

Out on the Town



With Liz and Sydney

by Liz Tracey and Sydney Pokorny

Sydney: Gay and Lesbian Pride 1990. Perhaps not accidentally, **Madonna's** final NY area appearances coincided with Pride Week. All weekend long, rumors that Madonna was going to be at this or that club were everywhere and sightings of her dancers were as numerous as UFO reports in the *National Enquirer*. On the final night of her NY stop, Madonna reportedly declared that that night's proceeds would be donated to AmFAR. "Keep It Together" was dedicated to late artist/activist Keith Haring, who was, in Madonna's words, "gay and had AIDS and would talk to anyone who would listen to him about it." People in the audience jeered and yelled "faggot" at the mention of Haring's name. A friend reported that Madonna went on to stun the audience as she spoke out in support of gays and lesbians by saying, "I assume that we all support each other's right to choose and pursue our own sexual orientation." Go girl!

The night before the parade was magical as gays and lesbians jammed nightclubs in almost unbelievable numbers. We were truly everywhere! The most fabulously empowering party of the Pride Weekend was Saturday night/Sunday morning at the Sound Factory. The club was crammed with sweaty, shirtless gay men, and deejay **Junior Vasquez** was truly amazing as he worked the crowd, mercilessly bringing us to frantic disco heights. More fun happened by as a girl in a pink-and-black polka dot minidress, matching pink slinky worn as a stole, and a glow-in-the-dark smiley face affixed to her chest wished us a happy Pride Day. Junior broke the music to announce Pride Day and ask for a moment of silence for our friends who have died of AIDS. Someone in the crowd yelled "Keep the pressure on," and pathos took over as Junior played **Miss Diana Ross'** "Missing You," only



PERFIDIA AND DEREK DO THE WILD THING SUNDAY AT THE OUTWEEK/ROXY GAY PRIDE PARTY
Photo: Liz and Sydney

to be followed by the empowering "Ain't No Stopping Us Now".

At Roxy, also filled with record numbers of gay people, drag queen **Robi Martin** substituted for real girl **Pamela Toczek** at the ropes of the SIP (Self/Semi Important Person—instead of VIP—since

there are very few celebrities) room for Pride Weekend. If it is possible to be born to pick people out of a crowd, Pamela has this unique genetic talent. She handles large crowds by reaching down and pulling you up the stairs. It kind of makes me feel, well, almost very important, kind of like **Courtney Cox** in **Bruce Springsteen's** "Dancing in the

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Michelangelo Signorile is on vacation. Gossip Watch will return next week.

Dark" video.

Liz: Sunday's Lesbian and Gay Pride Parade seemed bigger and better than before. Maybe it was because it was the first one I had ever watched, having always marched before. It's a hard habit to break—I kept wanting to jump in and walk down Fifth Avenue. Whether it was Gay Aquatics (in bathing caps wrapped in blue Saran Wrap doing the breast stroke down the avenue), or the Lesbian and Gay Witches and pagans—I would have marched with anyone: There's no feeling like the one you get queerly marching on a sunny Sunday morning (albeit a different one from marching on a Saturday night.)

The floats were inspired this year—favorites were the House of (David) Spada, with a bright blue monster on the hood of a winged car, The Imperial Court of New York's regal Rose Bowl Parade—quality procession and the Gay Dating Game Show. Instead of the flatbed truck that they expected, their float was an actual three-story-high truck, covered in Gay Dating Game posters. The show's hostess, **Lahoma Van Zandt**, and hosts **Tommy Sacli**, **David Dalrymple** and **Floyd danced on top of it**. My greatest fear was that while waving hello, one or more would catch their heel and plummet onto the avenue, thus becoming a casualty of good taste in shoes. Following close behind them, Transsexuals for Change confused me: Were they for the needed change in society's attitudes towards transsexuality? For gender-corrective (sex-change) surgery? Maybe both. The parade went on...and on. When we stepped off at 21st Street to walk with the youth-and-parent groups, we found ourselves in front of P-FLAG (Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays), one of whose members wore a sign reading "My Son Is Gay, and That's OK." One person marching with the Hetrick-Martin Institute turned and said, "It's not just OK—it's fabulous!" The father replied, "I think you're right." This particular contingent also found an innovative remedy for dealing with homophobic counter-demonstrators—singing "Jesus Loves Me" and drowning them out worked very well, thank you—and snapping at them in unison didn't hurt either.

(Hours later, after a nap)—Mars had a revolving 4-person door-staff on Sunday to handle the crowds. As we

arrived, **John Gilbert**, **Pamela Toczek**, **Pamela Sneed** and **Toni Senecal** were doing the eight-armed "Dance of Shiva," as the fireworks ended. Ten minutes later, hundreds of people were approaching the door—we tore upstairs to the roof, an exceedingly pleasant place when you're dehydrated, sun-burned and exhausted. We hear that deejay **Dinah** had planned her fireworks-accompanying soundtracks so well that as the last glittering faded over the benighted Hudson, so did "Over the Rainbow"—even *she* was surprised. That night set the second-best Mars attendance-record (the first was set *last* Gay Pride).

The *OutWeek*/Roxy party was packed with lots of fun and a few surprises. **Perfidia** has moved to the VIP room on Sundays to spin **Charo**, **Yma Sumac** and **Joey Heatherton**. But most surprising—we were told that there was one line "for the boys" (comp boys, specifically) and one for everyone else. We soon solved *that* problem.

Sydney: And you may ask, how did our weekend begin? We ushered in Pride Weekend Thursday night, as veteran club-kid **Mykul Tronn** celebrated his birthday with a dinner and party at La Palace de Beaute. The event, sponsored by *Nightlife Magazine* (if you have never heard of it, keep it that way!), featured hundreds of complimentary issues, one at each place setting, with a picture of the grotesque **Andrew Dice Clay** (no boldface for this idiot) on the cover. Guests found that they could not enjoy the Jamaican chicken knuckles or the lethal fruit cup drowned in 90-proof rum until they ripped the cover off the magazine. Dinner was accompanied by reggae music, and celebrity guests included—fresh from her *People* magazine feature—model-of-the-moment **Naomi Campbell** and dubious bunny-monger **Hugh Hefner**.

Liz: One final item, which admittedly has nothing to do with Pride, but I can't resist. Friday night at Quick! the rumors ran thick—Madonna was coming; Madonna's dancers were there; **Eddie Murphy** was there. Well, one out of three isn't bad, and when the party's called **Panty Girdles**, **Twisted Sister Murphy** shouldn't be far behind. He didn't stay for long, perhaps because a few people were questioning the "realness" of the woman accompanying him. ▼