

HUMOR

Secrets and Liza

The Minnelli-Acito connection

The time has come to break the silence. For nearly a year and a half I've held my tongue, allowing others to indulge in rumor and innuendo while I've patiently sat by, refusing to contribute to the mud-slinging and character assassination. But I simply can't hold it in any longer.

I must write about Liza and David.

Like many of you, I was saddened when the pair announced that their fairy tale romance had ended; it's always sad when marriages to fairies fail. What's more, the split came the very same week Floyd and I eloped to Canada. I'm so glad I didn't know about it beforehand or I might have questioned the entire institution of marriage.

You may recall that, despite not having been invited to the wedding (or even knowing the bride or groom), Floyd and I forked over 80 bucks for a sterling silver Elsa Peretti butter spreader from Liza's bridal registry at Tiffany.com. As such, I feel that gives me a certain credibility in speaking frankly about the marriage and upcoming divorce.

Most importantly, there's the issue of who gets custody of the butter spreader. This is an easy one. I mean, it's not like I would have bought a gift for David Gest if he'd married someone else—say, Michael Jackson. No, that butter spreader was meant for Liza. What's more, call me old-fashioned, but I believe cutlery does best when it remains with the mother.

Several readers have written suggesting Liza return the butter spreader to me, but they fail to understand that with Liza now facing a \$10 million lawsuit from the unwanted Gest, chances are the gifts are already hocked.

Then there are the affidavits.

Gest claims he is a victim of domestic

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARC

by Marc Acito



abuse, stating that drinking vodka gave Liza "almost superhuman strength" and that she threw a hotel lamp at him.

Personally, I find this hard to believe. For starters, in every hotel I've ever stayed at, the lamps are bolted to the tables. Secondly, everyone knows that vodka doesn't give you superhuman strength. Gin, yes, but vodka—never.

Liza responded with a brief statement, saying: "I hoped very much that the end of my marriage would be handled with mutual respect and dignity."

I, for one, am glad to see she's taking the high road. This marriage deserves to end with the same amount of dignity with which it began.

However, Liza did go on to describe Gest as being "cruel and inhuman." Now I can't speak for the cruel part, but one look at Gest's Mr. Potato Head face, and I'd have to say she's pretty accurate about the inhuman part. The guy looks like the great and powerful Oz, which might be what attracted her to him in the first place.

Gest says he's suffering from "severe, un-

relenting headaches" and "scalp tenderness," though with all the Botox he must use it's a wonder the man feels anything at all. It would take a hotel lamp to crack that egg.

It's strange how we come to care for celebrities we don't even know. The fact is, I find that I'm actually worried about Liza's health and career and secretly hope that the whole domestic abuse thing is simply a public relations ploy to position her as the next female action star. Can't you just see Liza as an ass-kicking, lamp-throwing superheroine? They can call her Vodka Woman.

I've long wondered why I care so much about what happens to Liza, but all the buzz about *The Boy from Oz*—the Broadway musical bio of Liza's first husband, Peter Allen—finally provided me with an answer.

You see, looking at photos of the totally edible Hugh Jackman camping it up as the over-the-top gay Aussie entertainer

confirmed to me something I've long suspected but never dared say:

I am the secret love child of Liza Minnelli and Peter Allen.

There is simply no other explanation. The effervescent grin, the sparkling talent, the heartfelt insincerity, the affection for prescription medications—there's not a doubt in my mind that I am their spawn.

My adoptive parents deny it, of course, insisting that I descended from a long line of Portuguese

fishermen and Italian pushcart vendors, but, growing up in suburban New Jersey as a young gayling with a Judy Garland fixation, I knew in my heart that I belonged over the rainbow.

In his affidavit Gest claimed that when a security guard tried to help Liza by reminding her he was her friend, Liza stated, "I have no friends."

It's not true, Liza. And now that you're finally out of that creep's controlling clutches, you and I are finally free to reunite.

Remember—I'm not just your friend, I'm family.

And that, my friends, is *The Gospel According to Marc*.

MARC ACITO also looks forward to meeting his talented Aunt Loma. Write him at marc@marcacito.com.



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