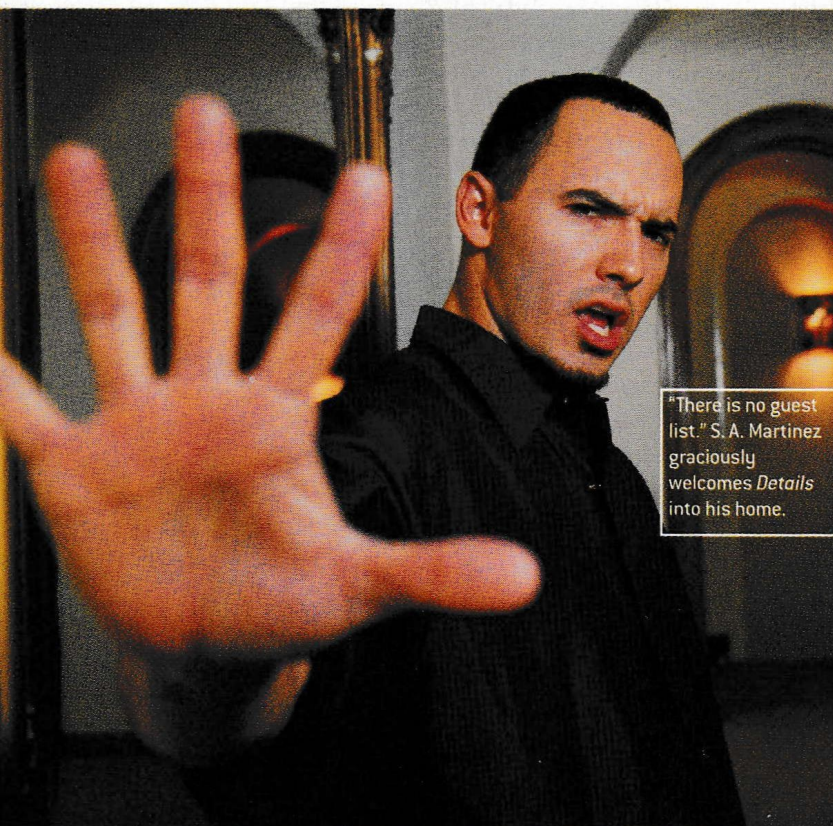


room and hoard

This month, we get the 411 on the art-and-oddities collection of 311's DJ-rapper, S.A. Martinez. **By Jeff Spurrier**



"There is no guest list," S.A. Martinez graciously welcomes *Details* into his home.



Better Home Office and Garden

This plant, unnamed, unidentified, has been worming its way into the house for the last few years, taking up residence in the bedroom that serves as both an office and a workroom for Jenny. Sensing that the plant must be imbued with juju, Martinez won't touch it, even though whenever he or Jenny sits down at the computer they risk getting scratched by its thorns. "Eventually the window is going to break," he says. "We can't even open it anymore. I don't have any desire to cut it. I'll probably move the computer before I cut the plant."

The funk/dub-reggae fusion rockers 311 used to live fraternity style: five dudes shacked up in a tract house in Van Nuys, California. But a double-platinum album changed everything. Now DJ-rapper S.A. Martinez lives in a 1927 two-story faux-Spanish Colonial house in L.A.'s tony Los Feliz. And even though Martinez is about to embark on the first leg of 311's worldwide tour for their latest CD, *Soundsystem*, the place is as neat as a diaper pin. It's always like this.

Martinez lives with his longtime girlfriend, Jenny Cook, and his dogs, Pablo and Irie. With four bedrooms, three and a half baths, a wet bar, pool, and Jacuzzi, he is satisfied—at least for now—that there's enough wall space for his art collection: underground-artist oils, Jamaican carved busts, photos of Mexican street kids, Persian engravings, and smashed skateboard decks deconstructed into geometric starbursts.

"Art isn't like popular entertainment to amuse you," he says. "It's something you meditate on. I look at it and veg out."

Woody Guthrie is playing softly on the boom box in a *Brady Bunch* kitchen. This is where Jenny labors over S.A.'s ►►

The Upstairs DJ Booth The keyboard is a Roland DJ-70. "My new toy is this Roland DJ-2000 mixer," brags Martinez. "I wanted something at home that I didn't have to take on tour. It's so easy to use, you can start right away." With that, he lines up a Yellowman

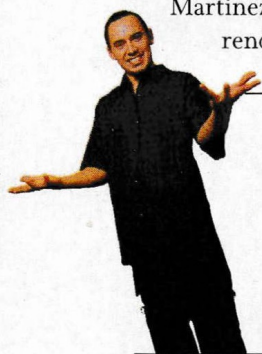


record, punches in 4/4 on the Tap Tempo pad, adds flanger and delay. Voilà! Instant dub.

POP ARTS HOME INVASION

salami—it's not what you think—preparing meat torpedoes from a recipe provided by his mom. (Mix together two pounds of ground meat; one teaspoon each of garlic powder, onion powder, and allspice; one tablespoon each of mustard seed, liquid smoke, and basil; 3 tablespoons Morton's Tender Quick; and a cup of water. Form two logs, and wrap in foil; refrigerate 24 hours. Cook in foil at 350° F for one hour. Chill and serve.)

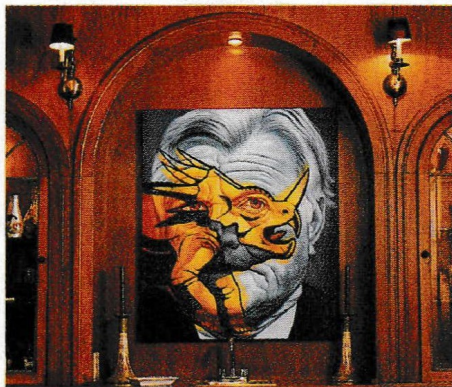
Most days, you'll find Martinez in the upstairs "studio," where his record vault, a cedar-lined former closet, boasts drum 'n' bass, rock, reggae, dancehall, and jazz. Martinez also has a small collection of blues and Billie Holiday-era jazz 78s to play on a wonderfully restored windup gramophone. The room is a vivid pink, with Indian saris draped from the ceiling. They look good, but they're really there to cover the rough paint job, Martinez admits: "We did this room at the very end of the renovation, and we were completely fried."



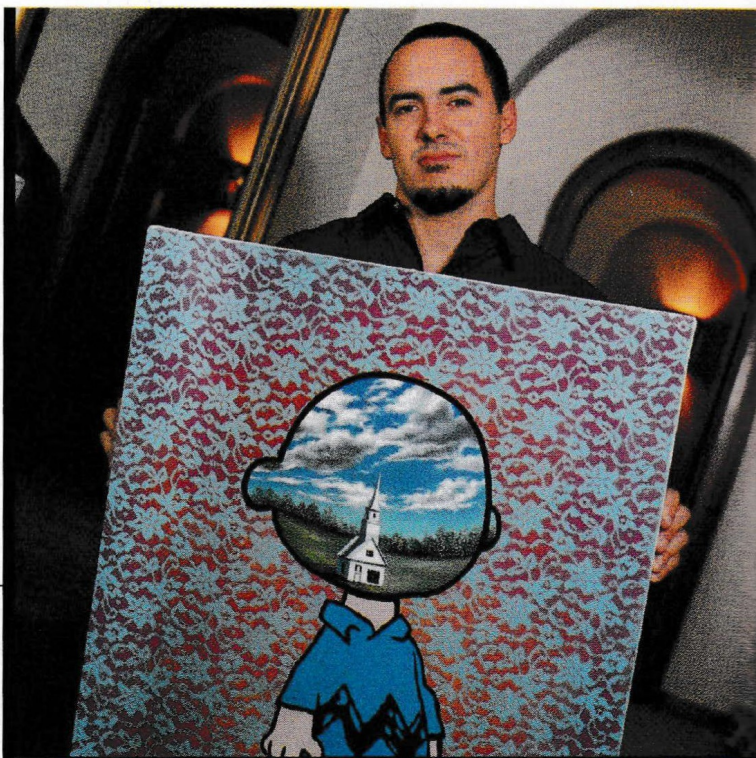
**"ASIDE FROM THIS HOUSE,
all my money goes into art
and my record collection."
—S.A. Martinez**

Make Mine a Double!

Horny, one of two works Martinez bought from neo-surrealist Ron English, is positioned above the wet bar. "Ted Kennedy at the bar. It made so much sense," Martinez reasons.



The Frozen Tundra of Nutrition Martinez goes through food binges; now he's jonesing for Welch's Double Dares, frozen Snickers, and Minute Maid frozen juices. What about that list of artificial flavors, additives, and colors? "That's part of the appeal." The freezer space is also where the Martinez incense is kept—favorite scents are green rose, Jamaican vanilla, and Lunar Essences' Diana of the Forest Wood Nymph Tibetan musk. "I've heard it keeps fresher in the freezer," Martinez explains.



A Patron of the Arts Martinez snagged this Ron English painting for \$400 when the artist came into town and needed some spending cash. Now it hangs at the bottom of the stairway. "This is called *Solace of the Familiar*," Martinez says. Just how familiar is it? "Well, both of my folks were raised on farms, and when we'd go back there, we'd always pass this combination church-schoolhouse on the side of the road that was really similar. I like it because I like to think that's what Charlie Brown's got in his head."



Transcendental Medication

The Martinez medicine chest is a minefield of girly Aveda products. Martinez swears he uses only the Tom's of Maine toothpaste and flossing ribbon. "Most of this is Jenny's." Well, maybe the Cabot's Anti-Oxidant Cream. But the Jason's 6-in-1 Beard and Skin Therapy Shaving Lotion? And whose Birkenstock Leather Saver is that?

POP ARTS HOME INVASION

"I WANTED THE BEDROOM to have a gothic feel, the color that Dracula would have in his vault."—S.A. Martinez



You Are Getting Very Sleepy For a light and festive look, the bedroom walls sport a dark-red industrial paint normally used to cover utility poles. "I've been looking for a duvet to match the walls, and I've given up finding the right fabric in the tone I want," Martinez frets manfully. The bed's elaborate carving "looked like it had a lot of history." Usually Irie (the Lab) and Pablo (the Australian shepherd) aren't allowed on the bed. But neither are *Details* photographers . . . normally.

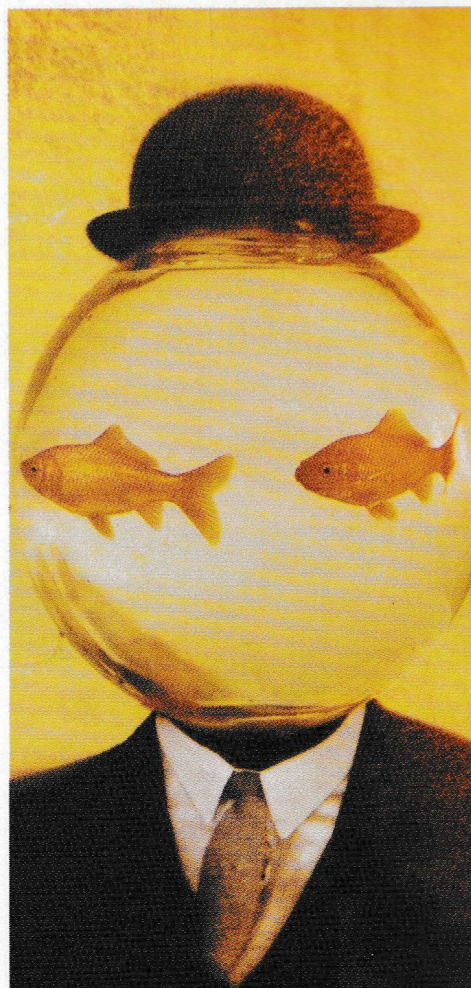


The Throne Room Not all of S.A.'s cans are fully functional. "Old house, old pipes," he sighs. "This toilet is from the '20s. I'll take it to an antique-hardware store, but I think it's a goner." Maybe that explains the prominently placed plunger? "Oh yeah, and the Jesus night-light."

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

And do I need to wash my hands after touching it?

Deep in the bowels of Martinez Manor is S.A. and Jenny's prize lint collection. "I don't know why there's so much red," S.A. muses. "That's like maybe a year's worth." Jenny looks at him, incredulous: "That's not a year! That's probably a few months, and you'll see a lot of dog hair if you go rooting around in there." Um, thanks, but no thanks.



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