

# OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

**H**ollywood, that great tinsel abyss of the American dream. Whether you love to hate it or hate to love it, around Oscar time you just can't escape it. Like a bad date from years past, it just won't leave you alone. Everywhere you turn, self-proclaimed "psychics" fill the airwaves hawking their Oscar predictions to anyone who will listen. To say that life imitates art would not be a lie, you think, as you overhear a clubbie practicing her acceptance speech in front of a bathroom mirror. Finally, you realize that club life is just the videotaped community-access version of the silver screen, whether they go home with a golden Oscar or a golden boy.

**SYDNEY:** You'll never eat lunch in this town again.

**LIZ:** Why? Did everyone get acting jobs at the same time?

**Sydney:** No. It's just an idle threat.

**Liz:** Gee, thanks. You know, **Julia Phillips** has actually lost restaurant tables over her book.<sup>1</sup>

**Sydney:** I didn't think that most maitre d's took bad writing seriously enough not to seat people.

**Liz:** You're telling me. **Bret Easton Ellis** will never eat anything but Stouffer's Lean Cuisine until hell freezes over.

**Sydney:** What do Julia Phillips and Mr. Ellis have in common?

**Liz:** They both have egos the size of a Cecil B. DeMille production. They're both pencil-necked geeks. They're both self-loathing homosexuals. I don't know.

**Sydney:** Well, yes. But I was thinking more along the lines of sexist, racist, homophobic idiots than pencil-necked geeks.

**Liz:** Yeah, but at least Ms. Phillips has a humorous bone in her body.

**Sydney:** I was more fascinated by her obsession with **Goldie Hawn's** butt. I love the fact that every reviewer quotes her as saying that Goldie has "stringy hair," even

though she mentions Ms. Hawn's ass more than her hair.

**Liz:** I think she's "on the team," despite numerous mentions of her many attractive, post-adolescent boyfriends.

**Sydney:** My second-favorite part was when she salivated over **Corey Haim**. If we believe what she says, then it wasn't for lack of opportunity. Anything with a nervous system had the hots for her.

**Liz:** A legend in her own mind.

**Sydney:** These are drugs. This is the book your brain writes on drugs. Any questions?

**Liz:** Oh, the glamour of Hollywood. This hefty tome will probably keep more people out of Los Angeles than **Sandra Bernhard**.

**Sydney:** *Limelight* is writing a screenplay of its own.

**Liz:** That's a really weak transition. But go ahead.

**Sydney:** That item they planted in *Newsday* about two columnists spilling a drink on **Grace Jones'** bra and trying to run it through the wash before she noticed...

**Liz:** I don't think she's been to *Limelight* since they "reopened."

**Sydney:** They had a press dinner for, among others, the *Wall Street Journal* and had to hire clubbies to fill the room. Then they gave out a mushroom punch to make sure the "filler" would misbehave, i.e., be press-worthy.

**Liz:** Well, when they make *Limelight: the Movie*, I'm sure that's one story that won't make the cut, and the people who came up with that idea should be cut.

**Sydney:** For someone whose first featured role ended up on the cutting-room floor, **Kevin Costner<sup>2</sup>** did pretty well at the Oscars.

**Liz:** Quite.

**Sydney:** Maybe there is hope for this world after all.

Wasn't it a big victory for multi-culturalism—an African-American actress with dreads, an actress who doesn't look like a "traditional" starlet and an epic film about Native Americans all won.

**Liz:** Yeah, and then there was the triumph of pop culturalism—**Madonna's** homage to **Marilyn Monroe**.

**Sydney:** "Talk to me, **Norman Schwarzkopf**, tell me all about it!"

**Liz:** Well, at least she didn't try to play brain-dead and say, "I didn't even

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notice I looked like Marilyn."

**Sydney:** It could have been worse. She could have done **Dead Marilyn**.<sup>3</sup>

**Liz:** Speaking of death, I'm sorry, but it's really hard for me to accept her new relationship with **Michael Jackson**.

**Sydney:** Didn't he "date" **Brooke Shields**?

**Liz:** Yeah, well, "date"'s a strong word...

**Sydney:** As comic **Frank Maya** said at the Queer Oscars<sup>4</sup>: "How do you know a celebrity is gay? Just look to see if they dated Brooke Shields."

**Liz:** You have to admit that those awards were a bit more reflective of the queer lives led in La-La land. For Best Actor—**Richard Gere** in *Dances With Gerbils*. Best Actress—**Jodie Foster** in *The Silence of Jodie Foster*.

**Sydney:** I was rooting for **Chastity Bono** in *Teenage Dyke Ninja Lesbians*.

**Liz:** I don't know. **Debbie Reynolds** in *Closetland* is pretty tough competition. She's had a long run in that role.

**Sydney:** And the nominations for the Best New Club...

**Liz:** That's easy, there's only one new club—all the rest are remakes.

**Sydney:** The Oscar goes to Parallel.

**Liz:** You can think of it like this—Friday night<sup>5</sup> is an MGM musical, with showgirls, and Saturday<sup>6</sup> looks like the entire cast of extras from *Spartacus* decided to go dancing in cut-off shorts.

**Sydney:** But I bet if you ask the bathroom attendants, they'll tell you that it's just one big drama.

**Liz:** I think that door-people as casting directors is just one step away from club promoters as "auteurs"—**Godard** running *Roxy*, maybe?

**Sydney:** Oh god, I'm scared that everyone would fall asleep. Now that reminds me of a story. A friend once told me that she saw **Julia Kristeva**<sup>7</sup> at *Girl World*.

**Liz:** Didn't she win Best Cinematography?

**FOOTNOTES:** 1. *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*, a book which has spurred numerous lawsuits and talk-show appearances.

2. Kevin Costner's first role was to play the dead man in *The Big Chill*, in flashback scenes. They were all shot and then edited out, thus launching Jeff Goldblum, Kevin Kline and William Hurt upon the world.

3. Jimmy James, a female impersonator, plays Marilyn upon return from her grave, hence "Dead Marilyn."

4. Benefit for the Community Health Project, held at the Pyramid on Oscar night.

5. *Satyricon*, a night of "debaucherous satire" featuring the former *BoyBar* beauties.

6. A large, Saint-like gay crowd.

7. French film and literary critic. A favorite of Sydney's.