

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

The Pet Shop Boys, terminally bored shopping monsters, were in town last week to perform in their New York debut at Radio City Music Hall. Ambivalent and lacking tickets, Liz and Sydney did not attend the concert, which some reviewers called "self-indulgent" and "cold," but did go to the party held at the Building in the group's honor. On what was one of the hottest nights of the year, we join our columnists perspiring...

LIZ: If this is a party for the **Pet Shop Boys**, why are there so many awful straight people here?

SYDNEY: They're "industry" people, they work for record companies. Call them what you like.

Liz: Do you think they have any clue as to what all these young men in hot pants and T-shirts are doing here?

Sydney: No. Look at them dancing, though. People have said ignorance is bliss, and they look pretty blissed out.

Liz: I think we should go look for the **Pet Shop People**.

Sydney: Lead the way.

Liz: Oh, look, it's **Larry Tee** and **Keoki**...and the same five people we always see. I bet the **Pet Shop Boys** won't even show up!

Sydney: Remember the last time we were in this room? It was the party for **Wolf Remsen**¹ last Thursday, and **Quentin Crisp** was sitting right under his own photograph—in the same outfit, no less.

Liz: Did you see the hatchet job he did on *Paris Is Burning* in the *Sunday Times*?

Sydney: For someone who said he didn't like the bitchiness of the **House Balls**, he threw more shade than any one of the **Ball Queens**.

Liz: That was nothing. Last Saturday, **Whitney Houston** got read so hard she probably has bruises. And that's a feat, considering **Escuelita's**² 15 miles from her house in New Jersey.

Sydney: Sometimes I worry that I'm too jaded, that nothing will ever amuse me again, and then I see a 300-pound drag queen in a gold sequin dress lip-synch the "Desert Storm" remix of the National Anthem, and I

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Sydney: Isn't that just the butch/femme couple from hell?

Liz: I don't know about hell, exactly, but the butch/femme revival seems to have found a home on the West Side Highway.

Sydney: I hope you mean **Stingray's**⁶—unless there's an open-air lesbian bazaar I don't know about. Butch/femme couples were certainly in season for the girls. The boys were another story...

Liz: Yes, well, considering the patrons were a little on the young side, I would just keep away from those girls, missy. Unless you want to be called "Chicken Little" for the rest of your days.

Sydney: Takes one to know one....Some of those girls had the fiercest clothes.

Liz: Well, now that they've renovated, you can't just show up in any old thing.

Sydney: Yeah, and it's not just at **Stingray's**—I mean, that girl who handed you the invite at **Visions**⁷ looked fly! There's hope for the future of the **Lesbian Nation**.

Liz: You know, these are the people that all the "fabulous" clubs in New York are trying to keep out, and, in the end, the only people losing are the ones too stupid to see past their prejudice.

Sydney: I know, I can only think of two parties, **S'More**⁸ and **Panty Girdles**⁹ that come close to being racially mixed.

Liz: Wait a minute. What about **Shelter**¹⁰ or **Sound Factory**?

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**By LIZ TRACEY &
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LIZ & SYDNEY

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Sydney: Those are clubs, not parties.

Liz: Shelter is the best thing that ever happened to Quick!—I haven't had that much fun with that many people without being confronted with a bunch of nightmares in a very long time. It's a good reason to stay up late on Saturday night.

Sydney: I don't even know who the deejay was, but the music was unbelievable—they played old Chicago House music. I was at one with the guy who was dancing wildly on top of the speaker.

Liz: Look, isn't that **Bruce Weber**?

Sydney: Do you know that you are sitting next to **Eartha Kitt**?

Liz: You mean Cat Woman?

Sydney: Ask her to meow.

Liz: (*Dumbstruck*) Uh...uh...I can't. She's leaning on my lap.

Sydney: Oh, no, it's **Robin Byrd** again. Uh-oh, she's going to sit in your lap.

Liz: What am I, a magnet for women tonight?

Sydney: A legend in her own mind. ▼

NOTES

1. Photographer working on an extensive project documenting transvestites, transsexuals and drag queens, currently exhibited as *Extraordinary Women*.

2. Latin drag club located in the Times Square area. Tradition states that we cannot supply you with the address.

3. Played **Ellie May Clampett** on *The Beverly Hillbillies* and recent recipient of the First Annual Limelight Nightlife Award.

4. Drag queen of size. See above.

5. Played by the late **Nancy Culp**, a one-time congressional candidate and alleged full-time lesbian.

6. Formerly the **Doo-Wop Club**. A lesbian operated, primarily Latin dance club.

7. Sunday night party at the Warehouse (formerly **Hot Rod**) at 27th Street and 11th Avenue. Features deejay **Robert Owens**, for whose album the party is named. Mixed (gay/lesbian), mostly younger people of color.

8. Saturday night party at **More** with deejays **Dmitry** and **Towa Towa** of **Deee-Lite**. Mixed (gay/straight) and racially diverse crowd.

9. Yes, those crazy queens are back! You can find **Kenny Kenny**, **Bella Bolski** and **Sister Dimension** Thursdays at the **Building**.

10. Mostly **Black**, almost completely gay members-only club in the place that was most recently **Quick!**. Modeled on the **Paradise Garage** and rumored to be the site of the post-premiere party for **Madonna's** film *Truth or Dare*.