

# GLAMMA

**HEDDA  
LETTUCE**

**MORE THAN A MEAL**

**RAVEN O  
SINGING NYC**

**PEPPER  
LBEIJA  
ICON LEGACY**

**MR. GEORGIA  
HOTLANTA  
WYNNE WINS**

**MILAN  
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FEUD  
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LEGEND,  
STATEMENT,  
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# GLAMMA

# GLAMMA

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**LET US MAKE A PACT, THAT STARTING THIS MONTH, WE ARE GOING TO TAKE CONTROL OF EVERY ASPECT OF OUR LIVES BY BEING RESPECTFUL, ON-TIME AND DOING THE RIGHT THING. AFTER ALL ISN'T LIFE ALL ABOUT BEING IN CONTROL?**

**"M**an is the master of his own destiny." This slogan was made popular by Jamaican national hero, Marcus Garvey, in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century. Oprah Winfrey instills in American viewers and others in over 60 different nations daily, that we are in control of our own destiny. This idea is no longer novel, so why is it that so many of us still find it such a hard concept to grasp? Why is it that so many of us today think that someone else is always to be blamed for what happens to us, or becomes of us, except us? In almost every aspect of human life, we tend to give up control and blame it on something or someone else. The drugs are not making you act that way. Let us be real here. If the government were to successfully eradicate illegal drugs from society, I am sure we would find something else to blame for our shortcomings. Why are there so many people loitering on Broad Street in Atlanta every day, from sun-up to sun-down, with seemingly no where to go and nothing to do?

**WHEN YOU SHOW UP AT THE USofA PAGEANT WITH THAT ONE DANCER WHO STILL HAS NOT GOTTEN YOUR ROUTINE YET, YOU DID NOT GO THERE TO WIN. HE DID NOT COST YOU THE PAGEANT. YOU GAVE HIM THE OPPORTUNITY.**

The same goes for Fannin Street in Houston, TX. I am quite sure each of you can name the street in your city where idleness is the rule of the day. Is it just me, or are more of us tired of gorgeous men, looking like the only baby's daddy, coming in your direction only to get close and hear him say, "Let me hold a dollar," or "What you looking to get into?" Oops! There goes the potential date. While you cannot change these people single-handedly, you can help them by not being supportive of their bad habits. Stop giving them hand-outs, or allowing them to give you two minutes of pleasure in return for your hard-earned cash. Remember, Janet Jackson sang, "I'm in control," so let us promise ourselves to take control of our own destinies.

I, for one, am taking control of my life and the future of this publication. It has become clear why so many of us shy away from doing the right thing. It is hard work and at times can be utterly frustrating. However, the rewards of being in control are far greater than allow-

ing your life to spiral out of control. It is so nice to actually know when this magazine will be press-ready. It is even nicer to be able to say, "sign here," on an ad contract, and the most exhilarating thing is to say to the printer, "charge this card for the printing expenses" and "when is the magazine going to be ready?" You are not single and alone because your boyfriend left you and went with another man; you are alone because you have chosen to be. If you give out the right vibes, you will snag the right man. Your boyfriend is not abusing you because he is a bad man; he is doing it because you let him. Your life is not out of control; you have given up control of your life. But there is hope. You can always reclaim your life, one day at a time. You don't run late for work or have a problem with lateness; you plan on being late. When you show up at the USofA pageant with that one dancer who still has not gotten your routine yet, you did not go there to win. He did not cost you the pageant. You gave him the opportunity.

With that said, let us talk about some of the reasons why we exercise such lack of control. First, we have low self-esteem, a lack of self-worth, and in some cases, disrespect the people about whom we are supposed to care. Do you even realize that when you show up late for a date with me that you have completely disrespected my time? Do you know I could have been way more productive if I weren't standing on the corner of 14<sup>th</sup> Street waiting on your behind to show up? Fashionably late is cute if you are going to a gala event, but it never works anywhere else. Even then, if you show up late and the gown to gag for is already in the room, no one will notice what you are wearing. Let it go.

My favorite singer/songwriter today has proven that she is in control at such a young age. Beyonce Knowles may be *Crazy in Love*, but she is a *Survivor* and no one can dispute that she is in control of her life. Recently, I was watching a television special where she refused to talk about her love life. The simple answer stuck with me as being most poignant. "If I talk about it, it will no longer be private. Let's talk about *Austin Powers*," she said. Right there, she took control of the interview and steered it back on track. We all need to take a lesson from Beyonce: just take control.

Let us make a pact, that starting this month, we are going to take control of every aspect of our lives by being respectful, on-time and doing the right thing. After all isn't life all about being in control? Until next month, be safe, take control, and be forever *Glammarous!* **G**



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# READING

with  
Francine  
Fuentes

**H**ello, girls and girls. This is your girl, Francine Fuentes, coming to you once again from the pages of this esteemed literary fish wrap. I am happy to say that over here at *Glamma*, everything is peachy. It is quite clear that I am the official bitch of this publication and that Helen needs new heels.

With that out of the way, let's talk about some of the happenings this month. As if you don't already know, I can be a very bitter girl. With my face and body being flawless, I find others' imperfections both-ersome. I walked into the office and noticed that some girl, Hedda Lettuce, was on the cover of the magazine. My immediate response was to storm the editor's office and find out who the hell she was and why some girl I have never heard of was gracing the cover of this prestigious magazine. When I did, the editor told me that if I were not so immersed in my own face, I would have seen Hedda. "How so?" I asked. He said that she was the headliner the night I stood everyone up and did not show up at Caroline's Comedy Club in New York City.

Also, the last time I ditched Lady Bunny's Wigstock to go to Paris for yet another nose job, she was the highlight of the event. Oh well, I have more important things to do than see some drag girl perform. My whole life is a performance; why do I need to go see one? There are only two important things in Francine's life: her face and more of her face. The cara is always sitting untold.

I am having a party in November and here is how you get on the guest list: If you can honestly say you know none of the girls that *Glamma* goes up over each month, you and a guest are invited to my party. It will be an all-Francine worship event. The staff is going up over one Chevelle Brooks and her ability to spin her head like a top. I was getting nervous until I walked over to see her picture. Love her hair, hope she wins, but she is no threat to my status as most beautiful.

My boyfriend, Killer, just got out of jail and he is going to be the next Mr. Continental. So we went shopping to buy him a pair of those baggy swim trunks that the contest organizers require. We went from Neiman's to Universal Gear, to the Versace store with no luck. Those things are ugly, but with Killer's magnificent body he will still win Swimsuit. I would like to have that category changed, because my man has the nation's most perfect bulge and I wanted the girls to see what they were missing. To make a long story short, I bought four

## IT IS QUITE CLEAR THAT I AM THE OFFICIAL BITCH OF THIS PUBLICATION AND THAT HELEN NEEDS NEW HEELS.

bathing suits: two Versaces, one Prada and the ultimate Chanel. I look stunning in each and every one of them. Killer is still short two swim trunks, but we may have a solution: Justice Felani of the fashion department. That fag should be able to get my man looking flawless in those less-than-flattering trunks required by the Continental contest.

I ran into an old flame the other day for whom I lived. He used to be small with a big pinga and had the most chiseled body on a living man. He was the poster child for thugsrus.com. He, however, chose to give up a lot of the things he enjoyed to become a law-abiding citizen. He looks healthy, but not so cute to me anymore. I asked him about the weight gain. He said, "I gave up cocaine." Here I was thinking it was the gym. "How did your lips get so brown instead of their usual black?" "I gave up smoking weed." "So all of you has changed, huh?" To which he smiled, looked down at his crotch and beamed, "not all." Oh well.

He kept telling me that I look different. Of course I do. I had three rhinoplasty jobs and a breast implant since he last saw me. Of course I look different, idiot. Men—you just can't train them. On that note, I must run, as my Botox appointment is at 3:00 p.m. and it is now 2:15 p.m. I am never late for anything that will affect my remaining beautiful. If you want some tea, ask Miss Rita, and if you want a cure for your insomnia, read Helen Heels. As always, I remain the ever-devastating Francine. **G**



# Ladying

with Helen Heels

**W**here's the bitch? She's got some nerve. Here I am and feeling fieceer! Miss Honey!\* That's right, Miss Honies, the Heels have not pumped into obscurity. Rather, into the helm as the most influential drag columnist at *Glamma*. I offer my apologies for not having contributed to the launch of *Glamma* with my literary prowess last month; I was busy brokering the branding of the nascent *Glamma*. I was also busy managing the night shift of a prestigious Nu Yawk ad agency and they were paying me lovely for my services, much unlike how Francine Fuentes claims *Glamma* has taken financial care of either of us. That sad, self-hating gyrl, Francine Fuentes, is right when she says that Helen Heels is responsible for *Glamma* and I doubt that anyone (Franny aside) could disagree with how much better this

This publicized battle between Francine Fuentes and myself is far more entertaining than any television soap opera that I have ever seen. What other periodical features such an open internal battle and hypes it on the front cover? Despite its obvious theatrical appeal, I am not sure that I can guarantee its eternal presence. I don't see fickle Franny anymore, so she can go on speculating whatever confusion she likes. No longer do I need to read her in response; she is self-explanatory. My job is to make sure that *Glamma's* designer makes it look legible and lovely.

While on the subject of loveliness, I recently was filming on the set of *Sex and the City* with numerous gorgeous drag queens and a few hideous has-beens. The pay was less than what I make daily on unemploy-

**FURTHERMORE, JILLIAN'S RELATIONSHIP WITH ME IS MORE PERMANENT THAN ANY SET OF SALINE TITTIES FRANCINE CAN PUT IN HER BRA EVERY TIME SHE FINISHES SERVICING TRICKS THAT CARE NOTHING ABOUT HER NOR THE LUDICROUS AND INFLAMMATORY INSINUATIONS SHE PERPETRATES AGAINST A CELEBRATED LADY OF SOCIETY SUCH AS MYSELF.**

ment, and air conditioning was non-existent. That's how my gay pride weekend was too—long *Glamma*-promoting days in the unforgiving sun. At least I wasn't alone. *Glamma's* Business Manager flew all the way up to Nu Yawk to hand deliver to me a hundred copies of the magazine, and I felt as though I had won Lotto. And that boy knew how to carry on! He *Glammarized* the city and got his groove on too. I didn't even make it to any parties. Post-parade Chrissy St. was full of uncouth urchins who started a few fights and melees. You should have seen all of those rainbow colors come running up the filthy, police-barricaded streets in unmitigated, frightening chaos. What a mess.

magazine is when compared to its predecessor. As for the editor owing me payment for writing, she still does, since I have never been paid for *Ladying*. This is not an accusation; it is an undisputable and neutral fact that I don't care about. I was put on this planet to write and there are enough appreciative readers to keep me satisfied. My gripe with Jillian over not having been reimbursed for my photographic services that I provided to *Glamma* has been settled out of court. Miss Jillian also took to heart my last column and cleaned up the litter that was *Glitter*. She and I go back farther than Franny Fuentes' face has been pulled back behind her ears. Furthermore, Jillian's relationship with me is more permanent than any set of saline titties Francine can put in her bra every time she finishes servicing tricks that care nothing about her nor about the ludicrous and inflammatory insinuations she perpetrates against a celebrated lady of society such as myself.

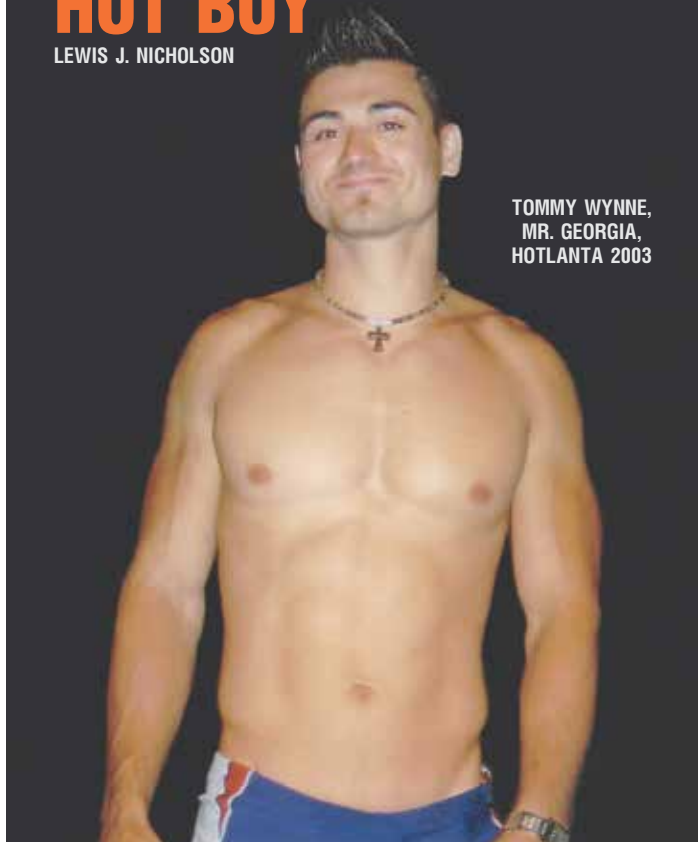
If Francine really has taken as substantial a cut in pay as she claims, she may want to mix cement into her foundation to cover crows feet and hold her sagging cheeks frozen in time—a time long since past. And the only time I will be breaking a heel is when it fractures the skull of Francine Fuentes. But I am not Helen Broken Heels, much the same way peaceful ladying is not to be misconstrued as being violently devastating. Let that poor gyrl get it through her thick heffa head before the next time she picks a fight while mopping \$5 skirts at the Dress Barn.

The newly refurbished piers now feature “comfort station” police who are carding would-be pissers to verify their genetic sex, arresting trans folks for their attempting to enter the “wrong” bathrooms. Even though we can now fuck legally in our homes, the government will not be satisfied until they have stripped away our other remaining rights wherever and whenever they can. Rest assured that as long as I am Helen Heels, *Glamma* will be here to represent trannies 24/7, regardless of whether femme queens like Francine Fuentes hate me or not. *Yes I'm back, and what a talk!* **G**

\*Moi Renee, “Miss Honey,” Project X Records, PX 10016, 1992. “Ladying, with Helen Heels” can be read online at [www.alterarts.net](http://www.alterarts.net).

# TOMMY WYNNE IS DAVID MAGAZINES' HOT BOY

LEWIS J. NICHOLSON



TOMMY WYNNE,  
MR. GEORGIA,  
HOTLANTA 2003

**“HI, MY NAME IS TOMMY WYNNE AND MY SPONSOR IS CREATE AND BARNES SALON. DO YOU WANT ME TO TAKE IT OFF?” AND SO IT WAS, THAT WE WERE INTRODUCED TO THE MAN WHO WOULD LATER BE NAMED MR. GEORGIA, HOTLANTA 2003.**

In a splendid display of manliness and testosterone, four competitors dazzled the audience and the judges with their brilliance, as they each tried to score brownie points with the M.C.s and a shot at representing Georgia at the National contest.

The jam-packed audience that showed up at the Armory in Atlanta, to witness *David Magazine's* Mr. Georgia Contest were treated to lots of goodies and riotous humor. M.C.s for the evening, the drop-dead gorgeous Bubba D. Licious and the one who calls herself the goddess of Atlanta (yes the drunk standing beside Bubba), Raven, were hilarious.



**SWIMWEAR:** Tommy Wynne, Matt Colunga, and Martin Patenaude.

The goddess looked lovely in an evening gown that Bubba claimed she has worn several times in pageants as she introduced us to her very own Raven doll. The doll sported a twisted neck and looked like it was on crack, as this is the vice Raven claims took over her life after her disappointing finish at the recently held Miss Gay USofA pageant. The doll got lots of cheers. Despite everything, Raven was still the favorite drag queen of over half of the contestants, 14 of whom, according to Raven, left after refusing to take Bubba's lipstick mark around the base of their genitalia. And we thought they had left because Tommy Wynne was there. (*Glamma* was unable to verify the legitimacy of Raven's claims.)

The first category was Presentation, which—according to Bubba—was worth 43 percent of the total scores. The men introduced themselves and their sponsors and seemed eager to take their clothes off, despite the fact that the swimsuit competition would be only minutes away.

In a very raw display, chock-full of gym protein, we met Richard Barron Marshall, a 21 year-old junior at GA State University, sponsored by Joe's on Juniper and Spencer & Darrow Hair Salon and Tanning. Hotlanta hopeful #2, Martin Patenaude, sponsored by R2 Restaurant, followed him. Raven insisted he was German because of his accent, even though he constantly reiterated that he was French-Canadian from Montreal. Competitor #3 was all-American Matt Colunga, a 26 year-old disc jockey from Cody, Wyoming, sponsored by Swinging Richards. The crowd went wild. But not to be outdone was the appearance of contestant #4, Tommy Wynne, a 32 year-old hair stylist from Atlanta, GA with some college under his belt. He was the Create and Barnes entry into this years contest. Tommy took off his shirt during his speech, and won the audience over for the rest of the night.

Speaking of audiences, the room was packed with men who seemed to have come to see hot bodies and genitalia and could not care less about the outcome of the contest as long as they saw everybody's best assets. They were the kind of audience every pageant queen would love to have as she hits the stage. Talk about supportive.

So with presentation over and no one caring who would eventually win, Miss Gay USofA Classic, Tina Devore, entertained us while we awaited the ever enticing “Do your own thing” category. She was her usual elegant self.



**TALENT:** Richard Barron Marshall, Tommy Wynne, Matt Colunga, and Martin Patenaude.

The next category, which some may want to refer to as Talent, worth 73 percent of the total scores, was a hoot. Now you do the math:  $73 + 43 = ?$  We are talking percentages here. Who was drunker, Bubba or Raven?

Every contestant used an audience member who was unaware she was a part of the night's entertainment. Contestant #3, Matt Colunga had the goddess, Raven, ride his pony as he gyrated on the saddle behind her. Now was that talent or what? The audience loved it. However, it was Tommy Wynne who wooed the audience again with his charm and lack of clothing during his Talent segment.

Swimsuit/Q&A was a riot. *Why should I be judged on my intelligence while I am almost naked?* Well, it worked quite well in this contest. Raven and Bubba made the questions up as they went along and seemed to have had more difficulty coming up with appropriate questions than the scantily clad men found answering them. The candidates all handled themselves well. My favorite answer came from Tommy Wynne. When asked what other thing he would need if he were stranded on an island with just Bubba and Raven, he said, with a devilish grin, "two drag queens on a deserted island? I would need my boyfriend." Way to go Tommy.

**DESPITE EVERYTHING, RAVEN WAS STILL THE FAVORITE DRAG QUEEN OF OVER HALF OF THE CONTESTANTS, 14 OF WHOM, ACCORDING TO RAVEN, LEFT AFTER REFUSING TO TAKE BUBBA'S LIPSTICK MARK AROUND THE BASE OF THEIR GENITALIA.**

The men—all wearing similar swim trunks—looked divine as the Mistresses of Ceremonies inappropriately fondled each contestant. At night's end, it was Tommy Wynne who had captured the top honors and a chance to represent Georgia at the national Mr. Hotlanta later this summer. First runner-up was all-American Matt Colunga; second runner-up was the French/German-Canadian, Martin Patenaude; and third runner-up was Richard Marshall. The audience was pleased with the judges' decision, but even more interestingly the contestants seemed equally happy for each other. Could they have had too much fun in the dressing room? Hats off to *David Magazine* for a well-run event. It was a sheer pleasure to watch.



Bubba informs Raven that her microphone isn't working because it's really a beer bottle.

**NOW YOU DO THE MATH:  $73+43=?$   
WE ARE TALKING PERCENTAGES HERE.  
WHO WAS DRUNKER, BUBBA OR RAVEN?**



**WHERE IS IT?!** Hostess Raven searching for Tommie's answer during Q&A.



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ARE YOU A  
LEGEND,

STATEMENT,

OR STAR?

TEXT: SIKO GLAMMA PHOTOS: LEWIS J. NICHOLSON



Controversy, correction and the power of the microphone were the main elements of the Milan Family Feud ball that took place on June 15<sup>th</sup> in Atlanta, GA. The ball, held at Tracks nightclub, would see the appointment and re-assignment of the status of many ballroom divas. The Atlanta Ballroom Alliance, a group of self-appointed advocates, deliberated over the legend, statement, and star status of many ballroom competitors. Anticipation built all day as the children awaited the announcing of their fate, to be delivered by icon Stewart Givenchy.

Stewart explained the meanings of each status beginning with “star.” A “star” is someone who has ruled a category for at least one year. A “statement” is someone who has turned it for two to four years, and a “legend” is someone who has conquered for five years. When the music started at the beginning of Legends, Statements, and Stars, the whole crowd shifted to get a better view of the stage-turned-boxing ring. As Stewart started to call out names, I noticed that some people who were demoted did not bother to hit the runway, and others who were given a much higher status than expected did not hesitate to claim their new-found fame.

The New York City legend, José Revlon, in particular, entered with notable presence. After seeing this show and charade, I must say that I find the Alliance to be lacking in its contingency. The likes of R.R. Chanel, Hector Xtravaganza, Octavia Blahnik, or Alyssa St. Clair—to name a few people—should have been part of the voting committee. It appears that some of the decisions were made on girlfriend status and not on one’s history in the ballroom scene.

Many disappointments and quite a few mistakes were the result of the Atlanta Ballroom Alliance’s decisions. Let’s see how and if they are going to fix things. Grand March was ostentatious and displayed a well-organized variety of Milans from all over the country represent-

ing different categories. The Realness with a Twist team of Black and Justin Milan showed out. They looked great. It was a thrill to see face villain, the legendary Tony Milan, grace the Grand March, as well as mother Anjenee, who received a standing ovation.

The face Milans—Brandon, Derrick, and Lil’ Bit—were a Polaroid of perfection. Vitto, Ziggy, and Mike also turned it. Father Milan was the last to hit the runway and finally take his place at the center of the family portrait. He is a man of genuine integrity. Grand March was absolutely flawless.

**A “STAR” IS SOMEONE WHO HAS RULED A CATEGORY FOR AT LEAST ONE YEAR. A “STATEMENT” IS SOMEONE WHO HAS TURNED IT FOR TWO TO FOUR YEARS, AND A “LEGEND” IS SOMEONE WHO HAS CONQUERED FOR FIVE YEARS.**

Speaking of being absolutely flawless, Best-Dressed Spectator, Christopher Iman, was just that. The Bazaar category was more than we expected. It was hot. The category called for mess made with pictures of your house members along with other non-fabric materials. Mother Cavalli, Maurice Balenciaga, and Jermaine Givenchy were on the money with their effects. However, it was Jermaine Givenchy who would walk away with the prize.

Butch Queen Runway was, as usual, the most intense category. Legendary June Givenchy got it started, along with mother Dante Givenchy, Jamal Ebony, Mikey Chanel, and a host of other worthy



**MILAN MANIA:** How many Milans does it take to make a house?



**I FIND THE ALLIANCE TO BE LACKING IN ITS CONTINGENCY. THE LIKES OF R.R. CHANEL, HECTOR XTRAVAGANZA, OCTAVIA BLAHNIK, OR ALYSSA ST. CLAIR—TO NAME A FEW PEOPLE—SHOULD HAVE BEEN PART OF THE VOTING COMMITTEE. IT APPEARS THAT SOME OF THE DECISIONS WERE MADE ON GIRLFRIEND STATUS AND NOT ON ONE’S HISTORY IN THE BALLROOM SCENE.**



competitors. At night’s end, it was the devastating Jamal Ebony, in a classic European look and walk, who was left standing. Good job making them learn your name, Jamal. Butch Queen in Drags Face was a wild spectacle of Disney characters from an assortment of different movies and time periods. Everyone from Snow White to Jasmine from *Aladdin* was represented. The Mugler legend, Alyssa, served the floor, along with Monica, mother Alana Ebony, and Quay Ebony. The panel of girlfriends could have picked their Judy, but they did a fair job, and it was Alana Ebony who walked away with the grand prize. Congrats to Alana, the new legend-slayer.

Butch Queen in Drags Runway was the biggest controversy of the night. The category asked for the girls to walk in their fathers’ suits. The competitors were Prodigy, Robert Escada, and Morgan Balenciaga. The dispute arose when the Escada was chopped for not being in her daddy’s pants. Father Juan Escada removed herself from the panel to prove that those were her pants that her child was wearing. Commentator Jack Givenchy made a big stink saying that even so, the girl should have been wearing a suit not just a jacket and pants. As the tension mounted the result was the unceremonious removal of Juan Escada from the judges panel as well as him being stripped of his legendary status. He was replaced by ex-father, Tony Escada, who wanted to address the issue but had the mic snatched



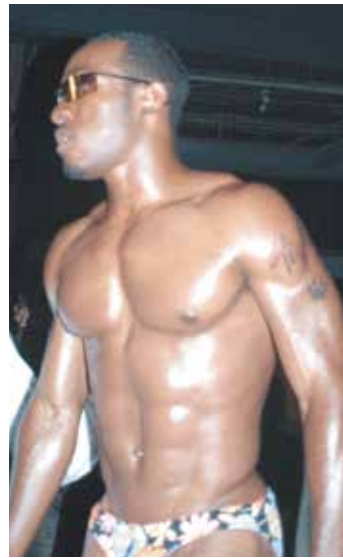
**ARE YOU A LEGEND, STATEMENT, OR STAR?** Clockwise from top left: Ajuan Escada; Stuart Givenchy & Derrick Milan; Best-Dressed Spectator, Christopher Iman; José Revlon in 1997; José Revlon in 2003; André Givenchy



**BODY!** By Balenciaga



Rico Balenciaga



Mugler Body



Commentators Jack & Selvin Givenchy



Jermaine Givenchy serves champion Bazaar.



European Runway with Lytel Ebony in red



Pretty in pink for European Runway



Not what your parents wore to their wedding

from his hand by Father Milan, who was in control of his ball. I guess this shows that the fathers of the House of Escada never wore the pants—it was the mothers. In the end, it was Morgan Balenciaga who won the category.

## I GUESS THIS SHOWS THAT THE FATHERS OF THE HOUSE OF ESCADA NEVER WORE THE PANTS—IT WAS THE MOTHERS.

Butch Queen Performance was a big surprise. The question really is, did they bring it like Armani? It appears most of them did. Eugene Balenciaga won the first battle with Milan, but did he serve like Armani? Tinkerbell and Lytel Ebony eliminated the rest of the competition with surprising ease. The final battle between Lytel Ebony and Eugene Balenciaga was a catfight to the end. They both executed many of Armani's moves and it did not matter who would win. On the night of the ball, the judges chose Eugene, but the word in the street is that Lytel Ebony is the true grand prize winner for that category.

## BUTCH QUEEN PERFORMANCE WAS A BIG SURPRISE. THE QUESTION REALLY IS, DID THEY BRING IT LIKE ARMANI?

Butch Queen Face was a star-studded event which saw the new face ruler, Josh Ebony, again walking away with Grand prize. The Balenciagas wore us thin in all the body categories for butch queens. They had Sex Siren, Muscular, and Models Body all under wrap. Buddah was divine and Rico looked splendid. Femme Queen Face was a waste of time and a total disrespect to mother Anjee Milan as no girl brought us anything near an Anjee moment. Too bad, as it was a cash category. In the final analysis, I must say that the ball went smoothly, was well attended, but when points for the yearly awards are at stake, the ball must start on time or close to it so that everyone who prepared gets to walk. I also feel that the commentator could have done a better job and not wasted so much time on trivial pursuits. I commend the Milans on a great job and give this ball eight *Glamma* shots out of ten. **G**



**THE GIRLS FROM LA THAT WERE IN THE SHOW...  
WHAT CAN I SAY BUT THEIR HANDS ARE FREE BECAUSE  
THOSE BITCHES DO THEIR MAKEUP WITH THEIR FEET.**

**W**hat time is it? It's that time. What time is that? Time for me to piss some people off. Where do I start? How about with that million-dollar question that everybody has been asking: where is Jasmine Bonet? Child, you know that I have the tea, but I'll pour that later. How about we talk about the new deal that took place at Club 708 (the old Loretta's) in Atlanta, GA. The woman that was running the Deux Plex is now part owner of Club 708. Now this is one deal that I hope is verbal, because I know from experience that she is only in the business for money. She didn't want to pay me when I was working at the Deux Plex on Saturdays, and that's why I started working at the Armory.

**AFTER ANTWENETTE TOLD ME WHAT SHE WAS GOING TO SAY ABOUT FLAME IN HER PRESENTATION SPEECH, I THINK THAT FLAME SHOULD THANK AIR TRAN FOR NOT LETTING HER FLY ON THAT STUNT TICKET.**

Oh, I still didn't answer that question: where's Jasmine Bonet? I went to Jacksonville to host the Miss Duval pageant, where my daughter Antwenette Roberts won. Yes, she deserved the title. Although there were only three girls competing for the title, she aired the building. She started out by talking shit in Presentation like her mama. She caught Tanisha Iman by surprise in Presentation, because when Tanisha hit the stage, she looked like a student from Morehouse; looked like somebody had hit that bitch with a bat! Flame Monroe was supposed to be in the pageant. She didn't make it. After Antwenette told me what she was going to say about Flame in her Presentation speech, I think that Flame should thank Air Tran for not letting her fly on that stunt ticket.

Oh, where's Jasmine Bonet? The Monday night cast of the Stars of the Century went to LA for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July and we had a ball. I performed and hosted the beach party and had lots of fun. The show was that Sunday and the girls from Atlanta were on fire. We set off all kinds of fireworks in LA. I started it off with a gospel number, because I knew that the Holy Spirit was getting ready to shake LA in a mighty way. Dominique hit them with ATL's First Lady, Gladys Knight. She took them to *the End of the Road*, but they wanted to go back, so Niesha Dupree knocked the shit out of them with Missy Elliot, splitting

and carrying on, so the people started yelling. That's when Necole Luv Dupree came through so hard as Whitney Houston, because she thinks that she is *Every Woman*. That bitch must be high. Then Raquel Lord, this nasty bitch, came out as Beyonce, and when she got to shaking those big titties and all of that ass, they were *Crazy in Love*, but Stasha Sanchez closed it out by letting them mother fuckers know that they didn't want to rumble with the Queen Bee ("What's my name, shorty?"). Alicia Kelly wanted to perform in a different spot other than where they had her and they moved her so far down on the list that she ended up performing at another club. The girls from LA that were in the show...what can I say but their hands are free because those bitches do their makeup with their feet. Would you believe that after the girls from the ATL turned the show that hard, people were still asking that question: where's Jasmine Bonet? I bet you are still asking yourself that same question.

Well, well, well. To all of you working people, Alicia Kelly, Niesha Dupree, Raquel Lord, Savannah Leigh, Necole Luv Dupree, and myself Sophia "Miss Rita" McIntosh, will be performing at the Hard Rock Café, downtown Atlanta every Wednesday at 10 p.m. during the month of August. So come on out and support the girls. You working folks asked for this early and quick show from 10 p.m. till 11:30 p.m., and you can dance until 2 a.m. You might even see Jasmine Bonet.

Now, on to the million-dollar question: where is Jasmine Bonet? Well, as a mother, I want you to know that she's ok and getting better. She needs your prayers, because she's going through some things that we all go through in life; but with us praying for her, I know that she'll be all right. God is not a God that will lie, and as a mother, I've already taken her to the altar and I'm already thanking God for what he's going to do in her life. I know that this is not the tea you were expecting, but because I've spoken with her and she has shared with me what she's dealing with, so I can't be a comedian for you right now. It's more important for me to be the mother that she needs.

Jasmine, I love you. God bless you, and always hold your head up. You have McIntosh blood in you. Remember, he hung on the cross in pain, but his arms are always open for us to come in from the storms of life. So baby, run to him and he will hold you like never before and he's the only one that can make you brand new. God Bless you all. I love you all and ask yourself, what kind of friend am I? Peace. **G**

# HEDDA LETTUCE

TEXT: LEWIS J. NICHOLSON PHOTOS: MICHAEL WAKEFIELD



**...YOU SAY  
EXTREMELY  
VICIOUS THINGS  
ABOUT THE  
GIRLS IN YOUR  
MAGAZINE.  
I HOPE YOU  
ARE KIND  
TO ME.**

**H**edda Lettuce, (not Head of Lettuce) is the headliner of this month's *Glamma*. We caught up with Miss Lettuce recently in New York City just as she was dropping off her aunt, Nedda Iceberg, after a performance at XL. Hedda is the consummate performer and ultimate professional. There isn't much we can say in this introduction to Hedda Lettuce that won't be covered in the interview, so here is to you, from us at *Glamma*, the divine talent of banter that is Hedda Lettuce.

*Glamma*: We are so excited about your appearance on the cover of *Glamma*. Now which New York Queen is going to think she should have gotten a cover before you?

Hedda: Every one of them. I am sure I will be bad-mouthed all over town.

G: It has already started. Word got out and one anonymous queen says you are cute and all, but that she would sell more magazines.

H: Who? Please do tell. I won't say a word.

G: Can't say; reporter's privilege. Once the fierceness of your interview proves that you were the right choice, then I will give you her full name and where she works.

H: So I can put a hit out on her.

G: By all means, get rid of her.

H: I will. By the way, you say extremely vicious things about the girls in your magazine. I hope you are kind to me.

G: Like what? Give me one example.

H: I will once you tell me which queen is out to get me.

G: I love and adore the girls. But how or why *Hedda Lettuce*?

H: Hedda Lettuce was the name my dear, sweet mother, Shredda Lettuce, gave me.

G: So there is a Lettuce family?

H: Of course there is; everyone comes from a family. There is my granny, Bedda Lettuce, my Russian cousin, Romaine, my half black sister, Foxy Lettuce, and the Asian exchange student we took in as a child, Bok Choy.

G: Where is Shredda now?

H: Shredda, unfortunately, is missing. She was missing during childbirth, so I have never met her. My aunt, Nedda Iceberg, is my Jewish aunt who raised me.

G: My condolences. Do you encounter problems with your name?

H: Ignorant people call me Head of Lettuce. My name is not hyphenated. It is Hedda Lettuce, and if you can't say that, just call me Miss Lettuce if you're nasty.

G: How long have you been in the show world?

H: I have been officially in showbiz for 11 years, but my family is very theatrical. They were always telling stories and singing, well, with 40 oz. beer bottles in their hands. I come from a long line of drunks.

G: So what is your beverage of choice?

H: I am not a drinker.

G: The drunkenness stopped with you?

H: Well I stopped drinking when I was 10; very Drew Barrymore.

G: Okay. Where are you from and what is your hyphenated ethnicity?

H: Oh, I am a mutt (some Jew, some this, some that). My mother was a whore, so who the hell knows.

G: Where did you go to high school and/or college?

H: I graduated from high school on Long Island. That is where my Aunt Nedda Iceberg raised me. I studied at FIT for college. I thought I needed a skill. I was a research scientist for a while as well.

G: You learned drag and comedy at FIT? What about the research?

H: I was studying the effects of drugs and alcohol on small children. Let me tell you, they work! I hated FIT. It was filled with silly little girls majoring in Fashion Buying. I did not want to end up working for Daffy's or Joyce Leslie, so I dropped out and moved to the East Village.

G: Come on; I heard you used to work for Lane Bryant.

H: That's where the showbiz bug bit me.



**DIXIE CHICKS WITH DICKS:** Porsche, Yolanda, & Hedda

G: At Lane Bryant or in the East Village?

H: My Aunt Nedda did not want me to get involved in showbiz. She thought I needed a skill like typing, but that is so old school.

G: At what point did you decide to make a career in showbiz and give up the regular world?

H: When I was working at Barracuda hosting this white trash night (my momma would have been so proud), the audience just responded so lovely. I felt it was my duty to continue on.

G: Were you immediately accepted or did it take significant time?

H: It took some time and lots of perseverance.

G: Did you ever feel like giving up and trying something else?

H: There were wonderful girls when I started—lots of competition—like Candis Cayne, Girlina, Varla Jean Merman, and Mona Foot. I thought at times maybe a life behind the counter at Joyce Leslie would not be so bad. I could meet a guy and settle down, maybe have some kids.

G: But you have put them all away in your shadow. How does it feel?

H: Oh, they are not in my shadow; Candis is a beautiful transgendered woman who is the envy of all. Girlina is doing her deejaying thing. Mona has retired and Varla is a big success worldwide.

G: Are you a showgirl, comedienne, or pageant queen?

H: Oh, I am first a comedienne. I love to talk. Pageant queen? No. I leave that to the experts. I would love to host a pageant though.

G: I have the hook-up. Which pageant do you want to host first?

H: I am sure when they see me on the cover they will tear me to shreds and all that will be left will be some wig fibers and a pair of falsies. Who cares? I'll do something big. What do you think I would be good for? Well, they will tear my look to shreds. My eyebrows are not plucked enough for their liking, I am sure.

G: I think you could be good for Miss Goddamit, owned by the superstar herself, Sophia McIntosh. Actually, any of them would love your work.

G: I heard you had a long-standing gig at Caroline's.

H: For the past four years, I've been performing there three times a year.

G: How did you get that gig?

H: I was very persistent and kept knocking on their door. Also, I had a good friend that started working there and it all came together.

G: So what is the format of the show?

H: I am doing an hour-long stand up set; no singing, just strict stand up. It is working very well. It's challenging to keep people listening to you for an hour. But I will not be there until September; I'm busy with out-of-town work and the show *Dixie Chicks with Dicks* right now.

G: Where can our readers find the ever-talented Hedda Lettuce?

H: *Dixie Chicks with Dicks* is at East of Eighth (254 W. 23<sup>rd</sup> St.) every Monday at 9 p.m. I am at XL on W. 16<sup>th</sup> St. every Wednesday, hosting the *Faggot Feud*. Thursdays I host a classic movie night at the Clearview Cinema on W. 23<sup>rd</sup> St. at 7 p.m. Go to [www.hedda.com](http://www.hedda.com) for more info.

G: What is the single most important thing in your life?

H: Seriously? I guess I would have to say my quest for self-acceptance.

G: How close to accepting yourself are you?

H: I am getting closer. It is such a process.

G: What is the most difficult part?

H: Allowing myself to live to my fullest potential without fear, and also to live without envy; to not be critical of people I perceive to have more than I do. All of us can get involved in ripping apart people because we think they look sloppy or they're too fat or too thin, or too this or too that, etc.

G: Hedda is pretty deep, huh? You must hate reporters, because we thrive on being critical. Are you obsessed with your weight?

H: Well, gay people thrive on it. Top that off being a reporter, whew! Not obsessed, but careful. Is there anything else you would like to ask me? My views on life after death? Female ejaculation? Male pattern baldness in the drag community?

G: Let's talk male pattern baldness in the drag community. Do you have your own hair or is it all wigs?

H: I believe no one should use their own hair. Wigs are part of the art

**FIND A GOOD DRAG MOTHER,  
KISS HER ASS, LEARN EVERYTHING  
YOU CAN, TURN ON HER, TAKE HER  
GIGS, THEN BECOME A DRAG  
MOTHER AND HAVE THE SAME  
THING HAPPEN TO YOU.  
IT IS THE DRAG FOOD CHAIN, BABY!**

form. How many queens will be so upset to hear that I think every queen should wear eyelashes. I do not believe in the natural look. That's for girls who work at...well...Joyce Leslie. Think Dolly Parton.

G: Which girls do you think look fab and which ones do you think look fierce? Which girl hurts you with her lack of eyelashes?

H: I think Lady Bunny is great. She gives you the whole package.

G: She does have lashes galore, and on both lids.

H: When Candis does a show, she really gives you Vegas-style glamour. I would say the queens in your magazine know how to paint a face. Contradicting what I said earlier about not being critical, I hate the natural look on anybody!

G: Okay, I will go buy some lashes already.  
 H: Yes, lashes and a corset. Everyone should wear a corset, whether they are thin or hefty. It gives a gal a feminine figure.  
 G: You really think so? I hope the girls are reading this.  
 H: Put some lashes and a corset on right now or I will put you in cement pumps and throw you into the river!  
 G: Oh my God! And you asked *me* to be nice to *you*?  
 H: I am tired of girls thinking they look “fish” without some sort of undergarment support.

G: What advice, if any, does Hedda have for the girls in general, especially the new girls? Is fish the standard all girls should aspire to be, at any point in their career?  
 H: No, fish is not the standard all girls should aspire to. Find a good drag mother, kiss her ass, learn everything you can, turn on her, take her gigs, then become a drag mother and have the same thing happen to you. It is the drag food chain, baby!

**MY AUNT NEDDA DID NOT WANT ME TO GET INVOLVED IN SHOWBIZ. SHE THOUGHT I NEEDED A SKILL LIKE TYPING, BUT THAT IS SO OLD SCHOOL.**

G: What do you consider your greatest accomplishment?  
 H: My appearance on *Sex and the City*, and on *the People’s Court*. On the second season of *Sex and the City*, I played Kim Cattrall’s ex-boyfriend who now is a drag queen. On *the People’s Court*, I was sued because of my cable show in the late ’90s and went on the air with former NYC mayor Ed Koch, who was the judge, and I won.  
 G: Fantastic! Now I can tell you what queen said she deserved a *Glamma* cover before you.  
 H: Who is this queen who hates me?  
 G: All this goes to print, you know. Are you trying to put *Glamma* out of business? This is only our second issue!  
 H: I am very stubborn, yes I am.  
 G: I see. What sign are you?  
 H: *Blind Crossing*. Tell me off the record. Please baby, *oooh*.  
 G: Nothing in this interview is off the record, love.  
 H: *ahhh...* I am so horny. Tell me!  
 G: Many male suitors will be calling you after reading this interview, Miss Horny Lettuce.  
 H: Please daddy, I’ll be a good girl. Please, *oooh*, there go my panties.

G: Anything else you want to share with our readers?  
 H: Yeah, who the hell is the queen who doesn’t want me on the cover?! Oh, and yes: Don’t drink and drag. This could happen to you.  
 G: Oh, one more question. Are you involved in any kind of politics?  
 H: Yes. I am the president of the cosmetically challenged organization. We help drag queens in third world countries get on their high-heeled feet with make up and beauty care.  
 G: That is very admirable. Thanks for chatting with us. You’re crazy.

*Hedda Lettuce, who gave up alcohol at age 10, was drinking water during this interview. As you can see, the interview deteriorated as she drank more. She claims that someone must have put Goldschlager in her water. Maybe we’ll learn more on the People’s Court.* ©



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Victoria Parker, Yoshiko Oshiro, Monica Monroe,  
Candis Cayne, Hedda Lettuce,  
André Givenchy




# RADIANTLY RAVEN O

**O**n a small side street just south of that congested Christopher Street and 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue intersection of Greenwich Village in New York City sits a quaint bar by the name of Bar d'O. There, on any Tuesday, Saturday, or Sunday night you can treat yourself to an entertaining evening of music by the vivacious singing diva, Raven O, along with one of her special guests.

Raven O, with her beautiful exotic look, complete with several prominent tattoos, has been a New York resident for over 21 years. Originally from Hawaii, her musical repertoire ranges from showtunes, to punk rock, to hard rock, to jazz. Her jazz covers are amongst my favorites. Her vocal range is incredible, and her stage presence is warm and entertaining. It's always obvious that she's very happy singing for the audience. Her ever-present, big smile and affectionate interaction with the audience makes one think that the audience is being serenaded by a close dear friend. She's been "singing for her supper" and doing this gig at Bar d'O for nine years now; a good part of it with her longtime friend, Joey Arias. The two are magical together and perform a repertoire of covers of Billie Holiday, Liza Minelli, and Nancy Wilson to name a few. Joey is in Las Vegas now, rehearsing for her role in Cirque du Soleil. She is also a featured model in the annual Thierry Mugler fashion extravaganza.

**THE BEAUTY OF THE SHOW IS THAT ALL OF THE ENTERTAINERS SING LIVE. THERE'S NO LIP-SYNCHING DONE HERE. IT'S EASY TO SEE THAT THEY LOVE MUSIC AND THEY SING EACH SONG WITH A LOVE FOR THE ART THEY REPRESENT.**

The night I went, Cashetta—who has become a regular on the lineup—stepped in to accompany Raven O, and was just as entertaining. The beauty of the show is that all of the entertainers sing live. There's no lip-synching done here. It's easy to see that they love music and they sing each song with a love for the art they represent. There's also a chemistry between Raven O and whomever she appears with which is similar to that of any great duo singing team.

If you're ever in New York and have time to do something fun, I recommend you check out Raven O and company. You can also pick up one of Raven O's CDs and bring her recorded talents home with you. Enjoy the show and tell her *Glamma* sent you. 



**GLORIOUS:** Raven O, ready for action



Raven O, perched



Cashetta & Raven O serving between songs

# 21 Qs

21 QUESTIONS



## 1. ISN'T IT AMAZING TO SEE CHEVELLE BROOKS DO THAT SWING-THE-NECK-AROUND AND HAIR-FLING THING?

- Isn't Tanay Pendavis, still fierce after all these years?
- Why did Basia, a true female performer, have to pass away?
- Aren't you all gagging with the outcome of Miss Gay USofA 2003?
- Fontasia L'amour, what's going on honey?
- Don't a lot of these pageants need to revamp the judges and scoring system they use?
- Have you seen dancing queen Edie in her hot P-town show?
- Were you shocked when you saw the new Glamma magazine?
- Did Elaine Davis turn out that Liza-with-a-Z for talent at that pageant or what?
- Ain't the Balenciaga's sickening?
- Umm, don't you know you can't sit on the judges' panel and get high?
- Where's the last original legend, Paris Dupree?
- Is Paris still burning?
- Who's got the latest scandal sheet? Can I see it?
- Is the Manolo Blahnik ball next month in NYC going to be hot?
- Which male pageantry contestants have also competed in the Miss pageants?
- Moi Renee, don't you hear me calling you, Miss Honey?
- Which showgirl would you love see covered in Glamma?
- Can anyone do Patti LaBelle better than that Alicia Kelly?
- What happened to "Backstage with Millie Fields?"
- Will Flame Monroe compete at Miss Continental this year?

Some of these 21 questions were furnished by Passion Lord-Sherrington.

# GLAMMA



1



2



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8



9



10



11



12

1. Amanda Lepore and Linda Simpson
2. Karen Covergirl turning out the streets and everyone on them
3. Legendary Stonewall veteran, China
4. Bingo hostess and auctioneer auntie, Sybil Bruncheon
5. Jade Elektra and The Lady Bunny
6. Saniya Ebony—Old Way
7. Saniya Ebony—New Way
8. Victoria Lace, always so happy
9. Jasmine Bonet, Niesha Dupree, Necole Luv Dupree—gorgeous
10. Sharon Needle and her drag king daddy
11. Rough trade, rough drag
12. “We’re not going to be shady, just fierce.” Junior Labeija

# SHOTS

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THE  
PICTURE?

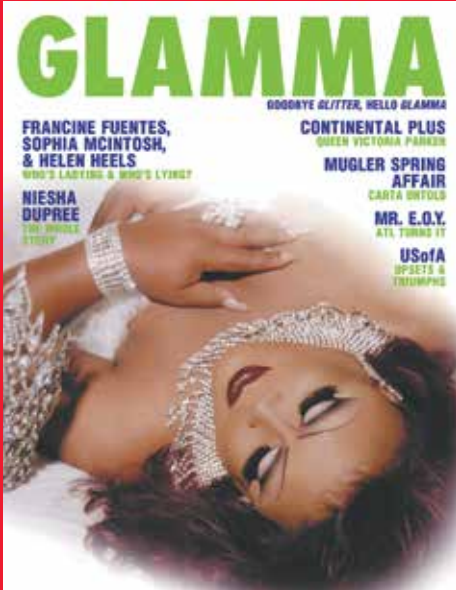


- 13. Apollonia (a.Ka. Sandy Ninja), Octavia Saint Laurent, Denise Milan, and Tempress Laurent battling back in the day
- 14. Pride-painted papi in NYC
- 15. I believe I can fly!
- 16. Al Milan Dupree, Mr. MBU, and Archie Bonet, Mr Liberty
- 17. The goddess of Atlanta, Raven

- 18. Is this Kool Aid Mizrahi or some legendary M.C.?
- 19. Sitting perched, unbothered in NYC for gay pride
- 20. David Ultima, R.R. Chanel, Eric Bazaar, Christian Erskine Bazaar: legends
- 21. Drag king Dred and Flotilla DeBarge
- 22. Harmonica Sunbeam and one of her sexy dancers from her Sunday stripper show at Escuelita in NYC

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Please take a moment to respond to our survey questions. We want to ensure the best possible content that we can provide to our readers.

What do you like most about GLAMMA? \_\_\_\_\_

What would you like to see in future issues of GLAMMA? \_\_\_\_\_

TEXT:  
ROBERT JOHNSON



**“LIZ TAYLOR  
IS FAMOUS,  
AND SO IS  
PEPPER  
LABEIJJA.”**

—DORIAN COREY

**THE LEGENDARY PEPPER LABEIJJA** from the archives of of André Givenchy

“Liz Taylor is famous, and so is Pepper LaBeija,” says Dorian Corey, who—along with Pepper—were among the folks enlisted to narrate the 1990 documentary, *Paris Is Burning*. Pepper is quoted in the same film as saying “it’s been really unbelievable, my life. If I was to die today or tomorrow, I could not say I’ve not had a more exciting life. And I’m not rich, mind you.” It was apparent in the documentary how influential Pepper was throughout the ballroom community. She enjoyed her role as house mother, mentor, and competitor, while also being the biological father of two grown children. On May 14<sup>th</sup>, the ballroom community lost one of its last remaining original legends. Pepper LaBeija’s incredible life ended at the age of 53 after suffering a heart attack in

New York City’s Roosevelt Hospital. Pepper had been the mother of the legendary House of LaBeija for over 30 years. Even after having both feet amputated because of complications from diabetes, she remained an important influence and mentor to many within the ballroom community, and made her last appearance at a ball in Brooklyn, NY in 2001. As usual, she made the only entrance, even in a wheelchair.

Pepper, born William Jackson, on November 5<sup>th</sup>, 1949, had a ballroom career that began in the 1970s. Crystal LaBeija was the founding mother of the House of LaBeija which also began around that time. Pepper joined the house, and in a matter of time, became the



The House of LaBeija back in the day



Marcel Christian with Pepper at the 1998 LaBeija Final Conflict ball

house mother. Many of today's ballroom legends, such as Stewart Ebony, Aura St. Claire, Tony Revlon, André Givenchy, the late Eric Bazaar, and the late, great Danielle Revlon got their start in the house of LaBeija, with Pepper as their mentor. As a matter of fact, the house of Revlon was formed with former members of the LaBeija house.

Balls were born out of the pageants of the 1960s that wouldn't crown black contestants regardless of whether or not they were indeed the best. Initially, these functions were created for drag queens only and were intended to give them a place of their own to come show off their unique sense of fashion and style. They competed fiercely, many wearing garments adorned with elaborate feather and bead arrangements similar to outfits worn by Las Vegas showgirls or folks in attendance at an elegant affair taking place in the early half of the 1900s. The Elks Lodge in Harlem, off of West 129<sup>th</sup> Street, was one of

be the talk for weeks to follow. Her ballroom battles with Avis, Paris, Dorian, Angie Xtravaganza, and the other up-and-coming femme queens were fierce and always raised the bar on creativity each time, at levels rarely even closely matched at today's events.

"We're not going to be shady, just fierce" said the current father of the House of LaBeija and longtime member, Junior LaBeija, also a ballroom legend. And that was what one could expect when Pepper hit the runway. Fierceness is always welcomed. We talked with a few of the remaining legends from the earlier days and they had much to say about Pepper. Paris Dupree mentioned that she and Pepper go way back, having lived across the street from one another as children while growing up in Harlem. She said they went to kindergarten together and that Pepper was always a force to reckon with. Devin Pendavis Elite had this to say: "Pepper LaBeija's truly one the ballroom's greatest crowd-pleasers. When

## MANY OF TODAY'S BALLROOM LEGENDS, SUCH AS STEWART EBONY, AURA ST. CLAIRE, TONY REVLON, ANDRÉ GIVENCHY, THE LATE ERIC BAZAAR, AND THE LATE, GREAT DANIELLE REVLON GOT THEIR START IN THE HOUSE OF LABELIJA.

the original locales for these competitions back then. It was usually in the wee hours of the morning when these competitions began, lasting for many hours and covering a wide variety of categories. There usually was at least one category for any person wanting to compete. This was where drag balls and the phenomenon known today as *houses* were born. Contemporary popular vogueing also took off at these balls up in Harlem. Folks like Pepper, Paris Dupree, Pierre LaWong, Avis Pendavis, and Crystal LaBeija would battle for a trophy or prize money. They would strike a dramatic pose in front of the judges and the packed room of spectators to show off their outfits, mimicking models at a high-fashion runway show on the catwalks of Europe. Of course, vogueing has evolved worldwide into the intricate and varied art it is today, comprised of innovative gymnastics and amazing poses.

Back in those days of ball competitions, it wasn't about the most expensive designer or couture outfit one could wear to win, but how elaborate one's ensemble must be to gag the onlookers and crush the competition with splendor and attitude. When Pepper walked a category, rest assured that her entrance was always over-the-top dramatic. It would

I would hear the mounting chant 'PEPPER LABELIJA,' I knew I was in for a major ballroom upset, as only Pepper could give." As a legend and godmother to the House of Elite and many others, she will be dearly missed, but her legacy lives on in every descendant of the great LaBeija sunshine.

"When I met Pepper, she was always positive. She showed me places. She introduced me to people. She got me through doors. She pushed me to perform at Princeton University and on *Showtime at the Apollo*. Pepper showed me that I could be somebody outside of the ballroom scene. I will always love her with all my heart. I will always be her #1 son. Her ballroom icon status was well-deserved. Looking up to what she did in the ballroom made me want to do the things I have done in the scene. Rest in peace, Pepper." And that was what the legendary father André LaBeija Revlon Mizrahi Givenchy had to say about the late icon mother, Pepper LaBeija.

As of today, the House of LaBeija is not one of the reigning houses, but it is one of the most important when considering the history of the powerful houses of the ball scene. Pepper surely will be missed, but the many lives she touched have been infinitely enriched. **G**

FASHION: JUSTICE FELANI  
PHOTOS: MYRON VINES



Shirt: Gianfranco Ferre; tie: Louis Vuitton; shorts: Felani; yellow two-piece suit: John Varvatos.

# MID-SUMMER FASHIONS

**NOTHING BEATS THE INNOCENT PLEASURES OF SUMMER DRESS. ITS SIMPLICITY CAN MAKE A STATEMENT WHEREVER IT IS WORN, IF IT IS WORN RIGHT.**

Casting Director: Myron Brooks; Make-up: Amanda; Hair: Tony Hill; Location Manager: Bryant White.



Orange top and pink dress:  
Marco; shoes: Louis Vuitton

Blue single-breasted  
jacket: **Dior Homme**;  
shirt: **Hugo Boss**;  
jeans: **Felani**.





Tuxedos: Ennio Capasa  
for Costume National Homme.

Lace dresses: **Marco**.



Parma violet  
silk shirt (l):  
**Givenchy**;  
plaid shirt (r):  
**Christian Dior**;  
pants: **Sisley**.



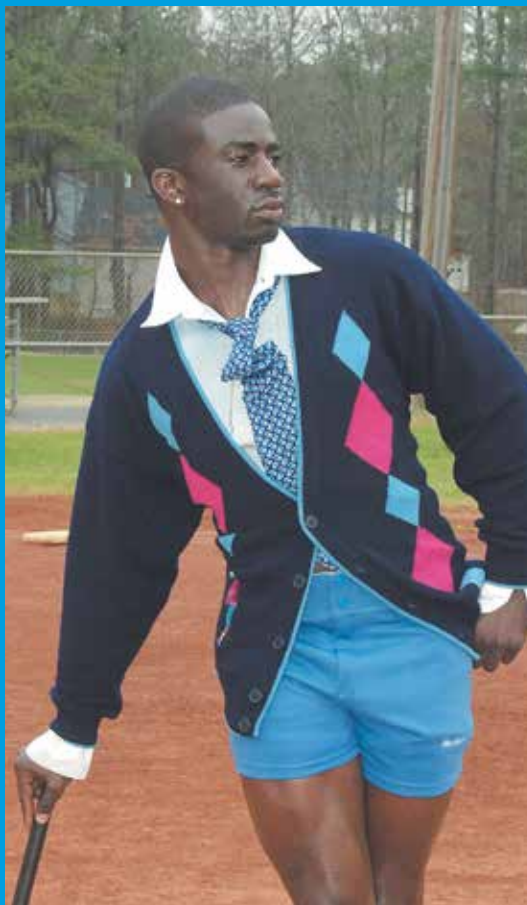
# Time To Move On

FASHION: JUSTICE FELANI; PHOTOS: MYRON VINES



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### SUNDAY

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# GLAMMA GROOVES

D.J. RELENTLESS

EXCELLENT



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GOD-AWFUL



## ULTRA NATE

BRASS IN POCKET  
BLUFIRE RECORDS



Remember that classic '80s tune by The Pretenders? Yup...this is it. This is definitely an odd choice for diva songstress, Ultra Nate. Another thing that is interesting is that it has been issued as an import, but if you study the fine print, you'll find that Blufire Records is out of Baltimore, Maryland. I guess wherever you find a distribution deal is where your record will come from. Out of the two discs, there is a mix for everyone. Disc One offers the original mix by the Headdrillaz, Dylan Drazen's *Walk on Down Mix*, Charles Dockins' *Style Mix*, and a 2-Step mix by B15 Project. Disc Two features Charles Dockins' *4007 Mix*, Q&K Session *Trust Vocal*, and Redtop's *Dub Style*. And as an added bonus, there is a new live recording of her classic, *It's Over Now* with Kenny Muhammed (a.k.a. the Human Orchestra). As a song, this has always been a favorite of mine. And I actually like this cover. The best mix is Shawn Q's and Lenny K's *Trust Vocal*. It has the right sound for the U.S. club scene. And even though it never caught on here in the states, I am a little partial to the 2-Step mix. I don't think that this is her big comeback record, but it should do well.

## MADONNA

HOLLYWOOD  
MAVERICK/WARNER BROS. RECORDS



This is the second single from Madge's new album. And an ongoing theme today amongst a lot of female artists is this axe to grind with the industry. Probably still bitter over the reviews of her last film, Madonna takes a sarcastic look at the city of dreams. *Hollywood* is in stores now. There's a promo 12" circulating through the record pools that features remixes by Paul Oakenfold, Deepsky, and Stuart Price. Out of the three, only Stuart Price's *Jacques Lu Cont's Thin White Duck Mix* was worthy for my taste. However, as always, there is an excellent mix via the internet called the *Superstar Club Mix*. Chock full of the real flavor for a hungry dancefloor, it gives that four-to-the-floor kick and still keeps the original feel of the album version.

## ANNIE LENNOX

PAVEMENT CRACKS  
J RECORDS



Oh, happy day! One of my favorite divas have come back into the arena. The double pack promo features mixes by Mac Quayle, Goldtrix, Gabriel & Dresden, and Scumfrog. Now, with a name like Scumfrog, you might think it would be a horrible version. But actually, this is the best mix; definitely a name to keep an eye out for. And if you haven't checked out her new album, *Bare*, you should. Peter Rauhofer has already remixed another track from it called *One Thousand Beautiful Things*. Her haunting vocals on songs like *Bitter Pill* and *Erased* reminds us all why we waited for her to come back. And now she has.

## MONICA

SO GONE (THE REMIXES)  
J RECORDS



A while ago I reviewed the single version and joked about how maybe there would be remixes. Well, here they are, penned by Missy Elliott (who does guest back-up vocals on the track). The Scumfrog has turned huh inside out, and even kept part of the old scratchy sample in the club mix. If that weren't enough, Monica and Missy went back into the studio and re-recorded a Hip-Hop version with guest rapper, Busta Rhymes. And this time, she raps even more and gets a little raw on top of a Barry White-inspired beat. I love it!

## RED HOT CHILLI PEPPERS

BY THE WAY  
WARNER BROS. RECORDS



Although this song has been out for a while, a new U.K. Bootleg 10" is out in selected import stores that features a remix. D.J. Dean Dee's & D.J. Dragon's *Parkside Club Mix* is worth a listen. It has a great bassline, some funky beats, and filtering that all shed a whole new light on the Peppers. Who knew?

## LIL' KIM FEATURING 50 CENT

MAGIC STICK  
ATLANTIC RECORDS



When I first got her album, *La Bella Mafia*, I was a little disappointed. You see, Kim had decided to play the internet game, since her last album was completely leaked before its release. So, she purposely leaked *What's The Word* and *Off The Wall* to create a buzz. Both are hot tracks, but are not on her album. This means we will never see videos for them or get remixes. With her latest radio hit, Kim has teamed up with 50 for an ode to casual sex. Unfortunately, for Kim, 50's label and management won't let her release it as a single. They claim that he is too hot and it would take away from his album sales. Funny...I thought if his name is on the record, that's all that mattered. So, instead, her label let her go back into the studio with Mr. Cheeks and Mobb Deep to do another remix of *The Jump Off*. I personally am about over that song. The best Atlantic could do was release a promo album of instrumentals of her entire album. So, the music to *Magic Stick* can be used under something else.

## RICKY MARTIN

FEATURING LOLEATTA HOLLOWAY  
RELIGHT MY FIRE  
COLUMBIA RECORDS



I don't know where this recording came from, because it can't be on his new all-Spanish album. Perhaps its for an upcoming film or something. At any rate, it is circulating on the internet. It is a Hex Hector & Dezrok production. Now, when I first read that Ricky had done a cover of this classic, I cringed. I thought to myself, *What on God's green earth would make huh think she could pull this off?* Well, didn't I get my face cracked. I guess when you get caught up in the Pop sensation craziness, you forget that the child can really sing. And of course, Loleatta, who was on the original with the late Dan Hartman, gives a stellar performance. Some argue that it is the original vocals from the first recording. The verdict's still out on that one.

# GLAMMA GROOVES

## T.A.T.U.

NOT GONNA GET US  
INTERSCOPE/UNIVERSAL RECORDS



I remember watching MTV over a year ago and seeing a report about this Russian duo of lesbian teenagers who were rising up the charts with their first single, *All The Things She Said*. I thought, *Hey this is great, but it would never happen in this country*. Well, it did. They re-recorded their album in English and the rest has been history. And boy, are they workin' the Gay angle to their advantage, especially since many heterosexual males find the idea of two woman stimulating. Well, I guess in this age, where the Supreme Court has to say it's okay for two men to have sex in Texas, it is okay for two teenaged girls to kiss in their music video that is in heavy rotation. Their lyrics are as juvenile as they are, but I guess visibility is more important than deep and meaningful words. But let us not forget that they are just teenagers. If we are lucky, perhaps they will grow into Melissa Etheridge & k.d. Lang. We can only hope.

## LUMI DEE

NEVER LEAVE YOU  
UNIVERSAL RECORDS



Although this is a very popular radio and club hit, and I do play it, I hate it. I'll tell you why. This child can't sing. She sounds like someone who is listening to their walkman so loud that they can't hear how they are disturbing the passengers on the bus they are riding on. And to make matters worse, she even had the nerve to do a bootleg of Beyonce's *Crazy In Love* to promote her album, which came out on June 24<sup>th</sup>. And now I heard that some other girl is claiming that she really sang the song and performed it live on HOT 97 here in New York. Well, whoever sang the damn thing was flat. It reminds me of those horrible freestyle records of whiny girl groups like Expose, Sweet Sensation, and The Covergirls. Just this time it was put to a borrowed Reggae beat. And what's up with all these Reggae artists using the same music for their songs? Are resources that limited in Jamaica?

## NIRVANA

COME AS YOU ARE (BOOTLEG MIXES)  
Geffen Records



The late, legendary Kurt Cobain, who spoke to a generation during the '90s, probably would not appreciate the work that went into making this dark grunge anthem into a house song. Someone who calls himself "Burnt Offerings" restructured and filtered the original into two versions: a House mix and a Breakbeat version. I find it interesting that a lot of rock songs are being reinvented for a new audience. I call it an *education*, like when Larry Levann would throw on *Miss You* by the Rolling Stones in his sets at the Garage, though this is not as compelling.

## LINDA EDER

I AM WHAT I AM  
ATLANTIC RECORDS



Atlantic Records has been turnin' the party with their artists' remixes. Linda Eder sounds like Barbara Streisand if she had stayed on the Pop and Gay charts. The first time I heard *Something To Believe In*, you couldn't tell me that it wasn't Babs. Just in time for all the national Gay pride celebrations, Ms. Eder has covered a camp classic from 1983. Originally written for the play *La Cage Aux Folles*, it was covered by Gloria Gaynor. This promo features remixes by Boris & Beck, Manny Lehman, and Lenny Bertoldo. My favorite is the *Manny Lehman Club Mix*. He thoughtfully uses the vocal to introduce this really updated and fun version.

## SEAN PAUL

LIKE GLUE  
ATLANTIC RECORDS



It's hard to find a Reggae song that doesn't fag bash in its lyrics. Fortunately, there is Sean Paul, who is all about having a good time. Recently featured on Blu Cantrell's remix of *Breathe*, Sean's album, *Dutty Rock*, has already given us hits like *Gimme The Light* and *Get Busy* (which is out as a Basement Jaxx remix bootleg 12" in the U.K.) Definitely a dancehall favorite.

D.J. Relentless' *Relentlessly Speaking About Music* and appearance schedule can be found online at [www.jaymsblonde.com](http://www.jaymsblonde.com)

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# GLAMMASTROLOGY



Because your irritability level will be high this month, you will need to plan projects that will be completed on time and which bring you instant gratification. You are capable and reliable, but you are growing weary of those who do not do their part. You will have to grin and bear it this month, but completing any of your pet projects—whether it be a fashion collaboration or just a re-beautification of the home—will bring you a great sense of accomplishment. Keep pressing on, success is on the way.



Oh, ye stubborn bull. This is your month to do something—literary—like read a best seller and for the more daring of you, start writing that book. Better yet, finish the one you started a long time ago. For those of you who did not take your mother's advice and never picked up a book, you will be miserable this month. You will find yourself wanting to read something, but be unable to enjoy it. In that case, try reading the rest of this magazine rather than putting it back after reading the horoscopes and looking at the pictures.



This is your month to get your finances in order. You will find that all you touch turns to gold. Make wise investments and enter all competitions or games of chance. The stars are in your favor. You will be surprised at how people will flock to your regal beauty as you become more independent. Everyone loves a girl who is glittering. The time has come for you to show the world that you too are capable of great things. Take the bull by its horns and show him who the true ruler of the universe is.



You are on a roll. You will rule the next couple of months. This summer will be the best you ever had, as success is undeniably yours. Everyone is seeing you for the rare talent and true beauty that you are. You are glowing from all angles. Do good for the betterment of mankind. The world is ready to support you, so welcome help with open arms. You are truly a winner. Try not to fall back into old habits, as you are destined for greatness and your time has finally come. Go get them, girl!



Your kindness and willingness to help is overwhelming. You are a true leader and have the power to see a good investment. Continue being the great person that you are and treat everyone with the respect they deserve. You will reap the benefits of your hard work and your kindness in due season. It is sowing time for you, as this year's harvest will be abundant. Keep doing good. The world appreciates you. Treat yourself to that dream vacation you have been holding back on. It is time for you, the workaholic, to have some fun too.



My dear loved ones, you are happy in love but you are still not doing the job ahead. It is time for you to decide what you really want out of life. Are you going to finish that lingering project or start something completely new? There is a great sense of pride and accomplishment that comes with finishing a job that you are depriving yourself of. Take up the tools and finish that masterpiece. The world is waiting. Besides, an accomplished virgin is more desirable than one that has never been touched or hasn't touched a thing.



You cannot lose hope and just give up. You need to get back on track with the things in your life that matter. You may feel you need a new playground, but the one you already have is worth revamping and keeping. Not every thing that glitters is gold. You are sitting on a gold mine and are about to let it slip away from you. Grab your britches and pull your panties from that bunched-up position around your ankles and just make things happen. A lot of people are depending on you. Just do it!



To say that you are not learning anything new is a lie. Open up your mind this month to the views and experiences of others as you may learn a thing or two; it can only help you be a better person. You are talented enough to do better, but are so consumed with being possessive that you are not even reaping the benefits of being close to such a great person. Stop bugging your man and adopt some of his special qualities. You will be surprised at how much more enjoyable life will be when you stop trying to run everyone else's lives.



Give credit to your dreams. Make a few of them into reality. The world is ready for the new you, but are you ready for the world? Yes, you are. You have the ambition, skill, and mental capacity to do anything you want. Try reciprocating love to those who have always been there for you. You may need a Scorpio friend to help you adjust to a new situation, so make sure to keep one close. You are about to hit a bump in the road but you have all the tools to get around it. Success is yours.



Stop holding everything in. It is time to tell everyone how you really feel about them. Tell that sissy that you will no longer pay the taxes on her meal every time you go out to eat and that she needs to start tipping. Stop lending a blind eye to your cheating boyfriend and let him know that you are aware of his shenanigans. You are a very talented person, but you keep so much inside that it is hindering you from being happy. Come on, girl. It is your time to be happy. You are Grammarous!



You are one daring, homoglourious creature; anal yet charming. A walking bag of talent who deserves all accolades of praise and glory. Productivity is the name of your game; even when you are supposed to be off, you will be looking for things to do. In your working environment, recognize that your co-workers are subject to mood swings—don't let that stop you. They may have awoken on the wrong side of the bed. Keep pressing on. Health-wise, stay away from dairy. She may hurt your stomach this month.



You have worked on every aspect of your life except your intimate relationships. You keep attracting people who are not ready for your type. It is time you give of your self and stop holding back. That way, someone can appreciate you for the real deal that you are and can be. You are one of the more creative and imaginative people around, so accomplish something amazingly creative this month. The work of children will inspire you, so go get that grand prize. Let's face it—timing is everything, and it is your time.

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