

The End of **Yo! Majesty**...?

bpm

MUSIC.TECH.NIGHTLIFE.STYLE

SURFACE TO AIR

**Lee
"Scratch"
Perry**

Triumphant Jamaican Return

Soul to Seoul

Cultivating Korean Street Culture

Ellen Allien

Seamlessly Mixing Music and Fashion

**Bikes That
Go Boom**

Two Wheeled Soundsystems



JASON NEWMAN

Birth date: 1979
Birthplace: Westchester, NY
Currently living: Yes
Turn ons: Girls who like Alton Ellis, Ken Boothe and Augustus Pablo
Turn offs: Mushrooms (the food, not the drug)
Ambitions: To own my own island anywhere
About my contributions to this issue: Somebody actually paid me to travel to Kingston, Jamaica and hang out with Lee "Scratch" Perry for two days and chronicle his first-ever video shoot. Don't tell my editors I would've paid them for this assignment. Surreal.



MARKUS VON PFEIFFER

Birth date: 5000 BC
Birthplace: The pendant and omnifertile loins of Odin, the All-Father
Currently living: The halls of Valhalla, Asgard
Turn ons: Women who understand/appreciate post-post-modern literature and the men who write it
Turn offs: Oprah
Ambitions: Domination of the 9th (and most secret) dimension
About my contributions to this issue: Take it. Take it
Contact: mvonpfeiffer@yahoo.com



STIJN & MARIE

Birth date: March 18th 2002
Birthplace: Amsterdam, The Netherlands
Currently living: Yes
Turn ons: Band of Horses
Turn offs: War
Ambitions: Working with Susan White
About my contributions to this issue: The native workers of the district had to get used to the fresh competition and gave the newcomers a bumpy start. But after they settled in we found that they are a very nice fit. We think it's a great project to have these amazing young artists there and it was a lot of fun working with them.



TERENCE TEH

Birth date: 28th July 1980
Birthplace: London, UK
Currently living: London, UK
Turn ons: Champagne lime jelly, ice cream and Hermès scarves
Turn offs: Fake, fake. Records, records
Ambitions: To be as funny as my flatmate Franky
About my contributions to this issue: Jérémie and the Surface 2 Air Paris family are just that; an awesomely tight knit group of crazily creative friends/fleeds whose vision is all about being inspired by life and making the world a little bit more fun. And that's the way it should be.



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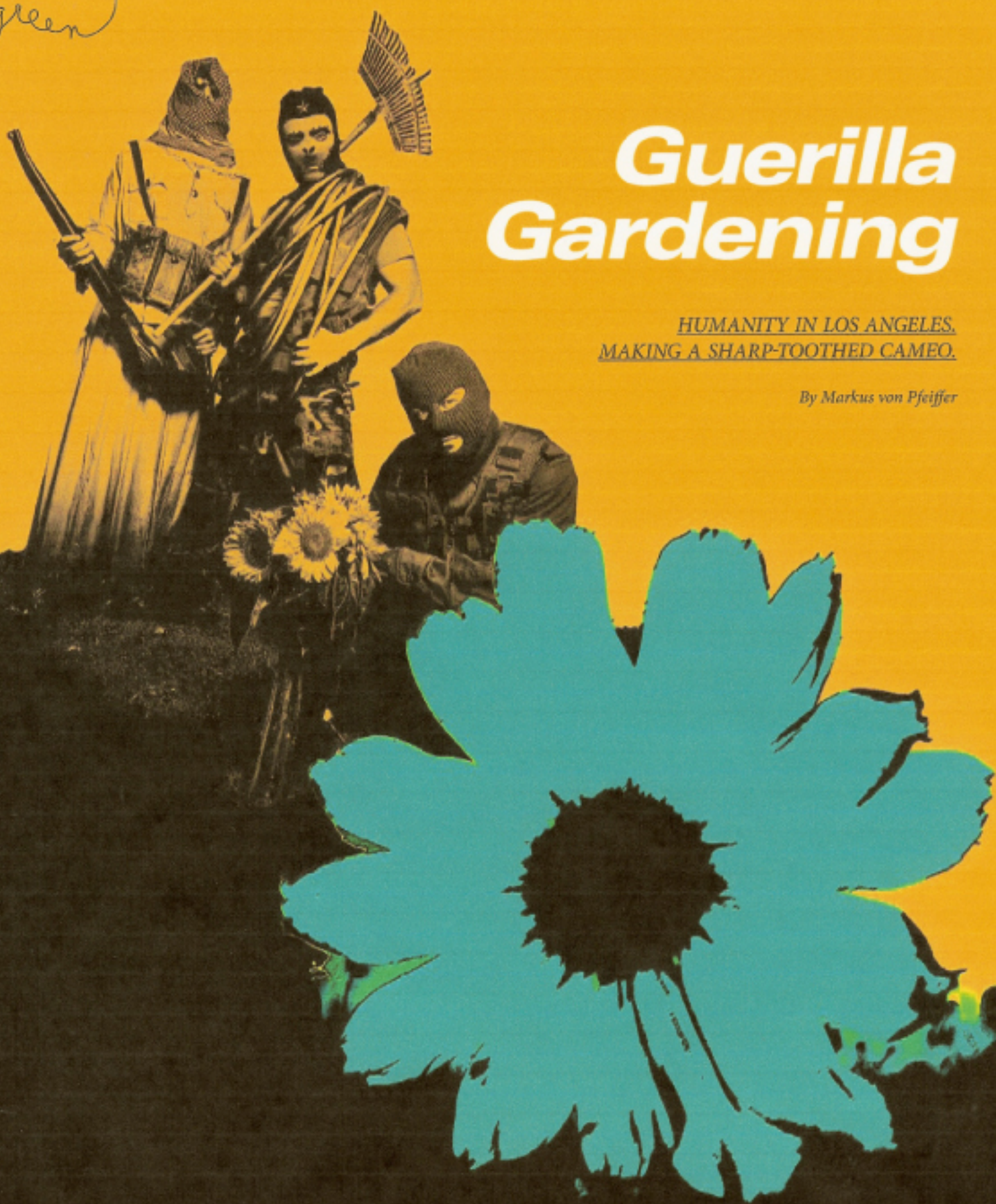
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Guerilla Gardening

HUMANITY IN LOS ANGELES.
MAKING A SHARP-TOOTHED CAMEO.

By Markus von Pfeiffer



**"WHEN MANEUVERING EN MASSE, THE LOS ANGELES GUERRILLA GARDENERS
CHOOSE TO OPERATE UNDER COVER OF NIGHT. EVEN IN THE CITY THAT CASTS
NO SHADOWS, ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL."**

RETURNING TO OUR REMOTE BASE IN THE SYLVAN Applegate Valley of Southern Oregon, Adolfo—my indispensable midget manservant—and I were confronted by an intimidating pile of faxes. Many messages. As we waded through them over brandy and truffles, one in particular, from my editor at BPM, struck me open-handed across the face. "Guerrilla Gardening." The new school of urban warfare. Terrorism in reverse, he said. Underground. Cells. Operations. The same clandestine lingo, the same zeal. The difference? These chaps were planting flowers instead of car bombs. Apparently groups were popping up everywhere from Norway to Toronto. I was intrigued, and I admitted as much to Adolfo—who, although still nursing his wounds from our run-in with the Russian bear wrestlers, was keen to move. We hadn't been to LA since the Richard Simmons debacle. The time was, as they say, nigh. I spoke to our contact, who was known to us only as "Mr. Stamen," over an encrypted line and we were granted permission to embed ourselves in their next mission.

It was to be highly coordinated op. When maneuvering en masse, the Los Angeles Guerilla Gardeners (laguerrillagardening.org) choose to operate under cover of night. Even in the city that casts no shadows, one can never be too careful. And circumspection was what we were about—Adolfo and I arriving far abreast of schedule. We secreted ourselves away in a withered clutch of sunflowers across the street from the rally point; I was wearing a fabulous hand-woven ghillie suit, given to me as a gift from the Satrap of Karmania's harem. Adolfo cut a smart figure in all black, face painted and anointed with palm oil—we would have been striking if not so "invisible."

Yet our own intrigues were superseded. Even with our spotting scope I could not track from whence "they" came. Sprouting here and there as if from the very earth itself, soon an impressive and varied body of operatives had coalesced at "Foxbase Alpha." As we stepped out from the underbrush, Adolfo caddyng my custom picks and gardening implements, there was a sharp collective intake of breath. One man stepped forward.

"Mr. Stamen, I presume," I said.

"Yes, I am Mr. Stamen." Passwords were exchanged. Then, by the by, another man, wearing a flamboyant orange jumpsuit with gentle-handed authority brushed the first aside. "I...am Mr. Stamen. This is my number one; he was acting out of caution."

Straight out of the smash-hit *Air Force One*. It was a covert flank thrust to my hubris. And it drove deep. These people were serious. They weren't lazy swingers out for a lark, they were hard, cautious and battle-proven mashers ready to lay it down hard and final for their leader...and their cause.

But they are not alone. When I had first spoken to Stamen he had told me stories that I had taken as fanciful. Tales of multitudinous rose bushes planted by Guru Richard Reynolds on the very steps of England's Parliament. Daring. Of Phoebe 321, the Johnny Appleseed of Long Beach who has been carrying out one-man operations for decades. Bewitching. But, I had thought, false. Now the righteous and invisible vapors of conscience pawed at my sense of duty and I knew that this night, on the corner of Wilton and Sunset Boulevard, I would do my duty by mankind. I, along with these sturdy yeomen of flora, would set down kalanchoe, plumbago, aloë and other assorted cacti in what had been a heretofore desiccated, hardscrabble wasteland. In the name of mankind. In the name of ourselves. And we did.

We beautified.

It is not often that one comes upon people doing things for one another. Things, that is, that do not involve pain, nausea, penicillin tablets or regret. This Stamen, this...imperial exemplar of reactionary **humanitarianism**, is onto something here. Something that one can do alone, with friends, at high noon or at dark-as-a-carload-of-assholes midnight. So, put your spray paint down, your Molotov cocktails and pipebombs. Pick up a shovel and some greenery—I suggest something sturdy—and like a Comanche raider who doesn't know how to lose, charge down a mountain of indifference and into the verdant valley of philanthropy. And so on...