

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

Each of us has woken up one morning to discover that, yes, the world has lost its collective mind, and you are the last bastion of good and/or common sense in a mass of billions. Was this a gradual process that you simply neglected to notice and that has now completed its insidious course, or did it truly happen in the course of one night—while you slept, the universe found bats in its belfry—and you ask yourself, "My God, what have I done?" Maybe you haven't ever felt like this, but Liz and Sydney have had a whole two weeks to ask these questions; and the answer lies (and lies and lies) therein.

LIZ: Going to the gym? Getting in shape for *Muscles on Wheels*,¹ are we?

SYDNEY: No, I thought I would just use my gym card to get the discount on admission for gym members. I guess they're trying to make us believe that Rollerdisco is another fitness fad like aerobics.

Liz: Yeah, well, you took enough aerobics classes to speak to that. There's something unsettling about *Hunks on Wheels*.

Sydney: Like no cute little aerobics instructor and an open bar. My gym had a juice bar—for good reason, I'm sure. I'm a bit frightened by drunk hunks on wheels.

Liz: Well, *Locomotion*² just celebrated their first anniversary without great physical damage.

Sydney: Although they promised us *Joan Rivers*, the anniversary show ended up being "Teenage Enema Nurses" with the *Fashion Patrol*.³ Now, I was too grossed out to hang around, but I later heard that during the show, the table collapsed, and the club kid playing the patient had chocolate syrup running all over his back.

Liz: Man, that reminds me of this party at Pyramid—drag-queen-shaving-cream-wrestling, or something equally painful.

Sydney: Oh, wasn't that in the *Loony Bin*? All I have to say is this: Finally somebody has the nerve to call a party what it really is.

Liz: Well, it is downstairs from Meat—which is exactly what it sounds like. And *Clit Club* is pretty accurate. I can't speak for *Titty City* yet—I can't even say it without blushing.

Sydney: Oh, please. You didn't even wince when that unnamable source, who shall remain anonymous, told us about "Truth or Dare."⁴

Liz: Yes, well, some of us can discuss masturbation without hiding in a corner. Of course, the thought of watching *Madonna* actually doing it on a 20-foot screen is pretty awe-inspiring.

Sydney: I'm not going to touch that last



POUNDING THE BEAT: FASHION PATROL

Sydney: I just finished reading *Mick Fleetwood's*⁵ book, and he inadvertently outs *Stevie Nicks*—stop laughing, Liz.

Liz: I wouldn't laugh at Stevie. I wouldn't want to wake up with wolfbane in my underwear or anything. How did he manage to out her by mistake, though?

Sydney: Well, he didn't say she was a lesbian, but...in short, Mick Fleetwood married Stevie's girlfriend, Sara, so she didn't talk to him for a year. Then she wrote a song about their breakup called "Sara," and when she checked into the *Betty Ford Clinic*, she used the name Sara, one of the many names she was using during that time.

Liz: How many names was she using? I think somebody should out her as being as flaky as a pie crust. Be careful, Stevie, someday you may whirl right off the stage into the abyss.

Sydney: Well, actually she did whirl right off the stage once. That was right before she checked into *Betty Ford*. I guess you could say that was an abyss.

Liz: I rest my case. Speaking of the abyss, what's *Michael Alig* up to these days?

Sydney: Gee, funny you asked, but he is promoting this thing on Saturday nights called *Shampoo*.⁶ And I think he still promotes that *Groove Thing*⁷ party on the same night.

Liz: Wait, *Groove Thing* is *Keoki* and *Larry Tee's* party. But isn't Larry the deejay at *Locomotion*?

Sydney: This is a recession, and I guess even club people have to take two jobs to make ends meet.

Liz: Yes, but it takes a special sort of person to revel in the excess of the '80s two years too late, and that person is *Sebastian Jr.* Maybe

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SYDNEY POKORNY**

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he's too young to remember the '80s, but his new party is called *Luxury*.⁸ He said it will be a *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* for the New York club scene.

Sydney: All this makes me wonder what the hell I am doing with my life. Sometimes I sit in a club and really think about getting out, and then I see something like **Susan Anton**⁹ licking **Michael Musto's** shoe while **Andy Anderson**¹⁰ spins "Free To Be You and Me," and I know that everything is going to be OK.

Liz: Yeah, right, whatever you say...▼

NOTES:

1. New Tuesday night gay and lesbian skating party promoted by John Blair, from Studio 54's heyday.

2. The Saturday night Roxy party thrown by **David Leigh** and **Lee Chappell**.

3. Drag queen duo named **Brenda** and **Brandywine** and not known for displays of good taste.

4. Madonna's pseudo-documentary, rumored to be released in the spring of 1991.

5. *My Life and Adventures in Fleetwood Mac*.

6. At the newly redecorated **Limelight**.

7. At the hardly decorated **Building**.

8. Tuesday nights at **Rex**.

9. The club kid, not the actress.

10. Deejay who plays all those things no one else will (or should)—like five **Pat Benatar** and four **Sheena Easton** songs back-to-back.