

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

There comes a time in your life when you realize that being surrounded by pallid drug-crazed 17-year-old sex maniacs who think that the primary colors begin and end with metallic fuchsia, chartreuse and magenta was not what your parents had in mind when they said "get a life." Whatever glamour you once found in this self-centered, self-referential world has just washed down the drain with the last bit of glitter you just shampooed out of your hair. In frustration, you scream, "Where do all the normal, real people go?" and head out hoping to find someone who talks about anything but the party they are throwing next week.

But of course, you get there and realize that normal, real people are just as sex-crazed and drug-abusing as the 17-year-olds, it's just that they're not wearing three dresses and a flower pot on their head. And that they are as celebrity-crazed among their own circles as club land is with itself. Mulling over these issues, Liz and Sydney sit amidst a washer-and-dryer set, fully functional, with a dozen other people at Shampoo, the Tuesday night fête at Limglight.

LIZ: I think this trend toward "realism" in night life has gotten out of hand—first the Outlaw Party, now this.

SYDNEY: I'm not sure what you mean, but I guess you're complaining about the two-block subway ride we had to endure at the Outlaw Party.

Liz: The subway ride wasn't that bad, although being the only two people who paid for tokens irked me some. But the really unendurable part was the crowd on the platform before someone had the bright idea to actually get on the train. I was sure that Clara the Carefree Chicken would lose her balance, fall to the tracks and die among burnt feathers.

Sydney: And then it would have turned into a barbecue. No, the only part I hated was when we were trapped at the Third Avenue stop because someone pulled the cord.

Liz: Jesus, four ambulances and 12 police cars—they should send the bill to Limglight.

Sydney: Well, I think they probably have



VINCENT DOES HIS LAUNDRY AT SHAMPOO

aren't too close to his heart.

Liz: This is too ridiculous—there has to be a better way.

Sydney: Well, how about the Testosterone?

Liz: Now, that's closer to my idea of a party—too bad there aren't any girls. Guys can go out almost every night of the week and find a legitimate nightclub with a backroom to satisfy their needs.

Sydney: Well, the closest thing to that for lesbians is the Clit Club—where I heard that the Leather Love Party featured a real S/M scene.

Liz: Or the DARE² benefit that had erotic photos and lots of girls talking about sex. They had a really great turnout.

Sydney: Stop thinking with your libido.

Liz: I meant, in numbers. But they were cute, too.

Sydney: I wouldn't be surprised if you opened a backroom in your bedroom.

Liz: I don't have one. I'll tell you though, the Bank has the best basement for that sort of thing.

Sydney: Yeah, unfortunately you'll have to wait because they were closed down by the cops for some dumb violation like too many light bulbs or something.

Liz: The opening party was super—though I wouldn't have called it a "mixed" night. I've seen more straight people at Crazy Nanny's. If the opening is any indication—it's worth the wait.

See LIZ & SYDNEY on page 88



By LIZ TRACEY & SYDNEY POKORNY

LIZ & SYDNEY

Continued from page 53

Sydney: The thing that I like best about places like the Bank, More or Sound Factory is that people have the best gossip about real celebrities—not just about themselves. At the Bank, my friend told me that his sister claims that **Ivana Trump** tried to pick her up at a business meeting.

Liz: *She's not a lesbian—what about Donald and the kids?*

Sydney: Have you ever heard of bisexuality? And besides, didn't it make you wonder when **Liz Smith** and **Martina Navratilova** sided with her against Donald?

Liz: Well, not really—I mean, everyone should wish **Donald Trump** some misfortune. But whose side was **Helen Reddy** on?

Sydney: What? *She's not a lesbian.* Just because she sang "I Am Woman" doesn't mean she wants one. But I heard a rumor about that other Australian pop star.

Liz: Which one—**Michael Hutchence**?

Sydney: No, the same guy told me that **Olivia Newton-John** and **Christie Brinkley** had an affair before either one was married.

Liz: Ooh...fun Down Under. But, tell me something, Sydney. Now that you've exposed me for the sex-crazed 24-year-old that I truly am—what's your idea of a good party?

Sydney: I go out for the music. Which, I know, puts you to sleep—like the time you actually fell asleep at Sound Factory.

Liz: I wasn't the only person sleeping, I was just the only person not crashing off of a coke high.

Sydney: Yes, but now it is the *new* Sound Factory, and I guarantee you will never fall asleep with **Frankie Knuckles** playing. That is, if you ever go back there with me.

Liz: Some of us have day jobs.

Sydney: Then there is always More Men with deejay **Tommi Richardson**—a lightweight version of Frankie Knuckles.

Liz: I'll just curl up here while you do another load (*she indicates the washer-and-dryer set*). Is there room in there for my socks? ▼

Notes:

1. Self-described "pit bull," creative director of Limelight.
2. Dyke art-collective.