

Out on the Town



With Liz and Sydney

by Liz Tracey and Sydney Pokorny

Sydney: Retro madness? Perhaps, but the hippest lesbian thing this side of **Barbara Stanwyck** is **Jenny's** newly revived **Girl Bar**. Lots of energetic dykes in "Lesbian Seagull Discovered" T-shirts and leather emcee jackets, *OutWeek* staff members and one woman named **Susan** who jumps on stage and performs her rendition of voguing to **Madonna's** *Vogue* at midnight—just a few of the highlights at this incarnation of **Girl Bar** at the **Pyramid**.

Liz: A new night for women began last week at the *new* **Lismar Lounge** (*new* — meaning you can see the floor, and it actually looks very nice). Tuesdays are **Love Shack** night. The DJ plays alternative music *a k a* early, '80s **New Wave Music**. The pool table is always busy, the women are all pool sharks and drinks are cheap. "Everybody's movin', Everybody's groovin', baby..." Last Monday saw the **Roxy** host a benefit for **DIFFA** (Design Industry Foundation for AIDS).

Rockshots (a poster/greeting card company whose models hold either universal appeal or universal repulsion: Large, beefy men with bi-level haircuts and large-breasted women in string bikinis) presented their models for ogling, and a stripper show that held an audience captive with favorites like "Greased Lightning" and "I Need a Hero." Despite all appearances to the contrary, the announcer for the revue insisted this was for "the ladies in the house" (!), even when the only people yelling any encouragement were **Richard Move** (*a k a* Mr. YoYo) and his friend (Where's the skin?). The announcer was reduced to yelling, "What do you want him to do?" Put his clothes back on, most likely. After the strippers, **Miss Glammamore** gave a performance as a female **Elvis** that in three minutes made up for the arduous beef jerky before it.

Sydney: The **Choice** may be padlocked by the **City Disco Task Force**, but its legendary DJ's are not forsaken. **Larry Levan** showed up unannounced one Friday at **Quick!** and played until

5 am. Somewhere around 4:00, **Quick!** began to look like the **Choice** with half the crowd slumped on stools, dance floors, or any relatively clean, dry spot, while the other half flailed wildly. As for me, well, somewhere around 4:25, I had a transcendent moment on the dance floor. As for **Liz**, she was sound asleep on a bar stool. Old habits die hard.

The **House of Ecstasy's** "Affluence Ball" at **Red Zone** was an exercise in artifice, pomp and many circumstances (as with every ball, controversy reigned supreme). The **Choice** and DJ **Richard Vasquez** co-hosted the ball with an invitation that read: "While we are in X-ile,

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why not X-periment with the **House of X-tacy?** **Princess Diandra**, the housemother, opened the ball by lip-syncing "My House" from the latest and least-greatest **Diana Ross** product, *Working Overtime*. **Liz**, a member of the house, walked as an X-ample of a "gay momma." Winners were given a bottle of **Moet**, a silver goblet and a silver dollar sign and, perhaps fittingly, the **House of X-travaganza** collected the most \$\$\$.

Publicity stuntress **YoYo Disco** brought new life to "over-ness" as she impersonated **Lady Godiva**—wearing nothing but a billowing white wig. She sat topless atop a large, white (real) horse and blew away the other contestants in the *femme fatale* category. One shocking moment came when **Codie Field** (*a k a* **Ravio**) appeared topless as runaway legend **Edie Sedgwick**. After which, illustrator **Alvaro X-travaganza** and father of the **House of Field, Patricia**, fought tooth-and-nail about a run in a runway "model's" stocking. This led former **Fag Bar** go-go boy **Derrick Ecstasy** to remark, "It's outside we are persecuted,

so we shouldn't fight between ourselves in here."

Liz: Sunday at **Mars** saw some shockers—**Lolitta Holloway** atrociously lip-syncing her song (?) "Ride on Time," then telling the audience, "Honey, if you thought that was bad, that's what I thought the first time I saw that girl sing my song." Upstairs on the third floor, many a thirsty soul was sent packing when they learned **Robi**, drag queen, (celebu) bartender, actress and foundation-garment worshipper, was no longer employed by **Mars**. The reason? The ownership says she gave out too many drinks. Judging for ourselves, it may have been the quantity of alcohol per drink that caused the infamous

Red Devil hangovers. She says that other job offers are being entertained— we're honestly pleased to hear this, as we know openings for transvestite bartenders don't just come screaming around the corner every day.

It's more than unfortunate that a higher profit margin has proven more important than a great bartender with personality (and a following).

Sydney: **Robi** said that she was never warned by the management that a problem existed—until she was fired. **Robi** announced on stage at **Mars** that the real reason for her firing was that she worked for **Larry Tee** at **La Palace** on a Friday night. And formerly unreliable performer **Grace Jones** has had a perfect attendance record for her last three N.Y. engagements. The most recent at **La Palace De Beaute** was probably due to the positive force of host **Larry Tee** who crossed his fingers all night long.

Liz: I would like to apologize to the women of **Doll Bar**, which I inadvertently placed weekly at **Limelight**. In fact, it is Thursdays at the **Michael Todd Room**. **Sydney** usually checks our facts—but she was in **Atlanta**. She's promised not to go away anymore.

Sydney: Also moving to the **Michael Todd Room** on first-of-the-month Saturday nights is **Her Planet**, which left **Mars** over a dispute about door policies. ▼