

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

LIZ: The "hardest working man in night life," John Simone, is leaving New York, and a bevy of people are wondering why. Simone, the ubiquitous downtown *paparazzi* who also managed to do parties at M.K., Red Zone and the Roxy while still snapping, is returning to his native Toronto, where he's hoping for a possible stint on *Much Music*, Canada's answer to MTV. Towing the line between club kids and grownups, John's parties often reflected his very eclectic taste in entertainment: For example, Suhkreet Gabel's record premiere party and his "Gryphon Stew" talent shows. These shows succeeded in bringing audiences numerous *Liza Minelli* impersonators, men who walked on glass and 10-year-old break-dancers whose mothers stood nervously by the edge of the stage. There will be empty pages and out-of-work lounge singers now that Simone's gone. We wish you the best of luck...love, Liz and Sydney.

Sydney: By the name "Scream," you may think that it was a revival of the sometimes therapeutic, but always unpleasant, *primal* scream, but in reality it is the "new" and quite pleasant gay cabaret at Pyramid. Former home to such downtown legends as *Hapi Phace*, the late *International Chrysis* and *Ethyl Elchelberger*, the Sunday night *soirée* has some mighty big pumps to fill. Deeja's



By Liz Tracey & Sydney Pokorny

Patrick Butts and Aaron Kirby, our illustrious ex-roommate who, we think, still owes us money, promoter Pierre Giametta and hostess Loretta B. De Mille (a k a Hattie) have teamed up to give the old place a facelift of sorts and are hoping that people will "come home to Pyramid." Opening night saw Loretta lip-synch an inspirational monologue about the trials and tribulations of a performing life ("I even worked for Yuki at Mars") that ended with "I'm Coming Out," at which point a group of errant straight people looked a bit worried. New kid on the block and Cuban flotilla beauty, *Chyna Bleu*, added an international feel with a hip-grinding Latin number. Before the show, *Chyna* entertained us with her rendition of the *Betty Ford* 12-step program: "I hate alcohol"—take a big sip—"I hate

alcohol"—take another sip, repeat 12 times or until your drink is finished, whichever comes first. Veteran go-go dancers *Richard Move* and *Trash* boogied on the bar to the pleasure of the "mostly neighborhood" patrons who expressed their gratitude by tipping early and often.

Liz: Last week at *Limelight's Disco 2000*, doorman *Kenny Kenny* was assaulted by a patron with a beer bottle; he was injured in the incident, and no one has come forward to identify those involved. Some say that this was motivated by homo-and-drag-phobia, others state that the patron had been kept out of the club by *Kenny* and then let in by another person.

A number of clubs which have had a recent shift of clientele nights toward gay and/or drag parties on one or more nights seem to be having a number of complaints against them: Some of the staff, especially security, have not been made sensitive to the gay and lesbian presence.

Sydney: Which sex-driven weekly cum-fest turned into an unsolicited orgy with the entertainers, go-go boys and door hag all retiring to the privacy of the *Red Rooster Lounge* to "towel off"?

Liz: "I Get a Kick out of Moo"—What dyke idol who sings bovine praises in animal-rights public service announcements recently tried to back out of an AIDS benefit recording of *Cole Porter* songs because she wasn't being paid enough, and her orchestra was too small? Suffice it to say that when confronted with possible publicity regarding her cheap star-tripping, she quickly followed through on the agreement.

Sydney: Is there life after *Lambada*? Following the success of *Roxy*, promoter and door god *Lincoln Palsgrove IV* hopes to give the *Palladium* a much-needed shot in the arm by spearheading another British invasion of New York. Co-sponsored by the *Face* and *I-D* magazines, the Friday night parties are tentatively set to premiere in September and will have an Anglophilic slant, including, but not limited to, such wonders as transatlantic "stars" from *Kinky Gerlinky* (London's *Copa*) and deejays from the *Hacienda*.

Liz: You have one last chance to throw your support behind *Deborah Glick*, the openly lesbian candidate for state Assembly's 61st District—and wear wheels doing it.

CHYNA BLEAU, RICHARD MOVE AND TRASH AT SCREAM (PYRAMID)





THE GOOD-BYE BOY, JOHN SIMONE, WITH FRIEND CAROL CHANNING

Roxy's Men on Wheels Party (obviously both gay and lesbian for this event) on September 4, will be a benefit for Ms. Glick's campaign; the primary is a mere week from this date. Admission will be \$7 with invite, \$10 without—you can get an invitation by contacting Ms. Glick's campaign HQ. Bring your money and some kneepads—who knows, maybe Glick supporter Susan Sarandon will fall on you as you trip over your rollerblades.

Sydney: Every few months someone calls and tells us that they have put us on the list for a party at Stringfellow's—the only club with a designer dress code. Each time we go, and each time we face another trial. I know, most normal people would run screaming from that retro disco hell, but not we. After being invited to several parties there, we were 1) carded and, when we failed to produce the proper ID, turned away; 2) sent in another entrance, not allowed to mingle with other Stringfellow's patrons and forced to listen to Paula Abdul with big-haired, bigoted, loud-mouthed heterosexuals abusing drag queens at the B-52s party. This time, we put on our best Easter outfits and scurried past the bouncer charged with the incredibly important job of opening the door for guests before he could ask for our ID. The evening was *not*, as we say now in the '90s, "way unsafe"...