



HOLLY BYRNES

I'll settle for Le Bon chance

IT was meant to be my date with destiny, when the universe would bring me together with my one true love.

It ended in tears (mine), tantrums (me again) and a supportive sister, with bridesmaid aspirations, left pondering what she's going to do with all those sugared almonds and metres of tulle on hold for years, just waiting for the day I'd finally meet him.

John Taylor from Duran Duran, that is.

Besides the fact he's already married - to Juicy Couture designer **Gela Taylor** - our meeting last Monday was going to be the breakthrough, when he'd realise he was meant to devote his life to me (as I had to him, since the age of 12).

Breakthrough turned to heartbreak, I'm afraid to say, when an opportunity to interview him and his boy band buddies turned narky.

Settling in for a cosy chat at the Loft bar, my introduction to the Taylors - John, **Andy** and **Roger** - was everything I'd imagined. John even gushed about my name. "Great name," he said, clearly, desperately, wanting me in that very moment.

It wouldn't last.

From my first question - were they coming back for the fame or the fortune? - he turned from my heart's desire to me desiring an icepick and surgical gloves.

He even had a go at my outfit. Can you imagine?

It took me a nanosecond to put my fan's eye view into perspective and give it to him as the professional journalist I am. While he gabbed



on about how it was "all about the music" and why it was so important for him to do something important with his "instrument", I wondered whether he would ever get his hand off "it" long enough to be the kind of pop idol I'd imagined him to be.

Instead, he sat there with his bad streaks, dropping the F word and talking about how

he'd wasted years getting laid in the '80s (damn me for being born too late!)

Leaving the interview, I uttered the unimaginable down the phone to my anxious family awaiting news: sad but true, the wedding was off.

My rose-coloured glasses set aside (and the only copy of *Fatal Attraction* fortuitously out on loan at my local video store), it was off that night to the Duran Duran listening party at Dragonfly, in Potts Point, detouring via the moral high ground.

How embarrassing for all those 30-something women throwing themselves at the band, screaming their names and confessing their love? Can't they tell, through the well-practised smile and shiny tuxedo jacket, that John is in fact a total tosser?

No? Oh, hang on a minute. What's that in the red-shirted corner?

It's **Simon Le Bon**, looking like sex on legs, kissing chicks and waxing lyrical with fans while wrapping himself around their waists (OK, so that was just with S staffers and yes, we've got the photos to prove it!).

The inside word is Le Bon and the boys will be back next year to tour, which gives me just enough time to split him up from the supermodel wife **Yasmin** and make a blushing April bride.

'Live in each season as it passes. Breathe the air. Drink the drink. Taste the fruit'

Henry David Thoreau

Is that the time? Sounds like the excuse you need to hit the new wine bar **Vanilla Room**, which opens this week in Norton Street, Leichhardt.