

## I've been to a mah-vellous party

Among the glitterati at the Palladium:  
Tiny Tim, Calvin Klein. . .and a bag lady

By DINAH PRINCE

**I**T'S 11 P.M., OPENING NIGHT. Under the battered Palladium marquee at 126 E. 14th St., a young man in suit and tie squeezes through the crowd heaving against velvet ropes. "Excuse me, I'm on the list."

The keeper of the gates, a woman called Yehjong, looks down. Gripped in one hand is The List—the exclusive roster of names to be permitted entry to the newest, most extravagant, most-awaited and most-hyped night club in the city.

"Albert Grimaldi," the man says.

Scanning the Gs, Yehjong casts furtive glances up, making sure the crowd—which seems willing to try anything to get in—does not get a glimpse of the names she guards.

"Your name's not here," she tells the suppliant.

"Look under Albert Monaco."

"That's your name?" she demands.

"That's my real name."

Yehjong consults her list again, then shakes her head. "Do you have your invitation?"

"I left it at home," he says. "Do you know Cornelia Guest? Could you have her paged? She's a *very* good friend."

"I'm afraid we can't do that," Yehjong smiles sweetly before turning away.

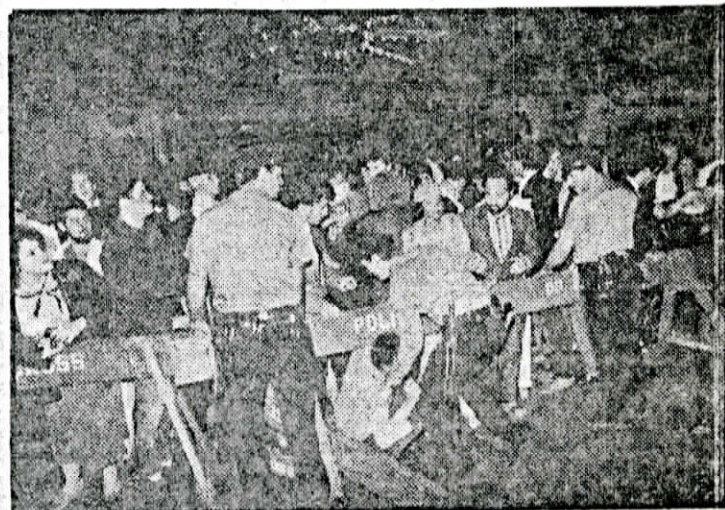
Inside, at the hi-tech bar, Calvin Klein is admiring Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager's latest creation: "It has so much



Dennis Stein, Terry Melville



Tiny Tim



Those who tried to get in . . .

Daily News/JOHN ROCA

### A REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

style!" Celebrity artist Julian Schnabel confides he is considering doing an installation for the club. Nearby, Keith Haring, who has already done one, sips a vodka. And Alfonse Telese, who is in furs, tips a cigaret girl \$50.

Downstairs, Andy Warhol strolls through rooms furnished with fun house mirrors, plastic dinosaurs, neon synthetic fur, and Day-Glo paintings by artist Kenny Scarf. "It's a big club," Warhol opines. "The rug is great."

Clearly, being a celebrity gets you in. So does being a friend of Rubell or Schrager. But there are other ways. Cigaret girl Lucy Penabaz, dressed in uniform by Azzedine Alaia, is one of 200 staff members who beat-out 5,000 applicants for Palladium positions. "My hair got me this job," she says, twisting a red strand.

But getting in is not enough for some of the crowd. Leaving the scene, a group of downtown artists object that the club, which bills itself as "downtown converging with uptown," caters primarily to an uptown crowd. Downtown artist Darinka Novitovic, though thrilled to glimpse Tiny Tim in his gold cape, finally decides the club is "icky."

There are mishaps. Some trip on one of the club's many dimly lit, one-inch drop-offs. An elderly woman tumbles as she climbs the stairs of glass blocks.

And, just before midnight, there is a riot on the sidewalk. The impatient crowd finally bursts through the velvet ropes. At 11:59 p.m., police receive an anonymous report of a firebomb at the Palladium. Bouncers heave down the heavy metal gates, police throw up barricades, fire trucks pull up.

A team of cops, trying to control the crowd, allow some of the un-listed inside. Swooped up in the rush: a bag lady.

At 2:30 a.m., Roger Rignack stands among the gawkers on the sidewalk. "What's going on?" he wants to know.

"It's the Palladium," he's told. "You hadn't heard?"



And some of those who made it (above), including Boy George (right)

Daily News/RICHARD COBKERY