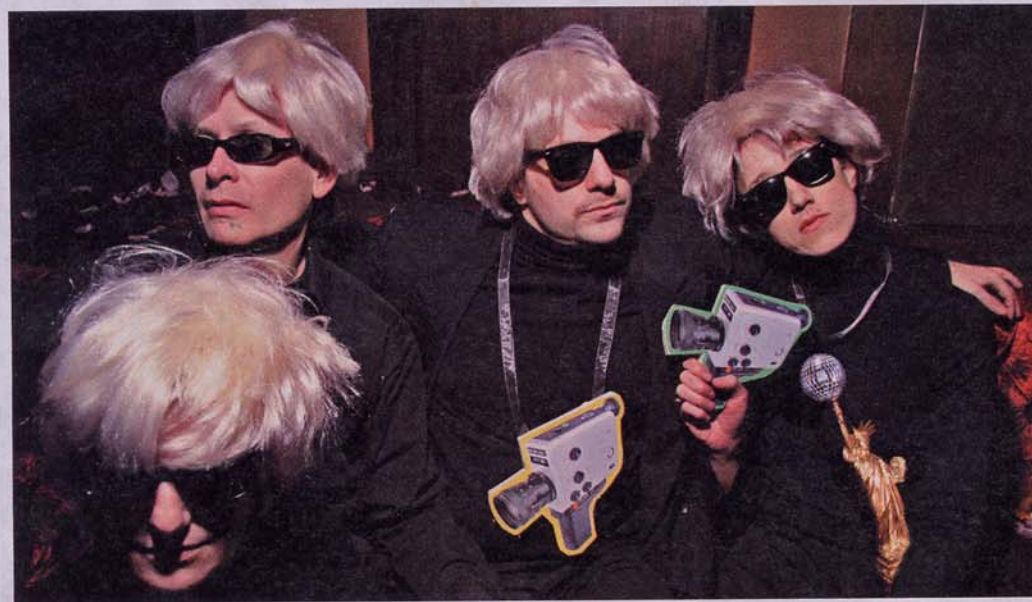


# Oscar wild



Hollywood's big party is given the alternative treatment.

Most people admit that watching the Academy Awards from home can be ho-hum, but what if you could experience the thrill of actually dressing up and attending the shebang (sort of)? That's the premise behind the Alt. Oscars, a New York-based parody show hosted by Costume Cultural Society and the Kostume Kult arts collective. As event organizer and creative director Jim Glaser puts it, "The point of the Alties is access. We're part of what some sociologists are calling the 'participatory culture.'"

This year's fest, the group's second, begins at 5pm on Sunday 25 at Mannahatta (316 Bowery at Bleecker St). For a \$20 entry fee, Glaser says you'll experience something that more closely resembles the Coney Island Mermaid Parade than Graydon Carter's annual post-Oscar bash, but that's only to say the Alties lack a certain glamour. Last year's gala attracted a diverse mix from New York's downtown art, fashion and music scenes—all intent on having their spin on the red carpet, which includes flashbulb-snapping paparazzi and a chat with a "celebrity TV interviewer."

Glaser says *Alt* is a term from the early days of the Internet, but the Alt

trophy itself is pure New York: a Statue of Liberty with a disco ball instead of a torch. As far as the awards go, there are eight, for categories including best celebrity impersonation (male and female), best celebrity original (for those who come up with their own persona) and, of course, best costume. But unlike the real Oscars, where music is played to coax a chatty actor offstage, the Alties aren't as gentle. "In our Oscars," explains Glaser, "we have a Dominatrix Bo Peep, with a shepherd's crook ready. She'll literally pull you off the stage if you don't shut up!"—DD

See *Around Town* listings.

## 3 questions for...

### Richard Lewis

Comedian, phrase coiner



#### 1 You're opening the first leg of your upcoming tour at Comix. What can people expect?

Well, I have about 20 or 30 hours of material that I've never done before. But if me and my wife have some kind of neurotic bullshit going on in the morning, when I hit the stage that night, there's a good chance I'll spend 25 minutes on it.

#### 2 It's your sixth season with *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. Is it true that you and Larry David were once rivals?

Tragically, yes. We went to the same camp when we were 13 and hated each other. He was from Brooklyn and I was from New Jersey. He was an amazingly obnoxious, despicable camper. Years later we had both become comedians and loved each other's act. One night I remember looking at him and saying "I hate you," and I wasn't even drunk. We started retracing our childhood, and Camp All America came up. It was like: "You're Larry David?" "You're Richard Lewis?" It really could have been on one of those paranormal shows on cable.

#### 3 You're in *The Yale Book of Quotations*...

Yeah, it's for the phrase *the [blank] from hell*. I'm really happy about it, but crazily, *Bartlett's* hasn't put it in! I've had an ongoing battle with them. Some guy there said that his grandkids came back from college and said, "I had the semester from hell." I said, "Where do you think they heard that?" Screw *Bartlett's*!—DD

Richard Lewis performs at Comix Fri 23 and Sat 24. For ticket info, call 212-524-2500. See *Comedy*.

## It happened here

Some called him Mr. Big, the Man Uptown or the Brain, but the Fixer is the nickname that stuck in most people's minds when the name **Arnold Rothstein** came up. Kingpin of New York's organized crime syndicate, Rothstein (1882–1928) is best remembered for his role in 1919's legendary Black Sox scandal, where he was suspected of paying the Chicago White Sox to take a dive against the Cincinnati Reds in that year's World Series. When the story broke, reporters flocked to his home at **355 West 84th Street**—which he shared with his wife, Carolyn. After key evidence went missing (ahem), Rothstein was cleared of all charges. He continued to deny any involvement in the fix—right up until his murder (still unsolved) in November 1928 at the Park Central Hotel.—Ray Dademo

