

ROCK+ROLL



RE-HAB

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APOLLO STAAR

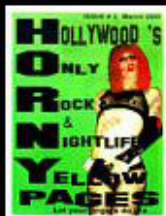
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03.01.00: Wednesday

Rent (\$1078) is due today, and for once I actually have it. Too bad I forgot to leave it under the door last nite and I had to get a reminder call from the landlady at noon. I ran upstairs, still in my 'Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black' t-shirt which has a close-up picture of singer, **Kembra Phaler's sewn up pussy** (from director / photographer **Richard Kern's** film, 'Sewing Circle') right on the front of it. As I was walking towards the office, I realized which shirt I had on, and quickly turned it inside out as I walked up the stairs. God forbid, one of the tenants wearing an X-rated t-shirt!! At nite, I walked next door to the **Dragonfly** for **Taime** and **JD's** club called **The Pretty Ugly Club**, and for good reason, too. It's not for the model / actor / new money / eurotrash set. I bumped into **Denise** (best bangs in L.A.) and **Anna**, and chatted a bit as I tried to get **Denise** to start drinking and quit being sober. My advances weren't working. It was cold and I was tired, plus I had to get the studio ready for **Stacy** who's coming into town next Wednesday. I left at 1:52am to start re-painting the floors gloss black. Fortunately, no-one saw my escape and followed me back to the studio to raid my steady supply of Stoli and Seagrams Seven while they came down and bullshitted about bullshit.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.03.00: Friday

I stayed home and continued re-painting the floors in the studio. At around 1:25am, **Arlene** called me from her cell and told me that she was right outside the studio. It was totally pouring sheets. She came in, and in 30 seconds convinced me to go to **Cherry** for last call- in the rain. My social disease kicked in and after patching myself together in a few minutes, we were off like a prom dress. Fast. **Cherry** was packed as always, and it was nice to see **Mike Messex** at the door taking other peoples money. I guess somebody has to pay the cover to keep the clubs going. After hanging out in the VIP room and watching **James St. James** talk about his 'Disco Bloodbath' in-store booksigning in Santa Monica for an hour while finishing off my seven & seven (tip: \$2), I bumped into resident superstar- **Vida de Ville**, who was there with pornstar, **Leo Masters**. Apparently, **Bryan** met **Leo**, and was so captivated by his presence and vocation choice that he asked **Leo** to go-go dance that very nite- without even auditioning for **Cherry** dance coordinator, **Russell**. I guess it's more about who knows you, than who you know in this town. After being in the VIP room for a while, the smell of hot sweaty go-go dancer odor whizzing by me over and over again was beginning to make my eyes water so bad that I ended up calling it an evening and since my ride split with a real date, I cabbed back to the studio at 2:30am (cab fare: \$4.00).

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.04.00: Saturday

Spent the entire day on the telephone returning phone calls from last week- avoiding the flash button (I swear I'm getting call waiting caller ID this week!!), and sorting all of my differently named CD club bills, which I will never pay until maybe they start offering me the good stuff that gets me more than 2 bucks a piece in cash at **Aron's Records**. In the afternoon, I got a call from **Frederico**- the Photographer in the loft next door to mine- asking me if I would be interested in renting out my studio as a VIP room for the post **Soul Train Music Awards Party** that was being held in his studio tonight. I agreed to rent it for \$400 for 4 hours (11pm to 3am). Cabbed (\$7) over to **BANG!** at 7070 Hollywood Blvd to work the VIP list and it was raining when I got there. Tonight was also **Makeup**, at the **El Rey Theatre**, so **Jason** and **Joseph** were over there. Even though it was pouring buckets, under-age clubsters kept filing in- one after another, fake ID after fake ID. The best part is watching **Ricky, the security guard**, rip up phony ID's right in front of the patrons as they scream in horror with the realization that their pass to drunken debauchery has just been revoked. At around 1:15am, I went inside to do the **Peter Murphy giveaways** that we got from **Beggars Banquet**. The kids went absolutely crazy for the posters, CD's and tapes that we hurled at them. I swear, people go nuts for anything that's free- it's just insane. We could've been giving away **Ricky Martin** demos and **Britney Spears** singles and they still would be begging for more- it's just nuts. At around 2:30am, I bumped into **Denise** (the one with the perfect hair and bangs that I call the helmet), **Anna** and **Patrick**, (the one that looks like a young gothic **Jeff Goldblum**) and then we went back to the studio to check on the after-party that was going on in my studio. As we slipped in the back entrance, the smell of pot was overwhelming and it looked like a marijuana smoke machine had just exploded. Apparently, they were using my studio just for the bathroom since the main studio only had one and a line a mile long attached to the door. I was pissed 'cause I knew they would pull some bullshit like this and not pay me the full \$400. I bitched and complained, which usually gets me everywhere, and this time was no different. They agreed to pay me \$150 bucks just to use my pisser for a few hours. Totally cool with me. I love top-shelf budgets. We all then left to go over to the **Fortress** rehearsal space for their after hours, and as usual- all the tore-back, snivel-nose, freeloading, rock-star wannabes were pulling out every trick in the book hoping to get a piece of bottle-blond, bimbo-bootie for the ride home. Shameless as usual, and no tact on top of it. I relished in my amusement. At 5am, I could hear the bottle of NyQuil sitting on my pillow calling me and I knew it was my cue to retire until tomorrow nite. As I entered the front door of the studio from Santa Monica Blvd (as to avoid disclosing my living arrangement to those scary people), I was shocked and surprised to find this overweight street-walker) who must have snuck in from the blvd.) giving head to some big dark-skinned rapper guy from the party with a huge **'DD' (that stands for donkey dick)**. As I walked passed them, into the other room, I whispered- 'don't mind me, I just need to use the bathroom'- hoping that they would let me live long enough to crawl in bed. Without skipping a beat, the streetwalker kept right on pleasuring his ole 'DD' without paying me any mind whatsoever. Now, that's what I call professional. Embarrassed, I ran upstairs as quietly as I could (as not to disturb business), and as I reached over my bed to crack open the bottle of 'Quil, I hoped desperately that he would come quick so that I would not have to listen to their panting jungle moans while I tried to get some shut-eye. Fortunately for me, he did, and in a matter of seconds- she was out the back door putting her assets back in place with cash in hand. He stuck around figuring out a way to tuck away the 'DD', not knowing I was just upstairs. After a few minutes, he left out the back door where he came in and I quickly ran downstairs to lock it up for the evening. As I laid my exhausted body down on my Ralph Lauren sheets, I said to myself- 'this is a photo studio, not a brothel, unless of the course...the money's right!!!! Capitalism forever!!!!

-without love, Apollo Starr

P.S. The next morning over a Vanilla Mocha from the bean(\$5.00) I found the empty condom wrappers in the corner of the room (I was surprised it wasn't a **MAGNUM**). **GROSS!!!!** How's that for ruining your entire day?!!

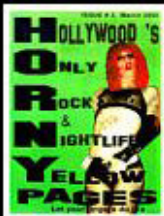
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03.05.00: Sunday

Woke up (1:45pm)- called **Webbs**, and went to breakfast at **Swingers**; breakfast burrito, coffee (cream & 2 sugars), side of homestyle potatoes (\$12.00 with tip). After breakfast, came back to the studio and shut off my ringer. Took a Valium and went back to bed until 6:30pm. There's nothing like going back to bed right after a huge meal and a doll. At night- got my records together and cabbed (\$11) over to the **Troubador** to DJ for the rock show that I was doing with **Larry Mann**, the ex-booker for the **Martini Lounge**. As the cab pulled up to the club I noticed my name in block letters up on the marquis and was relieved that they actually spelled my name right; with two R's. It was pretty early and not many people were there yet. I went up to the sound booth, through the band hospitality room, and set my two cd players up right on top of the soundboard. The first band called **'Crooner'** went on at 8:33pm. They were pretty bad, but not horrible. The singer looks really young. Then my faves from Arizona- **'The Beat Angels'**, played and totally rocked. The singer, **Brian**, always knows how to actually put on a show, not just get up on stage and wail into the mic. I think he stole his moves from Jagger since he does the funky chicken pretty good. What a refreshing change from the usual horde of bands that use their performance time as a practice rehearsal. While they played, I went downstairs and bumped into **Rebecca**, this girl that I met around a year or so ago through mutual friends **Gabby and Kirsten** (the Silverlake bombshells who are stuck in the late 70's). She gave me her number on a bar napkin (what a novel idea) in lipliner (imagine that!) so that I would call her whenever there was a cool party or club. As I realized that I was now officially her social director, I felt the knot in my stomach tighten. I can't even manage my own social calendar, much less a C-lister. I used the napkin to clean my CD's, and then put my gum in it for good measure. The next band- **'Champion'**, was good, but the singer- **Dylan**, is a bit of a self righteous primadonna, and for no real reason; the club still wasn't that crowded. The last band- **'Teen Machine and the Tube Tops'** were cool, but not that cool. The tube tops were three college looking co-eds from Bel-Air, one of them was actually that one girl from the show, **'Felicity'**. By the time they went on, there was barely anyone left in the audience so they bitched and complained (which got them nowhere) about going on too late and that they had to be on set the next day at 6am. Likely story. I left after their opening number. The actual sound of the music was cool, but they just didn't have the draw they thought, even if one of 'em is in Felicity... Who watches that show anyway?! Is it on cable?

-without love, Apollo Starr

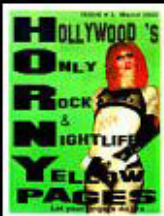
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03.07.00: Tuesday

At nite- went to DJ at the **Opium Den** and then when the last band went on, I packed my stuff and went to the **Burgundy Room** to meet **Denise** (the helmet) and Anna and look for some sugar. **Garron** was DJing, **Jessica** was slinging drinks, and **Pat Briggs** was trashed and sliming on all the straight guys as usual, who were not giving him the time of day- unless of course they were trashed, and **BG** was there making everyone look like AA rejects. I spotted **DJ Victor** talking to **Denise** dropping every cliché line in 'the Gentlemen's Handbook' circa '77 in hopes of getting a date with her, but to no avail. Damn! Even the DJ's are shit outta luck in the action dept. After a few drinks (7&7s), a score, and a quick trip to the can, I went back to the studio, and finished getting everything ready for **Stacy**. Went to bed at 4:41am. Everything in order.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.08.00: Wednesday

Woke up at the crack of dawn (10am), way too early for me, and prepared the studio for the photo shoot that I had at 1pm with **Raymond**, a referral from **Cervando**, my hairdresser at **Sally Hershberger** at **John Frieda**. Raymond showed up right on time and the shoot went off without a hitch, aside from the fact that he looked like a high school thug and wanted model-type pictures (a quick \$120). After he left, I broke down the lights, etc. and put the finishing touches on the studio. I went to Pavillions and bought all kinds of stuff for the refrigerator: 1.75 of Seagrams Seven, a liter of Stoli, OJ, Cran, case of 7up, case of diet A&W root beer (for Stacy), ice, tonic water, soda water, a bottle of Amaretto, bottle of sweet & sour (MR. & Mrs.Ts), can of carpet spot remover for the cape cod stains upstairs (didn't work), 3 orange & cranberry muffins, chocolates (my daytime favorite; Ferrero Rocher), TP, etc. (\$98.07 after the rebates with the Vons club card). Now I was ready for anything. On the way to the airport, I almost ran out of gas and wasn't sure if I should stop and get gas on the way, which meant that I might miss the actual arrival; or get gas after I picked her up which meant that I might run out of it before getting to the airport. I opted for the former. I arrived at the gate just in time. On the way back from the airport, we stopped at 7-11. **Stacy** bought deodorant and a pack of Big Red for me. After the possible initial awkward period, which turned out not to be awkward at all, we had cocktails and did a quick photo session with her wearing my leather 80's skirt, her black boots, Cervando's red satin shirt and Ashleigh's rhinestone choker. Then we started drinking. As I peered through the viewfinder, I tried to hold steady to capture this perfect 11. I was totally trashed when we did the shoot, so I hope that they come out in focus. After that, we went next door to the **Dragonfly** for **Pretty Ugly**. Since **Motochrist** was playing tonite, **Danny** wasn't at the door, but **Bob** still gave us the starr treatment. At the club, every single guy was eyeing her like a piece of meat, which unfortunately, is exactly what she is to this crowd. But, what can you expect when you get a real 100% natural beauty around a bunch of hard-up rockers who are used to tits that have the real feel and look of 18 pound bowling balls. Since the Weekly announced that it was Danny's b-day, I had bought a 6-pack of Bud in cans, wrapped it up in silver mylar (my trademark), and put it in a John Frieda product bag and was dragging it with me all around the club. **Danny** was in the back VIP room (in between the two bathrooms). We sat down and started with a few drinks(Stoli madras and a 7&7). I announced **Motochrist** (All the way from Koons Rapids, Minnesota, ladies and gentlemen, please welcome Motochrist!!!!) right before they went on and after 35 minutes of the loudest, screamin'est rock & fuckin' roll, we went back to the studio to get back our hearing and chatted for a while. Then, at around 1:45am, we walked back tot he club for last call. At 2:17am, **bartender Greg**, got me a last minute Stoli Madras for **Stacy** and we went to go hang out in the booth near the entrance. **Jade** (bangs) came by and told us how excited she was to go see her fave, **Bob Dylan**, on Friday. Front row center is enough to get anyone's blood boiling.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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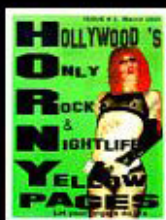
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03.09.00: Thursday

Stacy woke up at 7am since she's used to getting up early for work and couldn't go back to sleep. I could hear her looking around and probably wondering how the hell the sleeping arrangements came to this. We both finally rolled out of bed at around 1pm and went to go eat breakfast at **Swingers**. She had eggs and toast and potatoes and coffee (black) and I had my usual turkey burger (everything on the side) and side salad with balsamic vinaigrette (on the side) and coffee (cream & 2 sugars). After breakfast, we went to **Out of the Closet** on Fairfax. I didn't find anything, but **Stacy** bought a pair of white framed 70's style sunglasses and a white belt. We then walked to that one thrift shop next to Canters and I found this totally cool 70's red plastic small desk clock that matches the red in the bathroom perfectly. **Stacy** bought it for me. On our way out I noticed this cool looking 8-track player behind the counter. The cashier told me that there was a better one and then when I saw it, it was over, I had to have it. It was very 70's space age style which is my favorite, so I didn't mind shelling out \$25 for it. Plus, I know were to get a bunch of disco 8-tracks (mostly **Donna Summer**) for a few bucks a piece. Finally, I'll be able to listen to that 'A Night at Studio 54' 8-track tape that I bought for a few months ago hoping that it was a collectors item. At around 6pm, I took **Stacy** over to **Yamashiro**, where she was meeting this lady who may have a job for her when she moves down here in few months. After that, I went over to the **Out of the Closet** on Vine St. and picked up all of those disco 8-tracks (\$24) and an early 80's looking leather jacket (\$50). It looked like a 'Members Only' jacket, but it was all black leather and from Wilson's Suede and Leather. How 80's. I came back to the studio and returned a few calls then **Stacy** came back at around 10pm and smelled like wine cellar that had been pillaged by a mob of angry Italians. We hung around the studio for awhile and then took a cab (\$5) over to **Goldfingers** at around 11:45 for the **Cadillac Club**. Everybody was there when we got there and **Stacy** met **Vanessa**, and everyone else too. **Brandon** showed up with **Shane** and I saw **Coyote** and **Eden** and **Taime**, **Danny**, **Ricky**, etc, etc, etc... We sat outside for a while over cocktails (the usual). We watched the **Street Walkin' Cheetahs** perform, then after the club closed, we all got one more round of booze and everyone went to **Brandon's** house since he was tellin' everyone that he was having a huge party. **Eden** drove us to **Brandon's** place and when we got there, he just dropped us off and went home with **go-go Amy**, like a true rock starr. Inside, a few people came, including **Travis**, who were looking for nose candy hoarders and we just ended up hanging out smoking grass until we both got tired and went into **BG's** room and crashed at 5:26am. **BG** was off in Las Vegas with **Danny**.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.10.00: Friday

We got up and showered off our huge hangovers and then **Brandon** brought us back to the studio since he had an audition for a Samsung commercial next door at Cole Street studios. After Brandon finished, we went over to **Swingers** (my personal kitchen) again to have breakfast. **Stacy** had a Caesar salad and a gardenburger and coffee (black), and I had my other usual, a breakfast burrito and coffee (cream & 2 sugars). I forget what Brandon had. At around 5:35pm, we went up to the roof to do a quick photo shoot. The sunlight was fading fast so we only had time for a few pictures before it was too dark. I don't know why I didn't use a flash. At night, we went to eat over at **Red** on Beverly. We ordered Thai style chicken on sticks with peanut sauce (on the side) and an order of Calimari with cocktail sauce (on the side), plus cocktails (Stoli madras and a 7&7). After dinner, we went back to the studio and got ready for the dance-hall decadence that is **Cherry**. I wore my new leather jacket and when I went to put my cigarettes in the chest pocket, I found a napkin with two joints in it, probably in there since the early 80's. It was Godsent. I handed them over to **Stacy**, then cabbied over to **Cherry** (\$5). As we walked right into the club, we headed immediately to the VIP room where **Lina** from the LA Weekly was there. Then we went over to the VIP balcony where we bumped into **JD**, the owner of the **Dragonfly**, and his girlfriend, **Lisa**, who bought us a round of Tangerine flavored shots at the upstairs bar. I was already trashed so I handed what was left of the shot over to **Tom Jameson**, who grabbed me immediately after slamming it, and pulled me into the bathroom for a little candy. **Cherry** got packed and at the end of the nite, we ended up going over to **Chez Monroe's** house, stopping by the studio to pick up some booze. At Chez's, we de-corked a bottle of Freixenet (extra dry) and had Stoli cranberries which were mostly Stoli since we were really short on the cran. We watched all of the overly done cocaine snorting outtake scenes (if you've seen them you'll know why they omitted them from the theatrical release!) from the DVD version of 'Boogie Nights' until we were blue in the face rolling on the floor from laughing. When we finally caught our breath, **Webbs** finally took us back to the studio at around 7am. Still spun out of my head, I fixed a quick 70's cure-all (a shot of Nyquil and 2 Somas) and tried to crash while watching endless hours of the infomercial for the 'Rocket Chef' with that annoying blonde lady (the one on every infomercial) and that even more annoying limey in a red bow-tie and matching braces.

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03.11.00: Saturday

Crawled out of bed on my hands and knees at around 1:30pm, down the stairs towards the bathroom, and then we went to eat bread in hopes of soaking up all of the leftover booze. On the way, we stopped at the newsstand on Melrose and picked up the March issue of **MOJO magazine**, the one with the article of **Rodney's English Disco** and the picture of me with **Lina and Michelle** (the bartender and manager of Jumbos Clown Room on Hollywood blvd.). At **Canter's**, **Stacy** ordered a Chicken Matzo ball soup and half roast beef sandwich and coffee, I had the same with a hot pastrami sandwich (add lettuce and tomato, toasted bread, side of Russian hot & sweet mustard) and a root beer (EZ ice). On my way to the upstairs bathroom to check my wallet for money, I noticed **Rodney** sitting in his booth (the one right next to the stairwell) getting interviewed by **Laurie Pike** from **Glue magazine** for British TV. I said 'hello' to them as I left and then came back to the studio. At nite, we both got ready to go out; me to be the door bitch at **Bang!** and **Stacy** was going to hang out with her friend, **Camille**, that she met the other nite at **Goldfingers**. I dropped her off at Camille's and then went to **Bang!**. **Trixon** showed up with some young looking girl that works at some independent record label, too small to remember the name. Time went by so slow, like when your waiting for the catsup to come out of a new Heinz bottle and have no knife to gag the bottle with. Then, at 1am, I went inside to throw out some Oasis swag to the begging kids. Their record label gave us vinyl, posters, CD singles, and a shitload of stickers that I ended up throwing huge bunches into the air just to get rid of 'em. Finally, at around 2am, **Stacy** showed up with **Camille and Eden**, the guitarist from **Motorcycle Boy**. They were all totally loaded, except for Eden- he's sober. We went back to the studio to drop off the Camaro (STARR 80) and powder our noses before going to the after hours party on top of **the Garage**. At the studio, I fixed the girls some cocktails (7&7s) and ended up doing a quick impromptu photo shoot with them and **Eden**. I pulled out my chrome gun (I found out after that it was loaded) and they used it as a prop, real James Bond style, bond girls and all. After we were all really loaded, **Durmel** called us and told us that the party was dry, so we went to the **Fortress Studios** for their after hours. It was okay. Tons of shameless guitar techs and soon-to-be roadies for the Oak Ridge Boys reunion tour, as usual. Plus their usual supply of the cheapest, warmest beer in the world. At that point, we didn't care and would have settled for cough syrup (alright..alright...I would have settled for cough syrup!) We hung out mostly in the DJ room where he was spinning a bunch of 80's music and would throw in a few 80's big-hair-band-hits just to keep the rockers happy who wouldn't dance anyway, no matter what was played. After a few hours of putting up with people asking where the MGD lite was, we had to leave. Dropped off **Camille**, then we went with **Eden** to **Jack in the Crack** on Cahuenga so he could get a chicken sandwich. The whole time we're waiting in line I could hear him debating with **Stacy** about how **Angus Young** still gets all the bottle-blonde-bimbo groupies since he's a rockstarr and she was saying how he can just get all the old tired hookers since he is an old tired hooker. This went on forever and to settle it once and for all I voiced my opinion and decided that **Eden** was right, since he can obviously speak from experience. After getting dropped off at the studio, we both sat on the couch debating whether to jump in the Camaro and drive up the coast without falling asleep behind the wheel, or to just sit up and watch the sun come up as we both came down. We opted for the latter, and ended up crashing out on the 12ft couch, head to head at 7:12am.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.12.00: Sunday

With my shoes and face still on, I crawled off the couch at around 10am and Stacy started packing up her things for the trip back to Minneapolis. I ran out to get some food since we hadn't eaten in around 20 hours, plus our week long binge of drinking, dancing, drugging, and photo shoots was now coming to an end. After she ate a dry chicken sandwich from Topz on Melrose, we drove to the airport in almost complete silence. It was horrible to see Stacy disappear down the ramp into her plane. I ran to the nearest bar and quickly downed a double sevens & sevens. Then, ran over to the Southwest terminal to pick-up BG, whose plane came in just a few minutes after Stacy's left. After 15 seconds of running, I stopped, caught my breath and slowly walked the rest of the way there. As BG came off the plane, she told me about her whirlwind weekend trip to Fabulous Las Vegas where her shuggs bought her these \$2500 crystal rhinestone encrusted Gucci heels, plus a new wardrobe from only the most expensive boutiques in the city of lights. At BG's, I cleaned up and then went back to the studio to do a quick photo shoot of head shots for my friend, Lisa. When I got home, there was a cancellation message from her which is just what I was hoping would happen so that I could have some time to gather myself and try to put my head back on straight after my crazy week. At night- I had a quick Amaretto sour and went straight to bed early (11:45pm) to try to catch up on my sleep. Turned on the TV and to my chagrin, the 'Rocket Chef' was on again. I set the timer on the TV (for 60 min.) and embraced my true love that is my down pillow and let the show proceed as I sank into a deep slumber (I was tired, and at this point I could care less about anything on TV).

-without love, Apollo Starr

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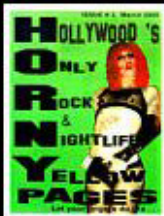
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03.14.00: Tuesday

At night, took the Camaro (STARR 80) over to the **Opium Den** to DJ at **Dr. Wu** where **Fireball Ministry** was playing with **The Spies** and **Masons**, plus a few other bands that were too awful to remember. Fireball Ministry was awesome and sounded very Black Sabbath (Iron Man period). **Helen**, door Danny's girlfriend, plays bass for them with another girl guitar player and watching them bob their hair up and down like real headbangers was totally cool. **Fox 11 News** was there taping the band for their new weekly special called 'Fox Rocks'. After the last band went on, I gathered music and headed over to the **Burgundy Room** as usual for last call. **Chez Monroe** (hair God from **Epoxy Glow**) was there with **Webbs**, who was trying to keep her nose clean by staying away from all the candy dealers hovering around. It was actually commendable to see her being good for a nite. **BG** was there with **Ramona** and **Marisa**, who were bitching and complaining about everything as usual while trying to find out where the after party was. I bumped into **DJ Victor**, who was trying his hardest yet again to get a date with **Denise**, while **Anna** was busy swapping spit with her on-again-off-again sex partner, **Patrick**. After avoiding **Pat Briggs'** advances, I left and went to crash at the studio. **Durmel** went to **Canter's** to meet his friend over chicken matzo ball.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.15.00: Wednesday

Went to **Swingers** with **Alison**, my ex-hairdresser, for a business meeting. She's quitting **Rudy's Barber Shop** in the Standard Hotel on Sunset and wants to rent the studio a few days out of the week so that she can cut hair here for her regular clients, while she gets it together and tries to open up a hair salon of her own. She offered to pay me \$40 a day. Way too little. I can get \$250 a day renting the studio out to other photographers, but since she's my friend I told her she could have the studio on Mondays and Tuesdays, when I'm not around. She agreed. At nite, **BG** came over and we waited until **Denise** and **Anna** came over before going next door to the **Dragonfly** to see the **Newlydeads** perform. They were a 1/2 hour late, so by the time we left at 11pm, the club was already to capacity with an angry mob waiting at the door. Danny the doorman was already inside, but Bob, the ID taker, let us in immediately, pissing off all of the waiting bimbos and my friends who have no DP (door power) who tried to jump on my train pissing Bob and me off. There's nothing worse than a sea of screaming acquaintances who think they're your best friend when it comes to getting through the door. The club was not as packed as I thought it would be since I guess they were enforcing the capacity rule. Usually they let it run over a few hundred people. In the back VIP room was everybody who's anybody: **Taime**, **Dayle Gloria** from **Scream**, **Ricky Vodka** from **Motochrist**, **Danny**- who's birthday it was, a small selection of bimbo groupies, **Mark (King) Diamond**, **Lisa** and **JD**- who bought us a nice round of extra strong drinks, and the rest of the **Pretty Ugly** family. The **Newlydeads** were awesome and I took a bunch of B/W's for the picture book I'm working on. At some point during the night, **Trixon** and **Coyote** started telling people that there was going to be an after party at the studio, those fuckers (heh...heh..they'll get theirs in good time!)- so for the next hour and a half I had everybody and their mother (literally) come up to me asking me if the party rumor was true and if they could bring their horrible out-of-date, out-of-town guests from Cleveland, OH- who want to experience a real hollywood R&R party and dry up my stock of Seagrams 7 and Stoli. Forget it! It's not happening. At the end of the night, I had to wait until 2:55am outside the club so that everyone would leave and not follow me accross the street to the studio. I got in at exactly 3:02am, and quickly locked the door. **Dirt** came by a few minutes later with a big bag of ice and a small blue bag with a gram of candy in it. It turned out there was an afterparty after all (who knew?!). I Went to bed with the aide of my good friend, NyQuil, at 6:43am.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.17.00: Friday

Got up at around 11am and set up to do pictures of **Ashleigh**, the Cherry go-go dancer, for her agency (Dragon). Smash (her nickname that only I can call her) came over and we shot a quick roll of B/W on the stairs and on the black couch in the back of the studio. Then Smash left at around 2pm. I took a nap. **Webbs** came over at 4pm and then we went to Dairy Queen for ice cream. Single soft serve, 1/2 vanilla, 1/2 chocolate double dipped in chocolate (\$1.85). Then we went over to visit **Chez of Epoxy Glow** who had just gotten out of the hospital for throat cancer. Apparently, they took out his thyroid on the right side of his throat. He has a huge scar from his right ear all down and across his throat and back up to the other side. It reminded me that I should quit smoking. He was in good spirits and we watched reruns of the Monkees and then the David Bowie video collection. The video for Rebel Rebel is my favorite. Bowie looks the cutest. Then **Jack Atlantis** came over and soon after, his friend **Shelly** came over who looked like a girl with a lot of lies on her and she had bright red hair, but she was very nice. She was in all black tight leather and looked like a retired dom. Chez's mother was there and I noticed she did a double take when Shelly walked in. After a few hours, we left. **Webbs** dropped me at the studio. At nite, **Webbs** came over again and we got ready and went to **Cherry**. Everybody was there and I bumped into **Tom Jameson**. He didn't have any candy, but offered me Vicodin instead. I didn't take any, but he ended up giving me one for later. Upstairs in the VIP room, I bumped into **Toby** who was trying to unload grams. He gave me a bump on the house since I always hook him up with buyers. When we came out of the bathroom, **Webbs** was right there and was so pissed at me for going into the bathroom with him since she hates him with a vengeance. Toby used to live at her house years ago when she was like 14 or 15 and got her high one night and was sliming all over her. I believe her since he's nice, but sometimes he acts like such a creep. After the club, I bumped into **Tammy** and her new friend, **Daniella**. Tammy then took me over to someone's house which was right down the street from the after party. **Denise and Anna and Amy** showed up there and then Tammy left. After a while, I got to the point where I couldn't drink anymore unless I wanted to get sick and then Daniella took me home.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.18.00: Saturday

At around 1pm, **Lisa** came over for some head shots and was complaining the entire time about how she thought that she was fat and ugly. After a while, it got to the point where I was convinced, too. I shot her against an all white background, then the last few shots we did in front of the black background. She was wearing jeans and one of my Brooks Bros. white dress shirts for that. After she left, **Webbs** and **the other Lisa** came over at around 4pm for their head shots for school. I shot them in front of the white wall. Lisa was okay to shoot, but Webbs was greeeeeaat. She kept giving me these 'little girl' looks and poses, plus her hair was up in two ponytails. At nite, I drove STARR 80 over to **BANG!** and there was a huge line out front as usual right when I got there at 10pm. I parked the Camaro in the loading zone as usual (it's o.k. to park there after 6pm) and went to work the line. Sometime in the middle of the nite, these three guys came up to me and asked me if they were on the list. By looking at their 'Men's Warehouse' suits I could immediately tell that they did not belong on my list. I asked them whose list they were on and the one guy replied, 'Andrew Jackson'. At first I didn't understand what he meant, but then after a few seconds I figured it out. He was trying to buy his way to the front of the line. The security guys take money all the time. They take away all of the fake ID's that they come across and then sell them back to the people they took them from for like \$50 bucks a piece. In one nite they could make an extra \$300 cash if they were really good talkers. **Chez** showed up and hung outside with me for awhile. He told me that Webbs' bump on her lip was not from getting into a fight at school, but from having something, if you know what I mean. I knew it. I thought that's what it was when I first saw it anyways. **Denise and Anna** showed up at around 12:30am and I let them right in. **Chloe Sevigny** was inside stumbling around drunk off her ass and when I did the Oasis giveaways, she was right up in front practically grabbing the records and stickers out of my hand. After the club, Chez followed me back to the studio so that I could drop off the Camaro (STARR 80) and change into something a little more Rock & Roll for the **Fortress Studios** after hours. I put on black leather pants, and my Evil Kneivel jacket from Serious. At Fortress Studios, Chez and I walked in like R&R royalty and the mob waiting to get in split in two like the red sea as we walked in. **Webbs** was there- applying lip soother to her mouth and as she turned to us and asked us if we needed any, Chez and I both turned to each other and grimaced. At around 4am I was tired and hungry so Denise, Anna, **Patrick** and I went to **R&R Denny's** on west Sunset Blvd. and ate. I paid for everything, as usual. Denise dropped me off at the studio at around 5:25am.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.22.00: Wednesday

In the afternoon, I went to the lab to pick up the pictures from the Lush restaurant and they were all really yellow and orange. I had the Lab re-do the fotos since they were for **Steve Eddleson**, owner of the Martini Lounge, the Garage, Home restaurant and the Lush club. He's the biggest prick in town and will use any excuse to get out of paying someone. I didn't want to take my chances of him not liking the fotos. I also picked up the proofs of **Lisa and Webbs and the other Lisa**. They came out really good, especially the pictures of the first Lisa- she came out really beautiful- it almost didn't even look like her. Then ran over to Simon's camera on Highland to pick a red backdrop for Avery's shoot tonight. At nite, **Avery** came over with **Carrie**, who are the last remaining members of **Pussywhip 2000**, and I did promo pictures for them- one roll in B/W and the other roll in color. Avery wore a tight blue top and his inhaler around his neck for the color shots. He looked really cute actually. At the end of the shoot, **Webbs and Lisa** came over to choose a picture for their graduation. They were with **Chez**. After they chose a picture, we all walked over to **Dragonfly** for the **Pretty Ugly Club**. **Motorcycle Boy** was playing. I bumped into **Mike** and he gave me a 20. **Motorcycle Boy** played and they were not as good as I remembered them. Maybe **Francois** was actually sober for once and just couldn't pull it off without being completely loaded. Anyways, I've seen them play so much better on other nights. I put a few pieces of rolled up napkins in my ears and took pictures of them anyways. After the club- **Denise, Anna, and Webbs** came over to the studio and since I had the red backdrop up from Avery's shoot, I decided that we should do some pictures of **Denise**, the helmet. She left for a minute to get something out of her car and after 10 minutes, came running back into the studio, threw her keys down on the ground and began screaming that someone had broken into her car- broke the window and stole her and Anna's purses from the back seat. Outside, her brand new Beetle was parked with the window completely smashed out and a huge gash where they had wedged the screwdriver into the window. I made a police report on the phone, then 2 cops came walking up to us outside to see what was going on. I was so high that I couldn't really talk right so I tried not to say anything at all. **Travis** was also outside stumbling around claiming that he couldn't remember where he parked his car. He was totally loaded and had around \$600 worth of candy on him. I told him to go inside the studio and stay away from the pigs and try to sober up so that I could get him outta there ASAP. He is what I call a high-risk acquaintance. Denise and Anna went to the Police station and made their report. I took a few shots of NyQuil and tried to get some sleep.

-without love, Apollo Starr

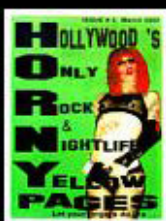
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03.24.00: Friday

Picked up the pictures for the **Lush Club**, and this time they got the color right, thank God. Then rushed them over to the **Martini Lounge** and then flew over to **Simons Camera** and picked up a white backdrop for the **Fuzztones** shoot. At around 5:30pm, the Fuzztones began to show up one by one and then they were all there. They looked like stars of some crazy 60's motorcycle outlaw B-movie. In other words- totally cool. During the shoot, **Rudi Patruodi** kept on bitchin' on and on about how he was going to kick **Jim Freek's** ass 'cause of what Jim wrote about him in his column 'the **Freek Show**' in the **New Times**. Something about not being able to differentiate **Rudi** and **Gene Simmons** 'since they are both old and hairy', or something to that effect. **Rudi** talked about spitting blood on **Jim Freek** in the middle of their show tomorrow nite, like **Gene Simmons** does onstage- just to throw it in **Jim Freek's** face. The shoot was great and after it ended around 8pm I was in a great mood. I called **Stacy**, but she wasn't home. I got ready to go to **Rodney's English Disco** over at **Fais Do-Do**, and couldn't decide what to wear. Apparently, the **BBC TV** was going to be there and they wanted to interview me for something or another, so I had to wear just the right things so that as little of me as possible would end up on the cutting room floor. I decided on my late 60's polyester H.I.S. brand deadstock pants which were bright blue with black stripes going down the flares and a red satin shirt with a silver lame' scarf along with my black suede big collared jacket. The girls were late as usual and I was pissed. There is nothing worse then being late for the press. By the time they came to pick me up (11:25pm), I was sure the **BBC** would have already gone and left the club without interviewing me. At the club, the **BBC** turned out to be one of **Piper's** friends with a video camera taping the going's on at the club and all the **Rodney** groupies. No big camera crew, no cute hostess with an even cuter English accent to talk to, not even a microphone. I guess they were going to send the tape over to England and then the station was going to edit it down, then air it. Oh well- it was good practice anyway. The music tonight was especially good, a lot of Glam and 70's and less 80's and Brit-poop. I still had some candy from the other nite which was keeping a usually un-enthusiastic **Apollo Starr** fueled like a rocket!! **Patrick** was drunk as ever and had accidentally spilled his entire pint of beer into **Denise's** tube top. For the rest of the nite- **Denise** was walking around smelling like a homeless drunken stinky limey. Poor girl. At around 1:15, I met this girl **Erica** that just wouldn't leave me alone. I didn't really mind except that she kept wanting to wear my glasses and take the gems that were glued to the edges of my eyes. I let her have one gem, but no glasses. I then bumped into **Trixon** and told him about the **Rudi Patruodi** story and then I bumped into **Jim Freek** and had to repeat the story all over again. I think **Jim** was scared. At around 2am, we left the club and **Patrick** was so fucked up that he stumbled and tripped and then fell into the white plastic chain that was roping off the outside smoking section. He totally fell flat on his face, but I'm sure he didn't feel a thing since he got up a few seconds later. I immediately rushed away from the scene so as not to appear that I was with the drunken party. We then rushed to **Cherry** for the last 15 minutes. It was almost dead except for all the amphetamine filled club kids running around searching for the directions to any after-party, so they could come down Saturday morning. **Webbs** was there and gave me directions to some party on Kings Rd. off of Santa Monica Blvd. so we all went over to that. We couldn't find it so we came back to the studio and had **Seven & Sevens** until everyone passed out at around 5am. **Jason**, one of **Denise's** friends that was with us, put on **Madonna's Immaculate Collection** CD and was doing every routine to every song in the middle of the studio floor for what seemed like hours. At 7am, **Amy** realized what time it was and started screaming for everyone to get up and that they had to leave and be at work in a few hours, plus **Jason** hadn't called his mom to let her know where he was since the day before yesterday.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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03.27.00: Monday

Greg shot C.C.DeVille at the studio and when I got back to the studio at around 7:48pm, I noticed the picture that I had of C.C.Deville sitting next to some brunette bimbo that was taped to my fridge was gone. Greg said that C.C. saw all of the pictures on my fridge and then thought that it was cool when he saw his picture there too, nestled nicely in between all of the starr celebrities. Needless to say, he stole his picture as a starr souvenir, but that's okay, I have another copy thanks to twin pix. At nite, at the studio, I typed up my column, 'The Starr Scene', for the **HORNY pages**. I can't believe how much good gossip there was this month- so much that it turned out to be around two pages long. I hope **Coyote** doesn't edit too much out of it to make it one page like it's supposed to be. After all, one should never edit gossip, especially when it's heavily laced with plugs from all of our supporters. We'll see what happens.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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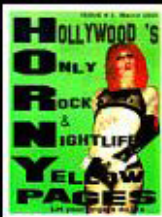
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03.30.00: Thursday

At nite, **BG** came by to pick me up and we went to pick up **Lina Lecaro** from the Weekly and then went to the **Troubador** to see **Candy Ass** from NY, the **Manscouts of America**, and my faves- **Motochrist**. When we got there, the Manscouts were already playing. The singer had blood all over his face and head for some reason. It reminded me of Gene Simmons from KISS. I didn't care for them much so I went up to the green room with **Danny Nordahl**, the lead singer of Motochrist. In their dressing room, the club had provided the band with a huge tub of Budweiser beer in bottles and water. The beer went first, of course. Then **Candy Ass** played and they were good. The girls wear catholic school girl uniforms, but punk rock style- all ripped up and dirty. When they finished, I noticed **Tommy**, my old partner for **Superstarr**. He was sitting at the bar trying to pick up on **BG**. I think they slept together a long time ago, but I'm not entirely sure. **Motochrist** then played and totally rocked the entire club. They were awesome. I took tons of pictures. After they finished, we were all hungry from drinking so we went over to the front of that new club- **Ultra Suede**, where **the old Cherry** used to be, since I remembered that there is always some guy selling those hot dogs rolled in bacon right outside the club. We could smell them dogs all the way from Santa Monica Blvd. After inhaling the dogs in around 35 seconds, we were off to **Goldfingers** for the **Cadillac Club**. I can't remember who played since I was in the bathroom the whole time with **Travis**. At 2:15am, I went home to NyQuil.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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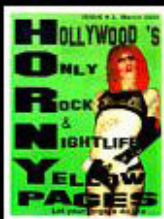
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03.31.00: Friday

At nite, **Webbs** came over and we cabbed to **Cherry** where **Holly Woodlawn** was performing her one and only hit song, 'Walk on the Wild Side'. I wanted to go as Andy, but I was afraid that there would already be too many Andy's running around, and besides- my Andy wig needed an hours worth of work to look perfect which I didn't have. I ended up wearing all black leather (kind of an early Andy look) and the requisite black and white striped shirt underneath along with my Marilyn pin to show my support. On the way over to **Cherry**, **Webbs** gave me a bump in the cab. I think the cabbie noticed, but was too scared to say anything, not wanting to jeopardize his tip. At **Cherry**, there were posters of the movie '**Trash**' hanging up in the VIP room and I had **Webbs** take one down for me immediately before they all disappeared. They had a huge picture of **Joe Dallesandro**- just like the original posters, but the background was black instead of white. I also saw that **Cherry** dancer drag queen who has a wig of my real hair color (black with white streaks) and fortunately she wasn't wearing it. I just hate it when someone totally steals a signature part of you and tries to use it as their own when everybody knows that it belongs to someone else. **Holly** performed, and it just wasn't as good as I thought that it would be. The last time I saw her perform was when she did 'Walk on the Wild Side' at my old club '**SUPERSTARR**'- a year and a half ago for our 'Factory' nite. Back then, she was totally loaded, stumbled on stage, broke a heel, and kind of just mouthed the words since she was either too drunk to remember them or just didn't feel like going all the way. Anyway- we got a picture in the **New Times** the following week with the caption 'Trash cans: Holly Woodlawn (right) and Apollo Starr'. Anyhow- after the show, I wanted her to sign my poster, but I just couldn't find the right pen. It had to be a Sharpie. After watching Holly ask everybody for drink tickets over and over again, I finally just gave her my drink- a stiff seven and seven, since I knew they weren't serving anymore. I kept looking for **Joe Dallesandro**, but he never showed up. I've always wanted to take a picture of his famous 'Lil Joe' tattoo in person since I've been obsessed by it forever. At the end of the nite, **Travis** showed up just in time to cash in on all the candy-hungry clubbers.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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04.01.00: Saturday

Erika, the girl that I met at Rodney's English Disco a few weeks ago, came over at around 5pm and took me over to my personal kitchen known as **Swingers** and we ate a light dinner. I had fries and a small side salad (balsamic vinaigrette on the side) and coffee, Erika had a large Caesar salad with added chicken and a diet drink (\$22.87). After dinner, we came back to the studio and she wanted to look at my clothes for some reason or other. After she watched me get ready and took notes, she took me to **BANG!** where I do the VIP list. It was also the same night as **Makeup** down at the El Rey, and the **Toilet Boys** from NY were playing so I thought that BANG! might be a little slow. It wasn't. There was a huge line outside before we opened and it remained steady until around 11:20pm. I guess that Makeup got to capacity as usual at around 10:30 and everyone who couldn't get in came down. **Denise and Anna** showed up and the security guards gave Anna a hard time since she didn't have an ID. I vouched for her and told the security guards that their purses had been stolen a week ago right in front of the studio and she just hadn't gotten her ID yet. They let them right in. After the club, we all came back to the studio and had seven and sevens till 5 in the morning.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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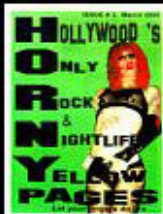
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04.03.00: Monday

In the afternoon I got a phone call from **Sal Jenko**, the owner of the **Viper Room**, asking me if I wanted to do a guest appearance at the **Camaro club** tonight. They could pay me \$150 to show up in the Camaro (STARR 80) and DJ for an hour. Tonight was also the big **Toilet Boys** show at **Scream** and I knew that **Dayle** would kill me if I didn't go there. I did what any fame hungry capitalist would do and opted for the tax free \$150 at the Viper Room. At nite, I drove over to West Hollywood for the first time in around 6 months and guest DJ'd at the club. It was great; free parking, free drinks all nite long, unlimited guest list, plus the \$150 cash didn't hurt. I bumped into **Noelle**, the girlfriend of **Danny** who sings for **Tangerine**. She was bugging me about picking up this 70's style floor lamp that she wants to give me since they moved and don't have room for it anymore. I would love to have it, but I just don't think that it will fit in the Camaro. After a few hours of putting up with all of the patrons song requests, **Durmel** showed up and then after a while got bored hanging out with me in the DJ booth so he went to go walk around. He came back a few minutes later to tell me that **Denise** was stuck outside because she gave the door-people her fake ID that didn't have her real name on it, and that name was different than the one that was on the guest list. How am I supposed to keep up with everyone's real names, over 21 names, under 21 names, fake names, pseudonyms, and aliases. I just can't do it. **Denise** ended up getting in 'cause the door guy liked her helmet hair. By the time they came in, the 80's hair metal cover band, **Metal Shop**, was already finished and it was time for the wet t-shirt contest. I told the girls that they could win \$300 bucks, tax free, and only **Anna** dared to enter it. They carted a portable shower, glass doors and all, up to the stage and one by one the girls went into the shower while **Sal** held the hose above them and they got real drippy! One girl got completely naked and threw her clothes over the top of the shower stall. The girls had silicone tits mostly, but there were a few with the real thing. After the initial dowsing, the girls were split into two groups and then the audience voted which group had the best chests. The group that **Anna** was in won, and at the end of the nite she collected her \$100. It was beautiful. I reluctantly gave her back her bra and handed her a bar napkin to dry off with. After I got paid, I stopped by **Canters** for an éclair, then went back to the studio.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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06.03.00: Saturday

At around 3pm **Stacy** came over and we went over to **BG's** house where **Brandon**, the former 'Playboy' of the now defunct 'IT' crowd was celebrating his 19th birthday. Everybody was there hanging out beside the pool drinking heavily and passing out in the hot sun. There were around 20 floatation devices in the pool mixed in with floating Bud cans and Miller lite bottles. People didn't seem to mind since the pool was filled with naked bodies. **Travis** showed up and went immediately into the bathroom with a handful of desperate candy fiends waiting to cop. I bumped into **Shayna** who I haven't seen in months. She was there with her new boyfriend and told me that they had just come back from TJ with a shitload of pills: Morphine, Diazepam(Valium), uppers, downers, Roofies, painkillers, muscle relaxers, etc., etc. She told me how they almost got busted at the border when they were coming back into the U.S. Apparently when they walked back across the border, her boyfriend, who's tattooed all over, got pulled aside and searched. **Shayna** had put all of the pills in her oversized bra just in case this happened. She is a relatively small girl but with all of the pills in her bra it looked like she had implants from some expensive Beverly Hills doctor. They searched her boyfriend and found nothing, and then looked at her, said some chauvinistic remarks in Spanish and then let them through. She told me that she was so nervous that she almost ran into the bathroom and flushed all of the pills. Fortunately for her, she didn't, and now will have rent money after she sells them all. By the time I was ready to go, **Stacy** was totally stoned and drunk to the point where she didn't know where she was. I convinced her that she better come with me since her car was here at the studio and she didn't have a ride back except for me, and I don't think that anyone would want to leave the party anytime soon just to take her back to her car.

At nite I went to Makeup at the El Rey to do my Celebrity Photo Booth upstairs in the VIP area. When I got there at around 8:30pm, the line was already around the block and we weren't even open yet. I just can't imagine going to a club before midnight unless you're working there. It must really suck not to be on anyone's list and have to wait 3 hours just to get in, but I guess that someone has to pay our bills. After around a half hour of the club being opened, it was pretty filled- of course the real stars were not there yet, just filler. This month was a Blondie tribute theme so the performance consisted of club celebrities covering all of the popular Blondie songs. **Vylette from the Astropanties** did my favorite Blondie song- 'Call me' and it actually sounded pretty good. I still prefer the original extended version only found on the American Gigolo soundtrack- nothing will ever be that good. Throughout the nite, my photo booth had turned into the super VIP room where anything could happen. I would only let in my friends who where dressed appropriately and had candy, plus only the cool filler crowd that had amazing outfits that they didn't buy on sMelrose. My assistant, **Durmel**, showed up just in time for me to take a break and go check out the action outside the club. Back in the photo booth I got **Clem Burke** from the original Blondie to pose with **Coz Canler** from the Romantics. They were complaining that they wanted to be photographed with 'hot groupies' so I grabbed Martha- the H.O.T.S. girl, Rhonda- the Makeup Playboy Bunny, and Stacy- recent transplant hottie from Minneapolis, to pose with them. They were in heaven. After the club, we all went to a party at **Jodi Burnette's** (Carol's daughter) house in the valley where it was surprisingly winding down. After avoiding idle drunk talk and the snack table for half an hour we decided to split. Everyone at the party was drunk and in their own little circle of friends, plus there was nobody famous there so we left and came back to the studio looking desperately for the sleeping pills since there was nothing good on TV.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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06.10.00: Saturday

At nite I went over to **Bang!** to do the VIP list. It started off slow, but by midnight it was packed to the gills. Surprisingly, **Stacy** showed up at around 12:30am to hang out with me. I kinda got into it with her a few days ago and wasn't sure if she was going to flake out on me again, but she showed up and we hung out outside for a minute or two, then she got bored and went inside the club. At 1am I went inside and headed straight for the back bar for a 7&7 where they make them 'special' for me. Extra strong and extra big- just like I like 'em. **Durmel** showed up and we hung out for a while until I got too claustrophobic with all the gross sweaty people. We then went up into the DJ booth for a while, to get away from it all. Plus, they have a fan up there to cool off all the dancers. At 2am I went back downstairs and found **Stacy** drunk out of her mind in the 60s/mod/soul room dancing with **Piper's boyfriend Rick**, bassist for **Silent Gray**. They were having a blast so I let them be. Back in the main room I ran into **Denise** (the helmet) and she was with her friend **Anna and Jason (not Lavitt)**. I watched her as she tried to fend off like 20 guys in a row that wanted to dance with her / get her number / take her home. It was very amusing. When you work at a club- in order to break the monotony of having to be there all nite you have to either: A) watch pathetic guys try to pick up on the underage girls and then make fun of them. B) Occupy yourself with however long it takes to find the drugs or C) get totally wasted at the bar and forget that you're actually supposed to be working. After I got paid we all left and went to the after-hours at the new **Fortress Studios** which is located right across the street from the IHOP on Sunset- same side, enter through back. It was awful. The new location consisted of going down this long hallway to a single small room at the far end where the doorman charges the filler crowd \$5 to go in and listen to the worst 80's metal cover band ever and hands you a warm can of Bud as you walk in. Of course the best 80's Metal Cover band is **Metal Shop** at the **Viper Room** on Mondays for **Camaro**. Now they are really awesome. But, this band was really horrible. Instead of covering the metal hits of the 80's, they were playing all the horrible songs that never made it on the charts. And they were totally drunk and shouting obscenities at the crowd trying to gain some credibility as 'Hollywood rockstars'. It didn't work. This was an after-hours, where the sole purpose is to score candy or try to get laid. This was not a punk show. After having a few warm Miller High Life's, it was around 4am and everybody was clearing out. My friend that I was with was looking for more candy after already polishing off a few bindles, and then miraculously we bumped into **gay Ed**. He's not really gay, but everyone calls him that since he acts like such a queen. He told us that he had 'Hard' candy and we went into the bathroom with him. He pulled out a glass pipe and started telling my friend how to do it without burning your lips. It wasn't crack. I got grossed out and went outside where everyone was waiting for me to see if I was having a party at the studio. I only wanted a few people over, but the second I agreed to it, everyone who was left began to ask me for directions. All of my friends know where the studio is, so the directions I gave out to all of the 'other' people who I didn't know ended up to be some made up location in Santa Monica. Oh well. I guess you just have to be in the right clique and not a freeloader, to end up at all the right places. Free-loaders are the worst form of bloodsucking scum the club scene has to offer. Unless they have money and they're generous or they're the heir of some huge fortune. All the right people ended up at the studio and then some guy who I didn't know cleverly followed us to the studio, probably picking up on phony directions. He ended up being an animator for the Simpsons and right after he did a huge rail of 'hard' candy, he drew my portrait with a pen on the back of an old flyer. It turned out okay, so I had him sign it in case he ever got famous and up it went on my fridge. Then, I kicked him out. It was 11am on Sunday when I realized that if I didn't kick everyone out now, they would end up living on my twin 12 foot couches and coming down for the next week. It took another hour for everyone to leave and when I was finally alone, I went upstairs to my bed and tried to pass out while watching endless hours of the 'Nads' infomercial. I didn't end up falling asleep until around 5am the next morning. Did anyone know that on Sunday nights they run COPS continuously from midnight until around 5am on channel 11?

-without love, Apollo Starr

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06.15.00: Thursday

At night, **BG** came over and picked me up, then we went over to pick up **Lina Lecaro** from the L.A.Weekly. After that, we went to go get **Stacy** over in West Hollywood- then finally we were off. A few days ago I received an invitation to go to this foto show of fetish photography that my loft neighbor, **Federico** was showing in, so we decided to check it out. After valeting the CLK we took the freight elevator up to the show. The doors opened to a sea of gallery mongers / lookyloos / fetish freaks and horny old men claiming to have money and looking to get laid. In other words it was totally packed. It was hard to look at the photos since everyone was crammed up against the walls ego masturbating with each other. The stuff that I did get to see was okay, but much too computer manipulated to be called real art. The good thing was that they had decent h'orsdoerves: Godiva (my favorite) truffles, and dark chocolate dipped strawberries. Very impressive. I tell you- it sure beats cheap wine, blue corn tortilla chips and mango salsa from Trader Joes!! Next, I found **BG** pinned to the wall trying to get away from some gross over-30 guy claiming to be a producer of some sort. I told him that all of the girls were out of his price range and grabbed her. After trying to dodge idle chatter for around a half hour, we decided to go over to the re-opening of **Vibrator** at the newly re-decorated **7969**. **Sin** from Makeup was at the door and she looked great as always. Inside, the club looked great, too. They had taken out the low ceiling and installed a stripper pole that was at least 16' high. And of course, the dancers were greasing it up as usual. In the back room, the bar was giving away hundreds of free tequila shots in these mini plastic champagne glasses, which disappeared in like 3 minutes. NOTE: to get people at a club, give away free alcohol... Everyone in this town is a lush. Then I bumped into **Shawn**, who had just scored a bunch of diet pills from some gas station. They weren't appetite suppressants, just metabolism accelerates- so basically speed. When we ran into **Webbs**- she wanted some too, so **Shawn** gave her a stinger (yellow with black stripes). Then I ran into **Kastle** from the L.A.Times who was asking me where everyone was. It was still kinda early, like 11:45pm I think, so it wasn't quite yet packed. At around 12:30, **Coyote** took the stage and played with **Casper** and **Chad** on drums. They were good, and the same, as usual. But, then why change a good thing? While they were playing, I bumped into **Go-Go Amy**, kinda recent NY transplant, who is now go-going with no clothes on over at **Jumbo's Clown Room** on Hollywood blvd. **Vibrator** never got totally packed, which is probably good since I'm claustrophobic, but was pleasantly crowded with mostly all of the right people. After the club, we took **Lina** home, and then went to crash over at **BG's** with a bottle of 'Quil.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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06.22.00: Thursday

At around 8:30pm, **BG and Brett** came over to the studio for cocktails and candy and then we were off to **Goldfingers** for **Ricky's** 3 year anniversary of the **Cadillac Club** and **Eden's** (of now defunct Motorcycle Boy) pre-VIP birthday party at 9pm before the club actually opened. There was tons of pizza but none of us were hungry- we just indulged in the free booze. Everyone started showing up at around 9:30: **Kastle** (LA times), **Taime** (Newlydeads), **Brandon** (Playboy), **Ricky and Danny** (Motochrist), **Trixon** (Motor City Bad Boys), **Clem** (Blondie), **Coz** (Romantics) plus a slew of other 'people in bands'. After the doors opened at 10:30, the leftover pizza was immediately consumed by the filler crowd- in like 30 seconds. Then the **Cherries** hit the stage. Everyone from out on the patio went into the club to see this band with a cool name, then came immediately out back onto the patio. I stayed in for the first few songs. Next, I think was **Electrolux**, now re-named **E*Lux**, since the vacuum cleaner company actually called Electrolux and threatened to sue them if they didn't change their name, or something like that. Okay, so now you know where they got their name from. They totally rocked the club. Everyone went in to see them. Then, outside, I bumped into **Vyllette**- singer for the band **Astropanties**. We chatted a bit about the old days when we did the first 2nd wave glam club in LA called **CLUB SUCK** back in '97 at Goldfingers, where she sang in this band called **POPISM** and I hosted the night, and where it all started. Then **Ricky** came by and handed me a bunch of drink tickets which I gave away to everybody since they won't take my money at the bar. Only this bar, though. They take my money everywhere else!! Then my faves- **Motochrist** took the stage and were as drunk and as loud as they possibly could be- the only real way to perform. **Shawn** showed up with her girlfriend, **Tori**, and was loaded down with pills. We all took some weight off of her. Then **Stacy** showed up with her soon to be roommate- **Lisa**, and started buying everyone rounds and rounds of drinks. It's funny when someone has an open credit card bar tab... The fun and drinks never end... Until the next morning when they look through their pockets and find the receipt from the night before totaling near a hundred bucks, then they sober up immediately. But, people don't usually think about how much they're spending when they're getting good and loaded!! After the club, everyone who was pinned up was scrambling for an after-party. **Chas**, the harmonica player for **Casper's** band (the **Pleasure Seekers**) decided to have an after-party, so **Stacy** (who didn't want to go home yet, even though she works at 7am) and **Shawn** (high on so many pills) and I went with **Chas** to his house to continue the party. Nobody else showed up for around half an hour- right when we decided to leave. **Shawn** had taken 3 pills, all of that liquor, and then a Xanax, so she was crashed out on the couch and we couldn't get her up. She didn't want to leave the couch. **Stacy** wrote her a note and then we left her there on the couch and took a cab home. After a stiff nightcap of 7&7's that overtook the amphetamines, we drooled on the pillows for a while in front of the TV, then passed out.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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06.23.00: Friday

In the morning, when I got back to the studio, after stopping by Swingers for a breakfast burrito and coffee(\$8.35), there were like 5 messages from **Shawn** on the machine. "I don't know where I am"... "what happened to you guys?"..."whose house is this?"..."why did you leave me here, fuckers!?"..."I think I'm gonna get sick..." etc., etc. I called her back immediately to see if she had gotten lucky. Nope. It didn't happen for her. She didn't even remember last nite. After taking a small nap, I got up and went to get her. **Shawn** was standing on the street corner still in her clothes and makeup from the night before. She climbed into STARR 80 and then after hearing the morning's gossip, which included getting a bouquet of roses from the owner of the house, I dropped her off and came back to the studio to crash again. At night, **Stacy and Webbs** came over and we went over to **Rodney's English Disco at Fais Do-Do**, all the way down on Adams. There was a huge line at the door but fortunately, **Abby** was working the door. Inside it was packed with every underage teen queen was trying to score drinks from the people with wristbands on. This band called **Charming** played, but when they hit the stage, everyone went outside for a cigarette. **Jason** gave me some drink tickets for booze, but since they don't have a hard liquor license, I had to settle for an imported pint. It was something from England, I think. **Trixon** was there holding court in his booth right near the door to the outside patio. I took a seat there next to **Lina** from the LA Weekly, **Leslie Gardner**- designer for Smashing Grandpa, **Jim Freck** from the New Times, **Rodney** from KROQ, and **Coz** from the Romantics. **Coz** had seen me riding in my camaro last week and then went on to tell me about back in the late 70's when he had a camaro like mine and he took a road trip across the country in that car. I think that's what he was telling me- there was so many loud people that it's always hard to have conversations with anyone and actually understand what they're trying to tell you. I've perfected the art of nodding my head and throwing in the occasional "yeah.. yeah.. uh-huh... uh-huh..." Then **Shawn** showed up with **Tori and Melissa**. They were all on X. **Shawn** was so high that she couldn't talk and then she freaked out with all the people there and then they left. After an hour they came back without **Shawn**. **Tori** said that the X hit her really hard and she had to go home. At around 1:45am, **Webbs** and I left and went over to **Cherry** for last call. Upstairs in the booth next to the bar, I ran into **Dayle** from *Scream* who was sitting with **Kastle** from the LA Times and **Jay Shatz** who does all of the promotion for *Makeup*. **Chez Monroe** of *Epoxy Glow* was also sitting with them as I took a seat just long enough to finish my 7&7 before the bouncers came around taking everyone's drink. I walked into the VIP room which was now just another room to hang out in with a DJ. It wasn't very special. **Cherry** was clearing out pretty quick and I didn't want to be there when the light came on, so **Webbs** and I went over to **Tori's** house to check on the X-babies. Everyone was mellow and calm and were now hitting the bong, which meant that they would soon be hungry. After a few minutes, someone said something about ordering food. I knew it! It didn't happen- I guess everyone was too stoned to find the phone...or something. **Tori** took us into this room at her house where she keeps her Snoopy collection. A whole room just dedicated to Snoopy collectibles and memorabilia. It was really amazing- I've never seen so much Snoopy stuff in my whole life. **Tori** wanted us to draw our own interpretation of Snoopy on the freshly painted white walls in the room. Now I knew she must be really stoned. I didn't draw anything since I'm a horrible artist and I didn't want to break any of the miniatures that were right next to the wall. At around 4:30am, they all decided to go over to **Tori's** office, this casting company near the Dragonfly. **Webbs** and I drove separately and then came to the studio instead. I was tired and sober and God knows that sober people can't hang out with stoned people- it just doesn't work- the jokes aren't the same. **Webbs** dropped me off and hung out for a minute then went over to the office. Right when she left- I immediately called **Shawn** to see if anything exciting happened to her...and to see if she was alright. I woke her up, but she still talked to me for a while. At 6am, I went to sleep in front of the tele while watching my favorite movie- 'The Eyes of Laura Mars'. I was hoping to have nightmares involving a young Tommy Lee Jones, Faye Dunaway and a big gun, but I don't think it happened.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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06.30.00: Friday

At nite, **Brett** came over for a few cocktails before going out to the **Motochrist** record release party over at the **Garage**. Her boyfriend, **Parker**, just started a new job on a film, so he was at home sleeping until his ungodly 6am call time. After having a few 7&7's and making a few calls to **Travis**, we were off to **BG's** house to show her the proofs of the new series of photos I'm doing called 'Bitches & Guns'. **BG** had just gotten stoned before we got there, so she was all giggles when I pulled out the pictures. They were mostly of all the girls half-naked (except for **Shawn**, she was totally naked) holding huge machine guns- M-16's, AK-47's, 12 gauge shotguns, and a gold plated Desert Eagle .45. The pictures came out amazing. After trying to convince **BG** to come out with us, and to no avail, we left for the **Garage**. **Sabrina** was doing the door, so we walked right in. It was already packed when we got there, and fortunately **Motochrist** hadn't played yet, although we did miss **Lo-Ball** which sucks because they've really got it together these days. I remember when they played at my old club called **Shampoo**, like 2 years ago, with a different singer and a different sound. As usual, the **Garage** has a weird way of getting everyone so fucked up that they can't make complete sentences and tonight was no different. **Eden** was DJ'ing a hodge-podge of mixed 70's punk, Brit pop and local music from 'our' bands: **Coyote Shivers**, **Texas Terri**, **Hangmen**, **E*Lux**, etc. I think he even threw some **Motorcycle Boy** in there. I bumped into **Shawn** and she asked me about how the photos came out. I told her that hers were the 'white-trashiest' and she could not have been more pleased. **Victor** was working the main bar and kept us all liquored up with a steady supply of 7&7's and Stoli cranberries. It does matter who you know. After I introduced **Motochrist**, I went back down to our booth and **Brett** was getting bored and said that she was getting tired. I told her to wait awhile and I'd see what I could do. **Shawn** only had pills/dolls tonight; stingers and purple's, which are okay unless you really have your mind set on candy. She was with her neighbor, **Melinda**, this blonde debauchka from Missouri who told me that tonight was her first nite EVER going out to a rock & roll club. I also bumped into **Vanessa**, who had just come back from a 28-day European vacation up north. I'm glad to see that she is doing better now. In the back bar I met this girl by the name of **Star**, with one 'R'- not two like me. She was totally pretty and then told me that she works for **Lip Service**. I was pretty faded so I'm not sure what I said to her. Oh well, I guess I'll hear about it later. After a little while, **Brett** concluded that **Travis** wasn't coming and then took off at around 1am. A few seconds after she walked out the door, **Travis** walks in- fully loaded. Who knew? The timing was uncanny. When you snooze, you lose.

-without love, Apollo Starr

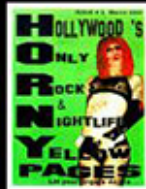
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07.01.00: Saturday

Spent the whole day sleeping, then got up at 6pm, checked my messages and prepped my foto equipment to take down to the El Rey for **Makeup**. When I got there at 8:30pm- the line actually wasn't that big, but by 10:15 the club was packed. The new **HORNY Pages** were out, so I picked up a stack and brought them up with me to the foto booth upstairs. As I was paging through them, I saw that girl **Star** that I met last nite. She was in the Fresh Meat section of the magazine with some guy whose face was mutilated by piercings, but it was a bad picture, so he probably looks okay in person. It said that she's new in town from Chicago, no wonder why I've never seen her around before. Up in the foto booth area I could see all of the action taking place below me down on the floor; drag queens talking shop (which for them means gabbing about makeup and size 14 heels), **Tony and Tina** doing makeovers to all of the people who desperately needed them, all the filler crowd trying to talk to the VIP's, all the VIP's trying to ignore the fillers, and all of the jocks trying to pick up on the lesbos. It's all very amusing. **Shawn** showed up with her ex-boyfriend- **Corey**, whose name is now **Elias**, and who's still in love with her. They had a fat sack which came in handy right about now. **Webbs** showed up wearing her pink ripped up 80's top with denim on the bottom. We snapped a few shots for the website. **Jason from Celebrity Skin** showed up with his girlfriend, **Mona** and handed me a small bag-payment for getting them in the club. He also brought a few of the other members from **Celebrity Skin** so they did a quick session in front of the camera before they got too drunk and sweaty. The camera is never kind to sweaty people. **Trixon** was there with **Coz from the Romantics** and always ready for pictures with cute girls. **Jack Atlantis** showed up with his girlfriend, whose name I just cant remember, but they looked amazing. They were dressed Kabuki style with white face makeup on, kimonos all the way down to the split toe shoes. I couldn't let them escape the camera. I hope **Jack** doesn't take what I wrote about him in the **HORNY Pages** the wrong way. I said that he was a 'real American Gigolo', but now that he has a girlfriend, I guess that title is still up for grabs, but **Eric from the Serious store** is well on his way to crowning himself, with all of the dirt that I've been hearing about him and the girls. **Grant** came into the foto booth with some new girl that is totally amazing- I think her name is **Joy**. When I did their foto, he grabbed her ass and her short skirt went up. I don't think she was wearing anything underneath, or maybe it was a thong... no.. I bet it was nothing. Then my assistant, **Durmel** showed up and I went outside to have a smoke and bumped into **Rodney Bingenheimer** who was asking me if **Denise** had shown up yet. I told him that I hadn't seen her yet but when I did, I would tell her that he was looking for her. Then, after a few minutes I bumped into her and she told me how they snuck into the club from the end of the smoking area since they're all under age. Determination will get you everywhere. Back upstairs, **Alexis Arquette** was with his sister, **Patricia**, waiting for me to get behind the camera for their picture. **Patricia** told my assistant, **Durmel** that she only wanted to be photographed by **Apollo**, nobody else. So they ended up waiting for me for half an hour. After the club closed, we all went to some party off of Wilton near the Bourgeois Pig coffee house. I don't know whose party it was but it was a 'Honeymoon in Vegas' party complete with makeshift wedding chapel and tacky wedding altar, Vegas-style. They even had a wedding dress and tuxedo for the guests to dress up in and pose with their partners for a Polaroid. **Xander from Other Star People** was there. **Jason from Celebrity Skin** was there- totally drunk off his ass, and now sounded as if he was speaking in tongues due to alcohol consumption. Some people never know when to quit, and then there are those who should never quit. This is called bottled entertainment; once the bottle is opened, the entertainment never ends. Many people in this town have that talent. **Nick Venay**, my ex-photographer friend was also there talking to some hefty blonde girl that looked a few months pregnant. She had a camera and wanted to take pictures of his cock. Finally, after an hour of listening to drunk people talk and watch some guy trying to roll a joint (which took him like 45 min!!), we were ready to leave. **Webbs** and I ran off to Silverlake to find this party that she knew about. As soon as we were entering the border of Silverlake right around the McDonalds on Sunset, I freaked out and told her to drop me off back at the studio. Silverlake is definitely too far to go to a party where all you'll find is gross smelly boys in dirty denim and freeloaders asking for cigarettes and change. Not my style. But the girls are usually cute and underage (not that that is necessarily a good thing, but it's that they haven't been tainted or jaded by this town yet.). Also, it was around 4am and I'm sure by this time they had ran out of everything except for maybe the token soggy tortilla chips swimming in a dish of salsa, compliments of Trader Joe's.

-without love, Apollo Starr

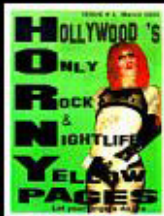
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07.04.00: Tuesday

In the afternoon, **Shawn** came by the Studio and picked me up to take me to the annual **Scream Picnic** at Alysian Park, next to Dodger Stadium. She brought **'Shaft'**, her pet Chihuahua. I just love that dog- he doesn't smell, he doesn't bark, he's little, he doesn't demand more attention than I can provide and he's someone else's- the perfect pet. It took us forever to find the exact spot where everybody was at because there were like a million families having barbecues there since the park is free. Sticky kids run wild, and nobody pick's up their dog's shit. I told **Shawn** to look for the group of people wearing all black, sitting around a sea of Budweiser cans and under a dark cloud of cigarette smoke. Sure enough, in no time we found our people, exactly as I had described them to her. Everyone looked all white and pasty, as if they had never seen the light of day, which they probably hadn't in a very, very long time. Most of the rockers are professional freeloaders who mooch off of their groupie girlfriends who have jobs, and the guys stay at home all day in front of the tube with a bowl of Cap'n Crunch in one hand, the remote in the other, and the 3 foot bong between their legs waiting by the phone for their big break. But, I guess that all rockstars have to start off somewhere so that they can all say that they came from humble beginnings. The picnic was nice- all of the right people were there: **Dayle from Scream**, **Lina from the LA Weekly**, **Kastle from the LA Times**, **Chez Monroe from Epoxy Glow**, **Eden**, **Francois & Rochelle**, **Tequila Mockingbird** with her son, etc. etc. I watched everyone's endless attempts at trying to put fire to the grill and keep it on, and then once it was on, trying not to forget about the food on the grill so it wouldn't burn... Over and over and over again. It reminded me of when people burn toast- they scrape the burnt part off with a knife. I never understood that... Why don't they just throw the burnt piece in the garbage and start again, or better yet go to Millie's for breakfast and let them burn the goddamn toast. After awhile, everyone was baked due to the sun and the endless pot and we decided to go over to **Jade and Nicole's** house for their big 4th of July party with rock bands, food, groupies, beer, and everything else that goes along with a 4th of July party. When we got there, everyone was there and some band was playing outside in front of this big American Flag. There was food everywhere, but the good stuff was in the VIP patio next to **Nicole's** kitchen, which was closed off to everyone except 'close friends'. I stayed in there for a long time as everyone else feasted on prime rib and gourmet potato salad from Canter's- not homemade. Everyone else started showing up when the sun went down. I bumped into **Jason Falkner** from... Jason Falkner, **Robert** from 'the Room' on Cahuenga, the owner of the **Burgundy Room**, **BG and Brett** showed up, **Brandon the Playboy** was there, **Stacy Star**- the ex-drummer of **Astropanties**, **Vyllette**- singer for **Astropanties**, with **Rhonda and Vance**, the boys from **the Masons and the Hangmen** were there, **Danny from Motochrist** was chewing on a big piece of steak, **Matt from Goldfingers**, and then the cops came to break it up. **Eden** was lighting fireworks under the cop car when they went inside to break it up. The scene was really funny- a bunch of rockers scrambling to get the last of the beers, then trying to put out their joints without ruining them, and then getting booted out of there by the cops and not having any place to go. So now the courtyard was empty with everyone out on the street. Half the crowd was going over to **Goldfingers** for **Tequila's** club called **Catholic School** and the other half was going over to a rooftop party off of Rossmore. I went to 20/20 and rented 'The Mack' and 'Evil Dead', the perfect ending to an explosive 4th of July.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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07.08.00: Saturday

Last week I got call from **Bibbe**, Becks' mom, who I used to be really good friends with back in '90-'95 when she owned a cafe called TROY on 1st and Alameda in downtown, and which I frequented on a nightly basis since I was still too young to have a fake ID. We've managed to stay in touch over the years (I go to their x-mas parties, they come to my studio parties..), but right when **Beck** started getting famous it was around the same time that the TROY closed down and then there was no place for us to hang out with each other. Plus- no more endless stories about the Factory (Bibbe spent many of her early years hanging out at Warhol's Factory '65-'69, there's even a picture of her in the book Edie: an American biography, dancing next to Edie at the factory, pg. 203, hardback edition). So to make a long story short, her husband **Sean** got in touch with me and wanted me to DJ a big birthday party for **Beck** at an undisclosed location... Well, I knew where it was, but I wasn't supposed to tell anyone since they hired a shuttle service to take everybody to the party from the parking lot at KCET- I guess to cut down on crashers who might find out... Plus- there was like no parking at all where the party took place. I agreed to do it and e-mailed my guest list of my top 10 plus their plus ones to **Sean** a few days ago and tonight was the party. **Webbs** came over and picked me up at 8pm and then drove me to the party so I could set up. It took place at this huge Estate in Silverlake at the top of Maltman that is called the Paramour and it used to be a convent back in the 20's, and then in the 40's some Hollywood big shot actor bought it and lived in it for years and apparently was the partying type and subsequently threw a shitload of crazy 'Hollywood' parties where everyone would get drunk and then get naked and then jump in the pool... I guess not much has changed. The only difference is that back then, that type of behavior was performed behind closed doors and today that type of behavior is expected at every party. The guests began to arrive at around 9pm and the first to get there was our good friend **Rodney** from KROQ. He seems to be everywhere I am these days, except for the over 21 clubs- I never see him at those. There was no one else there yet so we chatted a bit about who might be coming tonight and he flipped through my records to see what was on the menu. Within an hour, the estate was packed with tons and tons of people which had the shuttle service working overtime. I first ran into **Jason** from Celebrity Skin who was wearing his bright red coveralls which made him look like a NASCAR driver or a mechanic, you decide. He brought this little toy for **Beck** which made a bunch of different sounds when you pressed the buttons, but it was cool because it had a plug that you could hook up to an amp so you could hear them loud. I know **Beck** will love that. Then my top 10 started filling in; **Lina** from the LA Weekly, **Kastle** from the LA Times, **Dayle** from *Scream*, **Eden** from *Motorcycle boy*, **Chez** from *Epoxy Glow*, **Shawn**- the endless pill supplier, **BG**- my longtime muse, **Durmel**- my assistant, **Martha**- the H.O.T.S. girl, **Brett**, and all of their plus ones. At around 10:30pm, this other DJ friend of Becks' named **Brendan Mullen** came up to DJ for a while and on my break I bumped into **Jason Falkner** who was asking me who my cute guests

were- only the ones that looked young. Then, I saw **Crispin Glover** dressed in a 20's suit and he looked like he just stepped out of 'The Great Gatsby'. He was lurching around the far side of the pool with a cocktail in hand. I couldn't tell what he was drinking though, but probably some 40's cocktail like a something collins or other. That actor guy- **Jason Lee** was there and then I saw **Perry Farrel, Winona Ryder, Gina Gershon** (who is really short in person), **Elliot Smith, Matt Sorum** (yuck!) and of course, the ever-present **Twiggy Ramirez** was there trying to dispel defamatory rumors about his band and bandmates, yet again. I bumped into **Donovan Leitch** which I thought was neat since I'm a big fan of his old band Nancy Boy, but his wife **Kristy** was not present and I really wanted to see if she looked the same in person as she does in the magazines. **Donita Sparks** from L7 was there wearing her requisite heavy black eyeliner/shadow combination. At around 1am, **Perry** comes into the room where I'm DJ'ing carrying this huge mixing board and comes up to me and asks me if he can DJ for a while. I was under explicit directions from **Beck** not to let him DJ until after all the guest DJs had a turn. He wanted to swap out the existing mixing console and replace it with the one that he brought because it had 'special features'. The room was packed and everybody was dancing, and it would take **Perry** around 15 minutes to switch out the board which would mean that there would be no music for that time and everybody would have left the room by the time that **Perry** started to DJ. The thought of that was extremely hard to resist, and I admit that I did entertain the idea for a few minutes, but since clearing the dance floor is a DJ's nightmare I kept putting him off until the next guest DJ came to spin, then I let them deal with **Perry**. I told **Perry** what would happen, but he seemed confident that he could get them all back since he was 'Perry', lead singer of Jane's Addiction, founder of Lollapalooza, and Junkie. At around 1:30 the booze ran out, or they just stopped serving it since they wanted everyone out of there. **Beck** came up to me and thanked me for DJ'ing and not clearing the dance floor like all of his friends did. At around 2:15 it was clearing out rather fast and I found all of my guests outside near the pool wondering where to go next since they're not used to getting in before sunrise. I told them we would figure it out when we got to the KCET lot where the cars were, except for **Webbs**- she was off trying to get into trouble with anyone in a signed band that had not run out of their advance money. Everyone decided to go eat at Fred 62 on Vermont, but I couldn't face bright lights right now and went back to the studio to suck on the corner of my pillow.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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07.10.00: Monday

At nite, I went to DJ at **Camaro** over at the Viper Room for a private party given by **Cher** for her son **Elijah**, who is also in the music industry. It was a private party which meant no Metal Shop, no wet t-shirt contest and I could play anything I wanted which meant all 70's rock with a little 80's bubblegum thrown in for taste. **Elijah** had flown in this horrible band called **Cannibal Corpse** from Miami to play openers for his band. When they started playing nobody was really there yet, and when they got there, they were sorry that they were there having to listen to this awful band. Finally, the band finished and it was my turn again. By this time it was pretty packed and everyone was well on their way to drunken debauchery. **Jared Leto** stumbled in with current girlfriend- **Cameron Diaz**, who doesn't look as pretty in person. Then **Candy Ass** showed up with his camera and was snapping pics of all the celebs in the crowd for his new magazine- **Magnet**. He got a picture with **Cameron**, then he snapped one of me and **Amir** from **Orgy** with two groupies. I wonder if it will come out in the 'zine. **Bryan Rabin** showed up and hung out with me in the DJ booth most of the nite since he is claustrophobic of ugly crowds, just like me. I asked him when he was going to hire me at **Cherry** to DJ and he said something about talking to **Mike** but I couldn't really hear him. We'll see. Then, I saw **Cher** in the far booth near the bathrooms holding court and a cocktail. She was sitting on top of the backrest so that she could see her son's band. They were just as bad as **Cannibal Corpse**. Near the end of the night, **Grant** walked in with **Joy**, this totally incredible girl who has one green eye and one brown eye, naturally. They danced a while as I watched and then when **Grant** went to go get a drink at the bar I called **Joy** over to the DJ booth and asked her what they were doing after the club. We decided to go to **Canter's** and eat, and she and **Grant** agreed to meet **Durmel** and I there. Over at **Canter's**, I bumped into **Jason Lavitt** who was sitting at a table near us with his assistant **Xavier**. He came over and said hello to us, recommended the smoked turkey sandwich, then went back to sit at his own table. We ordered, then **Grant** and **Joy** showed up. She had a coffee and humus and pita. I don't remember what **Grant** ordered. After a bit, we all left. **Jason** called me when I got back to the studio and was in a bind about having to finish an ad for **Beat It** and needed to use my computer. He came over and I printed it out for him, then they left.

-without love, Apollo Starr

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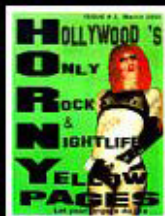
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★★ ROCK+ROLL ★ by ★ APOLLO STARR RE-HAB ★★



07.18.00: Tuesday

At around 10pm, **Shawn** came over and picked me up and we went over to Dr. Wu at the Opium Den where I used to DJ, but not anymore- my rates are too high. When we got there, **Ripe** was playing and they are totally awesome; good harmonies, good melodies, catchy tunes, plus the lead singer- **Summer**, is totally up there. I'm sure they will get a deal soon. After them, this band called **Sugarcult** played and they were pretty good. Very standard glam-pop but they had cute boys in the band which always helps. The usual doorgirl, **Sabrina**, called in sick and **Doorman Danny** was totally drunk because of **Ricky's** Tuesday pre-Dr. Wu barbecue. Plus- they had no DJ since I wasn't there anymore, so **Ricky Vodka** was totally going crazy. **Danny** couldn't take the money in his condition, so **Ricky** was in the cashier booth which wasn't a good idea since then he feels guilty about charging his friends that come, so everybody gets in for free and the club makes no money, and everyone works for free. I helped him out by guest DJ'ing for free with the three records that he brought to play in between bands; the Dolls, the Ramones, and the Cramps. Not too bad, but after trying to spin a set with just three records, I was pretty sick of all of them. By the time the headliners **Denim** played, nobody was there. Since there was no stage manager anymore, all of the bands had gotten away with playing an extra ten minutes which pushed everything back 45 minutes. **Denim** was pissed. When they went on, I got out of there and went over to the Burgundy room for the last half hour. I bumped into **Jackie, Tracy, Yvette, DJ Garron, Taime, Corey, Matt** from Goldfingers, and when I saw **Danny** there instead of being at the Opium Den, I knew that the bar was about to close. Everyone was scrambling to find out where the after party was. Outside, everyone huddled together to see if they could come up with an idea of where to go to next. **Matt** pulled me aside about 15 feet from anyone else and asked me who I was with. Then after I told him, he was relieved that it was just one person instead of my usual 10 and invited me to come with them back to Goldfingers on Yucca for a private after-party for just a few important people. When we got there, everything was closed, but within 5 minutes the whole club was in full swing, only there was just around 10 people inside including me, instead of the usual 150. Everyone sat at the bar drinking whatever they wanted and as much as they wanted, all for free, all nite long. I sat at the booth with **Greg** from the Dragonfly and **Shawn** since I have a bad back and can't sit on a backless chair that has no back support. Plus- I don't like to be too exposed to the open because then you can't see which annoying person is going to come up to you next and try to have a conversation about something 'serious', God forbid. When I go out I don't like to talk about anything serious or music, everyone is far too drunk to sound educated and make any sense, plus it gets annoying talking to anybody longer than it takes to say 'hello'. Unless it's business and there is money involved. When everyone began to crawl to the other booth to pass out, I knew it was about that time to leave. At around 5am, I got back to the studio. Thank God there was no sign of sunlight yet, it's terrible for my complexion.