

Out on the Town



With Liz and Sydney

by Liz Tracey and Sydney Pokorny

Liz: Last Saturday's march against violence directed at gay men and lesbians only proved what I had suspected: Even with 1,200 people and a police presence, people still feel perfectly comfortable yelling "Faggots go home!" in *your* neighborhood and then walking straight into the crowd to hit you. It's important to know that a lot of bashings happen outside of bars and clubs—if you think that you are safe because you are not "militant" or "political," and the only queer things you do are in your bedroom and a club, think again. Bigots don't take the time to figure out who is closeted, quiet and willing not to make any trouble. All they see is a "fag" or a "dyke." If fighting for the right to leave your house without being beaten, raped or killed isn't important enough, maybe the right to go to a bar without a bunch of people in cars waiting for you at closing time is. People don't care what your orientation is, just what it seems to be. Enough said for right now.

Sydney: Station Manager **Linda Simpson** (better known as *My Comrade* editor **Les Simpson**) premiered the latest in gay and lesbian TV entertainment—Channel 69. While you can watch Channel 69 on the Gay Cable Network, I suggest that you see it live at Pyramid. You see, it is actually a party with deejay **Dany Johnson**—a weekly fund-raiser for that notorious fag and dyke rag, *My Comrade/Sister* magazine. Each week brings unsuspecting viewers a new gay and lesbian version of a popular TV show. Fortunately, the programming is not rated G. Opening night featured a racy version of *Gay Jeopardy*. Contestants—drag artist **Endive**, comic **Barbara Patterson Lloyd** and our own **Liz**—were stumped by this s-e-x question: "What do s/m, v/a and t/t stand for in personal ads?" Later in the evening, four contestants played a wacky card-game, "Strip-a-grama," a bit like strip poker, but the rules changed so often that everyone ended up in the buff behind the "get-naked, barrel." Bring a clean pair of underwear and join the fun.

Liz: The advertisement for the Men's Room, the Sunday night parties at the Building, names 57 varieties of men available for perusal there, including the infa-



Derek Neen shakes it at the Building

Photo: Liz and Sydney

mous "slut puppy." The Building (a.k.a. the Powerhouse) is enormous, a former power station with 60-foot ceilings and new, improved wire-mesh to prevent you and your drink from plummeting to the dance-floor below. The go-go boys are lighted like Greek statues, and while most museum pieces rarely wear leather bicep-cuffs, the dancers are well-chiseled works. The prices for drinks are reasonable and easily obtained (there are three bars in the Building). There are very few women, so if you're going with your male friends (or vice versa), you may want to bring your own.

Sydney: Just down the street from the infamous Sally's Hideaway—the house that drag built—is the newest den of iniquity—Zest. Your hosts, the always couture **Twins**, **Robert** and **Tim**, have filled the club with famous funky furniture—those upraised hand-shaped chairs I only remember from an episode of *The Odd Couple*—and, on opening night, a very diverse crowd: cute gay boys, youthful fashion-victims and older Eurotrash.

Liz: A change has come to the Cubby Hole: It "bent over" last week (their

words, not ours) and has become a men's bar. Do not despair, though—all you girls need only walk one block east and one block south to Crazy Nanny's (**Sydney:** "Their drink prices are so low that they're practically giving them away!") Not true, but I thought that it sounded nice.) It's a two-floor pastel place with the type of L.A. decor that **Sandra** and **Madonna** would feel right at home in. In fact, it's so big and has so many chairs compared to the old place that one may feel paranoid at the comfort available to patrons. Relax! Get used to it! It'll get crowded and overheated soon enough, and you'll feel right at home.

Sydney: N.Y.'s version of the International House of Pancakes, the Royal Canadian Pancake House, was the site of **Liz's** birthday dinner. As dinner guests were bewildered by the seemingly endless number of pancakes, waffles and french toasts, the topic of conversation was, of course, the press. **James St. James** played Professor Higgins as he recounted how he "built" MTV veejay **Lisa E.** Other guests, not part of the press, begged for mentions, and **Michael Musto**, a man known to quip early and often, joked, "I *made* **Bridget Fonda**." All taste was abandoned as we moved to Quick!, where **Chip Duckett** arranged for a special birthday surprise—a stripping birthday cake! The surprise: A **Sukhreet Gabel** look-alike who stripped, wound herself around **Liz's** face and then made her blow out candles taped to her nipples. It shocked not only **Liz** but also her brother, sister and aunt, who were on hand for the event. And just so you know, **Liz** asked me not to write this.

If you thought outing **Malcolm Forbes** was some dish, check out the new issue of *Project X!* As fact meets fantasy, the details of **Yo Yo** and **Liz Taylor's** "affair" are vividly described, **Michelangelo Signorile** is outed as a straight man involved with **Phyllis Diller** and the infamous love-chart documents the ins and outs of club lust.

It has been a bumpy ride for the Underground/La Palace de Beaute, and it looks as if there is no end in sight as rumors of defections and firings are flying like fur. Stay tuned for the latest in the club wars. ▼