

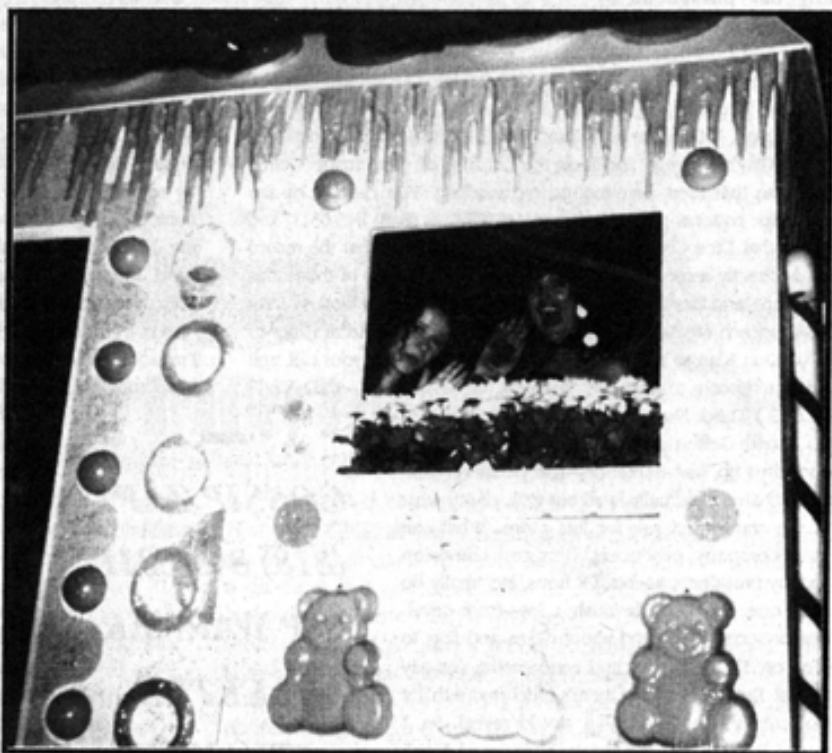
OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

SYDNEY: So Sandra Bernhard is tired of being called a lesbian? I have just one thing to say: I can think of many names nastier than "lesbian" to call you. I used to worship you, but I've learned my lesson. Now I know the awful truth: You are nothing but a petty stand-up comic, a puppet and a total fraud who will mouth just about anything that is written for you. No one but a complete schizoid could write *Without You I'm Nothing* and turn around and say the things you did. You owe us a fucking apology, or, at the very least, return all the money you made off the lesbian and gay community. Make checks payable to queer charities, not just AmFAR. Oh, and to Miss Thing at AmFAR, who invited and then disinvited us to the dinner/premiere of *Without You*, because we wrote, "Sandra 'I'm a lesbian, I'm not a lesbian' Bernhard," I hate to say that I told you so, but I just did, didn't I? Put that on your blacklist, honey.

Liz: Speaking of stupid people, the controversy regarding the photo of a go-go boy at Sod-O-Mee in Michael Musto's column in the *Village Voice* has become an aerobics session for small minds. After the *Amsterdam News's* attack on Musto and the *Voice*, a reader said, in much less space, essentially the same thing in a letter to the editor. The photo in question showed a man simulating a blowjob on the dancer, who was wearing a Saran Wrap jockstrap. Do you know what this is? SAFER SEX.

Sydney: Proving to be no slouch, and definitely not a sleaze, is *Interview* maven, Ingrid Sischy. In October's issue, a piece on actress Maria de Medeiros (Anais Nin in the soon-to-be-released *Henry & June*) sports saphic overtones in the title "A Woman Is More Powerful to a Woman Than a Man" and is followed by an open discussion of de Medeiros' interpretation of Nin's lesbian affair with June Miller.

Liz: Quick! is in that club limbo where it hasn't changed hands yet, but



CANDY FROM A BABY—Julie Jewels' *Candyland* comeback

its two biggest parties have left. Chip Duckett's Thursdays and Panty Girdles (Fridays) have both discontinued their nights in the wake of a sale. Duckett will open "a Friday night in the near future at an undisclosed downtown location" (is that vague enough for ya?), but



**By Liz Tracey &
Sydney Pokorny**

whither goes Panty Girdles? Palladium? Stay glued to your *18-Hours*, honey, we'll tell you when we know....

Sydney: *Sbowgirls of the '70s*, a recent photo exhibition at Palace de Beauté by photographer Tina Paul and photographer/designer Keni Valenti, should have been subtitled "Gender Confusion in Pictures." Keni showed his diva collection, including a dual view of Diana Ross—one of Miss Ross from the front and the other shot of her adoring fan (front row, center) Jackie O. Tina displayed the butch queens of rock; top of the list was the-woman-I-most-want-to-avoid-in-a-dark-alley, Grace Jones, looking more ferocious than her beefy go-go boy.

"If Roxy can do it, so can we," the new motto that Palladium staffers mutter as they try to regain that club's former

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status. "Yeah, it's not that exciting, but at least you can eat the walls": the new mantra of the ever-blasé **Julie Jewels** as she was quoted in an interview about Candyland, her nightlife "comeback vehicle." Actually, no, you can't eat the walls, but you can wonder what happened to the Munchkins. The newly remodeled, or, I should say, repainted, Mike Todd Room does feature a few chandeliers, a couple of candelabras and one large playhouse plunked down, perhaps by a tornado, on the dance floor. And, no, there wasn't a dead witch under this house. Super DJ **Dimitry** (for the last time, from Deee-Lite) spun on opening night, as lots of creatures of the night and many more press people jammed the room and made you wonder if maybe this wasn't actually Oz. Definitely *not* Oz is Friday night's "E is for Everybody" all-night rave—if one-quarter of the people know what "E" really is, the remainder just aren't interested in hugging poles, people or anything else—they stand on the dance floor wondering what is acid house and why doesn't this song have any lyrics. •

Liz: While Channel J (and its programs) may or may not have a month's reprieve, here's your opportunity to write those letters you've been meaning to send to those weenies at Time/Warner. If you believe that taxation without representation in all its nefarious forms is a crime, this is precisely what Time/Warner is doing by dismantling J. To ask alternative programming to move to nonsponsor channels is to silence those who can't afford to foot the prices of production. You may want to remind Liz Holtzman and T/W that they agreed to four leased access channels—not one—and certainly not none. And for those of you who support **Robin Byrd**, she is collecting letters of support to take to negotiations. It's not a bad idea to send letters to all the shows you watch and support (some addresses are in *Turning In*). Send copies of this and your own really nasty letters of protest to:

Elizabeth Holtzman, Comptroller, City of New York, Municipal Building, New York, NY 10013. (And you may want to ask her exactly how close she was to Carol Bellamy.) Also yell at: Time/Warner Communications and Manhattan Cable TV, 110 E. 23rd St., New York, NY 10010. For Robin Byrd, write to Box 305, Lenox Hill Station, New York, NY 10021. ▼