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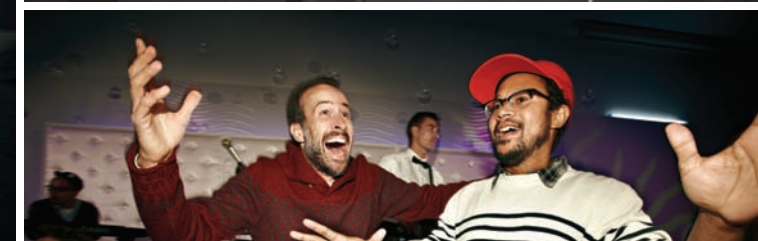
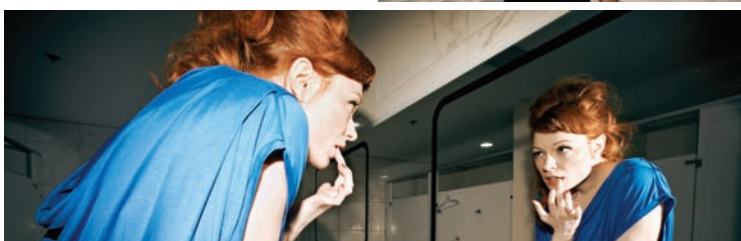
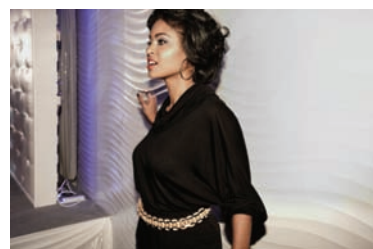
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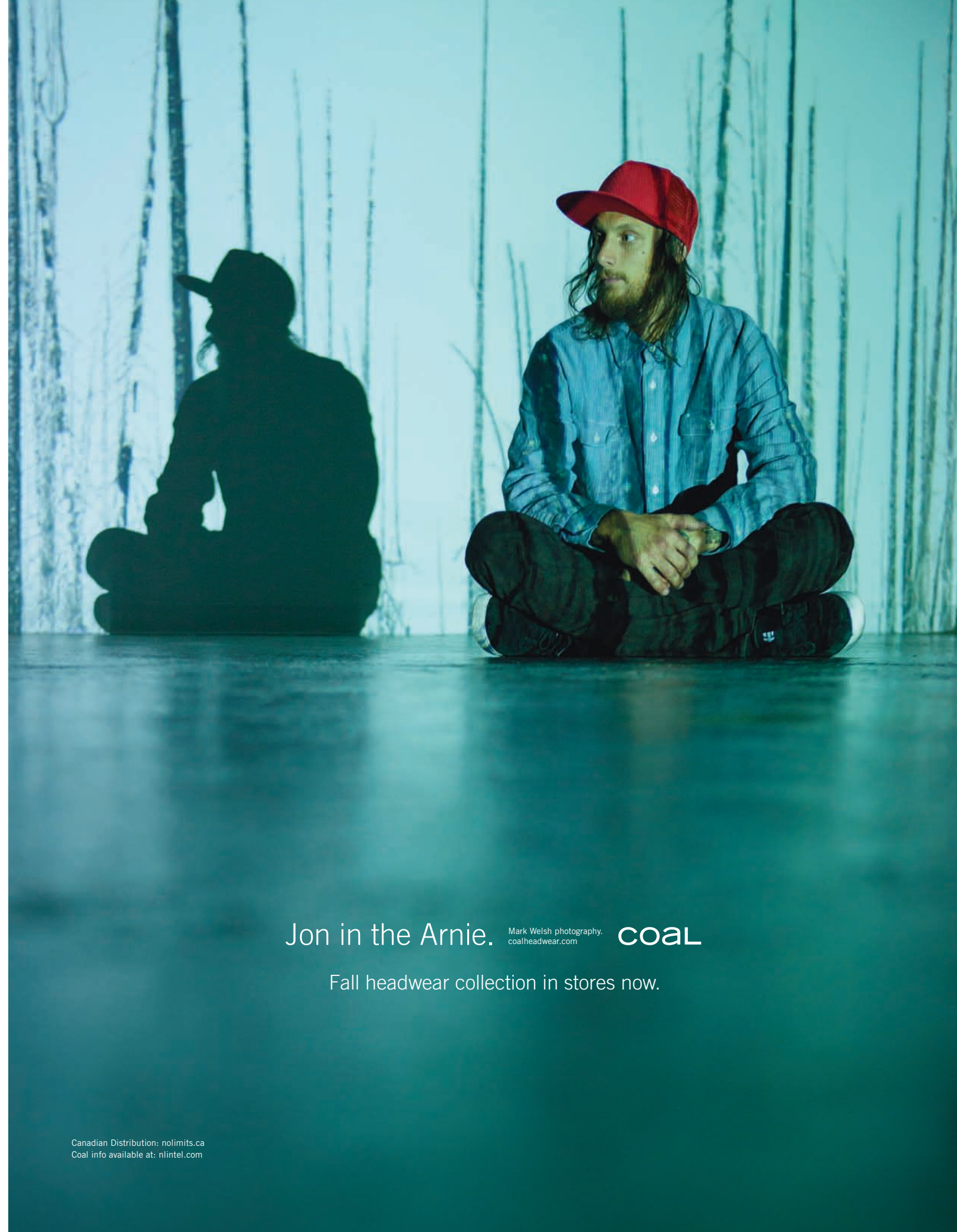
Brixton
THE HALF RATS

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Jon in the Arnie. Mark Welsh photography. coalheadwear.com **coal**

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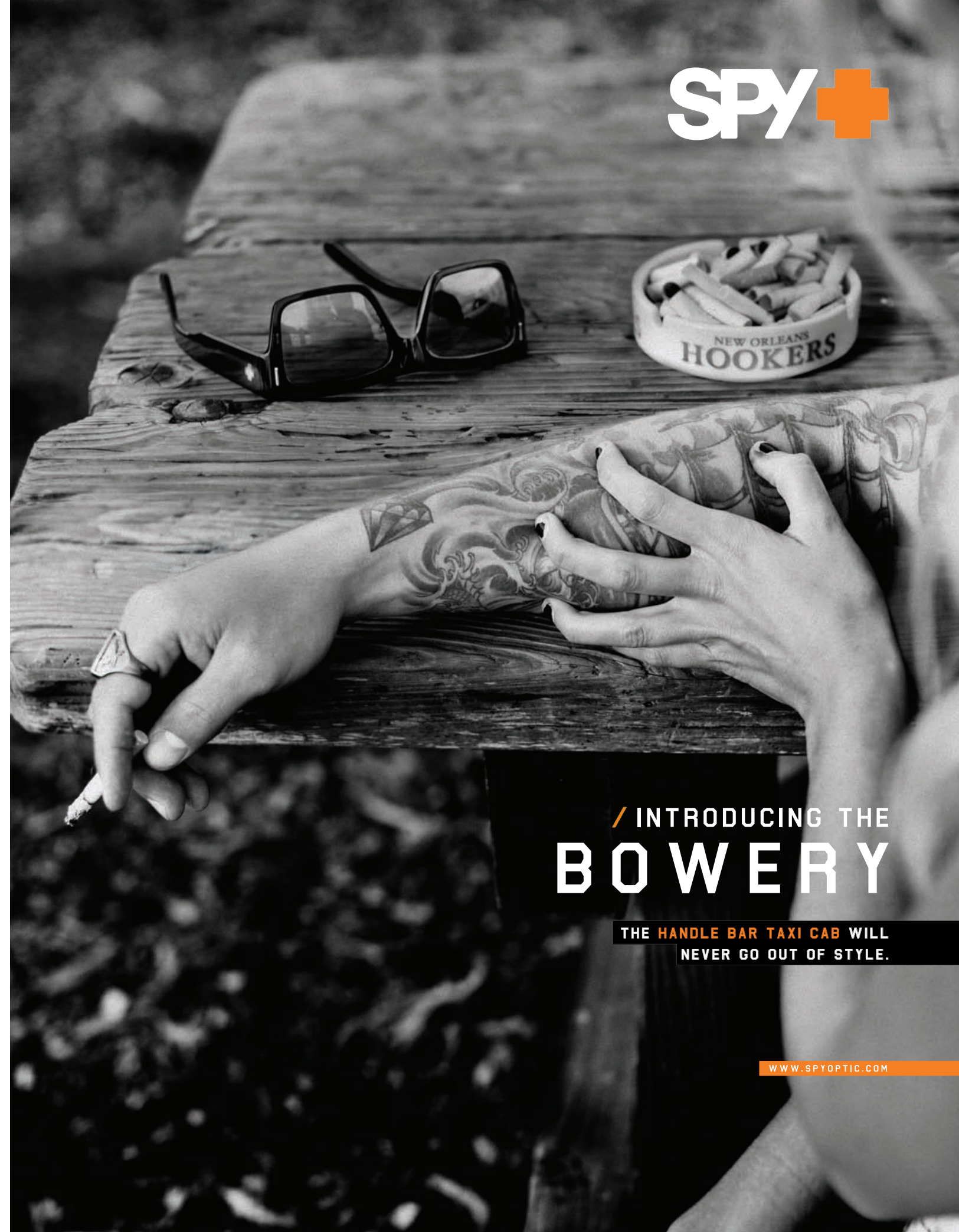
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EMPLOYEES OF THE MONTH



WILBERT L. COOPER

Wilbert is from a suburb of Cleveland where every street is a cul-de-sac named after a forest animal. He now works for us in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, which is arguably even more homogenous and suffocating, but at least you can smoke pot on the sidewalk without getting hassled (just roll it with a little tobacco). We put Wilbert in charge of the section of little newsy items at the front of the book and made him sit over next to Harry Cheadle, who reports that he smells like “clean towel mixed with very mild sweat.” Wilbert’s also working on a master’s degree in print publishing at NYU, which he keeps trying to tell us is not a joke, but we just keep shaking our head like “... This guy. This guy.” Hoping he catches on soon.

See FOB, page 28



ADRI MURGUIA

Adri is a diplobrat who spent her first 20 years being dragged around the globe by her UN-employee parents. Sadly, there were no sexy spy jobs involved (they were a janitor and a chambermaid), and Adri used to make ends meet by stealing jewelry from the houses of her rich hosts and selling it to Gypsies. A couple months ago she went back to her OG homeland of Peru and spent a lot of time with the teenage girl gangs who roam the streets of Lima and going to *huayno* shows, which is basically traditional Andean flute music that’s been shot with a million-dollar glitter cannon. Since she’s been back in the office, three laptops, a couple of wireless keyboards, and literally every Sharpie in the building have gone missing.

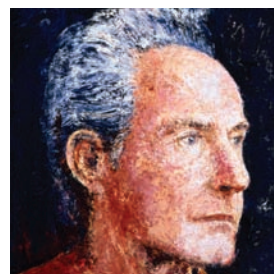
See QUEEN OF THE ANDES, page 34



KELLY McCLURE AND A. WOLFE

Like all women of taste, Kelly and A.(-pril) are massive *Twin Peaks* nerds. Since each of them live in the vicinity (Olympia and Portland), they got to go to this year’s Twin Peaks Fest in North Bend, Washington, and trade hugs with the actual Laura and Leland Palmer. In addition to making us so jealous we could barf, Kelly edits our record-reviews section and writes about her lesbian crushes weekly on VICE.com, and April is a writer and teacher of sorts and possibly an extremely successful lady in the comedy world? Only time will tell. Instead of a photo of the two of them to run with this bio, they sent us a picture of a pile of sandwiches.

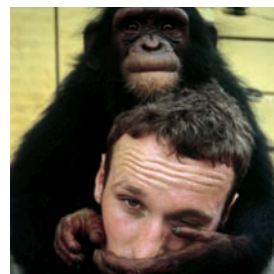
See A PLACE BOTH WONDERFUL AND STRANGE, page 38



BARRY GIFFORD

A man we would never want to cross, Barry Gifford has electric hazel eyes that shoot lightning and the deft hands of a welterweight champ. At least that’s the image of him we’ve projected by reading his work, which is expertly crafted and bullshit-free. Probably best known for *Wild at Heart*, which launched the epic seven-volume saga about two outlaw lovers named Sailor and Lula, Barry is also an accomplished poet, nonfiction author, screenwriter, and actor (he recently starred in the Romanian film *The Phantom Father*, directed by Lucian Georgescu). For this issue, he sent us a short story with a title that’s a play on the name for the duct that passes sperm from the testes to the urethra.

See THE VAST DIFFERENCE, page 76



JAMES MOLLISON

If you “go online,” you’ve probably seen pictures from James’s latest photo book, *Where the Children Sleep*, which contains portraits of kids around the world and their bedrooms. It’s a cute project, until you get to the eight-year-old Nepalese girl who works in a rock quarry, which is on like page 4. He’s also done cheerful smile-time stuff, like a series on great apes and a huge scrapbook of Pablo Escobar’s home photos. This month he went to the Kenyan-Somali border to document the residents of the Dadaab refugee camp, the world’s largest and home to 400,000 (and growing) people displaced by the region’s recurrent bouts of drought and civil warfare.

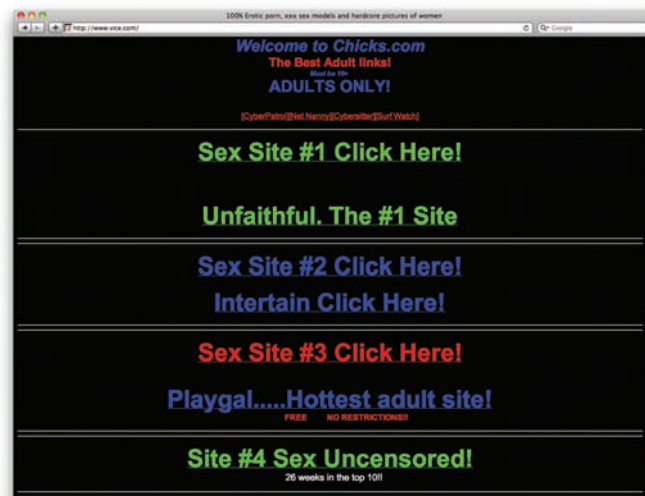
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VICE.com circa 1996.



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FINALLY, ALL OUR CRAP IS IN ONE PLACE

The Salacious and Storied History of VICE.com (Abridged)

INTERVIEW BY
ROCCO CASTORO

Over the years, lots of people have visited Viceland.com and asked, “What’s up with the ‘land’? Why not just VICE.com?” Then we have to explain that a very prescient individual bought VICE.com and a bunch of other seemingly random domain names in 1996, when most people thought the World Wide Web was a Nintendo game. So we registered Viceland.com instead and went on with our lives.

Fast-forward to 2005. YouTube came out of nowhere and made regular TV look like a box of farts. Industry types started freaking out about “IPTV” and countless video-based sites were launched. Most of them were bad. In 2007, we rectified the situation by creating VBS.TV, a self-contained experiment that was successful beyond our wildest dreams.

Anyway, point is, last fall we realized it was silly to still have two sites. The time had come to smooch VBS together with Viceland and stuff the whole magilla into VICE.com—a monolithic megasite with the potential to cure boredom (and, if we’re lucky, cancer) forever. After a few negotiations with the owner of the URL we settled on a price, and a lawyer who specializes in domain litigation drew up the paperwork. His name is Ari Goldberger and we asked him to give us a little history lesson on our long-lost domain name.

VICE: You’re not your average lawyer. Can you briefly explain what you do for a living?

Ari Goldberger: I’m a domain lawyer, one of the first, and a “domainer.” I kind of fell into this back in 1996, on the receiving end of one of the first domain-name disputes. I was fascinated by AOL, emailing, and everything else out there, so I began looking at ways to leverage the power of the web in the legal space. I founded ESQwire.com—a play on “esquire” and being “wired” to the internet. Then Hearst Corporation, which owns *Esquire* the magazine, sued me over it in a landmark case. I defended myself and won. I got a lot of recognition and became the go-to guy

for legal problems with domain names. Back then you had to explain what the internet was to judges.


Do you know what was going on at VICE.com when it was created in 1996? The rumor is it was a porn site.

I’m looking at it right now through waybackmachine.org’s archives, but they only go back to 1999. My understanding is that, at the time, the owner simply pointed the domain to an Australian company in the adult business that paid domainers for the traffic.

Yeah, I’m looking at the archive from May 8, 1999. Clicking the link sent me to justwild.com, which features a photo of a woman with what appears to be a zucchini in her vagina. It could be a cucumber, though. Hard to tell. This was some sort of bonanza period for these type of sites, right?

My understanding is that the adult industry was doing very, very well in ’99. Companies were paying top dollar for traffic. By 2004 or 2005, however, adult revenue had declined, partly due to higher credit-card fees for chargebacks and a crackdown on abuse. Chargebacks became a big issue and had a negative impact. Imagine there’s a \$35 charge from a porn site on someone’s credit-card statement and his wife would say, “Honey, did you do this?” And he’d reply, “No, that’s crazy!” Then the wife would call the card company to chargeback the site, which can’t be disputed because at that point it’s considered fraud. Looking at the Way Back Machine, you can see the domain was subsequently pointed to Yahoo, which displays pay-per-click links on the site and shared the revenue with the owner.

Have your clients or legal opponents ever tried to play games with you? Like registering domains that contain your name and some creative descriptors?

There was an individual named “Ryan” who wanted to buy ryan.com from my client. A few months later, I decided that I had procrastinated in getting arigoldberger.com for too long. But when I typed my name in to see if it was available, up loaded a picture of three naked fat women, and it said, “Welcome to my site. Check out my girls.” I looked up who owned it and it was the guy who wanted to buy ryan.com. I called him up and said, “Really funny, but can I have my name back?” We worked it out. 

VICE.com is live right now. Go there immediately, but don’t expect to find any food porn.



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TEENS SET COPS ON FIRE!

Last month, as Britain exploded in an outpouring of insane criminality, VICE sent correspondents out to the streets for up-to-the-minute coverage of a national tragedy.

Here are a few highlights from our timeline of chaos.



BY ANDY CAPPER
AND KEV KHARAS

PHOTOS BY
ALEX STURROCK

MONDAY, 2:49 AM: WOOD GREEN

A gang of local youths descends on Body Shop. The crazed mob makes a beeline for the moisturizer section, tearing it apart. It's carnage. Coconut butter is flying everywhere. A young girl, maybe 15 years old, slips and somersaults into a pile of blue and orange dinosaur-shaped soaps. A police officer is later heard saying, "It was like an explosion in a coconut-butter factory, with subtle hints of mango."

MONDAY, 10:50 PM: ENFIELD

A man sits glumly on the sidelines as a post office is ransacked. "I've gotta come back here on Tuesday to pick up my dole money," he whines, as 200 revelers dance in a confetti of stolen cigarettes.

TUESDAY, 1:05 AM: MANCHESTER

Fifteen years ago, all these angry young revolutionaries would have been in a stadium watching Oasis. Now the only way they can get within tit-flashing distance of their heroes is by paying a crazed megalomaniac trillionaire a week's wages to watch Beyoncé and Jay-Z parade their \$15 million watches at a shit-filled pit of rubbish called Glastonbury. The irony is not lost on Manchester, where spotty youths ransack saxophones from Dawson's Music Shop and express their disenchantment through the medium of jazz.

WEDNESDAY, 2:13 AM: DALSTON

For three days, East London's Turkish community have stood guard outside their taxi stands and kebab shops, smoking furiously and ignoring their wives. Finally, they get to chase 50 wailing looters from the area with their broken pool cues and are hailed by the media as vigilante heroes.

THURSDAY, 8:27 PM: WESTMINSTER

The nation sighs with relief when David Cameron, who had to cut short his holiday in Tuscany to come home and save everybody, announces a plan to flood the streets with 16,000 additional coppers and says that he will personally evict looters from their council flats and throw all their children in jail.

Economics of the Apocalypse

BY JULIEN MOREL
PHOTO BY MACIEK POZOGA

If you believe everything you read, France's Mount Bugarach is the only place on earth that will survive the apocalypse, Mary Magdalene and Jesus Christ's former love nest, and a hanger for UFOs. There's legitimate concern that more than 10,000 true believers will seek refuge here in the lead-up to Armageddon, and some of them have already arrived.

Self-proclaimed gurus of all sorts have sprouted up in the triangle formed by the villages of Bugarach, Rennes-les-Bain, and Rennes-les-Château, offering products like hydrating cream supposedly made from Mary Magdalene's DNA (\$215) and "initiatory training" for the coming cataclysm (anywhere from \$715 to \$2,900).

The tourist boom has permanently altered the town's economy. In the past five years, the price of land has tripled, local restaurants are now more expensive than those in Paris, and organic co-ops sell lavender-flavored biscuits for \$5.75. This inflation has pissed off some natives, like the local kids who call hippie tourists "a bunch of cunts" and say the mayor of Bugarach "talks to journalists hoping the prices of the houses will soar."

Even the older New Agers are somewhat put out. Uraïne, a hippie who has lived here since the 70s, has been fighting eviction for 15 years. "They wanted to demolish my house to build an apartment complex for rich Scandinavians and Americans," he says.

Not everyone is complaining. A hotel owner in Rennes-les-Bains says of his new clientele, "They're not bad people. They come here to bathe in the spa and do stuff with rocks. They choose their meals by dangling a pendulum above the menu."

On our last day here, we took a walk in the forest and found a group of Germans, Swiss, and Austrians who had pitched a tent in a clearing. When asked how much they spent on the trip, they replied, "Not that much. Hardly \$14,000."



A HELLUVA RIDE

On the thorn-bush-riddled sand dunes of Calais, France, refugees escaping from places like Iran, Afghanistan, and Somalia shack up in huts made of wood and plastic, waiting for a chance to board a ferry and illegally enter England. We talked with a survivor of this treacherous trek about his journey from Iran to Great Britain.



BY HANS WETZELS

PHOTO BY HENRY LANGSTON



VICE: Why did you flee Iran?

Reza: I'm from Tabriz, an area with a large Azerbaijani minority. The government discriminates against us. As an activist, I wrote critical articles about it. When the secret service threatened to kill my family, I decided to move abroad.

Where'd you go?

First, I fled from Tehran to Turkey. Then I traveled through the mountains of Kurdistan on foot, slept in rock shelters, and hid in caves when Kurds shot at me. They expect you to pay to travel through their region. Turkey is hell for Iranian refugees. But because of its geography you have to travel through it. The Turkish prime minister is Ahmédinejad's buddy, so Iranian secret service are all over the place.

How'd you make it to Europe?

I stole a shabby wooden rowboat off the Turkish coast in the middle of the night. Looking back, I wonder what the hell I was thinking crossing the Mediterranean Sea alone. There were times when I thought I was lost and would never see land again. It was dangerous, but sometimes you have to take risks.

Sounds like you took a lot of risks.

Yeah, like when I misled the Greek border patrol after my boat trip. The Greeks don't see the difference between a Turk and an Iranian, so I walked in with a group of Turks who were on vacation or something. I snuck through customs and then I climbed on a truck to get some sleep.

How do you sleep on a truck?

There's a flat part on top of the cabin of some trucks that you can lie on. I rode like that for 16 hours. It felt like I was freezing to death, but I made it through Italy to the French border. I could have fallen between the wheels—that happens regularly. I pounded on the roof of the cabin when I wanted to get off, but I was so stiff from lying up there in the cold that I fell off the truck and broke my ankle.

You've made it to England.

Now what?

I'm trying to learn English. That's the only way to get somewhere. I go to the library every day for free internet and I watch as much English television as I can in the evenings.

Jane the Raper



BY WILBERT L. COOPER
ILLUSTRATION BY JOHNNY RYAN

Reports of rampaging rapists pop up nearly every week in Zimbabwe, but this time it's not President Robert Mugabe's troops or even men who are forcing fornication. Instead, police are hunting down a group of women who capture their male victims by offering them lifts in a fancy car. Then they drug the men and rape them at gunpoint, sometimes for several days.

These ladies like to keep sperm souvenirs, which has led authorities to think this raping spree could be part of some sort of ritual. Earlier this year, a 24-year-old reported being raped at snake-point, after getting a ride from a tattooed woman with an oversize reptile in the backseat of her white Honda. All the victims have maintained their anonymity, although one victim was reportedly a police officer. No suspects have been arrested, but even if they're apprehended they'll probably get off easy. In Zimbabwe, the law doesn't consider a woman raping a man to be a crime.



ERACISM



BY WILBERT L. COOPER

"Nigger" was a hot toponym for the early settlers of North America, being used in the names for everything from a mountain in British Columbia (Niggertoe Mountain) to a stream in Texas (Dead Nigger Creek) and, until recently, a lake, road, and river in upstate New York. At the behest of organizations like the NAACP and uncomfortable white people everywhere, local governments and federal agencies have been purging or softening these crude landmark monikers. Texas cleverly changed Dead Nigger Creek to Dead Negro Draw, the United States Board of Geographic Names went old school and swapped all of its nearly 200 "nigger" entries with "negro," and New York's Department of Environmental Conservation just decided they would completely erase all the "nigger" names from their official documents.



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GERMAN KIDS VS. SOMALI PIRATES

Geheimagentur is a theater group based in Germany that, together with Fundus Theater, came up with the best idea ever: Get a bunch of pirate-loving kids to submit questions for real-life Somali pirates to answer. The resulting dialogue was turned into a multimedia performance and will be shown at the Vienna Festival next year. Here's a preview.



BY VICE STAFF

PHOTO COURTESY OF GEHEIMAGENTUR

Kid: I like playing pirates and fighting and killing. Is being a real pirate fun too?

Pirate: It's a tough life. On the one hand you have the money, but on the other you can't hardly eat anything all day because you're always afraid.

What do you use for fighting?

We use antiaircraft machine guns.

Do your kids play pirates too?

Some of the pirates, when they return to their village with their booty, drive around in their big fancy cars and display their guns and walk like they're everyone's boss. The kids put together toy cars and try to walk like the pirates.

How did you end up being a pirate?

My uncle used to have a boat. He was a fisherman. Then his boat broke and his net was destroyed by bigger ships. When the big ships of the fishing companies encountered the small boats of Somalis, they shot us with hot-water guns.

After that happened a couple times, we fishermen sat together and decided that we should fight back and defend ourselves against these people who destroy our nets.

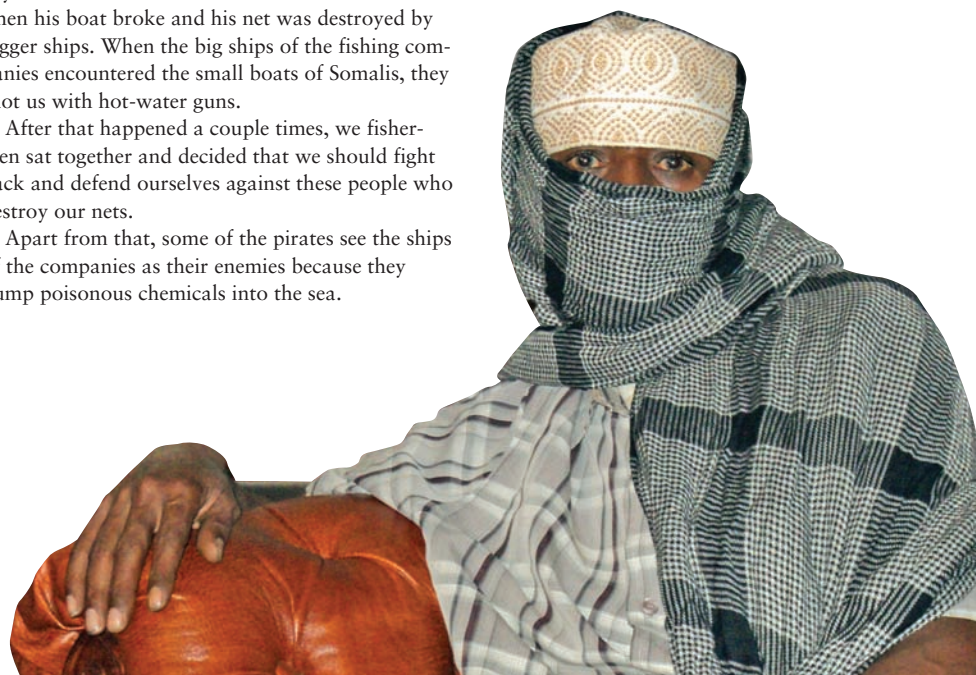
Apart from that, some of the pirates see the ships of the companies as their enemies because they dump poisonous chemicals into the sea.

How many ships did you attack and how much money did you get?

When I was a pirate, I captured one ship. I was the youngest one and didn't know much about piracy. That's why I said I'd take what they want to give me. They gave us \$15,000. Then I decided to leave. On my way back I was mugged by land pirates. They took away the money.

Do you feel bad about capturing these ships?

People are different. Some just care about the money. Some are more human and they sense that their hostages have feelings and treat them like humans. And then there are the central Somali militia. They don't care if they hurt someone. They were used for killing by their clan, by the warlords. They just get to the point where they can't go back anymore.



Grease-Fighting Men

BY BLAGOVEST BLAGOEV
PHOTO BY JASMIN STEIGLER

Ruen, Bulgaria's only official grease-wrestling club, exemplifies all that is glorious about oiled and near-naked men, paralyzing grapples, and thumbs in the ass. Intrigued, we went to a fair in the village of Vaklinovo to see the brutal boys go at it.

Thousands had gathered to see athletes from around the country compete on a makeshift mat of grass and rope. Amateur athletes of all ages wrestle at these events, but the main draw is the *baspehlivans* ("proper wrestlers"), whose matches close out the event.

The *baspehlivans* prepare for matches by donning their *kispets*, rough-textured pants made of water-buffalo hide. The wrestlers douse their crotches with olive oil and help each other

tie their *kispets*. A tight *kispet* is crucial if you want keep your opponent from getting to your naughty bits, which is why grease wrestling isn't a "gay" sport. If it were, no one would be protecting his asshole that thoroughly.

The bout starts with a ritual dance called *pesraf*, which involves strutting around the ring, waving your arms like a bird, and slapping your *kispets*. (Again, not gay.) After *pesraf*, the wrestlers face off on the mat. That's when things get serious. The wrestlers get stuck in a doggy-style position while the top athlete gropes for opportunities in the bottom wrestler's behind. The top slips his arm elbow-deep into his opponent's *kispets*, across his loins. With a sudden jerk, he lifts his opponent in the air and flips him to the ground.

The audience loves it when the winner pulls the opponent's *kispets* off, and the matches end with the traditional salutation in grease wrestling—forehead to forehead, left and right—and then the wrestlers go wash themselves off.



POWDER & RAILS SPECIAL:
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Dina Paucar shows off her dress to fans. The embroidery translates to "Feelings of America," which doesn't make sense in Spanish either. Photo by Adrián Portugal.

QUEEN OF THE ANDES

Dina Paucar Is Peru's Beautiful Goddess of Love

BY ADRI MURGUÍA

It's Saturday night in Lima, and we're crawling through the endless rush hour traffic to meet Dina Paucar. Dina is one of Peru's biggest stars and the reigning queen of *huayno*, the country's most popular music. As we approach the stoplights outside the upscale La Molina neighborhood, people from every corner crowd the car windows trying to sell something. The most typical example of this is a woman with a baby strapped onto her back or chest, wearing a traditional Andean outfit: extremely colorful, patterned, and detailed. You see a lot of this in Lima: people still wearing the garments they had on their backs when they lived in the Andes, where huayno comes from.

Before attending Dina's show, she's asked us to meet her at her home, far away from the fans who swarm her outside the venues she plays. She greets us in a standard huayno dress, which are inspired by traditional Andean garments, but are bejeweled and embroidered to a starting cost of \$1,000 (hers are much, much more expensive). Dina's the best-selling singer in the country, considered the fairy godmother of huayno, and also goes by the stage name "The Beautiful Goddess

of Love," which is sewn onto a big golden heart at the front of her dress. As we sit underneath a massive portrait of her and surrounded by shelves of trophies, Dina describes how she left her Andean hometown of Huánuco in 1979 for the city.

"One afternoon, eight or ten people showed up while we were around the bonfire, and they started beating my parents. One of the men grabbed me by the throat and threw me on the ground. They said, 'If we find you here tomorrow, you and your children will be dead.' That was the reason why we left everything we had behind." As her eyes well up, she says, "It fills me with nostalgia... and indignation... because it hasn't affected only me but so many other families in this country."

During the 1970s and 80s, as terrorist movements like the Shining Path and the Túpac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA) attempted to replace the government with a communist one, Lima absorbed a massive migration of rural Peruvians. In the provincial Andes, long ignored by Peru's financial and political elite, indigenous people who refused to join terrorist movements were either killed or forced to flee to the capital. The Shining Path and MRTA were mostly wiped out by Peruvian strongman Alberto Fujimori in the 90s, but Andean natives remained in the city—and in poverty. Even now, despite Peru's rapid economic growth, life for the migrants has improved little.



Eleven-year-old aspiring huayno star Doris Maria primpes for a photo shoot. Doris is mini-famous because in 2009 she played Sonia Morales—the Biggie to Dina's Tupac—in a television biopic. Photo by Max Cabello.

The Andeans brought their music to the city, where their new experiences became a source of inspiration. As Andean music collided with the capital, the lyrics grew to reflect both the rural lives people exchanged for the overcast skies of Lima and their lives in the city, where they continued to get screwed over. Thematically, most of the songs are about poverty, leaving the mountains for the big city, missing the mountains, getting drunk, and being in love with someone who cheats on you or who won't love you back. It's pretty straightforward stuff.

City living further modernized the genre by adding electronic beats, complicated outfits, and booze—huayno promoters started renting giant venues for shows, which turned into ragers. But despite the urban glitz, huayno performers, like the stars of American country, still cling tightly to their working-class roots and their struggle for success.

"It wasn't easy coming to the city," explains Dina. "I was 11 years old, I came from the Andes, and I didn't know Lima at all. My first job was selling tea on the streets. I also worked as a maid, but I always dreamt of singing the music from my homeland. I wanted to find that dream here." Today, Dina's rise to success has been such a Cinderella story that it's been adapted for Peruvian TV into its own miniseries, *The Struggle for a Dream*.

Even though huayno is extremely blue collar getting started is tricky and expensive. Buying a huayno dress is the key for entry to the scene, and for people living under the poverty line is nothing less than a gamble. Since it's their one shot at ending up like Dina, aspiring young singers find a way to raise enough money to get a dress and hit the music scene hoping to strike it

big. They'll travel any distance to participate in folk-music fairs and sing about how difficult it's been so far, because despite all the glitter on the dresses, most of these girls live a harsh reality offstage in the slums of Lima in houses with no running water.

As we enter the venue, we hear the MC hyping up the crowd and becoming progressively louder. There are hundreds of people in line for drinks (most of the money comes from alcohol sales and not the actual tickets). Considering that huayno is the music of the "poor," no one seems to have a problem with sharing their drinks, and a plastic cup is passed over to us almost immediately upon arrival.

Watching huayno in action, its popularity and the rabidity of its fans make perfect sense. It's a form of self-expression for the majority of the country, whose needs have not been met. It's a reality not everyone gets to see up-close, but it's also a reality many "privileged" Peruvians are completely unaware of.

As far as the songs go, you'll definitely catch a few irrational tunes in the mix, but you'll also find great social truths like Dina's hit "Volvere," in which she sings, "Today I find myself far away/ From the town that I was born in/ My family thinks that I don't love them anymore/ But the truth is that I cannot go back/ And I have goals to reach/ Someday, I will come back for them." And so everyone held their beers up and sang back to Dina with arms in the air while tears streamed down their faces, because they all knew what she was talking about.

Learn about the string of murders that have rocked Lima's huayno scene in Music World: Huayno Murders coming to VICE.com in September.



This cornucopia of fresh, brightly colored fruits and veggies looks pretty tasty, right? Try eating it every day—at room temperature—and then get back to us.



Why the long face, Ellis? She admits that shopping for her first enema wasn't so bad. It took about five seconds to decide on one—whatever didn't resemble a large, hollow dildo.

I'M EMPTY INSIDE

Pooping Toxic Stones Makes You Feel Great

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY ELLIS JONES

Recently I had one of those vomit sessions that burst blood vessels and permanently stained my toilet bowl. I awoke at 5 PM hanging halfway off the bed, dizzy and fuzzy-tongued from a late-night champagne binge. I pushed myself off the mattress and planted one foot on the floor, which immediately led to a wobbly gallop to the toilet. I spewed Mountain Dew-colored acid across the bathroom before stumbling back to bed.

When I awoke, again, a few hours later, my bed was drenched in sweat. I smelled like stale champagne and beer mixed with bile, and it felt like poison was boiling deep within my belly. Its grumbles spoke to me: "It's time for an industrial-strength detox." Regardless of which method I chose, I knew I wouldn't be happy unless I had physical evidence; I needed to witness this evil exit my body to be certain it was gone.

I googled around and found a book called *The Amazing Liver and Gallbladder Flush*. It promised to restore my health and vitality, climaxing with me shitting out a bunch of multicolored stones—little Fruity Pebbles of bodily sin that would sprinkle my porcelain throne with success. Perfect.

As I skimmed the book, I discovered that its author, Andreas Moritz, is a proponent of alternative medicine, as well as an artist (more on that later). He's written many

other health-related books: *Cancer Is Not a Disease*, *Ending the AIDS Myth*, and *Hear the Whispers, Live Your Dream*.

The basic point of the flush is to rid the liver and gallbladder of gallstones. It takes six days of preparation (adhering to a strict raw-food diet) and is followed by about 16 hours of actual cleansing (shitting out a rainbow of stones). It instructed me to drink 32 ounces of apple juice a day because the malic acid in the juice softens gallstones, making them easier to pass. Also, everything I ate or drank had to be room temperature. Andreas claims that cold food and drinks chill the liver, which reduces the effectiveness of the cleanse.

The first two days were hellish. I had a horrific headache, was moody as fuck, and lunch consisted of raw vegetables I'd thrown into a Tupperware. Other highlights included spending a Friday night buying my first enema kit (which I'd need for the end of the cleanse) and boiling beets.

My weekend was spent at various barbecues and bars. I felt tortured, left out, frothing at the mouth at the thought of a cold beer. So, on Saturday night, I cheated and downed some vodka sodas with a shot of whiskey. I'm weak.


By Monday morning, I had hit day 5 of my cleanse and felt great. I called up Andreas for a quick interview. Forty-five excruciating minutes later, I'd learned that he's an avid painter who has created a number of "healing paintings" designed to rejuvenate and restore the "chi" of an organ, which can be achieved merely by staring at them. They're called "ener-chi" paintings, for sale on his website for \$23 a pop. I hung up the phone and printed out the liver-restoring painting, taped it to my monitor, and stared at it for a few minutes each day. I didn't feel energy coursing through my body, but Andreas had pointed out that printing the image yields fewer results because of pixelization. That makes sense.

Andreas suggests getting a colonic to prepare your body for the actual flush, so I spent part of the sixth day lying on a table in a dimly lit room. Hot stones and oil were rubbed across my stomach as a plastic tube sucked poop out of my butt. It was like taking an hour-long shit while relaxing on your back and getting a massage, i.e., fantastic. I'd already lost four pounds since I started the cleanse, and after my colonic I felt even lighter.

The rest of the day I followed a strict schedule of downing gross liquids (Epsom salt dissolved in water and olive oil mixed with grapefruit juice) before going to bed at 10 PM. At this point, according to the book, you should feel the gallstones release and make their way through your body, which in my experience meant feeling like I had really bad gas.

I woke up the next day at 6:30 AM. After drinking my third round of Epsom salt, I headed to the bathroom. As I peed, I hardly noticed that I'd dropped my first round of stones into the toilet. It felt like I was pushing tiny cirrocumulus clouds out of my ass. The stones were soft and, as promised, ranged in color and size: Most were green or tan and a little bit smaller than an apple seed, but a few were as big as a pea. It was vile, but I was delighted to see proof that my body had been purged.

I spent the rest of the day working from home, in and out of the bathroom every hour, passing fewer and fewer stones each time. The grand finale was a self-administered enema (it helps get rid of any leftover stones), which just felt like a poor man's colonic.

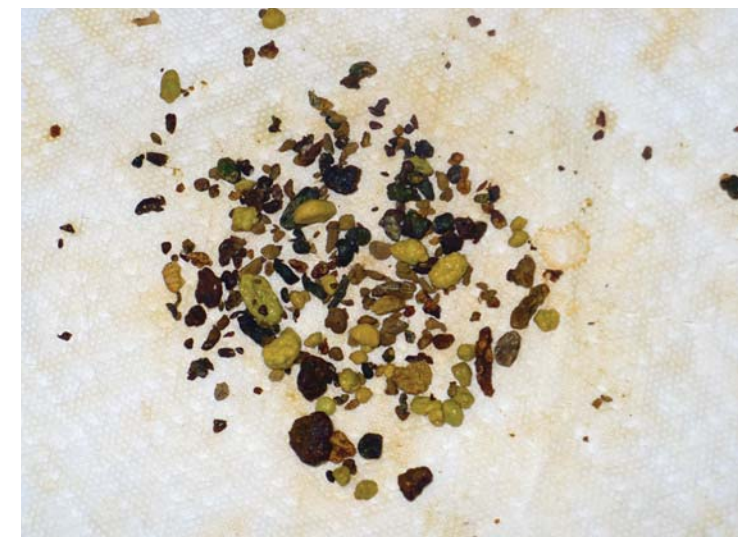
As my final cleansing act, I called up an old neighbor who's a doctor. I gave her a run-down of my past week and asked her opinion. Naturally, she was hesitant to say whether the cleanse had real benefits and instead recommended a healthy diet and exercise as the best way to maintain overall health. But she reminded me of one of life's truths: Everyone feels great after a good shit. 



Staring at the "ener-chi" painting for a week straight was easy for Ellis. It reminded her of those Magic Eye books that you stare at cross-eyed for a really long time until an image of Mickey Mouse appears.



After her first colonic session, Ellis returned to the office with a dewy glow and a bounce in her step.



A different type of potpourri that smells very, very bad.



There's nothing wrong with wrapping yourself in garbage bags and pretending to be a murder victim from a TV show. In fact, it's a lot of fun. Everyone should try it.



Kelly McClure went to the festival dressed as Johnny Horne because "he don't give a fuck."



A. Wolfe as Maddy Ferguson, NOT Laura Palmer as most people guessed. Suckers!

A PLACE BOTH WONDERFUL AND STRANGE

Twin Peaks Fest Is Like When Maple Syrup Collides with Ham

BY KELLY McCLURE AND A. WOLFE

PHOTOS BY MATTIE BAMMAN

We're not going to sit here and try to explain *Twin Peaks* for the three-quillionth time. Either you've seen it and you like David Lynch and we're already on the same page about it being the high-water mark of broadcast entertainment/art, or you haven't, in which case, oh how we envy your virgin eyes when you finally get around to watching it (which needs to be *soon*). If somehow you've caught a few episodes and didn't enjoy them, please go read something else. Not kidding.

The Twin Peaks Festival began in 1993 as a small fan-organized event in North Bend, Washington, about two years after the television series ended and a year after *Fire Walk with Me*. It has evolved into an annual happening that attracts fans from all over the world. This was the first year to feature a panel and meet-and-greet with actors from the series, which was all we needed to convince ourselves that it was going to be more than a bunch of lonely people in

bad costumes doing backward-talking-midget impressions and arguing about owls. So we bought tickets and made plans to be in North Bend during the first weekend of August.

Most of the exterior shots for the show were filmed in North Bend and neighboring Snoqualmie in the late 80s and early 90s, sites that still attract diehard fans year-round. This made it especially curious when we encountered numerous locals of all ages who had never heard of the show and didn't understand why we were standing in the middle of the street taking pictures of what may or may not have been the location for that one scene in *Fire Walk with Me* where Laura Palmer is screaming about something and then finds a tiny pinecone.

The three-day festival cost \$170 (\$190 with the bus tour) to attend and this year attracted about 180 fans (the largest turnout since 2002, according to its organizers). We spent a good part of the weekend trying to figure out what the organizers spent that money on besides appearance fees (it certainly wasn't security—a couple of our friends snuck into multiple portions of the event without hassle). In hindsight, it was a fair price for being given the opportunity to crap in the Roadhouse and hold hands with Sheryl Lee one last time.

What follows is a run-down of the 2011 Twin Peaks festival, written in a series of Yelp-style reviews (except we used the Log Lady's logs as a rating system instead of stars).

Celebrities-in-Attendance Ratings:

SHERYL LEE (LAURA PALMER)

Although the celebrity cast did not choose me as the winner of the costume contest, I was later approached by a rather flamboyant festival organizer who said I had been "summoned by the queen" and that "the queen gets what the queen wants." I did not know what this meant. Then we met and you gave me a five-minute-long handshake, laser-beam eye contact, and about ten minutes to explain how much wolves mean to me, through Aesop's fables and the visual aids of my tattoos, which you asked someone to take pictures of to review later at home. You asked, "Do you know the one about the scorpions and the monks?" It was like my White Lodge.

A. WOLFE

RAY WISE (LELAND PALMER)

During the intense convo I was having with Sheryl Lee, you leaned in and commented on my dead-Maddy costume and then said, "Well, I murdered ya, so now I've got to hug ya," in an extremely enthusiastic voice. You looked beyond the fact that I was basically naked, wearing only clear plastic and masking tape, and gave me a ten-second full-armed embrace, and I nearly had an attack. I would definitely return for that sort of service.

A. WOLFE

SHERILYN FENN (AUDREY HORNE)

You dyed your hair blond, which I'm not a fan of, but I guess you can't go through life with dark hair, red lipstick, and plaid

skirts forever. So no points were deducted for that. What I did take issue with was that you seemed to have consumed about 50 different pills before your fan Q&A session. I only understood one in every five words you said, but I did manage to partially decipher your anecdote about how David Lynch solves everything with cappuccinos, and that Lara Flynn Boyle is a "psycho." I almost shaved off a few points for your son asking me if I was a boy or a girl at the picnic on the last day of the festival, but concluded that it wasn't your fault.

K. McCLURE

Ambience Ratings:

SNOQUALMIE RIVER RV PARK

When we were organizing this trip, we decided that camping would be more appropriate than staying at a hotel. I emailed the organizers of the festival to ask for campground recommendations, and this RV park was their only suggestion. After two nights, it was clear that they were getting some sort of kickback, because this place is a turd village. It was my first time roughing it, so I wasn't aware of how much it sucked until my friends remarked how unusual it was that the campsite consisted of a few mounds of dirt with a great view of the freeway. It was more of a teen-made BMX course than a place to roast marshmallows. Even better, one of my fellow campers was a blond Christian lady who was on the same bathroom schedule as me and would belt out "GOD IS SO GOOOOOD" while showering.

K. McCLURE



Thank God BOB wasn't around.



We love you, Sherilyn, but please lay off the goofballs so we can understand what you're saying the next time you talk shit about Lara Flynn Boyle.



Rumor has it that after Twede's was set ablaze in 2000, a man appeared on the roof while it was being refurbished and inexplicably started painting the building purple. He was confronted but ran away, only to appear a few weeks later to attempt his paint job once again. This time he was caught, claiming that God had told him to "put the Twin Peaks restaurant back together."

DEAF CAMPERS

You rule. While the campers on our other side were busy cough-vomiting into the fire pit and forcing some "Listen, no, listen, no, no, no, listen" advice onto one another at 2 AM, you guys passed around a lantern and gave us the thumbs-up every time we shotgunned a beer. And to the gay La Roux girl of the party: Your six-inch cigarettes are more intimidating than your hair. You're perfect. Or bulletproof. Or something. Please date Kelly.

A. WOLFE

LAST FRONTIER SALOON

To the owner of the saloon: You were a pretty good sport about my dead-Maddy costume, although you did remark that I was dressed as a "test-tube baby." Thanks anyway for the drink. If you have a minute, let me know what the bumper sticker "Roll me in honey and feed me to the lesbians" means.

A. WOLFE

FALL CITY ROADHOUSE & INN

I would have never known that this was the site of the Roadhouse from *Twin Peaks* had it not been confirmed by a few locals. Apparently it had to be remodeled because the original structure was falling apart. I guess keeping the roof from caving in on paying customers is more important than blowing the

minds of nerds. It was here that I tried to take my first poop of the trip, but I was only able to make a half deposit because I was in the handicapped stall and a fat lady was standing RIGHT outside the door like she was going to kick it down if I didn't flush immediately. Hey, lady, being obese doesn't give you dibs on the handicapped stall. I'm sure whatever you were impatiently waiting to unload was even more gruesome than two days of backed-up cherry pie and half-cooked campfire wieners, but wait your turn like everybody else.

K. McCLURE

TWEDE'S CAFÉ

The facade of this greasy spoon served as the exterior of the Double R Diner. Its interior seemed refurbished, probably because two guys burned it down in 2000 to cover up a burglary and it's since been rebuilt. Our waitress, who has worked there for 17 years, confirmed that the fire did nothing to dissuade the tourists who still constantly pack the place. The food is expensive, but they offer 50 different kinds of hamburgers and it seemed to be the only place in town that was proud to be featured in the series; they even painted "Twin Peaks" on the outside wall next to a slice of cherry pie! It's also the official place to get an official slice of official *Twin Peaks* cherry pie, which was officially fucking delicious.

K. McCLURE

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Paul Gillman at Gillmanfest, a metal festival he organizes annually. Photo by Angie Gillman.

BOLIVARIAN HEADBANGIN'

Meet Hugo Chávez's Favorite Metalhead

BY BERNARDO LOYOLA

Paul Gillman is without a doubt the most famous heshher in Venezuela and an institution in the Latin American heavy-metal scene. Like any other teenager who grew up in the 1970s, he was inspired by the music of Black Sabbath, Iron Maiden, and Alice Cooper. While Menudo was sashaying around in leather vests and selling out stadiums all over Latin America with the full support of the media and corporate sponsors, Gillman's band Arkangel was shredding apart independent venues, singing politically charged songs ("Latin American Repression," "Unemployed," "The Maggots of Power") denouncing the corrupt governments that ruled Venezuela.

But when Venezuela's leftist president, Hugo Chávez, took power in 1999, Paul, once the scourge of

the political establishment, became one of its most vocal defenders. For a few years he even changed the name of his act to "Paul Gillman and His Bolivarian Band," a nod to Chavez's "Bolivarian revolution."

The idea of a metal musician openly supporting an incumbent government—even a leftist one—seemed pretty strange to us, so we called Paul at his house in Valencia, Venezuela, to talk about his music, the political situation in his country, and his friendship with President Chávez.

VICE: Your 2003 record *Despertando en la Historia* ("Awakening to History") sounds like Metallica suddenly decided to record a cover album of Woody Guthrie songs.

Paul Gillman: To me, it was a dream. The famous Venezuelan singer Alí Primera played folk songs with the acoustic guitar and the *cuatro*, but had the same ideals I did. He was doing his work and I was doing mine, and we never met. So, years after his death, we decided to make a tribute album, keeping the lyrics but adding

the explosiveness of rock. All the songs are Alí Primera covers, except for one original called "Revolución."

In the video for "Revolución" the whole band is dressed in red t-shirts with white stars, symbols of the Bolivarian revolution. I'm guessing it pissed a lot of people off.

When we released the album in 2003, it was during one of the most polarized moments in Venezuelan history. We really were on the brink of civil war, and one had to take sides. Of course, we chose the progressive side, the revolutionaries. Alí Primera once said, "I would like to see the revolution with my elderly eyes." But he was never able to see it because he died before it happened. What better way to tell him about it than with a song? So we decided that we had to include a song about the revolution, composed by the band.

We also think that Hugo Chávez's great inspiration, after Simón Bolívar, was Alí Primera. Primera was the great musical ideologist of this revolution, and that is why we dedicated a record to him, and the song "Revolución" to the Venezuelan people.

With the release of this album you changed the name of your band to Paul Gillman and His Bolivarian Band. In what way was the Venezuelan context different when you recorded *Levántate y Pelea* (*Get Up and Fight*) in 1984 and when you wrote "Revolución" in 2003?

In 1989, the *Caracazo* uprising happened, when people took to the street to fight for what was theirs. And then there was the coup in 1992, when a person appeared on the political scene who seemed to be from a dream—our own Che Guevara, our own reincarnation of Bolívar: Hugo Chávez.

Rock musicians and politicians don't usually get along, and Chávez, in the end, is still a politician looking for power. Have you ever been skeptical about his intentions?

That's what is really interesting about all this. When I first spoke to him, it was with a certain distrust, because politicians often say, "Yes, everything is going to be all right," but then they are elected and they don't know you anymore. That is what we were used to.

After the coup attempt, Chávez continued his fight, but in a democratic way. I promised him that if he ended the military draft, he could count on me. He told me that he hated the draft and that it was a violation of human rights. He gave an amazing speech about it, and I believed him. I left his house and made some flyers explaining why the Venezuelan rock movement should support Hugo Chávez.

I traveled all over Venezuela with these flyers, handing them out in an almost subversive way, taking my music and lyrics to the people with the hope that this man would win. And against all odds, the people rose. When this happened, the band that played with me—and I thought they were behind me because they were conscious of my lyrics and political stances—fled in terror. It turned out that being on Paul Gillman's side was a dangerous thing.

That doesn't sound very metal of them.

I was left without musicians! And that is when the Bolivarian Band was born. I demanded that if they played with me, they had to get behind the government. I told them up front: "I agree with this revolution. Do you?" We played more concerts than any other time in my career. In fact, we played in Argentina when the president went on an official visit there.



Hugo and Paul, two Bolivarian peas in a revolutionary pod.



El Comandante Chávez próximo Presidente de la República y Paul Gillman líder del Movimiento del Rock Nacional, unen sus fuerzas por un mismo ideal: Nuestra bella patria Venezuela, y luego de coincidir ideológicamente en todos los tópicos, tantos políticos como ecológicos, culturales y educativos, de salud pública, de la pobreza crítica, la niñez abandonada, la pérdida de los valores morales, de la unión de la familia, de la inseguridad, de la lucha contra las drogas, del desempleo, del apoyo al deporte, de la crisis carcelaria, del respeto a los derechos humanos, etc. También proponen la eliminación de unos de los procedimientos más salvajes e inhumanos de nuestra supuesta Democracia que pone de manifiesto la continua represión que sufre la juventud venezolana. Por eso proponen un rotundo



Flyer created by Paul Gillman circa 1998, during Chávez's first presidential campaign, in support of the candidacy and against the military draft. The text says: "Hugo Chávez, the next president of the republic, and Paul Gillman, the leader of the National Rock movement, have joined forces for a joint ideal: our beautiful country, Venezuela. We agree on every topic: politics, the environment, culture, education, public health, extreme poverty, abandoned childhood, the loss of moral values, the importance of family, security, the fight against drugs, unemployment, support for sports, the crisis in the jail system, respect for human rights, etc. We also propose to get rid of one of the most savage and inhumane procedures in our so-called democracy, a practice that only demonstrates the constant repression to which the Venezuelan youth is constantly subject. That is why we propose a clear NO TO THE DRAFT!!"



LEFT: Cover of Gilman's album *Inevitable* (2007).

RIGHT: Cover of Gilman's album *Cauhtemoc* (2003). Derek Riggs, the guy who created Iron Maiden's Eddie, designed it.

It was the first time that Chávez was broadcasting his famous television program *Aló Presidente* outside his own country. He wanted a rock band to play on his show, and sent me to Argentina to look for one. Imagine, a military government that wanted a rock band! We picked a band named *Tren Loco* because of their social activism. During the live broadcast, the president called on me and his minister of culture to organize an international rock festival, and the Urban Music Festival was created. That was a one-off deal, though. Later, we created Gilmanfest as a free annual concert to showcase Venezuelan bands.

Have you ever gotten in trouble because of your support of Chávez?

From the very first time I visited his house, before he was president, he said: "Look, brother, you *came* to my house. I didn't ask you to come, and now you're in trouble. From now on, the secret police are going to be after you. They are going to make your life impossible." The second time I visited him, I was staying at my aunt's house, and got a threatening phone call saying that if they saw me again with comandante Chávez they would put drugs in my car so I'd be arrested. I called the comandante and told him what happened. He said: "Let's do just like Bolívar, throw your fears to your back, and let's move forward with the revolution. It's your decision if you if you want go on." I replied, "Yes, Comandante, I'll carry on."

And from then on, Chávez's enemies have done everything to us. They have spat at us in the supermarket, called our children murderers, damaged our cars, and screamed at us, "Go to Cuba!"

Still, there's lots to do about Venezuela's security, right?

Yeah, well, sure, violence and lack of public safety is a phenomenon that occurs throughout Latin America. I think it's something that we cannot avoid. In Colombia and Mexico—and everywhere in the world—violence is very common. Our own media make us look bad to the outside world.

Are there rock bands in Venezuela that take vocal stances against the Chávez government?

Yes, but I think that it's a trendy position. Unfortunately, we still have a colonialist mind-set that everything from abroad is better. Unfortunately, among middle-class and upper-middle-class students, it's not cool to be *Chavista*; it's more trendy to be *escuálido* [anti-*Chavista*]. There are commercial rock bands formed by *hijos de papá*—children of people with money. But the bands that come from the barrios, they identify with the true ideals of rock 'n' roll.

Rock musicians around the world, in general, have always gone against the establishment. Are you considered a pariah?

I really think that I must be the only pro-government musician in the history of rock. But let me tell you one thing: I'm a critical person. I have criticized the government. I have criticized government employees. For example, on my next album there is a song called "Malo, el funcionario que no funciona" ("Bad, the Government Employee Who Doesn't Work"), and it's a parody of those bureaucrats who provide terrible service. I'm happy, and I think we have achieved a lot of things, but we haven't achieved it all. If tomorrow, God forbid, this revolution betrays the people, I will side with the people. I will always side with the people, I can assure you of that.

Is it true that you are the voice of Patrick Star in the Spanish-language version of *Sponge Bob Square Pants*?

Yes, I have done quite a bit of voice work over the last five years. I did the voice of Patrick in *Sponge Bob Square Pants*, Cyclops in the *X-Men* movies, and a character in *Batman Beyond*. And I've also done voice overs for countless documentaries—stuff for the History Channel and Discovery Channel—on all sorts of subjects. But the pay is really bad and, in the end, rock 'n' roll is what really matters to me. *CS*



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DOs



You probably expect me to make a joke about how these female bikers are “fueling up” before the big race, so that’s what I just did.



Yes! It’s time to celebrate the contributions white guys with dreadlocks have made to modern culture by tying enough balloons to their heads so they’ll float out into space and all the way to Planet Yuck in the Shithead Galaxy where they can live out the rest of their ugly lives.



I’ve done this trick before. Tucking one of my legs up my ass and breaking out the crutches so I can get pity-fucked by some concert honeys. The only downside is that your leg stinks like shit for a couple months afterward.



If this person’s farts can do this to a pair of designer jeans, imagine what they can do to your tongue.



Well, you know the saying. When on Fire Island, do as the straightness-challenged, in-shape Scottish-monarch twinks do.



This picture is pretty great because it totally shows how sad and lonely it is to be a wizard. You have this awesome power to move planets and summon demons from hell, but there’s one power that you don’t have. The power of friendship.



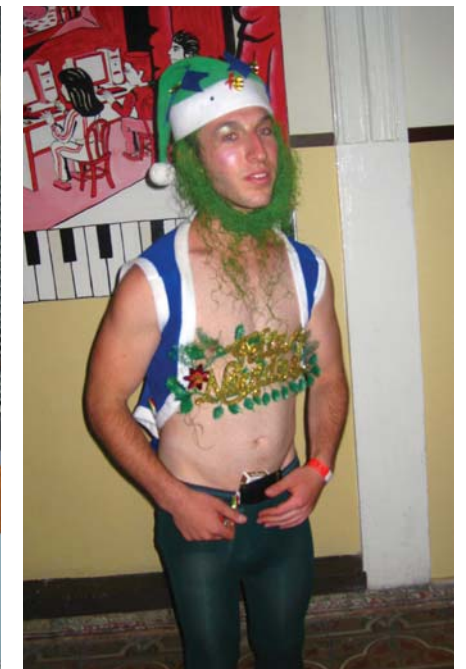
Look at this lovable free spirit. He loves the freedom of wandering across America, the freedom to sew crazy signs on his jacket, and the freedom to tattoo incomprehensible shit on his face. ‘Cause that’s what freedom’s all about, man. That and forcing an adorable animal to live the same horrible existence as you do.



I hope this dude is texting the Orkin Man because that is one big fat rat problem sitting on his head.



The absolute worst thing about being under ten years old is not being allowed into the Nerds in Bikinis Symposium.



I will give you whatever you want for Christmas, as long as what you want is a pack of Marlboros that smell like my dick.

DON'Ts

DOs



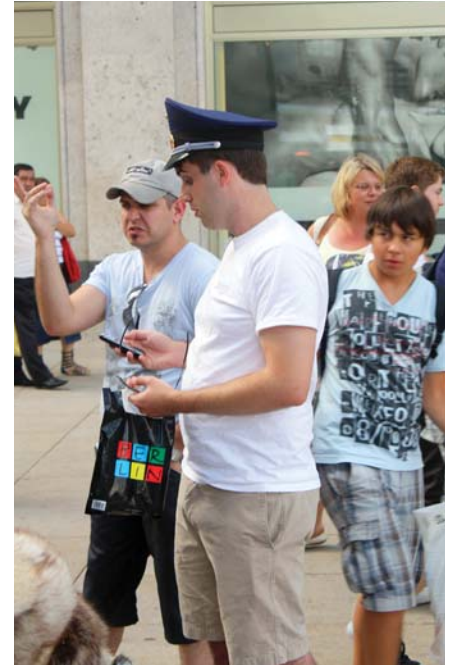
This looks like a good idea for a movie. A horny loser played by Seth Rogen rubs a magic bong and is suddenly visited by this gay, outer-space wizard played by Sir Ian McKellen. The wizard tries to teach him how to score with the ladies by wearing more green tie-dyed shirts, purple baseball caps, and cool shit like that. In the end, Seth finally gets to fuck the girl of his dreams but afterward realizes that he's really gay and is in love with his imaginary wizard man. The last 30 minutes of the movie are Rogen and McKellen blowing each other.



The iPod may have killed the Jambox for good, but it also freed up a shoulder for a much less irritating form of public partying.



You always think "Ooh, a summer shower. That'll cool things off in the city." Then it starts raining and you're soaking wet, it's still a million and a half degrees, and on top of that every breath you take smells like someone spraying an atomizer full of dog piss directly into your sinuses. I know. It makes me want to kill myself, too.



This is how America sees Europe. Laid-back cops in t-shirts and cargo shorts texting on their cell phones and enormous black-and-white pictures of people fucking on every street corner.



It's Amy Fisher out promoting her latest porno *Blow You, Blow Your Wife... Away 3*.



Ever end up on one of those bodybuilding porn sites and go, "Whoa, back back back," but then your brain is like, "Wait, what if I just smoothed out some of these veins and added a little pair of shorts *here*, then summered the whole thing up with some skates and ice cream and—*hng*," and next thing you know you're wiping semen off of NYC's favorite person, 1988—present.



Most people's chest pieces are just the cherry on top of a sundae made of too many other shitty tattoos, but when you catch a little glimpse of a blazing phoenix peeking out of the shirt of your quiet German uncle who never married and never talks about what he did in the 70s, it's a good reminder that in the grand scheme of things, you and I are both *enormous* pussies.



Why is this kid so sad, you ask? You'd be sad too if you had to put your face that close to Grandmama Whatzit's fourth tit.



What the fuck is that supposed to be? Some kind of fucked-up Frankenberry? Thanks for making this disgusting city even more hideous with your pathetic cereal worship, Mr. Street Art Asshole.



Let me take a look at the ol' Douchebag Checklist here... Super-tight pink tie-dyed spandex pants that crush your balls into oblivion: check. The undersized gym shorts of a 13-year-old girl, just in case your balls had even the slightest hope of survival: check. Drinking a piece of fruit with a straw to celebrate the death of your balls: check.

DON'Ts

PIZZA PARTY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PHOTOS BY SANDY KIM, STYLIST: IAN BRADLEY

Makeup and hair: Darine Sengseovong, Makeup and hair assistant: Jessica Virgin, Models: Brandee, Emily, Manjari, Sheyna
Special thanks to Roberta's



Hien Le dress, Effen Eiler necklace, Surface to Air shirt and bracelet, Won Hundred dress, Brochu Walker top, Charlotte Ronson skirt, Surface to Air necklace, bracelet, and rings, Casio watch; Kimberly Taylor dress, Digby & Ionia ring





Eley Kishimoto t-shirt, Imitation shorts, Converse sneakers, Tina Turk cuff



Charlotte Ronson dress, Surface to Air ring, Casio watch



Wood Wood skirt, Surface to Air net-kate, vintage sunglasses



Wood Wood shirt, Trina Turk earrings



Catherine Deane shirt; Element Eden dress; Casio watch

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HOARD O' PLENTY

PHOTOS BY VITO FUN
STYLIST: PALOMA PEREZ

*Stylist's assistants: Ali Anderson, Jonathan Andrew
Makeup and hair: Curtis Wood
Makeup and hair assistant: Malcolm Munoz
Model: Chelsea Tyler*

*Ambre Babooe dress, Balenciaga shoes,
Arts & Crafts necklaces, bracelet, and anklet*



Ambre Babzoe jacket and dress, Balenciaga shoes, Jessica Resler necklace, Aris Gaidis necklace and anklet



Ambre Babzoe dress, Balenciaga shoes, Aris Gaidis necklace and anklet



Ambre Babzoo vest and skirt; Balenciaga shoes; Am. Geldis necklaces, bracelet, and anklet



Ambre Babzoo tunic; Balenciaga shoes; Jessica Resler necklace; Anis Feldis necklace, bracelet, and anklet



Ambre Bazooe top, Aris Geldis bracelet



Ambre Bazooe top, Aris Geldis bracelets and ring



Ambre Babzoo shirt and pants, Balenciaga shoes,
Aris Geldis bracelets and ring

FREEDOM RUN

On the Road with Libya's Teenage Revolutionaries

The first time I went to Libya, in 2010, I was arrested just two days into my trip. Filming a documentary for VICE, I was detained for shooting where the authorities thought I shouldn't, and thus began endless rounds of questions, emphatic yelling, and head-shaking incredulity at my claims of innocence—and, of course, the requisite implications that I was a spy. When I was finally released, I swore I would never return to the Great Socialist People's Libyan Arab Jamahiriya (official name). But that promise was quickly broken, and I found myself back in the country almost exactly a year later, in the midst of a chaotic and violent revolution.

BY SHANE SMITH
PHOTOS BY TIM FRECCIA



Shane on board a former cruise ship-turned-revolutionary ferry on the way to Misrata.

Very rarely is one given the chance to live history, to experience revolution firsthand in all its ugly glory. And it is *ugly*. Sporadic, disordered communications; crumbling and damaged infrastructure that inhibits movement; intermittent electricity; infrequent meals; and the thumping bass of faraway artillery and the treble of nearby machine-gun fire ensures dialed-up adrenaline. It is, at its best, organized chaos and, at its worst, anarchic chaos. But what a wonderful chaos it is. Watching the push for freedom against one of recent history's most tyrannical dictators has to be one of the most inspiring moments of my life.

Not many people saw the Arab Spring coming. I've spent a lot of time in the Middle East and would have bet large sums of money that widespread upheaval would never happen in the region, so when rebellion erupted earlier this year—in Tunisia and Egypt—I was still doubtful that it could ever spread to Libya. Gaddafi had too much power, control, and money for the people to effectively challenge him. Again, I was wrong. As I write this, rebel forces have entered Tripoli, overrun Gaddafi's compound, and are hunting for the colonel so that he can be tried for crimes against humanity—or offered safe passage to exile.

They were fighting with whatever they could find. One guy had a spear gun.

My second trip to Libya consisted of two weeks of traveling from the Egyptian border to Benghazi and then onto the front lines in Misrata, embedding with a few different rebel groups along the way. I was shocked by how young many of them were. Barely past puberty and fighting with whatever they could find (one guy had a spear gun), they displayed so much heroism and courage that I would tear up while talking to them. One rebel I spoke with had left the hospital earlier that night—despite having lost a leg—so that he could get back to the front lines. He was offered a flight to Germany and a new prosthetic limb by an NGO, but instead snuck out of the hospital to rejoin his comrades.

Later, I met another group that had just returned from the front between Tripoli and Misrata. Most of them were teenagers from Benghazi. There were 68 who had arrived together; by the time I caught up with them, only 35 remained. Despite the high number of casualties, they were still optimistic.

But the big question looming over everything was “Why are they fighting?”

Everyone I asked—bankers, shop clerks, students, construction workers, oil engineers, and ex-Gaddafi loyalists—offered the same answer:



FROM TOP LEFT, CLOCKWISE: Many of Libya's freedom fighters have barely made it past puberty.

In the relative safety of the rebel capital of Benghazi, we couldn't help but notice that the troops were putting a lot more thought into their outfits than their counterparts on the front.

A rebel fighter on the front lines who asked us to tell Gaddafi that he was coming for him.




“Freedom.” It was like the end of *Braveheart* every time a rebel looked into my eyes and said it. One 16-year-old told me, “I will die so the others can at least breathe free air.” Heady stuff for a teenager, especially when most of the rebels aren’t old enough to have known a political system other than Gaddafiism. Risking your life for freedom is one thing. But risking it for the *concept* of freedom is something else entirely.

They weren’t fighting for sharia law or to become martyrs. And they weren’t fighting for Islamism or against the West. They were trying to overthrow a man who has, over the last four decades, sponsored almost every terrorist organization on the planet. A man responsible for blowing up planes (the Lockerbie bombing, UTA Flight 772), ordering numerous assassinations, stealing most of the oil (and hence the wealth) of his country for himself and his family, and converting Libya into a police state and international pariah. Young men were dying so that they could rid their country of this evil dictator, so they could simply “be like everybody else.”

One 15-year-old boy I met was preparing a Grad-missile truck for battle.

Almost every building flew the old pre-Gaddafi tricolor flags to show support of the revolution. In many cases, the flags of France (the first to supply the rebels with arms), Qatar (large donors of financial aid and gas), Germany (participants in the NATO strikes), and America waved overhead. When I asked about why the American flags were flying (remember, this is a country that probably had more anti-American propaganda than any other place on earth in the past 40 years), they answered it was because to them America meant freedom.

When we finally got to Misrata, it was surrounded by Gaddafi’s troops and only accessible by sea. We slowly made our way toward the front, stopping periodically to talk to rebels. One 15-year-old boy I met was preparing a Grad-missile truck for battle. Beaming, he wondered whether I could “ask Clinton and Obama for new weapons” so that they could beat Gaddafi and he could fulfill his dream of playing for the Miami Heat or the Dallas Mavericks. As we talked, it struck me how much had changed in such a short period—this was a different Libya than the one I experienced last year, a completely new country. Seeing this level of courage and conviction up close makes you realize that *anything* is possible, that we can indeed change our future. We can write our own history. In fact, we have to. 

Watch Shane navigate the front lines of Libya’s revolution in a new documentary this month on [VICE.com](#).



FROM TOP: After losing his leg, this guy snuck out of the hospital to return to the fight. You do not want to mess with him or his spear-gun skills.

“Cute” is not a word often used to describe young armed Arab men who wear bullets as jewelry, but Abdul Salam Faituri here? Cute as a button.

Our 11-year-old escort, who guided us through the eerie streets of Misrata.



WATCH THE VIDEO

THE WINGDING



THE VAST DIFFERENCE

For Paloma

WORDS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY GIFFORD

If you were reading this introduction in a literary journal, it might say something like “The author of Wild at Heart and coscreenwriter of David Lynch’s Lost Highway, Barry Gifford is a singular, prolific force in American letters—one who is well known and widely read in Europe but criminally underappreciated in his homeland.” But since we’re reasonable folks who enjoy buffalo wings and would rather have a lifetime supply of aloe-infused toilet paper than a stack of MFAs, we’ll just say that Barry is one of our favorites and you should buy all of his books. PS: Barry randomly sent us the drawings that accompany this story because he’s good like that.



Rita Gomez

“My Uncle Laszlo told me sex controls a man,” Harvey Orszag said, “a man can’t control it.” Roy was walking to school with Orszag and another kid, Demetrious Atlas, who had recently moved to Chicago from New York City. Atlas talked a lot and was not shy about expressing his opinions even though he was new in the neighborhood. Roy had heard that was how people behaved in New York, that they weren’t afraid to chime in whenever they felt like it. Atlas was thirteen, a year older than Roy and Harvey; he was supposed to be in the eighth grade but was being made to repeat seventh grade because the Chicago school system was different from the one in New York.

“Yeah,” said Demetrious Atlas, “a man’s sex comes from the vast difference. We learned about it in Personal Hygiene at Brother Ray, the junior high I went to in the Bronx. The school’s name used to be Daniel Boone but because of civil rights or somethin’ it got renamed after Ray Charles the year before I got there.”

Atlas was shorter than both Harvey and Roy but he was wider and heavier. He said his father had once been a professional wrestler who was called Tiny Atlas, the Little Man Who Can Lift the World.

“What’s the vast difference?” Roy asked.

“Vast means big, don’t it?” said Harvey.

“It’s the tube goes from a man’s balls carries the juice. A guy gets a boner and shoots a girl the goods. Didn’t you learn about it already?”

“They don’t teach Personal Hygiene in Chicago,” said Orszag.

“I get a boner every morning at ten o’clock,” Atlas told them. “I can set my watch by it.”

It was the kind of day Roy almost did not mind going to school. The sky was dark gray so he figured there was rain in it but there were no drops falling yet. Sometimes he could see faces in the clouds but today, even though it was the beginning of May, there weren’t even wrinkles in them.

Roy and the other students took their seats in the classroom just as the bell rang but Mrs. Barbarossa was not there. Mrs. Barbarossa was a heavyset, middleaged woman who wore thick glasses with frames like television sets and an orange wig. The students knew it was a wig because often when Mrs. Barbarossa returned to the room after a bathroom break her hair was on crooked. Once, the wig was even on backwards, and Mrs. Barbarossa had to keep pushing the orange hair out of her eyes. Finally she excused herself and presumably went back to the teachers’ bathroom and readjusted the wig because when she returned it was on straight. Mrs. Barbarossa claimed that her husband, Barney Barbarossa, the Kitchen King, who appeared in commercials for his kitchen appliance store during the Midnight Movie on local television, was a descendant of an Algerian pirate from the 15th or 16th century, only she didn’t call him a pirate, she called him a corsair, which is how Roy learned that word.

After a couple of minutes the door opened and a young woman walked in, closed the door behind her, and set down the books and papers she was carrying on Mrs. Barbarossa’s desk. She stood still for a few moments, looking over the students before she spoke. Roy stared hard at her. She was probably the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, with wavy black hair that fell to her shoulders, unblemished tan skin, large brown eyes and full red lips with sparkling white teeth under them that gleamed like a beam from a ray gun when she opened her mouth.

“Good morning, students,” she said. “Or, as they say in my native country of Mexico, buenos dias. Mrs. Barbarossa is ill today so I will be substituting for her. My name is Señorita Rita Gomez, or Miss Gomez, if you prefer.”

She turned around and wrote the name Miss Gomez with chalk on the blackboard behind the desk. Miss Gomez was slim and not very tall but Roy thought she was perfect. When she turned back around and began to speak, Roy could not hear what she was saying, especially once he noticed that she was wearing a sleeveless white blouse that permitted tufts of puffy black hair to protrude from her armpits. Roy had never seen hair exploding from underneath a woman’s arms like this before. He looked over at Demetrious Atlas, whose eyes were glued



There is no question but that the hunting of big game is a thrill to which nothing else can compare.

Ernest Hemingway 1941

The problem of getting a downed moose out of the woods must always be considered.

to the coffee-colored substitute teacher. It was not yet ten o'clock but Roy guessed that like himself and most of the other boys in the room Atlas had a boner already.

By the time school ended that day, Roy was exhausted. He was tired even though he had done nothing other than study Miss Gomez. Her every movement mesmerized him and walking to his house he felt as if he were in a kind of trance. Even her voice captivated him; instead of speaking it sounded to Roy as if she were singing like Julie London only with a Spanish accent.

When Roy got home his grandfather, whom he called Pops, was sitting in an armchair in the livingroom reading the afternoon newspaper.

"Hello, boy," Pops said, "did you have a good day at school?"

"Mrs. Barbarossa was out sick. We had a substitute so we didn't have to do much. Her name was Rita Gomez and she's from Mexico."

Roy sat down on the sofa. He could see that Pops had the newspaper folded open to the sports section.

"If you want something to eat, Roy, there's ham and Swiss in the refrigerator."

"Pops, have you ever heard of the vast difference? A kid who moved here from New York says every guy's got one. It has something to do with sex."

"He must mean the vas deferens. It's a duct that carries sperm from a man's testicles into his penis in order to impregnate a woman."

"Can a man control it? Harvey Orszag's Uncle Laszlo says you can't."

"Well, Roy, that's a good question. I don't know how much Harvey Orszag's Uncle Laszlo knows about biology but I suppose the answer is that some men are better at controlling it than others."

"Señorita Gomez is from Mexico," Roy said. "She's very pretty and she doesn't shave the hair under her arms."

"There are a lot of pretty girls in Mexico," said Pops.

Roy imagined Rita Gomez standing in front of him in the livingroom.

"I think I'd like to go there," he said.

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THE HOTTEST MESS ON EARTH

Dadaab Is East Africa's Overstuffed Refugee Oasis

PHOTOS BY JAMES MOLLISON

While the lucky and privileged have spent 2011's repulsively hot summer locked inside air-conditioned bedrooms, swirling ice cubes around their nipples and downing pitchers of Pimm's, the Horn of Africa is in the midst of its worst drought in 60 years. Months have passed without even a few inches of rain, resulting in the type of famine most are only familiar with from myths and religious texts.

Ethiopia, Djibouti, Somalia, Kenya, Uganda, and other parts of East Africa have all experienced appalling levels of starvation, which, according to one USAID official, could result in the death of hundreds of thousands of children by fall. Many from the region have fled their homelands for Dadaab, one of the oldest and largest refugee camps in history. Dadaab is located in the Kenyan desert, approximately 60 miles from Somalia (home to "the worst humanitarian disaster" in the world, according to UN High Commissioner of Refugees António Guterres).

Technically composed of three camps—Hagadera, Ifo, and Dagahaley—Dadaab was established in 1991 with a maximum capacity of 90,000. The camp currently houses 400,000 displaced persons, with approximately 1,400 more arriving every day, half of whom are children. It is estimated that the area's population will hit 500,000 by the end of the year. Some families have lived here for generations, producing offspring without documentation or a nation to call their own.

With the help of Doctors Without Borders, photographer James Mollison visited Dadaab in late July to take portraits of the large variety of people living in the region. James also photographed their homes, which many times consisted of dirt floors and fabric walls.

Watch a new episode of Picture Perfect featuring James and his work in Dadaab, premiering in September on VICE.com.



The sands of Dadaab have offered salvation for many who were previously destitute and starving.



ABOVE: Maryan, 35, and her children set off for Dadaab with a group of about 30 refugees and their livestock. They were soon intercepted by a gang of robbers who took four cows from them. It took another seven days and nights of hiking to reach the safety of Dadaab. Maryan hopes that her children will be educated at the camp and feels life is better there than in their homeland. **BELOW:** Said Ali, ten, has lived in the camp with his parents and four siblings for the past year. Said's father sold their goats to buy bus tickets to Kenya. Said thinks that life is better here than in Somalia because food, water, and education are more readily available. He never attended school while in his home country. His normal diet consists of ugali (maize), but the week before this portrait was taken he was lucky enough to nibble on a small amount of meat.

ABOVE: Nirto Shukri Adeli, 15, from Afmathou, Somalia. She sleeps in a hut with her parents and nine brothers and sisters. Most of her time is spent looking after her siblings. She has never been to school. **BELOW:** Aden Mohid Suthi, 50, from Salagle, Somalia, had been at the camp for 20 days with his four small children at the time this photo was taken. He left Salagle because of the drought and clan disputes. Aden was a farmer when rainfall was more regular. He has started to build a shelter, but he and his family are currently staying with relatives in this hut. The women sleep inside and the men beneath the stars.





Habiba Ali, 23, with her son, Hassan Farah. After two years of drought and starvation, they set off from their home village of Bu'aale, Somalia, in a donkey cart. Like so many other traveling refugees, they were held up by bandits en route. She had nothing to give them, so they torched her cart. Without another mode of transportation, Habiba and her young boy were forced to walk 30 days to reach Dadaab.



Habiba and her son had been living at the camp for a month at the time their portraits were taken and had spent some of that time in a temporary hospital ward at Doctors Without Borders' Dagahaley camp (pictured above), where malnourished arrivals are treated daily.



KROKODIL TEARS

A Terrible New Drug Seduces a Generation

BY ANDY CAPPER & ALISON SEVERS
PHOTOS BY STUART GRIFFITHS



The entry point to Gorgovskii. It's a row of derelict tower blocks, populated by young people, many of whom are heroin and krokodil addicts. Here a young man vomits after having injecting heroin in a mosquito-covered filth pit. It made *The Wire's* *Hamsterdam* seem like a quaint English garden party.



FROM TOP LEFT, CLOCKWISE: The ubiquitous turquoise tower blocks of Gorgovskii reflected in a puddle; Going to work in a steel factory for low pay every day is fine—because you're doing it all for these guys; Our host/coproducer Alison Severs shares a joke with the crew after a day hanging out with teenage krokodil addicts; Huge German shepherds are everywhere in the Gypsy parts of town, jumping out at you over fences and causing heart attacks.

They don't call it being "sent to Siberia" for nothing. We learned this on day 1 of our trip to Novokuznetsk, in the western part of this 5.1-million-square-mile region of Russia. In summer, the cold gives way to an overcast, balmy season, the air filled with mosquitoes the size of your little finger. A sense of Soviet-era poverty pervades every facet of life in the city: the moldering gray housing blocks, the wakeful call of barking wild dogs, the 6 AM hotel breakfasts of Spam and hard-fried eggs speckled with dill. But complaining about minor inconveniences here would be as self-entitled as a visitor to Syria complaining about the noise when the army shoots protestors in the streets. We weren't here for fun. No one has much fun here. We were filming a documentary about how and why the youth of Novokuznetsk were in the grip of a heroin epidemic, a story squarely at odds with Vladimir Putin's rebranding of Russian youth as prosperous superhumans living in a shining

world of money, success, and freedom. In reality, Russia now consumes 21 percent of the world's heroin. Dope in Novokuznetsk is creamy white in color, the purest you can buy anywhere. It comes from Afghanistan and, local legend has it, is guided through the border of Kazakhstan by the Taliban as revenge for the 1979 Russian invasion. But Russia's newest drug problem is entirely self-inflicted. Before we set off on our trip, we heard whispers of a new drug called krokodil—a homemade version of heroin made from gasoline and codeine—that gets its name because it turns addicts skin scaly, while eating them from the inside, rotting the brain and limbs before invariably killing its users. When we got there we found that the krokodil whispers were becoming louder and more insistent, verging on mild yelling, like the sound you make when bolting upright in your bed from a wide-awake nightmare.

VICE: Hi, Alison. You presented and coproduced this documentary. What did you learn about krokodil?
 Alison Severs: The stories we'd heard about krokodil sounded like urban myths, but when we got to Siberia it was a lot more real than we expected. We met krokodil users who had lost the ability to walk or speak properly. And we went to a funeral parlor where they were staple-gunning velvet and gluing crosses on cheap plywood coffins all day to keep up with demand. The undertakers told me that two or three heroin addicts from each community die per week.
 Why has drug use become so prevalent?
 In the 80s, after the invasion of Afghanistan, people started using opium. In the 90s, it was heroin. And now heroin and krokodil. There are various theories about why this happened, depending on who you talk to. One is the so-called narco-terrorism theory—that this is revenge for the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Another is simply that it's impossible to police a

"We met krokodil users who had lost the ability to walk or speak properly."

border the size of Russia's. Our security guy, Alec, told me, "If you really wanted to, you could smuggle an elephant through the border."
 We went to the "food market," the hub of the drug trafficking in the area. I expected some old ladies sitting on the floor selling gherkins and watermelons with maybe one suspicious-looking truck. But when we arrived, there were 35 trucks from Kazakhstan, and the drivers were openly negotiating with Gypsies. One or two people spotted our cameras and started beeping their horns to warn the Gypsies and drivers. That's when we knew we had to go.



FROM TOP LEFT, CLOCKWISE: A resident at the Forshtadt rehab center shows off his jailhouse tattoos; Alicia poses in her bedroom at Forshtadt; A teenage patient of a women's rehab center. Her mother forced her into prostitution and heroin addiction at age 12; Alexey holds a prayer meeting at his apartment.

A scrap-metal collector injects three bags of Afghan heroin into an open wound, just above a jailhouse dragon tattoo.

Gangs of men started running at the car. Maybe they were just saying "Hi!" but I doubt it.

So the market was a bit stressful. How about the rest of the city? It was very depressing. The inner-city areas are made up of huge housing complexes, which were designed to be close to one another and flats for the factory workers. There is no real city center. All the imagery surrounding the factories is propaganda: strong men working hard, survival of the fittest, extracting metal for the good of Mother Russia, etc. But young people don't really want to work in factories anymore.

Is it that they don't want to work, or that there aren't any jobs? Before I got there I had assumed that a bad economy and a lack of work was fueling drug use, but that wasn't the case. There were jobs, and a lot of heroin addicts were actually functional enough to be employed. But it seems not everyone wants to work. I have no idea what I would do if I grew up here.

And now a drug subculture has developed that Russian society isn't really prepared for.

I don't think it's a subculture at all. That implies that only a tiny portion of society is taking heroin, when it's actually much larger than that. It's not confined to one area or population like a subculture. There are some areas that are better, some worse, but every neighborhood has heroin addicts.

But there are people trying to help.

We met a guy called Sasha whose organization, Pererozhdenie Rossii ("Regeneration of Russia"), is one of the only rehab organizations that isn't devoutly religious, although I spotted iconography in their centers. A lot of the churches are Protestant, and the people who run the rehab facilities are often pastors. Some in the Russian Orthodox Church consider these clinics "servants of the Antichrist" because they work actively with heroin users. I'm not an expert on the Bible, but that doesn't seem very Christian to me.

They seemed like good people to me.

They were. Sasha took us to a few of his clinics, including one where people had been clean long enough to talk openly and honestly about their pasts. In Russia, most rehab clinics are independent of the government and don't provide methadone or other opiates to addicts suffering from withdrawal. It seemed crazy, but they said the cold-turkey method is the best way to get off heroin.

And that was where we met your new friend.

She was a 21-year-old girl called Alicia. I really got on with her; maybe we were telepathic—we were communicating without a translator and talking about her garden.

What was her story?

When she was 13, her boyfriend got her addicted to hard drugs. She said that she took various drugs, but she also said she did "undesirable" things to obtain money. Heroin was her

"Kids were going about their daily business just totally smacked out."

favorite drug. She was the first person we talked to about krokodil. She said it rotted people's insides, but that there wasn't that much difference between krokodil and heroin in terms of the rush. She had relatives who had died from krokodil and heroin. Then we both cried.

And then we went for a walk around the Gypsy area.

Sasha took us to a place called Forshtadt to see how common heroin use was among young people. Kids were going about their daily business just totally smacked out. The houses were made of corrugated iron and wood. There were huge barking dogs everywhere, chained up, but they'd still try to jump over the fences to kill you. The floors were covered



A venue used by heroin and krokodil addicts when they're in the mood to party.



FROM TOP LEFT, CLOCKWISE: God weeps on the world: a painting at a rehab center for teenage girls getting off heroin; Dima and Pasha after injecting a mixture of heroin, eyedrops, and pills; Plywood coffins, held together by staples, piled on top of each other at one of Novokuznetsk's many funeral parlours; Two ex-krokodil addicts at their mother's home. We have never, ever seen anybody with glassier eyes.

in needles. Prostitutes were walking up and down the road, taking men into the bushes, and then running off to score a bag of heroin or krokodil.

It wasn't a great place. But then we went somewhere worse. Gorgovski. It's an abandoned estate that has been stripped of everything that could be sold, including pretty much all the metal. As we walked inside one of the buildings, we saw used needles everywhere and someone had spray-painted skulls and crossbones with "AIDS" written above them. We wouldn't have been able to go there without our friend Alexey, an ex-addict Christian pastor who does rehab and evangelical work with young people.

What do you remember about our walk up the staircase into the estate?

I think that was the second time I've stepped in human feces. There were no handrails on the stairs, and they were only loosely supported. It felt like it could fall down at any moment.

I remember walking on what felt like two months of rubbish. And that was in somebody's apartment. There were mosquitoes everywhere too, huge things with tiger stripes on them. In the apartment we met some kids: Pasha, Seryoga, Dima, and Sergey. There was no running water where they lived.

The kids looked about 15 to 17 but were apparently in their late teens and early 20s. And Dima's face and hands were just open weeping sores.

You asked him why he didn't go to a doctor, and he said, "Why would I need to see a doctor? There's nothing wrong with me." I think taking heroin in Novokuznetsk is seen as a moral choice and the doctors are not necessarily going to help anyone who's fucked themselves over. Public services are stretched pretty thin as it is. I remember Dima said, "I don't care if you film me, I'm going to die next week." He owed money to drug dealers.

And then after that we had the scariest bit of the trip.

Through Alexey's church, we arranged a meeting with some people who had been using krokodil and living in one of their mothers' flats. They were completely incapacitated after using for a year, and the mother had become their caretaker. They were heroin addicts for a while, then they started to withdraw from heroin—we've got footage of them clean, and they looked happy enough. For some reason, they then decided they wanted to learn how to cook krokodil and spent a month and a half looking at recipes on the internet.

And while they were cooking the krokodil in the kitchen, they'd yell at her and try to throw her out of her own home.

I guess they finally worked out the formula because when we got to them, post-krokodil, neither could communicate too well. They were like krokodil zombies. There was nothing behind their eyes.

"When we got to them, post-krokodil, neither could communicate too well."

And that night we ended up at Alexey's house for a prayer meeting with some ex-heroin and -krokodil users.

Some people blame the "godless" Soviet years, when religion was considered the "opium of the masses," for the decline in society and people behaving in an immoral, hedonistic fashion. Now a lot of ex-addicts are becoming students of God, replacing their addictions with religion. Alexey said Soviet Russia gave Satan free rein to kill in the late 80s and early 90s, hence people becoming addicted to heroin. He told me that heroin is a war on souls. And so he wakes up every morning and prepares himself to go to war against the devil. *ICE*

Watch Alison tour the world of krokodil and heroin in Novokuznetsk coming soon to VICE.com.



HARD-BOILED HOLLYWOOD

John Gilmore Knows All of LA's Filthy Secrets

INTERVIEW BY STEVE LAFRENIERE

PORTRAITS BY JEANEEN LUND

Archival photos provided by John Gilmore

*I'm generally not thrilled when friends push books on me. "You have to read this. Here, take my copy," they'll say, and then try to extract progress reports the next five times I talk to them. But when someone slipped me John Gilmore's *Laid Bare* some years back, curiosity trumped annoyance. The cover was good—an orange duotone of Gilmore's face with a yellow Futura subtitle: A Memoir of Wrecked Lives and the Hollywood Death Trip. The back included wow blurbs from V. Vale, Gary Indiana, and Genesis P-Orridge ("We are catapulted through an imploded catalog of carnality of unremitting exploitation."). And sure enough, I couldn't put it down.*

The subjects in *Laid Bare*—all celebrities and other notables that Gilmore knew in the 50s and 60s—are characters in a kaleidoscopically bad dream about the weirdness and putrescence of fame. Janis Joplin, Hank Williams, Lenny Bruce, Steve McQueen ("almost absolute self-absorption"), Brigitte Bardot, Dennis Hopper, Jean Seberg, Jack Nicholson ("a shadow with gloating eyes"), sensationalized murderers Charles Schmid and Charles Manson, Jane Fonda, Curtis Harrington, and James Dean. Especially James Dean. Gilmore met Dean in New York, just before he dove headfirst into movie stardom, and, Gilmore writes, their friendship was an erotic parry-and-thrust of bizarre come-ons and feel-ups.

Gilmore grew up in 1940s LA, his mother a bit-role movie actress and his father an LAPD officer. It wasn't long before he started acting, and by his teenage years he was already headed down the path to Hollywood glory. His gregarious nature allowed him to float between dozens of cliques and scenes in 50s and 60s LA and New York. Later, when he abandoned acting for writing, Gilmore's connections served him well as he turned detective/journalist for a series

of jaw-dropping true-crime books. I've read them all, including *Severed: The True Story of the Black Dahlia Murder* (through decades of meticulous investigation, Gilmore basically solved LA's most notorious murder case), *Garbage People* (on the Manson family, and superior to both *Helter Skelter* and *The Family*), *Cold-Blooded: The Saga of Charles Schmid, The Notorious "Pied Piper of Tucson"* (oh, lordy), and his latest, *LA Despair: A Landscape of Crimes & Bad Times* (with gut-wrenching pieces about actress-monster Barbara Payton, murdering sociopaths Billy Cook and Barbara Graham, the Wonderland Avenue "Four-on-the-Floor" drug killings, and Spade Cooley, a country-swing fiddler who once hosted the most successful music show on TV, before beating his wife to death in a hallucinatory explosion of jealousy).

Then there are the novels: *Fetish Blonde, Hollywood Boulevard, Crazy Streak*, and... oh, wait, did I mention his friendships with Marilyn Monroe, Jack Kerouac, Ed Wood, Jayne Mansfield, Darby Crash... the list goes on ad infinitum.

John recently turned 76. He still lives in and loves Hollywood to death.

VICE: Your most recent true-crime book, *LA Despair*, centers on five separate, equally tantalizing stories. The first is about John Holmes, the donkey-dicked 70s porn star involved in the Wonderland Avenue “Four-on-the-Floor” murders. But you focus on the guy who most likely pulled the strings, an oily creep named Eddie Nash. Was Nash a born psycho, or was it just the 24/7 freebasing?

John Gilmore: That certainly helped. Eddie was a guy who just wanted to make as much money as he could and live the ultimate cool life in Hollywood. And that’s what he did. He opened a little hamburger stand on Hollywood Boulevard in 1959. I remember going there a couple of times with [actress] Susan Oliver. He got increasingly involved in the porno thing in the Valley, and it got bad. There was a producer-director guy shooting a movie for him, and the girl OD’d in the middle of screwing him. He was only concerned about the footage. “Turn her around, we can finish it with an over-the-shoulder shot. We won’t show her face.” As the years went by I accu-

mulated bits and pieces of things that interested me. I thought, “I’m just going to write about all of these things as short pieces.” That’s how *LA Despair* came into existence.

What’s weird is that Eddie Nash wasn’t busted for the Wonderland murders at first. He was busted for cocaine possession and got out early because he bribed a judge. Then later, when he was under the gun again for another aspect of the killings, he got off by bribing a juror. Did he ever do any hard time? He only served 30 months or something.

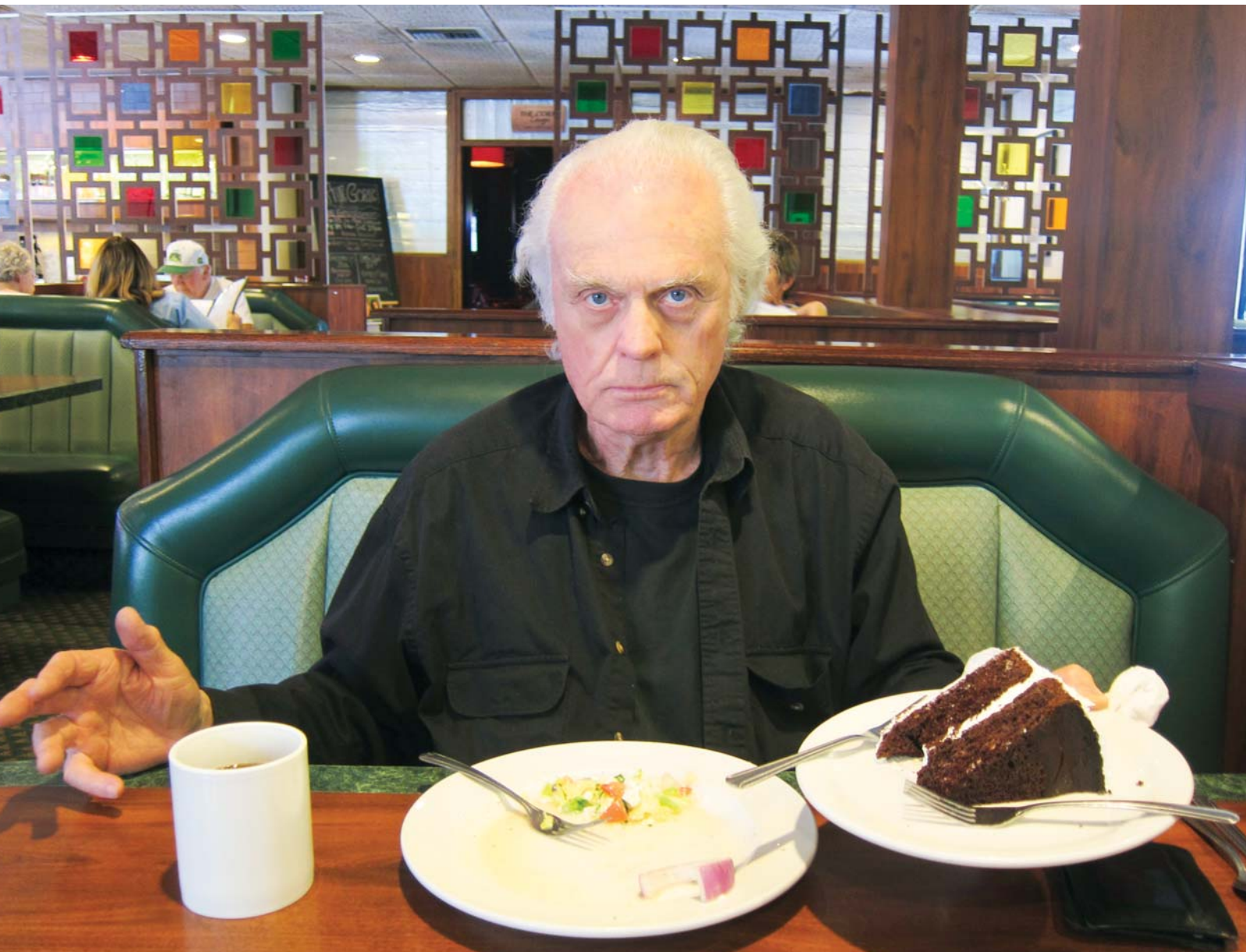
Any idea what he’s doing now?

Nobody knows what Eddie Nash is up to these days. He bought a home for his mother.

Do you think John Holmes had a criminal mind? Or was he just in the wrong place at the wrong time?

John wanted fame. He wanted to be admired and respected,

John Gilmore enjoying a nice slice and cup of joe at his local diner in LA.



Archival photos provided by John Gilmore in conjunction with the Department of Special Collections, Charles E. Young Research Library, UCLA

not simply because he had a big dick. He started getting into porno and getting heavily into dope. He’d go through thousands of dollars of coke in one weekend.

Which seems like the wrong drug to take if you’re trying to maintain an erection.

Yeah, that bothered him a lot. And then people just took advantage of him. He got himself in way over his head. Basically he was a nice guy. The first time I met him was on Santa Monica Boulevard. It was a vacant lot and they used to have swap meets there. He was selling some kind of Indian jewelry and leather jackets. This was way back, before he was famous.

You were connected to the Black Dahlia case because your dad was a cop who worked on it.

That was something that haunted me since I was 11 years old. She [Elizabeth Short, the Dahlia murder victim] came to my grandmother Short’s house once, inquiring about my family’s genealogy because of the shared surname. I was enraptured by her because she was just so absolutely, stunningly beautiful. I just never forgot it. Over the years I kept wheedling people, finding out whatever I could. By the early 80s I was taking out ads in newspapers seeking information. I got a lot of stuff that way.

In your bios it’s always mentioned that you were an actor in movies in the 50s and 60s, before you found your calling as a writer. Did you like acting?

I enjoyed acting. It was fun, especially stage work, which I enjoyed more than film. But I never felt that I was able to give it my all like I do with writing. It was the same thing when I used to paint. It just isn’t enough.

You quit acting because of a situation involving your friend Marilyn Monroe. Earlier you told me a story about a group that gathers at Westwood Cemetery in Hollywood every year on the anniversary of her death.

A. C. Lyles is this big fixture at Paramount; he’s been there for like a hundred years. He gave a talk at the memorial a couple of years ago. He asked everyone in the chapel, “How many of you think that Marilyn was murdered?” Most of the people raised their hands. “How many people believe that she committed suicide?” Two or three people raised their hands. “How many think that she died from an accidental overdose?” One person raised his hand. And the reality is just that: She died from an accidental overdose. There’s no way that it could be otherwise. Norman Mailer wrote his book, and that crackpot anticommunist guy [Frank A.] Capell, wrote that little piece-of-shit pamphlet, saying the Kennedys had something to do with it. I was going to star in a movie with her then, which would have been the climax of everything I ever wanted as an actor. And [after her death], I didn’t care anymore.

What was the movie?

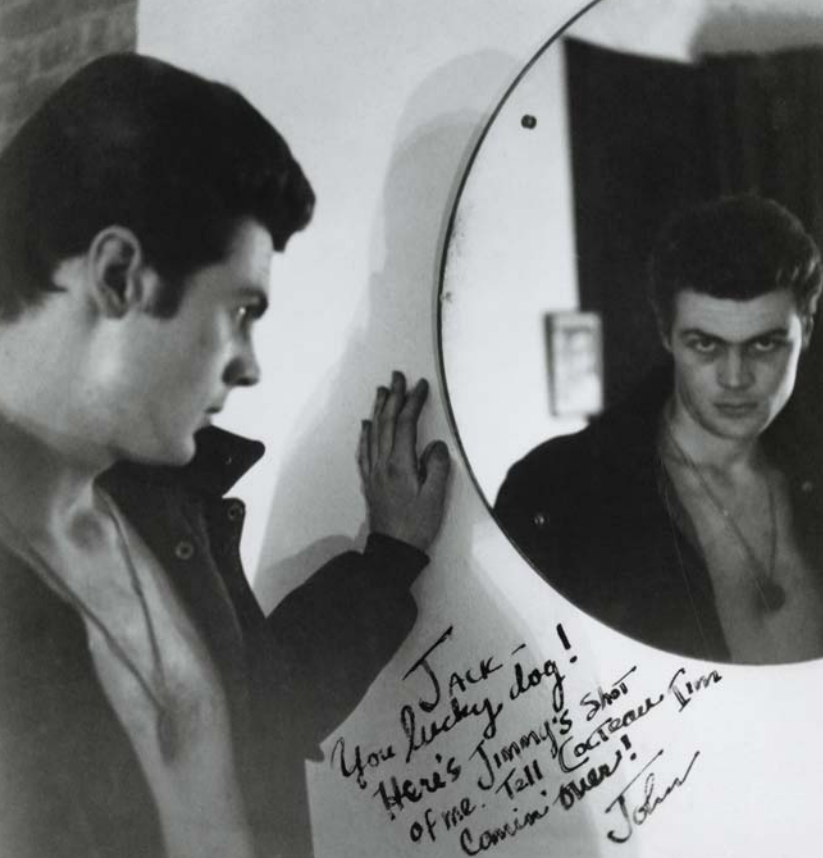
The Stripper, based on a William Inge play called *A Loss of Roses*. I met Inge in New York, when I was auditioning for *Splendor in the Grass*. At that time he was writing *A Loss of Roses*, he told me, “Every time I write the character of Lila,



it’s Marilyn speaking. I’m writing what Marilyn is saying.” I loved that. I thought it was very cool. She was in New York at the time, and he said she was the only one who could do it. Of course [Lee] Strasberg wouldn’t let her, convincing her that she really shouldn’t have anything to do with the stage. In a way he was right, she would have had a lot of problems. She couldn’t remember things too well sometimes. Then I did the lead in *Loss of Roses* in Los Angeles. Brando’s best friend, Sam Gilman, directed it. Based on that I got the part [in *The Stripper*]. They were going to make it starring Marilyn and, hopefully, me. But it didn’t pan out, because of her troubles going back to New York and the big problems with Fox. They fired her.

And then came the writing. How long have you been at it now? Since I was a kid. I never gave it much thought, but after I stopped acting I started getting more and more involved in writing movies and trying to write a novel. I got connected with a fly-by-night publisher and every story or character I’d ever thought about I’d turn into a novel, whipping out these books quickly.

A publicity shot of James Dean from the set of *Rebel Without a Cause*. Photo by John Gilmore.



John Gilmore in 1955 at the apartment of Cyril Jackson, one of the era's most talented percussionists. James Dean and John had stopped by Cyril's to check out his new congas. The photo is dedicated to Jack Simmons, another of James's closest friends. Photo by James Dean.

Were they erotic?

No, they weren't dirty or anything. They were stories that I'd thought a lot about, on and off. I just turned them into books. I wrote each one in about ten or 12 days.

Laid Bare features this huge cast of characters you knew back then. Your description of Steve McQueen makes him out to be a self-obsessed reptile. How is someone who acts like that in real life capable of having such a strong on-screen allure? Well, he entered into an alternate reality, being someone else and not radiating who he truly was. For example, one would not think that Raymond Burr, from the parts he's played, was gay. But that's the case. There's nobody more villainous than Raymond Burr in some of the things he did. It was the same with McQueen. He was a complete asshole, but he seemed like Mr. Nice Guy.

Did he get into the Actors Studio just because everyone else was doing it? And once there, how was he able to practice Method acting if he was so dishonest?

It's real easy. [laughs] No problem. I don't think he even understood Method acting. He was Steve McQueen. He got his lines down and performed a certain way, and if he did about 13 takes of a particular shot he was bound to look good. I mean, Marilyn did 30 to 35 takes for almost every shot.

In the book you claim that McQueen said he'd suck any cock to get a part. I'm sure that had something to do with his success. That's exactly what he did. He got into the Actor's Studio through someone I knew, John Stix. John had just directed his first big movie, *The St. Louis Bank Robbery* [starring McQueen]. He was chairman of the board at the Actors Studio, and he finally got him. But McQueen didn't really go to class or anything; he just became a member. He got a part in *A Hatful of Rain* [on Broadway] because he hung out with this or that person. He was just absolutely terrible in it. Then he came to Hollywood, and from there manipulated his way into

everything he ever did. He married Neile Adams, a dancer. Meanwhile I'd broken it off with a girl named Diane, whom McQueen had been with before she was with me. When Neile was off doing a show on Broadway, he would be with Diane in Neile's apartment, having an affair with her while his wife was out working.

How did he seem to you?

I disliked McQueen from the first time I met him on 14th Street. Diane told him that I'd been a friend of James Dean's. The first thing he said to me was, "I'm glad Dean's dead. It makes more room for me." I kind of laughed and then realized he was dead serious. Diane would tell me how he would stand in front of the mirror trying to imitate Jimmy and doing everything he could to be like him. But he just wasn't that tough.

I think his face sold it a little, but he was always too macho in a way that made his masculinity seem like a put-on.

It was definitely fake. He just kept living that role. The way he got reassurance, I guess, was by balling every girl he could find. He'd pick them up on street corners—a girl at the bus stop, or waitresses, that kind of thing. He had a couple of garages he rented where he could park his car so people wouldn't recognize it and think, "McQueen's here." He used to go to Cyrano's, this nice late-night dinner place on the Strip. He bought this Ferrari and would park it right in front of the door. People coming from the parking lot would have to walk around it to get in. Everyone would be forced to notice that Steve McQueen was there.

Including you.

I was there once when I was seeing Jean Seberg, and he was a couple of tables away just staring at her. She kept saying, "That fucker keeps staring at me. He wants to fuck me or something." [laughs]

Let's talk about Jack Nicholson. When I first interviewed you years ago, you told me that he was the last guy you ever expected to make it. How do you think he succeeded against the odds?

Opportunity. Jack did anything [to get ahead]. In the 60s, when New York actors were coming to Hollywood, for them it was like going to the dump or something. Jack was from here. This was his home ground, and if they turned their nose up at [Roger] Corman parts, he'd go do them instead. Casting people aren't going to hire anybody that doesn't have any film work behind them, so Jack did a lot of stuff and his name got around. He was part of a little group with Warren Oates; Jack just wormed his way in somehow.

He had a strong woman behind him, too.

He was married to [actress] Sandra Knight for a long time, and she would help steer him. But it was strange, he never introduced her at all. He was falling-down drunk one time on Melrose, and Wild Bill Elliott and I took him home to her little house by Gardner. We laid him in the front yard because he wouldn't move. I went and knocked on the door, and she came out. That was the only time I ever had an interaction with her. Actually, it's not strange; it's how people live their lives out here.

“Jimmy really was a very isolated person. He loathed going places and being in public.”

Everything is such a secret in Hollywood. I respect you for disregarding that. You've even written—quite extensively—about your good friend James Dean's secrets, including his supposed bisexuality.

Jimmy would get really depressed at times. Once, between the making of *East of Eden* and *Rebel Without a Cause*, I remember he was playing around with a gun. A beautiful Colt Peacemaker. He was practicing because he was right-handed and was going to do a movie called *The Left-Handed Gun*, about Billy the Kid. He confessed to me that he didn't feel that he was becoming "solid." That's the word he used. I understood what he meant. He had just made *East of Eden*, which would have been the dream of any young male actor in creation. At that time, Elia Kazan was like the god of directors, and this was a major Steinbeck movie with an incredible cast. And it was the first picture Jimmy did with a major starring role. Where do you go from there?

There's only one direction after something like that.

Going slowly downhill. Eventually he would have killed himself in some way.

I read a few biographies of James Dean before reading yours. But you were his friend, which gives your book the ring of truth. It didn't mythologize. When I got to the section where you describe yourself—a straight young guy—being sexually seduced by him, it was like a lightning bolt.

OK, I've never really said before what I'm going to tell you now. I knew this guy named Jack Simmons from way back, long before I ever went to New York in the 50s, and he was an intelligent and decent person in a lot of ways, but an odd-ball guy. Very fruity. I remember we were at a drive-in one night. He'd been drinking, and he found a piece of film on the ground and was running around doing Gloria Swanson [from *Sunset Boulevard*]: "My movie!" Later I went to New York, and that's when I met Jimmy. I stayed there for a while and then finally came back to LA. Jimmy was here and he'd already made *East of Eden*. And I was very surprised that he was with Jack Simmons.

How do you mean "with"?

James Dean had become everything to Jack Simmons. Jack had wormed his way into Warner Brothers to meet, attract, and stalk him. When they finally met, Jack told him plainly: "I will lay down my life for you. I'll put myself in the mud and you can walk on me." Jack would do anything for him. And Jimmy really was a very isolated person. He loathed going places and being in public. He was a real loner. So it was gorgeous. Jack was the perfect friend. In fact, he was Jimmy's only close friend, his confidante. Now, this is what I was going to tell you, something I've never really said: I think that Jimmy was more gay than he was bisexual. That's my personal feeling.



Even though I indicated that he was bisexual [in the biography *The Real James Dean*], and everybody hated me for it. [laughs] Except the gay crowd.

Fans don't like hearing anything that distorts their image of the beloved.

I've never even been to Indiana [Dean's home state] because of that. They hate me there.

So you're saying that James Dean mostly slept with women, but what he was really more interested in was men?

I don't think he bedded that many women. Elizabeth Taylor, who loved gay men, got extremely close to him—without anything going on between them. Screenwriter Bill Bast wrote this phony book in 1956 about their friendship. It was a bunch of bullshit. Although they *had* been close friends while they were both at UCLA, Jimmy broke off with him when he went to New York with Rogers Brackett, who was a TV and radio director. And, of course, Brackett was gay. I think Jimmy had an affair with him. The guy took Jimmy to New York and set him up and did this and that for him. Those things really aren't in anyone's book.

James Dean's life mask, which John Gilmore owned before hawking it on the cheap in the early 70s. It used to be common practice to cast these creepy keepsakes—the converse of death masks—from the faces of still-breathing celebrities and other notable individuals. Photo by John Gilmore.



Charles Manson being escorted down the stairs of the LA County Jail. Photo by John Gilmore.

OK, let's fast-forward a bit to another LA story that has become part of the American psyche. You wrote what many consider to be the best book about Charles Manson, *The Garbage People*. In later editions you added some revelatory interviews with Manson Family member Bobby Beausoleil, who was convicted of the murder of Gary Hinman. How did you get those interviews?

After *The Garbage People* came out, one of the [Manson family] girls called me and said, "Bobby Beausoleil wants to talk to you, and he's going to write you." He wrote me these very flowery letters and wanted me to come see him. At that point, he was on death row. So I went up and did this two-day interview with him. He told me, "I'm not really a follower of Charles Manson. I have my own following. I have my own thing." He wanted me to write a book about him. He said there was a publisher in North Hollywood who was interested in putting it out, and he wanted me to be the writer, which was exciting and interesting. I tracked down various people I knew who had known him, and then it all fell apart. I think Bobby was basically turning tricks in Hollywood. I know a couple people whom he shackled up with, in their back rooms, and that kind of thing. They would have

“Charlie was a manipulator, and his entire life had been spent manipulating people.”

sex with him. He was a very beautiful young guy. And talented. He did that stupid movie where he played an Indian, running around in a loincloth [*The Ramrod*].

So there was Manson, who was short and ugly but famously charismatic. And then next to him is Bobby Beausoleil, who was actually beautiful. The pairing could've only added to Manson's allure.

I think he used to give Charlie blowjobs. Of course, Bobby's not going to confess to all of that now. He's always begging to get out of prison, trying everything that he can. But none of them are ever going to get out.

When the Tate-LaBianca murders went down, you were one of the first people to interview Manson himself. How many times did you visit him in jail?
Nine or ten.

Were you allowed to record these conversations?
No, Charlie didn't want to tape things.

How did you get involved?
Shortly after the murders, I was sitting in a barbershop when I read about them in the newspaper. I was working for a producer, grinding out movie scripts, and he thought it would make a great one. Charlie was still up in Independence, California, where they were holding him for destruction of county property. However, some of the girls had already been brought down and charged in the murders, basically because Susan Atkins told everybody everything. She loved to talk about it. That was one of the sinister things. I've talked to a lot of people who've committed murder, and there's nothing particularly sinister about them. But many times if you get close to them, if you're looking in their faces, it's like you're not looking at another person. You're really looking at... like, a dog. That was Susan Atkins.

I've always been under the impression that Manson himself, as crazy as he likes to appear, is much more rational than he lets on. Charlie was a manipulator, and his entire life had been spent manipulating people. He physically had no way to defend himself against 200-pound guys in prison. He'd been through that all his life, and realized he had to find another way to survive. So he could manipulate anyone into doing anything. But he couldn't get Doris Day's son [Terry Melcher] to finance his music career [*laughs*], so he got pissed off.

Is it true that you had a falling out with John Waters over the Manson Family?

John told me that as long as I thought that [Manson Family member] Leslie Van Houten shouldn't be released from jail,

then it couldn't be publicly known that he was a friend of mine. He has been trying to get Leslie out for ages. He wants to get her out so he can put her in one of his dumb movies.

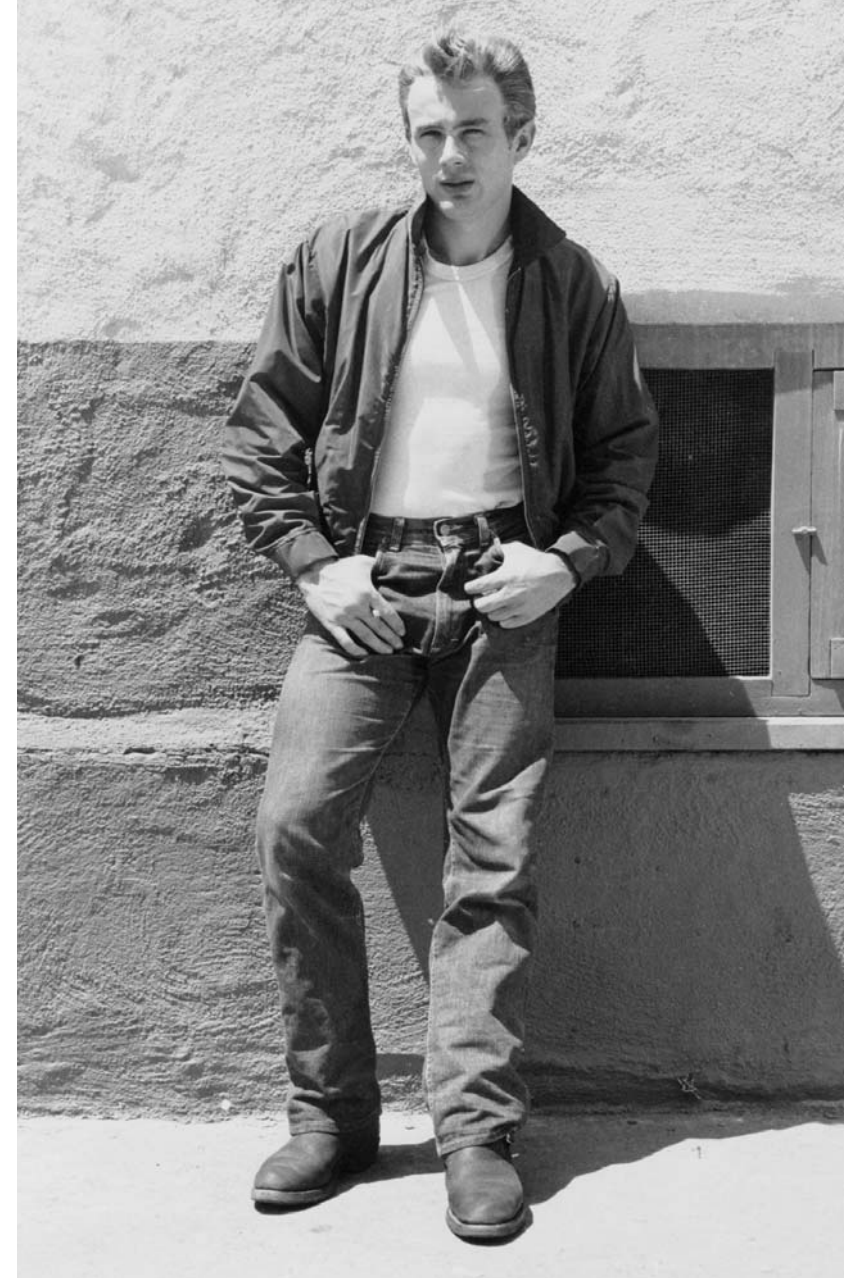
How did you get to know Darby Crash? Were you into punk? I wasn't a fan of punk, but I understood it. A girl I was seeing in '81 in Hollywood, Jane Lee, was into the Chinatown scene, the Santa Monica clubs, and Madame Wong's. She knew Lorna Doom [of the Germs], and hung out after-hours on First Street in Downtown LA. One night she passed out on a bus bench and fell into the gutter. A couple of bums were trying to pull off her cowboy boots when some people who had just left the Atomic Cafe, including Darby Crash, intervened. He told the bums to fuck off and took her home. Darby and another one slept on Jane's couch and floor, and the next day they all went to breakfast at a bar around the corner and James Dean's name came up. Jane told them she was friends with a writer who had known him. Later Jane told me that Darby said it was "compulsatory and imminent [*sic*]" that he should meet me because he would be starring in a film about his parallels to Dean.

Weren't you planning to work on a project with him?

I knew who he was, who the Germs were, and was well aware of the punk scene and the full-out blasting away of restrictions. Darby was blazing a trail—anarchy without bombs. Jane brought him to my apartment and we drank beer, ate tamales, and whipped up a tub of sour cream, mashed avocados, and a ton of garlic. We drank wine, and then Darby started on a bottle of Jim Beam. He reminded me of Jim Morrison when he was with the Doors. But Darby transcended—or descended or transmogrified—and was cons further into orbit. In person he was a bright, creative kid. But in performance—he called it his "art"—he was a wild, wounded animal crying out, screaming as if in a cage of bamboo. Falling, stumbling, shrieking in some exploding inner world.

So did he come across to you as a tragedy waiting to happen, as he's always portrayed?

We talked about Rimbaud, his obsession joining in a disturbing way with my own. "A movie," he kept saying. "A movie!" He had to play Rimbaud because Rimbaud was inside of him—reaching through his arms and sinews, and he said he could feel him in his fingertips. It would be a Rimbaud in black leather and he'd be yelling his poetry to an otherwise deaf environment, like he was "cast alone in the middle of a desert," as he said. I didn't see Darby as a tragedy waiting to happen, but more like a walking, self-contained explosion. I introduced him to an actor friend, Chris Jones, who lived beneath me. And so Chris drove off with Darby, who said he knew an antiques dealer who'd acquired a plaster bust of Adolf Hitler. As soon as they were gone and the air cleared, Jane asked me what I thought about his Rimbaud ideas, and if I would consider writing a screenplay with him. I said I was impressed. I understood and had empathy for Darby, but it was like we were foreigners speaking separate languages. Yet I said yeah, I'd probably work with him. But I didn't. He was dead not long after that meeting. A suicide by heroin overdose.




James Dean in his classic "How much you wanna bet I can't make belt loops look cool?" pose. Photo by John Gilmore.

We could go on with these anecdotes for days, so let me wrap up by asking the question people ask me: "How did Gilmore know all these people?"

Well, I started when I was about 15 years old, and I was an actor even before that, when I was a kid. I wanted to be a movie star. The way you become a movie star is you meet people. You get connected.

I love the fact that even when you were a kid you dove right into the glamour and guts. You were hardwired for it from birth, and LA probably wouldn't be the same without you.

For a long time, I lived a love-hate relationship with LA. I listened to people like John Hodiak and Ida Lupino, who were mentors to me at one time. Both independently suggested that I should go to New York and be on Broadway, and then I could come out to Hollywood and be a star. So I did what they said. But now I don't want to go to New York anymore. I don't want to go to Louisiana. I don't want to go to Arizona or New Mexico. I'm here, and I'm going to stay here and die here. I'm home. The traffic is bad, but I don't care anymore. It doesn't matter. Fuck it. So what. 



MESSIAH

HUNT

Seeking Jerusalem Syndrome in the Holy Land

BY SAM McPHEETERS
COLLAGES BY TARA TAVI



I had just removed my shoes in the hot sun outside the Dome of the Rock when an elderly man emerged from the shaded interior and shook his head with practiced firmness. “No. Muslims only.” I’d been profiled—religiously, if not racially—but my first thought was that he’d made a simple mistake. I was thinking of the episode of *The Simpsons* in which Homer visits Jerusalem and winds up addressing a throng inside the Dome of the Rock. It simply hadn’t occurred to me that the show’s writers could have sacrificed facts for laughs.

Before I could reply, a second man, also American, barreled up. He too was greeted with an outstretched hand. “Muslims only,” said the guardian, this time with a bit more authority, as several other men emerged from inside.

“What are you talking about?” the American demanded. “I went inside in nineteen-nine—”

A few of the Muslims laughed and cut him off. “Blame Sharon,” one of them said to the confused tourist. I understood. In 2000, Ariel Sharon visited Al-Aqsa Mosque, adjacent to the Dome of the Rock within the vast plaza of Jerusalem’s Temple Mount. The narrow hill is home to Islam’s third-holiest site. It’s also the locus where Jews believe the Divine Presence rested, the spot where the world and man were first created. Sharon’s visit was a naked display of force by a high-profile Israeli politician who would soon become prime minister. The perceived audacity of his pilgrimage ushered in the second intifada. I knew this—had read it many times—but simply failed to grasp the gravity of its consequences.

Then again, at that particular moment, I was having trouble grasping a lot of things. Later, while attempting to decipher my mental state—a potent combination of jet lag and sunstroke—I thought of Jon Krakauer’s *Into Thin Air*. His descriptions of high-altitude oxygen deprivation, specifically its symptoms of bad decisions and perilous oversights, seemed strangely familiar. In this altered mind-set, I had two realizations: I could stand here all day, perfectly still in the hot sun, and enjoy the endless procession of tourists attempting to argue their way into the Dome. And, less rationally, if I could just get a word in edgewise and explain *The Simpsons* episode in enough detail, getting all the jokes right, surely they’d let me in. Superimposed over these competing thoughts was a third, dim awareness: I wasn’t 100 percent myself.

I was whacked out in the land of the whacked out, seeking the even more whacked out. I was on the hunt for casualties of the Jerusalem syndrome, a sudden psychological affliction with messianic overtones that some visitors, primarily Christians, suffer shortly after their arrival to the city. They usually wash up in police custody or emergency rooms, suffering from dehydration and self-neglect of, well, biblical proportions. A handful of patients are treated every year at Jerusalem’s Kfar Shaul Mental Health Center. Many recover from their episodes and resume their lives (sometimes falling right back into their previously scheduled tour itinerary). A select few allegedly do not, winding up on the streets. They live on as case histories, stripped of names and nationalities.

There are several diagnostic types of Jerusalem syndrome. There are the traditional crazies—travelers with profoundly skewed worldviews, acutely religious, who find themselves caught in Jerusalem’s psychic force field. Some come with claims that they have decoded religious secrets, such as the date of the Messiah’s return, the location of Eden or Golgotha, or the exact criteria for heavenly ascension. Others arrive to act out particularly grisly Bible passages. Many of them are practitioners of what the journal *Mental Health*,

Religion & Culture terms “psychotic asceticism.” (A 2008 *MHR&C* study described one lonely pilgrim who was found, emaciated and helpless, on a street bench. God apparently told her to “die of famine on the streets of Jerusalem.” By the time she started to doubt her instructions, she was too weak to ask for help.)

The Jerusalem syndrome’s second, more severe type concerns false messiahs. These are the high-profile cases, people who arrive in Jerusalem and abruptly claim to be Jesus (or John the Baptist, or a variety of other notable biblical figures). Many of these people have strict religious backgrounds and an intimate familiarity with the Bible. Often they have been given a “secret message.”

The third type, “pure” Jerusalem syndrome, follows all the rules of type two, with one crucial exception: These people have no prior psychological problems. They are professionals, students, retirees, and housewives whose long-treasured visions of Jerusalem are shattered by the grime, tension, and commercialization of any other modern city. The result is a long and dramatic detour from reality. And for once the stereotype of a lunatic draped in bedsheets is appropriate; many of the pure raid their hotel’s linen for garments before setting out, reborn, into the streets.

This pious psychosis is by no means a modern phenomenon. Jeremiah 29:26 condemns “every man that is mad, and maketh himself a prophet,” and specific accounts of the symptoms of the condition date back to the Middle Ages. A surge in reported cases coincided with millennial fever in ’98 and ’99, which is the last time the press paid Jerusalem syndrome any serious attention.

Jerusalem syndrome occupies a gray zone in academia, and religiosity is an unloved subject in mental-health circles. Psychiatrists and psychologists are culturally less religious than their patients, and some (notably Freud) have gone so far as to pathologize mainstream religious belief. Certain subjects—for example, the effects of Orthodox Judaism’s rituals on practitioners’ mental health—are far too controversial and problematic to fund for study. And the private turmoil of the deeply religious, even those who believe in their own mythical status, is a difficult metric to gauge. One could surmise that Jerusalem syndrome exposes the paradox of all organized religion. The American Psychiatric Association classified religion as beyond “tests of falsity.” Simply put, one cannot question whether or not a religious belief is delusional, because there’s no observable evidence to test the validity of *any* sort of spirituality.

Jerusalem is a great city to get disorientated in. By law, all buildings are white, made from pale, locally quarried limestone that amplifies the heat and glare of the already unrelenting desert sun. From a distance, the skyline looks ancient. Combine this with the brain melt of jet lag and the confusion of a bustling commercial city, and you’ve got the makings of radical culture shock. Anyone arriving with an inner vision of the City of Peace faces certain cynicism.



Nowhere is this nexus between disorientation, religiosity, and insanity more enshrined than at the Temple Mount. This 37-acre plaza is revered by Jews as the site of the Second Temple. The Romans' razing of the temple in 70 AD was, perhaps, the second-largest political miscalculation, after the Crucifixion, in human history. In the intervening 1,941 years, the destruction of the temple has lived on in the present tense for an entire faith.

Centuries of territorial disputes between various faiths have created an endless source of friction, plots, and delusional thinking. In 1969, the Al-Aqsa Mosque was set ablaze by a deranged Australian evangelical who wished to hasten the Second Coming. According to writer Amos Elon, when the Australian turned himself in, he said, "Good morning, boys. I burned the mosque. I did it to make Jesus come back to Jerusalem and save the people there." In 1982, a deranged American shot his way into the Dome of the Rock with an M-16. Since his very public trial, more than 20 different extremist groups have plotted violence on the Temple Mount, including several well-developed schemes to explode the Al-Aqsa Mosque and the Dome of the Rock. Some Jewish leaders have prophesized that the Third Temple will descend from heaven, squashing all structures on the Temple Mount like a Wile E. Coyote gag (over the centuries, fanatics of both faiths have vouched for a duplicate Jerusalem floating over the earthly city: 18 miles above earth, say the Jews, 12 according to Muslims).

A firm grasp of Jerusalem's complex history is key to understanding its corresponding syndrome. It's one of the few ancient cities to have survived through modern times, both in memory and as a functioning municipality. And surely it is the only city in history to have weathered at least 20 full-scale assaults, resulting in at least 11 ruling faiths throughout the ages.

Such a city can be a breeding ground for mass delusion. In 1962, during the protests over the legalization of medical autopsies, outraged Orthodox students decided it would be appropriate to paint swastikas on the doors of fellow Jews. As the Al-Aqsa Mosque burned in 1969, hysterical Muslims convinced themselves that the Jewish firemen on the scene were spraying the flames with gasoline, not water, and wrestled away their hoses. In this city of disinformation, eddies of self-enforced fantasy swirled long before those propagated on the internet. To what degree these factors provide catalysts for mental illness are, of course, unknown.

Throughout the uptick in press coverage of Jerusalem syndrome during the millennial fever of 1999, one location popped up again and again: the Petra Hotel. The building has operated as a hotel or youth hostel since 1830. As the oldest lodging in the Old City, Petra once hosted Mark Twain and Herman Melville. In the premillennial Holy Land, it earned a reputation as a magnet for the delightfully insane. Some reports described polite arguments between competing incarnations of the same prophet in the hotel's lobby.

I arrived at Petra just inside the Jaffa Gate, one of seven entrances to the walled Old City and the entry to David Street's covered bazaar. Even at this prime location, the facade seemed startlingly austere and inconsequential. It resembled a portal into an opium den. Up a dingy flight of stairs, I found a lobby so grubby it seemed I might get an eye infection if I stared at one spot for too long. Except for a few buzzing flies, the room was silent. Had I expected false Elijah quarreling with false John the Baptist? Maybe, a little. With a small pang, I realized

I had just joined the ranks of every disillusioned pilgrim who'd ever stepped into town. My expectations and mental picture of Jerusalem hadn't lived up to the real city before me.

A teenage clerk listened to my questions. He told me that he had yet to see anyone who appeared to be afflicted with Jerusalem syndrome during his employment at the hotel. But I wanted to be certain, and in a back office, we roused the manager from a nap. He groggily stared at me from a couch, and I felt myself flush with embarrassment when asking my questions. I might as well have been grilling the manager of a Motel 6 in Dallas. Wherever the crazies went after the turn of the century, it wasn't here.

I needed the opposite of out-of-the-way. I continued into the bustling Christian Quarter of the Old City, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This building has served as a vital pilgrimage destination for the past 16 centuries, despite several lengthy intermissions in which the structure was annihilated and rebuilt. Although the church's name comes from the sepulchre within—the "tomb of Christ," built over the alleged cave in which his body lay and then arose—it houses several other key sites of Christianity. For many visitors, the Holy Sepulchre is the spiritual center of the universe. Sometimes it's the actual center as well.

Reports described arguments between incarnations of the same prophet.

Here, too, I arrived with a preconceived image. In my memories of 1980s Manhattan, Times Square was never without a glut of street preachers and religious maniacs screaming at and pleading with passersby. As a hub of gluttony and sin, pre-Giuliani New York was the spiritual antithesis of the Holy Sepulchre. But both places acted as magnets for believers of all stripes, including the piously psychotic. Each offered an external stage on which the delusional could act out their dramas.

Inside the dome of the rotunda, I circled around the sepulchre itself, a stone kiosk surrounded by a long queue of dutiful, deadpan tourists. Far overhead, beams of sunlight, visible in the dust, provided divine mood lighting. And yet I did not see or experience any form of awe. In the basilica next door, the only serious emotion was six stories straight up, plastered on the face of a pissed-off Jesus who glared down from the mighty mosaic of the Pantokrator. I thought of Israeli soldiers capturing the Wailing Wall in 1967 and then dropping their weapons to bawl in religious joy. I recalled a video I'd once seen of Hajj pilgrims weeping involuntarily at the sight of the Kaaba. Where could I find that sort of emotional intensity and, more important, the people driven insane by it?

Jerusalem's indigenous Christian population has declined sharply since Israel's founding. The Holy Sepulchre seems to reflect this diminished status. Muslims have the Temple Mount, offering ornate mosaics on a platform of supernatural proportions. The Jews have the Wailing Wall, which looks like a corner of the Great Pyramid fell out of a UFO. The Holy Sepulchre, by contrast, is a cramped and dim maze.

This most holy of churches also lacks the authenticity of its respective Jewish and Islamic counterparts. Archaeologists and historians have long disputed this spot as the location of Jesus's hillside Crucifixion. Many would say it's downright suspicious that a single location, under one convenient roof, houses the sites of Adam's tomb, Christ's tomb, Golgotha, and the actual stone on which Christ's body was prepared for burial.



Outside the Holy Sepulchre, the Via Dolorosa—the supposed path of the Crucifixion—is no more authentic. That may be because it was largely invented in the Middle Ages, with additional stations of the cross springing up in the 1800s. And yet the route endures as if it were the gospel truth, in equal parts reverent itinerary and gaudy shopping mall (near station eight I discovered a box of thorny crowns selling for \$5 each; in my wobbly mental state I bought one, only to come to my senses two blocks later and perch it respectfully on a pile of trash). For those who prefer to reenact their savior’s suffering, crosses made of smooth olive wood rent for \$40. They’re slightly taller than an average man, meaning still significantly smaller than the real cross the real Jesus had to drag through the streets. Eastern Europeans prefer heavier crosses; Western Europeans like the lighter ones, closer to 35 pounds. I later watched one stoic tourist lug one of these stage props through the crowded market and wondered: Does anyone ever volunteer to be the thieves who flanked Jesus?

If one were inclined to find the absurdity of faith (in Jerusalem or the world), the Holy Sepulchre would be a bounty. Six warring denominations managed to reach a truce in 1852. The result was an uneasy coalition of Catholics, Copts, and Greek, Ethiopian, Syrian, and Armenian Orthodox, who divided the edifice into six “compounds.” At certain points in the day, one can hear a cacophony of holy men holding mass

in Aramaic, Coptic, and Latin. Disputes have broken out over rugs moved mere inches, or dust swept from one compound into another. In 2002, monks fought with fists and iron bars after one moved his own chair. In many ways, the absurd territoriality is a perfect reduction of Jerusalem as a whole.

Every local I asked about Jerusalem-syndrome sightings laughed and said, “They’re everywhere.” One wonderful YouTube video from 2007 shows a female Jesus melting down on shoppers on Ben Yehuda, near Zion Square, just blocks from where I was staying. She wore a robe and a blond crew cut and challenged wary pedestrians with cries of “That’s a lot of bullshit!” Her ardor provoked the same dismissive mockery and catcalls that had plagued Jesus in his day. A different video showed this same prophet competing with a bedraggled Moses, as if the overflow of insaniacs ensured a scene on every street corner. But on my daily trips up and down Ben Yehuda, I found only shoppers. The street had an audience but no performers.

My hunt became a riddle. Where did all the crazies go? Several times I overheard people yell loudly, and with seemingly messianic force, from what sounded like one street over. On arrival I would find that it was just another argument between pushy urbanites. On the other side of Zion Square, the new, futuristic tram slid down Jaffa Street with

joyful cling-clangs. But the train was in still its third month of “test mode” after a long and costly construction, and its sleek seats remained covered in bubble wrap. It seemed, somehow, mocking.

Seeking relief from the oppressively dry heat, I wandered around Zion Square and stopped at Bizzart Tattoo. When I asked proprietor Daniel Boulitchev about Jerusalem syndrome, he brought up a folder of JPEGs on his computer. I saw several stunning portrayals of Christ, Calvary, and various saints and angels. One woman in her 90s, herself part of a family of tattoo artists, had come to Bizzart to receive some strikingly amateurish religious art—her own—on bluish forearms of loose leather. According to Daniel, she’d just felt the time was right. “Jerusalem syndrome without the craziness,” he said by way of explanation.

Daniel also showed me dozens of photos of cross tattoos, often requested to commemorate a specific year or visit. These didn’t resemble the blocky Jerusalem crosses worn by the Crusaders, but they served the same function: proof of faith and/or pilgrimage. Receiving the city’s mark is a tradition that extends back for centuries (a young King George V allegedly had the symbol tattooed on his nose, having it surgically removed before his coronation). I remembered the stairs to the Chapel of St. Helen, in the bowels of the Holy Sepulchre. In the gloom, I’d first seen hundreds, and then thousands, of crosses carved into the stone over the millennia. In some spots, the etchings had been worn smooth from the slow erosion of tourists’ wandering hands. It was easy to feel humbled by the untold throngs of pilgrims who’d braved animals and disease and bandits and unpaved roads (although not the lesser cognitive peril of jet lag) just to mark this one spot. Sitting in the back room at Bizzart, it seemed odd that those meager etchings would probably outlast every tattoo Daniel would ever ink.

Walking around Jerusalem, even the hip nightlife regions west of the Old City, I was continually struck by the absence of smiles. Only the sweat-soaked tourists laughed at the novelty of metal detectors guarding the post office or the entrance to the Gap in Mamilla Mall. Everywhere, reverent men charged down the sidewalk with severe intensity, swaddled in overcoats and hats, seemingly oblivious to the summer sun. The ultra-Orthodox wage the same slow war of demographics against Israel that Israel itself has waged on its own Arab population. As their numbers increase, so does their political gravity. It’s a stern city, and a stark contrast to the international image of joyful young Israelis cavorting on the beaches of Tel Aviv.

Still disappointed by the lack of grandeur at the Holy Sepulchre, I visited Mount Olivet, just to the east of the Temple Mount. Although primarily a necropolis of 150,000 Jewish graves, Mount Olivet—literally, the Mount of Olives—also occupies an important spot in the theology of all three religions. The path led downhill, descending into a graveyard of stones that was devoid of plant life. It was the kind of barren and otherworldly landscape one would associate with the sudden onset of psychosis. Far overhead, tarps draped over scaffolding on the Temple Mount resembled a shrouded cross. Two muezzins wailed in the distance, and for a moment the pair harmonized with an almost cinematic quality. Everything took on a twinge of the exaggerated exoticism of the Middle East as seen in *Star Wars* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

It was easy to see myself getting disoriented here. With the oppressive heat, sun, and long gaps of unnerving silence

between calls to prayer, it wasn’t a particularly hospitable environment for humans. I smelled something acrid and for a moment thought I was having an olfactory hallucination. Turning, I saw someone had apparently run out from the low, unshaded graves, lit a huge trash fire, and just as quickly evaporated. Another movie came to me: *The Omen*.

After a week of limbo, the Kfar Shaul Mental Health Center granted me an interview with one of its head psychiatrists. The facility is located in the relatively sleepy outreaches of western Jerusalem. Before the establishment of Israel, the site was an Arab village known as Deir Yassin. In the 1948 war, Zionist paramilitary groups massacred more than 100 civilians here, an event both uncontested and unobserved by modern Israel. Today the grounds offer a quiet respite from the civilian world. After a cursory security check, I found myself among subdued patients, who were shuffling between pleasant stone buildings—the remains of Deir Yassin—or sitting quietly and smoking in the shade.

The term “Jerusalem syndrome” was coined by the late Dr. Carlos Yair Bar-El, Kfar Shaul’s media-friendly head psychiatrist, during the spike of reported cases in the late 90s. In Bar-El’s absence, I sensed a guardedness from the staff regarding media visits. When I was greeted by Dr. Gregory Katz, a Russian psychiatrist, I detected the wariness of someone who frequently takes time out of his busy schedule to meet with reporters. He ushered me into his office, and I asked how many cases of the syndrome he had treated and how frequently they occurred. Once a week? Every six months?

I’d seen thousands of crosses carved into the stone over the millennia.

“In the 1990s, we saw one case every month,” Katz said. “Today, we see maybe two or three cases per year, which is maybe connected to the general decrease in religiosity in Europe.”

I asked whether he’d be able to rank the assorted biblical personas adopted by the syndrome’s victims. “The highest percentage must be Jesus,” I assumed.

“No, it’s not Jesus. Usually it’s Saint John, Saint Paul, or the Virgin Mary.”

“I’ve read that in a couple different places that Satan was the third most popular personality,” I continued.

“I haven’t seen a lot of cases like that, so I wouldn’t say so.”

He confirmed that the vast majority (“95 percent”) of all Jerusalem-syndrome patients are Christian, mostly Protestant and Pentecostal. “Very few Jews,” he said. “And maybe only two cases of Muslims.” Jet lag, he agreed, was a major contributor.

I stifled an involuntary yawn from my own jet-lagged supertutor and asked whether people traveling through seven to ten time zones (Americans) could be more prone to the syndrome than those living just a few hours behind (Europeans). No, he said, the split remained even between visitors from both continents. Although there were so few cases these days that it was hard to build up good statistics.

“Are the afflicted usually aggressive?” I asked.

“The problem is not the aggression,” Katz said. “Some are brought in by the police, but it’s not because of their aggression.

The problem is if they are trying to persuade Jews to convert in holy, Jewish places. It could be dangerous to them because they would be victims of aggression. In Jerusalem, you have to behave yourself properly, because if you don't, there can be problems."

"And are most patients confined against their will?"

"I would say in most of the cases they are involuntary. They were brought to the police stations. In some less severe cases, we can obtain their signature if they agree to stay in the hospital. But in most of the cases, they are involuntary."

"What are the methods of treatment?"

"If we speak about pure Jerusalem syndrome, we usually try to use minor tranquilizers, not serious antipsychotic medications. And even if we give them antipsychotic medications—in low dosages because it's a short-term condition—usually in a few days or a week's time we see improvement."

What would it be like to spend a week believing you were John the Baptist?

This was a serious shock. A major component of the treatment process was letting the afflicted get some rest and naturally reset themselves. I'd assumed that part of the cure would entail an intensive and structured deprogramming, similar to what cult members and disoriented hostages undergo after reentering the real world. Jerusalem syndrome, after all, involves not just a personality shift but an extreme ideological imbalance. Katz was telling me now that there was no set action plan—therapeutic or pharmacological—for these people. Most returned to normal after a few days without the need for intensive treatment or programs. Those who can't shake their messianic mental state usually have long histories of psychological problems.

What would it be like to spend a week believing you were John the Baptist? Would you remember it? If so, what would this memory resemble? A dream? A bender? Before my discussion with Katz, the oblique integrity of giving up on civilization and living on the streets had a dopey, romantic sheen. I hadn't given any thought to how lonely and sad it must be.

"I think I know the answer, but I feel I'm obliged to ask this next question," I said, hoping his answer would surprise me. "Would there be any way for me to contact any former patients?"

"Absolutely not."

I told Katz I understood the need for confidentiality. He added that he didn't currently have any Jerusalem-syndrome victims under his care. It'd been at least six months since his last case.

"About 15 or 16 years ago, someone came here from NBC or CBS or *Nightline*. And there was one patient here who recognized the journalist, and he wanted to be in it. He insisted he wanted to be on TV. It was not allowed, but it was only that one time, so he got special permission to be interviewed. There was a lawyer and everything."

I got the feeling this was a well-worn story, told and retold by someone who had long since grown bored of discussing this anomaly of his career. I started to feel a bit guilty about intruding into his workspace.

"Is this something people ask you about socially once they find out where you work?"

He smiled again: "Occupational hazard."

Based on Katz's recommendation, I made a Hail Mary play: one final pilgrimage to a place called the Garden Tomb, to see whether I could stumble across a faux Jesus wrapped in hotel curtains. I'd read about this tourist stop in guidebooks but dismissed it as a minor absurdity, an alternate supposed Crucifixion site that offered a respite from the hustle and bustle of the Holy Sepulchre. The garden was founded by General Charles George Gordon, an Englishman who one day decided that he knew the exact spot of Christ's death, burial, and resurrection. In 1883, in a field just north of the Old City's Damascus Gate, he created a leafy way station for fatigued tourists wanting to catch their breath (the Anglican Church briefly endorsed the garden).

Somewhat exhausted, I found the garden's calm refreshing, what I imagined to be the public equivalent of Kfar Shaul's private sanctuary. A short path leads to a platform overlooking a tiny hill that Gordon believed to be the true location of the Crucifixion. If one squints imaginatively, its rocks form a massive human skull. As Golgothas go, it looked a little skimpy. The constant wafts of exhaust from the bus station directly below smothered any sense of wonder.


I came here because Katz had told me he'd noticed a slight preference for the site among his "pure" syndrome patients. Near the front entrance, I found the garden's version of Christ's tomb. A three-foot-tall, cookie-shaped slab rested nearby, like a decoration for a minigolf course. It wouldn't have covered the tomb of a child, let alone the Son of God. A staff member passed, and I asked whether he'd encountered any false Messiahs recently. He seemed to give this serious thought, finally telling me no. He was, however, constantly removing odd items left in the tomb as offerings: photos, clothing, the occasional hard-boiled egg. Sometimes people arrived with the ashes of a loved one, planning, with willful naïveté, to spread them throughout the garden.

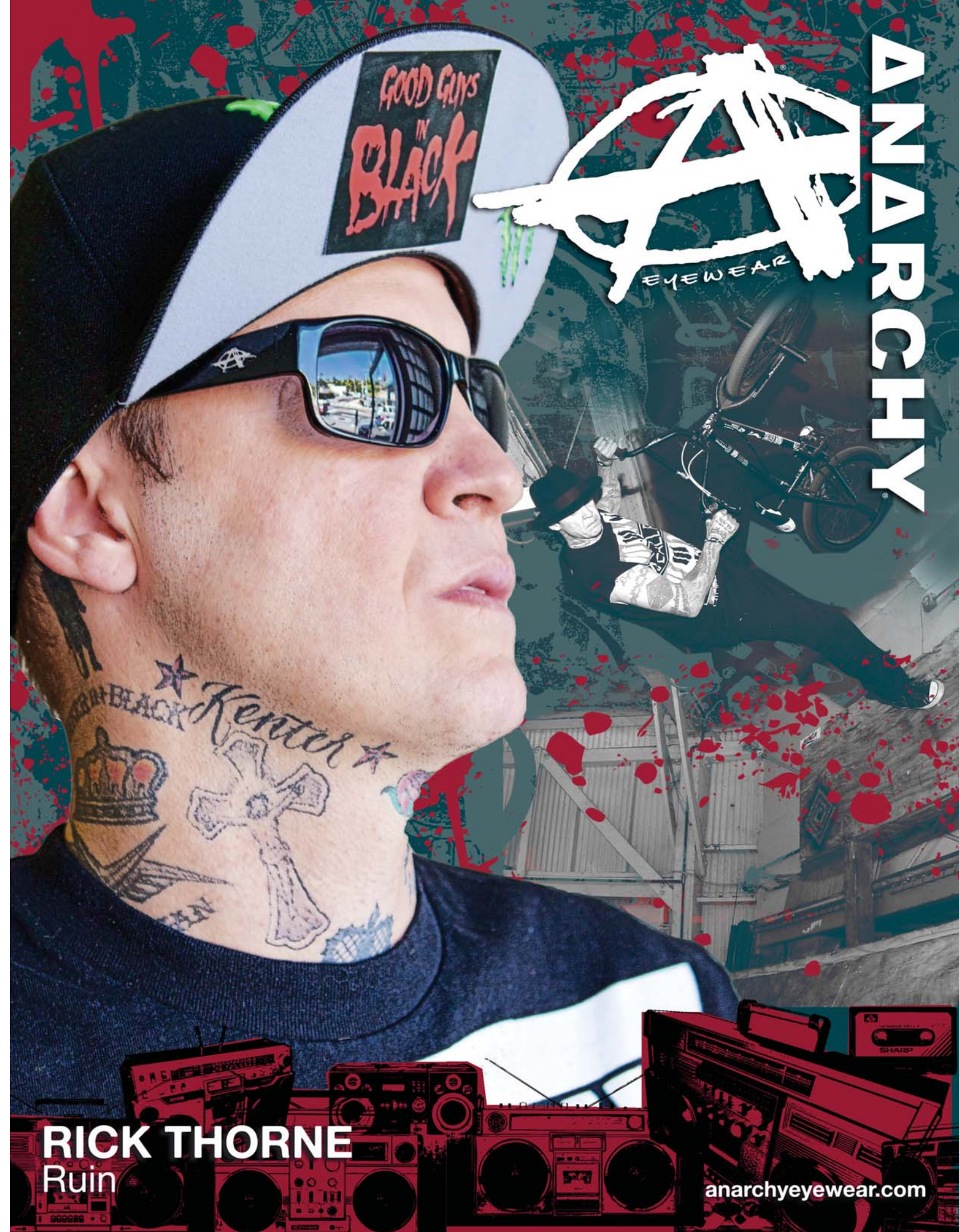
I smiled in frustration. Perhaps a tiny part of me expected a fake Jesus to pop up from the bushes. Miracles happen, sometimes. Nearby, an American church group sang a short hymn. It was lovely, until a competing Indonesian church group drowned them out with their own holy hymn. I left.

Walking the meandering route back along the Via Dolorosa, realizing I didn't have much time left in the city, I tried to think of other places where false prophets might lurk. I passed the Petra Hotel and exited through the Jaffa Gate. On the path leading west, toward the shops of modern Jerusalem, I suddenly spotted a man standing on a grassy embankment just off the sidewalk. He was wearing a white shirt on which he'd indignantly scrawled, "Name of God Is Jesus Christ NOT Father Son Holy Ghost." There was more text below this, several sentences' worth, although I couldn't quite make it out. It wasn't a bedsheet, but something in his demeanor, almost imperceptible, placed him beyond the level of street preachers I'd encountered decades ago in Times Square.

I approached. He said he was offering people food, although he didn't have any that I could see. He seemed wary of me. I asked where he was from. He said Minnesota, although he had a slight accent, as if modern English wasn't his first language. Next to him, a miserable man, bearded and filthy, sat slumped in a dirty plastic chair. They seemed bound together in the vast, invisible web of homelessness and mental illness that plagues every city.

I asked how long ago he'd come to Jerusalem. He squinted into the jarringly harsh midday sun and finally answered: "I don't know that that is any of your business."

I blinked. He was right. 



RUB IT OUT!

A Girl's Guide to Girls Getting Off (for Girls)

BY KATE CARRAWAY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HELLEN JO

Dudes like to think that girls can get laid anytime we want. TRUE. But also gigantically FALSE because “can” presumes something about wanting to get laid, with all of the related boy-coming-over-to-your-apartment-jizzing-on-your-sheets-and-infecting-you-with-emotions-plus-maybe-crabs-ness that sexual intercourse involves. So, yeah, we can, but we don't. Most of the time, when girls get the Hunger, they go it alone in any number of alone-ways, if you dig. This needs to be explained because the same guys who are leaving their *Asian Fever* or whatever (zzzz) in the backseat are like “Rilly!?” about how girls jerk off too. Like, tons, son!

Rubbing out is also pretty much the only part of female sexuality that has the gently-opening-flower aesthetic we've been told to expect and maintain since we were in the Cabbage Patch. Add a boy or another girl to getting off and the faces and sounds get weirder, which is better, but alone it's just kind of like, ahhh. Simple. You know how we mime jerking off a penis when some asshole is talking shit? I'm going to start doing a casual rub-out motion when I want to suggest something chill. “I'm going to the park to read magazines [*rub-out motion*].”

Girl masturbation is especially great when we compare it with guy masturbation. As helpful as it is to watch a guy do his thing so you can take notes about how he likes his d touched, jerking off as a concept is forever tainted by the attendant imagery of circle jerks in forests, stiff Kleenexes collecting on your floor, and, even worse, the fabled tube sock. The worst porno you've ever self-loathingly watched half of is more palatable to us than your fucking old, gross sport socks with the toe indentations filled up with your cum. Ugughgh. Boys are great, but their jerk-off technology less so.

PILLOW/TEDDY BEAR/BLANKET

This is how girls learn how to do it, usually by unintentionally mounting one of these things and eventually figuring out that the warm feeling it produces is replicable and, one *Fantasia* of a day, leads to a melty-Pop-Rocks-diving-into-the-ocean feeling/catharsis that you'll soon disgustingly call (it's a disgusting word) “orgasm.” OK, also, shit: I forgot about how a lot of girls never do this at all, and never orgasm successfully, in adolescence or otherwise. Hmmm. I'm way out of my depth with that one. Sorry.



SHOWERHEAD/BATH FAUCET

Sometimes your vibrator is going to break and you're going to be too broke to replace it right away and your hands are going to be unappealing as sexual instruments because you spend all your time typing on the internet and then, then! You will remember that a faucet or showerhead is lying in wait as a free, if sometimes yogically challenging, vibrator. (Is *vibrator* also a disgusting word? I don't like how it's been reappropriated by, like, TV people as a plot thing, e.g.: “Finding Jenny's vibrator, ewwww!” Grow up. Sex toys aren't particularly outré, they are just stuff of adult life like credit scores and an encroaching sense of futility. Also, if you think a vibrator is weird you've got a whole bunch of work to do, pal.) The bath/shower offers a steady and reliable force of pressure from a genitally safe material, which feels craayayayazy when you're used to less literal stimulation. PLUS you are already in the naked room. Just, don't let the water go all up in there. You know not to have sex in the hot tub, right?

LEANING UP AGAINST THE HANDICAPPED-STALL DOOR

I forget if America has government-mandated handicapped stalls. Anyway, we do in Canada, and that's where you're going to want to go when you have to rub one out in semi-public. They are rarely occupied (but obviously get the fuck out if someone who actually needs a handicapped stall shows up) and always at the end of the restroom, too, so you have less of a chance of hearing someone's pee-pee while you work through the cognitively interruptus of a *Friday Night Lights* masturbation fantasy (Smash! No, the one with the hair! No, Coach Taylor! TIP: Always choose Saracen). There's also extra space for you to stretch your legs a little; after you come you'll need to reestablish your relationship to your body, because coming in public is always kind of too real. Triple bonus if you do it at work and you work somewhere stupid where “an outfit” is required because the extra tension of tights around the hand you're using is !!!.



HANDS FREE

This is the best! If you're sitting the right way and can coax an O out of how your jeans feel on a commuter train, you are a Level 6 already.

THIRD FINGER, DOMINANT HAND

Probably the best way for girls to get off alone is to smoke a blunt and take a Xanax and wear something slippery and not have anywhere to be and spend one to two hours switching between porn and a sexy movie (by sexy movie I think I just mean *Bad Boys II*) and playing with your hair and just slooowly feeling up your entire area and titties and whatever you're into with your hands and some other stuff you bought in advance at the sex store, because that is a) how you treat a lady, b) educational and good practice for sex-sex, and c) useful for having the less obvious orgasms, the ones that are more an “Oh, OK!?” than they are a “Yeah!” This is



definitely what Britney was doing when she “wrote” her masturbatory epic “Touch of My Hand.” (Good song!)

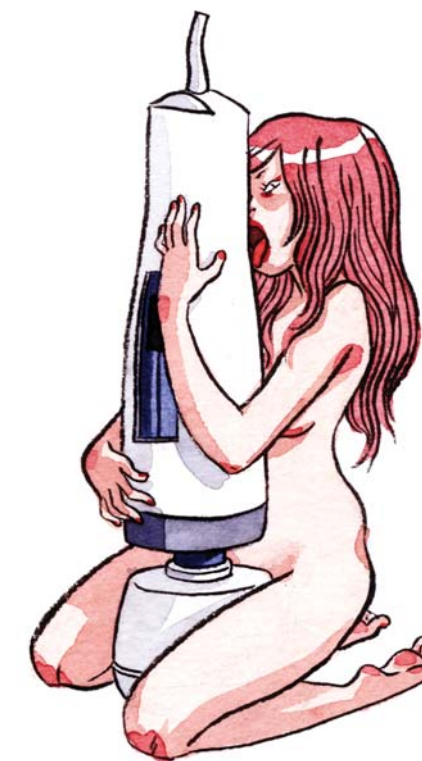
But then there is the reality, which is the middle (read: strongest) finger of the dominant hand doing the reasonable and efficient masturbation, where you just land right on the clit and go for it without any preamble. It's even worse when you're tired and are using the orgasm as a sleep aid and do it on your side in a fetal position so that you can come and then immediately fall asleep. What are you, an animal? (Yes.)

THIRD FINGER, NONDOMINANT HAND

For when your regular hand is tired. Oh, let's add “lying on your hand until it goes to sleep” and “using the nondominant hand to j with so it lasts longer” to things that boys do that we are ??? about.

DILDOS

Jkjkjkjkjk. Women don't actually get off by replicating the penis experience, outside of pornography. In tandem with fingers or whatever, sure, but on its own that is just not how it works. Also, masturbation serves as a reminder to straight women that lesbianism is the right choice, we're just too dickmatized to follow through. The time for a dildo is when your boyfriend wants to DP you, and his peen is the more appealing butt option. (I've actually never done that, ever, but I've heard things.) Anyway, dildos are half-retarded. I think it's better to just miss dick than to get into it with a dildo, and then when you get fucked next it's going to hurt in that really posi-aching way and you can legitimately be like, “That hurts, keep going.”



HITACHI MAGIC WAND


I'm compelled to include this one because it is the vibrator that every girl buys and falls in love with and replaces over and over (they break constantly). However, I'm just not sure. Masturbating should still be somewhat sexy and an unwieldy plug-in thing that goes VROOOOOO isn't. Plus the head of a Magic Wand is white and textured, which means you can't use it during your period, which is when you really should be masturbating a lot. A lot a lot a lot.

POCKET ROCKET

The Pocket Rocket is a frequently defective p.o.s. probably from Japan that I have bought four or five times in a row because it's quiet and doesn't have an overdesigned, overly cute “look” (nothing worse than a self-consciously silly vibrator) and because it's tiny and I like how it offers a smooth, easy ride.

This—a little baby vibrator—is the move when you reeeally want to have actual sex but aren't going to, because it's so wee that you can forget about how you're using a vibrator to get off on by propping it just right and balancing your clit on it (when you're facedown with your legs way-wide because of the Phantom Cock you're doing it with).

THAT SCARY SYBIAN MACHINE THING

I can't even. This should be uninvented. 

Kate writes about girl stuff every week on VICE.com. You should come see it.

BOB ODENKIRK'S PAGE

PHOTO BY DAN MEYER

Well, the conservatives warned us: If we as a society allow same-sex marriage, what will come next? A slippery slope to bestiality was promised, and it sounded alarmist and far-fetched but here we are—only a few months after the flood of gay marriages, and look what's been flooding my mailbox!! Wedding announcements! Only, if you read close, you will see it ain't just "Adam and Steve" wantin' to get hitched these days.



It has Google, Facebook & Twitter in there somewhere.

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TOUPEE: MANDELA

BY BRETT GELMAN, PHOTOS BY JANICZA BRAVO



Lots of shit happened during the escape from the zoo. But let's keep it short. There was a tunnel. A tunnel of shit that I was dreamin' to get out of the moment I stepped into the fucking thing. Nothing to see. Pitch-dark, and hot. Never did I want a glass of fucking water more than when I was in that hole. And to make things even more of a pain in the fucking nuts, while I'm all hot, sweaty, and thirsty, one of the Nazis—not sure who—kept pinching my ass. How do you tell an Adolf to stop cupping your cheeks while you're scrambling to freedom in a fucking shit tube? You don't! Eventually me and the Reich split up. Then there was lots of running. Dirty alleys. Dogs bitin' at my sprained ankles.

Blah blah blah after that, until I made the fucking phone call.

"Hello?"

"Hey, baby."

"Baby? Who the fuck is this?"

"It's Toupee, baby."

"Toupee?! You've got a lot nerve calling me baby, you piece of shit. You got a lot of nerve calling me at all."

"Come on, baby. I know you don't mean that. How could you, with what we've been through together? What I've done for you. What you've done for me. What we've done for each other, baby. Remember when we went to Frisco, baby? Remember when we got juiced on the Golden Gate, baby? Remember getting all juiced with your baby on the GGB, baby?"

"Stop calling me baby, you bald fuck! You want to eat me out over the phone to trick me into doing some stupid bullshit, at least call me by my name."

"All right. I'm sorry, Tracy."

"My name's not Tracy anymore, fuckhead! I changed that shit!"

"You did?"

"Yeah. I got bored with it so I changed it. That's what I do."

"Well, what's your new name?"

"Mandela."

"Mandela? As in Nelson Mandela?"

"Yeah, just like Nelson Mandela but without the Nelson. I stumbled on some shit about him online, and I liked the sound of it. What do you think?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know?"

"I just think it's a little strange."

"Oh, so I'm strange, huh? And what does that make you? Normal? You Mr. Normal Guy now? Gimme a break! You wouldn't know normal if it crept up behind you and fucked you in the ass!"

"You're not worried it might offend some people?"

"What do I care what people think? I don't go out."

"Yeah, but..."

"Hey, I don't like this judgmental tone. You better change it, or the next tone you hear is going to be a fucking dial tone."

"Fine! Don't hang up! Congrats. Congrats on your new name... Mandela."

"Yeah, thanks for nothing, sleep-dick. So what the fuck do you want?"

"I just busted out of the zoo. I need a place to lie low for a while."

"Holy shit! You got a lot of nerve calling me with this bullshit! Let me get this straight: You knock me up, shit on my floor, and steal my microwave, and two years later I'm supposed to give you a fucking hiding place?"

"Look! I'll make it worth your while. I got some big deals going down that I hooked up with some filth on the inside."

"Bullshit! You didn't make no deals with no filth!"

"I did! I swear! Big deals! Like *Deal or No Deal* types of deals. I'm gonna make everything right, Mandela. I'll right all my wrongs I did yuh."

"You take the kid."

"What?"

"You take this fucking kid when you leave. I can't stand looking at him. He's got a shit-face just like you. A dirty shit-face just like his no good papa. You take him with you when you scam, and it's a deal."

"Fine, I'll take the kid. What's his name again?"

"Artichoke."

"Artichoke? What's with you and names?"

"I told you I don't like him, didn't I? Guess what else I don't like. ARTICHOKES! I hate 'em. Almost as much as I hate you. So is it a deal or not?"

"Sure. I'll take Artichoke."

"Great. When can I expect your stupid ass? I'll make sure not to tidy up."

"I should be there tonight. I'll come in through the back. Oh, and Tracy—"

"MANDELA!"

"Sorry! Mandela! Mandela..."

"What?"

"You still got my back-up toupee?"

For those just tuning in, the above excerpt is from an unpublished manuscript entitled *Toupee* by Brett Gelman. A few months back, VICE discovered it and a cache of corresponding Polaroids inside the cistern of a toilet in an empty Joshua Tree apartment. Brett is still MIA, but we recently received word that someone spotted him collecting dirty needles from the gutters of San Francisco's Tenderloin district. Read previous installments of *Toupee* at VICE.com.

You're welcome, Earth.

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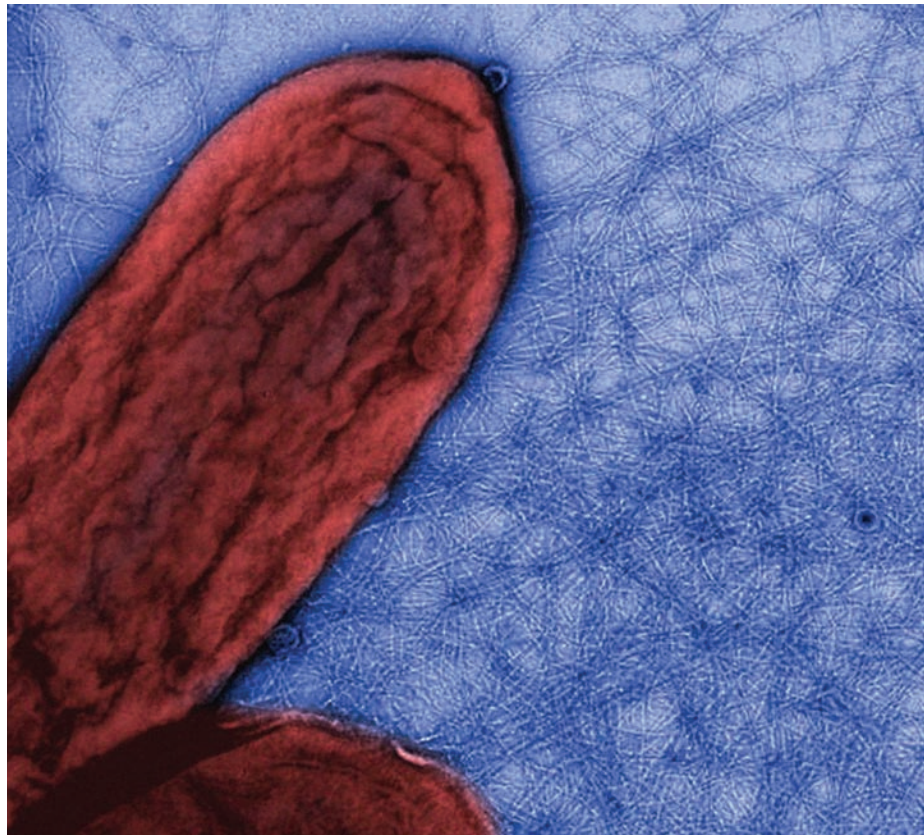
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THE LEARNIN' CORNER: PILI POWER

MARK TUOMINEN AS TOLD TO HARRY CHEADLE

Mark Tuominen is a professor of physics at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. Recently, he worked with a team of physicists and microbiologists who discovered that the bacterium *Geobacter sulfurreducens* has the ability to conduct electricity and one day could replace boring old metal wires and batteries.



A close-up of the microbial nanowires that could one day replace synthetic conductors. Any resemblance to a penis is purely coincidental. Image courtesy of UMass Amherst, Anna Klimes, and Ernie Carbone.

Geobacter sulfurreducens are bacteria that live in colonies found under the ground, where there's no oxygen. Instead of respiring by breathing, they have to get rid of electrons, so they pass them along to iron or magnesium atoms in the sediment where they live that will accept electrons. Back in 2005 we found they had these little nanofilaments—they look like hair growing off the sides of the bacteria's bodies—that conduct electricity. That's kind of interesting, but what we just discovered in our latest experiments is that within these colonies, the nanofilaments are all intertwined into a metal-like network that can conduct over very long distances.

The bacteria is about one micrometer in size, that's a millionth of a meter. (For reference, a red blood cell is about six micrometers.) But these filaments—biologists call them pili—can grow to be 20 micrometers or longer. The thing is, that's not the maximum limit of their reach, because when the bacteria live in a colony the pili of one are touching the pili of another, which touch yet another pili and so on.

The properties of these nanowire networks are very much like those of synthetic organic conductors that have been created in labs and are now used in some products, like organic light-emitting diodes. Apparently nature knows how to make organic conductors out of proteins,

and we find that very surprising. That's why it's kind of a big discovery.

There will be applications for these nanowires, some in the near term and some that are more speculative and long term. In the near term, knowing what we know about this bacterial electric network will help us do things like design better microbial fuel cells, which are an organic source of electrical energy.

In the longer term, we're looking at this material and how nature uses it. For instance, it's a very entangled network—it looks like spaghetti—and it has a lot of surface area capable of storing a lot of energy in a small amount of space. We're starting to explore how to do that, but it's still a ways off. Right now, we've just made the basic discovery. We haven't tinkered around with the material that much so we don't know whether it can conduct much better than it does right now or whether it's pretty much as good as it gets.

We don't completely understand the system yet. We've measured a lot of the properties of the nanofilaments, and we see that they behave like organic conductors, but we don't know the detail, the atomic and molecular structure of the pili right now. So we're going to be doing a lot of biology and physics to figure out what the structure is and maybe how to replicate it.

Will organic materials one day completely replace inorganic materials in electronics? I would say probably not. A lot of effort and technology has gone into making high-performance silicon electronics, and it's hard to beat silicon when it comes to computers or cell phones. But in other cases where we are mostly driven by cost, like solar cells, I think we'll eventually see lots of organic materials out there. Silicon solar cells are too expensive, and that's why we don't have them on every roof in the US.

With this bacteria, nature has figured out how to make conductors out of common natural materials, and it's apparently very efficient because there's not a lot of energy involved in how it uses these raw materials to produce itself and electricity. It's definitely going to be an efficient way of making materials. The question is how we can take advantage of it.

150 BANDS | 20 VENUES | 5 DAYS | 1 WRISTBAND

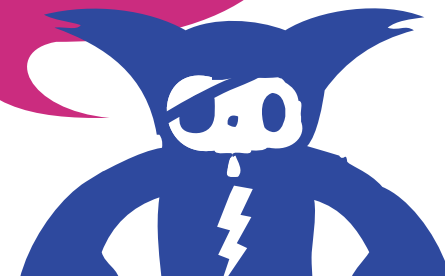
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THE CUTE SHOW PAGE!

BY ELLIS JONES, PHOTO BY SANTIAGO STELLEY



Peruvian Hairless Dogs

Just like other breeds, hairless puppies look 100 percent adorable whatever they do: yawning, napping, scampering around, climbing on stuff, shoving their faces into water bowls three sizes too big for them... pretty much anything besides pooping. There's an extraspecial club, Chacla's Camp, in Lima, Peru, just for the naked pups. We recently visited and were instantly smitten with the young doggies when we saw the club's owner, Alfredo, lotionin' up his pups (they have dry, sensitive skin—because they're hairless, duh!) for a day of sunbathing. They're also known as Peruvian Inca Orchids, and their skin can be a variety of pleasant colors: elephant gray, copper, chocolate brown, mottled with pink spots. The combinations of cute are endless. And due to the sensitivity of their dark eyes, these baldies tend to squint in the sunlight. Imagine how darling they'd be wearing sunglasses and Croakies around their necks!

Watch a brand-new episode of The Cute Show! featuring these precious hairless pooches later this month on VICE.com.

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IN STORES NOW







SKINEMA

BY CHRIS NIERATKO



HOT FOR TEACHER

Dir: Joanna Angel
Rating: 9

Burningangel.com

I think I wanted to fuck my fourth-grade teacher. I didn't know what it meant "to fuck" anything back then, but I knew I wanted to do it. Or at least I knew I was madly in love and wanted to marry her. Thinking back on her, I want to vomit. It was 1984 and she was a mid-30s total Jersey girl: high hair, low expectations, and poured into acid-washed jeans (unlike modern "Jersey girls" who are human waste/meatballs with rub-in orange skin who wish they were from the cesspool that is Staten Island). I didn't know any better. I thought the higher the hair, the hotter the woman. It didn't hurt that she lived in my neighborhood and I saw her sunbathe topless before she walked through our classroom door for the first time. (I only saw her bare back, not front. But at that age that was like seeing her butt-naked.) Me and my buddy Dave were both vying for her love. One of the first assignments of the school year was to write a paper on Christopher Columbus for Columbus Day. Dave wrote two paragraphs and stapled it to a picture of stick-figure Indians and Spaniards crudely drawn on a piece of construction paper. I, on the other hand, spent an entire weekend glued to a typewriter, copying word for word from an encyclopedia, 21 pages of insight into who Columbus really was while debunking many of his achievements. It was glorious.

She accused me of plagiarizing and asked why I couldn't be more like Dave. I hated her guts after that.

I remember being so emotionally crushed by her choosing my friend over me that one day during

rehearsal for the Christmas pageant I pulled her chair out from under her just as she was sitting down. She chipped her ass bone and started to cry. I felt vindicated.

Until I got suspended from school and my mom beat the piss out of me. Each smack of my mother's hand only fueled my hatred for my former love.

At the Christmas pageant her husband confronted me in front of my mother, seeking an apology. I told him I wanted her dead. My mother backhanded me and I feigned contrition.

I'm still not sorry.

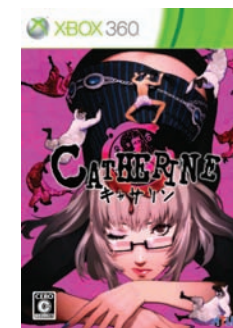
Joanna Angel plays a hot teacher who takes it in the ass in this DVD. I'd never pull the chair out from underneath her because I feel bad for her ass and would hate for it to explode or rupture. Joanna is the subject of the second round of episodes for my *Skinema* show (which is nine years in the making). In one episode, as she bakes cookies in the nude in my kitchen, she tells me how one of porn's largest stunt cocks paid her a backhanded compliment by saying, "Your ass is amazing. My penis fits so easy, unlike the other girls." To his credit, I believe he's from Brazil and English is his second language. I'm sure he meant it in the nicest possible way.

I meant exactly what I said when I told that man I wanted his wife dead. And my opinion really hasn't changed.

More stupid can be found at Chrisnieratko.com.

SHEPPARD'S VIDEO-GAME PIE

BY STEPHEN LEA SHEPPARD



CATHERINE

Platform: Xbox 360,
PlayStation 3

Publisher: Atlus

Vincent is 32 years old and living in a rut. He's been going out with his girlfriend, Katherine, for five years, but they still live apart. She's starting to hint at marriage, or at least that she wants more from life than this. He wants things to continue as they are—dating a nice girl, boozing with his high school friends after work, and generally accomplishing nothing. One night he has too much to drink, and the next morning he wakes up in bed next to a blond girl named Catherine. The last thing he remembers is her asking if she could sit with him at the bar.

Another thing about Vincent: He has nightmares. Every night he dreams of climbing an endless tower that's always collapsing beneath him. He's surrounded by sheep, but like Vincent, each sheep sees himself—and only himself—as a man. All speak of cheating on their wives or girlfriends. In the waking world, rumors spread that men who cheat are cursed and that if you dream of falling and don't wake up before you land, you die. The news is filled with reports of men who've died in their sleep, expressions of terror on their faces.

Catherine is the latest video game by Atlus, and it's very strange.

It's by the same creative team who handled the last two *Persona* games (3 and 4), which I love and have described as hybrids of a dungeon crawler and a dating sim. *Catherine* is a hybrid of a block-climbing puzzle game and an adultery sim. Play takes place in two modes. In the evenings, Vincent drinks at his favorite bar, the Stray Sheep. You sit, drink, talk with your friends, get up to chat with other patrons, and answer text messages from Katherine or Catherine. Dialogue choices influence the course of the story.

After Vincent goes to bed, you play the puzzle stages, which are huge towers where Vincent must push, pull, and climb blocks to reach the top of each stage as the floor collapses below him. The end of each night brings a boss fight, where Vincent scales a tower pursued by a giant monster representing an aspect of his fear of commitment.

In between these two stages are cinematics, usually set in or around Vincent's apartment. Sometimes they're rendered in the game engine, and other times they're fully animated.

Now, I should say this: I haven't finished *Catherine* yet, first because I'm savoring it, and second because it's too hard. It is *absurdly* hard. In Japan, the game as it was originally shipped was so challenging that Atlus had to patch it to make it easier. We get the patched version, and it's still too hard. Even on the secret unlockable Very Easy mode (hold Back or Select on the main menu screen), it is *still* murderously frustrating. If you can't stand puzzle games, don't play *Catherine*, because you will be playing its puzzles for a long, long time.

But the game is well constructed, as is normal for Atlus, and especially for the *Persona* team. Even when ill conceived, the game is well implemented and presented with fantastic polish. It's also different from every other title on the market. What I've seen of the story so far is engrossing, and the game has eight possible endings. I recommend *Catherine* on the basis that I applaud imaginative game concepts and lavish production values, and I love any game with a story interesting enough to make me want to talk about it.

This review is based on an Xbox 360 copy of *Catherine* I bought for myself at a retail store.



BEST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: WIDOWSPEAK



LATEEF THE TRUTHSPEAKER
Truth Is Love
Dread Piper Sounds

Lateef is mostly known for guest spots on DJ Shadow and Fatboy Slim songs, but his solo stuff comes off kinda clunky, with eclectic beats and socially conscious couplets mixed in to keep things semi-interesting. Truthspeaker's parents were Black Panthers, so at this point I'm just gonna smile sheepishly and back slowly away from the rest of this review. **WILLY BALLOONS**

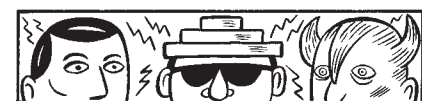
SPANK ROCK
Everything Is Boring and Everyone Is a Fucking Liar
Bad Blood

It's hard not to love this guy. About half the tracks are bangers in the rap-songs-that-are-fun-to-dance-to genre, and they each feel like they were carefully picked so that Spank Rock could appeal to as many people as possible. There's some classic B-more style songs with dirty sex lyrics for when you're grinding with some gross stranger at a dark club, and then there's some others that are more like Scissor Sisters-style disco tracks for girls who don't like it when the lyrics to a song are just "The pussy pussy... puzzy... pussypussypussy!" **CRANK SPOCK**

DAS RACIST
Relax
Greedhead

I remember seeing these guys' "Chicken and Meat" video and thinking, "Hahaha, joke raps!" But it turned out the rap joke was on me because the

next thing, they're hanging out inside the pages of the *New Yorker* with Roz Chast cartoons and that angry-looking dog they put on that t-shirt and then those uptight goons at Pitchfork declared them geniuses. I really only knew about their early stuff and would see them around and think, "I should go rapidshit their albums some day." But I never did and now I'm hearing one of the best rap records I've ever heard and I feel like I wasted the last few years. From start to finish this album is as fun and funny as I had hoped Spank Rock's new record would be. You'll be dancing with serious face in the club and then shoot your drink out your nose when you hear the lyrics. **BUFORD JIZZMOPPER**



BALAM ACAB
Wander/Wonder
Tri Angle

This new Balam Acab is a Grade A trip. Alec Koone goes heavy on loops and samples, distorting his voice to helium-huffing-chipmunk levels on almost every song. Listen to "Oh Why" and suddenly you're in an echoing cave, floating in bubbling bong water with mermaids and sea monkeys. Then you hear the sex-ooze jam "Motion" and it's like you're horny, but too lazy to drag your ass over to the computer. You really just want some BBQ Pringles. Huh? Did I just say something out loud? **JENNIFER DOUGHNUTS**

NEON INDIAN
Era Extraña
Static Tongues/Mom + Pop

A lot of people have wondered how the second real Neon Indian record would sound. The answer is that it's pretty. I think this is the kind of record

I'll enjoy when I'm not hunting for hits and trying to find clever things to say. It's certainly a smoother, more produced album than their first, but I like rough sounds, so while it's not a plus for me it does make the album more likely to be used for soundtracks and commercials. **NICK GAZIN**

LADYTRON
Gravity the Seducer
Nettwerk

Listening to Ladytron's new album is like hearing your parents retell the same story every Thanksgiving. We get it, I thought my poop was shaped like a dolphin. And I pronounced it "doffin." Hardy-har-fucking-har. Now will you leave my new girlfriend alone and chill the fuck out on the sawtooth already? **AURORA MONTGOMERY**

COM TRUISE
Galactic Melt
Ghostly International

When you put this on you feel like you're traveling at a stoned snail's pace through a bright and shining future world where everything is nonthreatening, but a little sad. The first song's called "Terminal" and it's like something you'd hear while waiting in line to ride Star Tours at Disneyland. Shame about that holocaust of a name. **KICHOLE NIDMAN**

SALLY PARADISE
Aouu!
Jeunesse Cosmique

Have you heard the new Radiohead album? It's great. Well, if you like Radiohead. I fucking *loooooooved* Radiohead in high school. They were like my Zep. Kind of fell off after *Hail to the Thief*. I mean, I fell

off, not the band. They stayed strong, I was just in a different headspace. Did get a little proggy though. Think I heard stuff off that free one, *In Rainbows*, that kind of sounded like the Alan Parsons Project. Anyways, the new one's good. Still kind of doing that weird jazzy electronica thing, but it's more toned-down. I can't remember if we trashed it here or not—possible we didn't even review it. And I guess *Aouu!* is what it might have sounded like if Radiohead were a 20-year-old French Canadian girl who has a lot of Asian friends. **TAD GERK**

KING LOUIE'S MISSING MONUMENTS
Painted White
Douchemaster

King Louie Bankston is that guy who's in every fucking garage band in your town, only in this case your town includes most of the continental US. He was one of the main dudes from Memphis's Royal Pendletons, he was briefly in the Exploding Hearts (RIP), he was—eh, fuck it, those are the big ones. You can google the rest. His Missing Monuments stuff is polished Nick Lowe-y power pop played by four unpolished young men who have already used up all their drink tickets and made at least one pass at somebody's sister. **JUDGE DORKUS**

WILD FLAG
S/T
Merge

My boner for this album is so rock hard that not even firsthand knowledge that one of the ladies in Wild Flag is a major crotch could tame it. Every song here is sticky and rough, like a summer-camp fingerbang. Mary Timony (formerly of Helium) wins the prize for

WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: GLOBAL NOIZE

best song with "Something Came Over Me," which is so good it makes me fantasize about the crowd at a WF show ripping their reusable period cups from their bodies and toasting a job well done. **SNEEDLY RUNKLE**

BLEACHED
Carter 7"
Art Fag

It's really amazing that there are so many painfully horrible songs in the world, considering how easy bands like this make crafting an extremely enjoyable, bullshit-free song look. Bleached is the new project of Jessie and Jennifer Clavin, formerly of Mika Miko, and something about their music also REALLY makes me want a jean jacket. **AVERY NETTLE**

CEREBRAL BALLZY
S/T
Williams Street

Whoa, what happened? When these guys started out they sounded like early-80s hardcore, but then they went on a few European tours and came back playing double-speed. Lots of good songs on here if you're angry and like to party, especially "Cutting Class" and "Puke Song." **MACIN' JASON**

BLITZEN TRAPPER
American Goldwing
Sub Pop

God bless America: Is there anything more hackneyed than a folk album about missing your hometown and the girl that got away? I enjoyed contemplating the lyrics to their 2008 single "Furr" when I was high on shitty weed brownies in college, but this makes me want to dress up like a



scarecrow and crucify myself in a cornfield with my ears covered in molasses so birds pick them off and I never have to risk hearing anything like this ever, ever again. **ALABAMA WORLEY**

THE PACK A.D.
Unpersons
Mint

I understand that being lesbians is a good career move, but every song from this album sounds like a segue between acts of freewheelin' lesbo debauchery. Is this *The L Word* soundtrack? **BLONDE CAMERO**

SOCIAL CLIMBERS
S/T
Drag City

This album is a rerelease of the Climbers' 1981 LP on Hoboken Records, and it encapsulates the era nicely: straight-up New York no wave, brimming with minimalist DIY sensibility. It's too bad the guy sings like some kind of lo-fi Michael Bolton, but he's only on like three songs, so no big. **BLONDE CAMERO**

THE EX-BOOGEYMEN
Masters of Ceremony
Church of Boogey

One time the goth kid who sings for this band tied my limbs to bedposts with burlap straps and force-fed me fake-blood Jello shots made of Karo syrup. It got me all jonesed up for the main course, which of course was cocaine-stuffed roasted garlic. We hung strands of it from our necks and snorted out the cloves while hanging upside down from the rafters of the attic of the Future House in Gainesville. Then he ate my asshole. **THE VAMPIRE LESHAT**



**BEST COVER OF THE MONTH:
CEREBRAL BALLZY**



NURSES
Dracula
Dead Oceans

The press release for this said something about Prince. Now I can't get that reference out of my head. This doesn't sound like Prince, but I can see Prince listening to this—you know, trying to ease himself back into the real world of crystal penis goblets and tailored white suits with hoods. There's great songwriting here—smart, knowing when to be minimal and when to be ethereal—and unlike other dude bands from Portland that utilize electronic ambience and heavy reverb, I don't feel bad for their girlfriends.
LOWMOAN SPECTACULAR



MILAGRES
Glowing Mouth
Kill Rock Stars

At this point I'd say that farting brittle, overproduced men's music into the media cloud is 1,000 percent more offensive than littering. If you want to be a bunch of nice, friendly guys who make money and have cute dogs, get jobs at nonprofits and play weekend gigs in town. You're fucking the earth by touring this bullshit.
LALA BUHH



TORO Y MOI
Freaking Out
Carpark

One time I was shaving my legs in the shower and I slipped, knocked my chin on the side of the tub, and passed out. While under, I dreamed that I was at a roller-skating rink showing off my flawless backward

skate moves until being called over to the snack stand via intercom and informed that I had been awarded a plate of free nachos because I was so good looking. This album, in all its bubble pops and awky electro, is like those dream nachos—a pile of cheesy, hot whatever, but still pretty fucking good.
MATILDA FUCKLES



TWIN SISTER
In Heaven
Domino

If music in heaven sounds anything like an eighth-grade jazz band, I'll have no part in it. This reminds me of a girl named Emily who had a crush on me when we were teens. She was awkward and made poor style choices. She tried to kiss me once between classes in the hallway and I denied her. She's a major babe now and I bet she'd love this album.
BILLY HUNTER



THIS FRONTIER NEEDS HEROES
The Future
Heroic Endeavours

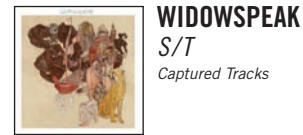
Somehow you believe a band a little more when its members are related, and especially with folk. It allows you to think they were both raised out in the wilderness and can simultaneously bust out a campfire jam and fashion a double overhand knot if you need one for your river raft.
BOBBY HANSEN



STILL CORNERS
Creatures of an Hour
Sub Pop

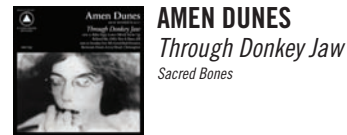
Imagine the starving girl from *Flowers in the Attic* looking all unhinged—hot tar in her hair, powdered sugar all over her face from mean grandma's arsenic doughnuts. She sings in this

breathy voice while staring out a tiny window, dreaming about screwing her brother again. Add spooky organs, 60s girl-group drums, and voilà! Still Corners. Take the album's opening track, "Cuckoo": "It's like we're going cuckoo/ Me and you/ Stuck in a time machine/ That was just a dream." No, actually you're stuck in an attic fucking your brother on a filthy mattress while your grandma's watching through a peephole.
JENNIFER DOUGHNUTS



WIDOWSPEAK
S/T
Captured Tracks

I love Widowspeak so much. They make wildly beautiful music. There's a Stevie Nicks-looking girl playing acoustic guitar and singing while a George Harrison-looking guy plays electric guitar and a handsome man who doesn't look like a celebrity plays a two-piece drum set. Some people think they sound like Mazzy Star, but Mazzy Star never made me feel like I was chasing Laura Palmer through the woods on the last night of her life.
DUDECHAT



AMEN DUNES
Through Donkey Jaw
Sacred Bones

I recently moved to LA to be in love forever with a girl I've known since MySpace, but she keeps fucking someone else. The first time I listened to *Through Donkey Jaw* was the night I first saw the other girl's Facebook profile. And she was pretty hot. The delicious production of this record ushered me toward a meditative state, and the psychedelic subtleties in each track consistently fascinated until I was enveloped in the fog of a dense, ominous world where I no longer cared about cheating-ass bitches. Listen to it high.
BLONDE CAMERO



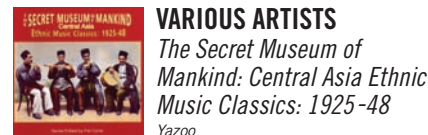
XIU XIU
Fuck the Police
Polyvinyl

Maybe I'm not as sad as I used to be, but nothing about this adds up. First there's the tinny and disharmonious "Daphny," full of frantic yelling, and then, God help us, a cover of Rihanna's "Only Girl (In the World)" in which James Stewart reminds us he's a tortured gay man. Well, I'm not having it. Why can't you sing NICE once in a while, buddy?
BLONDE CAMERO



WEYES BLOOD
The Outside Room
Not Not Fun

Show posters have been selling Weyes Blood as "ex-Jackie-O Motherfucker" and "former Axolotl collaborator" for like five years now, which is sucky and myopic for the obvious/direct reasons, but especially as a description of what's holding this girl back. When Weyes Blood sheds the "secret American basements" and "Baltimore mysticism" signifiers and just records the way she rips live, everyone's gonna FLIP.
GRUMPY NAPKIN



VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Secret Museum of Mankind: Central Asia Ethnic Music Classics: 1925-48
Yazoo

Weird ethnographic records serve two basic purposes in the world of white kids: fodder for poorly attended DJ nights and looking great leaned against the shelf your turntable is on when you invite a girl back to your apartment. This guy knocks it out of the park from both bases. There are two discs full of Kazakh

**WORST COVER OF THE MONTH:
WILD FLAG**



throat-singing that'll clear a bar faster than the German version of "I Want to Hold Your Hand," and the back cover is a postcard of a toothless Tatar with some sort of Azeri flute over Cyrillic writing. Get ready to get laid so fast your dick'll be like "[Amos 'n' Andy voice] Who da-do wut now?"
RACISM



STEVE REICH
WTC 9/11 / Mallet Quartet / Dance Patterns
Nonesuch

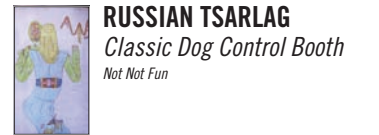
Steve always struck me as the least pretentious of the big minimalists. Unfortunately this means he dresses like Paul Simon instead of a forest wizard, but it also means that when he tackles high-concept ideas like the World Trade Center attacks it ends up being subtle and genuinely thought-provoking instead of some weird orchestral Laibach shit (*cough* PhilipGlass*cough*). This is a three-part sound collage made of radio recordings of first responders in the WTC and their dispatchers freaking out at one another over quiet string parts that match the tenor of their voices. Spooooooky shit. Though I was sleeping off a hangover through most of 9/11 (and I swear to God at one point one of the firefighters says, "I'm so horny I can't breathe"), I can only imagine it's as awful and soul-shaking as that morning would have been if I'd gotten out of bed. Kind of weird to put this on the same record as a freaking "mallet quartet," though.
LEROY GUMPTION



GLOBAL NOIZE
Prayer for the Planet
Lightyear/EMI

Jesus, where to begin with this. The title? The semi-tribal seashell guy holding the torch on the cover (which continues into the gatefold like a post-Burning Man, watercolor ZoSo)? The Belle and Sebastian-length environmental diatribe on the back cover from the editor of soul-patrol.com? Wait, no no no

no no no no no no, let's start with the fact that this is a completely earnest coffee-shop-jazz release by three adults in the year 2011 including songs titled "Cosmic Hug" and "Charismalove." How the hell is this for real? Did these people never watch *Kids in the Hall*? Do they live in a town without mirrors? Either the label reps at Lightyear Entertainment are the most secretly hilarious people of all time or God finally decided it was time to give me definitive proof of his existence.
EDGAR H. MACY



RUSSIAN TSARLAG
Classic Dog Control Booth
Not Not Fun

It sounds like he's not even trying on this one, which is fine. Since his releases are all put out in unadvertised batches of 150 via American dungeon labels, it seems more than fair to king-Smiley them all in aggregate beside the heaps of other pro-level, well-funded bullshit I listen to for this reviews column. Tsarlag is the No. 1 downer freak songwriter working in the English language. Amen.
LITTLE LOCKY



MARC MARON
This Has to Be Funny
Comedy Central

I almost don't think it's fair to call Marc Maron a comedian at this point. He's more of a miserian. Hearing him go into graphic detail about his dad issues and neighbor-upsetting screaming matches with his girlfriend is actually funny, but it's less funny ha-ha than funny this-is-awful. Ditto most of the comedians he interviews on his *WTF* podcast—hilarious men semi-hilariously deconstructing the lowest moments in their horrible lives. I'm not sure I even laugh at half the episodes. I just listen to them quietly nodding and making *tsk-tsk* clucks. It's like he's comedy church.
TERRY HAND



VICE FASHION STOCKISTS

Photo by Sandy Kim, see page 50.

Issa shirt, Winter Kate shorts, Trina Turk earrings, vintage bracelet

AMBRE BABZOE
ambrebabzoe.com

ARIS GELDIS
arisgeldis.eu

BALENCIAGA
balenciaga.com

BROCHU WALKER
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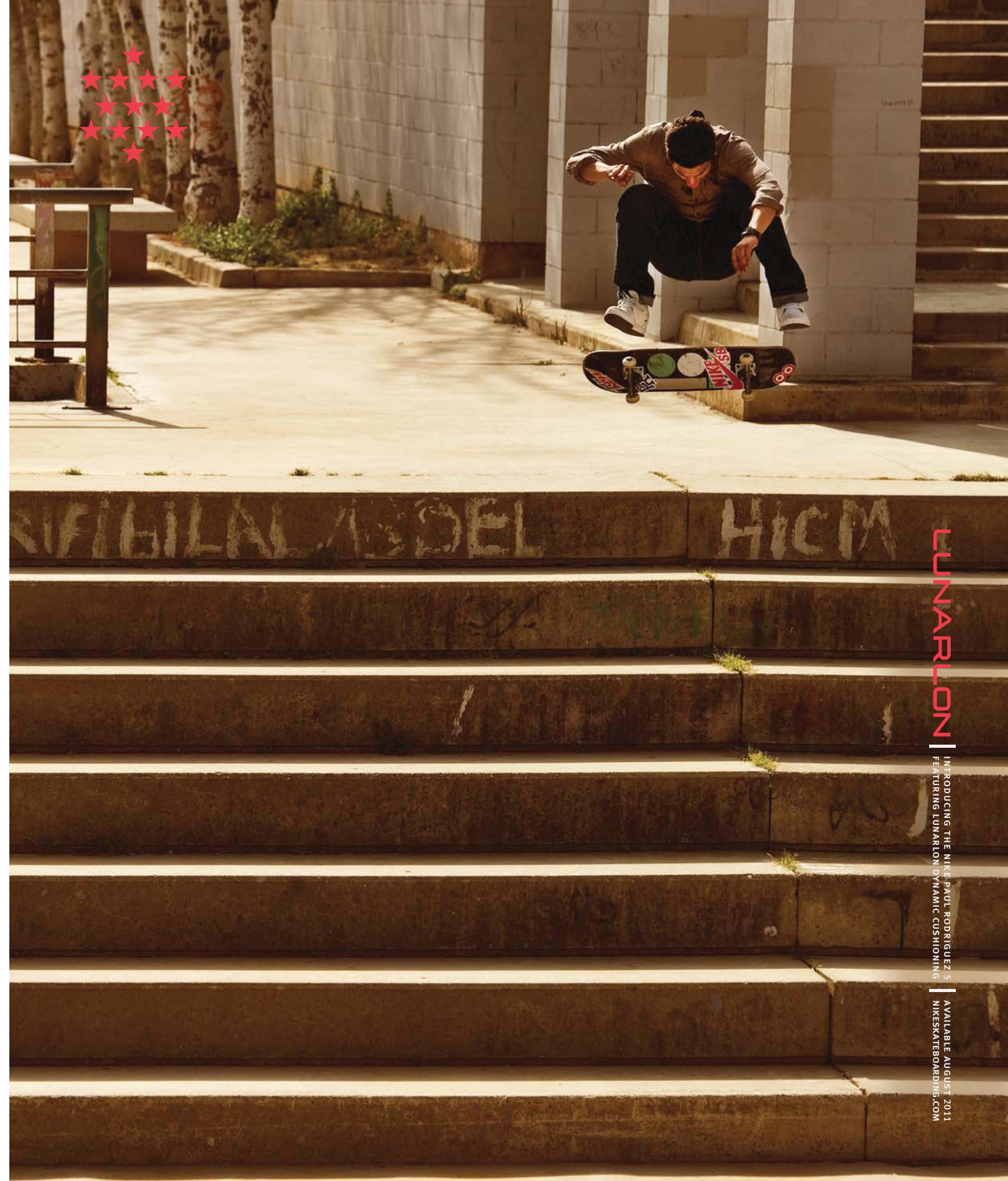
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Meet Cailin.

She's wearing the Unisex Viscose Sexual-Tank and Cotton Spandex Jersey Invisi-Thong. This picture was taken in Arizona while on a destination photo shoot with a few of our regular models. See more of Cailin, and other photos from this sexy series at: americanapparel.net

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