

# OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

**SYDNEY:** I like to think of Wigstock as a kind of culture clash between gay, club and cabaret scenes, mixed with a heavy layer of hairspray or, for the more politically minded in our community, Gay Pride with a fashion sense and a funky beat. The outrageous wigs-a-go-go that was the "Sixth Annual Celebration of Love, Peace and Wigs" disproved the statement that nightclubs are only filled with college students, as Tompkins Square Park became a veritable cultural smorgasboard. This was my first Wigstock, and no, it wasn't as magical as it seemed in *Wigstock: The Movie*, a film by Tom Rubnitz, but I'm sure that Woodstock wasn't as perfect in person as it was in the movie, especially with all that rain. Don't let the skeptics tell you otherwise, the Wigstock experience was still incredible, and yes, this time even I was saying, "Love." Being a drag performer in this city ain't easy—for that matter, being any type of transgenderist isn't a bowl of cherries, and one day of drag-queen appreciation is the least we can do. With this in mind, I was able to withstand being stepped on, pushed and pulled. (One ugly man with a press card, who blocked my view, told me that if I didn't have a laminated card, I wasn't press, and then went on yelling about freedom of the press when I asked him to move. Just try yelling at a member of the gay press about First Amendment rights!) All the usual suspects and regulars in this column, plus a few out-of-towners, turned it out for us. Up from Atlanta cable TV, *Teenage Music Fan* DeAundra Peek moved the crowd with an "original" rendition of "Two of Hearts," and the lovely and talented Lurleen Wallace did several numbers with no less than three costume changes. Native New Yorker and Channel 69 hostess Linda Simpson presented a queer-nation fashion show with tastefully appointed gay men, lesbians and drag queens that ended with the unfolding of a "Say It Loud, Gay and



## By Liz Tracey & Sydney Pakorny

Proud" banner. Hostess, super-drag queen and poetess, **Lady Bunny**, performed an original composition—the declaration of drag rights—set to a disco beat, of course. Habitual wig wearers, the **House of Field**, headed by newly proclaimed house mama, **Codie Ravioli**, had us all lip-synching with **Miss Guy**, "I'm just a sweet transvestite." An annoying man standing next to me continually repeated, "When is **Deee-Lite** going on?" and I'm sure he was not alone; it seemed a lot of people came to see the funkadelic trio. When the moment came, I worked my way backstage to watch **Dmitry, Towha** and the woman I most



WIG QUEEN—*The Lady Bunny*

want to be when I grow up, **Lady Kier**. Performing with a set of multiracial, multigendered dancers, the trio called **Deee-Lite** made the stage look like a mod Benetton ad. In a stroke of scheduling genius, immediately following was "comic" and Gong Show leftover, **Barbara Patterson Lloyd**, telling jokes like "I opened my refrigerator and found my salad, dressing" that had the crowd yelling, "How do you say deee-tired?" As they say, reading is fundamental. So much for love.

**Liz:** But then again, the day before a full moon, anything can happen. Manhattan Borough President **Ruth Messinger** came to Wigstock before many in the audience did, giving the **Lady Bunny** a proclamation naming Sept. 3, 1990, "Wigstock Day." Now, while some people may say that a proclamation isn't stopping anti-gay or -lesbian violence, think about this: How many times in this world have openly gay and lesbian performers ever been honored as such, on their own terms and at their concert? Not fucking often.

And yeah, well, there weren't a lot of lesbians in boy drag, but there were a few. ACT UP/Queer Nation/WHAM!'s **Emily Smith** accosted me on Avenue A, and while grabbing an appendage I have consequently assured myself was temporary, and implored me to perform oral sex on her—essentially, she told me to suck her dick. I think she meant it nicely.

**Sydney:** The continuing saga of cable TV censorship: an episode of **SuperDude** (a whimsical night-life show, kind of like **The Midnight Hour** but better, produced by **John Carmen** and **Beauregard Houston-Montgomery**) filmed at

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Grace Jones' birthday party at Stringfellow's, was aired with cuts to eliminate two "offensive" segments—*Nightlife* magazine columnist **Fred Rothbell-Mista** talking about condoms and recommending that you tie a twist 'em around the end "to keep it on" and the birthday girl explaining her idea of a tasteless gift—"a dildo."

**Liz:** We would like to preface this with the note that we don't know how **James St. James** got into the column two weeks ago. It may have been an editorial addition, or perhaps someone has just been sneaking into the offices and sticking his name in there every two weeks or so. Anyway—Mr. St. James celebrated his twentysomething birthday twentysome-odd days before the event at Disco 2000 last week. A dinner, which had been touted as an outdoor barbeque, became an indoor buffet of two hot trays of pasta for too many people. *Native* columnist **Quentin Crisp** was caught in the feeding frenzy, and guests were reduced to staking out the serving table and then having acquaintances take the plates from them after failing to obtain their own food. There was no birthday cake in sight—perhaps some hungry club kids scarfed it before it even left the box. James received his presents with great pleasure—despite his real birthday being a ways away, merely reflecting the club attitude toward birthday: More is better, and early is best.

**Sydney:** Having lost its head honcho, **Rudolf**, Quick! is showing the strain of the times. With a budget deficit larger than the national debt and owing more money than a Central American country, a recent Friday night at the Panty Girdles party saw the security staff enforcing a newly "selective" door policy. It seems that some of the staff believe that the celebration of underwear as outerwear should be limited to one color—white. Reportedly, 250 regular patrons were carded and turned away, even if they were of age, and even after being admitted by door girl and wig aficionado **Kate Harwood**. Of those denied entrance, most were Black or Latino men—some, friends of the party's promoters. The Panty Girdles promoters had no knowledge of the racist door policy carried out by Quick! personnel and were quick! to condemn the actions of the club's staff. ▼