

jodie harsh's

guide to NYC after dark

When London scene treasure Jodie Harsh hit New York's nightclub scene, who knew it wouldn't have the balls to hit her right back? Here's a diary of the debauchery. Feel free to take notes.

I agree with Madonna. New York is loveable, especially the nightlife. The city has in its day thrown some incredible parties (Studio 54, anyone?), then came the bastard Mayor Giuliani to shut down most places worth going to. That's when bar culture took over.

A few of these places are still rocking, such as **The Cock**, a downtown institution where you can see hot (gay-for-pay) podium boys show their wares for a buck or two nightly. Scissor Sisters' DJ Sammy Jo spins platters that matter on Saturdays and you're guaranteed not to go home alone. Just up the road, **Boysroom** is where wigga rapper Cazwell hosts **Go-Go Idol** on Saturday night. This is a fabulously sleazy smut-fest – I once witnessed an out-towner spread his hole and insert the neck of a beer bottle inside himself. You don't get that at Too2Much.

Thankfully, the dance club culture is slowly creeping back. You Vauxhall boys should head up to **The Roxy** in Chelsea, where you can rave shirtless till dawn to the sounds of house anthems, or **Bank** in the East Village, which

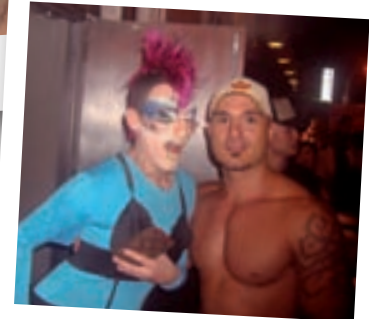
throws some faggy fun into what is otherwise a bohemian neighborhood. Fancy some chicken tonight? Well, Thursdays at Chelsea institution **Splash** are a coup of feathered fun at the college-themed party, where you can be 18 to play (oooh!) but still 21 to drink (spoilsports).

If you're more of a Soho snob/Shoreditch twat, you can lay your cards on having a good night wherever my BFF Amanda Lepore and her crew of new-wave club kids are hanging out. The most glamorous of club hosts (read:

those paid to show up to parties) are listed in HX and Next magazines, which can be picked up for free in Chelsea. Mention any of their names at the door and you'll almost always bag free entry. Put on a heavy English accent and say you're pals with me and they may even allow access to the Holy Grail of clubland – their complimentary bottle of Grey Goose Vodka. Grab a glass. The club legend that is



Me and Amanda Lepore



shenanigans while lounging on queen-sized beds with a Cosmopolitan and check out the huge tank filled with jellyfish. It's so Sex And

'It's so Sex and the City, I even picked up my own Mr. Big here'

Kenny Kenny throws some glamour on Tuesday nights with **Happy Valley**. The City's most glamorous chic freaks always show up for a spin around their handbags, and it's worth it for the photo opportunities alone. Amanda will always pout for a camera. Catch music maestro Larry T DJ'ing at **Distortion Disko**, at **Duvel** every Thursday. Observe dancefloor

The City, I even picked up my own Mr. Big here.

Everything happens quite late in the city that never sleeps, and it's rare for clubs to get busy before 12:30. If you're up for a late one, check out SoHo's **Mr. Black**, the latest hotspot in a place that chews up its trends and spits them out a few months later.

There's almost (but not quite) as much fun to have in New York as in London. Just don't forget your I.D. or to tip the barman a dollar or two, otherwise you risk witnessing some cunt NYC attitude. Oh, and if you can't stand my attitude... then you can F-off. Good ol' Madge.

