

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

Every December, Village Voice columnist and undisputed king of night life, Michael Musto, celebrates his birthday. This year, promoters Chip Duckett and Michael Alig designed and threw his party at *Limelight*, accomplishing two goals: making the birthday boy happy and well photographed and launching another "star" into the downtown scene. The girls were running late, but the party was running later.

SYDNEY: Are you seeing who they invited to the party?

LIZ: No. Pardon me, Miss, could I have another beer?

Sydney: God, every one of those people that Duckett and Musto tried to foist on people as "the new rising stars" of night life are here.

Liz: Who?

Sydney: **Suhkreet Gabel.**¹

You better watch out—she might just ask you why you stood her up for dinner last year.

Liz: Oh, dear. There's **Joey Heatherton.**² Maybe she'll ask you for a date.

Sydney: Why, do you know something I don't?

Liz: Well, I heard that—oh, there's the latest addition to the stable of talent—**Mrs. Fletcher.**³

Sydney: She's performing her hit phrase, "I've fallen, and I can't get up!"

Liz: That's demented.

Sydney: No. Demented is giving her a standing ovation and screaming for two encores.

(Liz goes to get dinner. She returns, only after Robin Byrd says to her, "My tits have fallen, and they can't get up!" while demonstrating this state of affairs on the buffet line.)

Sydney: Our table is discussing whether the promoter's idea to string the walkers⁴ over the tables was ableist, ageist or just in bad taste.

Liz: I'll say one thing: It certainly is dangerous. That drag queen is going to every table and swinging them back and forth—one almost hit **Sylvia Miles** while she was eating. What ever happened to simple food fights?

Sydney: Oh, look, flying pasta. There's your food fight, Liz. You had to ask, right?

Liz: I met Mrs. Fletcher.



Sydney: What did she say?
Liz: She pointed to the rip in my pants and said, "Is that from falling?"

Sydney: They must have her trained.

Liz: Look. That must be Mr. and Mrs. Musto. I wonder how they describe him to people: "Yes, that's my son, in the fluffy reindeer slippers, the flowered flannel pants and the silver lamé boxing robe?"

Sydney: Oh yeah, think what your mom says about you.

Liz: Well, Mrs. Fletcher might be blinded by the flash bulbs and fall.

Sydney: At least she gets paid for falling. I think that is something you should look into—I think you missed your true calling.

Liz: Do you ever get the feeling that we're turning into

Burns and Allen?

ACT UP's second Auction for Action was held on Sunday, Dec. 2, raising one-half million dollars for the organization. Liz and Sydney made a promise to each other not to bid anything over \$50. This was not a problem.

Auctioneer Rebecca Hoffman (trying to get a bigger bid for a work): There are too many bargain hunters here...come on, it's only \$50—that's not much in New York—it's just a couple of cups of coffee.

Sydney: I don't know where she buys her coffee.

Kate Pierson (of the B-52s, without wig): I hope you all brought a big bag of money tonight.

Liz: Where's the underwear? They took my favorite things out of the auction this year.

Sydney: What's that?

Liz: Underwear, leather harnesses, pocket-books. This is not an accessory-heavy auction.

Sydney: The point is to raise money, not for slobbs like you to sit around looking at underwear and drink beer.

A Friend: Hi, how are you? Are you buying tonight?

Liz: Not unless they're taking things like a good heart and sensitivity, along with the American Express.

Sydney: I'm going into the auction. Stay
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away from the bar. You'll fall down the stairs like last year.

Liz: They have an elevator, and I tripped. Sydney, can we afford T-shirts? ▼

Footnotes:

1. Daughter of Hortense Gabel, New York Judge (recently deceased, who was involved in the "Bess Mess," in which the former Miss America and city official Bess Myerson got a reduced divorce settlement for her boyfriend in return for employing Sukhreet.

2. Singer/performer whose memorable moments may include her mattress commercials as well as her appearance as "Joey Heatherock" on *The Flintstones*.

3. Née Edith Fore. Her appearances on Life Call commercials have spawned T-shirts, answering-machine messages and a record getting quite a bit of club play.

4. Not the closeted gay men who escort disgustingly rich women to events while their husbands are elsewhere, but the actual chrome orthopedic kind.