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When's the last time you had the pleasure of watching dwarves in afro wigs do the bump or she-males in chain-adorned halter tops shoot confetti out of a cannon? Been awhile? Then you probably haven't dropped into Space lately. Lodged in the former location of the Legends dance club on Congress at Brush in Detroit, the New York-style disco attracts lines around the block on Friday and Saturday nights. Inside, the very cool Lisa Lisa (of WDRQ fame) spins bumpin' house music as foam rains periodically over the dance floor, and drag queens swing purposefully from the trapeze hanging from the rafters. Yes, I said trapeze.

While it has all of the classic trappings of a gay disco, Space attracts a very mixed crowd. And it has also started adding an occasional live show to its roster of over-the-top entertainment.

Eighties phenom Cyndi Lauper will appear at the club on Dec. 6, and I happened to be in the house Nov. 15 when New York's diva supreme, Grace Jones, ripped the joint.

Though the mix was regrettable, the audience got more than its money's worth when Jones hit the stage after midnight. Holding us rapt as she postured and pranced her way through hits like "Pull Up to the Bumper" and "Slave to the Rhythm," Jones, still startingly beautiful at nearly 50, was dazzling.

But few of us were prepared for what came next. Apparently, the glasses of red wine her helpers kept delivering to the stage were starting to add up, and about half an hour into her set, Jones stopped singing completely and started pacing the stage ranting deliriously at the crowd.

At first, it was difficult to tell if it was part of the act or not. But by the time she got down on her knees and started making out with a woman in the front row, it became obvious that the musical portion of the show was over. At some point, Jones hurled herself into the crowd and, once returned to the stage, continued chattering at the audience until the club turned up the house P.A. and shut off the stage lights.

In short, it was a riot. I walked out of that place wildly entertained -- knowing that, 10 years from now, my jaw will still gape at the thought of it.

Head down to Space and check it out. Unfortunately, Grace can't be there every weekend, but someone equally fascinating is bound to make your acquaintance.