

Gaga in the room ©

By Connie J. Schlosberg

I'm a lot like Truman Capote if I dare may say. He was always himself no matter who his muse of the moment was. So I am. I'm the girl in the ultra *trés* mini and drag queen makeup whenever I'm forced to be in some conservative spot. Always a show girl. It's theatre. It's art, baby. Naturally, it was only fitting that I would be dressed in a maxi pink floral dress with appropriate matching cardigan for Lady Gaga's Monster Ball concert at the Pepsi Center in Denver last Wednesday night. Huh!

Wannabes – as we called them in my teeny bop days – were dressed in their glitterati. Adorable little minions. I couldn't do it. I would fit in. How un-apropos. My daughter didn't even dress up. I guess a knock off the old block eh! Aesthetics aside there's more to Lady Gaga to get me stirred up. Huh!

If you ask what does Gaga have to do with progressive music, then you have not allowed yourself to be exposed to her Gaganess. However, I find the woman intriguing since I'm a lover and participant of the theater and performance art. I'm surprised her music hasn't been labeled "art rock" but I would never support labeling anything anyway. Huh!

Her show was an invitation for us to join her at the Monster Ball. We – being her little monsters. I'm not a subject of the monster family; however, I am an Italian-American from New York just like Lady Gaga. Maybe that's why the 24 years old has captured the adoration of this 43 years old. Huh!

Seeing her on stage sent me back in a time capsule to another life I had. One that I still cling to. I've been reawakened. Lady Gaga says she's "letting the freaks outside and locking all the fucking doors." This freak has been inside for too long. Time to let her out. Huh!

I've perceived and received a lot of smack for taking my ten year old daughter to see the super-sonic iconic for gays. Well...I say "back off" in the utmost respectful way. My neighbor professed that my daughter will be exposed to all the "gay people making out" and acting in lewd ways. What? I didn't see anyone sucking face or otherwise. The audience included all the colors over and under the rainbow. Awesome, I say. It was one of the most polite audiences I have been with in quite a while, especially considering that I've never been a good audience member always wanting to be on stage or backstage. I'm at home there. Huh!

Did she drop the f-bomb? Of course! Don't all of us New Yorkers? My daughter is not immune from it and ironically, abhors the word. I was proud to hear Lady Gaga tell her monsters to be themselves no matter what. I hope my daughter embraces those same words I constantly tell her. It was a great mother-daughter experience. Critics - take that back to your mundane objective worlds. As Lady Gaga preached, "I'm a free bitch, baby." The party is here. Let's go. Huh!