

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

LIZ: It's 1980, and you're singing "In the Navy" along with your Village People album. If you're Sydney, you think "Village" means "Anytown, USA," and if you're me, you *knew* why they wore their keys on the left. But it's 1990—Sydney knows where the Village is now, and the Village People appeared at Roxy last Sunday and (almost) nothing had changed (they have a new top -oops— frontman). Touting themselves as the "Old Kids on the Block," a little more *out* than



THE VILLAGE PEOPLE

some of the *new* ones, they played to a loving crowd that formed "Y-M-C-A" with their bodies. The concert celebrated the combining of YMVA with Roxy's A Groovy Kind of Love, and the crowd was a mix of men (as opposed to "boys"), preppies and some lesbians. The move will become official next week.

Sydney: SheScape, the nomadic band of lesbian party promoters, has premiered at yet another club—this time, disproving our belief that nothing fun ever happens above 14th Street. Named Pulse—not to be confused with Tower Record's music magazine—the new space is a wonderfully tacky post-disco glitter box. Lying somewhere between an Atlantic City night spot and Regine's, the tea dance is a whole new experience in lesbian night life. Swirling lights, abundant chrome, enough mirrors to check your hair from any angle, a deejay playing a hefty portion of dance hits from 1975-79, and a Lite-Brite mural of the Manhattan skyline (as seen from Long Island City) overshadowing the dance floor, all make you feel that either it is 1977 again or lesbians have taken over Copia and enforced a strict women-only door policy.

Liz: *Pyramid: The Sequel.* Just when you thought it was safe to assume everything had settled down, the ownership of the Pyramid has changed hands (again), and the chips fell pretty hard. After Ron Dobrin left, the formerly new management helped bring three successful gay, lesbian and mixed parties to the club (Channel 69, Girl Bar and, most recently, Scream). The *new* new owner brought in his own managers, D'ja and Theresa DeVeto, who had been working at the Love Shack (formerly Lismar Lounge). Their first act was to fire (and rehire) popular bartender André Wyland, involved with Channel 69 despite a contract agreement. Then they broke Girl Bar's contract, made with Jenny Eigner. They gave her one week's notice; Eigner reportedly replied she would notify everyone else. Apparently, their fear of losing the crowd led them to cancel even the last party and quickly and quietly replace it with Booby Trap. It had

been speculated by some that DeVeto and her partner would move Booby Trap into Girl Bar's night after the Lismar closed, in an effort to make it more successful. Meanwhile, the only signs of Girl Bar were leaflets handed out by former Girl Bar employees as women entered and exited. Rumor has it, Eigner's new party will be somewhere on West 16th Street. Channel 69 and Scream remain unchanged.

Sydney: Disco redux II—Polyester, Tommy Gunn's gay party at Reins, the Ramada Inn of night-

clubs, brings you NYC's answer to Charlie's Angels—Robi Martin, Perfidia and Sister Cordie Ravioli—plus a leisure-suited deejay, Dr. Fever, and a gaggle of polyestered go-go creatures. While seated in the "beautifully appointed" red-carpeted and red-walled foyer, we were accosted by one such disco casualty, temporarily named "Carol" (really club kid Lois in a Carol Brady-like wig) who forced us to feel her polyester clothing. While we marveled at the miracle of synthetic fibers, Carol did the splits. This was only to be followed by a demonstration of the few disco dances she remembered from gym class. Now I know why I never believed that "disco sucks."

Liz: House mother to some of those Angels, Patricia Field, won an Emmy last week for Costume Design. She worked with Shelley Duvall on Showtime's *Fairie Tale Theatre*. Who said those stories were Grimm? We see it now, JoJo and the Jockstraps as the Three Little Bears...

The Cowgirl Hall of Fame's Patsy Cline Look-a-Like Contest got a little heated recently when Lulu Field, drag performer and the spitting image of Ms. Cline, entered the contest. "The judges were shady," she said. "The crowd loved me, but (the judges) didn't want to give it to me." The people won out, and Lulu became the first male winner of a Patsy Cline event. One small step for drag queens, one giant step for queenkind...

Sydney: Answering the musical question "how many promoters can you fit on one pass?" Disco Interruptus took over Thursday nights at the Roxy, sweeping the entire East Village performance scene west. Club veterans Brian Butterick (Pyramid), Dugwah (Wah Wah Hut), Jeanette and Victor Anonymous (Limbo) scheduled performances by such notables as Dancenoise, John Kelly and Penny Arcade, among others. An installation, designed by artist Huck Snyder and featuring eerie black-and-white faces, helped to transform the mood from the "shut-up-and-dance" attitude of Saturday into "shut-up-and-listen." ▼



By Liz Tracey & Sydney Pokorny

Photo: Liz & Sydney