



Nightlife imitates art

Brooklyn art collective CHERYL has been busy exporting its events and installations to Europe. Now, it's back to ruin your life again. By **Ben Lerman**

At the club, we typically want to look sexy and fear looking lame. Destiny Pierce, Nick Schiarizzi and Sarah Van Buren, better known as CHERYL, produce a recurring Brooklyn dance party with a welcoming environment and a new, often abstract theme every time. Costume suggestions for this Saturday's party, *Touching Baes*, a play on the corny term of endearment *bae* and *touching base* (with NYC fans after a seven-month hiatus), include fiberglass hands, panic buttons and saltwater taffy. They are not afraid of looking nuts.

"At our parties, everyone looks crazy," says Pierce. Their official motto is "CHERYL will ruin your life," but she assures, "It's a cathartic destruction from an explosion of fun."

The CHERYL experience—whether at MoMA, a London nightclub, or at an installation in the Azores, Portugal—allows

people to let down their guard and join in on the fun of interpreting the abstract. People dress up for a lot of parties. But here, it's not about having the best look. "It's about having fun and pushing your own boundaries, not about being seen," says Schiarizzi. "There's no attitude. Our crowd is

friendly, weird and scary. Not to make them sound unattractive. They're not." Van Buren adds, "People make out all the time."

The parties grew organically from the group's circle of friends. It's a queer crowd but not exclusively

LGBT. "Straight guys come," she says, "because they don't have to meet expectations about how bros are supposed to act. We accept everyone, as long as they're not assholes. No assholes allowed."



CHERYL: *Touching Baes* touches base at C'mon Everybody Sat 5 at 11pm; \$10.