

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

Like any pre-fab beehive, night life has its queens and its drones. Except in this case, the queens are chosen not by genetic predetermination, but by how much honey you control, or do you have access to the hive, or do you write about the hive for other bees?

SYDNEY: Talk about turning sex into opportunity, Pierre. In a *Project X* magazine chart of who slept with whom, he had more people linked to him than Rudolf (which is no small feat). In less than a year, he managed to sleep his way into a job as a promoter.

LIZ: Yeah, really, first there was Chip Duckett. And he then becomes his assistant, which gave him enough money to move in with us. A mere few weeks later, he was running around with another promoter, David Leigh (back when Leigh couldn't get people to go to any event he did—now, of course, he rules with Roxy on Saturday nights).

SYDNEY: And we still have Leigh's glitter—which he constantly wears—all over the house. I had it stuck to my feet, in my bed and—amazingly—plastered in the goopy ring around the bathtub.

LIZ: Anyway, back to Pierre, who managed to land a person from every considerable level of club life. He ended up promoting a Sunday night at Roxy.

SYDNEY: But he lost that night, and we never really found out why, did we?

LIZ: Maybe the glitter man dumped him and got another boyfriend.

SYDNEY: Lest anyone believe that girls aren't sexual opportunists also, there is our favorite straight girl trying to get press from two certain lesbians. Her line: "I'm sorry, I can't talk anymore. This is too personal. This is *off the record*." How many times have you heard that?

LIZ: Followed by the fumbled confession of "I'm really a closet case," or "I'd really like to know what it's like," or my favorite, "If you were a guy, I'd want to sleep with you."

SYDNEY: I never hear that. Nobody ever says that to me.

LIZ: You're more the "I want to know what it's like with another woman" type. I'm more the "I wish you were a boy, cause you're really cute, and I'd like to sleep with you." I run screaming from a room when I hear that.

SYDNEY: What do you think those girls mean when they say, "This is *off the record*"? They don't even know us, and we hear some of the most bizarre things—it can't be *off the record*, or they wouldn't talk to us.

LIZ: No, I think it's just their way of flirting to make you write *on-the-record*

things about them. I'm sick of the genre of girls who will approach me and think that they can get you to fall in "love" or lust with them by merely hinting at the fact that they *may* be interested in having sex with you. Like that's supposed to work; we are so unbelievably desperate to have sex with someone who *isn't* a lesbian? That the most attractive thing about them is that they're *not* gay? I find that utterly ridiculous.

SYDNEY: The biggest nightmare in that genre is that girl, Alicia, the one with the long dark hair that doesn't do anything but chase after gay boys and lesbians.

LIZ: I'm sitting down, perfectly peaceful, and she drops her "boy" and flops onto my lap and tells me how she is really just a latent lesbian. And I'm supposed to be thrilled. By this point, you say, "I've got to go, alone."

SYDNEY: Or, "Have you ever heard of therapy?" I think the whole thing is pretty funny. I mean, the real secret is that we can't do anything for these people. It's not like we ever get drink tickets, and half the time we have problems even getting into the club!

LIZ: That's the pathetic point of this entire conversation—everyone believes that sucking up (and I mean that in any perverse variation you care to take) will land you somewhere that you think is above where you are. It's misguided.

SYDNEY: Oh, come on, admit it. You want fly girls. You've said it how many times: "I want a fly girl—I just want to be fallen all over. I want somebody to climb over me." You said it thousands of times....

LIZ: It's fun to have people flirt with you

SYDNEY: That's the problem with night life. There isn't a defined lesbian power hierarchy. I mean, who are we supposed to try and social-climb over? Where's the challenge? How are we supposed to get fringe benefits?

LIZ: The fringe benefit is the experience.

SYDNEY: What? Of being a female Don Juan?

LIZ: I believe in sex for sex's sake. Not for the added benefits.

SYDNEY: Oh, aren't you full of integrity, Miss "I want fly girls." Social climbing is an art. When you social-climb, it's not for the experience, it's for what you can get out of it. That's the opportunist part of it. Just ask YoYo. Before she left town, she managed to dig up lesbians I didn't even know about. I have to admit, she was the consummate sexual opportunist—trips to Europe, Asia, clothing, apartments. I'm almost in awe.

LIZ: I think it's ridiculous. ▼



By Liz Tracey &
Sydney Pokorny

