

SPECIAL EDITION

# VOGUE

MET GALA 2013

THE DRESSES  
THE DRAMA  
THE MAYHEM  
INSIDE

## THE PARTY *of the* YEAR

WITH  
BEYONCÉ  
JENNIFER LAWRENCE  
MADONNA  
MILEY CYRUS  
TOM AND GISELE....

+

**20** YEARS OF  
BEHIND-THE-SCENES  
SECRETS

SARAH  
JESSICA  
PARKER

\$10.99US



DISPLAY UNTIL  
AUGUST 19, 2013  
A CONDÉ NAST  
SPECIAL EDITION



ONE WAY OR ANOTHER  
A MIXED-MEDIA  
COLLAGE OF  
BLONDIE AT  
THE PALLADIUM  
NYC, 1978.

heart pounding. (Hell recently published his own memoir of the period, *I Dreamed I Was a Very Clean Tramp*.)

When it seemed that the *Village Voice* staffers might go on strike (Lou Reed played our strike benefit), I sat in the Orchidia pizza restaurant on my corner with S. and wondered how I would come up with the \$135 rent. "We can go up to Times Square and be strippers!" S. suggested, and, indeed, there were plenty of seedy spots, live performances, and peep shows where fast, dirty, no-questions-asked work was there for the taking, though I, who doubled up with shyness in the communal fitting room of Loehmann's, was an unlikely candidate for this employment.

The punk aesthetic may have been literally a bad fit for me, but luckily there were plenty of other fashion opportunities in the neighborhood. The costume party that was the 1960s was by no means over, and local vintage shops were eager to kit you out like a gun moll or a cowgirl or the Angel of Death or Dr. Frank-N-Furter. At a store called Bogie's, on Tenth Street, the clothes were piled waist-deep, and you were meant to hold your nose and jump in—like Dumpster-diving, or slam-dancing for clothes. I only attempted this disgusting activity a very few times, with disappointing results, but other girls managed to extract gorgeous chiffons and velvets from the fetid heap.

Vintage furs that I was convinced made the wearer look as glamorous as a Warhol superstar (there was no PETA then) could be found at Ridge Antique Furs on Eighth Street, and could also be pressed into service when balky tenement heating systems sputtered (I often lit the oven for warmth). The best pieces were the raccoon stadium coats that reminded me of something Ginger Rogers would have worn on an ocean liner, or Myrna Loy sported to solve crimes. I got to know Ginger and Myrna quite well, as their films were shown frequently at Theatre 80, a revival house a few blocks east of Ridge.

But alas, not everyone I knew wanted to watch *Top Hat* and *The Thin Man*. So, dressed in my secondhand finery, wrapped in a moth-riddled fur, I would accompany my friend D. to a freezing, empty storefront to view instead the challenging, ambitious (and though I would never say so out loud, monumentally boring) underground movies by filmmakers who called themselves names like Beth B and Scott B. (I was ashamed to admit, even to myself, that I would have been far happier watching *Love Boat* reruns in my apartment.) Sometimes we went to CBGB to see Blondie (I never had the guts to visit the club's famously revolting bathroom, CB's itself being sufficiently squalid for me). Debbie Harry pouted and combed her hair onstage, managing to be both incredibly pretty and incredibly sulky, a combination I longed for but could never quite achieve.