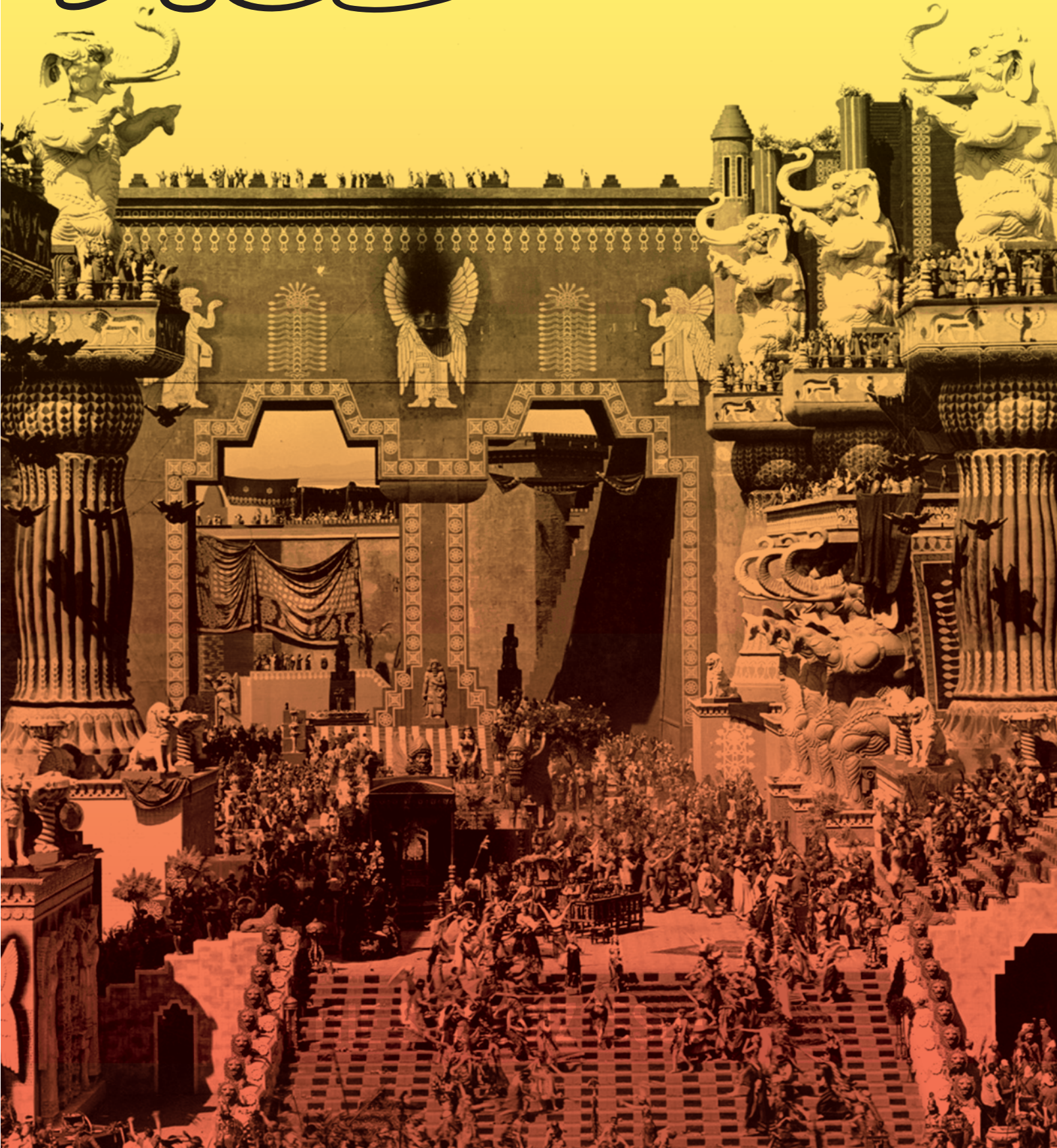


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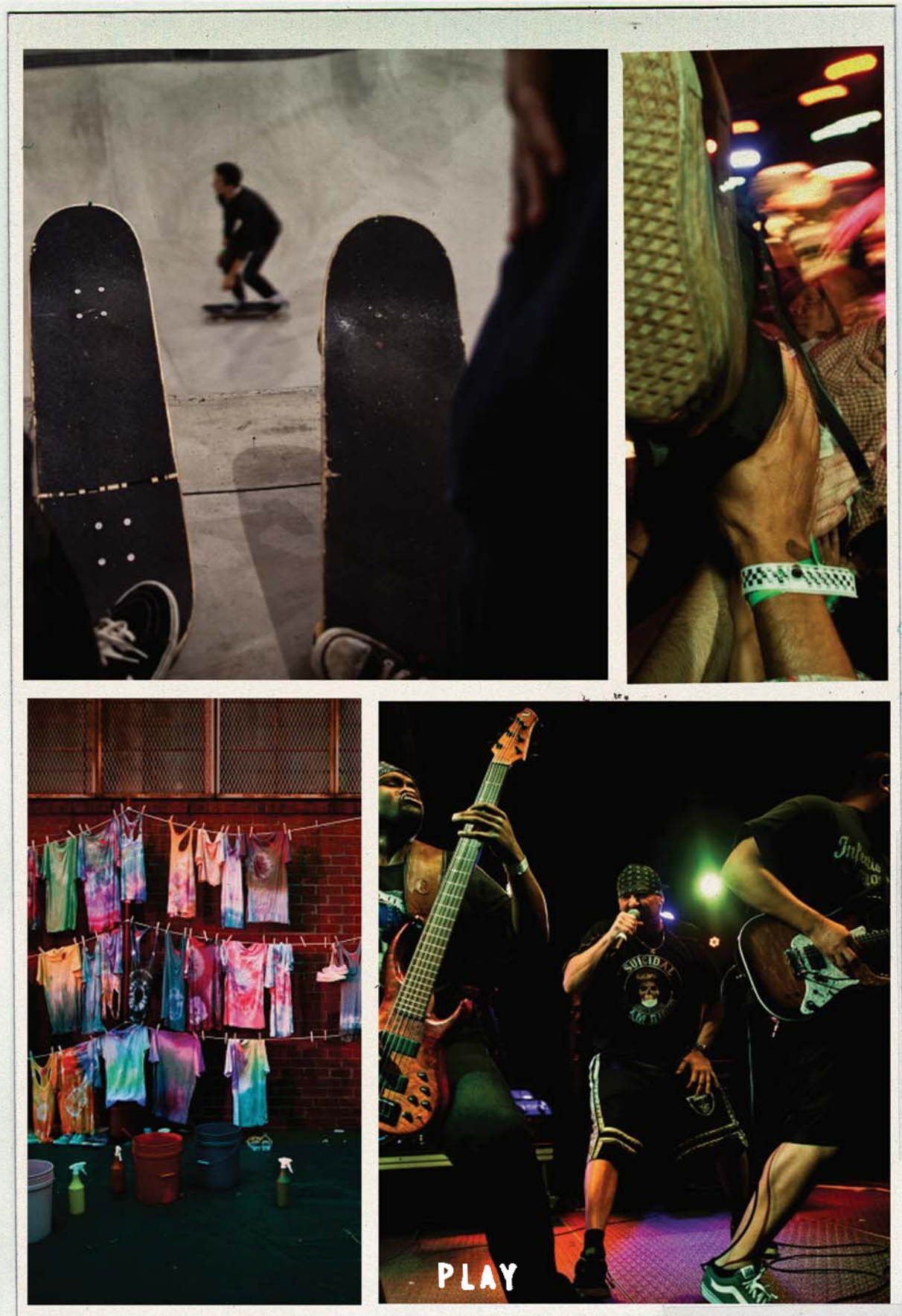


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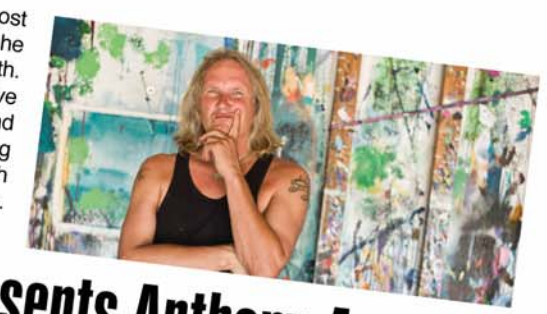


Volcom featured artist series presents Kim Gordon

Musician, singer, songwriter, designer, writer, and artist. Kim Gordon, perhaps best known for her band Sonic Youth, has a broad range of talents, ranging from art to music to clothing design. She grew up in Los Angeles as the daughter of a professor and a seamstress.



Anthony Ausgang is notorious as the world's most hallucinatory Low Brow cat painter, a skill he learned after his flying saucer crashed on Earth. Since then his paintings of psychedelic cats have been seen on album covers, skateboards and sleeping dogs all over the world. When not working in his studio, Ausgang spends his time at the beach waiting for good waves and looking for his keys. ausgangart.com volcom.com/ausgang



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Matthew Frost sent us a couple photos he took at a pet cemetery in Hollywood. They are either so sad it's funny or so funny it's sad, we can't decide which. They're part of his self-published photo book of graveyards for critters, Little People in Fur Coats. For more information, check out matthew-frost.com.

VOLUME 19 NUMBER 4

Cover by Technicolor Skull: Kenneth Anger and Brian Butler

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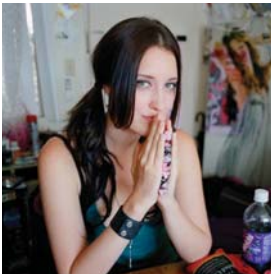
EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH



TECHNICOLOR SKULL

Technicolor Skull is a collaboration between filmmaker and ridiculously amazing thereminist Kenneth Anger and musician, artist, filmmaker, and writer Brian Butler. They call it a “magick ritual of light and sound in the context of a live performance.” We tried to think of some words to describe the noises the duo makes and the videos that are projected behind them, but they all fell short (“aural mindfuck” came closest, but that sounds like something that happens at Guantánamo Bay). They don’t play shows too often, but if you hear of one coming you should find a way to get your ass in front of the stage—even if it means selling your car, kids, and house and flying to some shamanic teepee in Portugal. Also, they did the cover this month.

See THE COVER and THE SORDID SECRETS OF BABYLON, page 124



KIMBERLY KANE

Kimberly Kane’s ascension to the top of the adult-film industry began shortly after she moved to LA in 2003, and was capped by her winning the AVN Award for Best Actress in 2010 for playing a very horny Scully in *The Sex Files*. She broke into directing with 2006’s *Naked and Famous*, and now busies herself directing Vivid’s interracial Blackmailed line. Dian Hansen, editor of Taschen’s *The Big Penis Book*, said Kimberly’s photography “has taken her unique life experience, something none of the many photographers who’ve attempted to document the adult industry from the outside can boast, and turned it into fascinating and competent art.” It also might give you a boner, just like the Hollywood lovelies she shot for us in this issue.

See GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD, page 106



SEAN TEJARATCHI

Sean Tejaratchi currently lives in Los Angeles with his zine, *Crap Hound*, and his Twitter account, @ShittingtonUK. He did a lot of the book design for Feral House back in its late-90s heyday; compiled and edited that book *Death Scenes: A Homicide Detective’s Scrapbook*, which is still very difficult to eat while reading; and most recently coauthored *Doctor Farm, Book IV of the Jupiter Chronicles*, a futuristic sci-fi series about alien war and the importance of diversity and tolerance. Basically it starts out with a Mexican interstellar space oncologist (tranny) trying to rescue his/her(?) Sudanese (dark-skinned) wolf-husband (genetic experiment/Muslim). We think Sean is some sort of Persian or maybe, like, Tajik? Afraid to ask.

See YOUR GUIDE TO MOVIELAND HOMES, page 44



BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT

You might remember Bobcat Goldthwait as one of the odder creatures of 80s and early-90s comedy—a scratchy-voiced, possibly mentally ill character who showered onstage, played Zed in the Police Academy movies, and lit Jay Leno’s set on fire. Over the past decade he dropped the weird voice and started writing and directing his own movies on his own terms. His latest feature, *God Bless America*, is about a cancer patient and a high school girl who team up to murder the trash who appear on reality TV, and we can’t wait to watch it. We asked Bobcat to write something for this issue, and he sent an essay explaining how he went from being an unhappy sell-out comic to an auteur who can do whatever the fuck he wants.

See BETTER OFF DEAD, page 40



JENNIFER JUNIPER STRATFORD

Growing up in Hollywood, Jennifer Juniper Stratford became obsessed with the dreamlike realm of the screen while simultaneously coming to terms with the industry’s grubby realities. Her work often deals with the intersection of the fantastic and the all too real, like her VICE.com column, Off Hollywood, in which she interviews and photographs forgotten greats from the 80s and early 90s. For the past ten years, she’s been collecting visual and aural memorabilia from Alphy’s Soda Pop Club, an underage dance club that catered to LA’s teen celebrities in the 80s. Jennifer was one of the few “regular kids” allowed in, and it was there she met Corey Haim, whom she spoke to in 2004 for an interview that has never been published—until now.

See HIM, HIMSELF, AND HE, page 102

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STALLONE HATES BULGARIAN BATS

Four months out from its release date, Sylvester Stallone’s latest pièce (of shit) de résistance, The Expendables 2, has sparked quite a bit of controversy. Surprisingly, the brouhaha is not over its being the cinematic equivalent of liquid skunk feces, but because the film’s production has resulted in the deaths of thousands of bats in Bulgaria’s Devetashka Cave, a home to 13 species (two of which are endangered) that’s ostensibly protected by the government. After filming wrapped, the cave’s bat population dropped more than 30,000 to around 8,500, leading to protests from environmentalists. To learn more about this terrible bat genocide, we met with Antonia Hubancheva from Sofia’s Bat Research and Protection Center and Natural History Museum.



BY BLAGOVEST BLAGOEV
Photo by Svilen Delchev

VICE: How was the bat slaughter discovered?
Antonia Hubancheva: Last February, long before the filming started, we counted a population of around 35,000 bats. We planned to tally them again this year, but a colleague of ours, who happened to pass by the cave, saw that the terrain was being prepared for filming. Normally, at this time of year the bats begin to prep for hibernation. Once they’ve secured their supplies, they should be left in peace. Imagine, just as you’re falling asleep, here comes Sly and friends, who decide to throw a party in your bedroom. You have a sleepless night, but the guests return and keep partying for months until, finally, you run out of energy and have no supplies to make it through the winter.

Were the producers aware they were filming in a bat habitat?
 They shun commenting on the matter. I don’t think they were aware of the significance of this particular cave, but they should have sensed the situation. The problem is not the fact that they did film, but how they went about doing it—using metal-cutting machines and big trucks, drilling rock, blocking the river, shining powerful torches, and all that. Outside the cave there’s a sign clearly displaying the rules: Do not disturb the bats or block the river, and so on. *The Expendables 2* broke all the rules except for one that forbids entering the cave with a herd of goats.

Did they break any laws by filming in this location?
 It was outright illegal, but we know how the Bulgarian authorities work. Eventually, the court ruled that the permits for filming inside the cave were null. It’s a huge victory for us.

Blow Up the Audience

BY A. WOLFE
 Photo by Polly Barrowman

Just west of Compton there’s a warehouse with more than 35,000 torsos and other body parts strewn about the floor. Richard McIntosh, Joe Biggs, and their team are the caretakers of the facility, the headquarters of a company called Inflatable Crowd. Their custom-made blow-up people have been clothed, wigged, and masked for more than 80 major films (*Contagion*, *The King’s Speech*, *The Prestige*, and *Bratz: The Movie*, just to name a few) and countless commercials, making up a great number of the “crowds” you’ve seen in the past decade of cinema.

Each torso is attached to a hand-painted mask, many of which include incredibly detailed features like soul patches. And along with palettes of torsos and the occasional deflated limb, the warehouse is packed with five-foot-tall mounds of clothing and accessories that fall into different categories: “business,” “sports,” “casual,” and “giant bag of fedoras.”

For many industry folks, Inflatable Crowd’s products are an excuse to make extremely lame jokes like “Can I borrow one for the carpool lane?” but Richard is careful to note that his blow-up torsos are a practical solution to the problem of creating real-life crowds, which may soon become an obsolete need for the film industry. “Like the doll’s life span,” Richard says, “this company has its own. Any day now, we will be replaced by visual effects completely.”

While teams of computer-graphics geeks huddle in dimly lit rooms, developing programs that will digitally render lifelike crowds for movies, Richard is out there loading up his torsos, meticulously painting masks, and dressing his dolls with the same care as any wardrobe stylist. And unlike the programmers trying to take his business, Richard’s work requires him to be on set, able to manipulate and tweak the crowd scenes according to the director’s wishes. Steven Spielberg and Peter Jackson have shown us that CGI can make annoying 3-D crowds of aliens and mythical creatures, but can they expertly match a fuchsia sweater set with herringbone slacks and an overcoat? I don’t think so.



WHICH CELEBRITY DO TWEEN GIRLS LOVE MOST?

BY VICE STAFF

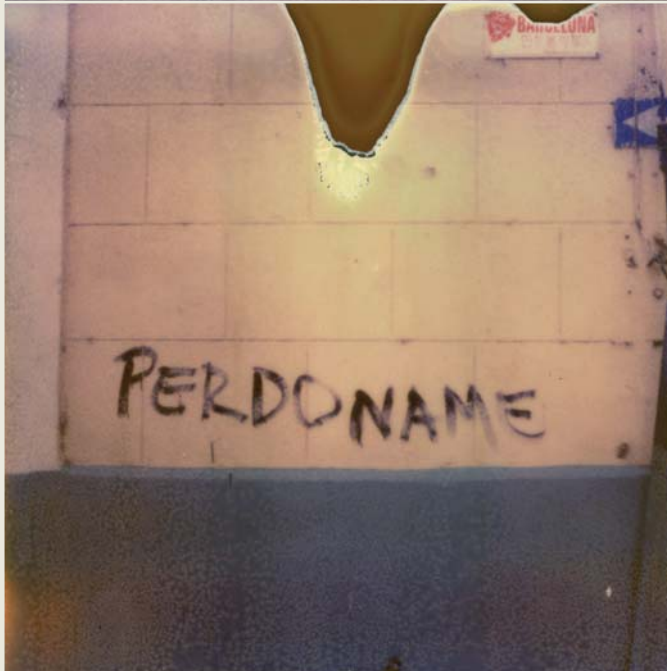
Tween girls are terrifying creatures. Besides being slaves to raging hormones that cause them to perpetrate horrifying acts of cruelty on their peers, they also dictate a large portion of the entertainment industry. Have you ever watched an 11-year-old girl have a meltdown in a store because her parents won’t buy her what she wants? Advertisers know all about it, which is why preteen girls are one of the most coveted demographics out there. They’re going to get their way, sooner or later. So we thought it might be fun to ask a few very young ladies about their favorite superstars.



VICE: Who’s your favorite celeb?
Kaylie, 11: I like Selena Gomez.

Why?
 Besides her many talents, she has always been true to herself, and she seems really grateful for everything that has happened to her. When I went to her concert last year, she took a lot of time thanking everyone for being there and thanking Disney and Barney.

What’s your favorite song of hers?
 I like all of them. My favorite is “We Own the Night.” It’s an upbeat type of song.



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THE ROMANIAN WOMAN WHO VOICED CHUCK NORRIS

Fifty-four-year-old Irina Margareta Nistor has the most recognizable voice in Romania. From 1986 until the Communist regime collapsed, she dubbed more than 5,000 movies, mainly Hollywood films, which at the time were banned and had to be smuggled into the country. She's voiced everyone from Jesus to Bruce Lee to Baloo from The Jungle Book. In the 90s, she became a well-known film critic, and she recently teamed up with director Ilinca Călugăreanu to make a documentary about the bootleg films she voiced. We called her to ask about her career in voice-over, hoping she would sound like Major Scott McCoy.

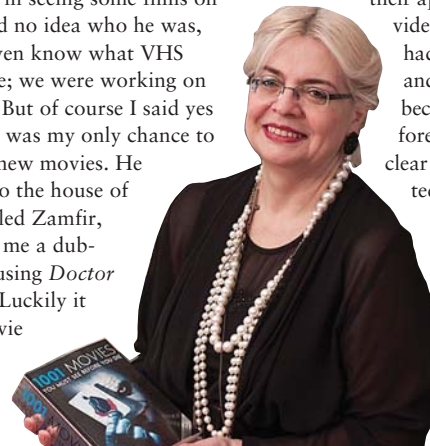


BY DANA CANURSCI
Photo by Octavian Catană

VICE: How did you end up getting a gig translating bootleg Hollywood movies?
Irina Margareta Nistor: I was already translating films for state television. They had an ideological committee that decided which movies could be aired and what should be cut from them—love scenes, priests, too much food, too many swimming pools, and so on.

So how'd you go from that to dubbing illegal movies?

In 1985, a fire department official who worked at the station asked me if I was interested in seeing some films on tape. I had no idea who he was, I didn't even know what VHS tapes were; we were working on Betamax. But of course I said yes because it was my only chance to see some new movies. He took me to the house of a man called Zamfir, who gave me a dubbing test using *Doctor Zhivago*. Luckily it was a movie that I had already seen,



unlike the other 99 percent I translated, which were at first sight.

What was your typical workday like?
I was called whenever a shipment arrived. The tapes needed to be translated and delivered quickly. I'd dub six or seven movies a day, all in a row in this improvised studio in Zamfir's basement that was set up with two VCRs, a microphone, and a TV set. When I got to the cartoons, his two small children would come and sit on my lap.

Who watched the movies you dubbed?
Those who could afford a video player, for starters. We couldn't, so my parents only got to hear me on tape after the revolution. There were people who sold their apartment or car to buy a video player. Party members had such devices more often, and they needed the dubbing because they didn't know any foreign languages. It became clear that they silently permitted what we were doing.

If someone had a VCR, his apartment would become a real cinema for the neighbors—they sold tickets and gave out roasted sunflower seeds. We didn't have popcorn.



VICE: Who would you say is the most talented celebrity out there today?

Madi, 12: My favorite celeb is Rihanna. I think she is the best role model!

What do you like about her?
I love her style, her hair, and especially her music. I have all her songs on my iPod, and I love her accent and how she grew up in Barbados. She inspires me so much!



VICE: Of all the stars out there today, who is the best?

Mckenna, 11: Taylor Swift. I like her music, and she's a good role model.

How so?
She is honest and not afraid to be herself. A lot of celebrities could be role models, but for me it's Taylor Swift.

Which song do you like the best?
"Our Song."

What is the coolest thing Taylor Swift has ever done?
When she wrote the song "Mean," she told the story behind the song to magazines. I thought that was cool.

Roseanne Runs For President, Wants Us to All Eat Nuts



BY HARRY CHEADLE
Illustration by Sam Taylor

Celebrities have name recognition, no shame, and a pathological need for attention, so they're pretty much the perfect political candidates. The latest one to toss her hat in the ring is Roseanne Barr—famous for creating and starring in the absolute best blue-collar sitcom of the 90s—who's decided to run for president on the Green Party ticket.

Naturally, Roseanne's foray into politics has gotten a lot of media attention, and in a Public Policy Polling survey from February 6 percent of voters said they would pick her over Mitt Romney or Barack Obama. But she might not even win the nomination. Jill Stein, a Massachusetts doctor and longtime Green, started campaigning for the nomination early and has won every state primary and convention this year, according to Ronald Hardy, who writes for the blog Green Party Watch.

Roseanne's stated policies include a belief we could end global warming if people ate nuts instead of meat (she operates a 46-acre macadamia farm in Hawaii), and she also wants to make war "illegal" and return to a barter-based economy.

When asked if she was really serious, Roseanne told us through a spokesperson: "I challenge all



of my opponents in the Green Party and all other parties to debate me on the issues of the day. I'm in it to win it."

Two days before emailing VICE that statement, Roseanne lost the Massachusetts primary because she was unable to get on the ballot in time. She did, however, come out with an anarchist-accented YouTube video. "Vote Roseanne 2012," the ad said. "We may not win, but we're RIGHT." At least half of that is true.



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JULIA ROBERTS TATS OUT THE YIN-YANG

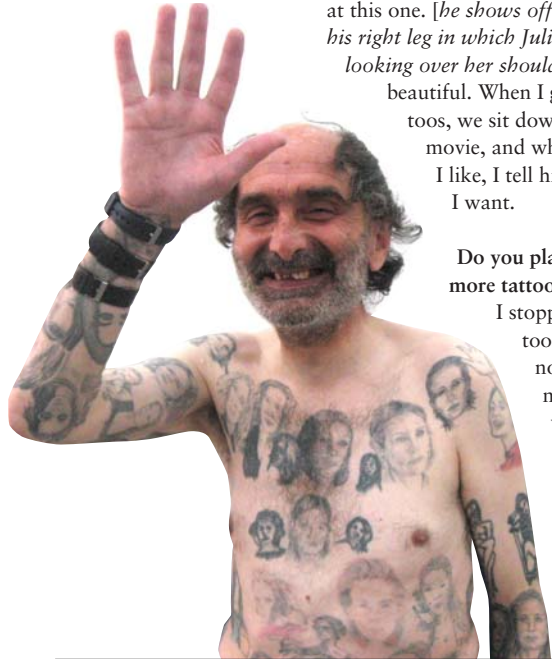
Miljenko Ladislao Konstantin Parserisas Vukovic is a 57-year-old Chilean who became famous around the time he got his 83rd tattoo of Julia Roberts (specifically, as she appears in Erin Brockovich).

The ink was etched into his skin over a decade by Leonardo Alarcón, a tattooer who specializes in portraits. But eventually, Leonardo’s work got Miljenko lots of unwanted attention from the press, and the human canvas freaked out and fled.

Curious about what Miljenko was doing now, we tracked him down. When he answered the door, he had three watches on his right arm and said he didn’t want to give any interviews, but after some cajoling, he let us in.



BY CAMILO ESPINOZA
Photo by Cinthia Matus



VICE: Nice to meet you, Miljenko. First things first: Why did you disappear? Miljenko Parserisas: I didn’t want to do any more interviews, because they never showed me where they got published. One time, they took me to a studio and shot an interview with me, but they never told where I’d be able to see myself. I let you inside because it’d be rude of me to leave you out in this heat.

Thanks for that. Why did you feel the need to get so many Julia Roberts tattoos? It’s because of *Erin Brockovich*. I fell in love with that woman the day I saw the movie. Each tattoo is one of her expressions in the movie: when she looks in the mirror, when she’s walking elegantly with her stuff, when she laughs. She is beautiful. I only like her in that movie, but not in the others, because she’s always kissing the other actors or has too much makeup. In *Erin Brockovich* she’s perfect.

Why didn’t you want to go meet her? Because I love her, but she’d never look at an old man like me.

So the tattoos are enough for you? Enough for your heart? Why not? They are so pretty. Look at this one. [he shows off a tattoo on his right leg in which Julia Roberts is looking over her shoulder] She’s sexy, beautiful. When I go to get tattoos, we sit down to watch the movie, and when I see a face I like, I tell him that’s what I want.

Do you plan on getting more tattoos? I stopped getting tattoos because I have no room left on my body. And I would never get a tattoo on my ass. Besides, I don’t have a job anymore, and my pension is not enough.

A Damn Fine Cup of Coffee

BY KELLY McCLURE

David Lynch recently told the Huffington Post that for years, in addition to the massive quantity of coffee he drank in diners, the filmmaker also gulped down more than 20 cups of instant coffee (specifically out of Styrofoam cups) a day. Everyone knows instant coffee is fucking disgusting, including Lynch, but his mantra is “Any coffee is better than no coffee.”

Lynch recently released his own signature blend of coffee beans in House Blend, Decaf French Roast, and Espresso Roast varieties, and because I am Super Fan No. 1, I ordered a five-pound bag of the House Blend and set out to see if I could drink 20 cups of the stuff in one day just like my hero.

I figured my little experiment would go OK because, like Lynch, I love coffee in an obsessive way. But as I discovered, jumping from three cups a day to 20 is something that needs to be done gradually. I made it to 11 before I had to stop and switch over to chewing ice cubes and taking handfuls of aspirin to calm my burning stomach and throbbing head. The other major side effect was having to “go to the bathroom” in ways I’ve never experienced.

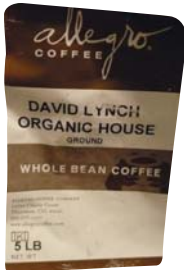
Here’s a breakdown of how things went:

Cups 1-3: This is great. Coffee tastes good. I’m probably going to buy this David Lynch coffee for the rest of my life and swear to never drink anything else.

Cups 4-6: Is it weird that my pee feels thick and my armpits are literally shooting out streams of sweat like I’m in a cartoon?

Cups 7-9: I’m getting really, really sick of shitting. There’s no poop left in my body.

Cups 10-11: Dying. My body is sweating coffee out of every pore, and my tongue feels like the inside of a rotting cat. I can hear my heart pounding in my ears, and the headache I’m experiencing is making me want to impregnate my body inside someone’s unsuspecting uterus and then abort myself. I’m never drinking coffee again. But if I do it will definitely be David Lynch coffee, which I’m pretty sure makes you—or at least your colon—weirder with every cup.



VICE: Which celebrity do you admire most? Kyah, 11: My favorite celebrity is Beyoncé. I like and look up to her because she is a true person who’s fought for what she wanted and has achieved it on so many levels. She is still doing so and inspiring young girls like myself around the world.

How do you think she got to where she is today? She decided at a young age what she wanted to do with her life and, with the help of her family, never gave up hope.



VICE: Are you particularly smitten with any celebrities? April, 12: My favorite celebrity would be Justin Bieber because he has great talent and is cute and sings very well. And his hair is *beautiful*.

What if Justin Bieber didn’t exist? Who would it be then? Then I would probably have to... [sighs] Ummmm... I can’t think of anyone!

What about Selena Gomez? Ewww! No. I don’t like her ‘cause she’s Justin Bieber’s girlfriend.

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THE MOST GLORIOUS BAZOOMBAS IN THE WORLD

Kitten Natividad’s Life of Hollywood Deviance

BY KARLEY SCIORTINO

Archival photo courtesy of Kitten Natividad

Kitten Natividad has some of the most infamous boobs in the history of Hollywood. Perhaps best known for her 44-inch chest and her ability to come while doing a strip-tease, Kitten is one of Russ Meyer’s legendary ultra-vixens and his former girlfriend. And for real, you know your tits are some of the best in the world if Meyer—the supreme auteur of sexploitation flicks—is your main squeeze for 15 years.

Kitten was born in 1948 in Juarez, Mexico. Following a sketchy Tijuana boob job at 21, she moved to LA and worked as a go-go dancer. Her career as a stripper led her to Meyer, who cast her in films such as *Up!* and *Beneath the Valley of the Ultra-Vixens*.

Kitten’s aggressive sexual prowess has cemented her reputation as one of the most influential women in cult erotica. Some of her many naked achievements include: stripping at Sean Penn’s bachelor party before his marriage to Madonna, becoming a queen of burlesque, acting in a bunch of (questionable) 80s porn movies, and starring in *Eroticise*—quite possibly the trashiest, most ridiculous workout video ever made. Sadly, in 1999 Kitten was diagnosed with breast cancer and underwent a double mastectomy. However, she has since gotten new boobs (again) and says, “Any guy who says he doesn’t like a pair of plastic tits can go fuck himself.” I couldn’t agree more.

VICE: What was Hollywood like in the 70s? Watching films from that time make it seem like it was a totally different deal back then.

Kitten Natividad: It was fucking fabulous. Everybody did cocaine and lots of drugs—you’d go to a party and you could

smell the amyl nitrite in the air like dirty socks. And lots of orgies. That was the time before AIDS, so it was very open.

How did you meet Russ Meyer?

I was introduced to him by my friend I stripped with, Shari Eubank. She was the star of his film *Supervixens*. Russ liked to use strippers in his movies because they don’t have issues with running around naked. When he’d get an actress she’d say, “Do I have to be naked? It might be bad for my career, blah blah blah.” And he’d be like, “Fuck this, I’m getting a stripper.”

What was it like working under him? And I mean that in terms of his directing.

It was great, but we fucked during all of our lunch breaks. He was a horny dude, a dirty old man.

Were you in an open relationship?

Oh God, no! He was very jealous—very possessive and controlling—which is why I never married him. He always wanted to be the director—where we ate, what we did, everything. I’d say, “I’m going to visit my mother,” and he’d say, “Why? You’ve got me, you don’t need a mother.”

I read somewhere that you introduced him to anal sex and he didn’t like it.

No, he didn’t, he found it weird. I think some guys get freaked out because they feel like they might be gay. I’d say to him, “Does it make you feel like you’re fucking a guy, is that what’s wrong?” He was pretty white-bread.

Have you boned any other interesting famous people?

I feel bad kissing and telling, although most of them are dead. Um... Tony Curtis, Tom Selleck, who was fabulous in bed, Don Adams... He had a big one.

Why did you get into porn in the 80s?

I got into alcohol, and I was just drunk and didn’t know any better. I needed the money, but I looked terrible. If I was going to do porn, I should have done it when I looked my best. I ruined that shit! But it was part of my journey, so I don’t have any regrets. I did what I did.


Did you enjoy doing it at the time?

It was such hard work! You know, for one hour of tape it takes eight hours of fucking. Who the fuck does that?! It’s painful, and you just want to get it over with, but then you have to get shots from behind and underneath and move the bed and move the camera—just fuck fuck fuck fuck.

After your double mastectomy, did it feel like you lost part of your identity?

Yes! It’s like a singer getting throat cancer—they were taking my moneymakers! The doctors told me, “Everything’s going to be OK—we have to remove them, but you can have reconstruction.” I said, “Then I don’t give a shit, just throw them out the window!”

So they just chunked them out and gave you new ones like a pair of socks or something?

Yes, but I had them made a little bit smaller, because when they get too big they become uncomfortable—like you roll over the wrong way and your elbows pinch them, or you’re walking around and they accidentally knock over a lamp. It’s a pain in the ass. 

For more on Karley Sciortino, big boobs, and the most deviant sexual debauchery imaginable, check out her new series SLUTEVER, now playing on VICE.com.



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ED KOCH ♥S MOVIES

And He Recommended that the MTA Use Wild Wolves to Stop Graffiti

BY
BENJAMIN
SHAPIRO

PORTRAIT
BY
MARCO
SCOZZARO

You probably know Ed Koch as the 105th mayor of New York City, and regardless of whether or not you agree with his views, he’s arguably the last politician in American history who actually said what he meant and meant what he said. Recently, the 87-year-old pundit, lawyer, and statesman added yet another distinction to his resume: film critic. A lover of all things cinema, Koch hosts a film-review show on Blip.tv called *Mayor at the Movies*, which is regularly syndicated by the Huffington Post. Somehow Koch’s career as a cineaste has slipped past my many vitamin D-deprived film school buddies, and at press time, the @MayorAtMovies feed only has 426 followers. Being that the man is not known for mincing words, we thought it apt for him to comment on the state of the film industry and the giant movie set that is New York City.

VICE: Hi Ed Koch. Let’s talk about movies.
Ed Koch: OK. I’ve always loved movies. I don’t usually go to the theater [for plays] because it costs so much. It’s 150 bucks a ticket, and so many of them are just awful. If you spend \$300 on two theater tickets and it’s awful, you feel bad. If you go to the movies and spend \$20, you don’t feel so bad if it turns out it stinks.

Would you consider yourself a total movie nerd?
I don’t want you to think I know anything about the movies as an expert—I don’t. My movie reviews are very direct. I don’t pretend to know anything about directing. What the hell do I know about directors? I only know whether a movie pleases me or doesn’t.

Do you like most of the movies you see?
About 40 percent of them are terrible, vile, outrageous, a waste of my time.

So why did you start reviewing them?
I got a call from the *Villager*. They said, “We know you like movies. Would you like to write reviews for us?” So I said, “What do you pay?” The editor became very defensive and said, “Well, we’re a little paper, so we can’t pay very much.” I said, “That’s understandable. Call me back when you get bigger.” They told me they could pay something in the high two figures, and I said, “What’s that mean? A hundred bucks a review?” They said yes, and I agreed. I don’t do it for the money, but if you’re a professional, you gotta get paid.

Do you still write for them?
No. I no longer write for them because they didn’t want to pay for the tickets. They wanted me to absorb the costs, and I said, “No, I’m not gonna do that.” After that I started my video show, *Mayor at the Movies*, and now I’m published on the Huffington Post. They had been publishing my political commentary and they think I’m a good writer.

How do you feel about the New York movies that were shot during your time as mayor? A lot of those movies portray New York as an apocalyptic wasteland.
You’re talking about crime. Those films show New York as it was. There’s nothing wrong in showing the city the way it was. And it’s much better now.

I think there’s an appeal to a lot of those movies, like *Escape from New York* or *Maniac Cop*, a view of Manhattan covered in garbage and graffiti.
The graffiti was sickening! I never extolled graffiti as a new art form—that’s bullshit. Put it in your house, but not in my house, and not on the subways.

That’s what those films tapped into—that fear.
Yeah, there’s no question about that. Particularly in the subways. Let me be maybe too bold about it. Can I tell you a little anecdote?

Do it.
I wanted to get rid of New York’s graffiti problem, but I wasn’t in charge of the subways, the MTA was. I called the MTA into City Hall and told them they had to get rid of the graffiti. I presented them with a plan to do it: Kids were spray-painting train cars in the yards at night because there weren’t any fences. I told them, just put up a fence and put some dogs inside. They got scared, worried that the dogs would bite people, so I said, “OK, if you don’t want any chance of dogs biting people, get wolves.” That’s the problem with the new Liam Neeson movie, *The Grey*. There’s no recorded case of a wild wolf ever having bitten or attacked a single human being in North America.

I don’t believe that.
Well, it’s true. The next day Clyde Haberman of the *New York Times* came to me and told me he’d checked my statement and that there *are* records of domesticated wolves biting humans. I said, “I know that! I’m not talking about a domesticated wolf. I’m talking about *wild wolves*. Let’s have wild wolves protect the trains. If the wild wolves become tame, replace them with more wild ones.”

So you recommended that the MTA fight graffiti with wild wolves?
Yes.





Fake passengers on a fake Titanic who aren't going anywhere wave goodbye to a crowd of well-wishers that doesn't exist.

THE TOWN THAT BUILT THE TITANIC IS SINKING

Somebody Needs to Bail Out Rosarito, Mexico, Before It Capsizes

BY GABY TORRES

Archival images by
Liza Ampudia

James Cameron's *Titanic* had a budget of more than \$200 million. At the time (1995-96), it was the most expensive film ever made, but the production still faced limitations due to the fact that the story took place on a massive ocean liner. Filming at open sea obviously was not an option, so Cameron and co. bought a 34-acre plot of land in Rosarito, Mexico, a small beach town close to Tijuana, and built an oceanfront movie studio from the foundation up, including a water tank big enough to sink an ocean liner replica in. It was a very economical choice: Real estate in the area was cheap, Rosarito is only a four-hour car ride from LA, and producers could pinch pennies by hiring local labor.

After Leonardo DiCaprio declared himself "king of the world" and filming wrapped, Rosarito's economy was booming. Fox Baja Studios continued to make

movies during the tourism influx of the late 1990s and early 2000s, when buses full of spring-breakers, surfers, and families rode down from the US to soak up rays on the beach and get hammered at local bars. There was also Foxploration, a studio-operated tourist attraction that included a *Titanic* museum. The party, however, was short-lived.

Over the next decade, narco-lords took control of Mexico. The sharp increase in drug-related violence and an outbreak of swine flu in 2009 quickly repelled tourists and foreign bigwigs. Fox sold the studio to local investors in 2007, and Foxploration closed, leaving behind only a few faded highway billboards as proof that it had ever existed.

Rosarito's landscape has since been taken over by abandoned businesses and FOR SALE signs, and the nightlife scene is becoming a faint memory. Just about the only hint of Rosarito's former fame as a movie town are the hundreds of locals who appeared as faceless extras in *Titanic*.

We met three of them to talk about their experiences working on the second-highest-grossing movie (behind Cameron's *Avatar*) of all time: Sergio Sotelo, a hospital worker who was born and still lives in Rosarito; Aislinn Puig, a hotel concierge who now lives in San José del Cabo; and Liza Ampudia, a housewife who moved to Bonita, California.

VICE: How did you hear about the casting call for *Titanic* extras?

Sergio Sotelo: There were ads on lampposts all over town, and all my friends were talking about it. I went to a small casting office where they took a Polaroid of me and got my information.

Liza Ampudia: I found out they were doing auditions at a shopping mall in Tijuana, so I went there. Later on, they called and told me I'd been chosen, and so I went to Rosarito for the fittings and all that.

What was your role as an extra?

Aislinn Puig: One day, they called up a bunch of girls around my age and made us stand in line. Then the director of photography walked by, staring at each one of us. He pointed at me, and they gave me a pregnant-belly prosthetic and a huge dress. I was a third-class passenger, and I was supposed to be with child, but at first no one knew I wasn't really pregnant so everyone in production kept giving me their seats. That's how it was for a few months. Later on, when we filmed the water scenes, I played a dead body.

Sergio: I was in third class. I was poor, and they gave me this little beret, a yellow scarf, a small jacket—they gave you absolutely everything except for your underwear.

Liza: I was a second-class passenger. The first time they called, I acted out saying goodbye to the passengers on the boat as the ship left. In another scene, when the ship is sinking, I was sitting in one of those rafts, and there were other scenes where I had to run, when the ship is lopsided.

What was your typical workday like?

Sergio: Early in the morning, a small bus would drive by and pick you up. We had to do the same scene over and over again while they shot it from different angles. They would yell, "Action!" and everyone would start moving, and then James Cameron would yell at someone, because he had this really bad temper, and everyone would get scared.

Aislinn: I thought it'd be all glamorous, that I'd be running into Leonardo DiCaprio, but, oh, surprise! There were tons of extras, and the director just comes and treats you like a cow. If you blow it, they yell at you, and they fired a lot of people for doing stupid things. There was this young guy who made a peace sign as the camera went by, so he got fired—the film cost millions of dollars, and he ruined a shot. James Cameron yelled at him pretty badly in front of everyone; he was a fucking Nazi, but then I realized he was just under a lot of pressure because of the movie. I met him later, during one of those *Titanic* events at Fox Studios, and he was pretty cool.

What was your experience like interacting with stars of the movie?

Aislinn: Danny Nucci [who played Leonardo DiCaprio's friend Fabrizio De Rossi] was always in character, so you'd be partying with him and he'd speak to you in Italian. That guy would even hit on my sister in an Italian accent. Billy Zane rented a house on the hill, far from where everyone else in production was staying, and he'd throw parties there. That guy was pretty cool. Kate



Winslet was pretty nice with everyone, but she didn't really party. Who really went out a lot was Leonardo DiCaprio. I never partied with him, but I know the guys at Rock & Roll Taco [a local bar] and they said it was always a problem when it was time to pay the check. He would always say that he was Leonardo DiCaprio and that he didn't have to pay.

How much did they pay you?

Aislinn: Forty dollars a day, plus they fed you and provided transportation.

Liza: Between 80 and 120 dollars a day. I felt it was discriminatory: At the end of the day, when we got paid, there was a stand that said DOLLARS and one that said PESOS. The Americans got paid a lot more. I don't know why I was considered American, but I think it happened when I filled out the form. My sister didn't write that she had an American passport, so she got paid in pesos, and I got paid in dollars. *VICE*

TOP: Extras who look like they're enjoying playing dress-up take a break from filming.

BOTTOM: Actors who were cast as the Titanic crew pose for a picture.

BETTER OFF DEAD

*Or Why Quitting the Movie Industry
Was My Path to Salvation*

BY BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT
PHOTO BY MIKE CARANO



Most people think I'm dead. At first I found this insulting. I mean, I know I look like fuck pie, but I'm only in my 40s. Eventually I realized that my problem was because of two things:

1) People are confusing me with Sam Kinison (the other obese, long-haired, screaming comedian from the 80s), and 2) people assume that if I WERE still alive I would obviously be on *Dancing with the Stars* or *I Was a Celebrity*—*Watch Me Eat Crocodile Balls* or whatever.

I know that you're not supposed to talk ill of the dead, but I give as much of a fuck about Sam's friends and fans as he gave a shit about Rock Hudson's or Liberace's. So allow me to clear up any confusion on the first issue.

Sam died in 1992 in a car crash driving to a gig in his Trans Am. I currently drive a sweet 2009 Ford Escape. Sam was the screaming misogynist xenophobe comedian. I was the screaming pinko comedian who acted like a crazy street person. Sam liked to pick on outsiders and misfits, while I always related to them. Sam prayed to Jesus and Hollywood, and I already knew that those things are as real as that giant hand-puppet-y shark on the *Jaws* ride.

As far as the *Dancing with the People You Kind of Remember from That Thing That Time* question—I don't have to do that. I have already sold out. As a young man, I sold out big. I was at a point at the beginning of my career that most people don't reach until the end. I was making *Police Academy 2* the same year my high school classmates were graduating from college. Youth is not necessarily an excuse for dumb career decisions, but I'm just trying to put it in some kind of perspective for you. Think about the shit decisions you made at 21. Now imagine that a giant check was involved, and think about how much worse everything would have been. Now you're with me, Sweetchuck.

I have been a game-show host, a talking puppet, and a Happy Meal toy. My acting has been dubbed into more languages than I can name. I cashed huge studio checks and got flown around the world. And I was miserable the entire time. Seriously—being the man's dancing monkey was fucking horrible. I'm not bitter about it now (no, really), because it's behind me. I love my life now. But it took me almost 30 years to get here.

Most people in showbiz are either bitter that they aren't huge stars or unhappy that they are. From the Starbucks barista to Oscar winners, almost everyone thinks that they're getting a raw deal. Here's my advice to them and to all of you: Quit.

Quitting is how my life changed. After years of going to auditions and pitching and writing scripts for shit commercial hits, I came to a realization. I realized that I would never watch any of the fucking things I was doing. So I quit. I always joke that I retired from acting at the same time they stopped hiring me, but it's true. To pay the rent I relied on doing a stand-up character


I no longer related to at venues in the heartland, where it's still the 80s.

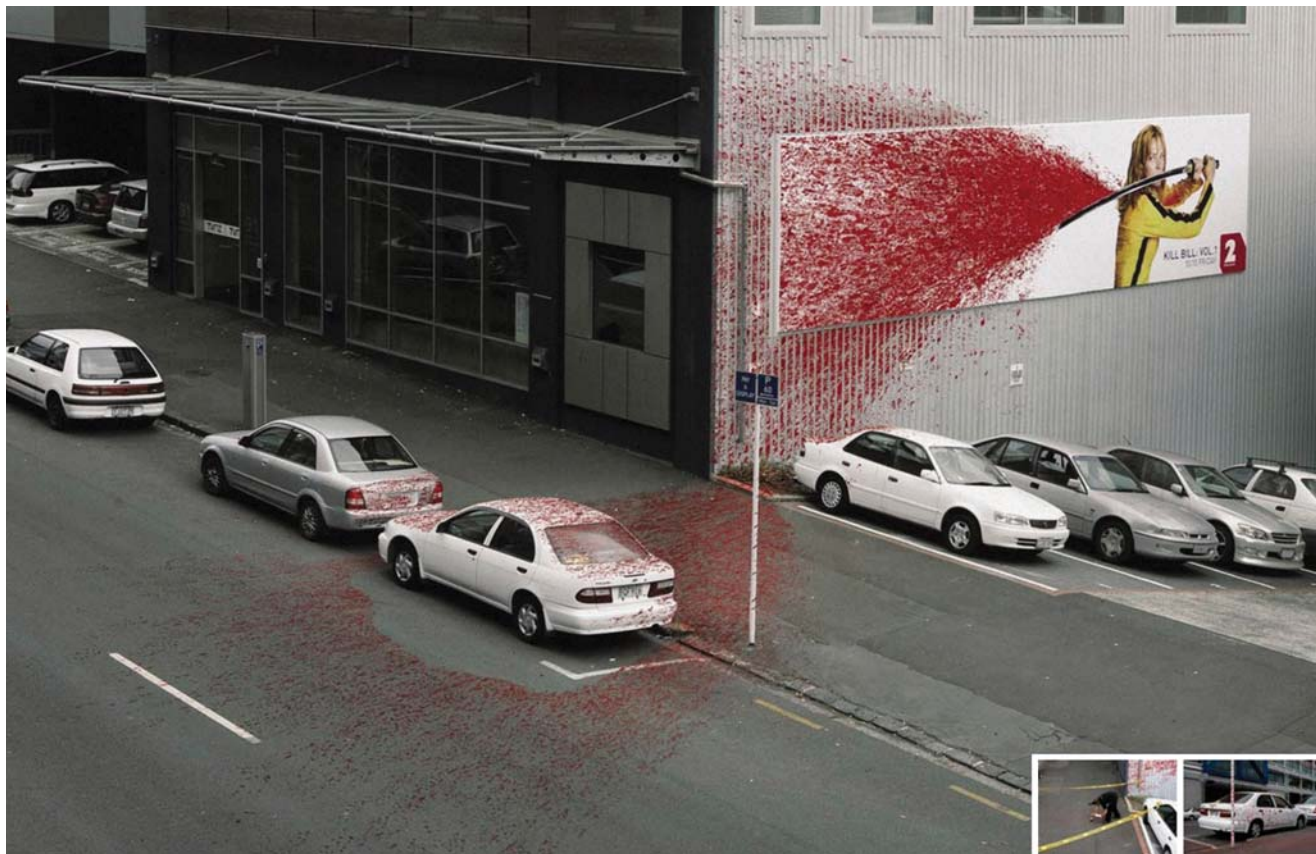
Fortunately for me (as even the heartland has had an assload of the screaming comic), I also got work from Jimmy Kimmel as a director. Jimmy believed in me when most people were using my name as a punch line. His confidence that I could direct made me realize I had other options. Maybe it was because I was finally working in an environment where people encouraged me to have fun while being creative, but I did something I hadn't done since my teens. I wrote things simply to write.

I wrote a very noncommercial screenplay about honesty, unconditional love, and bestiality. My manager at the time read it and told me that he was not going to send it out because he was afraid of what people would think about my mental health. (I fired that asshole a week later.) I liked it. But it sat in my desk for a year until my friend Sarah read it and said, "This is good. We should make it." And with two weeks off, 20 grand, and a crew hired from Craigslist, we did.

We did it really just for the sake of doing it. It was almost like a dare to see if we could. Then it got into Sundance. For me, that was a big deal. I've made two more movies since then and have written five other scripts lots of people think are crazy (but anyone on my payroll knows not to say too bluntly).

My movies are far from mainstream, and I like it that way. I have no interest in making R-rated studio comedies with the sole purpose of entertaining teenagers. I hate teenagers. I think most of them are fucking idiots. Christ, I hated teenagers when I WAS a teenager. Besides, I will be 50 this year, so how the hell would I know what teenagers like? I make movies that me and my friends like, with actors I like working with, and on shoestring budgets far outside the system. I have found producers who support me and who also are, unimaginably, not even a little bit douche-y. As for Sarah, we are now married.

My point is this—if you want to be happy in showbiz (or any creative field), listen to that voice inside you. Even if it says "Fuck it" sometimes. Work with your friends. Avoid chasing fame or money. Just do what you want to do, when and how you want to do it. And if it's not making you happy, quit. Quit hard, and quit often. Eventually you'll end up somewhere that you never want to leave. 



KOOL KRAZY KIWI KREATIVES

Kick the Krap out of Hollywood Advertising

BY COPYRANTER

Images courtesy of Ivan Raszl
at adsoftheworld.com

The abandoned Hobbiton set from *The Lord of the Rings*, located in Matamata, New Zealand, is now inhabited by a flock of sheep from a nearby farm and, if my sources are correct, Sean Astin. The animals graze during the day and snuggle up into the hobbit holes at night while a now-trim Astin, still wearing his elven cloak and fake big hairy feet, subsists on open-fire-roasted lamb, wild fruit, and water from a nearby stream.

Astin's situation is as happy as it is sad, just as many things are in what the Maoris call "the land of the long white cloud" and Hollywood calls "a fuckin' gold mine." Besides the movies about the wizard and his prepubescent concubine, the Kiwis have hosted the productions of *The Adventures of Tintin*, *30 Days of Night*, *The Last Samurai*, *Yogi Bear*, and a bunch of other flicks that may or may not be terrible.

If whoever's running Hollywood were smart, they'd do one better and take notice of New Zealand's movie

ad campaigns—specifically those from Saatchi & Saatchi and DDB. The stuff they come up with has long been putting billboards and campaigns in the US and the rest of the world to shame. Maybe asking for the Kiwis' guidance on a global scale could even get more people to see the stinkers that keep plopping into movie theaters.

'KILL BILL' BILLBOARD

Saatchi & Saatchi

When this billboard first went up in 2008 and images of it began circulating, accusations of "Fake!" and "Photoshop!" were made by forum trogs across the internet. Understandable. But it was the real deal, erected in promotion for the *government-owned* TV2's debut of *Kill Bill: Vol. 1*. Yes, a state-run television station paid for this tangible bloody mess of an installation, complete with prop cars strewn around one of the busiest intersections in Auckland.

Where was this idea when the movie was theatrically released in the US? Instead we got two versions of the poster: one featuring the Bride holding her katana, dressed in her trademark yellow tracksuit and Asics Onitsuka Tigers, and another that depicted a close-up of a hand holding the sword overtop Japanese characters. Typical, unimaginative, safe Hollywood crap.

'KNOCKED UP' MALL INSTALLATION

DDB

Americans got a poster that could barely contain fatheaded Seth Rogan and an alternate version with Rogan on a waiting-room couch next to America's No. 1 hate-fuck fantasy, Katherine Heigl. *Tension*. The Kiwis, however, cranked it up a billion notches by erecting a gigantic fish tank filled with tadpoles for the movie's SKY TV premiere. To create the spermy effect, DDB's production team did it the hard way and collected hundreds of tadpoles from local ponds. Then they filled an unfertilized human-egg model (made out of a big sponge) with fish food and let the little guys go at it.

Who, except for humorless PETA asswipes, wouldn't like to see this while strolling through the mall? It's entertaining for adults and educational for kids. But if someone tried to do this in America, Rick Santorum would hold a stump speech next to it and everyone's fun would be ruined.

'ALIEN VS. PREDATOR'

DDB

Admittedly, the American yin-yang-ish poster was pretty damn cool looking, but it was too *serious*. If you went to see this film non-ironically, you're an idiot, no question about it. It should have been marketed and advertised as a comedy. You think anybody in the pitch meetings for this piece of shit wasn't laughing his or her ass off? The Kiwis at DDB understood this. So they created a SKY TV broadcast ad with the two protagonists playing a game of tetherball (or swing ball, as it's called in New Zealand). Slow. Clap.

'AMERICAN PSYCHO'

Saatchi & Saatchi

Stateside audiences got Christian Bale holding a big fucking shiny knife with the yawner line "Monsters Are Real." (Thinking about it, "Monsters Are Real Funny" would have been a good tagline for *Alien vs. Predator*.)

To promote an airing of the film on TV2 (can you say "best client ever"?), the designers at Saatchi managed to fashion an image of a man's necktie and streaks of blood on a dress shirt into an American flag—*graphic violence*. To promote the same showing, they also put up a not-at-all-great, maybe fake billboard that mocked George W. Bush. Making fun of Bush in an ad is just too damn easy. Still, it's bluntly funny, mostly because that guy doesn't know shit about movies, advertising, New Zealand, or anything that can't be found in Texas. *WCS*



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It's easy to forget that for many celebrities, Hollywood's more than a job and a steady paycheck—it's home! Come with Sean Tejaratchi on a star-studded, surprisingly intimate tour of the most glamorous estates in Tinseltown!

- 1 Heavenly views keep **Stephen Baldwin** focused on the spiritual in this breathtaking ½-bath rustic cube a block south of the 101. 3625 Holly Hill Terrace
- 2 Celeb couple **Dax Shepard** and **Kristen Bell** just purchased this stunning ochre love nest! That's three-bedroom, two-bath, and one amazing romance! 15 N. Sycamore Ave. (corner of Sycamore and Hollywood Blvd.)
- 3 One look at his half of this dusty-blue duplex and you'll understand why **George Clooney** has no trouble finding beautiful women to share his bed! 11158 N. Curson Ave.
- 4 Perched high above a first-floor accountant's office, **Lenny Kravitz's** "Falcon's Hive" apartment is a dazzling LA landmark! 148b Romaine St.
- 5 These front gates are as close as you'll get to action star **Russell Crowe's** sprawling midcentury modern estate! 17715 Waring Ave.
- 6 She's one of Hollywood's hottest stars, but when her AC is out, **Jennifer Aniston** enjoys her daytime TV with a breeze! 16011 Oakwood Ave., #10

George Clooney photo by Nicolas Gerin; Mickey Rourke/Dax Shepard, and Kristen Bell photos by David Sankane; Ryan Gosling photo by Georges Biard; Jennifer Aniston photo by Angela George; Stephen Baldwin, Lil Wayne, Russell Crowe, and Lenny Kravitz photos courtesy of Shutterstock.com.

7 Though his first love is acting, most weekends you can find **MICKEY ROURKE** on his lawn with a bucket and hand soap, indulging in the simple pleasures of yard laundry. 447 Selma Ave.

8 **RYAN GOSLING's** two-bedroom, one-bath bungalow is only minutes from several Hollywood streets! 9300 Fountain Ave.

9 A backyard weight bench and electric lawn tools prove *Mad Men* star **JON HAMM** isn't stuck in the 60s! 1970 Eleanor Ave.

10 Love classic cars? Cruise past **JAY LENO's** not-so-humble Hollywood home and you might spot him vacuuming his latest collectible ride! 35 N. Larchmont Blvd. (corner of Larchmont and Melrose Ave.)

11 **LIL WAYNE's** oasis of cool includes a yard, remodeled garage, and sweeeeet back-porch recording studio! 15544 Wilcox Ave.

REMEMBER THE GOLDEN RULE! Please treat these residences with the same respect you'd want shown to your own property! Please don't trespass or disturb the occupants unless you REALLY, TRULY love them OR share a deep, almost mystical connection that human laws cannot touch!



A close-up of Marilyn taken not long before her untimely death at 36 years old. By the early 60s she had become an international sex symbol, and not coincidentally, her life was falling apart.

THIS IS HOLLYWOOD, ISN'T IT?

My Time with Marilyn

BY JOHN GILMORE

Archival photos courtesy of John Gilmore

Spring 1953, an afternoon party at John Hodiak's on Doheny. He asked, "You ever met Marilyn Monroe?" I hadn't. "She's down on the patio," he said, leading me to the terrace. Bright sun. Not a cloud in the sky.

The blond with the champagne, laughing with a couple people, glanced up when Hodiak called down, "Hello, gorgeous! What're you doing?" Her teeth sparkled. Her hair glowed almost white like a halo, and her long, slim legs in tight, white toreadors made her look taller than she was. Red high heels with open toes with bright blood-red toenails. She glowed as if some radioactive core lay beneath her skin, blasting white-hot light through a white sleeveless top and illuminating her

shoulders, arms, and throat. Her breasts came to uplifted peaks, the nipples traced like two short fingertips.

Waving, she said, "Hi, John! Come join the party." It was someone's birthday, she said.

"Got my own party going," Hodiak said. "Come on and join *us*." He introduced me. "Jonathan's a pal trying to be a star, so come on up and tell him your secrets."

I said hello to Marilyn. "Nice to meet you." She said hello back. Peering through those big sunglasses, she said, "Bring your friend John Hodiak down and join us." Her party was better than ours, she said, and we'd have a marvelous time.

"Different' is the word, honey," Hodiak said. "Not 'marvelous.'"

"Come *on*, John," she said, laughing. "They're the same, aren't they?"

"Yours are naughtier," he said, wagging his finger. She feigned a pout. "They are not naughtier—they're just more fun!"

That was the first meeting. Simple. Hello—hello.

Next came Wynn Rocamora's soiree on Outpost Drive, and Marilyn in an alcove, tugging on the telephone cord. It was not long after I'd met her on Doheny. Rocamora tended a flock of stars, plus promising would-be's like myself. He said he wasn't Marilyn's agent, but he was "working on it."

I smiled—she remembered me; didn't recall my name, just said, "You're John Hodiak's friend." I said yes, told her my name though wasn't sure it logged in. I'd learn she didn't forget things, or rather fixed faces in her mind with some label that she wouldn't shake. I was "John Hodiak's friend"—she introduced me that way. John was a mentor to me, and not the kind of "friend" typically understood in Hollywood terminology.

Having trouble with the phone, Marilyn said, "Every time I call, the damn line is busy." Flustered, she said she'd call the operator to interrupt the busy signal. I asked if she did that often. She said, "Otherwise I'm not able to reach the person when you have to talk." She dialed the long-distance operator again to try the number before asking if I'd seen Hodiak lately. "He's going to New York," she said. I nodded. "John's an admirable person," she said, then hung up the phone. "Line's still busy!" She stretched her upper lip practically under her front teeth. From then on I noticed this tic more often: Her fingers against her upper lip, gently tapping, accenting her thinking or not wanting to show her teeth when speaking. No reason to hide her wonderful teeth. It made me think of my former agent, Henry Willson, who said my teeth were small, needing porcelain caps, or should be extracted and replaced with a partial.

Marilyn would also often pull on her upper lip as she spoke, sort of tucking it against the edge of her front teeth, the tip of her tongue easing against it. I figured maybe her rationale was that by lengthening her upper lip, it made her nose appear smaller—even though her nose was beautiful. Doing this caused her to lisp. She had several unusual ideas about her appearance—commercially the most important thing about Marilyn—but she really didn't have to do anything. She could stand completely still and just let the magnetic waves radiate.

She was staring at me and fiddling with the telephone cord. Laughter from the main room seemed to unnerve her. It looked like she was hiding. Unsure of what to say as I stared at her, I congratulated her on the work she did in the film *Niagara*. I mentioned the earlier movies she'd made and her eyes widened, her lip was going up and she put two fingers against her mouth. "They were *terrible!*" she said. "You can't be serious. They keep coming at me."

Keeping us moving, I asked what picture she'd be doing next. "Oh, *shit*," she said, "I don't know. I don't honestly have an idea why I'm doing what I'm doing. It doesn't look good or substantial..."

I said I thought she was great in whatever she did—even the earlier movies. I told her I'd been to Fox on *Let's Make It Legal*, but "Robert Wagner got the part. Richard Sales said I was too young to be married to Barbara Bates—"

Marilyn laughed. "That's *baloney!* That's the part *I* was supposed to have—the one Barbara Bates did. I tested for the goddamn role and they had me at *wardrobe!* Richard Sales is an asshole." Her eyes flashed. "What I did back then anyone could have put up cardboard, and it could've been me."

"I thought you were great," I said. "So convincing in *Niagara*, I was hypnotized."

Staring at me in that odd manner, her eyes intense but easing, she said, "It's times like you're saying that are rewarding, when someone says such a thing as you've just said—being *hypnotized*..." She sighed, yanking a little on the phone cord.



She said she was working so much that she wasn't even sure what she was doing because it was all so terrible. "Not the work—I mean the demands—the crowding at me all around. Working too hard, and yet they want to string me out on a limb. It's terrible."

I wasn't sure what, exactly, was so terrible, but I said, "That's Hollywood, isn't it?"

"Our friend John Hodiak," she said, "would understand, and he would say they're awful. He's probably saying they're so bad he can't stand to see any more of it. That's why he's going to New York."

I said I understood, but those moments I'd mentioned as being hypnotized were the ones that made it possible to do the other crap—certainly not that what *she* had done was remotely crap.

"Oh, it *is* crap!" she said loudly. "You know it is. We're like fish in a dirty bowl." Staring at me, she asked, "Where are you from?"

"LA," I told her. "Born in General Hospital. Lived most of my life in Hollywood."

"I was born in General Hospital," she said. "In the charity ward."

Taken in the early 1950s, around the time she starred in *The Asphalt Jungle* with Sterling Hayden and Louis Calhern. She was an unknown at the time, and it turned out to be a small but key role in launching her career.



A young, pre-bleach-blond Marilyn poses at a beach, location unknown. Likely taken in the late 1940s, during her early modeling career.

“That’s where I was born,” I said. “My mom was in labor and rode the streetcar downtown to the hospital. No money for a cab. She’d been a bit player at Metro—a pal of Jean Harlow.”

“That’s very strange,” Marilyn said. Her eyes seemed to shine, but shifted to a heavyset guy in blue gabardine coming toward us. She knew him but ignored him, and said to me, “I appreciate what you’ve said about being hypnotized, but are you saying hypnotized as if in a trance like a hypnotist puts you in?”

I felt like I’d blabbed myself into a corner. “If you want to look at it that way,” I said, “like if not hypnotized, then certainly captivated. A better word. Personally, as an actor I want to do something worthwhile, or like what you said about it.”

“What did I say?” she asked.

“You said ‘substantial.’ I know what you mean, like me wanting to play Montgomery Clift’s part in *Red River*.” She loved that film, she said. She loved Howard Hawks, even though he was always “getting mad” at her. She also loved *Stagecoach*, and she wanted “desperately” to do a picture with John Ford. She’d even dreamed of doing something like *Pinky*. “My hair is red in what I dream,” she said. “It doesn’t have to be black—” No, I said, it certainly doesn’t. “When one is hypnotized by a movie, do you suppose it opens something

into a person’s self as they claim hypnotism is supposed to do?” she asked.

I said I imagined it could. “Like being in a kind of identity situation—”

“How do you mean ‘identity?’”

“Identifying with the character. Carrying it with you. Making it a part of your life, even if it’s only a yearning—”

“—for something better,” she finished for me. “What is the point of doing something if it’s not getting better? It’s like a person being sick in their bed and nobody comes to bring you even some toast.” I nodded, unsure what she meant. She continued, “I have to try this fucking number again,” and turned to the phone. She dialed long distance while I was looking at her shoulder and her neck. She got connected, and I politely moved aside.

The fat man’s face was blank as a pie tin; she was still ignoring him. He said her name several times, trying to get her away from the phone. They had to leave, he said. He smiled at me, and I said I was a friend of John Hodiak’s. “Oh?” he said. “Is John here?” I shook my head.

We waited while Marilyn completed a whispered, anxious monologue of a call, neither of us piecing together what she was saying. Finished, she said, “Fuck ’em. When someone is in doubt over something and they won’t try to understand, you have to say, ‘Fuck ’em.’”

The fat guy nodded, holding his hand out toward her, which she ignored. She whispered something and flashed a little smile—her demeanor instantly having snapped into a persona I’d seen on-screen. Even her voice changed. She dutifully started across the room toward a huddle that included Rocamora, Rory Calhoun, and Jean Howard.

After a few steps, she stopped. “Excuse me a sec,” she said to the fat guy, and held out her hand to me. I took it. “I’m glad you’re a friend of John’s,” she said. “He needs friends so awfully right now. I’d be a better friend, you know. I just love him, and it’s terribly sad what they’ve done at a time when he is so sad.”

I wondered if she meant his estranged wife, Anne Baxter, one of Fox’s stars who didn’t like Marilyn and wasn’t liked by Marilyn since *All About Eve*. She gave a quick kiss on my cheek, softly saying, “We must spend some time with John.”

I nodded, about to ask what was being done to John, but fatso said, “Marilyn... please?” She did a little backward wave to me, saying, “*Ciao, la vedrò presto.*”

Some weeks later, having brunch with Hodiak at Musso & Franks, he said, “Half the country’s being seduced by Marilyn. She’s the biggest moneymaker Fox has going. The world will be seduced, but the poor girl won’t find her place in it. She’s sweet, she’s shy, and she’s willful and narcissistic. She’s loaded with the equipment to make a mint for all those selling her, but, Jonathan, the girl’s in *need*.”


“What does she need?” I asked.

“You’re in the club now,” he said. “You find out and tell me.”

In truth, she’d bypass all speculation. When I told him about the Outpost party, about the couple times I’d seen her since, he used the word “snare,” a ploy of entrapment, “come-hither Italian words,” he said. “And there’s another word: ‘inveiglement.’”

I recall screwing up my face. “What’re you talking about?” He smiled. “Seduction,” he said. “You’ve been seduced.”

“No, no,” I said. “It’s different than that. It’s this spiritual thing—it’s like connecting in a kind of inner way... It’s hard to put it into words.”

“I just did,” he said, nodding slowly, and kept on smiling. 



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Mark Welsh photo.



Theodor in his studio, wearing his everyday costume.

MOZART’S TAILOR

The Czech Costume Designer Who Won the Oscar and Lost His Country

BY PAVEL CEJKA

PORTRAIT BY
ADAM HOLY

TRANSLATION BY
KUBA KAIFOSZ

*Costume photos courtesy of
Barrandov Studios a.s.*

Theodor Pištěk, now 80 years old, is a Czech costume designer best known for his work on 1984’s *Amadeus*, for which he won an Academy Award. During the 1980s, when Czechoslovakia was cut off from the West by the Iron Curtain, Theodor was shut out of the Czech film industry, then a puppet of the Communists. However, he managed to transition into the US market and make films with his friend Miloš Forman, who in 1968 fled Czechoslovakia for the USA. They collaborated on *Valmont* and *The People vs. Larry Flint*, but *Amadeus* was the pair’s biggest success. It took home eight Academy Awards and turned Theodor into an icon among fashion designers.

One could view the victory of a bunch of Czechs at the premier American film awards as one of the signs that the Cold War was ending. But back then, in the mid-80s, the totalitarian regime running the country tended to punish citizens who experienced success abroad, and Theodor became an unlikely target. I asked him about his struggle.

VICE: How did you become a costume designer? Were you appointed by the regime?

Theodor Pištěk: They didn’t appoint me. It was an existential need for me. I loved it. I had no education in the field. The only experience I had was studying at the Academy of Arts, where one only knew costumes from old paintings.

I saw it as creative work. I felt like I was the first person who knew what the film was going to look like. I was always one of the guys who got to see the screenplay first, because that’s where you’d find out that this character was supposed to be a lawyer and such and such. A lot of costume designers just get the general idea of what people wore at the time the story takes place and give their characters a suit, but it’s not really that easy.

Was it difficult to find materials for your costumes back then? I imagine the shopping options in Soviet-era Czechoslovakia were somewhat limited.

That’s where the trouble began. The only thing that saved me was this one particular shop that the wives of top members of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia would visit. Prague’s Barrandov Studios had tremendous power and could arrange for some of their costume designers to shop there for various movies. You could get real quality stuff there. That’s where I was able to meet all the ladies from the Communist Party. I always had to wait until they were done, and then they would let me in. The first movie I worked on without all of these obstructions was *Amadeus*.

But you ran into different kinds of problems with *Amadeus*, correct? Every time Miloš Forman came to Czechoslovakia he was surrounded by the secret police. There were a bunch of directors at Barrandov who were in the Communist Party, and when people started talking about Forman coming to Prague to shoot *Amadeus* they wrote a letter to the Central Committee saying that they, as conscious filmmakers, protested against Forman shooting here. But because the economy was so bad in the 80s, the party felt it was better to make a few dollars than listen to a bunch of Communists from Barrandov. Although they did set up a meeting with Forman and the producer and make an agreement about how the filming would proceed.

What was the agreement?

Each of the more significant members of the team had his own cop tailing him, but the truth is that it wound up working out differently. The guy who was supposed to take care of Forman would come in every morning, and for a bribe of 20 bucks, he’d spill all the orders he had, what he was supposed to be taking care of that day, and also what Forman should watch out for. That cop would have taken a bullet for Forman. But Forman kept the agreement with the Communist Party. Because



LEFT: A fancy dress costume, complete with a swan mask, that Theodor made for Elizabeth Berridge, who played Mozart’s wife in *Amadeus*.

RIGHT: Tom Hulce, who played Mozart, wore this costume and launched the pink wig trend of the mid-80s.

of that, he didn’t go meet with [playwright and dissident] Václav Havel, since he promised he wouldn’t.

Hollywood seems to have trouble capturing historical details accurately if the movie isn’t set in America. They always seem to get some things so obviously wrong.

They have tremendous problems with that. When the main production designer flew in for a meeting, he was mixing up Romanesque with Roman culture. But they wanted to truthfully capture the atmosphere of Mozart’s time so they wanted to hire someone from Prague, which is connected with Mozart. That’s why Forman asked me.

How was it, as a Czech, to experience the influx of offers you must have received after winning the highest film award in the US?

I had all these chances, but I just couldn’t imagine staying there because I had a family back in Czechoslovakia. For instance—I’m no fashion designer, but Nina Hyde, a fashion editor for the *Washington Post*, seemed to have fallen in love with me. I was there during the 1984 spring and

summer fashion shows, and Nina would drag me through all the famous salons across Fashion Avenue in New York. We always had front-row seats, and I was doing commentaries for each of those shows for the *Washington Post*. *Amadeus* had such an effect on America you can’t even imagine it today. The film made an impact on fashion and helped get all these classical elements onto the streets. I felt like I was meeting people wearing my costumes outside when I went for a walk.

The 18th-century fashion influence exploded in the 1980s. I mean, “Rock Me Amadeus”? Who would’ve thought that could have possibly existed?

I couldn’t believe my eyes when I met a guy on the street in white stockings and a frill. Two days before I got on my flight home [after *Amadeus* wrapped], I received an offer from an American brand to make their next collection. I am old so I don’t remember the brand, but it was like the American Dior or something... I was trying to persuade the consulate to prolong my visa, but they wouldn’t, even though I had the support of the *Washington Post*. Forman would always say, “Enjoy it, you assholes. It doesn’t last long.” But those



Another of Theodor's creations for *Amadeus*, evocative of a simpler time when upper-class women had nothing to do all day but get dressed.

moments, for a European's mind, are just too much.

How did your homeland respond to your success?

Nobody would talk to me. There was only my wife and kids at the airport.

You weren't even on the news?

No, but my wife was doing direction

at Barrandov Studios, and [Miroslav] Müller, the Communist secretary of culture, came over to ask her how much money I made. That was the only official reaction. And then of course the Barrandov's directors rejected me and the film and excluded me from the local film scene.

The directors at Barrandov decided that no one would even talk about

Amadeus or me. They just felt that I wasn't one of theirs. [Ludvík] Toman, head of dramaturgy at Barrandov Studios, was a big influence on the things that were happening then. He was connected to the state police and probably the Russian KGB and issued this half-official statement that the directors should not approach me.

Did you have any reason to believe the secret police wiretapped your phone because you had so many contacts in the US?

No, they couldn't really get to me because they pocketed a few million bucks for a movie a bunch of Americans shot in Czechoslovakia. They were kind of capitalists when it came to this; they couldn't persecute people who made them money. It would also cause international inconvenience.

Still, you must have had some troubles. Voice of America aired a thorough [radio] spot about my exhibition at the same time a collective exhibition of a bunch of artists, including me, was happening here—and the day after I found out that all my paintings were taken down and turned to face the wall. It just wasn't fashionable to be successful.

Quite the contrast to the celebrity you experienced in America. You must have felt bipolar.

Not even a dog would bark at me. Can you imagine such a shock? One minute you're totally famous, and the other you're absolutely damned. After the Oscars, there would be these lobster parties where people would pay to get in so they could sit with me at a table and eat a lobster. Then some girl invited me up to Dallas. I show up, and she keeps treating me like royalty. She took me into her garden behind her huge house and kept showing me all these rhododendron bushes. She had screens installed in each one that played a loop from *Amadeus*. To be specific, only the part where it said "Costume designer: Theodor Pištěk" in the credits, and *blip*, there it would go again. And then suddenly 150 people started applauding me in the garden.

I have many stories like that. I felt like I was taking part in something that wasn't really happening, although I got famous in America in a way nobody else ever did. On Oscar night, I was standing in the same line with Kirk Douglas and Diana Ross. Kirk turned to me and said, "You know what? Why don't you stand in the front today?" *VCE*

Photo: Vincent Sapiand



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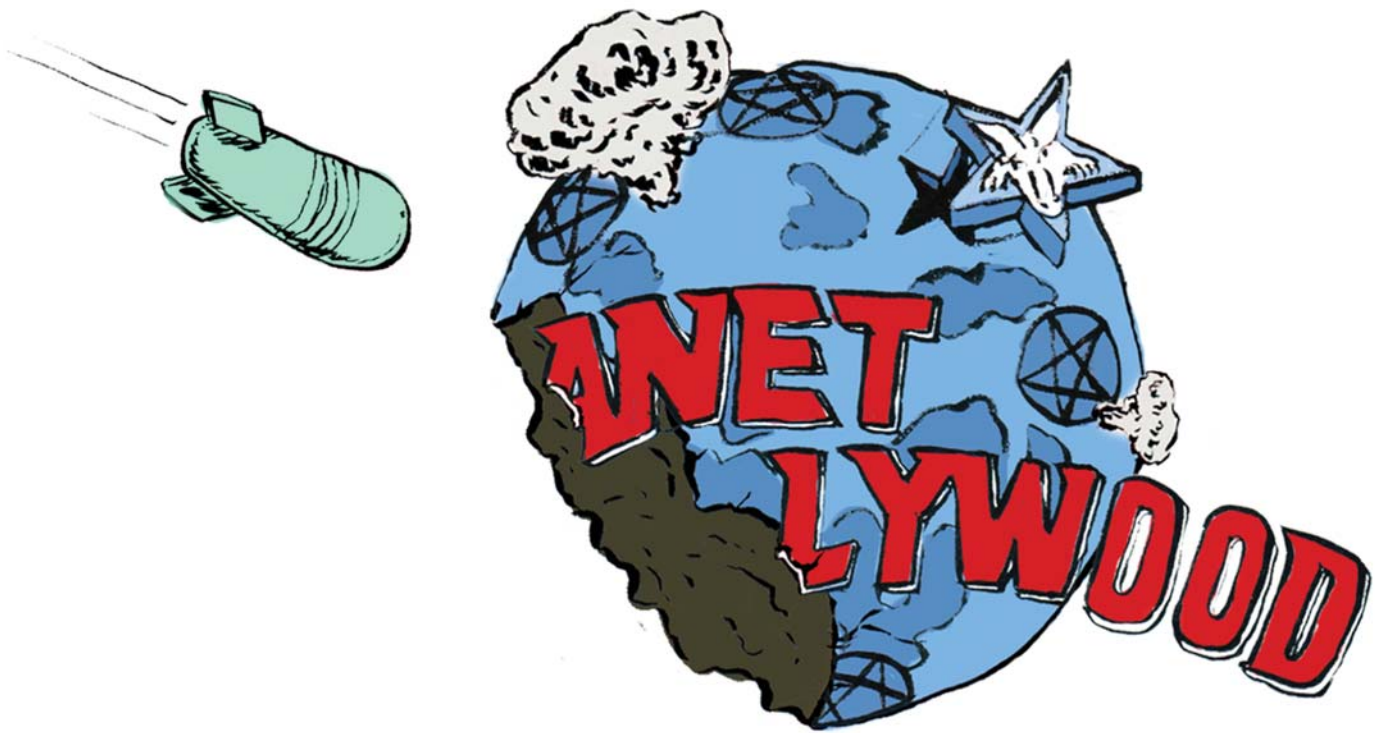
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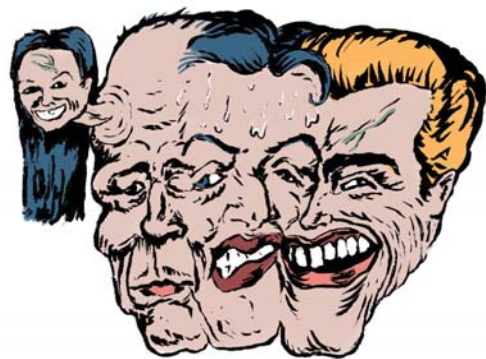
BY ELLIS JONES AND KELLY McCLURE, ILLUSTRATIONS BY PENELOPE GAZIN

Among all the shitty themed family restaurant chains on this doomed rock, Planet Hollywood is undoubtedly the saddest, as is the story of its demise. At its apex, it was a place where patrons the world over could survey the USA from within the nation's hemorrhaging, cancerous innards. A basilica where diners could eat fried food among America's most prized national treasures—replicas of props from stories that are made up in Los Angeles and then projected onto a screen. It was perhaps the epitome of misguided globalization.

That, however, was 1991. Since then, this celestial satellite of Tinseltown has all but imploded. While not yet defunct, all signs point that the end is nigh. In hindsight, it seems that the Why, How, When, and Where were all equally avoidable and interesting. So, in hopes that the troubled executives and board members of Planet Hollywood will pay us a handsome consultation fee if they survive, we have put together a brief list of some of their most boneheaded moves and what we think they should've done differently.

1991

An American empire is born: The first Planet Hollywood opens in New York City in October. Founded by Robert Earl, former president and CEO of Hard Rock Cafe, and Keith Barish, the executive producer behind blockbusters like *The Fugitive*, *9½ Weeks*, *Big Trouble in Little China*, and *The Running Man*,



the pair use their connections in the entertainment industry to convince the seemingly infallible quadrumvirate of Sylvester Stallone, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Bruce Willis, and Demi Moore to sign on as backers.

What SHOULD have happened: Instead of launching a new chain, Earl could have invested his money more wisely by incorporating Hollywood memorabilia into Hard Rock. Any leftover cash should've been invested in a new line of milkshakes and cream sodas curated by Sammy Hagar and spiked with liqueur and glitter.



1992–95

Adults and kids alike are in love with Planet Hollywood's lip-smacking combo of movie-memorabilia decor and funky, obscenely American dishes like Cap'n Crunch-breaded chicken.

What SHOULD have happened: In 1994, OJ Simpson lost his mind and (our lawyer says we have to say “most likely,” but come on now) killed two white people in a ritzy suburb of California. Did the knowledge of OJ's obvious ties to HOLLYWOOD churn the stomachs of patrons, signaling the beginning of the end for the chain? Could the Juice have somehow prevented this travesty by NOT killing white people and instead chowed down on a delicious Planet Hollywood BBQ pizza, washing it down with a Terminator™ vodka drink? Probably.

1996

Planet Hollywood goes public in April. Share prices reach an all-time high on its first trading day: \$32. This results in a valuation of \$3.4 billion on paper, but it's all downhill from here.

What SHOULD have happened: On learning the news that they were now billionaires on paper, the owners of Planet Hollywood should NOT have gone out and blown most of their money on anal beads and ethnic prostitutes (allegedly, according to a line cook who was fired six hours into his opening-day shift for smoking crack mixed with Cap'n Crunch-coated chicken in the bathroom).

1997

Planet Hollywood partners with AMC Theatres to develop Planet Movies, a chain of memorabilia-filled cineplexes. No one gives a shit.

What SHOULD have happened: The rich people behind this venture should have realized that people are so poor they can barely afford to watch movies on their home planet, so how in the hell are they supposed to be able to afford catching a flick across the galaxy. It's like, duh, motherfuckers.



1998

Cool Planet, Planet Hollywood's attempt to leave its mark on the ice-cream industry (WHY???), is unleashed on the public. Business is so bad that the offshoot is scrapped later that year. That same year, Planet Hollywood takes another misstep by partnering with Marvel and Universal Studios to form the restaurant Marvel Mania. Due to a combination of oversaturation, dumb ideas, and confusing brand expansion, Planet Hollywood is forced to quickly close the nerdiest eatery that ever existed.

What SHOULD have happened: Going bigger than big and extremely literal by partnering with Dippin' Dots to conceive the Cool Planet—a massive, geographically accurate globe of weird dry-frozen ice-cream beads that can only be entered via tube slide and exited by eating a door through it.

1998 (AGAIN)

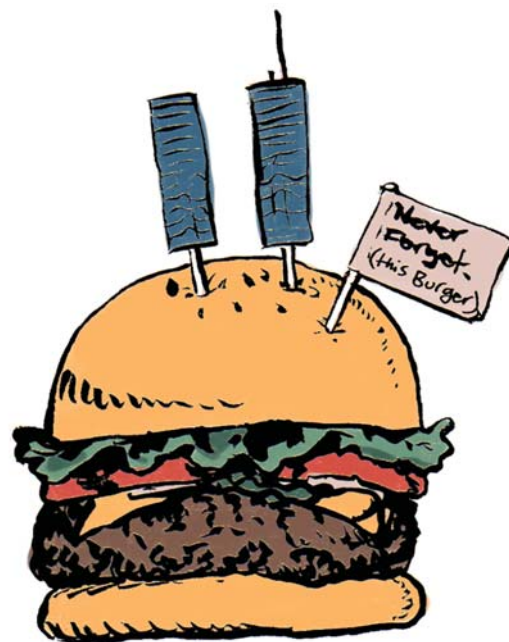
In August, terrorists bomb the Planet Hollywood in Cape Town, South Africa. One woman is killed, almost 30 are injured, and witnesses recall bloody limbs scattered across the floor. An anonymous representative from Muslims Against Global Oppression claims that the organization is responsible for the attack, saying it was in retaliation for US aggression against suspected terrorists in Sudan and Afghanistan. An official statement released by the group later denies this claim. To this day no one knows who hated 5,000-calorie entrees enough to declare jihad against Planet Hollywood.

What SHOULD have happened: Maybe not opening a Planet Hollywood in Africa?

1999

Stocks plummet to less than \$1 and Planet Hollywood goes bankrupt... for the first time.

What SHOULD have happened: Refer to advice dispensed in our 1991 entry.



2000

Schwarzenegger severs his financial ties to the business. Apparently, the company was not as successful as he had hoped, offering one more distraction from his well-respected movie career.

What SHOULD have happened: Schwarzenegger should have shattered the glass display containing his Terminator costume, slipped it on, decapitated his Planet Hollywood partners with his bare hands, and smoked a cigar while juggling their heads in front of the remaining staff.

2001

After restructuring, Planet Hollywood files for bankruptcy a second time in October, citing the worldwide decrease in tourism after 9/11 as the main reason.

What SHOULD have happened: The restaurant should've jumped ahead of the curve, realizing the potential success of 9/11 movies by introducing the World Trade Center Double-Decker Superterroristic Expialadocious 767 Burger with Al-Qaeda Wingzinger Sauce.

2007

Principal and founding father Robert Earl decides to—despite losing more than \$1 billion so far from Planet Hollywood troubles (which he for some reason terms “wobblies”)—open Planet Hollywood Resort and Casino in Las Vegas.

What SHOULD have happened: Actually, they did everything right here. Planet Hollywood should close all other locations and concentrate on digging yet another festering wound into Sin City—a place where people pay lots of money to hurt themselves.



2009

Continuing its misadventures in Las Vegas, Planet Hollywood partners with Westgate Resorts on the PH Towers: a 52-story luxury condominium megacomplex on the Strip advertised as “the largest single vacation ownership building ever built in the world.” It was rebranded in November 2011, and is now known as Elara, a Hilton Grand Vacations hotel.

What SHOULD have happened: The rooms of PH Towers should have been decorated with interactive Hollywood memorabilia. The tagline could've gone something like: “Wanna put on the robe and gloves from *Rocky* and fuck your fat wife? Time to suit up, champ.”

2012

In February, Tampa, Florida's own Bay News 13 reports on the chain restaurant's “new twist” on one of its “most sinful selections”: lasagna you can eat with your hands! Planet Hollywood chef Andy Bell eloquently noted the rarity of the dish, saying, “You won't see this anywhere else, I don't think.” We hope not, cockhead.

Due to abject failures like handheld lasagna, nearly 100 locations have closed worldwide; 15 remain open in scattered cities across the world, only four of which are in the US. It's not all bad news, however. According to Planet Hollywood's official website, they just opened a new restaurant in Kuwait and are planning to launch in India sometime soon!

What SHOULD have happened: The capital used for these ventures would've been better spent on bringing Schwarzenegger and Moore back into the fold as sex workers who are included in the \$1 million *Total Recall* Wife-Swap Do-Some-Whip-Its Presidential Suite Package. *WCS*

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Like almost all the residents of the village of Los Albaricoques, José Ruíz played a Mexican in Sergio Leone's *For a Few Dollars More*.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN ALMERÍA

The Saga of the Italian-Spanish Wild West

BY RUBÉN LARDÍN

PHOTOS BY
SALVI DANÉS

TRANSLATED BY
PAUL GEDDIS

Many years ago, Diego Rodríguez worked as a star stuntman for Almería Film Studios, aka Fort Bravo, aka Texas-Hollywood. The surrounding dusty Andalusian province routinely served as a stand-in for Texas, Mexico, and countless unnamed towns populated by gunslingers. More than 600 spaghetti westerns were filmed here, in the process transforming this region of southern Spain into a caricature of the Wild West as imagined by Italian directors.

“In 1984, I was in *Rustlers’ Rhapsody* with Fernando Rey,” Diego reminisced about his glory days. “And in ’81 I did *Conan the Barbarian* with Schwarzenegger. You know when he punches the camel? You know why it fell over? They’d shot it full of tranquilizers. Cinema’s all an illusion, man. I’m 52 and I can’t even get it up. Do you think I could ride a horse? Bah! I used to be a

stuntman. I did *Queen of Swords* with David Carradine in 2000. I made 30,000 euros for that. You don’t see me, but I *was* in it.”

Today, Diego is still employed by Fort Bravo, but instead of pretending to shoot people and pulling off death-defying stunts on horseback, he pushes a mop. As the resident janitor, he’s the caretaker of Fort Bravo’s pair of remaining sets: “Texas” and “Mexico.” Although they’re in disrepair, the sets are still occasionally used for their intended purpose. The 2004 French film *Blueberry* was shot here, as well as an upcoming episode of *Dr. Who*. Mostly, however, Fort Bravo serves as a midlevel tourist attraction. And while the formerly rough-and-tumble frontier atmosphere has been compromised by the construction of rental chalets, a swimming pool, and a convention center, every Saturday a coachload of pensioners is wheeled in to watch a “Wild West Show” that alternates between a bank robbery and a saloon brawl. The local lawman is French Guianese-born Ibrahim, Fort Bravo’s security guard, who has appropriately set up shop in the jailhouse. From the nearby saloon—which, naturally, serves as Fort Bravo’s command center—a compilation of Ennio Morricone’s greatest hits is piped out to speakers all over town.



When it’s not tourist season, the ticket price includes a soft drink and a wagon ride, chauffeured by Rafael Aparicio García, a Gypsy who caught the film bug and who, like everyone in these parts, loves to brag.

“I’ve been here since ’92. I do a bit of everything: maintenance, films, music videos, and ads,” he said. “When there’s the budget for it we do stunts—things like falling off horses, jumping out of windows... Hey, I was in *Dollar for the Dead* with Emilio Estevez!”

Fort Bravo isn’t the only town seemingly transplanted from North America to Spain. Just a few miles down the road is Fraile, a replica of El Paso, Texas. Like Fort Bravo, a lack of business has forced Fraile to transform into a theme park known as Mini Hollywood, but Diego Garcia, who choreographs the town’s Wild West shows, remembers a time when the entire region was a booming show-business outpost.

“When I was a kid, the whole of Almería worked in the film industry,” he said. “I started with horses, which led to doing stunts. Once I played a good guy, a bad guy, a hustler, a Mexican, and a soldier all in the same movie. I don’t know how many films I’ve done; it’s like asking someone how many women they’ve slept with. You always forget one.”

Almería’s popularity as a location for westerns is largely because of the nearby Tabernas Desert, which covers almost

108 square miles and resembles the American West in both climate and landscape. The first producer to realize the area’s potential was Michael Carreras, who filmed *Tierra Brutal* here in the early 60s, although some contend that Joaquín Romero Marchent got here first with *El Sabor de la Venganza*. In any case, the real boom arrived with Sergio Leone, known locally as “the nutcracker” for his habit of endlessly clasping and unclasping his hands when he worked. He reasoned that if Hollywood could make films about Romans, why couldn’t an Italian make movies about gunslingers? Although some scenes for 1964’s *A Fistful of Dollars* were shot in the region, Leone didn’t take full advantage of Almería’s surroundings until the following year, when production began on the second film in the Dollars trilogy, *For a Few Dollars More*. The films still stand as some of Clint Eastwood’s finest work.

Leone’s assistant director Tonino Valerii first came to Almería on his honeymoon, and he spent much of his romantic vacation scouting locations around the gold mine at Rodalquilar, the primary source of income for Los Albaricoques, a hamlet in the province of Níjar. When Tonino visited Los Albaricoques, he saw a village filled with pretty, white-walled houses that could easily double for 1870s Mexico. José Ruíz, 81, said that the entire village worked on the film, which serves as a violence-filled family photo album for a generation of locals.

Every Saturday, actors stage a bank robbery on Fort Bravo’s picturesque Main Street.



LEFT: José Novo, aka Pepe Fonda, makes his living as an actor and stuntman in Fort Bravo and claims to be Henry Fonda's bastard son.

RIGHT: Diego García, the choreographer of the *Wild West* shows in Fraile, a town built to be a replica of El Paso where gun battles are reproduced for tourists.

“The mine closed in ’66 and a lot of people moved away,” José said. “But those of us who stayed behind worked in the films. Working in the mine was hard and dangerous work. People got ill, a lot of them with lung disease. In one year, my grandmother buried my father, my uncle Pepe, my uncle Antonio, and her son-in-law. In 1936 and 1937, all the women here were widows. We never saw them dressed in white again.”

The nascent Almería film industry got a boost from Francisco Franco’s dictatorial government in 1964, when legislation was put in place that encouraged film production in the region. *King of Kings*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, *Cleopatra*, *Travels with My Aunt*, *The Wind and the Lion*, and *Never Say Never Again* were all filmed here before Almería fell out of favor with Hollywood. Part of the attraction was that film crews could do virtually whatever they wanted in Spain. Leone went so far as to dynamite mountains to install a working railroad track in the middle of the desert; for Franklin J. Shaffner’s classic 1970 film *Patton*, the Spanish army leased 20th Century Fox the services of an entire company of soldiers. The oldest workers at the Grand Hotel still remember stuntmen throwing themselves off first-floor balconies and breaking their noses on the swimming pool’s mosaic tiles.



Today, Fort Bravo’s stuntmen still wear Stetsons on their heads and six-shooters strapped to their thighs. Pepe, who lives in Tabernas, started as an extra at Fort Bravo 25 years ago and makes his living these days as an actor and stuntman in the shows for tourists. He arrives at our meeting with a green folder overflowing with pixelated screenshots of *Once Upon a Time in the West* and the clippings from a story he peddled to the press a few years ago.

“I was 13 or 14 at the time,” he said, “and my mom told me that we were going to go to the cinema, and that’s where I’d meet my father. I was looking around, staring at everyone—the guy selling chestnuts, the usher, a guy with a motorbike—and my mom didn’t say anything. The film was *Once Upon a Time in the West*, and in the scene where Henry Fonda’s gang take the ranch and shoot the child, she turned to me and said, ‘That’s him. *That’s* your dad.’”

For years, tourists who visited Almería commented on the similarities between the Spanish teenager and the Hollywood star, and it wasn’t long before Pepe decided to tailor his own personality to that of the character Fonda plays in the film. The scraggly beard, tortured gaze, and tic at the corner of his mouth are all there. The only thing that doesn’t add up is that Pepe would have been six or seven at the time *Once Upon a Time* was shot. “Well, yeah, my mom told me that Henry Fonda had



come here previously. Maybe he was on holiday,” contends Pepe. Can you blame a resident of a faux western town for being prone to mythmaking?

These days, myths might be preferable to facts. The Andalucía region is no longer a popular destination for filmmakers, and money is tight. When I visited Western Leone, yet another run-down fake village previously used as a movie set, I was asked for bribes by nearly everyone I asked to speak with.

Pepe blamed the transients who will work on set for next to nothing: “The owners of the film sets take advantage of junkies and the fact that there’s no other work. They end up working for peanuts. Once I turned up to a casting and this Gypsy turned to me and said straight out, ‘Pepe, go home. This is mine.’ The Gypsies are the worst. Put one in a film and a hundred will show up. I’ve seen Gypsy women filling baskets with sandwiches from the catering table. And then when it’s finally time to shoot you can’t find them for love or money.”

Although it’s true that Luis Beltrán, the chief stuntman on *A Few Dollars More*, claimed to have been twice stabbed in the stomach on the set by Gypsies, Raphael García said locals exaggerate the transients’ impact on the industry. “If there isn’t any work in cinema, it’s because the productions have moved to Ouarzazate, Morocco, where extras will work for as low as six euros a day.”

Nostalgia for the old days takes some strange turns. Manuel Hernández, the schoolteacher, spends his spare time walking around Los Albaricoques, creating fake bullet holes in locations featured in *For a Few Dollars More*’s most famous gunfights. He’s also the owner of the Hostal Rural Alba. Aside from its own brand of wine, featuring Eastwood on the label, the inn also has a fresco mural depicting—in a style somewhat reminiscent of Art Brut—the famous “pocket watch scene,” the final stand-off between Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, and Gian Maria Volonté.

Manuel is determined to revive the village’s fortunes and has even succeeded in renaming some of the local streets after the area’s cinematic history: Aguas Calientes (the town in the film), Ennio Morricone, Clint Eastwood, Lee Van Cleef, and Sergio Leone are all commonly referenced when giving directions these days. When he first proposed the idea, the neighbors were reluctant to turn their town into an homage to Leone, but residents started to come around when Manuel began hosting regular screenings of a documentary about the films produced in the area.

Slowly, the townsfolk have begun to embrace the films as part of their lineage and identities. And perhaps one day, Hollywood will remember the potential of the western, and famous actors dressed as cowboys will run wild on horseback through the dusty streets of Almería once again. *CCB*

Fort Bravo feels like a ghost town, but it’s still a working film set, especially for movies and shows that require a ghost town.



“Oh ho ho, what’s this? Another pair of Williamsburg design-school dropouts blowing their parents’ money on their Beanie Baby performance-art band *hur hur?*” No, this is a group of Japanese musicians who’ve completely alienated themselves from their parents to spend their lives hand-sewing hundreds of stuffed, animatronic naked people and travel the world setting them loose all at once onstage, where their collective toy-dog yaps combine into a frenzied cacophony so majestic and all-consuming it’s like God’s own jizzum spurting gloriously in your ears. How’s the blog coming, Captain Interesting?



As Marc Maron said, how sickly satisfying is it when you’ve been sitting for an hour and a half pounding the steering wheel and screaming, “This better not be bullshit! This better be because somebody died!” then you finally get there and he did?



Who are the suckers out there paying money to rent and sleep in an apartment when you’ve still got half a case of Grolsch at the practice space and Consecutive Norms aren’t going to show up until at least ten the next morning?



It’s gross when couples match-match, like they do in South Korea, because it looks like when you’re five and Becky from next door is your “girlfriend,” except we all know you have pubes and tits you both mash all together. We dig couples, though, who can hint at it subtly through things like complementary shoulder-blade lines and implicit vanishing points without making us picture a pair of hairy toddlers fucking.



Try imagining a white guy wearing this same outfit without looking like a stomach-stapled office nerd whose “game” kicked in at 28, around the same time as the postsurgery Propecia regimen. Whoa, what the fuck? Is that fucking *blood* coming out of your scalp?! Stop imagining, dude! Stop imagining!



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DON'Ts



British festival season harkens back to the ancient Catholic rite of *carnevale*, when rule of law was overturned, sumptuary codes suspended, and a spirit of mirthful anarchy descended o'er the whole of the village, allowing red-faced 45-year-old divorcés to ply their wares on thoroughly uninterested barmaids and cider-drunk moms on holiday. Only five months to go!



I wonder how many other people missed the word “number” on his t-shirt and were like, “Yeah, we got it.”



“Station Chief Bingo, this is Candidate Charlie. Operation is complete, decoy assassin has been apprehended and is under general media scrutiny. Cover is preserved, will check back in at preordained time and pla—wha-what? Where am I?”



This is exactly what we were saying about matching couples a second ago in the DOs, except they’ve one-worsed it by using those cheap vinyl mildew traps your dad would keep in the trunk of the minivan and make you and your sister wear despite turning your arms into boiling sweat hams the second you put them on. Picture what these guys’ pits must smell like when they get home.



Look, man, we’re as dubious as the guys from *Brass Eye* about the sputtering hysteria over pedophilia forever going on here and in Britain, but you either need to gain about 20 pounds of gut or put on a pair of freaking pants before this moves into the realm of acceptable parenting and out of the land of things-we-saw-in-Pattaya-that-still-make-us-want-to-kill-ourselves.



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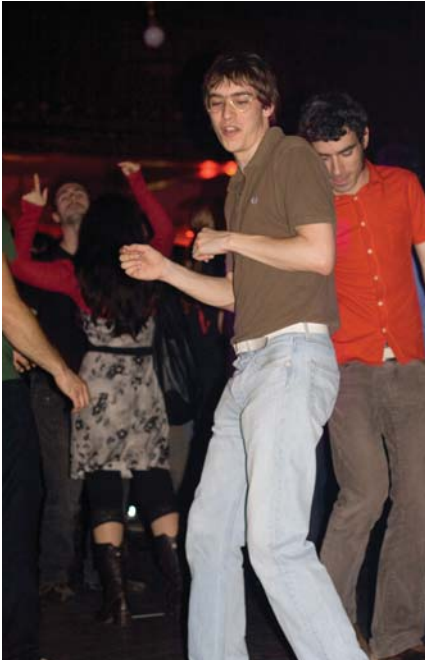
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Aww, that tidy, black-bloc'er "Smash the Fascists" look is still such a classy way for older crusties to clean up. Almost makes you wish there were still some actual fascists left for him to smash.



There's something a little wishy-washy and ill-fitting about everything going on here, but this is also pretty much exactly what Harold Ramis wore at the beginning of *Stripes* and I don't want to live in a world where that guy wasn't getting laid.



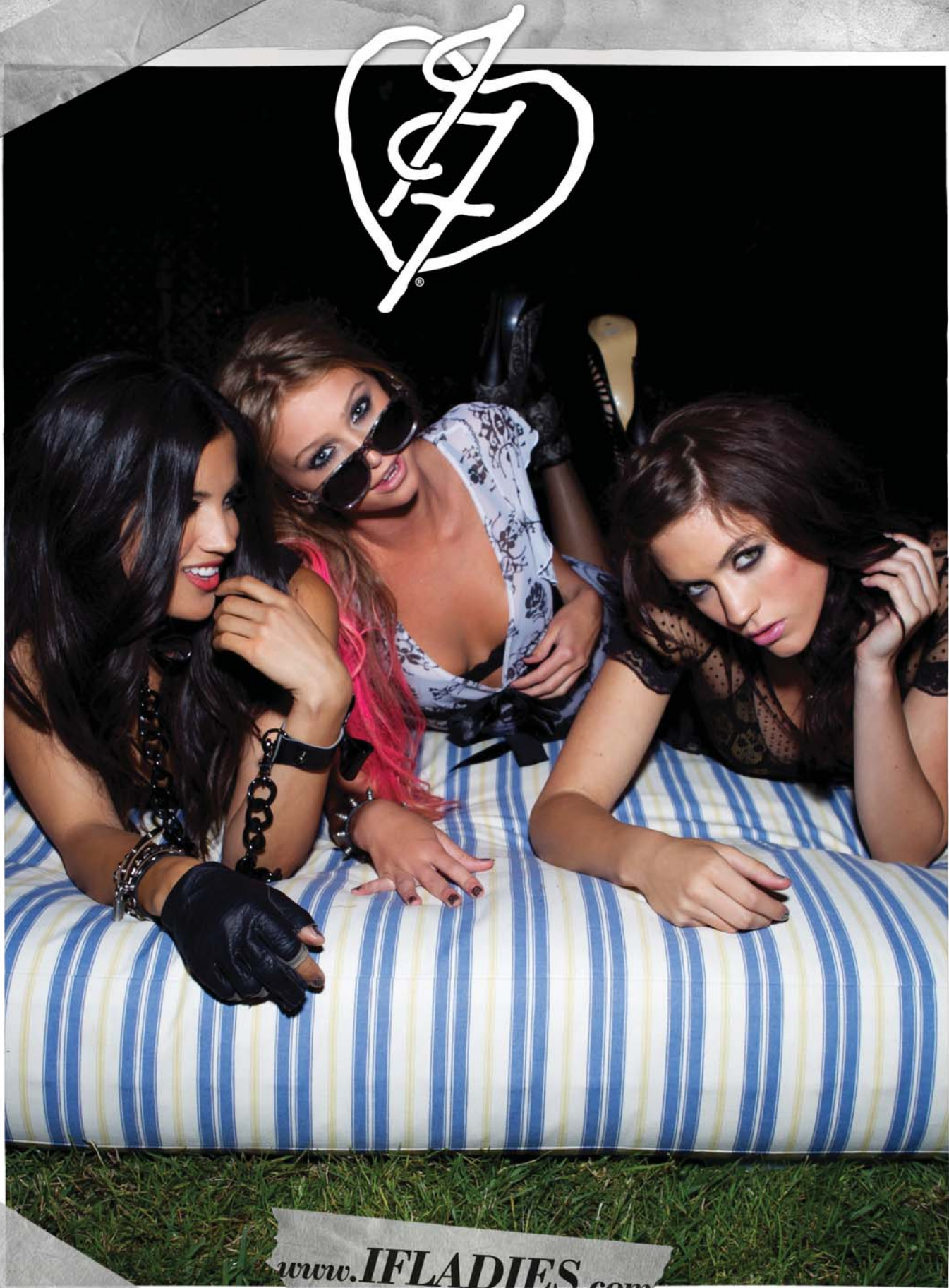
This Italian fashion monster came traipsing out of the woodwork at one of those rural festivals in Eastern Europe where oiled-up men in leather pants wrestle in a field and the spectators are all million-year-old kerchiefed women and less-intentionally oiled-up men. We would have talked to her too, if we weren't already so horny from the wrestling we couldn't stand up.



SoundCloud's an easy way to get your music out there, but shuffling through all those identical wave files with the damn comments popping up every other second makes us long for the days when forgoing the established distro routes took men of a certain energy and panache.



Don't you wish there was some discreet way for girls to quietly advertise the fact they're into anal?



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DON'Ts



People who complain about grunge forget what an eye-gagging pizza pie of mishmashed politics and clashing aesthetics punk looked like before it came in and Alice-in-Chainsified us all into submission.



“Hmmm. What to cue up for my parents’ plaintive sobbing in the darkened suburban childhood bedroom they raised me in? How’s about some... ohhhhh.... let’s just go with Skrillex.”



End of season’s a great time to hit the sales racks and stock up on what a fucking asshole you’re going to look like next winter.



Well fuck off right back at you. I would have expected a tad more hospitality out of a Victorian motorcycle ringleader with samurai hair, but I guess I was wrong.



Ever play a game of “Hey, look, it’s your boyfriend” so harsh it ends a friendship? We just did.



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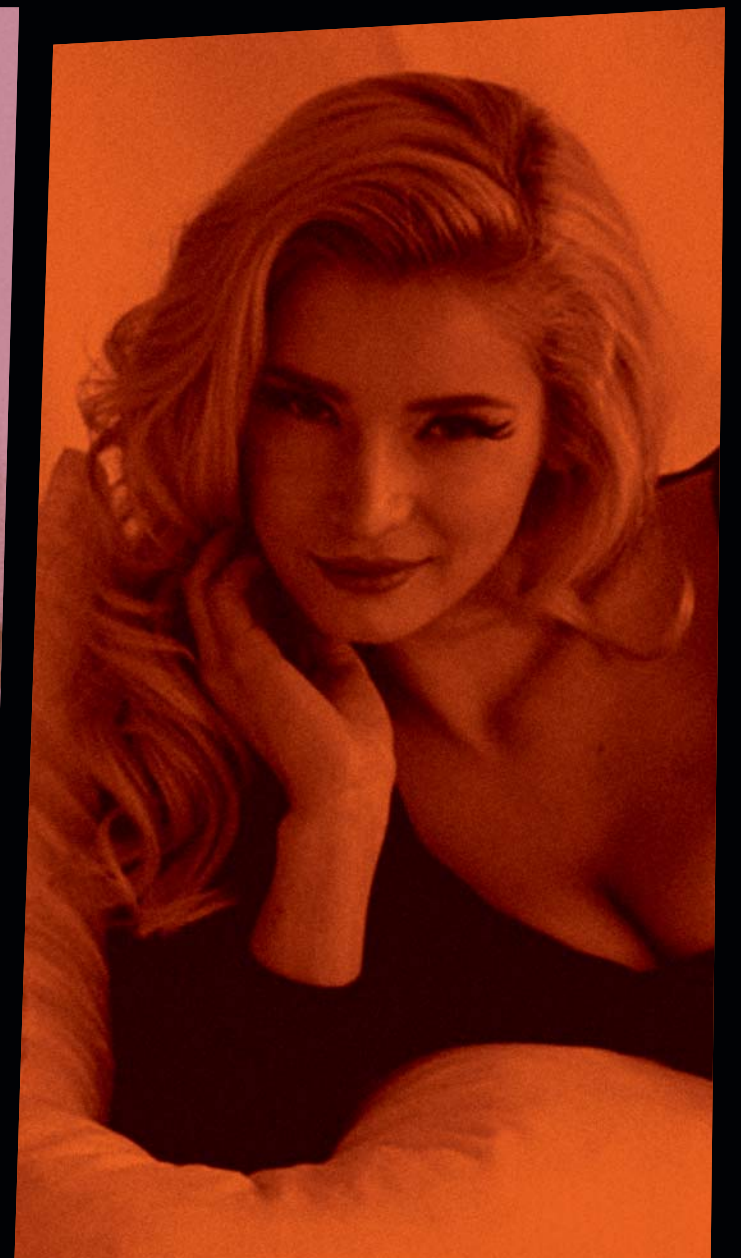
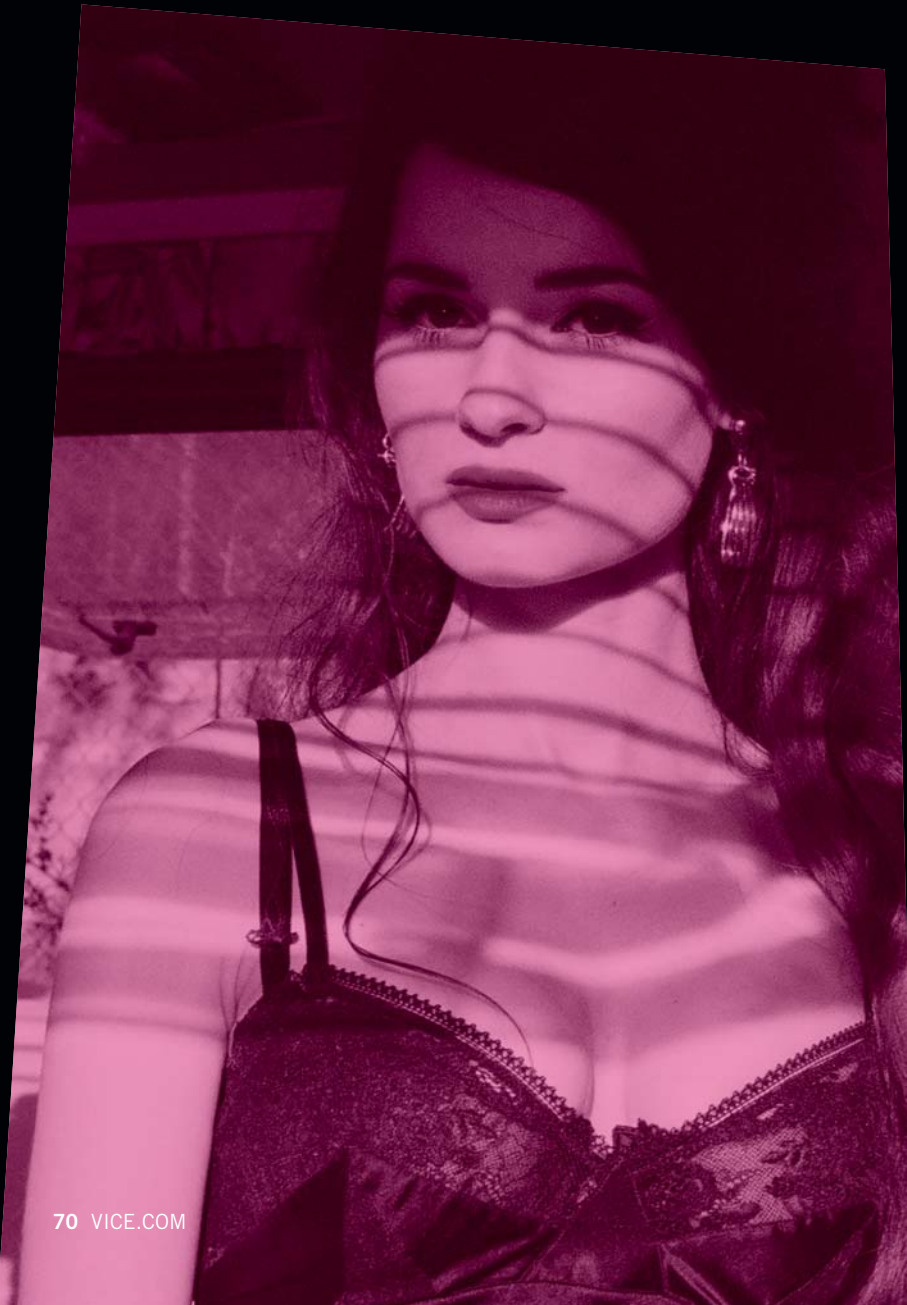
Picture Perfect with Patrick Brown
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BOCCACCIO '70

Photo Assistant: Emanuele Marcuccio; Makeup and hair: Fabio D'Onofrio at TWA using MAC cosmetics; Models: Attilio Bustamante at Independentmen, Daria Zaitova at Next, Kathleen Flanigan at Mp Management, Tatiana Likhina at Brave Models, Luca Martinazzoli, Yu Lin Humm

PHOTOS BY LELE SAVERI
STYLIST: ANNA CARRARO





“La Riffa” by Vittorio De Sica



*Eres bra, vintage earrings, CK Calvin Klein dress,
Freshive jacket, Diesel shirt*

“Il Lavoro” by Luchino Visconti



vintage necklace



“Renzo e Luciana” by Mario Monicelli



Adidas SLVR jacket, American Apparel shirt, 55DSL dress, Cheap Monday underwear, vintage hose;
Carhartt jacket, Stone Island t-shirt and pants, 55DSL dress, Cheap Monday underwear, vintage hose



Acne dress, Calvin Klein Collection
high heels, vintage hose

*“Le Tentazioni
del Dottor
Antonio”
by Federico
Fellini*

SPIRIT CALIFORNIA



Levydecker cardigan, Geronimo dress;
Makia shirt, SLVDR pants

PHOTOS BY MATTHEW FROST
STYLIST: ANNETTE LAMOTHE-RAMOS

Photo assistant: Jason MacDonald
Hair and makeup: Tsipporah Liebman at See Management
Models: Alexis, Bianca, Cillie, Darren, Dawn, Greg, Jason,
Jason M., Matt, Nicole, Rachel, Taryn, Yaël
Special thanks to: Mickey Madden and Cillie Barnes



Makia shirt, J.Crew pants, Beso Beso necklace; Makia shirt, Altamont pants

Vintage jacket, dress, and accessories





Geronimo dress, Beso Beso necklace



Unif dress, vintage ring



MANSON FAMILY



Unif dress, American Apparel tank top; Wildfox top; Makia tank top; RVCA pants, vintage glasses; Unif dress, American Apparel underwear, AK Vintage earrings and cuff

American Apparel scarf/blanket, Nike pants and sneakers

HEAVEN'S GATE





Zeena standing at the edge of the Grunewaldsee in Berlin.

BEELZEBUB’S DAUGHTER

How Zeena Schreck Escaped the Church of Satan

BY ANNETTE
LAMOTHE-RAMOS

PORTRAIT BY
FLORIAN BÜTTNER

Archival images courtesy of
Zeena Schreck

Even by the standards of New Agey, cult-friendly LA, Zeena Schreck had a bizarre and abusive upbringing at the hands of parents who made the devil more famous than he’s ever been. Zeena is the daughter of Church of Satan (CoS) founders Anton LaVey and Diane Hegarty, as well as the recipient of its first baptism.

By 13, she had been completely indoctrinated by the CoS, received death threats regularly, and was

pregnant. She went on to be ordained the CoS’s high priestess and spokesperson just as Reagan-era yuppies began to completely freak over tales of children being sacrificed in the woods by her congregation.

Against all odds, Zeena managed to rebel against the self-absorbed zealots who raised her and left the church in 1990 with her husband, Nikolas Schreck. In 2002, the couple founded the Sethian Liberation Movement, a religious body that allows people to learn and practice magic without answering to an oppressive sect and helps free ex-cult members from their troubled pasts. Somehow, she’s managed to turn her life of chaos into one of spiritual peace, and while I can’t say for sure whether she has magical powers, several times during our interview she seemed to anticipate exactly what I was going to ask her.

VICE: Do you remember the first days of Satanism or was that before your time?

Zeena Schreck: My father was experimenting with various gimmicks: holding Friday-night lectures he referred to as the “magic circle,” hosting burlesque shows with strippers dressed up as witches and vampires, but nothing that was necessarily “Satanic.” He had a pet lion he would take around with him on the streets of San Francisco, so he really was doing whatever he could to market himself locally. It wasn’t until a publicist wrote a story about him that referred to him as the “first priest of Satan” that he got the idea he could start his own religion. It was very similar to the way L. Ron Hubbard started Scientology, and the same way all of these cults spring up in California. My mother was mortified because she just wanted to be like the Addams Family, but it all took off so quickly and spun very much out of his control.

Did you interact with his initial followers? What were they like?

He had followers who took things very seriously and genuinely believed in this entity Satan and not so much in Anton LaVey’s idea of Satanism. As it turns out, he wasn’t very knowledgeable on the subject and, in essence, created a postmodern version of Satanism as he went along. It was a manifestation of his ego.

Did he fully know what he was getting into?

He was very confused, and as a result, so are the inheritors of the church. He’s been accused of being a con man—which is accurate—but he wasn’t a very efficient one. He was lazy and never planned for the future or looked after his family because that is the nature of LaVeyan Satanism: Get what you can, live only in the here and now, care only about yourself, and get other people to care for you. It’s like you’re one big infant.

What was it like living under a roof owned by a guy who was responsible for a national freak-out over Satanic practices?

We were not liked in our neighborhood, as our presence created a lot of disharmony. He attracted a lot of psychopaths who’d leave threatening answering-machine messages that we had no choice but to listen to day and night. I’ve gotten over most of the traumas of my childhood, including when I was 11 and had to transcribe these messages for the SFPD describing in great detail how I’d be killed and raped. I was also trained to take down the license plate of any car that sat out front for too long because vandals would throw eggs and bombs and shoot bullets at the house. The sound of a car engine still gets to me this day—the sound that always preceded an attack—Satanism was not a beloved thing.

Did your parents warn you about the difficulties you would undoubtedly face as their child?

I had to defend myself because my parents wouldn’t get out of bed to defend me. They had other people caring for me since they were too wrapped up in their own problems and fought constantly. This mentality—along with our dysfunctional relationships and my father’s violence, fear, and paranoia—were the forces behind his teachings.

What lead you to become the CoS’s spokeswoman?

In the 80s, Christian fundamentalists started using the church as their scapegoat, the group they could point a finger at as being responsible for these secret cattle mutilations, child abductions, and crazy government-related conspiracy theories they were hearing about in the news. I panicked, feeling as though they were attacking my religion and my father, so I contacted him and asked what his plans were to address the situation. I learned that he had no plans because he no longer



TOP: Zeena, age three, at her Satanic baptism, 1967.



BOTTOM: Zeena’s last meeting with her father, Anton LaVey, shortly before resigning from her post as high priestess of the Church of Satan, 1990. Photo by A. Wyatt Mann

had anyone to help him, and there really wasn’t a Church of Satan anymore. All of the members from the 60s and 70s no longer participated; they were just names on a mailing list. I decided I’d act as its temporary spokeswoman in order to show everyone that we really did exist. Somehow one year turned into five, and my fighting actually ended up helping to form new memberships within the church again.

Reading over those old interviews, I thought you handled yourself pretty well.

My father, who was too sickly and frightened to ever do his own PR, was happy to have me handle things, but he and the remaining members of the church provided no realistic support when I needed it. He lived in a dream world where absolutely nothing to do with social issues was of any importance. We were the targets of a nationwide witch hunt, and all he wanted was for me to talk about Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield.

LaVeyan Satanism wasn't particularly rooted in spirituality, so I find it curious that you veered toward black magic. Did it fill a void for you that was left empty in the CoS?

I always had a natural inclination toward magic. A lot of the people who were attracted to the church considered themselves witches and warlocks in the traditional sense, so I learned a lot from them. When I became pregnant at 13, I began learning meditation since I had to find a way of getting through labor; I had to be awake during the [C-section] surgery. It was mind over matter, and I saw this as a form of magic. Had I not experienced that kind of fear and brainpower at such a young age, it wouldn't have inspired me to pursue my spiritual side and push myself deeper.



Zeena relaxing in her Hollywood home on her coffin/bed, 1988. Photo by Max Koba

Was there a specific moment when you decided that everything your father had taught you was a lie, or was it more of a gradual realization?

It was much later on, likely due to the intervention of the god Seth, who awakens through harsh disillusionment or scorn or through the shattering of everything that you thought was real being torn from you. I thought, "How could my parents have done this to me for so long assuming I'd never find out? How could they lie to me about my identity and religion and the things I went to fight the public for them about that made me look like a fool?"

Many CoS members, including your husband, Nikolas, left when you resigned as high priestess. Was your departure based on ideological differences with the church's tenets?

I feel you should be able to learn anything without having to join an organization, so I began teaching black magic independently from the church. Consequently, a lot of the people I taught who were part of the CoS also saw what was happening behind the scenes and became just as disenchanting as I had.

Was there any backlash from the remaining churchgoers?

Their harassment was part of the reason we left. Like most cults that are based on protecting the founder's image, they do

their best to attack anyone who says anything negative about their views or reveals the truth about them. So after we left, we said goodbye to the US and moved to Europe to focus on creative ventures, such as [experimental band] Radio Werewolf, which was part of the Werewolf Order, which was more of an environmentally inclined magical movement.

And after that you joined the Temple of Set [ToS]. Were you wary of joining another organization, even if it was more flexible than the CoS?

I waited a long time and didn't just move from one group to the next. While I was residing in Vienna, I visited a museum where a Sethian altar lives. It was there that I had a very profound experience that enabled me to clearly see the course for my future. Still, I thought, "I'm not a joiner." I really should have listened to myself, but I did it anyway. I wrote a letter of reconciliation to the founder, Michael Aquino, who was formerly part of the CoS, since I assumed he'd had a similar religious experience with the real entity of Seth before starting the group. It wasn't until I became more involved that I realized it was an Anton LaVey fan club. Aquino didn't know anything about comparative religions, couldn't argue theology or Egyptian cosmology... I kept thinking, "Maybe he's being coy; we'll eventually get to know his secrets," and that never happened. It was my father's legacy, another abusive and corruptive group, and not at all what I was interested in.

It may seem obvious, but based on your insight, why are so many people attracted to these pseudo-occult groups?

Nowadays, people are very needy and searching for guidance, so in occultism you can't jump into anything haphazardly. You should ask yourself, "Do they seem honest and know what they're talking about?" And if they don't have all the answers, will they try to find them or direct you to someone who does? But unfortunately, people's longing for entertainment—to have something interesting to talk about at work on Monday—causes them to subconsciously find themselves enmeshed in these dangerous groups.

When you and Nikolas left the ToS, you founded the Sethian Liberation Movement. What is the main difference between the SLM and the groups you have left behind?

The SLM exists for personal-enlightenment purposes; it's tantric in its nature and based on meditation and practices with Seth. We came from a cultlike hierarchal-degree system to organically form this new entity when we saw that a lot of the former members of the ToS, who were of a lower degree, had unresolved anger and hostility issues due to the ways they'd been mistreated. So the SLM came about, along with a sector called Phoenix that helps others resolve painful issues through meditation and spiritual guidance.

What sorts of painful issues?


I teach people worldwide regardless of their beliefs or background: drug addicts, child stars, religion-based cult members from sects like Scientology, Jehovah's Witnesses, members of Iranian Marxist political groups. I felt the need to help people who have a short-range need for spiritual assistance, and the techniques I teach can aid them in overcoming their problems the same way I did. If I can help plant the seed, my teachings can continue to help later on in life, and even if they eventually end up searching elsewhere for guidance, that's OK. 



PHOTO: MARCO SCOZZARO

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TOO OLD TO FIGHT IT

A Trek Through the Perils of the Music Industry with Dan Keyes

BY ROCCO CASTORO
PORTRAITS BY CHRIS SHONTING

If you're a "songwriter" or "producer" and don't live in Los Angeles, chances are you're also a barista or a waiter or, if you have business sense, a drug dealer. And there's nothing wrong with that. Many of my favorite musicians are amateurs. But outside the occasional hit from a band, 90 percent of the tracks that make it onto the *Billboard* Top 100 are written by a handful of very talented and mostly faceless guns for hire. It's one of the few sides of the industry where people still make serious money, and the most successful of the bunch work within a small circle of the most lucrative acts in the world, providing their services and writing music that the masses want to hear. Just three months after moving to LA, Dan Keyes is becoming one of them.

I first met Dan on the patio of a Mexican restaurant through mutual friends. It was a few weeks after his 30th birthday, which, I soon learned, fell on the exact same day and year as mine. Tall, well-groomed, baby-faced, and one of the genuinely nicest people I've ever encountered, he is basically the inverse of me. Within two hours we went from complete strangers to him agreeing to let me pose as his manager at his meeting with a publishing A&R rep at Warner/Chappell Music the following week. He had left New York City in a hurry less than a month before, mostly because of a broken heart, but also because he realized that the West Coast was where he needed to be. "LA is where records are made," he told me soon after we met. "That was something that I hadn't really fully wrapped my head around until I got here."

Dan first entered the music industry proper at 20 years old on the back of the success of the Austin, Texas-based post-hardcore band Recover. "I'd been playing with those guys since I was 11," he said. "And once we got out of high school we hit the road and toured all around the world playing music. At 18, I signed my first record deal with John Janick, who started Fueled by Ramen. He's co-president of Elektra now."

Recover was soon scooped up by Strummer, a subsidiary label of Universal headed up by Gary Gersh, the guy who signed Nirvana and Sonic Youth to Geffen and who helped run the Beastie Boys' defunct Grand Royal label. Dan's labelmates included the Rapture, the Mars Volta, and Le Tigre, all of which released albums on the label that did not meet the commercial expectations of their parent company. Recover's unfortunately titled *This May Be the Year*

I Disappear was Strummer's final release, and by that point Universal had decided to cut the label loose. The album was basically shelved without any promotional backing.

Despite the setback, Recover weren't ready to call it quits, so they hit the road again. But without proper backing from their label, they quickly burned out, and Dan was ready for a change: "I wanted to get away from everything. And I did. I moved to New York by myself with a suitcase full of clothes and started a new chapter."

Jobless and broke, Dan quickly found work as a food-runner at a restaurant in the West Village and, a while later, a second gig folding clothes in the basement of an American Apparel on Broadway. Like most young people in the city, he was working 18-hour days and partying at night. It was exciting but also discouraging, considering he had scored a major-label deal just a year before. "One day on a break from work I walked across the street to Tower Records, when it was still there, and bought the Recover record," he said. "I brought it back to American Apparel to show all the Mexicans in the basement that I had an album out. I could tell none of them really believed me and thought I was a crazy person."

But Dan still had songs coming out of every orifice, and it wasn't long before his luck changed yet again. "I moved to New York with songs I had written that weren't right for Recover," Dan said. "It was more poppy and dancey, and DJs started playing them in downtown Manhattan. And then labels came at me."

As interest grew in Dan's new music—which he was now writing under the name Young Love—he teamed up with Recover fan, friend, and band manager Trevor Silmser. "I was at some party with this A&R guy from Atlantic," Dan said. "I met Trevor and he was like, 'What are you doing in New York?' I told him the story, how I moved here and now labels were courting me. He asked me if I needed some help, and the next thing I knew I was playing my songs to Rob Stevenson, the head of A&R over at Island Def Jam."

This was 2005, when the music industry had yet to completely implode and artists were still getting decent advances. Things quickly spiraled out of control for Dan, but in a good way. Rob played Dan's tracks for L.A. Reid, who then played them for Jay-Z. The rap mogul was struck by one song, "Discotech," which was released as a single about a

year before *Too Young to Fight It*, Young Love’s 2007 debut album. “The stars aligned on that one,” Trevor said. “I gave music to Rob Stevenson at IDJ and the next thing I know Dan and I get flown to Miami for the MTV Awards. We had a meeting with Jay-Z on the roof of a hotel, and Beyoncé was laying poolside in a silver bikini. It all happened within five days. When we left, Dan looked me and said, ‘Man... is this how you roll?’ I laughed and said, ‘I wish.’”

Dan was back on top, touring the world again, this time with the full backing of his label and more money than he had ever known. Joining Island also meant that Dan had to once again choose a music publisher, and he went with EMI, which encouraged him to write with different acts. Over the next year or so he wrote songs with and for Ricky Martin, Katy Perry, and Björn Yttling from Peter Bjorn and John. The song he wrote for Ricky Martin, “Shine,” experienced moderate success overseas. The collaboration with Björn, “Last Ones Standing,” was written in 2007 and wound up being a hit single on the UK rapper/singer Example’s 2010 album *Won’t Go Quietly*. His collaboration with Katy Perry remains unreleased.

A year later, the Young Love tour ended. Dan returned to New York with a bunch of songs that would form the basis of Young Love’s sophomore album. The music industry, however, was in the throes of dealing with plummeting sales and a business model that no longer worked, and things over at Island Def Jam had changed. “I came back, and Rob Stevenson had left; my whole team over there was pretty much gone,” Dan said.

“So I was kind of dead in the water over there. The first record got a great push, and it did well and got me a lot of exposure and brought me to the first step of where I needed to be, but by the time I was ready to record the second, everybody at the label had gone.”

Still, the album had been green-lit, and Dan pressed on. He went to LA for a few months to record what would become *One of Us* with John King of the Dust Brothers, the production duo responsible for sample-heavy and extremely successful records like *Paul’s Boutique* by the Beastie Boys, Beck’s *Odelay*, and the *Fight Club* soundtrack.

“Dan has lots of great ideas in the studio,” John told me when I asked about their sessions in 2008. “He can play any instrument and is a great singer. He’s like Prince.” I asked John about how the role of the producer has changed over the course of his career, and how the troubles of the music industry have affected him. “‘Producer,’ in the old school, kind of meant ‘label A&R executive.’ In the 80s, producer-driven music started to happen. That’s what my early music was like—I would create the music, a rapper would come in for 15 minutes, and then I would finish the song. I have always been very hands-on. I’d love to move away from being so hands-on and let talented engineers and mixers help me out, but the decimation of the music industry has resulted in limited recording budgets, and I am able to help artists out by doing the jobs of the producer, engineer, mixer, and studio owner. I do whatever the artist needs, from the roles I just mentioned to songwriting or career advice.”

After *One of Us* was released in 2007, Young Love embarked on a worldwide headlining tour. “The last day of that tour I was supposed to play Bowery Ballroom, which is where I would usually play in New York, and it would usually sell out,” Dan said. “But I had toured myself into the ground, again, for the second time in my life. And I was in the hospital because I was really sick. Just from exhaustion, I guess. The label dropped me that same day. It was pretty wild.”

The music industry had now rejected Dan twice, both a result of his respective labels not having their shit together. On top of that, he had managed to spend most of the money he’d made from his original signing because he was a 20-something touring the world and that’s exactly what any reasonable person in that situation would do.

Somehow Dan managed to play it cool and eventually found a job through Lon Ballinger, owner of Webster Hall, who was looking to construct a recording studio in the basement of the venue. This arrangement allowed him to stay on the periphery of music without becoming crushed in the grind of the industry. Trevor helped him build out the space, and eventually they were recording bands like Spoon, Edward Sharp, and Mumford & Sons on a regular basis. It was the first time in a while that Dan had a steady paycheck. But he wasn’t writing as much, and that frustrated him.

In late 2010, Dan began working with Fenway Recordings, an artist-management company based in Boston and New York that represents bands like MGMT, Mission of Burma, the Cribs, Saves the Day, and about a dozen other acts that they very much believe in. Dan works closely with Fenway’s New York team—Ben Matusow and Nick Palmacci—who have been helping him with writing sessions with other artists, producers, and songwriters since his sudden move to LA.

Dan may have only given Ben a day’s notice that he was packing up and heading to the West Coast, but Ben told me he thought it was the right move: “Making music in LA, especially as a writer or producer, is a bit more logistically feasible, simply due to space and places to work. In New York, the energy is obviously here and the creativity is always happening, but it’s sometimes tough to foster a really vibrant, creative music community here.” I asked Ben about his feelings on the current state of the publishing side of the industry—how he thinks the role of the songwriter has evolved since the days of Tin Pan Alley, or even Bob Dylan, and how that has affected the publishing side of the business. “Right now, the publishing side of the music industry is exciting to me,” Ben said. “Primarily because it’s so full of energy. Talented people waking up and writing songs every single day... It’s certainly one of the primary sources of revenue for songwriters, and it’s become a popular subject lately as most other revenue sources have suffered over the past ten years. Even the publishing industry, though, has to evolve like everything else in music. It’s certainly not exempt from the need to keep up with the times.”


The guys at Fenway are the ones who set up Dan’s aforementioned meeting with Marc Wilson, the A&R manager at Warner/Chappell Music—the meeting I was supposed to crash by going undercover and posing as Dan’s manager so I could get a better understanding of how one of the world’s largest music publishers worked from the inside. Like most ideas you come up with drunkenly at 2 AM, we thought better of it the next day. Ben told us that getting me into Dan’s meeting without lying about my profession shouldn’t be a problem. He was right, and two days later I drove Dan to Warner/Chappell HQ.

Marc began his career in publishing at BMG, which was soon bought out by Universal. It was then he moved to Warner/Chappell, first working as an assistant to senior vice president and head of A&R Greg Sowders and eventually moving on to manage his own roster of bands (which include the Plain White T’s, Chickenfoot, Bad Religion, Theory of a Deadman, and Steve Aoki, among others).

I asked Marc how he knows his team of writers will jibe with a particular artist, and how he pairs them accordingly. “I think it’s case by case,” he said. “Some people are more precious with their music. Some don’t need cowriters and just write great songs on their own. Some are signed because of a vision that the label A&R guy might have. He might say, ‘I really like this band, they need a little bit of help in the songwriting, but the look and everything else are spot-on. I love this band, or I love this one song, but they’ve been in the studio for a month now and they haven’t really hit their stride yet. They haven’t really written that killer song.’ So the label might say, ‘I wanna put you in with some cowriters.’ It can get a little tricky. Some bands are like, ‘What the fuck? You signed us, why would we want someone else to write our songs?’ However, at the end of the day, I think we all have the same goal and that’s to help a particular artist get to the next level.”

“I had toured myself into the ground, again. And I was in the hospital because I was really sick. The label dropped me that same day. It was pretty wild.”

Dan’s meeting with Marc was one of several music publisher meet-and-greets that had been secured by his guys at Fenway, who were also landing him studio sessions with an assortment of acts. But since moving to LA, Dan’s heart has been set on Pulse Music Publishing, home to hit makers like Bonnie McKee (Katy Perry’s “California Gurls,” “Last Friday Night [T.G.I.F.],” and “Teenage Dream”), Olgee (Flo Rida, Kelly Clarkson, Travié McCoy), and Luke Walker (Black Veil Brides, Rob Roy, Christian TV). The publishing side of Pulse is run by Peter Lloyd, who said that the company “is unique in that we have set up a community environment where creativity can thrive. Our office is at our studio so the business mixes with the creative.” It appears that Dan’s luck has turned once again and he is well on his way to finding his rightful place in LA.

After Dan told me the good news, I asked him where he ideally sees himself in six months. “I want to have a record of my own songs almost completely written,” he said. “I want to have some cuts on some big pop records. I want to have a car that doesn’t break down once a week. I want to have a place to live, so I’m not sleeping on floors and couches all across the greater Los Angeles area. I want to begin the next chapter of my life and to be successful doing what I love, which is making music. I want to pay back all my friends for taking care of me right now. And I want to get my girl back. I have a machete in my hand, I’m chopping my way through the fucking jungle, but I see it out there and I’m heading toward it. It’s the first time in a long time that I know I’m on the right track.” 

Dan working on some tracks at Pulse studios in a very expensive suit he got for free.



IT'S PROBABLY NOT GOING TO BE OK

Terence Winter on His Struggle to the Top and Why He Likes Playing with Dolls So Much

BY WILBERT L. COOPER
PHOTOS BY NOAH RABINOWITZ

While filming the first season of *Boardwalk Empire*, Terence Winter spent many late nights in the bowels of Brooklyn's Steiner Studios. He'd come here after everyone else had left, to blow off steam and mull things over, which involved naughtily rearranging the faceless figurines that inhabited the prop department's miniature replica of Atlantic City's boardwalk: one tiny effigy railing another doggy-style, another pair fellating furiously on a little promenade bench. And of course, this makes perfect sense. Terence is the showrunner and its creator, the guy tasked with creating and controlling every piece of the program from the big-picture story arcs to the nitty-gritty minutiae. He loves manipulating his characters into compromising positions. It's what he does; it is his being.

Playing with dolls is nothing new for Terence, now 51. He's been doing it since the 60s, when he was a kid growing up in Brooklyn who was obsessed with G.I. Joe action figures, even though they were too expensive for his folks to afford. But he's always found a way to get what he wants, and when he was 15 years old he heard about a spoiled neighbor who threw out a set of G.I. Joes. Terence dug through the kid's trash, grabbed the toys, and ended up playing with the grubby things all night long, only to blow them to smithereens with an M80 in the morning. It seemed that even at this young age he understood that life does not always have a happy ending, which is the reason the man's stories for television—most famously, his work on *Boardwalk Empire* and a scriptwriting run on *The Sopranos* second only to show creator David Chase—resonate.

Today, Terence has a mint-condition 60s G.I. Joe Space Capsule sitting above his desk, symbolizing his long and rambling journey to clinching his dreams. He spent his 20s climbing a seemingly endless and improbable career ladder—from

working as a butcher in a gangster-owned neighborhood shop in Brooklyn all the way to becoming a lawyer at a stuffy Manhattan law firm. Then, when he was 29, having ascended to a level no one thought possible, he decided to throw it all away for the absurd fantasy of going to LA and becoming a writer.

After seeing him in his element at Steiner Studios, in the midst of a thriving fictional world he's created, it's hard to imagine Terence as a Hollywood neophyte hopelessly fumbling around LA, trying to get someone, anyone to read his scripts (which, by the way, included work on masterpieces such as *Sister, Sister*, *Xena: Warrior Princess*, and the mid-90s revival of *Flipper*).

Terence, however, has nothing to hide regarding his past and was happy to take me on a trip down memory lane back to those days of desperation, along the way explaining why Angelinos are pussies and how he managed to grow balls big enough to write movies for 50 Cent, produce *The Sopranos*, and bring a show as insanely innovative and expensive as *Boardwalk Empire* to fruition.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Terence in his office at Steiner Studios, where his brainchild, *Boardwalk Empire*, is made.

THIS PAGE: The miniature replica of Atlantic City's 1920s boardwalk that Terence is so fond of repositioning.



This is the same type of mask character Richard Harrow wears in *Boardwalk Empire* to cover up his disfigured visage. As a veteran marksman fraught with angst and suicidal tendencies, he might be the fictional embodiment of the toy sniper Terence used to carry in his pocket.

VICE: What was your experience in the trenches of LA?
Terence Winter: Honestly, it was work, work, work. No social life. I’d wake up at night and write—out of terror. I was haunted by the idea I’d be stuck living in a shitty basement in West Hollywood with two other guys forever.

Did you yearn for New York? Was she calling you back, saying, “LA is where all the quitters go”?
Listen, I grew up on the street. I’m not a “street guy,” but I am a New Yorker. I totally bought into that whole cliché: “If you can make it here, you can make it anywhere.” I had been on my own since I was 17 and done all kinds of shit—every job imaginable. Really hustled. By the time I showed up in LA, I was ready to do anything.

What did you think of the city itself, the scenery and vibe?
I thought it was Long Island with palm trees, and I’ve always considered Long Island to be the country. What was jarring to me about it is that you’d be in what would feel like suburbia and then you’d see a homeless person. That’s when I realized *this* is what they consider to be the city. And, God, was LA clean, too. In New York, bad neighborhoods look like bad neighborhoods. You’d go to Brownsville in 1978 and it was really clear where you were. You go to Compton and it looks pretty nice. There are lawns and houses. It doesn’t get creepy there until the helicopters are flying over your head and gunfire is ringing out.

Do you have any advice for young ambitious people who are looking to make the leap from New York to LA? Perhaps some tips on how to adapt?
If anything, I had to bring it down a couple notches in terms of

energy and attitude. I remember driving down Santa Monica Boulevard and a guy walked right in front of my car and I slammed on the brakes. He looked up at me, and I leaned out the window and said, “What are you, a fucking idiot?” And he gave me this look like *I* was a fucking idiot. And then I realized that if people walk in the street, you are supposed to stop for them. In New York, if someone walks in the street, you run him over.

New York is the only city where the pedestrian-vehicle arrangement seems right. If you’re walking down the street almost anywhere else it’s like you’re a hobo.
Someone once told me you can get tickets for jaywalking in LA. I said, “Get the fuck outta here.” And sure enough, a friend of mine got a ticket. Do the police have nothing better to do in that town than give people tickets?

Did anything about the temperament of Angelinos surprise you?
I remember waking up at 4:30 in the morning in 1994 after the Northridge earthquake. I sort of rolled out of bed, picked up the phone, and called one of my sisters. I said, “Look, we had an earthquake here.” She said, “Was it big?” I said, “I tell you what, if it wasn’t big I’m getting the fuck outta here.” Have you ever been in an earthquake?

Nope. There was a little shake-up in New York last year, but it seemed like something that only happens a couple times a century.
I can’t even describe it. You don’t know what is going on... But the point of that story is that the earthquake happened on

January 20, and later that day it was 82 degrees. Thirty seconds of terror and then it’s 82 degrees in January! With LA, even the bad things about it are all right.

You’ve dabbled in the movie industry, namely when you wrote the screenplay for *Get Rich or Die Tryin’*. How does it compare to working in TV? Specifically I’m talking about HBO, which really isn’t “television” as most people think of it in the classical sense.
It was a fucking nightmare. I had written a script that I was really proud of that got green-lighted immediately. But we had a director, Jim Sheridan, who basically took the script I wrote, tossed it aside, and sort of made up his own movie. It was a disaster once Sheridan came on board, frankly. The whole thing unraveled, to the point where the film is undecipherable from what I wrote. The movie’s embarrassing, frankly. It was really the worst experience of my career.

But you’re attached to some feature projects now. Were you wary to go down that rabbit hole again?
Well, the sad thing for a writer in the feature world is that you don’t have a lot of control. In TV, the writers are the ones running the show, so it’s easy to make sure that what’s on the page gets on film. In features, you turn in a script and might have nothing to do with it after it leaves your hands. So I hope in the future I work with some talented directors who are respectful and wise enough to say, “OK, let’s talk and try to achieve our mutual goal, which is to make a great film.”

To be fair, I think you’re a bit of an exception in the TV world in terms of the control and freedom you have. If more people had that type of purview, do you think there’d be a lot less shitty TV?
I consider myself lucky. I think a lot of people who are working in television would love to have the latitude not just to be able to portray nudity and language and violence but to be able to tell stories in a way that is challenging. To not get network notes that the viewers aren’t going to like this or people are going to be really upset if you do A, B, or C.

You’re definitely not afraid of upsetting your audience.
Some people watch TV for wish fulfillment. When we do something like kill off Jimmy, they act like I’ve broken a deal I had with them. But we never had that deal. I never shook your hand and said it was going to be OK. It’s maybe not going to be OK.

Is that why, on the other end of the spectrum, *Downton Abbey* is so successful? Because they are afraid to show what happens when it’s *not* OK?
I watched that whole series to the end, and I said they could redeem everything if it ended with this butler hanging from the gallows. But of course, they didn’t do that. There are no stakes, no consequences to anything that happens on that show. I don’t mean to pick on them because most shows are like that. But in reality, things don’t work out. For me, that is so much more interesting as a storyteller and a viewer.

What were some of your favorite shows as a kid?
In New York in the 60s and 70s, WPIX, channel 11, was the local station that ran reruns of pretty much everything. A lot of it was *Abbott and Costello*, *The Honeymooners*, *The Bowery Boys*, and movies from the 40s and 50s like Laurel and Hardy and the Little Rascals. In the afternoon it was *F Troop*, *The Munsters*, and all kinds of cartoons. They also ran the old Warner Bros. gangster movies. So there was just this wealth of

old sitcoms. It was sort of like this graduate-degree education in early comedy and TV.

There definitely seems to be a hint of slapstick in the violence of your work.
The early comedy stuff really formed my sense of humor, and then also, living in New York, I’m convinced there is just a different sensibility with humor. It’s definitely more violent and angry and self-deprecating. We do a lot of ball-breaking. I’ve had girlfriends who lived in California—and even my wife—who can’t believe how my friends and I talk to each other. And we say, “That’s because we love each other.”

I think everyone has to admit that they long to see people get hurt, especially fictional people. But like you said, then they want a happy ending as a resolution.
There was a trailer for the movie *Like Water for Chocolate*, ten or 15 years ago, and it was playing in the art houses for months. It was this big dramatic trailer, people would be yelling back and forth, and at one point in the trailer somebody gets slapped right across the face. Every time I’d see it, I’d laugh out loud. I was the only asshole in the theater laughing at that moment. Like I knew it was coming... here it comes... “Ha ha.”

“But in reality, things don’t work out. For me, that is so much more interesting as a storyteller and a viewer.”

It takes a lot of guts to take the risk and commit to producing something as challenging and expensive as *Boardwalk*, when nearly everybody else is playing to the lowest common denominator. Where’d you get the balls?
My dad died when I was seven. I had a great relationship with him up until that point, but it’s very difficult to have a relationship with a dead person. Suddenly, I was on my own. So I sort of developed a weird way of dealing with my problems. I used to love playing with toy soldiers, and when I would have a problem at school, when I was nervous about something—psychologists would have a field day with this—I would transfer all my anxieties onto my little green sniper soldier.

Why a sniper?
The sniper was cool because he was A) a sniper, and B) fit in your pocket really easily.

Would you talk to him?
I would make believe the sniper was upset about something, like a bully or a test or whatever, so I’d say, “Look, don’t you worry, you stay in my pocket, you hide in there, and I’m gonna take care of all this.” So suddenly I wasn’t afraid anymore, it was the sniper who was scared. The sniper would hide in my pocket, and I would deal with the bullies—say, “Eh, fuck you,” or whatever—then on the school bus on the way home I’d take the sniper out and say, “I told you I’d take care of it, what were you worried about?”

Do you still have him with you?
I don’t know at what point I actually, physically stopped carrying him. But I sort of developed this split personality with a veneer of phony confidence. Eventually if you do anything enough—and this is some real Tony Robbins shit—it becomes second nature. *OCB*





Portrait courtesy of Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images

HIM, HIMSELF, AND HE

Corey Ian Haim Speaks from Beyond the Grave

BY JENNIFER JUNIPER STRATFORD

Archival images courtesy of Randy Miller

“Growing up on movie sets has its ups and its downs. I mean, sure, it’s great, you get lots of attention, only three hours a day of school. There’s makeup and wardrobe, movie premieres, limousines. It all sounds like fun, but when you are 12 or 13 years old, you’re very, very impressionable. And I know it’s easy to get off track. Like me, some of you don’t have moms *and* dads to bring you up. I mean, let’s face it, it’s tough being a kid. So be smart, don’t get messed up, stay in school. Be anybody you wanna be.”
—From *Corey Haim: Me, Myself, and I*, an intimate video portrait of the actor shot in 1989.

Alphy’s Soda Pop Club, the one and only disco designed for kids “in the industry,” enjoyed a Hollywood lifespan of three years, from 1986 to 1989. With a clientele aged 16 and under, the club guaranteed a dance floor full of the hottest teen stars as well as all the free soda you could drink. It was the ultimate teenage wonderland.

The flip side, however, was that the club was super-exclusive. If you were an everyday kid living in Hollywood, you knew about Alphy’s, but only those lucky enough to have an in could attend. Through luck or divine intervention, I became an Alphy’s regular. A friend of a friend had a mother who was an acting coach, and somehow our names wound up on the list. We went every week for years, and most of my teenage memories were born under the lights of the infamous nightclub.

Throughout my adult life, Alphy’s continued to haunt me, as the evolution of stardom seemed to influence the core of my work as a photographer and a filmmaker. For the past ten years, I’ve been compiling interviews, photographs, and videos, gearing up to tell the tale of the world surrounding showbiz teenagers. I like to think of it as an updated, multimedia version of *Hollywood Babylon* about the struggle of all the talented young people who have perished under the lights of studio sets.

It took me four years of conducting interviews with various former teen stars before I was able to track down Alphy’s regular Corey Haim. In 1997, at the age of 24, Corey filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy. By March 2004, roughly six years before his untimely death, I learned that Corey was living with his mother in Canada. An anonymous source gave me his mother’s phone number. When I called, he answered.

VICE: Why and when did you move back to Toronto?

Corey Haim: I’ve been back for about five and a half years, off and on. But I’ve been back permanently for about a year and a half now. So I’m home. I’m here, man! *[in a Dr. Evil voice]* It’s freaking weird in Los Angeles! *[in a California-dude accent]* Lost my freakin’ backbone. Really, people got freaky in Los Angeles, yeah, right.

So let’s do this! Let’s talk about Alphy’s! You and Corey Feldman were the original hosts of the party. How did that happen?

These are very vague memories. I think I got a call from Feldman, and he said, “Listen, I know this person named Alphy, and he’s going to start throwing these parties with Randy Miller, the son and partial owner of New York Seltzer.” He said something like, “How do you feel about going and checking the scene?” and I said, “Let’s go, man!” So we went down and it was cool. I met Alphy and Randy. Then it started happening once a week and went on for years. I was going out with Alyssa [Milano] at the time and also kind of going out with Nicole [Eggert]. We were all seeing one another off and on. We were young. It was the 80s, and it was different times. We were all friends. We were like the Brat Pack, but we had our own people. It was Ricky Schroder, Alfonso Ribeiro, Feldman, me, Nicole, Alyssa, Scott Grimes. We were like our own team.

You knew one another through acting, but you were also all attending Excelsior School at the time, right?

Yeah. I went to Excelsior, Corey went to Excelsior, as well as his ex-girlfriend Katie, and I think Alyssa might have even gone to Excelsior. Scott Grimes too. I went and stayed for not even a year. It just got a little too weird. I wanted more schooling. You started at 8:30 and you were out of there by 12:30, plus you’d break for an hour for lunch. So it was just three hours of school. That’s what you would get on set too, but this was in a classroom so it was a different environment and you’d learn stuff, but not much in three hours. So I told my parents, “In a month or two max, I want you to pull me out of this place. I’m happy being with all my buddies and stuff, but I got four movies coming up and a film this year, and I need schooling before I do any of this because this is not a way a kid should be going to school.” So I got pulled out of Excelsior, which I was real happy about.

It was real hard for the teachers, too, when we were all in there together. Every day it was basically like pulling up to a publicity kind of thing, but we were supposed to be going to

school. It was just not right. It was a great school, don't get me wrong. The teachers were really qualified. Especially when they had to deal with actors all day long. They were cool, but strict enough that if we got out of line a little bit, they knew how to deal with us. I mean, we were not like the average kids who would grow up and become accountants or whatever. We thought we were THE BOMB! or whatever you would have called it back then. We thought we were like the g-force of the g-force. We got out of line a few times and often got shut down by the teachers. I mean, SHUT DOWN! It was a really weird situation. I had four or five movies to do every year. So I just never had time to go to school.



So you were on a quest to get your education?
Don't get me wrong. I hated school just like everybody else. Hold on, let me get rid of the other line. Just one second... Sorry about that. That was my boy!

Your boy?
Yeah, my boy. Um, last year I had really bad stomach problems so I did this procedure. It's called colonic irrigation.

Are you serious?
Yeah, it's really gross. But I got this super-bad infection in my stomach and chest. So I went and saw this guy and he's like a master, and he put me on a diet and all this stuff.

Ever done the Master Cleanse?
I've heard of it, but I've never done it. I'll only go to a certain point. The Master Cleanse is too much, and it's gross. It's nuts. People can't hack it! That's why it's called the Master Cleanse. It's hardcore. So, back to the topic. Yeah, I went to Excelsior, got pulled, I don't want to go into it too much more, but I passed the grade I wanted to pass. Did it properly and legally. Got my tutors, did my thing. But once it got to stuff like $32 \times 100 - 45 = x$, I bailed. I said, "This will not help me say, 'Can

I have a receipt?" when I go shopping." Math leaves a very bad taste in my mouth in regard to my schooling. You know I'm an actor, right? So back then I wasn't really thinking about mathematical situations, quantum physics, and all that. I didn't want to become "Beautiful Minded." I didn't even think about another option. I guess I was born to be an actor, and that's just what I do... I bailed school at 13 and a half. Then we moved to LA, and I went to Excelsior for a little while and eventually quit that too.

Is that how you met Scott Grimes and everyone, through Excelsior?
We all lived like two to five blocks away from one another at the time. Everyone knew everyone. We were all so close... so close. We'd walk to one another's houses. Sometimes I'd drive three seconds and pull up into Milano's driveway.

Did you all roll into Alphy's together, too?
Not really, I'd usually meet up with them there.

Do you remember your favorite party at Alphy's?
The debut party Corey and I hosted, Randy jumped off what I believe was the 11th floor of the Mondrian. He had a bottle of New York Seltzer in his hand. He landed and then took the lid off the soda and drank it. They turned it into a commercial. It was great and executed beautifully. I was right there looking up at him the whole time, holding one of his tigers. It was pretty trippy.

What was it like to hold one of Randy's famous tigers?
I've held many of his tigers. Back then I used to go to Randy's house. He had spare bedrooms, and I spent a few nights there. I had my own room, and, well, I fell in love with one of his bobcats, who was tame. Randy knew I was into animals like that, and he had a lot of different ones. For some reason I was the guy who got to hold them.

One time, Randy, myself, and two other people—we were in a limousine with a jaguar, and Randy passed me the leash and said, "Hold it from here, and if he gets out of line, just hit him lightly on the side of his head and say, 'Down! Down! Down!' Just give him the commands I'm giving you." And then suddenly the jaguar woke up in the limo and let out a RAAAAAWWR, so the vet who was in there had to shoot him up with a little bit of a tranquilizer. I mean, you're talking about a wild animal in a limousine! You know what I mean? Everybody could have been dead! But by the time we got out of the limo, I was holding the jaguar and everything was cool.

Corey had to take a phone call; we resumed our discussion 40 minutes later.

Why did you stop going to Alphy's?
I got bored of it. This is before I even got into drugs, but a few people were starting to do drugs around me and people started drinking. Not Scott, not Alyssa, not Nicole, not us. This was not my drug time yet. Not Corey's either. We were never alcoholics. Maybe we were drug addicts, but never alcoholics. But a few people would bail the party room and go downstairs and hang out by the pool, which was real nice at nighttime. But we would walk through and you'd see some of the people who were upstairs, some were actors and some were musicians, but the bartender would be like, "No problem! You guys can have some drinks even though I know you're underage, but I know

who you are and you hang out at this place all the time, so here you go." Anyway, I got bored of it. I got annoyed with a lot of other shit too. I got really sick and tired of Alphy, to be honest with you. I don't think he's a good human being, and you can print that shit too!

What was your personal relationship like with Alphy?
I don't think he was a good person at all. I think he just got very lucky that he got us to go and do these parties. It became a big fad for a while. It just happened to be called Alphy's Soda Pop Club. It was like going to Jerry's Famous Deli. It was the same kind of thing. But as far as Alphy goes, well, I'm not going to say it now, because people do change. I went through my time, too. I lost complete respect for Alphy Hoffman. Alphy sucks! Point-fucking-blank.

I've interviewed many people about Alphy's as well as spoken with Alphy himself—
He's a piece of shit! A user. He had all of us and thought he was the shit. Randy Miller is one of the coolest people I have ever met. Alphy was always trying to steal Randy's light and get in the way and take it all over. You don't do that to someone who is sponsoring your fucking club! But then again, I hung with Randy a lot. He was one of my best friends. I will forever love Randy. We had so many good times together, like being on the back of his Kawasaki Ninja 1500. So many cool times.

Did you feel like you were being used because of your fame?
This guy had nothing better to do than get so-called stars—I hate calling myself that, man. I am a moving actor. I move from here to there, and that's my job. So if people want to call me a star, God bless them. That's nice to hear, it's awesome, but I never call myself that because it's just disrespectful, I think. Anyway, Alphy was older and he needed to do something with his life, and I think he just met some people in the industry and became very attached to the idea of the entertainment business. From that point on, he said, "You know what? I'm gonna open up some sort of place where all these kids can come and drink New York Seltzer and dance all night long." That's what he did, and it worked. He got real lucky.

Did you ever see Alphy offer drugs to kids?
No, no, no. Never. Let me make this clear. I don't think Alphy started out intentionally using all of us to further his career or his life. I don't think it started like that. We all just liked being in the same room together. Alyssa, Scott, Corey, and me. Everybody. It just happened to become popular. But no, he never ever offered any of us drugs, liquor, nothing. Never!

The way I see it, he created this club for teenage celebrities, it had his name on it, it was featured in all the teen magazines, and it became very popular. He took it as far as he could, until the end.
Yeah. Then it died out. By the end, it was dying out and everyone was on drugs! I was on drugs, Feldman was on drugs. At the end of it, we were 16 or 17 years old! *Lost Boys* was done, and we were going to other clubs and doing drugs. So at that time, a lot of people were getting messed up.

Are you still friends with Corey Feldman?
Oh yeah. Corey and I spoke two days ago. We speak all the time. We're still brothers, best friends, however you wanna say

it. We're always going to be like more than just brothers. We're closer than family. It's weird.

When did you first become friends with Feldman?
Two months before *The Lost Boys* started shooting we became really good friends. We're talking 17 or 18 years of friendship. That's a long time to know somebody.

I have one question I wanted to ask about your video *Me, Myself, and I*.
OK, that was done by a friend of mine named [*the other line clicks*]. Hold on! Let me just get rid of the other line... Hey! I forgot I had somebody coming over. Hold on a second. [*in the background*] Shit! God! Motherfucker! Shit! Oh shit! [*gets back on the phone*] Shit, sorry.

Are you all right?
Now I have to change clothes! Someone is coming over from my agency. I forgot about that shit! I gotta sign some contracts and shit. Read it over and stuff like that. OK, so go ahead.

“Alphy’s was dying out and everyone was on drugs! I was on drugs, Feldman was on drugs. At the end of it, we were 16 or 17!”


What is Japanese funk?
What is what? What is Japanese funk?

In *Me, Myself, and I*, you say your favorite music was Japanese funk. I want to know what that is because I want some.
Oh! I was just messing around. At the time Japanese funk was Japanese funk. It's whatever! There is no such thing as Japanese funk.

Whose idea was it to make *Me, Myself, and I*?
A friend of mine. It was his idea, he thought of all the ideas, and I just showed up. We filmed it at my house.

Suddenly, there was dead silence. Corey seemed to have become very distracted. He said again he needed to get off the phone and sign some contracts. We agreed to talk the next day, but when I called he didn't answer the phone.
Then, at 4:25 AM on April 2, 2004, Corey left a message on my answering machine:

Hey, sorry we keep missing each other. I have been having bad phone problems. One was unplugged when the other should have rung. Anyway, I wanted to say that you should go ahead and run your article, but if you can keep it low-key when you discuss Alphy's Soda Pop Club—he had a weird personality, but he never, ever, ever, ever offered us drugs, booze, liquor, anything bad at all as far as substance abuse goes. It was for the kids, and that's just what we were. Just a bunch of kids.

I cried for Corey that day. He contacted me from time to time up until 2007, but after that we lost touch. On March 10, 2010, Corey Haim died of pneumonia at the age of 38 in his mother's arms. 

GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD

Making It in La-La Land, from Fantasy to Reality

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY KIMBERLY KANE

When I was a teenager living in Portland, Oregon, my mom would visit bands, friends, and men in Los Angeles, and I was often invited along. We'd have adventures with what I now know were high-priced escorts and rock stars' girlfriends at various bars and fancy hotels. I'd take pictures, but mostly I would just hang out. My mom secured me a fake ID so I could join the group and get into shows.

I was fascinated with LA at an early age. After I turned 18, my mother introduced me to her friend Rose, and we formed a friendship based on drugs. Rose had to leave Portland when the FBI hit her boyfriend with embezzlement charges. She knew the feds would soon come after her assets, as they were acquired through his illegal activity. So my half brother, Rose, and I drove a U-Haul full of her stuff down to California. Afterward, my brother went back up north and I stayed behind with Rose.

In 2003, I was dancing at strip clubs, and Rose, living off the money she got from selling two Porsches her boyfriend had bought her, was running low on funds. When the FBI showed up to repo her stuff, she started making connections in the porn business.

One day, she asked whether I wanted to accompany her to a porn set to pick up a check she was owed. I had preconceived notions about pornography, and I was sure we were on our way to a filthy back-alley motel to meet some Lester Diamond character. But in reality, our destination was a big mansion in Malibu where everyone used to shoot back then. The house was buzzing with activity and a free-spirited vibe, which I imagine is similar to the feeling you'd get walking into a nudist colony. Rose disappeared almost immediately, and I wandered over to watch a sex scene being filmed. What I saw was a cute girl named Emily DeVinci riding this beefcake on the stairwell. She noticed me and said, "If you're going to watch me fuck, you have to take off your shirt." So I did. I thought it was standard practice for a visitor to be naked in that type of environment, when in fact she just wanted to see my tits.

The director saw what was going down and slithered over to talk to me. In hindsight, now that I'm a porn director, I would have done the same thing. Fresh meat walking around the set topless is an easy target. He asked whether I would be interested in doing a scene. I said yes.

This was the beginning of my life as I know it now. A life where I'd never made so much money or had so much freedom. Hollywood became my home and has been ever since. I feel I've always belonged in this city. I think a lot of people here feel the same way.



ANDY SAN DIMAS, 25
adult performer, model

Growing up in rural Maryland, I only knew LA through TV but I never got to visit because my family couldn't afford to travel. My parents were also super-religious, so I really didn't get to do much of anything. I saw what happened to people who stayed in my home-town—married with three kids by 25—and I didn't want to be that. I wanted an exciting and even weird life, far away from my tiny little town. When I turned 18, I started working at a porn shop, and I came across an ad for an alt-porn brand where the girls looked like me. I sent the first nude pic I had ever taken of myself to my favorite director, then I moved to LA, and my life hasn't been the same since.

CHARLOTTE STOKELY, 25

model

I moved to LA seven years ago, new to the adult industry and the city. Life was pretty crazy on arrival: porn parties, making out with strippers at titty bars, and walking around the *Hustler* store after my movies came out to see if any of the customers recognized me. Not long after getting into the industry, I was nominated for an AVN award for Best New Starlet. It was pretty cool. Fast-forward a few years later: I've shaken the Hollywood jitters and found a career in fashion working for American Apparel. My ads are seen all over the world, including a few billboards around town.



SKIN DIAMOND, 25

adult performer

My first real memories of LA are from when I was 19 and traveled here from Scotland, where I grew up. During my visit, I modeled for an alt-softcore-porn website, and over the next few years I made a name for myself as an alt-fetish model in the UK and Europe. Planning to move to London, I made a very spontaneous decision to come back to LA for a short visit. I intended to be here for ten days but got in a silly accident that resulted in my back being badly burned. In recovery and facing a hefty hospital bill, I figured I might as well stay in LA awhile longer to see what would happen. I went through many life-changing experiences, and my world eventually turned into a haze of booze, violence, and drugs. I worked as a stripper and had no money or possessions apart from a mattress on the floor and a beat-up couch. Things got better when I found porn. Now I make bank, travel the world, and have fun doing it!



ULORIN VEX, 24
model, illustrator

I grew up on a council estate in the northeast of England, with a family I loved but had very little in common with. I had fears of being trapped in that town forever, and I wanted more than that. At 18, I left home to study for a BS in biology—the first person in my family to attend university. College turned out to be something of a culture shock for a working-class girl who had grown up in a very overprotective household, yet it was during this time that I started to think about modeling. I visited LA several times, and now I'm living here permanently, surrounded by more like-minded people than I ever thought possible. There seems to be something about this place that draws a certain kind of person.



EVA CARD, 26
model, actress

I was born in Reedsport, Oregon, and my family soon moved up the coast to Seaside. Rainy Oregon summers came to an end for me in 1999, on a family vacation to Hawaii. I was scouted by a talent agent and had my very first photo shoot in Oahu. Almost immediately, I was on a plane to LA, where I signed with Ford Models. I was going to wild Hollywood parties, working and mingling with celebrities, and making more money than any teenager I knew, all before I could drive. From that first summer spent in the Valley, it was decided: I was moving to LA when I turned 18. To me, Hollywood is the Wild West, a notorious yet magical city that I love and that will always be my home away from home. *UCE*



PAP SMEAR

Giving the Paparazzi a Taste of Their Own Disgusting Medicine

BY STEVEN RANDOLPH
PHOTOS BY STEVEN PERILLOUX



Paparazzi—they're just like us! They get annoyed by invasive assholes too.

I think we can all agree that paparazzi are some of the lowest forms of life on planet Earth. Yet society tolerates the profession because it enables our base desires of nosiness and voyeurism without the risk of feeling like an asshole. The ever-growing business of invading public persons' privacy—and the seemingly insatiable appetite for such garbage—proves that more than ever, people are looking for glimpses into lives that seem more interesting than their own.

As a guy who variously works in a mailroom, does stand-up, writes articles, and resets people's credit ratings on the side, I have been involved in my share of very shady things. Were the paparazzi any worse than me? Were they just trying to get by? To find out, I had to confront a few members of the profession and ask them stupid questions while a photographer shoved *his* camera in *their* faces.

Before setting out on my stalkerazzi mission, I needed some expert advice on locations, protocol, etc. After asking various contacts, I was put in touch with "Peter"—a professional (and somewhat jaded) paparazzo who agreed to give me all the pertinent details I would need to capture my prey in exchange for his anonymity. I'm unable to get into specifics about who he's worked for and how active he is, but rest assured that the answers are "all of them" and "very."

The first thing Peter made clear is that paparazzi refer to themselves as "paps," but you and I can never call them that. We haven't "earned it." When I asked him what that meant, he didn't have a clear answer, but he was *sure* I wasn't allowed to use the term to refer to him or anyone else in the profession. How's that for some bullshit?

Not once during our hour-long interview did Peter try to convince me that what he was doing was artistic or honorable. He did, however, sell me on the fact that his work is very much in demand by both tabloids and celebrities alike. He claimed that famous people routinely call him to tip him off on where they're planning to be at a particular time. He also said that there are a select few "freelance photographers," such as himself, who adhere to a moral code of sorts. For instance, he would never snap someone's kids, but other creeps have no problem with it. He also said that, with camera in hand, he's caught celebrities in embarrassing situations and let them off the hook: "Arnold Schwarzenegger is someone I definitely wouldn't take advantage of."

At one point, I asked Peter why he decided to become a paparazzo instead of shooting for quality magazines or weddings. He started to tear up and said that his first priority is taking care of his family, and that his chosen line of work is the quickest and easiest way to make decent money. "I *could* be shooting wedding videos and working for magazines like you guys," he said, "if you would just fucking hire me!" I felt for the guy, but I wasn't sure I entirely believed him.

Peter broke down the four categories of paparazzo: minimum-wage droogs with shitty consumer-grade cameras (most likely stolen), decent photographers in need of money, super-creep steely-eyed psychopaths who could probably make it through Navy SEAL training, and the Brazilians. "Whatever you do, be careful of the Brazilians; they are very territorial," he said while



No matter how hard he tried, Steven wasn't able to get this paparazzo to admit his life was a complete failure.

showing me a few YouTube videos of crazy capoeira motherfuckers beating the shit out of one another and huge black bodyguards outside of clubs. He also schooled me on the paparazzi circuit and its respective territories: Beverly Hills (mainly a nail salon and café on Camden Street and a Rite Aid right around the corner), the Westside (Brentwood/Santa Monica/Venice), LA (popular spots include Malibu Country Mart and Craig's), and LAX. With this information at my disposal, I was ready to start my rampage of invasiveness.

It rained throughout the next day, a Saturday, so my photographer and I tried to wait it out. When it hadn't stopped raining by early evening, we decided it was still worth checking out a few of the nighttime spots Peter had recommended. An hour in, it felt like being on a stakeout without guns or knowledge of what your target looks like, which is just as anxiously boring as it sounds. We made our rounds, stopping at places like Mr. Chow, King Street, the Ivy, and BOA, but kept coming up empty. This either meant that the rain had managed to keep every celebrity in LA indoors for the night or, as Peter had forewarned, lower-tier photographers were hesitant to go out in bad weather. The only paparazzi who would brave a rainy night would be pros hiding out in cars with blacked-out windows. We wouldn't be able to spot them unless they were physically surrounding a celeb—they are ninjas, basically, and will hide in dumpsters, wear costumes, and generally be giant creeps in order to avoid detection. The downpour only provided them with more cover. After a few hours without catching one glimpse of even a tourist standing on the sidewalk with a camera, we gave up for the night.

I woke up the next day to unexpectedly sunny skies. The weather report was wrong, thank God. Knowing this would be my last chance to nab one of these bastards before my deadline, I wanted to corroborate Peter's advice to make sure I wasn't missing anything. Before meeting with Peter, I had managed to track down the number of an old acquaintance I hadn't spoken to in 15 years who, I had learned, was now working as a paparazzo. The first couple minutes were awkward, but he was happy to help and gave me a few more tips, most importantly: "Go to the guitar statue at BOA nightclub on Sunset from 8 to 10 PM. Get out of the car and just look for guys in sweatshirts with hoods."

That night, my photographer and I headed straight for BOA. We drove past the huge ceramic Les Paul outside, and sure enough there were three paparazzi in black hoodies sitting around the base of the guitar with cameras in hand. We parked a block north of Sunset Boulevard and went over our plan, which basically amounted to "get in their faces, ask increasingly personal and judgmental questions, photograph them intrusively, and if we run into any Brazilians, be ready to fight till the death." As we walked up to BOA's entrance, I put on my headphones and played "Ride of the Valkyries" while envisioning the opening scene of *Apocalypse Now* and repeating "Sunset... shit" in my head.

We rounded the corner and I zeroed in on my targets, virtually pouncing on them. I managed to get right up in one guy's face, hold my iPhone camera in front of him, and let out a panic-induced line of questioning: "Hey,



When cornered, paparazzi, like turtles, retreat into their shells.

homey! How are you? HOW ARE YOU? Please tell us, what are you wearing right now? Who are you wearing? What does your underwear look like? What do you think about the Kony situation—the guy who got caught jacking off? Do you know who got that coverage? Have you ever felt bad for doing this?"

At first I was on edge, expecting some sort of altercation, but I was baffled by my first victim's response. He just stood there with his head down, looking at his phone and doing his best to ignore me. He mumbled a few things that I was unable to make out over my screams, but overall he was a total pussy.

It was time to ratchet things up and make it more personal, so I asked, "Do you like a pinky in the butt during sex? Do you put on cologne when you know Brad Pitt's going to be around?" This is when he began to walk away, toward his colleagues, who were standing around an SUV. As I followed him, they dispersed and I began tailing another one, telling him, "Sir, I can see it in your eyes, you're a good person. I can see the good in you. Why are you doing this?" He circled back toward the guitar statue and sat down, making eye contact with me for the first time. "Have you ever been embarrassed?" I asked. He responded by sticking his camera in my face and shooting with full-on flash before standing and walking away again. I followed, saying, "Sir, one question that people want to know: When you're out here for eight hours and you have to take a dookie, where do you go? Is it true you go La Salsa up the street to take dookies, without ordering food?"

All three of them were now on their feet, circling the entrance of BOA with their backs to me in an attempt to avoid my tirade. But I kept going, asking, "You guys interview other people. How come I'm not allowed to interview you?" No response. "Does this make you feel weird?" I continued, following one of them to the building next door. He shined a flashlight in my eyes and said, "Get out of my face, bro," as

He shined a flashlight in my eyes and said, "Get out of my face, bro," as he literally stepped into the corner of the entrance.

he literally stepped into the corner of the entrance and stared at the wall. "I'm not in your face," I replied. "I just have a quick question: Why are you hiding? Why is there so much shame behind what you're doing? I'm listening to the [Lady Gaga] song 'Paparazzi' right now. I'm like you; I just want to get a good story."

Eventually, he backed out of the corner and walked down the street, but I was relentless: "You don't like your own medicine, bro. Maybe it's time to get some therapy and think about this while you're doing this. You don't like the way it feels to you, so why would you do that to your fellow man and woman? You're getting mad at me following you around trying to get a hot scoop, and that's what you're doing."

At this point, a few people were staring, and I started to feel embarrassed for them and myself, so we called it a night and headed back to the car. On the drive back, I thought about how the photographers' reactions to my harassment bummed me out both ways. I wondered whether I was like that self-righteous robot who hosts *To Catch a Predator*, which is not a pleasant feeling, and I pondered whether paparazzi are actually detrimental to society and culture or whether I had been exaggerating. But then I thought about the way they cowered from me, reeking of guilt. People don't react like that unless they're doing something wrong. **VCS**

Watch a short video of Steven getting the goods from Peter and verbally eviscerating this pathetic paparazzi trio on [VICE.com](#).

RON GALELLA HATES GANG BANGS

The Original Paparazzo Talks About His Lifetime of Party Crashing

BY MISH WAY
PORTRAIT BY BENJAMIN WLODY

Archival images by Ron Galella



A candid shot of Ron surrounded by his decades of candid shots.



CLOCKWISE, STARTING TOP LEFT: Madonna—dressed very, very modestly by her standards—attends the clumsily named Love Ball 2 Benefit for Design Industries Foundation Fighting AIDS on May 22, 1991, at Roseland in New York.

Joey Heatherton kicking up her heels at the Artists & Models Ball on November 19, 1966, at the Biltmore Hotel in New York.

Naomi Campbell in mid-conversation at the Tanqueray Sterling Ball Benefit for AIDS Coalition on November 9, 1989, at the Sand Factory in New York.



Before the concept of paparazzi became what it is today—swarms of faceless, Hollywood-hungry fools with digital cameras, no clout, and even less class—Ron Galella was sneaking into parties via dumbwaiters, snapping shots of Madonna, Bowie, and Liza dancing post-rails at Studio 54, and relentlessly stalking Jackie O. outside her Upper East Side apartment.

An opportunist and workaholic, Galella scrabbled his way up the twisted ladder, eventually becoming *the* photographer of celebrities—a distinction that may not have been sanctioned but was definitely recognized. He's been beaten to a pulp by Marlon Brando (after which he wore a football helmet when Brando was around), sued by Jackie O., and barred from dozens of exclusive clubs while at the same time being incredibly valuable to the industry because, from the 60s through the 80s, literally no one was doing what he did. During this period, his work appeared regularly in *Time* (which deemed him the “godfather of US paparazzi culture”), *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*,

and *People*. He captured intimate moments no one else had the balls to even attempt to photograph.

Today, at 81, Galella has seen everything the glamorous world of movie stars has to offer, and he's got it all documented and catalogued. The basement of his New Jersey mansion is overstuffed with meticulously categorized shots of everyone from Andy Warhol to Elizabeth Taylor to Goldie Hawn to Elvis Presley. He's currently working on a book about Jackie O., his greatest obsession, but he took a break to talk to us about his long years of shoving cameras in famous faces and graciously offer a selection of unpublished photos from his archives.

Elizabeth Taylor having a brief moment of privacy before attending a performance of *Private Lives* at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre in New York in 1983.



Cyndi Lauper looking suitably new-wave (and suitably soused) at the after-party for the 1984 Grammy Awards at Rex II Restaurant in L.A.



Jimi Hendrix in the crowd at the Martin Luther King Jr. Benefit Concert at Madison Square Garden on June 28, 1968.

VICE: Do you consider your work invasive?
Ron Galella: Well...

I have to ask, considering you've been punched and sued more than a couple times.

[laughs] I'm controversial, you see. Some celebrities think they are private, like Jackie Onassis. She thought she was private. But in public areas you are fair game. She was a hypocrite in a way, because she liked it, too. My greatest picture of her is "Windblown Jackie." She had no makeup, no hairdo, natural pose, natural person. I was photographing this model Joyce Smith in Central Park near Jackie's house. When we were leaving the park, I spotted Jackie. She didn't see me, but I followed her to the corner of 85th and Madison and hopped in a cab. If I had followed her on foot, she would have spotted me and put on her sunglasses, and I don't like that kind of shot. My taxi driver blew his horn; I think he was interested in looking at Jackie. When the horn sounded, Jackie turned and looked right at the cab. I got the shot. Then I got out of the cab and gave Joyce Smith another camera so she could get some shots of me going after Jackie.

Why were you so obsessed with Jackie O.?

There were a lot of reasons: Physically she was beautiful, with big, wide eyes. She had a whispering, soft, little-girl voice like Marilyn. The biggest factor, which creates glamour in any woman, was that she had mystique. She was

mysterious. She was quiet. She only gave three interviews her entire life. Mystique is what is lacking in most celebrities today. Everyone is so quick to expose themselves; it's vulgar. When there is mystery we want to know more. It leaves something to be desired.

"Mystique is what is lacking in most celebrities today."

When did you start working as a paparazzo?

I had no money for a studio coming out of art school, so I just shot on location. The world was my studio. It was necessity. I would shoot celebrities in their environment: at events, the airport... Of course, with Jackie, I would just wait outside her doorstep and she could take me anywhere. When I shot, my style was very candid, spontaneous, and unrehearsed. My letterhead even says, PHOTOGRAPHY WITH THE PAPARAZZI APPROACH. I wanted real emotions. Whereas today, it's all posed. At a premiere, the paparazzi just yell the celebrities' names; they want the celebrity looking into their camera. I never wanted that. I wanted people doing real things. That's what makes great pictures: genuine emotions. We want to see celebrities in human situations, so we can say, "Look, they are just like us!" It tells a story when they're doing things. A posed picture says nothing.

Jackie and Ari Onassis seen through a rainy window on November 14, 1970, at La Côte Basque in New York City.



LEFT: Brigitte Bardot—perhaps trying to be incognito in her hat—on September 1, 1968, at the Zoom Zoom Club in Saint-Tropez, France.

RIGHT: The supermodel Twiggy looking uncharacteristically natural on August 28, 1967, at Bert Stern's Studio in New York.



Perhaps your most infamous “studio” was Studio 54. It was a great place because it was like a movie set. It had tremendous flashing lights, loud music, and people dancing. Great stars were there to meet other stars. The owner, Steve Rubell, would invite any celebrity who was in town over to Studio 54 for free drinks, wine, and drugs. He was very smart.

“I’m an opportunist. I don’t give up. I’d crash anything.”

That’s a type of marketing that just doesn’t exist anymore. Steve loved publicity so he invited the press in. He did bar me twice, though. The first time was because of a photo I took of Ali MacGraw dancing intimately with Larry Spangler. She had no bra on, and her nipples were showing. I took a photo, which ended up in *Playboy*, and Steve said Ali was upset about it. He lied. I know Ali and communicated with her about the photo. She liked the picture; she didn’t care. Steve was always picking on me because I was more famous than the other photographers.

How about the second time?
The second time he barred me, it was for life. Group W [a news team] was in town doing a piece on me. I suggested they come out and see me in action. We went to an opening of Robin Williams at the Copacabana. Everyone was there, including Steve, so naturally he invited everyone back to Studio 54. Steve told me that I was only allowed to shoot stills—Robin Williams didn’t want any TV coverage. So Robin is dancing with his wife, I’m taking photos of them, and the TV crew is filming me. Steve comes barreling over, screaming, “Now you’ve done it! I want the film!” He demanded

the film from the crew and myself. I knew it was trouble. So I snapped a photo of Steve all angry and got out of there. He yelled after me, “You’re barred again!” *[laughs]* The police came and took the crew and Steve to the police station. They released everyone, but they kept Steve in jail for 33 hours because he had prior violations. He held that against me forever.

Didn’t constantly being kicked out of places become a drag? No. I’m an opportunist. I don’t give up. I’d crash anything. I’d often sneak in through the kitchen at ballroom events. Security would eventually catch me. I’d cooperate and pretend I was leaving by pushing the elevator button. They’d leave and I’d sneak right back in through the kitchen. Sometimes I’d go to the chow line and eat, cool it out for a while.

What’s your opinion of the paparazzi today?
It’s terrible. When I did it in the 60s and 70s it was one-to-one. There was no gangbanging like there is today. It’s out of control now. I’m glad I’m not doing it. Nowadays, anyone can be paparazzo. In fact, CNN just laid off a bunch of photographers because they can just get cell-phone photos for free or very cheap from almost anybody.

Do you find that celebrities just aren’t as interesting to photograph today? Everyone has plastic surgery, and it’s almost like there are no imperfections, no distinctions between stars. Just last night I was watching Lindsay Lohan on television. Her cheeks were bulging! I think surgery can be OK when you need it. When you have a bad chin, fill it in with plastic. I don’t like women with big boobs, though. I’m a butt man. The sexiest part of a male or a female is the butt. Gene Kelly had a real tush, and that Jennifer Lopez, too. *VCE*



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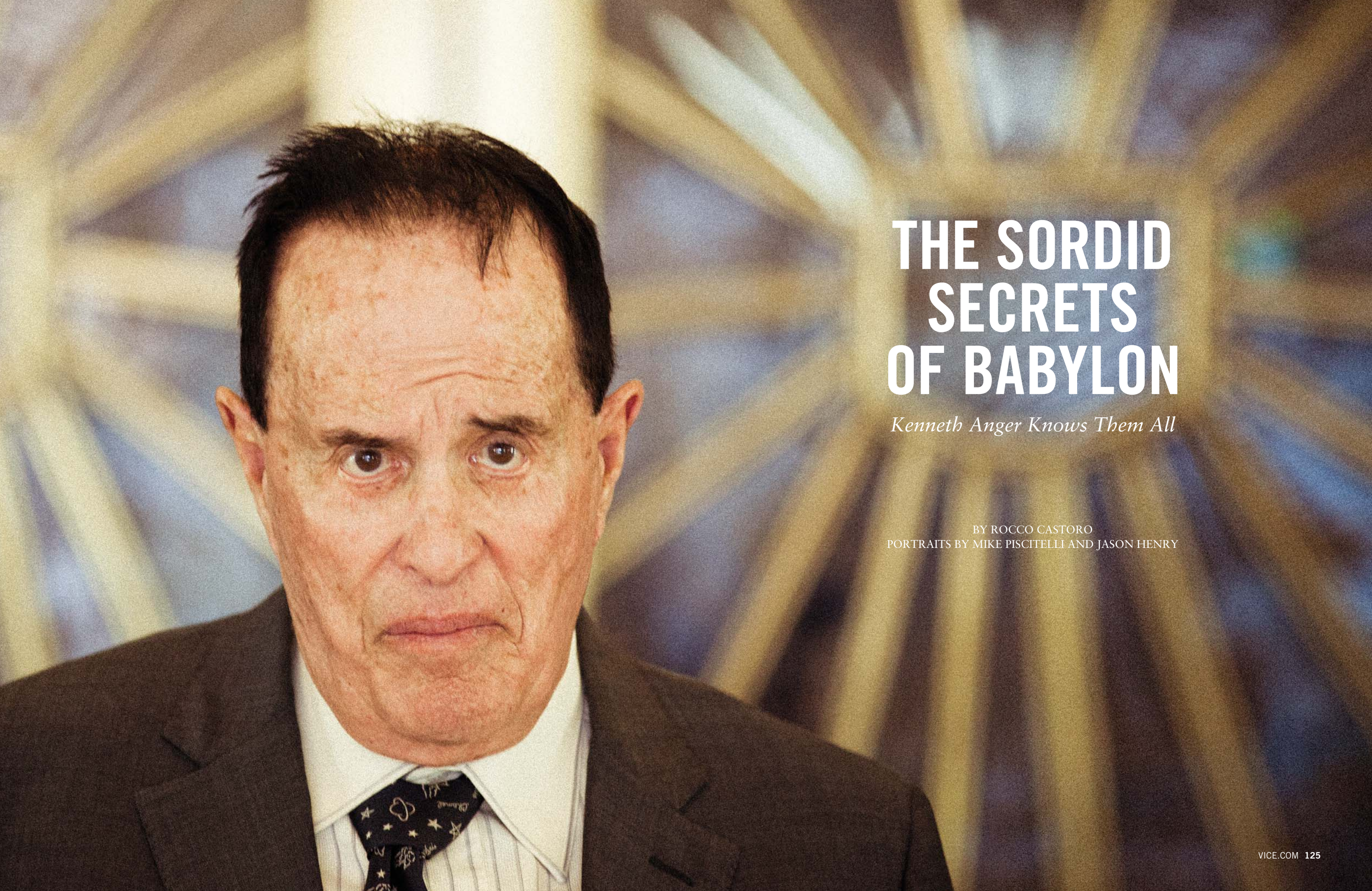
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THE SORDID SECRETS OF BABYLON

Kenneth Anger Knows Them All

BY ROCCO CASTORO
PORTRAITS BY MIKE PISCITELLI AND JASON HENRY

A few days before I was set to interview Kenneth Anger, I started feeling weird. I kept imagining a terrible scene: sitting across from the 85-year-old filmmaker in a dimly lit, very old room while he grows increasingly frustrated with my line of questioning. And while I don't believe in such things, I began worrying that if I annoyed him enough he'd cast a Thelemic curse on me. He's done it before.

Whether or not I've been doomed is still unclear, but regardless, I got what I came for. I wanted to speak with Kenneth because, as I see it, he has transfigured the Hollywood aesthetic into some of the most emblematic and striking short films ever made. Much of his work—especially *Rabbit's Moon*, *Scorpio Rising*, *Kustom Kar Kommandos*, *Lucifer Rising*, and *Mouse Heaven*—runs along a twisted continuum of American iconography, societal norms, and belief.

Kenneth also wrote *Hollywood Babylon* and *Hollywood Babylon II*, books that detailed hushed celebrity scandals from the silent-film era through the late 60s. Some critics have cast doubt on claims made in the book, but who are they to say they know better? They weren't there. And before the existence of societal scourges like *People*, *TMZ*, and *Us Weekly*, it was much easier for famous people to get away with sordid deeds.

Six years after its initial publication in France, the book was released in the US in 1965. Within days it was banned and pulled from bookstores until a new edition was printed in 1975. A review in the *New York Times* famously stated: "If a book such as this can be said to have charm, it lies in the fact that here is a book without one single redeeming merit." In my opinion, nothing could be further from the truth.

During my visit to LA to interview Kenneth, his name kept popping up seemingly at random. When I visited the Museum of Death on Hollywood Boulevard and mentioned my upcoming interview to the nice couple who run the place, they told me they'd been friendly with "Ken" for years and that he had cursed them no fewer than three times (in one instance via their answering machine). He also continues to send them all sorts of mail on an almost daily basis—letters, notes, books, and other packages—apparently because he likes the post office and enjoys mailing things to people.

Another strange occurrence happened during a free afternoon when I made the poor decision of taking the Dearly Departed Tour, a bus excursion to locations around LA where infamous celebrity scandals and deaths took place. The guide kept angrily referring to Kenneth, calling him a "tyrant" and a "liar." He even accused him of fabricating the circumstances surrounding the death of 1920s starlet Marie Prevost.

During a lunch meeting with author John Gilmore (see his piece, "This Is Hollywood, Isn't It?" on page 46), Kenneth became a point of conversation yet again. John put it more

eloquently than anyone when he said the director has been "the iconoclastic, ancient, experimental filmmaker and thorn in Hollywood's groin since childhood, a self-proclaimed spiritual magician who predates the glamour days." He went on to recount the time Kenneth showed up at fellow director and mutual friend Curtis Harrington's funeral at the Hollywood Forever Cemetery wearing a black raincoat, eyeliner, and fingernail polish. His shirt was opened to his navel, revealing the giant LUCIFER tattoo emblazoned across his chest, and he was accompanied by a boyish photographer who took pictures as Kenneth kissed Curtis's corpse before its cremation. Before he was ejected from the premises, Kenneth handed John a small plastic vampire figurine that contained mint candies inside, clarifying its original use by saying, "It's actually a dispenser for tickle-ribbed rubbers."

But in the end, our interview did go well, or at least I thought it did. Kenneth was very polite if somewhat reserved, and throughout our chat, the only awkward moments were when he would pause after answering a question. A few times he had something to add and would pick up again, but mostly he would just look at me in the eyes and say, "OK?" to signal that he was ready to move on. By the end, it was clear that he is truly a walking treasure trove of history; he has lurked at the core of Hollywood longer—and knows her better—than anyone else.

VICE: Would you say that you lean more toward loving or disdaining Hollywood?

Kenneth Anger: I have a certain amount of ambivalence about it, but basically I am fond of it. And so whatever vices it has I appreciate; it is colorful. And it used to be a lot more colorful than it is now. This is sort of a mellow period, but there were days in the 20s and the 30s when it was having a different scandal every week, practically. I appreciated that as a historian, but we haven't had any juicy scandals recently.

Does this have anything to do with the way the press covers celebrities? Are too many people famous nowadays?

No, it was the personalities, sort of larger-than-life personalities. And they were genius. Like Charlie Chaplin, for instance. At the same time, they had a propensity for pushing the boundaries and getting in trouble. In his case, he liked young girls, and that still is sort of a no-no.

Kenneth poses in the elevator at the swanky and impeccably art deco Cicada Restaurant in Downtown LA. As soon as he walked into the place, he started detailing its history as a fancy clothing store where some of the biggest stars used to shop. Photo by Mike Piscitelli

Kenneth poses for his adoring fans after accepting accolades at an Anthology Film Archives benefit in 2010. Photo by Jason Henry



Have there been any recent scandals that particularly interested you?

I have a pretty good antenna about what is happening in Hollywood, and it has just quieted down. In the 60s there was a flare-up with the Manson crowd and all that, but that has all quieted away.

And you would know because you lived through most of it. You were making films before you were even a teenager, right? I was a kid, yes.

When was the last time you watched anything you filmed from that era?

I haven’t looked at them; they are filed away. I do have most of them, and I was working on 16 mm. Now I prefer to work in digital.

Why short films? Have you ever been tempted to make a feature? Well, I could manage a shorter film with my own personal budget, and I compare my films to poems—I consider myself a poet of films. And something like 15 minutes or half an hour, I can manage that myself quite well as far as the budget goes.

I have made films of up to 40 minutes, but oddly I never felt attracted to going into feature-length films.

Does your use of digital cameras mean that you’ve also embraced the internet as a distribution method?

Unfortunately, it makes piracy very possible—that is easy—and I consider us to be living in the age of piracy. And I object to it a lot. I try to hold on to my things as carefully as I can, but it is not always possible to protect everything.

Recently, there have been attempts by the government to more narrowly define how copyright laws apply to the internet—SOPA, PIPA, and the like. Do you follow these developments or have any sort of opinion on what’s happening? [curls up his face] Well, I wish them luck. The commercial-film people are much more concerned about being ripped off big time, and so they really have something to fight for.

It seems that today the major stumbling blocks for filmmakers have to do with distribution rather than content. This wasn’t always the case. Back when you made *Fireworks*, your first publicly released film, you ended up facing some legal troubles. Minor legal troubles; it was considered a little over the edge for the time, 1947. It was a pioneer film, and it was made in one weekend, so times have changed, but it was kind of exciting not knowing what would happen. For instance, when it was made I had a problem with finding a lab to print it. But finally one of the places decided, “Oh well, it is just a little film, we will print it.” That was Consolidated Lab, which at that time was a branch of Republic Pictures. One of the technicians was an ex-navy man, and because I have real sailors in my family, he was a bit concerned over [the sailors] in the film. But in the end, nothing came of it.

Still, you were facing allegations of obscenity, and at the time that was a very serious charge.

It never came down to it. There was the possibility, but it never amounted to that.

But it did attract the attention of sexologist Alfred Kinsey, whom you befriended. Did he encourage your work?

Yes. Kinsey was doing interviews for his book *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, and I don’t know... What if you are not human? The title is kind of awkward, but that was what he called his research book. He was basically a biologist, an expert on wasps, of all things. When he came to LA to do interviews, I met him. He came to see *Fireworks* at the Coronet Theatre at a midnight showing, and he wanted to buy a print for his collection at Indiana University. I agreed, and that was the first copy I ever sold. But I remained good friends with him until the end of his life.

Did he serve as a sort of foil during this period, a time when it was difficult to openly discuss sexuality as it applied to society, or were your interactions more casual?

When Kinsey came to visit Europe and Italy for the first time, I had done intense research on the villa of Aleister Crowley because he had this 18th-century farmhouse, which he called the Abbey of Thelema. He was inspired by Gauguin and painted all of the walls with murals, but they were explicitly erotic in a humorous way and so he was kicked out of Italy. It was the first days of Mussolini, who didn’t like the English anyway. It was an excuse to kick him out, and Crowley’s paintings were

covered with whitewash. I spent a summer scraping off the whitewash and photographing [the murals]. That was an interesting archaeology.

Many of your films feature homoerotic imagery, yet they were made at a time when homosexuality was technically illegal. Did the government’s interference with sexual preferences affect the way you approached filmmaking? Did that even enter the equation? I just always did what I wanted to do. It never bothered me, and I never had any specific problem. There is nothing explicit in my films. Even though you could say that *Fireworks* is kind of explicit, it is so symbolic that it got by.

Do you believe that censorship can sometimes be an inspiration for creativity? That perhaps some things are more poignant when left unsaid?

We are in a time now where practically anything goes. There was a time when anything that had to do with sexuality, you had to tiptoe around it.

It makes mystique impossible.

The fact that one can practically do anything one wants today means there is no kind of censorship that can cease you from making films and maybe result in being thrown in jail or something. In the early days, back in the 40s, it was actually possible that something like that could happen.

Yet many of the stars you write about in *Hollywood Babylon* were involved in off-screen, real-life activities that were far more scandalous. And while I’m sure it didn’t, at the time the book seemed to come out of nowhere. You hadn’t released a film in almost five years, and here you were airing all sorts of dirty laundry about the entertainment industry.

I never stopped making films, but yeah, I was working on the book, traveling and living in Europe. I’m finishing one right now on zeppelins, a fascinating obsolete form of transportation with sometimes explosive results if not handled right.

That seems like a natural progression, but I have a feeling it will be a lot easier to find a publisher for it than a book that made some of the most famous people in the world look like maladjusted deviants. How were you able to get *Hollywood Babylon* on the shelves? I know the French were involved.

When I went to live in Paris, I met the people at *Cahiers du Cinéma*, which was the main film magazine. I told them stories I knew—colorful, odd stories about Hollywood—and finally they said, “Why don’t you do a book about it?” And so the first edition of *Hollywood Babylon* was written in French and published in Paris in the late 50s. And then an expanded version was published in English.

Did most of the stories come from your own knowledge, or did you rely more on research and interviews?

It was basically my knowledge. By the time I went to Paris I had absorbed all of this, all I could about Hollywood history.

Because of your photo selection, it reads like a magazine in many ways—what a gossip magazine should look like.

That was on purpose. It is a picture book, almost like a documentary film. I’ve been collecting stills of old Hollywood all my life, so I literally have thousands to choose from. It’s a selection of my photographs, which are almost as important as the text.

I’m staying at the Beverly Hilton while I’m in LA, and out in front of the hotel there’s a memorial to Whitney Houston—balloons and candles and all that. I’m sure they’ll have been removed by the time this interview goes to print, but even now, a couple weeks after her death, everything is business as usual. She’s already out of the media cycle. Do you think the public has become desensitized to extreme celebrity behavior, or are things a lot less interesting than they used to be? She fell asleep in the bathtub, and I guess she drowned. But she had considerable drugs in her, so I don’t think it was suicide. I think it was a mistake.

Sure, but my point is that it seems the shelf life of these types of stories has shortened since you wrote *Hollywood Babylon*. The entertainment-news industry is a well-oiled machine now. It depends who it is and what happened. Like, before my time there was the Fatty Arbuckle scandal, and that resonated all through the 20s, it kept being referred to. In the case of Whitney, it’s just that there is not any intrigue. It was just an accident, and it is too bad it happened, but I guess it was her fault.

“In the case of Whitney, it’s just that there is not any intrigue. It was just an accident, and it is too bad it happened, but I guess it was her fault.”

Fatty Arbuckle is the perfect example of someone whose private life was diametrically opposed to what he did on-screen. Obviously him being an obese actor nicknamed Fatty who allegedly crushed a girl to death while raping her at a party in his hotel room, and the ensuing trials, made it prime newspaper copy for more than a decade. But I feel like celebrities publicly admit to and get away with worse things these days. Have they just become better at feigning remorse and using teams of publicists to spin stories? Well, it is the craft of acting, after all, and so they have a right to act. But the present group of people in Hollywood are not scandalous, in the sense that they were. There was a flurry of drug use in the 60s, and if it is still there, it is very quiet. Cocaine caused a number of problems.

Looking back at the films of the silent era, the way they were shot and cut make it seem like everyone was snorting massive lines right up until the director yelled, “Action!”

I find film style reflects it, particularly the Mack Sennett [the director largely responsible for the popularity of slapstick] comedies. And my research proves that they were taking cocaine. You can see a sort of hyper-influence there.

There are lots of tales that make reference to “joy powder” in *Hollywood Babylon*, which makes it seem as innocent as taking one of those 5-hour Energy shots. Another phrase you use in the book, in the first few pages, is the “Purple Epoch.” What is that? It sounds nice.

That was when there were very talented people who also had extravagant tastes and money. It was the 1920s, a reflection of the Jazz Age. And the Hollywood version of that was pretty wild.

Another topic you cover early on in the book is the circumstances surrounding the death of Olive Thomas, which is perhaps the first instance of “Hollywood scandal” as we know it. You write, and it’s long been rumored, that she was very fond of cocaine, which was apparently a fatal flaw when combined with alcohol and ingesting her husband Jack Pickford’s topical syphilis medication. She was one of the earliest beautiful stars to die in grim circumstances. And so her name became associated with lurid [behavior]. Things going on in Hollywood.

Her death also seemed to pull the wool from everyone’s eyes. Olive Thomas’s image was so sweet and pure. It caused Hollywood’s reputation to snowball into something far darker than how it was previously perceived. People must have thought, “If Olive’s doing it, everyone else must be too.” There were other ones too, like Mary Miles Minter [who was accused of murdering her lover, director William Desmond Taylor, at the height of her success]. She was a kind of version of Mary Pickford [Jack Pickford’s sister], but the great stars like Pickford were never touched. These scandals swirled around, but there were certain stars that weren’t implicated in any way by this sort of thing.

“If I were making feature films I would be tempted to make something on Aleister Crowley. Various people have threatened to... it has not happened [yet], so I have been saved that.”

Do you have a favorite star from this era? Someone whom you continue to research exhaustively?
I love the career of Rudolph Valentino, who died at 31 and had an amazing trajectory in that short time. His life continues to fascinate me.

Do you continue to find new information? I can only imagine how extensive your archives must be.
I have plenty of information on him. There are facts, and then there is gossip. I go for the facts, but I will listen to the gossip. [smiles]

Your willingness to sift through the gossip was a point of contention with some people when *Hollywood Babylon* was published, especially after its second printing. Some have accused you of muckraking, and others have even gone further and claim that it contains factual inaccuracies.
Well, I’ve never been sued...

In other words, your detractors can’t prove it.
No one ever came up to me and said, “Well, you made the whole thing up.” Because I definitely didn’t.

I believe filmmaker and historian Kevin Brownlow once said that you had told him most of your research relied on “mental telepathy.” Why do you think some have tried to undermine the book?
I don’t think they do. This is news to me. I haven’t had any trouble like that.

OK, we’ll move on. I find the connection between Hollywood and the occult to be very fascinating. Do you think one begets the other?

There have been a number of slightly bizarre cults and things like that [in LA], and they lead to little flickering interests among some people in Hollywood. For instance, there has never been a massive devotion to Satanism or things like that.

That’s true, but what about Scientology? It seems that half of Hollywood is involved with it in some way. Which reminds me: I believe you’ve stated in interviews that you have almost a complete draft of *Hollywood Babylon III*, but it will never be released to the public because much of it is about Scientology. Is that true?

I do have it in rough form, but they are quite litigious and I don’t want to tangle with them. And they have certain people like John Travolta and Tom Cruise who have gotten hooked into it and made it their belief system, so I am leaving them alone.

Your interest in the teachings of Aleister Crowley has influenced your work greatly. What first drew you to him and his philosophy of Thelema?

He is a fascinating character, and if I were making feature films I would be tempted to make something on Aleister Crowley. Luckily, no one else has. Various people have threatened to. I sort of hoped that it didn’t happen, and it has not happened [yet], so I have been saved that.

The uninformed might not see much difference between Crowley’s disciples and Scientologists. They are ignorant, of course, but may we humor that line of thinking for a second? Can you help them understand?

There have always been people interested in Aleister Crowley, who died in 1947. His followers are in the OTO, Ordo Templi Orientis, which is kind of a cult society. It has hundreds of members, but it is almost invisible, it is low-key. It is not like Scientology, which is basically a business. I have nothing to do with them.

Fair enough.
Can we wind it up?

OK, can I maybe ask you three more questions?
[eyes widen as he purses his lips] No.

Not even one?
If you only have a few more...

Just one, maybe two, I promise. Werner Herzog is fond of saying that LA is the only truly American city because a lot of the other major cities in the US are European-influenced. In other words, LA is the only place that has a true American culture. What do you think of that?

Well, that is because he is a foreigner, and he is making a judgment from outside. So [to him] LA seems like some sort of strange beast, or it has certain bizarre elements that are characteristic of California, but at any rate I live here, so...

You still love it?
Yeah, it’s interesting. Otherwise I wouldn’t live here. **VICE**

Watch Rocco interview Kenneth in the flesh in a new episode of VICE Meets... on VICE.com.

DAVID LYNCH

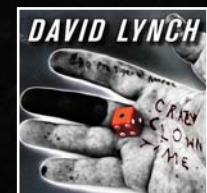
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 JOHN TALABOT (LIVE) ^{BCN/POR} - JOSH T. PEARSON ^{BCN} - JUSTICE LIVE ^{BCN} - KINGS OF CONVENIENCE ^{BCN} - KLEENEX GIRL WONDER ^{BCN}
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COMBOVER: THAT'S TOKYO TOWN

BY BRETT GELMAN, PHOTOS BY JANICZA BRAVO

Featuring: Robbie Pickering



LIGHTS!
CAMERA!
COMBOVER!

I smell the glitz. I taste the glam. I play racquetball with the moon. I shtup the stars. Every morning I thank God for who I am and for what I have. Which is everything. I am everything. I'm a producer, bubaleh.

This town. You need to know how to make it work for you. Hollywood, baby! And a lot of schmucks use that phrase. Hollywood, baby! But I'm one of the only ones who can say those two beautiful words and mean it. Hollywood, baby! Why? I know what those two words mean.

Hollywood: The land of plenty. The fountain of youth. The dream maker and shatterer.

Baby: All of us in the beginning. Cute, smooth, little old men.

OR

Baby: A hot shiksa broad who needs a job and has specific talents to obtain one.

And the secret to saying those two GORGEOUS words and them really meaning something is you have to make them meld. Hollywood must be your baby. You must nurture this town. You need to breastfeed it. Keep it strong, teach it new words, and once it's nurtured enough, you lay it down on your California king-size mattress and make love to it. You tell it what to do, but you also listen to what it wants. You lie naked with this town and gaze on each other's bodies in worship. This town is my Torah. My beautiful, naked, talented Torah with a taste for salami.

They call me Combover, based on how I wear my hair. To me, the combover is one of the best metaphors

for making big bucks in this business. It covers up your imperfections, while at the same time calling attention to them. Thus making you question whether the imperfection is an imperfection at all. It's all there but not there. "What's there?" That's the question you gotta make everyone ask. Make them wonder about your mystery, and they'll do anything for you to learn what that mystery is about. Never let them know what that is, boychick. For that will be the day they kill you.

Today I'm angry. Very angry. Which I hate. What does anger get you except more anger? When I'm angry at some putz in this town, I get double-angry. First I get angry about what I'm angry about, and then I get angry about being angry.

I'm producing this movie. Robbie Pickering is writing it. You know him. He's the town's new resident Aryan genius. A wunderkind with golden hair. Hitler would have been very proud. Not that it would do anything for little Picks. He might have the glow of a Nazi, but he hates himself just like a good Jewish boy should.

I first met him after I saw his crowd-wower *Natural Collection*, which won everything under the sun and even the ocean at Cannes two years ago. I approached him and said I'd pay him roughly 200 grand to write an adaptation of *The Magnificent Gregory* by F. Scott Fitzgerald. He didn't think he could do the novel justice, but he asked if I'd be willing to pay him \$25,000 to write a little idea he had been tinkering with lately, about a private dick who takes on a seemingly simple case and is led into a netherworld of dirty politics and psychological turmoil. The movie's name: *Tokyo Town*.

Took me a sec to rethink my plan, but in the end I gave the kid a big fat yes. I'm all about passion. I see the market value in that. So if an artist comes to me and tells me he really wants to do something, I bite. Others might be scared and run for the hills, but I see dollar signs.

However, it's been three fucking months and I haven't seen jack-shit squat from this schlemiel. Furthermore, he stopped returning my calls. And that, my friends, is unacceptable. You're lucky that I'm calling you. That I care to call. When I call that's not just me calling. That's opportunity. That's fame and fortune, asshole. So pick up the phone or call me the fuck back.

I get to his place in Los Feliz. I know the putz is home, because I see him pacing in the window. I choose the stairs. Get some exercise. It's not easy, though. I shouldn't have had that tongue sandwich. I bang on his door.

"Little Picks, Little Picks, let me come in, or I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll flush your goddamn career down the toilet!"

He opens the door, and the kid looks like a wreck. His face is so puffy from crying I almost can't see those Goebbels blues. I don't care, though. Enough is enough! I grab him by the coat.

"Where the hell is my script, you little kvetch?!"

He can't stop crying.

"I can't write. I can't write a word."

"What do you mean you can't write? You're a writer! A writer writes!"

"I know, but I can't. She's gone! Maria's gone, Combover! And I don't know where she is."

Oy vey! I was afraid it was her. Sometimes I think God made women just to give money a little competition. I take him for a walk. I start to run through the likely scenarios. Everything that could have happened besides her hightailing it.

"She probably just needed a quick break from it all. Sometimes this business can be too much. Sometimes you just gotta get away for a minute." The truth is, I happen to know she's been shtupping at least five other fat cats in town. Myself being one of them.

This doesn't help. He's still flailing and screaming. I take him back to his place, and I throw him in the shower. He's gotta cool down. Everything will be fine if he just calms down and realizes he's fine without her. Remember your script, you little narcissist. Let the shower remind you that you are nothing without your script. Just a wet, ordinary asshole.

Still, I don't blame him. Maria Thayer is beautiful and talented. I call her Christmas Lights. That's what I feel when I look at her. Such an innocence. Such a purity. She's everything a man would want in a woman. Especially a struggling, complete meshugana writer like Robbie.

The phone rings.

And Maria's that. She's warm, she's considerate...

Robbie tells me to answer it.

She's sensitive but strong.

"Hello?"

She's elegant. She's warm.

"Thank you very much."

She was all of those things.

"Maria's dead, Robbie."

Oy gevalt.

THE CUTE SHOW PAGE!

BY ELLIS JONES

Jumping Bunnies

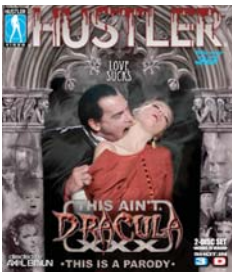
Watch a brand new episode of The Cute Show! featuring these leaping, long-eared olympians this month on VICE.com.

Bunny rabbits are adorable enough when they're just sitting there twitching their pink noses or lapping water up from their little bottles, but when they're hopping over brightly colored fences like tiny, long-eared horses while their super-enthusiastic trainers cheer from the sidelines, it makes you wonder why rabbit show jumping isn't on TV all the time. We recently spent the day at the Rabbit Grand National in Harrogate in Yorkshire, England, to witness this space-time-bending level of cuteness for ourselves. Show jumping tests bunnies' speed and agility as they race down the course, dreaming of winning the big trophy or at least of getting treats when they finish. Pictured here is two-and-a-half-year-old bunny Cherie and her trainer, Magdalena, who says Cherie's favorite things in the world are jumping, hay, and carrots (and probably fucking a whole bunch, if we know anything about rabbits). Cherie annihilated the competition, finishing the race in just 12.5 seconds! Way to go, Cherie!



SKINEMA

BY CHRIS NIERATKO



THIS AIN'T DRACULA XXX

Dir: Axel Braun
Rating: 9

Hustlervideo.com

This recent fascination with vampires really has got to end already. I don't mind vampire porn, or any porn for that matter, but when Hollywood and the media choose to gear themselves toward the teen *Twilight* demographic at any cost, we've got big problems. Not long ago I wrote a children's book about my son Christopher II (not Christopher III) shitting his pants. It's a real heart-warming coming-of-age story about a boy and his dog. I submitted the story to a friend of a friend at a large publishing house. They loved it! But they wanted some "minor changes." She wrote, "Do you think we could make the little boy a vampire? And could the dog be a werewolf instead of a dog? The vampire thing is really hot right now." My heart sank. Not so much because she wanted to turn my flesh and blood into a goddamn bloodsucking freak just like your momma, but because our society is so shortsighted that they'd rather pander to a flash-in-the-pan audience than go with a theme that is classic and timeless. I mean, what is more timeless than a boy and his dog? And shitting your pants? And maybe the dog eats it? Because maybe dogs just eat everything? I hit reply but didn't even know where to begin. I started simply, the only way I knew how, in the eternal words of Dan Aykroyd: "Jane, you ignorant slut. No, I will not change my sweet, innocent boy into an immortal creature of the night. There are a multitude of

reasons why I cannot make this 'minor change,' but the most obvious is that this is a story of a boy and his dog, two best buds, and vampires and werewolves hate each other. They would never be caught dead hanging out together. Everyone knows that."

This whole vampire phenomenon is a real bummer for me. I used to love vampires. I mean L-O-V-E, LOVE them. It all began with the film based on real-life events in Santa Cruz, California, *Lost Boys*. That was the first time Hollywood showed that vampires could be young, hip, and handsome. What a star-studded cast of good-looking gents: Kiefer Sutherland, Jason Patric, not-fat-or-dead Corey Haim, and Corey Feldman. The only real flaw in the casting was Jami Gertz, who played Star. Granted, she looks good now, but at the time she was all earthy and her hair was kookoo and unkempt. It was really hard to imagine a gang-bang scene with all those cool-looking vampires and her. She's just not gang-bang material. Now, Alyssa Milano... I'd have given my left testicle to see her getting DP'd while ski-poling. Actually, my right testicle. They removed my left testicle when I was four years old due to a hernia.

More stupid can be found at Chrisnieratko.com and twitter.com/Nieratko. Also, Chris's Skinema show will finally, finally air in April on VICE.com. Unless it doesn't.

SHEPPARD’S VIDEO-GAME PIE

BY STEPHEN LEA SHEPPARD



JOURNEY

Platform:
PlayStation 3

Publisher:
Sony Computer
Entertainment

Journey is destined to be a classic, I think, but I found it more confused than anything. It worked for me until about four-fifths of the way through, and then something happened that made me stop caring.

So, Jenova Chen is a sort of indie-celebrity game designer and the most famous face behind Thatgamecompany, which did *fIOW* and *Flower*, both PlayStation Network PS3 exclusives, and an earlier game *Cloud*, which I never played. *Journey* is the final game in the company’s three-game exclusive Sony PSN trilogy. All of Thatgamecompany’s games shoot for experimental gameplay, though having played *fIOW*, *Flower*, and now this, they’re growing steadily less experimental as they go. To the extent that *Journey* disappoints me, it’s because it’s insufficiently experimental to be a satisfying non-game experience.

In *Journey*, you play as a sort of stylized hooded nomad figure, and you start in a desert. There is only one notable landscape feature nearby, a tall sand dune with stone tablets or gravestones or *something* set atop it, so the obvious thing to do is head toward it. You can head away if you want, but head too far from the game’s goal and a sandstorm builds up and pushes you back on track. This was my first disappointment with the game.

Anyway, crest the sand dune and you’re awarded with a title screen and another, much larger obvious goal, much farther away—a mountain with a pillar of light at its peak. Go a little farther and you find a magic floaty rune that grows a scarf from the back of your nomad’s hood and allows you to jump and float. Over the course of the game, more such runes will further grow the scarf, allowing you to float longer. The visual design for floating is like a cross between a manta ray and a sheet floating in the wind, and jumping is very satisfying. Moving in general is satisfying

in *Journey*—trek across open desert, struggle up hills, slide down slopes effortlessly, glide through the air—so they got the interface right.

What’s less satisfying is the environments. Rather than being a trek across what feels like an actual *expanse*, the game divides itself up into distinct levels, each with a goal you must meet to progress to the next. It didn’t feel like, well, a journey to me. It felt like a video game. The intrusive goal-oriented gameplay—hit these switches, grab the collectibles, avoid that enemy—cut through the sense of place the rest of the game worked so hard to maintain. Also, for most of the game I thought they were going for an absence-of-narrative thing, but the final act establishes that there *is* a story—some intentionality to the universe beyond the agency of my character—and I just wasn’t going to be permitted to learn it. The shift from pure travelogue to obscured narrative brought me further out of the experience at the exact point it was trying the hardest to catch my attention. I played through the last level thinking, “Oh, come on.”

A lot of my disappointment here is my own fault—I brought expectations to the game and it didn’t meet them. But given that the purpose of marketing is to inspire expectations in the market, and given how heavily Jenova Chen and Thatgamecompany are promoted by Sony as prestigious independent developers bringing literary merit to the PS3 game library, I think developing expectations was forgivable.

Journey is worth your time, if only for sliding down sand dunes, but don’t go into it expecting total unconventionality. Now that the PS3 exclusive contract is up, I hope Thatgamecompany does something weirder and less expected with its next project.

This review is based on a copy of Journey provided by Sony for promotional purposes.

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SOLID-STATE TRANSMISSIONS

Joe Carducci on the Glory Days of SST Records

BY TONY RETTMAN

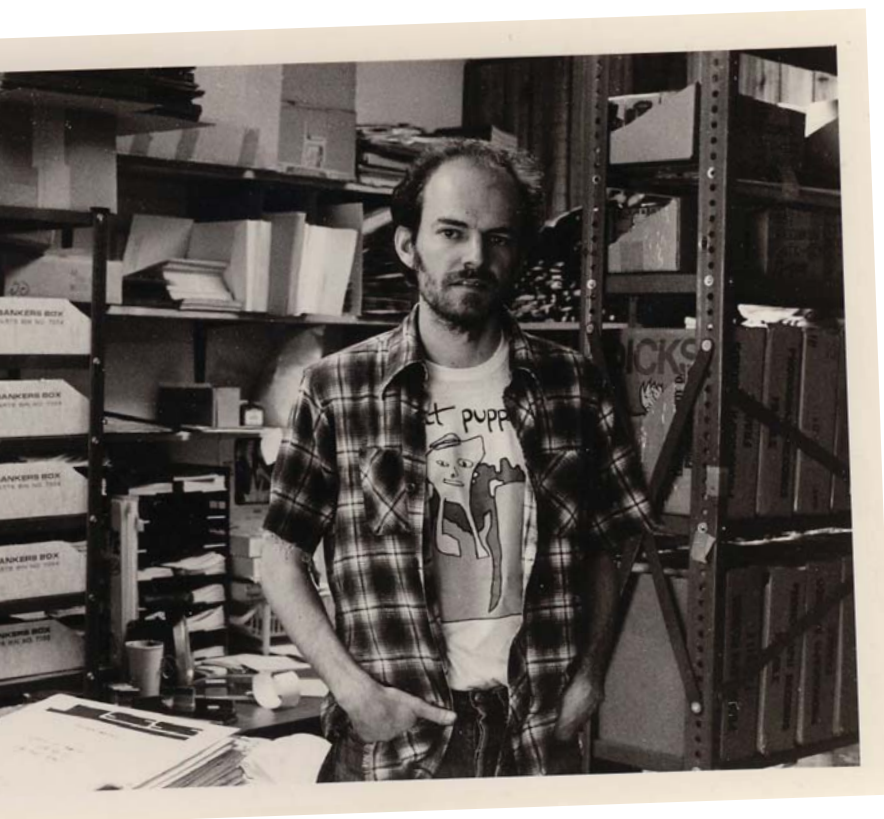
PHOTO BY
NAOMI PETERSEN

For most of the 80s, Joe Carducci ran A&R, headed up production, and co-owned SST Records, an obscure independent label that put out records by little-known pop bands like Black Flag, Minutemen, Hüsker Dü, and the Descendents. Founded in 1979 by Greg Ginn in Long Beach, California, the label moved operations to LA a few years later when Joe came on board to make the city better for music than it ever had been (and arguably has been since).

VICE: Did you get into punk while living in Hollywood or were you already involved?

Joe Carducci: I did. I had been moving from hard rock into prog rock—Eno and Neu!—so I wasn't particularly looking for punk, but I was missing good hard rock as old faves burned out or sold out to radio. I was hearing the radio ads for the Ramones' *Leave Home* plus the "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker" 45 that KROQ was playing a lot, and that got me into it.

I only ever saw "punk-looking" kids at a midnight showing of *A Clockwork Orange* at the Nuart. Never saw them walking around the boulevard or in record shops, though I did meet Wild Man Fischer at Platterpus Records on East Sunset Boulevard.



Do you have any theories as to why punk hit LA the way it did in the late 70s?

I think that seems truer than it was. The [LA] glam circle was very Brit-focused from 1974, at least, and they picked up on Brit punk then too. But Rodney Bingenheimer and Kim Fowley of that circle were also into New York stuff and LA continuities. The Runaways had more influence in LA and in London than is remembered. You can say that Hollywood deserves what it gets in this regard, but for myself, if SST hadn't moved back to the South Bay from West Hollywood in spring 1982, I would've gone back to Chicago without ever understanding the scale of the city and the range of work that goes on there. The Los Angeles Free Music Society circle of art bands and weirdos were on a Beefheart-Zappa template, and also putting out records on their own terms. Hardly anybody knew of these bands then, but outsiders did resent that the LA scene got a real movie, *The Decline of Western Civilization*, and they resented the Runaways, the Dickies, and the Go-Gos. But mostly it was the city itself people resented—the idea that Southern California could even have punk rock.

But you left Hollywood early on, before SST. What didn't you like about it?

I found the day-to-day dreariness of Hollywood and the unchanging weather to be depressing. I'm the only person who doesn't like that climate. I saw blood stains on the sidewalk in Venice, and when I read about the shotgun killing in the next day's papers I decided to move up to Portland, which is where I really got into the record business and punk rock. I arrived there in September 1977.

And you returned solely to help with SST, or were there other reasons?

After four years in Portland and Berkeley, I was anxious to get back to LA. It was clear by then that if you were going to be in the music game, LA was where you needed to be. I'd improved as a writer and knew a bit better what I wanted to do. I thought if I could move down there and work for someone I knew from Systematic record distribution, I would be able to scope out film from music. That never happened, but I liked what was going on with Black Flag and the LA scene. And I was glad to have Greg and Chuck Dukowski value what I'd been doing at Systematic enough to take me up on my offer to come down and run their office. Henry Rollins had just joined the band, and they expected to tour more often, and longer. I found that LA, for all its practical business-of-art focus, delivered in a way that the rest of the country's more pretentious cultural centers did not. *VICE*

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BEST ALBUM OF THE MONTH:
TURING MACHINE






BIG K.R.I.T.
4Eva N a Day
Self-released

 K.R.I.T. is the shit to me because his laborious lyrical detail and laid-back production create a mood that sucks me in, until I feel like I'm the one cruising through Meridian, Mississippi, in an ol' school with lean in my cup and a bad redbone bitch in the passenger seat. *4Eva N a Day* plays more like an album than your typical mixtape, and each song covers a different part of the day, from eating breakfast to snagging a late-night booty call. Although he doesn't get so deep as to rap about taking poops or picking his nose (that's what I do all day), this is still one of the realest glimpses you'll ever get into life in the Dirty South.

WILBERT L. COOPER




NINJASONIK
No Swords or Masks
Decon

 There comes a point in every night when all my work is done, all restrictive trappings of the day such as pants and undergarments are put away, and all I wanna do is drink cold beers and listen to rap songs about bouncing butts and BJs. Ninjasnik is always good for that. I hate the word “ninja,” though. It reminds me of the movie *Hackers*, even though that movie had nothing to do with ninjas.

IRISH KAFFEE



V-NASTY
Doin' Number\$
Self-released


 Saying you want to “69” someone—even just thinking it in your head—is so corny. Adults call this particular sexual practice “Doin' Number\$.”

HEY SALLY






LIGHT ASYLUM
S/T
Mexican Summer

 I feel like I am going to get shit for liking this gay girl-guy duo because they look like extras from *The Crow* and their music is all that-sort-of music. But I love this full-length debut for its combination of Shannon's bellowing, gospel-sounding contralto and synth guy Bruno Coviello's dark electronics that sometimes border on schmaltz, but only *jussst* slightly. She could be reading a newspaper and still sound like the Metatron (the angel that speaks for God, because God's voice will explode your brain).

WILBERT L. COOPER




LORDS OF ACID
Deep Chills
Metropolis

 I blame the lack of older siblings for my owning seven Lords of Acid CDs when I was 15. How was I listening to so much industrial rave music with a lady groaning over it? I haven't been aware of what they've been up to since I was about 17. They're still making *Mortal Kombat* soundtrack music with lyrics about boning written by people who don't really speak English very well. There's a song on here called “Pop That Tushie” that makes me wanna barf, and the cover art is like a black-light poster.

NAZTY CUPZ



GOTH-TRAD
New Epoch
Deep Medi Musik


 This sounds like one of those the-English-meaning-of-“hardcore” DJs made a glitchy drum and bass version of old Dario Argento soundtracks, which I

like because I take drugs, but, man, does it bum me out how these guys go from breakneck VNV Nation beats into rap tempo *every* song. Does that make me racist? Also, why's my hand doing this thing?

BEZUB




ROCKET JUICE & THE MOON
S/T
Honest Jon's

 I cannot find the words to describe how irritating this album is. Wait a second, just found them. They were in the liner notes. Here you go: Damon Albarn, Tony Allen, Flea, Erykah Badu, Fatou Diawara, the Hypnotic Brass Ensemble, M.anifest, M3nsa, Cheick Tidiane Seck, Thundercat.

A MORCHEEBA FAN




KINDNESS
World, You Need a Change of Mind
Casablanca/Terrible

 This is supposed to be something called disco-funk, but it's really just super-precious bleating through multiple filters and effects by a guy named Adam Bainbridge. By the sounds of this album, and the looks of Bainbridge, more feeling went into selecting which cream rinse he used in the shower each morning during the recording process than can be found in the music itself.

LADY MAN



ZAMBRI
House of Baasa
Kanine

 Is it OK that anytime I hear two hot sisters fronting a band, I imagine them hooking up with each other? I hope so because that's exactly what happened when I found out that the Zambri girls come from the same vagina. Whoa, that's some entendre there. Anyways, back to reviewing records: Culled from demos, field recordings, and studio overdubs, I

Zambri's songs have a goth-pop quality that makes this album different and enjoyable while maintaining an oh-shit-the-glasses-girl's-tongue-up-the-other-one's-ass gottago.

WILBERT L. COOPER




KING TUFF
Wild Desire 7"
Suicide Squeeze

 Listening to the music of King Tuff is like being transported to Vermont in springtime where you're all happy and your bitterness slips away. I am there now. King Tuff is caressing me with his dirty hands as I lean against him and I am so elated. This is where I want to send my brain as I die freezing and alone on the streets of New York of a rat-bite overdose.

KIND TOUCH




UV POP
No Songs Tomorrow
Flowmotion

 Shit, I thought this was going to be that old punk band UV Race. I have now learned the hard way that UV Pop are not UV Race. They aren't UV Race at all. Still good, though, if you want a minimal synth re-release from 1983 that will spook you right in the ears.

NO UV RACE TOMORROW



SCREAMING FEMALES
Ugly
Don Giovanni

 I've been on a 90s kick since the 90s, wading through the sludge in my purple, sparkly Dr. Martens and that “Zero” t-shirt (where is that thing?) on my Odyssean journey. I've encountered sirens in the form of Kim Gordon, Kim Deal, D'arcy Wretzky, and even


WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH:
ROCKET JUICE & THE MOON

Meredith Brooks sorta; I don't think you're worth your weight in VHS copies of *Reality Bites* if you don't appreciate the BBC Sessions version of “Quiet” by the Pumpkins a little more than the original. That guitar tone is sick, Ricky! Screaming Females have a lot of this good shit going.

AMETHYST ROCK




AMERICAN SUN
S/T
Self-released

 The girlfriend of a guy in a band that I really like is in THIS band and she sent me this seven-inch directly to my home and included a sweet note. Everyone in this band is adorable and they even have business cards (I know, because they included one with the album). Unfortunately, these songs remind me of yeast infections. Hope we're still friends!

KAYLE MAQLUE




OBERHOFER
Time Capsules II
Glassnote

 It's pretty brave calling your record *Time Capsules*. I instinctively wanted to make a joke about how people should bury this in their yards and dig it up in 20 years or something, except I like it. It's kind of like MGMT or Vampire Weekend. You know. Girl-blog stuff.

HOFFERBOFFER



TORCHE
Harmonicraft
Volcom

 I've got no clue how to write about metal. Something about pummeling? Or ferocious, right? Ferocity's definitely a thing, I got that down. Beards? Are they still doing that, with the beards and all? They are? OK, not sure exactly where it's going to fit but I'll put it down too. Hm. Think here. *Metaaa!!!!!!*. Think think think think think think think THINK.




Metttttttta!!!!!!. Fuck, you know what? Going to level with you, I'm striking out on this. Just put up that thing about pummeling beards.

ALAN FREED




BASTARDS OF FATE
Who's a Fuzzy Buddy?
This Will Be Our Summer

 This album is great, until it dives headlong into some kind of fucked-up midway ride with clowns and shit. Sirens, pitched-down robot voices, a song called “Harlequin Fetus” (don't google that!), some kind of weird cotton-picking work song, creepy alien lullabies... this whole thing is going to give me nightmares. Thanks.

ALEX HOLMES




UNISON
S/T
Lentonia

 I really liked this album until I read the press release. It's like that thing where you LOOOOVE a band until you do a Google image search for them and find out that everyone in it is a mongoloid. (Sorry, publicists. Sorry, mongoloids.) Really, though, describing something as “death-gaze” and “death-trance” and then tossing in “crunk” and “shoegaze” for good measure is only going to give people IBS.

HEY SALLY



MEAN JEANS
Mean Jeans on Mars
Dirtnap

 Oh, the Mean Jeans, I love you so. You got the Meanest Jeans and I want to let the world know. You're my favorite Ramones-core band around. Your first seven-inches were raging party anthems, and your first full length had a few slightly sad tracks on it. This one's still fun, pop-music magic but it definitely feels that these are like requiems for parties past and most of these songs are tinged with sadness over not being young



any more. The Mean Jeans are about to blow up if they haven't already, and I just wasn't paying attention. MEAN JEAN GEANNIE JEANS



BEAR IN HEAVEN
I Love You, It's Cool
Dead Oceans/Hometapes

Listening to Bear in Heaven reminds me of a really boring guy I used to date who was pretty cute but had a weak handshake (not a euphemism). The guy was so bland I always filled the awkward silences with music and makeout sessions. If, God forbid, I was ever forced to spend time with him again, I'd just put this album on and pretend he was Joseph Gordon-Levitt or something. FATTI SMITH



BLACK MOUNTAIN
Year Zero
Secretly Canadian

America has finally entered the Golden Age! We have Saudis getting our oil for us, Brazilians getting our wood, Chinese making our clothes, and Russians getting us shitfaced. Not until recently, though, have we realized one of life's greatest luxuries... We now have Canadians taking our drugs for us! Instead of spending days recovering from wild nights under the stars with our eyeballs dripping out, Black Mountain do all the heavy lifting and we can just sit back, listen to their pagan debauchery through headphones, and check our Twitter feed for the latest burrito coupons. BILLY HUNTER



MOSS ICON
Complete Discography
Temporary Residence, Ltd.

Textbook example of a band people love to name-drop "reverently" without ever having heard a single note of their embarrassing, proto-cutter, semi-spoken-word, sadsack jam music. Of which I too am supremely guilty. Partial blame can be assigned to that

**BEST COVER OF THE MONTH:
BASTARDS OF FATE**

B&W picture of the lead singer screaming his veins out at the top of that "What is real Emo?" website from 2002ish, but the truth of the matter is that these guys have floated by for more than two decades solely on the fact that none of us was able to listen to them and call each other on our bullshit (ditto the Hated). Still, you should give this a whirl and see what you've been repping all these years. At the very least it'll be good practice for revisiting the early Bright Eyes canon without wanting to take a time machine to your high school and strangle teenage-you with that skinny little scarf he's wearing. God, that fucking scarf. MARSHALL CRENSHAW



MEDICINE
Shot Forth Self Living, The Buried Life, Sounds of
Captured Tracks

And here is the reverse-case scenario: A totally buried SoCal band of the Swervedriver school of pillied-up, overdriven shoegaze, lovingly disinterred by a couple of diehard nerds who aren't just looking to get laid. Any one of these songs is a sufficient full-summer bliss-out soundtrack, which assuming you start now, should take you clearly to 2059. Just kidding, we'll all be dead in December. ONE OF THOSE DANIEL PINCHBECK FAGS



K-HOLES
Dismania
Hardly Art

There should be more punk bands with sax. I'm not talking about rockabilly or ska. Like punk-punk. Or goth. Oh, man, goth bands with sax. These guys kind of have a heavier No Trend thing going with the gothness and the squealing banshee sax. I saw them play a Daylight Saving show back whenever that was, and the lead singer was kicking people in the front row like Nick Cave with his pointy boots (also like Nick Cave). It's a pointy-boot-in-the-face kind of a gothsperience. OOKUM SPOOKUM



TURING MACHINE
What Is the Meaning of What
Temporary Residence, Ltd.

This is one of the last things Jerry Fuchs recorded before his death three years ago. I don't drum and can't tell you the first thing about what is going on here or why he was as good as he was, but oh God, me rikey. Not to be Mr. 3 AM sincerity here and tell you to buy this, start a band with your best friends, and spend all summer listening to it in your van, blazed and speeding through the rural night, but maybe you should consider doing something fairly similar fairly soon. TERRY MANN



WHITE FENCE
Family Perfume Vol. 1
Woodst

For me, you're a band that's struck gold when you've written a record that reminds me of my all-time favorite superpower: the ability to explode into a cloud of bats on command. Such a good superpower. But it's not really a superpower, is it? It's really more like what happens to the tragically rad when their soul has an orgasm. BIG PIG



MIRRORING
Foreign Body
Kranky

My former roommate used to get prescription muscle relaxers for his back when he would fly to India to photograph nude people for his job, so I would always steal a few of his pills because I was mad that he made a better career choice than I did. This album is an approximation of said jealousy and pill-popping: lots of sleepy longing. BILL CARTWRIGHT



M. WARD
A Wasteland Companion
Merge

Echoes of the She & Him Christmas album are still resonating in my head, clunking around like an old soot-covered leather boot. I lie recumbent in the desert, moaning the melody to "I Get Ideas." My mouth is dry as hell; I should be drinking what's left of my saliva and being more conservative with my breath; the buzzards are circling around my wounded body, and anxiety is the last emotion I know before I finally lose consciousness. LLEWELYN MOSS



RINGO STARR
Ringo 2012
Hip-O

What's your fucking problem with Ringo? He didn't do crazy drum fills? His songs weren't as good as the rest of the Beatles'? Yeah, no shit, he was up against the rest of the BEATLES. Let's see you riff with those guys. And I mean that in the hanging-out, cracking-jokes sense, not the making-guitary-sounds one, 'cause that's what Ringo was good at. Being a funny bud and keeping good time (both senses there). "It Don't Come Easy" would also make a decent-enough Frampton song. RINGO IV



EMILY WELLS
Mama
Partisan

There is a category of music/albums that I refer to as "name music." Any time I see an album by a name, just some person's name, like Jennifer's Fish Stick Songs or whatever, I automatically assume that it's gonna be a whole mess of shit. But not this Emily Wells. Not THIS name. Emily sounds like she just got back from the dentist and is slow and sing-songy without making a person want to vom. She got it right. HOT GYNO

**WORST COVER OF THE MONTH:
RINGO STARR**



00000
Our Loving Is Hurting Us
Tri Angle

Oog. This is some boring stuff. It reminds me of Portishead, which probably is a good thing if you are a lady but not if you are a Me. oOoOoOoOg. BOOOO



S/S/S
Beak & Claw
Anticon

I am almost embarrassed by how excited I was to get the press release about this. A collaboration between Sufjan Stevens, Serengeti, and Son Lux... whaaaat? After ripping through the four songs on this EP, I then fell into a K-hole of Google image searches, then I looked for any upcoming show dates, and then I looked for merch, even though this band has only existed for like 30 seconds. It's gross to be happy about things. But really, Sufjan could sing the list of ingredients on the back of a bag of dog food and I'd probably cry about it, I JUST LOVE HIM SO MUCH! [rips at hair, passes out] KELLY KELLY



KISHI BASHI
151a
Joyful Noise

This album was primarily written on the violin, and that knowledge lends a lot to a person's urge to shoot arrows rapid-fire, effortlessly from a handcrafted bow into a bale of fresh, dewy hay. Oh, shit, here comes a lion, no, he's not coming to eat you, he's coming to help you save this fucking world. Ride that beast into the glittery snow globe of your imagination. Have some snacks. Do whatever the fuck you want. HOT GYNO



MAC DEMARCO
Rock and Roll Night Club
Captured Tracks

I once had a Canadian yogi lover who practiced orgasm denial in an effort to preserve spiritual energy. I'm reminded of my friend while listening to this album. There's likability in DeMarco's effeminacy and husky Chris Isaak-esque voice, but it's as if he's holding back a load for a time that may never come. PASHA PREY



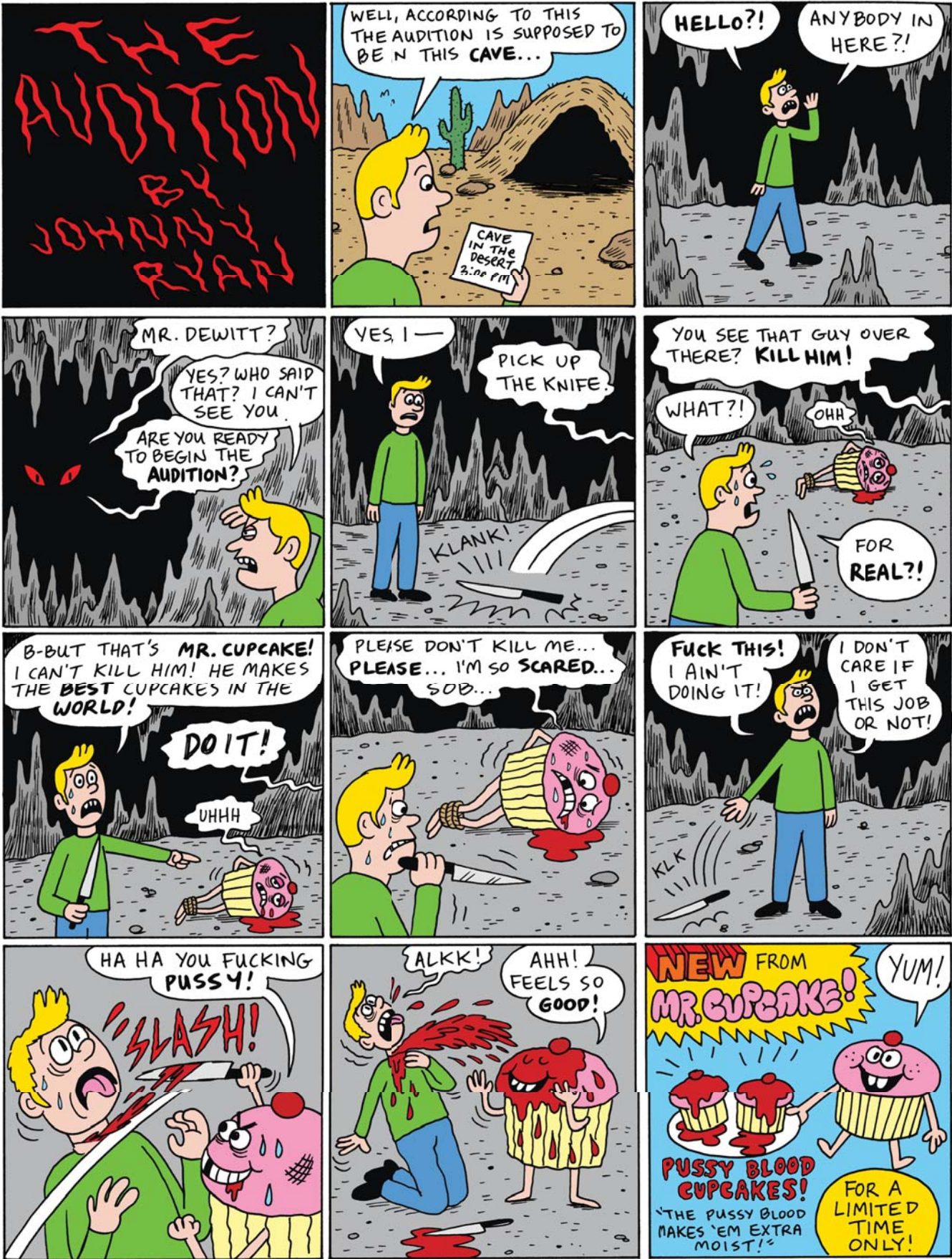
REGIONAL GARLAND
Mixed Sugar, the Complete Works, 1970-1987
Now-Again

This collection of soul and funk hits by Regional Garland is old as hell, but after listening to endless horseshit for hours putting this section together, this was like a squirt of cold aloe vera gel right out of the fridge, onto the sunburn of my jaded soul. These mellow, super-tight, and professionally orchestrated songs from the late 70s to mid-80s make everything else sound like fucking nonsense. BLUES HAMMER



MARCIA BASSETT & SAMARA LUBELSKI
Sunday Night, Sunday Afternoon
KYE

Remember when you bought that gnarly noise-dude-approved delay/looper pedal? Remember how happy you were? Remember how easy it was to make something weird and trippy? Remember how hard you actually sucked because you cared more about fashion than achieving another plane of "there"? Guess who didn't? These girls right here. Damn these gals are so right on. Right up there with *Catch Wave* and *Celestial Power* as one of the all-time string/hover greats. I actually feel guilty that I haven't listened to drone like this for some time. Talk about sticking with it and stepping over a tired-ass fool at the finish line. BAREFOOT JERRY



WELCOME TO THE TEAM

ALEX OLSON

NIKESKATEBOARDING.COM

KURT DRI-FIT TEE / RED/WHITE / CLASSIC 5 POCKET PANT II / KHAKI



Swimwear



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americanapparel.net

Meet Debbie.

She's been working with American Apparel for almost seven years now, though she's been known to come and go. Her job is rather undefined, but it appears to include everything from being a model to the general beautification of our retail and online stores. She can often be seen around the factory wearing colors of the pastel variety.

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