
March 5, 2000

A NIGHT OUT WITH: Holly Woodlawn; Talking 'Trash'

By LINDA LEE

BORN Harold Danhaki, 1946. Transformed into Holly Woodlawn in 1969, when Andy Warhol asked for a last name. "We were watching this episode of 'I Love Lucy,' " she said, "and behind her was this sign on the No. 4 train, 'Woodlawn,' and we said: 'That's it. Holly . . . Wood. Holly Woodlawn.'"

She became the scene-stealing transvestite in Paul Morrissey's "Trash." Now, the movie, and Holly, are being rolled out for a 30th-anniversary appearance. ("Trash" opens March 17 at the Quad Cinema, and in Los Angeles.)

Women of the 60's who complained that Holly looked better than they did, please note: She still does. Or at least like the most glamorous size 10 at the P.T.A.

Thursday morning, in from her home in West Hollywood, Calif., she had visited her plastic surgeon for a consultation. "I had my eyes done -- now we need a little work here," she said, gesturing to some poochiness around the jawline.

Thursday found her at Bloomingdale's, all man, in a camel's hair jacket, khakis, yellow sweater and fedora for an early lunch at Le Train Bleu with Karin Lefler, in from San Francisco, who runs the Web site hollywoodlawn.com. "She's very preppy," Ms. Lefler said. "You could take her to Harvard."

Holly said: "I'd be very good in J. Crew. It's timeless, comfortable."

Thursday night found her wearing a bugle-beaded red cocktail dress under a mink coat to the drag club Lips on Bank Street in the Village. At her table were Ms. Lefler and Steve Bocks, a clothing designer, who met Holly 21 years ago.

And there was Georges Piette, a construction consultant from Brooklyn and her host in New York. They met 20 years ago, when "we were young and flawless," Holly said.

One subject at the table was sex. "I have a boyfriend who's married with two children," Holly said, as a very large version of Diana Ross came by to ask for an autograph. "I see him once a week. You have a life, he has a life. It works."

Smoking. (She gave it up a month ago.) "My plastic surgeon said: 'Quit smoking. It ages you, and you don't heal well.' And you know, my lips were beginning to get those lines."

Sad nods around the table.

Drugs. "Everyone I know is in A.A., making up for those years of drugs," Holly said, sipping cranberry juice. "My drug-taking period was in my 20's. By the time Ecstasy came out, it was already too late for me."

Plastic surgery. "New York plastic surgeons are a lot better than the ones out West. I mean, my God, did you see Melanie Griffith? She has fish lips. Here there is more restraint, and less collagen."

The younger drag generation. "It only takes me an hour to do the whole thing. What's with these young girls who are so gorgeous and it takes them three hours? What are they doing in there?"

And sex again. "When I was in my 20's, I never thought I'd be this old and having sex. But it's better, when I get it. It's quality, not quantity."

It was nearing midnight, and the last Cher had taken the stage. With the first advance screening the next night, sleep had its allure.

"We're civilized these days," Holly said. "I have to start doing yoga now."

And off they went, looking for a train named Woodlawn.

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