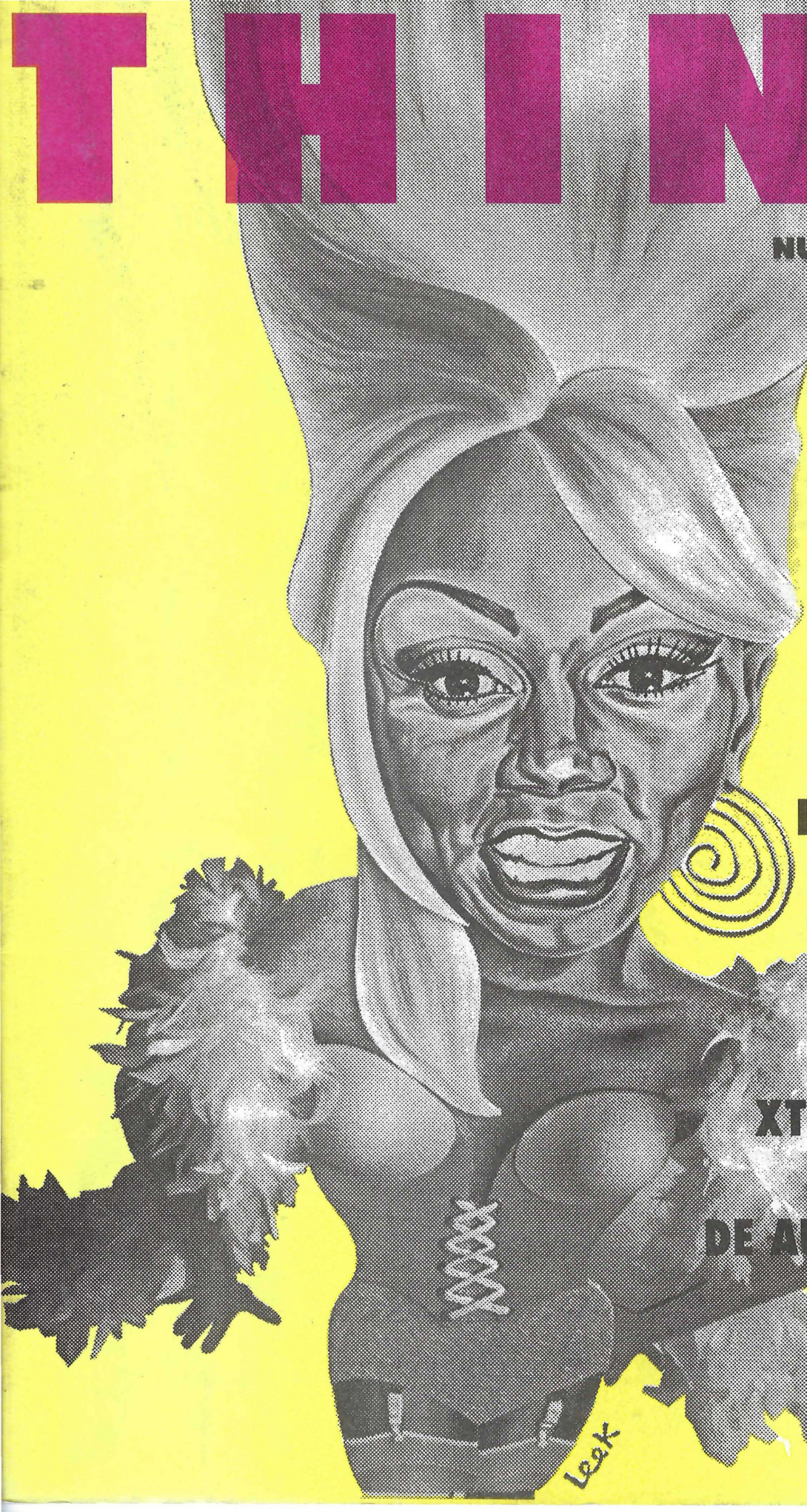


THING



NUMBER SIX • \$3

NEW YORK-ISH

RUPAUL!

MUSTO

LADY BUNNY

WILLI NINJA

**HECTOR
XTRAVAGANZA**

DE AUNDRA PEEK



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c o n t e n t s

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ON THE COVER: Lee Kay's Bubblehead Por-Trit of RuPaul, from a photo by Renaldi & Zechman
THIS PAGE: Behind the scenes with RuPaul. Photo: Renaldi & Zechman

THING

EVERY THING to GO!

MUSIC • ARTS • ENTERTAINMENT • OPINIONS • HAPPENINGS



MISS GIRL

Los Angeles was the sight of **SPEW 2**, the second occasional meeting of the underground queer press and their fans. Best of the fest: Ben Is Dead's Glamour issue

with "Beauty Tips for Junkies," Sin Brothers' TRADE skullcaps, and Lyle Ashton Harris' flowless "Miss Girl" t-shirts (pictured). Worst idea: MASK (Mothers Against Serial Killers) ghoulish t-shirts of Jeffrey Dahmer. The next SPEW might be in Frisco, headed by A Different Light's Rachel Pepper, or Toronto, Canada headed by?



"We'll do brunch!" Award-winning video maker **Marlon Riggs** was here for the Chicago premiere of his newest work, "Color Adjustments," at Randolph Street Gallery, and to accept some fancy award at the Chicago Hilton and Towers. The *Thing* offices were the sight of a co-hosted brunch with the Chicago-based group, Women in the Director's Chair. At left, L to R: Lawrence D. Warren, financial consultant Stephanie Coleman, Robert Ford, Marlon Riggs, ad sales director Terry Martin and longtime Riggs' friend Elija Ward. Photo Duane Baskins.



"Yaaaaay!!"

Georgia's peach, DeAundra Peek, brings her double-wide mobile home-spun disco show to Chicago's Hothouse June 13th in a benefit for Illinois senatorial candidate Carol Moseley Braun. Info: (312) 489-2490.



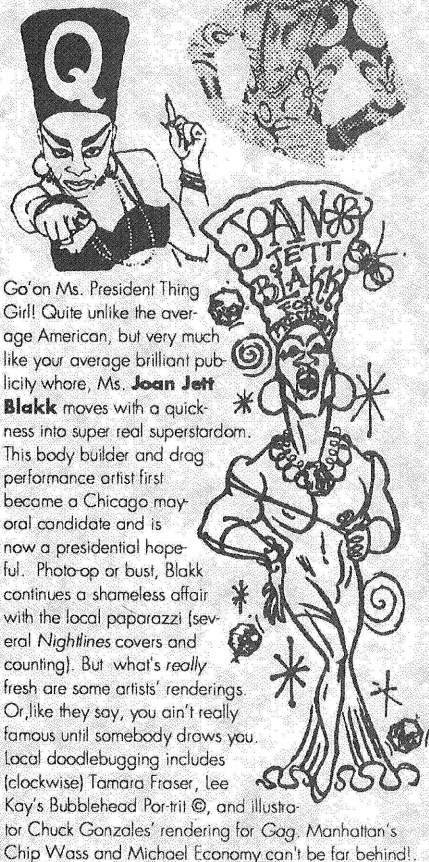
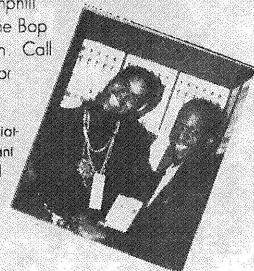
Alan Bell (above), publisher of *BLK*, the national black and gay newsmagazine, was a near casualty when his car was struck head-on this past April. He has several weeks in traction to look forward to, and months of physical therapy as well. *BLK*, which had just gone monthly, will suspend publication until a new editor can be found. Send all correspondence to: *BLK*, box 83912, Los Angeles, CA 90083. Photo Bruce Hunt.

Black To The Future... **Mother Superior** jumped the gun when she gave this issue of *Thing* a glowing review in her "Nasty Habits" *Windy City Times* column May 14. The "hot off the presses" *Thing* #6 that she raved about was nowhere near the presses when she ran a mockup of the Lee Kay cover and a blurb about how hot and hip it is (hence the eleventh hour copy you're now reading). Talk about your postmodern kind of review! Still, we're glad she loved us, even sight-unseen.

Thing's first big fundraiser, the **Lovely** party, was lovely indeed. Held this past Valentine's Day, we improved our cash flow and had a good time to boot! Thanks to all who donated their energies, particularly DJs Freddie Bain, Mark Farina, Spencer Kincy, and Derrick Carter.

Our next fundraising event will be an evening with Essex Hemphill Saturday, June 20th at the Bop Shop, 1807 W. Division. Call us at (312) 227-1780 for more info.

ABOVE detail from the "appropriated" lovely invite **RIGHT** "All I want is a booth somewhere." Trent and Robert. Man the door at lovely held at Rudely Elegant Theatre in the Layla Marmalade Room.



Go on Ms. President *Thing* Girl! Quite unlike the average American, but very much like your average brilliant publicity whore, Ms. **Joan Jett Blakk** moves with a quickness into super real superstardom. This body builder and drag performance artist first became a Chicago mayoral candidate and is now a presidential hopeful. Photo-op or bust, Blakk continues a shameless affair with the local paparazzi (several *Nightlines* covers and counting). But what's really fresh are some artists' renderings. Or, like they say, you ain't really famous until somebody draws you. Local doodlebugging includes (clockwise) Tamara Fraser, Lee Kay's Bubblehead Portrait ©, and illustrator Chuck Gonzales' rendering for Cag. Manhattan's Chip Wass and Michael Economy can't be far behind!

LOU'S

Perfect Casting

Audrey Hepburn in
The Jacqueline de
Ribes Story.
Jacqueline de Ribes in
The Audrey Hepburn
Story.

...Shoulda Been a Drag Queen

Grace Jones
Ultra Naté
Adeva
Stephanie Mills
Diana Ross
Eartha Kitt
Patti LaBelle
Tamara Dobson
Lady Miss Kier
Annie Lennox
Bette Midler

Oh, no!

"No, I can't front you."
"No, you can't come
in."
"No way José."
"No, I don't think so."
"No, none for me,
thanks."
"No, I've never tried
that."
"No, I haven't had any
work done."
"No, these are
Payless."
"No, I've never done
him."
"No, it ain't."
"No, don't be like
that."
"No, I don't."
"No, sorry."

Fucking Like Bunnies

Jessica Rabbit
The Lady Bunny
The Goddess Bunny
Pussy Dujour
Pussy Galore
Bunny and Pussy
Pussy Washington
Justine and the Pussy

cats from Outerspace
Pussy Plantain
Pussy Du Jour
Octopussy
Pumpkinhead

Stay In!

Ashford and Simpson
k.d. lang
Olivia Newton-John
Merv Griffin
Billy Preston
Randy Travis
Richard Gere
Stedman Graham
Sherman Helmsley
David Cole
Arsenio Hall
Michael Feinstein
Michael Jackson
Whitney Houston
Magic Johnson
Carl Lewis
Luther Vandross
Richard Chamberlin
Tom Sellek
Jason Priestly

Family Feud

Mother Father Sister
Brother (MFSB)
Steak Daddy
Soror
Sustah Gurl
Big Sista
Big Daddy
Big Mama
Mama's Baby
Frat Bro
Bro Ham
Brother Man
Pops
Moms
My Cousin
Yarborough, Peoples
and Folks

Type Talk

Steve Lafreniere
Steve Marton
Kim Lovely
Arlene Ayalin
Craig Siegle
Brian Matthews

Cynthia P. Caster
Chuck Gonzales
Eric Kozoil
Roger Noel
Byrd Bardot
Tom E.
Malone
Arlis Ball
Simone Bouyer
Jeff Morris

Artists IN

Keith Haring
Jean Michael
Basquiat
Lee Kay
Tina Chow
Rick Tuttle
David Hockney
Simone Bouyer
James Battle
Warhol

No, no, no !

Sharon Stone
Michael Douglas
Joan Van Aark

Did you say...

sex?
records?
money?
drinks?
drugs?
rally?
all expenses paid?

Smut

ass
asshole
balls
basket
bird
box
buns
cakes
cookies
cock
cream
cum
cunt
clit
dick
fuck

groin
hole
meat
manhole
boy pussy
pearl
pookipsie
poontang
pussy
schlong
slit
snatch
tits

Ringin' It

Ma Bell
Patti LaBelle
Belle of the Ball
Southern Belle
Belle du Jour
Bela Lugosi
Bel-Tone
Clara Bell
Aunt Blue Bell
Bells of St. Mary
Belladonna
Cioa Bella!
Bellissimo
Bell Epoch
Vanessa Bell
Armstrong
Bell, Book and Candle

Pardon My French

En Vogue
Bas Noir
Cherchez Le Femme
Sassy Fitzpatrick
France Joli
Plastic Bertrand

Dinosaur DJs

Ralphie Rosario
Joe LoPresti
Turtle
Frankie Knuckles
André Hatchett
Jeff Davis
Joe Shanahan
Larry Brewer
Fred Hands
Larry Levan
Joe Smooth
Peter Leweck

PHOTO: Michael Wadfield from NY Comrade



the LADY BUNNY

It's hard to be out and about in New York City these days and not know of The Lady Bunny. In no less than the nine years she's moved from Atlanta, Georgia to live in NYC, she has inviolably become an indispensable fixture within the city's downtown club and entertainment circuit.

Diplomat, organizer, mother, girlfriend, sister, dancer, singer, fashion plate, hostess and beauty, hers is the charm capable of seducing a crowd or the sole admirer. She's the force behind the power of Wigstock, NYC's annual multi cultural, multisexual celebration of dragdom.

Already seven years running it has fast become an institution among the youth and underground movements in Gotham and across the nation. With RuPaul, Deee-Lite, Larry Tee, Lahoma Van Zandt, Mona Foot, and Barbara Patterson Lloyd, Wigstock continues to feature some of the best in camp and cult entertainment. Last year's festival drew an estimated ten thousand spectators to Union Square Park. During a visit to NYC for the festival in '91, I met Bunny at the ShaSha Cafe in the Village. Later, I learned this would be cause for speculation from some who wondered, "What does Lady Bunny have to do with a black and gay magazine?"

by Trent Adkins

TA: What were you listening to just now on your headset?

LB: Oh, the latest stuff. You know, "Makin' Happy" and whatever. I have this friend that does these for me. I don't buy records; I get tapes.

I just like whatever, you know the stuff you hear out at the clubs. I like soul music mostly. I'm a big soul music fan from way back. I love Motown and all of that stuff, too. But I get enough of the Motown stuff not to have to go out and buy it. I am a *huge* Diana Ross fan! I've loved Diana throughout the years. Throughout the years!

TA: You poor thing! Really, what did you think of *Working Overtime*? We voted it that year's most embarrassing come-back.

LB: Oh, I loved *Working Overtime*! I actually love every track on that album!

TA: Gee, you're a true diehard! You and B-Boy. Y'all love the girl. Oh, she only has jillions of adoring fans!

LB: I am! I truly am! Actually, my all-time favorite Diana Ross song is "Work That Body"! So that shows how tired I am! (screams and laughs)

TA: Yeah, I'll concede "*Work That Body*" and "*The Boss*" were two of her best efforts. Frankie (Knuckles) used to play the sickest mixes of the *Boss* at the Warehouse and I remember "*Work That Body*" fiercely premiering at the Powerplant.

LB: Really! Oh, I love her! *The Boss* is my favorite album! I love it!

TA: Let's talk about the festival. When was the original idea for Wigstock? How long ago did you first do it?

LB: Seven years ago. It's very much a group idea, actually, between several people hanging out at the Pyramid one night, boozin'. And after the Pyramid closed, me, Wendy Wild, Brian Butterick who was and still is one of the managers at the Pyramid, and several members of this group, straight guys, a group called the Fleshtones, got together. They're kind of like a rock group that's popular around college music circles. We were just clowning around on the bandshell in Tompkins Square Park, late, late at night. We did it there for the first six years. But they were more into the rock and roll scene and so they wanted to combine drag and rock and roll and

have some kind of festival.

TA: Had you intended Wigstock to be annual?

LB: Well, it probably would've died there but I took the initiative and found out that it was very easy to get a park permit, which is like a fifty dollar application fee, and a five dollar Amplification of Sound fee from the police department. The police have always been very helpful with Wigstock. And usually the Parks Department is very helpful. I mean, I've never encountered any opposition from them because of the content or tone of the event. The very gay *tone* of the event! (Laughs all around.) Well, I hate to say 'gay event' because then it's too limiting. I mean, ninety percent of the performers are gay and probably seventy-five percent, or more, of the crowd is gay but everybody is welcomed there. It's not exclusively gay. It really bugs me to see some gay groups passing out flyers that say 'I Hate Straights.' I was at the Pyramid one Sunday night, and they're sort of catering to, or are pretending to cater to, a gay crowd. I'm not trying to read them, but they're trying to appeal to the militant East Village faggot who's in ACT UP, and who wears military boots, people with bald heads, and they're trying to get a hard, cruisey atmosphere and they call the night 'FUCK.' And so the MC got on the mike one night and said, in a voice that I've heard guys use when they're trying to sound more butch on the phone sex line...

TA: Ooh...!

LB: (Intoning a phony deep voice), "Welcome to FUCK! FUCK is queer! If there's any straight couples here, please refrain from making out on the dance-floor!" And that got a really big cheer from the audience! And I just thought it was so silly. I thought, how can you be at odds with ninety percent of the people on the face of the earth. I mean, if it wasn't for straight people makin' out... how the fuck do you think your gay ass got here, honey?! (Screams and laughs all around)

TA: Wigstock looks expensive, how do you pay for everything?

LB: Yeah, it's expensive even though we do it as inexpensively as possible. It was a lot more expensive this year. We have great sponsors. Limelight and Crowbar have been just great. The others were Creative Time and MAC Cosmetics and Coffee Shop. Plus we sold ads in the program and we held a lot of benefits at Channel 69 and at the Bank and at Sugar Reef Restaurant. We solicited private donations. I even sent a letter to Madonna, thinking that

she might want a tax write-off, but I don't think she got the letter. I tried faxing it to her publicist, but at least now she knows of the event and maybe next year... we'll see. We approached Absolut, but we're a little bit wackier than Gay Pride Day and they did not take the nibble even though Benjamin Lui, was helping us contact them.

TA: I remember him as Ming Vauze. I saw him backstage looking marvelous. What's he up to lately?

LB: Right now he's launching Donna Karan's menswear line at Barney's. He's really helpful, he's a real mover and shaker and is very well connected in the PR world and knows how things should be done. Basically, it's Scott Lifshutz and I who organize the whole thing, but Benjamin and Bobby Miller, who is my hairdresser, helped out with ad sales and everything.

TA: More about Benjamin, though. How'd you meet each other?

LB: Well, you know he was Andy Warhol's personal assistant for quite a while and he invited me to dinner with him and Andy and several friends for one of Benjamin's birthday parties and I came in drag and Andy Warhol kept taking all these photographs of me, and I was loving it! And somebody later said to me; Andy often takes out his camera with no film in it! Aaaaahh!! And that was probably one of those nights! But it was workin' for me, honey! I was posin' up a storm! I'm not sure how we first met. I've just always seen him out and stuff. He actually performed the first couple of years at Wigstock and he doesn't seem to actively pursue performing. He's got a sick sense of humor, kinda twisted. He'll do a lip sync number where it's really more jangling loud bracelets than knowing the words to the song. Sick stuff like that. But he's been such a big help with everything.

TA: Bunny, who influences your look? You look so great all the time. I think it's a real soft look.

LB: Haaa! God, I always say, "Get a lot on!" I love Barbara Eden to death! Love, love, love her! I love Charo and I love the Gabor sisters, especially Zsa Zsa, she's so compelling. I mean, you just can't take your eyes off of her. I loved that whole police assault thing, that was so genius; an older has-been running around with an open flask and then smacking a police officer. I'm sure it was all invented by her publicist. I hope it was. I just love looking at her on the screen with all that white hair and the whittled down nose and the silicone cheeks and the

slanted eye make-up, I just think that's it! I love that she sees herself as this...this...thing! Still. I think whether I like it or not, there's probably a little tinge of Mrs. Roper in me, you know from "Three's Company." (Laughs)

TA: How'd you come to hosting the parties at Limelight?

LB: Well, they'd wanted me to be more involved with the parties and actively promote the club. It's basically straight and there are a few club kids that I host the parties with and the boys love us to death. You know, we tell them, "You boys just get sexier every week!" And they love it. Here's these teenaged body builders, and a lot of them have never seen drag before, and I much prefer that

over a club like Edelweiss where you sit around and judge how far along girls are with their hormones! We don't play any games with them like they're used to the straight girls doing with them, we just come right out and let them know, "Hey, lets do it, honey!" And the next thing you know you've got those condoms out and... haaaaa! But I love it because the boys in there are the ones who would kill you on the street for looking at them but here they are surrounding you telling you that they get the "tingle" with you that they don't get with a real girl. And all these gorgeous boys looming around me discussing the "tingle!" Honey, talking to me about the "tingle!" Honey, Miss Thing is feeling the "tingle" herself! ▼

PHOTO: Michael Wicksfield from My Comrade



Honey, Miss Thing is feeling the "tingle" herself!

THING

25

VIBEALIVE LINE

Latest Chicago Underground Info
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 Vibe alive productions

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RUPAUL

26
THING



RuPaul is Starbooty.
Photo: Janice McEwen

RuPaul is our beloved space-goddess of the '90s. She's hot, she's tall, she knows how to do runway and she's causing quite a stir. Her forthcoming album is *The Return of Starbooty*, with tracks "Free Your Mind" and "Everybody Say Love."

Skinny Vinny: I once saw a fanzine of yours called *New York is a Big Fat Greasy Ho*.

RuPaul: I learned early on that there were very few black effeminate performers and that even if my products weren't going to be published, I was still going to write them. Looking back, it's kind of scary because I was so revealing. I revealed everything in those books.

SV: I thought they were great because clearly here was someone who had no problems getting their vision out to many people.

You must have had a heavy first impression of New York.

R: Well, I'm from San Diego. I didn't leave until I was fifteen years old and went to Atlanta. I'd never really been to a real city and there in Atlanta I was born again. In San Diego I lived in a mind ghetto where no one expected anything of me. Any individuality was squelched. My only refuge was pot, which saved my life. There I met show business. Atlanta was like a college for me until I came up here to the big city. Atlanta is a mystical place. There is more racism outside of the South than inside the South. The North has "invisible"

by **Skinny Vinny**



prejudice.

SV: What about racism and RuPaul?

R: It hurts. People put others down to try to feel better themselves. Also, it's the Dorothy thing; it was within herself all along. It's not something you'll find on a drugstore shelf, or from going out and having all these one night stands. I hope that the world, with the millennium coming, will have people look within to spirituality.

SV: You've always seemed to me like a breath of fresh air among a cabal of bitchy queens. How do you do it?

R: I've been positive, and it is hard among so much negativity, but I stay positive. Negativity is not my way of doing magic. What you believe comes true. You can change your destiny by changing your thoughts. I've always believed I was a star, I just had to show people that I was.

SV: And that you have done. Tell me, what's it like being on stage and doing the big festivals?

R: My biggest ambition now is to go to Japan. With the reincarnation of Starbooty here in the '90s, I decided I'd do more legs, bigger hair; you know, turn the volume up on everything I'd touched on before.

SV: I saw Starbooty, I loved it and was in shock that there was a videographer out there somewhere making such a creative and bodacious video, but I must admit my favorite point of Starbooty was at the end when you, a black drag queen, look head-on into the camera and say with all the conviction in the world: "I am Starbooty and I'm here to rid the neighborhood of drugs. Me and the U.S. Government." And you have your big gun, giving costume changes. Tell us about Starbooty, The Movie.

R: There are actually three of them in existence now. They are by John Witherspoon. They're cult

underground videos. The album is the soundtrack to "Starbooty III." Before, Starbooty had been more goody-two-shoes, but this Starbooty is bigger and more sassy. This Starbooty will eat fried chicken and call someone a motherfucker. I'm just pumping it up because when I did the single, I went out as an astronaut in a catsuit. While I'm on stage, I astralproject to the back of the room saying "What does this audience want to see me do? What do I want to see me do? Well, they want to see me with the longest legs, the biggest hair and the skimpiest outfits. Then I come back onto the stage and I do it."

SV: I've felt it's easy to know what you like to see onstage, but then, when you're up there, it's not so obvious.

"They want to see me with the

the BIGGEST hair and the legs,
skimpiest

outfits. Then I come back onto the stage and I do it!"

R: So, I've slowed down. I've relaxed. I do the runway part and draw the whole thing out because these are parts the audiences love.

SV: What's it like when you're not on stage dealing with those people who aren't familiar with your persona? You know, the day-to-day going to the corner store folks.

R: I'm alone. I love feminine energy and it scares me that I like to be alone so much. I do a TV show that broadcasts in the U.K. called "Best of Manhattan Cable" which takes a lot of time. I get fan letters from England and my friends say, "you're such a star over here." And I've never ever been there.

SV: What do you do on the show?

R: Special features. I did one on hookers on 14th Street. I went out with the girls and posed as one of them. Then I ask one what she thinks of my outfit and she smiles and says "Bitch, I think you're going to pull \$7000.00 tonight, cunt!!!" I did another feature on the new black Barbie, which is the new African-American Barbie, Shawnee. I dressed as a guy and interviewed a psychologist from Mattel, some kids at Toys R Us, then, during the interview I have a flashback, a dream sequence, and I say: "Hmmm, I feel like Shawnee myself," and poof! I'm Starbooty.

SV: So you work on the show days?

R: The show is in reruns. Now we're working on a new show called "Ring My Bell."

SV: Is that cable, too?

R: No, it's a network. They've just started getting cable there. They shot a pilot and it got picked up. Another pilot we shot called "Real People" that we're shopping to MTV etc. It's a drag queen asking real people questions that make them seem fabulous. It's a talk show.

SV: Oh God, Princess Di is going to watch you!

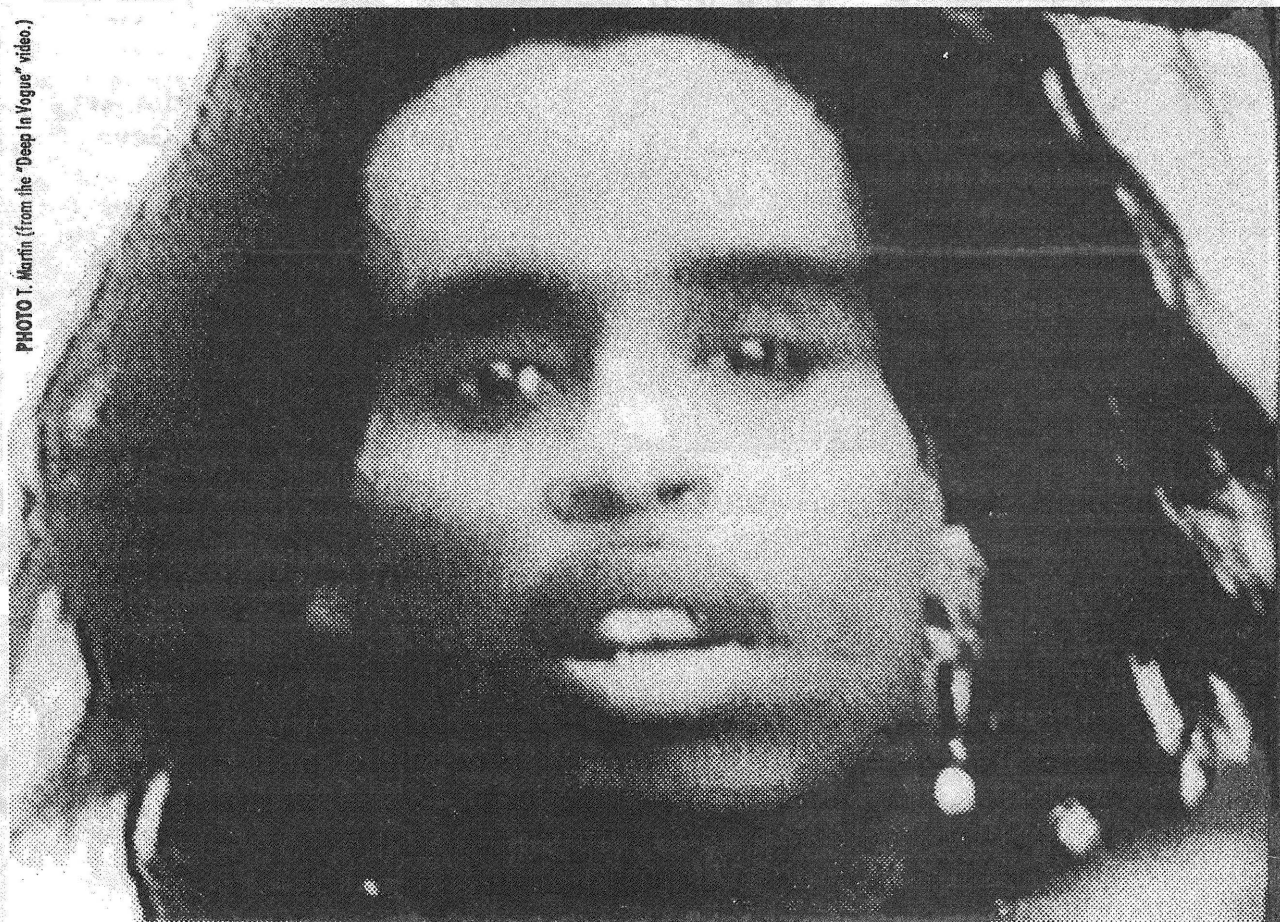
R: (Laughs) I'm accessible as a black woman. Our society doesn't know what to do with a black man. I've had to concentrate myself, but I'm very powerful and I'm not giving shade. It's all a positive love thing. A drag queen has more of a sense of humor, a TV takes it more seriously. But, as I say, 'You're born naked, all the rest is drag.' I'm showing people that I love myself and that is the RuPaul message. Love is wild. ♥

PHOTOS Renaldi & Zechman



WILLI NINJA

PHOTO T. Martin (from the "Deep in Vogue" video.)



THING
34

Willi Ninja was born to dance. With no formal training, he has honed a whole new creative dance language: voguing. Malcolm McLaren captured him for the definitive "Deep in Vogue" video, and suddenly voguing was "crossing over." His sense of style and movement made him a hot commodity as a fashion runway choreographer, and brought him work in the music video industry as well.

I caught wind that he was in Chicago for a few days doing a corporate trade show, and tracked him down. The only time for an interview would be at the crack of dawn, in the dressing room while the girls finished hair and makeup. Without the aid of caffeine I made the early call. My fears of meeting a "fierce ruling diva" ended when I met Willi. Truly friendly and down to earth, in a model-model world, Willi has his head on straight.

Robert Ford: Let's start with one of those questions you've probably answered a million times: how do you give the history of voguing?

Willi Ninja: Not a million, about four million five hundred times...As you know, the dance started in the black drag balls in Harlem. It progressed literally, I'd say, from the hand movements the drag queens used to do with the "La Cage Aux Folles" look; big feathered fandance moves. And because there were a lot of them that didn't want to get up in drag. A lot of the boys that didn't want to go up in drag wanted stuff to do for themselves, categories they could compete in and win. I'm not sure who created or invented it, but it goes back to the early seventies. The moves progressed from that fandancing; also out of the fashion magazines. Making the moves a little more drastic and to the beat. Old school was a lot of hand movement, hardcore, quick hand movements and a lot of poses to the beat of the music. And as the years progressed, they just kept going on and on, adapting and adding new things. It's basically your challenge dance. Kind of like what breaking was for the homeboys, voguing was for the gay population. Instead of fighting, you took it out on the dance floor. It has that meaning, too. But it is right now, as far as I'm concerned, a major art form created by the black and latin gay community. It should be seen as that, and not just taken as "oh, let me throw a little shade here and there." A lot of people, even in the gay community, see the shady side of it, not the art form side of it.

RF: Do you see it gaining more respect as an art form?

WN: Yeah, it's gaining a lot of respect. PBS has aired different programs with it, "House of Tress", "Everybody Dance Now". It's getting respect in the dance world, as an art form. Which is good. A lot of professional dancers feel that there's no technique. As a friend of mine said, "there is technique in a dance if they've studied it and do it to perfection. So that's their technique. There's technique in freestyle and hip-hop, whatever." Just like in ballet, just like in jazz. So give us our due. For me, it is an art form. It is a dance.

RF: Have you studied dance?

WN: No, no formal training. My formal training was watching PBS, my mother taking me to the Apollo, being fascinated by music and dance. That was my teacher, and a teacher only corrects what's already inside of you. You don't have to have one person standing there yelling at you to be your teacher. If

you have an adaptable mind, anything can be your teacher.

RF: Are you in touch with the New York ball scene much at all?

WN: Not really. When I am, I go in as a judge. My competition days are looong gone! I'm supposed to — if I'm in town in July — judge the Chanel ball, because they're starting theirs up again. I do like to go back to say "hey, I didn't forget." To help other people get out and try to further their careers as well. It's hard sometimes when you're trying to keep yourself floating, and you want to keep yourself in the eye, but you can't help nobody else if you can't help yourself.

RF: Have you seen that scene change much over the years? Has it grown any?

WN: It's grown as far as new ideas and concepts because now it's multiracial, almost. Now, some heterosexuals taking part. And I also see it getting kind of evil, because the new kids that are coming in are again taking the wrong idea; taking the bad instead of the good

RF: What did you think of Jenny's film, and the aftermath.

WN: The aftermath? I didn't even know that there was going to be any aftermath. It was just a pure fluke.

I enjoyed the film. I thought it was well done. It kinda educated people. It's like one section, not the whole, one small section of the black and latin gay community in New York, not the whole. A lot of people take the wrong thing and think that it's like the whole and it's not. That's what I try to do on a lot of the interviews and stuff is correct that. But it's just an education showing what happens when people have two things going against them: color and sexual preference. No, three things, excuse me: for a lot of them low income. They have to come up with new ideas and concepts to create their own life...

RF: ...create their own social order.

WN: Yeah, you're gonna create your own social world because you have no chance of being successful in the real world. Some of them do, but it's such a small number in that community. It's unreal! And what I find also is lot of middle class black gays (or some of the rich ones) like, "Ugh! How could they! Why don't they do this for themselves and get their

lives together!" So I say, "But darling, where were you? What kind of a neighborhood did you come from and what kind of education did you have because of your money? Give these kids their due. It might not be your cup of tea but at least they did something that kept them out of trouble for a little while. Gave them some way to let loose their energies and frustrations. You have the chance to go on; give these kids their chance to do something for themselves." We've got to stick together, not fight each other.

RF: There are so many factions in the gay community

WN:...Too many damn factions as far as I'm concerned.

RF: Those people who want a "straight-acting/straight appearing" slide into the mainstream thing and they don't want drag queens and leather queens to be visible.

WN: Darling no. Catch it: you're being hated, not because you're feminine, not because you're a drag queen, not because you're a leather queen, not because you're macho: you're being hated because you like another man, and you are a man. When you get that in your head, darling you better stop hating that next person that's in the same boat that you are. If you're hating that next person, what gives you the right to get something better than that person? You're doing the same thing that the heterosexual world is doing to you. My point of view of those people: they're full of s-h-i-t. Capital S-H-I-T with an exclamation point! You can quote me on that.

RF: Have you sensed a prejudice against voguers, that people expect them to all be boosters or shady...

WN: You saw in the film where I stressed "I have the receipts, I bought this!" I wanted to let them know that I'm not one of those people. They assume that all of us are. It's a hateful thing, because certainly not all of us are. You have Juan from the House of Adonis who dances with C&C, he's never lifted or done drugs in his life. You have Lance Adonis who's now in Disneyworld as a Disney character. You have Kevin from the house of Magnifique, working with Crystal Waters. There's a lot of children out there that work. From House of Africa there's a makeup artist in Europe. A lot of us have gone on and done well. And we have to keep this positive image out there, because they're assuming it's like, "watch them." ▼

by Robert Ford

in that gay movie? That drag, gay movie?"

T: Well, how do you feel about that? Do you think that being openly gay or identified is going to be limiting yourself from certain job opportunities?

H: I do. There are certain things I say no to just because of this fuckin' movie.

T: A lot of people criticize the film as being exploitative... I

mean, in a lot of ways, the film transcended what a typical movie like that would do. And you know, more white people

saw that movie than black people, much less gay. The majority of people that saw that movie were straight white people, and like... middle aged.



H: Straight white people, that were doing nothing but laughing; everything was funny to them. I can't say that that's the true ball world. Just like in the straight world, there's a fuck-up, and then there's someone that's doing good. It's the same thing in the gay world. They show this one in the streets, but they don't show why he's stealing. Honestly, when I was younger, I was thirteen or fourteen, I was a shoplifter. But the only reason I did was because my mother, when she found out I

baby out of twelve—that's eleven boys and one girl—and I was always getting seconds.

A: We hear you're a designer.

H: Yes, I make my own madness.

T: So what do you want to do career-wise? Are you going to be an entrepreneur, star model, actor...?

H: I feel like modeling and dancing don't last forever. So while you've got it, use and abuse it. So far,

I've been to Osaka and Tokyo, Japan, doing runway and dancing in videos and performing. As far as designing, it can go as far as you want it to go. Right now I'm working on another project that has to do

"For ten years of my life I've been Hector Xtravaganza, and I'm well respected as Hector Xtravaganza."

was gay, she didn't want to give me anything. So I always went for the thing's I needed. If I needed a pair of shoes to go to school, it wasn't just to go hang out. My mother never gave me the money I asked for. So then I went out and stole it. I'm the

with "Paris is Burning," but I don't want to count my chickens before they're hatched.

A: Is it going to be another film?

H: I don't want to say, but this magazine will be the first to hear about it. ▼

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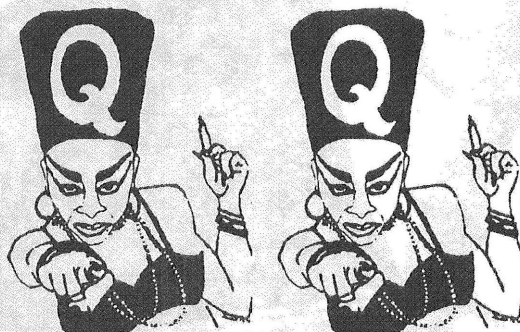
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"THE WHOLE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS TONIGHT!"

Lauren tried to decide exactly when to put the bullet through Cleveland's heart as she sat at the bar, one hand wrapped around the frosty glass holding her fast-disappearing vodka on the rocks, the other cradling the gun in her purse on her lap. Whitney Houston bellowed the chorus of her new hit, doing her own background vocals, declaring again and again and again:

I'm your baby tonight

Lauren wished the deejay would play something else because it seemed as if he had been mixing and remixing that song forever. She had at first been afraid to venture into this low-down neighborhood that showed up regularly in the newspapers as reporters tallied the body count from the shootings and stabbings and the occasional overdose. But she had chuckled (well, almost chuckled)

when she reminded herself that she was carrying a gun. She had slipped it out of her brother-in-law's secret hiding place while visiting her sis-

ter's house a few days ago. That's when she had finally made up her mind about what to do about Cleveland.

As she watched the gay men and drag queens jockeying for space to express themselves on the tiny dance floor of LeBaron's, she wondered if she should wait until she caught Cleveland embracing some female wannabe and then shoot him. Or what if he fell into the arms of that rough-looking guy in the hooded sweatshirt, baggy jeans, and backward baseball cap in the corner? Or should she go up behind Cleveland as he danced, tap him on the shoulder, pull the gun from her purse, curse him, then kill him? And what if someone tried to stop her? Kill them too, she quickly decided.

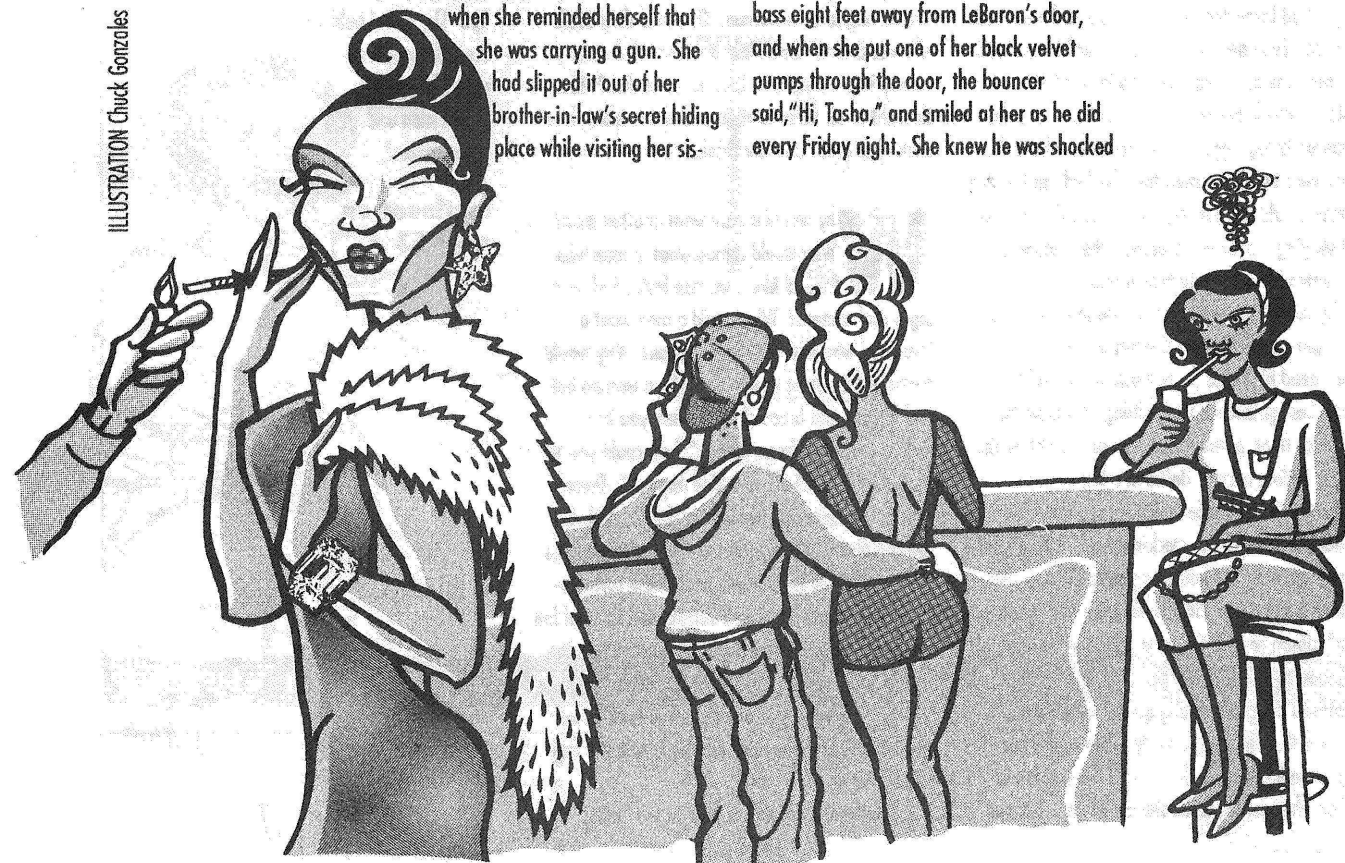
Miss Latasha heard the thumping of the bass eight feet away from LeBaron's door, and when she put one of her black velvet pumps through the door, the bouncer said, "Hi, Tasha," and smiled at her as he did every Friday night. She knew he was shocked

by
julian

ILLUSTRATION Chuck Gonzales

THING

43



"THE WHOLE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS TONIGHT!"

to see how toned down she looked tonight. No Diana Ross mane of hair cascading down her back, no sprayed-on-looking dress.

Instead she wore a simple black dress — above the knee to show off her well-toned legs (from lots of basketball and track in high school), black stockings, heels. Yes, her back was out — and a beautiful one it was, too. Smooth and brown, no pimples, ever. Her hair greased and pulled back into a French roll, a rhinestone comb holding it in place. Fake diamonds in the shape of starfish on her ears because — toned down or not — she was still MISS LATASHA. She had been coming to LeBaron's since 1975, when she used to stuff socks or toilet tissue in her bras for breasts. Now she had real ones (well, okay, fake "real ones"). Beautiful, centerfold breasts. And the beard which she used to cover up with layers of makeup was gone forever ("When are you going to get electrocuted," an older drag queen had asked years ago). And most people had forgotten that her name had once been Leonard. Even her mother called her Latasha now. And her fans put a big, fat MISS in front of it.

As she made her way across the barroom, she deliberately zigzagged the dance floor where the lights were brightest when they flashed, and where all eyes would see her, removing her fake fur coat and slinging it over her shoulder, the whiteness of it accented by her lovely brown color.

"Hi, baby," she smiled to someone who called out to her as she dodged dancers on the dance floor: head high, lips perpetually moist and kissy.

Her best girlfriends were sitting at a table beside the dance floor, glammed up as usual, right by the floor-to-ceiling mirror: Hettie in a big wig with bangs (the Patti Labelle look); Arroya in a red leather miniskirt, white stockings on her thick golden legs, wearing her hair in a ponytail (from the neck up looking like Billie Holiday on her "Lady in Satin" album cover); Emma in a bustier showing off her made-to-order titties.

Latasha hugged a young queen named Rhonda, just a kid that she had recently taken under her wing. It was then that she noticed the woman at the bar who seemed to be staring at her. Latasha

looked away as one of her gentleman friends — a construction worker type in corduroys, light tan workboots, a cap and turtleneck — lit her cigarette. After Latasha lifted her head and smiled at him, she looked across the room again. That confirmed it. The woman was looking at her. Well, at least it looked like a woman.

Lauren looked away this time because even in a place like this, normal manners dictated that you not stare at people, no matter how incredible they look. She wondered (with a chilling laugh that no one heard because of the pounding of the music) if she were the only biological woman in this place. But no, there was that foursome of lesbians at the end of the bar kissing, caressing and "baby"-ing each other ("Here's your drink, baby. Let me have one of them cigarettes, baby.") She didn't know what would be worse — to be approached by one of them or by a man who thought she was a man pretending to be a woman. Or would they think she was a man turned into a woman to a man turned into a man with breasts and a dick? The thought of all those configurations was enough to make her order another drink.

Why would a man want another man? Why would a man want a man who looked like a woman instead of wanting a real woman? Why would a man want a "woman" who had once been a man? Why would a man want a man who looked like a woman but had a penis and breasts? And when you just looked at one of those "things", how could you tell what they had cut off or added anyway? These people were just real fucked-up, she concluded. She felt a wave of revulsion at the mental pictures she'd created of the various anatomical arrangements she imagined herself surrounded by, and felt quite nauseous. But the thought of going into the ladies' room — what did that sign mean in a place like this, anyway? — forced the bile back down her throat, which she touched lightly with the fingers of her gun-free hand.

Lauren pretended not to look at the "thing" in

the black dress again, but she had to admit that s/he did look very, very smart. She glanced toward the door once more in search of Cleveland, the offender. The freak. While turning back, she noted that Miss Black Dress was now on the dance floor. Her long white fingernails were dramatically highlighted against her skin as she placed her fingers on her thighs, balanced on killer heels that looked as if she had climbed a ladder and jumped into them (an expression Lauren's mother used to describe women who wore nosebleed heels) and worked her shoulders to the music, tilting her head in various directions in time to the beat.

The man who had lit Latasha's cigarette so attentively danced with her in the same way, never taking his eyes off her as he squinted at her through the smoke of the cigarette that dangled from his lips. The crowd bubbled up around them in an angry-looking boil of men and "near misses"

continued on page 53



THE

By T.Adkins



For a time now, hardcore Chicago nightcrawlers have been speculating about the development of the "afterhours," a party that gathers after the club closes. It's an idea that goes way back with certain clubgoers who, in the old days, say the late '70s, used to dash out of Carol's Speakeasy at 5am and hit it over to the Warehouse, where the party was just gettin' started. Other after-hours haunts were 161 West, The Powerplant, and Medusa's. Lately however, with more restrictive cabaret and bar licensing laws, too few places exist where children can cavort and carry-on into the wee small hours. Enter enterprising hosts and hostesses who take it upon themselves (and sometimes their unknowing roommates) and say, "OK, let's all go to my place!" And (as you might imagine) there are problems inherent with this type of hospitality. It can get real messy, real fast. For instance, what's to keep the entire club from coming over when you only want a few people? Or, how do you keep folks from getting out of hand or making a mess and trashing the joint? Bringing us to an important point: you can just about get away with *anything* as long as you're smart, discreet, considerate. Loud, obnoxious, and rowdy asses ain't welcome since nobody wants trouble with the neighbors or the police. Like, recently when some not too bright kids couldn't get into a host's building and, instead of waiting for someone to come along who knew the correct bell number, asinine decided to ring *every bell in the fucking building*. Of course, the neighbors complained and threatened to call Vera! How to do it right? Our trusty Afterhours Guide.

1 Know your host/hostess. Hardly anyone is willing to host a house full of strangers but most people always welcome into their home or apartment folks they know, love, trust. The booster and mapping quotient is super high when you don't know a soul, but they know the Estee Lauder products in your john cabinet and the designer labels in your closet. If you overhear or someone asks you, "Who's place is this, anyway?" regard said person with suspicion and seriously consider asking them out. "Need a taxi?"

2 Know your place, don't be a hanger-on. If you ain't invited, don't think crashing is going to remedy your plight. Chances are, if no one's asked you, you ain't welcomed. You don't want to go someplace where you aren't welcomed, do you? (She knows all about this.)

3 Pitch in on the clean-up. Put litter in its place. When friends come over, they usually don't spill beer or vodka and fail to wipe up. If the host has to do all the dirty work how often do you think he/she will be willing to have a soiree? Emptying an ash tray here and there and properly disposing of empties won't kill you and is bound to make a favorable impression on the host, increasing your likelihood of being asked back. Do your friends come over and piss on the upholstery, buy lunch on the carpeting once a week or monthly?

4 Contribute! Since they usually occur rather spontaneously at bars' closing and the same time liquor stores are closing as well, it becomes kinda important as to where the party favors are coming from. Bring your own shit is a fair policy. Nobody wants moochers and leeches at the party to suck up all the goodies after they haven't contributed shit to the kitty. The best afterhours happen when everybody pitches in. Assume it's pay your own way and you'll be fine.

5 Don't come to the party looking for trade. If getting fucked is that important to you, you should work the trade at the dub where you have better odds.

Afterhours are strictly for hangin' out and gettin' full with friends—NOT cruising. Now, if a couple of friends want to drop in, get full, and hit it to do the nasty, that's totally different.

6 Be an asskickin' host. Honey, put your foot down! If you don't know somebody or don't want them in your bricks... kick them the fuck out! Or kindly ask them to leave. Don't feel bad. You're only insulting and inconveniencing your guests by allowing hustler types, for example, to work the root on everybody.

7 Forewarn your roommate(s)! Maybe it wouldn't bother you to wake up to a house full of folks but I'd be pissed as hell to wake up to or walk into to such a scene, totally by surprise. Think of your guest: it doesn't feel right to have one roomie saying, "Come on in, chile!" and the other going, "What the hell are all these people doing here? I have to work in the morning!!"

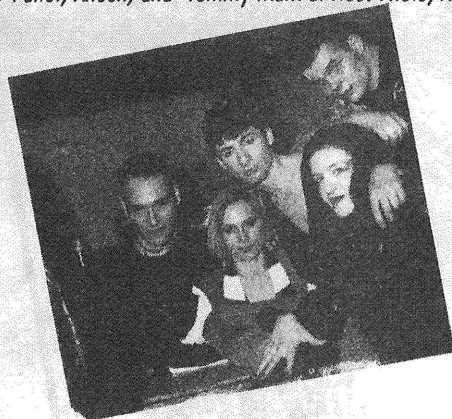
8 Practice moderation. Know your limits, puh-lease! With most substances, there's only so much you can do before you're no longer high but sick to your stomach. It's true with booze, Carol, Tina, Mary, X, A, K. Even pot gives you a headache after so much. Where's even the kid who can hold his/her own after munching too many shrooms? The next day, if you find yourself making excuses that begin with, "About last night...I'm sorry... I had little bit too much to drink, and I..." Please! Forget it!

9 Remember your home training. Ever-gracious hostess and racy reveler Wendy Quinn said it best, "A little common courtesy goes a long way." I don't know what your people been tellin' you but it's not all about you! If'n it is, have an afterhours by your damned self.

10 Don't tempt fate. Clean up behind yourself. Don't go tossin' your empty pony packs just any where. You never know who's coming in behind you 'lockin' for evidence. If you want to get busted, just say so.

ABOVE L to R White Shoulders: Andy Substance, Arleen and Billy (Mystic Bill) Torres in the Paramount Room at Shelter for Project X. I'm Gonna Get U Sucka! Rick Davis styles a gangsta lean at the Quench opening. HE GIVES GOOD HEAD!: Keoki and Freddie Bain in the booth at Cheeks.

BELOW Good enough to eat: (L to R) Michael Meza, Marsha, Chris (Pancake) Parlot, Arleen, and Yummy Mark at Neo. Photo, Al Carter



Best Pre-Afterhours Hook-Up

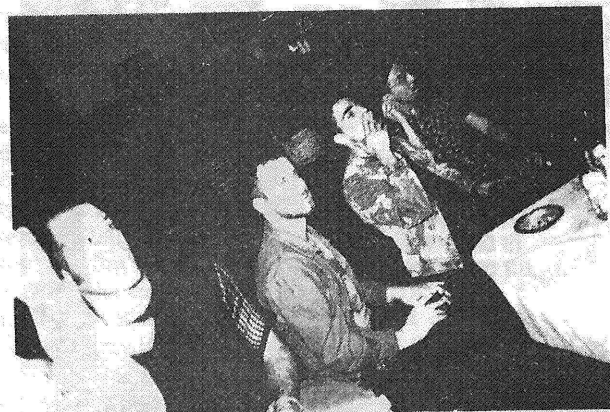
Thursday Night Berlin
Sunday Night Cairo
Wednesday Night Quench
Saturday Night Cheeks
Saturday Night Red Dog
Monday Night Neo
Tuesday Night Danny's

NOT

Tuesday Night Berlin
Monday Night Cairo
Friday Night Shelter
Saturday Night Vortex
Saturday Night Neo
Wednesday Night Tom Tom
Monday Night Smart Bar



CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE Diva ascending: Miss Ricci in the Paramount Room. In the basement if you must: Byrd Bardot and Arleen C. in the sublevel at 1466. In the bedroom after-hours at Jim's & George's L to R: Earl Pleasure, Malone of Gag mag, moi (your junkie reporter), George, Jim's back, and Michael Mangiaforte. Photo, Arleen. Bubbleheads are popping up all over: Roderick Conrad by artist Lee Kay. Lights, Camera, Action!: Brian Funk, STH's Billy Miller, Craig Sigele, and Steve Lafreniere in L.A. for SPEW 2 at the Park Plaza opening night party. All photos T. Adkins



Where's the Party?

(Things you hear at the Afterhours)

"Bumpage."
 "I slept all day."
 "Work today?"
 "Kooky boots."
 "Is this cereal?"
 "Who's tape is this?"
 "New shoes?"
 "Were you at the club?"
 "See ya!"
 "Stoppi' on!"
 "Are you driving?"
 "Where do we go from here?"
 "Wanna do a bump?"
 "Oh, she's sick!"
 "Call me a cab."
 "Tacos anyone?"
 "Fierce boots."
 "I didn't see you at the club."
 "How'd you get here?"
 "Hey!"
 "Really!"
 "Is that Vodka?"
 "Uhm, uhm, uhm... chile!"
 "Hi, baby! How ya doin'?"
 "Which is mine?"
 "Oh, just do it!"
 "Is Miss Carol here?"
 "Uuggghh!"
 "Oh, no!"
 "Fine!"
 "Got any Advil?"
 "Hi Mary!"
 "Bye Mary!"
 "Nice place."
 "Well, maybe a small one."
 "Please!"
 "Okay!"
 "I'm totally X-ing!"
 "Who you gonna call?"
 "Did you have a good time tonight?"
 "The post-afterhours."
 "Smoke?"
 "Twist my arm, okay?"
 "I'm so tired."
 "Are you in line?"
 "Are there any mixers?"
 "Are the Davids coming?"
 "This is kinda cute."
 "Teddy's. Family only."
 "Did you work tonight?"
 "Did you make that?"
 "Loved it."
 "She would want to get away from here and leave folks alone."
 "Did you like that?"
 "Well, maybe a tiny one."
 "Would you like something?"
 "Can I do another one?"
 "Is he holding?"
 "Ooh, lovely!"
 "I'm full."
 "I haven't slept in days."
 "Do you need something?"
 "She's in the bathroom."
 "I'm hungry."
 "Hope."
 "Probably in the bathroom."
 "That's really cute."
 "You can't get something for nothing."

Best-Afterhours
 Jim's and George's
 1466
 Aqua Neta's
 MayDay's
 Teddy's

NOT
 The Project X Canal St. Outlaw Party
 The Vault
 Life (They die too early)
 Michael Whatshisname
 Substance Headquarters

Best Pre-Afterhour Activity
 Shower
 Disco Nap
 Sex
 Dinner and cocktails

Best post-Afterhour Activity
 Bathing/Swimming/Whirl Pool
 Sleeping 8 to 10 hours
 Sex
 Tea and Crumpets

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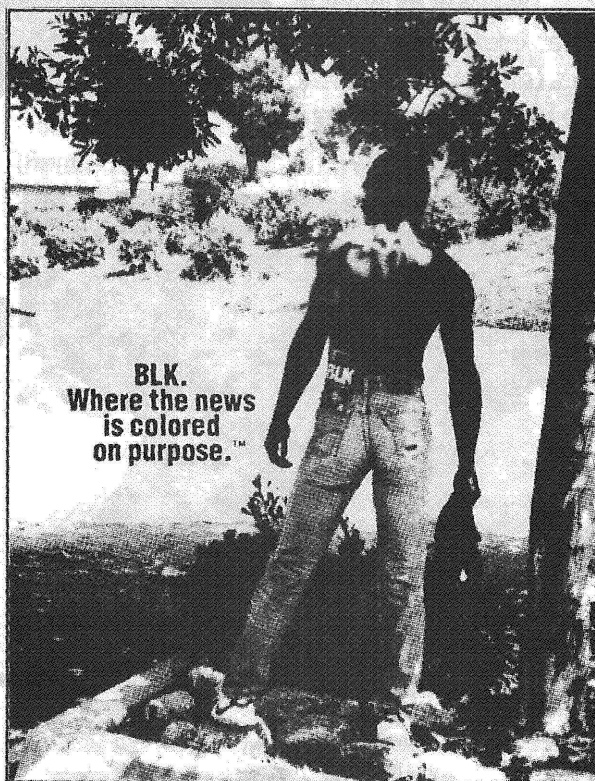
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DeAUNDRA'S DIXIE DIARY



by
DeAundra Peek

Hey y'all, this here's DeAundra Peek. Looka here y'all, I am soooooo happy to be writin' this here Saga Of The South, which is my homeland, for y'all in *Thing*!

I had a big 'ol mess of fun at the SPEW 2 festival out in sprawlin big'n'wide Los Angeles, where I done met up with all them sweethearts from *Thing*, and now here I am! In case y'all don't know me, and to them that I ain't met yet, "Hey Y'all!" I am the star of my own TV show in Atlanta, Georgia USA called "DeAundra's Nitetime Soireé Partie". My show is on TV in New York and Minneapolis too y'all, makin' me and my co-stars **Duffy Odum** and **Candy Suntop** famous all over. I am about sixteen years old, I have natural blonde hair, and I am the youngest in a long line of natural-born God-given talented sisters, but ain't none a one of them has got their own TV show like me. That's on account they's all so much older and sorrier than me, and besides, y'all know that to get ahead in this here world y'all has got to be sweet and give love to get love.

Down at Odum's All Double Wide Mobile Homes Court we are all still buzzin' about our recent visit by our lil' homechild Mr. **RuPaul Charles**! Y'all know RuPaul done come from Atlanta? Me and my sorry sisters done taught him everything he knows about make-up, and he looks real pretty now that he's done fixed himself up and got that big hi-style recording contract on Tommy Boy.

Betty Jack De Vine, y'all she's in the Senior Socialists for Peace, said she hadn't had so much fun since all a them holiday parties down at the community room at Odum's. Then, a couple of weeks later, we celebrated the release of my brand new video album "Meet Me At Odum's" on Funtone USA Records at Velvet, our favorite world-class club in downtown Atlanta. I am tellin y'all, them DeAundra look-a-like contestants even mixed me up!!

The Public Access Channel 12 that I'm on in Atlanta is about to get a new show y'all, called "Arbiters of Style". It's produced by youthful, smart, stylish and of color **Eugene Howard** and stylish, smart, and what they

call "not of color" **Bill Curtis**. I am so excited to see the interview they did with **Miss Tula**, that real pretty model/book author, and they's supposed to have one with **Pebbles** comin' up!

Recently we were bein' taped for British Channel 4 by them **Pop Tarts, Randy** and **Fenton**, from the World of Wonder. They are makin' a new show called "Made In the USA" and asked us all to be in the pilot episode. Mr. **Larry Tee** came down from New York city and did a hi-fancy show at Velvet, shakin' that place down with them funky songs he made up himself. We had so much fun tapin' at famous Atlanta landmarks like the Jackson Street Bridge, The MLK Jr. Center and outside of that old-timey, privately owned cemetery which I ain't allowed to name on account a cause Miss **Margaret Mitchell** herself is buried there.

I am hereby officially sayin' a special "buy-bye darlin'" to **Lurleen Wallis**, who is runnin' off to Japan to be a spokesmodel for Fuji Sportswear and Feed and Seed, look for her on the blimp real soon. Miss **Judy LaGrange**, world famous psychic, has done predicted nothing but success for Lurleen.

I know y'all been waitin for this, it's the Vienner Sausage recipe, yeaaaaaa!

Twice Baked & Fried Vienners

- 1 can Hy Grade Viener Sausages,
- imitation if possible
- 1 spray can Hy-Grade Cheese Whip
- 1 pack O' Boiesies
- 1 jar Miracle Whip Lite Spread
- 1 blender

Take your vienners and split 'em down the middle after microwavin' for 5 minutes on high. Scoop out the insides and mash up in a bowl with some of the cheese whip and O'Boiesies. Stuff that in the viener shells and microwave on high for 4 minutes more, or till hot lookin'. In the blender, puree for 4 minutes the rest of the O'Boiesies and the Miracle Whip Lite. Coat vienners and fry till done. Serve on a stick.

"THE WHOLE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS TONIGHT!"

continued from page 44 — Lauren's new term for the drags. It looked celebratory, like a cleansing ritual. Like something that had to be done... a rite.

As Latasha danced with Bobby, she was careful not to wiggle her hips too much so that her already-short dress would not ride up in an unladylike fashion. She was saving her best dance move for the song's climax. That's when most of the dancers would do their most dramatic, soul-releasing moves — hands thrown in the air — front, back, above, sudden crouches that led to leaps on one foot, hops and spins; mad dashes across the dance floor; a sudden drop to the floor and then a slippery slide across the tiles; a jump into the arms of a partner. None of that for Miss Latasha. No, not tonight. She planned to get very still when the song peaked. Maybe lift one arm slowly above her head, look up at it, follow it down with her head, then one quick turn on one foot till she faced Bobby again.

Lauren was watching Miss Black Dress when Cleveland walked into the club, but she did not see him until the fourth time Diana Ross did her screams in "The Boss". The deejay played the screams over and over and over, with Ross screaming and singing:

Whoa-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-huh-huh!

Oww!

Whoa-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-huh-huh!

Love taught me,

Taught me,

Taught me!

I was so sure

so sure,

but lo-o-ove taught me who was,

who was the boss!

Lauren saw that the near misses were all on their feet now, like they had heard the national anthem, and looked at themselves in the full-length mirror, some lip-syncing and some singing along with Ross, hands moving, arms waving, voguing, Ross-ing. She wondered what they saw in the mirror: a successful charade? A woman?

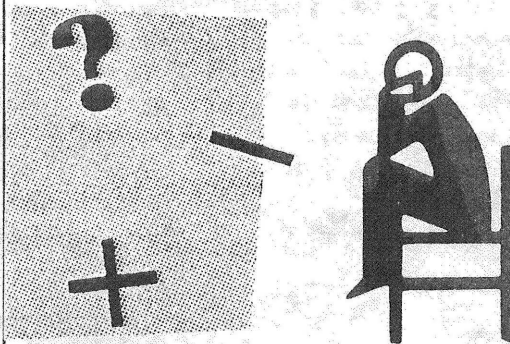
Cleveland. It was like watching a movie when she saw him standing beside Miss Black Dress on the dance floor, pausing to kiss her on the cheek. And she could have sworn his lips formed the words, "hey, baby," just like he always said to her when he came to her apartment. He kept moving, his coat in his hand, toward the seats lining the walls of the club. A man of about his height but a little stockier stood up and embraced him. They embraced each other. They sat there in the corner, arms around each other. Then Cleveland leaned over and pressed his juicy lips against the man's, whose lips reached out in response. Then Cleveland's lips headed for the man's ear — he did not see Lauren who had gotten up from her barstool and walked dazedly toward them — and he whispered to the man he loved, (with his nose touching the man's ear) the last words anyone would ever hear him say:

"I feel so good, the whole world can kiss my ass tonight!" ▼

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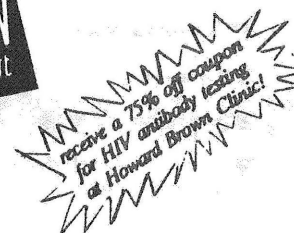
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