

OUT ON THE TOWN WITH LIZ & SYDNEY

There are times when even the most logical of minds cannot find any rhyme or reason to the events that occur in life. Search as you may for the one thread that you believe links all of these scenes into one meaningful drama—your life defies cohesion. You drop in exhaustion, finally understanding that the quest for meaning is fruitless, and that it is easier to plod along, knowing that an unexamined life is not worth living, but that an examined one will drive you to your grave.

LIZ: I need to dye my hair, but before I do, do you think blonds have more fun?

SYDNEY: I don't think so...did you see **Debbie Harry** at the *Red Hot & Blue* party?

Liz: Why, yes, I did, and I don't think she was having any fun.

Sydney: In fact, I don't think she was. All I heard her yelling to no one in particular was "I need my coat" as she headed for the door.

Liz: She seemed a bit red, hot and blue, don't you think?

Sydney: Well, being stuck in a small room with **David Byrne** and an orgy of flashbulbs wouldn't do too much for my disposition either.

Liz: "Don't Fence Me In." Perhaps **Goldie Hawn** had the right idea at the Bank's reopening.

Sydney: She was a real party girl...dancing around with toilet paper tied around her head and all. I think she thought she was **Edie Sedgwick** or something.

Liz: Why?

Sydney: She had that limousine waiting outside the club for her. Edie used to have a car and driver until she was disinherited.

Liz: Thank you for that Edie Sedgwick moment.

Sydney: Have you noticed that we end up at **Limelight** at least once a week, and half the time we don't even know why we're there?

Liz: It's the meals on wheels for the gay and lesbian press.

Sydney: Speaking of meals, I was eating



SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE BANK

lunch the other day when **David Hampton**¹ happened to stop by.

Liz: Was he looking for lunch in all the wrong places?

Sydney: Not exactly. He just stopped by to threaten another columnist who recently dished him in print. Something along the lines of: "He better hope he never meets me in a dark alley, because I will rip his face off."

Liz: I bet **Sidney Poitier's** not to happy with his "son."

Sydney: I just don't understand why people are so obsessed with him.

Liz: You know what I don't understand—is it true that **Kitty Kelley** hints that **Nancy Reagan** had a lesbian liaison with a college friend?

Sydney: Yes, she does. Isn't that frightening—there are just some people you don't ever want included in the **Queer Nation**.

Liz: Actually, the hot, new lesbian on the scene is **Laura** the un-bartendress at **Shelter**.

Sydney: At the party for **Jazzie B's**² new record label, she was doing more than serving juice—she was serving up the bubbly wasn't she?

Liz: Quite. And she was so attractive doing it.

Sydney: Yeah, and all the champagne went right to my head. All I could think about was looking for **Jasmine Guy**.

Liz: She wasn't there, was she?

Sydney: No, but the place was crawling with musicians, so I was hoping she would be there.

Liz: Oh, please. Miss Guy would not give you the time of day if she were wearing the last **Timex** on Earth.

Sydney: Did you know that she and **Lady Bunny** went to high school together?

Liz: No, I didn't, but I'm sure, in some alternative universe, there was a reason for your telling me that. ▼

NOTES:

1. Man on whom the play *Six Degrees of Separation* is based, who masqueraded as the son of **Sidney Poitier**.

2. Founder of **Soul II Soul** and CEO of his newly launched label **Funki Dreds**, a joint venture with **Motown Records**. Already signed to the label, Jamaican rapper **Lady Levi** and UK soul/reggae songstress **Kofi**, who performed at the party.



By **LIZ TRACEY & SYDNEY POKORNY**