

**under the gaydar  
...from 14**

in there the other day and found the perfect gift to give a great friend of mine. They are able to acquire very unique and hard to find items. So next time you are out and about in the Quarter, check them out. Either of the owners, both by the way named Scott, are always on hand to help you find whatever you need. For more information, go to [myspace.com/skullyzrecordz](http://myspace.com/skullyzrecordz) or call 504.592.4666.

**August Bartender  
of the Month**

**A**s a person who goes to bars quite often, this is the column where I can recognize great talent and good service all at the same time. Being a bartender is not an easy job, but it is also not a thankless job either. A career in bartending can be rewarding both financially and personally.

But my choice for bartender of the month is someone who was around when I first came onto the gay scene. He is gracious, the ultimate professional and one of the nicest people I have ever met. That person is Ron from the Bourbon Pub. He is one of the main reasons why I go to the Pub (well then there are the boys also). He is just happy at what he does and it is contagious. He emits this positive energy that people gravitate to, making him, in my opinion, one of the more popular bartenders in the city.

No matter what state of intoxication a person is in, he is always polite and watch-



**Bartender of the Month Ron  
Bourbon Pub Parade**

ful. The fact that he keeps an eye on his regulars and keeps them out of harms way, not only makes him a good bartender, but an exceptional person. I think that is why he is so superior at what he does. He goes the extra mile for anyone who comes to him. For all those people behind the bar, you should learn this fact, there is a difference between a server and a bartender. Anyone can make a drink, but the true professional makes the drink memorable. Ron's efficiency, positive attitude and professionalism truly make him unique. So stop by and see Ron, you will not be disappointed.

The Bourbon Pub Parade is located at 801 Bourbon Street.

**A Stritch Farewell**

**W**e all stood quietly in the waiting room of the hospital letting the words of

Princesse Stephaney sink into our brains. Someone in this room had killed Elaine, I mean Cathy Fox. But who could it have been. Everyone in here had a motive and the opportunity, but who would want to see one of the premier entertainers in the city pushing up daisies.

I decided right then and there I was going to find Cathy's killer and bring him or her to justice if it was the last thing I would do. I leaned over to Elizabeth who was finishing off the last of the contents in the Princesse's flask. "Who do you think did it."

"Well, it wasn't me, was it you?"

"No of course not, what a crazy question, I found her remember. Besides you were out of breath like you were running somewhere. You could of ran up the stairs before me, pulled the plug and went back to the waiting room before I got back."

"Wow, that sounds good." Then she thought for a second. "Oh yeah, no I didn't, you see I was out of breath because I ran to get a bottle of vodka from the liquor store down the street without you knowing it. I knew you would be disappointed, so I did not want to tell you, see," she opened her purse and showed a half drank vodka bottle.

"You drank it all already."

"No, I realized it was too far, so I rolled this bum for his. He had good taste, Absolut. Who knew those homeless people could put up such a fuss. But no worries, he is fine now, I just hit him with this and he went sleepy," she said pulling out a hand held tazer.

"Jesus, Elizabeth, put that away. You tazered a bum for a drink, what are the police going to say."

"Well nothing because you are not going to say anything. What you need to do is have a drink, keep your mouth shut or you will get several thousand volts through your body, comprende."

"Got it," I said inching away from her. I stood up and crossed over to the Princesse who was standing off to herself admiring the jewels on her hand.

"You know a crown prince gave me this many, many years ago," she said adoringly gazing at a ruby ring on her right hand. "Oh those were the days, playing with the idle rich, laughing, singing and dancing, going from island to island, country to country," she leaned closer to me, "and bed to bed, if you know what I mean." She winked and patted my rear.

I did a quick scan of the room, Barbara Ella was filing her nails, while C. Alice leaned against the desk chatting with her. Tittie Toulouse was showing Nurse Haley and Little Debbie her selection of watches she kept under her coat, while Tami Tarmac read a magazine off to herself. Suddenly the door to the waiting room burst opened and a very smartly dressed woman in a impeccably tailored pantsuit followed by a petite blond police officer entered. A silence fell over the entire group. She flashed her badge to the room and strode up to me. She grabbed my hand and shook it firmly. "Persana Shoulders, here, power lesbian and head detective on this case. Now I understand you all are potential suspects in the murder of one Cathy Fox."

"I did not murder anyone," Tami said looking up from her magazine.

Persana walked over to her and eyed

**[continued on 18]**

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# sappho psalm

by Toni J.P. Pizanie  
Email: [psalmwrite@att.net](mailto:psalmwrite@att.net)

## What's Up

Have you missed me? It's been several issues since I've had anything to write. My computer crashed. After weeks of trying to understand the techs in India and buying correction discs from Dell, I gave up. I had a computer shop check it out in Metairie during late June after Dell failed. And although I am still not satisfied, I do have a typewriter I can use to write articles.

There were also weeks of illness and treatments for Cancer of the Pancreas. That is the reason this article is so short. It has come to write or have the pancreas removed the old fashion way.

I love this job so unless it gets worse,

I'm OK. The worst part today is that I've lost Word and have to use Works. I have been trying for hours without success. Rip, please forgive me.

Oops! I just erased a paragraph. I do not know how to work Works.

Please go see *Mother and Child* this weekend. Good film. More later.

Please be well....I don't want anyone to be ill.

## under the gaydar ...from 16

her curves, "Well, sweet cheeks, you look like you have killer written all over your

things like the CAN office, HIV Testing and condom distribution can continue. In other words, I'm pretty much hidden backstage, which is fine with me. It's a privilege to do a job that matters, that isn't just making a widget that makes money for someone else. Plus, let's be real, I get a fair amount of recognition from my writing career, and don't much expect it from my HIV work—there are so many heroes on this field who deserve recognition.

As a writer, a lot of what I do is sit alone in a room and put words on a page and with those words attempt to create a world. It's a solitary pursuit and even with a great editor and publisher, what the book ultimately is rests at my doorstep.

But HIV/AIDS, public health, isn't like that. It does not and cannot succeed without others who are also committed to the cause. I have been exceptionally lucky to have found a community and an organization that has allowed me the opportunity to make a difference. I have a hardworking, fair minded boss in Noel Twilbeck, someone who is dedicated to doing the right thing. My staff Josh, Mark, Allison, Pegah, Narquis, and the rest of the Prevention Department are awesome and when you have great people working for you and with you, it makes you look good. Even with those advantages, we couldn't do what we do without the strong support of the community. I am amazed and gratified at how often community members, bars, businesses, magazines (like *Ambush*) are always willing to help out. No, we don't always agree on anything, but I've seen to an astonishing degree how people put that aside when we ask to do testing or stick a condom bowl somewhere or need a place to hold an event. All y'all, gay, lesbian, trans, the dykes and the drag queens, the queers and the bears, from Uptown to the Bywater and the burbs, your support makes NO/AIDS and New Orleans a special place to be.

In short, thank you. It was truly an honor and I had a great time at the awards.

—Jean Redmann, Director of Prevention, NO/AIDS Task Force

(Editor's Note: Jean Redmann received the 23rd GAA Lifetime Achievement Award.)

face, so why don't you keep your outbursts to a minimum and let me run this case. This is Officer Sable Nicole Starr, my best cop I have working under me," she turned to me and whispered, "both literally and fugitively." She made that clicking noise with her mouth and moved to the next person. "Who are you?"

"I am Tittie Toulouse, and that is one nice purse you got there. Where did you get it? I am an expert, so to speak, on handbags and that is some great craftsmanship."

She held up her strapless handbag, which I had to admit was very smart looking. "It is Prada. Just because I am a cop, does not mean I can't have nice things and besides it holds all my essentials in it nicely, gun, badge and lipstick."

"We can't have nice things because of Tami Tarmac," Lauren Brown stormed into the room. "I am telling you she did it. She tried killing me and she has gone and done Cathy in."

"Oh, Lauren, she did not try and kill you, it was an accident sort of like when the house fell on the witch in the *Wizard of Oz*. Now would you just stuff a sock in it and sit down with the rest of us," Elizabeth said pulling the bum's bottle out of her purse and taking a swig.

"Lauren, why are you here anyway, I did not realize you were in the hospital also," I said to her.

She blushed and dropped her eyes to the floor, "I am paying on my layaway. I am getting an ass lift if you must know and I was making a down payment on it. In seven more months I will be finished paying for it and you will see buns of steel on the stage of JohnPaul's."

"Do asses stay fresh for that long," I said.

"Please, Tami has been an ass for years and seem to be holding up quite well," Elizabeth commented. Tami flashed Elizabeth an evil glance.

"Well, whoever you are, sit down and be quiet, I will get to you soon," Persana began to scribble some notes down in a small pad.

"I am the Princesse Stephaney, detective, and one of these people murdered Cathy Fox."

Persana turned to her, "Calm down Cougar Town and tell me what are you doing here. What relationship do you have with the deceased?"

I perked up wanting to know the answer also. "I am here because I too had a grievance with Cathy, she stole my third, or was it fourth husband away from me. I was visiting a sick friend in the hospital and heard she was here getting a procedure done. So I thought I would stop in and see her."

"Well, that sounds like a pretty good motive for murder to me," Sable spoke for the first time.

Persana turned and flashed her a nasty look. "Honey, why don't you stand there and look pretty and let me handle this investigation."

Sable did an eye roll and retreated back to the wall. "Now what about you." She moved to Barbara Ella, leaning into her. "Is that Chanel I smell?"

"Why yes,, Persana, it is," she cooed, "that is very observant of you. I bet you always get your man, or in this case, woman."

"Oh for the love of God, throw some water on this tramp," Elizabeth finally stood up from her chair. I am Elizabeth Bouvier

and for the record, that is a cheap knock off of Chanel, she cannot afford the real thing, so much for great detective work. Can we go now, I have a person I have to replace in my show."

"You know I have performed before," Sable spoke up again, but was quickly silenced when Persana shushed her.

"Your show," Persana spun around on Elizabeth with fury in her eyes. "Lets talk about your little show called Fourways, or something like that. It seems that everything started with you and that show. Why don't you tell me what you were doing when the crime was committed."

"I have an airtight alibi, go downstairs and straight for two blocks. Off the alley to the right you will find a bum with fried hair and a blackened coat on him. Check with him, he will corroborate my whereabouts."

"This is getting us nowhere, Ms. Shoulders," I said. "Do you really think one of us killed Cathy Fox?"

"Think! I know, there is a killer amongst you and I suspect that whoever it is will kill again to keep her dark secret hidden."

Little Debbie gasped knocking over her cart of snatch cakes. "What is wrong with the Candy Striper, now," Persana sighed.

All of a sudden, Barbara Ella stood up and shrieked. "What is wrong with you," Elizabeth said noticing she was pointing at the door. "Aww hell," was all she said before she passed out again.

C. Alice speedily moved to Elizabeth's side when she noticed the cause of everyone's anxiety. "You," she clasped her hand to her mouth and moved to the far corner of the room, eyes wide with shock.

Nurse Haley dropped her tray of surgical equipment she was carrying causing a loud clatter, Officer Sable Nicole Starr drew her weapon. Tittie Toulouse ducked behind Tami Tarmac for cover, who was unmoving in fright. Lauren Brown dropped to her knees screaming about miracles and crying.

Persana had unsnapped her clutch and pulled out her pistol, a polished handgun with a bejeweled grip and spun around, crouching in the firing position. "Persana Shoulders, power lesbian, don't move," she yelled out.

"It's you, but that's impossible," Princesse Stephaney said.

"Would everyone just calm down," I said turning to face the door. "Oh my God."

The silhouette stood in the doorway with a silk robe fringed in fur hanging loosely on her tall frame. She had a lit cigarette in one hand and a martini glass in the other. "Who do I have to screw to get a drink in this place," said Cathy Fox.

To be continued...

(I promise this is not a true story and we will get out of the hospital soon.)

Have an event or have something of interest to the LGBT community, feel free to send press releases or information to [tonymgp@hotmail.com](mailto:tonymgp@hotmail.com).

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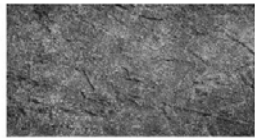
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Top 5 Show Club of the Year  
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Cafe Lafitte in Exile accepts  
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Teryl-Lynn & Lisa accept GLBT  
Business of the Year Award for  
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Entertainer of the Year 2009 Coca  
returns to perform



MCs Lisa Beaumann & Teryl-Lynn  
Foxx accept Circuit Party of the  
Year for Halloween



Toby Lefort accepts Buzzy  
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Bobby Blue Salon's Scott & Grant  
accept Hair Salon of the Year



Toby Lefort accepts Leather  
Person of the Year from Lisa &  
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Lords of Leather accept Gay Mardi  
Gras Ball of the Year from  
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Southern Decadence Grand  
Marshals Julien & Toby address  
the audience



Opal Masters accepts Fly Fashion  
Glamour Award for Nicole DuBois  
from Marsha Naquin-Delain



DJ Myke/Cafe Lafitte in Exile  
accepts DJ of the Year from Lisa &  
Teryl-Lynn



Princesse Stephaney (c) accepts  
Bitch of the Year from Lisa &  
Teryl-Lynn



Koo Gaffney accepts Donnie Jay  
Performing Arts Award for New  
Orleans Gay Men's Chorus



Persana Shoulders accepts  
Cheridon Comedy Award  
from Marsha



Mr. Phoenix New Orleans Leather  
Troy Powell accepts Leather Bar  
of the Year for the Phoenix