

Out on the Town



With Liz and Sydney

by Liz Tracey and Sydney Pokorny

Liz and Sydney: five lesbian movies we would like to see:

1) *Lusty Librarian*. A specialist in Renaissance manuscripts by day, after hours our favorite New York Public Library-Ann drags attractive young women to the basement stacks, lets her hair down and has her way with them. They don't complain.

2) *Truck Drivin' Momma*. A beautiful femme Countess has a sex change, buys an 18-wheeler and, under the new identity, drives cross-country, picking up young female hitchhikers and leaving behind a trail of broken hearts.

3) *Beach Blanket Bingo*. Lesbians take over Fire Island, rename it "Long Island Lesbos," and create both a matriarchal culture centered on the Sun Goddess and new and unusual uses for tanning butter.

4) *Vampire Lust*. Dominatrix Katrina takes a new apprentice and promises eternal bliss; like *The Hunger* but nastier.

5) *Gretta Gropes Manhattan*. It's the year of the boob, and no woman is safe from the seductive grasp of a beguiling woman.

Sydney: It seems that more people are engaging in the relentless pursuit of fun these days. In fact, some people have told me that night life is almost as bizarre as it was in 1986, which, I have been told, was also a banner year. Since I wasn't around for 1986, I don't really know, but I can tell you that, after a winter of malaise, more clubs are open, and decisions about where to go are becoming more difficult. Along with more clubs comes another problem: People just are not where you think they are supposed to be—Club Roulette has begun! **Sister Dimension**—that fierce Southern drag queen DJ—left Roxy for La Palace de Beaute. Mother of the drag DJs,

the wacky and glamorous **Perfidia** joins tall blond bartendress **Robi** at La Palace. Finally, super lounge DJ **Andy Andersen** has picked up his **Helen Reddy** records and moved to Roxy. Andy deejays in the VIP room, and unfortunately his genius cannot be enjoyed by all. I suggest that you throw yourself at the feet of the VIP gatekeeper. Her name is **Pamela Toczek**. Yell 'Pamela!' and tell

her it is a life-threatening situation—you simply must hear *My Sbarona* by the **Knack**, or you will die!

Liz: At Roxy last Saturday night, word was spreading that **Baroness Sherry Von Korber-Bernstein** had remarked that she was quite fond of gay men but lesbians were another matter entirely. Baroness Sherry is a mature woman who has been touted as "the world's oldest club-kid," and often appears in tastefully appointed skirt suits with matching



IF YOU'VE SEEN ONE JAIMIE...

Jaimie and Jaimie Photo: Liz and Sydney

hats. Sydney and I couldn't let this go, so we enlisted our friends, **Amy** "I'll-do-any-thing-once" **DiPasquale** and go-go girl "Ultra" **Violet Walker**, to have a kiss-in only inches from the Baroness. She shrieked and hid her face in her hands. A few moments later, I asked her exactly what her problem was. She replied: "I don't know why it is that I don't like you...There really is no reason why, I just don't...But [photographer] **John Simone** thinks highly of you girls."

Sydney: In some sort of bitter irony, **Mollyhouse** at Roxy opened the Nunnery for lesbians in the very room where the "Sherry Incident" took place. *OutWeek's* music editor **Victoria Starr**, fresh from last week's **Monika Treut** party at Mars, displayed a dazzlingly eclectic range as she spun everything from **Sylvester** to the **Cure**, with **Madonna's Hanky Panky** falling some-

where in the middle. The Nunnery is billed as "a lesbian alternative-music chamber" where genres with the highly appealing *Clockwork Orange*-like labels "industrial," "gothic" and "techno-pop" are played. In reality, it is the skybox-like VIP room (on Sundays, the only VIPs are lesbians), where you are just as likely to hear "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun" as you are **Nitzer Ebb**. Hostesses **Jill Reiter** and **Jan Thompson**, in frock and habit for opening night, are young women to whom **Debbie Harry** was a teen idol and who obviously grew up worshipping **Nina Hagen**. Their goal: to create a space for women who like to hop, skip and jump on the dance floor and don't feel comfortable in the bump-and-grind disco culture. If you do like disco, Roxy has also added go-go girls on the main floor.

Liz: Many a time you'll be standing and watching a dance floor, when you'll be struck by the sight of two men in leather, maybe sequined shorts, motorcycle caps, having the best time of all. They're always together and always dancing. They're "the Jaimies," or "the leathersmen." I first met **Jaimie** and **Jaimie** out one Sunday night, and we struck up a conversation because of our similar dress. Don't let them fool you, though—the Jaimies are nothing but friendly. A recent Saturday, the taller Jaimie was spotted wearing a double-breasted electric-blue suit, which caused quite a stir. The besuited one remarked, "You don't have as much fun dressed like this." My thought exactly.

Sydney: **Ron Dobrin**, the controversial manager of the Pyramid, has left that club. The new Pyramid has a fresh coat of paint and features three gay and/or lesbian nights—**Jenny's Girl Bar**, the Gay Cabaret with **Mona Foot** and a new *My Comrade/Sister* night called **Channel 69** (or gay TV).

Liz and Sydney: Though we admire the journalistic integrity of the supermarket tabloid *Globe* (which describes itself as "fun...fascinating...factual"), we must correct one inaccuracy from last week's issue. The *Globe* wrote that we had recently implied that both **Whitney Houston** and **Taylor Dayne** are lesbians. The truth, if it must be known, is that Taylor—much to our dismay—is definitely not a sister. As for Whitney...▼