

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

SYDNEY: I come back from vacation only to find that two startling new trends have taken the club scene by storm. The first and least disconcerting of the two: being "inned" at a club. Inning has nothing to do with baseball, it is more like a mini outlaw party or a party that happens *outside* the club. You see, the new place to be seen is not by the bar, but inside the ropes or chains (depending on the venue) in front of the night spot. The goal, just like an outlaw party, is to suck down as many drinks and dish as many people entering the club as is possible before the security staff and promoter ask you to move. The catch is, they don't throw you out—they show you *into* the club. Thus, you are inned. Test your status by timing the length of time you are permitted to stay outside—the longer you stay, the higher your rating.

The second trend is more of a public-service announcement. Since my return all of five days ago, I have been flooded by rumors about what has come to be known as the "Ecstasy controversy." Relax—before you think that I have anything to do with this, it seems that some people have been experiencing excessive hallucinogenic activity (which is excessive for Ecstasy) approximately two hours after ingesting the drug. It is widely speculated that the current crop of Ecstasy is cut with mescaline and/or acid. People have complained that in addition to the unexpected "trip," the high lasts longer than expected—some lasting as long as two days! Our advice: Ask if there is mescaline in the capsule when you buy it, find a buddy and, if you are taking multiple hits, allow at least two hours to check for hallucinations. Don't be alone, and don't be alarmed, you'll come down—eventually.

Michael Alig, New York's answer to Ripley's *Believe It or Not!* debuted his new Wednesday party, Disco 2000, at Limelight. A weekly theme party, the first installment was Disco Circus: The World of Human Oddities. The fest featured the PETA activist's nightmare—monkeys in tiny cages—and the Drug Enforcement Agency's nightmare—the human drug child (James



MICHAEL ALIG—at Disco 2000

the VIP room was crammed with club "luminaries" like the "original" girl-of-the-minute, **Dianne Brill**, most of the crowd filling the church-of-the-poisoned-mind was so young that they were more likely to call the Covenant House Nine Line than the Tool Line.

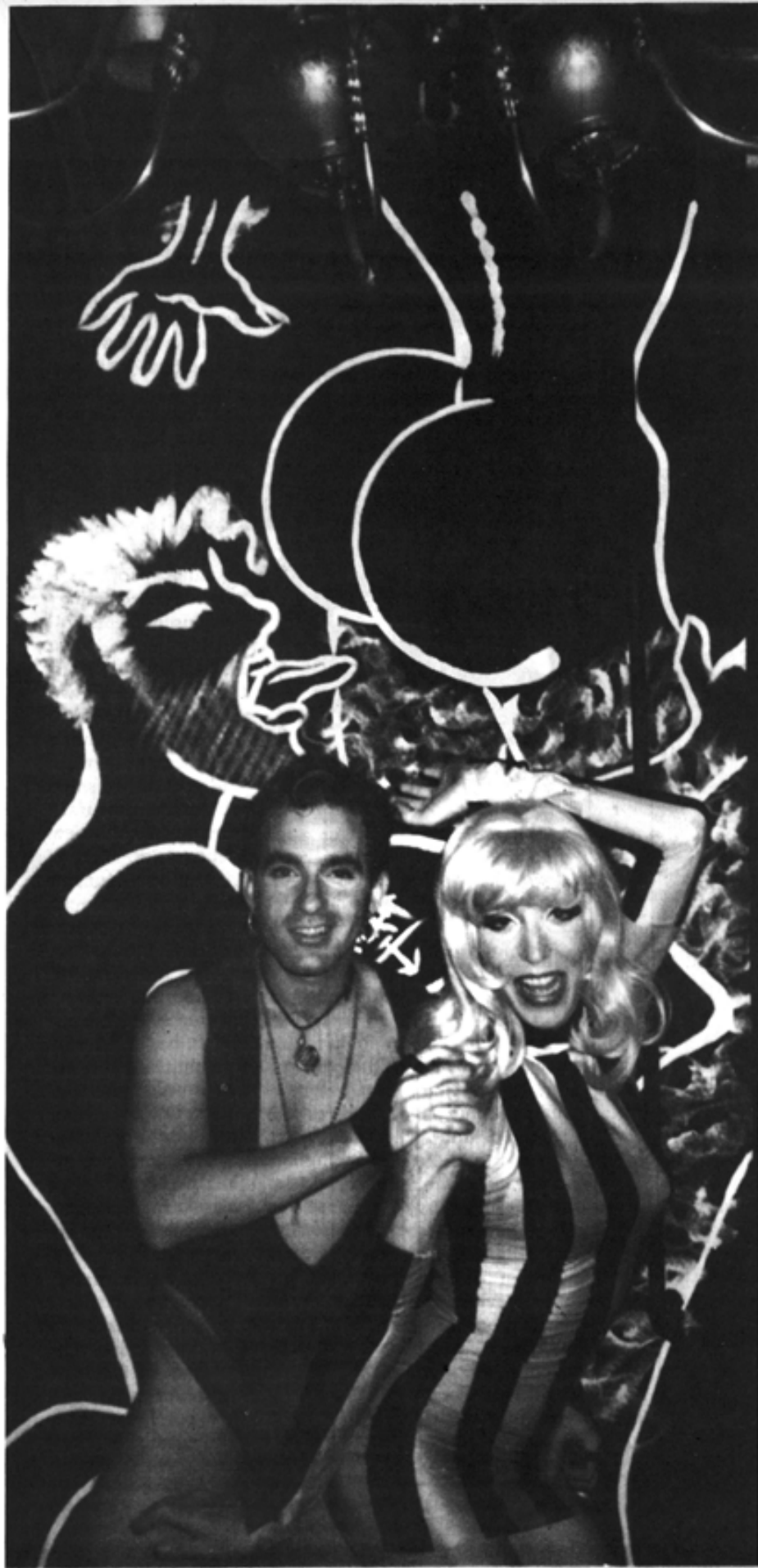
Liz: Sod-O-Mee also opened last Wednesday at Spo-Dee-O-Dee with much sweat and heat. A club that few queers had seen the inside of until now, it has a bordello decor of red velvet and mirrors that self-declared "brainstormer" **Albert Crudo** hopes will foster a "hangout" atmosphere. The crowd is very clearly "h/s/b" (hot/sweaty/boy), some of whom are featured performers direct from Show World, wearing Crudo's elegant but very revealing jockstraps. While the crowd inside danced, many people outside were less disturbed by the artificially induced door scene than by the doorman, known only as the "Churchwoman," a white man who was passing time by haranguing patrons while sporting blackface and drag. One hopes that the Churchwoman will be made to see the light before the next bout of Sod-O-Mee.



**By Liz Tracey &
Sydney Pokorny**

St. James in a cage screaming for "just one more hit"). My nightmare: Limelight serves Coors (and assorted club kids pose in the chapel with signs that say "real"—as if there was ever a question. I think that we all know *too* well, thank you!). My favorite was **Clara the Carefree Chicken**, a go-go dancing, drug-crazed club kid dressed in a San Diego Chicken outfit (football? baseball?), thus earning him the title, "Disco Zoo." By 4 am, he was alternately sipping a drink through his beak and flapping his wings in what was either a mating ritual or an ill-conceived attempt at flight. While

Meat has started at the hottest queer space on Fridays, Barroom 432 (it alternates with the Clit Club, but many of those involved are the same for both parties). Continuing the same policy as its sister night (one gender predominates, but all are welcome), it works overtime and is helping to define a place where you truly can take your friends of differing genders and not feel you've condemned them to a night of angst. **Aldo Hernandez** is the dee-



jay for both parties and keeps men and women shirtless and happy. Downstairs, the former meat locker is the most temperate place in the club (this will change with winter), and you can hear yourself speak. Mind you, if you're easily distracted by porn films, you may want to face a wall.

No matter which party, it's cruisy without being unfriendly, and Lindsay, one of the women dancers, is so breathtakingly beautiful I have seen girls go

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slack-jawed at the sight of her.

We received a press release hot off the Pyramid Bar from Channel 69. This Wednesday's invited guests to "Bunny's Tip-A-Thon" (tipping optional) will be:

- Brooke Shields and her mother, Teri
- Charles Nelson Reilly (the downstairs is named for him)
- Bart Simpson (Host Linda's nephew)
- Whitney Houston, who will premiere her new video (as recently seen on *Bloopers, Bleeps and Blunders*)
- Marsha Warfield, Luther Vandross, Cloris Leachman, Jaye P. Morgan, Sue Simmons, Tracy Chapman and special guest, John Waters, with *CryBaby* outtakes.

ALBERT CRUDO AND
LAHOMA VAN ZANDT—*at Sod-O-Mee*