

# OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

*There are critical moments in one's life—meeting someone, or reading a book that changes your life (as if this were possible), or a sudden realization which reveals the true nature of something to you. James Joyce called these moments epiphanies—and very often these moments are caused by a particular person—in Liz's case, her mother. The occasion of her last phone call gave cause for a rather disturbing, yet small, epiphany—or an epiphanette, if you will.*

**LIZ:** Sydney, I have to quit the column. My mother just started crying when she read the part about Madonna masturbating. She's afraid my grandmother will read it—since we're national. My aunt will buy it and leave it on a table just to get me in trouble. I can't write this column, I can't live this life...

**SYDNEY:** What? You told me your mother used to make breakfast for your overnight tricks, the ones you brought to your house, anyway. I don't see how she could be upset about Madonna masturbating and besides, I would think that if Madonna can hold her head high at family reunions, then you have little to be afraid of. Let's face it: You haven't grabbed your crotch on national TV lately, have you? Surely we can think of something other than Madonna to talk about. I'm getting really tired of her.

**Liz:** The breakfast thing was a private family matter. I wasn't writing about my loose morals for everyone and their high school English teacher to read about then. She just made me realize that we spend our nights watching people whip each other, and themselves, to house music and call it entertainment.

**Sydney:** Oh god, you mean the go-go boy at More<sup>1</sup>? He's the new club star. After that bare-bottomed club kid spanked him during the Hunt Man competition, all anyone can talk about is how much he likes to be whipped. And to think I voted for him out of pity...



**Liz:** You fool, if he is such a masochist then he was probably happy to lose.

**Sydney:** OK, so I'm naive, but I certainly didn't ask Sal Piro<sup>2</sup> to enter the competition and take off his little Dr. Frankenfurter outfit.

**Liz:** I liked Shampoo<sup>3</sup>. There's a nice, wholesome club.

**Sydney:** Wholesome? The whole thing is like Pee Wee's Playhouse on Acid. You don't pack a bag for that kind of trip. I probably shouldn't admit this, but my idea of a good time is sitting on the swing lip-synching "Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves."

**Liz:** Yeah, but the problem with the club is simply that the rooms are small and intimate enough that if you get there before anyone else, no one will come in while you're in there. And then you get mad when somebody comes in and breaks the living room ambience you've created. Or else they just think you're hosting a

party and start hitting you up for drink tickets.

**Sydney:** I wish I was hosting the party. Then I could have walked through the door and into the library. Instead, I had to go all the way down and into the main club through all those hairsprayed big-hair types to get to Chauncey and Mykul Tronn's party<sup>4</sup> that was just in the next room.

**Liz:** Oh, poor baby. I thought you liked those big-hair types, Sydney.

**Sydney:** Anyway...at least you know they're girls. The real scary part is that everyone was talking about how obnoxious that security guard was. In fact, it was all anyone could talk about. I mean, he's a total star now and for what? Being a nightmare.

**Liz:** How novel. But that's how people become "celebrities" on the club scene—the more people you annoy, the more they remember you. Some people actually coast for years on the skills they have developed for annoying people. You should actually last forever then.

**Sydney:** I'm not annoying, I'm just misunderstood. Besides, there are many more

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people heading that list—can you believe that **Michael Alig** and **Keoki** celebrated their fifth anniversary as a couple.

**Liz:** A couple of what?

**Sydney:** Now, now....I mean five years on the club scene is like a 50th wedding anniversary in real life.

**Liz:** One club year is equal to seven human years. No, wait, that's dog years. Silly me. I hope if I am ever blessed enough, I will choose to spend my fifth anniversary as they did.

**Sydney:** You mean an intimate dinner for 200 where social graces means that its OK to throw your lukewarm french fries on the person sitting next to you and a boy in five-inch heels walks down the middle of the table pouring wine into your glass and onto your plate?

**Liz:** Something like that. Maybe without the boy. But all of this forces me to ask a question: When was the moment that made you know that you belonged in nightlife? That this was where you were happy?

**Sydney:** When **Kitty Boots**<sup>5</sup>, patent-leather stilletos and all, walked on top of a go-go boy, and I saw that the other dancer was jealously flogging himself with his studded leather belt, just waiting for his turn with Miss Kitty.

**Liz:** That's Mistress Boots, if you're nasty. I'm sure **Doris Kloster**<sup>6</sup> was very happy with her birthday performance, don't you think?

**Sydney:** Yes, but did her mother make breakfast for them? ▼

Notes:

1. One of two gay nights—Thursday's "More Men" is beefcake night, where even the drag show has muscle; Sunday's includes more lesbians, svelte drag queens and the It Twins.

2. President of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* Fan Club and gets more press for no reason.

3. Renovated back of Limelight consisting of nine rooms organized loosely on an "Alice in Wonderland" theme. Home to gay Friday night party "Mea Culpa" and a Thursday party called "The Altered States of Consciousness." Aldous Huxley would be proud.

4. "Funk, Inc."

5. Member of the House of Domination. Need we say more?

6. Editrix of *Fad* magazine.