

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

Hearing of a mini(ature) golf course opening downtown, (18 Hole Mini Golf at 9 Bond St.), the fearless girls ran (a month later) to play a few rounds and relax.

LIZ: Why is it "mini-golf" here and "miniature golf" in the burbs?

SYDNEY: Everything takes up more room in the suburbs. There are whole miniature golf courses there; here, all you get is two rooms, Leroy Neiman prints on the walls and your choice of eight designer golf ball colors.

LIZ: Oh, this will be a cinch. How hard can it be to hit a ball over a bridge? Do you have a chipping wedge? Or can we only use putters? Why are you laughing at me?

SYDNEY: Liz, you're supposed to hit it through the bridge, not over it. Next time you hit it up in the air like that, yell "Fore!" so we can all hide.

LIZ: Oh, leave me alone. Wait a minute, you can't do that. You have to hit it back up on the course, you can't just move it. People should play this game right or not play at all.

SYDNEY: You're being a poor sport.

LIZ: I'm not being a poor sport, I'm just not winning.

SIDNEY: Pardon me, my mistake. *(Liz lost on a particularly obnoxious windmill hole. She insisted that the astroturf was too dirty for the ball to properly be hit and claimed that the music was too loud.)*

LIZ: You know, it's bad enough that I lost. But you promised that you would pay. What a cheap date.

This week, Liz and Sydney experience "culture" while attending Andres Serrano's opening at the Stux Gallery.

LIZ: I didn't know it was BYOB. I'll be right back.

SYDNEY: I know you're just trying to run away—there's an open bar. Of course, you can't get to it.

LIZ: If I'm trapped, where's the art?

SYDNEY: All around you. Unfortunately, these people have lost their minds just enough to think that *they* are the works on display. Call it a multi-

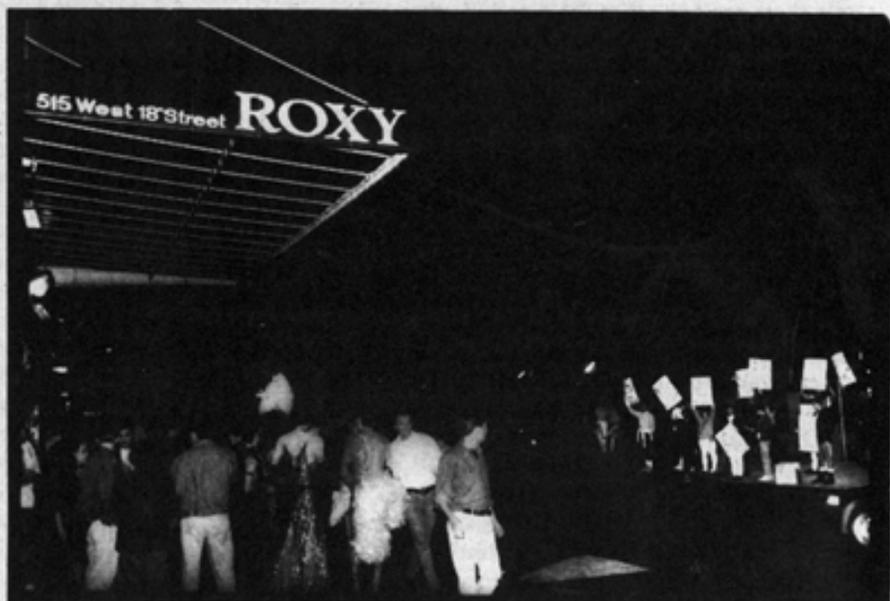
dimensional exhibit—you have to get through them to see it.

LIZ (to no one in particular): Excuse me, you're blocking the art. Excuse me, pardon me, pardon me, excuse me....

Unidentified woman with bad hair: Hi, I'm a member of the Kew Klux Klan.

LIZ: I think she means Ku. I don't think she's funny.

SYDNEY: She may have managed to get to the bar more than she'll care to remember in a few hours.



LIZ: If you're going to make impenetrable jokes in bad taste, at least have the courtesy to pronounce them correctly.

On a recent Saturday night, Queer Nation held a protest at the Roxy, in reaction to alleged incidents of homophobia and racism committed by the staff and owner at the House of Field ball on Oct. 8.

SYDNEY: You have to question how seriously people take a protest where a drag queen runs through the crowd with a three-foot peace sign screaming, "I'm for everybody! I'm for love!"

LIZ: Or there was the battle between the club and the protestors—put two guys with bullhorns six inches away from each other and have them scream more at each other than at anyone who's



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coming to the club.

SYDNEY: I wonder how somebody conned Queer Nation into giving away comps for the Building² during the demonstration.

LIZ: I don't think people did their homework on this one. A lot of people didn't go into the Roxy that night because they didn't want the hassle of passing the protestors, not because they were sympathetic or angry. I don't think they understand any more now than when they came that night.

SYDNEY: Like the fact that most club owners' fear of violence goes so far as to have them *not* book a deejay or a band that has a following of people of color; for them, racism is a guarantee of "protection" for their business.

LIZ: Sure, that's what the guys who ran Woolworth's lunch counters in the South during the '50s and '60s said: It was a "business decision."

SYDNEY: You know who came out on top? The Building.

LIZ: Irony has no shame, does it?

Last but not least: Benefit of the Carnivalesque. Our terrible twosome arrives at the Queer Nation fund-raiser at Disco 2000.³

Promoter: You just missed the all-drag queen band.

LIZ: How were they?

Doorperson: They were great.

Promoter: They're going on again later. See ya.

SYDNEY: Think about that. You just asked a man with green hair and glued-on elf ears, and another in clown makeup, if something was good. Based on their outfits alone, I'd say that their taste is questionable.

LIZ: I wouldn't talk in *that* dress, dear Sydney. ▼

Footnotes:

1. Andres Serrano's work, "Piss Christ," was one of several artworks which angered Jesse Helms enough to prompt him to begin his battle with the National Endowment for the Arts.

2. A club on West 26th Street that was called "White Castle" by some in its early days because of its alleged whites-only door policy.

3. A Wednesday night event held by Michael Alig, once described by a former employee as "the devil," and by club kids whose ideas of fashion falls somewhere between the Ringling Brothers and Jean-Paul Gaultier.