

Summer Schedule:
 Thursday June 20th
 Friday July 12th
 Friday August 16th

MONTHLY MUSICAL MAYHEM

GLITZ

Hollywood, CA USA:
 80'S RETROHOUSELECTROBEATZ

QUR
turned up records

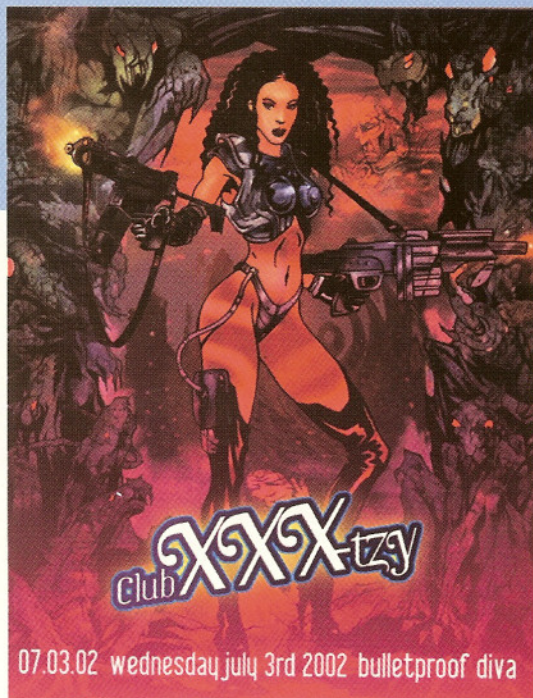
IT'S ALL ABOUT JUXTAPOSITION!

Modern cop cars, a mushroom cloud, a drunk guy with a helmet, a space-age "rocket" car all transposed with a red-hot bitch up to her knees in green rock candy! Baby Jesus, if this isn't the impetus for a coronary embolism I don't know what is. Tomorrow I'm taking it to Kinko's to have it blown up—it'll span my living room and all four walls! Hell I'll cover the windows too just so I can break out the ether, lather myself in carrot oil and bask in the brain-crumbling, libido-blowing raw SEX vibe that this tantric flyer for *GLITZ: Monthly Music Mayhem* is blasting out remorselessly. Also, what forward-thinking super genius got the divine inspiration to marry retro house, electro and breaks?

KILOBYTES.

Flyer Designs.

THE ULTIMATE IN DISPOSABLE ART
 BY MARK VON PFIFFER



Next time you see a piece of sooty, crumpled garbage blowing in the wind, pick it up—it might be a beautiful club flyer (on the other hand, it might be a dried dog poop-scoop bag!)

<< **THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME HEAVY ORDINANCE** the "Bulletproof Diva" is squeezing off there. Yet...it seems that she's not troubled by the physics of recoil. Maybe she's discomforted by the fact that the right (HER right...not yours!) breast cup on her body armor is **conCAVE** and not **conVEX**. Luckily she has a special "cord" which allows the holster for her handgun to be conveniently linked with her...thong. What will the brainiacs at The Pentagon think of next? And her face: So many things are reflected in her cryptic visage. This incredibly talented artist has managed to capture the seductive eroticism of a pagan love goddess who knows how to please a man with the gritty, hard-boiled ferocity of a demon killer who won't take 'no' for an answer! The Mona Lisa tiené nada on The Bulletproof Diva.

>> **THE LAST TIME I SAW THIS BASTARD** was at a show beneath the Parthenon in Rome two years ago. I was out of my skull on mushrooms, enough raw speed to change the outcome of twenty world cups and ten hits of acid. On top of that my friends and I had smoked the lymph nodes of a dog-sized sewer rat and were trading off on a gas mask linked to a can of Scotch Guard. We were having the time of our lives...and then he showed up in his goofy little space ship. "Hey what are you fellas up to?" he asked. "Screw you man," I retorted. "You're a freak. Look at those eyeballs and that lame-ass paint job on your spaceship. It doesn't even have a dome. What happens when you go to the upper atmosphere? I bet your head implodes." "I bet you freeze to death," my friend jibed cleverly. "My name is Super Sonic," he replied glibly—almost good-naturedly. "Haha...haha," I laughed. "What are you, some kind of cosmic super hero to the retarded? Is that a bib you're wearing?" We were rolling in laughter when he pulled out a bulbous, toy-like laser gun and blew my buddy's head clean off. Then he sped off. If you see this guy in his stupid hover sled, tell me 'cause I'm gonna kick his ass.



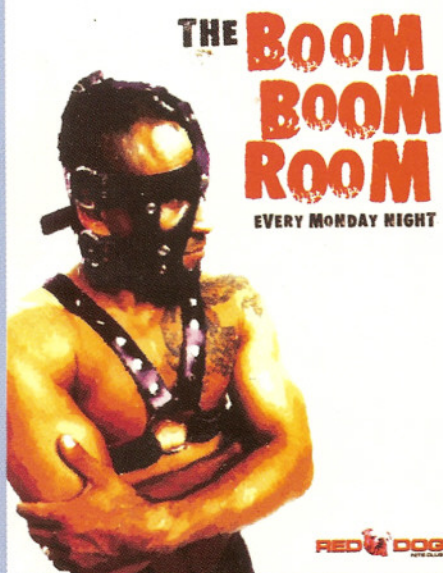
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, but Hammond, Indiana was one of the places my mother warned me about as a child. As if her wise words weren't enough, this sinister parody of an innocent breakfast cereal box should have alerted me as to the mind-whammy awaiting: After paying my innocent \$20, I was ushered into The Hammond National Guard Armory. After the blindfold was taken off, I beheld a spectacle straight out of the Old Testament. Demons of every stock and caste danced with buxom supermodels while young children sniffed glue and cheated at Connect Four. At the pinnacle of the evening, Satan himself showed up escorted by none other than Richard Simmons. Beware faithful reader...Hammond, Indiana (population 5,645) is the nexus of evil, the true birthplace of sin that makes Vegas look like Sesame Street.

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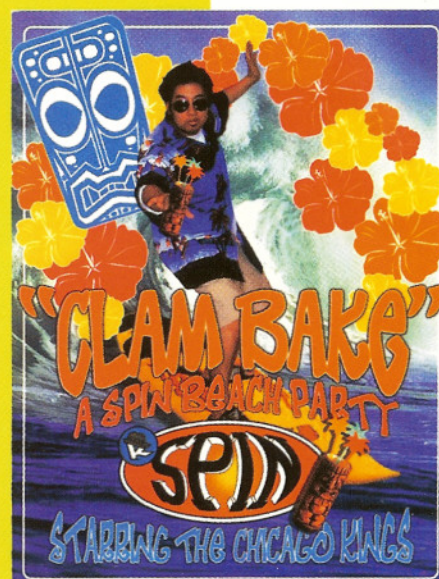
Flyer Design.

THE ULTIMATE IN DISPOSABLE ART
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NORMALLY A MAN DRESSED UP IN TIGHT, SPIKED LEATHER would cause me to recoil in abject horror. However when I called for more information I discovered the fellow pictured here is actually Pulp Fiction's The Gimp modeling the latest of his "Summer Collection." I canceled my Monday night plans to watch *Pay it Forward* for the 53rd time and made my way post haste to The Red Dog. It was an enchanting night, The Gimp fairly floated about the club, mint julep in hand, offering insider stories to the curious and soft assurance to those struck down in awe at seeing a "real Hollywood star." Mark Grant hurled the house all night and as I walked away content with the knowledge that both Jackson and Travolta *were* wearing wigs I knew that the gaping void in my soul had been filled by a man with a peculiar gait and a penchant for rubber.

LAST WEEK I HAD TERRIBLE LUCK: My lottery ticket (which Habib at 7-11 gave me his personal assurance would be a big winner) turned out to be a fake; my landlord cornered me and savagely browbeat me about three months of what he called 'unpaid rent'; and a bird crapped on my girlfriend's head as we stood in line for The Scrambler at a local carnival. "Why me?" I wondered. Then, as I sat down to write a fair, unbiased group of flyer reviews it hit me like a frying pan. Cleverly disguised as a fat dude wearing dumb sunglasses and flip flops while he surfs, this was in actuality a Polynesian High Priest who had left the confines of his temple deep beneath the Mauna Loa volcano to destroy me with the Tiki Curse—the most savage and evil of all Hawaiian enchantments. You remember the episode of the Brady Bunch when they go to the islands and Bobby finds the Tiki Idol and it causes unbridled havoc? After causing Greg an ego-crushing wipeout whilst surfing, Alice the live-in maid and family pragmatist finally takes matters into her own hands and scolds Bobby for being so naive when dealing with a malevolent pagan deity. Obviously, the folks at *Clam Bake* don't know what they're getting themselves into...or they're hell-bent on the destruction of the American way of life. Either way, get as far away from Chicago as you can this summer. Move to Los Angeles or New York where you can be assured of your personal safety away from this flyer.



This is the back of a flyer for Derrick Carter's residency at Bar Thirteen in Chicago. The front reminds me of an ad for feminine hygiene: flowers, hang gliders etc., but the back... Pam Grier watch out!. If you took out a loan and put this image on t-shirts you'd sell enough of them to buy club RUSH. A black panther, a chic with a big afro and bigger ta-tas—both juxtaposed against a star reminiscent of set deco on TV's hit music showcase 'Soul Train!' Yo' dogg if this ain't soulful then I don't know what is! Word!

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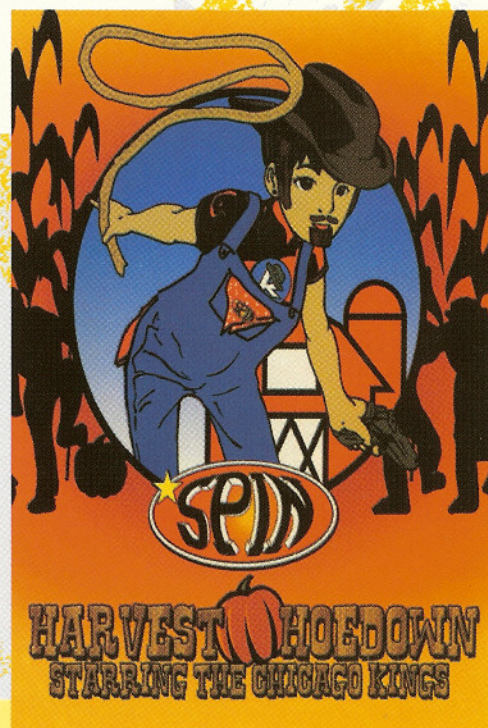
COREY BARBA

<http://www.coreybarba.com>

IF I SEE ONE MORE FLYER WITH TWO CRAZED

BEASTS having surrealistic sex alongside a bouquet of flowers and two glasses of wine I'm going to choke someone. Maybe my mailman. He's behind all of this. For three months I got nothing. Not a letter, not a bill, not even a care package from my friend Jeff. Then this shows up—exactly ONE month before Halloween. Maybe I don't "see" him when he comes to my house everyday but that doesn't mean I don't know what he's up to. I've had people try and prey on my subconscious fears before. Oprah and Richard Simmons have both devoted television shows to it. Observe the look of existential futility of the face of the top dog as he sends his motherload into the stratosphere. Where will his seed be in four centuries? Frozen in orbit around a dead husk of a planet, floating for dread infinity through a lifeless galaxy. Damn the post office.

Peter Pan goes country. If the flaccid lasso and the turd shaped pistol aren't enough to send you running, then the Charlie Chaplin moustache and the huge phallus posing as a silo will finish the job. Farm stuff freaks me out. I grew up in a cow town and our third grade teacher Mrs. Kay (she was a hottie!) took the class on a field trip to Jones Packing, which is a nice way of saying Jones Butcher House. They made our parents sign consent forms. I was quite an excited, innocent young lad. My Mom packed my favorite lunch and Dad gave me a knowing smile. I was about to become a man. What I had imagined as a pastoral romp in the country proved instead to be a gruesome tour of horrors through a hellish gore-drenched citadel of death. Wall to wall blood and entrails were the last thing these doomed bovines saw before they were struck between the eyes by a hydraulically fired steel rod and split from mouth to ass by a razor-sharp, yard long scythe. Looking at this kook, I'm sure you and I agree he's a bit too cocksure about this party. Something's rotten in Denmark and I don't think it's the corn.



FLYERDESIGN



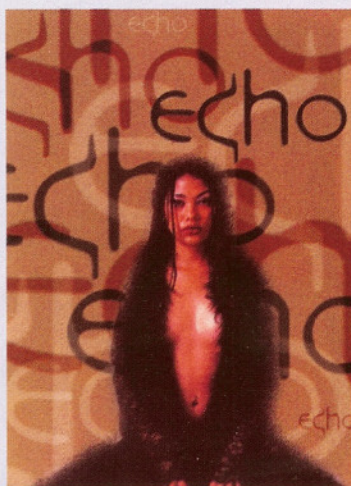
MANY FEEL that Disco IS the 70s. Platform shoes, afros on white dudes, Watergate, cocaine, orgies—it was a great time for everyone. But what do the 70s mean to me? Friendship. A special kind of friendship. I was only a kid back then but I know what it was all about thanks to a certain television show. That's right...CHiPs. Together, Ponch and John rode the sunny highways of southern California looking out for citizens...and each other. Do you remember the episode where some bastard loosened the wheel on Ponch's bike causing him to crash? Who was there to pick up the

pieces? Jon Baker. Whether playing volleyball on the beach in Malibu or chasing evil bank robbers they stuck together—and always at the end there they were, laughing it up at headquarters with Grossman, The Sarge and Harlan, that clever little guy in the white coat who worked in the garage and looked like a lawn gnome. Good times.

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ECHO...ECHO...ECHO...feeling seductive tonight? Tired of living in a world that doesn't understand the darker side of desire? Does silence sometimes seem to have its own melody? If you can answer yes to any of these questions, or feel brave enough to venture into a dimension where your secret needs don't have to hide in the shadows, then make your way over to ECHO...Echo...echo...(The Never Ending Sound). Do you like to read poetry, burn candles and enjoy the finer things a life of mystery and sensitive introspection has to OFFER... Offer...offer? Lose yourself in our world famous 'Labyrinth of Intrigue': a ten thousand square foot maze constructed

from a rare strain of English garden hedge genetically engineered by Lord Byron himself and assembled with ergonomic verve by qualified Ikea technicians! The truths of the soul to be discovered within will satiate the deepest yearning of even the most languid of beach-walking, infinity-pondering, creative-writing-course-taking moon worshippers. Thrill to the stylings of DJ Lurid, The Whisperer and the master of elusive knowledge who calls himself simply The "Captain." ECHO...Echo...echo...where the romanticism of the 18th Century meets the fashionable practicality of the new millennium. Black dress required.

HOLA! ME LLAMO FALCO! For all o' ya all out there that don't "habla Español," that means, "My name is Falco!" By day I'm a construction worker but at night I let it all hang out at Amigo! I work hard operating an industrial crane. Swinging that big wrecking ball back and forth, sending it hurtling though space to burst through thick, strong concrete walls takes a lot of concentration. That's why one night a week I put on my stretch pants and blue plastic shirt and just go wild! The other guys at work say I've got great hips and you know what? I'm not afraid to show them off! My

wife doesn't like to come with me, she doesn't like the "atmosphere," but that's ok. Amigo is una noche especial or, "a special night" for the workingman. Life can be hard, and hey let's face it Chicago ain't Miami! I'll take any little ray of sunshine I can get! So listen...whether you're a bronc rider or a dock worker, if you've got the blue collar blues get your fanny down to Amigo and boogie to DJs like George Acosta and ATB! Sometimes the only way to stay sane is to put your hands in the air and just go crazy!

