



Noir

Sometimes what you're not looking for, you get. In January of 06, at the Metropolitan Museum, I stood in a hallway looking at these photos: one was of this lesbian bar scene in Paris, the 1930s, with this silky-looking femme holding a cigarette, blowing smoke rings at this guy who had her knee in one hand and his thick arm around her neck, clueless about what was to happen to him.

You see, sitting across the table was the femme's butch lover—large—in pinstriped suit and tie, whose face told it all: she was taking it all in, and didn't like what she was seeing, not one bit. The photo caption told the rest: she cut the guy open like a melon and did hard time for it.