

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

With the change of season, our columnists found themselves sorely lacking in the winter coat department. Dressing in layers, they trekked to Orchard Street, the closest thing to an open air bazaar on the Lower East Side (where deals are made and broken by the minute, on the street) in search of some "bype" clothing.

Distracted from the coat stores, Liz picked up a beffy black construction boot from a sidewalk display.

Liz: This is great. I wonder how much this costs.

Proprietress: Are you gonna buy something?

Liz: Uh, I don't know yet.

Proprietress: No. Go away. I've got to close up, and I have a cold.

Liz (stunned): I'm sorry you're not feeling well.

On to a "variety" store...

Sydney: Look—Raiders jackets! Oh, and this is the only leather jacket—it even has a hood.

Salesman: Can I help you?

Sydney: I'm just looking, but how much for this jacket?

Salesman: For you? Miss, you don't want that—the women's coats are on the other side.

Sydney: Yeah, and they're ugly too.

In a discount leather shop...

Saleswoman: Can I help you?

Sydney: We're just looking.

Saleswoman: What are you looking for?

Liz: We'll know when we find it.

Saleswoman: You gotta talk to me—I don't read minds. You have to tell me what you want.

Sydney: I can't take this pressure. Let's leave.

Liz (to Saleswoman): Thank you.

Saleswoman: What? You're not buying anything? You should really think about a new leather jacket, you don't have to buy from me, but that jacket of yours is tattered.

Sydney: What are you, my mother?

Saleswoman: No, but if your mother was here, she'd tell you to get a new coat.

Leaving a rug store...

Son of Saleswoman (to Liz): Hey...where'd ya get the hat?

Liz: Uh—Wings on Broadway.

Son: How much did you pay for it?

Liz: 10 bucks, I guess.

Son: I'll but it from you.

Liz: Um...I can't. I just got a bad haircut, and I can't take the hat off.

Sydney (outside the store): What? Are you crazy? We could have swapped the hat for a rug. You need to learn how to bargain effectively.

The return of *Chip Duchett* to gay night life is "as easy as ABC". The girls attended opening night...

Sydney: What does ABC really mean?

Liz: Look at the invitations. It means different things for boys and girls.

Sydney: I still don't get it, but...hey, where did you go?

Liz: I'm right here. Take your hand off my nose.

Sydney: I'm sorry. It's really dark in here,

maybe you should light a match.

Liz: No, that would ruin the ambience. The darkness lends a certain mood to the evening.

Sydney: Yeah, anonymity. The music is nice and loud, you'd almost think you're at Sound Factory.

Liz: Except for the Radio Shack lighting.

Sydney: I think that multicolored diamond light is cute. It makes me want to hang a velvet poster, turn on a black light and listen to the Velvet Underground.

They go up stairs to the lounge...

Larry Tee²: I haven't seen this much paneling since I left Georgia...

Liz: This is weird. I feel a desperate need to polka.

Sydney: I'm sure if you wait long enough *Dinah*³ will play one. They should have polka lessons at midnight.

Liz: What's that flag behind her?

Sydney: Polish.

Lahoma Van Zandt⁴: I haven't seen this much paneling since I left Georgia...

Liz: Wow, this place is versatile. They'll probably have the new Polish president's Victory Party here.

Sydney: And have a House Ball the next day. But instead of "Voguing on Drugs," they'll have a category for "Polka on Vodka..."

Liz: Or "Voguing on Pierogi." God, I love this city.

At home with Liz and Sydney, where they are just awakening from their disco nap...

Liz: Are you getting up? It's 1:15. I mean, it's late—we can't go out now.

Sydney: No, we have to go—this is the opening of Larry Tee's Mind Bender.

Liz: But it's too late, everyone's left by now.

Sydney: Stop procrastinating. You always try and get out of these things.

Liz and Sydney finally arrive at the club...

Liz: I've been here before, haven't I?

Sydney: You might never notice, but this is Hot Rod. I think they auctioned off the cars.

Liz: And spent the money on black paint and gauze. Look, they're tossing toilet paper. Some things never change. I bet they don't have stingy bathroom attendants here.

Sydney: Oh, new entertainment. I guess they're adding to the "Southern trash" thing—going for more of a glamour/celebrity-oriented look. And a *Liza Minelli* impersonator is the perfect solution.

NOTES:

1. Friday night parties at Irving Plaza. (Once a dance hall and watering hole for Polish expatriates only to later be patronized by downtown denizens like the B-52s and the late Sid Vicious.)

2. Promoter/deejay/performer and all-around night-life personality and, according to downtown legend, moved to New York from Atlanta in a van with two drag queens.

3. Drag-queen deejay notorious for the contorted facial expressions that she makes while lipsynching to her records.

4. Drag-queen hostess of, among many things, the *Gay Dating Game Show*, and one of the occupants of that legendary van from Atlanta. ▼



by LIZ TRACEY &
SYDNEY POKORNY