

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

Sydney: Who is "Really Denise"? I've been introduced to her countless times, and every person making the introduction tries to make me believe that this is a huge favor and that to be allowed her presence is like being granted an audience with the Queen of England or something. Other than acting like a fake-platinum-haired floozy (something the world has too many of already), what does she *do*? She used to wear a "Really D" license plate around her neck. That was funny. And she was recently dubbed a cable-TV goddess, which would lead one to believe that she has a TV show; however, no one I know has ever actually *seen* her show on the air. Not that I am in the habit of taking Gallup Polls about night-life personalities: The few people with opinions about Really D describe her as harmless. Oh, *really*—Denise? Since when is lesbophobia considered innocuous? I have one friend who was a guest on the alleged *Really Denise Show*. During the taping, he called her a "gay boy," a statement that made her laugh. But when he jokingly clarified that she couldn't be a gay boy if she was a girl, and that a gay girl is a lesbian, Really Denise strenuously overexerted herself objecting. Last time we saw her, she ran around Roxy like she was the **Sue Simmons** of the heterosexual set, interviewing every warm body she could find as long as it wasn't lesbian. I mean, *really*, Denise, take a lesson from newly crowned dyke idol **Uma Thurman** and loosen up, or maybe you are too busy social climbing over (and under) every straight club-owner in town to care.

HEARD IT THROUGH THE BATHROOM: One young woman—representing the regions sorely unacquainted with female illusionists and drag queens proper—was so offended by their presence in the ladies room at Disco 2000 (where drag meets its female counterpart, the postadolescent Real Borough Girl) that she called security and ordered them to remove everyone with a penis from the bathroom. Came the response from one woman: "I'm wearing a strap-on dildo, does that mean you want me to leave, too?" This was met with silence. I assume that the woman with the boy's toy then left. Liz just figured that they went home together.

Liz: Sydney forced me to go see *Henry and June* last week, promising that it would be well worth the trip. She is an **Anaïs Nin** freak, and well, I'm not. As we made our way across town, all I could mutter was, "I'm telling you, it's going to be full of straight people who are too scared to go to a porn theater." (Here we go, more intellectual sleaze, sort of the *9 1/2 Weeks*



"YEAH, BUT WHO DID YOU CHOOSE?"

—*Creative Body at the Time Ball*

tickets. We didn't. One of the heterosexuals present was **Ellen Barkin**, who got to cut to the head of the line but still shelled out her \$7.50. How democratic, I thought. When I asked Sydney about this line-cutting thing, she replied, "It's so people like you don't stare at her for a half-hour, drooling on the sidewalk." Oh please, anyone would drool over this woman—remember her line in *Sea of Love*: "I believe in animal attraction"? Before you could say "prima," I was in a cab on the way to Chelsea, where, believe it or not, a posse of lesbians showed up for the same film, in groups of two and four. One of these women, **Jenny of Girl Bar**, came over to say, "Thank you for the mention, but you spelled my name wrong." I'll make sure to remember not to mention anyone until I can spell them write.

The film? It was quite pleasant, actually....Imagine you and **Uma Thurman** are walking down a deep, dark tunnel. It drips with moisture; there is some resistance as you enter....Then it widens, and you plunge faster, running with her, sliding against the damp walls, until you emerge with **Anaïs Nin** on the other side. This may account for the remark someone made as the show before us exited: "That's so weird....Nobody's talking about the film." That's because they were spent, honey—exhausted.

Before any of the judges could throw some shade (as in to be a shady character, which is bad) at the House of (**Patricia**) **Field Time Ball**, Roxy personnel did. This was the first ball that was ever 95-percent white and 5-percent Black. Many of the **Legendary Houses** were absent from the evening's competition: Could it be because they were being selectively carded at the door? Without their fierce presence, the week-old House of Doors took two trophies; some may say that they are bullies, since the house motto is: "If we don't win, you don't get in" (it is comprised of past and present doorpeople, Sydney and I among them). But with house father **Toni Senecal** walking **Creative Body** (overlooking the fact that it is natural), how can you lose? In the drama that a Grand Prize battle always is, **Kevin Africa** walked "McDonalds vs. Burger King in the Year 2000" wearing the most Over (as in Overness, which is good) self-creation (a golden-arches helmet, see-through jacket and leggings and French fry gloves) against someone in an outfit that *didn't* satisfy the category, *wasn't* made for the event and *didn't even say* "Burger King." So what happened? It's a ball, girlfriend—the prize was split.▼



**By Liz Tracey &
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