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Interview

LET'S PARTY

What You Missed Last Month in NYC (According to Linux), July Edition

By Linux

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This is What You Missed Last Month (According To Linux), in which nightlife it-girl Linux takes us behind the velvet rope and into the VIP section of Scene-City. Through her extreme (sometimes exaggerated) lens, Linux gives us the tea on what really happened at every party-of-the-century that floods our Instagram feeds. This July, we follow Linux's movements in the thick of New York's Hot, Wet, American Summer (A note from the author: don't take what she says too seriously—she's just a club kid after all!).

There's nothing quite like summer in New York City. We spend six months out of the year wrapped in Moncler parkas fantasizing about the warmth July brings. For the first time in 2021, the weather in New York is not just worth appreciating, but really worth savoring. As a city, we're finally able to go outside in nearly nothing... even if it's just to gawk at our hot Manhattan neighbors! We can finally swim in our rooftop pools, and NYC Parks has announced that we can now actually step on the grass in Washington Square Park! Well—when it's not being ambushed by NYPD (on Pride, no less!)

That being said, as soon as the going gets good, New Yorkers get going! The most New York thing you can do is leave the city for the summer, so I did just that. Lethargic from Pride month, my it-kid friends and I packed our Rimowa bags, threw them into the back of my

lubov.nyc
info@lubov.nyc

(347) 496-5833

5 E Broadway, #402
New York, NY 10038

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SUV, and escaped to our quarter-share in Empire City's gay backyard: Fire Island Pines.

Friday, July 9th



Angel Money DJ'ing at Platinum. Photo by Dakotah Malisoff.

In the New York scene, there are different cliques of trans girls. There's the bodied trannies that work in hotels all day and rarely socialize. There are the well-behaved Bartsch girls that follow Amanda Lepore around. There are the hateful Brooklyn ones with chest hair and endless Twitter rants. And lastly, there are the fashionable techno dolls with slight drug addictions. I had about five events to be at on July 9th, but once I saw on Instagram that the techno trannies were banding together to throw a 3-story rave in Chinatown, I cleared my

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schedule. As a part-time party producer, I know how difficult it is to secure a *good* venue in Chinatown, but Angel Money used her Pleiadean magic and got the spot. The party was called 'Platinum,' presumably named after Angel's platinum blonde hair and expensive aesthetic. The promo push was major, flooding Instagram with fully-produced white-backdrop videos of each of the hot girls that would be DJ'ing the party. When I got there at 1 am, there was a crowd of about 50 people in Derelict-inspired fashions smoking and talking outside. "It's wild in there, just a heads up," someone warned me on my way in. On the main floor, warehouse denizen (and recently BBL'ed) Sauscha played heavy-bassed bangers at 140 bpm. Her self-branded crushers propped on the CDJs was now doubling as a merch booth. Other girls who played that night were Jasmine Infiniti, Sunrise Hunter, and Miss Parker. Trans porn star and only-cool-person-from-L.A. Jane's World also graced us with her presence. It seemed everyone there was platinum blonde, making it not only a doll party but a *Russian Doll* party. When I left around 5 am, the crowd was still jumping to the music. Angel Money brought the cool kids to Chinatown and it was a huge success. I'm praying to whatever alien race birthed her that Platinum becomes a recurring party!

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