



unsinn **ZINE**





**VERONICA RICCI** in the Jim Morrison Room









**FROM 1968 TO 1970, DOORS front man JIM MORRISON lived in Room 32 at the Alta Cienega Motel, a tiny, nondescript motor lodging tucked into the architecture at the corner of La Cienega and Santa Monica Boulevards in West Hollywood.**

**Since then, the room has become a Morrison shrine, its every surface covered in graffiti tributes to the singer.**

**Given the rooms historic significance and frenetic visual appeal, I was amazed no artist had ever shot nudes there before. So, I decided to be the first.**

**My partner for this project was the exquisitely beautiful model **VERONICA RICCI.****



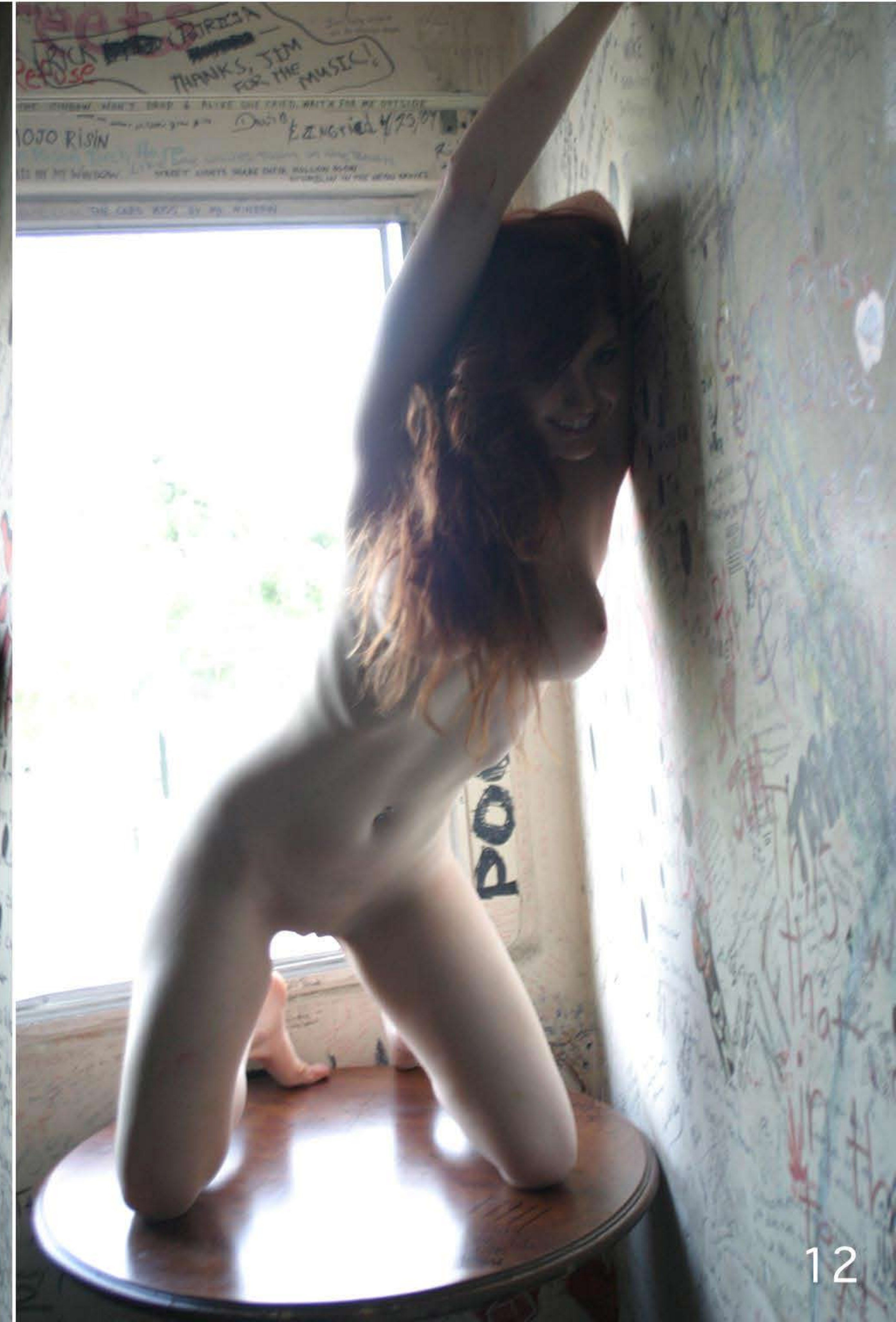






**“I can’t get to sleep...I think about the implications.”**

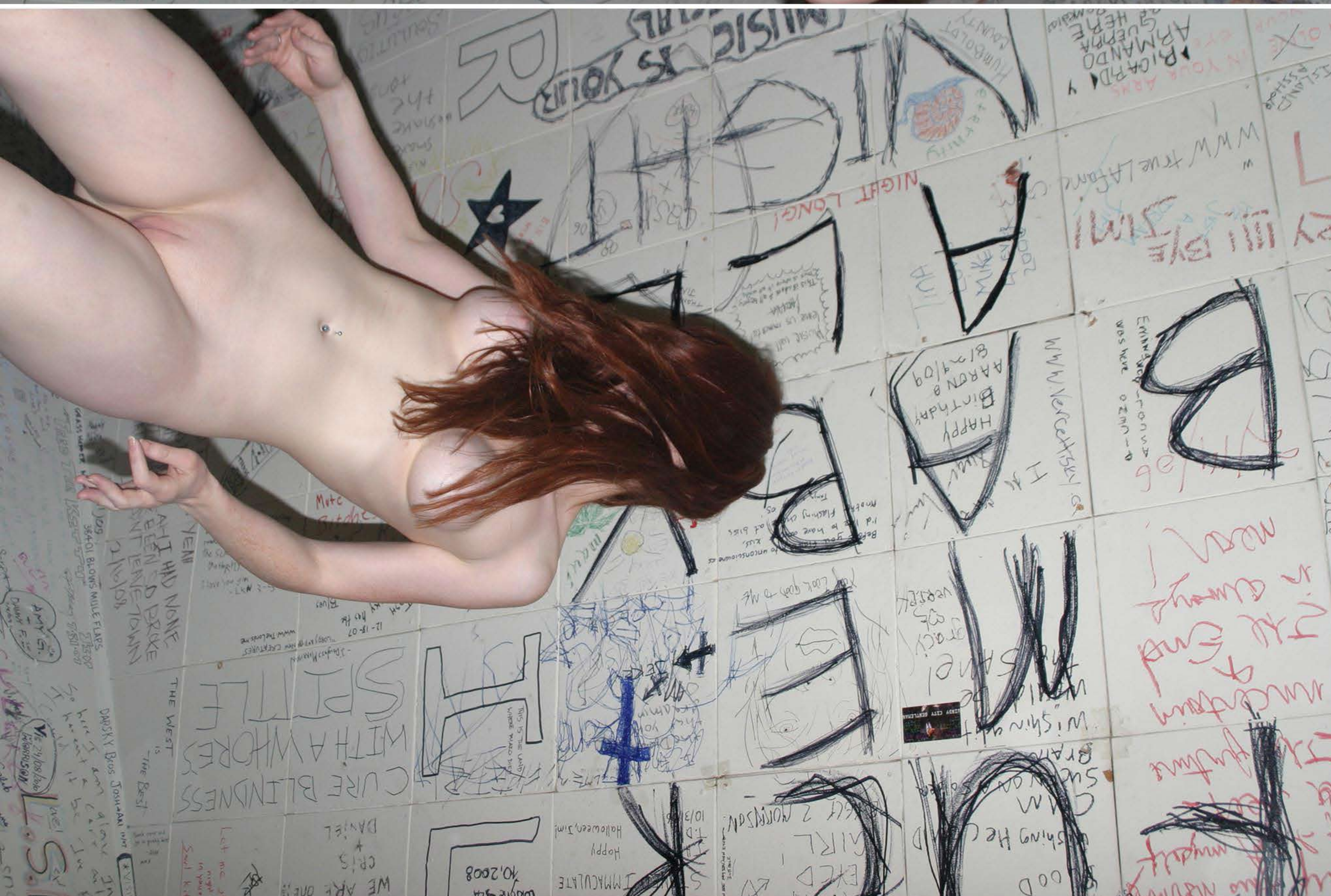
























**ORIGINALLY,** I had enlisted another model for this shoot. However, she turned out to be a colossal flake and left me hanging with a rented room and nothing to do with it but read its walls. But her unreliability turned out to be a cosmic gift as, in retrospect, she was far too dull to have ever successfully pulled off this concept.

**And then Veronica entered my life.**

**I had reached out to her on a model and photographer networking site a few weeks before. Her response to me was divinely timed. And she was completely into the idea. So much so that the convergence of her beauty and my luck had me convinced the encounter would end with me being catfished into involuntarily surrendering at least one kidney.**

**But she showed up without ice or a rusty scalpel...and the shoot was amazing.**









**VERONICA IS A GIFT.** Smart. Funny. Talented. Provocative. Fearless. Goofy. She's so many positive adjectives, in fact, I can't even get to "sexy" until the second line.

I tend to bring a very loose structure to my shoots. I have a location, a general concept and a box of clothes and props. And then it's just a spontaneous, synergistic free-for-all.

Veronica was the perfect partner for that approach.

She was a tour-de-force of ravishing talent as we shot for several hours — from daylight into darkness — figuring out how many different kinds of images we could create within the confines of a single, dingy motel room.

Taking advantage of the natural light. Teasing drivers passing on the streets below. Leaping from one wardrobe change to the next. Ditching wardrobe entirely. Stopping to eat dinner. Sharing a fifth of Jack. And finally ending the shoot when every idea had been spent.

Basically, the dream of what every one of my sessions should be.

I'm happy to say Veronica became a friend of mine off of this shoot. And though I never play favorites...

Well, let's leave it at "I'm more than just glad she didn't slaughter me for my organs."

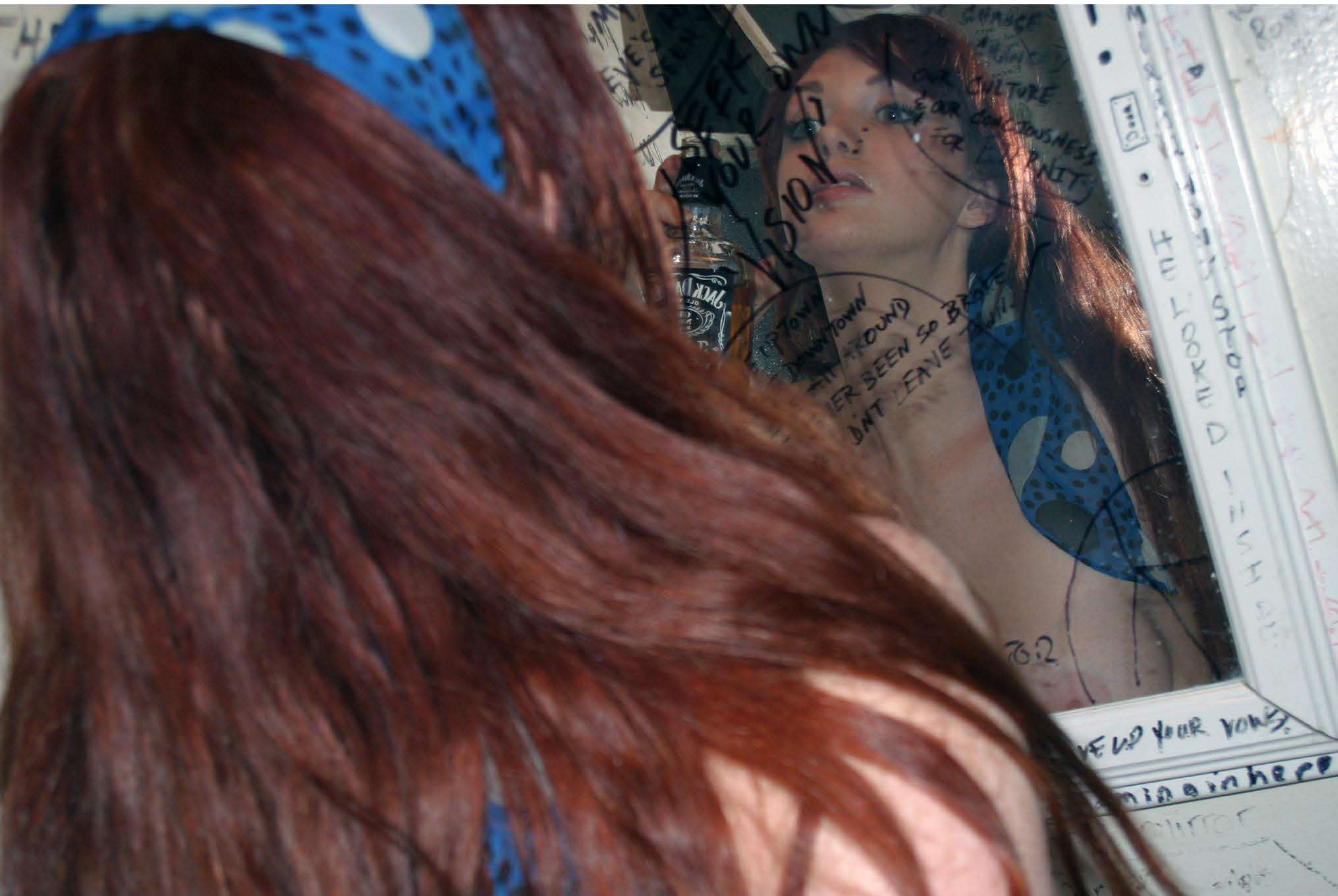
























**WHEN I ASKED VERONICA** if she wanted to contribute anything in writing to this issue...because, y'know, she hadn't done enough already...I, of course, figured it would be a glowing recounting of our shoot or high words of praise for the artist with the camera.

Instead, I got a drink recipe.

For homemade booze.

Which is S000 the most absolutely fucking perfect response from Veronica, and S000 completely in line with what I had already penned about her and our work together, that it made me laugh out loud. So, enjoy some home-brew liquor, courtesy of Ms. Ricci...

### JUICE HOOCH

What you'll need:

- 1) champagne yeast (which can be bought on-line for about \$1 to \$3 per packet)
- 2) airlock bottle top stopper (not a carboy) for gas exchange (around \$5)
- 4) a bottle that fits the airlock top
- 3) juice with sugar (something yummy like apple juice)
- 5) sugar

Put the sugar, yeast and juice in bottle with airlock securely on top. Then place in open air for one to three days. Taste test periodically for sweetness. It should start bubbling slightly within one day — that means it's working. Should be around three to five percent alcohol. Put in fridge after this time. Then have a juice hooch party whenever you want!



# THE PASSWORD IS... an original short story

Lee had been on television twice before.

He was once interviewed by a “man on the street” reporter and a second time by a man in an actual news studio.

But, that was back home.

And this was New York City.

He told himself he wasn't impressed by the game show studio...which, admittedly, looked larger on television. But, as he slowly realized he was standing slightly slack-jawed, he had to admit he might be a little bit awed.

A tap on the shoulder brought him back to reality. His mouth snapped shut and he turned.

“Can't go on T.V. like this!” chirped the make-up artist as she plucked tissues from inside the starched collar of his white shirt.

“That's better,” she said as she straightened his narrow tie slightly, then gave it a pat. “Good luck on the show.”

“Thank you,” he stammered softly after her as she walked away.

He turned back toward the set. He knew the game show's Sunday night edition was broadcast in color. But he had a black and white television, so, he'd never seen it like this before. And he just stared at the soft, pastel hues of the background.

Even though the stage lights were bright, the pastels lulled him, making him a little bit drowsy. Or maybe it was the heat from the lights...which he started to notice most acutely since the roar of the air conditioner had just stopped.

He knew a thing or two about television...and he knew they had to cut the air conditioning so they could record the audio for the show.

He also knew that he tended to sweat. And, under those giant lights...dressed in an uncomfortably-unfamiliar jacket and tie...he knew he might just have to reenlist the services of that make-up artist.

And he hoped he didn't sweat right through his jacket.

His thoughts drifted to his wife and baby daughter. They could really use the extra money a game show victory could bring. He might win as much as \$2000 tonight. “And with that kind of money,” he thought to himself, “we could finally move into a place of our own.”

And maybe buy a color T.V.

He had tried to practice his game show technique with his wife, but her English wasn't strong enough to help him hone his skills in this, a game of words. So, he practiced in his head.

So many things were rolling around in his brain. Plans for the future. Regrets from the past. His own ideas of personal grandeur. His sense of being hungry.

“That's right,” he remembered, “I was going to the table with the food. ‘Craft services’ I think the make-up lady called it.”

He wandered over to the table and mulled over his many choices. Cookies. Grapes. Little tiny sandwiches with the crusts cut off. And tiny blocks of cheese.

Lee loved cheese. And, even though he was lactose intolerant, he decided he had earned the right to enjoy a favorite treat. After all, he was about to be on national television. This was going to be his big moment.

And, by the time his body sought its revenge for the cheese it couldn't completely digest, he'd be back in his hotel room...where he wouldn't bother anybody.

He grabbed a toothpick and speared four cubes of cheese like a sharpshooter, eating them all in one relatively-smooth maneuver.

Relatively-smooth maneuver.

“It's a strange feeling when a person begins to choke,” he thought. “Once the blockage is felt, it's a short jump to the moment when you have to be honest with yourself that there is no air moving through your windpipe.”

His first instinct was to try and cough up the obstruction. But, in these surroundings, he hesitated.

Lessons such as “you should never hit a woman” never really took hold in his psyche. But, he was shy and polite in unfamiliar surroundings and didn't want to make a scene.

Unfortunately, as his inability to breathe persisted, panic set in and he realized he couldn't stand on formality...even this close to famous celebrities and a national audience.

Casting aside good manners, he tried to cough and force the cheese from his throat. But, neither the cheese nor the air inside him would budge.

Again, he tried...and failed.



**The blood began to pound inside his head. The same way it did when he became angry. The same way it did when he felt like a failure.**

**He'd never been afraid of death. Not in the Marines. And not in his own private endeavors. But, this was different. With a gun in his hand, he could go out a hero... or, at least, in a blaze of glory.**

**Death by warm cheese cube was not how he wanted to be remembered.**

**And he DID want to be remembered.**

**Suddenly, he felt a sharp blow in the middle of his back. Then another. And another.**

**On the third blow, cheese flew from his throat and air rushed in and out of his lungs for what felt like the first time in his entire life.**

**He turned to see a portly man with a cherubic face awash with concern.**

**"You okay, pal?"**

**His breathing was labored, but he managed to stammer "yes. Thanks...Mr. Hackett."**

**"Call me Buddy. We're gonna be partners!"**

**"Thank you, Buddy."**

**He held out his hand to Buddy and they shook.**

**A harried-looking man, wearing a headset and holding a clipboard, stepped to Buddy. "We need you on set, Mr. Hackett."**

**"Sure."**

**Buddy turned back to his soon-to-be partner.**

**"Get yourself some water...and stay away from the cheese."**

**Buddy Hackett smiled broadly and stepped out onto the stage while the harried-looking man remained.**

**"Okay, sir. You will stand right here. And when Mr. Hackett introduces you, walk out, shake his hand and take a seat."**

**The nervous contestant nodded and pulled the handkerchief from his jacket pocket to dab at his brow as he waited for his big moment.**

**Neon "applause" lights burned bright, rousing the crowd into greeting the show's celebrities and contestants.**

**Seemingly from the heavens, an announcer's voice echoed through the studio, beginning the show's cold opening.**

**"She is the lovely film actress, Nanette Fabray!"**

**Without missing a beat, Ms. Fabray offered her line in these scripted introductions. "And this is my partner, from Rock Island, Maryland...Caroline Sellers."**

**The announcer's voice boomed again.**

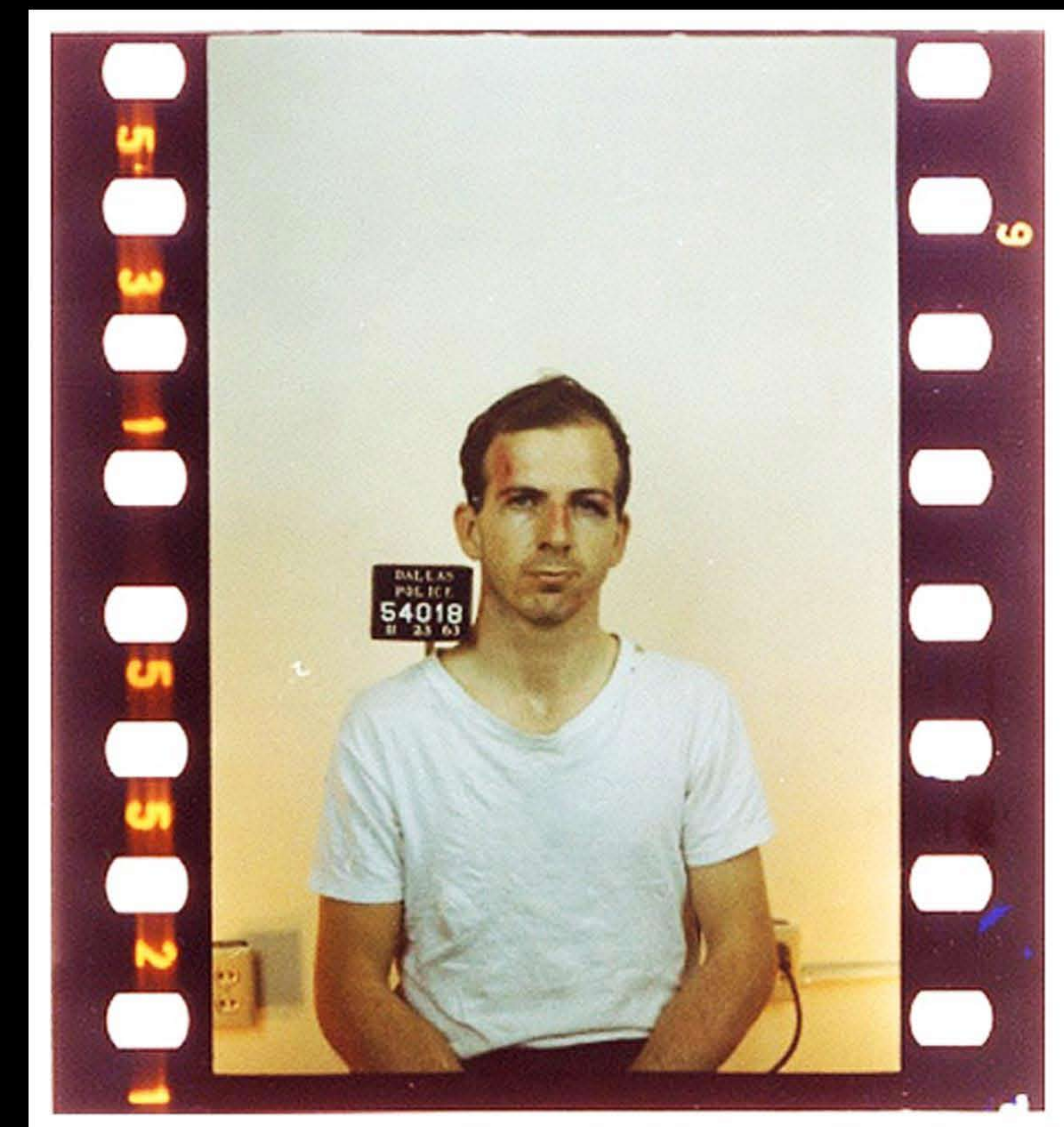
**"He is the funnyman of stage and screen, Buddy Hackett."**

**Mr. Hackett chimed in with his pleasantly-nasal and unmistakable voice.**

**"And this here is my partner, from Dallas, Texas...Lee Oswald. And we're all here to play PASSWORD!"**

**Lee stepped out onto the stage, round-shouldered and nervous. He shook Mr. Hackett's hand and settled awkwardly into his seat.**

**In his mind, he thought to himself "THIS is my big day."**



**UZ**

























































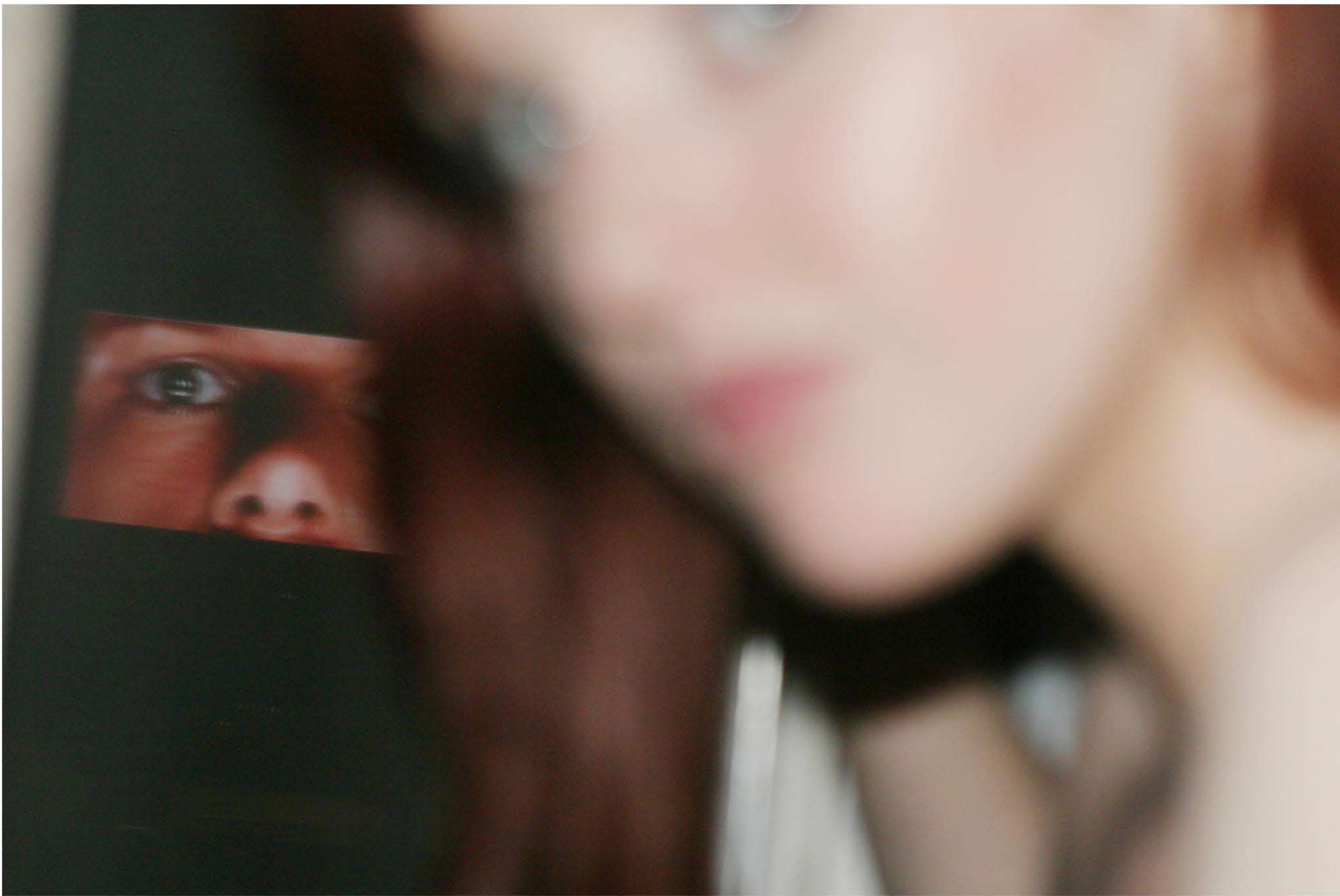




















the sexy and rambunctious

**VANESSA**

in the next issue of

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