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Joan

Jett

Blakk

gets naughty in church!

Cover by Jordy Jones and Stafford

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Joan Jett Blakk Gets Naughty In Church

BY DON BAIRD



PHOTO BY MARC GELLER

After a brief hiatus, as they say in the world of Talk Shows, our very own SF-based, celebrity-hosted, uniquely non-televised show of this format, Late Night with Joan Jett Blakk, has returned to a semi-regular schedule. The hostess on the move has had to cut back her grueling former schedule of one show a week to one show a month due to the increasing demands of her blossoming public speaking and event emceeing career, something Joan has thrown herself into wholeheartedly shortly after her defeat in the last presidential election. Always one to roll with the punches and never miss a beat, the resilient renaissance drag queen made the jump from national to international when she was recently invited to Germany to speak at opening ceremonies for a new gay Art Museum. You may have read about this in her column, yet another of her accessible

forums maintained for over a year now and full of fun, radical politics, ribald attitude, raunch and a touch of sycophantic butt-kissing (she was a presidential candidate and all).

Well, last Saturday marked the return of Late Night With Joan Jett Blakk which is being held monthly now at 150 Eureka, site of the Metropolitan Community Church and an interesting new event every Saturday night called Castro Cabaret featuring varied local performers doing everything from readings to vocal performances to premiering new theatrical works. When I heard that Joan's show was going to take place in a church I thought, "Haven't I heard her say more than once how much she would like to blow up churches and watch altar boys and choir members flying through the air?" Was Joan suddenly embracing the church? Did some divine conversion occur during her international travels? What's up with

this? Was she taking her defeat by Clinton a bit harder than I thought?

Even more perplexing was the news that she would be having a new co-host for the show, and that person was a nun! Okay, what the hell was going on here? My curiosity had gotten the best of me. Had my favorite non-televised talk show gone non-teleangelical? Was this the ultimate sycophantic butt-kiss?

Then I learned that the co-hostess Nun wasn't from the local order of the Mother Teresa variety of nuns, often seen saying the rosary quietly in small groups while waiting for the J-Church, but rather a nun of a different nature, the one and only Sister Roma of the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, often seen kneeling at the Altar of Urinal in the back of a dark SOMA queer bar, saying something unintelligible. Even nuns shouldn't talk with their mouths full. Roma is, as far as nuns go, a real ball of fire and

arguably the filthiest nun alive, so when I heard she was co-hosting Joan's show, I knew that my worries were unfounded. There had definitely been no soul-changing intervention, divine or substance-wise, and I could expect the good old blasphemous, honest, radical, pro-drug, tell-it-like-it-is tone I've grown to expect from Late Night with Joan Jett Blakk, the best television not on television. In fact, a church hosting this event almost assured a double dose of blasphemy if you know what I mean.

There's nothing that would have made me or my friend Jerry believe that come Saturday night at 10 pm, we'd be sweating like whores in church, sitting in a church on that warm summer evening, but we were. We chose a pew near an open window and began thumbing through the hymnals and watching people arrive and noting the odd response of being in a church for this event as it registered on the faces as they entered. As I anticipated, the show got off to a late start, as it was announced that Sister Roma was still waiting for a cab. This left Joan to open the show solo, muttering something about Roma being the only queen she knows who runs later than herself. Joan looked lovely in a conservative pant jacket and blouse ensemble, fresh off the campaign trail no doubt, and since that election is over, wouldn't it be nice to see her in some flashier, less Oprah-like outfits? I'm not ragging on the wardrobe, I just think Joan should let her inner party girl live it up a bit. I've seen her in sequins.

Joan got the show started right away with getting a few beefs off her chest as usual, her witty candor and impeccable sense of timing and that immediate rapport she develops with an audience all falling into place in that way that keeps the crowds coming back. Joan Jett Blakk talks to the people and the people invariably think, "She's one of us."

A door slammed shut in the back of the church, and in a whoosh of purple feathers and motion through the darkened lobby, Sister Roma appeared, making her late entrance at the back of the hall, all heads turning away from the stage and to her, a towering monument of rage, beauty and habit. Screaming, "Boycott Yellow Cab forever," and wearing higher platforms than I've ever seen her in, the nun knows how to make an entrance.

In spite of the fact that the evening's scheduled guests, whoever they were, canceled, leaving the lineup of luminaries very thin and slightly impromptu (an interview with the show's producer and producer of Castro Cabaret, Tom Avicelli Mecca, and an artist known as 777 showing his varied artworks) that certain Jett Blakk

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Joan Jett Blakk...

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enthusiasm and full menu of varietal belly laughs was effortlessly dished up. The chemistry between Roma and Joan was grand, and a great reason to look forward to the monthly installments of this show. Towering over the hostess who wore a sensible height of heel, Roma started things out by reading a lovely poem with lots of perfect rhymes, all about Joan, and it was mostly affectionate and sweet. Joan was touched and gracious. With all that out of the way the duo went into pure sizzling bitch mode, not so much to each other but more just zinging one barb after another at the world and life as they see it.

And the language! I thought maybe someone might be struck dead right there by God for all the profanities flying about this place of worship, but when someone brought up that possibility, Roma said not to worry. "I'm a nun; it won't happen." Another illumination in the religious department from Roma came later when the Catholic concept of the Lord dying on the cross for our sins and the Lord suffering for us came up. She quickly responded with, "I like that part, so-

PHOTO BY MARC GELLER



Image is everything

meone suffering for me. I hate suffering and don't want to do it, so if someone says they'll suffer for me, I'll say great, go ahead, knock yourself out so I don't have to."

When she wasn't highlighting the word of God for the parts she liked, Roma explained how to get a cab ride for a mere handjob and a beautiful smile. "Ruin these lips when I'm in full face? I don't think so!" Apparent-

ly some rituals really are sacred for Sister Roma, certain acts are reserved for certain altars, and faces stripped of makeup, not a trace.

Whenever the conversation turns to subjects of a sexual nature, Joan rolls with it comfortably, but if it is about her personally, she'll change that subject right away. That night she curtailed it all with the statement, "I was an out Gay for ten years before I even knew there was sex in it too." Roma, on the other hand, will ask for specifics in inches at the mere mention of a hard-on from any guest. She said she had been watching all the daytime talk shows to brush up on the basic techniques and she said she thought Jenny Jones had inspired her most for asking things the people really want to hear about. She's right, ya know, people really do want to know "How big was it?" but they're just too shy to ask themselves.

Joan yet again plugged her fledgling firearm collective, the G.R.A.—The Gay Rifle Association—and unveiled her visual plans for their logo, a sort of mock-up of the logo used by the N.R.A. with a different color scheme and a different motto in Latin at the bottom. I love the idea of a queer gun club, but I think it's high time we get her to a real firing range and make a marksqueen out of her, out of all the homosexuals ready

to pump things full of lead. I can't tell you just how many closeted queer gun owners I know, but the numbers might shock you, and most of them are dykes, as it should be.

At one point I heard something in their rapid-fire bantering that made me sit back and consider what must be the quickly growing Jett Blakk Enterprises Inc., because I heard Roma mention riding in the private Joan Jett Blakk jet black Jet like the true stars they are.

A certain star quality was quite apparent and electric about these two humanitarian wits paired up on stage. My friend Jerry woofed one time and whistled sporadically throughout their show, an equivalent to the toniest of thumbs up from the haughtiest of critics from PBS to the porn film reviews in *Hustler* magazine. In spite of some minor last-minute cancellations, Late Night with Joan Jett Blakk was a success, a good time, and a fine example of "no hidden meaning" entertainment. These are all good reasons to watch your local listings for details on next month's show and be there. Rumour has it that I'm to be invited back as a guest in the future. That would be fun, kind of like Battle of the Fag Rag Columnists! I'm gonna start my rigorous training regime now. It's more than a show; it's a chance to be naughty in church. ▼