



REVIEWS

**Imposters** by Mark Batty | James Knoblauch & Shawna Kenney

Nicolas Stecher | April 21, 2008

God, I hate Hollywood Boulevard. Gone are the days where swarms of street urchins, teen prostitutes and junkies were its general populace. In their stead have come the Abercrombie & Fitch-clothed, Applebees-fed, camera-toting mouthbreathers of the Red States. And they call that urban improvement? Whatever, guy. As far as I can see, the only truly original and head-turning aspects left are the spandex-wearing, wig-festooned superheroes and movie stars that call The Boulevard home. Often I have driven by, staring at a pill-stained Spiderman taking an incongruous and frightful photo with a septuagenarian Marilyn Monroe, and wondered, Who the fuck are these heroes? Where did they come from? Well, XXX and YYY have taken mic control and decided to answer these chin-stroking questions for me. Shooting them in their natural habitat, as well as relaxing at home pre- and post-performance, the writer and photographer team have taken a glimpse behind an iron curtain I thought would remain forever hidden. It's like Orangutan Planet, only smellier and more frightening.

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