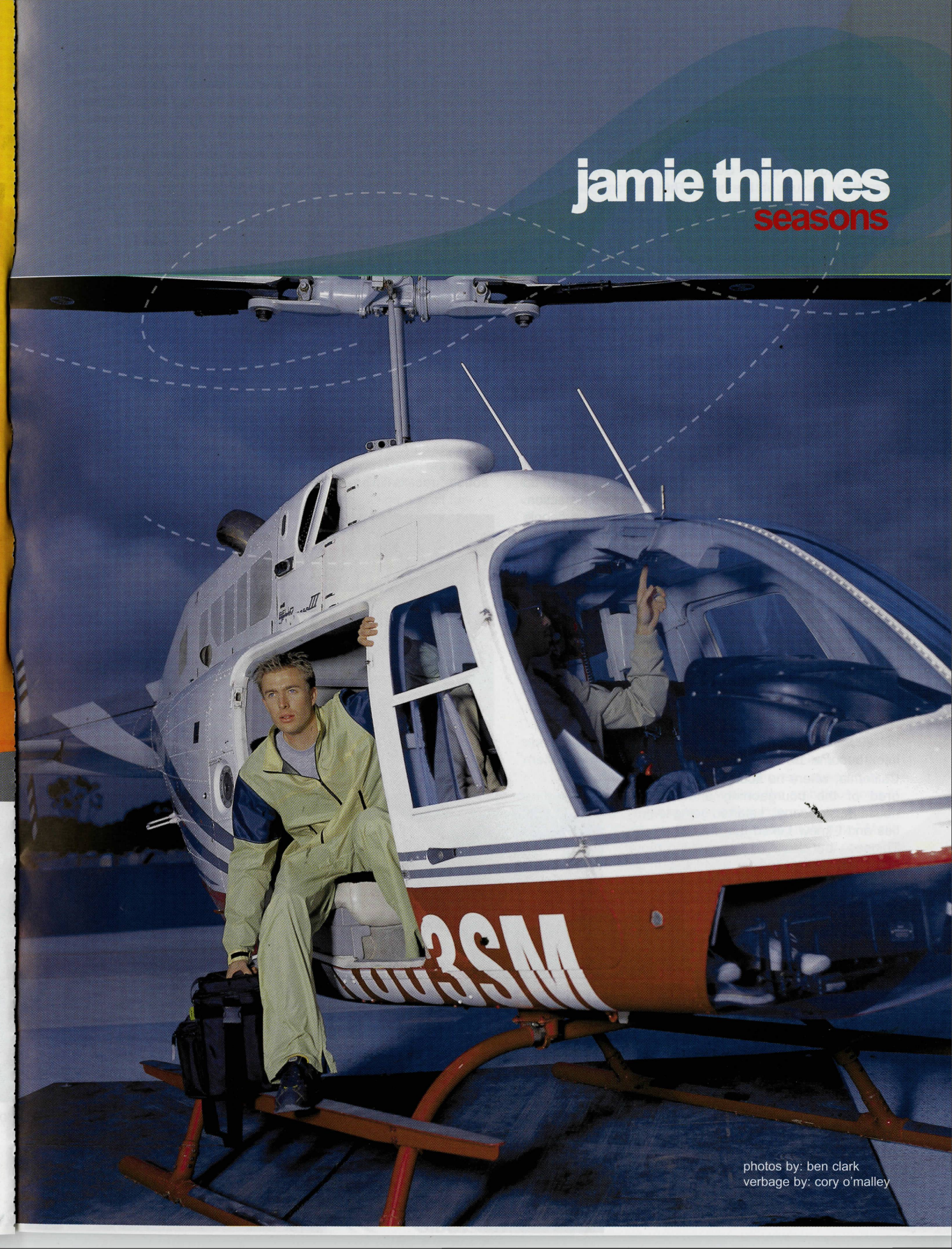


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jamie thinnes

seasons



photos by: ben clark
verbage by: cory o'malley

"It's a beautiful day at Seasons," Randy Mello says, answering the telephone. It's the type of thing you want to imagine someone saying every time he picks up the telephone, but you have a hard time believing it. I make a mental note to call back again to see if he says it every time. It does sound like things are looking up at Seasons. "I cannot wait to meet Sumo," Mello tells me, referring to the newest addition to the Seasons roster. "The music is incredible. It's just off the hook. They're from Sweden—we put their flag in [the album cover]—the thing's called *Sumo Workout*," notes Mello with a grin. "Sumo wrestlers with the Swedish flag; I mean, are you kidding me?!" It is this kind of idiosyncratic synthesis that draws Randy Mello to his work. He free-associates for effect: "Integrated sound/cloth stations," he offers, oblivious to my inability to get a handle on the concept. "When you roll up to a Seasons station you get a killer pair of headphones with like five CDs in it. You put on the headphones and you're listening to the music, and at the same time you're on the hangers peepin' the clothes."

I'm not quite sure I understand what he's talking about, but his delivery is engaging. And he's on a roll: "We're overboard on capacity at Chimayo [a weekly "Night"—the newest Seasons creative venture, combining live music with an intimate, casual culinary experience—at the restaurant Chimayo on the Huntington Beach Pier]. I've drawn up another contract for six months," he notes with satisfaction. "I see this culinary thing rocking through L.A. I see people going to chef school now and getting into the culinary. Sound, Cloth and Culinary. I think we're doing three things good, and maybe three things great later on."

Mello's partner Jamie Thinnies elucidates the topic. "The music is a good branding thing. When people go out to dinner to dine, they're there for one reason, and that's a good experience. It's the same thing with a nightclub, when music's being played: People are there to have a good time. So it's a subtle way of branding."

Nature's Composition

In 1990, Jamie Thinnies, founder of what would a decade later become Seasons Recordings, moved to Southern California, where he soon became enamored of the burgeoning underground house music scene. "I started going to parties and I knew I liked the music," recalls Thinnies, "but there was something more that I was interested in. Watching a DJ take a room of 1,000 people," he continues, "and with each record being able to move and play off the moods of the listeners just amazed me." Under the guidance of Doc Martin and Steve Loria, Thinnies began playing out. "I just kind of picked it up and practiced," notes Thinnies with the detached coolness that is characteristic of much of the music that he has gone on to produce for Seasons.

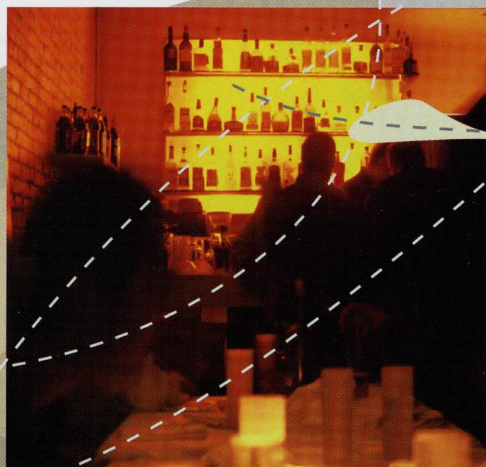
First playing around Orange County, Thinnies quickly made a name for himself in the greater LA area by opening for Doc

Martin and Loria. "It was an honor [to play with] those guys," recalls Thinnies. "I'd been watching them since I was little and growing up." From there, he began to market himself outside Southern California through mix tapes, "which are the best word of mouth," he states, "because people dub them and they trickle. A couple of my tapes made it into promoters' hands."

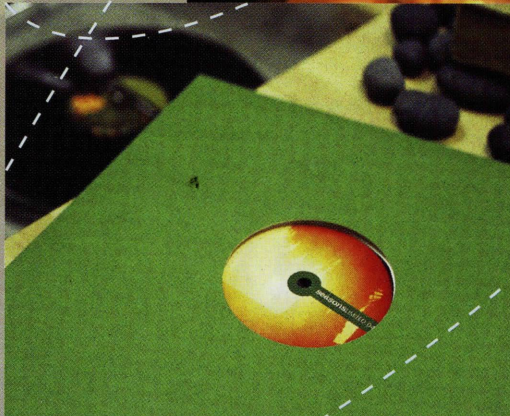
Thinnies has played extensively across the United States and Europe, and he currently holds a regular residence in Puerto Vallarta. When I spoke with him he had just returned from South Africa and was preparing to leave for Australia. "This is my first time going to Australia," Thinnies offers with a grin, considering the places Seasons is taking him. "I don't know anybody, but I've talked to some people via e-mail. I don't know them, but they are into the label, so I kind of know what they are about."

The Seasons roster is an eclectic mix of deep house DJs taking cues from tribal, garage, and dub. Seasons compilations like the early *Nature's Composition* and the recently released *Ground Zero Project*, featuring the likes of DJ Heather, 2nd Shift and Curb Feelers, are seamlessly mixed by Thinnies, creating the effect of a continuous, organic track, or of the type of set performed by Thinnies in a live setting. The releases are generally down-tempo, fitting comfortably into the larger, sophisticated and subtle tone of Seasons.

While mix tapes created an avenue for Thinnies to play all over the world, the label brought the world to him. "When I started to find my sound," recalls Thinnies, "I started enjoying a lot of UK-based pro-



profiles



duction. I'm also really into design, and a lot of US labels didn't really take design to the next level. I just wanted to contribute, to bring something that looked as good as it sounded." This attention to design is evident in the high quality sleeves that sheath Seasons vinyl. Not only do the vibrant green sleeves stand out against the traditional black and white, they also feature a raised strip that functions as a kind of Braille to a DJ thumbing through his stack while keeping an eye on the crowd. Thinnies first started putting out music in 1998, under the label Earthtones. In 2000 he changed directions, trademarking the name "Seasons" for both sound and cloth. "It was basically in the closet," recalls Thinnies of the early days of clothing design. "I did T-shirts and fleece, but I had never worked with someone who knew the business." Mello joined Seasons last year, quickly creating what is now the Fall/Winter line. "Randy knew the label and our design," notes Thinnies, "and I knew his background with Roial. I trust his judgment completely.

Beautiful For The Ugly

If Jamie Thinnies is the embodiment of Seasons' cool detachment, Randy Mello is the personification of the company's seemingly boundless ambitions. He speaks rapidly, in a steady, measured tone punctuated by the evocative energy of his vision. Mello articulates his excitement over Seasons so well that one cannot help but be drawn into his vibe. I find myself forgetting, while talking to him, that I am not part of the Seasons empire, unnerved at somehow being cut out of their elaborate scheme.

Like the music, the tone of the clothing is understated, sophisticated and subtle, an aesthetic that Mello has learned from over a decade in the casual wear industry, having worked with Eurofunk, Jamaica Style, Paul Frank and Roial. The lines are classic, and the designs are comfortable and warm in their simplicity. The 22 male and 8 female items in the Fall line were created with a characteristic Seasons nod to the timeless in lieu of the trendy. The T-shirt and fleece graphics follow the same aesthetic line. Images are rendered simply and unobtrusively on the flat colors that comprise the cloth palate.

This subtlety is evident not only in the clothing itself, but in the marketing surrounding the clothing. A Fall flipbook features photographs and simple line illustrations, but only the hint of clothing. When clothing is incorporated into an image, it is incidental, a mere complement to the greater concerns of the image.

There is a faux nature motif running through the flipbook and through the greater marketing scheme in general. A line graphic features the silhouette of a nuclear reactor stack; another is a photograph of electrical wires. Both are symbols of the harnessing of nature. Two opposing pages of the flip book feature deer, flanking the central print, "crossing"; one page is a photograph of live deer, the other a graphic illustration. There is a theme within Seasons' design language concerning the movement between the natural and the constructed, stylistic aesthetic of natural-ness. Again and again, the seamless interchangeability between the real and the constructed is played with, from the mixture of live and synthetic instrumentation in the music to the intensive design of the casual wear. It is a philosophy that works well for the company. It creates a vibe that is as natural as it is constructed, and it appeals to the transcendent power of nature itself as a marketing tool, which is at least clever.

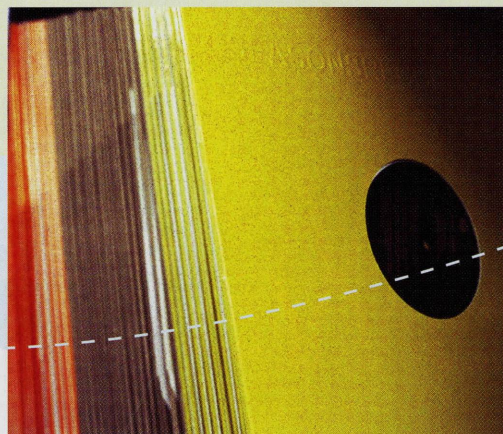
Food Tastes Better With Music

Seasons Culinary is where all of this is going; the circle realized. Having hosted Nights that bring together the music of Seasons DJs and the cuisine of upscale eateries, Thinnies and Mello present their vision of a new environment in which their aesthetic concerns are fully achieved. "It's all about the music and the conversation and the company," suggests Thinnies, encapsulating the dynamic. "Go to dinner, have some wine: You're in your groove."

A well-received weekly Night at Chimayo in Huntington Beach, as well as several "Sushi Nights" at various Japanese restaurants in Orange County, has inspired the pair to dream big. Seasons is currently organizing Nights at locations in Los Angeles, Seattle, Dallas and San Diego.

"Number one, meeting the chef and having a taste," Mello tells me when I ask him what criteria goes into finding a place to host a Seasons Night. "The food's got to hit it right on." I shouldn't by now be surprised to find that the standards of excellence required of both the Seasons sound and cloth would also be demanded of the culinary sources. "We've never once looked at price range; it doesn't bother us for anything." And although the Seasons line is very reasonably priced, it appears to be aimed at a more sophisticated and financially secure market: a clientele with cultivated tastes, able to appreciate style as much as content. "And then aesthetics," Mello continues, "the decor. Very much the decor and the food."

I met with Thinnies a few hours before the first Seasons Night held at Chive, a hip, smart bistro in San Diego's Gaslamp District. The interior of the restaurant is perfectly suited to Seasons' style: spacious, understated, with crisp and clean lines, and full of stylish, attractive people. "We like to check the vibe, taste the food," notes Thinnies, casually, expressing the method with which he and Mello approach a space that might be suitable for a Seasons residence. "And we like the staff to be knowledgeable about what they are doing," he adds. "I get a really good feeling here in San Diego," he remarks, surveying Third Street, slightly congested with foot traffic, alive with the evening's possibilities. "It's a beautiful day at Seasons." I called Mello three times in a single day, from different telephones, specifically to hear him answer at least once without the ambitious tone of an entrepreneur on the cusp of cultural domination. No such luck. "There's a new generation happening right now," Mello tells me, "in sound, cloth and culinary." Seasons is poised to take on the world with a three-pronged attack. "There's something happening," he continues, "and I'm excited about it."





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Pacific Northwest native Torch Fontana migrated to Long Beach on a path of inward excavation. He is an artist and designer who works in multiple mediums: painting, drawing, digital design, and more. While the landscape of his Southern California environment may seem the antithesis of Seattle or Portland, a continuation of Mr. Fontana's graffiti background and Eastern influences can be recognized throughout his body of work. A senior student at Otis College of Art and Design, he keeps a busy schedule of creation, work, sight, and exploration.

can you dig it

starfish chats with torch fontana



January has just begun in sunny So. Cal., and we've sat down with Torch to find out what he's dug up lately.

SF: Thanks for getting together with us Torch. Good to see you again, here at the start of the New Year. Looking back, what was your 2001 like?

TF: Good, real good. Last year was all about the balance point between a sense of chaos and order. With my artwork, I think that I experienced an accelerated evolution. I explored more, and ventured further in mixing multiple mediums with my roots in painting. It evolved into a great dance between canvas, brush, and texture with other elements that were in my memory from other projects. It resulted in a cross-pollination of elements I have long been interested in, along with the usual accidental or spontaneous forms. I like where this last year left me, I'm looking forward to what's to come.

SF: Did this last year leave you with a hang-over?

TF: No. Actually, I spent New Year's Eve underground this year. This was the second time I've spent the holiday in California, and I stayed close to home, with good friends, well under radar.

SF: Sounds good. I hear three times is a charm. How long have you been here?



TF: I've been here for about three and a half years, but I still feel that I'm a foreigner. My home environment still weighs heavy in my head. My heart still walks in the trees.

SF: What influences have you carried with you from your roots in the PNW?

TF: The colors that I choose in much of my work, definitely draws on the hues of the Pacific Northwest. Moving away from the environment I was raised in, I see much more clearly the effect that environment had on my work. I am greatly influenced by the full spectrum of seasons changing, fresh air, forests, and most notably silence. I think that it's the silence that allowed me to be more introspective, and really begin to dig into the spiritual dirt of life. But, there was also the urban jungle, the late night bombs with my crew making something new for the folks to think about the next day on their way to work.

SF: You're talking about graffiti, but you're not still blazing up yards. Besides a few long nights in jail, what made you take the leap and jump into the fine art side of expression?

TF: Well, I came down here for school at Otis. At times, I felt a little restrained. Don't get me wrong. I have learned a lot from my time there. But I had really begun to feel pigeonholed. I was studying illustration, but my ideas didn't always come fit just for illustration. I think ideas are really the seed of art. I have felt that art should be expressed in the medium that is best suited to embody the integrity of the idea. I just wanted to refine my skills, then produce work, and grow; I think that's all you can ask for.

SF: What has your most recent environment supplied for you as far as a creative tap?



TF: Well, we're in "LA-land", baby. They're writing the history books in the movie theatres. My recent works have all had in some way, a sense of anthropology. I am exploring fiction and non-fiction, in the sense that I feel at times much like a scientist, "unearthing" parts of myself as well as my surroundings. This summer I showed a number of works from my 'Sandbox Series.' The characters and narratives in that series, as well as the pieces I have since been working on are very textual and layered. They are part of me, but they are also strangers to me, maybe the guy at the bus stop or the woman serving me my breakfast... or you.

SF: Well we're flattered, and curious. It seems your sense of community and culture really shapes your expression.

Oh yes, I am fascinated with people and their stories. Cultures carrying and passing on their heritage, how we can cherish that and still move forward and participate in the mix of it all. I really believe that you are the company you keep. Ideas are created in this mix. In the ways the various communities express themselves. In graffiti, the artist, the creator is called a writer. I am a writer of my own narrative, but I also take on and write the narratives of my community, my tribe.

I am really influenced by indigenous cultures. Many of these cultures used art as a form of 'medicine,' and a way of illustrating the visions of the shaman to the rest of the community. I feel that I am a conduit at times, moving the magic and energy of those who surround me, through me, onto a page.

SF: Sounds more like a sorcerer than a scientist. But then, the medicine men of old might have had to get a PhD today. Hey Torch, what's in your fridge?

TF: Cheese, of course.

SF: Now, that's what were talking about! Cheese and art...who could ask for more. So, what are you working on now?

Right now, I'm working on a series of "manuscripts." I am unearthing passages and notations from my past and only recently I've found the comfort to explore and express a profound experience that now I see as a crossroads or turning point; a choice was made. These manuscripts explore that unison of choice and the teachings hidden there. I am working on that moment and best trying to express what I see as a universal moment. We have all been there, we will all be there again, I'm sure. We're bound to repeat I think. But, take the seasons...each time the season's round, spring is still something new.

SF: We agree. We're told that there is nothing new. But in an age of remixes and turntable jugglers, fashion design that stitches together multiple styles, and art that cannot be defined by post-modern tag-lines, what is new is each and every individual; what is new is the ways in which we use a variety of influences to express a fresh perspective. As a visual communicator, do you have a most comfortable language?

TF: Painting, I feel is my natural form of expression, but I don't think that I can be comfortable without doing other work. I think it would be shameful to not find out what might happen in exploring new soil.

SF: Do you feel that you are achieving what you've set out to do?

TF: Not yet. I haven't reached the full scope of the integration of everything that I'm trying to express. I'm happy with my work, but not yet completely satisfied. There is still so much more under the surface.

Torch Fontana's newest series will showcase this spring at the opening of CARVE's new boutique in Fullerton. He can also be contacted at: hirethisperson.com/otis/blaine and email: torchfontana@excite.com.

star.fish is Autumn Beck & Dionne Mans, two LA-based visual commentators and vinyl librarians specializing in intelligent beats and rhythms. They can be reached at: star_fish73@excite.com.

gadgets

Canon Powershot S40

After hearing people in the industry rave about how great the Powershot G2 performed, I had to request one and find out for myself. Canon told me that it was no longer available for review and offered instead to send us the semi-pro G2's younger brother, the S40.

I was a bit hesitant to take the box, considering its point-and-shoot appearance, but we try to keep an open mind at metro.pop when it comes to free stuff. While I awaited the arrival of the S40, I decided to check out a friend's G2. I was immediately impressed by the capabilities of its performance, and I knew the S40 would have some big shoes to fill.

As soon as I opened the box I was awed by the look of this brushed aluminum, 4 meg beauty that holds some of the most advanced features available to a compact, digital camera. I've used it extensively over the past month, and it has



easily surpassed all of my expectations. The resolution and aperture functions allow the novice shooter (me) the ability to create remarkably sharp and beautiful images.

The only drawbacks to the S40 that I could find were the lack of lens interchangeability and the fact that there is no outside flash shoe. But these are really concerns that only come up for the professional photographer. For the novice photographer looking to shoot great digital images as simply as pointing and shooting, this is the camera for you. Reading reviews of cameras has always made me feel a little uneasy about not seeing the final product. So I figured I'd show you how they came out. I shot our On The Street Olde Style Edition (pgs. 55-57) and Spring Product Editorial (pgs. 39-43) sections with the S40. You decide for yourself.



Reebok Travel Trainer

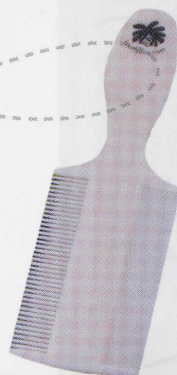
Imagine packing for a 2-week trip-not exactly a short hop, nor an extended vacation-just lengthy enough to pack some cool gear into a small rollaway suitcase. Now imagine you're like me: size 11 shoe and a burning desire to stuff your bag with more shoes than underwear. The border between prepared packing and shoe fetishism is blurred.

I couldn't possibly fit as many shoes as I would like into my chronically seam-busting bag, with its exposed argyle socks and old Jil Sander tees. I would inevitably sacrifice fashion to function by taking only two pairs of shoes; one comfortable and one stylish. There was always a subtle sadness to my trips, from the very start.

Enter the Reebok Travel Trainer, a shoe readily described as both comfortable and stylish. More importantly, one can pack four pairs in less space than that taken up by my single comfortable/stylish combo. If I were traveling to Japan I wouldn't even have to pack the shoes. I could simply walk into a variety of public spaces, drop some cash into a vending machine, and find a fresh box of Travel Trainers-in my favorite color combination, no less-awaiting me.

A vending machine? you ask. That's exactly right. The concept behind this shoe is ready availability for the person on the go, the man with a plan, and similar clichés. The shoe may be conveniently folded into thirds and is neatly packed into a reusable plastic case no larger than a CD walkman (well, maybe one of the early 80's editions of the walkman). Of course, space and style is the issue here. With so many color combinations available, you can easily find one to match your gear. In terms of actual function, the shoe is basically a lifestyle shoe for comfortable walking and lounging. Before I initially stepped into the Travel Trainers, I was fearful that the thin sole would not be able to support long walking distances. Upon inspection, I was definitely wrong. The shoes designers have added extra padding to the inner sole to compensate for the thin, flexible outer sole.

All right, so here's the one downer: The Reebok Travel Trainer is a Japanese exclusive. However, limited quantities will be available in the US in Spring. If you are interested in picking-up a Reebok Travel Trainer, or just learning more about the shoe, contact us at: travelshoe@metrodtop.com.



Knotty Boy Dread Stuff

I receive a lot of electronics and gadgets for review, but I like to take it back to the roots now and then; back to when running through the sprinklers was fun, and throwing you neighbor's Converse up into the power lines and raking a shit load of beeswax through your hair was fun.

So, uh, in the interests of keeping you up on all the new shit, we have here a product that relieves you of the disgusting chore of fashioning dread locks. Seriously, this product purports to be a quick fix for the kink-challenged (and we can only assume that the type of people who buy this stuff are melanin-challenged, as well) kids who demand the rasta coil without a proper gestation period for the fruition of the nap. (I can picture this stuff being sold over the counter, by some snotty old lady at Barney's, informing a customer about this year's latest style).

Included in your Dread Wax (yes, "Dread Wax") kit, you'll find a shampoo bar, sandal wood soap, honorary dread beads and stickers, directions on how to lose last week's spiky-hair look and flip something a little more "political." Read on about the history and background of dreads, the social and political ramifications of wearing dreads, Dread Scott, Dread Zeppelin, and if you have any more questions you can log on to the Knotty Boy Dread site!

Gosh, I can't help but to wonder whether Bob Marley might have conquered the forces of evil to which he succumbed had he been able to access such a website. Moral: If you can't afford the time, patience, and conviction required of the real thing, we've got your answer right here.

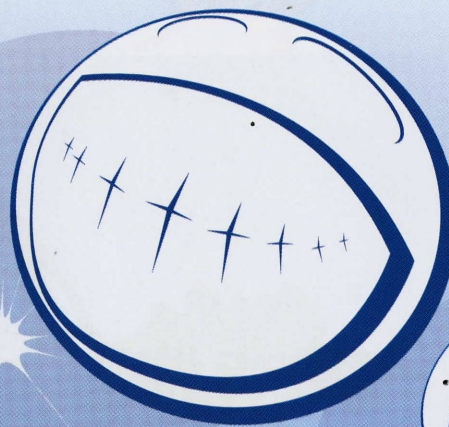
Apple iMac

When the first iMac hit stores, the marketing was really cool and it shook up the computer industry. It was released at the perfect time, when computing was at the beginning of its mainstream craze. It was so refreshing to see something with style, as opposed to the standard cold, egg-shell white, bleeping and blooming monsters.

It wasn't long before the iMac was rendered obsolete, and newer Macs were made readily available for mass consumption. The Cube was first, and then came the PowerMac, each more stylish and way more powerful. Don't get me wrong, the iMac was great for that occasional word processing or emailing, but that was the extent of this pretty paperweight, which was available in every hue, like a packet of skittles dispersed among the dorm rooms desks of millions of college co-eds. Now, in 2002, Apple has introduced a machine that will once again set the standard from tomorrow until they decide to plant a computer processor in your brain. Not only does this grown-up iMac boast a G4 processor, with 800 MHz speed, and a SuperDrive that enables you to burn both CDs and DVDs, the thing looks totally boss!

If you're not admiring the sheer beauty of design of this incredible machine, you'll be staring into the super-sharp, super-bright 15 inch monitor, which is completely adjustable, smoothly pivoting for your viewing pleasure. And the base of the monitor houses the whole computer! A little more than 10 inches in circumference is all Apple needed to pack this puppy with pure performance. Say good-bye to the days of the over-priced typewriter/Email machine. With all of the amenities of the new iMac, the computer easily performs as well as it's bigger, older, and more expensive brothers.





teeth whitening review



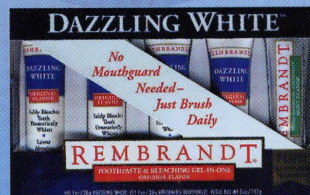
Editor 1
Distinguishing Features:
brushes twice a day
casual smoking for two years
light coffee and tea drinker



Editor 2
Distinguishing Features:
brushes twice a day
never smoked
no coffee or tea



Editor 3
Distinguishing Features:
brushes five times per day
never smoked
no coffee, light tea



Editor 4
Distinguishing Features:
brushes .75 times per day
smokes one pack a day, for 7 years
heavy coffee and tea drinker.
Crest

Crest Whitestrips Dental Whitening System

Application:
Apply thin tape-like strip to upper and lower teeth, twice a day, for thirty minutes.

Ease of use:
"Weird the first time, like a condom on my teeth. But easy to apply, and so comfortable I forgot I was wearing it."

Taste:
"Didn't have an overwhelming taste, but I could definitely feel something going on in my mouth."

Sensitivity:
"My teeth had no noticeable sensitivity. Just sometimes I would forget I had them on at night and would swallow them."

Two Week Conclusion:
"I definitely notice a difference in brightness. Black lights at the '80s club are now my worst nightmare."
Price: \$40.00

Natural White 5-Minute Tooth Whitening System

Application:
Apply gel into tray reservoir (resembles a petite mouthpiece), leave in mouth for five to fifteen minutes, twice a day. Follow with mouth rinse to maintain pH balance (!).

Ease of use:
"Not exactly inconvenient, but a little bit of hassle to sit around with a mouthpiece in your mouth for half an episode of Columbo. Talking on the phone is out of the question. I'm talking drool and formula all over the place."

Taste:
"Pretty nasty. Mint with arsenic, and there is a lot of it in your mouth. Every time a drop touches my tonsils, I gag."

Sensitivity:
"Extreme sensitivity to both hot and cold drinks. Tiny charges up and down the roots of my teeth. All in the name of whiter teeth, right?"

Two Week Conclusion:
"Beside the excruciating mouth pain when drinking my favorite beverages, this worked great. Every time I smile I hear Silkk the Shocker barking 'bling bling'."
Price: \$10.00

OptiWhite Professional Tooth Whitening System

Application:
"Mouth trays, like Natural White, but dropped into boiling water and then fitted to clenched teeth. The mouthpieces are actually larger than the Natural White pieces, making me feel like I was about to step into the ring with Lennox Lewis."

Ease of use:
"This was really hard to use. My mouth is small, and these trays are big. And the fact that they are boiling hot doesn't help."

Taste:
"I wasn't really in any position to consider how this stuff tasted, as it kept spilling out my open mouth, which is too small to contain the trays."

Sensitivity:
"My mouth was pretty sore after taking those trays in and out of my mouth for two weeks. Now I know how Jenna Jameson feels."

Two Week Conclusion:
"At this point, I'm pretty jealous of the editor that got to try out the Natural White. I'm not sure if I was better off before or after."
Price: \$10.00

Rembrandt Dazzling White Toothpaste & Bleaching Gel-In-One

Application:
Same as toothpaste, two to three times per day (do not rinse for twenty minutes).

Ease of use:
"I don't brush my teeth that often, but, assuming you do, this stuff is really easy to use. But c'mon 20 minutes standing in front of the mirror like a rabid dog?"

Taste:
"Like chalky, mint Necco wafers. Or toothpaste, from what I remember."

Sensitivity:
"My gums hurt a little whenever I brush my teeth anyways, but I've found that using Rembrandt kind of soothes the pain."

Two Week Conclusion:
"I didn't notice much of a color difference, but a change from chocolate to tan ain't half bad."
Price: \$11.00



Fresh Picked

concept/photography/styling:j3productions.com

this page: green handbag_Geek Boutique opposite: belt_Paul Frank





this page: left red shoe_ Fila right blue velcro shoe_ reebok

opposite: visor_modern amusement straw hat_LRG





this page: "right+left" socks_Freshjive

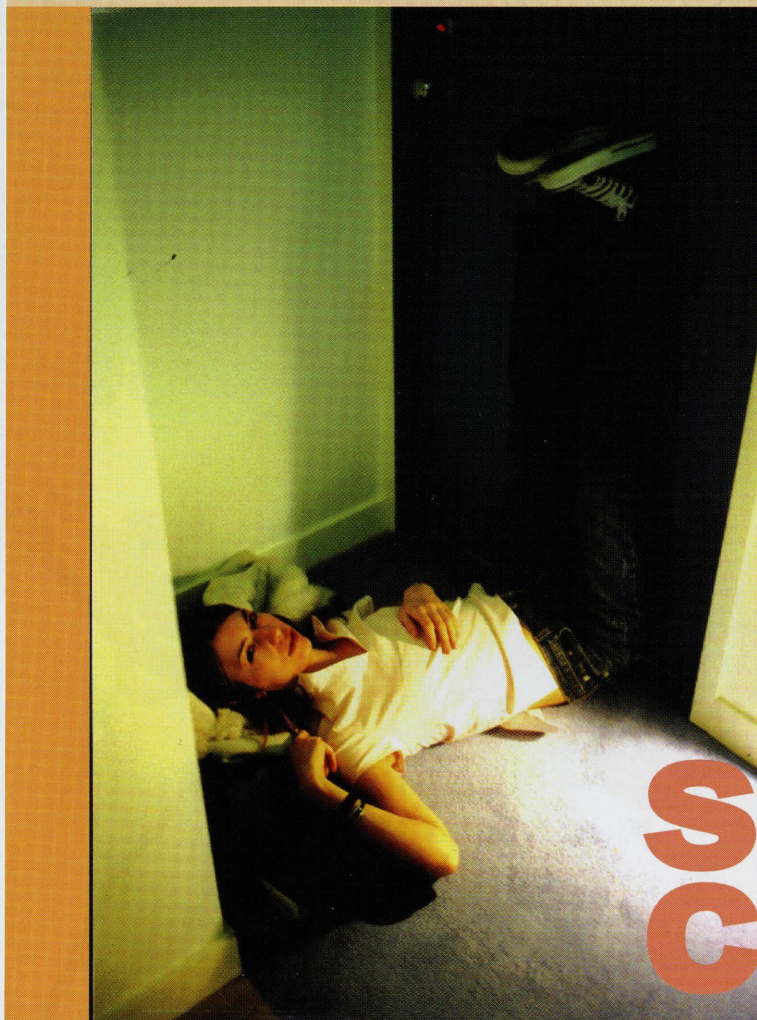
opposite: coin purse_OK47



You might find yourself compelled, upon first coming into contact with Milk Fed, the junior clothing line designed by Sofia Coppola, to dismiss the range as exclusive and ultra-hip; the type of line that is worn only by young private schoolgirls from Manhattan who are *in the know*. You might be a little annoyed by the fact that Milk Fed doesn't seem to bother itself with advertising or with any consideration of marketing to your tastes, or even with paying attention to any of the rules that you've come to associate with the branding of new fashion. Or you may just not be into lines that, upon inception, get referred to as the cream of independent fashion by Harper's Bazaar.

And you might have a point, because this is all sort of true. Milk Fed can be found in only a mere handful of stores in the United States (around 50), although it is extremely popular in Japan, with exclusive stores in Osaka and Tokyo. You might see Coco Gordon or Lola Schnabel wearing Milk Fed, but you may not personally know anyone who's hip to it. And Bazaar did refer to Milk Fed as one of the hottest new independent lines in 1997, when the company was barely off the ground, so you may just be a little skeptical because you don't like Bazaar.

sofia Coppola



Milk Fed

sofia's photo by: spike jonez
supplemental photos by: ben clark
interview by: cory o'malley



But it's not like you're really willing to dismiss the line. You're just a little jealous of the people who wear Milk Fed. Because you just happen to find the line on really cool people, who always know about this stuff *just* before you do, and you are a little annoyed that you *still* can't find it anywhere. You see the line and you want to pick up a few of the pieces for your closet, or at least for your girlfriend's closet. You just wish that it was a little easier to come by, and you wonder what kind of designer creates this sort of buzz.

I find Sofia Coppola to be modest and unassuming when we meet, as comfortable and casual as her clothing line. She succinctly explains to me the playful goals and aspirations of Milk Fed, reminding me all along of how much fun it is for her to create the line. I'm struck by the realization that Milk Fed is far less a business venture than it is a creative outlet that Coppola honestly enjoys.

"Our distribution is pretty small," notes Coppola, "because we're really just a small company." The line has the hands-on feel of a range of clothing conceptualized, designed and marketed by a tiny group of like-minded individuals. Indeed, design is handled solely by Coppola, with help on the T-shirts from Geoff McFetridge, and the day-to-day business is overseen by Stephanie Hayman. It is an arrangement that conveys the intimacy of a modest, single-designer line that still possesses the greater cachet of a line created by a talented, multi-dimensional artist.

Milk Fed was conceived by Coppola in 1995 as a natural outgrowth of her interest in fashion. Having worked as a fashion photographer for Interview, Paris Vogue and Allure, she translated her concern for portraying clothing that she liked in an attractive and engaging light to the larger goal of creating the clothing itself. "I think fashion photography has been an influence on my clothing design," notes Coppola. "I've always been interested in it." Early advertising for Milk Fed featured Coppola's photography, and her images can still be found in her three Heaven 27 boutiques, which feature Milk Fed exclusively. "My photographs have been used for every season since the first," she explains, eyeing my notes on her evolving vision.

The first Heaven 27 boutique opened in Tokyo in 1997, followed by spaces in Los Angeles and Osaka in 1998 and 2000, respectively. "X-Girl was a big inspiration for us to start our own company," she recalls. Milk Fed addresses an underrepresented group of "young women and teenage girls interested in casual wear," as Coppola sees it. The boutiques present the rare streetwear space that is absolutely-even exclusively-girl-friendly, offering various cosmetic products as well as a few items of literature and stationery. "It's just stuff that we like," notes Coppola, downplaying what a fun environment Heaven 27 really is. With comfortable chairs, the sounds of catchy pop music and a variety of magazines spread out across the space, Heaven 27 has the feel of a hangout as much as a boutique.

"We started as amateurs, and I really like amateurishness," Coppola tells me, referring to the aesthetic sensibility that runs through Milk Fed, from the environment of the boutique to the presentation of the line. "There is something so sweet and sincere about it," she continues, offering a glimpse into the endear-

ing tone of her goals as a designer. Hand-drawn flats in the Milk Fed press kit suggest a playfulness not often seen among ambitious young designers. "Designing the Milk Fed line is something I enjoy doing," she remarks with a shrug, "but it's not my main goal, creatively." Film, she says, is her primary focus. Milk Fed is all the more impressive to me because Coppola seems to describe the line as a kind of side project, a hobby.

I remark that her attention to stylistic detail is impressive for a designer with very little formal background. "I interned at Channel as a teenager," she responds, "although I studied fine arts at Cal Arts [California Institute of the Arts, in Valencia, California]: painting and photography." The smart lines and warm color palette are especially notable, considering Coppola's understanding of the line as a range of streetwear. "Our stuff is really basic," she explains, "not a big fashion statement, just casual stuff to wear around." She downplays the complexity of the line, glossing over the stylish overcoats, skirts, jackets and slacks that accompany the more casual windbreakers, pullovers and T-shirts. Her point is not lost on the price of the line, which is very reasonable, adhering much more to the conventions of streetwear than of boutique fashion.

Because Milk Fed has no future plans for a male line, boys will have to be content with appreciating their girlfriends' items. Coppola appears comfortable with the direction of Milk Fed, offering only the hint of things to come. "We just

designed some shoes: sandals for spring," she casually

mentions, with the gleam of anticipati on in her eye. "I can't wait to get a pair."



CREATIVE RECREATION

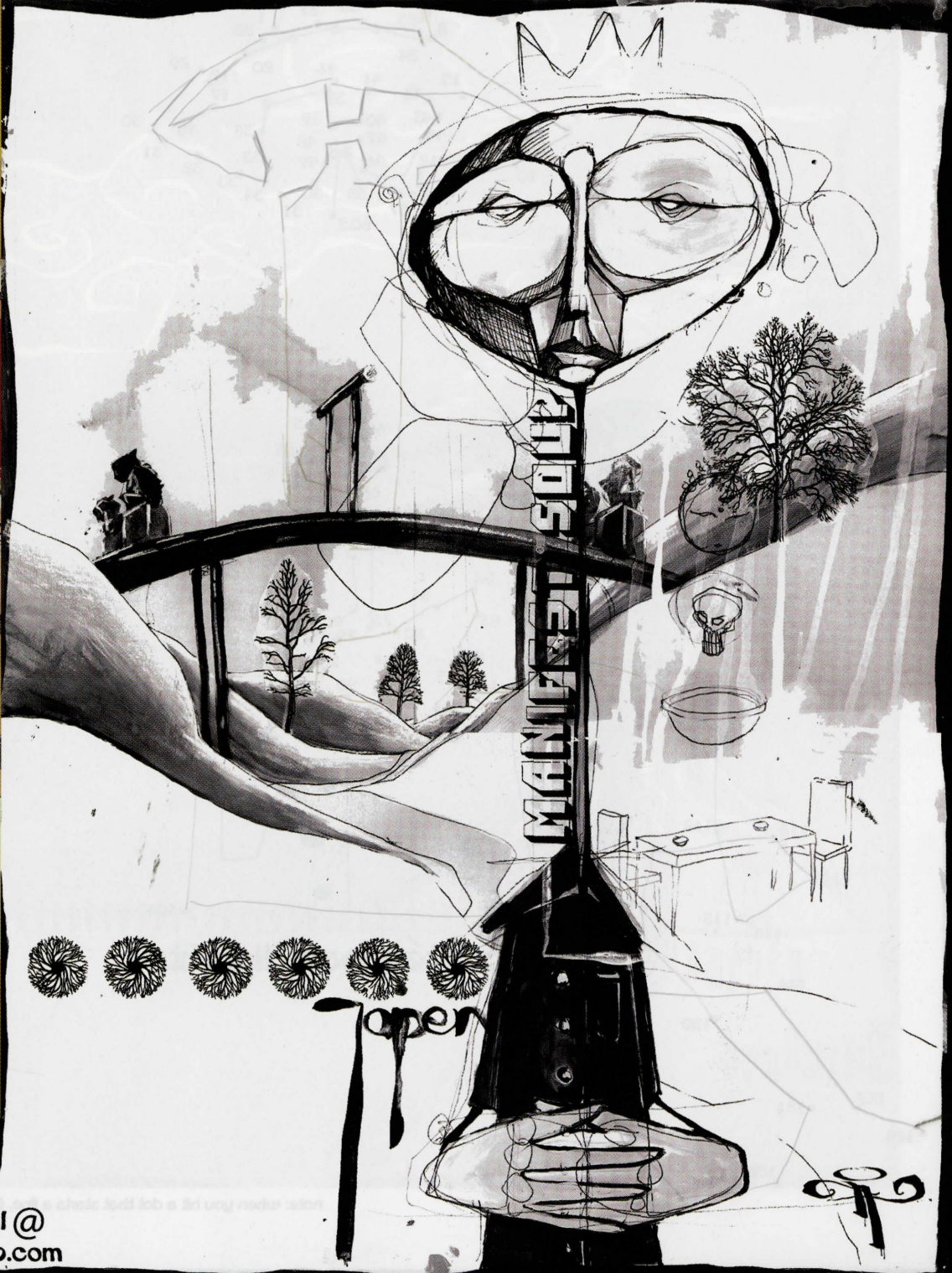


Fall 2002

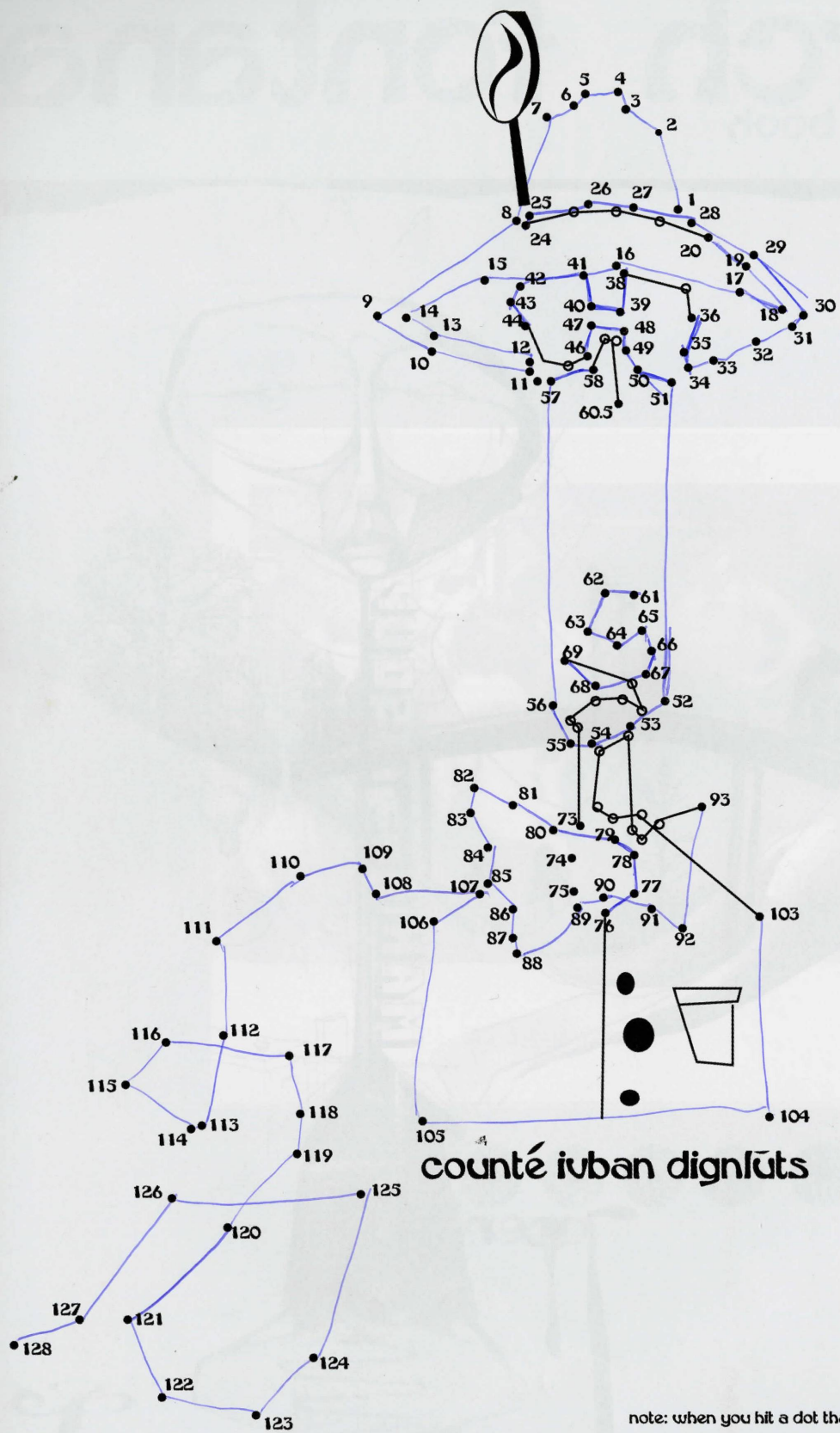
the torch fontana

activity book

color key



view original @
metrodotpop.com



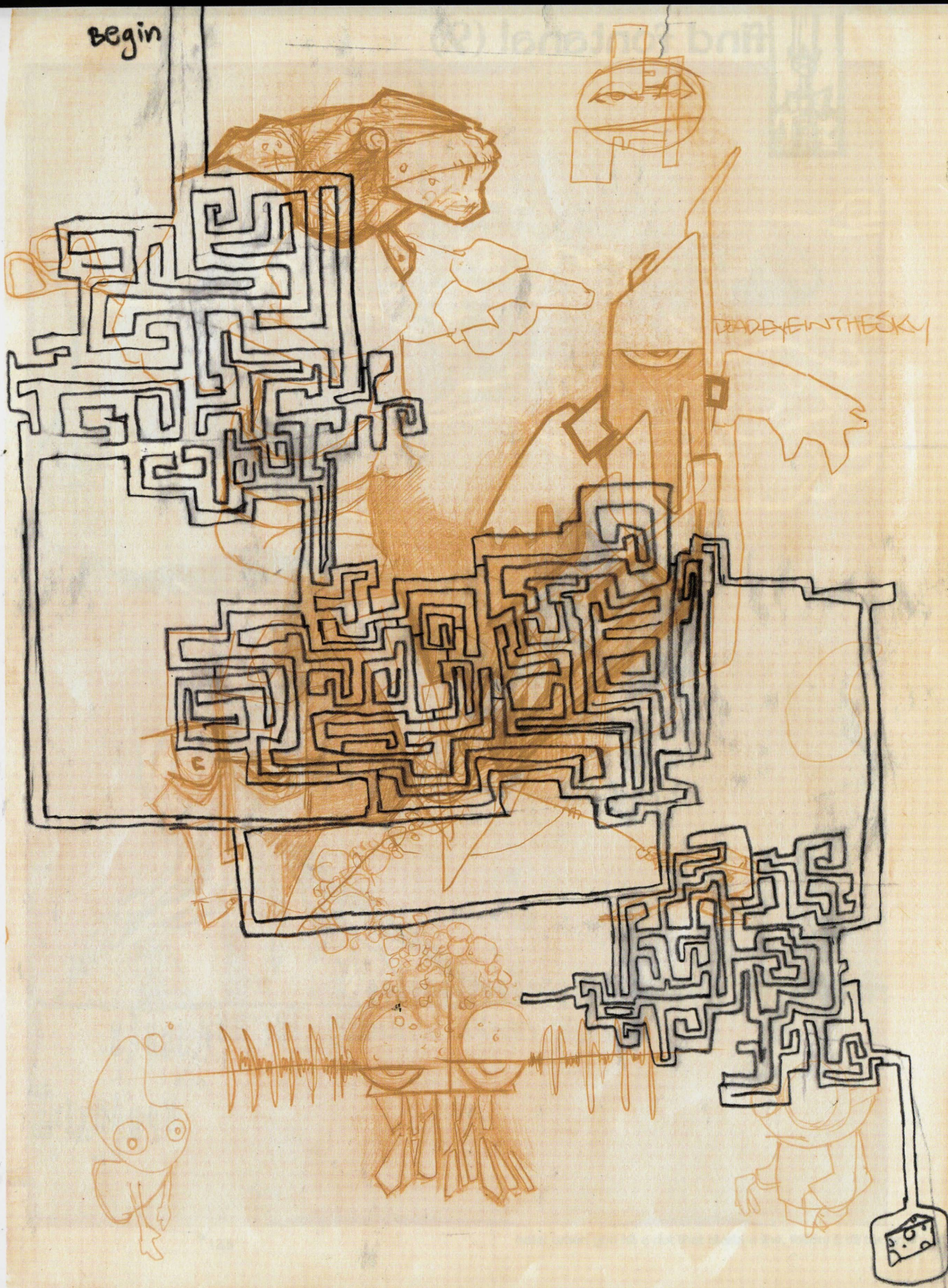
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find fontana! (9)



begin





charizmatik baseball



adidas snakeskin original



analog lighting lacy



analog lighting boatneck mickey



spiewak muscle



basement cargo



asics tiger mexico 66



analog lighting - reigndeer



carbonsix s/s sweat



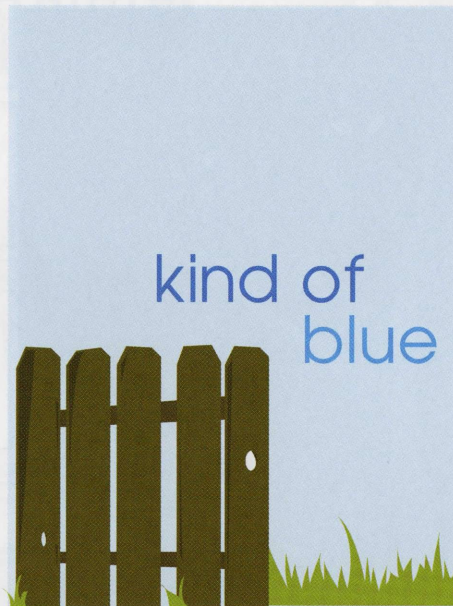
reebok handmade vintage revival



mooks tux



beta project knicka



stussy bucket



modern amusement denim



asics tiger nepal 60



triple5soul hips



out the door hoody-less



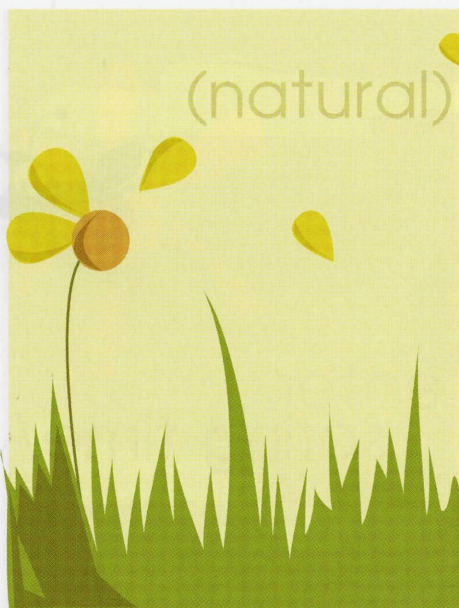
reebok gold medalist
2002 limited numbered



ambiguous b-down



asics tiger ultimate 81



fila and ferrari double label



sugar scout skirt



analog lighting euro trash



dawls polo star



ambiguous red threads



kikwear quilts



mooks hyena



out the door guardian



sugar sweetnes



adidas originals team france



nike japan exclusive dunks



ok47 wired



spiewak bomber



adidas originals monogram



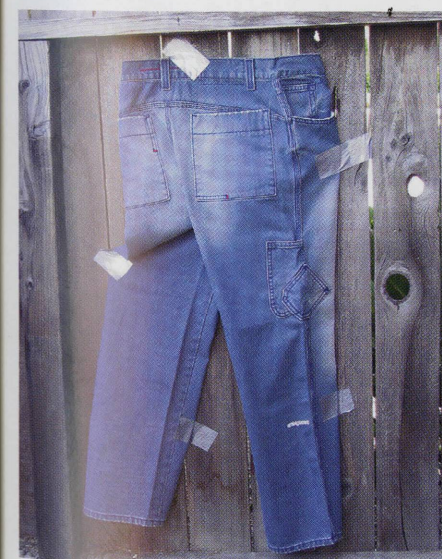
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hanging out



left to right:
terry cloth short by sugar
cotton dress by geek boutique
skirt by analog lighting
"underroos" by paul frank
cotton tank by aqua fits
striped tee by mooks

photos by: reuben reynoso





opposite page:
 plaid button up by ambiguous
 denim by analog lighting
 terry cloth & cotton polo by modern amusement
 cloud cotton button up by charizmatik
 checked skirt by aqua fits
 tee by mooks

this page:
 cotton skirt by sugar
 plaid capri by paul frank
 painted pinstripe by mooks
 denim short by subtitle
 whale tank by paul frank
 plaid button up by carbonsix



left to right:
 camo button up by freshjive
 bomber jacket by the nerve
 tan seersucker short by rosasen
 nylon button up by
 wilderness button up by charizmatik



JAMES

Home?

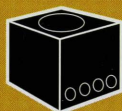
My definition of "home" is the place where I feel comfortable around the people I'm with, know what I'm sayin'? That's when I feel at home. I felt more at home in the penitentiary than I do out here man. Because in there, it's all about how you live. If you lived life real, motherfuckers treated you real. That goes from the inmates all the way down to the Klans, know what I'm sayin'? Out here, we got to accept a lot of bullshit man, a lot of bullshit.

Staple

James Thompson has a story to tell. He is homeless, but he is human. Read his story at www.stapleddesign.com. Staple Design is giving clothes to the homeless. But more importantly, we're giving them a voice. a positive social contagion.



playstation2




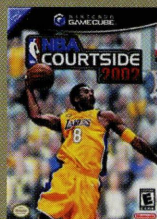
game cube



xbox

Taking time out of their busy schedules to get down to some serious video game console assessment, the World Famous Beat Junkies gave us the good and bad on three of the hottest systems out there. A little blood, sweat, and guts later, and the DJ Curse also produced the cumulative Beat Junkie lowdown on four new games.

	★ ★ ★	★ ★	★ ★	Curse: The X-Box and GameCube is super-sharp, and the load times of the past are gone. For now I'd go with the PS2 simply because of GTA3 and State of Emergency, but the X-Box will be a force once those games start coming.
	—	★ ★	★	Rhettmatic: The X-Box controller is a brick. I thought the GameCube was coolest, especially with the 3 inch disc. The controller was nice, but a little on the small side.
	★ ★	★	★	Melo-D: Uh, if it ain't basketball (NBA2K2, NBA Street) or Soccer, I usually don't play. The x-box is big and the GameCube is small—so I'll stay with the PS2.
	★ ★ ★	★ ★	★ ★	Babu: All 3 systems are really cool. Both the X-Box and GameCube have really sharp graphics, but my choice would still have to be the PS2 because of the games and the controller.

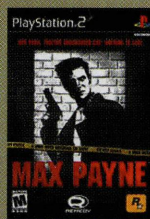


NBA Courtside 2002

Nintendo

I'll try to make this one short, since you can't be having no lag time when playing a fast-paced game like basketball. To sum it up in one word: sluggish. The graphics are nice, and I'm sure all the normal bells and whistles are there, but it's like playing underwater. I'm partial to the PS2's NBA Street, so maybe I just can't be a good judge of this game. The game itself is not bad. The graphics are nice, but do you want to play a sports game-especially basketball—when it feels like you're playing in Jell-O? To me there is nothing more to say if the gameplay is wrong; it doesn't matter if it has the deepest season, you'll be aggravated by the speed of the game. But like I said, it looks great.

GameCube

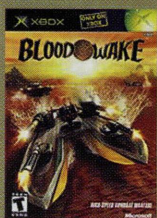


Max Payne

Rockstar Games

For all you people who like shoot em' up style games in which bad guys lurk around every corner, this one's for you. The hi-res graphics, lighting, and general playability of the game are great. What makes this game special is a little feature called "bullet-time," which is best described as a slow-motion action sequence (think John Woo) wherein the action is slowed down just enough so that you can still point, aim, and rip one or two shots through evil-doers. There are some negative points also. At times, the areas are too dark and Max has a tendency to slide rather than walk. The character models are a bit blocky and the dialog is at times a little cheesy. But bullet-time, a full range of weapons, and a dark-if not plain weir-story line makes for a good all around game.

Playstation 2



Bloodwake

Microsoft

When I first bought my X-Box, one of the first games that I was immediately drawn to was Bloodwake. The whole game—something like 27 missions—places you in a range of gunboats, attacking land and sea targets, which are all really lovely. Unfortunately, the game doesn't quite live up to the graphics engine. The number of the enemy ships and guns changes with every mission, but too often it becomes a matter of shooting target A with missile B, which gets a little boring. The story behind Bloodwake is that there isn't really any story. This is just a drive-your-boat-around-and-destroy-everything type of game. A little repetitive, but beautiful in presentation. So in the end, if you want to drive boats and destroy a bunch of shit, this is the game for you. If you want a story, go read a book.

XBOX



Batman Vengeance

UBI Soft

The cartoon-ish graphics and control in Batman Vengeance seem to be on point, which is all really important in a game like this, but the camera needs some help. At times the angles are awkward, and you can't fast forward through the cut scenes. It just seems to be a lot of searching and running around in a kind of bland environment. I don't know. I think this sort of thing appeals to kids a little younger than me. Maybe if I played this game ten or fifteen years ago I'd like it a lot more. You might have a little brother that likes it, whatever. But it plays well, and it looks pretty good if you're into Batman, which I imagine some of you are. So, if you're into Batman, check out this game.

All Systems

game and console review by

the beatjunkies



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correspondence: roslynn.cobarrubias@www.thirdfloorla.com
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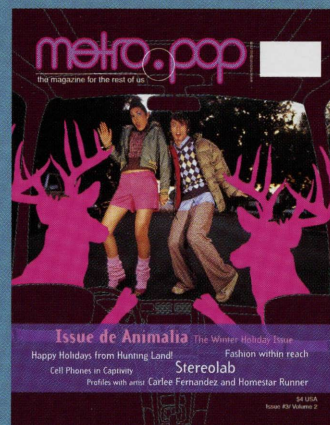
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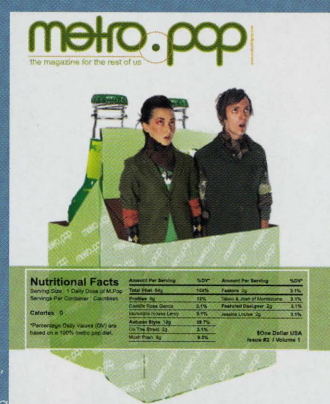


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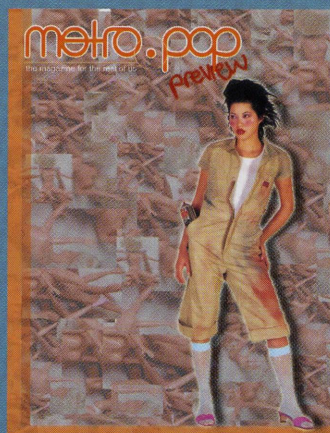
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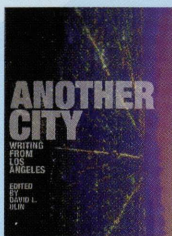
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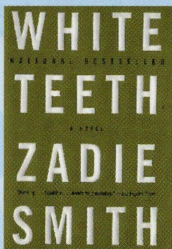
Another City
Edited by David Ulin



Although David Ulin offers a nod to the standard reading of Los Angeles as a city with "no unifying center, but with many parallel centers," he wisely sidesteps the monumental project of portraying either the geographic or ethnic diversity of the city. He chooses instead to consider the topic of Joan Didion's notion that Los Angeles is centrally characterized by an "absence of narrative," a topic at once broader than that of the city's diversity, but also more forgiving of holes in the description. While not all of the 37 stories and poems collected in the text are about Los Angeles, there is a common consideration of the kind of lack of cohesiveness that is so characteristic (both spatially and culturally) of the city. The best stories of the collection, like "Magic Hour," by Erika Schickel and Bruce Bauman's "Daytime," blend the cinematic and the real into Ulin's jumbled, chaotic vision of Los Angeles as the cutting room floor. Not all of these tales win, but this is an intriguing and often exciting stab at an indefinitely broad topic.

by: Cory O'Malley

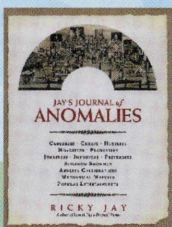
White Teeth
By Zadie Smith



I had a difficult time getting past the fact that the author of this book was 23 when it was published. It lacks the self-reflexive evocation of all things impetuous that you've come to expect of a writer so recently departed from her teens. Instead we find several complex characters of various social and ethnic stations, whose relationships evolve generously over the novel's multi-generational narrative, all rendered in the fresh and irreverent tone of a writer not far removed from the "Raggastani" youth culture defined by one of the novel's central players. "What was the grand plan," asks one character of another after an ill-conceived weave of Indian hair on a Jamaican scalp, "The Negro Meryl Streep?" This is the fictional rendering of diaspora thinly disguised as an engrossing page-turner. Really. It's like multi-cultural Brit. Pop, the novel. Wicked.

by: Cory O'Malley

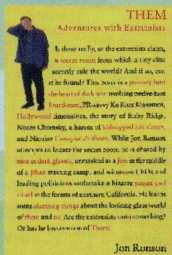
Jay's Journal of Anomalies
Ricky Jay



Back in the early- to mid-1990s, the magician and actor (*House of Games*, *The Spanish Prisoner*, and *Magnolia*) Ricky Jay self-published a magazine called *Jay's Journal of Anomalies*, which catalogued all sorts of weirdness from the early days of show business: educated dogs, Siamese twins, human flies-stuff like that. Now all of the issues of that magazine have been compiled and published as a book titled, not surprisingly, *Jay's Journal of Anomalies*. Take a look at it, if only for the illustrations, which are all old carnival and sideshow posters from Jay's own collection, and very fucked up. Like, fattest baby in the world fucked up.

by: Nils Soe

Them: Adventures Among the Extremists
By John Ronson



In researching this book, John Ronson got to know wackos from all over the wacko spectrum, from the Klan's latest Grand Wizard to an Arab extremist who described himself (before the September 11th attacks) as "Osama bin Laden's man in Britain." What makes this book so funny and serious at the same time is that Ronson is really doing two things: trying to give us a sense of what these extremists are like as people, and trying (as hard as he can) to give their ideas an un-skeptical hearing. It's worth reading for the capsule portraits of the crazies (particularly of David Icke, who's written several mega-selling books based on the premise that the George Bushes, Queen Elizabeth, and the rest of the world's secret rulers are actually ten-foot, bloodsucking alien lizards in human disguises) and for its larger message about who really runs the world (which you'll have to find out for yourself-if I told you, I'd have to kill you).

by: Nils Soe

web pages

Even though metro.pop has only been around for a year, the staff has been continually inspired and awestruck by the ever-increasing popularity of the publication. In many respects, we feel that the magazine

has taken on a life of its own, beyond our control. We regularly receive fan letters that shower us with congratulations and thanks for merely doing what we do. As much as we pride ourselves on creating the best magazine we feel that we can, we are always conscious of the people that follow our publication and keep us inspired. The following websites are examples of some of the most

inspirational followers that we have come across. These are the types of individuals and organizations that allow us to wake up in the morning with the knowledge that we are being counted on, and that we are appreciated. This is just to say "right back at ya," fans.

Metro Pop Song Festival
www.philmusic.com/zine/news/1999/05/051799_metropop/

You would not believe our surprise when we caught wind of the annual Metro Pop Song Festival. This "20-year tradition of songwriting excellence" shifted gears in late 1999, renaming the event in honor of metro.pop, before the first issue even came out! Instrumental in launching the careers of composers such as Ryan Cayabyab, Louie Ocampo, Odette Quesada, Vehnee Saturno, Alvin Sy, Gary Granada and Freddie Aguilar, this festival embodies the kind of excellence that we at metro.pop strive to accomplish with each and every issue.

Metro Pop 2000 The album
www.filionline.com/eshopping/music/ecd0408.html

This one dropped at the end of 2000, hot on the heels of the magazine's inception. The album is a tribute to the magazine's various features, including Barbie's Cradle's "Why Do You Love Me," a heartfelt ode to Carve's dominance of the Orange County fashion boutique scene, and "Imbisibol," by Michael V, which chillingly anticipated the fashion spread in the current issue of metro.pop. The veritable block-rockin' beats just won't quit on this platinum-bound bomb, which also includes the club hits "Kaw Lang Pala," by Frozen Pie and "Move Close," by Noisy Neighbors.

Myriam's Metro Pop Pics
www.geocities.com/wonderlandshows/myrmppics.html

This site offers information on a mid-west theater group that recently staged a play in honor of metro.pop. Word on the street (courtesy of the Dinkentown, OH Star-Courier) is that the troupe-calling themselves the On the Street Playas-offered some hilarious sketch comedy involving Clyde Singleton and Carlee Fernandez. Ensnared in a No-Exit-style broken elevator scenario with none other than Sofia Coppola's hairdresser (who happens to be an international spokesperson for PETA!) Clyde and Carlee find themselves deep in existential angst, while the audience is deep in laughter. As Myriam might say, "Oh the memories!!!! "LOL"



on the street music

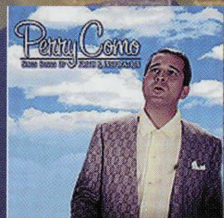
special guest reviewers

okay, you've seen the stars of our special on the street olde edition, now check out what they're listening to when their rocking out some mad threads.

Perry Como
Perry Como Sings Songs of Faith & Inspiration

"There was a time when people used to make fun of me for listening to Perry Como. It seems like...well, I don't know when that was. But they used to call me Perry Homo. You hear me? Perry Homo. They used to think that was funny. They used to laugh at me. Well, look who's laughing now."

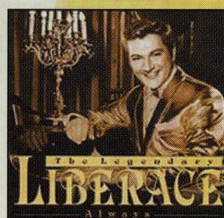
by Gilbert Concepcion



Liberace
Always

"The single most underrated album of the century. I mean, come on every woman wanted him and every man wanted to be him. Isn't it obvious?! What? Hey, is that a camera? Are you taking my picture?"

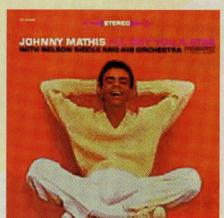
by Harry Steinberger



Johnny Mathis
I'll Buy You a Star

"Johnny Mathis is the grandest of gentleman, so kind, so dear. He writes such sweet love song, a girl could just get lost in that voice. I used to wish I could be Mrs. Johnny Mathis. I sometimes still wish that I could be Mrs. Mathis. I bet he would serenade me a sweet love song. He could buy me a star, or anything he wanted to."

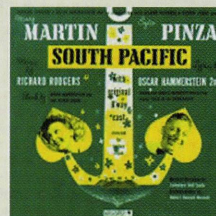
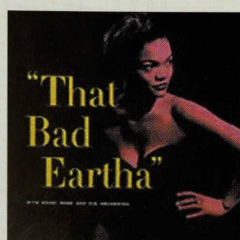
by Ethel McIntyre



Ertha Kit
That Bad Eartha

"I sometimes wake up in the late afternoon, after taking a nap, and forget for a second that I'm not Ertha Kit. I know it sounds crazy, but I just love her-always have-and sometimes, when I'm not quite awake, it just seems reasonable that I'm her. So, anyway, she's my favorite singer, and this is my favorite album."

by Isadora Macintosh



South Pacific
Original Broadway Cast Recording

"'Younger Than Sometime', 'Bloody Mary', 'There is Nothing Like a Dame'. There really was nothing finer than a dame in those days. And the Polynesian dames. Oh, Jesus Christ, don't get me started on the Polynesian women."

by Johnny Snyder

Peter Tosh
Legalize It

"These are the tunes that I hear in my head when I walk down the street. I throw on the headphones, spark the pipe, cruise the avenue. I kind of hear this shit when I sleep too. It's in my head, you know? This guy, he used to play with the Wailers, and he ran with my cousin Sammy. Good guy, but I think he owes me ten bucks. He puts down some tough grooves, ya heard?."

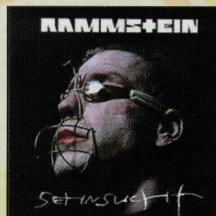
by Bob



Rammstein
Sehnucht

"The most vividly realized expression of anger and aggression that I have every witnessed. Breathtaking. What? What did you say? metro-dot-what? I'm not saying anymore. I don't have anything more to say to you. What? Why are you wearing camouflage culottes? Get away from me."

by Olga Bickenberg



Iron Maiden
Number of the Beast

"Don't fuck with me."

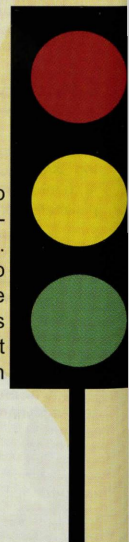
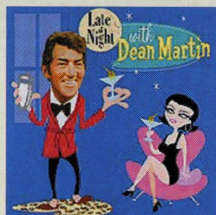
by Lady with "cool" coat



Dean Martin
Late at Night With Dean Martin

"Nobody swung late-night like Dino Latino, baby, nobody! 'Fix me up a highball, you crazy cat,' you know the stuff. Did I ever tell you about the time Dino called me out to the Sands for the biggest heist to hit Vegas since the wops moved in? That was the stuff, baby, that was the stuff. 'Highball, over here!' Hah Hah Hah. Hey, who you lookin' at!"

by Vincent "The Gooch" Antonelli



This very special edition of **On the street Olde Style** is in honor of all the "older" people who keep us kids on our toes. Always rocking and always representing what true style is all about. And remember, next time a kid is checking you out, he's may not be trying to mugg you, he may be just admiring your steeze. Thanks for inspiring us all and keep on looking good!

Don't forget to check out what our On the Streeters are listening to in our **Music Reviews**.



on the street

Mr. Gilbert Concepcion taking the layered look to another level. And check the colors! Spring is all about color!



Some people can still rock monochromes and look damn good. How's that hat Mr. Harry Steinberger?



Ethel McIntyre adds a little zest to her ensemble with a poppy beanie and a handmade ribbon tributing NYC.



There is nothing wrong by grounding your beautiful vintage suit with a pair of smart flats, Mrs. Isadora Macintosh will tell you.



Ox blood wing tips, flared slacks, navy car coat, vintage day bag, and finished with a slick hat. Johnny Snyder makes looking this good way to easy.



Seriously, where did she get that coat? That is the absolutely the coolest coat on the planet. She wouldn't tell me where she got or her name.



Vincent "The Gooch" Antonelli executes a great look that makes a lot of LA's hipsters jealous.



Mr. Bob's statement shows that you don't necessarily have to dress up to look good. "It's how you carry yourself, man!"



Olga Bickenberg insists that style is what keeps her going...well that and the new Rammstein CD.



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super (natural) style



photos by: ben clark

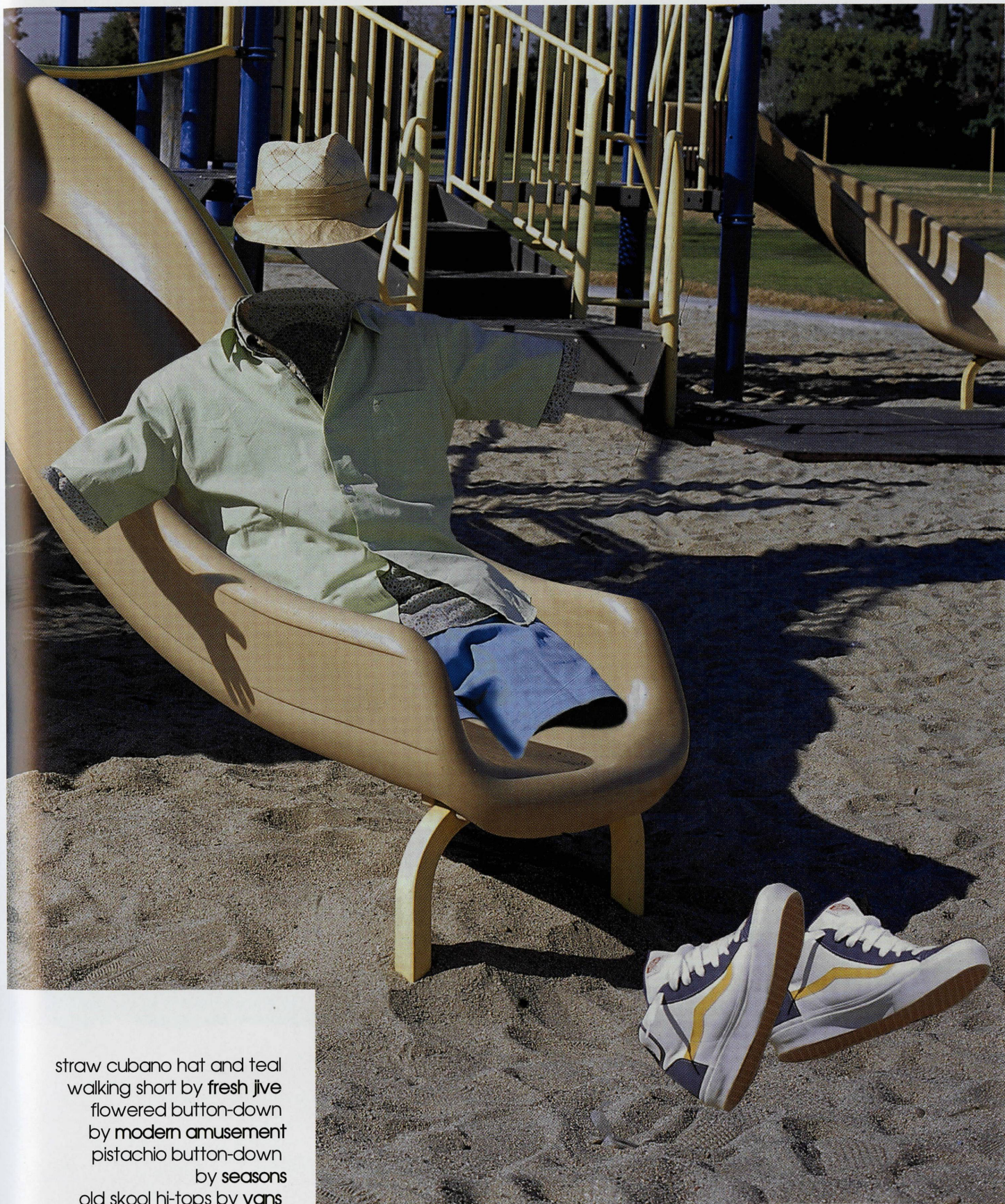
on her:
brown nylon windbreaker
and brown brushed twill short by
modern amusement
yellow terry tank by **dawls**
girl scout button-down by **sugar**
white slides by **vans**
white sun bonnet is **vintage dolphin**

on him:
khaki nylon pants by **lrg**
brown velcro sneaks and **crow**
print tee by **modern amusement**
boy scout button-down by **triple5soul**
ripestop nylon cap by **staple design**





white tank by ok47
vintage upholstered
belled-knickers
by analog lighting
pom-pom socks by gap
pink checkered slip-ons
by vans



straw cubano hat and teal
walking short by **fresh jive**
flowered button-down
by **modern amusement**
pistachio button-down
by **seasons**
old skool hi-tops by **vans**

striped polo by the newys





on him:

blue tuxedo button up and
striped sweater by mooks
treated denim by beta project
kicks by puma

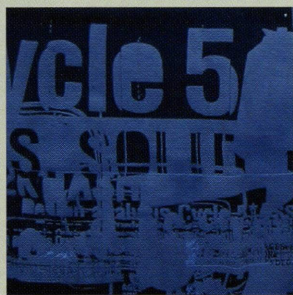
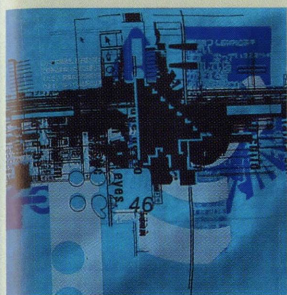
on her:

brushed nylon pant by geek boutique
cotton stripped button up by charizmatik
striped polo by the nerve



on him:
hooded terry vest by triple5soul
plaid button up by ben sherman
pink seersucka short by rosasen
black nylon tennie
by modern amusement

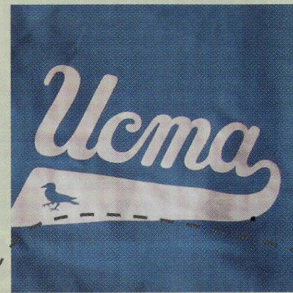
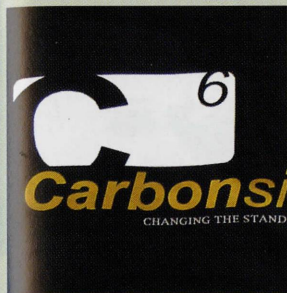
on her:
denim bucket hat by gap
cotton fitted shirt by geek boutique
printed denim skirt by paul frank
leg warmers from japan
check slip-on by vans



spring fashion

tees

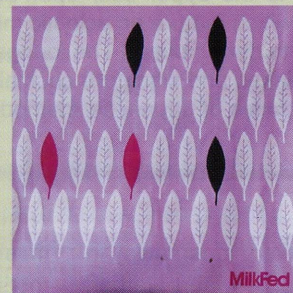
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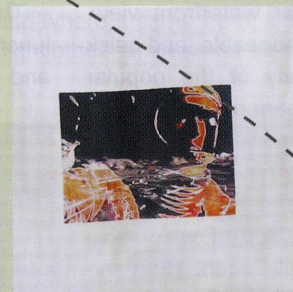
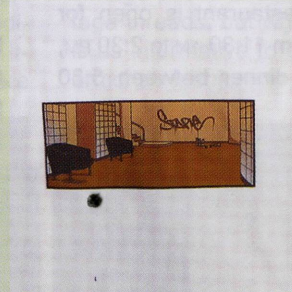
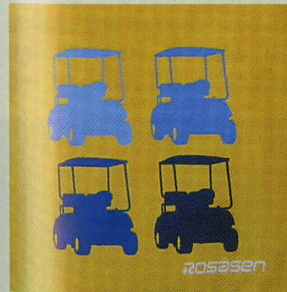
carbonsix
out the door
2k
modern amusement



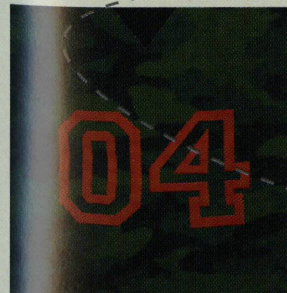
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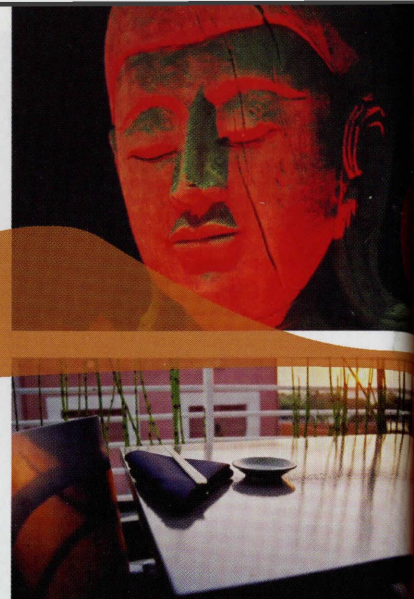
spiewak

featured tees

rvca

that's roo-kah. the goal is to offer artists a creative outlet through clothing design. rvca's recently-launched Artist Network Program utilizes the art of folks like niel blender, eye witness and ed templeton for a new line of men's and women's apparel that is hip, stylish, progressive, etc. all proceeds go to the artist's charity of choice.





restaurants
japanese

featured restaurant

O sushi café in Brea offers a creative mix of traditional Japanese and progressive Californian cuisine in a stunning, sophisticated space. Approaching its first anniversary, the restaurant is beginning to reap the benefits of a healthy buzz throughout northern Orange County. On any given night of the week, diners will find the dark wood first floor of the restaurant to be a warm and elegant compliment to the upper floor open-air patio. (Don't miss Thursday nights, which feature an eclectic mix of live music, from Latin jazz to funk to deep house.) The lounge offers an extensive menu of infused sakes and signature cocktails. The dinner menu is a dynamic synthesis of Japanese methodology and American

produce, meats and fish. Grilled Filet Mignon mingles with a "Western Style" salmon sashimi (sprinkled with tomatoes, chives and sesame oil-seared ginger), while shitake mushrooms and wasabi sour cream compliment short ribs and calamari tempura, bringing together two worlds of cuisine. O sushi café integrates the visionary agendas of a group of chefs, designers, and financial partners to present a comfortable, stylish, and delectable culinary experience.

O sushi café
375 Birch St., Space 3
Brea 92821
714.990.4698

photos provided by
3 Teer Productions
Cole Martin & Mike Trozzo

Buddha's Favorite, hidden away in the back streets of Newport Harbor, offers a relaxed dining environment with a spectacular waterfront view. The staff is knowledgeable, and quick to recommend any of the popular favorites on a generous menu of soups, salads, noodles, sushi and sashimi. Buddha's Favorite offers an array of "Japanese wild mountain vegetables," the likes of which this reviewer has rarely seen. Both the Beagle and Buddha's Favorite are popular hand rolls that are nearly as visually striking as they are delicious. The pan-fried tofu steak is an appetizer must, featuring a lightly-seared tofu patty covered with green onion,

mushroom stems, Japanese roots and a sweet teriyaki concoction.

The restaurant is open for lunch from 11:30 AM to 2:30 PM, and for dinner between 5:30

and 10:00 PM. It's packed in the evenings, but if there's a wait, Buddha's Favorite offers a nice selection of infused sake to sip while you take in the view.

Buddha's Favorite
634 Lido Park Dr.
Newport Beach, Ca 92663
949.723.4203



review's

boutiques

Nestled on Vermont in Los Feliz is Show, a vintage and contemporary furniture gallery that specializes in select designs from Europe and Scandinavia. The store's selection is eclectic, featuring a healthy spread of couches and sofas, tables and nightstands, ceramics and glassware. New or not, everything on display in the gallery has the authentic feel of vintage furnishings. The items are priced quite reasonably, allowing for that mod tone that you are attempting to convey, without the drain on your pocketbook. All vintage furnishings are sold in pristine condition, and the contemporary merchandise is well crafted, providing a superior design and construction without sacrificing the stylistic cache of your favorites from yesterday. Featuring glassware from Decorum, in Turkey, and Brooklyn's John Pomp; ceramics by



Italy's Salvatore + Marie and Wingard, in San Francisco; and coffee and tea sets from Tonfisk of Finland, Show offers an eclectic variety of houseware from near and far.

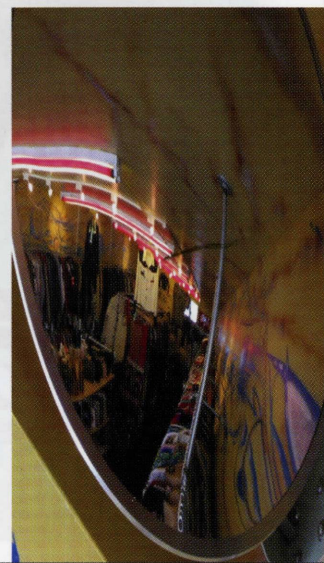
Show
1722 N. Vermont Avenue
Los Angeles 90027
323.644.1960

Black Market is a second-hand clothing store that is putting a heavy artistic spin on classic vintage pieces. Think 1970s sneakers by Nike, nylon Lacoste windbreakers, '80s style Gucci purses, and you are starting to get the idea. Now imagine a spot that collects this kind of vintage gear, presents it to a variety of LA artists, and asks to have it used as canvas for art in various mediums. Jackets, blouses, slacks, skirts, hats, shoes-you name it-are all given the artistic spin. And we're not talking about mere

touch-up: these are complete pieces, incorporating silk-screens, graffiti, portrait and landscape paintings, and a few items that feature what looks to be some serious finger painting genius. Of course, you can also purchase the hard-to-find gear, free of artist tampering, for some of the best vintage prices in LA. With a staff that knows not only what's hot in vintage threads, but when and where it came from, a visit to Black Market is as informative to classic clothes junkies and as it is functional to the armchair fashionista.



bLack MARKET
2023 Sawtelle Blvd
Los Angeles 90025
310.966.1555





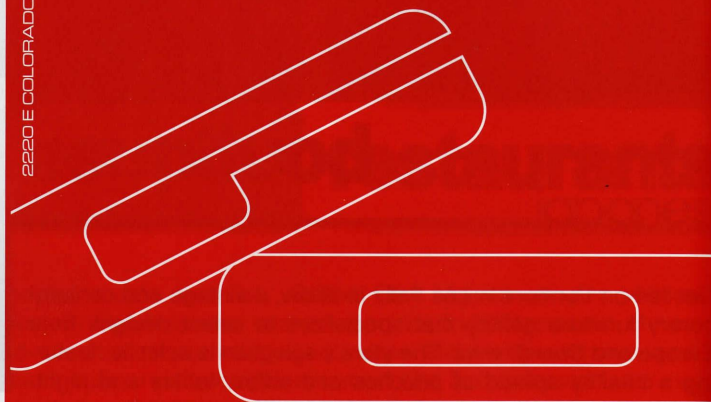
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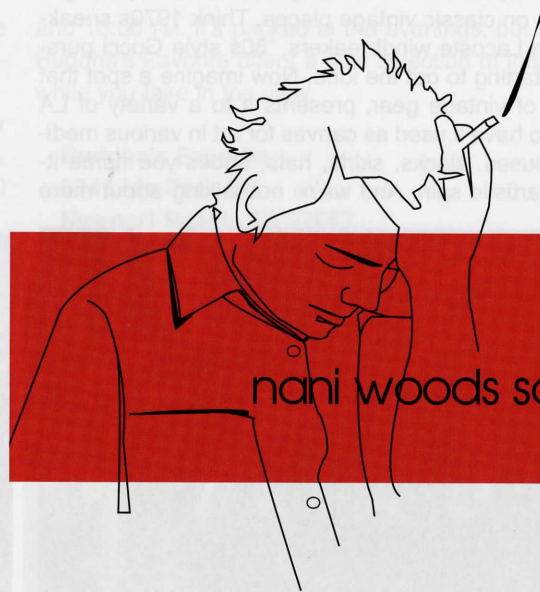
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What makes you turn to for inspiration?

leo rodrigue**z**



leo rodriguez

photos by: doug kim
interview by: alex ross

"Each day I try to absorb some part of the natural world. Maybe it's just staring at a tree for 15 minutes, but in that time I become a part of it. The other day I was driving and I wanted to become a part of the tree world. I was like a bush traveling down the road in my car, and it got to where I couldn't see the buildings or cars around anymore. I try to grab some peace and escape through the natural elements."



outdoor sink

Picture a really cool gypsy-like dude, a character too full of life and too fully formed to ever fit into the already overcrowded pages of a Jack Kerouac novel. "A wise soul," whose manner is so unassuming and straightforward that even such a hackneyed refrain seems fresh and fitting when applied to him.

And then picture this guy with a pencil behind his ear. Picture him scruffily bearded with cockeyed dreads. He's wearing slouching jeans and a self-fashioned sweatshirt (meaning he silk-screened his own graphic, chopped the hood off, and sewed in that pseudo-sheepskin material that became a staple of Levi's jackets circa 1986—the type worn by particularly bad seeds who drove mud-splattered trucks with stereos cranking Dokken and Iron Maiden at ear-splitting volume, and who used to hang in front of 7-Eleven trying to get someone to buy them beer). Call him Leo, because astrology may or may not be something he's interested in, but it would be difficult to get away with dubbing him *Cancer* or (God forbid) *Sagittarius*.

Picture this same dude sipping Chai tea from a hand-crafted mug that looks deceptively akin to a device designed for inhaling other, more potent substances. He stands in the doorway, eyes sparkling, as if, even then, even as you are speaking to him, he is creating something—maybe out of steel or wood or clay or the digital 0s and 1s that constitute computer graphic design. But don't be offended: That far-off look and half smile are not the signs of someone ignoring you; he is simply watching something much grander unfold within his head.

How do you describe the art that you do?

I would call it *freestyle assembly*. It's really like problem solving. The process is a way of thinking through something. I definitely learn more from the process. It's the story unfolding, and the end piece is what's left over at the end of that story; what remains.

So, OK, what is your art?

The word I like to use to describe my art is *hybrid*. I like to take things that are completely far away from each other, and maybe never meant to be together, and then go ahead and cross-breed them.

An example...

I did this kitchen table/sink piece. It was half kitchen table

and half sink. And it worked well. I mean, it was successful. We were down in Mexico where the building codes are different: things have a much more home-engineered feel; you make what you need. I was primarily looking at fish taco stands. And I wanted to make a piece with which a person could skin a fish, eat their food, and rinse their plate all in the same space. I like it most because it had the effect of the famous urinal: Is this a piece of furniture or a sculpture? Is this for real or is it a joke?

And it was both functional and artistic?

Yeah, and I like that quality about it.

What artists do you turn to for inspiration?

Wow. [long pause] Kawamata.

Spell that.

"I like to take things that are completely far away from each other, and maybe never meant to be together, and then go ahead and cross-breed them."

K-A-W-A-M-A-T-A. He's this Japanese cat. He was a painter at first, but he then got frustrated with the formalism, and of having to do certain things. So he started reducing painting to structure. He got interested in just the frames. Eventually he started taking thousands of pieces of wood and making curving walls; curving spaces.

So did he create mazes and labyrinths?

They look like partial walls that have begun to consume the houses that they surround. The corners are always turning and curving. They kind of outline paths, I guess. But Mother Nature is really the artist I always go to when I need inspiration. Frank Lloyd Wright, sometimes.

Any good books that you've read recently? Music? Movies?

[almost painfully long pause] No. [much laughter] I just read the dictionary all the time. Not to learn words, but to learn *about* words. Let's see, I read the atlas. I've got this big-ass, thick atlas. It's got



partially natural chair

all sorts of political information, climate info.
Music?

Praise One. DJ Praise One. He's an eclectic DJ who'll play everything from rock 'n' roll to hip-hop. Sometimes I'll put on a song and just set it on repeat, like a mellow Doors song. "Indian Summer" from *Morrison Hotel*, say.

Great album cover.

[singing] "I love you... the best". Jeremiah Johnson. Westerns. I love the West. Robert Redford played this character, Jeremiah Johnson. He was this pilgrim who left his city life to go into the Rockies and live. The whole thing was a big learning period for him. Learning to live in the wilderness. He eventually finds a family, but they're killed; his wife, his family. In a way, it's a film about survival.

What's the concept behind *Out-The-Door*?

I guess it's to make a [really hard laughter] mockery out of fashion; to run away from fashion; to make fashion loosen up a bit. I like the idea of it being a twist on fashion; taking something that's assumed to be unchangeable and changing it. For example, the sweatshirts that you mentioned before: It's taking a hoodie [rhymes with *goodie-goodie* —author's note] and just making it that much different. Even if it's subtle, it's important. I guess the motto is to be always running in a new direction.

What's your link to Charizmatik?

Basically, the universe brought us together [inadvertent homage to Freddie the Frank —author's note]. We were both at a place where we needed each other. [laughter] I needed the tools and Charizmatik needed furniture. Let's all party in 2022.

I just thought of this: I love the way you enter parties wearing hats, playing the flute or the congas, chanting.

Oh, shit [extended laughter]. Uh, the first few seconds at any party are electric. You're wondering who you may run into or who you may meet. It's where you feel comfortable, and it's the way in which you're received. It depends on the party. If you're giving off good energy, there is nothing you want more than to have that energy bounced back at you. But, you know, you haven't seen it, but sometimes I enter the party on the humble.

Alright, I'm going to hit you with some random quotes from books on the shelf and from a CD. Tell me what you make of them. "Read with a crayon, pencil, pen, magic marker or highlighter in your hand." —Dale Carnegie.

Come again?

"Read with a crayon, pencil, pen, magic

marker or highlighter in your hand." —Dale Carnegie.
[silence] Fuggeddabouttit. Just read.

"C, trying to express the future, sometimes language fails." —Prince (or the artist formerly of the squiggly androgynous sign).

True. Language fails us 90% of the time. We use it way more than we need to, to make up for all that it's not doing and all that we're not saying. I really respect this guy who took a vow of silence for 20 years. It ended in January of 2000. If I could do this for a year at some point in my life, I would be happy.

"Some time later. Cool air touches my face as I crawl in a garden. Colorful flowers tower around me, and I'm surrounded by new smells." —Dan Millman. Have you ever crawled around in a garden?

Yes. Read it again. I've done my share of crawling. I like cool air and new smells. I've spent some time crawling around outdoors. Bushwhacking. Cutting through brush with sticks. And then, in the middle of all that bush, finding some sage. I actually really relate to that quote.



horizontal lamp

"When a zen master was asked 'What is Tao?' he replied 'Walk on.'" —Alan Watts.

Um, believe in the unexplainable.

OK, Leo. As those aforementioned metallurgists would say, not *walk on*, but "*Rock*

on, man. Rock on."
Always.

Anything we missed?

Maybe we could end by talking about the greater forces that rule my life. My relationship to the earth, my outdoor activities. Each day I try to absorb some part of the natural world. Maybe it's just staring at a tree for 15 minutes, but in that time I become a part of it. The other day I was driving and I wanted to become a part of the tree world. I was like a bush traveling down the road in my car, and it got to where I couldn't see the buildings or cars around anymore. I try to grab some peace and escape through the natural elements. Sometimes it's just studying the wood flooring in a 50-story building and vibing for a moment on what that tree once lived.

I relate to the universe more through my place on earth. I've tried to send my soul into space, but I was weighed down by gravity. At the moment I went to the core and accepted gravity I was able to cast myself out there. I went to the core of myself and, of course, that was a learning point for me.



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Aquarius

Start walking with a limp. A dangerous, **criminal** limp. And when folks say "Quit walking like that, moron!" you just turn and go "Nuts to you!" Everybody's gonna start saying "Nuts to you!" again soon and you need to get in on the ground floor.



Leo

I totally belong in White Lion with that freakin' wig on. Or Whitesnake. Or Great White. Or The Bulletboys. They all pretty much looked the same, and they all pretty much sucked the same.



Pisces

You should go buy one of those electronic things you strap on your stomach that give you killer abs. That would be totally cool and/or awesome. Let me know if it works. I'm kinda curious.



Virgo

People don't like you so much. Not anybody close to you, but it's still gonna bother you when these people don't like you. People like your mechanic, or the gas company guy, or bus drivers. Ooh and fast food people! They HATE you!



Aries

I should seriously grow some horns. Look how good they look on me. Oh, you should grow some horns too. You might as well give it a shot. Its not like you've got anything else going on.



Libra

I wouldn't recommend...um...doing stuff that involves wicker or wicka or wicks of any kind. Try hooking up with another Libra or a Gemini. Hell, try hooking up with everybody. Can't hurt to try.



Taurus

Beware of serious problems on hump day. Even when I was in diaper school, I thought calling Wednesday "hump day" was pretty weird. Again, I gotta mention how good I look with horns.



Scorpio

Boy are people gonna laugh at you. And I don't mean the stand-up comedian way neither. I'm talking about the pointing and throwing broken glass kinda laughing. I'd invest in some chainmail if I were you.



Gemini

It's high time you changed cereals. That stuff you eat now is like Grape Nuts without the Grape or the Nuts and with rocks and sand instead. And what do you get free in every box? COUPONS!!



Sagittarius

Don't feel bad about your shortcomings. Those around you are probably used to them. Focus more on making a robot version of yourself. I suggest starting with aluminum foil and cardboard boxes.



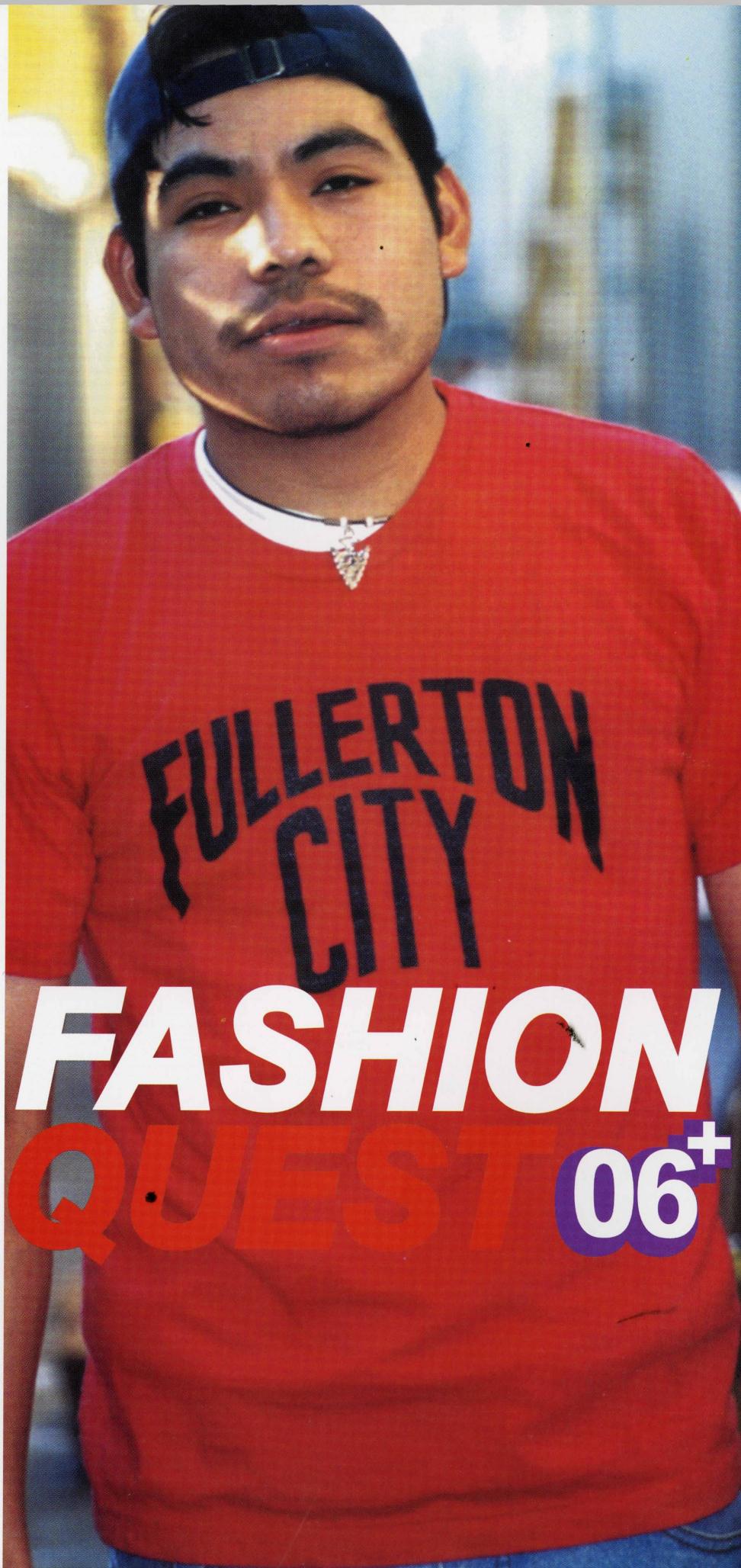
Cancer

Things look good for you. Other than a series of failed attempts to obtain super-human hearing, things should go your way for the time being. This is subject to change, of course, but for now, you're good.



Capricorn

Now is the time to buy lots of meat and put it in the freezer. That way, later on, when you're like, "I don't have any meat, waah waah!" you'll go to the freezer and all that meat will still be there. I mean like, where would it have gone, right?



FASHION QUEST 06⁺

ARVE

5 N. Harbor Blvd. Fullerton, Ca Tel: 714. 446. 0666



7257 BEVERLY BLVD LOS ANGELES, CA 90036
info@kbondla.com 323.939.8866