

TRENDS

Disco madness hits 14th St.

THE long-awaited Palladium finally turned its lights on as New York's night owls and creatures of darkness duly crept forth.

In what other dens of darkness they've been in the interim, only God and some disco doormen must know, because they came by the thousands.

"Come early," Steve Rubell told me, "otherwise I'm not sure you'll get in. Come at 8:30 because that's what I've told Bianca and Calvin and Andy. Otherwise, phone, say exactly when you're arriving and we'll come out and get you and bring you in through the basement."



By CINDY ADAMS

By 8:30 the children of the night were already massing on East 14th Street, a block which, in daytime, is not exactly noted for its glamor. Up to this old, unwashed marquee that said, "Palladium," up to the front door of what is now the Son Of Studio 54, they came.

On Tuesday night the measure of status was not whether you could get Kissinger to return a phone call, or wangle an appointment with Nancy Reagan's hairdresser, it was whether or not you've been invited to the Palladium.

The oldies came early, the youngies stayed late. Some tumbled out of stretch limos like socialite Carolina Herrera, who pals out with Princess Margaret when she's not on 14th Street.

Slithering past one knot of people I saw Jake LaMotta's ex, Vicki, introducing herself to whoever would listen; glittery Monique Van Vooren glittering; Claudia Cohen and Ron Perelman, who are giving themselves a belated wedding party there on Monday (they were married in January and, I guess, waited to see if it took); and makeup man Way Bandy dancing alone.

My husband has reached the stage in life where his idea of an exciting night is to sneak an oatmeal cookie with his Sanka. After 15 minutes of being there Joey leaned over to me and lovingly screamed above the din: "Let's get the hell out of here."

We got out. But not far. A



On opening night, thousands made the Palladium's huge dance floor literally throb.

lady cop had ordered our small, white Rolls to move down the street. Way, way down the street. Way outside the protected cordon of stanchions, horses, patrol cars, security guys in three-piece suits, uniformed cops and Oriental

attendants in evening clothes.

We huddled together down the block. We made it to the safety of our car. We got in. The thing wouldn't start.

Just another humdrum night in New York.

Dramatic staircase, lit from beneath, rises from the lobby.

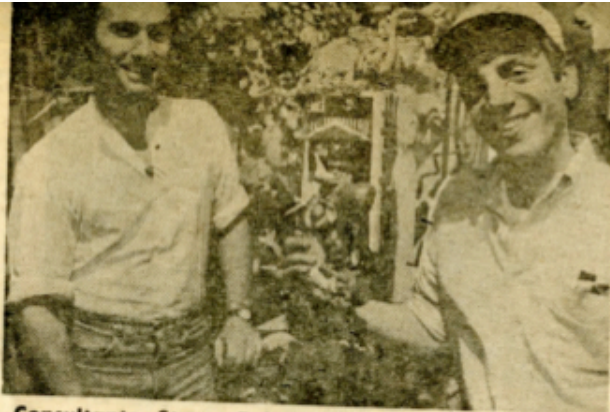


y, who was Truman's best friend; those who trekked like Christopher; those who trekked way in from Mon-specifically for this thing, like Halston. There were the s in punk pink hair, racks in beaded and some "down-designer named Brill who bounced in a red rubber suit. Aside those who are considered "in" and who are now consid-ut" were those who e opening of an e-like Sylvia Miles, rennial party-goer iver Roy Cohn, never miss any-ven if he were sick abled.

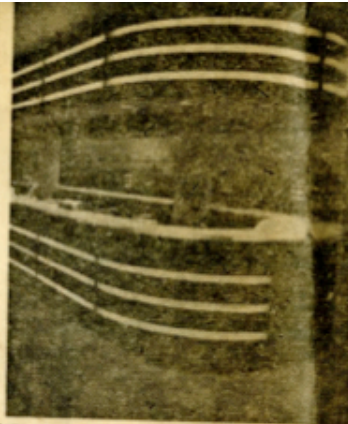
30 Caroline Ken-elled to be let in the ay. Whether she ot, I don't know. At er Patrice Munsel with eight guests. t't make it in.

ing New York, the of the world, side- with those in dia- nd silk were those mbered off the jeans and sweat- rrying such eve- rses as brown ga.

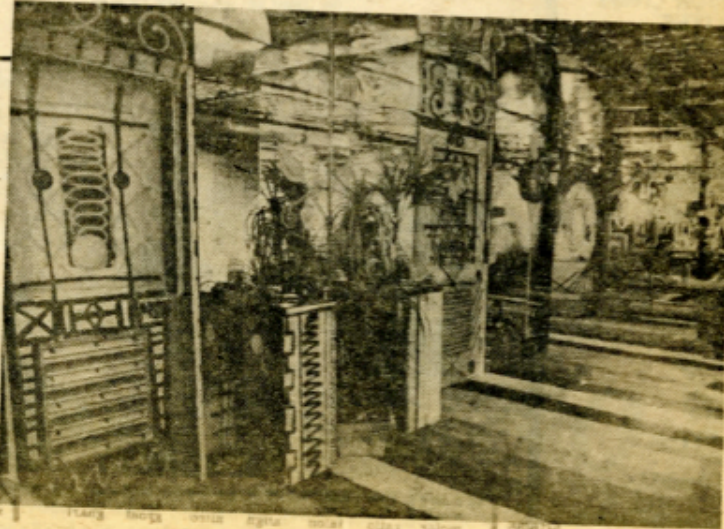
rops were pro- d to the frenzy of ic and the guests. and descending dance floor were it suspended TV each containing 10 smaller TV displaying colored i just in case there em to be enough without all that.



Consultants Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager (l.) with brightly-colored dinosaur telephones. Right: one of the new Palladium's several neon-lit bars.



Interior of Palladium's far-out ladies' powder room boasts day-glo colors, tropical motifs and glaring lights.



Down the glass staircase, darkly

I LOOKED for a phone. I couldn't find the damn thing. The phone had been camouflaged to be a part of the surrounding psychedelic art. It was painted and sculpted to look like a Picasso. Only DalI himself could have located it.

I tried for the ladies' room. There were so many designs and fixtures and painted warrens and stairs that I was lost. I was inadvertently shoved into one sort of "meeting" room made of antique mirrors, lace tableclothes and mahogany furniture. People were exercising in it when I barreled past.

Still on my quest for the loo, I was sent behind some dark, gray door, down some more steps, where for some odd reason — right in the john — a bunch of guys were photographing a bunch of models.

In the club are black steps with small cutout round globes of glass under which are electric lights. With the glare you couldn't always distinguish one step from another since each sort of blended into the other. Two humanoids in chains torn pants and boots nearly fell on their shopping bags going up them.

— CINDY