

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

The Pyramid, that club which has been through everything from Ethyl Eichelberger's interpretation of Scarlett O'Hara to Speed Metal Night to Dean Johnson's Rock and Roll Fag Bar, has changed its name (at least officially) to 101 Avenue A and gone 24-7-365 to the queer side of night life. With a different party each weeknight, Liz and Sydney found themselves wearing a path between their home and the club with the pink triangle on top.

SYDNEY:

"Fuck" night was great. No, I mean the party downstairs, Loris¹ Lesbian Luv Lounge. I got to meet Phranc.²

LIZ: I have never seen you turn into a puddle that quickly. Not that I wasn't speechless when I met her. I had some sort of attack of New-Kids-on-the-Block disease—"Oooh, she's so cute."

SYDNEY: I heard she was at Clit Club East, too.

LIZ: Where the go-go girls are caged and the other girls want to be?

SYDNEY: Julie and Jocelyn³ better watch out. Andrea Dworkin⁴ might show up and try to liberate the girls from their cages.

LIZ: Or at Temple, she could just shout down James Brown songs.

SYDNEY: He is truly a fierce deejay. Where else can you get serious, classic soul and still be surrounded by queers?

LIZ: Of course, you can go the Controversy and be surrounded by queers in examining robes smashing yolk-dyed eggs into the vagina of Kember Pfhaler.⁵ And then you're surrounded by eggshells. The people who brought you the "satanic"⁶ Disco Interruptus now do all the things they're just not at liberty to do at Roxy anymore.

SYDNEY: Yeah, like the guy who changed the lyrics to "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer" to a sordid tale of bestiality involving Santa Claus and the most famous reindeer of all.



Photo: Michael Wakefield

LIZ: No, I think the best part is when straight guys come in on the weekends, find out it's a gay club and start yammering about how there are women here. And the door people tell these misguided men that, yes, Virginia, the women are gay, too. And people wonder why we're invisible. ▼

NOTES:

1. Lori E. Seid, theater person and dyke about town.
2. Lesbian hero and clever, witty musician.
3. Proprietors of Clit Clubs, East and West.
4. Feminist, whose work in the anti-pornography campaign and book *Intercourse* has earned her the reputation of being anti-sex. If you have met her, it may become apparent why.
5. Lead Singer of the band Karen Black.
6. As called by rabid right-wing columnist Patrick Buchanan.



By LIZ TRACEY & SYDNEY POKORNY

induced sex party...They don't even have enough sense to get naked for intercourse...they just rub..."Justify My Frottage."

LIZ: I don't know what you're talking about. I have no idea what one would do under drug-induced hominess.

SYDNEY: Yeah, right.

LIZ: Besides, everybody in New York is talking about Gemini already.

SYDNEY: I'm so glad they came up with a drug that reproduces your astrological personality. They should just come and live with you—it would be so much cheaper.

LIZ: Funny. Maybe you should look for a new place to hang your many hats.

SYDNEY: Yeah, but have you ever met the guy who "invented" the drug?

LIZ: I don't think so. What's his name?

SYDNEY: Well, he actually has three names, depending on who he talks to.

LIZ: The chemistry student?

SYDNEY: He's also a bartender, and something else, like a construction worker or something.

LIZ: You're grasping at straws.

SYDNEY: Just think of it this way—it's like night clubs: You can say you are whatever you want to, but there's always something that gives you away, like the World.

LIZ: Oh, you mean the brand-new club with the same old violations?

SYDNEY: Yeah, the one **Dean Johnson** is going to reopen as an after-hours sex club.

LIZ: I'll believe that when I see it. Nobody needs two sex clubs that close together.

SYDNEY: What are you talking about?

LIZ: Nothing. It's just a rumor. ▼