

# DOWNTOWN

BY

MICHAEL  
MUSTO

At the Pyramid, the Now Explosion—a group of porn connoisseurs, art school dropouts, hot bachelors and parazzi from Atlanta—emerge through “the world’s largest vagina” (as they proudly bill it) and sing aggressively raunchy but lovable songs like “Hot Snatch” and “Mandingo.” Their special guest star is Lady Bunny, the queen mother of drag queens, moonlighting from the sci-fi/R&B group Shazork, who is frenetically go-go dancing herself into a veritable now explosion. In the audience are the cast of *Mama Said*, wearing buttons that promote their play—a saga of tormented Times Square hairdressers. They carry on with all the self-congratulation of recent Oscar winners, and you feel like a heretic for not treating them as such. “Victims of pretense” coos a drag queen diva who reeks uncomfortably of rubbing alcohol. (Did she make a cheap take and dab herself with the cheap will she puts in expensive designer

The next night he’s shooting Atlanta’s androgynous sensation, RuPaul Charles, who’s doing a takeoff on Diana Ross—possibly without even knowing it—singing his theme song, “Sex Freak,” and telling the grungy audience, “In my heart I love you—you know that.” But downstairs, on the video screen, the feature attraction

bottles so house guests will think it’s eau-de-God-knows-what?) Christina, a dominatrix with a pronounced (and pronouncedly bogus) German accent, is there, emitting a flow of psychobabble that’s as mesmerizing as it is disturbing. “I just had a baby, and I’m already sick to death of the little darling—actually a cheap blond wig—to the floor and cackling with self-satisfaction. Sylvia Miles is there too, in an outfit of inspired cacophony, saying how strangers yell “Madonna” when they see her, but that she’s also gotten comments relating her to Cyndi Lauper and Tina Turner. Even at the Pyramid though she’d prefer to be known as Sylvia Miles, actress, too, artist Nelson Sullivan is there, too, documenting everyone’s fabulousness along with their most embarrassing Foulups, Bloopers, Blunders and Faux Pas, hoping people will either want to procure a copy from him for posterity or maybe pay him to burn the master tape. “The scene makes me feel young again,” he says, pausing only because his batteries have gone dead. “It’s so need to do is come in, focus and take its picture.”

isn’t RuPaul doing “Reach Out and Touch,” it’s the diaphanous diva starring in *Trilogy of Terror*, in which he’s mercilessly violated by a crowbar, at which point a friend walks in and exclaims, “Sheila! You didn’t tell me you were having a party!” RuPaul is the only black white transsexual

MICHAEL MUSTO

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