

# Time Out

## New York

The complete weekly guide  
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**Knockout punch**  
Swilling killer cocktails

**The clean machine**  
Kicking with Seán Curran

**Fashion vixens**  
Skirting the designer fringe

Foetus, a.k.a. J.G. Thirlwell,  
industrial cabaret wizard

# GHOUL WORLD

**Tips for a truly hellish Halloween**





# Time Out

## New York

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## Takeout

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## Out There

- 4 EvlXXXion on 42nd Street** The porn biz packs up as Times Square cleans up. You'll have to find *Dirty Debutantes* elsewhere.

**Dumpster** Who's selling the java for a regular Joe?

**The grid** Get out of the headlines, already!

**Marcia, Marcia, Marcia!** And just who would John Waters cast in *The O.J. Simpson Story*? No, not Divine....

- 5 What's the deal with...Roosevelt Island?** Clean. Quiet. Odd. **Lingua franca** ATMs speaking in tongues. Are you listening, Newt?

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- 12 André the giant tamer** With *Honey and Rue*, composer André Previn marries the words of Toni Morrison and the pipes of Kathleen Battle.
- 14 A Curran affair** Now solo, dancer Seán Curran turns his life around.
- 16 I am Rapaport** Michael Rapaport, who plays a dumb-bunny boxer in the new Woody Allen flick *Mighty Aphrodite*, talks about "the man."

**Cover:** Photographed by **Joseph Pluchino**; Stylist: James Massenburg; Makeup: John Toth; Hair: Norman James; clothing: Patricia Field, NYC; shoes: John Fluevog, NYC.

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# FRIGHT NIGHT



From the Bat Cave to the big parade, from Pinhead to Pocahontas,  
how to make your life pure hell

Nights in red satin: Industrial-rock maestro Foetus (a.k.a. Jim Thirlwell) emerges from his Brooklyn lair.



# A womb with a view

Where Foetus looks for mischief Photographed by **Joseph Pluchino**

**J**im Thirlwell does not celebrate—or even like—Halloween, but he comes damn close to living it year round. Thirlwell, a.k.a. Foetus, resides in a 20th-century urban version of a haunted mansion: a dark loft on a bleak street in Brooklyn's Dumbo (Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass). From his window, he controls an impressive electric gate to his compound, which makes entering a Dantesque experience for visitors. Upon arrival, you are greeted by walls of disturbed, cartoony art (H.R. Giger, Robert Williams, Frank Kozik), alongside antelope heads, stuffed squirrels, bull skulls, mummified tarantulas and shellacked iguanas. Under the table lurks his black-and-white cat Squeak, who has suffered some liver problems. "Like father, like son," quips Foetus.

And yet despite his affection for all things evil, bizarre and grotesque, Halloween is not his scene. "Halloween is a pagan holiday which has been usurped by commercialism," says the Australian-born Thirlwell. "I just think it's funny that this celebration of death got turned into this cheesy family fright-fest. It's the same way that punk rock got co-opted." He would know. A seminal producer of so-called industrial music, Thirlwell's early-'80s cocktails of electronic beats and monstrous guitars helped provide the musical template for such spooky '90s platinum sellers as Nine Inch Nails and Ministry. Nowadays, Thirlwell cooks up albums and remixes out of the home studio in his pad (his most recent LP, *Gash*, came out last year on Columbia).

Perhaps in hopes of imparting the *original* spirit of All Hallows' Eve to a new generation of revelers, Mr. Thirlwell hereby offers tips for marking the holiday. These are things he does every day. Which doesn't mean you have to.

**Drink heavily.** Thirlwell prefers four spots: Mars Bar (Second Avenue and 1st Street), the International (First Avenue between 7th and 8th Streets), Max Fish (Ludlow Street between Houston and Stanton Streets) and the Luna Lounge (across the street from Max Fish). "As soon as I walk in they start pouring," he says. "At International, I always have Long Island iced teas. At Mars Bar, I only have Johnny Walker Red, straight up. And at Max Fish and Luna, I always have margaritas." Mars Bar is his favorite, but he is currently curating a show of paintings at Luna Lounge.

**Visit the Anchorage.** The Anchorage, buried in the foundation of the Brooklyn side of the Brooklyn Bridge, is a cavernous, spooky space with enormous, vaulted ceilings and huge doorways. It usually holds an art show or two, and is occasionally rented out for parties. "Sometimes I just go there and bang on the door," says Thirlwell. "It originally was a place

where they stored tires. I want to record there someday. Great place to take a girl."

**Sit on a rock in Riverside Park.** "There's a really cool rock around 92nd Street in Riverside Park, right on the Hudson," he says. "It's got to be at least 20 feet across. San Francisco has a lot of witchcrafty points; this is kind of the Manhattan equivalent of that. You feel like you're somewhere else."

**Gaze from a parapet at the Cloisters.** The closest you're going to get to the Middle Ages in Manhattan. "Remember," says Thirlwell, "the admission price is only *suggested*."

**Hang out on the docks.** Next to the Intrepid, at 44th Street and the West Side Highway, "there's this abandoned barge that's really cool," he says. "It has these weird spiritual qualities. David Yow of the Jesus Lizard fell off it once. There's a similar barge in Williamsburg, which is half-sunken. You have to crawl around this barbed wire to get on it. It's like a ghost ship."

**Conduct a sacrifice at the band shell in East River Park.** Suggests Thirlwell, "If you go all the way past Avenue D on Houston into East River Park and go south, there's a bombed-out band shell that is a great place for holding a sacrifice." But be sanitary: "When you take your goat, bring along a pooper-scooper."

**Try to find a disinterment.** Thirlwell has seen one. He was visiting some friends at Mott and Prince Streets when he noticed something going on in the cemetery across the street: "There were about 15 people digging up this grave," he says. Turns out they were disintering someone who had ascended to sainthood so they could return the remains to Ireland.

The rest of Thirlwell's Halloween advice (e.g. "Dive into the East River") is simply too irresponsible to repeat. He does offer two final pearls on trick-or-treating: "Always make the distinction between Skittles and strawberry bath beads," he warns. "And avoid lonely bachelors curing their own beef jerky."—Nathan Brackett ■

## Be a Goth

or just look like one

Photographed by **Dimitry Elyashkevich**

**N**estled on the site of what was once New York is Gotham, the nocturnal demimonde of *Batman* and vampire movies. The look is 19th-century kinky tuberculosis casualty, the music is a branch of early-'80s British art rock, the poetry is Byron, Plath and Poe, and the pathology is depression. The gear is floppy night-shirts, chain mail, Victorian and medieval accessories, fetishwear, leather or rubber pants, and all in black, black, black (the beige of the '90s).

The thing about Goth is, the people are so damn