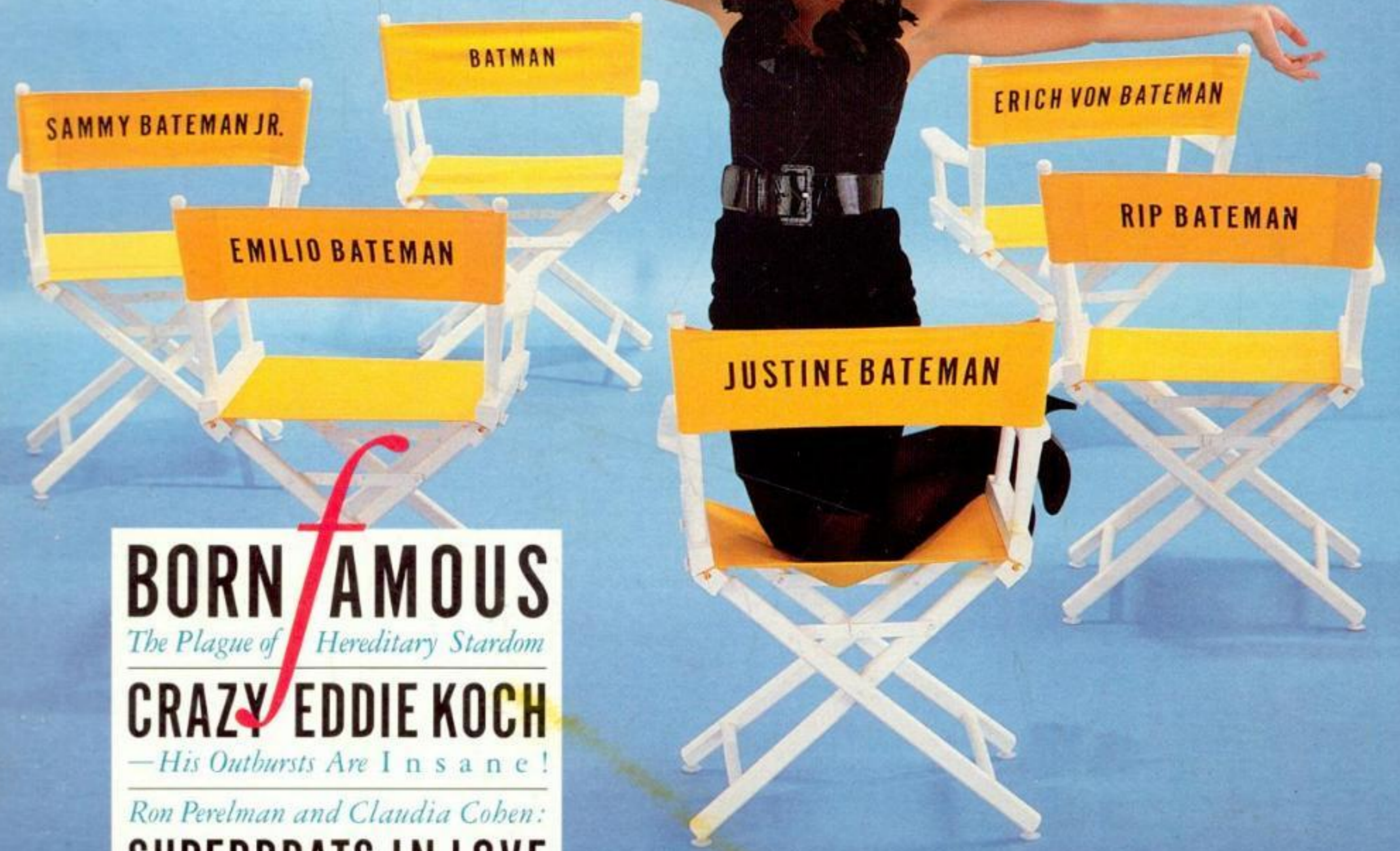


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The Plague of Hereditary Stardom

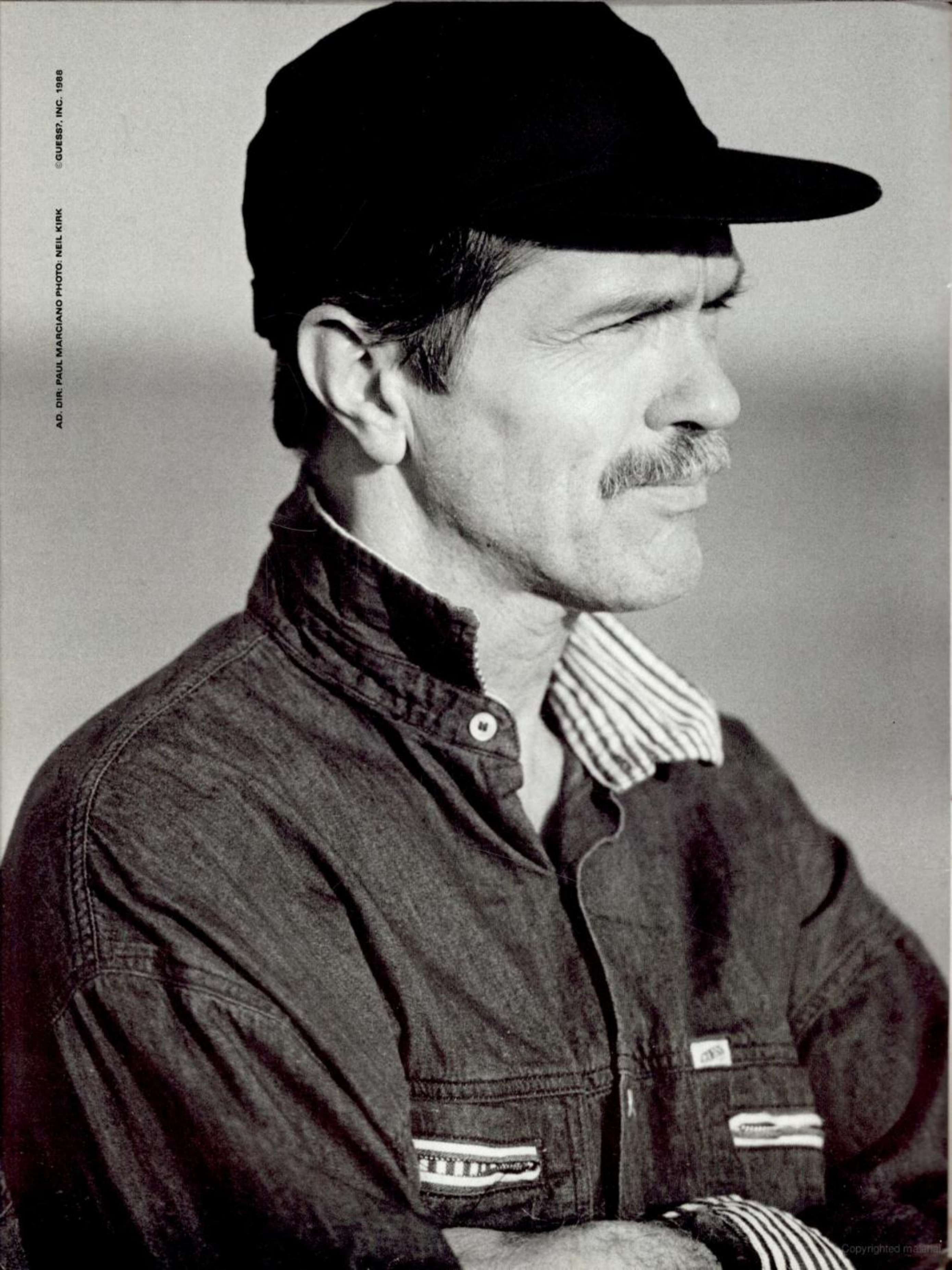
CRAZY EDDIE KOCH
—His Outbursts Are Insane!

Ron Perelman and Claudia Cohen:
SUPERBRATS IN LOVE

An Interview With Bob Woodward —
AND WILLIAM CASEY'S GHOST

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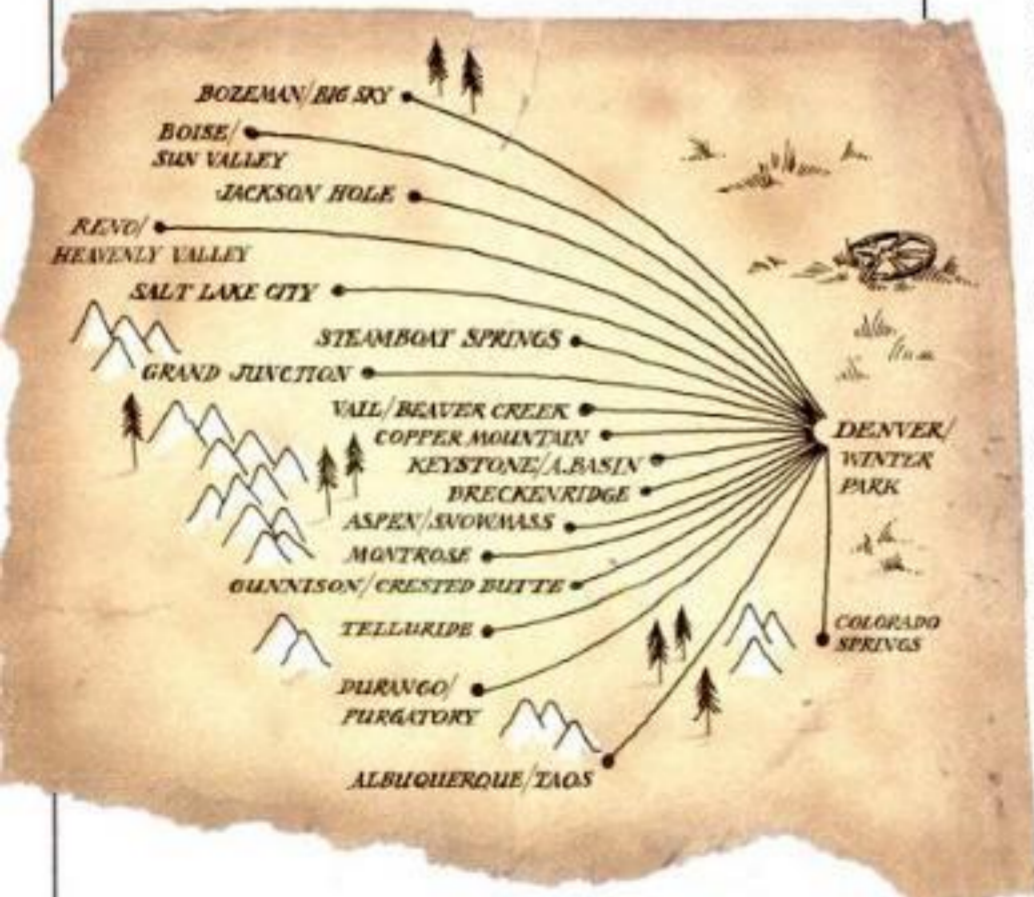
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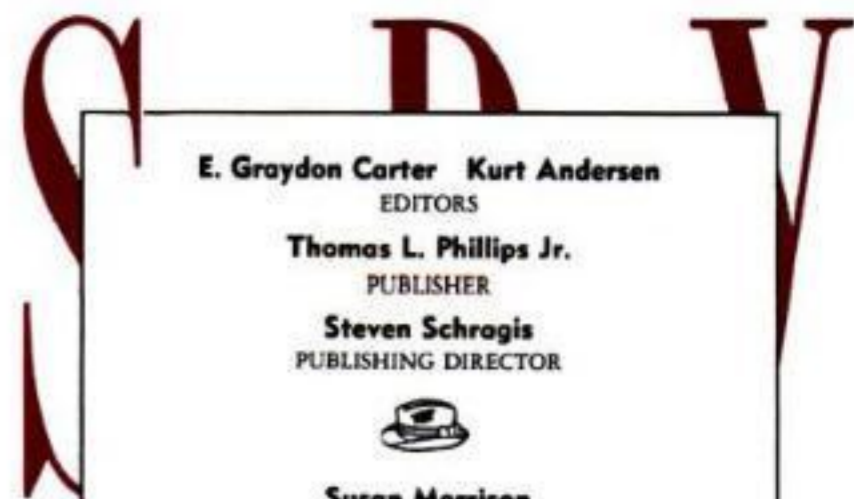
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From the SPY mailroom: Work at the Puck Building came to a standstill one morning when our mail included a superluxurious Trump organization envelope bearing, we learned seconds later, superluxurious Trump letterhead within. It



was from a super-high-up executive of the superglamorous Trump Corporation—the Trump Corporation, you understand—requesting a copy of the October issue. Why? Suddenly we were embarrassed to have ranked the executive's superglamorous Queens-born boss so low—only third—in that issue's "SPY 100."

A reader who wishes to remain anonymous, and who has gone a long way toward accomplishing this by omitting both name and address from both envelope and letter, writes to tell us that one former secretary of State, "media-hyped as a 'sexy guy' before his marriage, sleeps in a double bed separated from the Mrs. by a sheet." Interesting—if only we knew who the guy was.

Someone else has written anonymously, "I'm not a fan of John Cardinal O'Connor but I am definitely tired of the anti-Catholic media attacks on the Church and its spokespersons. Why not attack the Jews or WASPs for a change...?" Oh, but we do, we do. In fact, when it comes to choosing our religious targets, we feel we're actually pretty, well, catholic. Who, after all, have we neglected? The Mennonites, perhaps. And we hear they're worried. (The writer closes by asking why SPY doesn't "focus on the positive aspects and people for a change." Uh-huh.)

Taso Lagos writes from Los Angeles to say that younger sister Katerina was "delirious" and behaving "like a Chinese water torture" because the invoice for her SPY subscription hadn't arrived. Traditionally, our subscribers have preferred to receive the invoice first, with the tantrum to follow. But no matter: by now Katerina will have received plenty of invoices, and we hope some magazines too. Ruben Dann, Jack Perkins and Sam Hagopian of Fast, Cheap & Easy Graphics—now, which one's which?—enjoy SPY's "rare" cynicism, though they claim to have no interest in what's happening in New York or, indeed, in San Francisco, where they live. Lee Handler of Manhattan writes, "I used to send my mother Details. Now I send her SPY." But maybe she liked Details. Or didn't you think of that?

Answers to the questions Barry Gottlieb put forth here last issue: yes and no. Michael Korolenko wonders whether he enjoys SPY because, as he puts it, "I'm the only Jew in Issaquah." (Next month: where Issaquah is.) And SPY is honored to be the first magazine to which Bennett J. Cohen, a Drew Friedman fan from Manhattan, has subscribed.

Someone who has signed an odd little missive "Piño Noir" (with a New York address but a New Jersey postmark) laments that "the graphics have lost their zing. Pourquoi?" We were about to grapple with that allegation when we noticed the Noir postscript—"P.S. Achooo!"—and thought, *Why bother?*

Eugene Bolt, who, judging from his correspondence, owns or has access to not just felt-tip pens and a typewriter but also crayons and colored pencils and rubber stamps, writes from Philadelphia about his friend Robert Hutter, who has contributed a couple of "Sets & Subsets" cartoons to SPY. Mr. Hutter, complains Mr. Bolt, has become "obnoxious" about his publishing success. "The worst," writes Mr. Bolt, "had to be when the editors requested permission to edit one of the Ven diagrams, and due to purist artistic temper, [Hutter] had to let everyone in the world know that he forbade SPY from altering one of his works." Maybe, but the cartoon was, ultimately, edited—though gingerly!—and we're now considering rejecting a few of Mr. Hutter's recent submissions in the interest of saving a friendship. Mr. Hutter, Mr. Bolt... don't thank us. That's just the kind of people we are.

C O R R E C T I O N S

A friend of Katharine Balfour, the statuesque actress (*Love Story* and *Teachers*) who had an ongoing romance with *Times*man Abe Rosenthal for almost two decades, admonishes us for jumping to the conclusion (in our November issue) that Abe "bored [Ms. Balfour] with his sexual knowledge" during the period that they were together. Quite the contrary, this friend writes: Ms. Balfour told her that she and Abe had a very caring, very *full* relationship. SPY regrets the error.

SPY also regrets having misidentified the hardcover publisher of Susan Minot's novel *Monkeys* as Alfred A. Knopf in the same issue; *Monkeys* was published by E.P. Dutton/Seymour Lawrence. And we misspelled Steven Spielberg's first name; it's just that, like Jake Steinfeld, we usually think of him as "Weils." Steve, baby, can you forgive?

DEAR EDITORS In your October issue you respond to reader Leon Boyar's query by calling him a "lovable, humorless old prawn" [Letters to SPY]. We on the copyediting staff of *PC World* were pleased by your spirited defense of our peers in your publication; we were, however, a bit flummoxed by your use of *prawn*.

Skipping entirely over the question of whether prawns are in fact lovable (at least, to those of us who are not prawns), could you explain the rationale behind terming Mr. Boyar a crustacean?

Daniel Tynan
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS As president and co-founder of Prawn Lovers of Yuba City (PLOY), I must object to your use of the phrase *humorless old prawn*. If you must malign a sea animal, may I suggest that you use the eastern mackerel?

Rudolf LaNonne
Oakland, California

First, addressing Mr. Tynan's question: Mr. Boyar is not known to us, and therefore could be a prawn—that is, we don't know that he isn't one. From there, it was an easy step to calling him one in a national magazine. As for Mr. LaNonne's objection, although we may not

know for certain whether prawns are lovable, we do know that mackerel aren't. So the inaccurate phrase *lovable, humorless old eastern mackerel* would never have made it past our team of crack fact checkers here at the Puck Building anyway.

DEAR EDITORS ARGHH! That is not a joke [same letter, October]. That is a hodgepodge of two jokes.

This is a joke: Two mind readers meet on the street. One says to the other, "You're fine, how am I?"

This too is a joke: Two psychiatrists meet on the street. One says to the other, "Good morning." The second one says to himself, "Now, what did he mean by *that*?"

I hope this has helped to clear up your confusion. If you've any other questions, please feel free to call.

Martin White
Park Slope, New York

DEAR EDITORS Isolated as I am from ordinary human circuits (I don't own a TV, and the local library does not have an airmail subscription to the *New York Post*), I nevertheless enjoyed The SPY 100 [October] immensely. I have absolutely no idea who Donald Trump, Tama Janowitz, the Filofax Generation et al. are, and (thanks to SPY) I am relieved at never having to find out. The eighties are so thick with cultural ciphers, I scarcely have time to revile them all—it's good to have SPY summarily bad-mouth the ones I can't get around to.

J. A. Hutter
Kurten, Texas

DEAR EDITORS I just returned from living in Sweden and was surprised to see your emetic magazine on the newsstands.

spy -dde -tt itr tr vomit; -[ut]
eld (rok) belch forth (out). ; jfr
krakas

—from *Svensk-engelsk ordbok* (Swedish-English Dictionary), Esselte Studium, Nacka, Sweden, 1977

Spy in Swedish is directly related to the English *spew*.

Spew (spyoo) v. spewed, spewing, spews. Also spue, spued, spuing, spues.—tr. 1.a. To vomit or cast

LETTERS TO SPY

out through the mouth. b. To force out in a stream; eject: "I was spewed forth with the mob into the bright courtyard" (James Baldwin).

2. To eject or spit out with loathing or contempt: "That the land spue not you out also, when ye defile it" (Leviticus 18:28).

—itr. To vomit.—n. Also spue. That which is spewed; vomit.

[Middle English *spewen*, Old English *spiwan* and *spiowan*. See *spyeu-* in appendix.*]

—*The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1978

I enjoy your quality menstrual periodical despite the thoughts of Kodacolor yawns it conjures. May you continue to eat shit and SPY.

Markos Kounalakis
New York

Thank you, Mr. Kounalakis. Sweden's loss is New York's gain. ➤

DEAR EDITORS **I** note that in a recent letter soliciting subscriptions, you lumped John Cardinal O'Connor with muggers and madmen.

My board of directors has instructed that I lay this concern before you and request that you apologize.

Your obvious desire to attract new customers to your magazine is no justification for shabbiness. I would suggest you consult your counsel and ask them to review for you the meaning of Section 51 of the New York State Civil Rights Law.

*Agnes Kearns, president
The Catholic Social Policy Coalition
of the Archdiocese of New York
New York*

(The direct-mail envelope asked, "What scares you most about New York?" and the four possible answers were "Muggers," "Madmen," "Cardinal O'Connor" and "Having an underachieving 3-year-old.") We apologize—truly—if we have offended; we do not equate Cardinal O'Connor with either muggers, madmen or underachieving three-year-olds. In our defense, the question was multiple-choice, and we trust that many, many people would have chosen one of the other three answers.

DEAR EDITORS **D**espite the fact that I am no longer a part of the blasphemy that affectionately refers to itself as NYC, I can still get my money's worth of spectator cynicism by picking up an issue of SPY. It's always amusing to read about the gymnastics that people perform in order to make it through another day in the Big Apple.

*John Teeter
Colorado Springs, Colorado*

DEAR EDITORS **I**'m miserable. I've had almost all my skirts shortened (see The SPY 100, No. 24—Degrading Women's-Fashion Fads); I lost my Filofax, which contains the kind of stuff you wouldn't want just anybody to read (see No. 55—the Filofax Generation); and I've moved to a city where the residents buy (and keep!) *Audubon* magazines—not SPY (see cartoon, "Why There Is a Boston," same issue). My only consolation is knowing that I'll receive a new issue of SPY every month in the mail.

*Terri C. Matthews
Boston, Massachusetts*

DEAR EDITORS **N**oticing the title of your magazine and seeing Mayor Koch on the cover, I finally thought that someone had made the connection. Namely, that Mayor Koch is an English spy planted by jealous Londoners to make New York become the charmless, humorless and greedy little city that it is becoming. Borrowing the \$2.50 from a busy real estate magnate on his way to another multitrillion-dollar deal, I was able to purchase a copy. Wielding it first to shove off the homeless people around me and then to hail oncoming taxis and limousines, I found that it makes for excellent use. It can get you noticed at the latest popular disco if you wave it back and forth, and it can even stop a mugger if used correctly. In short, your magazine seems to cover all the requirements for a successful New York monthly.

*Eric Manasse III
New York*

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BUKOWSKI'S HOLLYWOOD IN JANUARY



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on the hustings in New Hampshire



candidate Al Haig

Forget about New Year's resolutions

"Hi, I am the dangerous dynamo"—Republican presidential



FORGET ABOUT NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS. JUST AS NEW YEAR'S EVE always turns out to be a great letdown—you want twinkling revelry on the boulevard Saint



Michel, you get a forced double-time march through Atlantic City (*fun, two, three, four, fun, two, three, four*)—so is the ritual morning-after urge to self-discipline a sad folly. You want to lose ten pounds? Don't make any rash promises to yourself now, *just* as we're entering the season traditionally devoted to sitting perfectly still in front of the fireplace and eating basket after basket of hot cinnamon rolls. You intend to find a new loved one? No, don't, not *now*—wait until spring, at least, when the whole question of venereal hygiene may have grown less . . . fashionable. You plan to save money, cut back on luxuries?



Austerity—*now*? There is an auction bidder, a person walking among us today, who actually calculated that he was able to afford \$53.9 million for an overwrought painting of flowers but not \$54 million—and *you're worried about how much you think you'll be able to put into an IRA?* But speaking of paintings by dead Dutch psychotics, and speaking of investments that might enable us to afford the finer things in life, and food, during our declining years, why don't we all get together and *buy* a Van Gogh? The things have appreciated by 50 percent in the last six months, so we have to act quickly. If every reader of this magazine antes up

\$400, the just-purchased *Iris* can probably be *ours*. It will hang in the SPY galleries and continue to appreciate 50 percent semiannually, and at the end of the century—in other words, at the much anticipated *fin de siècle*—it'll be worth \$1-trillion. We sell, and each of us makes \$6.7-million. Then we spend the rest of our lives giving one another



splendid dinner parties and writing checks to eccentric bleeding-heart philanthropies. That's the plan, anyhow. On the other hand, it's possible that the art market may spend the entire *fin de siècle* crashing, and our children will be

able to Scotch-tape *real* Picassos and Eschers on their dorm room walls, while David Salle's children and Julian Schnabel's children won't be able to afford college at all, despite their dads' mid-career retrospective shows at the Whitney in the late 1980s. On still another hand, after the actual stock market crash—remember? It was in the fall, and everybody was skittish for a couple of weeks—we waited in vain for apartment prices to plummet, and they didn't, and then we waited for youthful Wall Street hubris to evaporate, and it didn't. In fact, an ambitious youngster at one of the biggest brokerage houses, a boy who was eleven years old during the last recession, told *The Wall Street Journal* what colleagues of his were saying: namely, that the crash and the resulting mid-management layoffs presented a really, really awesome career-advancement opportunity for young bucks like him.

Which is similar, according to Al Haig, to Mario Cuomo's present career-advancement opportunity. Haig says that Cuomo (who has not confessed to smoking marijuana) can simply wait for the six-way Democratic nomination race to play itself out and thus "let all midgets destroy each other." Is this some operational code phrase (ALL MIDGETS DESTROY EACH OTHER) that Haig picked up in the Army? And why is Al Haig, who has not confessed to smoking marijuana and whose own pathetic little campaign for the presidency is losing what bit of ground it had, touting Mario Cuomo?

Long before Cuomo even gets near the White House, it looks like, the contras (who have not confessed to smoking marijuana but are accused of dealing cocaine) may be negotiated out of existence. Still, it wasn't all in vain, this little war of ours, because now the Nicaraguan government may finally agree to a cease-fire and grant amnesty to the rebels, and already they have permitted the opposition newspaper to reopen and an opposition Roman Catholic radio station to broadcast and opposition political parties to form. So it wasn't all in vain, even though before the contra war there were opposition political parties and an opposition radio station and an opposition newspaper. Because now *the Sandinistas have cried uncle*, and we can all walk a little taller.

If only Daniel Ortega had been a friend of Ed and Ursula Meese's. Then Ursula might have long ago intervened on the

Sandinistas' behalf. Ursula has not confessed to smoking marijuana but did confess to writing a very nice note to a federal judge asking for leniency for the convicted tax-cheat son of a Republican congressman. "My husband, Ed [the attorney general of the United States and, in a sense, your boss], and I consider Mr. Duncan to be an outstanding, conscientious and sensitive young man," she wrote. When Ed (who has not confessed to smoking marijuana, even though he unearths Supreme Court nominees who have) learned of Ursula's



intercession, he said, "Okay." And when Ursula was asked why she'd sent the letter without telling her husband, she said, "I am an individual in my own right."

Which is the generic comeback, surely, of the 4,500 women surveyed by sex researcher Shere Hite (who has not confessed to smoking marijuana but who bears a resemblance to a woman who offered us a Quaalude in an airport Sheraton cocktail lounge in 1973) for her new book, *Smart Women Who Hate Sex But Buy Books*. (It's actually called *Women and Love*, but since Hite apparently used a false name during a recent telephone interview, we felt entitled.) The core of Hite's book is her finding that 70 percent of women who have been married for five years or more have engaged in extramarital sex.

This means that in all likelihood, Nancy Reagan (who has not confessed to smoking marijuana but whose son and daughter surely have) is an adulteress. (With whom? highly vain Treasury

Secretary James Baker? tubby little White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker, maybe, who has got so fat that his staff now calls him the Heifer?) Nancy Reagan, the moralist-courtesan, would make a fine, fine dowager empress. Of course, that would require the president to die—which would, as a purely tactical political maneuver, make great sense for Reagan just now. Even House Speaker Jim Wright, a play-ball sleazebag from the get-go, is suggesting that Reagan (who has not confessed to smoking marijuana but reminds us more and more of certain heavy marijuana users we used to know) is daffy. About the president's declaration that raising taxes means less money for the federal treasury and cutting taxes means more, Wright said, "It may be as irrational a comment as I've ever heard a responsible public official make."

Out in the hard heart of Reagan country, the weekly *Counter Marxist Alliance Hour* on Salt Lake City radio station KZZI became *Aryan Nations Hour* in December. The station owner steadfastly defended his eclectic programming—hell, he said, even *chiropractors* have shows on KZZI. Plus, he added, "I do not agree with hardly any of my hosts."

Where are hosts we agree with? Where's the leadership? What with Reaganism in disgrace, and the Crash, the Democrats have been perking up. But, as Al Haig says, *all midgets destroy each other*. So maybe economic disarray and the political power vacuum will suck the country not to the left but farther right. After all, what are the newsmagazines and editorialists crying out for? *Leadership!* Tough choices, hard policies. *Leadership!* Watch: as the 1988 campaign fails to excite, we'll be seeing a lot more of Lee Iacocca, America's can-do management guy and creator of heartwarming spectacles. He would make the tough choices. And he would look really terrific in a uniform. The trains would run on time (and if they didn't, their odometers would be rejiggered to make it look as if they did).

Practically everyone in America likes Iacocca. In fact, even *we* once liked him, and spoke admiringly of him on several occasions in the late 1970s and early '80s. We regret it now. But we were young then. Those were very different times. Everyone was doing it. We haven't repeated the experience for years. And we promise not to do it again. ☛

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Q.E. I



S. QUINN

THE FINE PRINT



by Jamie Malanowski

WHO'S NEWLY WHO, WHO'S NO LONGER WHO, VOLUME III [H-I-J]

Who's Who in America contains about 75,000 names, most of people with noteworthy and important occupations like mineralogist, banker and Canadian provincial official. On average, 12,000 names each are added and dropped with each new edition (every two years). Among the better-known people who have been purged from or permitted into the 1986-87 edition are the following.

Who's Newly Who

Mary Hadar, *Style section editor, The Washington Post*; Charles Haid, *of Hill Street Blues*; Veronica Hamel, *of Hill Street Blues*; Rickey Henderson, *owner of a frail hamstring*; Warren Hoge, *assistant managing editor, The New York Times*; Elizabeth Holtzman, *Brooklyn district attorney*; Karen Elliott House, *foreign news editor, The Wall Street Journal*; Susan Howard, *Dallas's Donna Krebs*; Lamarr Hoyt, *Cy Young Award winner who was suspended from baseball for drug convictions*; John Hughes, *teen-film director*; Albert Hunt, *Washington bureau chief, The Wall Street Journal*; Carl Icahn, *unindicted corporate raider*; Julio Iglesias, *global entertainment phenomenon*; Judith Ivey, *actress*; Kate Jackson, *former Charlie's Angel*; Derek Jacobi, *of Breaking the Code*; Bernard

DOUGLAS GINSBURG, then ALBERT GORE and BRUCE BABBITT, then would-be Washington power brokers galore. *If you can't be president or sit on the Supreme Court just because you smoked marijuana, grown-up wisdom goes, well, heck, wouldn't that disqualify just about anybody under 50? Didn't all bright young people dabble in the 1960s and '70s?* "No!" cried wimpy, self-serious Iran-contra committee counsel JOHN NIELDS when a pair of grown-ups asked just such a rhetorical question in his presence recently. "I certainly never did." Nields, you will recall, was the supposed hippie interrogator, pressing OLIVER NORTH out of intragenerational spite. Now it turns out that Nields is precisely the sort of goody-goody geek who will be permitted a career in public service in this age of just-say-no.

THE LITERARY AGENT THAT agents seem to dislike most (and not just for his Hawaiian tendencies), ANDREW WYLIE, has lately been telling some good ones—better ones, anyway—in his ongoing scramble to get big-name clients without the drudge work and courting usually required. Notorious for exaggerating his list of clients, Wylie was caught by one book editor with three or more authors on his list who belonged to another agent. For the last year or so Wylie has had SAMUEL BECKETT on his list. Interesting, since in the U.S. GEORGES BORCHARDT has always represented Beckett's French writings, and BARNEY ROSSET handles his English work. When padding failed to persuade *real* clients to sign on, Wylie tried a different tack: in wooing CORAZON AQUINO as a client, he apparently led her to understand that he *represented* Random House, implying that he influenced whom the company published. Recently, in a display of chutzpah unusual even in an agent, Wylie went after some of International Creative Management agent BINKY URBAN's youngish, impressionable clients, telling them that she was retiring and implying that he, generous fellow that he is, would be happy to represent the soon-to-be-orphaned authors.

WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN curious about how a guy like City Council President ANDREW STEIN can live with himself. It must be tough to keep track of all those variables—two names (Stein, Finkelstein), two possible hairdos (bald, extremely shiny rug). We always thought the man simply had a knack for dissembling. But now, thanks to some candid cocktail-party disclosures by Stein himself, we think we understand: it seems that the City Council president has had so many past lives that he can't keep his identities straight. No doubt impelled by some Unseen Force, Stein has been crowing about his recent channeling sessions with SHIRLEY MACLAINE, the charmingly insane actress, and one of her psychic guides. During these sessions the psychic "revealed" that Stein and MacLaine had been Pharaohs together in ancient Egypt. And Stein apparently believes he spent another one of his many lives as QUEEN ELIZABETH I.

Q. *Why does MICHAEL JACKSON wear surgical masks?*
A. It seems that repeated rhinoplasties caused him to lose all his nose hairs, leaving him no *natural* way to filter out horrible human germs.

SHE MOVES IN A WORLD where a certain style of sleek cruelty is routine, but is there anyone more shamelessly duplicitous than former journalist SALLY QUINN? First Quinn choreographed last year's grotesque second act of ABC anchorman PETER JENNINGS's cuckolding by *Washington Post* columnist RICHARD COHEN. Quinn let the adulterers know that their secret was not safe with her, thus panicking them into confessions. Then she made a point of watching Jennings's TV performance the day after she knew he was going to be confronted by his wife with the bad news. And *then* the cheesy-sex-novel author behaved precisely like a cheesy-sex-novel heroine, making highly public professions of sympathy to Jennings.



THE SPY TRIP TIP:

Con Ed's Energy Disco

Fed up with those ballooning wintertime fuel bills? Good news: some of that money funds the free Con Edison Energy Museum, which aims to help New Yorkers appreciate the benefits of a centralized, monopolistic utility.

You can start in the lobby by browsing through and depleting the racks of free energy comic books (*Where the Little Light Bulb Gets Its Juice*, *The History of Natural Gas*, *Inflation: Why Everything Costs More!*), but the museum proper begins with a mind-numbing assortment of science-fair-ish displays tracing Con

Ed's 165-year heritage. Just as museum catatonia begins to set in, a human guide appears and ushers you into the cozy, round (they call it *manhole-shaped*) anteroom to Underground New York.

Billed as "a simulated tour of the world beneath an actual city street," the Underground is not the perilous descent into a fetid, cramped, sewage-oozing, rat-infested pit that you'd expect. Instead, it is a street-level pseudo-cavern crowned with a tangle of pipes and paneled with phony exposed-rock walls. As you enter, ominous syn-

thesizer tones prepare you for the monumental state-of-the-art multimedia exploration to come. Overhead tubes of light crackle to life like gigantic backyard bug-zappers, representing telephone cables, water mains, sewage lines (the thick brown pipe is tastefully illuminated with a simple pin-light spot) and, of course, the city's vital gas-and-electric lifelines. Big facts are intoned, Robin Leach-like, for maximum bowl-you-over effect: "27 billion pounds of steam"; "Electricity must be there when the people in giant skyscrapers



switch on air conditioners." A Super-8 subway train whooshes noiselessly along the wall. "Here comes that Canarsie line again," says the prerecorded announcer, putting on his "funny" voice. The dazzling climax of light and sound humbly mocks the strobe-lit frenzy of Palladium, across the street and far more costly. —Jack Barth

145 East 14th Street. Open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Jacobs, president, Shubert Organization; Davey Johnson, outgoing manager of the Mets.

Who's No Longer Who

Dan Haggerty, TV's *Grizzly Adams*; Franco Harris, ex-football player; Rex Harrison, actor; John Hart, NBC Newsman; Neal Hefti, composer of *The Odd Couple* theme; Beth Henley, Pulitzer prize-winning playwright (*Crimes of the Heart*); Malcolm Holzman, architect; Gayle Hunnicutt, actress; Ferlin Husky, country singer; Martha Hyer, actress; Charles Hynes, New York State special prosecutor; Janis Ian, "Society's Child"; Jill Ireland, actress—Mrs. Charles Bronson; Gene Jankowski, president, CBS/Broadcast Group; Ron Jaworski, football player; Arte Johnson, of TV's *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In* ("Verrrry interesting"); Lady Bird Johnson; Rafer Johnson, Olympic decathlete.

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



Developer Mortimer Zuckerman decides to scale back his proposed Columbus Circle project.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned

During November:

Calvin and Kelly Klein	7
Norman Mailer	5
Elizabeth Taylor	5
Donald Trump	5
Malcolm Forbes	4
Frank Sinatra	4
Barbra Streisand	4
Pat Buckley	3
Helen Hayes	3
Billy Norwich, "a junior chronicler of social to-ing and fro-ing"	3
Sam's Cafe	3
Tom Berenger	2
Iris Love	1
Oh! Calcutta!	1

VOICES FROM THE GRAVE: LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

ANDY WARHOL left an estate of between \$10 million and \$15 million, according to his executor and usurper, Fred Hughes. Warhol left \$250,000 to Hughes, who is the publisher-editorial director of *Interview* and who moved quickly to remove Warhol's name from the masthead after his death. Warhol left \$500,000 to be split by his two brothers and directed that the remainder of his estate be used to set up a not-for-profit corporation called the Foundation for Visual Arts.

In a will written two years before his death, DAVID SUSSKIND specified that his executors should pay all his last expenses and debts but pointedly ordered that the executors *not* pay or prepay the mortgage loan on the cooperative apartment occupied by his wife, Joyce. The couple divorced a year later, obviating the provision. Susskind left son Andrew his cars and jewelry and apportioned the remainder of the estate between his ▶



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

son and daughters Pamela, Samantha and Diana.

Playwright-actor CHARLES LUDLAM requested that his burial and funeral be conducted "in accordance with Catholic ritual," that he be buried in the family plot, and that space be allotted in the plot "for the remains of my life partner, Everett Quinton, upon his demise." Ludlam left Quinton the contents of their apartment and named him one of two literary executors. Ludlam directed that the earnings from his works be equally divided among his mother, his brother and Quinton.

WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS, dean of the Friars Club, disc jockey and Genovese Drug Stores spokesman, left an estate in excess of \$3.3 million. Williams, whose real name was William Breitbard, left his son, Jeffrey, \$12,748.27 and his brother Earl (whose name is no longer Earl, or Breitbard, but Ric Roman) \$100,000. The rest went to Mrs. Williams. ▶

Everything from the failure of the Bork nomination to the turmoil in the Persian Gulf has been blamed for last October's stock market crash. Ignored by all but the most perspicacious observers, however, is the cataclysmal role played in the debacle by *Vogue* magazine.

Experts agree that the 508-point "correction" that wiped out \$500 billion of this country's wealth in a single day was triggered in part by small investors trampling over one another in an attempt to liquidate their portfolios. Largely overlooked is the fact that many of those investors were women—and many of them had read the October issue of *Vogue*.

In an ominously prescient piece of financial journalism, a story called "Stocks—When Should You Sell?" by *Vogue's* money oracle, Marion Asnes, noted that stock prices had indeed risen to all-time highs in the first half of 1987 but added, chillingly, "Profits on paper, though, are different from money in the bank, so . . . investors may be wondering whether to take the money and run, or to hang on and wait for greater gains."

The most terrifying item in the *Vogue* article was the expert testimony of Stephen Leeb, a man with a newsletter and a doctorate. Leeb warned investors that once their broker started calling their stocks "high flyers," it was time to bail out. He also said

that the female investor "would be wise to scan the financial pages of her newspaper each day," looking for rising interest rates. The rest, of course, is history: *Vogue* readers *did* scan their newspapers; *Vogue* readers *did* see interest rates going up; *Vogue* readers *did* unload their high flyers; and before the next issue of the magazine was out, Wall Street lay in ruins. (The Condé Nast company, which owns *Vogue*, is a private company and was thus unaffected by the crash—*coincidentally*.)

In retrospect, you only had to read between the lines to see the crash coming. Back in September, *Vogue* noted that art, antiques, oil and precious metals were making a comeback. In August the magazine warned readers not to be taken in by the hype in annual reports. The handwriting was on the wall: *Get out. If you love your children, for God's sake, get out!*

Standing here amid the ashes, one must give *Glamour*, *Vogue's* Condé Nast sibling, credit for eerie clairvoyance too. "Can you *financially* afford to lose a substantial part of your \$1,000—and can you live with such a loss *emotionally*?" the magazine asked readers who might have been considering buying risky mutual fund shares. Then, anticipating the dismal performance of the gargantuan Fidelity Magellan Fund—one of the worst performers in the recent crash, losing more than 35 percent of its assets—*Glamour* sounded the alarm:

"You must remember, however, that the potential risk is high. In a recent bear market, Fidelity Magellan dropped 15 percent, which meant that during this period, a \$1,000 investment would have shrunk to \$850, plus the 3-percent charge, roughly \$30, you would have paid to acquire it."

To my knowledge, only one women's magazine remained a beacon of quiet, stable reason throughout the dark night of the Republic. In a brilliant feature titled "How Rich Can You Get With the Money You Have?" this magazine warned that it was foolish to keep money in bank accounts and CDs when the big money was up for grabs on Wall Street. "If you shun risky ventures . . . in favor of more conservative holdings, then you give up the chance to hit it big."

And added, "Taking calculated risks will billow our burgeoning assets into sizable stakes. That in turn can almost guarantee a secure old age."

But there will be no sizable stakes in our old age now. The article appeared in the November issue of *Working Woman*. It hit the stands scant days after the market had been sent plunging into the financial abyss by *Vogue* and all the rest. Scant days too late to remind readers of the allure of bull markets. Scant days too late to save us all.

—Joe Queenan

-Discussion
STORY: BEGINNINGS TO
0 min.
SERVICE: 2 hrs.
Thriller; 2 hrs.
s. the Thing." (Japanese; 1964)
monsters and some fine special ef-
this a good bet for horror fans. Re-
a Takarada.
E—Drama; 2 hrs.
u Lac." (Made for British TV; 1985)
nita Brookner's story of a romance
nchanting encounters with guests at
resort. Anna Massey, Denholm Elliott.
LEMAN—Western (E)
NS—Steve Schatz
SPORTSCENTER
HAT EVERY BABY KNOWS—Parenting
DIE (CC)—Comedy-Drama;
min.
as Story."
ANT DO THAT ON TELEVISION
(CC)—Mystery; 1 hr., 40 min.
nce Fiction; 2 hrs.
the Lost Planet." (1969)
with vampires discovered
ld. Robert Dix.
DIE
X; 60 min.
ira; 2 hrs.
con Mariluz Real y

close up



Proposed Movie
of the Month

8 PM **SPY**

UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER: THE ROYAL ROMANCE, PART II

The stars of *The Royal Romance of Charles and Diana* (1982) re-create their roles in this bitter-sweet sequel. Princess Di (Catherine Oxenberg) is less than enchanted when Prince Charles (Christopher Baines) seems increasingly to prefer puttering around Balmoral Castle for weeks at a time to stepping high in London with his wife's smart young set. Can the couple find a way to make their interests—touring the farm and doing the frug—mesh? And will Charles's introduction to a pretty architect (Susan George) help or hurt the royal marriage? With John Mills as the royal gardener in whom Charles can confide. Queen Elizabeth: Lynn Redgrave. Philip Dunne: Roger Rees. Prince Edward: Ricky Schroder. The Queen Mother: Angela Lansbury. (2 hrs.)

6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
CBS News	News	Wheel of Fortune	Downtown	
CBS News	Agronsky & Co.	News Magazine	Downtown	
NBC News	Strictly Business	Throb		
Small Wonder				

it is where right challenges wrong - the arena of balance...



collection

-REVOLUTION-



DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

January

1 The "Edwardian Christmas" window display at Lord & Taylor ends today. The red ribbon that had been wrapped around Cartier is untied. Plus you're hung over.

3 The *Star of Christmas* show at the Hayden Planetarium attracts its last pack of tourists today. The City Ballet and the Joffrey stage their final performances of *The Nutcracker*. And if there is still any doubt that the holiday season in New York is winding down, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art the Annual Christmas Tree and Baroque Creche are being dismantled.

4 The "Colonial Williamsburg Christmas" window display at B. Altman is over—effective now. In Rockefeller Center the Christmas tree is unplugged. The Empire State Building's seasonal green and red lights are extinguished.

6 Radio City's *Magnificent Christmas Spectacular* has its last performance. Over at the American Museum of Natural History, the Origami Holiday Tree is taken down—just like that.

At the *Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum*, the Holiday Tree Trimming Festival draws to a close.

7 The demoralizing trend continues. At Park Avenue and 54th Street, the Lever House Carousel stops turning, and the tree lights along both Park and Madison disappear. Downtown, the news is just as depressing, as the lights on the Washington Square Arch Christmas Tree go *phhhh*. But, against all odds, the Russian Orthodox Church celebrates Christmas today.

10 The people at the New York Botanical Garden look at their "Holiday Trees of the World" exhibit and say, "Enough," officially closing New York's Christmas season until next September.

February

3 "Club Boring" opens at the New Museum of Contemporary Art.

From the press release: "This installation/performance group organized by Stephen Taylor Woodrow features the five members who hang themselves from hidden harnesses on the gallery walls for up to seven hours each day. This performance is an investigation of the blurred distinctions between art and everyday life."



7-12 American Group Psychotherapy Association Convention; at the Waldorf-Astoria. The featured speaker—what a *coup*—is the reclusive Dr. Ruth Westheimer. We just

felt we should share this information with you, openly and honestly, without embarrassment.

14 Two-month anniversary of the publication of short-fingered vulgarian Donald Trump's *The Art of the Deal* (tape-recorded with former journalist Tony Schwartz). Reader from Bethpage is rushed to the hospital with hubris shock and remains incredulous for several days.

14 Valentine's Day.

15 Washington's Birthday observed. For the forgetful among us, Valentine's Day is also observed, if tensely.

17 Chinese New Year. It's 4686, the Year of the Dragon.

29 Leap Year Day. We don't know about you, but leap years *always* seem longer to us—we *feel* that extra day. ☹

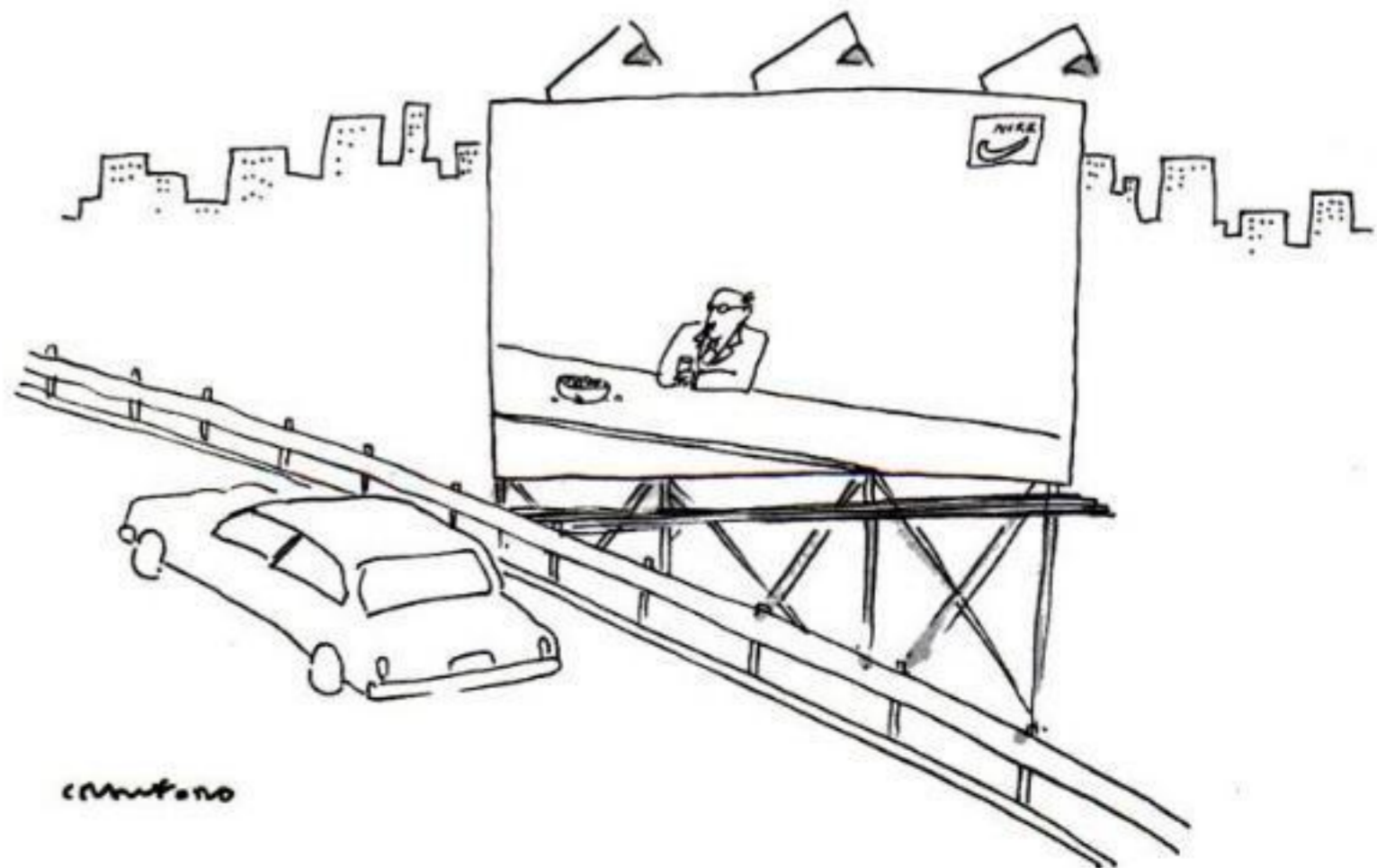
THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

JACOB JAVITS, who spent a lifetime in public service, left an estate worth more than \$4.3 million. He had ten insurance policies; benefit payments ranged from \$478 to \$81,500 and totaled \$191,500. Javits left to his son, Joshua, his clothing, his personal effects, his paintings (including Lichtenstein's *Peace Through Chemistry*), his Senate chair, a leather-covered table and a sculpture of his brother Benjamin. To his daughter Joy he left a dining-room table, eight dining-room chairs and four drawings of dance costumes, and to his daughter Carla he left a reading table, a delft vase and two paintings. He left his papers to the State University of New York at Stony Brook, along with \$50,000 to set up a foundation to catalog and administer them. The remainder of his estate went to his wife, the atrocious Marion.

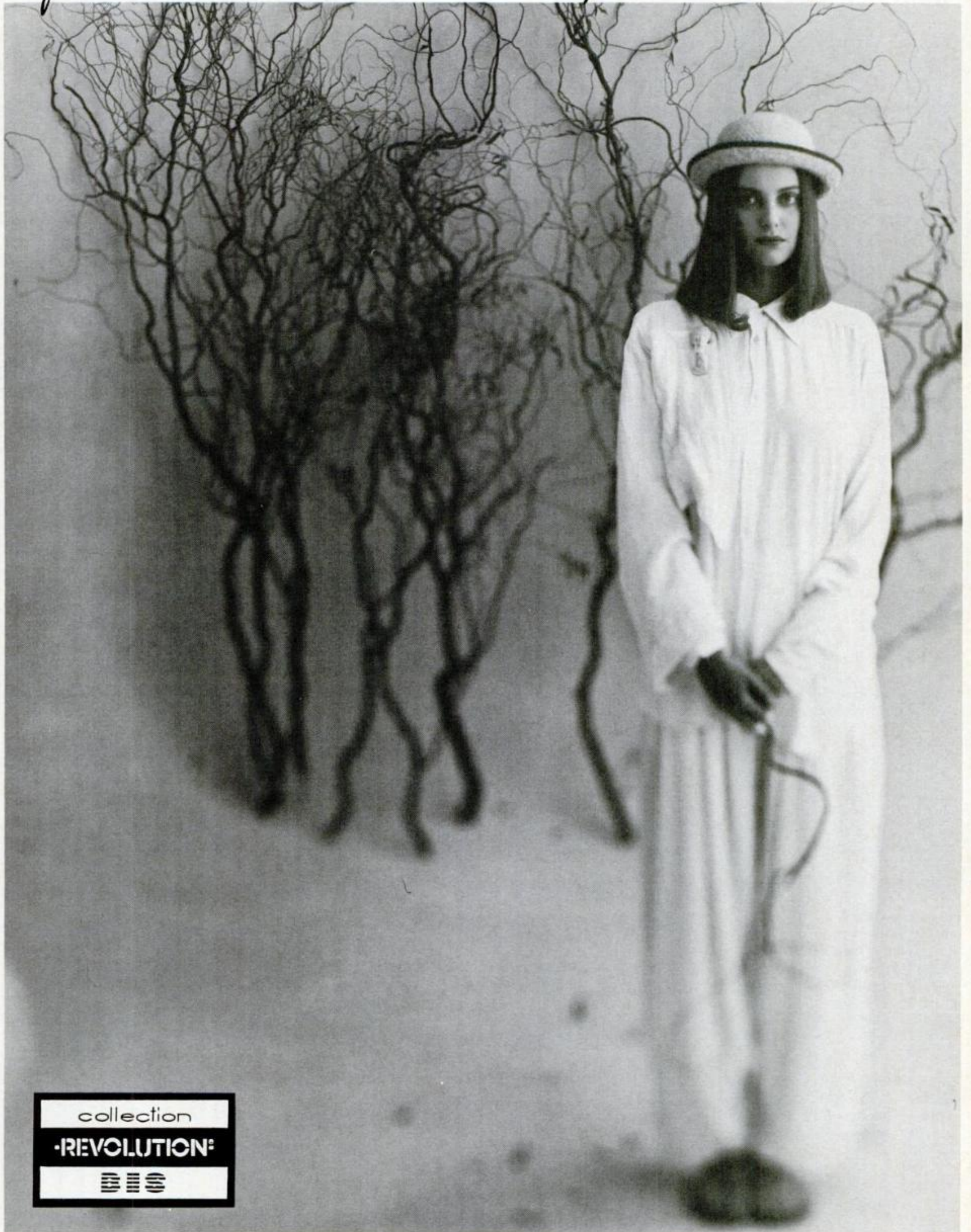
MOSES ASCH, the founder and president of Folkways Records, the company that recorded Woody Guthrie and other folk and ethnic musicians, left an estate worth approximately \$930,000. Of that, about \$800,000 was accounted for by 200 shares of Folkways. Asch also held a one-third interest, worth \$17,351.28, in Loom Productions's *Foolish Frog* film project.

BERNARD MALAMUD left \$10,000 each to PEN American Center, Bennington College and Yaddo, the artists' colony. He made his wife, Ann, the beneficiary of a trust "equal to the largest sum that can pass free of federal estate tax by reason of the unified credit and the state death tax credit allowable to my estate."

THEODORE H. WHITE, author of *The Making of the President* books, left an estate worth almost \$5.5 million. Most of it was in real estate and stock, although \$425.99 came to the estate through balances on subscriptions and club memberships whose expirations weren't synchronized with White's. The estate received \$70 from Harvard, \$82.50 from the *National Journal*, \$18.44 from



it is for those who stand alone to shout for freedom...



collection
·REVOLUTION·
EES

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

the U.S. Government Printing Office, \$55.83 from American Express, \$41.72 from Blue Cross & Blue Shield, \$22 from *The New York Times* and \$135.50 from *Who's Who*. White left practically his entire estate to relatives and friends, except for his books and papers. These he left to Harvard University. If Harvard failed to accept them within six months, the items were to be left to Columbia University's School of Journalism. If Columbia refused them, the "Books and Documents shall be deemed valueless and shall be disposed of." (That's Columbia—a way station between Harvard and the sidewalks around Astor Place.) In the end, Harvard took White's papers. White's will contains a codicil changing a provision in the will that bequeathed all household furniture and furnishings to his wife. The codicil spells these out—a long list includes two beds, two lamps, two TV sets, a telephone answering machine, a clothes rack, a .22-caliber rifle and a Naugahyde lounge chair and ottoman.

Among the well-known people who've died recently and failed to leave a will are designer WILLI SMITH, actress GERALDINE PAGE and *New York* magazine's latest—at press time—cover corpse, IRWIN SCHIFF.

Another person who left no will is JOSEPH DUELL, the talented 29-year-old ballet dancer who leapt to his death from his apartment on West 77th Street. He left an estate worth less than \$40,000. Almost half that amount was money from insurance policies or money held in trust by his employer. Besides \$7,453.58 in a money-market account, his principal assets were his clothes, valued at \$3,500. Part of Duell's permanent record is a heartbreaking anonymous note scribbled from one bureaucrat to another: "Please expedite. Parents are from out of state & need to clear out the apt." ▶



Randy Quaid...



and Adrienne Rich?



Abe Rosenthal...



and Roy Orbison?



George Brett...



and Cliff Robertson?

THEY'RE PLAYING THEIR SONGS

Once upon a time, Dorrian's Red Hand was just another Upper East Side saloon and haunt of underage trust fund brats. Then regular customers Robert Chambers and Jennifer Levin clinked mugs. While the murder case that resulted from their encounter drags on in court, the Dorrian's crowd revels nightly. The brouhaha hasn't much changed the ambience. You can still order a Stroh's, and the Rowe AMI 200 jukebox still plays these selections:

"Teenage Kicks"—*the Undertones*

"Let's Go to Bed"—*the Cure*

"I Want Your Sex"—*George Michael*

"In Too Deep"—*Dead or Alive*

"I Didn't Mean to Turn You On"—*Robert Palmer*

"Accidents Will Happen"—*Elvis Costello*

"Sexcrime (nineteen eighty-four)"—*Eurythmics*

"Should I Stay or Should I Go?"—*the Clash*

"Don't Leave Me This Way"—*Communards*

"Girlfriend in a Coma"—*the Smiths*

"I Walk Away"—*Crowded House*

"Always the Sun"—*the Stranglers*

"Her Last Fling"—*Lloyd Cole and the Commotions*

—Jim Servin



THE WASHINGTON, D.C., ROLL CALL PRESIDENTIAL LINE

	CANDIDATE	ODDS THIS MONTH	ODDS LAST MONTH	RANK LAST MONTH	COMMENTS	SYMBOLS
Republicans	1 Bush	3 : 1	3 : 1	1	Dewimpification now in progress	\$ ☞
	2 Dole	3 : 1	3 : 1	2	Candidate of corporate America	\$ ☞
	3 Kemp	20 : 1	15 : 1	3	One-dimensional game plan	☞
	4 Du Pont	30 : 1	20 : 1	4	Back to being Pierre	\$ ☞
	5 Robertson	30 : 1	75 : 1	6	The spirit moves him... up	\$ ☞ ☞ ☞
	6 Baker	75 : 1	25 : 1	5	Trapped in the White House	☞ ☞
	7 Haig	75 : 1	100 : 1	7		☞ ☞ ☞
	8 Trump	100 : 1	100 : 1	8	The last (place) tycoon	\$ ☞
Democrats	1 Dukakis	5 : 1	6 : 1	2		\$ ☞
	2 Simon	6 : 1	8 : 1	4		☞ ☞
	3 Gephardt	7 : 1	5 : 1	1	Still big inside the Beltway	☞ ☞
	4 Gore	8 : 1	8 : 1	3	Tipper doesn't help	☞ ☞
	5 Cuomo	10 : 1	15 : 1	5	Waiting to spring	☞ ☞ ☞
	6 Jackson	20 : 1	25 : 1	6	Picking up speed	☞ ☞ ☞
	7 Babbitt	30 : 1	25 : 1	7	Along for the ride	☞

SYMBOLS

☞ getting good press ☞ getting bad press ☞ showing organizational strength
 \$ showing fundraising strength ☞ moving up quickly ☞ moving down quickly ☞ personality questions



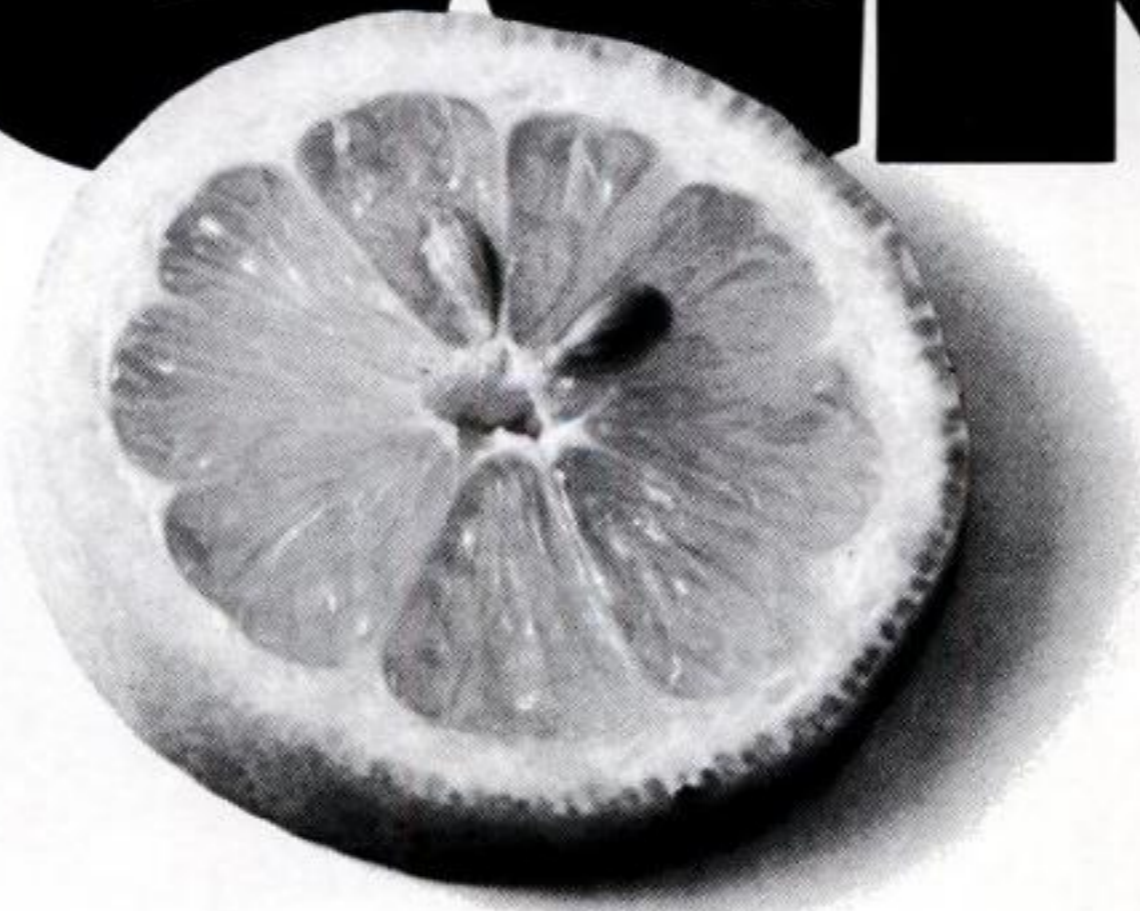
PHOTO: MARJORY DRESSLER

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MAHABHARATAMANIA

Remember? Remember last August when you lay down the thick, glossy FALL PREVIEW, leaned into the hallway and said, "Honey, this autumn we have the opportunity to see not one but *two* adaptations of a 100,000-stanza Sanskrit epic seven times as long as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* combined"? Sure, there was rapture—for a moment. Then the questions began: Which *Mahabharata* would most closely encapsulate the eternal sublimities of Vedic wisdom—the chic nine-hour epic being presented by the Brooklyn Academy of Music or the little-known one-and-a-half-hour spurt put on at the American Theatre of Actors?

Which was going to be the one where you had the best chance of avoiding Bianca Jagger in the lobby? "If only," you say now, "some magazine with *real nerve* had helped us make the right choice." Say no more. Anticipating the next time these two productions visit New York to fight it out for audience share—and how we hope that that will be soon!—SPY fortified itself with coffee (Kenya AA), a high-protein diet, the Sword of Right Intention (dharma) and a brakeman's friend, all so you could have the most complete guide to comparative *Mahabharatology* available—we believe—anywhere.

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

ADDENDUM TO YOUR PHONE DIRECTORY: NUMBERS FROM THE LAND OF MAKE-BELIEVE

Anyone with eyes and ears (and pencil and paper) can pretty much prove that *most fictional characters live in the same neighborhood*. Just look at these real fake phone numbers.

Bates Motel, *Psycho III*: 555-9130

Bob Uecker's *Sports Rap* radio show, Miller Lite ad: 555-8258

"Bloom, Dr. Sidney," psychiatrist, *Manhunter*: 555-6624

Nighttalk with Barry Champlain show, *Talk Radio*: 555-TALK

"Bridges, Kiki," sculptor played by Linda Fiorentino in *After Hours*: 243-3460

Sissy Spacek's ex-husband in *'night, Mother*: 555-4942

"Connor, Sarah's Mom," *The Terminator*: 555-8681

"Gallagher, Dan," *Fatal Attraction* (old number): 555-8129

Ghostbusters: 555-2368

"Julie," waitress played by Teri Garr in *After Hours*: KL5-4433

Motel where "Sarah Connor" hides out in *The Terminator*: 555-1439

"Patricia West-Del Ruth," a secretary attracted to Kevin Bacon in *Quicksilver*: 555-8895

Phone box in the Scottish town where Peter Riegert stays in *Local Hero*: Furness 261

Projection booth in the theater (supposedly the Blecker Street Cinemas) where Aidan Quinn works in *Desperately Seeking Susan*: 555-4420

Safe house, Arnold Schwarzenegger's, in *Raw Deal*: 743-2481

Tech Noir, bar where "Sarah Connor" is first attacked by *The Terminator*: 555-9175

"Walker, Irene," Kathleen Turner in *Prizzi's Honor*: 555-4375

Produced by

At

Theater

Length

Tickets

Acting style

Joan Crawford award line

Accents

Costumes

Cast

Attention-stimulating sweets available in lobby

Controlling sensibility

Overheard in lobby

Places in the neighborhood Susan Sontag may well have eaten at during the dinner break

Entire cast in lobby following performance, recommending that audience members take stairs because elevator is unreliable?

Seats as metaphor

Ending

TV miniseries version forthcoming?

Theatre of Understanding

ATA, 314 West 54th Street

Authentically shabby

1½ hours

\$10 (per-hour cost: \$6.67)

Early *Star Trek*

"Oo! Lord Krsna! To what do we owe *this* honor?"

Noo Yawk

Sequins, sequins, sequins

2 actors, 1 dancer

Traditional Indian rice-paste confections

Religious

"Look, if you're not enjoying it, just *say* so"

No dinner break

Yes

Entire row sways off the ground when anyone sits down, signifying illusory nature (*maya*) of perceptual "reality"

Mild, cordial proselytizing

Talking-heads aspect makes it unlikely

Brooklyn Academy of Music

BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton Street

Faux shabby—\$5 million worth

9 hours

\$96 (per-hour cost: \$10.67)

Juilliard International

"Love is woman's affliction—and it's time for me to start suffering"

French, German, English, Swiss, Polish, American Black, Senegalese Black, Irish, South African, Iranian, Japanese, Indonesian and several others apparently invented expressly for the occasion

Stylish, black-baggy Donna Karan-esque stuff for big 3-hour war scene

28

Raisinets

Artsy

"I was going to leave, but I saw Susan Sontag and I decided to stay"

Junior's, McDonald's, Kansas Chicken, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Roy Rogers, Sparta restaurant, Academy restaurant, For Goodness Steak

No

Hard, thinly padded benches signifying necessity of suffering (*dukkha*) to achieve knowledge (*jnana*)

Big party in Heaven at which products of associate sponsors, Coca-Cola and Philip Morris, are, as far as we could tell, *not* served

Power, greed, gambling, sex, war, neat clothes, opportunities for egregiously bad acting—perfect for ABC if Robert Redford (*Yudishthira*) and Armand Assante (*Duryodhana*) are interested

—Randall Short



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IMMEDIATE OCCUPANCY



Naked City

THE NEWS



D. HEWITT



E. BRADLEY



D. RATHER



DON HEWITT'S 60 MINUTES, the hitherto reputable CBS news show, certainly carried forward the Murrow Tradition when it aired Ed Bradley's very important report on casting-couch sex in Hollywood ("... I'll Make You a Star"). Bradley's highly original, ground-breaking investigation featured interviews with three major, major stars who had been sexually harassed by lecherous male casting directors. The first two were Morgan Fairchild and Delta Burke. That's right, Delta (*Designing Women*) Burke. A nonlecherous, very happily married casting manager over at NBC later complained about the actresses chosen to represent outraged virtue. The NBC man was told by *Don Hewitt's 60 Minutes's* grossly underpaid, self-effacing executive producer, Don Hewitt, that *real* actresses like Meryl Streep and Jane Fonda had been approached but hadn't wanted to appear on the show.

Which is understandable, given the third woman Bradley chose to interview about her experiences with lecherous male casting directors: Annie Gaybis. Bradley airily described Gaybis as an actress who's "done lots of movies, television and theater." Then he got to the inevitable, portentous, *Don Hewitt's 60 Minutes*-style hook: "But her struggle up the ladder hasn't been an easy one." A shot of the blowsy-looking actress getting out of her car (vanity plate: GAMS-10) introduced her lament—she had innocently gone to read for a top comedian when, when . . . under solicitous questioning from Bradley, Gaybis admitted, "I guess I must have motivated him to such a degree that all of a sudden he lost control of himself, and he tried to grab me, he tried to get his hand inside my blouse, he ended up ripping my blouse, he ended up throwing me down onto the floor, and he said, 'I can't help it. I can't help it.' He said, 'I have to have you.'"

A rueful, Gaybisian bit of wisdom closed the very meaningful, very Murrowesque investigation: "When you get rejected because you didn't say 'Sure I will,' or 'Sure, let's go'—that's what hurts."

Bradley neglected to mention, by the way, that Gaybis has been featured in explicit photo layouts in such quality sportsmen's magazines as *Cherry* and *Velvet*. In her *Velvet* interview (one of the very, very rare at-home interviews she had given at that point in her career), she was asked, "How'd you feel knowing that men got off watching you on the stage [in *Ob! Calcutta!*]?" Gaybis replied (as Meryl Streep or Jane Fonda or any other major actress surely would), "It turned me on. There isn't an actress in the world who doesn't get off knowing that audiences appreciate her, nude or clothed." For demure, starry-eyed Annie Gaybis, "appearing in nude scenes each night in front of hundreds of people—half of whom you'd probably like to jump into bed with—has got to be the best therapy in the world."

Good work, Ed.

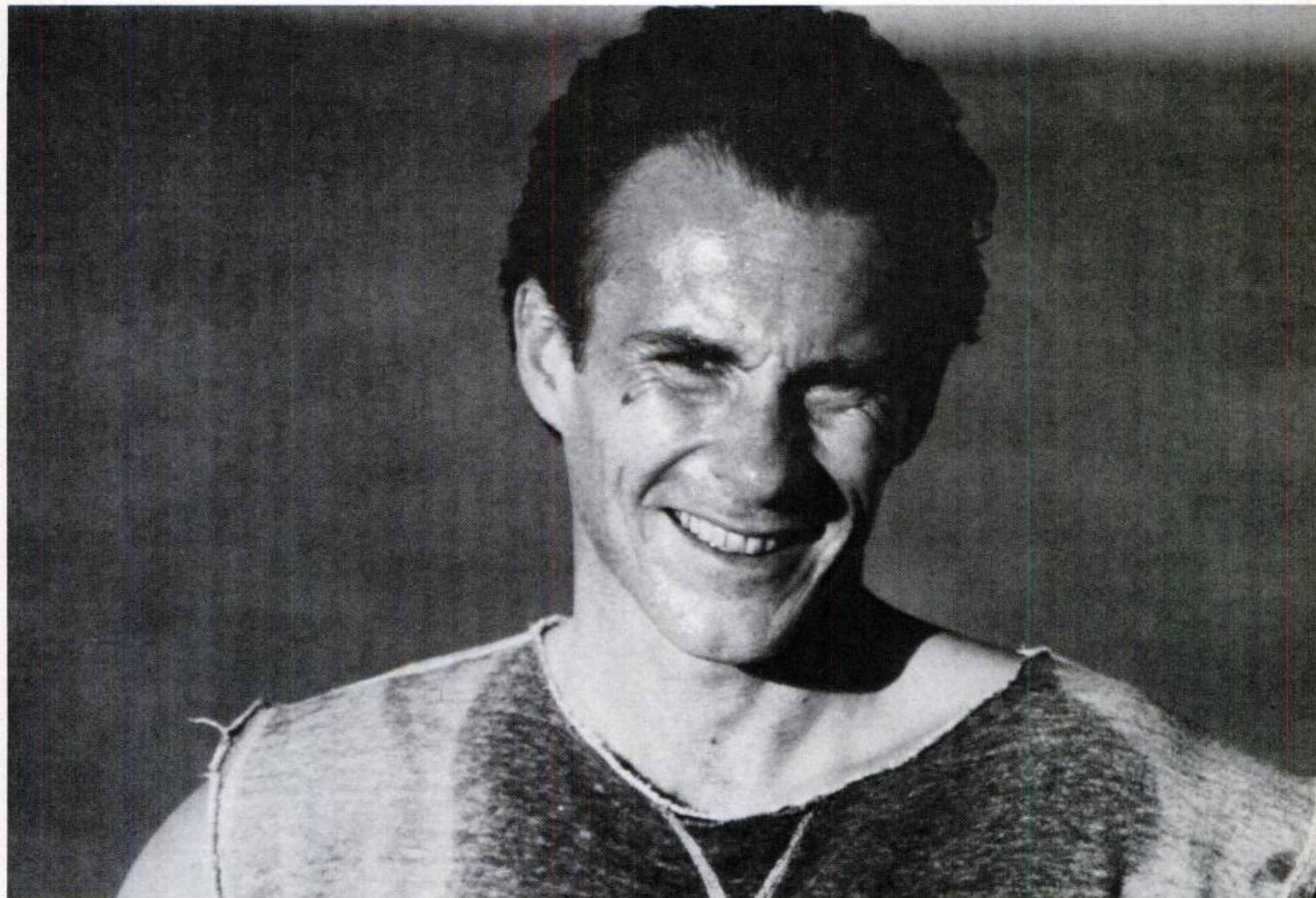
A SUICIDE WATCH of sorts is in effect at the *Evening News*, centerpiece of CBS—which, needless to say, is still carrying on the Murrow Tradition—where Dan Rather's morose nutsiness has increasingly become a cause for concern. Known before he became anchorman for his almost excessive Texan courtliness (getting coffee for everyone in the CBS newsroom, larding his conversation with solicitous sirs, thank yous and pleases, paying for the staff Christmas party every year), Rather has lately been surly and temperamental, and watching him these days evokes memories not so much of CBS's Ed Murrow as of WJM's Ted Baxter.

Rather's extremely odd habit of referring to himself in the third person—as in

"Dan Rather wants to go to Afghanistan"—and his chronic insomnia (which he deals with by placing unnecessary late-night phone calls to the CBS News assignment desk) have always caused colleagues to question his sanity. But ever since he was beaten by two thugs in the famous October 1986 "Kenneth, what is the frequency?" incident on Park Avenue (which is widely rumored to have been engineered by a man angry because he thought Rather was having an affair with his wife), Rather has seemed unusually distracted. You will recall his short-lived bout of signing off his newscasts with an enigmatic "Courage" (a salutation that he has long used in his written correspondence). Even more pleasurable for viewers, he spent an entire newscast last summer talking at half-speed, and he recently suggested that the late CIA director William Casey might not really be dead.

At Black Rock, Rather's loopy behavior is chalked up to stress, both from trying to fill the void left by Walter Cronkite and from his failures over the past year or so in the ratings. Budget-crazed dwarf billionaire Larry Tisch, privately unhappy over Rather's shenanigans, is now complaining to associates about his anchorguy's \$3 million salary. (Tisch remains as cost-conscious as ever. He recently called formerly unhappy CBS Records chief Walter Yetnikoff—collect. Yetnikoff refers to Tisch as a *pisch* behind his back.) When word of Tisch's unhappiness over Rather leaked out in *Washingtonian* magazine, Rather received an anonymous note suggesting that CBS News president Howard Stringer had planted the story and was out to get him. Tisch denies being unhappy; Stringer denies being unhappy; Rather, plainly, is unhappy. Yetnikoff is happy. And Ed Bradley should be unhappy. Courage.

—Charles Pooter



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A BRIEF HISTORY OF WHITE RAP

Many observers cite the popularity of the Beastie Boys, a *white* rap group, as proof of rap's arrival in the pop-cultural mainstream. But white rap has in fact had a long, glorious history. Here are some highlights.

shows), Martindale declaims this bathetic and altogether unbelievable tale of a soldier who can explain Christian theology with references to individual playing cards. Although this record is a success, years go by before two other broadcast personalities, Les Crane and Telly Savalas, reprise the formula and, going placidly amid the noise and the haste, have hits with "Desiderata."

November 1964: "Ringo," by Lorne Greene, a spoken song, reaches number one on the *Billboard* charts. Because the record is released at the height of Beatlemania, it may well be that teenagers buy it under the impression that it is Ben Cartwright's tribute to the Fab Four's drummer. Instead they get the former Voice of Canada, backed by the clapping of simulated horses' hooves. On the flip, Greene raps the heretofore unheard lyrics to the *Bonanza* theme.

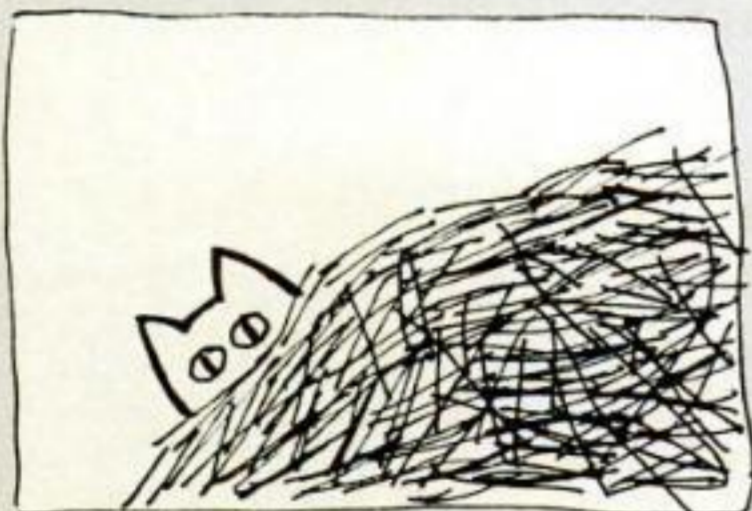
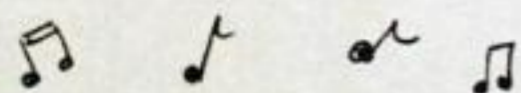
August 1965: White rap rules the airwaves as Barry McGuire's "Eve of Destruction" and Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone" land on the charts as numbers one and two, respectively. Dylan, possibly the greatest white rapper of all time, goes on to create many more rap hits, such as "Rainy Day Women #12 & 35."

November 1967: Victor Lundberg reaches the Top Ten with "An Open Letter to My Teenage Son." No generation gap for Victor, who explains to his long-haired boy that the youth movement is fine as long as it upholds traditional values. (This may sound odd, but when you consider that "Revolution" ended up being used to sell upscale sneakers, it seems in retrospect that Victor knew something we didn't.)

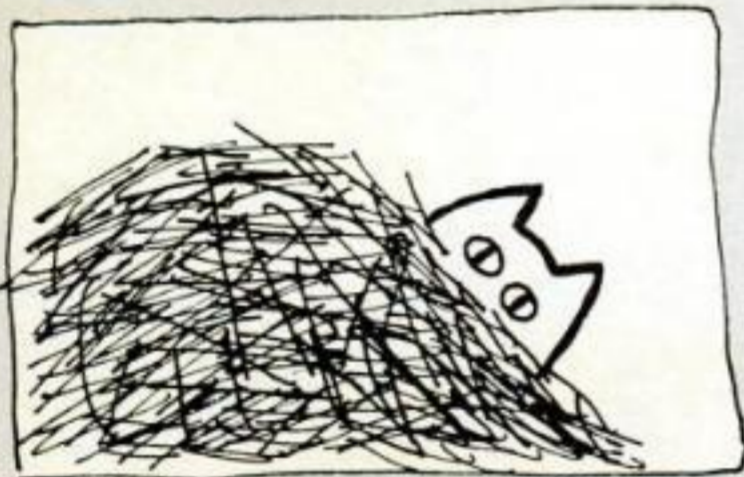
December 1975: C. W. McCall rides a rage that is already sweeping the nation by recording his citizens-band radio epic, "Convoy." McCall becomes one of the foremost exponents of country-and-western rap, rivaled perhaps only by Kris Kristofferson.

Regrettably, space exigencies prevent us from examining the contributions of other pioneering white rappers, such as Leonard Nimoy, Sebastian Cabot, Richard Harris, Lou Reed, Mike Douglas and Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler. —Jamie Malanowski

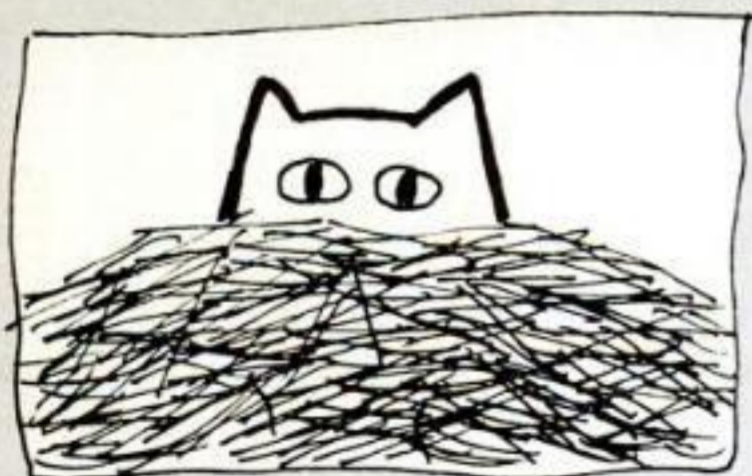
OLD UNFAMILIAR
FOLK TUNES



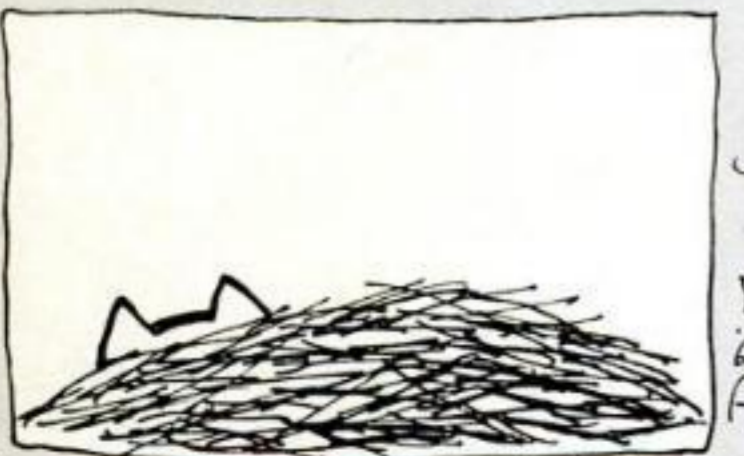
The cat is in the hay,



The cat is in the hay,



Woo woo wee wee



The cat is in the hay.

D. Dietendorf

Sometime between A.D. 590 and 604, Rome: Pope Gregory I develops the Gregorian chant. Observing that audiences became restless with performances consisting entirely of boy tenors, His Holiness offers a spot in the show to a group of monks. Laugh if you will, but the toe-tapping chants remain crowd pleasers for 14 centuries. Pope Gregory also brings to white rap the tradition of the boastful nickname. "Gregory the Great" may not seem like much next to "Grandmaster Flash," but it had an enormous impact in its time.

This was white rap's earliest blossoming. Its fullest flowering would come in the twentieth century.

Mid-1930s, Anytown, U.S.A.: Woody Guthrie popularizes the talking blues. Presumably hanging around a saloon somewhere in America one Depression afternoon, Guthrie listens to the disgruntled masses engage in a practice called griping. He sets their sentiments to music and becomes America's favorite troubadour.

March 1956, New York: Rex Harrison opens on Broadway in *My Fair Lady*. The urbane actor is the physical embodiment of Professor Henry Higgins, but whether he is up to the challenge of actually singing the melodic Lerner and Loewe score is a matter of considerable doubt. On opening night, when the orchestra begins his first number, Harrison softens his voice, pitches it up and *recites* the lines. Harrison's speak-singing is a smashing success, and his technique is used frequently, whenever an actor can't sing (see Richard Burton in *Camelot*, or Lee Marvin and Clint Eastwood in *Paint Your Wagon*). Harrison later acquires the raplike nickname Sexy Remy.

September 1959, Memphis: Wink Martindale raps "Deck of Cards." A deejay at the time (later host of TV's *Headline Chasers*, among many, many other game

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1 PLT, NO VU

Everyone knows that the only way to land a really choice residence in Manhattan is to wait for whoever is living in it now to die. But in our selfish real estate lust, we seldom stop to consider where those former residents move. We should, because in this city, real estate has become just as scarce for the dead as it is for the living.

That spells opportunity for the enterprising folks at Trinity Church, the 291-year-old house of worship on—where else?—Wall Street. “Manhattan’s Last Available Burial Space,” warns a recent mass mailing. Pitches like “Limited Time Offer” and “20% Discounts Available Now” lure the reader to explore the soil-colored brochure further.

“Imagine, You Can Buy Your Own Memorial Property at Trinity for Less Than \$25 a Month!” Lest you imagine your memorial property lying somewhere near Trinity Church (where even your investment banker friends might find time to attend a service—or send someone to attend a service), note that Trinity Church Cemetery and Mausoleum, “Manhattan’s only active cemetery,” lies just south of the George Washington Bridge, at 770

Riverside Drive, “overlooking the scenic Hudson River.”

Bad enough I have to live above 96th Street now, you say to yourself, but I don't want to be a geographically undesirable corpse, with no one coming to put flowers on my grave because they'd have to take the A train.

Yet consider the alternative. “Before we reactivated, you’d have to go to the suburbs, Long Island, upstate New York, New Jersey,” says Edwin F. Casey, Trinity’s managing director. He means, of course, that your *body*’d have to go. And that later, your survivors and hypothetical loved ones would have to traipse to the exurbs to pay their respects.

Like the prewar co-op of your dreams, Trinity Cemetery real estate comes complete with charming historical anecdotes. The land belonged to John James Audubon before Trinity purchased it in 1842. The next year, Trinity began using it as a cemetery, reached by funeral parties after a four-hour boat ride up the Hudson. Eventually graves became scarce and, like all the best places, Trinity stopped accepting new business. But in 1977 pent-up demand prompted Trinity to reconsider that

decision and take a look at its assets.

“The economics of land usage is very important, especially in Manhattan,” says Casey. “Land is so darned expensive.” So, like any other developer, Trinity hit upon a way to better exploit its real estate. The plan involved a simple change in the traditional idea of buying a grave site for one’s eventual burial: Trinity began building “community mausoleums”—co-ops, as it were, for corpses.

“We’ve built 5,000 spaces, and we’re building 10,000 more,” says Casey. Each space costs anywhere from \$1,000 to many thousands (less the “20% pre-development discount”), depending on how much space you want and whether you prefer to be dead on the “garden” or “terrace” level.

But the real selling point, he says, is that the deal covers 99 percent of your funeral costs, plus perpetual maintenance. “You don’t have to worry about the way the grass is cut, about your memorial being tipped over,” says Casey. “It’s the one part of life you can take care of. How many things—careers? relationships?—can you say that about?”

—Christine Donahue

FURTHER PROOF THAT CIVILIZATION IS COMING TO AN END — AND PERHAPS SHOULD

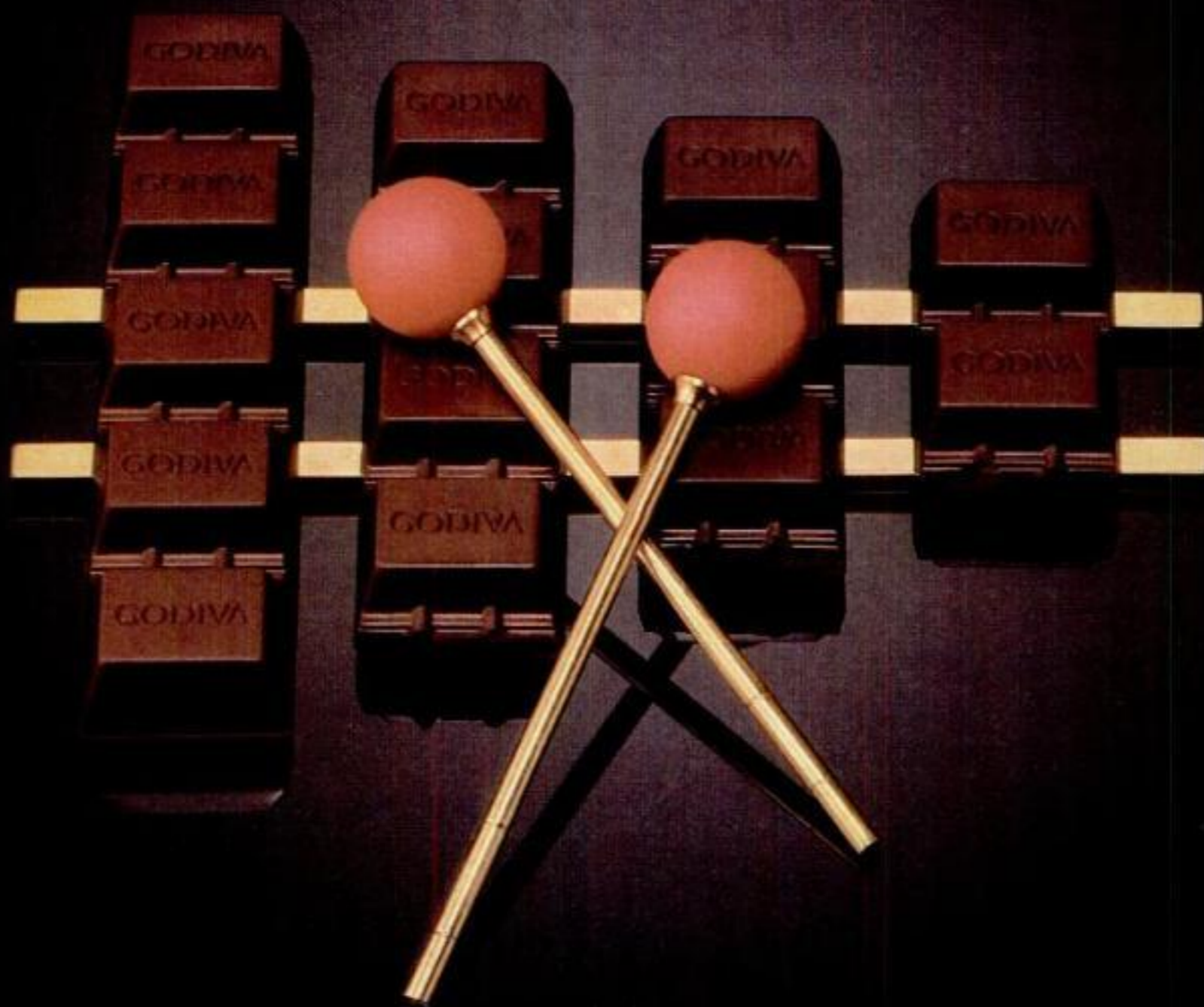
(a notice to members of the New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South)

DRESS CODE CITY HOUSE

The wives, daughters, fiances and female guests of our members are among the loveliest ladies in our City. Their style and grace enhance our Club. Infrequently the spell is broken by the appearance of a style of dress that detracts from the loveliness and beauty to which we have grown accustomed.

Could we request that all of our members who are inviting female guests to the Club acquaint them with our standards of good taste. Jeans, disco costumes and flash dance outfits are all appropriate in the proper environment. We do not believe that the New York Athletic Club should be included in that environment. As you are aware, male members and their guests may not enter the Club in jeans, sneakers, shorts, sweaters and similar attire. We expect our female guests to abide by these rules. Thanks for your cooperation.

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HOW TO BEHAVE
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BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE

YOUNG COUPLES

Arrive late.
Wonder why there's no line.
Hug and kiss frequently during movie.
Sit directly in front of me.

SINGLE GUYS FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Talk to movie.
Giggle during violent scenes.
Curse during love scenes.
Don't take no crap from *nobody*.

SINGLE WOMEN OVER 40

Find that cellophane ball
you lovingly constructed as a girl.
Bring it to theater.
Unwrap it during the first film.
Rewrap it during the second film.
Sit directly behind me.

MARRIED COUPLES

Remain totally silent until picture starts.

During title credits, start a conversation;
continue it until picture ends.

When lights go on, remain completely
silent until next picture starts.

SENIOR CITIZENS

Announce first appearance of everyone in
cast ("That's Greta Garbo . . . Melvyn
Douglas . . . Ina Claire").
Read all on-screen signs, headlines, menus
and letters out loud ("DANGER—ROAD
CLOSED." "KANE ELECTED").
Note major plot developments out loud
("He's got a gun. . . . The sister is at
the window").
Sing along with musical numbers.

UPPERMIDDLEBROWS

Attend every European comedy you can,
particularly the bad ones.
Laugh at subtitled dialogue.
Never laugh at subtitled dialogue.
If the director appears in a cameo, laugh
loudly to show that you recognize him.
Talk softly so as not to disturb others; fail.
Sit beside me.

AGING COUNTERCULTURISTS

Laugh at any American movie made before
Easy Rider, except the comedies.
Affect bushy hairstyle.
Sit directly in front of me.
On your way out, ask manager to schedule
Robert Downey (Sr.) festival.

CINEASTS

Enter theater shrieking, "Focus!"
Race to your seat as credits begin.
Between films, look around theater in
search of blood brothers.
Carry latest issue of *Variety*.

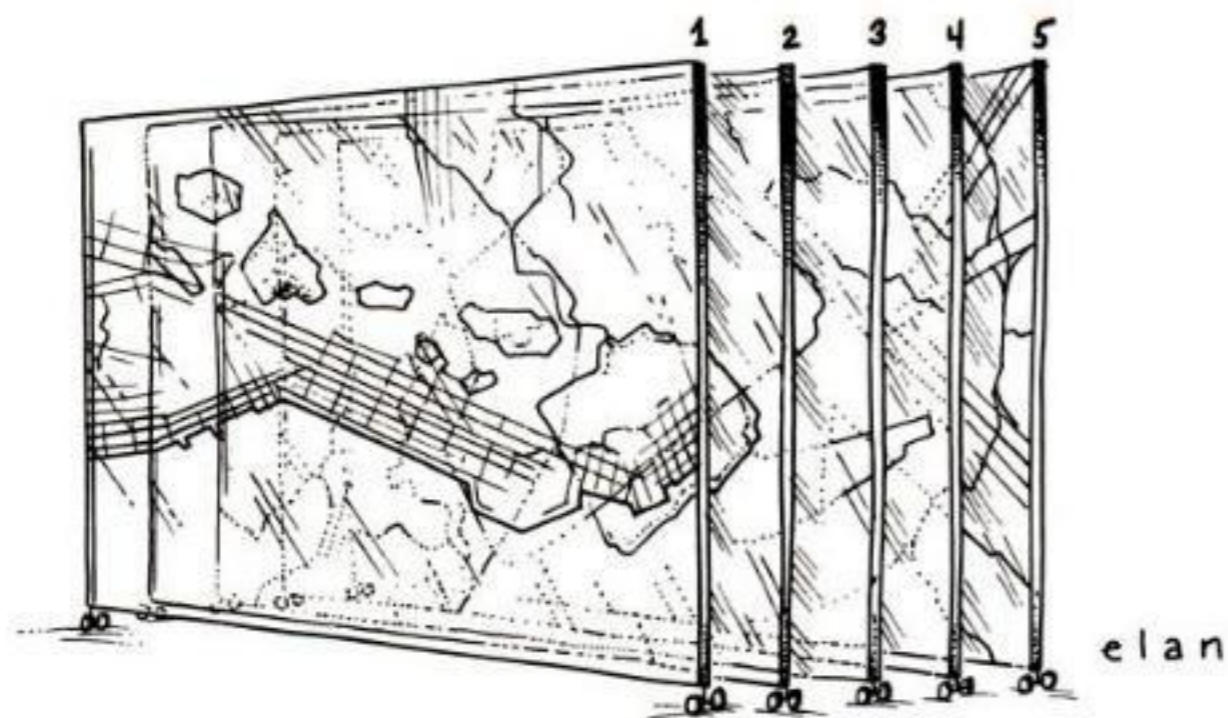
OVERAGE COLLEGIANS

Refer to all movies as *flicks*.
Bring dinner.
Eat it.

STRANGE MIDDLE-AGED MEN

Dress *very* casually.
Go to matinees.
Change seats frequently.
Talk to movie.
Get into long arguments with the
similarly afflicted. —Dale Thomaian

A rare glimpse of Steve McGarrett's
Plexi-Acrylic Tactical Maps,
now on permanent display
at the Kauai National Museum, Hawaii

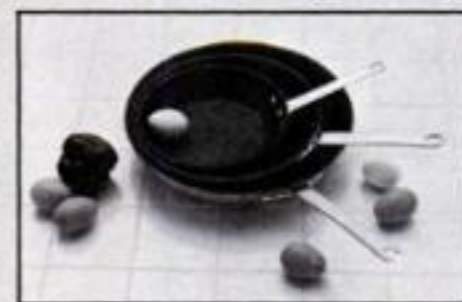


- ① Metropolitan Honolulu
- ② Mercator Projection of the Hawaiian islands
- ③ Hilo & surrounding areas

- ④ The Big Island
- ⑤ Molokai

THE PRESIDENT'S TEFLON IS MISSING

teflon, the miraculous stuff of pots and pans and 40th presidents, is celebrating its 50th anniversary. In honor of this event, and of the imminent retirement of the man responsible for making Teflon a political byword, we thought a chat with Du Pont, the creators of this and other marvelous fluoropolymers, was in order.



SPY: How long does Teflon last?

Du Pont: A fabricated item on the shelf has an indefinite shelf life. It can last forever. But it depends what you're doing to it. A lot of plastics can't take . . . the light. They disintegrate with exposure.

SPY: Are there any known side effects associated with Teflon?

Du Pont: It's a nonregulated item. When you're molding, if you have proper ventilation it's okay. It must be pretty safe.

SPY: Can Teflon be repaired if it's damaged?

Du Pont: I'm not so sure about that.

SPY: Has Du Pont ever considered using President Reagan as a Teflon spokesman?

Du Pont: We negated it a long time ago. It gives the trademark a bad name. People think anything slippery is associated with Teflon. It's a very negative connotation. —Rachel Urquhart

**THE NEW YORK OBSERVER
IN A NUTSHELL**

*a*nother month of Wednesdays revealed the kind of audacity, wit and verve we've come to expect—no, *demand*—from the ever-unpredictable *New York Observer*, particularly its headline writers. In fact, so wily are they at disseminating their gems that we were frustrated *three* times in our search for the paper. One newspaper vendor said of the mysterious shortage, "We never know when we're going to get that pink thing. We don't ask for it. It just *arrives*." Some of the recent headlines:

—On the really big questions—

**TO SAVE TIME AND SLEEP SOUNDLY,
JUST GIVE UP RUNNING**

**HOW MUCH DO LIGHT AND AIR
REALLY MATTER?**

**NEW YORK'S PSYCHOLOGISTS
VERSUS THE PSYCHIATRISTS**

**BEAUTIFUL ANTIQUE CLOTHES
INCREASINGLY HARDER TO FIND**

**KATE SMITH WILL BE
BURIED AT LAKE PLACID**

—On law and order—

**STATE TAXING
FIXINGS AT SALAD BARS**

**COPS ENFORCE
EXISTING BIKE LAWS**

**REPORT SAYS DRIVERS,
PEDESTRIANS CARELESS**

—No strangers to adversity—

**WALL STREET RACQUET CLUB
WILL BE RAZED**

**TENNIS HOUSE
DISPUTE NOT SETTLED**

—On the good things in life—

**UNSEEN AND UNSUNG:
AT THE MET, PROMPTERS
KEEP OPERAS IN TUNE**

**ANTICIPATION AND ELEGANCE
AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW**

**EVEN IF ONLY BY DEFAULT,
NEW YORK'S A GREAT WALKING CITY
TASTING SNAILS' EGGS**

—R.U.

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G

HE ANNOUNCEMENT that the roundly disliked Ed Klein would be replaced by the even more roundly disliked James Greenfield as editor of the *Times Magazine* was certainly a surprise. Book Review editor Mike Levitas was the odds-on favorite for the job. Executive editor Max Frankel had offered Klein's post to just about everybody at the paper short of Klein himself. (The splendid Francis X. Clines and the intelligent R. W. Apple were among the many who passed up the opportunity to follow in the great man's footsteps.) Sure, nobody wanted the job—but why give it to Greenfield? Why not give it to . . . oh, I don't know . . . *the cat*? Why? Because the cat isn't a 63-year-old caretaker editor who will follow instructions until somebody better comes along. And because the cat did not serve for two decades as a toadying apparatchik of the old Stalinist regime at the *Times*. Greenfield's sort of bum-kissing fealty must be rewarded—even at Frankel's *glasnosty Times*—with a high-profile position before retirement and the obligatory bout of pedestrian memoir writing. And because Greenfield, who has the very charming habit of unself-consciously picking things out of his nose and ears, is an old drinking buddy of former executive editor Abe Rosenthal's.

Greenfield is referred to at the paper as the Man in the Empty Suit. He has an undertaker's stoop, in the manner of all great *Times* thinkers, and there is an oily kind of prissiness about him. Most remarkable about Greenfield are his fingers—grossly long, banana-shaped things with spatula ends (see photo, above).

Greenfield will retain his old job as assistant managing editor in charge of hiring

reporters and editors. Once, a female reporter asked culture news editor Bill Honan why an eminently qualified woman had not been given a job at the paper. "I guess she didn't put out," Honan joked. Greenfield is regularly spotted having



JAMES GREENFIELD'S FINGER

long, boozy, *very* friendly lunches with women at the paper—most recently an editor on one of the daily sections. He is also fond of pressing unnecessarily close to female *Times* staff members in crowded elevators.

Speaking of the legendary Bill Honan, we hear he has been acting very unlike his old self recently—humanoid, in other words: considerate and actually thoughtful toward others. This newfound bonhomie has surfaced despite a highly sticky incident that made him look like a nincompoop: Last year Max Frankel ordered all editors to provide him with a memo each morning, telling him what the competition was running that day. This caused major complications in Honan's simple life—he wasn't even reading his own paper. He regularly suggested stories to reporters identical to ones that had run just days before in the Arts and Leisure section, a part of the paper over which he had supervisory responsibility. (The badly written, self-aggrandizing memos that Honan now sends electronically to Frankel are among the first items that amusement-hungry reporters call up on their screens when they arrive for work in the morning.) On the day that *The Washington Post* ran a front-page story saying that Herbert Mitgang, the *Times*'s cultural-news reporter, had a piece coming out in the next week's *New Yorker* based on his new book about FBI surveillance of American authors and

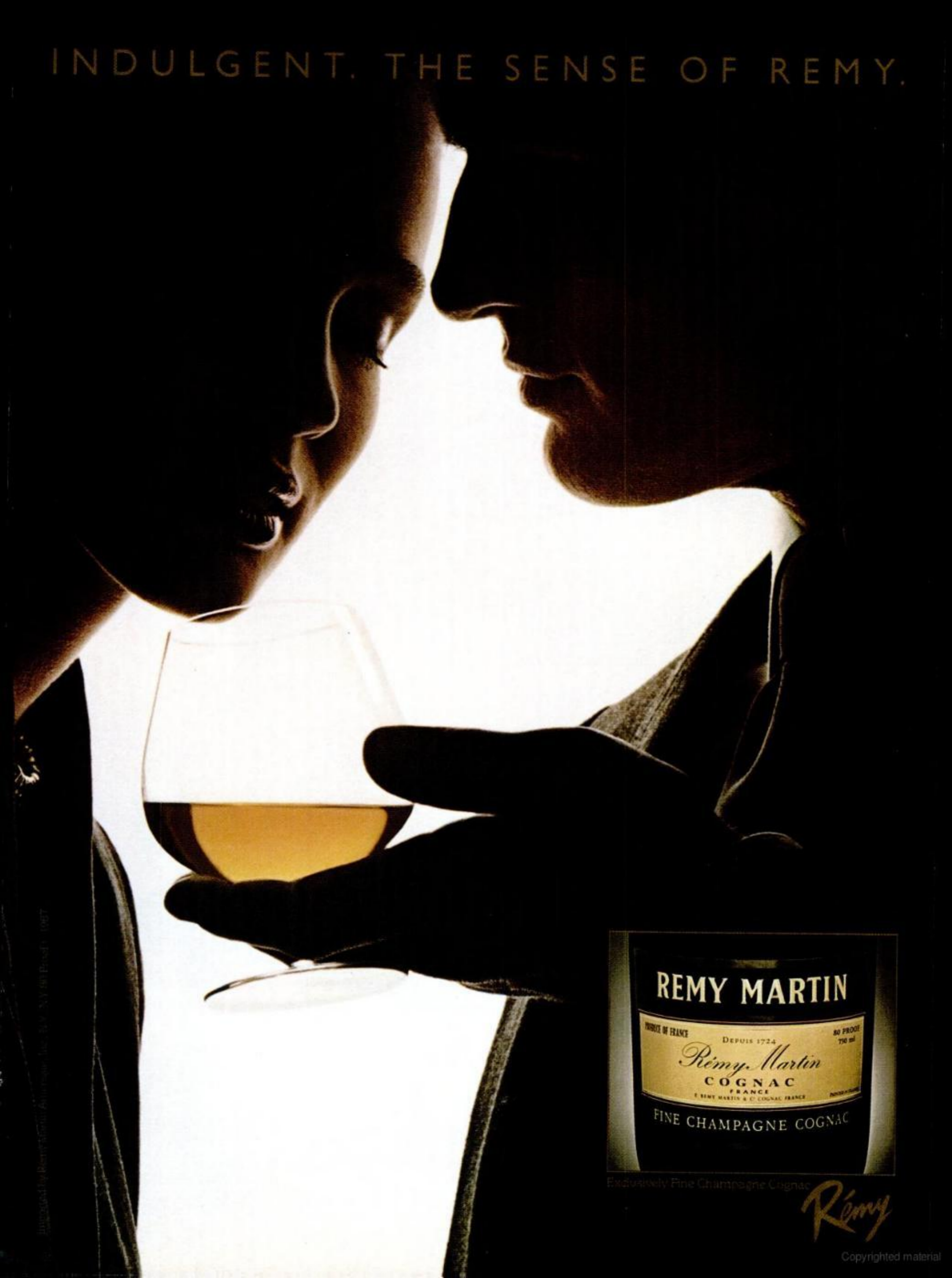
dramatists over the past half century, and that Natalie Robins had a similar article coming out the very same week in *The Nation*, Honan sent the following morning memo to Frankel: "[The *Post*'s] fronting the story about FBI surveillance of U.S. writers was a mistake, I believe. Neither article reported on, had substantiated the claim that the surveillance had made any appreciable difference to those involved." A *Times* story *that same morning* (buried in the third section and written by Ed "I'll Borrow Story Ideas From Anyone" McDowell—see *Times* column, May 1987) had a reference to the forthcoming Mitgang piece.

Frankel and Honan were reportedly furious with Mitgang because his article wasn't appearing in their magazine—resulting in a memo to the staff demanding that henceforth they offer all their work to the *Times* first. Only later was it discovered that Mitgang's agent had indeed offered it to the *Times Magazine*, but that Ed Klein had just never got back to them.

Honan, when he first read the FBI surveillance story in his own paper, actually went around telling reporters, "I don't see what's wrong with the government keeping tabs on [writers]." Indeed, the dim little man might well take the FBI's lead: incredibly, he did not know that Mitgang, who works a scant 20 feet from him, was even working on a book. Nor did he know that Robins had written one on the same subject. Robins is the wife of *Times* daily book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt—one of Honan's charges.

Honan's stock is dropping fast. Warren "the Hunk" Hoge has taken over Arts and Leisure, and Ed Klein's former hit man at the magazine, Marty Arnold, has assumed control of most of the old boy's remaining culture-editing duties. —J. J. Hunsecker

INDULGENT. THE SENSE OF REMY.

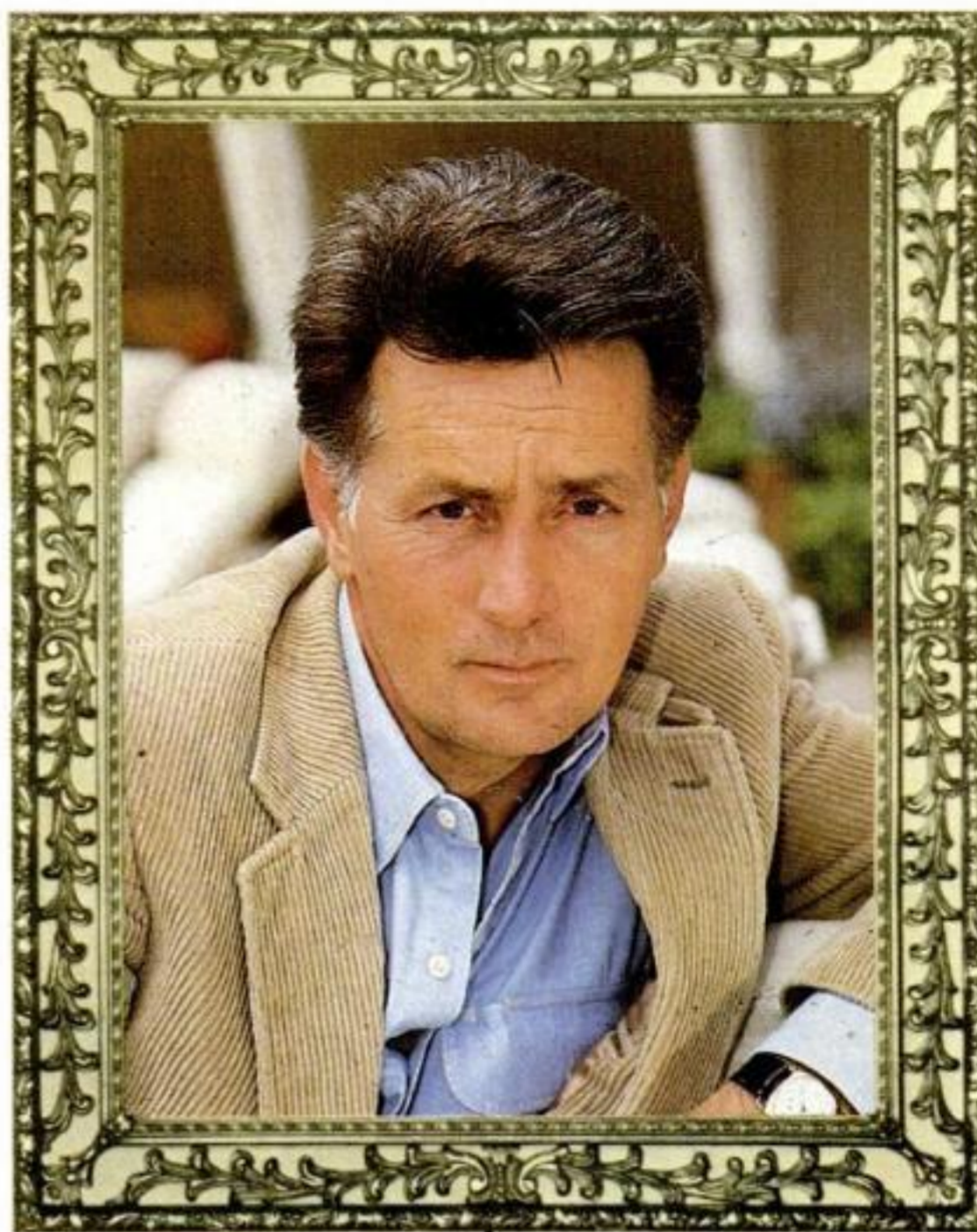


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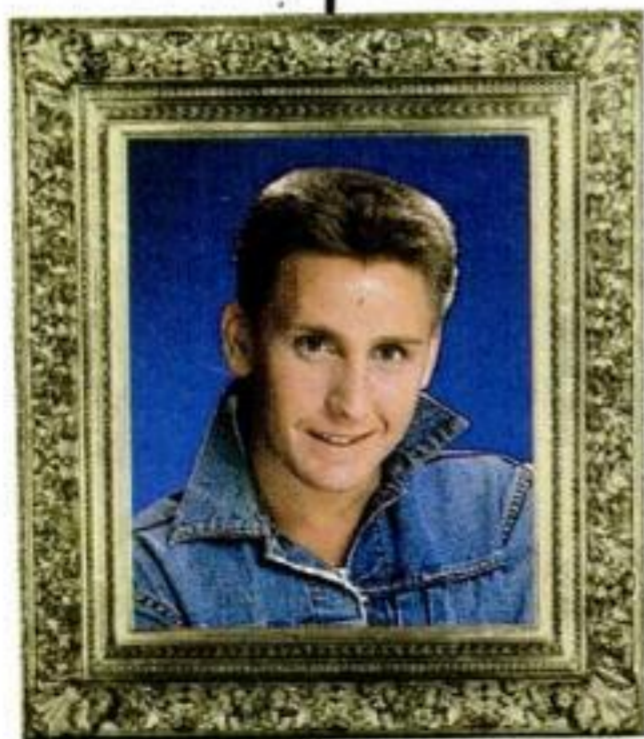
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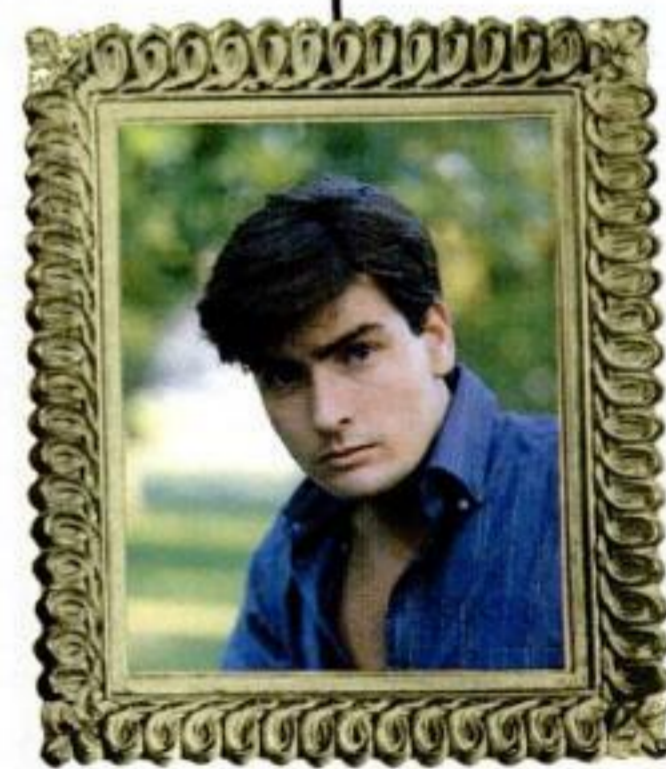


The pater-familias: earnest voice-over specialist and actor (*Apocalypse Now*)
Martin Sheen (1940-)

Stumpy actor (*St. Elmo's Fire, Stakeout*)—director (*Wisdom*)—Brat Pack spokesman
Emilio Estevez (1963-)



Soon-to-be-major-Sheen (*Werewolf in Love*)
Ramon Sheen (1964-)



Heavy-lidded teen throb (*Platoon, Wall Street*)
Charlie Sheen (1965-)



Forget Schwab's
Drugstore. Forget Yale
drama school.
Forget merit. Today
fame is *inherited*,
not earned. From the
Douglasses to the
Sheens, from the Hem-
ingways to the
Podhoretzes, famous
families are mo-
nopolizing celebrity
in America.

Stars Are Born

Next-wave-
Sheen (*Sleep
Away Camp*)
Renee Estevez
(1967-)



THE CHILDREN OF CELEBRITIES—
they're everywhere, glutting the tabloids, jamming
the talk shows, choking the rivers of American fame.
Not since the Borgias, or at least Billy Carter, has

BY PAUL RUDNICK nepotism proved so addictive. A celebrity
relative possesses the purest form of fame, Zen re-
nown: the celebrity child is famous simply for breath-
ing, for proximity, for blood type. Being a celebrity
child has become a profes-
sion, a calling, all one
needs to fill a lifetime:
"I'm a neurosurgeon." "I'm
a Peace Corps volunteer."
"I'm Buddy Hackett's son."

But is it mad fun to be a celebrity off-
spring, a free ride to Malibu luxe? Or is
it a nightmarish existence, a fishbowl
hell, a curse spelled out in flashbulbs?
Should we be kind to Shari Belafonte-
Harper, to Ron Reagan Jr., to Lorenzo
Lamas, or should we change the chan-
nel? Hereditary stardom looks so
cusby—celebrity without the work; even
criminals have to show a little initia-
tive. Let us contemplate the plight of

the celebrity child, the glamour fetus, the star spud. Surely there's a cure.

The star spud is an echo, a dropping, a souvenir—something to remind us of Judy or Lucy or Liz. Stars breed for several reasons. Career lulls. Increased photo opportunities (particularly in *Life* or *Family Circle*). A desire to create the perfect fan. As an infant, a star spud exists primarily as a gurgling prop and employment for illegal aliens. Star spuds were most often a good idea at the time.

As an adolescent, a star spud normally functions as a linchpin of the American pharmaceutical establishment. Any star spud who has not been institutionalized at least once by age 14 is just not trying. During these painful teenage years, the star spud is no longer cuddly but not yet competition. To fill the restless days before appearing with Mom or Dad on an

*Star spuds
may even be forced to
call Claus von Bülow
"Dad."*

Aaron Spelling series, the teen spud develops hobbies. These hobbies include being kidnapped, having a first marriage annulled, demolishing sports cars and gaining weight.

As a young adult, the star spud begins its revenge: given a fortuitous cocktail of genes and surgery, the star spud will now look better than the star parent. Photographs of oldster and spawn become rare: no snaps, please, of Tahnee and Raquel, Charlie and Martin, Lorenzo and Fernando. The star parent strikes back, most often with phrases like "I never want my children to go into show business, there's too much rejection"; "I insist she finish college"; "If he wants to be an actor, he has to make it on his own." These sentiments, while reeking of parental concern and moral seriousness, translate roughly as "No, I won't introduce that ungrateful little shit to my agent."

The star spud, once fully grown, has two alternatives: legitimate stardom or the best-seller list. Some spuds blossom, à la Charlie Sheen, Liza, Jane Fonda, Carrie Fisher. The parents of successful spuds face a grim, humbling reality: it is now to their advantage to associate with their own children. The actress Gretchen Cryer audi-

**ORGANICALLY
GROWN SPUDS**

CHYNNA PHILLIPS
(John and Michelle's daughter)



MACKENZIE PHILLIPS
(John's daughter)

CHINA KANTNER
(Grace Slick's daughter)

**MOON UNIT
AND DWEEZIL ZAPPA**

**LEAF AND RIVER
PHOENIX**

**CHASTITY BONO AND
ELIJAH BLUE ALLMAN**
(Cher's kids)

SPUD CLASSICS

MOMMIE DEAREST,
by Christina Crawford

MY MOTHER'S KEEPER,
by B. D. Hyman

GOING MY OWN WAY,
by Gary Crosby



HOME BEFORE DARK,
by Susan Cheever

HOME FRONT,
by Patti Davis

KNOCK WOOD,
by Candice Bergen

HERITAGE,
by Anthony West (son of
Rebecca West and H. G.
Wells)

TRIO,
by Aram Saroyan

**HOW TO BEFRIEND
A STAR SPUD—
BECOMING A SPUD
BUDDY**

**AFTER TWO YEARS, SAY,
"OH, ARE YOU THAT
REDFORD?"**

MALIBU PTA SPUDS

**TATUM AND GRIFFIN
O'NEAL**

LORENZO LAMAS

**CHAD MCQUEEN
MARISKA HARGITAY**
(Jayne Mansfield's
daughter)

CARRIE HAMILTON
(formerly druggie daughter
of Carol Burnett)

JOSHUA EVANS
(son of Ali MacGraw
and Robert Evans)

DIRECTORS' SPUDS

**SEAN AND CHRISTOPHER
PENN**

**MARY STUART
MASTERTON**

ROBERT DOWNEY JR.

ANJELICA HUSTON

LIZA MINNELLI

PHOEBE CATES

GARY LEWIS

ROB REINER

SPUD MILESTONES

Marlo Thomas has her nose done to look less like Danny Thomas.

Lucy appears with daughter Lucie Arnaz on *Here's Lucy* as "Lucy and Kim Carter"; both wear leotards and go-go boots.

Kirk Douglas gives his option on *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* to son Michael, who produces film, wins Oscar (Kirk has never won one), makes zillions.

Liza sings "The Man That Got Away" in concert.

Jim Belushi appears on *Saturday Night Live*; no one is fooled.

Michael Jackson fires his father as his manager.

Susan Cheever reveals that her heretofore respected dad, John, was a tormented alcoholic bisexual.

Princess Stephanie dates sons of both Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo, dumps them for Rob Lowe, then dumps him for alleged rapist with dyed hair.

Whitney Houston hires her mom, Cissy, to hug her in her video for "The Greatest Love of All."

Jason Bateman appears in *Teen Wolf Too* (produced by his father, Kent Bateman) as the cousin of the Michael J. Fox character in *Teen Wolf*; Fox plays the brother of Jason's sister, Justine Bateman, on *Family Ties*.

**SPUDS WHO DON'T
USE "THE NAME"**

EMILIO ESTEVEZ
(Martin Sheen's son)

DAVID RIEFF
(Susan Sontag's son)



PATTI DAVIS
(Nancy Reagan's daughter)

KING AD-ROCK
(Israel Horovitz's son)

LARRY HAGMAN
(Mary Martin's son)

**SPUDS WHO USE
ALL THE NAMES**

SHARI BELAFONTE-HARPER

JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER

MARGARET TRUMAN

DANIEL

JAMIE LEE CURTIS



PHOTO: JEAN-PIERRE / PAUL NISKI DESIGNS

A F T E R
M I D N I G H T
L I V E M U S I C

ODEON

2 3 3 0 5 0 7

M O N D A Y T U E S D A Y W E D N E S D A Y

tioned—*auditioned!*—to play the part of her son Jon's aunt in his latest teen-scene movie. Imagine the horror, having to brownnose one's brat. These moments are accompanied by the platitudes *I'm just so damn proud of her; I'm glad all the attention isn't on me for a change; Even if he hadn't been nominated, we'd still be proud of him—he's a good kid.*

The faltering spuds, those lacking commensurate talent, beauty or gall, must hustle. These are the dud spuds, the hapless guppies who continue on coattails, squeezing their scrapbooks into the *Enquirer*. If, Lord willing, a twinkling parent abused the dud spud, an industry is born. True abuse is unnecessary: pinching, or even an insistence on hygiene, will do. In the pantheon of dud spuds, Christina Crawford reigns; her court includes various Crosbys, Elvis bastards and the Bette Davis demon seed—aging youngsters who had to get themselves disinherited in order to enjoy inherited fame. The dud spud's scurrilous tell-all is explained with the motto "I only wrote it to help other children in the same situation." Perhaps shelters and public funding are in order for the bruised babies of Beverly Hills, for the toddlers forced to buff Oscars and wear hand-me-down sable.

A dud spud often undergoes a religious conversion, preferably to a crackpot cult; this further embarrasses the parent and adds a pious sincerity to the dust jacket. Dud spuds need not be acrimonious, however. They can cash in on unaccountable parent *worship* (witness the career of Julie Nixon Eisenhower) or, odder still, grandparent worship (witness the career of David Eisenhower). But the dud spud's growth crop is vengeance, bathed in benevolence: "I only hope my mother will read this book and know that, despite everything, I still love her."

Star spuds now arrive in thundering packs. Fame is passed on laterally, to brothers and sisters, like chicken pox. We have the new dynasties, the gushing fame spigots: the Sheens, the Lowes, the Penns, the Phoenixes, the Carradines, the Douglasses. The various siblings hit the screen one by one: "I was just bumming around, and I saw my brother doing his movie, and I realized I really wanted to act." Translation: *I saw my brother's Porsche and I really wanted my own.* Spud clans never admit to jealousy: "Hey, he's my brother. And we're really different types, he's more of a

LITERARY SPUDS

AUBERON WAUGH
MARTIN AMIS
SUSAN CHEEVER
CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY
WALLACE SHAWN
DAVID UPDIKE
ALEXANDER COCKBURN
BOB GUCCIONE JR.
JOHN PODHORETZ

NONLITERATE LITERARY SPUDS



MARIEL AND MARGAUX HEMINGWAY

KATE MAILER
CARLY SIMON

THE LONG WRITERS

THE THEROUXES
(Paul and Alexander)
THE BARTHELMES
(Donald and Frederick)
THE EPHRONS
(Nora, Delia and Amy)
THE LEMANNS
(Nick and Nancy)
THE DUNNES
(Dominick and John Gregory)

SPUD CINEMA

THE LONG RIDERS
AT CLOSE RANGE
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
PRIZZI'S HONOR
GARDENS OF STONE
WALL STREET
ON GOLDEN POND
COCOON

HOW TO ALIENATE A STAR SPUD

ASK, "WAIT, IS SHE YOUR REAL MOM?"
ASK, "SO, ARE YOU AN ACTRESS, TOO?"
ASK, "SO WHAT WAS IT LIKE, KNOWING YOUR DAD?"

SPUD ANGST

DO I USE THE NAME?
DO MY FRIENDS LIKE ME FOR ME?
DO I DEFEND MOM'S WORKOUT TAPES?
DO I TESTIFY AT DAD'S TRIAL?
WHAT IF SHE SPENDS IT ALL BEFORE SHE DIES?
HOW MUCH WAS CHRISTINA'S ADVANCE?
WHO WILL PLAY ME IN THE TV MOVIE?

COSMIC SPUD ISSUES

WHAT ABOUT BILL COSBY'S REAL CHILDREN?
WHY ISN'T CHRISTINA ONASSIS HAPPY?
WHY WOULDN'T HANK HUG JANE?
WHAT IS FARRAH'S BABY'S LAST NAME?
WAS STEPHANIE DRIVING?
WILL JAMIE WYETH PAINT HELGA?
SHOULD PALOMA CALL HER NEW COLOGNE GUERNICA?

THE CONVENIENTLY CONNECTED

LORRAINE GARY
CECILIA PECK
MARSHA MASON
NORRIS CHURCH MAILER
BARBARA BOSSON
BOCHCO
STELLA PARTON



FRANK STALLONE
JOEY TRAVOLTA
ELLEN TRAVOLTA
FRANK SINATRA JR.
LORNA LUFT

HOW TO MARRY A STAR SPUD

BE INDIFFERENT
HAVE PLEADED "NO CONTEST" TO FELONY CHARGES
HAVE AN ACCENT
SLEEP WITH THE PARENT
BE TEN YEARS OLDER THAN THE PARENT
TEACH THE SPUD TM
BE A BODYGUARD

THE LINDBERGH BABY FAN CLUB: KIDNAPPED SPUDS

FRANK SINATRA JR.
JOHN PAUL GETTY III
MARCI KLEIN



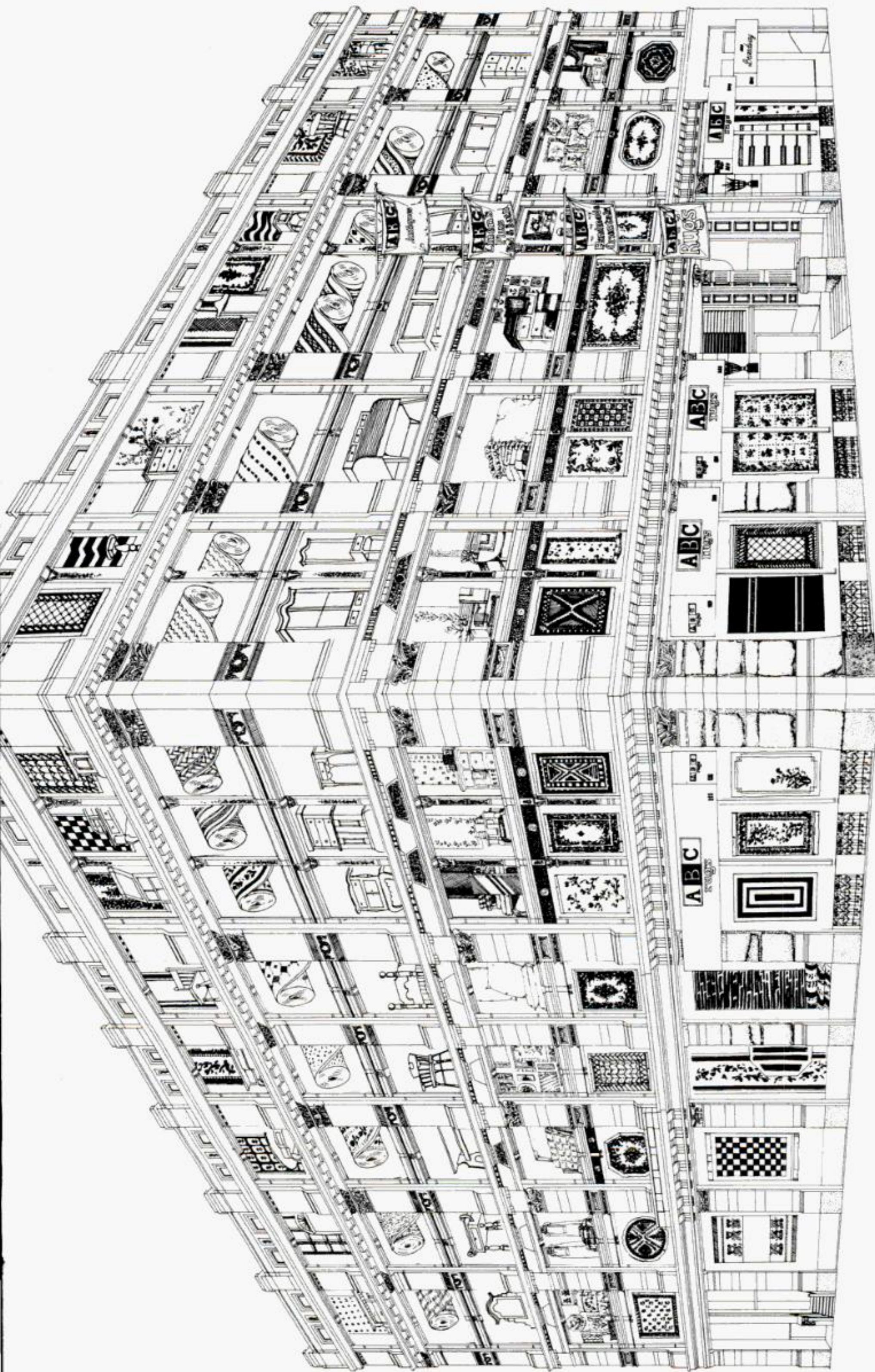
PATTY HEARST
SAM BRONFMAN

DUD SPUD OCCUPATIONS

GUEST VJ
ENDORING BILLY BEER
HIRING A GHOSTWRITER
"SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT" ON A NETWORK MORNING SHOW (ESPECIALLY FOR ROYAL WEDDINGS OR STATE VISITS TO MOSCOW)
BLACKMAIL
WAVING TO TOUR BUS IN BEVERLY HILLS

STAR SPUD FANTASIES

THE FULL HOUR ON OPRAH
NOT BEING TOLD, "WHY, YOU LOOK MORE LIKE SISTERS"
MAKING YOUR MOM OR DAD A PUBLIC GRANDPARENT
BEING MOBBED AFTER THE FUNERAL



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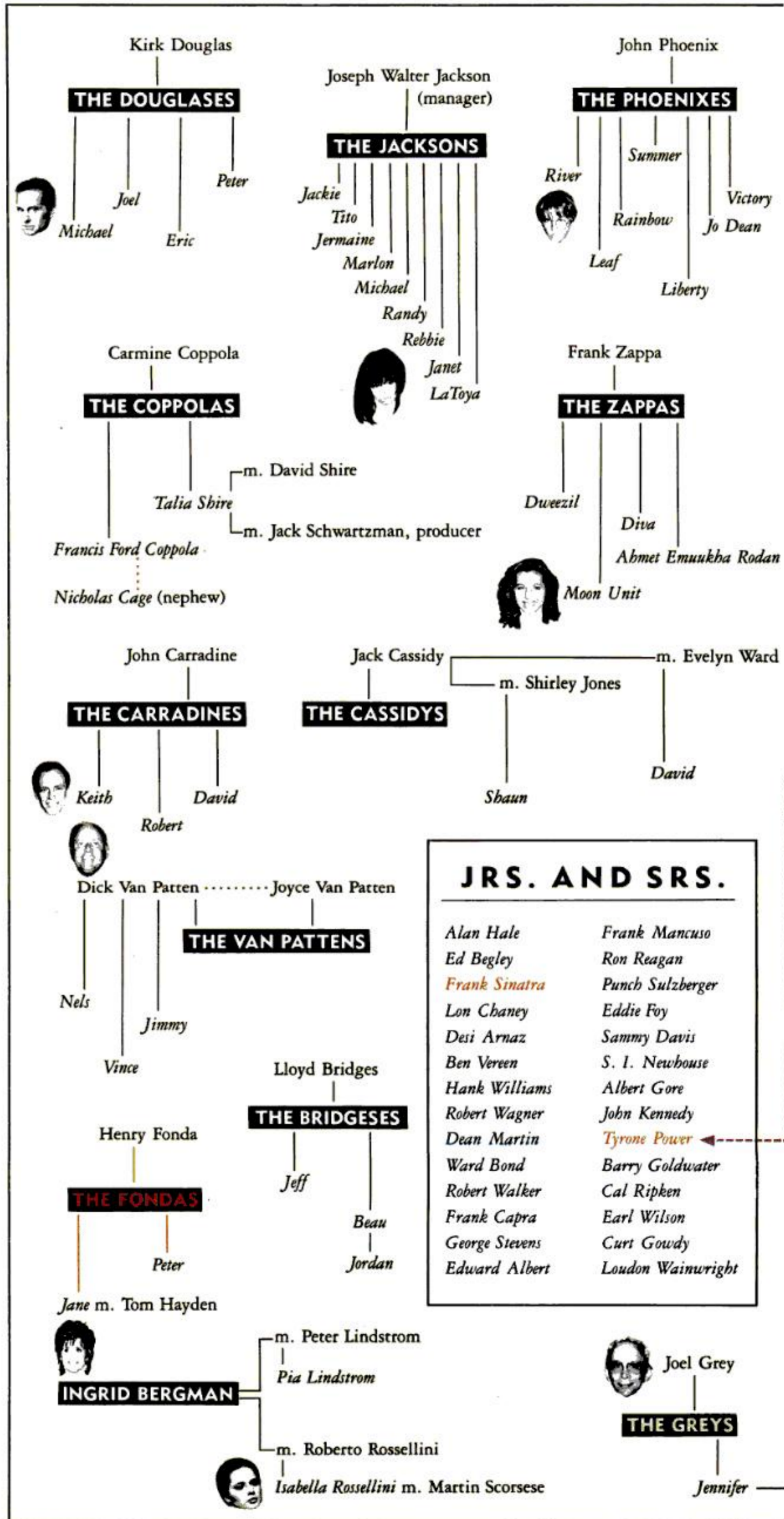
character actor." Occasionally the parents of spud clans are not stars themselves (the Jacksons, the Batemans, the Phoenixes). Nonstar parents invariably manage their children's careers. When the tooth fairy leaves a dime, the parent-manager receives a penny of it. Parent-managers do not actually have children; they give birth to clients.

Star spuds lasso the planet's curiosity: *What if we were spuds, we fantasize. What if Kurt Russell and Goldie Hawn drove us to the dentist—wouldn't it hurt a teensy bit less?* If we were Princess Grace's daughter, we conjecture, *we* wouldn't go topless on the Riviera. Being a star spud looks so effortless, so blessed: unearned privilege, princesshood. We allow Prince Andrew to behave piggishly—he's a spud. But Fergie has to lose weight—she's an employee.

Star spuds are honorary children, public experiments, the world's lab rats. Do Jessica Lange's tots bicker, we wonder: "I get the big piece, because I'm Baryshnikov's baby"; "No, I get the big piece, because I'm Sam Shepard's"? Will Prince Harry dump Prince William off the swing set, scrambling for the throne? Sean Lennon, age 12, has already made a video; when will he and Yoko share the Center Square?

While a star spud can be envied, the life-style is not without flaws. The star spud is often terminally insecure: respectable, earned fame is so near, right down the hall, and yet so distant. Cherry Boone, Pat's daughter, became an anorexic (she published—perhaps a cookbook is next). Star spuds mature in unreal galaxies of wealth and despair. Cheryl Crane, Lana Turner's spud, stabbed Lana's gangster lover, Johnny Stompanato, and inspired a Harold Robbins novel. Star spuds must measure up (no wonder Liza drank); star spuds cannot elude the spotlight (Oprah will find them). Star spuds may even be forced to call Claus von Bülow "Dad."

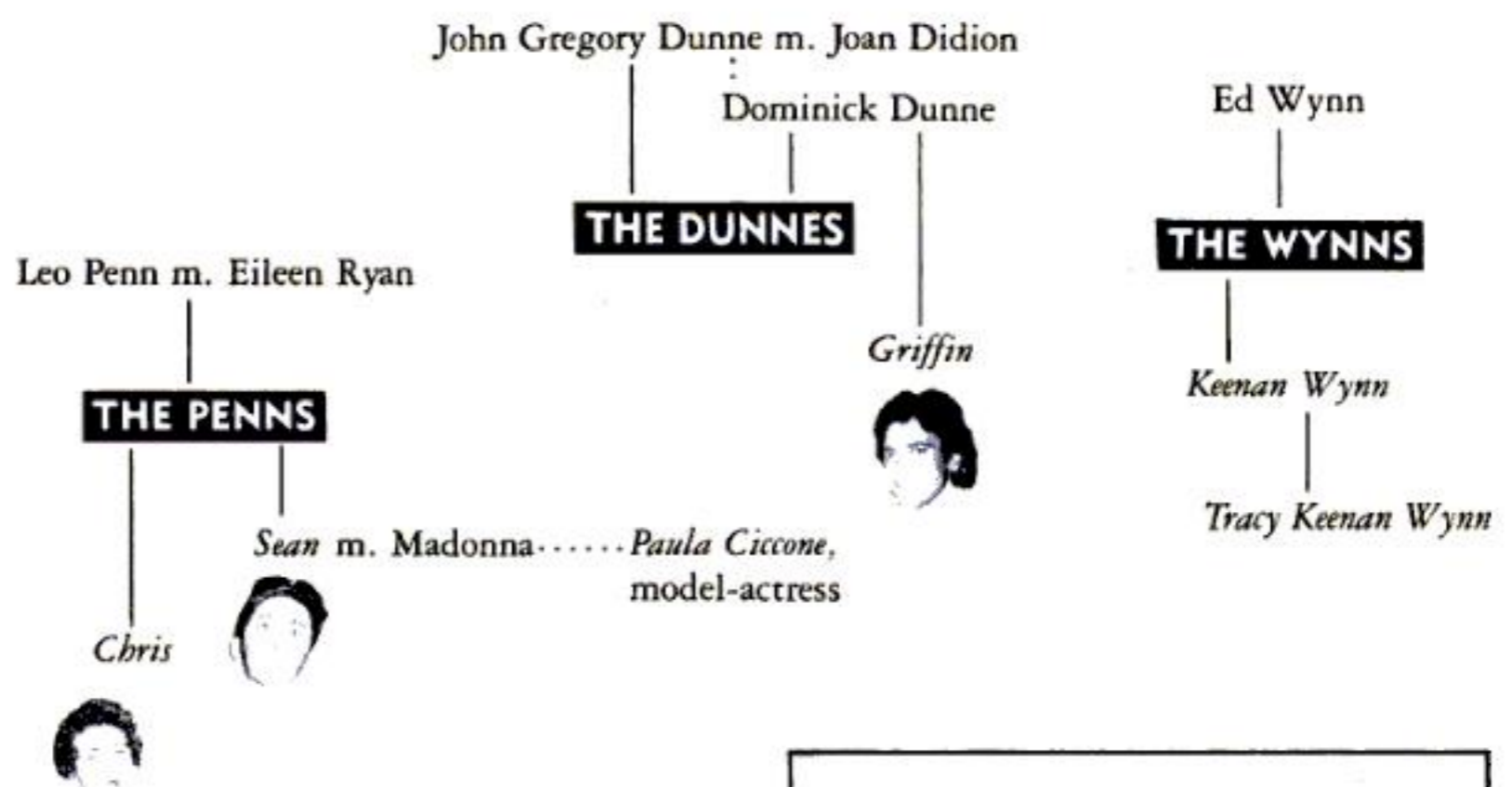
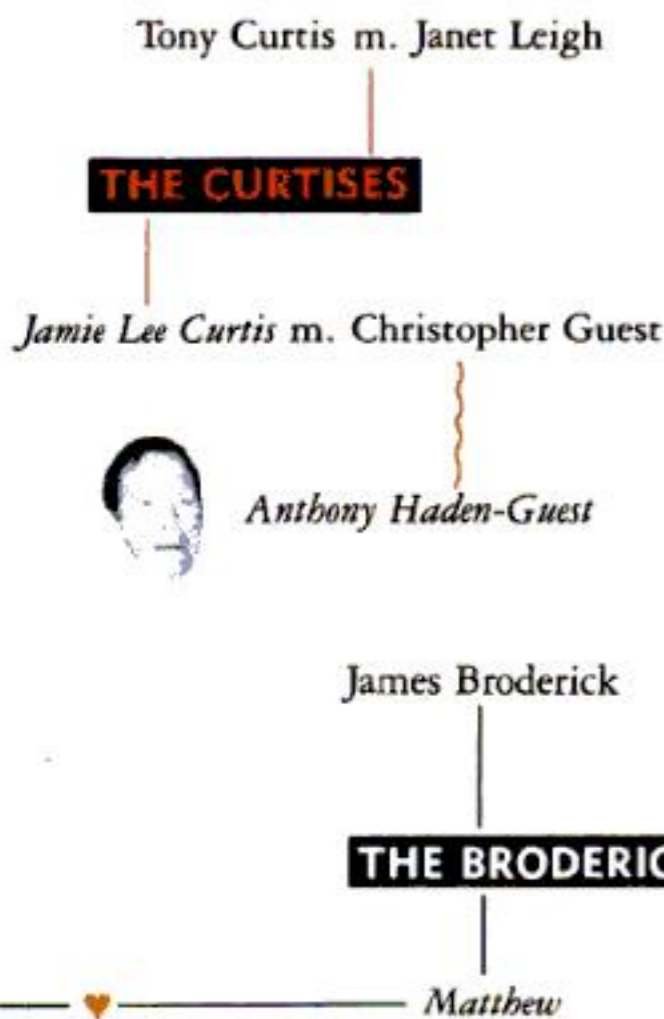
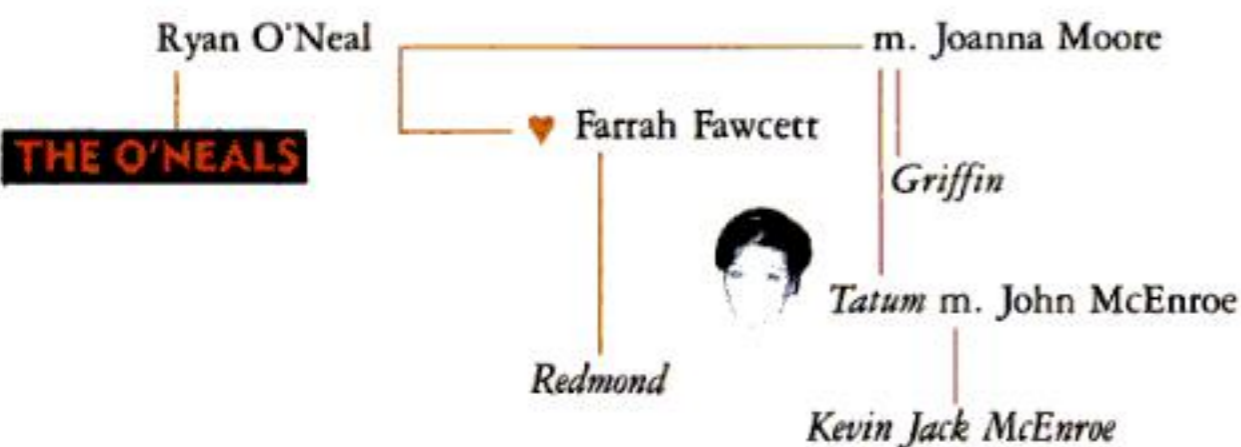
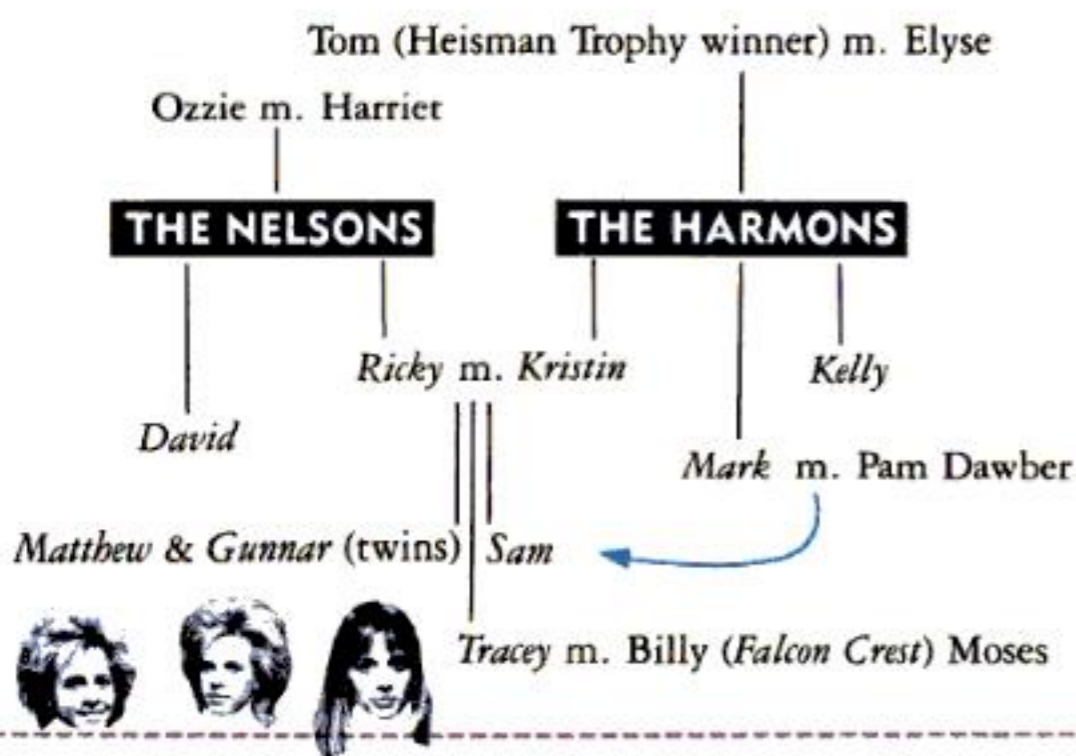
Ultimately, star spuds are human sacrifices, offerings to the ravenous, irrational god of fame. Neither Marilyn nor James Dean reproduced, so one child alone must serve as the Star Spud Supreme, the One True Spud, the Ur-Spud. God bless her, and may she serve us well; after all, her daddy named his private plane after her. Don't let us down, Lisa Marie Presley. Get to the recording studio or the typewriter, the convent or Betty Ford. If *People* magazine is our bible, you are truly the Spud of God. 3



FAMILY TIES

HOLLYWOOD'S stagnant gene pool

If you're not already on this chart, if you're not the illegitimate child of someone on this chart, and if you're not engaged to be married to someone on this chart, forget it—you'll never be famous.



SIBLINGS

Ron & Clint Howard

Rob & Chad Lowe

Dennis & Randy Quaid

Stacy & James Keach

Kristy & James McNichol

Justine & Jason Bateman

Warren Beatty & Shirley MacLaine

Joseph & Sam & Timothy & Ben Bottoms

Matt & Kevin Dillon

Jim & John Belushi

Brian Doyle- & Bill & John Murray

Tommy & Dick Smothers

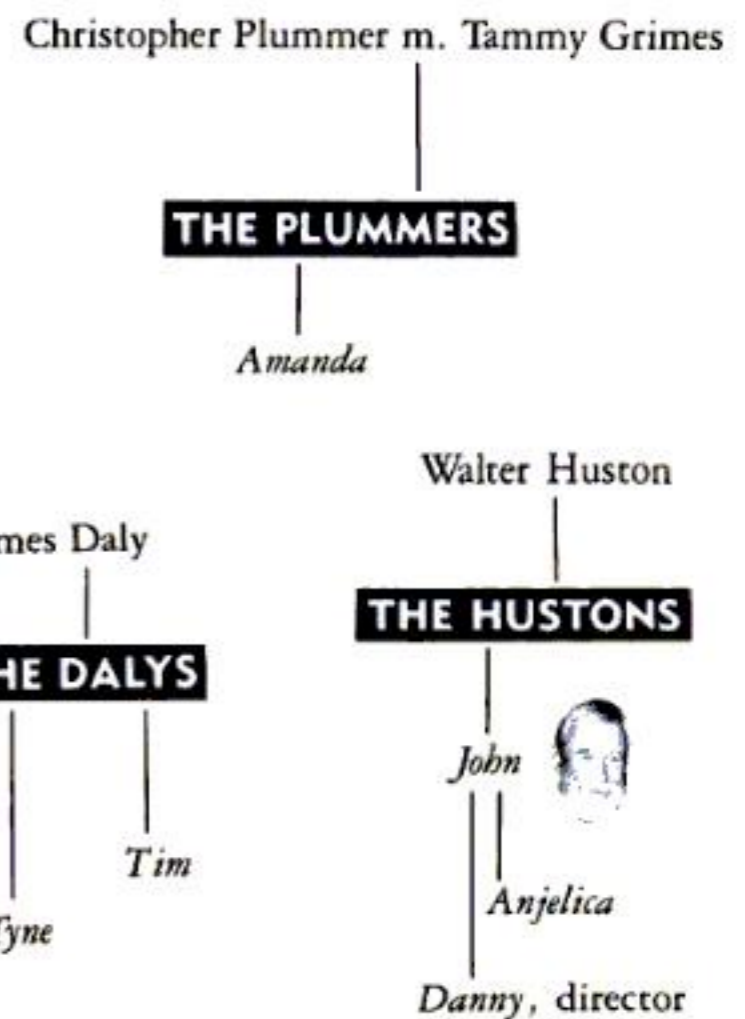
John & Ellen & Joey Travolta

Frank & Sly Stallone

Wynton & Branford Marsalis

KEY

- m. = married
- ♥ = unwholesome union
- = sibling
- = niece/nephew
- ~ = embarrassing distant relation
- ← = involved in ugly child-custody lawsuit
- = via sundry Hollywood marriages, related to Winston Churchill, to Sir Laurence Olivier, to Evelyn Waugh, to Soupy Sales and to one another
- ←- - = worked with Tyrone Power's daughter, Taryn, in the blockbuster 1986 film *The Sea Serpent*



Why I'm the Star I Am

BY HOWARD KAPLAN

Once, just once, we'd like to hear the famous children of famous parents tell the truth about themselves. Something like "Maybe I do have a little talent, but basically I'm a lucky son of a bitch, because if it weren't for my name, I don't know what I'd be doing for a living." But the usual revelations of star spuds aren't anything like this. On the contrary: the seasoned heir to celebrity knows how to *rationalize away* his or her good fortune with one of the following stock lines:

I. The HEY, CONNECTIONS CAN ONLY TAKE YOU SO FAR Rationalization

"Because of my father, doors were definitely open to me, no question. But those doors will close faster than they will for anybody else, because you're under scrutiny."

—Rob Reiner



"I'm proud of my name, and it may get me into a producer's office, but it won't get me a part."—Jane Fonda

"I guess our father's name got us where we are, but now it's our job."—Carnie Wilson (Brian Wilson's daughter), on the rock group she has formed with her sister, Wendy, and Chynna Phillips (John and Michelle Phillips' daughter)

"Sometimes my family got me in the door. . . . But after five minutes of talking about my father, I still had to read for the part."

—Laura Dern

II. The HEY, PRODUCERS AREN'T STUPID Rationalization

"Nobody is about to put up money on a movie just because somebody's daughter is in it. . . . I know too many businessmen, and they're too smart for that."

—Jamie Lee Curtis



"I didn't get a job starring in a picture because of my father. Maybe on your first film they can get some press off of it, but it isn't worth the responsibility of casting you in a multimillion-dollar film."—Michael Douglas

"Movies are too expensive. They aren't going to hire Henry Fonda's daughter unless she can play the part."—Jane Fonda

"No one's going to put you on this show, when they have millions of dollars and their reputation riding on it, just because of your name."

—Maria Shriver



III. The HEY, PEOPLE DON'T RESPECT ME FOR BEING ME Rationalization

"The family name has gotten me into a lot of offices, but it's also made many people expect me to be something else than what I am."

—Keith Carradine

"It helps, because people remember your name and you sometimes can get concert tickets. But a lot of people have preconceived notions and stand there with arms crossed, saying, 'Okay, show me.'"—Moon Unit Zappa

IV. The HEY, BELIEVE ME, I DID IT THE HARD WAY Rationalization

"For years I didn't use my father's name. I wanted to stand on my own talent."

—Shari Belafonte-Harper

"I was 19 when Debra Hill, the producer, and John Carpenter, the director, cast me in Halloween. They didn't know who my parents were. . . . I can hold up that movie and say, 'Nobody did that but me.'"

—Jamie Lee Curtis

"I had a tremendous desire to make it on my own, to really own my life and my career. I didn't want {my father's} help professionally."—Marlo Thomas



"My dad always said, 'Don't use my name, because it won't help.' And he was right."

—Robert Downey Jr.

V. The HEY, I'VE HAD TO WORK HARDER Rationalization

"People think I've had it easy because of my name. . . . I fought it. I fought it all my childhood."

—Amanda Plummer



"I have to do 150 percent where anyone else would only do 100."

—Ted White (Aretha Franklin's son)

VI. The HEY, I DESERVE EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME Rationalization


"I wouldn't have lasted five minutes if I hadn't been good."—Jeff Bridges

"I find it condescending to have people cite the generational or genetic example as a way to explain how I've been working steadily for the past two years. That just negates everything that I've brought into this thing—and man, I've really worked hard."—Kiefer Sutherland



"I think it's absurd to say I get parts because I'm someone's daughter. I get parts because I'm guuud."—Rae Dawn Chong

THE J&B SCOTCH-SPY



CAMPAIGN
MANUAL

Welcome to the first J&B/SPY Poll of the 1988 presidential campaign—the only poll unashamedly designed to reveal what Americans really think about the candidates. In other words, the poll goes beyond foreign and domestic policies, voting records, intelligence and useful experience, and explores the issues that actually get people elected: How tall are you? How much do you weigh? Does your hairstyle more closely resemble Ronald Reagan's or Gerald Ford's? Are your past sins forgivable? Do people think you're crazy? Do you appear presidential in made-for-TV movies?

Along the way, we will attempt to answer such burning questions as: Who would win in an election between Richard Nixon and Ted Kennedy? Which noncandidate should be running? Does Mario Cuomo fare better or worse against George Bush when the voting is limited to people who drink Scotch once a day? And would a "Draft Johnny Carson" movement necessarily justify the involuntary hospitalization of its organizers?

This J&B/SPY Poll was conducted by Penn + Schoen Associates between October 31 and November 5, 1987. Eight hundred registered voters, randomly chosen from around the nation, were interviewed by telephone. The statistical error of the sample is plus or minus 3.5 percent. The likelihood that Joe Biden will re-enter the race as a result of this poll is minimal—although he might reasonably be expected to quote liberally from it. The point here is to learn something and then maybe go out and buy some J&B Scotch. Enjoy.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BRODNER

DESIGN BY DRENTTEL DOYLE PARTNERS

INSIDE:
**NIXON'S
NO GOOD
& CARSON'S
IN THE RUNNING;
KEMP'S
SANITY
IS NOT
AN ISSUE
BUT
CUOMO'S
HEIGHT IS**

ALSO:
**VOTER
DISSATISFACTION,
THE FUNNIEST
WANNA-BE'S
& MARY TYLER
MOORE'S
MISERABLE
UNDECLARED
FAILED
CANDIDACY**

AND MORE!

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Surprising ideological twists: 24% of registered Republicans described themselves as liberal, and 33% of registered Democrats described themselves as conservative.



A ROUTE '88 FACT

Teddy Kennedy easily outpolled both Jesse Jackson and Michael Dukakis, 23% to 12% and 10%, respectively, when he was added to the Democrat field. Among those earning over \$40,000 per year, however, Kennedy barely surpassed Jackson, 16% to 15%. And among college graduates, Dukakis tied Kennedy, at 19% each.

JFK IS ALIVE IN TEDDY, POLL PROVES

Given the choices of hypothetical nominees Ted Kennedy and Richard Nixon, 52% of the voters preferred Kennedy, versus 29% for Nixon. Kennedy fared best with younger voters, Nixon with the 65-plus crowd. Most interesting is the gender breakdown: among men, Kennedy only squeaked past Nixon, 44% to 39%; among women, however, Kennedy won by a landslide, 61% to 20%.



Who is the Funniest Candidate?

	NORTHEAST	SOUTH	MIDWEST	WEST
Robertson	11%	13%	13%	15%
Jackson	12%	14%	9%	13%
Bush	8%	3%	3%	3%
Haig	6%	4%	2%	3%
Simon	5%	6%	5%	1%
Dole	2%	5%	5%	1%
Other	8%	17%	12%	10%
Don't Know	48%	38%	51%	54%



THE REAGAN PRECEDENT

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Is George Bush the craziest candidate? Among white voters, 1% said yes; among black voters, 13% thought so.

No, not *that* precedent—not the notion that any young American boy, unencumbered by intellect or real grace, can grow up to be president. Rather, the idea of an actor (someone who wears makeup and memorizes the words of others for a living) becoming president (and continuing to wear makeup and memorize the words of others for a living). Could other fine thespians parlay their SAG cards into a political career—and thus, perhaps, the leadership of the free world? We gave voters seven choices; here are their preferences:

- Charlton Heston 22%
- Paul Newman 16%
- Bill Cosby 15%
- John Forsythe 11%
- Jane Fonda 9%
- Johnny Carson 6%
- Mary Tyler Moore 1%

Based on these results, Moore should call a press conference

immediately and announce that she will not seek office. Carson, our own favorite-son candidate, trailed badly but could benefit from the fact that Fonda has not made a hit movie in years and Forsythe is needed on *Dynasty*. Cosby's past as a cartoon character may come under scrutiny and be difficult to explain away. Newman is too talented to give up acting and too intelligent—remember the Reagan Precedent!—to be president. And Heston, thanks to his public clashes with Ed Asner, is inexorably linked in the public's mind to Lou Grant and therefore to Mary Tyler Moore and her miserable failed candidacy.

Carson, at a deceptively low 6%, is in reality the only electable entertainer among this group.

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Of the seven entertainers named as candidates to follow the Reagan precedent into politics, two—Jane Fonda and Paul Newman—have been widely known as sex symbols of the silver screen. Oddly, Newman did relatively poorly among women (chosen by 14%, vs. 18% of the men) and Fonda fared badly among male voters (6%, vs. 12% of the women).

BUSH IN LANDSLIDE AMONG G.O.P. BLACKS

George Bush has sewn up one part of the electorate: 100% of black Republicans polled chose him as their candidate. Although that sort of unanimity might only be expected among the Bush family itself, the vice president would do well to continue campaigning hard and resist the temptation to coast—as he has done for the past eight years.



HAIG RULES HIS ROOST, ROBERTSON WRIGGLES AND WRITHES, AND JACKSON RIDES THE CEILING

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Although Jack Kemp was the top choice of 4% of registered Republicans, not too many female Republicans—0%, by our reckoning—would choose Kemp among that party's candidates.

**PUBLIC DECIDES
KEMP
SANITY
ISSUE:
MARBLES
INTACT!**

When we asked which candidate best fit the description "craziest," three separated themselves from the pack: Jesse Jackson (12%), Pat Robertson (11%) and Al Haig (6%). That's two men of the cloth and... and Al Haig. Makes perfect sense. Perhaps equally worrisome is this statistic: 0% thought Jack Kemp was craziest.

A ROUTE '88 FACT

When asked to name the funniest candidate, most female voters (54%) said they didn't know. No such hesitation among male voters, only 40% of whom failed to name a choice for funniest candidate: 16% of the men named side-splitter Pat Robertson, while 14% named pun-master Jesse Jackson.



JOHNNY'S POISON PENCIL PIERCES THE PRISY PRESIDENTIAL FRONT-RUNNER

JOHNNY

TO VACATE TALK-SHOW THRONE IN WHITE HOUSE BID

Why not? He's popular, he looks good on TV, and in practically any single area of knowledge he puts Ronald Reagan to shame. Plus, even Carson doesn't take any more vacation time than the outgoing First Fossil.

And yet Johnny Carson was probably wise to sign another lucrative contract with NBC. As a potential—in our minds, anyway—Democratic presidential candidate, Carson drew a disappointing 4% of Democrats and independents polled (the same figure as Richard Gephardt, Gephardt supporters may be dismayed to learn). Interestingly, among 25-to-34-year-olds, Carson trailed only Jesse Jackson (24%) and outpolled Michael Dukakis, 11% to 10%. Oh, to be young and up till midnight.

If Carson somehow won the nomination—perhaps on the strength of an exceptionally funny monologue—and faced George Bush in a general election, he would still have a tough time overtaking the veep. Bush defeated the talk-

show host 63% to 15%, though some statistics suggest that a Carson candidacy would not necessarily be doomed. Carson, for example, did respectably (considering he hasn't yet declared) in three areas: among 18-to-24-year-olds (Carson 23%, Bush 63%), among liberals (21% to 55%), and among blacks (25% to 54%). So let's not mince words: a good Carnac bit here, a better-than-usual Mighty Carson Art Players skit there, you build a little momentum and the next thing you know it's "Live, from the Oval Office..."

Which leads us to Carson's secret weapon: what difficult-to-gauge-but-impossible-to-deny effect would the presence of Ed McMahon on the ticket have on American voters? We think the ticket-balancing would be considerable. And we can already imagine Richard Lyng being succeeded as Secretary of Agriculture by Doc Severinsen and Tommy Newsom taking over at Defense.

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Those savvy college graduates weren't confused by Senator Paul Simon's clever ploy to gain name recognition: only 2% identified candidate Paul Simon as an entertainer. On the other hand, 11% of college graduates said there was an entertainer other than Paul Simon running for president.

NATION TO TRUMP: WE NEED YOU

We have come to believe that a Donald Trump candidacy is viable. When we asked, "Who are you most disappointed isn't running for president?" and offered some names, Trump was the choice of 4% of those polled. *One in 25 Americans wishes Donald Trump were running for president*; not too many of those, we like to think, said that just so they could pull up chairs to hoot and hiss. Look at these impressive figures Trump can build on (and how he can build!):

- 7% of the 25-to-34-year-olds polled felt acutely the lack of a Trump candidacy;
- in terms of level of education, the voters who most favored a Trump candidacy—with a 9% rating—were those whose minds remain uncluttered by any learning beyond junior high school;
- 10% of blacks polled were sorry he isn't a candidate;
- even in the South, fully 5% of those polled wished he were running.

These are the kinds of figures that foretell November landslides—especially when they're cited after the fact. And with Trump's equivalent of a campaign autobiography littering the country's book supermarkets, who can deny the probability of a growing snowball of support crisscrossing the nation? One last thing: this is one candidate who will not let you down. After all, we already have Donald Trump's *personal guarantee* that if he did run for president, he would win.



NONCANDIDATE TRUMP TRAINS A TEAM OF TIMID NONCAMPAIGNERS

BUSHED REPUBLICANS COULD BE REVIVED IF THEY JUST DRAFT HESTON

Charlton Heston is clearly the actor candidate of the Republican Party—29% feel he could make that leap. Of course, the Republicans even have a precedent currently taking up space in the White House. And the similarities don't end there: as actors, both Reagan and Heston worked with (and were upstaged by) lower primates.

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Many, many people—well, a couple—wish Donald Trump were running for president. But the low-profile noncandidate actually fared increasingly well at decreasing levels of voter income.

Who are you most disappointed is not running?

	AGES 18-24	AGES 25-34	AGES 35-49	AGES 50-64	65 + OVER
••••• Hart	41%	26%	24%	21%	18%
Cuomo	16%	15%	18%	17%	21%
Bradley	1%	8%	5%	3%	8%
Nunn	4%	6%	3%	7%	5%
Schroeder	3%	4%	9%	5%	3%
Trump	2%	7%	6%	3%	1%
Biden	4%	3%	6%	1%	3%
Don't Know	29%	31%	29%	42%	42%



RAMPANT DISSATISFACTION WITH CANDIDATES: NO SOLUTIONS

Only 38% of voters were satisfied with the selection of candidates running for president. Most dissatisfied were the 35-to-49-year-olds (55%), Catholics (56%) and those who earn more than \$40,000 a year (59%). Most satisfied were the 25-to-34-year-olds (45%), those with less than a high school education (48%), blacks (49%) and southerners (45%).

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Voters in the 25-to-34 age group were evenly distributed across the liberal-conservative spectrum: 36% described themselves as liberal, 26% as moderate and 36% as conservative. All other age groups—including 18-to-24-year-olds—contained more conservatives than liberals.

DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S NONCANDIDATES RUNNING STRONGEST: BIG, BIG SURPRISE

Nearly half (49%) of the Democrats polled (and 59% of the independents) were dissatisfied with the selection of presidential candidates. So the following should come as no surprise: Drop Mario Cuomo into the existing field of Democrats, and 23% of Democrats and independents would prefer him to the others. Drop Ted Kennedy in (and remove Cuomo), and 23% would choose *him*. Remove Cuomo and Kennedy and throw in Gary Hart, and the Miami-model-consort would tie front runner Jackson with 17%.

DOLE GIVES VEEP RUN FOR MONEY AMONG RELATIVELY UNEDUCATED

Robert Dole trailed George Bush by relatively little—45% to 33%—among Republicans with less than a high school education.

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Older Democrat and independent voters were the most undecided about their choice for a nominee, with an alarming 62% of those over 65 years old stating no preference among the six announced Democrat candidates. With Mario Cuomo added to the field, the uncertainty dropped to 38%.

GONE BUT APPARENTLY NOT FORGOTTEN

41% of 18-to-24-year-olds were most disappointed that Gary Hart is not running; 9% of college graduates wished Bill Bradley were running; 3% overall wished Joe "I have a dream" Biden were running.

Which actor could best make the transition to politics?

	DEMOCRAT	REPUBLICAN	INDEPENDENT
Heston	21%	29%	20%
Newman	16%	15%	16%
Cosby	14%	12%	15%
Forsythe	13%	10%	9%
Fonda	10%	5%	11%
Carson	7%	6%	6%
Tyler Moore	1%	1%	2%
Don't Know	18%	22%	22%

IS IT THAT "PETE" SOUNDS MORE YOUTHFUL THAN "PIERRE"?

Pete du Pont fared better among younger Republicans: 15% of 18-to-24-year-olds favored a Du Pont candidacy.

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Overall, 41% of voters polled described themselves as conservative, 26% as moderate and 30% as liberal. In different regions of the country, this trend was reversed only in the Northeast, where 38% were liberal and 34% were conservative. The conservative trend held up across all income groups, and was most pronounced among those making under \$30,000 per year.

JACKSON MYSTERY: THE REGIONAL FUNNY FACTOR

Experts are at a loss to explain the staggering five-point difference between the percentage of Southerners who found Jesse Jackson the "funniest" candidate (14%) and the percentage of Midwesterners who did (9%). Jackson's image in the prairies as a floater of lead balloons may cost him.



NIXON REIGNS IN THE FIERY FURNACE OF FALLEN CANDIDATES

NIXON AND TEDDY IN RACE TO HELL

It's come to this: pollsters can ask questions like "Who committed the worst sins?" and

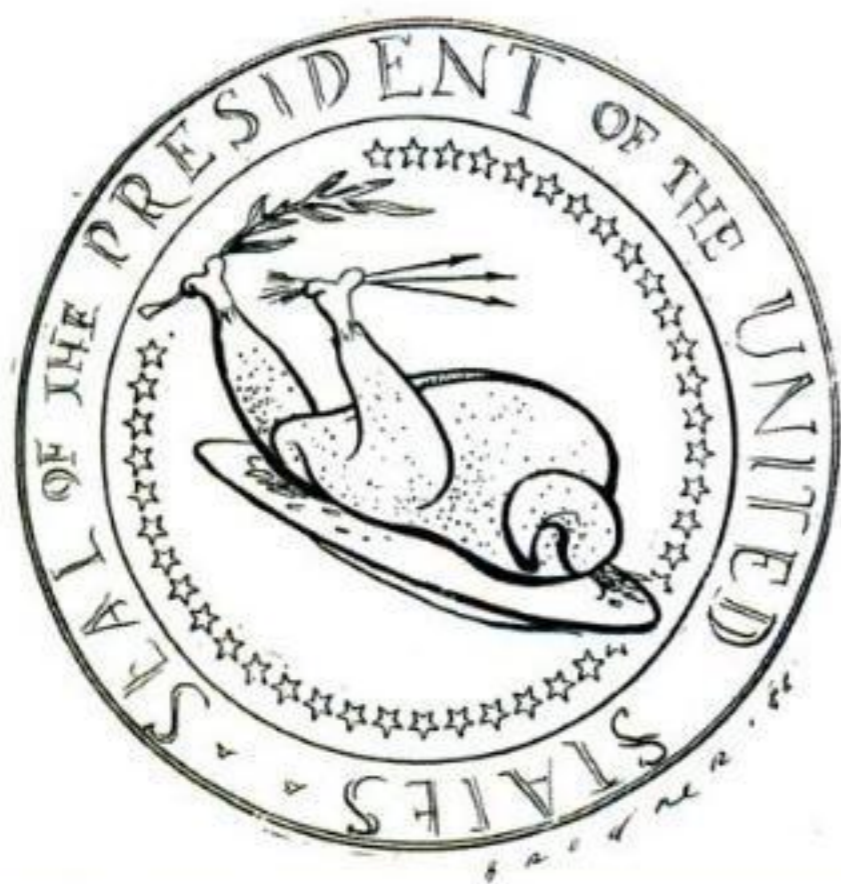
then give people a choice of four former candidates for president (one of whom made it and all of whom have fallen)—Gary Hart, Ted Kennedy, Joe Biden and Richard Nixon. They received, respectively, 10%, 23%, 3% and 51%. When asked whose sins were second worst, Hart drew 26%, Kennedy 20%, Biden 12% and Nixon 16%. All this suggests that Nixon remains the standard of evil for most people, Kennedy for some,

and Hart a solid runner-up for practically everybody—well, okay, for 26%.

Break the statistics down and this is what we find:

- *each successive age group chose Nixon as worst sinner *less* frequently and Kennedy as worst sinner *more* frequently. But even with those 65 and older, Nixon won;
- *among 18-to-24-year-olds, the post-Chappaquiddick generation, Kennedy's sin placed him

- no higher than third, behind Nixon and Hart;
- *Kennedy's worst-sin percentage rose—and Hart's dropped—as the level of education increased;
- *Kennedy's reputation proved worst in the West, where a considerably higher percentage (30%) than elsewhere picked him as top sinner;
- *Republicans, bless them, think Kennedy committed worse sins than Nixon (38% to 30%).



THAT COMPOSITE: IT'S ALIVE!

According to the poll, the ideal candidate would be a 53-year-old male weighing 181 pounds and standing six feet tall. In other words, someone like, say, Pete du Pont (who weighs 180, is just turning 53 and is only slightly on the tall side at 6'2"), and not like Jack Kemp (fattish) or Johnny Carson (shortish) or Jesse

Jackson (youngish). That may sound unsurprising. A closer look, however, reveals disturbing, even horrifying, details:

*only 16% of women polled wanted a woman president;

*3% wanted a president at least six and a half feet tall;

*1% of those polled wanted a president *not taller than 5'2"*;

*2% of 18-to-24-year-olds wanted a president who is *under 18*;

*7% of those under 35 chose 65 or over as the preferred age for a candidate, compared with only 2% overall;

*11% of all voters—and 15% of those in the Midwest—wanted a president who weighs at least 200 pounds;

*23% of the voters in the Northeast preferred a lightweight—a candidate under 160 pounds;

*15% of women wanted a president who weighs less than 150 pounds.

From now on, we'll watch the eating and exercise habits of all the candidates with special interest.

A ROUTE '88 FACT

The idea of a female president fared better among Catholics (13% of whom chose a woman as their ideal candidate) than among Protestants (8%).

A ROUTE '88 FACT

Reagan's hair-style, as compared with Carter's and Ford's, was deemed closest to the presidential ideal by 30% of those polled. But 18-to-24-year-old voters have been particularly dazzled by the Reagan top tier: 47% of them felt that the Reagan hair, or something like it, was just the kind of hair this country needs atop its chief executive.

EX-WIMP VS. DUKE? NO CONTEST

In a general election between Michael Dukakis and George Bush, Bush would win 50% to 30%, with the rest undecided. To borrow baseball parlance, Dukakis is not *mathematically* eliminated.

EX-WIMP VS. MARIO? POSSIBLE CONTEST

In a general election between Mario Cuomo—like Johnny Carson, an undeclared candidate—and George Bush, Bush would win 46% to 35%, with the rest undecided.

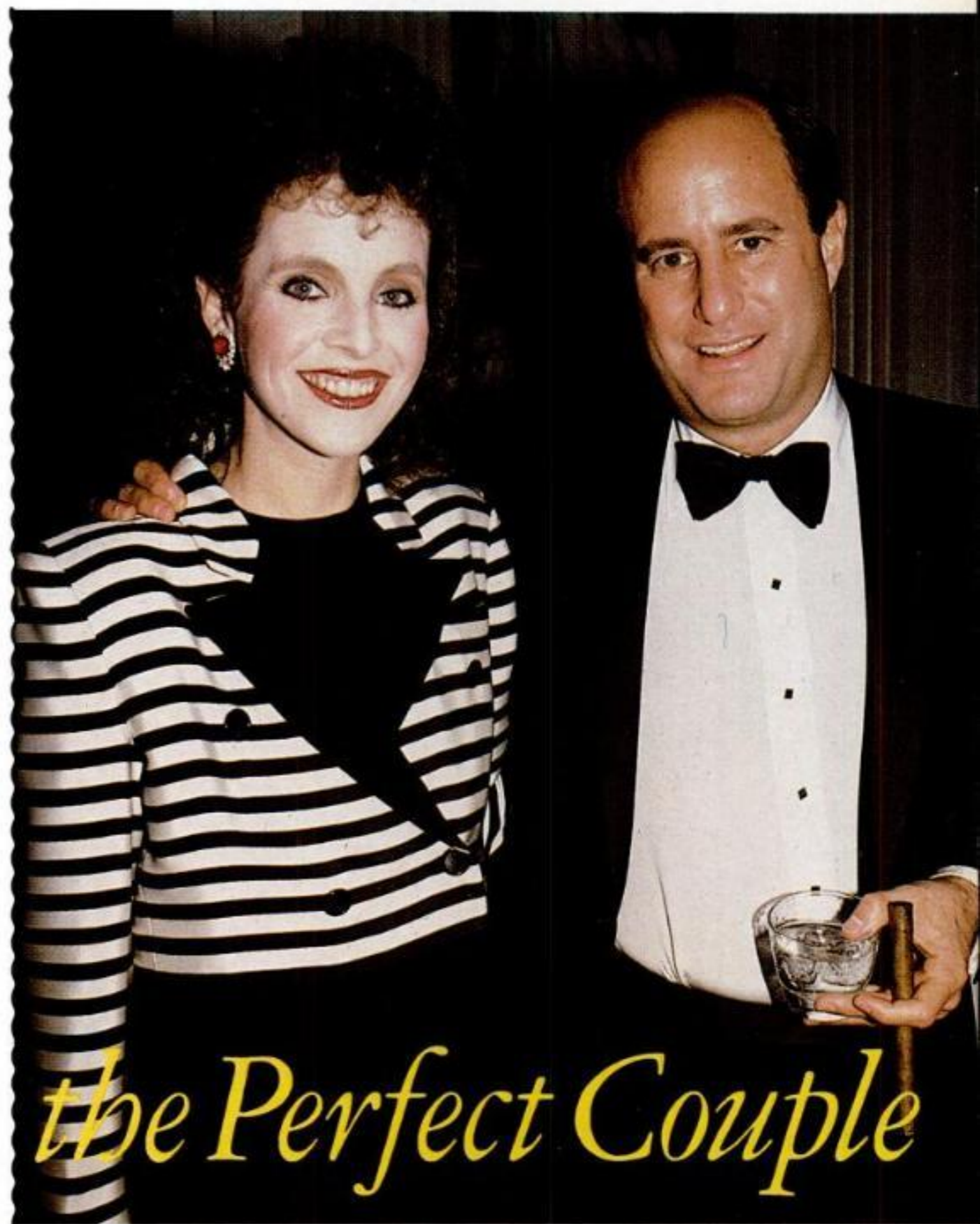
Who committed the worst sins?

.....	Male Voters	Female Voters
Nixon	50%	52%
Kennedy	27%	19%
Hart	9%	11%
Biden	3%	3%
Don't Know	10%	14%

a marriage like
that of Revlon chairman
Ron Perelman and gossipeuse
Claudia Cohen is a boon
to everyone concerned. It is
convenient. It helps two
parvenus up the greasy social
pole. And it takes two
unpleasant people out of
circulation. But, come to think
of it, that's probably the
wrong way to introduce this
story, because what it's
really about is how
Ron and Claudia—two very
special, very caring people—
overcame the obstacles of
wealth, power and ego

ROY COHN CALLED THEM

to fall in love. PETER HOOD
reports that for the Perelmans,
love means never
having to say thank you.



the Perfect Couple

ONE DAY last year when Claudia Cohen was shopping for a properly garish shade of marble for the bathroom in her townhouse on East 63rd Street (which she and her husband, Ronald Perelman, were overhauling at a cost of about \$6 million), she directed her driver to Brooklyn to find Williamsburg's Hasidic neighborhood. Having found it, she excitedly phoned her husband from the backseat of her Jaguar XJ6 and said, "Ronald, Ronald, we're with your people! *We're with the Hasidim!*" History, alas, has not

preserved Ronald's reply. Claudia next went in search of a Hasidic bakery. She found one but, after scrutinizing it through the window, said, "My God, it's disgusting. I would never eat there." Finally she found a Hasidic bakery that she divined to be clean enough and honored its owners by buying a bag of pastries. During the drive home she began eating them, and by the time she arrived in Manhattan she had eaten them all.

Claudia and Ron stay in constant touch. They like to think of themselves as very loving, very caring people, unafraid to show their affection. After delivering her segment of warmed-over gossip on WABC-TV's *Morning Show*, Claudia, with plenty of time on her hands, often pays a surprise visit to Ron at his office in Revlon's Fifth Avenue headquarters. She arrives dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, stripped of layers of makeup, and screams, "Ron! Ron!" down the hallways of the 49th floor. Revlon's chairman hearkens to the siren call and darts from his office. When he and Claudia see each other, their faces light up with toothy smiles. "They

each other after a long and wandering search; Mrs. Bennet, the character created by the Liz Smith of Regency England, Jane Austen, would have approved of Mr. Perelman's and Miss Cohen's discriminating scavenger hunt for suitable partners—a search that weighed money against manners and appealed to pride and prejudice.

But surely neither Jane Austen nor Mrs. Bennet would have approved of Mr. Perelman and Miss Cohen.

IN THE EARLY 1980S CLAUDIA COHEN wanted a husband.

"This was still around the time Henry Kissinger was sexy," an acquaintance of Cohen's recalls, placing the time in a distant past. "I would say to her, 'Henry Kissinger is not my idea of a hunk,' and Claudia would say, 'No, no, he's very sexy, because he's powerful.' And she would name [putatively sexy] people like Donald Trump or Lee Iacocca or Steve Ross, who were sexy because they were powerful tycoons. She was obsessed with marrying Mr. Right, and he was going to be a captain of industry. Someone power-

her wide mouth in generous smiles; her chatoyant eyes are made for candlelight dinners. "So Albie [Finney] took her home," the "friend" continues, "and 36 hours later an item appears about them in Nigel Dempster's column in London. She had had someone phone it in, I'm sure of it—she did it purposely so it would be reprinted in New York. She wanted to have it known. She probably wanted [Finney] to think I'd done it. I couldn't look him in the face." Liz Smith picked up the item for her column in the *Daily News* but concluded, "I have to believe my pal Claudia when she says she doesn't know Finney all that well and they are 'just friends.' "

IN THE EARLY 1980S RONALD PERELMAN wanted a wife.

Unfortunately, Perelman was married at the time. "Ron knew nobody in New York when he came [from Philadelphia]," says an acquaintance. "He probably found the number of people of the right age and look to be very limited." His relationship with his wife, Faith, was troubled, to say the least. According to *New York* magazine, Faith was apparently convinced that Ronald was using money from her fortune to further his own messianic ends, and the last straw was when she received a bill for a Bulgari bracelet she knew nothing about. Ronald was allegedly having an affair. With a florist.

Ronald was then a multimillionaire conglomerateur. He would become famous in 1985 for his crazy but successful attempt to buy Revlon when Revlon absolutely did not want to be bought. But in 1983 he was known mostly for what had happened when he attempted to take his company, MacAndrews & Forbes Group, private in May of that year. Faith immediately filed an action with the Securities and Exchange Commission to stop him, claiming she owned 33.9 percent of the company. The filing made their divorce quite public.

Faith's affidavit detailed allegations that Ronald and the florist had kissed in the back of Perelman's limousines (which were being followed by Faith's private detectives) and that the florist had received "at least \$100,000 worth of merchandise and services purchased by Mr. Perelman . . . including Bulgari jewelry, a 1982 Mercedes-Benz, expensive clothing and air transportation to London, Amsterdam,



"I would say to her,

'Henry Kissinger is not my idea of a hunk,' and

Claudia would say, 'No, no, he's very sexy,

because he's powerful.'"

act like they're on their honeymoon," says their very close, very personal friend, publicist Harvey Mann. "They're always touching each other, holding hands." They are notorious for climbing all over each other in the corporate elevators, and it is rumored that they chose together the fragrance of Revlon's relaunched, \$13-an-ounce perfume Intimate.

This very special, very giving relationship—this *love*—is mutual wish fulfillment. Liz Smith explains why the couple is complementary: "It's like the old saying about Rogers and Astaire—'Ginger gave Fred sex, and he gave her class.' Well, Claudia's giving him glamour and fun, and Ron's giving her power." They found

ful, someone like her father."

Claudia was then a powerful gossip columnist, first as editor of the *New York Post's* Page Six and later as the eponymous writer of the *Daily News's* I, Claudia column. She liked to write about her friends, and she liked having her friends write about her.

"We were 'friends,' " a "friend" of hers says, making quotation marks in the air around the *f* word, "and I was having dinner with Albert Finney, Michael Caine and Peter O'Toole at Elaine's [in 1981] when Claudia came over and asked if she could join us." Claudia, it should be noted, is a saucy conversationalist who tries to sparkle in society, leaning close and plying

Rome, Geneva, Paris, Zagreb and various other exotic locales." An acquaintance familiar with the divorce proceedings says, "[Perelman] was not a very careful fucker-arounder. [The affair] went on for at least a year." The acquaintance adds that Faith finally settled for about \$10 million plus support for their four children. Only then was Perelman allowed to take his company private.

CLAUDIA AND RON PERELMAN HAVE BEEN married for almost three years now, years filled with tenderness, endearments and, of course, brazen social climbing. Bolstered by Ron's \$300 million fortune, they live in the East 63rd Street townhouse (near Madison) that is also MacAndrews & Forbes's headquarters, and they often visit their eleven-acre East Hampton estate, which includes a tennis court, a helipad and a pristine bathroom—it is rumored that the maid never has to clean Claudia's bathtub in East Hampton because Claudia, curiously, never showers or bathes there. Each summer they go to the Eden Roc hotel in Cap d'Antibes. Jackie Onassis, Halston, Carolina Herrera and Calvin Klein have been to their house for parties. But the important thing is, their friends say, that they're so in love. Their very close, very personal friend Harvey Mann recalls a very special moment: "I was with them at the opening of Liza Minnelli's concert at Carnegie Hall. Afterward, at Liza's party, we were singing all the songs from *Gypsy* at the top of our lungs. [Claudia] really is fun, fun, fun."

The couple's life is public to the extent that columnists are permitted to bubble about their parties. Further liberties are darkly discouraged. Not only do the Perelmans not countenance questions about themselves, they even forbid their friends and business associates to talk about them. Normally flap-jawed night-world oddities such as Palladium operator Steve Rubell and publicist Peggy Siegal beg off, and otherwise fearless businessmen such as Alan Greenberg, chief executive officer of Bear, Stearns & Company, say apologetically, "I don't have permission." Sir? Permission? Even passing acquaintances and disinterested observers of the Perelmans decline to comment; one acquaintance of Claudia's, sounding alarmed, says, "I won't talk to you, not for attribution, not even way off the record. I don't even want to know what you're doing. She moves in

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dangerous circles," she adds. "She's very, very, very bad."

It must be said that the Perelmans have been known to use their substantial power to help their friends. In 1986, for instance, Ronald decided that Revlon needed a new advertising agency. During meetings that Claudia often sat in on, seven agencies vied for the \$25 million account. The winner was Bozell, Jacobs, Kenyon & Eckhardt, which was a delightful coincidence, because Ron is a friend of Mr. Barbara Walters, Merv Adelson, head of Lorimar Telepictures, which then owned Bozell, Jacobs. Lorimar was at the time a major client of Technicolor, which Perelman owns. Furthermore, Claudia is friends with Barbara Walters; last year the two couples spent their vacations together in Cap d'Antibes. Of course, there were complaints about the Perelmans' impartiality (Carl Spielvogel, CEO of Backer Spielvogel Bates Inc., told *Adweek*, "It was a charade and we are outraged by it"), but then, no one likes a sore loser.

As for the catty suggestions that Claudia's friendship with Susan Lucci, the extravagantly overhyped star of the soap opera *All My Children*, had something to do with Ronald's choice of Lucci to replace Joan Collins as the spokesperson for Scoundrel perfume—or, for that matter, with Claudia's being asked to play a gossip columnist on several episodes of *All My Children*—well, there's probably a perfectly reasonable explanation.

AMBITION HAS MARKED THE SEPARATE careers of Claudia and Ron; though reared in luxury, they were not content to be quiet trust-fund children. Claudia Cohen grew up in the upper-middle-class suburb of Englewood, New Jersey, in a house known throughout the neighborhood as the country club. She took tennis lessons not from the local pro, but from Jimmy Evert—Chris's father. Claudia was devoted to her family, especially to her father, the president of Hudson County News Company, which distributes books and periodicals in the New York area.

After graduating from the University of Pennsylvania, Claudia slipped into journalism, reaching the height of her success when, from 1978 to 1980, she edited the *Post's* Page Six column and, for a time, anyway, was New York's gossip queen. (Though she was aided by a reporter and an assistant, Claudia shortened the byline in

December 1978 from the traditional "Edited by Claudia Cohen" to simply "By Claudia Cohen.") "She set a real standard at Page Six," says Richard Johnson, who now writes the column. "She had a catty tone that was all her own—arch, disrespectful, irreverent and condescending to her subjects."

Those were the Studio 54 years, when gossip and nightlife were enjoying a renaissance, and Claudia threatened to become a modern Walter Winchell. She was



*Perelman
is known*

at Revlon for telling

his secretary, whom

he sometimes calls

"stupid bitch,"

to "run this down

the ball . . .

I said run!"

at Studio 54 or Elaine's almost every night, gathering stories and floating on her acclaim. She once described a bartender as having "gorgeous biceps and swiveling hips," and in a particularly inspired few seconds she typed, "Movie fans may choke on their popcorn over this one—a film bio of the late Mama Cass. . . ."

Claudia was especially fond of twitting pudgy celebrities, with drolleries such as "The bathroom scale finally tipped too far for tubby Marlon Brando." She worked hard, though, and in her less caustic moments she could feather a wry lead ("You'll sleep better tonight knowing the Village People have found a replacement for their lead singer . . ."). Liz Smith says simply,

"She was the most successful of all the people who have done Page Six."

RONALD PERELMAN, MEANWHILE, GREW up near Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square amid lavish surroundings. He received B.S. and M.S. degrees from the Wharton School. At 22, he married the attractive and quiet Faith Golding, a member of a wealthy New York real estate family. In 1966 he went to work for his father's mini-conglomerate, Belmont Industries, whose board meetings he had been attending ever since he was eleven.

Perelman and Faith raised four children. He left his father's company in 1978—and, essentially, began another life—when he realized it would be years before he assumed command of the business. His father, Raymond, later said that this was just as well, because he would never have allowed his son to leverage his company so deeply as he has with MacAndrews & Forbes. It is also unlikely that Raymond Perelman would have introduced his son to really major, really important people like Ron's new close, personal friends Barbara Walters and Halston. A friend of the elder Perelman's sums up the ambience in conservative Philadelphia: "Importing fancy stars would be extremely dangerous in this town."

In 1978 Perelman purchased 40 percent of a jewelry distributor, Cohen-Hatfield Industries, for \$2 million. Seven years and a half dozen companies later, he would offer to buy Revlon for almost \$2 billion. He had perfected the new way to make money: find an undervalued company, buy it with junk bond financing, sell the inessential product lines to recoup most of the purchase price, and return the core to profitability.

Aside from such rapacious business practices, Ron Perelman is something of an enigma. The strangeness of his having married a gossip columnist is often remarked upon, since he generally shuns interviews. (Those he grants are most often to business publications. One of Ron's interviewers recalls that a public-relations man audited their conversation: he would nod slowly if Perelman should answer the question and look away if he shouldn't.)

Certain facts have nonetheless leaked out. It seems fair to say, for instance, that Ron is balding. He is also, it appears, a blunt, intense man who wears shirtsleeves around the office and cardigans to inter-

views but has 400 suits at home (most of them dark blue); carries an often unlit Don Diego cigar with Churchillian adamancy (he owns Consolidated Cigar Corporation, which makes them); has a discriminatingly assembled collection of modern art, including a Miró, a Henry Moore bronze and a Giacometti; loves going out in Los Angeles with such friends as Lew Wasserman, head of MCA, and Terry Semel, president of Warner Bros.; is a trustee of the Collegiate School, the New York University Medical Center, the Asia Society, the Wharton School and the Fifth Avenue Synagogue; keeps a strict kosher home and refuses to work on Saturdays; recently adopted a stray wirehaired terrier that was roaming his street in East Hampton; and says his idea of a good time is to be in bed by 10:00 p.m. but is often out late at black-tie fundraisers, at which he converses with genial authority.

Perelman is known at Revlon for his omnipresent plainclothes security guard; for leaving half-finished meetings because he is impatient or bored; for telling one of his three secretaries, whom he sometimes addresses as "slut" or "stupid bitch," to "run this down the hall" and then, as she walks off briskly, roaring, "I said *run!*"; for being, as one Revlon employee succinctly puts it, "a raging prick." Ronald is, in short, the very model of a modern tycoon. And by 1984 he had acquired everything he needed for success except a famous company and a famous wife.

AN ACQUAINTANCE RECALLS CLAUDIA "using her position [at Page Six] to get what she wanted" and tells the story of how publicist Bobby Zarem and Kirk Douglas were having lunch at the Russian Tea Room one day when Claudia was eating at another table. "Claudia had met Kirk at Cannes and wanted to [get to know him better]," the acquaintance says. "She sent a note over to Bobby and asked him to pass it on to her good friend Kirk. Bobby probably would have passed it on later, but I guess he figured that if she was such a good friend, she could give him the note herself. Claudia glowered and, a few minutes later, sent over another note: 'Bobby, if you don't pass this note on to Kirk, I will ban your name from Page Six for six months.' Bobby looked over at her, held the note over his head and ripped it up. He was banned, all right."

Claudia reached her peak at the *Post* and

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CAMEOS

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thereafter fell into gradual professional decline, while her future husband was bellying his way to fame. In 1980 Clay Felker wooed her away to write *I, Claudia* for the Tonight edition of the *Daily News*, a brief experiment in trying to reach a more upscale audience. Felker brought in a lot of young, ambitious, talented writers, all uniformly resented by the old Irish guard (who would occasionally purge the newcomers' stories from the computer). A former Tonight edition employee says, "Claudia was very unpopular at the *Daily News*—she was the most visible symbol of the 'uppity Manhattan section,' because she would drive up in her father's limo, and, in fairness to her, because the veterans were anti-Jewish and anti-women."

In truth, Claudia never exactly fit in at any office. A former associate says, "If she does do something [nice], she's got a definite end in mind. To say that she used the column as a personal tool is an understatement—[when she wrote about] friends of hers, she would be 'Gush, gush, barf, barf.' People above her, she sucks up to; people below her, she tramples on."

One of Claudia's former editors says, "She's a very spoiled woman. Clay Felker used to call her 'Princess' as a term of endearment. I'm not sure she realized the irony of it." (Felker says he doesn't recall this.)

Claudia quit the *News* in 1981 as the Tonight edition folded—friends say she had lost enthusiasm for the work. She turned to two new projects that she talked about obsessively: voice lessons to prepare for a career in television, and renovating her apartment on Central Park South. Her friend Jack Martin—who did the Jack Martin's Headliners page for the *Post* in the early 1980s and is widely regarded as the troll under the bridge of celebrity gossip—says Claudia spent more than a year working on the apartment, installing, among other conveniences, a mammoth stereo and a movie screening room. "She was waiting for the woman in the apartment next door to die so she could break through and expand, and [with all the work] she probably drove Ruth Gordon, who was living downstairs, to her grave."


(In her current renovations on the East 63rd Street brownstone, done by architect Peter Marino, Claudia has proved an unusually vexing client, rejecting more than 20 schemes for the breakfast nook alone. Claudia arrived home 15 minutes after workers had first turned on a \$100,000 air

conditioner. The temperature had already dropped from 90 degrees to about 78 degrees, but Claudia exploded: "Do you call this cool? This isn't cool! What I want from an air-conditioning system is, you turn it on and it's cool." During her tantrum the temperature was falling rapidly, but she still demanded that Marino double the air conditioner's cooling capacity.)

Claudia landed a job as the gossip reporter for *The Morning Show* in 1983, at about the same time she finished renovat-

but she manages to temper that with wit, charm, intelligence and passion in a way that's harmless—it comes out appealing." In 1984, appealingly outfitted for society, Claudia was ready to meet Ronald Perelman.

RON AND CLAUDIA WERE MARRIED ON January 11, 1985, a year to the day after they were introduced. Jack Martin recalls that Claudia was having lunch with her mother at Le Cirque when Ronald Perel-



always

*An acquaintance
thought Claudia
wanted to be Brooke Astor and Barbara Walters.*

"Now she just wants to be Brooke Astor."

ing the apartment. The apartment and the job—a sinecure in which she spoon-feeds the public details of celebrity weddings—were both less important than finding the perfect husband.

"Claudia was always a man's woman," says Noel Behn. "When she thought she had a guy, that was *it*." Behn, author of *Big Stick-Up at Brink's*, was a friend of Claudia's who sometimes escorted her through her frisky social life. Claudia was briefly involved with actor Ben Gazzara and with Ian Schrager, the Studio 54 co-owner who went to jail for tax evasion, and she hung out at Elaine's with such writers as Pete Hamill, Paddy Chayefsky, and David and Leslie Newman.

Elaine's was her place: one night Robert Altman threw his drink in Claudia's face because she had written that Paramount was worried about his film *Popeye*; some nights later she tripped him into a pile of chairs. At Elaine's Claudia charmed and bubbled, deploying the makeup she often forbore at the office. She was a gamin who kept in motion so that you never noticed that she wasn't exactly pretty. An acquaintance recalls, "She once said, 'Everyone tells me I look like Joan Collins,' and I thought, *You are Joan Collins.*"

Jack Martin says, "She's spoiled rotten, she can be arrogant, insensitive, maniacal,

man looked over from his meal and was instantly smitten. "Ronald said, 'Who's that beautiful girl?'"

Dennis Stein, a factotum with connections who was lunching with him that day, said, "I'll introduce you." And he did, and their eyes met, and then Ron went back to his table. He called her up soon after—and they've literally been together since their first date. Until then, says Liz Smith, "I had never seen an attractive woman who was so anxious to meet Mr. Right. I would say, 'How are you?' and she would say, 'Still looking for Mr. Right.'" It was generally believed that Claudia appealed to Ron because he likes tough, ballsy people—his first wife was relatively demure—and romantics: at dinners Claudia would use her fingernails to pry food from between Ron's teeth.

The wedding took place in the very romantic setting of the MacAndrews & Forbes office on East 63rd Street. An Orthodox rabbi and a judge presided jointly over the ceremony, which was held under a *chuppa* made of dogwood trees. The guest list was limited to 30 (everyone was asked to come alone), but it included Bob Colacello, Peggy Siegal, Steve Rubell and Liz Taylor, who, strangely, was then engaged to Dennis Stein. No old friends were invited. Jack Martin, who was pres-

ent, says, "Everyone was whispering, 'Look at Liz!' but when Claudia walked into the room, she took the spotlight away. [She and Ron] have so much energy—you can see why Claudia's father calls them the Super Brats. When you're with them for any length of time, they melt into one person, one energy. Everyone stood during the ceremony, and it snowed on cue. Someone smiles over them; there is something enchanted about them.

"Afterward we went to Le Cirque for lunch, which had been lined with tulips, and everyone had a warm, wonderful time. Then they went off on Ronald's private plane to St. Moritz for the honeymoon." Martin pauses. "When I look back on it, it's also the last time I saw Roy Cohn alive."

Cohn, who had handled Perelman's divorce and would be disbarred shortly before his death the following year, said of the wedding, "It knocks me out that God made a couple this compatible."

SINCE THE WEDDING, CLAUDIA SEEMS TO have relaxed her journalistic ambitions and, gentled by marriage, turned her attentions to her husband. Harvey Mann, their very special, very personal friend, says objectively, "She's the perfect corporate wife. . . . When you eat at their home, you feel like there's a servant just for you." "It's much more Ron's life now," says Noel Behn. "Claudia's that way—she's a tremendously loyal person."

Ron's life has been—until October's stock market crash, anyway—about acquisition. In 1985 he had two full-time employees coming up with a list of possible acquisitions, and he chose Revlon from a list of 25. This, his first hostile takeover, was attempted through Pantry Pride, a relatively tiny supermarket chain in which he held a 37 percent stake.

Revlon, in its zeal to escape Perelman and Pantry Pride (employees termed it the Panty Raid), offered to sell its beauty business to another company. Revlon's beauty business was the one Perelman really wanted: Revlon's glamorous name, the company's own research says, is the third-best-known brand in the country, behind Coke and Pepsi. Revlon's chairman at the time, Michel Bergerac, a tall, courtly Frenchman, called Perelman "a bust-up artist" and accused him of suggesting that "if I supported him, he'd greatly improve my life-style." Perelman countered that he

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was a "builder" and denied offering a veiled bribe, though he admitted, "Sure, I went in to sell him. I told him he'd get everything he's entitled to."

Stuart Shapiro, a partner at Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, the "mergers a specialty" law firm advising Perelman, says, "I don't think any of us have ever worked that intensely on a deal." The plan they followed over the wearying months of negotiations and lawsuits, devised in large part by Skadden, Arps partner Joseph Flom, was known as the Yertle the Turtle Strategy. The idea, taken from a Dr. Seuss book, was that Pantry Pride would play a waiting game, constantly making small maneuvers—figuratively stacking turtles—until Revlon's board made a mistake and the pile of figurative turtles toppled.

The strategy was not suited for Perelman's temperament. Shapiro says, "He was impatient [with Yertle]. He's impatient every day of his life. If there's a Ferrari he can drive, he doesn't want to drive a Jeep." But patience prevailed at last: a Delaware judge ruled that Revlon was not acting in the best interests of its shareholders. Bergerac resigned, comforted by a \$36-



"In those circles, nobody is friends anyhow—they're all using each other for cosmetic reasons, to give the idea of a powerful, intimate circle"

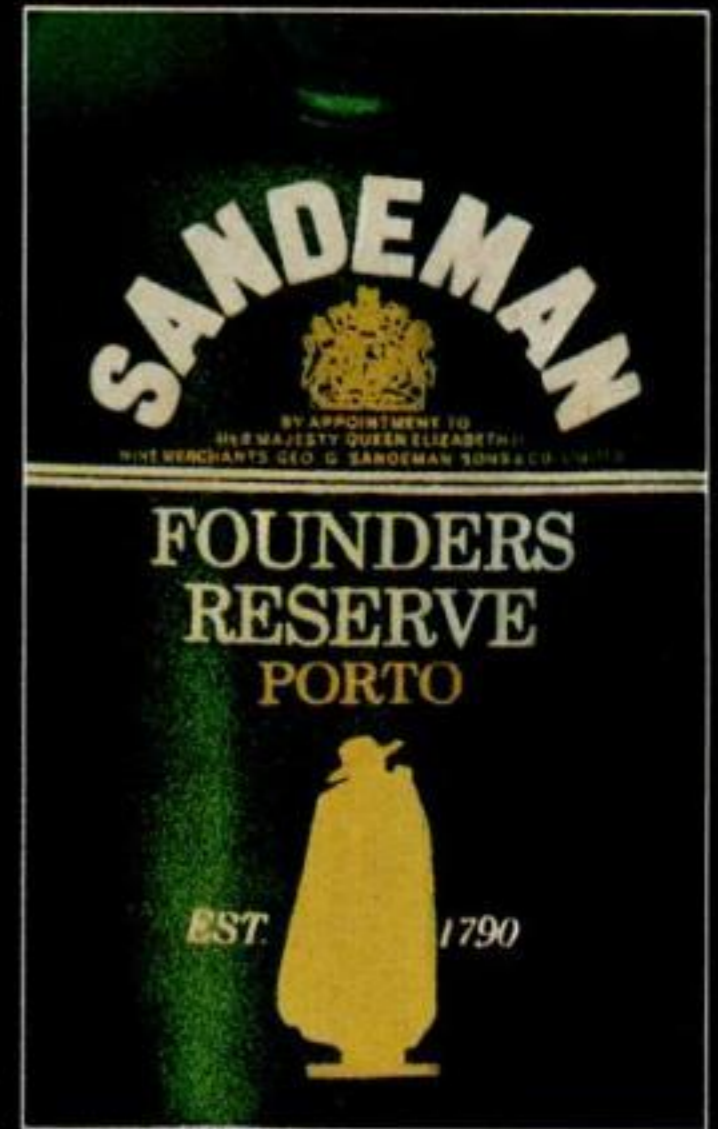
million golden parachute, and Perelman installed his own board of directors, swiftly sold off three Revlon-owned businesses for \$1.4 billion and bought the cosmetics lines Max Factor, Almay and Halston. He took Revlon private; assumed a leading role in the company's day-to-day affairs, in the tradition of Revlon's monomaniacal cofounder, Charles Revson; and has delighted in burnishing Revlon's image as the muse of beauty. "The bottom line," says one Revlon employee, "is that it's good for the company because he's dedicated to building the company for his own social success. The two concerns are, for the time being, congruent."

Revlon workers' chief worry is Perelman's impatience. As one arbitrageur says, "He's a greenmailer—a fast-money kind of guy." Most men in Perelman's position would be content, but in 1986 Perelman stunned the business world again when he made nearly simultaneous multi-billion-dollar offers for CPC International, Transworld and Gillette. He finally settled on a \$4.1 billion offer for Gillette, which Gillette eventually thwarted. Perelman signed a ten-year standstill agreement, and walked away with \$75 million

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in greenmail from his offers for CPC and Gillette.

In 1987 Ron essentially ignored the standstill agreement by twice offering to make Gillette an offer, the higher of which was \$5.4 billion. He is convinced that merging Gillette's personal-care products and Revlon's cosmetics would create a blockbuster consumer-products company. Then he made an offer for Salomon Brothers just two weeks before the market took its plunge. Perelman wants a big company. As Martin Davis, chairman of Gulf + Western, says, "He exudes confidence, with a visionary attitude."

AS RONALD HELPED CREATE OUR CORPORATE acquisitions *Zeitgeist* (fittingly, one of his key advisers in the Revlon takeover was Dennis Levine), so Claudia helped shape the gossip *Zeitgeist*. Now, having learned that it is better to be gossiped about than to gossip, she has become what she once beheld. An acquaintance says, "Now that she's a part of that world herself, she would be extremely embarrassed if you hauled out all the really nasty things she had said gratuitously in her column. Now, on TV, she's much nicer." Another

acquaintance says he always thought Claudia "would like to be the next Brooke Astor combined with Barbara Walters. Now she just wants to be Brooke Astor."

In August, Ron and Claudia were hailed in *W* as part of THE NOUVELLE SOCIETY STORY, along with such other parvenus as Donald and Ivana Trump and Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg. *Nouvelle Society* was widely supposed to be *W*'s code phrase for *nouveau riche*—a way to distinguish them from the "real" society people. *W* editor Michael Coady allows that this is not far from the truth. But New York society has always been pliant enough to accommodate the striving, vulgar rich, who ascend by giving heavily to charity (in October 1986 the Perelmans chaired a benefit at Palladium for the Actors Studio that featured a screening of *The Color of Money*, and in November 1987 Ron was the honorary chairman of the Public Library's Literary Lions Dinner) and spending heavily upon themselves (the Perelmans' wedding celebration at Palladium in May 1985—paid for by Claudia's parents—involved a black-tie sit-down dinner for 400 and the Pointer Sisters singing during dessert; according to one source, it cost \$700,000).

As Michael Coady says blithely, "It's a trade-off of social position for money." Liz Smith concludes, "I don't think they're climbing. They're already there, and pretty soon they'll be old money."

Yet one social observer who knows the Perelmans says, "They'd like to be with Kathleen Turner, Sting and Elsie Woodward, people who aren't for sale, like Liz Taylor is. They didn't know that Liz Taylor wasn't the way to do it—I mean, the second time you go out with her, you have to give her a diamond. And they have a lot of hangers-on who do things: they hired Nancy Gardiner from *Town & Country*, apparently to give them a look and get them on social calendars, and Dennis Stein runs interference. In those circles, nobody is friends anyhow—they're all using each other for cosmetic reasons, to give the idea of a powerful, intimate circle." A Revlon employee concludes simply, "They have a lot of money, but they have no class."

Of course, no one said you need class in New York. As Jack Martin says, "The healthiest place for Claudia is in the top rungs of society, and probably for him too. They're capable of being terrible people, I suppose, but that comes with the territory." ☞

Berserk!

The **SPY** Map of Recent

REAL ESTATE ATROCITIES

by Ira Wolfman Illustration by Ross MacDonald

• THE CRANES ARE FALLING

Third Avenue at 63rd Street

An unlicensed crane operator, working on a site where sidewalk protection required by law has not been installed, loses control of a 35-ton crane, which topples to the ground. Plucky passerby Brigitte Gerney is pinned beneath the machine for six hours. Within the week city inspections find 18 other construction site violations in Manhattan.

• SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY

Third Avenue and 61st Street

Short-fingered vulgarian Donald Trump is proud of the bronze-and-glass look of his cheesy 175-unit Trump Plaza building, but he's distressed that his architect, ubiquitous-1960s-white-brick-apartment-building-designer Philip Birnbaum, has in mind an uncannily Trump-like building across the street. Trump disputes this. The competing developer agrees to redesign the building, easily managing to make it less ugly than Trump's.

• LETTING YOUR REACH EXCEED YOUR GRASP OF THE LAW

Park Avenue and 96th Street

Developers Albert and Lawrence Ginsberg have the steel skeleton erected for their new 31-story residential tower. Unfortunately, a neighborhood group, Civitas, discovers that the zoning law permits only a 19-story building. Oops! Construction on the building has been stopped since October 1986.

• BUILDING SAFETY MARTYR

Broadway and 114th Street

A Barnard student walking home from a class in 1979 is killed when a chunk of an apartment house owned by Columbia University falls on her. A year before, the building had been cited for four violations, to which Columbia never responded. This incident leads to passage of a building regulation, Local Law 10.

• WHY IT'S BAD TO PROCRASTINATE

Central Park West and 106th Street

Lewis Futterman buys the former Towers Nursing Home, a landmark building, in 1979. Days later a suspicious fire guts the building, destroying the roof and exposing the interior to the elements. For eight years Futterman promises to repair the roof, but he does not, allowing the building to continue to deteriorate. In 1987 the Landmarks Preservation Commission finally gives Futterman the okay to build a 26-story tower adjacent to the landmark. Its rationale? The landmark is, after all, deteriorating—and Futterman has promised to preserve it.

• THE MAYFLOWER MADMAN

Central Park West at 61st Street

Local Law 10, passed in 1980 to protect pedestrians from falling objects, requires that all facade stonework be firmly secured or removed and replaced. The Mayflower Hotel decides the best way to do this is to strip all of the extensive terra-cotta on the building's facade, leaving exposed the masonry scars.

• ANOTHER MARTYR

Eighth Avenue at 58th Street

Work is stopped on construction of the Zeckendorf Company's giant condominium skyscraper near Columbus Circle six times—each time for a safety lapse. In one instance, a pregnant woman is hit by a four-by-four beam that has fallen from the construction site. Work is briefly stopped again when a passerby is killed by a falling beam. "We have a fairly good record," says a spokesperson for the construction company.

• FINDERS KEEPERS

York Avenue and East 61st Street

The giant real estate brokerage firm J. I. Sopher & Company collects fees of \$250 to \$1,200 from anyone who rents an apartment in a building it handles—even from people who find apartments with no help from Sopher. Thousands of fees are collected before the state attorney general says this violates the law. In an out-of-court settlement, Sopher agrees to make \$250,000 available for refunds but insists, "We did nothing wrong."

• ART HISTORY 101
—PROFESSOR TRUMP

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street

Ugly-cuff-link buff Donald Trump pledges to the Metropolitan Museum of Art the art deco bas-relief sculptures from the facade of the Bonwit Teller building, which he is demolishing to make way for his focky-eponymous tower. But Trump's change of mind

• QUEENS IS NOT AMUSED

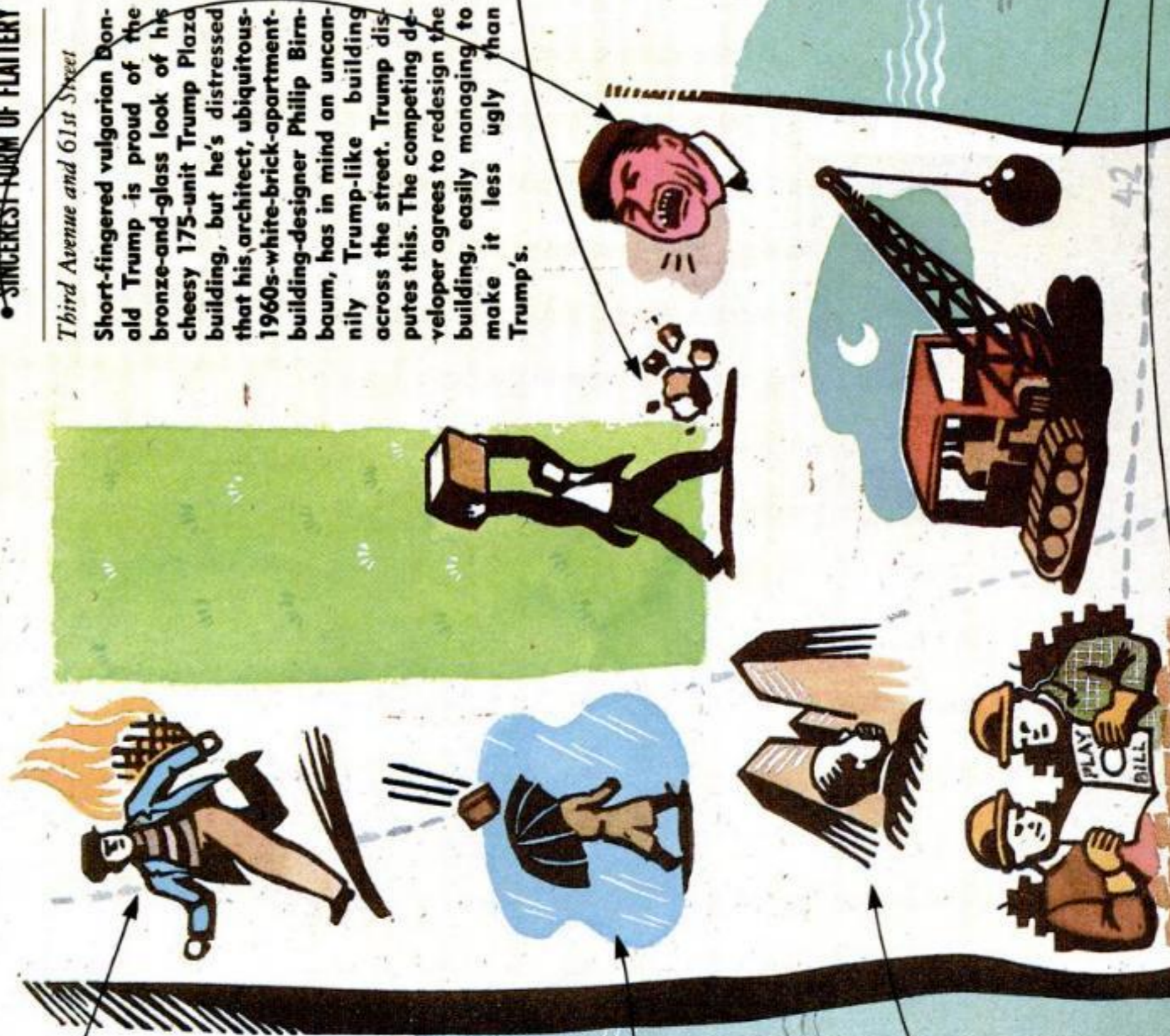
79th Street and York Avenue

Developer Peter Kalikow wants to build a wonderful new high rise on the East Side and has bought, for this purpose, a blockful of buildings that he intends to tear down. People living in the buildings protest—but Kalikow sees no big problem. They could, he reportedly says, all go live in Queens.

• SEIZING THE DAY—AT NIGHT

West 44th Street between Sixth Avenue and Broadway

In a mysterious early-evening midwinter raid demolition begins on four buildings just down the street from the Algonquin. Unfortunately, whoever orders the demolitions neglects to get a permit or have the water lines disconnected first. Stone and glass fly until the illegal action is stopped. The street, filled with rubble, is closed for days. Harry Macklowe, the site's



● **MAKING HOMELESSNESS WORK FOR YOU**

Central Park South at Sixth Avenue

In 1984 tenants refuse to move out of a building that well-fed condo hustler Donald Trump wants to tear down and replace with something a bit more, well, Trumpish. He tries to speed them on their way by filing lawsuits, eliminating services and letting the building get shabby. Next he disingenuously offers to let the city house homeless people in vacant apartments in the building. When asked to put Polish expatriates in the vacant apartments instead, Trump declines—his office explains that the offer is only good for “people who live in America now, not refugees.” (Trump has since decided to neither tear down the building nor move the current tenants.)

● **THERE GOES THE SUN**

West 57th Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues

In a cunning planning move, New York City allows three gigantic skyscrapers to be built practically on top of one another on West 56th and 57th Streets. One is Macklowe's Darth Vader-esque Metropolitan Tower, which is called “desirable,” “titillating” and “sensual” in its own advertising. The building, it turns out, is 13 stories shorter than Macklowe claims. On the other hand, building No. 2 (City-Spire, a gleaming granite phallus built by developer lan Bruce Eichner) is eleven feet higher than the law allows. Construction on the third enormous skyscraper began last fall on 57th Street, next door to Carnegie Hall and slightly to the right of the Russian Tea Room.

● **VENUE ON THE GO**

Eighth Avenue and 34th Street

The grand 1906 Pennsylvania Station is torn down in 1963 to make way for a new, ugly Madison Square Garden and an even uglier, subterranean Penn Station. Protests are futile, but the experience results directly in New York's landmark law. Just 25 years and 964 regular-season Ranger games later, Gulf + Western completes the circle by announcing that it plans to raze the latest Garden and build another one farther west by 1991.

● **THEY PROBABLY PLAYED THE STEREO LOUD AFTER 11:00 TOO**

446-450 West 19th Street

A retired New York City police lieutenant hires an expert team to clean out his 32-unit Chelsea building. They proceed to run a cocaine freebase club in one apartment, shatter the glass in the entrance door, smash holes through walls and floors, flood hallways, and burglarize and ransack apartments. The ex-cop and his associates are charged with felonies.

smashed. “They weren't even sculptures. They were stoned with some engraving on them,” he explains.

that he wanted to beat a deadline that would have reduced his profits. Ultimately, at the city's insistence, Macklowe makes a \$2 million “donation” to housing for the homeless.

● **YOU MEAN, YOU THOUGHT WE MEANT IT?**

Madison Avenue and 43rd Street

In exchange for promising to re-create the Palm Court in the beloved Biltmore Hotel lobby, the Milstein family is given permission to demolish the hotel. Afterward the Milsteins say the idea was a bad one and renege on their promise. (They end up donating \$500,000 to a preservation fund, but the Palm Court and the Biltmore are still gone.)

● **SOME BROKEN EGGS, BUT WHAT AN OMELET**

Times Square

Pleas from preservationists and half the theater world cannot stop developer John Portman from ripping down the exquisite Helen Hayes and Morosco theaters to put up what becomes one of the city's most despised buildings: the concrete-and-glass-slab-sandwich Marriott Marquis Hotel. The facade of the Hayes, which is to be removed from the site and preserved, collapses during demolition.

● **SELLING THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE**

South Street vicinity

The most creative new idea in New York City commercial real estate comes from the architectural firm Perkins Geddis Eastman, which wants to turn the 29 arches under the Brooklyn Bridge into office and retail space. If the plans are approved, work could begin this year.

● **TERMINALLY SILLY TRUMP**

Battery Park

The Chicago Tribune's architecture critic calls Queens-born casino operator Donald Trump's proposal for a 150-story building near the Staten Island Ferry Terminal “one of the silliest things anyone could inflict on New York.” Trump promptly launches a \$500 million lawsuit. A U.S. District Court dismisses the case.

● **BESIDES, IT'S JUST SO UNPLEASANT**

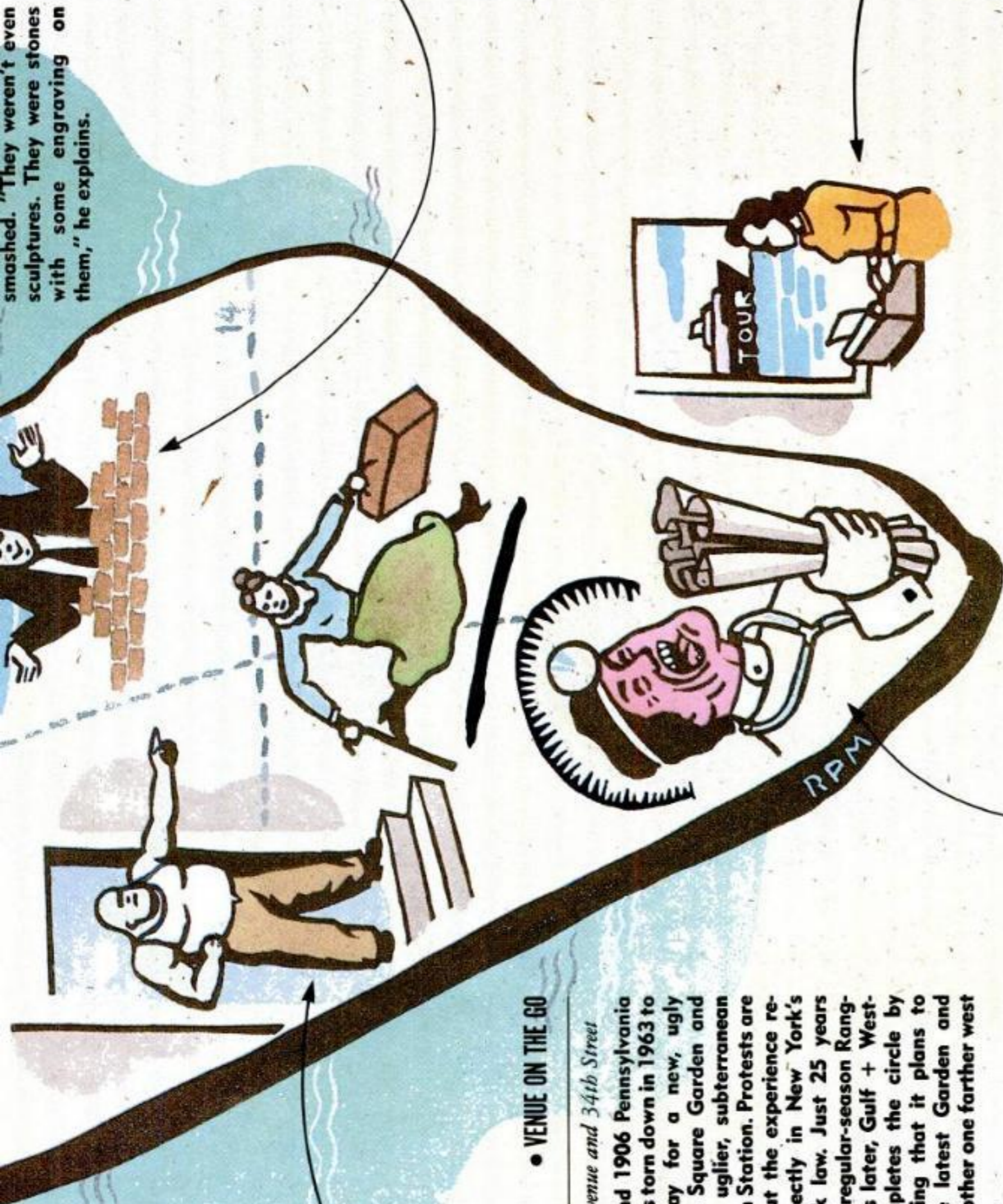
49 West 12th Street

In 1984 a co-op board tries to evict a doctor with a practice in the building; the board president explains that residents fear that the doctor's AIDS patients will reduce the value of their apartments. The doctor sues and wins a new lease and \$10,000 in damages.

● **NOTHING IN A NAME**

14th Street and Eighth Avenue

Two months before the city's Landmarks Preservation Commission is scheduled to hold a hearing on the former New York Bank for Savings's 1897 building, the building's owner—Landmark (hmm) Realty—hires workmen to strip the ornamental bronze work off its facade and remove the stained-glass windows. Necessary permits and authorization have not been obtained for the work.



*Imagine Beings Who Look Like Us—***ONLY CLEANER**

*Imagine Beings Who Act Like Us—***ONLY NICER**

*Imagine Beings Who Talk Like Us—***ONLY SLOWER**

Imagine the Nightmare of Our Once-

Interesting Nation Enervated by...

the

CANADIANS

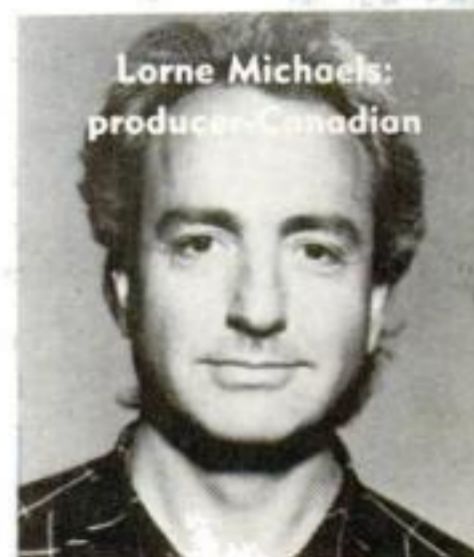


Robert MacNeil: broadcaster-Canadian



Curling: dull Canadian pastime

by Richard Stengel

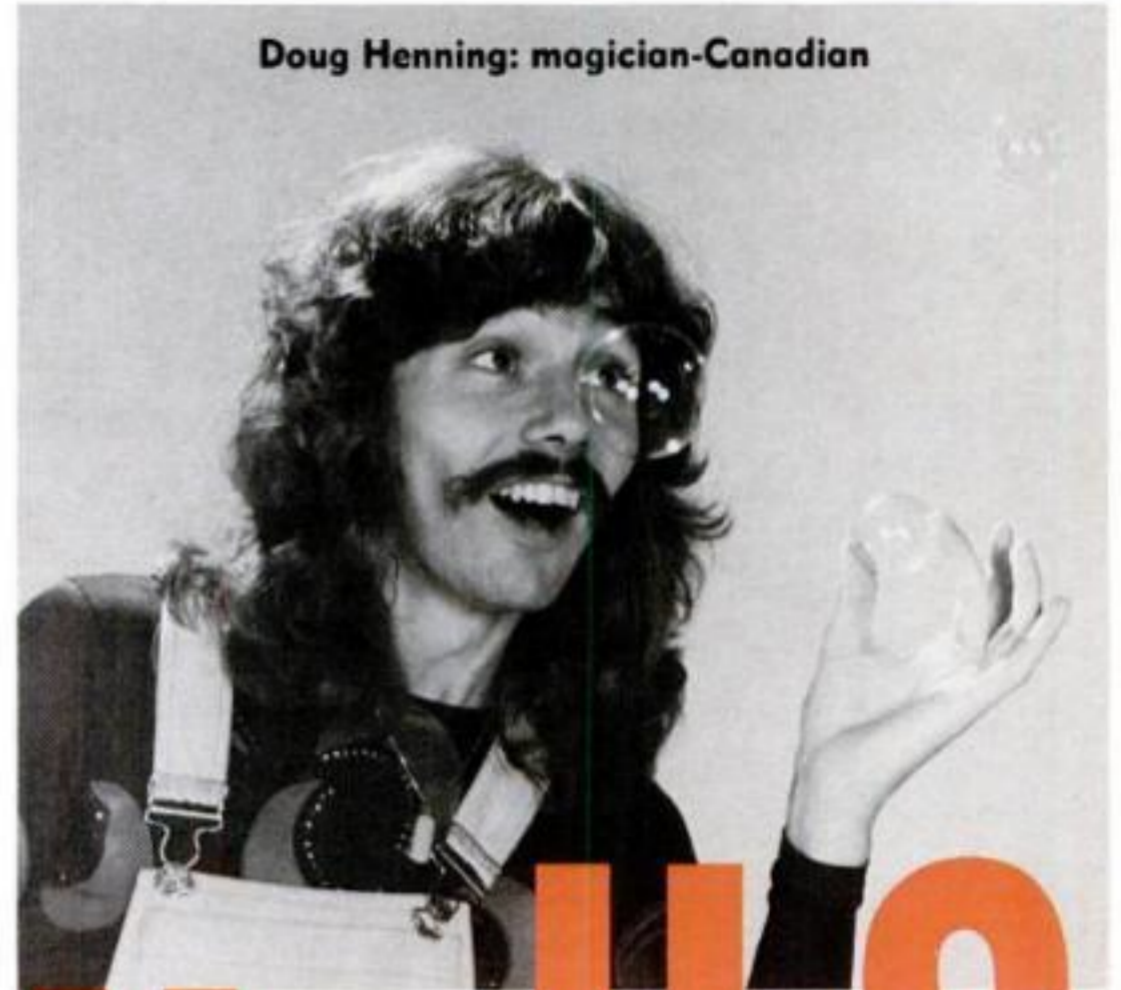


Lorne Michaels:
producer-Canadian

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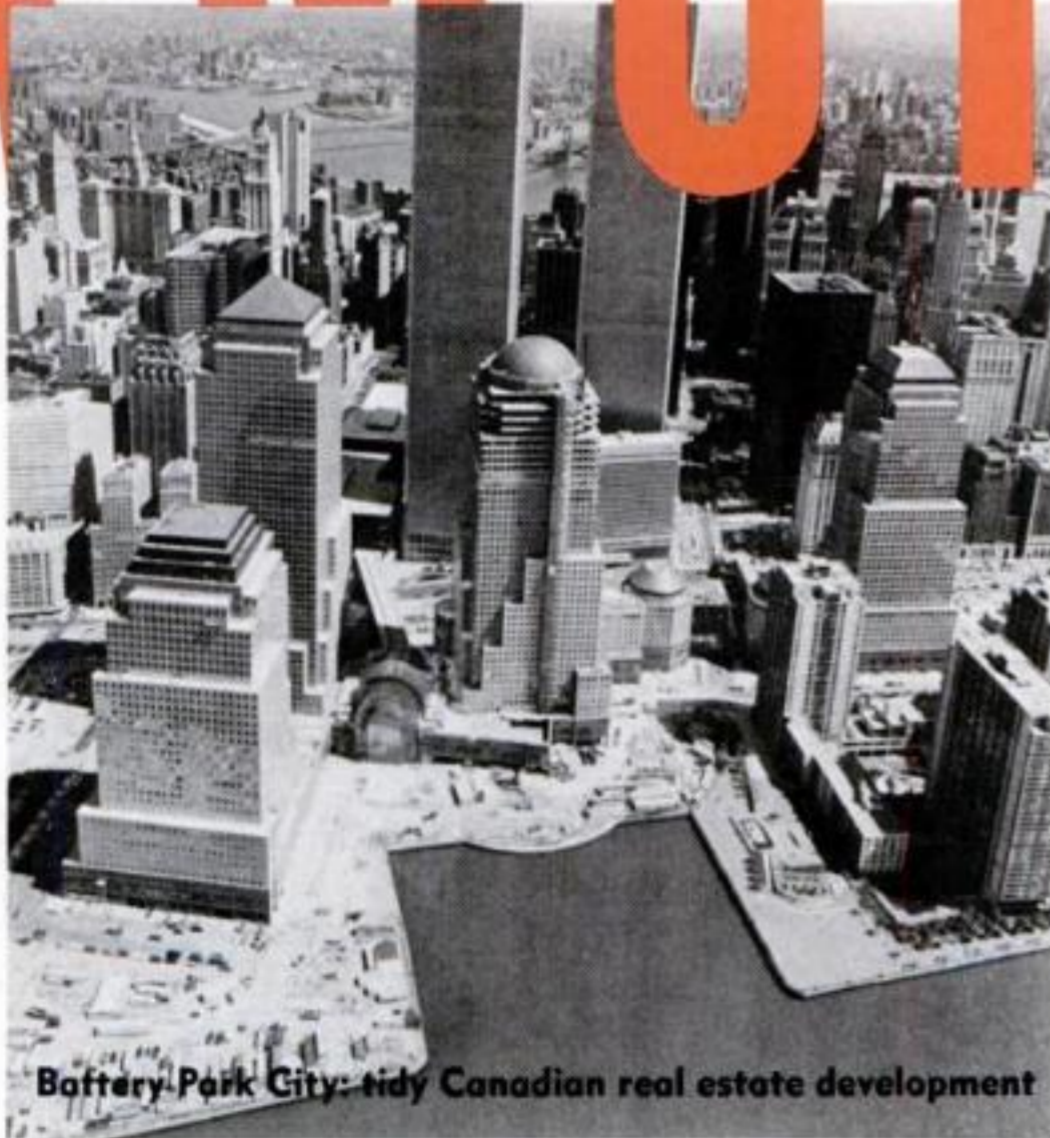
Brooks Brothers. Outfitter of Ivy Leaguers, haberdasher to clean-cut generations of the Northeast establishment, buttoned-down couturier to buttoned-up presidents, creator of that distinctive American look of sacklike suits with the pants a little on the short side. What could be more dyed-in-the-wool American than venerable, pin-striped Brooks Brothers? **FACT:** *Brooks Brothers is owned by Canadians.*

The Coronet, the Baronet, the Sutton, the Ziegfeld, the Carnegie Hall Cinema. The very names are a Whitmanesque hymn to the glories of movies and the enduring romance of popular culture. Steeped in the all-American perfume of popcorn and bonbons, these houses seem to embody a grand tradition harking back to the old



Doug Henning: magician-Canadian

AMONG US



Battery Park City: tidy Canadian real estate development

nickelodeons and great movie palaces of the 1930s and '40s. What could be more American than going to see, say, *Beverly Hills Cop II* at one of these grand emporiums of popular art?

FACT: *These theaters are all owned by Canadians.*

Imperturbable Peter Jennings, steady Robert MacNeil, earnest Morley Safer. The trusted centurions of our airwaves, the truth tellers of the small screen on whom we depend for fair-minded reporting, the dedicated, just-the-facts-ma'am journalists who have always separated America from those rinky-dink countries, with their biased, *government-agent* journalists in fat ties with thick knots. **FACT:** *Jennings, MacNeil and Safer are all Canadians.*



Brooks Brothers:
dull Canadian
haberdasher

QUIET, UNASSUMING CANADA. Good, kind, bland Canada. Our friendly, slightly dim-witted neighbor to the north, our economic branch plant, our cultural colony, our vast northern suburb—North America's attic. So what if Canadians are a bit dull, a little, shall we say, slow? Our dear country cousins, content to bathe in our reflected glory, pleased just to be near glamorous us, to share a border with us, to watch *The Cosby Show* with us. Pathetically grateful, even for unkindness. Happy to be almost, kind of, *sort of* Americans.

For decades Canadians perched themselves outside the brightly lit window of these United States, putting their noses up to the glass and wondering why everyone inside was having so much fun. For generations they not-so-secretly craved to be the 51st state, yearned to be a part of it, New York, New York. Canadians suffered from a collective national inferiority complex. They seemed unashamedly dull, so lacking in imagination that two

In the past, they did not seem to mind that America controlled 17 percent of the Canadian economy, that Canadian culture was American culture on Valium

of their eight professional American-style football teams have the same name (the Ottawa Rough Riders and the Saskatchewan Roughriders). They did not seem to mind that they were an economic colony of America, that America controlled 17 percent of the Canadian economy, that Canadian culture was just American culture on Valium—no, on Miltown, the 1950s sedative.

But not any longer. The sluggish sleeping giant is rousing. The Great White North is becoming... the Great White Menace. Canadians have had enough. For too long they have played Jimmy Olsen to our Superman, the Mertzes to our Ricardos, Augie Doggie to our Doggie Daddie. We imported Saul Bellow and gave them *Three's Company*. They marinated themselves in American culture but felt excluded from it. No one ever asked them to dance. No one noticed them.

That inferiority complex has, as so often happens, turned itself inside out and become a haughty superiority complex. Canada is no longer content to tag along with its hipper, funkier older brother.

Now they are slipping across the longest undefended border in the world and buying up U.S. companies, insinuating themselves into show business and the media. And like the pod people in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, they are virtually impossible to identify as they take control. Just last November, Judge Douglas Ginsburg very nearly made it to the Supreme Court, until his potentially improper investment in a cable TV company became public—a *Canadian* cable TV company.

This takeover is not a lightning coup d'état. It is maple-syrup-slow, altogether tedious, the way

Canadians do everything. They will sap our strength through interminable conversations about distances between cities, undermine our aggressiveness through relentless courtesy, lull us into somnambulism with endless reruns of Lorne Greene raising one eloquent salt-and-pepper eyebrow. Their mission: to teach us a thing or two about politeness. They'll show us what *nice* really means.

The Canadians are coming.

Fact: Ten years ago Canadian firms had \$4.05 billion invested in America. Today they have \$28.9 billion of direct investment in America, and by the early 1990s Canada will have as many dollars invested here as the U.S. has in Canada.

In the closing, stock-market-crash-befuddled months of 1987, Canada negotiated a tough trade agreement with the U.S.—an agreement that the Canadian communications minister, for one, was threatening to flout even as it was being signed and sealed. American memories are short: the War in the Pacific started as a trade dispute with Japan.

NEW YORK CITY IS GROUND ZERO FOR THE Canadian invasion. The Canadians here are led by an unlikely trio—Paul, Albert and Ralph Reichmann, three brothers from Toronto. Their company, Olympia & York, started buying commercial real estate in New York a decade ago, and it is now the largest commercial landlord in the city. It owns 24 million square feet of office space in New York, which is the equivalent of ten Empire State Buildings and—more frightening—almost exactly *one square foot per Canadian*.

The jewel in the Reichmann crown is Battery Park City, which the Reichmanns built and now partly own. Puffed-up Canadian tourists can often be found parading casually around the building site, like conquerors inspecting their spoils. Meyer S. Frucher, the chief executive of the public Battery Park City Authority—and nominally an American—recently proclaimed, "There have been two great real estate deals in the history of New York. The first was when the Dutch bought the island of Manhattan. The second was when the Canadians bought the island again."

New York, the capital of ethnic grit and hard-edged brusqueness, is gradually being Canadianized. South Street Seaport, once a seedy, filthy sailor's paradise, has become a Michael J. Fox theme park for yuppies. (Indeed, what are yuppies but Canadians with suspenders and cocaine—earnest, clean and favoring plaid shirts in their leisure time?) Cineplex Odeon, owned by Garth Drabinsky of Toronto, is now the second-largest movie theater company in North America and controls 105 screens in the New York area, including the \$7-per-ticket ones listed above. Drabinsky is putting real butter on the popcorn and real marble in the lobbies, altering forever the mucky, dirty,



And One Day:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE *PRIME MINISTER* OF THE UNITED STATES . . .

Having endured seven years of Great Communicating, we thought we knew all about the dire consequences of letting second-rate actors play American leaders. We didn't know the half of it. Now, after some extensive research on our "friendly" cousins to the north, we do. Over the past half century, Canadian actors and entertainers have, through guile and cunning, managed to foster an image quite different from the Milquetoasty, boring one that comes so naturally to mind. The new image is that of the Canadian as leader.

How have they managed this? By playing leaders in movies and on television.

RAYMOND BURR. Born in New Westminster, British Columbia. His Perry Mason is blessed with preternatural powers of deductive reasoning and an uncanny ability to secure courtroom confessions. Working for him are Della Street and Paul Drake—both Americans, as was Hamilton Burger, the prosecuting attorney he used to humiliate on most episodes. On *Ironside* Burr played a **chief of detectives** wheeled around by an American—a black one, at that.

LEN CARIOU. Winnipeg, Manitoba. Played American **president** Teddy Roosevelt on Broadway in last fall's musical *Teddy & Alice*. Americans had to scramble for puny supporting roles.



GLENN FORD. Quebec City, Quebec. Was in the movie *Superman*, playing the (adoptive) **father** of an American superhero—not the brother or uncle, you understand, but **the father**.



LORNE GREENE. Ottawa, Ontario. Lordly but amiable as cowboy **patriarch** Ben Cartwright, **owner** of the 600,000-acre Ponderosa ranch on *Bonanza*, and **overseer** of American citizens Michael Landon, Dan Blocker and Pernell Roberts. Greene also appeared in the 1979 movie and television series *Battlestar: Galactica*. He, of course, played the **commander**.



Why have they done this? To get Americans used to the idea of having Canadians as their leaders.

And they have had help from their countrymen in the all-important communications and fashion businesses. Consider Paul Anka: his *Tonight Show* theme, with its explicit "Go to sleep, America" message, is heard by U.S. citizens when they are tired and therefore most vulnerable, as is Paul Shaffer's *David Letterman* theme even later in the night. Consider box office wunderkind Michael J. Fox: his television show, *Family Ties*, was retooled over the years to focus almost solely upon him—

JOHN IRELAND. Vancouver, British Columbia. Played Bob Ford, the man who killed outlaw Jesse James, in *I Shot Jesse James*. It goes without saying that James was an American.

PETER JENNINGS. Toronto, Ontario. Jennings works for ABC's *World News Tonight*, where he is, of course, the **anchorman**.

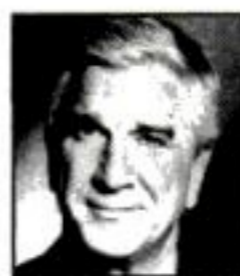
GENE LOCKHART. London, Ontario. As **Senator** Stephen Douglas, he played opposite fellow Canadian Raymond Massey's Lincoln in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. He also played the **sheriff** in *His Girl Friday*, the **judge** in *Miracle on 34th Street* and the **mayor** in *The Inspector General*.



RAYMOND MASSEY. Toronto, Canada. Portrayed **the leader of the new world** in *Things to Come* but is most closely identified with the roles of **President** Lincoln, in both *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and *How the West Was Won*, and abolitionist **leader** John Brown in *Santa Fe Trail* and *Seven Angry Men*. Played the **prophet** Nathan in *David and Bathsheba* and the **shah** in *Omar Khayyam*. Massey also played the paternal **senior staff physician** on TV's *Dr. Kildare*.



LESLIE NIELSEN. Regina, Saskatchewan. Nielsen played the **heroic captain** of a spaceship from Earth in *Forbidden Planet*. He also appeared in



at the expense of the American actors in the cast. Consider, too, Arnold Scaasi, who dresses the wives of many American political and business leaders. And what about master magician Doug Henning, hypnotizing vast American audiences with his implicit message—*Behold, I am the Messiah!* Anka, Fox, Scaasi and Henning—all are horribly, ineradicably Canadian. Even that most American of American industries, the movie business, was headed at one time not by an American but by an immigrant from Canada—Louis B. Mayer. Read on, and weep.

The Plainsman as **General** Custer and as the **captain** of the doomed ship *The Poseidon*. Was a **doctor** in the comedy *Airplane!*

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER. Toronto, Ontario. Plummer played **Field Marshal** Rommel in *The Night of the Generals*, Oedipus in *Oedipus the King*, **Emperor** Atahualpa of Peru in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, the **Duke** of Wellington in *Waterloo* and **Archduke** Ferdinand in *The Day That Shook the World*.

WILLIAM SHATNER. Montreal, Canada. Shatner is best known for his role as **Captain** Kirk, the insufferably cool commander of the starship *Enterprise*.



DONALD SUTHERLAND. St. John, New Brunswick. Played no less an authority figure than **Christ** in *Johnny Got His Gun*; in *M*A*S*H* he was an Army **captain**. And in *National Lampoon's Animal House* he played a **professor** who explains the joys of marijuana to impressionable American college students.

JOSEPH WISEMAN. Montreal, Quebec. Wiseman played sinister, cerebral villains—most notably **Dr. No** in the first James Bond movie.

RICH LITTLE. Ottawa, Ontario. Although not an actor, Little has made a career of imitating (in fact, *mocking*) American leaders, beginning with **President** John F. Kennedy and including our current incompetent *but nevertheless American-born president*. ☺

They fairly *exude* Canadianness. And they make it all that much harder to detect the actual invaders among us. But they are, incredibly, *American* people, places, activities and things that, by virtue of their moderation, lack of pizzazz, gratuitous cleanliness and/or inherent whiteness, can only be characterized as ...

DE FACTO CANADIAN

activewear

aerobics

American Festival Cafe

astronomy as a hobby among adults

Bruce Babbitt

Jimmy Carter

the Citicorp Center atrium



CNN

condominiums

crafts

desk sets

Discover credit cards



ferries across the Hudson River



the 53rd Street and Fifth Avenue subway station

New York Times columnist

Flora Lewis

Food Emporiums

Gerald Ford

gasohol

K-cars (and all American cars with letters)



Life

Minneapolis

Murder, She Wrote

Murray Hill

National Public Radio

new, clean city buses



The New York Observer

parenting

the PATH train

psychologists (as opposed to psychiatrists)

recycling

soup

South Street Seaport

sugarless gum

sweater vests

Tastings (the West 55th Street restaurant—which, if it were in Toronto, would be *the* place to see and be seen, as they probably still say in Toronto)

thermoses

premoistened towelettes

underground urban amenities

USA Today

NBC News correspondent

Garrick Utley

waterfront restaurants

wildlife documentaries

smelly theaters that New Yorkers consider cultural landmarks.

Canada's first and most successful foray into America (forgetting, of course, the War of 1812, when British *and Canadian* troops put the torch to the presidential residence) penetrated the notoriously lax barriers of Hollywood. To name just a few who have pretended they were Americans: Mary Pickford (supposedly *America's Sweetheart*), Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler, Clara Bow, Fay Wray, Walter Pidgeon, Yvonne DeCarlo (yes, even Lily Munster was not American), Anne Murray, Margot Kidder, Monty Hall, David Steinberg, Tommy Chong, Alan Thicke, Dan Aykroyd, John Candy, Martin Short, Howie Mandel, Lorne Michaels.

Each, in his or her own way, has valiantly sought to reverse the traditional downward show biz career progression:

- (1) Hit movie
- (2) Hit series
- (3) Guest on *The Tonight Show*
- (4) Guest on *The Wil Shriner Show*
- (5) Peripheral square on *The Hollywood Squares*
- (6) Star of new Canadian motion picture

Canadians, being natural outsiders, are adept at parody, the essential art form of our time. (Is that the Canadian influence?) Canadians Michaels, Candy, Eugene (SCTV) Levy and Rich Little all owe their success in America to making fun of American institutions. Moreover, when it comes to TV, they have an unfair advantage. Canada, with a population of less than 26 million, has eight full-time networks; thus, just about anyone in Canada who wants his own talk show can get one.

The Canadianization of entertainment extends even to the home. Trivial Pursuit is the most successful American board game in generations, successful despite the insidious sprinkling of questions about Canada, despite the fact that it was created and sold by foreigners. *By Canadians.*

THE BLANDNESS OF CANADIANS STEMS IN LARGE part from Canadian history, which is a chronology of nonevents. No cataclysms, no uprisings, no black people, just endless winters followed by a hockeyless week of summer. From its very beginnings, Canada has been the minor leagues for America. The Pilgrims booked passage to Plymouth Rock, not Nova Scotia. America was settled by men, Canada by corporations. The country was the creation of investors—first the Hudson Bay Company, later the railroads. America had people before it had laws; Canada had laws before it had people. Order in Canada is a higher value than freedom. Obedience is in Canadians' blood; every Canadian knows the thrill of being a follower, the deep, abiding pleasure of conforming.



DANNY GONZALEZ

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URBAN
OUTFITTERS

Canadians are loyalists. After the Revolutionary War all the weenies who supported England—the groveling toadies who rose after dinner to toast the king, the sniveling Anglophiliacs who insisted on spelling *color* with a *u*—skulked up to Canada. Benedict Arnold was their big hero.

After that, nothing really happened until 1867. That was the year the British North America Act created the Dominion of Canada out of four weak and divided colonies. Canada was born with a stroke of a pen: Canadians did not fight for their independence, they signed for it.

Canadians suffer from revolution envy. They never went through that Oedipal rite of passage, shaking off the yoke of Mother England's tyranny. As a result, they suffer from a diminished sense of manhood. New York psychiatrist Lawrence Fischman, who has extensively researched Canadian social psychology, believes Canada's failure to revolt is the cause of its strangely detumescent quality. "Curiously, the parricidal and incestuous drive is markedly diminished among Canadians," observes Dr. Fischman. "Canada had no desire to free itself from [British oppression], no lust to take possession of its own resources." The environment, he suggests, contributed to this numbness of temperament. "Prolonged exposure to the cold among Canadians seems to have engendered an adaptive trait of passive acceptance and then masochistic surrender to and enjoyment of the cold." Ergo, suggests Fischman, the love of ice hockey.

The Canadian company Olympia & York owns 24 million square feet of New York real estate—frighteningly, almost exactly one square foot per Canadian

Yet, in all fairness, one must point out that in more recent years Canada has made an indelible mark on the scroll of modern history.

SOME SIGNIFICANT EVENTS IN CONTEMPORARY CANADIAN HISTORY:

- (1) Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau escorts Barbra Streisand to the Manitoba Centennial Party.
- (2) The Canadian embassy in Tehran shelters several Americans during the Iran hostage crisis, prompting bars in northern New York State to offer free drinks to all Canadians, and housewives in the Midwest to send batches of homemade cookies to Canadians.
- (3) The so-called Canadarm on the U.S. space shuttle *Columbia*, built by Canadian scientists, retrieves pieces of extraplanetary litter.
- (4) New York Yankee Dave Winfield is cited in Toronto under the Canadian Criminal Code for causing unnecessary suffering to an animal after he hits and kills a sea gull with a warm-up ball during

a game with the Toronto Blue Jays.

(5) Expo 67.

The Canadian character is solid. Cautious and thrifty, Canadians are a nation of accountants. In Canada there are 6.4 million more savings accounts than there are people. Canadians are apparently the most heavily insured people in the world, and nothing gets them more aroused than talk of actuarial probabilities. Canadians don't like competition; discounts are considered flashy. Canadians are proud to pay list price.

Scratch a Canadian and you will discover that he finds Americans crude, boorish. Not to mention pushy and boastful. Canadians hoot at the Americans who come north and continually ask, "Say, feller, how much is that in *real money*?" Canadians are proud of their unassertiveness. Moreover, many secretly harbor an aggrandizing instinct toward America. Says Sean Kelly, a Canadian humor writer who has probably taken many assignments away from equally funny American writers: "I once had a theory that any state that ended in a vowel was actually part of Canada. Certainly, however, any cocktail party where discussion of mileage occurs is also probably a part of Canada."

Yet at the same time a Canadian must succeed in America to be considered a success in Canada. And no matter how much recognition a Canadian receives in America, if he returns to Canada to live he is branded a failure—*otherwise*, the reflexive logic goes, *why would he be here?* Canadians are ambivalent about success. They find it so . . . *successful*.

THE U.S.-CANADIAN BORDER STRETCHES FOR 3,968 miles and is inevitably referred to as the longest undefended border in the world. A fine phrase—but is this really such a good idea? Under President Reagan, the U.S. has had the greatest defense buildup in our history, yet we don't have so much as a few strands of barbed wire between us and the behemoth to the north, physically the second-largest nation in the world—after the Soviet Union. (It was over this undefended border that Air Canada flight attendant Gatton Dugas traveled at will, infecting Americans with AIDS in the early 1980s and effectively starting the epidemic.) The Canadians are massed along the American border. Some 85 percent of all Canadians live within 100 miles of the U.S.—a four-day march, in other words, and only a few hours for motorized armor.

Indeed, militarily America and Canada are inextricably bound. The countries have been partners in the North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD) for 30 years; the two nations' early warning and air defense systems are completely integrated. They know all about us. The U.S. government does not consider Canada a threat—a willful obliviousness that I consider shortsighted, even danger-

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sets

Douglas Stein

costumes

Susan Hilferty

lighting

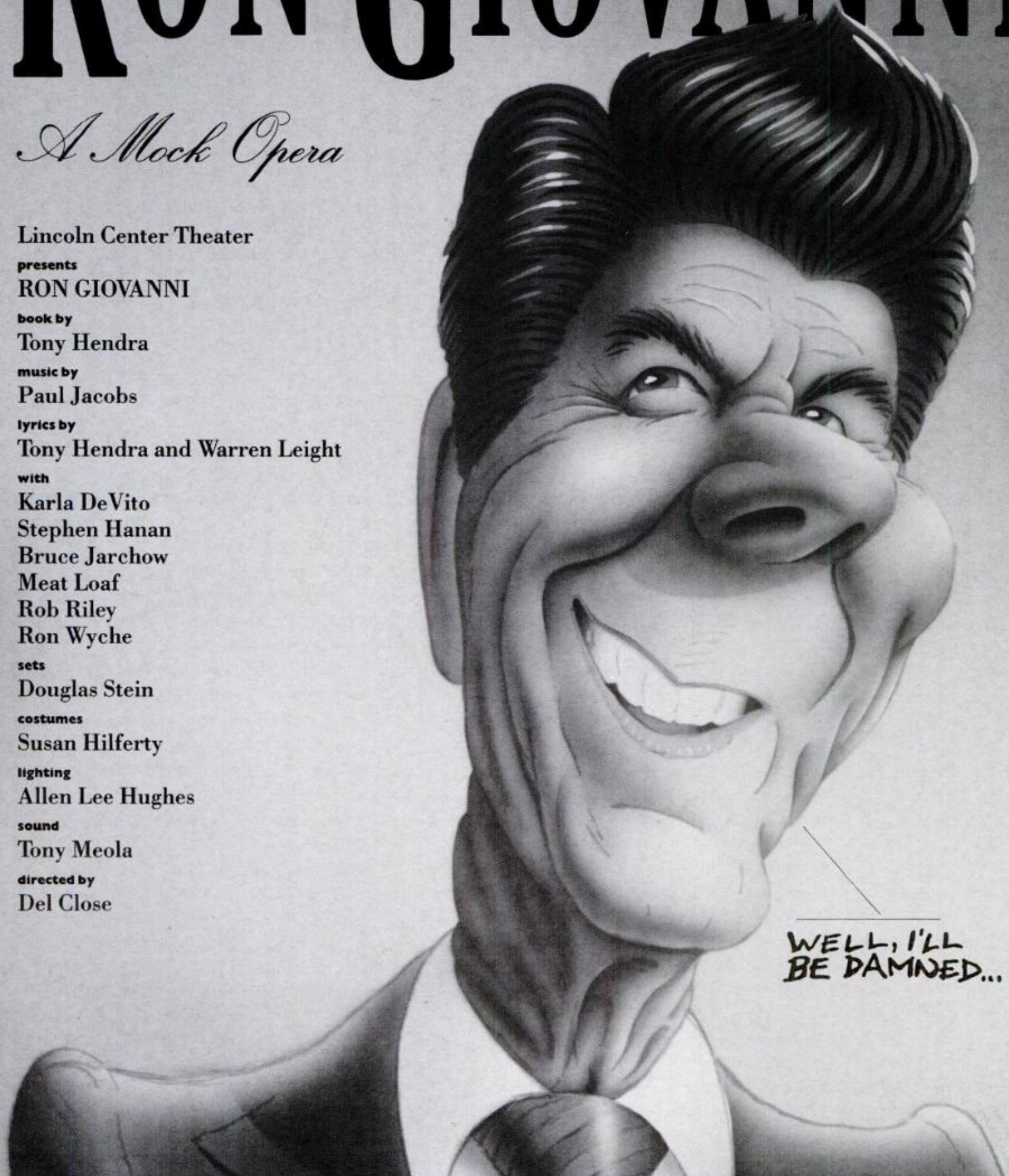
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A CANADIAN-SPOTTER'S FIELD MANUAL

ALL CANADIANS KNOW ALL OTHER Canadians. Like homosexuals and Mormons, Canadians are constantly on the lookout for their own. They are forever scanning TV shows and movies for compatriots.

The Canadians who are slowly burrowing their way into American society are, for the most part, *closet* Canadians. They are nonentities traveling incognito, forever trying to sneak away from their true identities. It is not easy to identify them; they blend in easily. They sound like Americans (although they don't sound like they came from anywhere in particular).

There are, however, certain tell-tale signs of Canadian roots. The most obvious, of course, are saying "aboot" for *about* and putting *eh* at the end of sentences. While the modern Canadian is far too clever for that—he has long since jettisoned obvious Canadianisms—it is almost impossible to eradicate the inbred slowness, the cultural Epstein-Barrness. (Canadians are like computers that take hours to boot up.) The other prominent tip-off is relentless *niceness*; Canadians feel guilty about making the slightest imposition, and they never forget to say "please" and "thank you," even to bank machines. Watch for these other dead giveaways.

▶ **Canadians will not cross the street against a red light, even if there is no traffic.**

▶ **In restaurants, Canadians order food with excessive clarity and civility; they never say "Lemme have the veal" or "Gimme a nice piece of fish."**

▶ **Canadians never part their hair on the right; they consider it effeminate.**

▶ **At a job interview, a Canadian will ask about the pension plan before inquiring about the starting salary.**

▶ **Canadians drink quarts of whole milk, straight up.**

▶ **Canadians wince when Willard Scott says a cold front is coming down from "the North."**

▶ **Canadians will not hang up just because they got an answering machine.**

▶ **When asked where his family lives, a Canadian will reply, "I have no family." (But keep an ear cocked for unguarded reminiscences, such as "It sure was cold back in Moose Jaw.")**

▶ **Canadians wear unnecessarily sensible shoes with round toes and heavy crepe soles.**

▶ **Though placid, Canadians become vexed when Americans display their ignorance of Canada: witness Canadian-born game-show host Alex Trebek's slow burn when a *Jeopardy* contestant responded, "What is Toronto?" to the clue "The hometown of the Vancouver Canucks."**

—Stephen Probyn

ous. I decided to investigate U.S. preparedness, to discuss this issue with both Canadian and U.S. officials. The responses are so alarming that they must be reported verbatim.

First I spoke with an official of the Canadian Department of National Defense in Ottawa, who asked not to be named.

SPY: *Are there, do you know of, uh, any plans, any contingency-type plans, to, uh, invade the U.S.?*

CANADIAN (briskly): We have no plans to attack the United States. The U.S. is one of our major allies.

SPY: *But, ah, I mean, mightn't there be some, you know, vague contingency plan?*

CANADIAN: If there was, I couldn't say it anyway, could I?

Next I spoke with a former senior Canadian ministerial aide, a man with contacts in the highest government circles. He too requested anonymity.

SPY: *In your time in government, were you aware of any plans to, you know, attack the U.S.?*

CANADIAN: I never personally saw or heard of any plans to invade the United States.

SPY: *Surely, though, such plans must exist in some form?*

CANADIAN: I'm afraid I can't really comment.

SPY: *Do you think Americans are aware of a threat?*

CANADIAN: I wouldn't want to use the word *lulled*, but I think many Americans are complacent on the subject of Canada.

After these interviews I thought it imperative to alert U.S. officials about what I had discovered. Their responses were far from reassuring. Here is one senior U.S. official who asked not to be named.

SPY: *The U.S.-Canadian border is the longest unpatrolled border in the world, isn't it?*

U.S. OFFICIAL: It sure is.

SPY: *Well, don't you think perhaps something ought to be done about that?*

U.S. OFFICIAL (testy): Of course not. It's never even occurred to us. At least, not since the War of 1812.

AT THE MOMENT THERE IS A DIPLOMATIC CONTRETEMPS between the U.S. and Canada involving an issue known as Arctic sovereignty. The U.S. does not recognize Canada's claim to sovereignty over the Northwest Passage, through the Arctic Archipelago, and now Canada is threatening to buy or build about a dozen nuclear submarines to patrol the area. I called a State Department official to inquire whether there was any concern about those Canadian subs. "Well," he said, "we don't think they're gonna shoot at us up there." He laughed nervously. Concerned, I decided to call the U.S. Department of Defense. I could not help wondering whether we ought to strike before they strike us, while the advantage is still ours. At last I found a sympathetic ear, someone who seemed at least dimly aware of The Threat From the North.

SPY: *Sir, are there any American contingency plans in the event—however unlikely—of any hostilities from the north?*

PENTAGON OFFICIAL: There is no Canadian threat. [Pause.] There is, um, *probably* no threat.

SPY: *Sir, let's say there was a {sotto voce} genuine Canadian threat—are there any plans to, you know, hit them before they hit us?*

PENTAGON OFFICIAL (without conviction): We have no plans whatsoever to annex any part of Canada. They are one of our best friends.

SPY: *But there must be something somewhere?*

PENTAGON OFFICIAL: Well, maybe down in the bowels of the Pentagon. . . . But this is not something I can really talk about. ☹



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—Arthur Schwartz
N.Y. Daily News

Savant: Wise man, sage, scholar, lover of wisdom.

—Roget's Thesaurus

Has it really been ten years? It seems longer. That probably means we aren't having much fun, as a city, under Ed Koch. (Of course we aren't—New York was Fun City under another, slimmer mayor.) But in a peculiar way, it has been fun, much as watching a bad comic transform a merely restive audience into a genuinely hostile one can be fun. And a little painful. But then, that applies to the Koch era, too.

How best to reflect, then, on a decade of reliably inappropriate, flat one-liners, unseemly pontification and relentless self-aggrandizement, punctuated by acts of gluttony and the odd municipal scandal?

1) Why doesn't Mayor Koch mind being bald?

- a) "It's my style. It's me."
- b) "You know who has plenty of hair? Reagan. Would I be better off if I traded my hair and my brain for his? What are you, a wacko?"
- c) "I'd rather have no hair than look like those *schvartzes* who call me a racist."
- d) "Because I have a perfect head."

2) While dedicating a shopping center, Mayor Koch heard a man shout, "We want John Lindsay!" Koch told everyone who wanted Lindsay to raise their hand, and several did. What did he shout at them?

- a) "Morons!"
- b) "Loonies!"
- c) "Dummies!"
- d) "Ninnies!"

Crazy Eddie





The SPY Quiz:
THE EDWARD I. KOCH DECADE, 1977-87
by Paul Slansky

3) True or false: Mayor Koch has a reputation for entertaining his dinner guests by showing video clips of himself.

4) What appeared in the galleys of Mayor Koch's book *Mayor* but was deleted from the published version?

- a) His reference to Barbara Rosen, the wife of an American hostage in Iran, as a "wacko"
- b) His snide remark about Mary (wife of Abe, former mayor) Beame's piano-playing skills
- c) His gloating account of making former City Council President Carol Bellamy cry
- d) His gloating account of making black congressman Charles Rangel sweat

5) Who did Mayor Koch say he wanted to play him in the movie version of *Mayor*?

-  a) Walter Matthau
-  b) Richard Gere
-  c) Zack Norman
-  d) Judd Nelson

6) What did Mayor Koch do on the radio?

- a) He said he once tried marijuana.
- b) He read the names of men who had been arrested with prostitutes.
- c) He sat, 30 pounds overweight, at the microphone and stated, "I am not fat."
- d) All of the above

7) Where was Mayor Koch dining when he required the Heimlich maneuver to save him from choking to death on a piece of food?

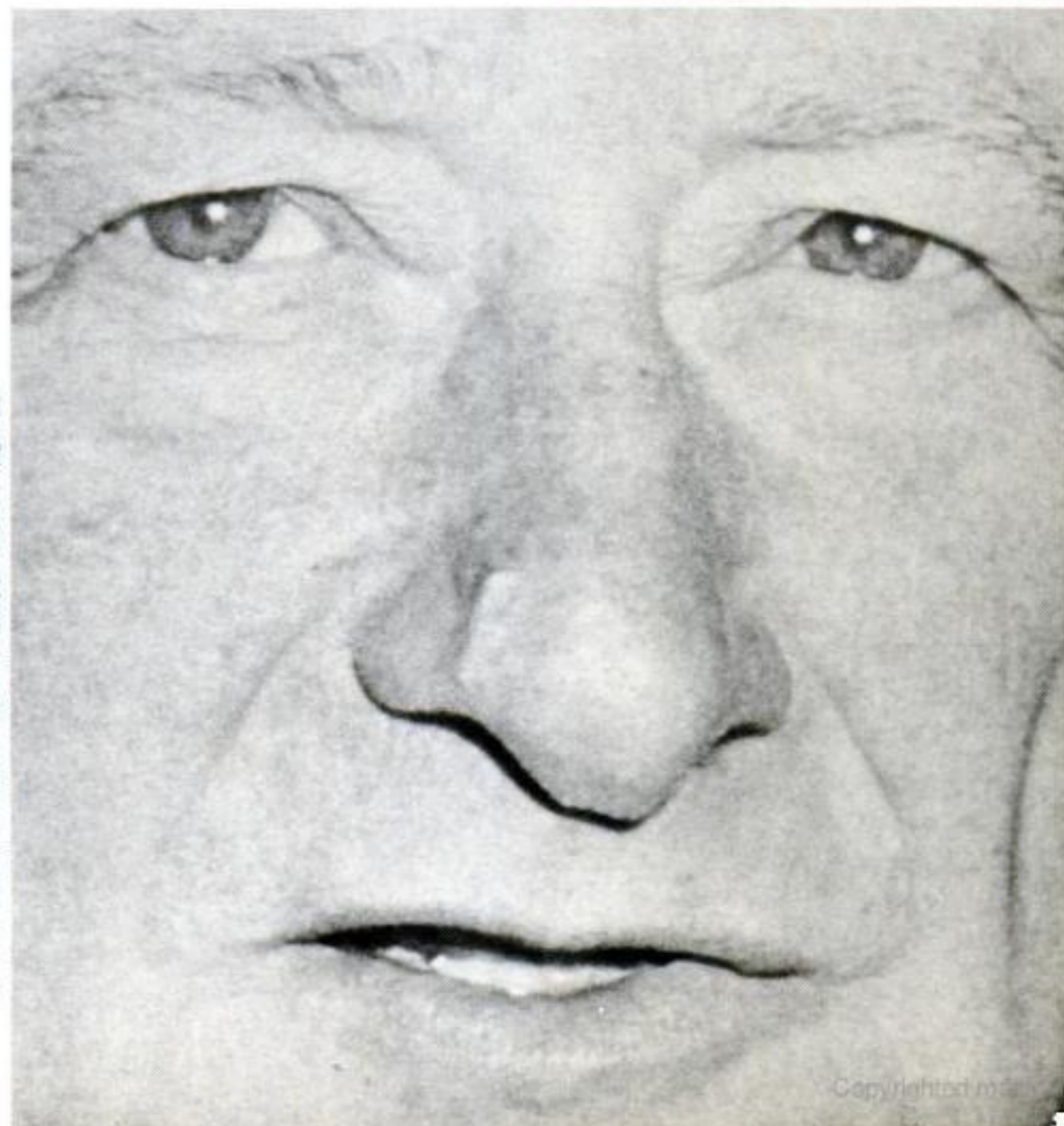
- a) Parma
- b) Sun Lok Kee
- c) The Bridge Cafe
- d) Koch aide Herbert Rickman's apartment

8) Mayor Koch initially claimed that he'd been choking on a piece of watercress. What did he later admit was actually stuck in his windpipe?

- a) A clove of garlic
- b) A crumb of cork that had fallen into his wine
- c) A chunk of pork
- d) A pubic hair

9) Where was Mayor Koch eating when he passed out from overindulgence?

- a) Parma
- b) Backstage at the MTV Awards
- c) Mortimer's
- d) Convicted tax evader Andy Capasso's Westhampton beach house



Match Mayor Koch's epithet to its target.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 10) "Horror show" | a) Donald Trump |
| 11) "Swine" | b) The Liberal Party |
| 12) "Slime" | c) <i>Pravda</i> |
| 13) "Cesspool" | d) Hugh Carey |
| 14) "Red nuts" | e) Hecklers in Harlem |
| 15) "Bananas" | f) The UN |
| 16) "Piggy, piggy, piggy" | g) Carol Bellamy |



17) Which newspaper urged its readers to clip and mail in a coupon suggesting that Mayor Koch run for governor?

- a) *The New York Times*
- b) *The Village Voice*
- c) *The New York Post*
- d) *The Amsterdam News*

18) Which literary character did Carol Bellamy compare Mayor Koch to?

- a) Ebenezer Scrooge
- b) Alexander Portnoy
- c) The Mayor of Casterbridge
- d) Yertle the Turtle

19) True or false: Mayor Koch blamed his mother for his inability to stick to a diet, because when he was growing up, she trained him to eat everything on his plate.

20) What prompted *The New York Times* to say that Mayor Koch "sounded like a cranky old man who needs a stray Airedale to kick"?

- a) His telling a group of Soviet students that their government was "the pits"
- b) His crass behavior toward Boston after the Mets beat the Red Sox in the 1986 World Series
- c) His lust for the power to "put someone in jail for throwing a cigarette on the sidewalk"
- d) His prediction that Jimmy Carter would "rot in hell"

21) True or false: after it was revealed that he had earlier referred to Representative Ronald Dellums (D-Cal.) as a "Watusi" and a "Zulu warrior," Mayor Koch insisted that he'd meant it as a compliment.

22) Who referred to Mayor Koch's style of self-expression as "braying, bawling and shrieking"?

- a) Writer Jimmy Breslin
- b) *Newsday* columnist Les Payne
- c) Homeless person Joyce Brown
- d) City Council President Andrew Stein

23) What did Mayor Koch do when Richard Nixon walked past him at Cardinal Cooke's funeral in 1983?

- a) He shook Nixon's hand and said, "You know, Mr. President, I'm a famous writer now, too."
- b) He commented to a reporter on the enormity of the former president's head.
- c) He struck up a conversation with Nixon about John Lindsay's flaws.
- d) He flinched and grimaced like an unpleasant child.

24) What is believed to have cost Mayor Koch thousands of upstate votes in his failed 1982 gubernatorial bid?

- a) His refusal during a farmyard campaign stop to drink milk fresh from the cow because "when I was seven, I milked a cow and drank it, but it tasted terrible. It was too warm"
- b) His statement to *Playboy* that suburban living is "sterile. It's nothing, it's wasting your life.... This rural America thing—I'm telling you, it's a joke"
- c) His closing of Sydenham Hospital
- d) His description of Mario Cuomo as "yecch"

25) Who walked out of an annual Inner Circle revue when Mayor Koch appeared onstage singing and dancing and wearing an Afro wig?

- a) Manhattan Borough President David Dinkins
- b) State official Basil Paterson
- c) Charles Rangel
- d) *Amsterdam News* chairman Wilbert Tatum

26) True or false: in the book *I, Koch*, it was revealed that as a young man Mayor Koch once felt up a girl on a date.



27) "My experience with blacks is that they're basically anti-Semitic. Now, I want to be fair about it. I think whites are basically antiblack." Who reported this sociological observation of Mayor Koch's?

- a) City Comptroller Harrison J. Goldin
- b) Columnist Ken Auletta
- c) *Village Voice* columnist Jack Newfield
- d) *Daily News* columnist Earl Caldwell

Match the city official with the post he or she left in disgrace during Mayor Koch's third term.

- 28) Lester Shafran
- 29) Jay Turoff
- 30) Stanley Friedman
- 31) Anthony Ameruso
- 32) Meade Esposito
- 33) Donald Manes
- 34) Victor Botnick
- 35) Bess Myerson
- 36) Geoffrey Lindenauer

37) Three of these statements by Mayor Koch refer to Carol Bellamy. Which one describes Evangeline (wife of former governor Hugh) Gouletas-Carey?

- a) "She is known as a selfish person who does not like to share."
- b) "She's a pain in the ass."
- c) "Every time she sees me, she has this button in her brain that goes off and she spews out what she thinks a Jew would want to hear."
- d) "She likes to torture other people."

38) Who did Mayor Koch say "has the potential of being one of New York's great senators"?

- a) Alfonse D'Amato
- b) Elizabeth Holtzman
- c) Bess Myerson
- d) Abe Hirschfeld

39) Who is David Bright?

- a) The doctor who examined Mayor Koch after his stroke and discovered that he has the brain of a 28-year-old
- b) The ten-year-old who made Mayor Koch angry by publicly claiming that he often goes hungry
- c) The protester who was arrested for smacking Mayor Koch in the head with an egg
- d) The man who confronted Mayor Koch on the Brooklyn Bridge during the transit strike and was called a wacko by him

- a) Queens borough president
- b) Health and Hospitals Corporation chairman
- c) Parking Violations Bureau commissioner
- d) Deputy PVB commissioner
- e) Commissioner of Cultural Affairs
- f) Brooklyn Democratic Party boss
- g) Commissioner of Transportation
- h) Taxi and Limousine commissioner
- i) Bronx Democratic Party boss and borough president

40) How many days after his visit to Donald Manes in the hospital—where, as Mayor Koch described it, "I went over to Donny and I hugged Donny and kissed Donny on the forehead and I said, 'Don't worry, Donny, everything will be all right'"—did Koch go on television and call Manes "a crook" who should "go to jail"?

- a) 1
- b) 2
- c) 3
- d) 4



Match Mayor Koch's critic with his criticism.

- 41) Ken Auletta
- 42) Sydney Schanberg
- 43) Jimmy Breslin
- 44) Jonathan Yardley
- 45) Murray Kempton

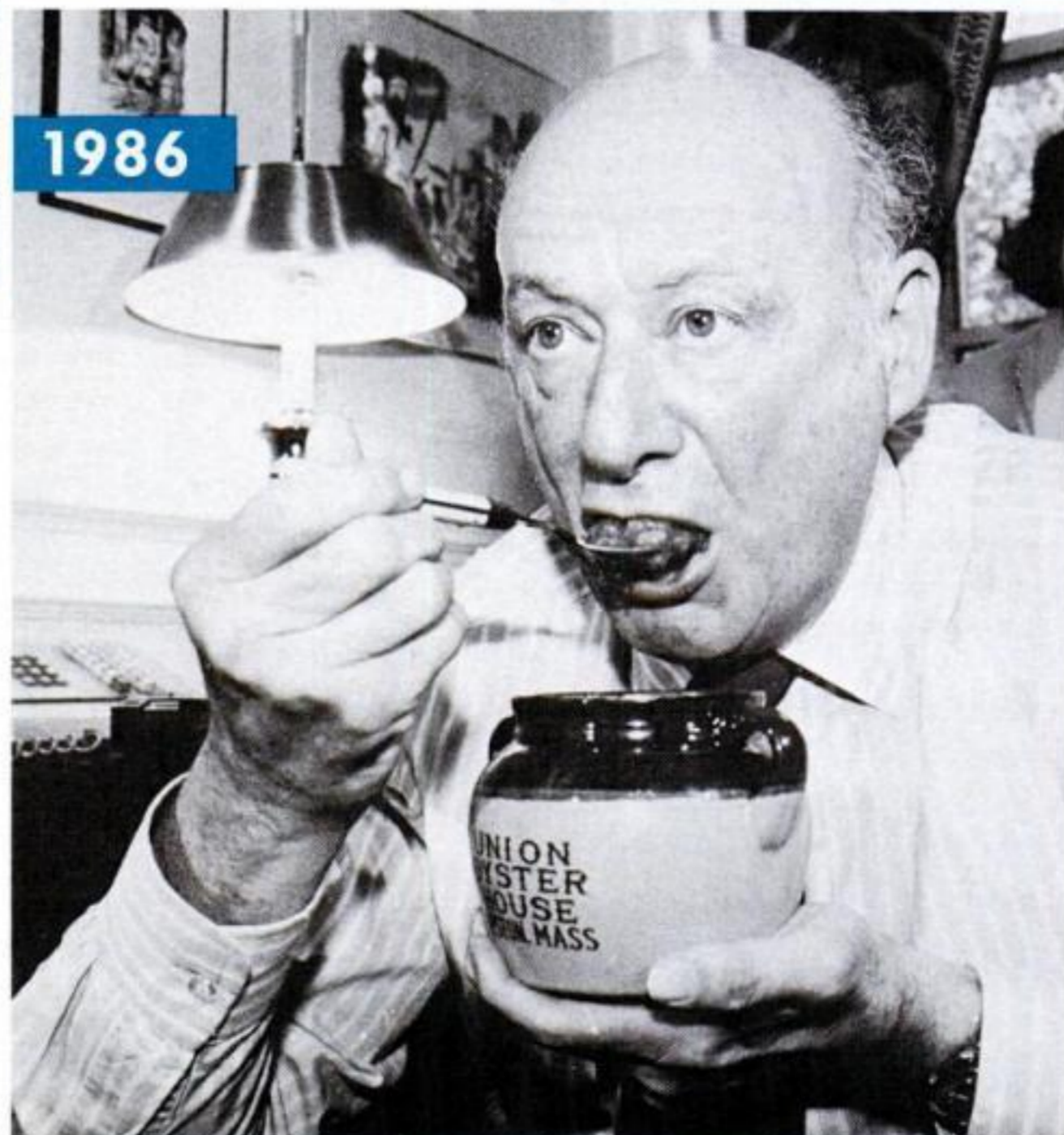
a) "[He's] a man who, never having made the acquaintance of shame, seriously believes himself to be the most wonderful person in the world."

b) "He searches through each day and night for a safe stage, where he can talk mindlessly, or, covering himself with spangles, dance and sing."

c) "Edward Koch reads the papers in search of his name the way horse addicts read *The Daily Racing Form* in search of a winner."

d) "He boasts of his flaws as if they were virtues."

e) "He has made his duties subordinate to his vanities; he has bullied the ill-fortuned and truckled to the fortunate; to walk in his wake has been to stumble through a rubble of vulgarities and meannesses of spirit. . . . The mayor has become a piece of civic property of whom we can no longer speak without apologizing to our fellow countrymen."



46) What nonsense syllable is sprinkled most liberally through Mayor Koch's syntax?

- a) Ummm c) Uhhh
- b) Ahhh d) Oooo

47) What did Mayor Koch shout to East German soldiers from the Berlin Wall?

- a) "How'm I doing? Can you hear me? How'm I doing? How. Am. I. Doing. Dummies!"
- b) "Your city is very drab!"
- c) "I'm here! It's me! It's Mayor Koch! I'm here!"
- d) "Ich bin ein schmuck!"

48) What does Mayor Koch consider "the only times when I feel a wife would be important"?

- a) "When other people I'm entertaining have wives"
- b) "When I get in the mood to make someone cry"
- c) "When I'm accused of being homosexual"
- d) "When I'm home alone choking to death on food"



49) What insight did Mayor Koch have into his own personality?

- a) "I'm not the type to get ulcers. I give them."
- b) "I always like to tweak people if I can.... There is something that is really vicious in me."
- c) "Others believe in not speaking their minds. I believe in speaking my mind."
- d) "I always get even.... That is my rule, and it is an inflexible rule. It is the only thing I have going for me."
- e) "I'm really quite satisfied with myself."
- f) "My problem... is a simple one. I am not capable of blathering pap."
- g) All of the above

50) True or false: explaining a bruise on his forehead, Mayor Koch said, "As a result of taking aspirin [for my stroke], I urinate more than beforehand. Also—I don't know if you want this, but I'm going to give it to you anyway—the aspirin causes a certain amount of acidity which makes the urination even more compulsory. And in going to the bathroom in the dark I slipped and fell and I bumped my head.... I got up all by myself and then I urinated." ③



KOCH'S PLAN FOR THE HOMELESS

ONE CASE HISTORY

LAST FALL, AFTER ALMOST A DECADE of dilatory and halfhearted measures to help the homeless, Mayor Koch finally initiated a plan: declare large numbers of the unfortunate street people mentally ill and then sweep them into hospitals. There are state laws that allow the involuntary hospitalization of those deemed to be a danger to themselves or others, and clearly there are a lot of disturbed New Yorkers on the loose among us (many of them, of course, are living on the streets precisely because they have been discharged from hospitals). But the mayor's Special Mobile Outpatient Diagnose 'n' Retrieve Unit, as we like to think of it, made what proved to be a problematic choice when it picked up Joyce "Billie Boggs" Brown last November. This left us wondering what other sorts of eccentric, flamboyant and possibly disturbed behavior could spring Koch's SMODNR Unit into action. Consider the following purely hypothetical cases. Which, if any, would warrant a ride to Bellevue?

1. A man frequently accosts total strangers on the street and demands to know what they think of him.

Would you hospitalize? Yes or no?

Clue: Psychiatrists might note in this person a certain amount of insecurity and a need for constant reassurance, and might therefore check for other symptoms of hysterical or histrionic personality. They might also note an obsessive quality in his questions, and see in that a clue to deeper problems.

2. A man writes an "autobiography" in which he insults his work associates and practically boasts of humiliating them, some to the point of tears.

Would you hospitalize? Yes or no?

Clue: In this behavior, psychiatrists might note what they call grandiosity, a trait that appears in people who do not hold themselves accountable to the normal rules for getting along with others. Grandiosity is a classic symptom of several disorders, including the manic side of manic depression, and paranoid schizophrenia. People with these disorders could pose a danger to themselves.

3. A man stands on the Brooklyn Bridge. He shouts greetings to total strangers passing by. He is wildly upbeat, while all around him others are grimaced (there is a transit strike going on). Most ignore the man, but a few upbraid him. He turns surly and calls them wackos.

Would you hospitalize? Yes or no?

Clue: When a person inappropriately speaks in a loud voice or calls attention to himself, psychiatrists want to examine him to see whether his "reality testing" is "intact." It is their way of separating psychotic from nonpsychotic behavior. In this case, they might note a sign of manic-depressive behavior in the elevated mood, and also in the "irritability" the subject exhibits when confronted with an unexpected reaction. They would wonder whether his loud talking seemed bizarre, which might indicate schizophrenic disorders.

4. A man chooses to take on important responsibilities and serious unresolved problems. Instead of addressing these issues, however, he flees to Central America, where he has neither authority nor influence, and studies problems there.

Would you hospitalize? Yes or no?

Clue: Psychiatrists would want to know if there was a pattern of avoiding crises or situations involving stress or decision-making. —Jamie Malanowski

ANSWERS

1) d	11) e	21) True	31) g	41) d
2) c	12) b	22) a	32) f	42) c
3) True	13) f	23) d	33) a	43) b
4) a	14) c	24) b	34) b	44) a
5) b	15) d	25) c	35) e	45) e
6) d	16) a	26) True	36) d	46) c
7) b	17) c	27) b	37) c	47) c
8) c	18) d	28) c	38) a	48) a
9) a	19) True	29) h	39) b	49) g
10) g	20) a	30) i	40) c	50) True

Review of Reviewers

Politics

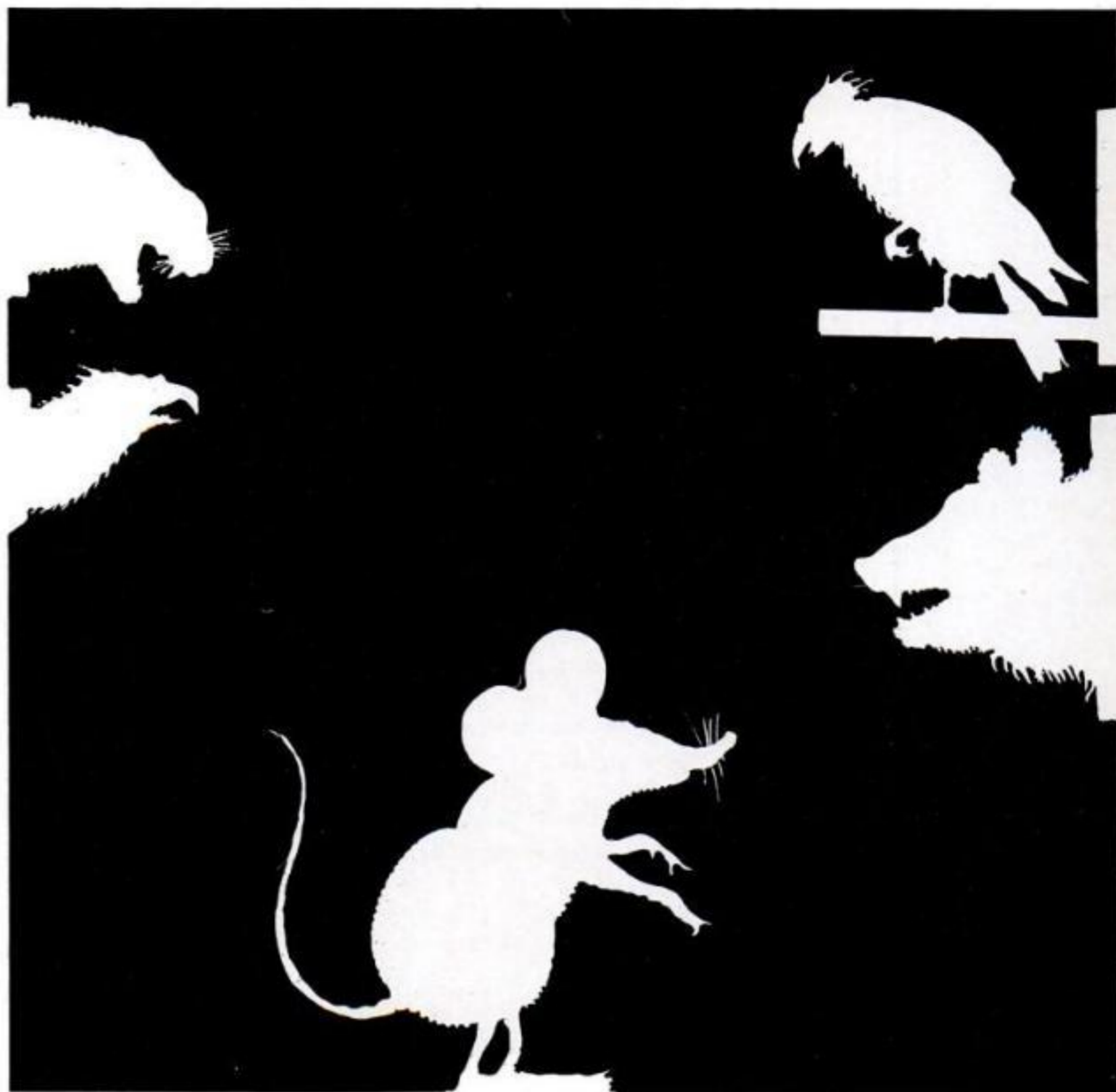
Science and You

Movies

Publishing

Collectibles

How to Be a Grown-up



DAMNING

With Faint Prose



BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

HI, GIRLS! HOW ABOUT STARTING off with a sensitive man? Spalding Gray, autobiographical monologist, or post-modern performance artist, isn't just a sensitive man. He is a fragile and envious

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

man. Then why did the *Times* Book Review ask him to write about rival talker Garrison Keillor's book *Leaving Home*? I have the answer! *They are both monologists.* "I perform monologues myself for a living," Spalding began his review modestly, "so I would often force myself to stay tuned through all that tacky sexless music to try

to find out why [Keillor's] golden voice was, if not better than, then at least more popular than mine."

Oh, Spalding. If you'd only been christened Garrison, it might all have been different. And haven't we heard enough about Spalding's round-the-clock critic and muse, the cranky "my-girlfriend-Renée"? This time Spalding described her charging into the room during *A Prairie Home Companion* and yelling, "Turn that garbage off! It makes me want to swear!" Do you believe it? Well, the *Times* did. The *Times* printed it.

"Also," Spalding continued, "I was surprised to find that these little stories"—Spalding's stories are *big*, you see—"about the people of the mythical town of Lake Wobegon are not as much like milk toast as I had anticipated." Which is known as damning with faint, ungracious, competitive praise.

Compared with surly Spalding, Jann Wenner's my boy! Of the 326 special issues of *Rolling Stone* that the forever-young Wenner published to celebrate the magazine's twentieth anniversary, I enjoyed the top-100-albums issue the most—though parts of it had me feeling a bit . . . furious. *Fury* was used to describe five of the

hallowed albums in the issue, and *ferocious* to describe four others. But various forms of *ferocious* were used with great frequency too—nine times, to be precise.

“‘White Riot’ [is] one of the most ferocious tracks on the [Clash debut] LP”; “*Led Zeppelin II* crackled with a rabid ferocity”; “Hendrix achieved a unique spatial quality that combined physical ferocity”; “‘Suffragette City,’ the album’s most [guess!] ferocious track.”

We know it’s only rock ‘n’ roll, but easy on the *f* word, boys.

New York magazine’s John “Cruel to Be Cruel” Simon is always ferocious—particularly, as SPY has noted before, about women. Here he goes in his sweet, witty way again, this time about Alyson Reed as Sally Bowles in *Cabaret*: “Miss Reed can dance, but not sing or act, has the figure of an athlete slightly out of training, a face that generates instant oblivion, and as much vulnerability as a cement mixer.”

But spare a thought for Jack Anderson, *Times* dance critic, who was sent to Grand Central Terminal to review the must-see *Grand Central Dances*, which were jointly produced by the Metro-North Commuter Railroad and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. A reviewer’s life isn’t all glitter and glamour, you know. Mr. Anderson bravely admitted that he had difficulty seeing the performance of “virtuoso juggling,” as did “people closer to the stage [who] were also bothered by visibility problems caused by the heads in front of them.” There didn’t seem to be much dancing, but there *were* laser beams and the semivisible virtuoso juggler. Anderson gamely described his “manipulation of the balls,” and had some kind words for their visibility: “The fact that they were white made them easy to see, just as the flames made the torches unmistakably visible.” (A breakthrough critical thought, that—*unmistakably visible*.) The performance was, he concluded, “an example of urban togetherness.”

The nation mourned when James “Lollipop” Atlas announced his departure from *Vanity Fair*. “The *Times* is more congenial to the kind of writing I want to do,” he told *New York* magazine, “charting intellectual trends and doing literary criticism.” So it was surprising to discover the incredibly self-important Atlas’s incredibly lame debut in the *Times Magazine*: a piece titled “A Magazine Junkie.” “I’m hopeless when it comes to books,” the intellectual-trend

charter began. Why? Because, it turns out, Atlas is too busy reading magazines. “Gradually, a gnawing anxiety sets in. . . . The book, I remind myself. You’re supposed to be reading a book.”

More ferocity! “It is entirely possible,” wrote the *Times*’s Bernard Holland, “[that Giuseppe Giacomini] found his Tosca of the evening, Eva Marton, a little intimidating, and, indeed, this is a soprano of force and ferocity.” And little wonder, according to Holland, who added, “Listening to her sing . . . was like standing . . . in the path of a hurtling freight train.”

At least she wasn’t compared to “some overweight female impersonator imitating Bette Midler” (so wrote the *Daily News*’s Howard Kissel, impersonating frat boy John Simon, in his review of Georgia Brown’s performance in the short-lived musical *Roza*). Rex Reed, now impersonating a critic in *The New York Observer* (which is, in turn, impersonating a newspaper), contented himself with describing the unfortunate Ms. Brown as “porcine and toad-like.” Sort of like swinish and froggy.

A bit later in his very tasteful column, the swinish and froggy Reed proved what a class act he himself is by taking on singer Anita Ellis, who, alas, is prone to stage fright. “Patience and sympathy abound in New York audiences,” wrote the understanding Reed, “but there were times on Miss Ellis’ opening night when we wanted to say, ‘If this is such torture, why don’t you stay home and work on your recipe for upside-down cake?’ ”

As you know, girls, hell hath no fury like a critic scorned. Having been refused service by the very sensitive management of Bellini by Cipriani, *Times* restaurant reviewer Bryan “Nobody Messes With Moi” Miller subsequently crept back into the place unrecognized, flamethrower in hand, to write the inevitable.

Not even a grudging *single* star for Bellini by Cipriani! Rating by Miller: “Poor.” “Service is boorish and slapdash”; “tortuous lighting that is harsh enough to break the silence of the most resolute double agent”; “requests for water and bread are forgotten and getting wine practically requires papal intervention.”

I love it when he’s angry. “Pastas are uniformly disappointing”; “lifeless”; “gluey”; “a dispiriting mass”; “tasteless”; “should be served with a television set.” “Underseasoning and overcooking plague

the main courses”; “insipid”; “limp”; “a disaster”; “industrial gray”; “rubbery”; “plastic.” Bellini by Cipriani is a “vehicle propelled by celebrities and legends,” concluded the furious and utterly fair-minded Miller. “If you are enamored of either, I suggest you stare through the sidewalk windows and save a heap of cash.”

We are always indebted to *The Nation* without quite knowing why. So it seems only fair to pass on the recommendation of its reviewer, a Stuart Klawans, for the *New England Review and Bread Loaf Quarterly*, Vol. IX, No. 4 (\$12 per year, c/o Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753). According to Klawans, it features “a poem by Albert Goldbarth that somehow addresses the issues of torture, violence against women and mass murder in the context of the adventures of the Donald Duck family of Duckburg. The poem is called ‘Donald Duck in Danish.’ ”

Last month I noted that John Ritter was compared to Cary Grant in the *Times*, Tom Hanks to Cary Grant in *Esquire*, and Jeff Daniels to Cary Grant in *GQ*. Here’s the latest: Marcello Mastroianni is the “Continental Cary Grant”—from “Cary Grant, Italian Style,” *Time* magazine.

New York Times book reviewer and bi-weekly columnist for the Arts & Leisure section John Gross, or Cary Grant, is a mandarin miniaturist. He has no point of view. His About the Arts columns cover topics already done to death. He fusses. And he misses. Writing about Cole Porter’s sublime lyrics for *Anything Goes*, he says, “Porter was also a master of contrast.” Which is true. “The juxtaposition of Mahatma Gandhi and Napoleon brandy in ‘You’re the Top’ still has the power to startle”—which is also true. But why? Gross has the answer: “yoking together as it does the great conqueror and the great apostle of nonviolence.” So now you know. The panache isn’t to be found in the rhyme—*Gandhi/brandy*. We’ve got it all wrong. Cole Porter really wanted to bore his audience stupid. His lyric clearly intended to provoke a comparative study of Indian nationalism and early-nineteenth-century military history. Which is why Gross feels compelled to add his own “witty” aside: “And try imagining a picture of Gandhi on a brandy bottle.”

We can’t. We don’t want to. And Cole Porter doesn’t want us to. The trouble with Gross is that he gets no kick from champagne. Happy New Year! ☺

SPOOK

Talk



BY ART LEVINE

THEY SAY THAT DEAD MEN DON'T talk. But the questions about *Veil*, Bob Woodward's CIA book, had been raging, and I'd had enough of idle speculation. All Washington was atwitter: Had Casey admitted on his deathbed—with a cryptic "*I believed*"—that he'd known about the Iran-contra diversion of funds? Had Woodward lied?

Why would Casey have agreed to meet with a top investigative reporter? So I decided to settle the matter once and for all.

My plan was simple: I would speak to William Casey from beyond the grave.

Sure, since his death, last May, the conventional wisdom has been that his secrets would be buried with him. But why give up the hunt just because a key target of your investigation happens to die? Why not join forces with what should be a key weapon in any gumshoe's arsenal—the psychic medium? The medium's specialty is communicating with dead people, and it's a skill that police departments exploit to investigate violent crimes. Why not use this same technique to unravel the *political* crimes of the day?

For a case like this, I needed someone first-rate, and when I visited the Reverend Anne Gehman, a \$100-an-hour psychic and medium in a Virginia suburb of Washington, I knew she was the right person for the job. A soft-spoken woman, she has been a professional psychic for over 30 years, and her clients, she says, have included congressmen, a Reagan Cabinet official and the founder of Gino's Pizza. She was even the subject of a book called *You Can Communicate With the Unseen World*. One of her best-known feats occurred in 1962, when *The Orlando Sentinel* quoted her prediction of John F. Kennedy's assassination. And I was especially reassured by the impressive-looking certificates on her

wall, granted by the National Spiritualist Association of Churches.

Even with all her experience, it wasn't clear she'd be able to reach Casey. I wasn't a family member he might want to contact, or a reporter who knew him. Nonetheless, she warmed up by lightly running her fingers over the text of Woodward's book and staring at photographs of Casey that I had brought along. Then, after dimming the lights and evidently falling into a trance, she said, "I'm feeling a very strong and wonderful spiritual presence."

Could this be the ruthless Casey, the plotter of car bomb assassinations and harbor minings? Had death changed him so?

I leaned forward with anticipation. In fact, it turned out to be the spirit of someone who resembled my grandmother. I loved my grandmother, of course, and later in the session she *did* promise I'd be receiving a gold pocket watch—but I had work to do.

Suddenly Gehman's body trembled. "I see him now . . .," she said, her voice falling into a whisper. She was plainly distressed. "Oh, my, he feels like a very ambitious man. He has a tendency to be—and



I hope this doesn't sound terribly judgmental—he could be very manipulative and deceptive, very idealistic. He manipulated for what he felt was right. . . . I see him as very manipulative of our president." She added, "Is he a Pisces?" All in all, it was an impressive sketch of Casey's character.

But was she really in touch with Casey? To establish that, I'd picked out a series of factual questions about Casey's life, drawn from the Woodward book. I launched my interrogation of William Casey's spirit.

"What was the name of the person

you—that is, William Casey—and Reagan discussed replacing Khomeini with?" I asked, looking across at Gehman. There was a long pause. Gehman was seeking to relay Casey's thoughts. In life, I knew, Casey had been a mumbling, inarticulate man. To help the conversation along, I prodded them with information: "He was a member of the shah's family." Finally she said, "There were two." Woodward had only reported on a scheme that might involve one person, the son of the late shah.

"What were the names of the two?"

"It starts with an *H*. . . . The other is an *s* or a *ch* sound; it isn't clear."

It was not promising. An additional question about one of Casey's first jobs, with the Tax Research Institute of America, produced only more vague references.

Then her body began to tremble again, and her voice assumed a higher pitch. "All right, hello, my name is Sally, and I will try to assist you," she said. Like a new, spirit world PR person for the William Casey account, Sally immediately sought to explain the murky communications so far. "While he has so recently arisen from your world, and he brings with him truly the memory of all those questions you're seeking, it isn't always easy for us to translate them in the way you desire."

Were there any messages for his widow, Sophia? With so many millions of souls presumably floating around, I wanted to make sure that this was William Casey the CIA director, not, say, William Casey a Boston policeman.

This William Casey, whoever he was, was indeed very specific. "There was a ring removed from his hand at one time in the hospital—she placed it there again," the spirit guide told me. "She has also been somewhat concerned about her eyesight." Later in our talk he added other personal details, describing, for instance, how family members, including his grandfather William and a dead relative of his wife's, also named Sophia, had met him when he'd passed over to The Other Side.

Sophia Casey has insisted that Woodward was lying about the sickbed interview—either she or her daughter were in the hospital room with Casey at all times, she says. But in fact, Casey's spirit reported, Woodward did interview him. "It was during the time that his wife was away from the hospital."

Did he say "I believed," and what did

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he mean by it? There was a long, tense pause. Then, in a quieter voice, Sally said, "He did say 'I believe.'" I noted a crucial discrepancy: Sally, if I heard her correctly, reported Casey saying "believe," while Woodward recorded the word in the past tense, "believed." If Sally's version was correct, Woodward had engaged in the kind of distortion that leaves *all* of us in the press open to criticism.

Nonetheless, Casey still has high professional and personal regard for Woodward. "He wishes he could have more direct contact with him." To that end, Casey's spirit offered me some intimate information about Woodward that, if conveyed to the reporter, might convince him of the reality of spirit world communication.

Casey described a secret meeting in a restaurant at which Casey left a slip of paper on a table and Woodward followed inconspicuously to pick it up. And he also had some health advice for Woodward: "Tell him not to ignore the condition of his back. His back is bothering him."

In *Veil*, Woodward writes that he didn't get to ask one important question—"Do you now see that it was wrong?" I, on the other hand, was free to explore any regrets Casey might have. The spirit guide said, "He does have love and compassion, and he wishes he would have been more in tune with his Higher Self." A few months in the afterlife and he was already starting to sound like Shirley MacLaine.

I left my encounter with Casey flushed with dreams of a journalistic coup. All I needed were a few follow-up phone calls to Woodward and to Sophia Casey to confirm the personal details.

When I reached him by phone, Woodward seemed a bit impatient. "Bob, I'm doing a kind of offbeat story on your book, and I—well, I visited a medium to speak to the purported spirit of William Casey."

"Oh, Jesus," Woodward muttered.

But I pressed forward.

Was there a meeting in a restaurant where he followed Casey to a table and picked up a piece of paper he had left? Woodward laughed. "Look, I've said that I'm not going to go beyond the book. The meetings I chose to describe are in there."

I acted chummy. "C'mon, what difference does it make now? Did you meet him in the restaurant or not?"

"I'm not going to comment. I'm going to let the record stand."

His evasiveness gave me hope. Maybe it

really *did* happen, and he was just refusing to tell me.

I asked Woodward whether he was having any trouble with his back.

"I'm not having back problems," he said coolly. After a few more questions that were answered with either "No comment" or "Go back to the book," the conversation ended.

But there was still Sophia Casey, the embittered widow who has defended William Casey's legacy. Casey's spirit had reassured me, "She won't be quite as skeptical as you think. Appeal to her emotions. And mention her eyes."

Of course, I faced the very real possibility that the bereaved woman might not be too eager to hear from a reporter who claimed to have just spoken to her dead husband's spirit. For a while I considered respecting her privacy. Why not leave Mrs. Casey in peace?

I made up my mind on this ethical issue just about the time I found her phone number. Mrs. Casey listened politely as I introduced myself and explained my mission.

There was a brief silence at the other end. "Yes, go ahead," she said finally.

I said, "One of the things this purported spirit said was that you were having eye problems. Are you?"

"No," she said matter-of-factly.

Maybe the spirit had in fact predicted a *future* health problem, and what with the timelessness of existence on The Other Side, he had just got confused.

What about a ring that was removed from his hand in the hospital, which she placed back on it?

"No."

Desperate for *any* proof, I mentioned the relatives Casey had met after he died.

"His grandfather wasn't named William," she said. Of all the names I read to her, she could confirm only that Sophia was her ancestor's name.

"I know this is pretty wacky," I said apologetically. "Yes, it is," she said, and I switched to a more conventional line of questioning, eager to prove that I was not a psychopath who specialized in pestering widows. Soon, though, I ran out of more or less reasonable questions, and Mrs. Casey ran out of patience.

I had chatted with William Casey's ghost, yes, but my search for the Iran-contra truth had not ended as fruitfully as I'd hoped. And I'm still waiting for the pocket watch from my grandmother. ☹

SAVE

the Whales?



BY ADAM-TROY CASTRO

NOT LONG AGO A SCHOOL OF pilot whales beached themselves near Eastham, Massachusetts. Dozens of them lay dead or dying under the sun. Those still in the water seemed disoriented. Despite the efforts of volunteers who spent hours trying to guide these stragglers away from the beach, almost none of them survived.

SCIENCE AND YOU

Those of us who have followed the sad plight of our cetacean friends know that this is not an unprecedented phenomenon. Far from it. For all their intelligence, whales beach themselves fairly regularly.



No one has succeeded in explaining why. Until now.

While I was not one of those heartbroken volunteers, the answer came to me late one afternoon, on a different beach, in a sudden burst of understanding.

Maybe, I thought, they just want to die.

We know that whales are sentient beings, possessing an intelligence that approaches that of man. Those of us who have mentioned this in our fight to abolish the whaling industry have frequently heard skeptics snigger and say, "If whales are so smart, how come they don't have a

civilization?" To which we have carefully responded that, because of their generally friendly environment, whales don't need to struggle to find food: their standard prey, plankton, is just floating around ready to be sucked up. Whales don't have to clothe themselves: even arctic waters are warm enough for them. They don't need to fight wars. They don't have to build cities or get jobs.

All they have to do is swim and swim. Day after day after day after day. *What must it be like, I wondered, to be the intellectual equivalent of a human and yet be limited to a life as mentally stimulating as that of a goldfish in a bowl? To be denied the solace of art or craftsmanship or anything approaching meaningful achievement?*

What must it be like? Listen to a recording of whale song. Even with all our computers and millions of dollars of field research, our greatest minds have been unable to decipher the language. But maybe it's not a language. Maybe it is precisely what it sounds like to our untrained ears—the tormented, anguished moaning of an entire species condemned to a living hell.

Think about it. Why are whales so eager to jump out of the water? After all, it can't be easy to propel tons of mass skyward that way, and it can't be pleasant when they come crashing back down in what must be the planet's most painful belly flop. Some scientists say they do it to slough off accumulated barnacles. But to me it looks like a gesture of frustration—they can't stand the water, and every once in a while the pressure gets to be too much.

Also, why do so many whales persist in using exactly the same migration routes year after year, when by now creatures of their intelligence must surely have figured out that there will be whaling ships waiting for them there? Why? Because they *know* the whaling ships are there. *They want the whaling ships to be there.*

Why does one kind of whale, the common dolphin, persist in approaching vessels of Japanese tuna fishermen, when any intelligent marine mammal could see that Japanese tuna fishermen are killing dolphins by the tens of thousands? *Because they're looking for tuna fishermen.* They want the tuna fishermen to put them out of their misery.

Save the whales, we are accustomed to thinking and saying almost automatically, like a chant. *Save the whales.*

How can we be so cruel? ☹

SNEAKY

Previews



BY BRUCE HANDY

IF MOVIES CAN HAVE COMING ATTRACTIONS, why not coming reviews? None of the following films has been released, let alone reviewed, but *SPY* offers here a tantalizing preview of what the critics will be saying—and you'll be repeating at parties—when these movies-in-production finally hit the screen.

MOVIES

Sometimes the most shocking developments in human history sneak up on us unawares. Forty years ago, the Japanese were a devastated, defeated people. Today they own America—and who was paying attention in between? Or get this: Alan Alda suddenly has an oeuvre. *A New Life* is his third film as director and fourth as screenwriter, and this time the avatar of tasteful midlife crisis tackles life after divorce. The only surprise here is that professional midlifers Jill Clayburgh, Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett aren't in the cast. The usurpers are would-be TV crossover stars Hal Linden and Veronica Hamel, plus war-horse Ann-Margret, who has proved herself to be a stunningly mutable fantasy figure over the years. *A New Life* positively oozes warmth, quiet wit and a crinkly-eyed self-deprecation that disguises smugness much as curry powder masks bad lamb. The success of the candle-lit, wine-fueled, Vivaldiscored seduction scene—wherein the Alda character bares his fear of relationships, at the same time realizing that the *human connection* is the only thing that really matters in this crazy life—depends on the audience's age, gender and receptivity to in-your-face New Male Sensitivity.

In these days of death by Uzis and leaps from high rises, who wouldn't warm to a good old-fashioned slow-motion, nonmetaphorical crucifixion scene? *The Penitent* combines the histrionic plotting of *All My Children* with the "unusual Easter rituals" of a poor Catholic sect in New Mexico.

Who will do the Good Friday honors, cuckold Raul Julia or cuckolding best friend Armand Assante? Whose wounds will gorgeous, Israeli-born newcomer Rona Freed tenderly nurse just before the final, brooding shot of cross silhouetted against mesa? We won't give anything away, but rest assured that everyone speaks with the simplicity, dignity and heavy-handed biblical diction of *Tortilla Flat* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. First-time director Cliff Osmond (not Donny's older brother) nevertheless makes a name for himself, and Rona Freed looks forward to competing for parts with Valerie Kaprisky and Maria Conchita Alonso.

Hispanic-themed films without Los Lobos are all well and good, but what America really wants is a movie about a guy who talks to his penis. So Griffin Dunne does, playing yet another New York schmo in *Me and Him*. Germanwoman Doris Dörrie directs, continuing the bemused study of the hairier sex that she began with her first comedy, the oddly punctuated *Men...* Everybody knows that *all* guys talk to their penises; the joke here is that this time the penis talks back (Jack Nicholson reportedly turned down the part). While a tempting array of creative possibilities would seem to exist for realizing the film's premise, Dunne just spends a lot of time looking down at his trousered crotch and arguing. If it sounds like a nonmetaphorical remake of *Play It Again, Sam*, it is, but the only thing crucified in slow motion here is the likable Dunne's curious career.

And speaking of curious, are dead people getting weirder, or is it just the movies based on their lives? Test your Biopic Quotient with the following quiz:

The cinema's dullest genre breaks no new ground with *Bird*, based on the life of (a) Charlie "Bird" Parker; (b) Mark "the Bird" Fidrych; (c) Larry "Bird" Bird and directed by (a) Chuck Norris; (b) Clint Eastwood; (c) Richard Attenborough.

If you answered Parker and Eastwood, call up Warner Bros. and tell them they should give you a production deal because you're entirely as savvy as the people who put together the *Bird* package.

Unfortunately, funny white boy C. Thomas Howell, who evinced such a profound empathy for the Afro-American experience in *Soul Man*, wasn't on hand to show us the lighter side of the ill-fated Parker, because he's tied up with (a) *Young Toscanini*; (b) *Young Casey Stengel*; (c)

Young Alf Landon, costarring (a) Ava Gardner; (b) Jane Wyman; (c) Elizabeth Taylor and directed by (a) Franco Zeffirelli; (b) Michelangelo Antonioni; (c) Richard Attenborough.

If you said Stengel, Wyman and Antonioni, you're wrong. Zeffirelli directs Howell and Taylor in *Young Toscanini*. For all the heavyweights, this multinational coproduction seems surprisingly small-scale—but maybe that's because we caught it during its exclusive premiere on Air France.

A final, uplifting note: the last time we reviewed movies-in-production we gave a less than enthusiastic critique of *Shy People*, which really upset the folks at Cannon Films, who produced it. So did the reference to the troubled corporation as a "sinking ship." And after sitting through a couple of very loud, unpleasant phone calls, we decided we'd been pretty darn unfair. Ever since, we've wanted to make it up to Cannon, and now we've found just the way.

It seems that, in the grip of a self-destructive neurosis, Cannon has been agonizing over whether or not to go ahead with the obviously surefire John Travolta vehicle *Crack*. Our mission: a letter-writing campaign to ensure *Crack's* triumphant realization, to guarantee that this worthy endeavor elbows its way onto America's movie screens, where it belongs. Please, let Cannon know how important it is to you—and to the nation's youth—that this searing subject be treated in the sober, responsible manner for which Cannon has made its reputation. Let them know that thoughtful, serious director Stan (*Love at First Bite*) Dragoti is just the man to do it. Let them know how *hot*, how irresistibly *happening*, how awesomely *seminal* a movie like *Crack* will be when it appears a mere two and a half years after CBS's *48 Hours on Crack Street*. Assure them that the marquee-boggling combination of John Travolta and Rebecca De Mornay will have you lining up around the block for the privilege of plunking down your six bucks and making Cannon solvent. Come on, people: don't let Cannon shoot itself in the foot. Let the company know you care. We beg you: write to Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, Cannon Group Inc., 600 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Or better yet, call 'em up, at (212) 759-5700, and plead—plead, damn you—"We want *Crack!* We want *Crack!*"

NAUGHTY

Words in Print



BY MARK LASSWELL

IS MOTHERFUCKER GERMANE?

How pertinent is *cocksucker*? Does *asshole* really matter? These questions plague newspaper and magazine editors, who regularly have to make calls on whether to print *fuck*, *f---*, *f****, *bleep* or nothing at all. Writers don't usually provoke editors by sully their own prose with dirty words, but quotes are another thing. Some publications print language as it really is spoken in offices and homes—rife with smutty metaphors and scatological catcalls. Others reflexively excise any word that might



have brought a blush to the cheek of June Cleaver in 1961. Many others take the coward's way out, using the word but hiding behind dashes. This h--d-in-the-sand policy is, in a way, more vulgar than the word itself, as if the publication were nudging the reader and saying, "Heb-heb. Fill in the blanks. Get it? You know what we mean, *but we didn't print it!*"

The AIDS epidemic has prompted much editorial scrambling. When descriptions of exotic sex acts started turning up in *The New York Times's* AIDS articles, the editors' revulsion was almost palpable.

It is a long way editorially, though, from *fellatio* and *anal sex* to *cocksucking* and *buttfucking*. Some publications make the leap, others balk. Who does what? An investigation was in order.

COSMOPOLITAN

Helen Gurley Brown monitors every word that goes into *Cosmo*. None are dirty.

"I can't recall *fuck* ever appearing in *Cosmo*, and certainly not *cunt* or words like that," says one editor. "Even with something like 'You bet your ass,' I'd question that and see what Helen thinks."

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

Copy chief Tanya Lenkow: "We ran a piece on Mel Gibson, and he said being a good actor is 'like putting your dick on a chopping block with the knowledge that no one is going to chop it off.' It'd be a shame to cut that quote or change it. We want to show how celebrities really speak."

To that end, *GQ* readers were once treated to supposed sophisticate Robert Wagner calling Maximilian Schell an asshole and Tony Curtis a fucking asshole.

MANHATTAN, INC.

With the arrival of Clay Felker and a new editorial regime last summer, the magazine's ubiquitous censorial dash was eased into retirement, making an appearance now only when the *f* word crops up. "We don't dash out *shit* or *ass* anymore," says copy chief Elizabeth Ungar. "But we still use dashes on *fuck*. Other than that, we don't run into any other obscene words. I guess businesspeople aren't all that salty. If someone says *extra-fucking-ordinary* someday, I don't know what we'll do."

NEWSWEEK

Newsweek's springtime (March 23, 1987) foray into the ghetto with its BROTHERS special issue presented the delicious spectacle of a magazine trying to bring the raw edge of the black urban experience to a largely white suburban readership.

Without one word of explanation, a code of capital letters—*MF*, *F*, *S*—was employed to connote *motherfucker*, *fuck* (*F'd* for *fucked*) and *shit*. Things got a little confusing in passages such as "He was a scholarship student scraping along on B's and C's, and he set himself a survivalist course—hit the books and stay the *F* out of the way."

Elsewhere in the story, *NBA*, Malcolm

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X, SAT and OK surfaced, doubtless leaving young readers in the MF'ing dark.

THE NEW YORKER

New Yorker watchers cited Bobbie Ann Mason's obscenity-laced "In Country" as a precedent breaker when it appeared in the June 3, 1985, issue. William Shawn, readers said, was letting his guard down with this story of a tough-talking Vietnam vet. Not so. "In Country" simply joined the very short list of stories whose authors could not be persuaded to change words that Shawn found objectionable.

The New Yorker's first *shit* appeared on September 27, 1976, in the Gabriel García Márquez story "The Autumn of the Patriarch." Its first *asshole* appeared on June 30, 1975, in Judith Speyer's "The Man With a Balloon in His Heart."

"*Fuck* may have been in a book review [quote] in the past, before Mason," says one editor. "I can't recall. That just shows how ad hoc the decisions have been. Shawn would ask, 'Is it necessary?' It was cumbersome and embarrassing to have to negotiate with writers about specific words."

A sort of mongrel house style resulted. Writers without the heart for filibuster agreed to change or delete words; others used their clout to protect their copy. *Fuck* became *f**** in Pauline Kael's movie reviews; *twat* appeared in all its spelled-out glory in a Calvin Trillin piece last winter; Jeremy Bernstein's "The Life It Brings" included a jazz musician's explanation that the song title "Castle Rock" referred to "a great big [sexually explicit]!"

A great big editorially explicit change has occurred under Robert Gottlieb's stewardship: an unprecedented three *fucks* and two *asses* (one *smart-* and the other *simple-*) added a refreshing fillip to Veronica Geng's May 11 book review column. A recent Gottlieb-era story, "Helping," by Robert Stone, contained one *fuck*, one *fucker*, three *fuckings*, four *fuckin's*, one *shit*, one *jack shit*, one *horseshit*, one *asshole*, one *tight-assed* and one *pissing*.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, NEW YORK POST and DAILY NEWS

Newspapers only coyly acknowledge colorful language. The *Post's* Dick Young would winkingly substitute *bullshit* for *bullshit*; the *Daily News* lists the Butthole Surfers as "The Buttonhole Surfers."

How a quote plays in the three major

dailies reveals gradations of newspaper propriety. After a particularly awful Mets loss last season, the *Post* reported that Keith Hernandez said, "We have to get our heads out of our [a----] on defense." The *Daily News* printed, "We have to get our heads out of our behinds." The *Times* didn't use the quote.

ROLLING STONE

In the age of Meese, *Rolling Stone* still qualifies as a rock 'n' roll magazine—the sort that gets yanked from convenience-store magazine racks. As a result, caution rules at the former counterculture tabloid.

"If, by running so many obscenities, we could run into a situation where people won't be able to read our magazine because it's not on newsstands, obviously that's a pragmatic decision that has to be made," says executive editor Bob Wallace. "Retailers and magazine distributors are friends of the magazine."

TIME

Fuck has crept into *Time's* columns just once, and then only in the Canadian edition, says assistant managing editor Dick Duncan. That was back in 1969, when Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was overheard in Parliament urging an opposition speaker to "fuck off."

"The pressure to relax was in the sixties and seventies," Duncan recalls. "When people were going around shrieking 'Fuck,' they were making a political statement with their use. But you still had to use a lot of dashes."

HARPER'S

"The magazine is very much about having a chorus of voices," says *Harper's* senior editor Gerald Marzorati.

The happy pluralism practiced at *Harper's* resulted last year in an essay called "Reflections on Bullshit"; a *Harper's* Index notation that the word *fuck* appears 160 times in Lenny Dykstra's autobiography, *Nails*; and a short story by Hanif Kureishi in which the homosexual narrator describes a novel and extravagantly unsafe sex act.

"What I find most interesting is the way publications zero in on specific words but are often less sensitive to the bigger offensive issues," says Marzorati. "I mean, isn't it obscene for *The New York Times* to call a dinner for two that costs \$140 'reasonable'?" ☺

PROFITS

on Paper?



BY JOE QUEENAN

IRANGATE IS ONE OF THE MOST disgraceful episodes in recent American history, and so I was vaguely hoping I could make a little money off it. What I had in mind was buying up the autographs of Irangate principals, hanging on to them in anticipation of major-league indictments and then unloading them at premium prices. But before undertaking my speculations in the infamy-futures market, I decided to consult an authority on famous peoples' signatures to see if there is any real money in Irangateabilia.

Alas, there isn't.

"It's all ephemera; it's already disappeared," said Paul Hartunian, an autograph expert who appears regularly on TV. "The light's gone out real fast," he explained when I asked him about Oliver North's shelf life. "A while back, when he was still testifying, a signed photograph would have gone for \$50 to \$75. Now you'd get \$40 to \$60 at best."

Hartunian scoffed when I asked if any autograph dealers were putting North in their catalogs. "Not the full-time pros. Maybe the guy who's a taxicab driver by day and an autograph dealer at night."

"Could that change?" I asked. "Could a North autograph go back up?"

"If he got a vice presidential nomination, it would shoot right back up," Hartunian said. "Other than that, it's over."

"How about Secord, Abrams, those guys?" I asked.

"To use your term, *shelf life*, you could measure it in weeks, even days."

Hartunian also cautioned against stockpiling Fawn Halls, noting that the signatures of Iran embassy hostages had once fetched pretty good prices but now are worth nothing. By comparison, even a Mother Teresa is still worth \$95.

Autograph collecting is a tricky business, all right. What's hot Monday might be not hot by Friday. This is particularly true when you're dealing with living scum who can still handle a pen. Consider the case of David Berkowitz, the legendary Son of Sam. At one time, his signature was fetching an easy \$50. But in the past few years hundreds of collectors have written to the madman asking him to sign tiny slips of paper that say I AM THE SON OF SAM AND I KILLED SIX PEOPLE. Because of the killer's willingness to please, Berkowitziana is "all over the place," according to Hartunian. "It's almost unsalable."

Charles Manson's signature isn't completely unsalable, but anyone who's been hoarding Mansoniana can forget about significant appreciation. In this case, said Hartunian, the problem isn't that there are too many autographs on the market. It's that Manson, although still psychopathically insane, is a has-been.

"At its high, a Manson-signed letter was going for \$200 to \$250," said Hartunian. "Now they're worth \$50 or \$60—if you can get that. What's happened is that history started to set in. People have realized that Charles Manson was nothing more than a mass murderer. He didn't change history."

Gary Gilmore, who also didn't change history, is practically worthless today, but Sirhan Sirhan isn't. With Bobby Kennedy's murderer, two market forces are at work: the fact that he *did* alter the political landscape by murdering a man who might have been president, and the fact that there isn't much Sirhaniana around. "I haven't seen a signature in ten years," Hartunian said. "It would be hard to put a value on his signature, but I'd have to say at least \$500. Even Hinckley's worth something—a nice letter will get between \$50 and \$75, and if he mentions Jodie Foster or Ronald Reagan, it'd sell for \$150."

Of course, the real jewel in any collector's crown would be a pristine Lee Harvey Oswald. "A letter would get, easily, \$2,000 or \$3,000—if you could find one," said the expert. The letter would be worth \$10,000 to \$20,000 if it mentioned any plans to assassinate JFK.

As our talk continued, Hartunian mentioned another nutty guy whose signature is—unbelievably—just about worthless.

"Liberace was a great entertainer," he said, "but he didn't change anything."

At this point I asked if there was any

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money to be made by stockpiling the autographs of aspirants to the White House. As with my other suggestions, Hartunian didn't think this was a good one.

"Right now it's tough for speculators because there are so many candidates," he said. "Autographed photos of someone like Gephardt would go for around \$10. If he were elected president, the same photo might be worth \$150." Hartunian *did* feel that any money to be made in this area would have to be on the autographs of Democrats, because of the relative cheapness of the material available. Since autographed photos of George Bush are already fetching \$65 and would easily rise to \$150 if he became president, there just isn't much of a potential upside in Republicaniana.

Before the Senate confirmation hearings began, Hartunian warned me that as went Bork, so would go Biden, autograph-wise. Hartunian believes that Biden always uses an autopen anyway, and autopen signatures are "absolutely worthless."

Well, almost.

"If you could get your hands on a letter where Reagan actually says 'I knew' [about Irangate], it wouldn't make any difference if it was signed with an autopen," Hartunian noted. "It would be worth at least a thousand."

To illustrate the risks of investing in the signatures of mass murderers, people who sell weapons to our nation's enemies, or Pete du Pont, I should mention that when I started my research last spring I had the idea of hoarding Hart(pence)iana. Hart, of course, is now "gone," according to Hartunian. "You take somebody like Harold Stassen and there you have a genuine historical curiosity," he explained, "because he ran for the White House so many times. Gary Hart is one step in front of Jim and Tammy Bakker."

Maybe so, but that's still pretty fast company. Getting back to my original idea of trying to make some money out of the autograph racket, I had planned to suggest to Gary Hart that he pay off his \$1.3 million 1984 campaign debt by spending a couple of months sitting at home autographing tens of thousands of copies of the presidential oath, which would be worth \$150 each if he won the election. I was going to offer to split the profits, and even provide the stationery. I was going to say, "I need the money, Mr. Hart, and so do you." I still need the money. So does he. ❸

Cracking

WISE



BY ELLIS WEINER

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN COURT-ING the girls, I played me a waiting game. In other words, I pursued romance largely by waiting around for some girl to "like" me. In the meantime, I went about my manic-depressive teenage business, staying in my room and reading a lot of science fiction in private, scowling and quipping in public, ruggedly disdaining flirtation even as I sought it at every turn. Eventually, I assumed, love would be mine. After all (I thought), I was funny; beneath the scowling and quipping, I was nice; unlike many better-looking, less piercingly intelligent boys, I was responsible; and, most attractive of all, *I wasn't obviously interested in girls.*

This strategy—presenting to the world a sensitive, affectionate soul artfully concealed in the guise of an airily cutting wit—was more or less a complete failure. (The time, keep in mind, was the mid-1960s; to me, back then, females constituted a different species, sex was a scalding rite of transformation reserved for college, and girls one's age were either love objects, lab partners or anonymous bystanders.) Lonely, horny, wounded by the injustice of it all, I did what men in similar straits have done for millennia: I cultivated a philosophy.

Nothing dogmatic, nothing fancy—in fact, nothing at all, save for some vague, general propositions falling into that controversial area triangulated by the ethical imperatives of Immanuel Kant (*Critique of Pure Reason*), the existential strictures of Jean-Paul Sartre (*Being and Nothingness*) and the blowhard windbagisms of Robert Heinlein (*Have Spacesuit Will Travel*). What it all came down to was this: I would be above the petty pursuit of self, in all its trivial, contingent, not intellectually val-

id forms—power, money, fame and, of course, girls. Instead, I would concentrate on the accumulation of "wisdom," by which I meant the really important principles and truths of human life.

As Colonel North said, it seemed like a neat idea. Since all of human existence was grist for the mill of which wisdom was the flour-fine final result, why not forget the grist, forget the mill and just go buy the flour? Go directly to wisdom. Do not pass experience. Do not pass desire, loss, pain, frustration. Do not pass life.

Instead, believe fully in and act confidently on this or that timeless precept. *Emotions are ephemeral. The ego is a cage; the egotist is therefore a prisoner. Preconceptions determine perceptions.* In college I would read, say, *Transcendence of the Ego*, underline the whole thing, draw bold vertical lines beside good paragraphs and hysterical stars beside great ones, and scrawl impassioned marginalia on the order of REALLY? and YES! and HOW TRUE!

Really? Yes! And how mature! What better recourse, for a gland-crazed 18-year-old, than to pretend to be a sated, contemplative 88-year-old? Eternal, comfy-cozy, indisputably affirmed wisdom



rose radiant on the horizon, a glowing, warm and happy Oz in which everyone, man and woman alike, really *was* above worrying about girls.

But then, Oz was administered not by a stentorian Head but by a shrimpy guy pulling levers. "Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain!" I'd command myself at the onset of unassuageable heartache. The curtain kept opening, though, and behold: the man behind it was me.

Today, pushing 38, a grown-up supreme (as opposed to Diana Ross, who is a grown-up Supreme), I find that my tech-

nique with girls is largely unchanged. I still scowl, quip and wait, in vain, to be adored. Emotionally and sexually, though, I'm now able to get away with it, because somewhere along the line I managed to talk a very nice woman into marrying me. She is therefore required, by law, to tolerate my scowling and quipping, and to "like" me. What has changed, however, is my attitude toward wisdom. I think it's a lot of hooey.

Harsh? So be it—I said it and, in the defiant words of Bertie Wooster, I meant it to sting. I, like every other grown-up, now see all too clearly that wisdom is simply platitude in a tuxedo. What happened was, I got *down*—I had experiences and stuff, all of which were impervious to wisdom's whispered counsels. Unrequited love, requited unlove, successes, failures—the problem was, I kept getting emotionally involved in my own life. Afterward, struggling mightily to divine the meaning of what had taken place, I'd labor to give birth to a lusty infant of wisdom, only to discover that instead I'd passed a small gallstone of platitude. *Lovin' don't last; cookin' does. What good is sitting alone in your room? Come hear the music play. Watch the doughnut, not the hole.*

That's why, today, when critics reverently unwrap the *w* word—as they do often in this age of mellowing baby-boomers and smug young farts—I snort audibly. "A very true—and very wise—examination of the human heart," a reviewer will gently type about the latest novel or collection of stories. This can mean one of two things: either the critic is a ninny, indulging in a sort of intellectual sentimentality by using the specifics of the writing to swoon at the wonderfulness of their general (platitudinous) "meaning," or, worse, he is bent on showing us how "wise" *he* is by demonstrating that he can recognize wisdom in others.

It was Thornton Wilder, I think, who said, I think, that literature was the orchestration of platitudes. The grown-up, intending no disrespect to literature (and swearing no particular fealty to Thornton Wilder), agrees. He knows that wisdom is the spectator sport of the armchair intellectual and the sofa-bed emotional, the philosophical Hallmark greeting card proudly sent and gratefully received by the *Reader's Digest* set. "Keep your wisdom," the grown-up laughs. "Give me the doughnut." ☺



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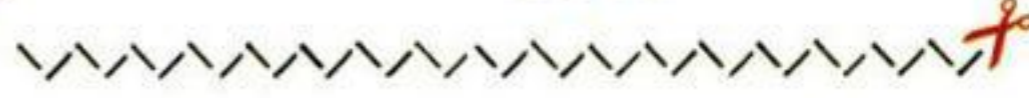
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Party

► Andy Stein and Donald Trump—both potential U.S. presidents, who were, shockingly, provided no Secret Service protection during this private moment outside City Hall—share a delightful, elegant bon mot.



Stein: *Hey Don, you've got a dickfor on the back of your jacket.*



Trump: *Huh? This jacket cost me 250 bucks. What's a dickfor, anyway?*



Stein: *Cheesh! If you don't know, I'm not gonna tell you! Ha ha ha! Get it?*

▼ We know it's a toss-up, but . . . **Quick!** Which Trump gal is more curvaceous and glamorous: Donald's fetchingly attired wife, Ivana (below left), here at the Christian Lacroix fashion show, or kid brother Robert's actually handsome wife, Blaine (below right), with the designer himself?

► At the same Lacroix show, short-fingered vulgarian and would-be Upper West Side ravager Donald Trump passes a very secret, very VIP message to publisher Malcolm Forbes (the one in the non-clip-on bow tie).



AT Mortimer's: with great concentration, a man who claims to be named Count Mingo del Ren is apparently either (a) lifting Pat Buckley four inches off the ground or (b) playing *guess-your-weight* the way it's played in the Spanish court.



At the opening of BAM's Next Wave Festival, chairwoman Bianca Jagger tried to show *Mahabharata* translator Jean-Claude Carrière how she does that thing with her lips.

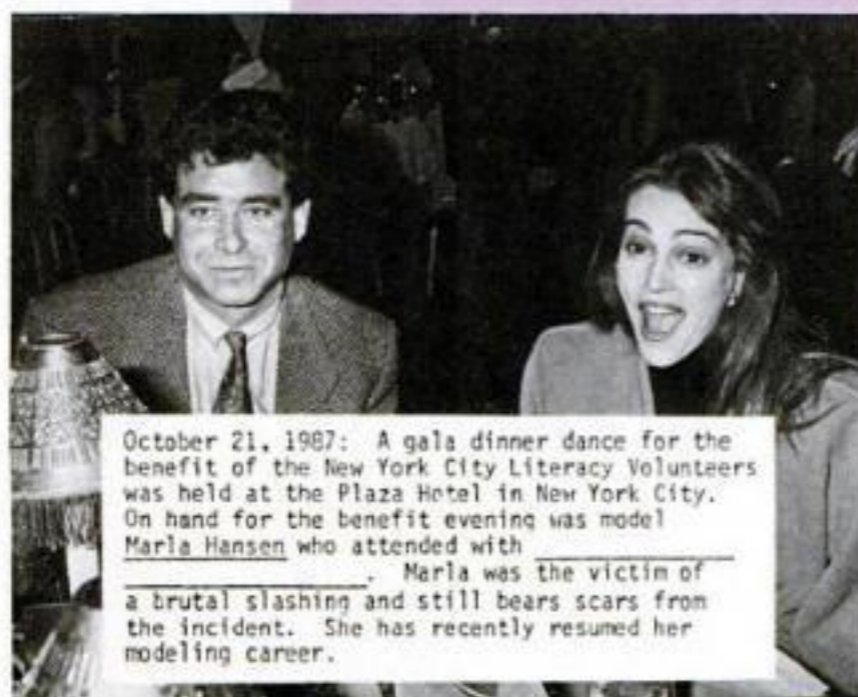


"... Cheesh! If you don't know..." Calvin Klein regales his highly sophisticated friends (from left) Ahmet Ertegun, Pat and Bill Buckley, and Lady Slim Keith with a delightful, elegant bon mot he picked up from Donald Trump.

▼ **LINZERTART** Imagine, if you can, a Zsa Zsa Gabor, a Joey Adams and a Robin Leach—all in one room. At a dinner for the Zsa Zsa Gabor at swanky Le Club, there just wasn't enough Zsa Zsa to go around. The Joey Adams (1) and the Robin Leach (2) took turns protecting the ancient-Hungarian-temptress-in-a-bubble-dress from the packs of other eager bon vivants (Patrick Shields and Gerry Cooney, 3) fighting for her attentions.



▲ **BLOWING BUBBLES** Celebrity Servicer Earl Blackwell is supported by an unamused waiter as he supports Bubbles Rothermere after an especially hearty lunch at Le Cirque. Later, an Ace-banded Bubbles works the buffet table, with restaurant-check-allergic bon vivant Anthony Haden-Guest, who sported a matching bandage—on his head!



October 21, 1987: A gala dinner dance for the benefit of the New York City Literacy Volunteers was held at the Plaza Hotel in New York City. On hand for the benefit evening was model Maria Hansen who attended with _____ . Maria was the victim of a brutal slashing and still bears scars from the incident. She has recently resumed her modeling career.

(Caption provided by photographer Ron Galella.)

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PERSONALS

SHORT, SWARTHY, BUREAUCRAT, 29, seeks female counterpart. Should like nitro-burning funny cars, Stuckey's peanut brittle. SPY Box 39.

ROZ—White cotton... nevermind. Congrats on being the department.

HEY SDS & AJ—Happy first, I believe.

Eyes, soul, spunk. I got 'em—you want 'em? Send response to SWF SPY Box 40.

Mensa schmensa. Real geniuses join Bensa, the international institute for the preternaturally cerebral. Send SAT scores to SPY Box 41.

TOUGH COOKIE (38) seeks tall, cool glass of milk to journey down the gullet of life with. Send note, photo, SPY Box 42.

Separated at Birth from Dennis Quaid? Photo, note, a must. SPY Box 43.

Still waiting for that generous someone to make me run home after work, put on lipstick and figure out just the right thing to wear. SPY Box 45.

Happy birthday, Marge in Tucson! P.S. No hard feelings over causing that blackout.

To Mathhead. Have a Yippee Skippy Valentine's Day. Love, Otis Birdsong.

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS: Aisle 3 Red-Tag Special on spirited pretty 30-year-old SJF. Handsome, intelligent, unpretentious SJM should check this out. SPY Box 47.

Do not answer this ad if you don't like dark winter storms and strong winds that make the last leaves explode off the trees onto Mulberry Street or long slow funeral processions on hot humid days with cars full of stuffy solemn people suffocating cuz they can't turn on the radio and escape or cute little children who get their sneakers caught at the top of the escalator or those zombies they let out every day at 1:30 to

buy a Dr. Pepper at burgerland who sit so quietly sipping in hot overcoats at a back booth happy-faced cuz they think they're being cured or one of those old men with one leg and a face that looks like it took some shrapnel sitting next to you on the N train crossing and uncrossing his other half of leg at the kneecap. But if you do, let's get together and explore this town sometime. SPY Box 48.

FREDDY D.—when was the last time you did a "dead squirrel" in the back of a car or wore your dog bone necklace? Tap the still—it's time for another birthday celebration in them 'thar hills!

Happy Birthday to Dad and Pips.

November 5, late afternoon, on the Brooklyn-bound N train. You: red hair, yellow jumper. Me: stained red windbreaker. You didn't notice me until I started staring at you. De Kalb Avenue: you changed cars. How about a second chance? SPY Box 49.

Iggy: your pooky-foo still wants to rumble. XOXO, Clottums.

Happy birthday, Seymour. For a disabled, orphaned senior citizen, you're doing OK. Thank you k'muchly, kron, shoulduh.

Happy b-day, Izikel. (Sorry this b-day greeting is so owly.)

J.D.—Is it better to be a big fish in a small pond, or a small fish in a big pond? Happy V. Day, Happy 5. Yours, Ish.

BIG BOBZ—Thanks for a great party. No thanks for this hangover. Consequently, I'm swearing off Diet Coke forever—Sandor.

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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

Was not Madonna, after all, wrong? If we actually were living in a material world, would not we be in the midst of a cataclysmal worldwide depression? Are not we rather, if the truth be known, living in a world of dreams?

I'll say this: I think the pope would have been on firm ground in Hollywood last September if, in his speech to an assembly of moguls and stars, he had gone ahead and given voice to the warning reportedly included in his prepared text—a warning not to become lost in a world of fantasy.

Why the pope—when he beheld the actual upturned faces of, say, Aaron Spelling and George Maharis—was out of delivering this admonition, I don't know. But Alexander Chancellor of London's Independent got wind of it and wrote a column headlined SWEEPING FANTASY VIRUS INVADES AMERICAN DREAM.

A dream infected by something even less substantial! This puzzle, as you know, has resisted British influence from the beginning, but Chancellor can scarcely be faulted in his assertion that President Reagan, Gary Hart, Joseph Biden, Dan Rafter, Faun Hall, Donna Rice and Jessica Hahn have all been living in fantasy worlds lately. Further, Chancellor contends, "Such is the sense of possibility in the United States that many people appear to feel that they are entitled to everything at once."

You may feel entitled to a puzzle jam-packed with every conceivable dream reference. Well, you will find nothing here to do with Freud, skinny oxen or the Everly Brothers (who sang "Wake Up Little Susie" and "All I Have to Do Is Dream"). Nor will there be any telling invocation of the Delmore Schwartz short story "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities" because I was going to go back and read that story again. I had the feeling it might well apply downright eerily to these days of illusion, but I didn't get a chance to. I can't do everything for you.

Go ahead to hell with Madonna if you will. Was not Delmore Schwartz, after all, crazy as a road lizard? —R.B.

ACROSS


- Suck you buss ("it's said").
- Kiss equals X, A is an article, and du is "you" familiarly in German.
- Trip, OD.
- See and RR rearranged around LAX.
- Robert Johnson, the great blues singer, sang "Hell Hound on My Trail."
- Peter Lorre was a child-murderer in Fritz Lang's *M. Eaten*. A witch hazel is an example of a tree.
- My people's odium! Finally settling upon the right person. Southern black folk didn't like it that Judge Robert Bork seemed to regard civil rights measures as somehow unclean, and southern white folk, I am convinced, didn't cotton to his beard. Hence conservative southern Democrats in the Senate felt it incumbent upon them to reject Bork as an extremist. Has the black vote—at least in regard to national issues, and at least so long as it doesn't actually put Jesse Jackson *in office*—ever been wrong? No. And let this be a lesson to us all: never participate in a televised hearing (remember Joe McCarthy? remember Arthur Liman?) if you have bad hair.
- Reggie sighed. You notice Reggie got a hit on what he said was his last lifetime at bat and then played again on the last day of the season and got another hit on what was, finally, his last at bat? Name me another major ballplayer who's been anywhere near as good as Jackson in the role of Playing Out the String. Didn't he look at a hot young player and reflect, "What a future I've had"? And didn't he say he wouldn't go on and on "wringing out the rag of ability"? If you had to compare Reggie Jackson to any presidential candidate, it would be Adlai Stevenson. Except Jackson had perspective on himself *and won races*. Perspective on oneself is, of course, a cover for fascination with oneself (see Cuomo, Mario), but then realism is a cover for dreams. Compare 24, 25.
- The abbreviation for *gentourinary* is GU.

DOWN

- The batter who is on deck is up next. *Out of bed* equals *up*, *unknown* equals *X*, *web* equals *net*. I note that *Variety* uses *web* as a term for full-blown TV networks, and *weblet* for networks-presumptive such as Fox. A nice word, *weblet*. It may be on the test.
- Not a nice word, *booger*, meaning a bogeyman and also a thing that you . . . Well, here's a joke I heard a teacher tell: "What's the difference between Brussels sprouts and boogers? Kids won't eat Brussels sprouts." Bad taste to bring these things up? But they exist. Are they to be swept under the rug?
- This is kind of like a bad dream, isn't it? You have a skinned place on your knee, say, and someone is *rubbing it away*. Homeopathic treatment. Hair of the dog. Borrowing to pay creditors. Funding Nicaraguan killers for a viable Nicaragua. It's the only language these people understand.
- Reference here is to Ursula Andress, John Derek's dreamboat before Linda Evans and Bo Derek. Ever notice they all have these huge rib cages? Odd thing to prize in a woman.
- The two movies I most liked in 1986, David Lynch's *Blue Velvet* and Jonathan Demme's *Something Wild*, were the most dreamlike. Movies, as opposed to federal budgets and the Dow-Jones average, ought to be dreamlike. Move like dreams. (Maybe federal budgets and the Dow-Jones average ought to be dreamlike. I'm no economist. But . . .) I saw *Blue Velvet* with my daughter, Ennis. Somehow when you take in a movie with your offspring, you feel *responsible*, even when she is 20 years old. When Ennis was much younger, I took her to see *Earthquake*, starring Charlton Heston. At an especially tense moment, I promised her Charlton Heston wouldn't die, because he was Charlton Heston. Then he died. I will never forgive the reactionary old fart. But how to be responsible for *Blue Velvet*?! Young couple think they're being chased by—GOD HELP THEM—Dennis Hopper and his crowd of really weird nasty perverse scum criminals who would do *anything*. Then we realize the pursuers are only a carload of bumptious young members of the football team. But *then* out of the corner of our eye here comes Isabella Rossellini running toward us stark naked with these big blue bruises all over her. Looking so much like her mama! What is a father to say? I glanced over at Ennis (who is studying child psychology at Stanford, probably courses in "The Paternal Fallacy," and "The Film of Broken Promises"). Her eyes were shining. Which is good enough for me. I went with it. I figured we'd been in dreams together before.

- False* here both defines *delusive* and signals the rearrangement of *evils due*.
- Anybody old enough to remember what Paul Krassner wrote in the *Realist* after John Kennedy's death? An obscene hoax, presented as parts edited out of William Manchester's book about the assassination. I am too squeamish to go into it here. But as we blink and rub our eyes against the 1980s, let us not forget that fantasies in the 1960s could be ugly boogers.
- So as not to end on what might be seen as a backhanded affirmation of the eighties: to *yaw* (going up in a down clue, it's *way*) is to turn. At least when you're hurtling through thin air. ☺

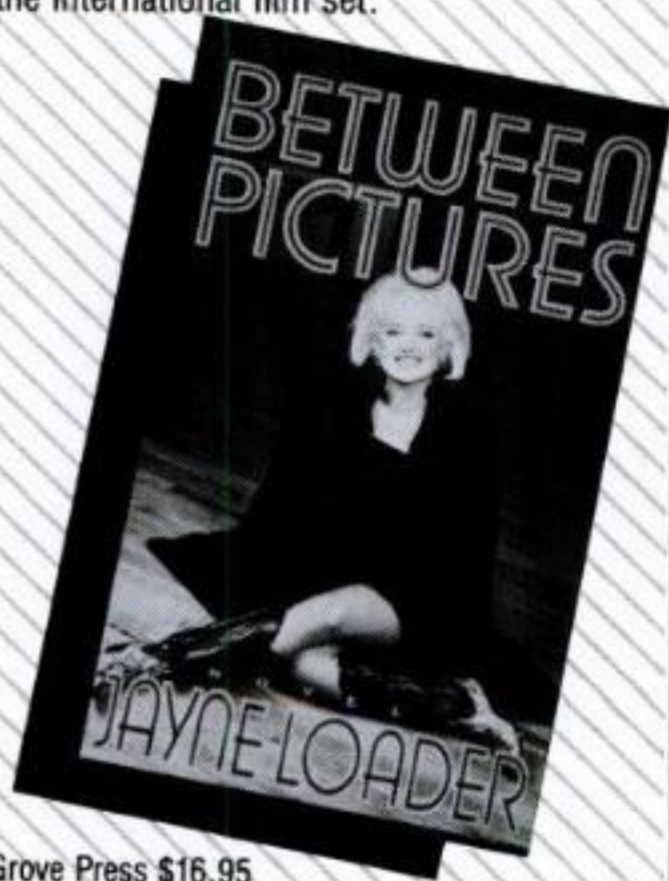
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THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

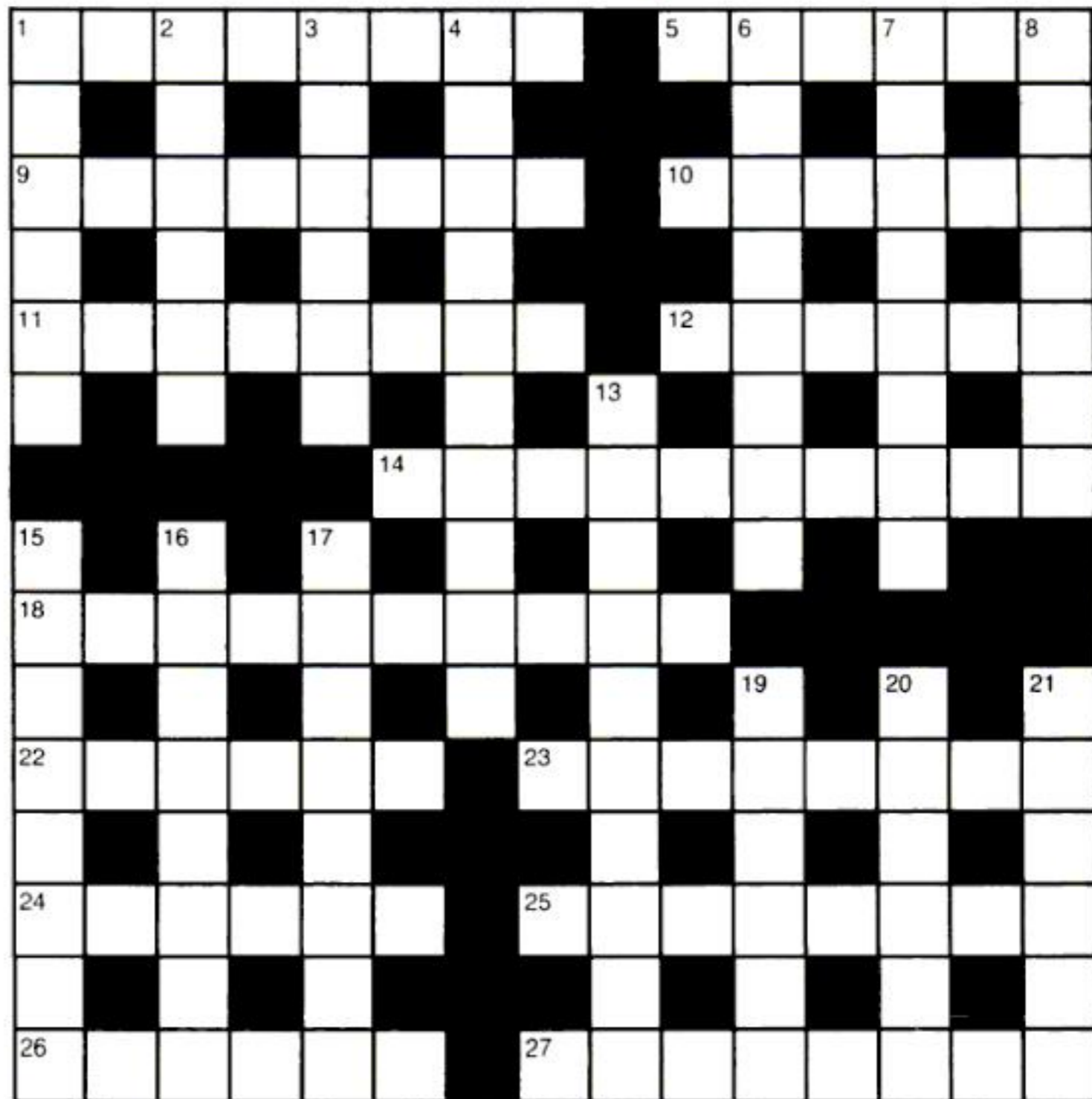
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ACROSS

1. To draw in orally, you kiss, it's said, female bed-demon. (8)
5. Kiss an article familiarly, you (in German dream kingdom)! (6)
9. Mondale nightmarishly trailed by error: drink. (8)
10. Drug experience—excessive one—yields thing with three feet. (6)
11. People who lie back see railroad weaving around Los Angeles airport. (8)
12. Usually (as the Japanese say), a loan shark's victim. (6)
14. Underdogs like the one on Robert Johnson's trail. (10)
18. After Peter Lorre movie, consumed (for example) witch hazel and steak course. (4,6)
22. Southern detestation an element raising blood pressure. (6)
23. Mr. October expressed resignation, we hear, at bluebloody murder. (8)
24. I bleat insanely, although . . . (6)
25. . . . somehow I vow ever to get broad perspective. (8)
26. See 4. (3,3)
27. Fellow who's not you or me is, oddly, the *genitourinary* Roy. (5,3)

DOWN

1. Torrid, madly lusty. Right? (6)
2. Go along with fold under firm mass. (6)
3. On deck, out of bed, with unknown caught in web. (2,4)
4. And 26. Crazed nude halfback threatened where boogers lurk at night. (10)
6. Rubbing away skinned place. (8)
7. Seemingly there, a stutterer's begetter. (8)
8. Peel one of Ursula's heads in place of the other. (7)
13. Dreamy film of off-color material. (4,6)
15. Tax spasm shakes Scrooge's dream. (4,4)
16. Able mind breaks jaw. (8)
17. False evil's due. (8)
19. Penetrate dead president. (6)
20. Decapitated thing engorges subconscious under cover. (6)
21. Eel rises to turn up elbow room. (6)



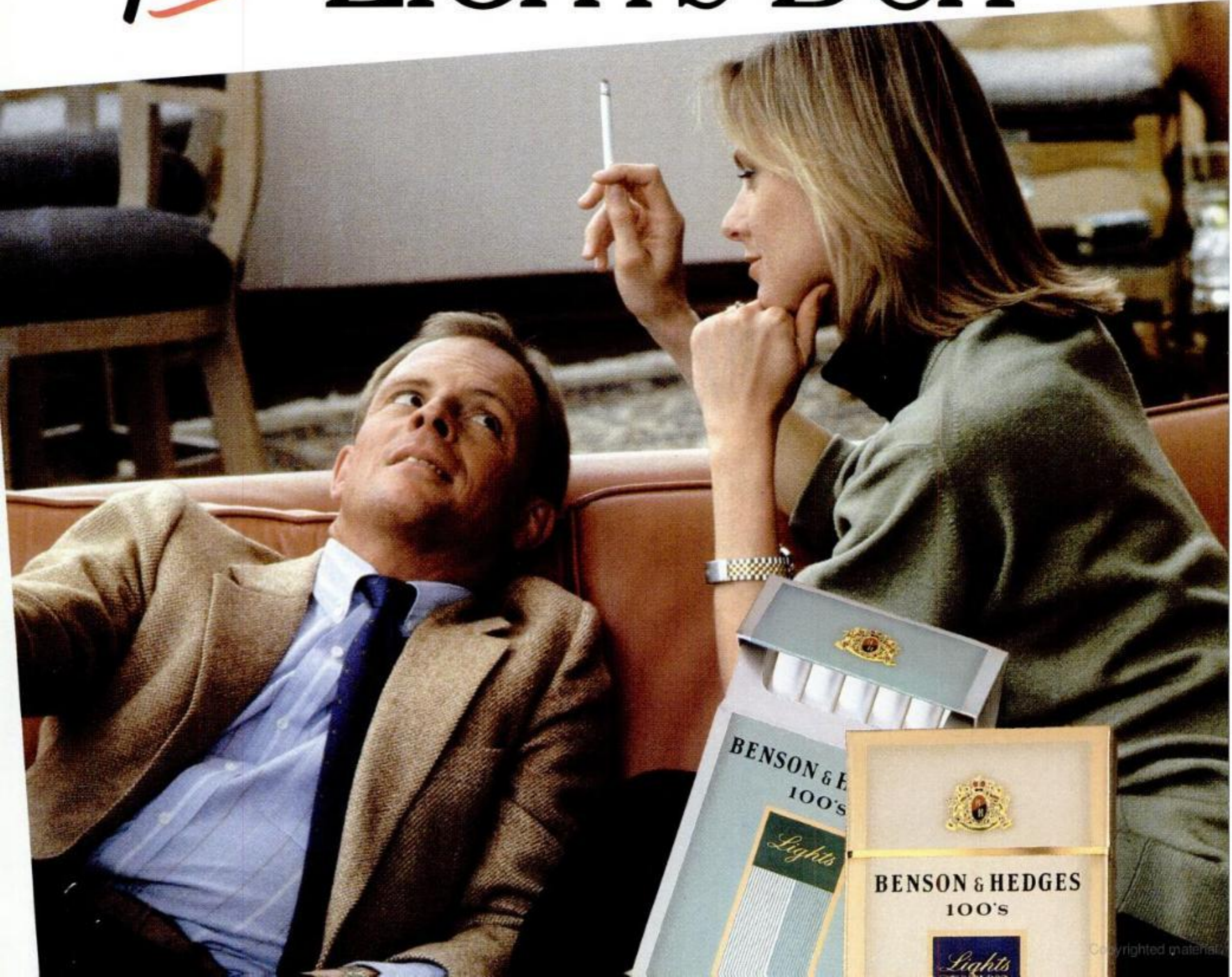
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The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 93.

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