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The Best Men
in the
Best Clothes
from the
Best Stores

The Brutal
Education
of Henry
Kissinger
By Walter
Saacson

My
Personal
Ghost
By David
Mamet

Film School Fever

Why It's Now SRO at Movie U.
By Aaron Latham

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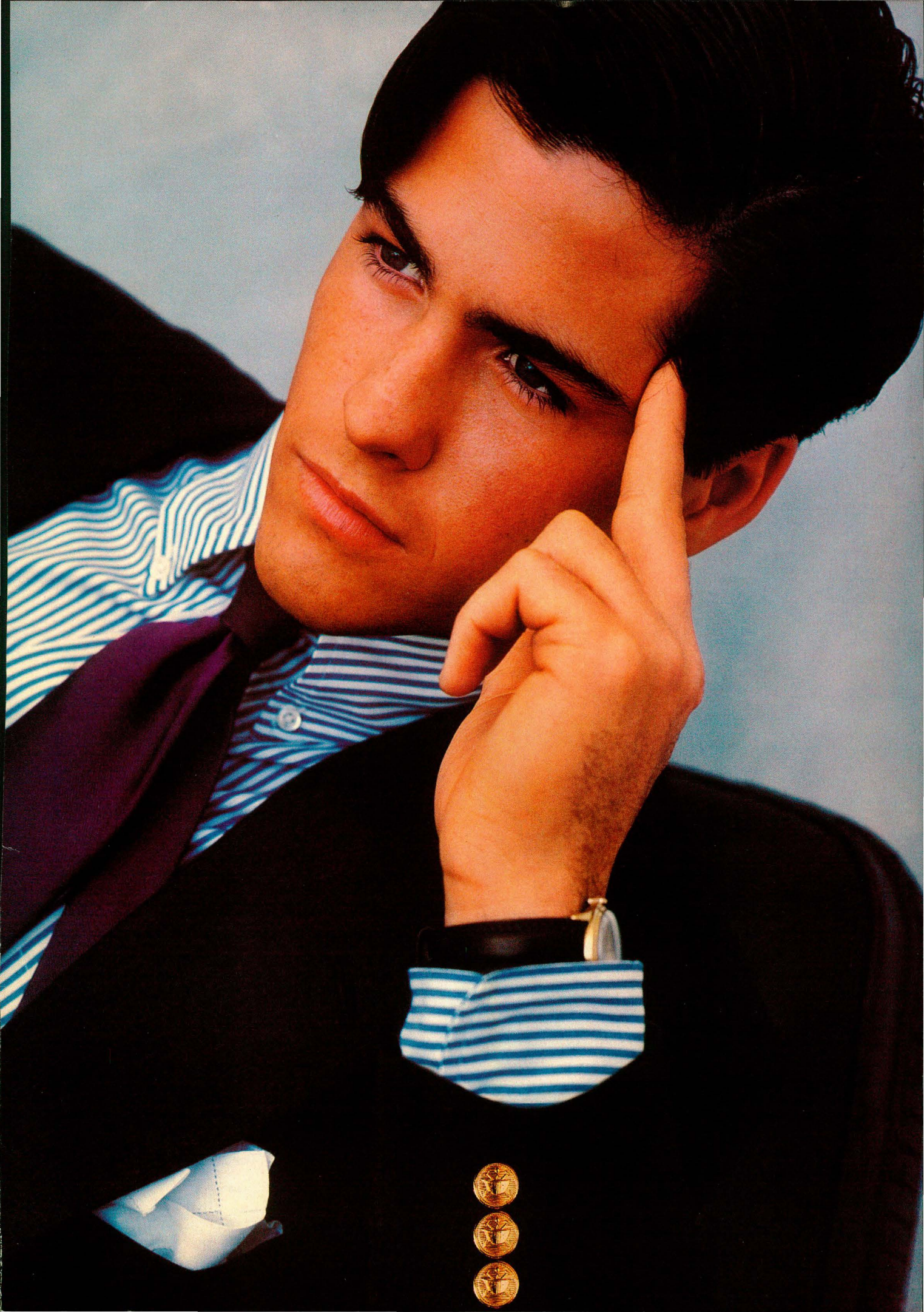
Martin Scorsese
*What I Learned
in Film School*

OCT 1992
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THE POLO BLAZER

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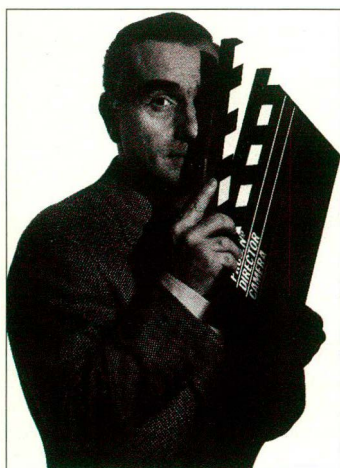


POLO CREST



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106

FEATURES

99 MEN OF THE MOMENT

ANDY KOHUT: POLLSTER OF OUR DISCONTENT

By Peter Becker

GERARD DEPARDIEU: RABELAISIAN COLUMBUS

By Marianne Gray

PHILIP GLASS: SCORING THE UNKNOWN

By Ruth Davis

106 SRO AT MOVIE U.: It's harder to get into a major film school today than it is to get into Harvard. By Aaron Latham

116 THE BRUTAL EDUCATION OF HENRY KISSINGER: How his traumatic childhood as a Jewish boy in Hitler's Germany shaped Kissinger's world view. By Walter Isaacson



144

FASHION

126 THE BEST MEN IN THE BEST CLOTHES FROM THE BEST STORES

DEPARTMENTS

6 EDITOR'S LETTER

24 DOSSIER

41 WALL STREET BABYLON: The Big Bear.

By James Kim

53 MVP: The Toxic Avenger.

By Amanda Gardner

63 THE DADDY TRACK: The Custody Trap.

By Stephen Perrine

77 CLOSE ENCOUNTERS: In Vermont.

By David Mamet

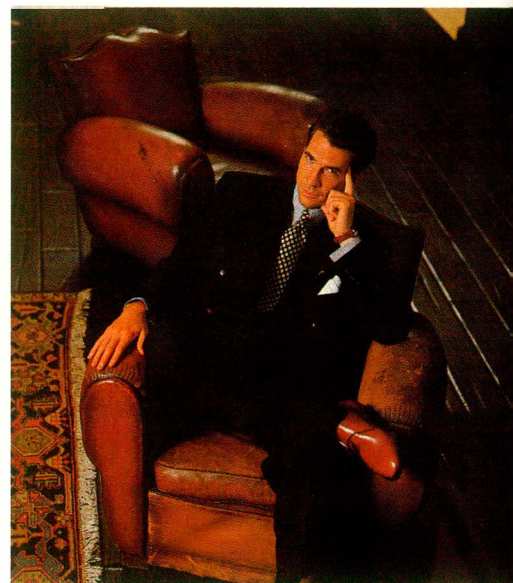
88 PERSONAL SHOPPER

90 LOOKING GREAT

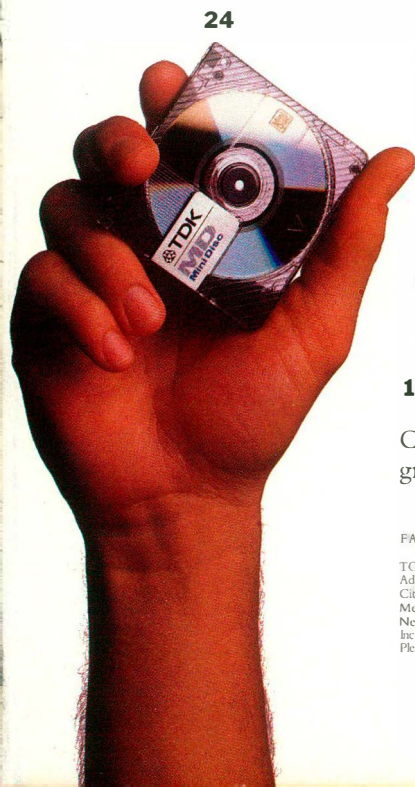
92 LOOKING GREAT TOO

144 CASH REGISTER

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126



24



104

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Our Own Answer Man

Voice mail—that rapidly spreading electronic answering system—has many things to recommend it, but it doesn't give you advice, and the robo-voice that recites the instructions on how to access the "menu" can't engage in a give-and-take conversation if you are trying to ask questions about something.

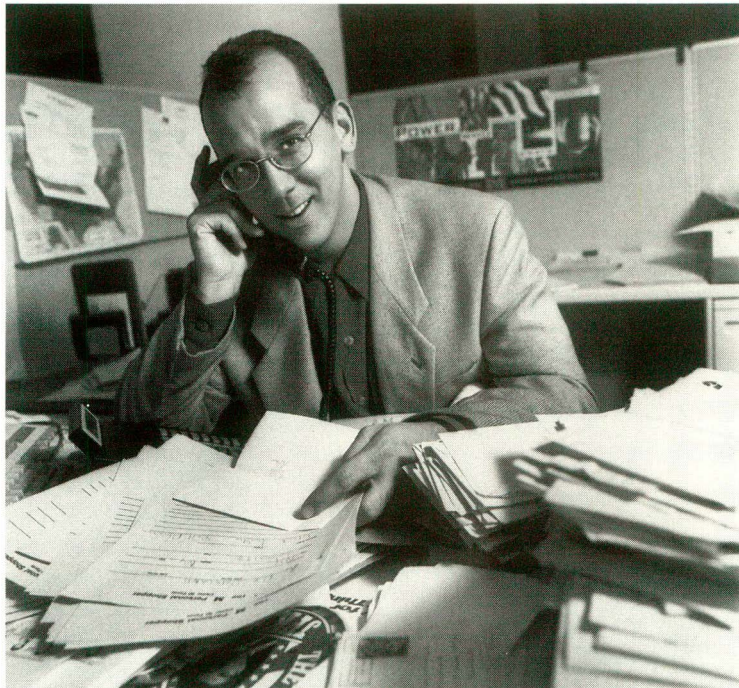
Well, *M* magazine has struck a blow for humanization with the coming of Warren Christopher, our extraordinarily knowledgeable resident personal shopper. A few months ago we set up Warren in our offices with his vast computerized file of specialized information on services, specific items, etc. that enables him to quickly answer questions our readers have about things they see in the pages of *M*—or inquiries they have on subjects such as etiquette, men's fashion, the proper care of a wardrobe to lengthen its life, or any of the myriad topics invoked by what people read in the magazine.

If Warren can't punch up the information immediately after chatting with you, he'll tap his worldwide contacts and resources to get you the answer and call you back. He likes creating a dialogue with *M* readers, and he is making a growing number of phone friends this way.

The personal-shopper concept proliferated because of time limitations and the reduced selection of merchandise in stores in smaller cities and towns (or even in Los Angeles, where stores are not as big as those in other major cities because of L.A.'s stretched-out nature—it has been described as a collection of suburbs in search of a city).

Warren got into the personal shop-

per business at Barneys, the great New York men's store where he spent 10 years and where he was *the* personal shopper. There he developed a detailed understanding of what men were looking for and a specialized knowledge of the resources available, from the leading men's designers to other merchandise sources. His duties included running the studio department that serviced movie productions and television shows, in addition to handling private clients and



Warren Christopher: the answers are at his fingertips or on the tip of his tongue.

celebrities. Then, at one point, he owned a store in the Berkshires—"a kind of hip general store"—where he broadened his knowledge.

To set up his specially designed computer program, Warren contacted hundreds of stores around the country to acquire a detailed list of what they sell, which designers, which brands, the quality of their own private labels and what special services they offer. This is a constantly updated data base, which is also rapidly expanding. A typical call from a reader inquiring as to where something

can be bought will result in the store that has the merchandise nearest the caller contacting that person to give him the detailed information he needs.

Our readers throw a wide range of questions at Warren. From Minnesota: How can I tell if a suit fits properly? From Tucson: Where can I have crocodile shoes restored? From St. Louis: Where can I have a family crest ring made? From Atlanta: If I am going to buy only one suit this year, what's the right suit? (Answer: It depends on where you live, your lifestyle and what you do, and Warren asks you the details of what you need so that he can give you the best answer.)

From Kansas City: What are the rules about formalwear and the rules about wearing a vest? From all over: Could you give me some gift ideas for my girlfriend, wife, daughter, son, father? What are they wearing in St. Tropez this year? (For this he tapped into our Paris bureau.) And so it goes. Questions about wine, automobiles, the latest electronic gear and where it can be bought, all are fielded by Warren.

In short, the spread of subjects covered by *M* magazine. The range of questions breaks down roughly to 70 percent about where to buy items, about 20 percent etiquette and fashion advice and about 10 percent for catalogues or samples. Give Warren a ring. He's waiting for your call.

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EDITOR

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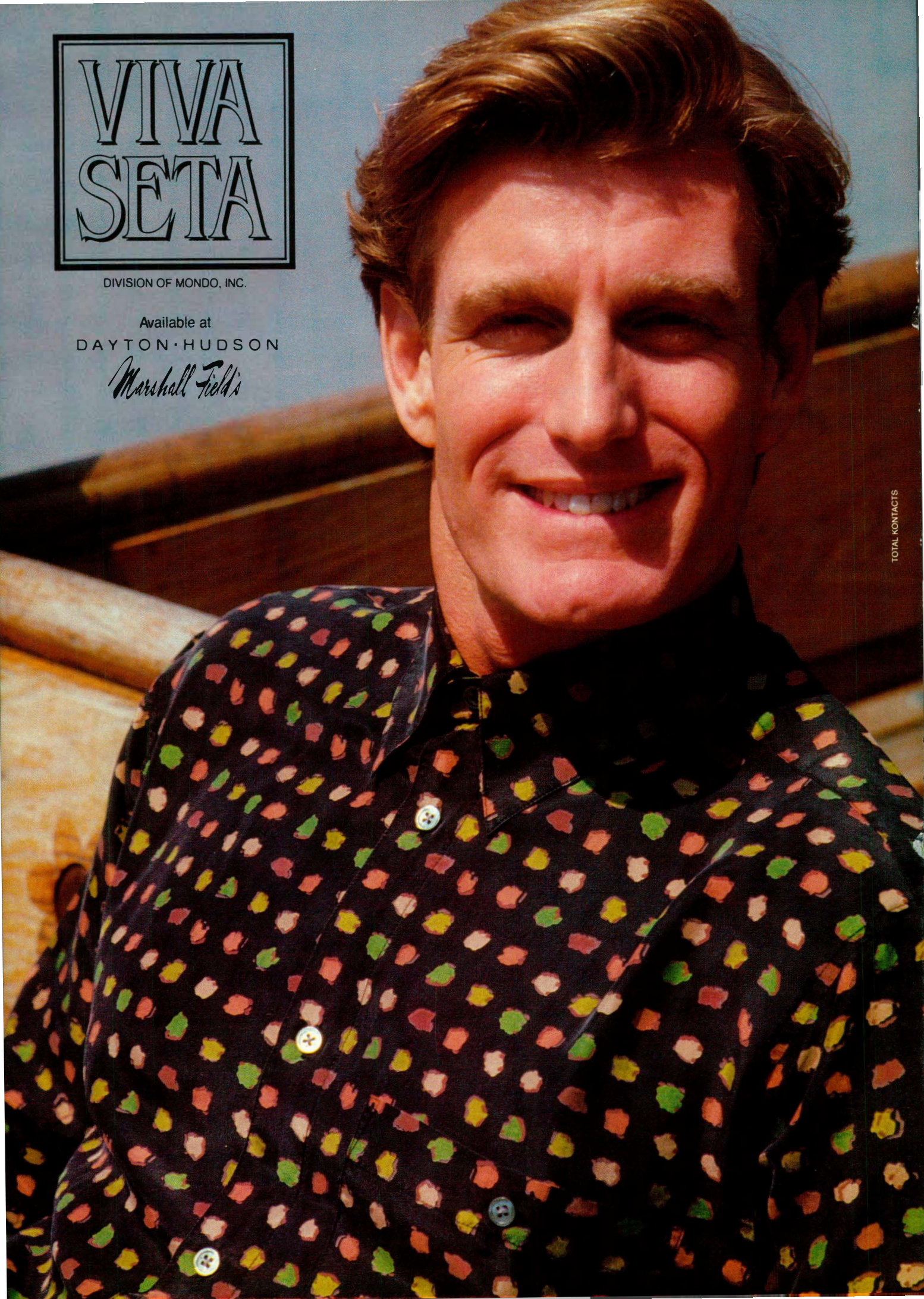
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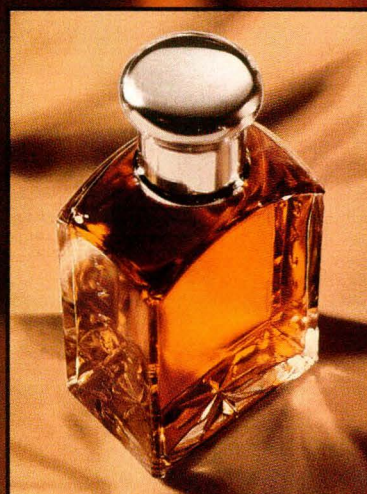
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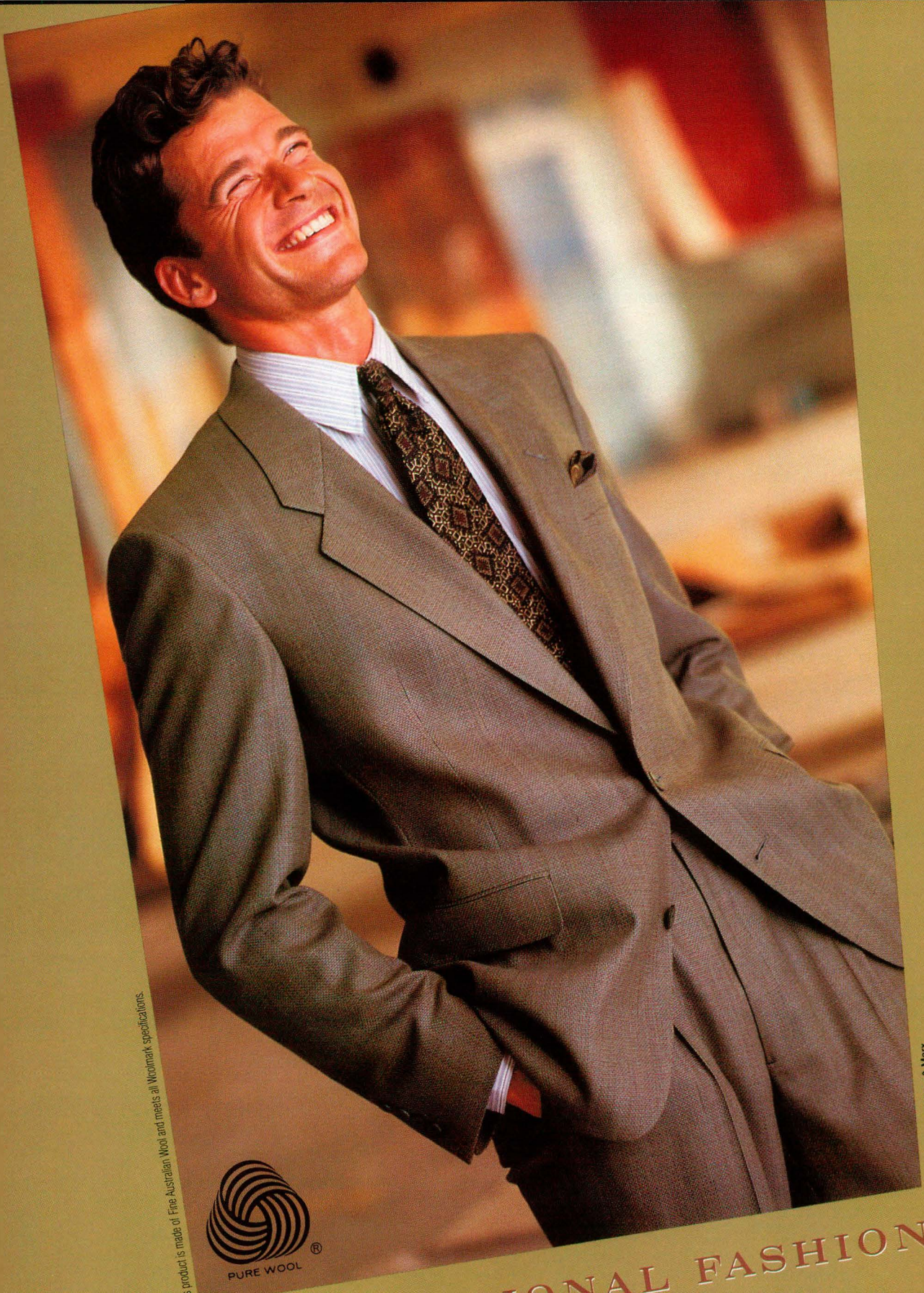
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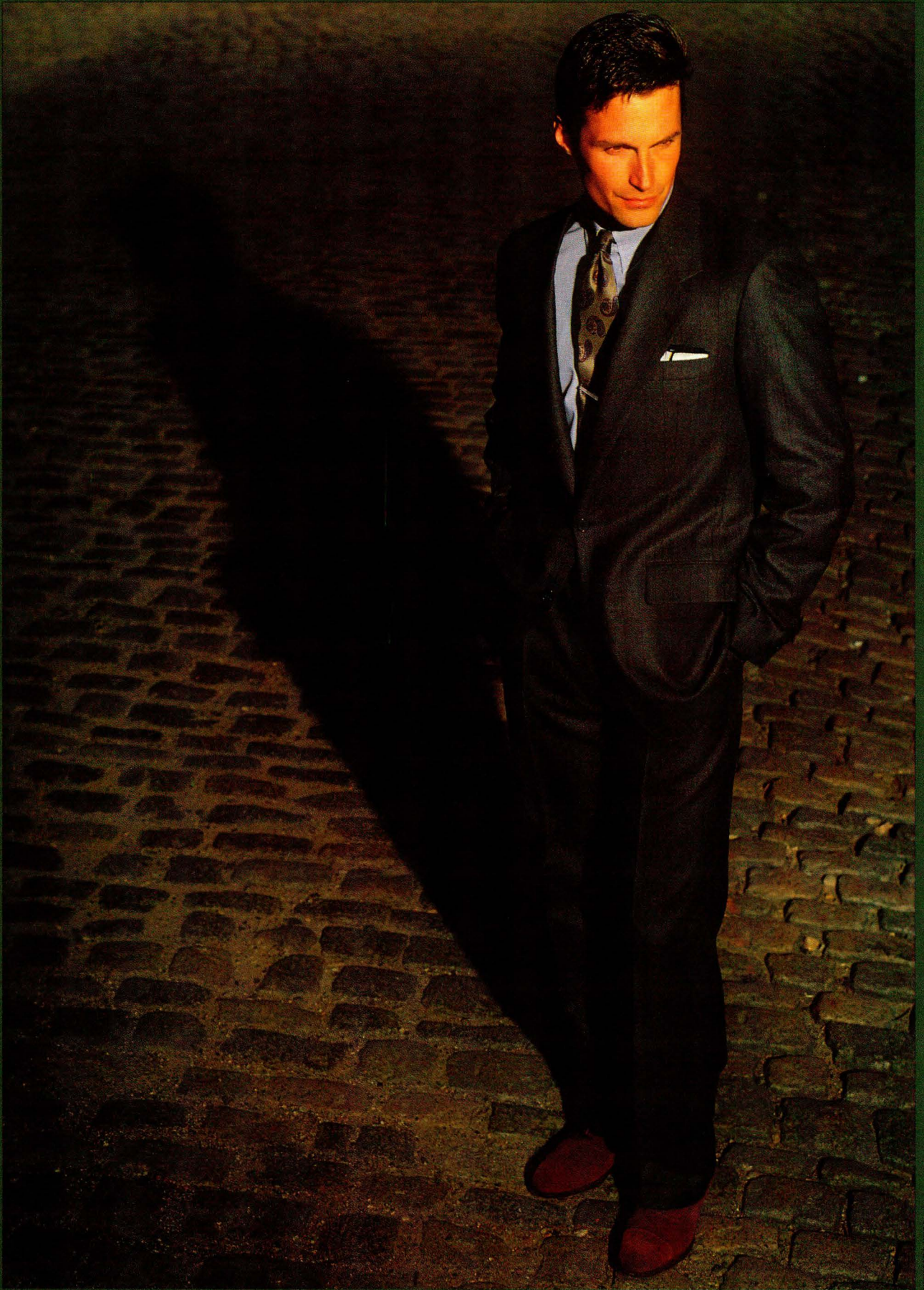
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I very much enjoyed Aaron Latham's article "The Once and Future President" about young John F. Kennedy Jr. in the August issue of *M*. To be sure, young JFK Jr. is a handsome lad, and in an age of such a pervasive and visual medium as television, how one tracks visually is terribly important.

However, if John and his buddy were caught in traffic between 86th and 124th streets on the way uptown to the Triborough Bridge, when John put the car top down as people were escaping their fantasy of New York's answer to the L.A. riots, calm, as Latham's article describes, wouldn't have broken out on Second Avenue. That avenue in New York, I'm afraid, runs downtown, or away from the Triborough Bridge. Unless of course Merlin's been busy?

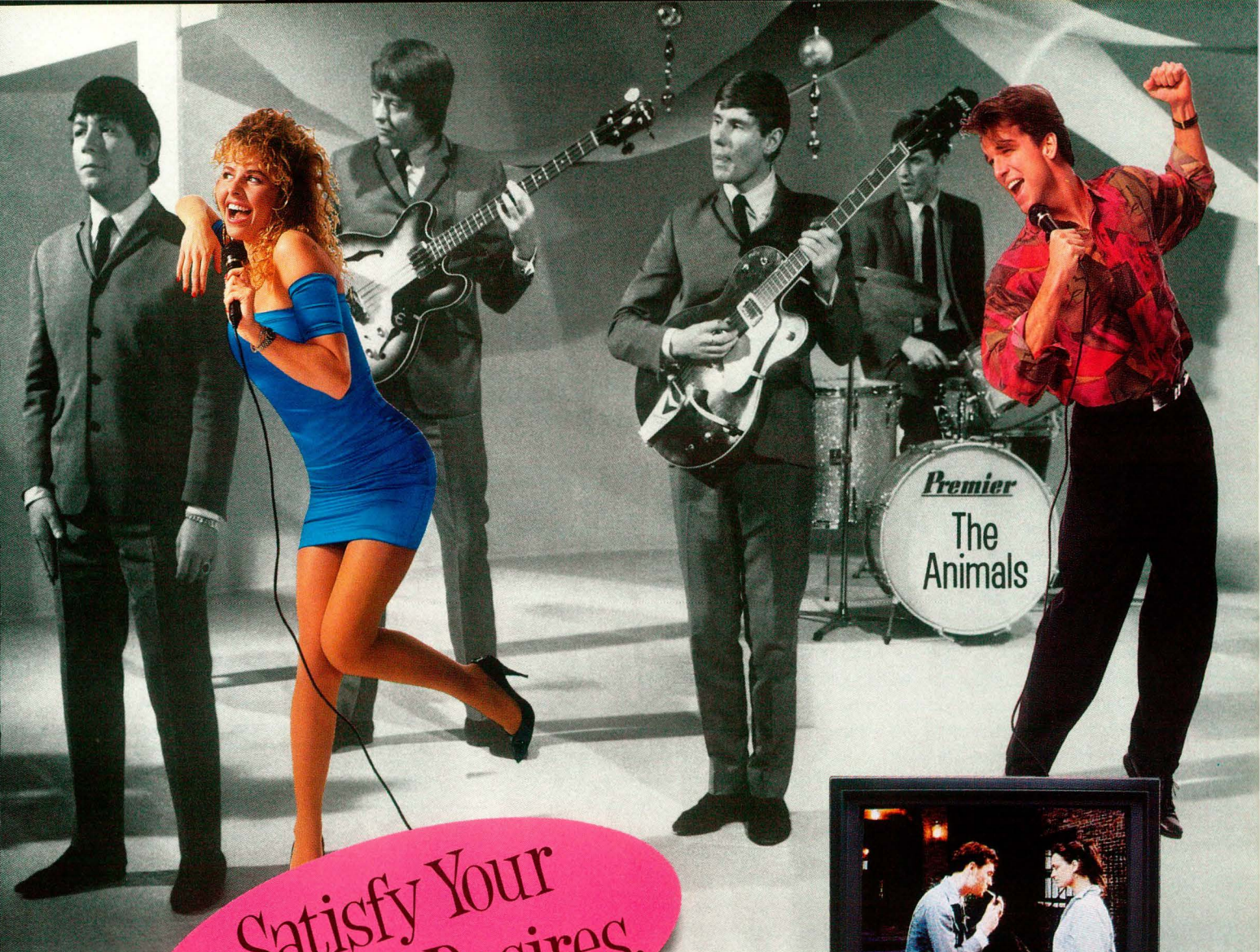
Susan Blake
Phoenix, Arizona

To the Editor:

The article "Sex for the X Generation," in the August issue of *M* by Barbara Lippert, made me laugh so hard that I lost track of the time and forgot that my fave show, "The Brady Bunch," was on. In addition to the aforementioned, the piece struck me as so profound that I could do nothing more that day than sit in front of the TV and experience other peoples' lives, as usual. What I must thank you for is the incisive, cutting-edge depiction of my despair-ridden generation. I admit it. We're hopeless. How could we ever wish to compete with you baby-boomers? You led the country in politics in the sixties and now, in the eighties and the nineties, you're leading the country in environmental and political apathy. The Reagan-Bush years testify to that. I mean, HOW COULD MY GENERATION EVER COMPETE WITH THAT? Thank you so much. I don't know where me and my fellow Xers would be without the firm guidance of *M* magazine and the like. We could never, ever define ourselves without you. Again, thank you.

Hans Michaud
Boston, Massachusetts

P.S. Don't forget: when your youngsters reach that certain age of absorption, WE'LL be teaching them. Not you.



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(Shown with optional microphone.)

It's time to stop wishing you were Eric Burdon. The Pioneer LaserKaraoke® CLD-V820 Combination CD/LaserDisc™ Player lets you sing lead on classics like *We Gotta Get Out Of This Place*. And then backs you up with the instrumentals, a music video, and on-screen lyrics.

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Dossier

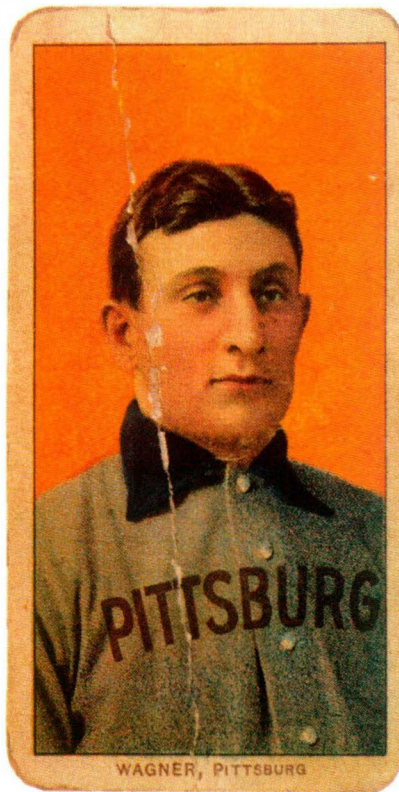
Open-heart letters, Irons in therapy, the art of psychosis. It's life as a 12-step program.



THE BETTER TO SEE YOU

In the war between man and beast, man's getting another leg up. Leupold & Stevens has devised a new triple-lens sunglass system for hunting in all kinds of weather. No day off. \$167

The onus on the Honus bonus: can it live up to its record of \$451,000? Check the Christie's catalogue for details.



JFK's Inga Binga Affair

For those with endless curiosity about the life of John F. Kennedy, the latest in a long line of biographies promises some new revelations. Nigel Hamilton's *JFK: Reckless Youth* is based on the author's unprecedented access to newly opened files of personal papers, unpublished documents and over 2,000 interviews with friends who are still around to tell the tales. The most interesting writing

in the book is in JFK's own hand, taken from letters he wrote to his family, friends, and the girlfriend he seems to have liked better than all the rest, Danish beauty Inga Arvad, nicknamed Inga Binga. Suspecting Arvad of being a Nazi spy, J. Edgar Hoover gleefully set his agents on the lovers' trail, bugging their hotel rooms and phone calls, intercepting their letters and the like. The FBI even taped and transcribed entire weekend trysts, the choicest bits of which appear in the book. Jack was intent on marrying Inga, but the relationship eventually collapsed beneath the weight of Joe Kennedy's fierce disapproval. The young JFK apparently carried a torch for Inga throughout the years. He wrote her from his Naval post in the South Pacific:

"I'm extremely glad I came—I wouldn't miss it for the world...but I will be extremely glad to get back.... What exactly is your situation? Are you settling down permanently to a life of domesticity? Or do you remember a certain remark about dinner and breakfast when I got back? Just give me the straight dope on that, will you, so I'll know if this whole thing is worth fighting for. You don't need to get too nervous.... It will be a few months, but I'll be there with blood in my eye."

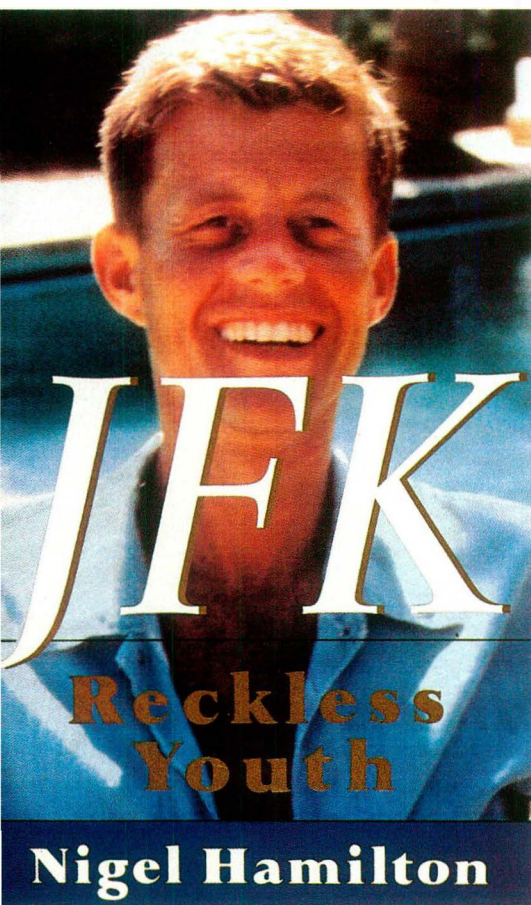
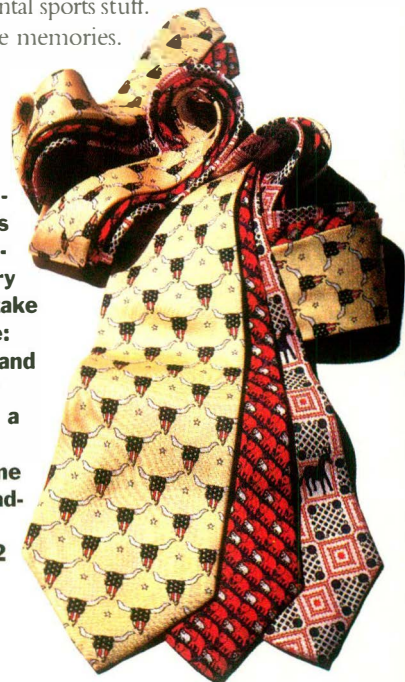
JFK: Reckless Youth will be published next month by Random House. If this 800-page tome doesn't slake your thirst for JFK lore, comfort yourself with the knowledge that Hamilton has signed on for two more volumes in a three-part biography.

Jock Kitsch

A Monet's just not what it used to be, but if your grandfather was into baseball, you might be in the money anyway. Last year a 1910 baseball card of Pittsburgh Pirates shortstop Honus Wagner sold for \$451,000. On October 17, one just like it (above) will go up for auction at Christie's along with an autographed pair of Muhammad Ali's fight trunks and a Yankees jersey worn by Lou Gehrig. Balls, bats and uniforms round out this sale of sentimental sports stuff.

Thank\$ for the memories.

PARTY TIES
When it comes down to a neck-and-neck race, it's time to advertise with Barry Wells's new take on the rep tie: silk donkeys and elephants for partisans and a Bullish on America theme for fence-straddlers. At Barneys, \$42



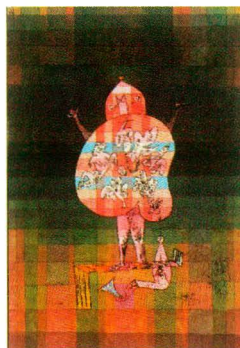


On the Couch at the Movies

Forget Robert Bly and Sam Keen, iron and fire—director Stephen Gyllenhaal (of *Paris Trout* fame) is coming to your emotional rescue with what we're calling the water treatment. The idea is stand-up soul-searching, and Gyllenhaal puts Jeremy Irons through the paces in a new movie called *Waterland*, based on British novelist Graham Swift's critically acclaimed novel of the same name. "It's about how, if you're going to live a sane life, you really have to go back and sort out the problems in your life," says Gyllenhaal. "I've done a lot of therapy and analysis and things like that.... If you don't deal with them, life gets harder."

Hopefully, it's easier for most of us than for Irons's character, school teacher

Tom Crick. After years of suppressing emotional truths, Crick is overcome by the past in front of his high school history class. Desperate to get beyond his students' vacuous stares of boredom, Crick starts to relate history in very personal terms. By the end of the lecture series, in which he nearly loses his mind, he's covered teenage sex, abortion, war, incest, bootlegging and alienation. Talk about a mid-life crisis. "Men in particular seemed to be moved by it," says Gyllenhaal. Perhaps because, for \$7, it's a cheap cruise on the couch.



who stuck his collages together with mashed potatoes, and Madge Gill, a half-blind London spiritualist who sketched on 30-foot-long pieces of calico. Now who's certifiable, the artist or the artsy?

Tracing the illogic: the work of Paul Klee (left) owes a stylistic debt to that of the now famous asylum inmate Adolf Wölfli (below).



But Will It Play on My VCR?

Calling all backseat directors. Forget about WordPerfect and spreadsheets. There are finer arts of computer living. It's the latest fix for PC addicts: desktop video editing. Video-processing is now standard on



most Macintoshes due to a new software enhancement called QuickTime. Of course, you need to buy a QuickTime-compatible video board like VideoSpigot to record original video (from your camcorder, TV, VCR, etc.) onto the computer's hard disk and video-editing software (included free with VideoSpigot) to cut and paste scenes, mix in audio and add special effects like fade-outs and dissolves. So if your home videos need spicing up or you're sick of seeing Batman come out on top, stop complaining. The Academy's waiting.

With SuperMac Technology's VideoSpigot (\$599), computer nerds metamorphose into film-chic auteurs.

Method of Madness

It's the bonfire of the vanities. As nostrils curled at the rank self-promotion of last year's Jeff Koonses, cunning curators dove back into the cultural morass and have returned to the surface with the latest bankable trend. This fall, the roulette wheel of the art world seems to have landed on an unknown, unschooled and largely unstable group of artists unconcerned with auctions, galleries and critics. It's called "Outsider Art," and from October 18 to January 3 the Los Angeles County Museum of Art will devote quite a bit of wall space to show how it has influenced such 20th-century bigwigs as Klee, Dalí, Oldenburg and Schnabel with an exhibit called "Parallel Visions: Modern Artists and Outsider Art." Not entirely a novel idea, "Parallel Visions" echoes Jean Dubuffet's 1947 "Art Brut" exhibit, which defined the style as "springing from pure invention and in no way based, as cultural art constantly is, on chameleon or parrot-like processes." Still, it took the LACMA team five years to discover such innovators as Martin Ramirez, a catatonic mute

Lord & Taylor
Foley's
Famous Barr
Robinson's
Hecht's
Kaufmann's



Davidoff
Cool Water

EAU DE
TOILETTE

C O O L W A T E R

Dossier

Move over, compact disc. Here come a couple of digital rivals that let you record your own.



Shiny happy people: R.E.M. and other major recording groups are being released in the DCC format.

Opening Shots in a New Sound War

Just when you thought the compact disc would be all the audio you'd ever want, here come a couple of rivals that claim they'll let you make CD-quality recordings at home and play them anywhere at all, without those ear-aching, brain-jarring skips that everyone who's ever jogged or driven rough roads with a portable CD has endured.

The first is a smaller version of the CD called mini disc, from Sony. The other's a tape called digital compact cassette from Philips Electronics, which invented the compact disc in the first place. The mini disc has an automatic three-second storage feature that Sony says covers up those annoying skips, and the DCC, being a tape, just won't skip at all.

Neither of the new digital systems quite lives up to CD when all the intricate electronic measures are tallied, but as far as ears go, they'll do; most people won't be able to hear the difference. But there is something else here that sounds familiar: remember, a few years ago, digital audio tape?

DAT was supposed to sound as good as CD, and have the recording advantages of a tape cassette, and so it did. But it promptly dropped off most people's screens. DAT was shot down by recording stars and their labels, who became paranoid about a loss of royalties to a possible avalanche of bootleg recordings which could sound just as good as the originals. They refused to release prerecorded DAT tapes and threatened lawsuits.

Nothing like that is supposed to happen with these new systems. All parties

Mini disc: smaller than a CD, but just as much music, and a protective cartridge like a computer disc too

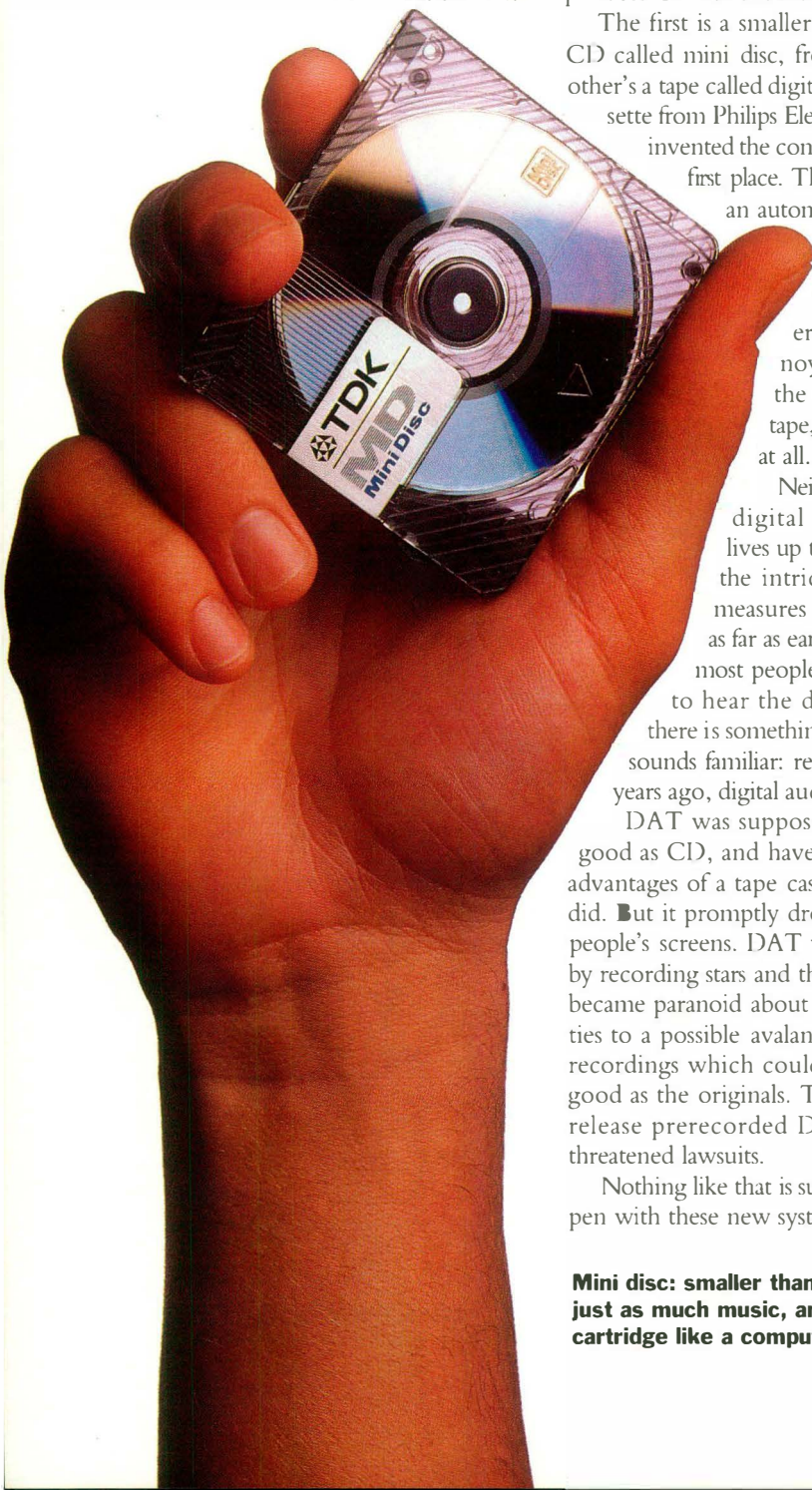
agreed to legislation, which is nearing congressional approval, requiring a small royalty levied on new digital audio recorders and blank tapes and discs at the manufacturing level.

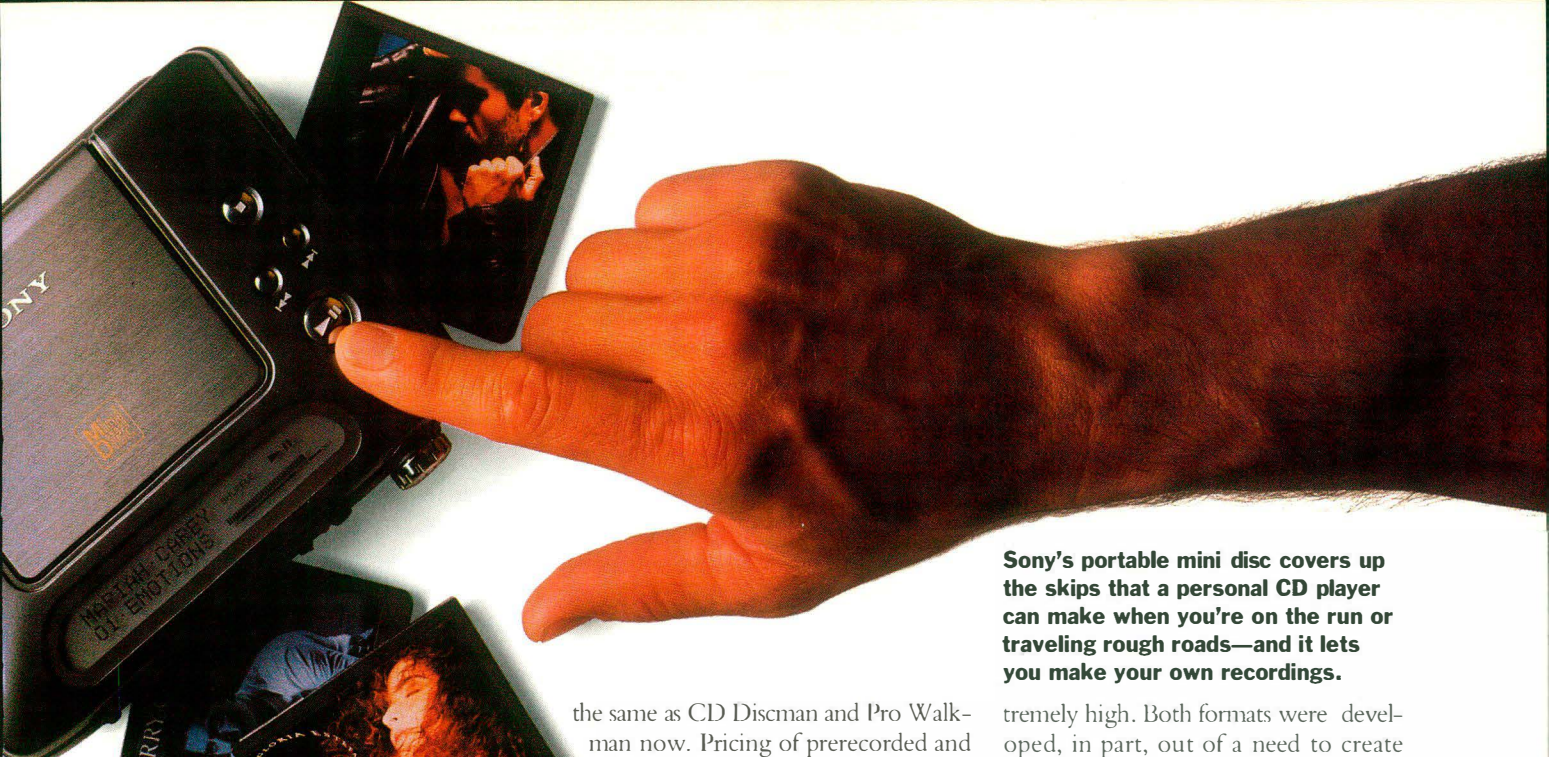
Philips is bringing out its DCC machine this month, and record companies, led by Philips's Polygram subsidiary, will have roughly 500 titles available in the U.S. by the end of the year. The cassettes should be priced about the same as CDs, and blank cassettes in the same range as high-grade metal tape cassettes. Philips's home deck has a suggested retail price of \$799. Tandy Corporation, owners of Radio Shack, and Matsushita Electric Corporation of America, with brands Panasonic and Technics, are also set to begin selling home decks this fall. Other hardware manufacturers such as Denon America, Carver, Kenwood, JVC, Sharp, Thomson, Sanyo Fisher and others should start shipping DCC machines by 1993.

As for mini disc, Sony will likely be the only hardware supplier this year, but there will be 300 to 500 prerecorded titles available initially, and such companies as Aiwa America, Clarion Corporation of America, Denon America, Sanyo Fisher and others will have machines next year.

The advantage to DCC is that it's "backward compatible": it can play back today's audiocassettes (but DCC tape cannot be played on current audiocassette decks). DCC features track selection by direct access, similar to CD; all DCC decks are auto-reverse; DCC has a more durable cassette housing that effectively protects the tape without a storage box; and decks have an LCD display with text information, such as artist, title and track. Later generations of DCC will have a video output to allow hookup to a television so you can view lyrics, titles and production information on the TV screen.

As for mini disc, its software looks much like a small CD, but is not compatible with the older format. Like CD, MD also features quick random access





Sony's portable mini disc covers up the skips that a personal CD player can make when you're on the run or traveling rough roads—and it lets you make your own recordings.

to any music selection and the same 74-minute capacity, but its 2½-inch discs are permanently housed in a protective cartridge like a computer disc. Unlike today's CDs, the new format provides shock-resistant operation by using a one-megabit D-RAM memory to store up to three seconds of music "in reserve" if the unit is jarred. Sony is set to ship playback-only and playback/record MD portables by the end of the year. They'll probably cost between \$500 and \$800, depending on features, which is about

the same as CD Discman and Pro Walkman now. Pricing of prerecorded and blank discs will be comparable to their DCC counterparts.

Is there a format war brewing here, similar to the battle years ago between VHS and Beta in home video? Philips and Sony don't think so. Peace will at least be insured this fall, since both formats are being introduced in different configurations. If you buy a DCC home deck, you won't be able to play cassettes made by that unit on a DCC portable or car stereo until the second half of 1993, when portable and car decks will become available. If you like MD it will only be available as a portable this year, with MD car stereo available next year. Sony said it has no plans to enter the home market in the foreseeable future.

tremely high. Both formats were developed, in part, out of a need to create some excitement in an industry where sales have drooped in the past couple of years.

With all the talk of DCC and mini disc providing CD-quality sound, one wonders why the industry isn't introducing recordable CDs.



Sony's Mike Vitelli dismissed the possible product. "Sony looked at [recordable] CD, but even if we were able to develop it, the product wouldn't have the portability of mini disc."

STEVE SMITH

The Philips 900 series digital compact cassette recorder: suggested retail about \$799

If not an all-out war, an intense competition in the next couple of years may be inevitable because the stakes are ex-



RICHARD PIERCE: MANICURE BY FIROZÉ FOR SALON DES ONGLES, NYC

Dossier

Step together, step. Struggling to find the rhythm of the touchy-feely nineties



Back to Ballroom

You would see them during bouts of insomnia on obscure cable channels: surreal tournaments featuring middle-aged couples pinwheeling in their ruffled polyester regalia, like auditioners left over from a casting call for a

with his dancing-teacher mother who bemoans her son's travesty with anguish befitting serial murder. But behind its sly humor, the film paints an affectionate portrait of ballroom dancing as a contagiously romantic form of physical communication. At the end of both its screenings at the Cannes Film Festival, enthusiastic audiences were fox-trotting in the aisles and a bidding war ensued, taking Luhrmann by surprise—"Especially since when we came to Cannes in 1990 to try to raise money for the film we failed completely. The response then was, 'A film about ballroom dancing? You must be kidding.'"

But today *Strictly* strikes a receptive chord among those seeking romance and diversion in a double-whammy recession of both economics and sexuality. "The function of dancing is the ability to physically touch someone else without necessarily saying you want to go home and have sex," says Luhrmann. "Dance changes with the social needs of the time. In the seventies, it was a social-political statement to dance apart in order to assert your independence. In the selfish eighties, you had people voguing completely alone, the antithesis of communication between two people. Now there's more of a human touching instinct. It's the warm nineties."

Of course there's more to ballroom dancing than upright petting, which is why a wave of Fred and Ginger wannabes is rushing back to school. According to Diane Lachthropp, director of Stepping Out, a ballroom dance studio in New York City, there's been a noticeable resurgence of interest in partnership dancing. "Two years ago I had 29 classes a week; now I have 57. Artists, secretaries, doctors, lawyers, construction workers, everybody." Lachthropp credits ballroom's comeback to everything from the changing dating scene to an awareness of dance as exercise to the renewed popularity of Latin, western swing and big band music, all of which take two to dance to. Though "It takes about six months before you feel like a decent social dancer," says Lachthropp, a month-long course will just about wipe the nervous sweat from your palms.



Let's do the Timewarp again: (above) Paul Mercurio and Tara Morice paso doble in *Strictly Ballroom*. Left: Swaying to the retro beat at Lincoln Center's Midsummer Night Swing

1930s musical. But after years as the wallflower of the dancing scene, ballroom is back. Finally the victims of a cultural revolution that stranded anyone who couldn't flail impromptu to some inner rhythm are discovering structure and roles, romance and grace in the latest novelty dances: the waltz, fox-trot, tango and merengue.

Rescuing ballroom dancing from its dowdy image is an Australian filmmaker named Baz Luhrmann whose new movie is a hilarious spoof of the cutthroat world of competitive dancing. Imagine a cross between *Spinal Tap* and *Chariots of Fire* and you have the pseudo-documentary-style *Strictly Ballroom* with its corrupt, power-mad ballroom federation, its rebel star determined to flout the rules with "new steps" and cinema-verité interviews





GEORGES MARCIANO



Dossier

Be true to your school—don't embarrass it.



Bleacher Chic

It's homecoming time again and you're psyched for the big game, but let's face it, at this and almost every other outdoor sporting event these days, you're there as a spectator. Whether you're watching out of paternal enthusiasm or old school spirit, about the most exercise you'll get is curling beers and the occasional touch-down-induced, arm-waving, foot-pounding epileptic frenzy. So why, in the name of the Gipper, are you still wearing those technicolor, rain-and-violence-proof, down-filled parkas inspired by the Michelin man? This is not a warm-up to a slalom race; it's a civilized affair, commemorated with Pimm's Cup and flasks, tailgate buffets and memories of raccoon coats and even cigarettes.

But there's hope for the image of America's favorite pastime. This fall, the roving eyes of designers have scanned the

Right: Canvas barn jacket, blazer, sweater and trousers from Basco; her clothes by Calvin Klein; wool pea coat from Basco, sweater from Hugo Boss, trousers from Falke.



Left: Nubuck barn jacket by Regatta Sport, sweater by TSE; her coat by Begador; jacket from Nautica.

gamut of tradition and have set their sights on four time-honored styles to inherit the mantle of the old-fashioned stadium coat: the classic collegiate hooded toggle coat; the oversize blazer coat for the coat-

on-coat layered look; the navy-inspired pea coat; and the rough-and-tumble charm of the multi-pocketed (for shells and curry combs and other gentlemen-farmer stuff) barn jacket. Some seem to have been excavated straight from some old trunk of authenticity while others are more fashion-forward, but a cardinal rule is that their fabrics must exist in nature. So melt all those high-tech polyfibers (they're so eighties, after all) and wrap yourself in the new tradition.

TOP: TWO PHOTOS: DAVID TURNER; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY SUSAN GORDANO; PENNANTS AND BOTTOM PHOTOS: STEPHEN LEWIS; FASHION ASSISTANT: JOSHUA ADAMS

From stall-mucking to deck-swabbing: the quintessential canvas barn jacket from Chaps by Ralph Lauren (left), and the pride of the navy: the seaworthy pea coat updated with zippers by Bill Robinson (below).

The new blazer coat borrows its style from the tweedy original, but goes one size better, from Basco (below). The traditional toggle coat goes Al Gore-green, from Boatworks by Fox Knapp (right).



ART DIR: PAUL MARCIANO PH: CALLIOPE GUESSO 1992



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JEANS

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The complexities of time

Behind the classic face of a Patek Philippe, our mastery of time reaches a level of complexity far beyond the capabilities of any other watchmaker.

We make the most complicated timepiece that has ever been built. The Calibre 89 astronomical clock-watch *fig. 2* takes nine unforgiving years to complete. A total of 1728 parts and 429 subassemblies combine to coordinate 33 time-keeping functions, ranging from the 400-year cycle of the Gregorian calendar to a split-seconds chronograph. In creating this vast dimension of time, our researchers discovered mechanical solutions that had eluded watchmakers for centuries, adding to the company's continuous tradition of invention *fig. 3*.

A Patek Philippe timepiece – whether simple or complicated – can, with proper care, be expected to work for 100 years or more. Watches we made 150 years ago are still working. Wristwatches fetching top prices at auction are almost invariably Patek Philippes *fig. 4*. And if a further guarantee of quality is required, it is in the hallmark stamped on most Patek Philippe mechanical movements. The Geneva Seal – the highest possible attestation of fine watchmaking *fig. 5*.

The exquisiteness of the master's touch

Our watchmakers work with the pride of true craftsmen. Although you may never see it, they decorate each watch movement by hand, to give it the proper finish it deserves.

But for your eyes they reserve the oldest human art of all – the art of adornment. In our workshops, chainsmiths and goldsmiths *figs. 10 & 11* manipulate gold into a shimmering, supple bracelet *fig. 6*. An engraver plays with light precisely captured in soft curves and scrolls *fig. 7*. The rarest and most precious art of all, a miniature painted in enamel *fig. 8*, receives its luminous grace from the brush of the only Geneva master enameler remaining in this discipline.

A timeless design for lasting pleasure

Those who know Patek Philippe say we design not for fashion but for posterity. We also design for your pleasure – in the precision work of a hobnail pattern on the bezel of your wristwatch *fig. 9* or the alignment of gemstones so they light up a room *fig. 12*.

Patek Philippe has made timepieces available in the United States since the 1840's. Some of the spectacular and historical watches are on exhibit at the Smithsonian. However, the current collection can be seen at select fine jewelry stores in major U.S. cities. Although you might have to wait for a specific model, the reward is incalculable. Because the day you take delivery of the world's finest watch *fig. 13* will be the first day of a lifetime of pleasure.

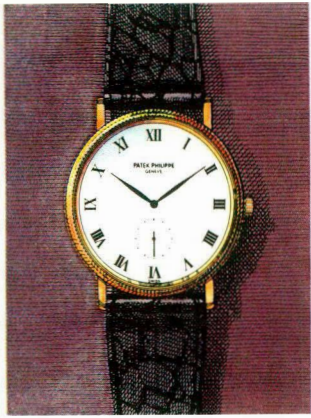


fig. 1: The classic face of Patek Philippe.



fig. 4: Complicated wristwatches circa 1930 (left) and 1990. The golden age of watchmaking will always be with us.

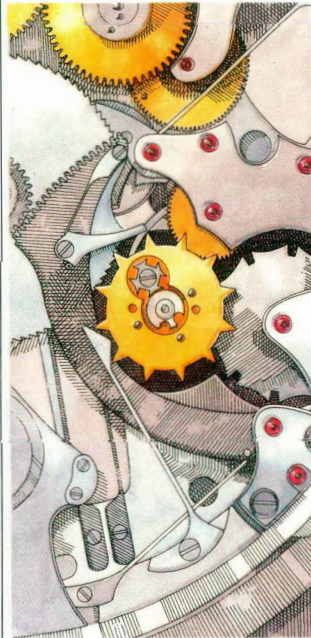


fig. 2: One of the 33 complications of the Calibre 89 astronomical clock-watch is a satellite wheel that completes one revolution every 400 years.

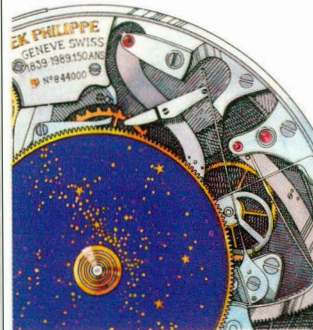


fig. 5: The Geneva Seal is awarded only to watches which achieve the standards of horological purity laid down in the laws of Geneva. These rules define the supreme quality of watchmaking.



fig. 3: Recognized as the most advanced mechanical regulating device to date, Patek Philippe's Gyromax balance wheel demonstrates the equivalence of simplicity and precision.

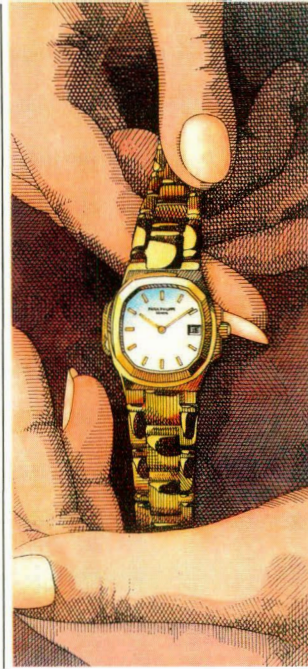
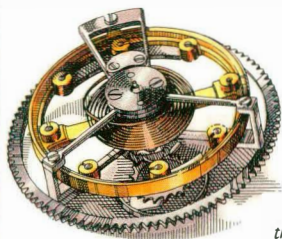


fig. 6: Your pleasure in owning a Patek Philippe is the purpose of those who made it for you.



fig. 7: Arabesques come to life on a gold case-back.

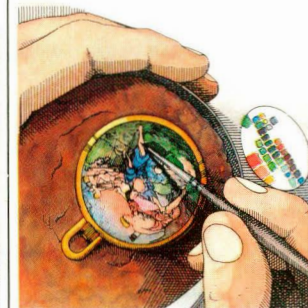


fig. 8: An artist working six hours a day takes about four months to complete a miniature in enamel on the case of a pocket-watch.

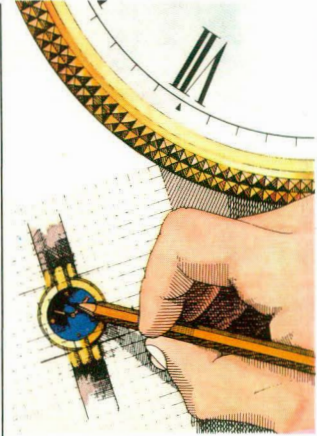


fig. 9: Harmony of design is executed in a work of simplicity and perfection in a lady's Calatrava wristwatch.

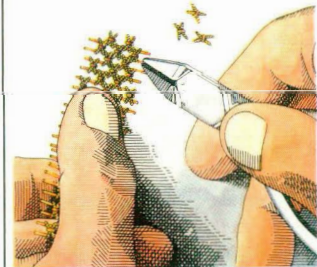


fig. 10: The chainsmith's hands impart strength and delicacy to a tracery of gold.

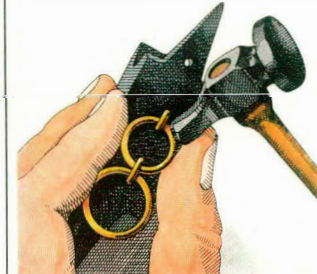


fig. 11: Circles in gold: symbols of perfection in the making.

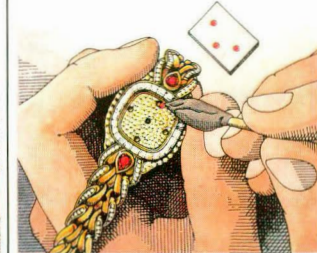


fig. 12: The test of a master lapidary is his ability to express the splendour of precious gemstones.

PATEK PHILIPPE GENEVE

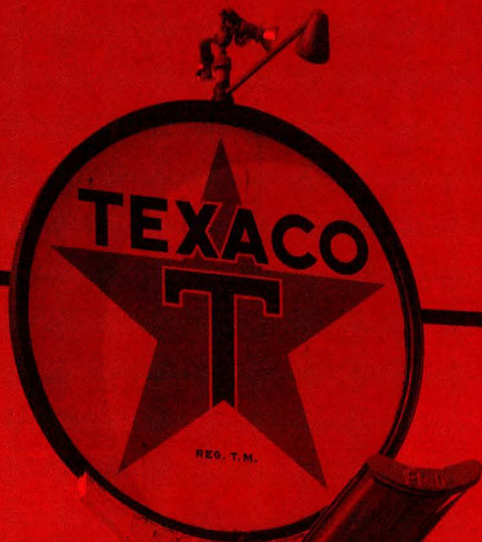
fig. 13: The discreet sign of those who value their time.

T O N



H I L F

1 M Y



Socks.

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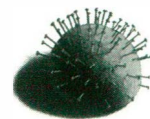
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TAG-Heuer watches possess endurance and precision: qualities found among those who thrive on pressure. The Sports Elegance series with a double protection screw-in crown is water-resistant to 200 meters (660 feet). It features a unidirectional turning bezel and a scratch-resistant sapphire crystal.



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The Big Bear

Ace Greenberg and Jimmy Cayne turned up trumps, and Bear Stearns had its best year ever. Here's how.

BY JAMES KIM

At the head of the trading room at the Wall Street firm Bear Stearns, where the buzz of people trying to trade paper for more valuable paper steadily builds, Alan "Ace" Greenberg pulls a hard hat from behind his desk to make a point.

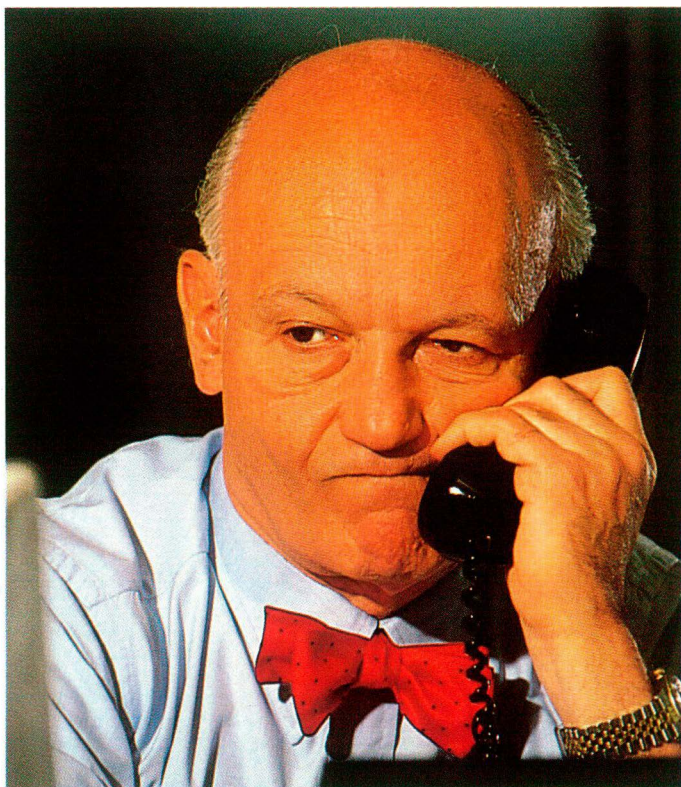
"I get very concerned when things go as well as they have been. I just know something's going to go wrong," says the firm's chairman and chief executive, as his trust-me smile—every trader has one—fades into a faint frown.

"So in my next memo—I'm serious—I'm going to encourage everyone to get a hard hat because something's going to fall on somebody's head. At times like this, you just got to be careful." Greenberg's white hard hat already has his name emblazoned on it in bold black letters.

For Bear Stearns—the Bear, as it's often called on Wall Street—it's indeed been a good year; in fact it's been the best ever. As trading, brokerage and underwriting business surged, the company surprised Wall Street by racking up record earnings of \$295 million in fiscal 1992. Receiving much of the credit, of course, are the firm's top guns—notably Greenberg and his bridge partner, alter ego and good friend, president Jimmy Cayne.

These two cigar-chomping traders from Wall Street's old school have built in recent years a solid, sometimes feared, definitely oddball investment bank. Exactly how they did it, however, is

James Kim is a reporter for USA Today who writes frequently for M.



Ace handles many calls from clients direct.

hard to pin down. Greenberg, 64, and Cayne, 58, themselves do a poor job of explaining their managerial philosophy; sometimes you wonder if they even have one.

Essentially, they seem to have built the Bear the old-fashioned way, taking aggressive investment positions, being quick to cut losses, emphasizing proven money-making businesses, shunning the fads and always—always!—cutting costs, as if biblically instructed. The firm is a hybrid that combines the feel of the old partnerships that once dominated Wall Street and the new-age, entrepreneurial ethos of, say, Microsoft, the software giant. "It's very hard to define," Cayne says. "But it's a unique culture"—one that he's working hard to preserve as the firm faces its future and the inevitable:

life without Greenberg, one of Wall Street's most respected elder statesman.

No doubt the firm wishes every year would be like 1992. "Everything clicked," says Greenberg, who would rather not talk about retirement. "We were hitting on all cylinders." Unsurprisingly, he and Cayne were richly rewarded, even by Wall Street's standards. Greenberg stands to make around \$15.5 million in 1992; Cayne will likely earn around \$14.5 million—by far their biggest paychecks ever.

Other Wall Street firms won't report their 1992 earnings and executive pay packages until next year. For most, 1991 was a similarly record-breaking year, for profits and paychecks. Even so, few officials approached Greenberg's and Cayne's level.

Of course, not everyone thinks Greenberg and Cayne are worth their pay. Hard hats may come in handy if the company's stockholders, who will gather this month for the Bear's annual meeting, decide to raise a ruckus about it.

"It's way too much," says Graef "Bud" Crystal, a persistent critic of executive overcompensation, who has especially harsh words for Wall Street bigs. "It's excessive. When they take these monster pay packages, they're draining huge amounts of profits from the firm."

Crystal, who has tangled with Greenberg before—and many a chief executive across America—argues the company's owners, the shareholders, haven't been treated nearly as well as Greenberg and Cayne over the long haul, even though the stock has fared well recently. Since

October 1985, when the company went public with Greenberg in charge, Bear Stearns stockholders have gained an average 13.7 percent annually. That compares to an average gain of 17.4 percent at a group of 300 top publicly traded companies, according to Crystal's research. Bear Stearns's stock, however, has done better than most of its peers.

Still, Crystal says, Bear Stearns "hasn't performed well enough to justify the amount they pay their executives."

That may be true, but you'll never convince Greenberg and Cayne. "I can't make any apologies," scoffs Greenberg, in between the phone calls from clients

according to a formula set by the board of directors, the top executives make only that much if the firm breaks even or loses money. But if the firm makes money, they get a preset chunk of any profits.

"You get my point? The deal was laid out in advance," Greenberg says. "It was a done deal. What do you want me to do? Take dumb pills and not make money for the firm? This just happened to be a bonanza year."

Greenberg's route to Bear Stearns began far from the canyons of Manhattan. Born in Wichita, raised in Oklahoma City, the stocky son of a clothing retailer grew up solidly Jewish and mid-

accepted. His skills as a trader were soon evident, and he moved up fast. In 1958, he made full partner and began to emerge as a master trader of sorts, whose client list would eventually include the Belzbergs, Carl Icahn, Irwin Jacobs, Henry Kravis and Donald Trump, among others.

The next year, however, Greenberg was diagnosed as having cancer, and the odds were strong that it would prevail. For the next decade, he made frequent trips to the Mayo Clinic for treatment. But he never stopped working, and he eventually beat the original odds of survival. It's common thinking around the firm that though his cancer is long gone, the effects on Greenberg's outlook have lasted: he's revered for his calm under extreme pressure, and his mentality is decidedly short-term—as if there's no tomorrow.

When Cy Lewis, then CEO and still an in-house legend, stepped down in 1978 after a long illness, the other partners named Greenberg to the top job.

Ace flashes a broad smile, and his light blue eyes seem to brighten as he pulls a deck of cards from the top drawer of his desk.

He has many hobbies. Bridge is his passion. He and Cayne once won a national championship. He's also fairly accomplished at yo-yoing, whittling and playing pool, among other things. But for sheer enjoyment, Ace loves few things more than performing magic tricks, "miracles" he often calls them, especially at charity events.

"Pick a card," he says. A guest obliges, then puts it back in the middle of the deck, which he then shuffles. "Remember the card? What if I said, 'It's rising to the top?'" Pause. "What if I said, 'It's there now?'" Smile. He's done this many times before. "Go ahead. Look." Sure enough, the top card was the chosen card, the Jack of Diamonds.

"How did you do that?" the guest asks. Ace's smile vanishes. He's not about to tell.

Bear Stearns's stature has no doubt risen in recent years. It's won grudging respect for its pristine balance sheet, its aggressive—sometimes to a fault—trading habits and its super-steady, super-profitable stock-clearing business.

And no small feat: the company has survived the scandals and financial mire in the late 1980s that claimed so many others, even though Greenberg sometimes



Ace and bridge partner Jimmy where they feel they belong: in the trading room

that go direct to his desk.

All around him, his employees are cradling phones, punching screens, pumping their feet, always trading, always working an angle. This beehive of money-hungry "PSDs"—Greenberg's term for "poor, smart and a deep desire to be rich"—has always made him feel at home. He keeps a posh office nearby, but you'll rarely find him there. He prefers the rowdy floor, where his bald pate and confident grin blend well with his traders. Out here, even the chairman can't escape accountability for any action taken. Greenberg doesn't try.

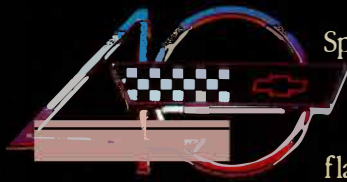
"Write this down," he says. "I know of no other large corporation where the top people have a base salary of only \$200,000 a year. That's it." Indeed,

dle class. A good athlete, he went to the University of Oklahoma on a football scholarship. After a back injury ended his career, he transferred to the University of Missouri. There, he complained to his roommate, Alvin Einbender, now Bear Stearns's chief operating officer, that he didn't get enough dates. Einbender suggested a flashier name; it's been "Ace" ever since.

After earning a business degree in 1949, though he spent much of his time playing bridge, Greenberg set out for New York, where he would eventually marry twice and raise two children. Back then Wall Street wasn't the most hospitable place for Jews. He applied to six investment houses and got one offer, as a clerk for Bear Stearns. He gladly

40 years ago
we took America's
breath away.



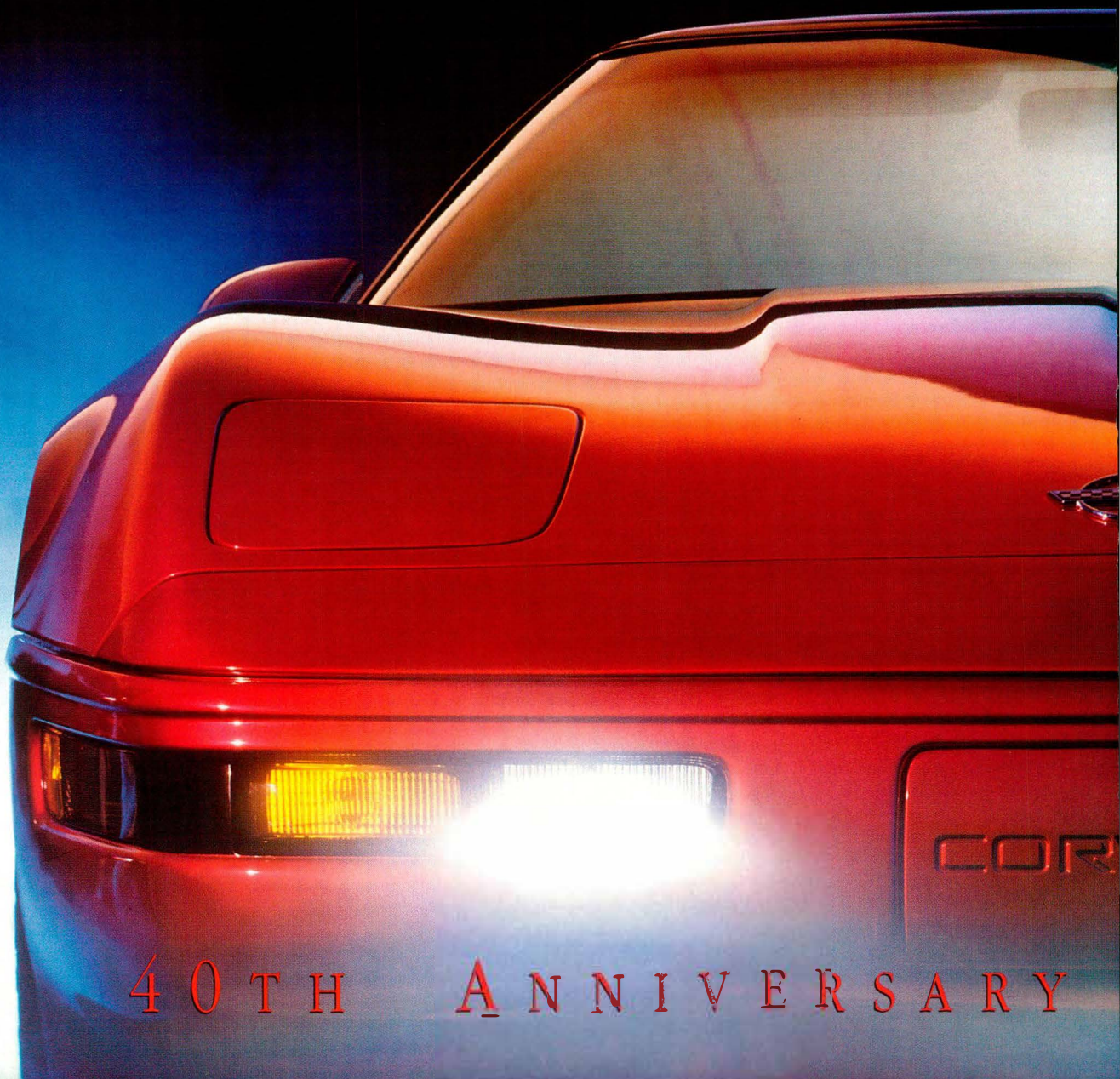


Sports cars come
and go. Most
flare brightly for a
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stars. But one has endured: igniting
vivid memories of Sting Rays, Makos,
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Nobody has

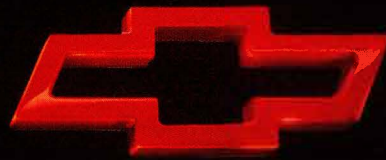


40TH ANNIVERSARY

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a six-speed manual transmission and
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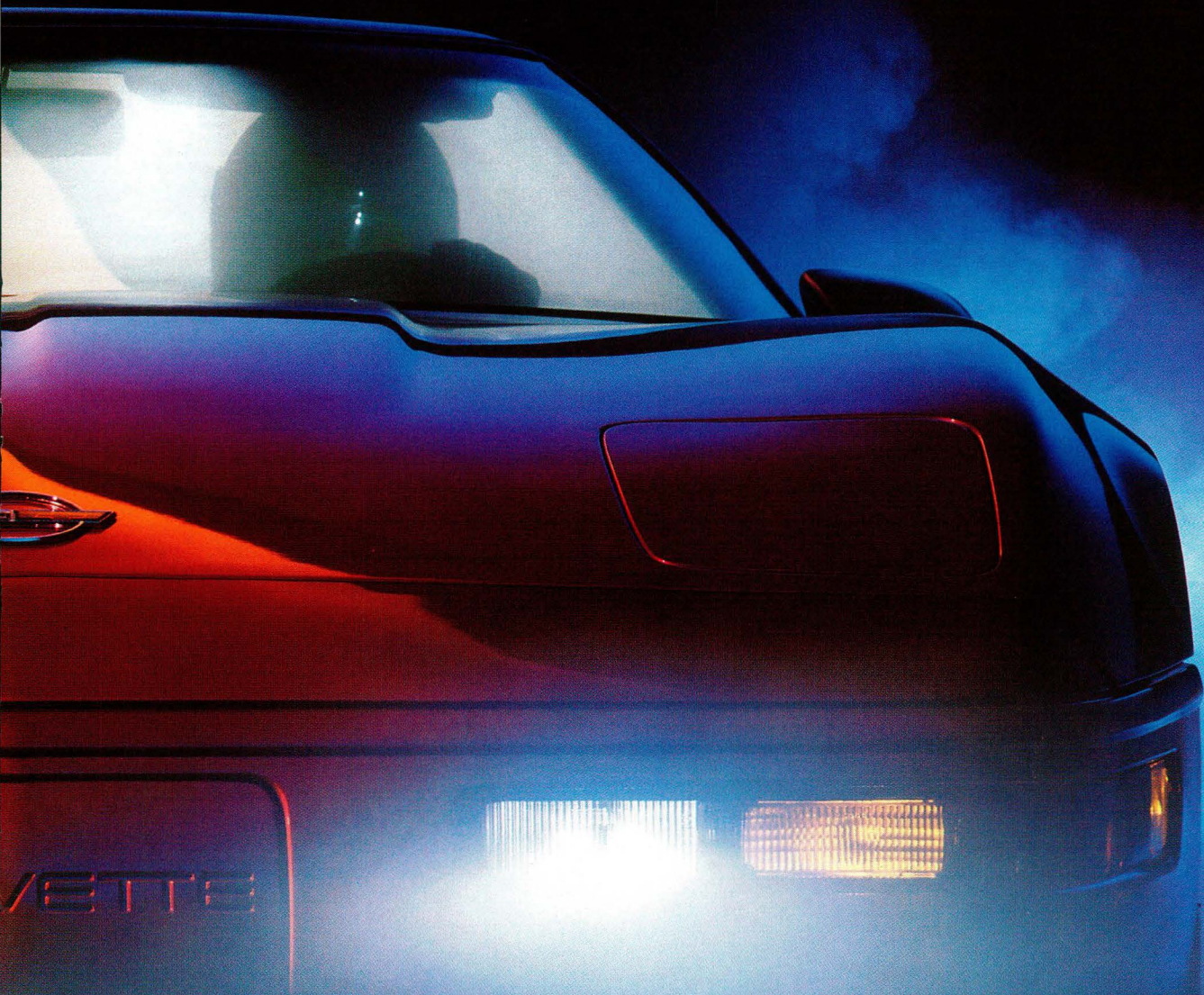
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away. But then, what else would you
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CHEVROLET CORVETTE

dealt with the likes of disgraced arbitrageur Ivan Boesky. He also testified in 1990 as a character witness for John Mulheren, whom the government had accused of securities fraud.

But the Bear isn't yet—and perhaps never will be—at the top of Wall Street's power deck. Still, when it comes to Wall Street executives, Ace himself has clearly risen to Grand Old Man status. "One of Wall Street's all-time great managers," says investment pro Mario Gabelli. "He wrote the book on how a Wall Street firm ought to be run," says another Wall Street watcher.

The trouble is Greenberg has diffi-

is one tough period, and in my years on Wall Street, I have seen a few. Things are so bad that Haimchinkel made an unexpected visit." And, in another memo: "We should be hiring not firing at this time. Being contrarian has worked for us before and it will work again."

Weathering good times. After a great quarter, he wrote: "We are going to stress, reinforce and become just plain obnoxious about stopping overconfidence and conceit. When the party ends I do not want to go on clean-up duty."

Finding the right people. "Our first desire is to promote from within. If somebody applies with an MBA, we will

money trafficking in them.

His boss laughed. So he went over his head to Greenberg, who laughed. So he went over Greenberg's head to Cy Lewis, who gave him the go-ahead. The city eventually recovered, and the Bear, the only firm to maintain trading in New York City bonds, made a bundle. The episode launched Cayne's career, establishing him as a comer.

Today, he handles many of the day-to-day executive chores, while Greenberg works primarily as a trader, drumming up business and handling top clients.

Over the years, they developed strong, unspoken bonds, the kind that

"We don't believe in that chain-of-command thing," Cayne says. "There's no such thing as an end run here."

certainly not hold that against him, but we are really looking for people with PSD degrees. They built this firm, and there are plenty around because our competition seems to be restricting themselves to MBAs."

People who have studied the company and done business with it say such thinking has inspired—by design or by luck—a culture apart from its Wall Street peers.

But where else are top employees required to give 4 percent of their income to charity? "Never had a complaint," says Greenberg, an avid philanthropist. Where else do the top executives insist they have absolutely no projections for future business growth? "We're not that smart," Cayne says. Where else can a young broker for a tiny brokerage naively cold call the chairman, who ends up offering her a job that day? "We don't believe in that chain-of-command thing," Cayne says. "There's no such thing as an end run here. We want everyone to 'run for mayor.' It works."

Indeed, the company thrives on in-house entrepreneurship. More than anything, company officials say, that propels the company. Cayne, the heir apparent to Greenberg's job, is a fine example. Back in 1975, when President Gerald Ford was telling New York City to drop dead, Cayne ran for mayor. He wanted to make a market in New York City bonds, which were rapidly losing value, thinking the city would eventually rebound and confident he could make

longtime bridge partners can best understand, and that has carried over to their professional lives.

Cayne is keen that someday his mentor will step down. But he seems bent on preserving the culture wrought by Ace. He has commissioned surveys and studies, asking consultants and employees what they think makes the Bear so different, trying to define its uniqueness, its life source.

Perhaps, he says, it boils down to this: "We have one asset: our people." And those people—ideally in the mold of Greenberg and Cayne, aggressive and entrepreneurial—will be the firm's future. The key will be organizing that collection of talent, keeping it somehow controlled yet chaotic—precisely what the likes of IBM, among other companies, is desperately trying to do.

No doubt, it's a tricky thing. "If you try to enforce it," Cayne says, "it's no good." With Greenberg at the helm, everything clicked naturally. Cayne can only hope that condition remains after his mentor is gone.

Out on the trading floor, Ace frowns. He's trying to leave early, but the subject of retirement has come up.

"I want to work as long as I can, as long as I'm productive," he says curtly. "I have no plans to retire, though I'm sure there will be lots of changes around here when I die." He laughs and rises. Then, he puts on his blazer and walks almost unnoticed to the entrance, leaving his hard hat and his beloved trading floor until tomorrow. ■

BEAR STEARNS

culty explaining just how he does things. Ask him, and he sort of mumbles. "Just get better day by day. Stick to our business. Treat people like I or you would like to be treated. Things like that." This is a chief executive talking?

A better glimpse of his managerial philosophy comes from his in-house memos, like the promised one about hard hats. Few companies publish and actually sell collections of their chairman's memos. But when it comes to missives to employees, Greenberg is in a class alone. His fans apparently don't mind paying to read them.

Over the years, Greenberg has attributed much of his memos' content to two consultants, Haimchinkel Malintz Anaynikal and his nephew Itzhok Nanook "Nookie" Pumpernickanawlian. Both are the creations of Greenberg's fertile imagination. Some pet themes:

Controlling costs. Greenberg is an avid penny-pincher. Among other things, he's banned buying new paper clips. "All of us receive documents with paper clips on them," he wrote. "If we saved these, in a short time we'll be awash in the little critters." He also banned rubber band purchases. Concerning the firm's electricity bill, he wrote: "Electricity is not free. Nookie took a little walk and found enough lights and machines on to fund Bangladesh's light bill for a year." He instructed employees to turn off the lights and machines when not in use.

Weathering tough times. In the midst of a painful slump, he wrote: "This

state the *truth*. state
your *mind*. state the
obvious. but don't
expect your shoes to
make the statement for
you. the *jared*, a hand-
sewn understatement.
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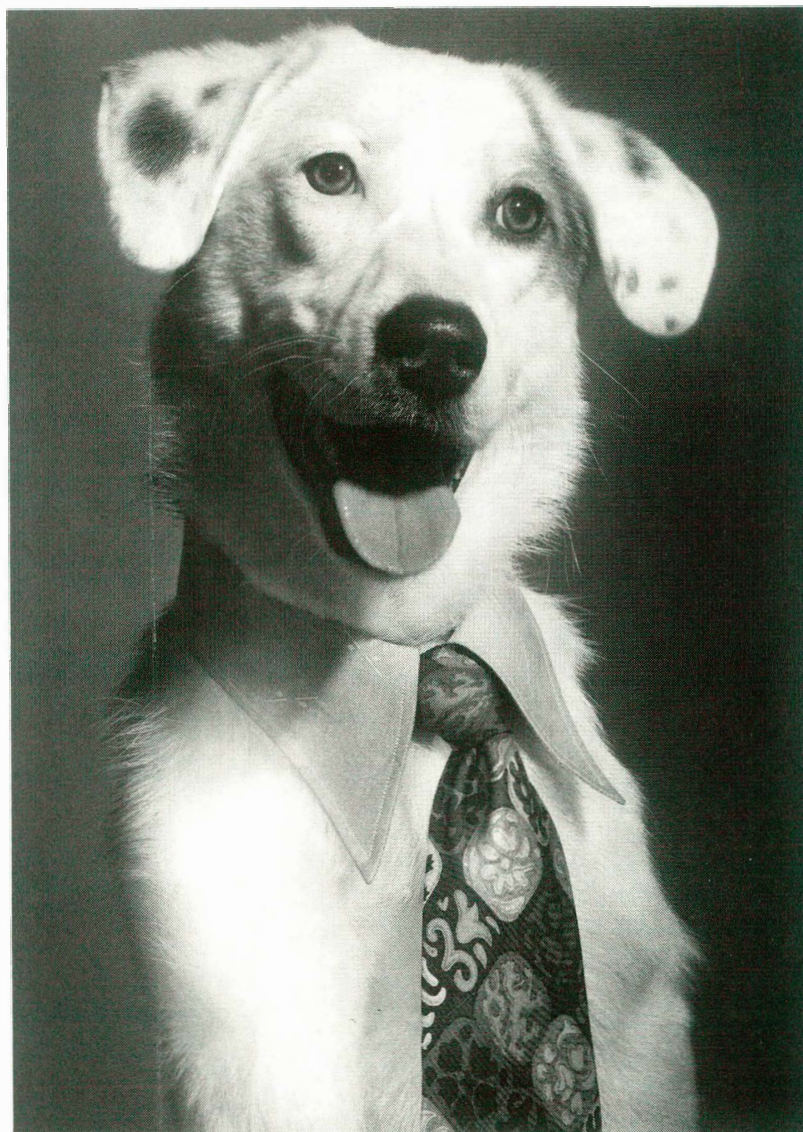
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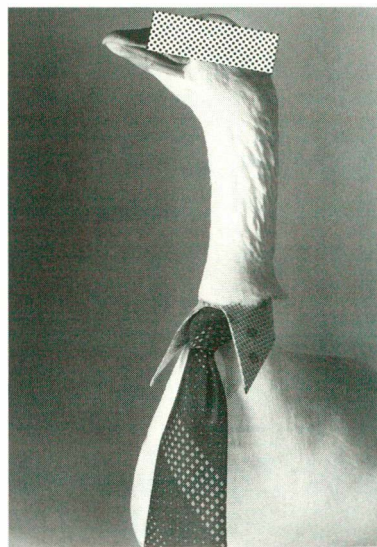
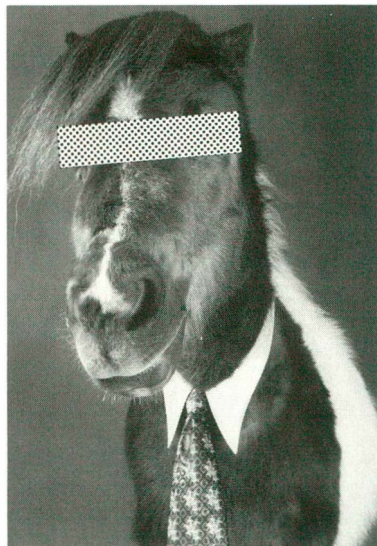
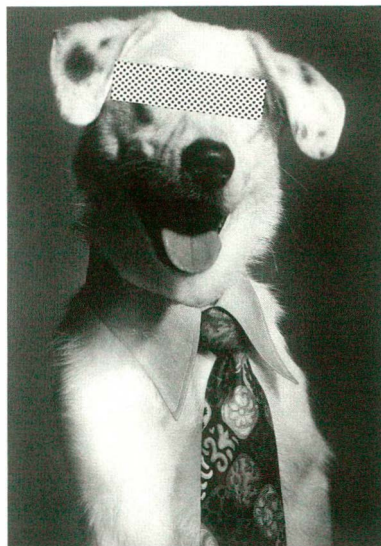
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Toxic Avenger

A gigantic oil spill oozed up to the doorstep of top environmental litigator Michael Hausfeld. Now Texaco has a brand new headache.

BY AMANDA GARDNER

Give Michael Hausfeld a few minutes of your time and he will make you very angry. He paces back and forth in front of his audience, hurling charges at some inevitably overgrown corporation in a mocking, razor-edged tone of voice honed during 23 years as a trial attorney. His impassioned presentations follow a simple but effective script: outrage for the victims, disgust with whoever let it happen, demand for rightful reparations.

Hausfeld consistently and fervidly sides with the underdog in civil rights, antitrust and environmental suits, so it's not too difficult to stage anger. His clients have been fired because they complained about sexual harassment, they've gotten sick from toxic leaks, they've had their livelihood destroyed when an oil tanker ran aground in Prince William Sound.

Last spring, Hausfeld ran through his customary routine, this time before 150 men and women packed into a local school cafeteria. They were all victims of environmental foul play: a Texaco subsidiary had released massive quantities of petroleum product into the soil beneath their property. Their homes were worth next to nothing. Their backyards had become hard-hat areas. They worried about the risk of developing leukemia.

But there was something different tonight. This time Hausfeld wasn't empathizing with distressed citizens a half continent away. The men and women arrayed before him in a Fairfax, Virginia, elementary school not half a mile from his own home were his friends, his neighbors and his wife. This time, Hausfeld was one of the victims.

For Texaco the situation could hardly have been worse. Not only was the company responsible for a major oil spill, but the leak stopped within yards of the home of an experienced environmental litigator. "He's a very talented lawyer,"



Hausfeld enjoys combat with "over-resourced, belligerent corporations."

says Denver attorney John Holland. "He seems to enjoy combat with high-powered, over-resourced, belligerent corporations. I love trying a case with him because he goes for the throat... You have to respect him because he's so hard to stop."

The 47 families on Tovito Drive at the western edge of Mantua, a subdivision of Fairfax County, are titleholders to a stretch of eight and a half acres of

common wooded property. The expanse serves as a barrier from the traffic and commercial property on Pickett Road, one of the area's main thruways. It was also a place for residents to jog, walk their dogs or simply enjoy the abundant reserve of oaks, maples and pines. But off and on for years, residents had complained about a peculiar odor—something like gasoline—emanating from Crook Branch, the creek that flows

Since Texaco got busy relandscaping neighborhood yards, residents' homes are worth next to nothing.



Mike and Marilyn Hausfeld moved with their two young children to Mantua in the mid 1970s at the urging of friends who had already settled in the area. At the time, the neighborhood was an oasis for hundreds of middle-class families. The area's charm came from its natural, wooded setting: the summer foliage was so dense in some places that houses were completely camouflaged. There were also parklands, a community pool, tennis courts and excellent schools. "We were all such planners," sighs neighbor Jack Maskell. "We looked for the right schools, the right places to live."



through the property's southern corner before continuing east through Mantua.

It wasn't until the middle of 1991 that local officials were able to trace the problem back to the section of a Pickett Road tank farm occupied by Star Enterprise (a joint-venture partnership of Texaco and Saudi Refining Inc.). Star's 20-acre holding area for fuel on its way to gas stations and airports is barely a stone's throw from Mantua, though its giant storage cylinders can't be seen from the residential streets. Somehow, a "plume" of between 100,000 and one million gallons of "petroleum product" had been allowed to escape and drift beneath a single square mile of residential property. By contrast, the Exxon *Valdez* dumped roughly 11 million gallons of oil over thousands of miles of open sea. Despite the discovery, Mantua residents got very little help from Star. Finally, fed up with the company's foot-dragging, Hausfeld filed suits on behalf of 160 families alleging that Texaco knowingly contaminated Mantua and tried to hide the facts.

The Hausfelds settled comfortably into an unassuming three-bedroom brick house nestled on half an acre of trees and shrubbery. "It's a community," says Hausfeld of the area's appeal. "It's the closest thing to the old type neighborhood where you could go out and talk to your neighbors and they would know you and you would know them. You had your privacy but you also had the feeling that you belonged to something."

Hausfeld had moved to Washington in 1966 to attend George Washington University's School of Law. It was the height of the antiwar years and Hausfeld, sporting the inevitable long hair and beard, fit right in to the protest movement that was gathering speed along the mall. In 1969, the luxury of his student days over, Hausfeld began shopping around for a position that would accommodate his principles. He ended up taking a position at a downtown firm (now known as Cohen, Milstein, Hausfeld & Toll), then carving a niche representing plaintiffs in civil rights and antitrust suits,

though he refused to cut his hair or shed the activist energy which characterized his student years.

In the early seventies Hausfeld represented Diane Rennyay Williams against her former employer, the Department of Justice, in one of the first major suits to argue that sexual harassment is a violation of the Civil Rights Act. The case dragged on for eight years, but a characteristically dogged Hausfeld eventually won the verdict.

Today, Hausfeld's well-targeted anger is most often directed against the perpetrators of environmental disasters. His motivation in these cases is clear—"These are people whose lives were touched in a totally unexpected manner by nothing other than callous disregard," he says of an ongoing multimillion-dollar damage suit against Martin Marietta for allegedly dumping rocket fuel in his clients' drinking water. And he's jumping into environmental law at a time when public awareness is on the rise. Television anchors have latched onto the Mantua tragedy and others like it to point out that not all oil spills happen at sea and not all the victims are seals and cormorants. Environmental law is still in the nascent stages, however, so Hausfeld's powers are all the more vital in setting precedents and shaping practices.

Hausfeld is now working on his biggest case yet: representing native Alaskan villagers on claims stemming from the Exxon *Valdez* catastrophe. Hausfeld's partner, Jerry Cohen, is the co-lead counsel coordinating the jumble of 84 law firms and 7,000 plaintiffs with suits pending in the debacle. Though the litigation is far from settled, Hausfeld has already scored a victory: the lawsuit filed on behalf of the villagers by Hausfeld and Anchorage attorney Lloyd Miller led eventually to the disintegration of the complex settlements between Exxon and the federal and state governments, which many people thought were too easy on the oil giant.

As to his own backyard oil spill, Hausfeld is incredulous as he recounts the lack of progress; a full year after the problem was first discovered, "Texaco was not admitting that a) there's a problem, b) they were the cause or c) there was any threat to human health or safety." Over the next year, a bizarre series of events converged to delay cleanup efforts and alienate the community. And throughout it all, even though the precise

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Sunday, 3:30 pm., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N.Y.C. The choice isn't coffee.

COCKBURN'S PORT

Not just after dinner, after all.

source of the leak (or spill) remained a mystery, Star continued to operate, receiving and disgorging some 22 million gallons of unleaded gas, aviation fuel, diesel fuel and heating oil each month. "Let me put it this way," says Hausfeld. "If they don't know what caused it, that means they couldn't have fixed anything, so how do they know it's still not leaking?" "We'd be better off if we were spotted owls," groaned one resident.

The delays in getting the remediation or cleanup system up and running assumed new sig-

is your castle. That says something. It's your fortress. It's your place. You push someone out of it and you add a burden that most people have a difficult time even relating to."

To this day no one outside Texaco knows precisely how or why the spill occurred. In early May, however, almost two years after the spill was first detected, Star grudgingly offered up a sort of explanation. Officials said a missing spill container at the tank farm's loading area could have permitted thousands of gallons of oil to seep into the ground undetect-

When Mike Hausfeld walks his dog in the evenings, he's no longer surprised by the smell of gasoline wafting from the storm drains. Nor was he surprised when county real estate assessors adjusted the value of his home down an estimated 50 percent. Houses directly over the plume are also valued at about half what they were last year, and that's before all of this year's traumas are factored in. But not many home buyers would touch these properties at any price right now. "Would you buy a house there?" asks an employee of the county real estate



The EPA claims the area can be cleaned up in 10 to 20 years. "That's a misnomer, a joke," says Hausfeld. "That area is forever contaminated."

nificance when doctors started calling Hausfeld's office after reading about the problem in local papers. Now they realized why they'd been seeing so many patients from the Mantua area, especially ones with respiratory ailments. Benzene emanating from the creek and the storm-drainage system raises the specter of cancer years ahead. Wildlife in and near the creek has already died off. Children have been warned away from the area and from storm drain outlets. Residents complain of difficulty breathing, asthmalike attacks, nausea, bleeding noses. Allergies this year have been particularly severe, which may have less to do with pollen than with petroleum by-products.

On April 2, a man was evacuated from his home of 27 years when oil was discovered just three feet from his basement walls, raising the fear of explosion. Installing the cleanup system only caused more disruption. One family had to abandon its home so workers could build a trench measuring 200 feet long and about 25 feet deep in the backyard. Hazardous construction conditions forced more residents to leave. In one case Texaco inexplicably tried to relocate a family to a house even more dangerously situated, directly on the plume.

"You can't disrupt a person's life more than telling him, 'You can't live where you live,'" rails Hausfeld, his natural ability to empathize sharpened by the sudden convergence of his private and professional lives. "That's your home. You leave work, you go back to your home. You leave the stress of the office or the working world and you come back to your home. Your home

ed. (A spill container catches residue flushed out of empty trucks.) Star later disclosed that it knew as early as October of 1990 that the device was missing.

The company finally agreed to temporarily close their section of the tank farm beginning June 15 so that an independent audit could be conducted. Local residents are pressing to have the site permanently shut down or relocated. "The neighborhood can't be healed while the tank farm is there," insists Jim Connolly, until recently president of the Mantua Citizens Association. "It's looming on the horizon. People will think, 'It happened once. What's to stop it from happening again?'"

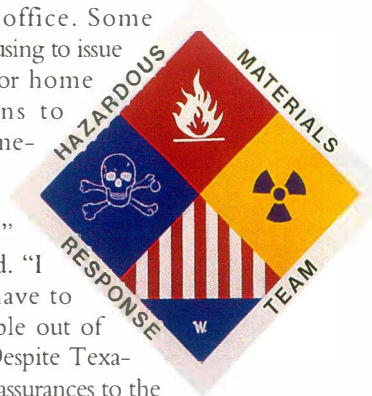
The remediation system is in place and the EPA optimistically claims the area can be cleaned up in 10 to 20 years. Hausfeld says that's impossible: "That's a misnomer, a joke. They can remove some of the product so that it will not move forward, but they will never clean that aquifer or that groundwater. That area is forever contaminated."

There's been talk of turning parts of Mantua into a park, once the residents decide what to do with their homes, their gardens, their lives. Until then, the neighborhood seems to have settled into an uneasy rhythm. Every week a huge red fire engine arrives to check for toxic vapors. Fire marshals and hazardous-materials trucks routinely patrol the area. Instead of meeting at block parties, neighbors gather by the work sites, grousing about the situation. Nearby, oblivious to the irony, an OSHA supervisor wears a white hard hat which says "Star" and, above that, a picture of the globe over the words "Ours to Protect."

assessment office. Some banks are refusing to issue mortgages or home equity loans to Mantua homeowners.


"What do you do?" asks Hausfeld. "I think you have to get the people out of that area." Despite Texaco and EPA assurances to the contrary, Mantua citizens know the problem is nowhere near solved. Hausfeld is determined to prove his case against the company. And there's been progress in other areas. The House Subcommittee on Crime and Criminal Justice is considering a bill that would criminalize environmental liability, and communities are beefing up the safety requirements for fuel-tank farms.

In the meantime, Hausfeld has become a local hero of sorts, receiving standing ovations at community meetings and picketing along with his neighbors and clients outside the tank farm. Star officials don't exhibit the same admiration. Company spokesperson Dave Dixon scoffs when asked if anyone at the company has remarked on the bad luck of having an oil spill on Michael Hausfeld's doorstep. "What's an environmental specialist anyway? If [Hausfeld] is such an environmental specialist, you have to ask yourself, 'Why did he elect to live so close to a tank farm?'" says Dixon. Or you might ask yourself: if tank farms are as safe as the company claims, why wouldn't an environmental "specialist" feel comfortable living near one? ■



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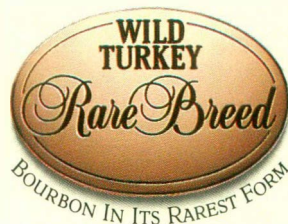
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The Custody Trap

The only thing worse than a divorced father who walks out on his children is a system that shows him the door.

BY STEPHEN PERRINE

Who's that shameful-looking man on the cover of *Newsweek*? Who's that guy staring out from wanted posters throughout New England? Who's Bill Clinton declaring open season on in his acceptance speech at the Democratic convention? Is he a deadbeat dad? Or is he the victim of a backward legal system that robs men of their children and children of their fathers?

Richard Warshak, one of the country's foremost experts on child custody, thinks he knows the answer. He wants to shatter the very structure of divorce proceedings, change society's view of visitation rights and child support and make the term "custody battle" an anachronism. He wants nothing short of a custody revolution. And he has a plan to make it happen.

"A generation ago we never had fathers in the delivery room—now it's an everyday thing," he says. And the only change needed for that, he says, was in "public perception." Today nine out of 10 children of divorce live with their mothers, mainly due to the presumption on the part of courts and society that mothers make better parents. Warshak wants to change that perception too.

In his new book, *The Custody Revolution* (Poseidon Press), Warshak, 42, uses research he has conducted as an associate professor of psychology at the University of Texas Southwestern, and his experience as a practicing child psychologist, to explode what he calls "the motherhood mystique." In the process

he offers an explanation for the deadbeat dad syndrome and maps out a strategy for divorced men to play a larger role in their children's lives. To Warshak, joint custody should be the expectation rather than the exception for divorced parents. That conclusion is based on three central findings of his research. First, men with joint custody honor their child-support payments to a far greater extent than

more involved with their children—until they get divorced. Then they're suddenly told that four days a month is enough," he says, referring to the standard every-other-weekend that many fathers are allotted. Trying to frame a relationship around weekend movies and trips to the pizza parlor is more like dating than fathering, and just as awkward. Add to that the guilt of the divorce and the

anguish of repeated painful farewells and it's no wonder, Warshak says, that so many men who are denied custody wind up dropping out of their kids' lives.

"It's too simplistic to say these men just don't love their children," says Warshak, who is married and the stepfather of one grown son. "A lot of men stop contact in order to avoid the pain of saying good-bye." In fact, a 1989 study by a sociologist at the

University of Pennsylvania revealed the startling statistic that about one-third of all children who live with their mothers never see their fathers. And once the rewards of seeing his child are gone, so is much of the man's motivation to pay child support.

Another reason many divorced fathers fall short in their financial obligations is that their former spouses have the ability to use access to the children as a weapon. If a man misses a payment, his ex-wife may refuse him his next visit—and the father retaliates in one of the few ways he can, by withholding money. Fathers' resentment of the standard custody arrangement is one reason women's financial resources are so damaged by



The issues in *Kramer versus Kramer* remain unchanged 13 years later.

those with restricted visitation rights. Second, children with equal access to both parents fare much better than their traditional-custody peers. And, third, so do their parents—ex-spouses with joint custody are much more likely to have amicable divorce arrangements and mutual financial security.

But joint custody is still a controversial arrangement, and one that only 34 states recognize as an option. So in order to support his proposal, Warshak has dissected the evolution of custody in the United States and demonstrated that many children destined for single-parent custody, especially boys, would fare better living with their fathers.

"Men are being encouraged to be

divorce. "There have been some studies in which fathers explain why they don't pay child support," Warshak says. "One is that there's no accountability for how the money is spent, and that the mother has all the power and the dad has all the bills. There are some men who don't have the money and there are some who are just lousy fathers who are incapable of loving their children." A 1990 Census Bureau report found that

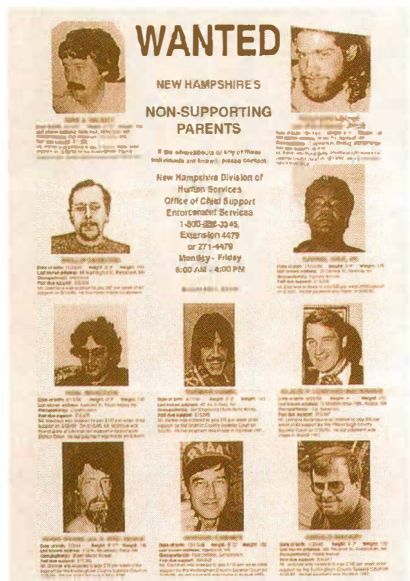
the option of awarding custody to the mother, but only if the child was under seven. This type of "tender years" custody usually reverted back to the father when the child reached school age. But the bias toward the mother was gradually extended until, by the 1920s, maternal custody was the clear preference. So the "age-old" tradition of mothers retaining custody dates back a mere 70 years. With the dramatic increase in the

son for my work."

Warshak's findings caused a sensation (and were used—out of context, he believes—to deny custody of her son to Roxanne Pulitzer). A series of studies revealed that compared with boys in the custody of their mothers, boys raised by their fathers were more mature, sociable, cooperative and independent. They had higher self-esteem and were more satisfied with their living arrangements. This, Warshak believes, is the whole reason why earlier studies had found boys to be more at risk from divorce—because they were forced to live with the opposite-sex parent. On the other hand, girls seemed to fare better living with their mothers than with their dads.

In his studies of boys in the custody of their mothers, Warshak found a variety of developmental problems that he links to a lack of access to their fathers. Most of them—insecure gender identity, difficulty in forming intimate relationships and general feelings of anxiety and low self-esteem—stem from the absence of a male role model. Warshak also believes that because divorced parents often can't fight the urge to denigrate their ex-part-

In New Hampshire, deadbeat dads adorn wanted posters, bottom. But Warshak, below, says custody arrangements deserve much of the blame.



of the five million women who have been awarded child-support payments, only about half receive the full amount they're owed. "You can't say there are three million men who don't love their children," Warshak says.

He believes the whole system for awarding custody is backward. Up until the Industrial Revolution, custody of a child was usually granted to the father. The Talfourd Act of 1839 gave courts

Warshak on deadbeat dads: "You can't say there are three million men who don't love their children."

divorce rate in the 1960s and '70s came a similar increase in the number of studies probing the impact of divorce on children. All of them found that children are dramatically impacted by their parents' breakup. But the studies also showed that boys tended to suffer more than girls. It is here that Warshak protests: these studies were done for the most part on children who lived in traditional custodial arrangements—with their mothers. And therein lies the problem.

In the late seventies Warshak began his investigation into the emotional lives of children who were in the custody of their fathers, and to compare them with children who were denied regular access to their dads. The impetus for his studies was distinctly Bly-like. Warshak's grandfather was killed by a runaway carriage when his father was only two. "It was always in the back of my mind: how would his life have been different if he had had his father? In looking back, it's apparent that that was an underlying rea-

sons, boys are often exposed to a tearing down of their fathers, or of men in general, at the same time they're trying to come to grips with their own masculinity. Girls too suffer when they are denied access to their opposite-sex parent, since their relationships with their fathers give them models to build on when they begin to date. So while a two-parent upbringing is ideal, if we're going to designate one parent to be the primary caretaker, there's no reason we should assume it should be the woman.

In fact, Warshak's studies show that men adjust to having custody of their children at least as well as women do. "The pattern in father-custody homes mirrors that in the film *Kramer versus Kramer*," Warshak says. "At first the father thinks, What am I doing? But eventually he does learn how to run the household." He quotes one study that found fathers coping much better with traditional "woman's work" like cooking than their female counterparts did with



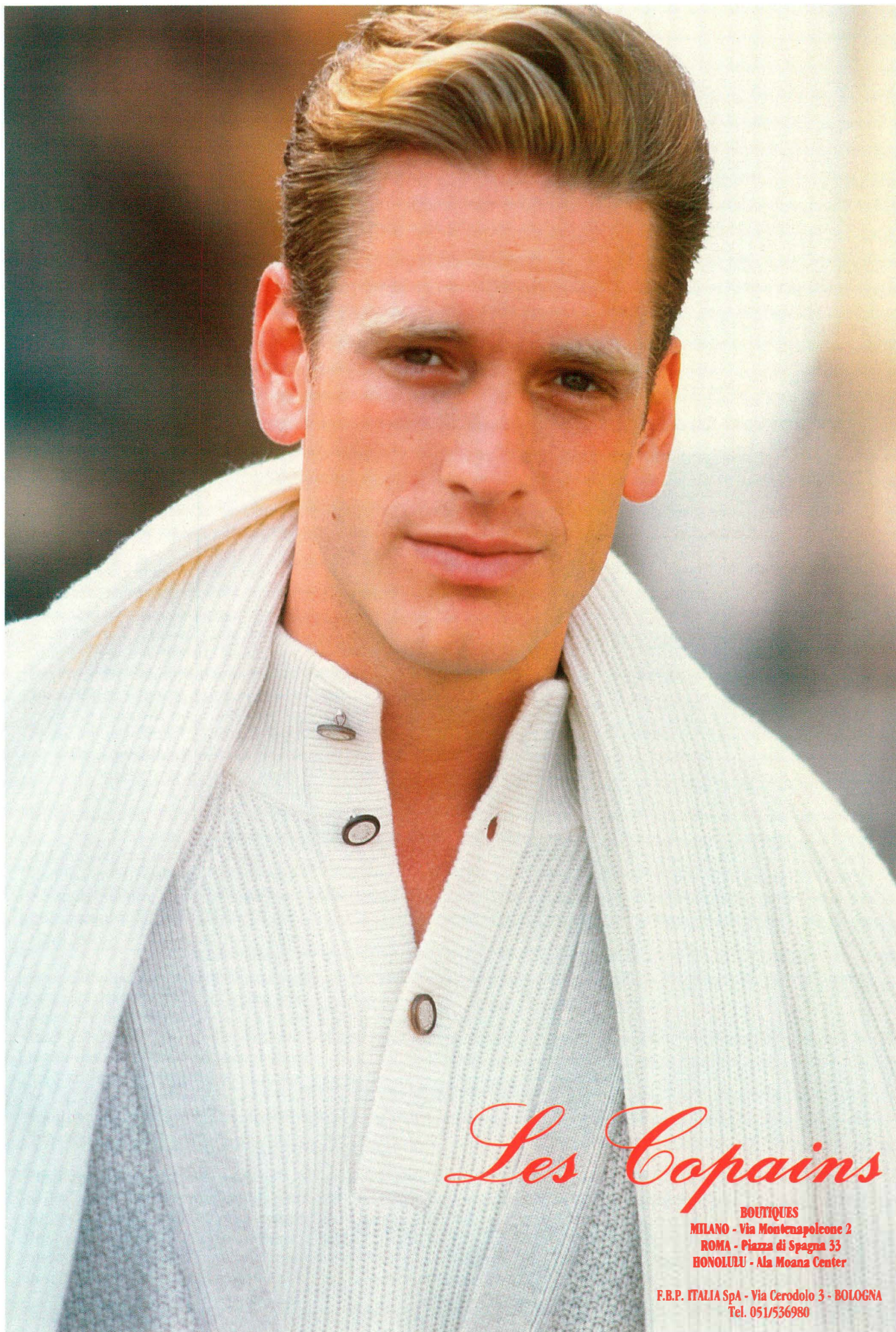
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tasks usually reserved for men, like patching roofs or changing storm windows. Men are also more likely to maintain a high level of income while caring for their children, while mothers with custody usually see their income drop.

Warshak's goal isn't to take children out of their mothers' homes and make father-custody the norm. And he emphasizes that the sex of the child should be just one of many considerations in deciding where he or she should live. But despite the fact that Warshak is really seeking a fair division of labor

Parents with joint custody reported the most cooperation, even years after the divorce.

between men and women, his arguments for joint custody could be construed as woman-bashing, and he admits he has taken heat from feminists for his beliefs. "Susan Faludi was right on target about backlash," he says, but he claims it works both ways. "There's been a backlash against joint custody because women are afraid of losing power. [But] I see this as a logical outgrowth of feminism. Let's break down the stereotypes one step further."

He draws a clear line between two types of joint custody—legal and physical. Joint legal custody, which many men are granted, means that the father has the authority to share in the major decisions about his child's welfare, helping to choose schools or approving medical treatment. It does not necessarily mean that he will be allowed to play an equal role in the child's daily life. Joint physical custody (or joint residential custody), on the other hand, means that the child spends relatively equal time in each parent's household.

The obvious question that remains is, do men really want to share custody of their children? Do they want to give up the social and financial freedom they receive when their ex-wives take on most of the responsibility? "A father has a lot of disadvantages to weigh before he seeks custody," Warshak concedes. But his research shows that fathers with joint custody, just like sole-custody men, eventually grow into the role—and that those who regret the choice are few.

Critics of joint custody argue not that fathers are incapable of raising children, but that former spouses are incapable of

raising kids together. Many professionals believe that hostilities between the man and his ex-wife may lead to the child's being fought over like a possession or used as a conduit for relaying hostile messages. But Warshak claims that joint custody does just the opposite. A recent study conducted by the Center for Policy Research in Denver concluded that the greatest deterioration in relations between former spouses occurred in maternal-custody arrangements. Parents with joint custody reported the most cooperation,

even years after the divorce.

One sacrifice a man with joint custody will have to make is to live close to his ex. Older children can tolerate switching households every month or two, but younger kids, with their exaggerated sense of time, need more frequent and flexible shifts. "I would like to see parents be more cautious about moving away from their children—it limits their options," Warshak says. One reason judges often deny joint custody is their fear that moving a child between homes so frequently will undermine the child's sense of security. But many experts claim that it's not the consistency of the environment but the consistency of the relationship the child has with each parent that is the most important factor in establishing stability for the child.

So will Warshak's revolution ever catch fire? When he started his research in the late seventies, the release of *Kramer versus Kramer* seemed to spark a rethinking of custody. Nothing happened. "I've been working on the book for years," Warshak says of *The Custody Revolution*, "and thinking that by the time it came out it would be moot."

Although continued research into joint custody may help change our expectations about divorce, Warshak says simply, "We need to reexamine our priorities. Our children are put at enough risk already from the divorce without losing frequent access to one parent. The studies we have show that joint-custody kids are doing as well or better than those living with their mothers."

And the parents of those children are doing better as well. ■

Getting Custody

If you are facing divorce and fear the prospect of losing contact with your children, or if you already have a traditional custody arrangement and want to take on more of a role in raising your kids, there are steps you can take, Warshak says.

- **First, think long and hard about why you want joint or full custody. Make sure you're not taking these steps to punish your ex, to gain the upper hand in other aspects of the divorce proceedings or to use the children as a way to cling to your former wife.**

- **Don't run to the nearest attorney as your first move. "Most men jump to a lawyer too soon," Warshak says. If you are on relatively good terms with your ex, talk to her about your concerns. "Many times the mother will welcome that involvement."**

- **Seek out a neutral third party, such as a psychologist or other mental health professional who is trained to work with children. "Parents' feelings about custody are very strong, and you need someone who will not see this from an adversarial point of view but from the child's," Warshak explains. "In most cases, even if the mother is initially against it, once she gets the sense that the mediator has the child's best interest in mind she'll become more cooperative."**

- **If you do need to instigate litigation, ask your lawyer to petition the judge to order you and your ex into mediation. In most states, the judge has the power to order such negotiations.**

- **If mediation isn't possible, ask the judge to order a psychologist to conduct an impartial investigation into the child's welfare. During custody battles, parents often hire their own guns, and such psychology experts usually have the effect of canceling each other out without ever discovering what's really best for the child.**

- **If you live in a state in which the judge cannot order joint custody, you can have visitation rights written into the divorce agreement that give you a virtual 50/50 split in custody. Again, a mediator can help arrange the terms. ■**

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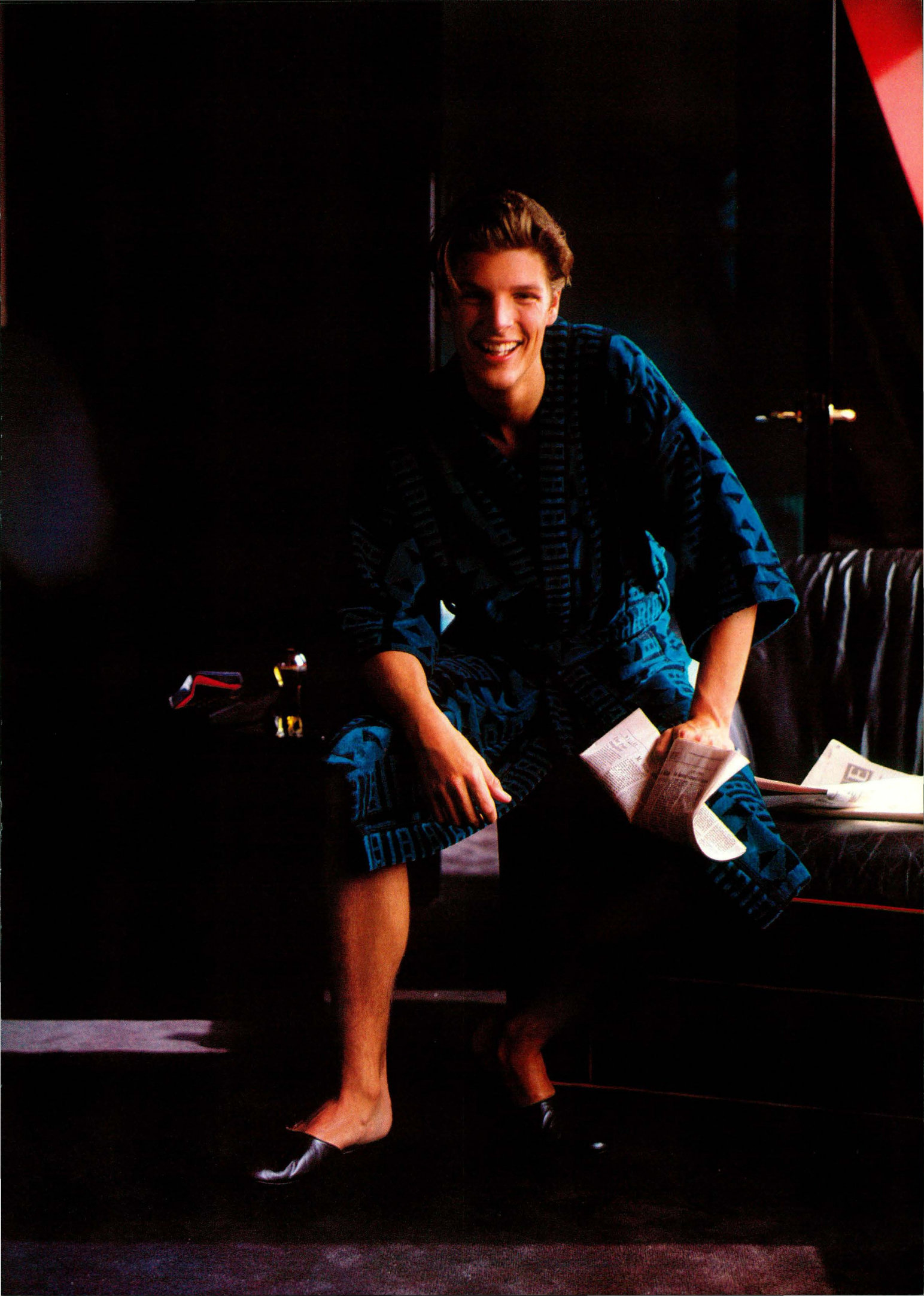
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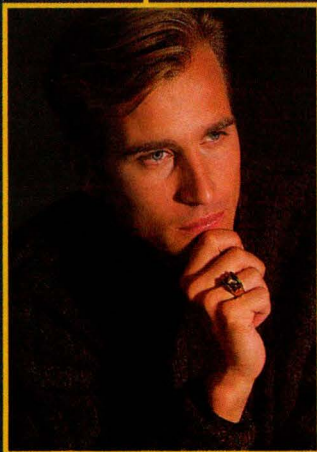


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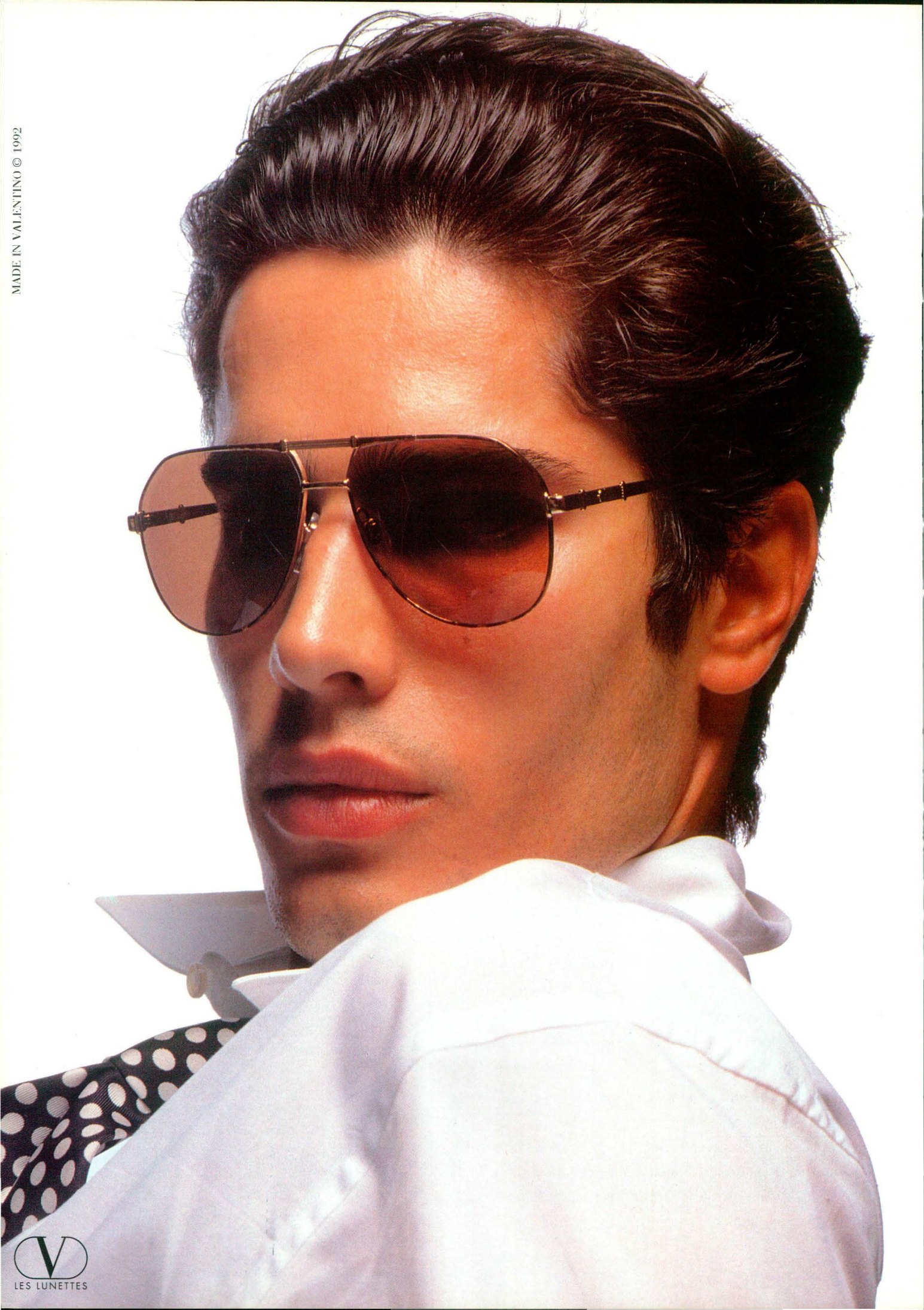
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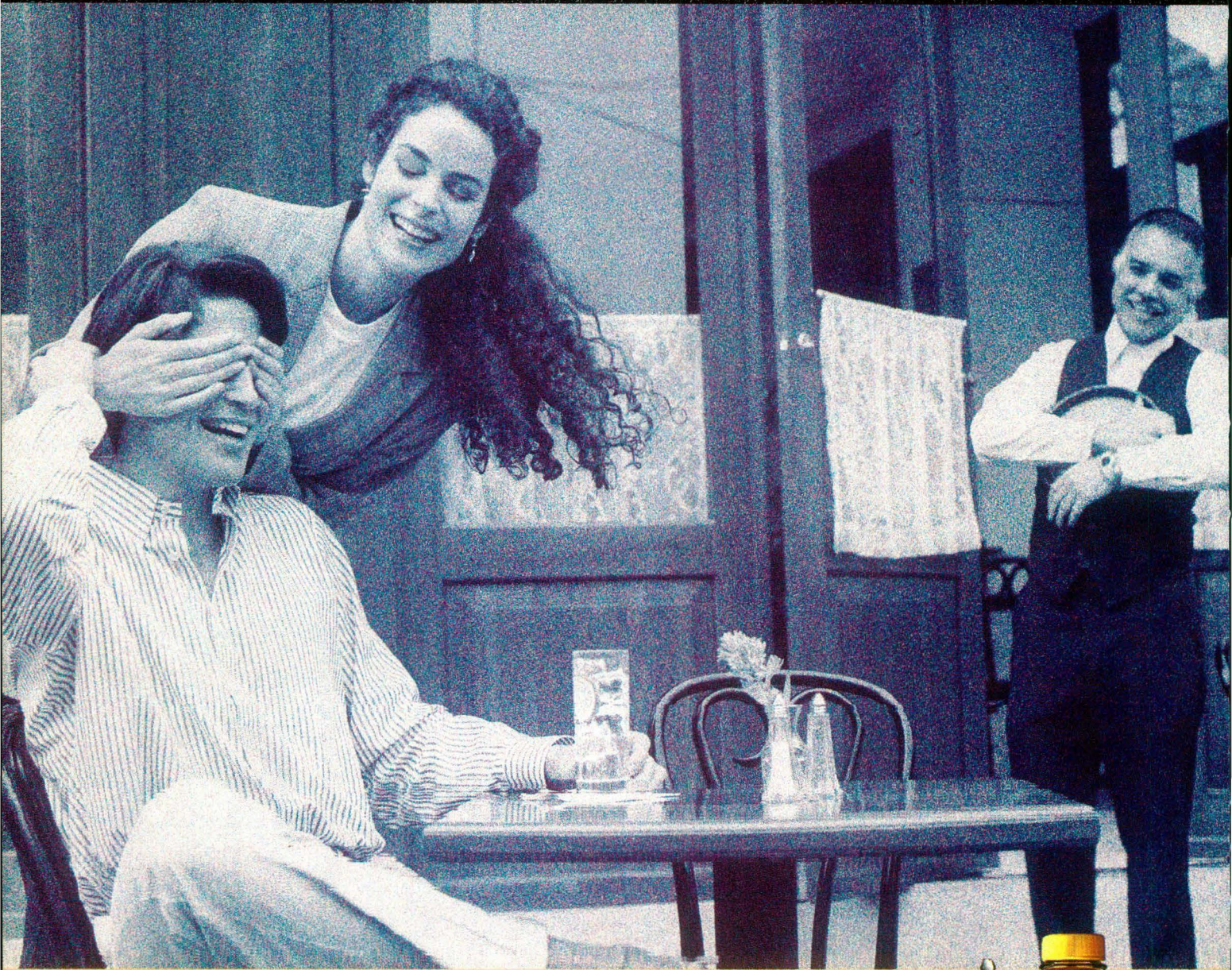
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In Vermont

We may not relish leaving them unresolved, but some uncanny experiences simply cannot be explained away.

BY DAVID MAMET

The term that comes easiest to mind is “ghosts,” but they weren’t all ghosts. The lights on the hill weren’t ghosts, or, if they were, I am not sure what ghosts are—as of course, I am not, to tell someone sitting across from me at the dinner table. I can’t say what they are, but I know when I encountered them.

And the hill itself may have had something to do with it. Down at the bottom, near my house, there is the graveyard, and I was thinking about Annie’s story on the night I passed it, coming home, and something pulled my coat.

I looked around; I’d like to say that I “felt something,” which is to say, some presence, but all I felt was the tug on my coat sleeve. I was walking dead on the crown of the road. The night was pitch dark, and I was on the crown to avoid any possibility of branches whipping my face. I was thinking of what Annie said.

When she was young, she said, she lived in the white house, up the hill from my house, above the graveyard.

She was walking one day, when she was young, and, all of a sudden, there was a man walking by her side. On the lonely dirt road in the country, and, all of a sudden, there was someone there. She told me he was dressed oddly, in a fashion out of the past. And she said she felt frightened.

The man nodded to her and asked her name. She had been cautioned by her parents not to talk to strangers, so she didn’t respond. He told her that his name was “Anders.”

She walked up to her farmhouse. Later that night, when she told her parents, they said that Anders had been the

name of the hired man back in their grandparents’ time, and it was of this that I was thinking when I walked on the crown of the road by the graveyard that night and something yanked my coat sleeve.

Or perhaps something suggested itself to me, and two or more previously unrelated fragments of thought or memory came together in a form so unexpected as to give rise to a physical feeling.

I thought of the feeling of ice on the bare skin: if we are told we are to feel heat, and ice is applied to the skin, and how it burns, etc., etc.... And I thought those things one thinks to explain away those experiences one does not relish leaving unresolved.

But also she had told me about her poltergeist.

It lived, she said, in the white farmhouse, and appeared just at the time of her puberty.

She said she’d sat in the kitchen and watched objects fly across the room, not once, but regularly. Untouched objects flew across the room. She told me that as I was sitting at the same table. We were drinking coffee there and she told me about the ghosts, or the phenomena she’d seen there 20 years back, and I nodded.

Down at the hardware store once they were talking, and an older fellow started describing the things he and a friend had seen up in the hills “before the war.”

“They flew up,” he said. These things flew up out of the valley and over the hill, and they saw them clear as day.

“Didn’t you tell anyone?” I asked, and he said they had told everybody who would listen, but no one seemed interested. It was likely, he said, they thought the objects were part of a new secret war machine of some sort.

The author’s cabin in Vermont. Are all our houses haunted?



*David Mamet is a playwright, screenwriter and essayist. His third collection of essays, *The Cabin*, will be published by Turtle Bay Books this fall.*

There were the moving stars I'd seen, some 15 miles from the town, 25 years ago.

There were five or six of them in the sky. They looked like stars, and they would be still for a while. Then they would move and group or cluster for a while, and dart, as if they were chasing each other, from one side of the sky to the other.

Sometimes they would shoot across, sometimes they'd move slowly, to the

describing a cone whose point was on the ground. The shaft of light circled slowly. The beam was much stronger than truck-mounted klieg lights. And it was pure white.

On the ground, beyond the trees at the edge of the field, just at the top of the hill, was this beacon.

I nodded, and, in my exhausted state, went on preparing for bed.

And then I asked myself what the light was, up the hill.

I could not discount it, I walked up the hill to find a rapidly spreading brush fire, now caught on the barn. I tried to put it out, but it had grown too big for me, so I ran back and called the village fire department.

They got the fire out, and I basked for some long time afterwards in a self-awarded sentiment of rural neighborliness. For, if I had not *seen* it, I thought, or *recognized* it, or investigated it, or acted upon it, the barn and the house would

I decided to climb the hill to investigate the light. I must have felt it boded malevolence or danger, for when I started out of my house, I took a gun.

other horizon, where they regrouped into various patterns. I was with several friends. We watched for a while, and telephoned the Air Force base in Plattsburgh to report what we'd seen.

The fellow there thanked us. We asked if he had had other reports of the objects, and he said, no, he had not. We asked what he thought they might be, and he said he had no idea.

One night, 24 years later, I saw strange lights again. It was four in the morning. I was tired, and I was alone in the house. I was brushing my teeth. I glanced out the window and up the hill, past the cemetery, past the white house, and up at the crest of the hill, or as they say, at the Height of the Land, there was a light. It was a bright light, like truck-mounted beacons we would see at a film opening, or like an anti-aircraft beacon. It was scanning the sky, as if it were

"Well, that's just..." I started to explain, and I stopped as I realized that I had no idea what it was or what it possibly could be. I set myself to suggest a scenario which would put that light up on the hill. I went back to the window, and it still was there, circling slowly.

I was fascinated by the white purity of the light; I remember thinking that I'd never seen a light that white before. What could it be? It was a signal of some sort, but to whom and by whom? Why would it be here, in the middle of the night, on a peaceful country road in Vermont?

Some years back, I had been sitting on the porch of this same house one summer evening, looking by chance up the road at the white house, which was vacant at that time, and I saw a small fire burning below the barn.

I remembered that I thought, as I watched it, "That's just a..." and, when

have burned.

It was the memory of this feeling of neighborliness that moved me to decide to climb the hill to investigate the light. For there was no one in the white house, and there was no one living in the house beyond it—the house across from the field from which the light was coming. I must have felt that the light boded malevolence or danger, for, when I dressed myself again, and started out of my house, I took a gun.

It was four in the morning on an early spring night as I opened my door and congratulated myself on my courage. Many, I thought, would not venture that half mile up the hill. Many would stay in their homes, I thought.

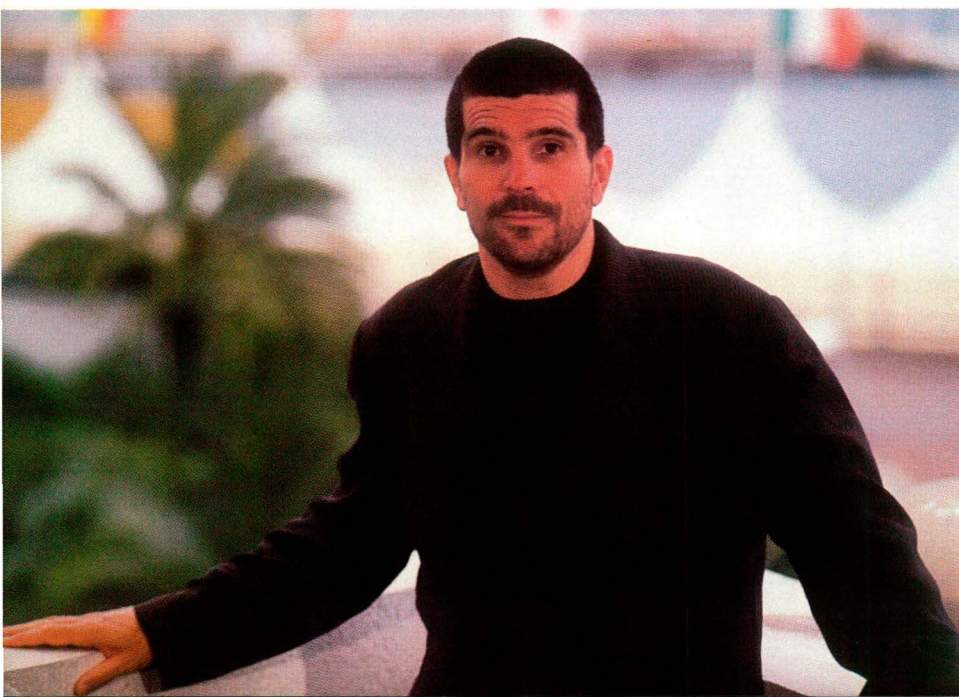
I asked myself why they would do that, and I answered they would do that because the light meant great danger, and I became fearful. I went back in my house, closing the door softly, as one moves when one is a child, and moving in the dark, so as not to draw the notice of the evil creatures in the room.

I went back to my bedroom and looked out of the window, and saw the light was still there, up the hill. I asked myself if I was content to live in ignorance of the nature of the light, and as much as I piqued myself with my cowardice, I found that I wasn't going to climb the hill.

I undressed and got into bed. Although my mind was busy, I fell asleep. I awakened some time later, to a great feeling of fear and a brilliant, all-pervading white light pouring in my bedroom window, as if the source were down, just outside of my house. And then I fell asleep again.

The next morning, I asked everyone

For lack of a better word, David Mamet calls them "ghosts."



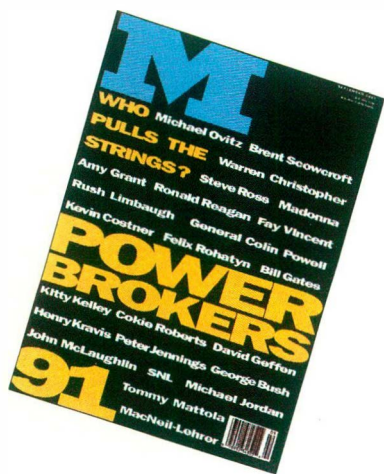
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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

in town if they'd seen or heard anything, or if they could account for the lights I had seen; they'd seen nothing, and had no explanation whatsoever.

Now I notice that in any group, whenever someone tells of such experiences, there is a predictable range of responses, which include not only incredulosity and contempt, but also wistfulness and envy. I am sure you know that tone with which someone says, "Why do these things never hap-

jured out of my feelings of antipathy for the spot.

Some weeks later, it must have been at the end of summer for there were apples on the trees, my daughter asked me to climb to get her an apple, which I did. She took a bite, and told me that it was too early and the apple was sour, and she didn't want any more. "What should I do with it?" she asked, and I told her to walk the 50 feet down to the compost pile.

"No," she said, "I don't want to go

Perhaps they're always there, whatever "they" are...like animals in the woods, where you can walk 10 inches from a stock-still deer and never see it.

pen to me . . . ?" Perhaps you have said those words, or thought them. I know that I have done both, in spite of having myself experienced "things of that sort," and I wonder if it's not true that these things occur to us all, but, like me, in my first reaction at the window, sometimes we don't notice.

Down at the bottom of the old sugaring lane, down on my property, there is a dip in the land. The lane was the oldest road in town, and the intersection of the lane with our dirt road was the site of the town's earliest settlement, some 200 years ago.

In any case, down the hill from my house, the land slopes down to a depression at the bottom of what was the old lane. There was and remains something about that spot. I do not like it. I put a small compost pile there. It seemed fitting for a low, hidden and somehow unpleasant spot.

Perhaps you've noticed spots like that, not in the city, where the land is covered, but out in the country or the woods. Perhaps you've felt the spots that are happy, and the spots that exude danger, as if they were sending the message, "Ignore me at your peril. You should not be here."

Up by my house, between the house and the cemetery, near the road, there was a swing set. One afternoon, I was pushing my daughter on the swing, and my eye went beyond her, down the hill, down to a form by the compost pile. It was the form of a man, and it was dead white, from head to foot.

I saw it for a second, then it disappeared. I wondered if it had been con-

there. There's a monster that lives there."

And there was the old woman, at the house outside of Newport.

A friend told me about the house on the lake. I took it for a summer, and heard an old woman crying and scolding into the night, and went outside so many times to see her, but I never saw her. Back in New York in the fall, the friend who'd suggested the house asked how the summer had gone. I told her it went well.

"Is the ghost still there?" she asked.

"Yes," I told her, "the ghost is still there."

There it is, just outside of my consciousness. Like the lights on the hill—so strange it takes a moment and a second thought to recognize that something is out of place.

Perhaps they're always there, whatever "they" are. Perhaps they're like the animals in the woods, where you can walk 10 inches from a stock-still deer and never see it.

What do these experiences mean? I would probably feel the same disbelief, or the same envy that many feel on hearing about these "ghosts," if I hadn't experienced them. Or I might feel intellectual contempt for the person who had elaborated some experiences of an over-active imagination into a self-aggrandizing pattern.

What does it mean that the Red Sea parted? We are told that some saw a miracle, and others saw nothing at all; that each saw what he was prepared, or what it pleased him, to see.

I didn't go up the hill to see the light. ■

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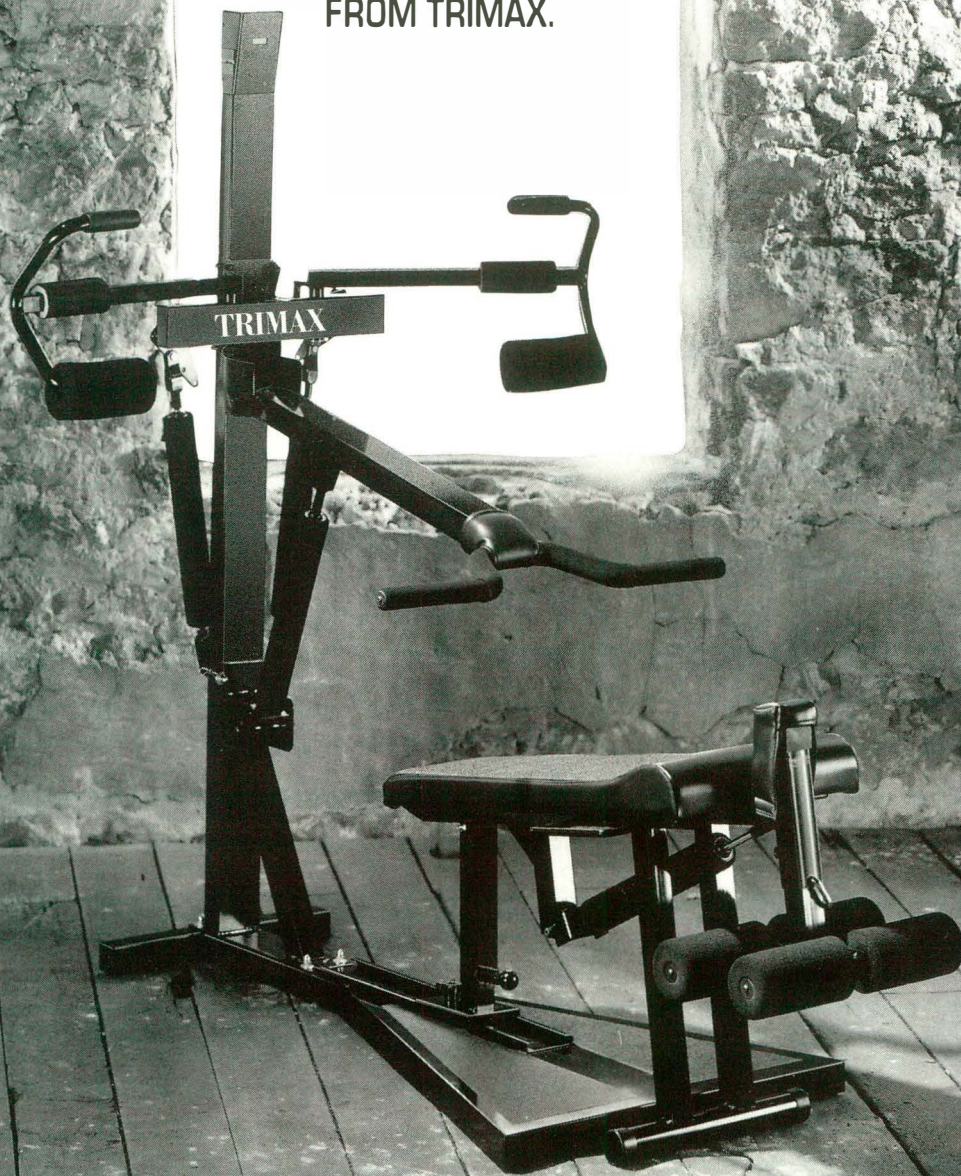
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Believe it or not it's the time of year again to start thinking about gift giving, especially for corporate gifts. From now through December, I'll be sharing with you some of the interesting ideas I've heard.

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• What about fresh seafood? Shipped live from Rockport, Maine **GRAF-FAM LOBSTERS** (1.800.535.5358) will handpick lobsters and ship them for overnight delivery. Gift certificates are available.

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• **ETON OF SWEDEN**, premier shirt-makers for over three generations, has been available throughout Europe in more than 700 stores. The collection can now be found in specialty stores in the United States. The cotton fabrics are selected from small mills in Italy, Austria and Switzerland. A unique

production process creates the easy-to-care-for effects of a non-iron fabric... but in 100% cotton. Great news for anyone who has ever had to iron their own dress shirts!

• Fashion alert! It seems as though more and more men are shopping for affordable suits and the answer may be from **KM BY KRIZIA**. The sleek, soft and slouchy silhouettes are available in a distinct Italian palette. Shades of gray and bronze are a few of the dark tones



available this fall. Three button suits will continue to make a statement for men's fashion, and the peaks on the double-breasted suits are decidedly lower than usual. Incidentally the suits are available for less than \$700.

SHOP TALK

• As seen in this issue, **RON ROSS** in California has been selected by *M* magazine as one of the best stores in the country—one that will receive the style award this season. A party to celebrate the opening of the new boutique in Studio City will be on October 1st. It's by invitation only, so for more informa-

tion call Avarie at 818.788.8700. Paolo and Giorgio Canali will be on hand to preview the new Canali fall line.

• Talk about power ties! The neckwear fabrics at the **COUNTESS MARA** boutique in New York were so powerful (I'm sure you've seen the ads) that sport coats were designed from the same fabrics. Women, as well as men, are wearing them.

• Just in time for the presidential elections, **TEE HEE a 13th Floor Production** launches an amusing line of neckwear. Comic strip images with sophisticated and witty messages are perfect for anyone wanting to be "politically in-correct". The ties will be available this fall in major department stores coast to coast. The collection will always change—because **TEE HEE** looks at the funny side of life.

Has everyone who requested the information on "how-to-tie-a-tie" (August issue) received what I sent—and have you begun making better knots? I licked more envelopes than I care to mention—but if I missed anyone, please let me know. -WC

CONFIDENTIAL TO YOU: With all my great gift suggestions I thought I'd better mention our very own **M MAGAZINE T-SHIRTS** ("What modern men respond to"). They're one size fits all and cost \$15 (checks or money orders) payable to: *M* magazine. And "NO, I don't gift wrap!" -WC (*M* Magazine 7 West 34th St. 5th Flr. New York, NY 10001 Att'n: Warren Christopher)

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LOOKING GREAT

Yes, Yasmeen

Here's a 21-year-old from Montreal who forever puts to rest the myth that Canada is boring.



Not just another empty suit



The ultimate brunette: Yasmeen is all dressed up and has lots of runways to travel down at the Paris fashion shows.

Yasmeen Ghauri may be the ultimate brunette in the fashion business, and she's well loved by the Paris designers. There's hardly a fashion show there that she doesn't grace. She's 21, was born in Montreal, and when she's not busy working, she likes to shop for antiques for her New York apartment.

Lagerfeld Photo



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cool sensuality

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Stare Case

It may be rude to gawk, but some women just seem to bring it out in us.



Noel, above, on the town in New York, and Tracy Tweed, below, in Beverly Hills



Michelle Hicks hits the New York streets.



Left: Model Kate Dillon samples the New York club scene. Above: Lara Flynn Boyle and Lara Sloatman at a UCLA tennis benefit.

Appallingly pretty and relentlessly chic, they're the ones you can't help gaping at. Like actresses Lara Flynn Boyle and Lara Sloatman stepping onto UCLA's Great Lawn at a tennis benefit for cancer research. Or Tracy Tweed stealing honors at a party honoring Sean Connery in Beverly Hills. Or Kate Dillon, Michelle Hicks and Noel as they slink through New York's club scene.

TWEED: PIERRE-GILLES VIDOLI; BOYLE & SLOATMAN: TED DAYTON; ALL OTHERS: JOHN LETOURNEAU



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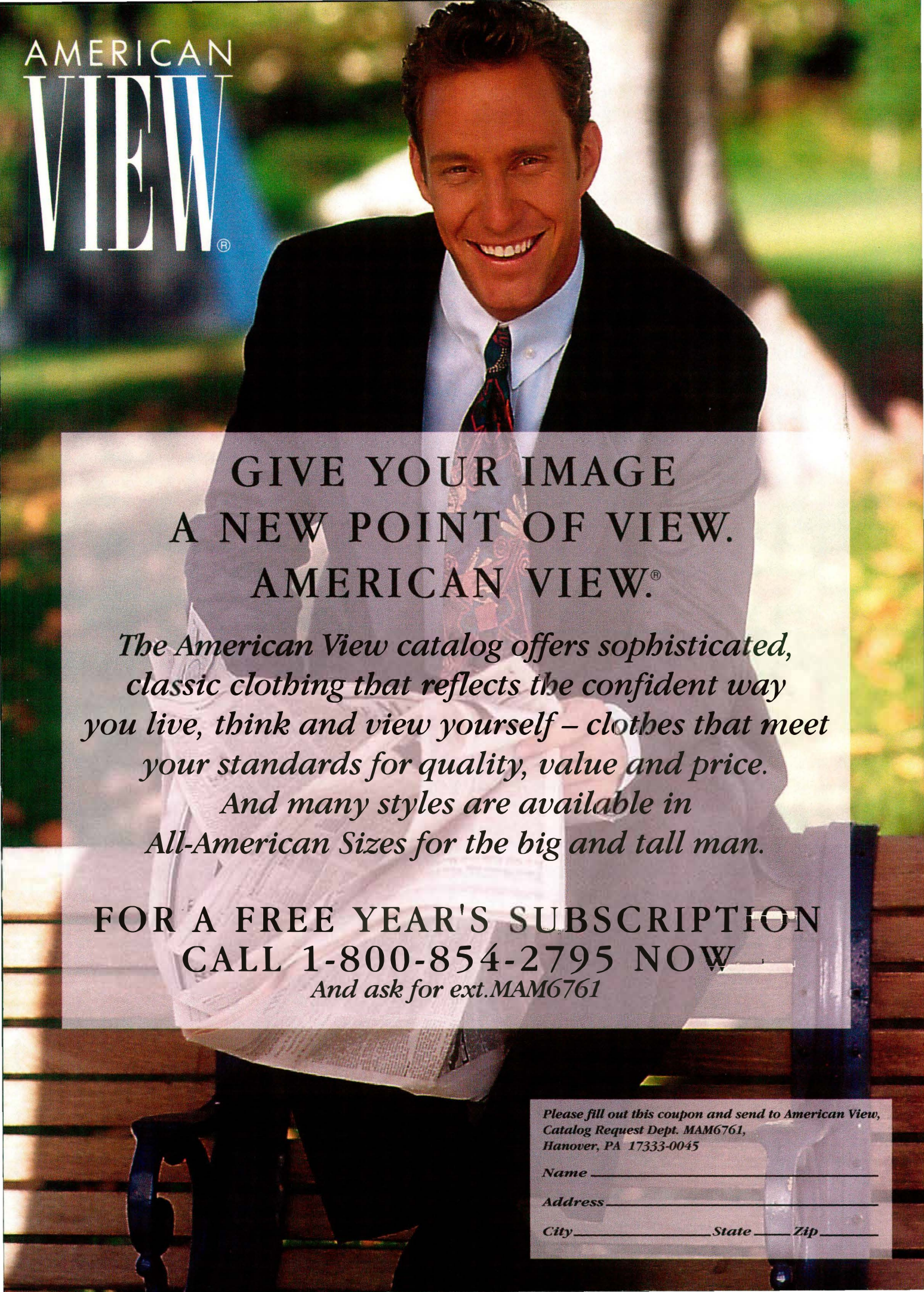
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A man with short, dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a light blue dress shirt, and a patterned tie, is sitting on a wooden park bench. He is smiling broadly and looking towards the camera. He is holding a newspaper in his lap. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a path.

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October's Men of the Moment

Among the excitements this fall is the breakdown of old categories. **ANDY KOHUT** is an anti-pollster pollster with a better public thermometer. France's lumpish **GERARD DEPARDIEU** is the anti-hunk, whose Columbus is about to be discovered by America. And the spare, untraditional music of composer **PHILIP GLASS** is about to be consecrated by the Metropolitan Opera itself.



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As voter discontent runs to record levels and vague values have supplanted hard issues as a major factor in the campaign, any pollster can tell you that the key to the 1992 election is in the hands of disaffected voters. What Andrew Kohut, director of surveys at the Times Mirror Center for People & the Press, can tell you is who they are—with almost comical pinpoint accuracy.

About 13 percent of the population, mostly concentrated in the Midwest, is financially pressured, untrusting of government and business alike, but pro-military. Their top concerns are unemployment and the budget deficit. They are divided on abortion but generally support social spending unless specifically targeted to minorities. They strongly support capital punishment and oppose gun control. Watergate and

Andy Kohut: Pollster of Our Discontent

Vietnam were the formative events in their lives.

"These people have always been for change," Kohut says, "but they're also distrustful of anything new. The key question for this election is whether their natural skepticism of Bill Clinton will overcome their desire for change and allow them to pull the lever for George Bush."

Since the 1940s, when George Gallup's field crews first knocked on the nation's front doors, Americans have had a passion for polls as a way of measuring ourselves against the "average American": someone who trusts pharmacists more than clergymen, but has a 50/50 chance of believing in angels; someone who approved of George Bush after the Gulf War, then just about gave up on him after the L.A. riots.

But the average American is a figment of the polls, a portrait printed in numbers, and behind every one of those numbers is a pollster. Andrew Kohut has been polling for nearly 25 years. Early on, Kohut says, "I had some generalized teacher-lawyer-psychologist yearning, but nothing ever captured me before I started doing this." As a graduate student in sociology at Rutgers University in the sixties, Kohut took a part-time job at the Gallup Organization. More than 20 years later, Kohut resigned as president of the company. But he is the first to admit that the average American is a myth.

"There's really no such thing as public opinion," Kohut says, leaning back into a black leather chair in his Princeton office. "There's no such thing as approval or disapproval. These are researchers' artifacts, things we've created for the sole purpose of measuring them. The only thing that gives polls any value is perspective, and the best perspective is time." Taking time is what sets Kohut apart from the pollsters who spew out day-to-day standings like track announcers at the electoral horse race. "I've ranted and raved for years about polls taken in the heat of events," he says. "It's like taking your pulse after a marathon. The data is accurate, but it has a shelf life of 15 minutes."

Where most pollsters divvy up their respondents according to age, sex, race and party affiliation, Kohut breaks the population down by its beliefs, drawing a picture of not one average American but a dozen. The Times Mirror typology uses factors like religious faith, tolerance, support for social jus-

tice and alienation from the system to parse out distinct personalities at play in the electorate: Enterprise Republicans, Sixties Democrats, New Dealers, Moralistic Republicans, Seculars, Upbeats and others.

Month by month, Times Mirror indexes major media events, then conducts polls to measure the public's interest and engagement. As media events shape public opinion, Kohut can see which of his coalitions is shifting, or drifting, and why. "We're not only finding out what their attitudes are," Kohut says. "We're finding out what they know."

And how they know it. Kohut quizzes them on information sources. Long before Bill Clinton showed up on "Arsenio Hall," Kohut had found that about 20 percent of the population was learning about the candidates from late-night talk

shows. "These are people who don't read the front page of the paper, and they don't watch the evening news," Kohut says. "So the first information of the day about George Bush or Bill Clinton may be in Jay Leno's monologue."

Toward the end of the summer, things looked bad for George Bush. "We just asked people if there was some chance things will get better if George Bush is reelected," he says. "That's a very soft question: 'some chance.' Only 36 percent said yes."

Two of Kohut's core groups are solidly in Clinton's camp. Among the upper-middle-class women and educated blacks who make up the Sixties Democrats, Clinton leads with an overwhelming 93 percent. Meanwhile, Seculars—white middle-aged professionals on both coasts—seem to have overcome their skepticism of Democratic candidates. "Seculars are the best informed of all voters, and they have problems with the competency of Democrats," Kohut says. "But right now Bill Clinton's got 79 percent of them and George Bush only has 11."

Kohut steps back and looks for a bigger pattern. "The real question," he says, "is whether we'll see the Democratic equivalent of Reagan Democrats." He's noticed restlessness among the Upbeats, white skilled workers under 40, the ones who like rock 'n' roll and romance novels. All through the eighties they voted Republican. "They may be drawn back to the party of Ronald Reagan, who is a great symbol to them," says Kohut. "But right now, Clinton leads 48 percent to 40 percent."

Meanwhile, even 14 percent of George Bush's main constituency—the affluent, 99-percent-white, 60-percent-male Enterprisers—prefer Bill Clinton, according to Kohut's late-summer numbers.

So President Bill Clinton, is it? "Don't underestimate the situation of an incumbent president," Kohut says. "Bill Clinton's lead will go away." It's not the candidate that makes him say that. It's the numbers. "It's inconceivable that the patterns we're seeing will hold up," Kohut continues. "I've watched a lot of elections, and it just doesn't work that way. This promises to be an incredibly volatile race, and the margin on election day, it's going to be razor, razor thin."

PETER BECKER



He's the French De Niro, a man who can inhabit a character with uncanny yet consummate ease. Post-*nouvelle vague*, Gérard Depardieu has been the one constant of French filmmaking, its only true celebrity: a giant of the European cinema both in reputation and build. His new film, the \$45 million epic *1492: Conquest of Paradise*, with Depardieu playing Genoese explorer Christopher Columbus (in English), will either make or break him for Hollywood stardom. If he's made, the world is his oyster. If he's not, he's still *le hunk incroyable* of France.

Now, at 43, with 72 films in the can, Depardieu is a sort of one-man film industry. He has become the thinking woman's beefcake—the idol who turned men with fat bellies and big noses into sex symbols—as well as a hero to men of two generations. He owns a château near the Loire, is a friend of François Mitterrand, has been nominated for an Oscar and is

was born in January). He appears to laugh it all off with a Gallic shrug, but clearly scandals like this can cut his career to the quick. Last year *Time* exhumed an interview conducted years before in which he'd boasted of his involvement in rapes as a kid growing up in Châteauroux. The resulting furor may well have lost him an Oscar for *Cyrano*.

He is a man of emotion and not afraid to show it, either on or off screen. "For all of us actors, the dangers are the same, because we risk a portion of ourselves in every role. Actors express those emotions which are too strong for everyday life. It's a privileged but dangerous profession. The emotions are not false. They are always something one has lived.

"I'm not the sort of person who can just step out of his part as if it were a suit. My characters always live with me for the whole shoot. You sleep badly, you lead an unnatural life, you

Gérard Depardieu: Rabelaisian Columbus

famed for his Rabelaisian appetite for food and wine. In France he approaches the status of sacred icon.

Leagues away from a sanitized Hollywood star, he thrives on his rough, tough and often plebeian image. Much has been made of Depardieu's bleak family background and delinquent youth in Châteauroux, some of which has even ended up in the scripts of his films. He hit the road young, taking no luggage, surviving on his wits, until by chance he bumped into a buddy who was a drama student and tagged along to acting classes at the Théâtre Nationale Populaire.

Depardieu found himself on stage, though acting did not come naturally: "It was very tough because I had no education," he says now. "I couldn't even read the lines properly to memorize them. I was dumb from hyper-emotion, terrified I wouldn't be able to say my words. Everybody must have felt this tension. Finally, whatever it was became unblocked and I passed into the light.

"I had always said that I was an actor, and people believed me, so I thought, why not become a real one? I wasn't lying when I said it because I've had to act all my life. It's the obvious job for me. I had been acting ever since I learned to persuade the policemen of Châteauroux that I had nothing to do with *anything*. If I hadn't become an actor I probably would have been a killer and passed into the underworld."

Instead, he passed into café society, where he was celebrated as a peasant boy wonder and where he eventually met his wife, Elisabeth Guignot, an actress seven years his senior and a bourgeoisie from a good family. They made an unlikely match, and 22 years later they still do, but as showbiz couples go, they are among the Paris powerful. When issuing invitations, film festival organizers try to insist that she come along to make sure he behaves, and when the on/off marital rumors run riot, the pair of them invite the glossies to one of their homes to chronicle them at loving play.

Most recently the marriage was back in the spotlight when Depardieu was acting as president at Cannes. Reports in the French press highlighted his "relationship" with Karine Sylla, an elegant Senegalese woman nearly 20 years his junior, and allegedly the mother of his young daughter, Roxane (who

eat too much, you're usually alone. The people around you aren't your family. When I'm away on location I can never go to sleep sober in a hotel bed."

Nevertheless, the French De Niro doesn't have his American counterpart's fascination for research. "Depardieu himself is a big, larger-than-life character," says Jean-Paul Rappeneau, who directed him in *Cyrano*. "He's not all there. When he enters a room, it's as if he's in another world." The director found working with Depardieu a frustrating experience: "[He] prepares nothing in advance. He can only think instantly, at the very last moment. The second he starts acting, that's when he'll think about it. It was like letting an animal out into each frame...."

Depardieu has consistently made six films a year, usually involving his own film company, D.D. Productions (named after his father's initials). In the main his coworkers rave about his kindness, his humor, his energy. Of course, employees of his production company are not going to risk being quoted sour graping, and the only terse comments concern his drinking. His wine cellar is reputedly one of the best-stocked private cellars in France, and he savors the juice of the grape with an all-consuming passion. Alcohol has been a good friend.

An extra on *1492* recounts how after a day's shooting on location in Costa Rica, Depardieu would insist on swimming back from ship to shore after consuming quantities of wine. Invariably, he'd be accompanied by boats full of anxious members of the production team, in case he had a heart attack while splashing his way home.

"I love good wine. I love good food and I love to cook, especially Chinese. My biggest relaxation is to go to the market and see which vegetables look perfect and choose wonderful fresh fruit. When I travel away to make a film, I long to be home so I can cook. People think I'm very feminine when I say that. Maybe they're right. I think that when I act, I play with the feminine side. I'm much more open when I think as a woman than when I think as a man. Much more."

As an actor, Gérard Depardieu makes a good woman; as a woman, he makes a good man. Who says you can't have the best of both worlds?

MARIANNE GRAY

At the age of 41—two years after his *Einstein on the Beach* was hailed as the landmark of modern opera—Philip Glass was still driving a cab for a living in New York City. Now the 55-year-old composer finds himself in another curious but more enviable position: at the crossroads where the avant-garde meets the mainstream. Although his controlled, cyclical music continues to divide audiences, numbing some listeners and exhilarating others, Glass is now a box-office draw. This October he's unveiling his latest opus, *The Voyage*, a rare commission from New York's Metropolitan Opera in commemoration of Columbus's Atlantic crossing 500 years ago.

Glass was paid \$325,000 for *The Voyage*, one of the largest

Philip Glass: Scoring the Unknown

fees in history for a new opera. The score was delivered in 1989 after an abnormally short gestation period. Radiating a joviality that belies the intensity of his work, the significance of the commission and the characteristically moody nature of his profession, Glass jests, "I could have easily said, 'My God! The Met! This is the best producing house in the world and the fact that we got the work done early meant we could really plan it.'" A seasoned composer with three full-scale operas under his belt, Glass adds, "I'm allowed to be a little nervous, but I expect things will go well."

Glass's curriculum vitae has all the traditional markings of a music prodigy: violin and flute study at the Peabody Conservatory in his native Baltimore, graduation from the University of Chicago at the age of 19, two years at Julliard, a Fulbright Fellowship to study in Paris with Nadia Boulanger. But after Glass was hired by famous Indian sitarist Ravi Shankar to transcribe his music into notation, he threw over musical structure based on melody and harmony and began to work in non-Western rhythmic cycles, taking small beats and stringing them together into a steady stream. Returning to New York in 1967, Glass composed in this reductive, unhummmable style for the experimental Mabou Mines theater collective and later formed his own performing group, the Philip Glass Ensemble. His audience consisted mainly of denizens of the SoHo arts scene, and Glass earned his keep as a plumber and a cabbie.

"I never thought I would be an opera composer," says Glass. "I thought I would eventually be successful as a concert composer, but it would happen when I was old and gray. Well, at least I'm not gray! I was much younger than I thought I would be. There was something about the music that fit the time in a way and people responded to it, and then by accident I began writing operas."

There is nothing accidental about his music though. Instead of the familiar sweeping melodies of conventional opera—the peaks and valleys that command immediate emotional highs and lows—his compositions meditate on a theme with mathematical clarity, changing subtly over long periods of time. After the 1976 American premiere of the experimental, four-hour-long, non-narrative mega-opera *Einstein on the Beach*, critic Andrew Porter wrote, "A listener to his music usually reaches a point, quite early on, of rebellion to the needle-stuck-in-the-groove quality, but a minute or two later he realizes that

the needle is not stuck, something has happened."

Glass has displayed remarkable versatility for someone who is accused of constantly repeating himself. Aside from successive portrait operas (*Satyagraha* in 1980 and *Akhmaten* in 1984), he has collaborated with dancers, scored numerous theater productions and composed eclectic soundtracks to such films as *Koyaanisqatsi* and Errol Morris's *The Thin Blue Line*. The album *Songs from Liquid Days* paired his music with lyrics by contemporary pop stars like Paul Simon and Suzanne Vega, and his 1991 theater piece, *Hydrogen Jukebox*, featured poems by Allen Ginsberg.

Although he has stuck with the traditional orchestra of the

Met, forsaking his beloved synthesizers, he is sending out "viewer beware" warning signals for the uninitiated. "*The Voyage* is not normal opera fare—there are no love duets. No one dies of consumption at the end. It isn't really about Columbus either. Columbus is just one of the characters." The libretto is by *M. Butterfly* dramatist David Henry Hwang, but as with his previous works, Glass envisioned the story first before working on the actual music. "It follows the idea of discovery," he says, "the idea that there are people among us who are willing to leave the familiar world that they grew up in, which is probably the major motivation that has changed the world from the very beginning. We would still be up in the trees if some guy or girl didn't say, 'Hey, I wonder what it's like down there.' Columbus was one of those guys, par excellence. The music is a little darker and more serious. Its urgency comes out of the kinds of reactions when someone ventures out into the unknown."

Glass is still an anomaly in the standard rotation of classical "greatest hits." But over the years a growing audience has acquired a taste for his sound. "I'm not an unknown quantity anymore," says Glass, in a time when most contemporary composers feel they won't become popular until after they're dead. "There is a large audience that is interested in new opera, and they are going to want to find out what's going on." But Glass concedes, "There will be people who aren't interested, and hopefully they'll stay away."

The spillover into contemporary culture is subtle but undeniable, as image peddlers have seized upon what they see as a sound of the times. Glassian arpeggios ("sound-alikes") now accompany TV ads; at the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles, the athletes paraded to a Glass theme instead of the traditional marching fanfare. "That was my big shot. A half million people heard that."

Glass seems oblivious to the crossfire between more academic musicians who think he's a sellout and audience members who wake up at the end of one of his operas and want their money back. He's not disturbed by critics; years ago a particularly abusive review interrupted his work for "a whole hour."

"It's a long way from when they threw tomatoes at me," Glass laughs, referring to one of his earlier concerts. "Well, actually, it was eggs. Not hard-boiled. Raw. Better raw."

RUTH DAVIS







Next wave:
Marcano, left,
and Koenig
with USC film
school head
Mark Harris

It is harder to get into a major film school today than it is to get into Harvard. **BY AARON LATHAM**

SRO at Movie U.

Rock 'n' roll was the rock 'n' roll of the 1950s, and kids spent hours in family garages inventing the form... Revolution was the rock 'n' roll of the sixties, and kids learned it by taking over college buildings... Disco was the rock 'n' roll of the seventies, and kids mastered it by gyrating in discotheques... Business was the rock 'n' roll of the eighties, and yuppies studied it at business school... Now movies are the rock 'n' roll of the nineties, and practically every kid in America wants to go to film school.

"Film school degrees are the MBAs of the nineties," says Pat Tobin, production coordinator at the School of Cinema-Television at the University of Southern California. "Our applications were up 25 percent last semester." They have been rocketing up the way stock portfolios shot up in the eighties.

"Applications are up everywhere at all the film schools," says Elizabeth Daley, dean of film and TV at USC. "They're up dramatically. Deadline day, this place is filled with Federal Express envelopes. The corridors are lined with boxes."

At the graduate level, USC film school turns down 15 applicants for every one who is admitted, and it is one of the easiest to get into, because it is the largest. At New York University film school, where applications have been going up at 20 percent a year for several years, administrators reject 16 for every one they take. At UCLA's movie school, where applications have also increased exponentially, they admit one and reject 33.

So your chance of getting into Harvard (14 percent) is considerably better than the odds of getting into USC film (6 percent) or NYU film (6 percent) or UCLA film (3 percent). But then nobody ever decided to go into the movie business because the odds were in his or her favor. Or because it was cheap. Tuition at USC is more than \$12,000 a year; at NYU film school it is over \$17,000.

Many of the would-be filmmakers who don't get into or can't afford one or the other of the big three end up at lesser-known film schools that have been sprouting up at colleges and universities all across the country. Even Harvard now has a film department.

Film school is the gateway to the new American Dream. It is as if Marty Scorsese, the very apotheosis of film school success, lifts his lamp beside the tinsel door. (Somehow it is easy to imagine this former seminarian in a flowing robe.) In his movies, the ones chasing the dream of being somebody, of making the big score, are wiseguys or prize fighters or pool sharks or messiahs. But in America today, a new generation has concluded that the real way to be somebody, to make the big score, is to do what Scorsese does: make movies.

Aaron Latham, an author and screenwriter, is a contributing editor for M. Research assistance was provided by Alyssa Adams and Eelin Reily.

Detroit is dead. Wall Street is broke. But Hollywood's beacons still beckon like the light at the end of Daisy Buchanan's dock in *The Great Gatsby*.

"For better or worse, the influence of the church, which used to be all-powerful, has been usurped by film," George Lucas said at a ceremony dedicating USC's new high-tech film complex. "Films and television tell us the way we conduct our lives, what is right and wrong."

"The screenplay has replaced the novel," says Mark Harris, who is head of production at USC.

"There has been a sea of change in our culture," says Dean Mary Schmidt Campbell, who runs the NYU film school. "Film is the principal means to tell a story today. Film has an audience. When you make a film, you know people will laugh, cry and talk back. Film is such a rich medium. New technical developments have given it the ability to tell stories so well with so many dimensions."

Music had always been around, but rock 'n' roll exploded when music could be electrified and amplified. Similarly, movies have been around in one form or another since Thomas Edison invented them in 1893, but the new movie, the Industrial Light and Magic movie, the movie that can show you anything you can possibly imagine, is only now coming into its own. Inside a movie theater, it is as if we see with new eyes. George Lucas is film's Buddy Holly. (They even look alike.) Scorsese—intense, innovative, uncompromising—is Bob Dylan. And Steven Spielberg is the new Elvis.

Which is why so many people want to go to film school now. Not only kids, but a cellist from the Metropolitan Opera, doctors changing careers and scholars fresh from reading history at Oxford. They all want to be a part of what is almost a reinvention of the movies.

Spielberg was rejected by USC film school in the late sixties. "I'm proud of that," he says now. "It was worth being turned away by the best university in the country for young film talent." It was certainly worth it to USC film, for he has since given them the Steven Spielberg Music Scoring Stage. He couldn't get in then, but he now sits on the board of directors.

Founded in 1929, the USC film school is the oldest and most famous. Every semester, a competition takes place at USCinema which recalls the gladiatorial contests in *Spartacus*, except these are perhaps taken a little more seriously. For these struggles determine who will get to make the movies financed by the school.

The first cut comes when a list of 15 approved directors is posted inside a glass case at the film school. Scott Marcano is a six-foot-three-inch, third-year graduate student. Both his parents are doctors, his mother from Denmark and his father from the West Indies. Last semester Scott was one of the would-be directors who hurried to the case to see if his name was on that all-important piece of paper.

When Scott saw his name on the list, he got excited, but it was too early for a big celebration. Getting on that list was just the first step in getting to do what all film students want to do. Direct! The next step would be finding a worthy script. Then he would have to "pitch" the story to a committee that would say yes or no. The process would resemble all those wonderful pitch scenes in *The Player*. Of the 15 on the approved-directors list, only five would actually get to make movies.

Some wannabe directors had written their own scripts and

would be pitching them, but Scott wasn't a writer. Fortunately, there was a room filled with student scripts where he could go shopping for a project. One of the first scripts he picked up was called *The Fountain Clowns*.

In the opening scene, a bride in her bridal gown sits at the bar of a seedy saloon in downtown Los Angeles. A drunk Santa Claus in a bedraggled Santa suit wanders into the bar and then staggers out again.

BARTENDER: If you were a mother, would you let your kid sit on his lap?

BRIDE: (Matter of factly) Depends on how I felt about the kid.

Scott started laughing and getting more and more excited. When he was halfway through the 21-page script, he picked up the phone and called the screenwriter, Kip Koenig. Nobody was home and he got an answering machine. Scott left a message: "I'm reading your script. It's really, really weird. I don't know what's going on." He sounded like the excitable hero of *Roger Rabbit*, directed by USC alumnus Bob Zemeckis, because his voice jumped up an octave and he couldn't stop laughing.

Scott went back to reading. When he finished the script, he called Kip again, got the machine again and sounded like Roger Rabbit again: "I'm even more confused now than I was before, but I like it. It's wild."

When Kip finally listened to his messages, he called Scott back and they decided to team up. While Scott was full of manic energy, Kip was slower moving, slower talking, and possessed the smoldering metabolism of most writers—as well as black-haired, blue-eyed leading-man looks. Like Scott, Kip is the son of doctors: both his parents teach medicine at UCLA. Kip is quieter and cooler than Scott, but occasionally wilder, given to disappearing into Mexico for days at a time.

They would go in together to pitch *The Fountain Clowns* to the selection committee. Since USC has in the past been known for turning out very traditional student films with traditional three-act structures, Scott and Kip figured they were in trouble. *The Fountain Clowns*—about the improbable events, including a wedding and a prize fight, during a single evening at the bar—had as much structure as an amoeba. So they decided to try to come up with a three-part structure and impose it on the script. In other words, they were going to try to turn their amoeba into a grasshopper with three distinct body segments.

Meanwhile, Mark Harris had decided to try to change the type of movies turned out by USC students. He is slight, bearded and a former journalist. He began making documentary films in the late 1960s and won an Academy Award in 1968 for his documentary *Redwoods*. He eventually joined the film faculty at USC to run its documentary program. His students kept winning prizes while the school's fiction wing did not. So this year USC asked him to take over supervision of its fiction films as well. He was determined to make the "movie" films as interesting as the school's documentaries, which he knew wouldn't be easy. Twenty-year-olds generally have more luck finding original characters than they do inventing them.

Harris planned to encourage the students to take more risks. He wanted the new crop of USC films to be less conventional, less structured, more personal—and, well, more like UCLA and NYU films. He was tired of USC's reputation as a film trade school training workers for the Hollywood machine. In acquiring such a reputation, USC has actually been a victim of its own success. So many of its alumni have done so well in mainstream Hollywood that it has been typecast as a mainstream school.

Its most successful era, between 1965 and 1970, produced a group of alumni who came to call themselves the Dirty Dozen. Among its stars were writer-director-producer Lucas (*Star Wars*, *Indiana Jones*), writer-director John Milius (*Conan the Barbarian*), writer Dan O'Bannon (*Alien*), writer-director David Ward (*The Sting*, *Major League*) and writer-director Bob Zemeckis (*Back to the Future*, *Roger Rabbit*).

More recently, USC has produced director Ron Howard (*Cocoon*, *Far and Away*) and writer-director John Singleton (*Boyz N the Hood*).

"We will always be a mainstream school," says Harris. "People have said this is like the studio system. And we're vulnerable to that charge. But this shouldn't be a studio. Hollywood films cost so much it is hard to experiment. We would like USC to be a lab to push the industry into different areas. If we're too inflexible, it doesn't serve an educational function." (Meanwhile, as USC tries to loosen up, the freewheeling programs at NYU and UCLA are becoming more disciplined.)

When Harris read *The Fountain Clowns*, he loved it: it was just what he was looking for. It was experimental, personal and unstructured. In short, it was an amoeba with personality. Not only Harris but the whole committee liked it very much.

But Scott and Kip had no idea that USC was really trying to do what it had said it was going to do: change. So they

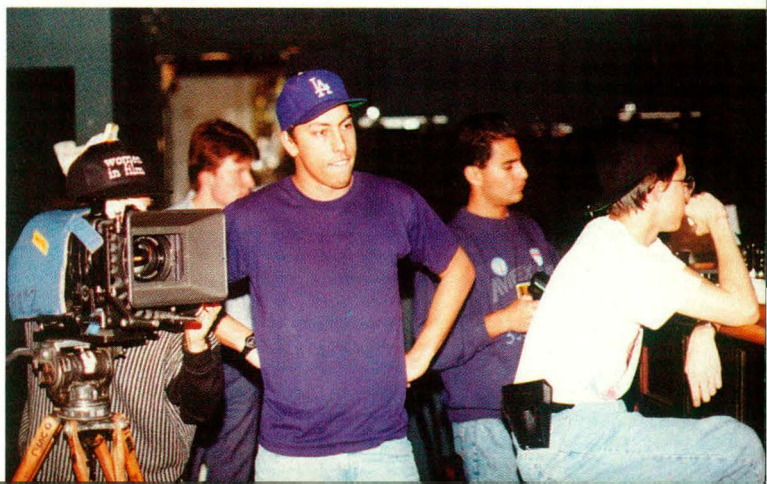
All the equipment, sets, technicians and actors in *The Fountain Clowns* were begged, borrowed or drafted for service. The cast was made up of unpaid professional actors, only one of whom—Bridget Cogshell, above, at far left—was not a friend or relative of the film-makers. But the crew, from wardrobe to lighting, were all film school classmates of Scott, bottom, a rare USC student who got to direct.

were busy getting ready to fight the last war. Just before Scott and Kip went in to face the committee—"the Inquisition"—a friend of theirs named Erica Anderson mentioned that the script reminded her of *Baghdad Cafe*. Of course, *Baghdad Cafe*, although a great movie, didn't really have a traditional structure, so they decided not to mention it to the Inquisitors.

When it was their turn to pitch, Scott and Kip went inside and started trying to sell the committee a grasshopper. Head, thorax, abdomen. Beginning, middle, end. They were going to rewrite it, fix it, structure it, make it a real USC film.

"Wait a minute," interrupted Jeremy Kagan, a directing instructor. "All these changes are going to ruin this. Are you

"Wait a minute," interrupted a directing instructor. "Are you guys crazy? What are you doing?"





"There has been a sea change in our culture," says the dean of NYU film school, Mary Schmidt Campbell.

guys crazy? What are you doing?"

So Scott and Kip started backpedaling. They sounded confused. To help them, one of the Inquisitors asked them what movie their movie would most resemble.

"I'd say *Baghdad Cafe*," said Scott.

Yes, the committee could see the comparison, and they loved *Baghdad Cafe*; it was just what they wanted to hear. Scott and Kip left the Inquisition feeling fairly good, telling themselves that maybe things really had changed, because in the old days USC would never have smiled on a movie that aspired to be another *Baghdad Cafe*. It was looking good, but Scott and Kip knew they still didn't have a sure thing.

After pitching on Wednesday, Scott and Kip had to wait until Friday to see if they would be making a movie. They couldn't help being nervous because their whole film-school experience had been pointing toward making this film. In their first semester at USC, they and their classmates had bought super-8 cameras and shot short projects just to get used to handling film. The second semester, they had worked as two-partner teams, learning that movies are a collaborative art. These twosomes were expected to turn in two five-minute movies, one directed by one partner, the next by the other. During the third and fourth semesters, they had taken courses devoted to specific disciplines: directing, screenwriting, cinematography, editing, etc. Now in their third year, their last year, they were supposed to make a movie, if they were ever going to make one, so they really needed to be chosen.

Friday afternoon, the list of "winners" was finally posted

publication and got a stack of résumés and pictures a foot high—even though nobody would get paid. They couldn't believe how starved these professional actors were for work. Out of this 12-inch stack they chose only one actor, a black woman named Bridget Cogshell, who played a chauffeur named Lili. The rest of the cast—all professionals but one—turned out to be friends or friends of friends. (So student-film casting is not so different from Hollywood-studio casting.)

At USC, students are allowed to check out cameras and other equipment on Friday. They shoot all weekend. Then they return the equipment on Monday. Scott, Kip and crew would be allowed four weekends plus one three-day weekend—11 days—to shoot their movie. Equipment would be tight because USC—like UCLA, NYU and many other film schools—offers film as an undergraduate major as well. Since every crew wants extra lights, they roll dice for them. As it turned out, *The Fountain Clowns* bunch wasn't lucky at craps, which was an omen.

Across the street from the old Samuel Goldwyn Studio, Scott and Kip found a bar called Jingo's which was willing to let them shoot there during off-hours. But Jingo's didn't trust these film students enough to let them have a key. So Kip had to turn up at the bar every night at around 2:30 a.m., just before it closed. Then the bartender would lock Kip inside where he would remain alone until about 5:30 when the rest of the crew would show up.

The bride was played by Nanea Reeves, actor Keanu

At NYU, students finance their own films. Some drop out for a semester or more to earn enough money.

inside the glass case. There it was: *The Fountain Clowns*. Now they would have 15 weeks—and 5,600 feet of film—to make their movie, which could not run more than 20 minutes. Since USC was putting up the production money—unlike most schools—it felt justified in making a few rules.

At NYU and UCLA, film students have to finance their films themselves. Some take out loans from parents or banks. Or they drop out of school for a semester or more to earn money. But at least every student at NYU and UCLA is supposed to—and usually does—make a movie. There isn't any selection committee or any limit of five movies per semester. And these movies, called thesis films, vary in length and can take more or less forever to make.

Spike Lee's grandmother wrote him a \$13,000 check while he was at NYU film school, which he used to make his first movie, Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads.

While at UCLA film school, Francis Ford Coppola moonlighted as a director of porn movies. His thesis film, You're a Big Boy Now, was the first feature ever produced by a film school.

Now Scott went to work choosing and recruiting a crew. It was a mad scramble. Most of the job candidates were students whose pitches had been rejected. Scott needed a cinematographer, a camera operator, editors, a producer, two soundmen and an assistant director. One of those he signed up was Erica Anderson—to whom he owed the *Baghdad Cafe* analogy—who would be his star-crossed camera operator.

Then casting started. They put an ad in a show business

Reeves's cousin. "Always a bride, never a bridesmaid," she bemoaned. The justice of the peace, who was to perform the wedding ceremony, was played by Ted Raimi, brother of director Sam Raimi. "I'll be there in two shakes of a martini," Ted would call out cheerfully. Edie Perkuhn, normally a high-priced model, played the bridesmaid and spent much of the shoot worrying about her upcoming nude scene.

In one of the first scenes they filmed, the bride got cold feet on a very hot day:

BRIDE: "I don't feel like getting married in this heat. I'm sweating like a pig."

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE: "You are?"

BRIDESMAID: "Don't think of it as a marriage, think of the wedding. It's gonna be beautiful."

Between takes it was hard to tell where the conversation on the set left off and the dialogue of the movie started. "My friend has the most beautiful dragon tattoo on her back," observed Nanea Reeves. "She gets hers done at this place on LaBrea. That's where Cher gets hers done."

There was a lot of joking on the set, but nobody was laughing when they saw the dailies on Wednesday morning. Almost all the footage was out of focus. Everybody blamed Erica, who was operating the camera. People said she needed glasses.

On the third weekend Erica's troubles got worse. She dropped the camera. The repair costs came to \$1,810. Coincidentally, the school's insurance on equipment carried an \$1,800 deductible. The crew had to come up with the money to fix it and most felt that Erica should pay more than the others. They said she was costing them too much and wasn't any

good anyway. Which she naturally resented. There was a meeting where everybody yelled. The backstage drama was becoming considerably more focused than the movie. In the end, Erica angrily paid \$450, which was a fortune to her.

Scott's lowest moment came when he was trying to set up a long dolly shot on the roof of the bar where the JP was supposed to marry the happy couple. They were running out of sunlight and had to hurry. They had terrible trouble with a squeaky dolly. When they finally got that fixed, the camera ran out of film.

"Quick, reload the camera," yelled Scott.

"I can't," said Erica. "I left the rest of the film at home. I didn't think we'd need it."

Scott ran around and then fell face down on the roof. He was in a complete rage all night. They never got the shot.

They were all happier when they moved to USC's Harold Lloyd Sound Stage where they had built a set that was supposed to be the bar's storeroom. Edie was still worried about her nude scene, which was supposed to take place in the storeroom. She was even shier now than when she had agreed to do the part, because she had gotten engaged during the second week of shooting. She didn't think her fiancé would enjoy seeing her naked in the arms of another man. Her clothes were supposed to come off during a love scene with Ted.

"Do you have a lot of hair on your chest?" asked Edie.

"No, I have very little hair," Ted said.

"Good."

The film's score seemed to say, be sad, feel down. Now it needed to say, be happy, don't be afraid to laugh.

The bridesmaid in the story carries a gun, a big one with a long barrel.

"That gun isn't loaded, is it?" asked Hugh Webber, the cinematographer. "Everybody's freaking out."

"No," Kip assured him.

Scott arranged the JP and the bridesmaid and the gun on some old sacks in the storeroom. "Pelvises closer," said Scott. Now they were supposed to start disrobing each other. But on the set Scott changed the scene, thereby giving screenwriter Kip another lesson about how Hollywood treats the written word. The bridesmaid unbuttoned the JP's shirt, but before she got undressed, she shot out the light with her big gun. Actually, the light bulb—which was made out of sugar—was exploded by remote control.

"I was worried because the script said I would be stark naked," Edie recalled. "In the end, we didn't even kiss."

When *The Fountain Clowns* was partially assembled, the professors took a look at it. In a meeting afterwards—held in the George Lucas Building—the faculty for the first time challenged the movie's lack of traditional structure.

"What about the overall arc of your film?" asked Professor Morton Zarcoff, part of the old guard. "Or aren't you concerned about the arc?"

"No," said Scott, meeting the challenge head on, "that's what a lot of people like—it's not plot-driven. You drift in. You drift out."

"If you don't want to build to a climax, we'll try to help you accomplish your design, even if we disagree. Have you thought

about losing the gun scene?"

"We really like the gun scene."

"Without the gun," interjected Professor Philip Barry, "it's just another sex scene."

In spite of their reservations, the faculty agreed to give the filmmakers some extra footage and two extra shooting days so they could reshoot the scenes that were out of focus. Having allowed *The Fountain Clowns* crew another time at bat, the faculty made it clear they were expecting a home run.

On what was to be the last day of the shoot, Kip showed up at Jingo's bar at 2:30 a.m. as usual. Scott and the rest of the crew began arriving at 5:00 a.m., and they worked right through until 7:00 p.m. when Jingo's threw them out. They still had some exteriors they wanted to pick up, so they decided to shoot them on the USC film school loading dock so they could film right up until midnight when all equipment had to be turned in. They got their last shot at 11:45.

Martin Scorsese not only attended NYU film school, he also taught there. "What do you want me to say?" he asked one of his students. "It's a student film. It stinks!"

During postproduction, Scott lived at the school. Kip did too to a slightly lesser degree. They worked most of the time in the school's big editing room, into which some dozen Moviolas are crowded. When all the Moviolas are busy—as they usually are during the day and much of the night—it is hard to

hear your own movie because all the other movies are talking at the same time. But the room thins out after midnight.

So Scott and Kip simply worked all night every night. At 4:00 in the morning, they were the only ones there. And Scott would cackle his insane laugh. They would nap during the afternoon, when the editing room was busiest.

Once *The Fountain Clowns* was taped together in a rough assembly, Scott and Kip screened it for the faculty—and it was a disaster. It wasn't funny. The jokes didn't play. This little off-the-wall comedy had somehow turned into a depressing slice of stale life in a bar. The faculty let them know they had "blown it." USC had taken a chance on a nontraditional script and look what it had gotten for its trouble. Maybe the old ways were the best ways after all.

Scott knew he couldn't reshoot anything. But he eventually realized that he could change one thing: the sound. The as-shot background noise wasn't any good and the music was worse. Scott had asked a friend to compose a score for the film. The director told the musician he wanted a blues-jazz sound, but when he heard the music cut against the film, Scott realized that there was too much blues and too little jazz. The major role of the score in a film is to tell the audience how it is supposed to *feel* at a given moment. The blues score said, be sad, feel down and out. Scott asked his friend to rewrite the music, speed it up, make it more upbeat. He wanted a score that said, be happy, don't be afraid to laugh. Meanwhile, Scott went to work on the sound effects. To the boxing scene he added the sound of a crowd cheering and blows landing with a pop. To the "sex scene" at the end of the film he added a loud gunshot.

'I went to NYU film school,' says Oliver Stone, "where I had the good fortune to be able to really funnel my anger and rage into the movies."

There is a sign—scratched into the concrete of a small bridge that links two parts of the school—which says REALITY ENDS HERE. And it usually does. Film students simply disappear into the world of movies and don't come out until graduation—or maybe never. They don't have time to read newspapers or watch the news on TV.

"A riot is about the only thing that could get our attention," says Kip.

On the day that would end with the start of the Los Angeles riots last April, Scott and Kip mixed the sound for their movie—blending dialogue, music and sound effects—on the Steven Spielberg Scoring Stage. Many of the USC film-school students smelled smoke. To try to find out what was going on, they crowded around a television set in the lobby of the Marcia Lucas Post-Production Building. And for a change they watched CNN or some other brand of news. They were close enough to smell the fires and yet most watched it on television with the rest of America. Film students who usually condescend to TV weren't condescending that night. Posters of Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Jack Palance watched over those watching the destruction.

Shortly after all the trouble subsided a few days later, Professor Zarcoff addressed an audience of several hundred who had come to see rough cuts of the semester's movies. "It's a marvel we are well met today in spite of the riots," he said. "In good times you go to the movies, and in bad times you go to the movies. Of course, you could say the same about the liquor business."

The first movie was about an adolescent shoplifter, the second about Santa, the third about a roofer. When *The Fountain Clowns* finally appeared on the screen, Scott and his crew waited to hear if anybody would laugh. The music started; it was fast and bright. Santa Claus shambled into the bar and back out again. Everybody laughed, thank God. And they kept laughing. Even the faculty laughed.

Now all the weird characters in this character-driven movie seemed more believable. The new sound track somehow expanded the bar so that it now felt large enough to hold both a wedding and a prize fight on the same night. The *Fountain* bar became what the truck stop had become in *Baghdad Cafe*: a place where it was possible to believe in not just tricks, but miracles. And now the movie ended not with a whimper but with a reverberating sound effect.

After the screening, Scott and Kip went out with Erica, their problem-prone camera operator, and had a few drinks.

Spike Lee: his grandmother put up \$13,000 to pay for his NYU film.

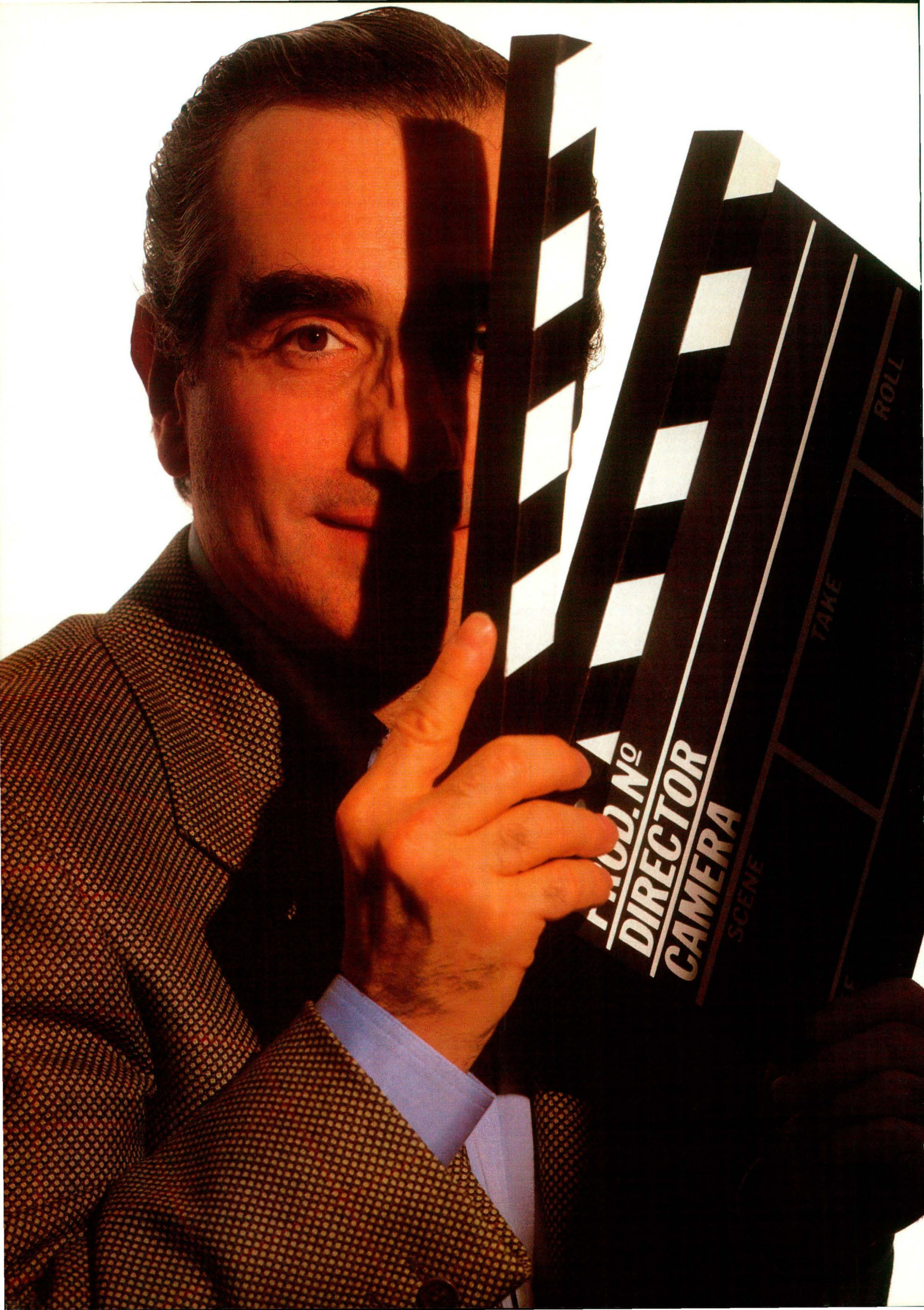
The Fountain Clowns had turned out well after all, and now they could relax and have a good time together. The extra shooting days and film had allowed Erica to correct most of her mistakes. And at the bar that night Erica felt like celebrating because she had just won a cinematography scholarship.

Mark Harris, who had vowed to loosen up USC, thought *The Fountain Clowns* was the best film made at the school last semester. He believed it realized most of the whimsy of the script. He liked the offbeat humor "married" to affecting emotions. And maybe most of all, he liked its unpredictability. "Our program," he concluded, "is beginning to move in a direction I like."

Now all Scott and Kip need are jobs. Film schools may be the business schools of the nineties, but there are fewer openings for feature filmmakers than for MBAs. Only two or three new directors a year get a chance in the movie business. Still, a surprising 76 percent of USC film school graduates manage to make a living in the entertainment industry one way or another. They pull focus, they operate cameras, they record sound. They make industrial films, medical training films, commercials and music videos. They work in soap opera factories and tabloid-TV sweatshops. Or they teach film.

As the bartender says in *The Fountain Clowns*: "It's gonna be a good business for all of us." Well, maybe not for all, but certainly for some. A few will even get rich enough to fund new facilities at their film school. Maybe the Kip Koenig Screenwriters' Basement. Or the Scott Marciano Bing-Bang-BOOM Sound Effects Library. ■





PROD. No

DIRECTOR
CAMERA

SCENE

TAKE

ROLL

What I Learned in Film School

Ex-seminarian Martin Scorsese didn't find his true faith until he studied John Ford and Jerry Lewis at NYU.

Directors dominate movies. Movies dominate American culture. And more and more, American culture dominates the world. Which suggests that Martin Scorsese, the high priest of American film, may be more important than the Pope. This former seminarian, who once dreamed of the priesthood, has achieved his original ambition, but by a different route.

Film school was his monastery, where he learned the gospel according to Welles, Ford, Hawks and Jerry Lewis. Novelists were once the high priests of our culture, says Scorsese, 49, but no more. "In the twenties and thirties, students wanted to write the Great American Novel," he recalled recently while taking a break from editing his upcoming film, *The Age of Innocence*, based on the Edith Wharton novel about a young man confronting the rigid society of 1870s New York. "Now they want to make the Great American Movie."

His experience at NYU film school in the early sixties was not unlike a religious conversion. "The main thing is somehow being inspired. The inspiration we had was a professor named Haig Manoogian. At the same time, we discovered Orson Welles. And *The Red Shoes* by Emeric Pressburger and Michael Powell. And John Ford's films. And then on top of it all, John Cassavetes's *Shadows*, which looked like it was made with a hand-held camera in the streets. All that thrown together gave us an amazing electrical shock of inspiration."

But how could he translate this inspiration from soul to celluloid? The first student film he worked on was a short piece about a Spanish dancer, *The Art of Flamenco—Inesita*. Scorsese was the cameraman and discovered that cinematography was not his strength. Next time out, he directed, wrote and edited a nine-minute piece called *What's a Nice Girl Like You Doing in a Place Like This?* This little movie told the story of a writer who becomes so obsessed with a picture that he goes to live inside the frame. "I thought it was all about people not being able to communicate, but I really didn't know what the hell I was doing."

A while later he tackled a much longer film called *Who's That Knocking at My Door?*, which told the story of an Italian boy who romances a WASP girl by telling her how much he loves John Wayne movies. By 1965, Scorsese had finished a 65-minute first draft of the movie that just about everybody hated. "It took until 1967 for Haig Manoogian to get some money for me and, in a way, guide me. I was able to add some new scenes

and intercut them with the old scenes we had shot three years earlier." The film became the story of a young man torn between his desire for both innocence and sex. The young director faced the same choice when told his picture could only be released commercially if it had a nude scene. He flew to Europe, shot some nudity and smuggled the footage back into America. The film was released but didn't make any money. (Later, Scorsese would make a sequel to *Knocking*, which he called *Mean Streets*; it made money.)

But in 1969 Scorsese was broke, so Manoogian hired him as an instructor at the film school. "I took over a cinema studies class. The instructor prior to me showed films like *The Seventh Seal* and *8½*. Now they are two of my favorites, but I decided I'd show American films. During the sixties American films were laughed at and it became a very snobby atmosphere. I decided to break that. So I showed *El Dorado* by Howard Hawks, *The Searchers* by John Ford and *The Nutty Professor* by Jerry Lewis. Certain directors in the Hollywood system remained true to themselves. These guys were artists."

While he was showing American movies, many of them westerns, Scorsese dressed the part. "I started to wear cowboy shirts, cowboy boots, leather vests." His students remember him wearing cap guns and punctuating his lectures by firing in the air. Scorsese is almost as big a fan of clothes as he is of films. He loved the French new wave in part because of the clothes. He loved the clothes in Italian movies and in westerns and in gangster pictures and in the big glossy MGM musicals with costumes by Edith Head.

"There are five films that I really feel are the most important to me. *Citizen Kane* was just an overwhelming revelation as to what a director can really do in film. *8½*, the same thing. *The Red Shoes*. *The Searchers* is just beautiful, majestic, American poetry. *The Leopard* by Luchino Visconti is very close to my heart because it's Sicily. The care that went into the production, the detail, is so extraordinary. It's one of the films that prompted me to be so attracted to costume films. That's one of the reasons I'm making *The Age of Innocence* now."

Ah, the clothes. Clothes had been part of the attraction of the priesthood, all those wonderful vestments, robes, capes and sashes, all those rich colors. But being a priest would have limited him to a single costume drama, while being a director allowed him to make many. How could he resist the allure of the wardrobe trailer? Who would call it a sin?

A.L.



The Brutal Education of Henry Kissinger

How his traumatic childhood as a Jewish boy in Hitler's Germany shaped Kissinger's world view **BY WALTER ISAACSON**

His first thought was to cross the street—a natural reaction, one that had been reinforced by years of beatings and taunts. He was walking alone on Manhattan's West 185th Street, from Amsterdam Avenue toward the ice cream parlor he had discovered on Broadway, when he spotted the group of boys—strangers, not Jewish—approaching. In Fürth such an encounter was sure to produce, at the very least, some small humiliation. He started to step off the sidewalk. Then he remembered where he was.

Henry Kissinger had been in America only a few months when this small epiphany occurred. It was 1938, and his family had moved into a comfortable but modest three-bedroom apartment in a squat six-story brick building at Fort Washington Avenue and 187th Street. Across the hall lived Paula Kissinger's cousin. Other friends from Fürth and Nuremberg were among the hundreds of new Jewish immigrants who filled similar bulky buildings up and down the bustling avenue.

Washington Heights, from which George Washington's forces sought (unsuccessfully) to defend Manhattan from the British in October 1776, rises along a rock bluff overlooking the Hudson River. Early in the century, its rows of apartment buildings were populated by Polish and Russian Jews. As they became successful, many moved to the suburbs, leaving a neighborhood filled with synagogues and delicatessens ready to host a new wave of Jewish immigrants. When the refugees from Hitler arrived, the area acquired the nickname the Fourth Reich.

Paula Kissinger with Heinz (right) and his brother Walter, 1927. Her survivor's instinct may have saved the family.

From Kissinger, by Walter Isaacson, published by Simon & Schuster. Copyright ©1992 by Walter Isaacson.

Like many of the Jewish families living in Washington Heights, the Kissingers had once enjoyed a prosperous, stable life in Fürth. Louis Kissinger took great pride in his status as a *Studienrat*, or schoolmaster, an eminent position in German society. When he married Paula Stern in 1922, her parents bestowed upon them a dowry large enough to buy a five-room, second-floor corner apartment in a gabled sandstone building on Mathildenstrasse, a cobbled street in a Jewish neighborhood of Fürth. Nine months later, on May 27, 1923, their first child was born there.

Heinz Alfred Kissinger. His first name was chosen because it appealed to Paula. His middle name was a Germanicized updating of Abraham. From his father, Heinz inherited the nickname Kissus. When he moved to America 15 years later, he would become known as Henry.

By the time Heinz Kissinger was born, the Jewish population of Fürth had shrunk to 3,000. A new period of repression was under way: in reaction to the emasculation Germany suffered in World War I, a nationalism arose that celebrated the purity of the Teutonic, Aryan roots of German culture. Jews were increasingly treated as aliens. Among other things, they were barred from attending public gatherings—including league soccer matches.

Nonetheless, Heinz became an ardent fan of the Kleeblatt Eleven, the Fürth team that had last won the German championships in 1914. He refused to stay away from their games, even though his parents ordered him to obey the law. He would sneak off to the stadium, sometimes with his younger brother, Walter, or a friend, and pretend not to be Jewish. "All we risked was a beating," he later recalled.

That was not an uncommon occurrence. On one occasion, he and Walter were caught at a match and roughed up by

Friends see his escape from the memory of childhood persecution as a key to his legendary insecurities.

a gang of kids. Unwilling to tell their parents, they confided in their family maid, who cleaned them up without revealing their secret.

Kissinger's love of soccer surpassed his ability to play it, though not his enthusiasm for trying. In an unsettled world, it was his favorite outlet. "He was one of the smallest and skinniest in our group," said Paul Stiefel, a friend from Fürth who later immigrated to Chicago. What Kissinger lacked in strength he made up in finesse. One year, he was even captain of his class team, selected more for his leadership ability than his agility.

The Jews in Fürth had their own sports club. "My father once played for the city team," said Henry Gitterman, a classmate of Kissinger's. "When the Jews were thrown off, they formed their own teams at a Jewish sports club." The field was merely a plot of dirt with goalposts, and the gym was an old warehouse with a corrugated roof. But it served as a haven from roving Nazi youth gangs and an increasingly threatening world.

Young Kissinger could be very competitive. In the cobblestone yard behind their house, he would play games of one-on-one soccer with John Heiman, a cousin who boarded with his family for five years. "When it was time to go in," Heiman recalled, "if he was ahead, we could go. But if he was losing, I'd have to keep playing until he had a chance to catch up."

It was as a student rather than as an athlete that Kissinger excelled. Like his father, he was scholarly in demeanor. "A bookworm, introverted," recalled his brother, Walter. Tzipora Jochsberger, a childhood friend, said she "always remembered Heinz with a book under his arm, always."

His mother even worried that books had become an escape from an inhospitable world. "He withdrew," she recalled. "Sometimes he wasn't outgoing enough, because he was lost in his books."

Louis badly wanted his two children to go to the *Gymnasium*, the state-run high school. After years at a Jewish school, Heinz was likewise eager to make the change. But by the time he applied to the state-run school, the tide of anti-Semitism had risen. Because he was Jewish, he was rejected.

The *Israelitische Realschule*, where he went instead, was every bit as good academically: the emphasis was on history—both German and Jewish—foreign languages (Kissinger studied English) and literature. It was small, with about 30 children in each grade, half boys and half girls. But it eventually grew to about 50 per class as the state school system barred Jews and as many Orthodox children began commuting there by trolley from Nuremberg. Religion was taken seriously. Each day, Kissinger and his friends spent two hours studying the Bible and the Talmud.

Kissinger regarded his father fondly, but with a touch of detachment. "He was the gentlest person imaginable, extraordinarily gentle," Kissinger later said. "Good and evil didn't arise for him because he couldn't imagine evil. He couldn't imagine

what the Nazis represented. His gentleness was genuine, not the sort of obsequiousness that is really a demand on you."

Louis was a cultured man, with a great love of literature and classical music. ("Unfortunately, his favorite composer was Mahler," Paula recalled.) Wise and compassionate, he was the sort of person neighbors often called upon for counsel. "He did not hold himself out as a moralist," his son said, "but his own conduct was so extraordinary it served as a lesson."

His children however were more reticent about bringing their problems to him. "He couldn't understand children having problems and didn't think they should have real problems," Kissinger recalled. "Nor could he understand the type of problems a 10-year-old would have."

Paula Kissinger, on the other hand, had a knack for handling family crises. "My father was lucky he had an earthy wife who made all the decisions," Kissinger said. She was a survivor, very practical. "She didn't occupy her mind with grand ideas or with ultimate meanings. She looked after necessities." A friend from Paula's hometown of Leutershausen noted that she was "very social, very caring, very ethical and had a great sense of presence."

Paula had sharp eyes and keen instincts. Hidden behind her smile and unaffected grace was a toughness when it came to protecting her family. Though less reflective than her husband (or her son), and less intellectual, she had a better sense of herself and of what people around her were thinking.

As a child, Kissinger was more comfortable having one close friend than being part of a group. In Fürth, his inseparable companion was Heinz Lion, who later became a biochemist in Israel and changed his name to Menachem Lion. They spent almost every afternoon together. On Saturdays, Lion's father would teach the boys the Torah, then take them on hikes.

Kissinger used to discuss with Lion and his father those problems he could not broach with his own father. "They lived near us and he would ride over on his bike," Lion recalled. "It seems to me he had a problem with his father. He was afraid of him because he was a very pedantic man. His father was always checking his homework. He told me more than once he couldn't discuss anything with his father, especially not girls."

Kissinger and Lion used to take walks on Friday evenings through the park with girlfriends, sometimes stopping to skate on the frozen lake. One Sabbath evening, the two boys were enjoying themselves so much that they came home late. "In Germany, in those days, it was one of the most sacred rules of behavior to return home on time and never to stay out after dark," Lion's mother later said. "And so my husband took off his belt and gave them a thrashing."

For the young Kissinger, one place was particularly magical: his mother's family home in Leutershausen, where the Kissingers spent the summer. The Stern home was stately and secure, built around the cozy courtyard where Heinz would chase the family's brood of chickens and, as he grew older, play *Volkerball* with his friends.

One of young Kissinger's best friends in Leutershausen was Tzipora Jochsberger. When Tzipora was 14, she was expelled with the other Jewish children from her public school. Even though they were Reform Jews, her parents sent her to an Orthodox school. When she came back that summer, she had

become an Orthodox Jew, much to her family's chagrin. "My parents were not very religious, and they didn't understand my conversion," she said. "They were very upset." Since she had determined to keep kosher, Tzipora could not even eat with her family. Kissinger, himself Orthodox, was the only person she felt could understand her change. They went on long walks to discuss it. Faith was important, he told her, and she should remain Orthodox if that is what she felt was right for her. "Henry seemed to understand the change. I always liked to listen to him explain matters because he was so smart."

Along with Heinz Lion, Kissinger went to synagogue every morning before school. On Saturdays, Lion's father read and discussed the Torah with them. Young Kissinger "would be totally engulfed in the atmosphere of piety," according to Lion's mother. "He would pray with devotion."

W

hen Kissinger graduated from school in Fürth, he went to study at the Jewish seminary in Würzburg. His time there was pleasant enough: life in a dormitory, endless books to distract the mind from the threats of the outside world, and daily visits to his wise grandfather David. But Kissinger had not gone to Würzburg to become a Jewish teacher, for it had become clear that there was no future for Jewish teachers, or even Jews, in Germany. Instead he went to Würzburg for lack of anything better to do for the moment. By then, the Kissinger family, led by Paula, was coming to an anguishing decision.

In 1923, the year that Kissinger was born, Julius Streicher had founded the rabid anti-Semitic weekly *Der Stürmer* in Nuremberg, where he headed the local branch of Hitler's Nazi party. His incitement of hatred against the Jews was not only fanatic, but sadistic. He demanded the total extermination of Jews, whom he called "germs" and "defilers."

Streicher's newspaper, which achieved a circulation of 500,000, stoked the fire of anti-Semitism in Fürth and Leutershausen. The atmosphere of their summers in Leutershausen changed, Paula Kissinger recalled. "Some gentiles had been our friends, but after Streicher began publishing we were isolated. A few people stuck by us, but only a few. There was hardly anyone for the boys to play with."

Streicher paved the way for the Nuremberg Laws of 1935. These statutes negated the German citizenship of Jews, forbade marriages between Jews and German Christians and prevented Jews from being teachers in state schools or holding many other professional positions.

As a result, Louis Kissinger was suddenly deemed unfit to teach true Germans and lost the job of which he was so proud. For a while, he worked to establish a Jewish vocational school in Fürth, where he taught accounting. But he was a broken man, humbled and humiliated by forces of hatred that his kindly soul could not comprehend.

In later years, Henry Kissinger would minimize his Jewish heritage. When he discussed his childhood (which he did only rarely and reluctantly), he would describe it as "typical middle-class German," adding only as an afterthought that of course it was German Jewish. His family, he would say, was assimilated, and the Jews of Fürth were not all that segregated or tribal.

He also minimized the trauma he faced as a child, the persecution and the beatings and the daily confrontations with a virulent anti-Semitism that made him feel like an outcast. As he told a reporter from *Die Nachrichten*, a Fürth newspaper, who was writing a profile of him in 1958: "My life in Fürth seems to have passed without leaving any lasting impressions." He said much the same to many other questioners over the years. "That part of my childhood is not a key to anything," Kissinger insisted in a 1971 interview. "I was not consciously unhappy. I was not acutely aware of what was going on. For children, these things are not that serious."

Kissinger's childhood friends regard such talk as an act of denial and self-delusion. Some of them see his escape from memory as a key to his legendary insecurities. The child who had to pretend to be someone else so that he could get into soccer games, they say, became an adult who was prone to deceit and self-deception in the pursuit of acceptance by political and social patrons.

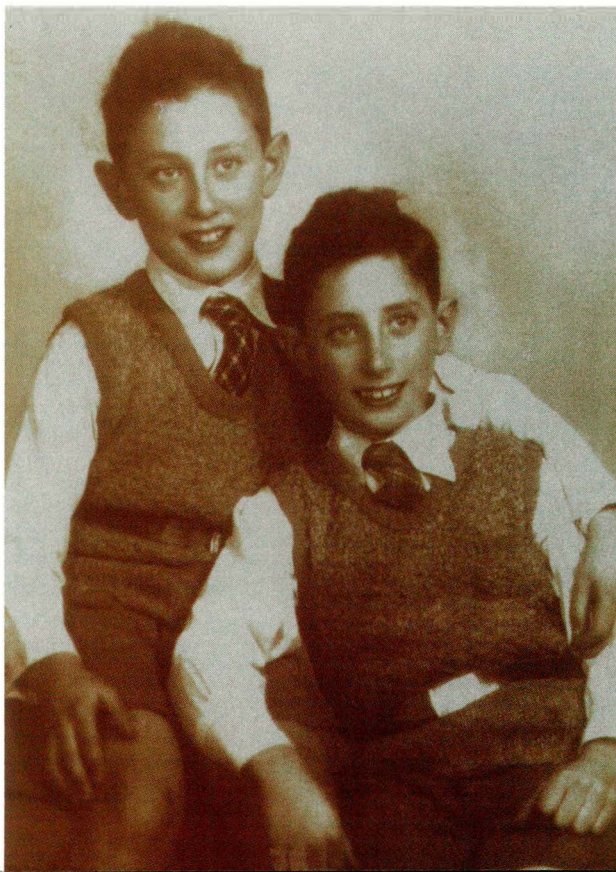
Paula Kissinger was more forthcoming about the traumas of the Nazi period. "Our children weren't allowed to play with the others," she said. "They stayed shut up in the garden. They loved football, Henry most of all, but the games in Nuremberg were banned to them." She especially remembered her

children's pitiful fright and puzzlement when the Nazi youths would march by taunting the Jews. "The Hitler Youth, which included almost all the children in Fürth, sang in ranks in the streets and paraded in uniform, and Henry and his brother would watch them, unable to understand why they didn't have the right to do what others did."

"Anti-Semitism was a feature of Bavaria and did not start with Hitler," said Menachem Lion. "We were afraid when we saw any non-Jewish kids coming down the street. We would experience things that people couldn't imagine today, but we took it for granted. It was like the air we breathed."

Other childhood friends of Kissinger's recalled similar traumas. Werner Gundelfinger: "We couldn't go to the swimming pool, the dances or the tea room. We couldn't go any-

Heinz and Walter in 1934. The boys watched as Fürth's Hitler Youth marched by in uniform, taunting the Jews.



where without seeing the sign: *Juden Verboten*. These are things that remain in your subconscious." Frank Harris: "We all grew up with a certain amount of inferiority." Otto Pretsfelder: "You can't grow up like we did and be untouched. Every day there were slurs on the street, anti-Semitic remarks, calling you filthy names."

The rise of the Nazis was hardest on Paula Kissinger. Her husband Louis was baffled, almost shell-shocked, struck mute, but Paula was acutely sensitive to what was happening and deeply pained by it. She was the sociable one, the sprightly woman with gentile friends who loved to go swimming every day during the summer in Leutershausen's municipal pool. When her gentile friends began to avoid her, and when Jews were barred from using the pool, she began to realize there was no future for her family in Germany.

"It was my decision," she later said, "and I did it because of the children. I knew there was not a life to be made for them if we stayed."

She had a first cousin who had immigrated years before to Manhattan's Washington Heights. Although they had never met, Paula wrote to her late in 1935, just after passage of the Nuremberg Laws, to ask if Heinz and Walter could come live with her. No, replied her cousin, the whole Kissinger family should emigrate, but not the children alone.

Paula was very devoted to her father, Falk Stern, who was then dying of cancer. She did not want to leave him. But by the spring of 1938, she realized there was no choice. Her cousin filed the necessary affidavits to allow them into the U.S., and the papers had come through allowing them to leave Germany.

For the final time, the Kissinger family went to Leutershausen to visit Paula's father and stepmother. "I had never seen my father cry until he said good-bye to my mother's father," said Kissinger. "That shook me more than anything. I suddenly realized we were involved in some big and irrevocable event. It was the first time I had encountered anything my father couldn't cope with."

By that time, Kissinger was ready to leave. The Lion family had immigrated to Palestine in March. Lion's father offered some parting words for the young Kissinger: "You'll come back to your birthplace someday and you won't find a stone unturned." With Heinz and Herr Lion gone, Kissinger had little reason to want to stay. "That was when his first real loneliness came," his mother recalled.

On August 20, 1938, less than three months before the mobs of *Kristallnacht* would destroy their synagogue and most other Jewish institutions in Germany, the Kissingers set sail for London, to spend two weeks with relatives, and then on to America. Henry was 15, his brother, Walter, 14, his father 50, and his mother 37.

Packing was a simple task: even though they had paid a

fee to move their belongings out of Germany, they were permitted to take only some furniture and whatever personal possessions could fit into one trunk. Louis had to leave his books behind, and they were allowed to take only a small sum of pocket money. To the customs inspector who checked what they were taking, Kissinger vowed that he would someday be back.

Kissinger would return, not only as a soldier but as a statesman. In December of 1975, when he was secretary of state, he was invited back—along with his parents—for a ceremony awarding him Fürth's Gold Medal for Distinguished Native Citizens. German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher and Mayor Kurt Scherzer were on hand, along with a thousand onlookers and a choir from the school that once would not accept the Kissinger boys. Kissinger's remarks were brief and avoided any mention of the horrors that caused his family to flee. When invited to tour the neighborhood where he used to play soccer and study the Torah and face beatings by Hitler Youth members, Kissinger politely declined.

My memories are not all that glorious," he later told reporters. "I did it mostly for my parents. They never lost their attachment for this city." His father seemed to agree. At a lunch with the few friends of his still in Fürth, he quoted Euripides and said, "We forget all the bad memories on this day." His mother, however, forgot nothing. "I was offended in my heart that day, but said nothing," she recalled. "In my heart, I knew they would have burned us with the others if we had stayed."

At the restored synagogue where the Kissingers once worshipped there is a plaque. "On the 22nd of March 1942," it says, "the last occupants of this building, 33 orphan children, were sent to their deaths in Izbica with their teacher, Dr. Isaak Hallemann."

While on their 1975 visit, the Kissingers visited Falk Stern's grave. He was lucky; he died in his home before the holocaust began. At least 13 close relatives of Kissinger were sent to the gas chambers or died in concentration camps, including Stern's wife.

One reason so many of them perished is that, as Kissinger has said, they considered themselves loyal German citizens. His grandfather David and granduncle Simon both felt that the family should ride out the Nazi era, that it would pass. David did not flee until after *Kristallnacht*, when he joined his son Arno (Louis Kissinger's brother) in Sweden. But Simon, even after *Kristallnacht*, forbade his family to leave. Germany, he said, had been good to the Jews. They should stick with the country and be loyal to

Paradise lost: summers at his mother's family home in Leutershausen were particularly magical for Heinz.



Bonn announced that Kissinger might visit some of his relatives. “My relatives are soap,” he grumbled to aides.

it as it went through this phase. Simon was killed in a German concentration camp. So, too, were his sons Ferdinand and Julius, who like their father and uncles were teachers. All three of Kissinger's aunts—his father's sisters—also perished in the holocaust: Ida and her husband, Siegbert Friedmann, who was a teacher in Mainstocken, and one child; Sara and her husband, Max Blattner, and their daughter Selma; Fanny and her husband, Jacob Rau, and their son, Norbert. Fanny's daughter, Lina Rau, who had boarded with the Kissingers, managed to escape to New York. “My parents did not expect Hitler to last,” she said. “Nobody did. We thought it would blow over.”

Louis Kissinger was 50 years old when he arrived in New York with his family, and had trouble adjusting to life in a new language. Even though he was well-schooled in English, or perhaps because of that, he was afraid of making a grammatical error and embarrassed by his thick accent. So he said little, certainly far less than his friends with poorer educations and fewer inhibitions.

There was no demand for his skills as a teacher, and the Depression made it difficult to get any job. Finally, after two years of only sporadic work, Louis got a low-paying job as a bookkeeper at a factory owned by friends from Germany.

It fell to Paula Kissinger, 13 years younger and far more adaptable, to support the family. Her sociable nature, nimble mind and quick tongue stood her in good stead; she soon mastered the language, or at least enough to chat without trepidation. For a while she worked with a local caterer, preparing and serving food at bar mitzvahs and weddings; then she went into business for herself. Mostly she acted as an “accommodator,” which is what caterers were often called, handling small parties in private homes.

She became so popular that years later, even after her son had become national security adviser, she would still get requests from old clients to work their parties. She generally agreed, though she asked that they call her Paula rather than use her last name so that guests would not know who she was.

Freed from the fear that pervaded Fürth, Henry Kissinger plunged into his new life in Washington Heights with the gusto of a paroled prisoner. Within days he had found his way to Yankee Stadium, mastering the intricacies of a subtle sport he had never before seen. “He was the first to find out how to get there and how much it cost, and to understand baseball,” recalled John Sachs, who arrived from Fürth that summer. “A couple of weeks after he went to the stadium the first time, he got my uncle and me to go. Baseball was a sport unknown to us, but he explained the whole game.”

When he and Sachs went to take a driving test, Kissinger flunked, then proceeded to flunk it twice more. (“For the life of me, I don't understand why I kept failing it,” he later said, though some people who have driven with him can suggest a variety of reasons.) Sachs passed easily enough, and with a borrowed car, he and Kissinger explored such places as the Catskills.

In September of 1938, a month after he arrived, Kissinger enrolled in George Washington High School. A large Georgian structure built in 1925 on a two-acre campus at 192nd Street, it was then the pride of the city's public school system, serving a neighborhood of educationally ambitious Jews and other refugees. The teachers were among the best in the city,

and so was the education they provided.

In Kissinger's records at George Washington High, he is among the many designated as having a “foreign language handicap.” In fact, he was handicapped hardly at all. He got a grade of 70 (out of 100) in his first semester of English, but the second semester, he raised it to a 90. From then on he got a 90 or better in every course he took—French, American history, European history, economics, algebra and bookkeeping—except for an 85 in an “industries and trade” class. “He was the most serious and mature of the German refugee students,” his math teacher, Anne Sindeband, later told the *New York Post*, “and I think those students were more serious than our own.” One German refugee who was in Kissinger's class recalled: “Of course we were serious. What else was there for us to do but be serious about our studies? We had no other way of making it in America except to do well at school and then make it at City College. Nowadays, kids make fun of the grinds. But back then, we were all grinds.” With a little smile, he added: “Especially Henry.”

The Kissingers belonged to the Congregation K'hal Adath Jeshurun, a fledgling Orthodox synagogue that was founded the year they arrived. Its first rabbi was the former head of the yeshiva in Frankfurt, Rabbi Joseph Breuer, a noted defender of uncompromising orthodoxy; in the neighborhood, it was referred to simply as “Breuer's synagogue.” Kissinger, wearing his prayer shawl, was a faithful congregant. His mother began to sense, however, that he was going to temple more out of fealty to his father than out of fidelity to his faith.

Socially, Kissinger began edging away from his Orthodox heritage and joined a youth group—Beth Hillel—that was mainly the province of Reform Jews, most of them refugees from Bavaria. They met at the Paramount Hall on 183rd Street and St. Nicholas Avenue.

Henry Gitterman, who had been with Kissinger at the *Realschule* in Fürth, was a president of Beth Hillel. “We would meet most weekends, both boys and girls. It was a way to meet girls from the same background.” Even though they were all from Germany, English was the language spoken at Beth Hillel. Leaders from the community, including politicians such as Jacob Javits, would come give talks. It offered the chance to band together while also assimilating. “There would be about 18 or 20 of us at each meeting,” recalled Kurt Silbermann. “We had discussion sessions, book groups or sometimes just evenings when we'd go to a movie or listen to the radio.”

Going through adolescence in a strange land, Kissinger remained almost as withdrawn as he had been in Fürth. He was respected by his crowd of fellow young immigrants for his mind and maturity, but he remained detached and socially insecure. “It was difficult for Henry to find his bearings, to feel in place when we first came, especially when our father had no career,” said his brother, Walter.

Despite his stubborn retention of his Bavarian accent, one trait distinguished Henry Kissinger from his friends; he was more directed, more ambitious, more serious about assimilating.

ing and succeeding in America. The others were quite comfortable within their tight-knit German Jewish world. Many of them, even as they became successful in business, continued to identify with their ethnic heritage rather than break from their immigrant style. Not Kissinger. He was more eager to blend into society, more adept at picking up the cultural cues that marked one as an American.

"If I assimilated quicker," Kissinger later explained, "perhaps it was because I had to go to work when I was 16. That probably made me more independent." After his first year at George Washington High, he began going to school at night and working by day on West 15th Street at the Leopold Ascher Brush Company, a shaving-brush manufacturer owned by cousins of his mother. As part of the bleaching process, the bristles were dipped in acid, then in water. Kissinger, wearing heavy rubber gloves, had to squeeze the acid and water out of the bristles. He started at \$11 a week, rising to about \$30 when he became a delivery boy and shipping clerk. "His mind tended to be elsewhere while he was working," said Ian Ascher, who later ran the company. "Whenever he got the chance, he would pull out a book and do some reading or some studying for his night school."

When Kissinger graduated from George Washington, he had no problem getting into the City College of New York. Founded in 1847 as the Free Academy, the school's purpose has always been to provide free higher education to gifted students of New York. By 1940, the college, located on 140th Street in Washington Heights, had more than 30,000 students—about three-fourths of them Jewish. For immigrant children, it was a first step into the American meritocracy. Among its students were Felix Frankfurter, Bernard Baruch and Jonas Salk.

Kissinger was able to breeze through his classes at City College, even though he was still working days at the brush company. He got As in every course he took, except for one B in history. Without great enthusiasm, he was heading toward becoming an accountant, which had become his father's field. "My horizons were not that great when I was in City College," he said. "I never really thought of accounting as a calling, but I thought it might be a nice job."

He was, however, looking around for something more he could do, a way up and out. For young men seeking to escape constricted lives, the army offered a perfect opportunity, all the more so because there was little choice involved. Kissinger's



As a boy Heinz went to synagogue daily. Later he would distance himself from his religion, fearing anti-Semitism.

grumbled to aides. "My relatives are soap."

Despite Kissinger's demurrals, the Nazi atrocities left a lasting imprint on him. "Kissinger is a strong man, but the Nazis were able to damage his soul," said Fritz Kraemer, a non-Jewish German who left to fight Hitler and became Kissinger's mentor in the U.S. Army. "For the formative years of his youth, he faced the horror of his world coming apart, of the father he loved being turned into a helpless mouse." Kissinger's most salient personality traits, Kraemer said, can be traced to this experience. "It made him seek order, and it led him to hunger for acceptance, even if it meant trying to please those he considered his intellectual inferiors."

A desire to be accepted, a tendency to be distrustful and insecure; these were understandable reactions to a childhood upended by one of the most gruesome chapters in human history. Kissinger's desire for social and political acceptance—and his yearning to be liked—was unusually ardent, so much so that it led him to compromise his beliefs at times.

One of Kissinger's insecurities as an adult was his feeling, sometimes half-confessed through mordant humor, that he would not fit in if he was too closely identified with his religion. Only partly in jest, he grumbled that too much reporting about his family background could "bring every anti-Semite out of the woodwork" to attack him.

For Kissinger, the holocaust destroyed the connection between God's will and the progress of history—a tenet that is at the heart of the Jewish faith and is one of the religion's most important contributions to Western philosophy. For faithful Jews, the meaning of history is understood by its link to God's will and divine justice. After witnessing the Nazi horror, Kissinger would abandon the practice of Judaism, and as a young student at Harvard he would embark on an intellectual search for an alternative way to find the meaning of history.

Kissinger's childhood experiences, not surprisingly, also instilled in him a deep distrust of other people. In his self-dep-

draft notice arrived shortly after his 19th birthday, and his farewell party was held at the Iceland Restaurant near Times Square in February 1943. The next day he left by train for Camp Croft in Spartanburg, South Carolina—where for the first time in his life he would not be part of a German Jewish community.

Kissinger rarely spoke of the holocaust other than to protest now and then that it did not leave a permanent scar on his personality. "It was not a life-long trauma," he said. "But it had an impact: having lived under totalitarianism, I know what it's like." Only once did he ever show any signs of anger about what happened. During an early visit to Germany as national security adviser, Bonn announced that Kissinger might visit with some of his relatives. "What the hell are they putting out?" he

He feared too much reporting about his background could “bring every anti-Semite out of the woodwork.”

recating way, he would joke about his famous paranoia and his perception that people were always plotting against him. Another noted American statesman, Henry Stimson, lived by the maxim he learned at Yale's Skull and Bones that the only way to earn a man's trust is to trust him. Kissinger, on the other hand, was more like Nixon: he harbored an instinctive distrust of colleagues and outsiders alike. Stimson rejected the notion of a spy service by saying that “gentlemen do not read other people's mail”; Nixon and Kissinger established a series of secret wiretaps on the phones of even their closest aides.

Another legacy of Kissinger's holocaust upbringing was that later in life he would avoid revealing any signs of weakness—a maxim he applied to himself personally and, as the basic premise of his *realpolitik*, to foreign policy. Kissinger's father, whom he loved deeply, was graced by gentleness and a heart of unquestioning kindness. But such virtues served only to make him seem weak in the face of Nazi humiliations. As Kissinger grew older, he repeatedly attached himself to forceful, often overbearing patrons with powerful personalities: the boisterous and self-assured Prussian Fritz Kraemer in the army, the grandiose Professor William “Wild Bill” Elliott at Harvard, Nelson Rockefeller, Richard Nixon.

In addition, Kissinger, who spent his childhood as an outcast in his own country, became driven by a desire for acceptance. What struck many people as deceitfulness was often the result of Kissinger's attempts to win approval from opposing groups; during Vietnam, for example, he would attempt to convince dovish Harvard intellectuals that he was still one of them while simultaneously trying to impress Nixon with gutsy hardline advice. Kissinger would go out of his way to curry favor with the American Right after they attacked him over detente—while at the same time making disparaging comments about Reagan and prominent Reaganites to his intellectual friends. Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., a long-time friend of Kissinger's, referred to this trait as “his refugee's desire for approval.”

Still another legacy of his childhood was his philosophical pessimism. His world view was dark, suffused with a sense of tragedy. He once wrote that

Americans, who have “never suffered disaster, find it difficult to comprehend a policy conducted with a premonition of catastrophe.” Although he rejected Spengler's notion of the inevitability of historic decay, he came to believe that statesmen must continually fight against the natural tendency toward international instability.

The Nazi experience could have instilled in Kissinger either of two approaches to foreign policy: an idealistic, moralistic approach dedicated to protecting human rights, or a realistic, *realpolitik* approach that sought to preserve order through balances of power and a willingness to use force as a tool of diplomacy. Kissinger would follow the latter route. Given a choice of order or justice, he often said, paraphrasing Goethe, he would choose order. He had seen too clearly the consequences of disorder.

As a result, Kissinger would become—philosophically, intellectually, politically—a conservative in the truest sense. He developed an instinctive aversion to revolutionary change, an attitude that he explored in his doctoral dissertation and that affected his policies when he came to power.

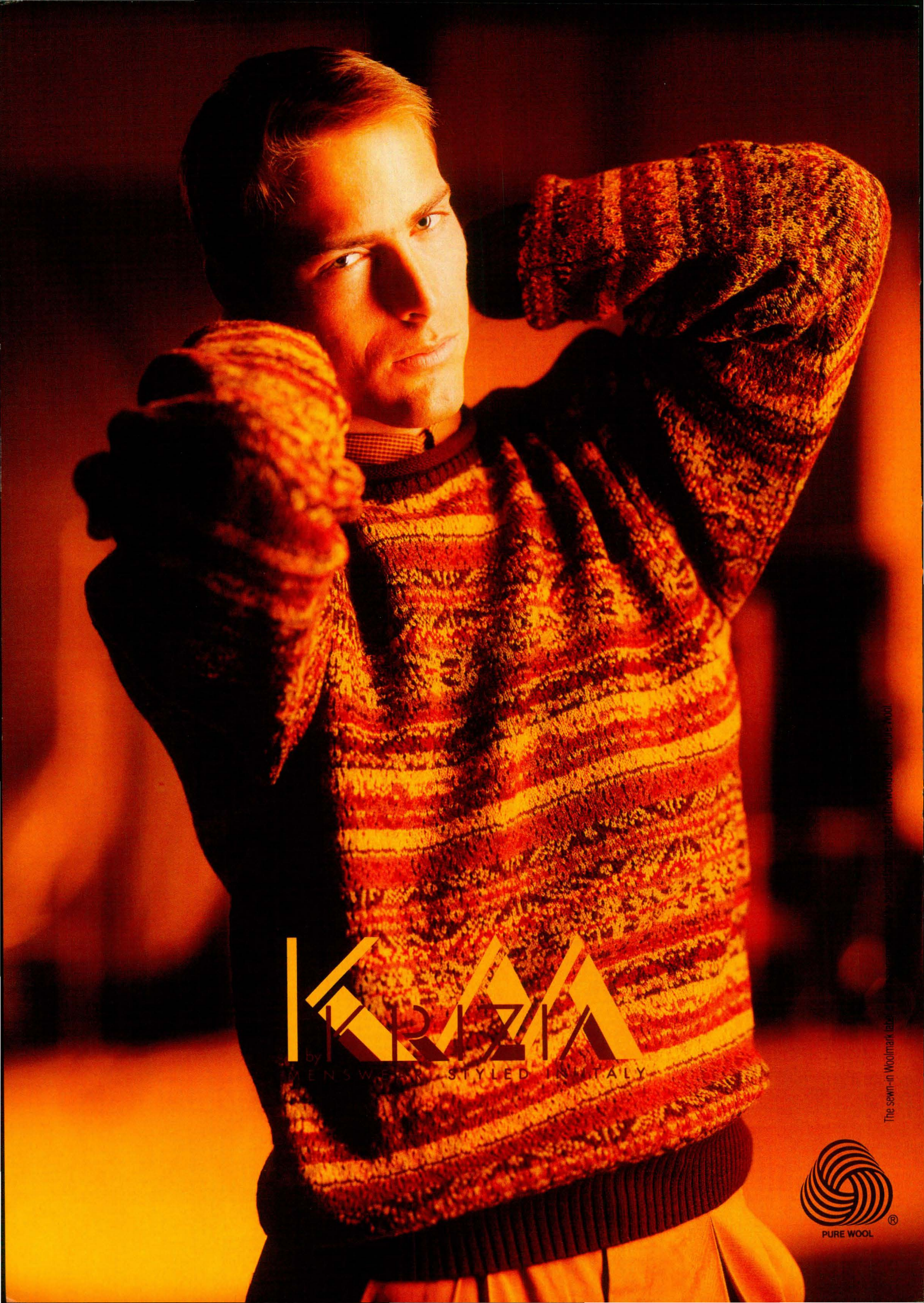
He also became uncomfortable with the passions of democracy and populism. Like George Kennan, his philosophical predecessor as a conservative and realist, Kissinger would never learn to appreciate the messy glory of the American political system, especially when it affected foreign policy. The extreme Right haunted him throughout his career, prompting him to pursue an unsuccessful and somewhat degrading effort after he left office to win their acceptance.

Intellectually, his mind would retain its European cast just as his voice would retain its rumbling Bavarian accent. He felt comfortable plunging into Hegel and Kant and Metternich and Dostoyevski. But he never showed any appreciation for such archetypal American imaginations as Mark Twain and Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin.

Nonetheless, perhaps the most important effect of the horrors of his youth was the one that Kissinger himself always cited: it instilled a love of his adopted country that far surpassed his occasional disdain for the disorderliness of its democracy. When young Heinz reached Manhattan and became Henry, America's combination of tolerance and order would provide an exhilarating sense of personal freedom to a boy who had never before walked the streets without fear. “I therefore,” he would later say, “have always had a special feeling for what America means, which native-born citizens perhaps take for granted.” ■

His “refugee's desire for approval” led Kissinger to tailor his arguments for social and political acceptance.

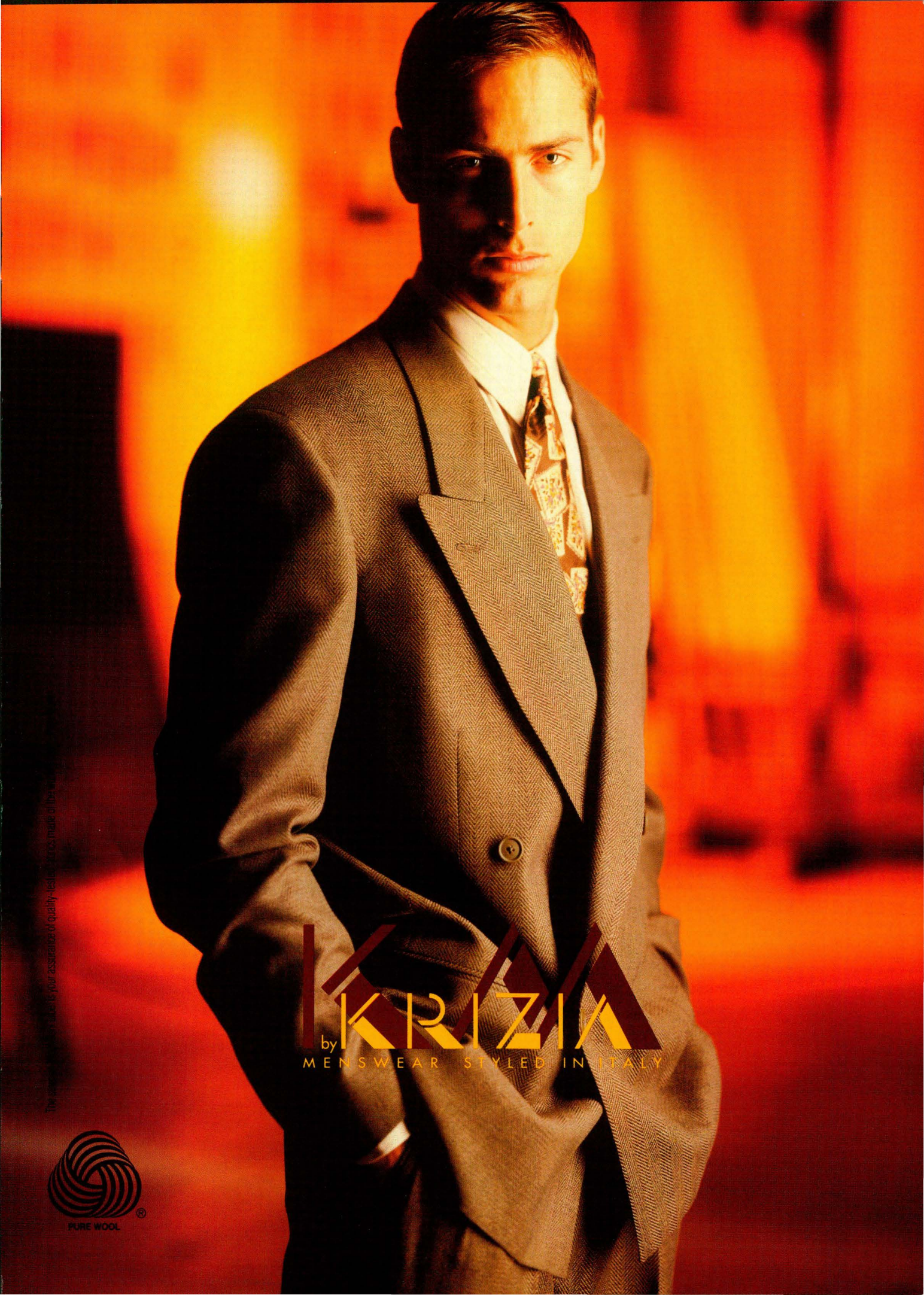




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The Best Stores

BY ROBERT BRYAN WITH JOSHUA ADAMS AND JACK BETTRIDGE

Corbin Bernsen

As snake-charming divorce attorney Arnold Becker on "L.A. Law," Corbin Bernsen defined the creep with sex appeal—a quality he used to some advantage in such films as *Hello Again*, *Major League* and *Shattered*. The real-life Bernsen, however, focuses clearly on his family: British-born actress Amanda Pays and his sons Oliver (pictured here), Henry and Angus. With the onset of fatherhood, Bernsen has turned away from playing the footloose bachelor—he garnered praise as civil rights lawyer Morris Dees in *Line of Fire* and as a politician in the miniseries *Grass Roots*. And this month he goes in for family in a big way in *Frozen Assets*, in which he plays the president of a neighborhood sperm bank.

I Magnin, Los Angeles

Wool blazer by Thierry Mugler, embossed silk satin vest by Gianfranco Ferré, cotton T-shirt by Calvin Klein, cotton denim jeans from Hugo Boss.



Savion Glover

"Savion Glover is the man—the one who's going to take tap into the 21st century," says tap mentor and current Broadway costar Gregory Hines. In the face of such praise, Glover's feet are firmly planted—rather, tapping—on the ground. Glover has danced all the way from his Tony-nominated performance in *Black and Blue* to his current role as the young Jelly Roll Morton in the musical *Jelly's Last Jam*. Off Broadway Glover keeps busy as a series regular on "Sesame Street," an advanced dance instructor and an active supporter of many charities and foundations. Glover is also putting together a rap album with his brother and will be pursuing his interest in film at NYU this fall.

Charivari New York

Wool crepe jacket and wool trousers by Thierry Mugler, leather shoes by Giuliano Fujiwara.

Spalding Gray

Famous talking head Spalding Gray, whose monologues *Swimming to Cambodia* and *Monster in a Box* both graced the silver screen, has been diversifying his talents lately. After years of verbally spilling his innermost thoughts to live audiences, Gray sat down and wrote *Impossible Vacation*, a traditional coming-of-age novel marbled with his signature oddball commentary. He returned to his thespian roots as Mr. Mungo in Stephen Soderbergh's film *King of the Hill*. Now back to doing what he arguably does best, Gray's latest talkfest is about his diagnosis and treatment of macular pucker, a rare affliction of the eyes.

Paul Stuart New York

Wool flannel trousers, suede vest, cotton shirt and suede shoes by Paul Stuart.

BERNSEN: PHOTOGRAPHED AT HOME BY BILL REITZEL; GROOMING BY BEVERLY GEORGE; GLOVER: PHOTOGRAPHED AT JON WEISER'S HOME BY RICHARD BOWDITCH; GROOMING BY SARA JOHNSON FOR SARAH LAIRD



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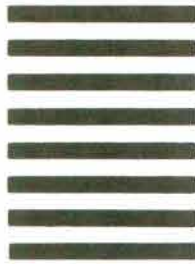
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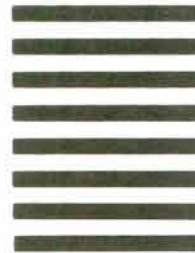
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Tim Allen

Like his tool-belted character on the hit sitcom "Home Improvement," Tim Allen is a real do-it-yourselfer. The former ad agency creative director launched his comedy career 13 years ago on a dare from a friend. Now his show is a consistent Nielsen favorite—not surprisingly, fans recently voted Allen TV's funniest man.

Beau Brummel New York

Angora/wool sports jacket by Umberto Ginocchetti, cotton jeans and cotton T-shirt from Tempo Libero, silk vest by Onano.

Bruce Payne

British-born Bruce Payne can be so incredibly frightening it's cool. He set the tone in his first feature film, *Absolute Beginners*, as the neo-Nazi leather boy running riot in the street. He perfected it in the recent *Passenger 57* as the psychotic terrorist opposite good guy Wesley Snipes.

Ultimo Chicago

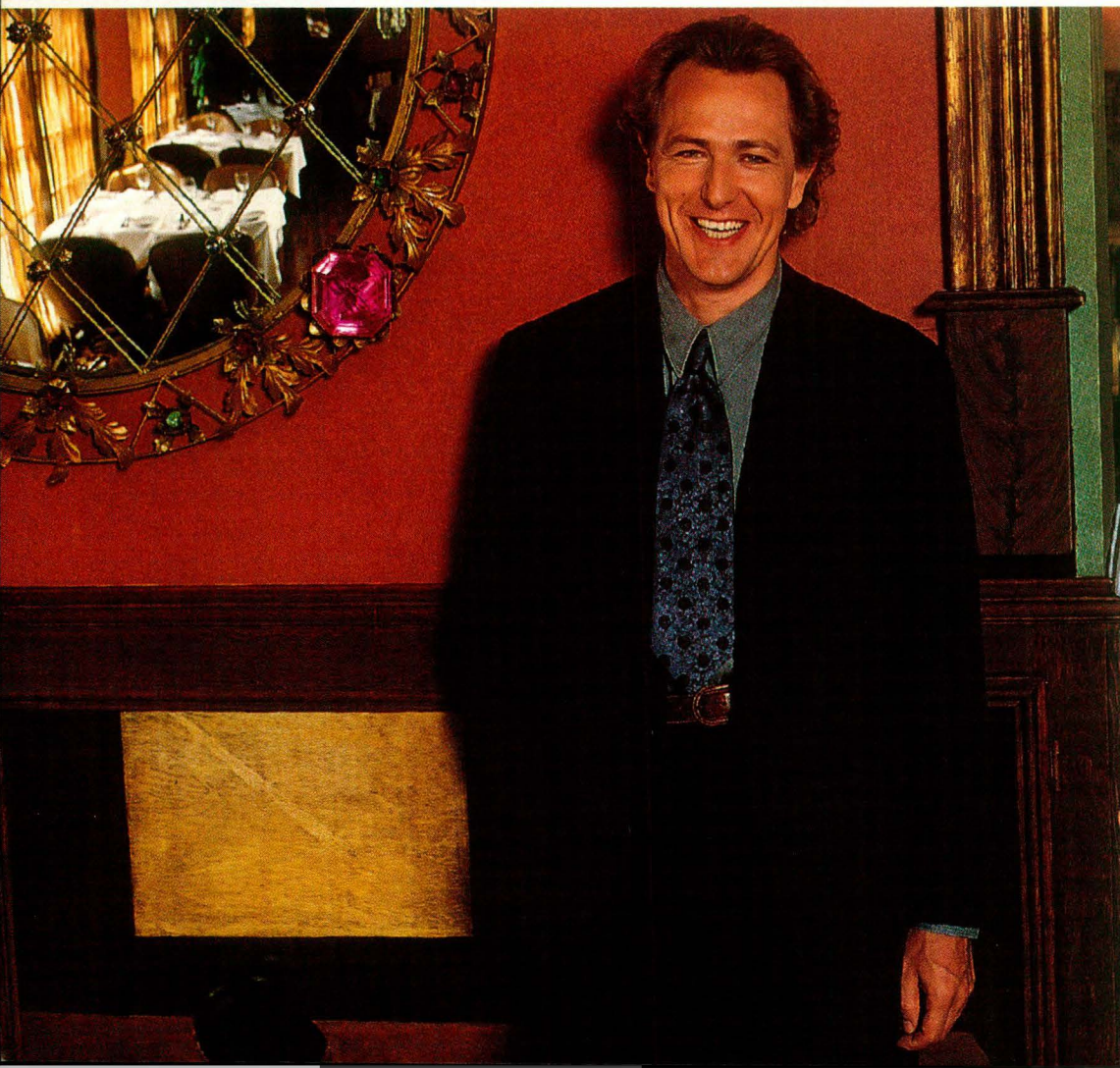
Wool sports jacket and wool/polyester cavalry twill trousers from Vestimenta, cotton shirt from L'Equipe, silk tie by Ermenegildo Zegna, belt from DeVecchi.

Grant Show

Move over Luke Perry—Grant Show is hyped to be the next pinup idol adorning young women's bedrooms. His good looks have propelled the "90210" spinoff for the twentysomething crowd, "Melrose Place," to high ratings, but that hasn't helped his personal life: he was recently dumped by his girlfriend.

Bloomingdale's New York

Wool crepe suit, leather vest and cashmere sweater by Donna Karan.







Mark Parker, Tom Clarke, Tinker Hatfield

If anyone heeds the slogan "Just Do It" more than Bo Jackson, it's the Nike creative team of Mark Parker, Tom Clarke and Tinker Hatfield—in fact, they invented the concept. At Nike headquarters outside Portland, Parker heads up research and development, Tom Clarke oversees product marketing and Tinker Hatfield is creative director—together they redefined the workout with their contributions to Nike's cross-training and outdoor cross-training gear.

They're also the force behind such Nike footwear and apparel trademarks as Air Max, Air Mowabb, Air Tech Challenge and, of course, Air Jordan.

Alex Forma Portland

Left to right: Wool crepe suit and wool sweater from Donna Karan Menswear; wool suit and cotton shirt from Verri, silk tie from Donna Karan Menswear; double-breasted wool suit and cotton shirt from Verri, silk tie by Nick Hilton; all shoes from To Boot.

James Coburn

Next to James Bond, James Coburn may be the coolest person of all. From the guy with the knife in *The Magnificent Seven* to *Our Man Flint* to *The President's Analyst*, Coburn has always worked in the frigid zone. The born-weathered face and that set of piano teeth somehow seem to translate to pure panache even when he does beer commercials. A student of Eastern philosophy and martial arts, he's into exotic musical instruments, Ferraris and rare cigars. Coburn is currently working on the Showtime movie *Hit List* and *Deadfall*, an independent feature.

Rick Pallack Los Angeles

Wool crepe suit, cotton piqué shirt and woven silk tie all under Rick Pallack's label.





Lindsey Buckingham

Having locked himself up in his home recording studio for the past three years, Lindsey Buckingham recently opened the door to his fans. *Out of the Cradle*, his first musical venture since leaving Fleetwood Mac five years ago, marks a personal and professional renaissance. Buckingham plans a fall tour and has agreed to record some new material with his old band for a Christmas release of a Fleetwood Mac boxed set.

Fred Segal Los Angeles

Wool/rayon jacket, cotton knit trousers, cotton/rayon shirt and cotton linen vest by Dries Van Noten.

Kevin Bacon

What's the common denominator that Kevin Bacon brings to the list of scoundrels, wastrels, cads and psychopaths he has played? He somehow makes them all lovable. It's a long way from the teen idol image he seemed to be building with *Footloose*, but Bacon has proven his mettle through compelling portrayals of the offbeat, like the male hustler in *JFK*, the calculating killer in *Criminal Law*, the disaffected rich kid in *Diner*.

Barneys New York

Wool suit, cashmere polo and silk knit tie by Giorgio Armani.

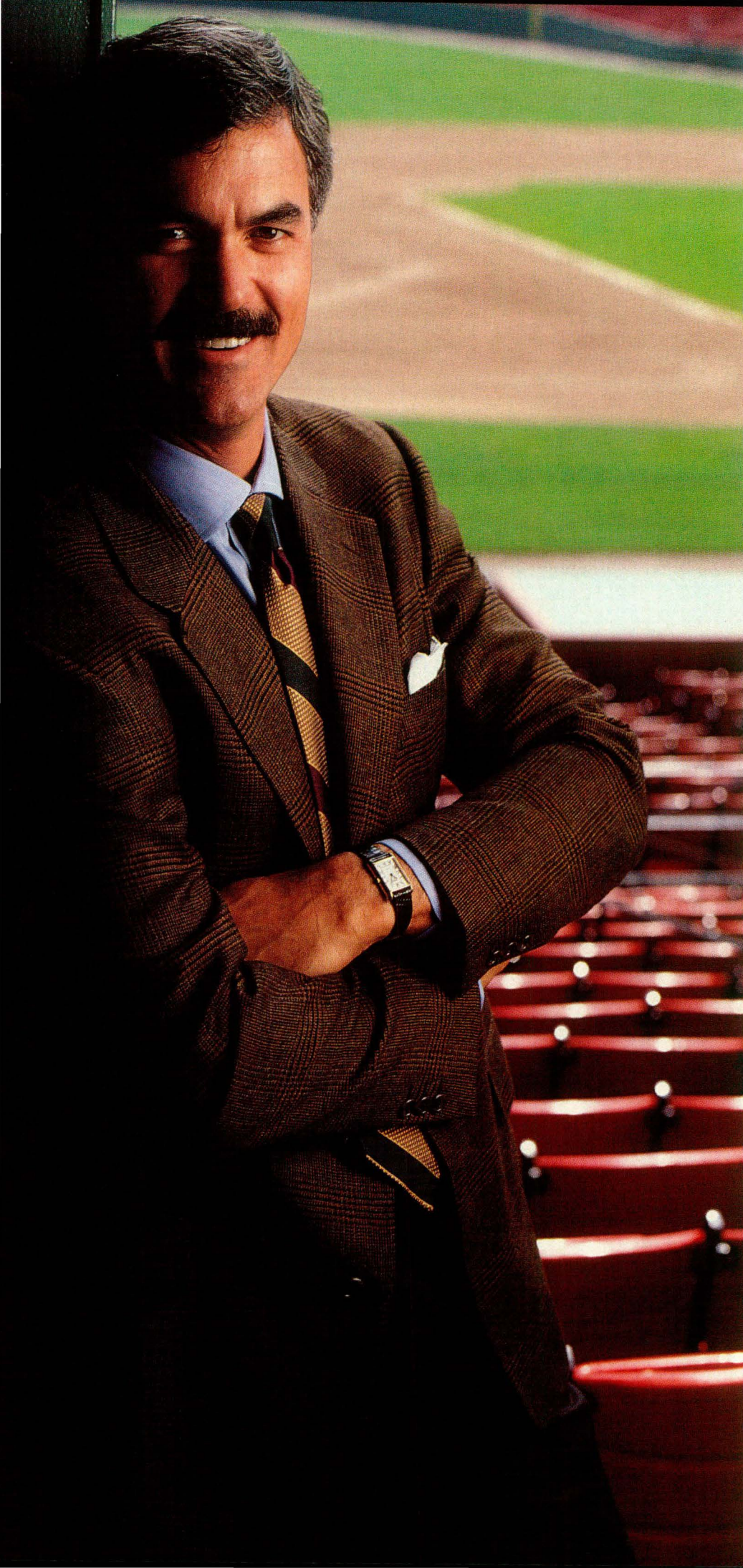
Peter Weller

What should have been a very serious acting career took a sudden detour for Peter Weller. First the Actor's Studio alumnus played *Buckaroo Banzai* and then *RoboCop*. He kissed millions of dollars and *RoboCop* good-bye to do *Naked Lunch*. He will be seen next in *Sunset Grill*.

Maxfield Los Angeles

Wool suit, cotton shirt and rayon/silk tie by Giorgio Armani.





Dwight Evans

From the day that he was called up to the Red Sox in 1972 to help with a late-season pennant race until he hung up his glove this spring, Dwight Evans gave his all to the game of baseball with a pride and love of competition that was legendary. With his rifle arm and never-give-up attitude, he owned the right field position. His tenacious play resulted in eight Gold Glove awards and the delicious memory of his robbing Joe Morgan of an 11th-inning home run in the 1975 World Series to push that classic to seven games.

Louis, Boston

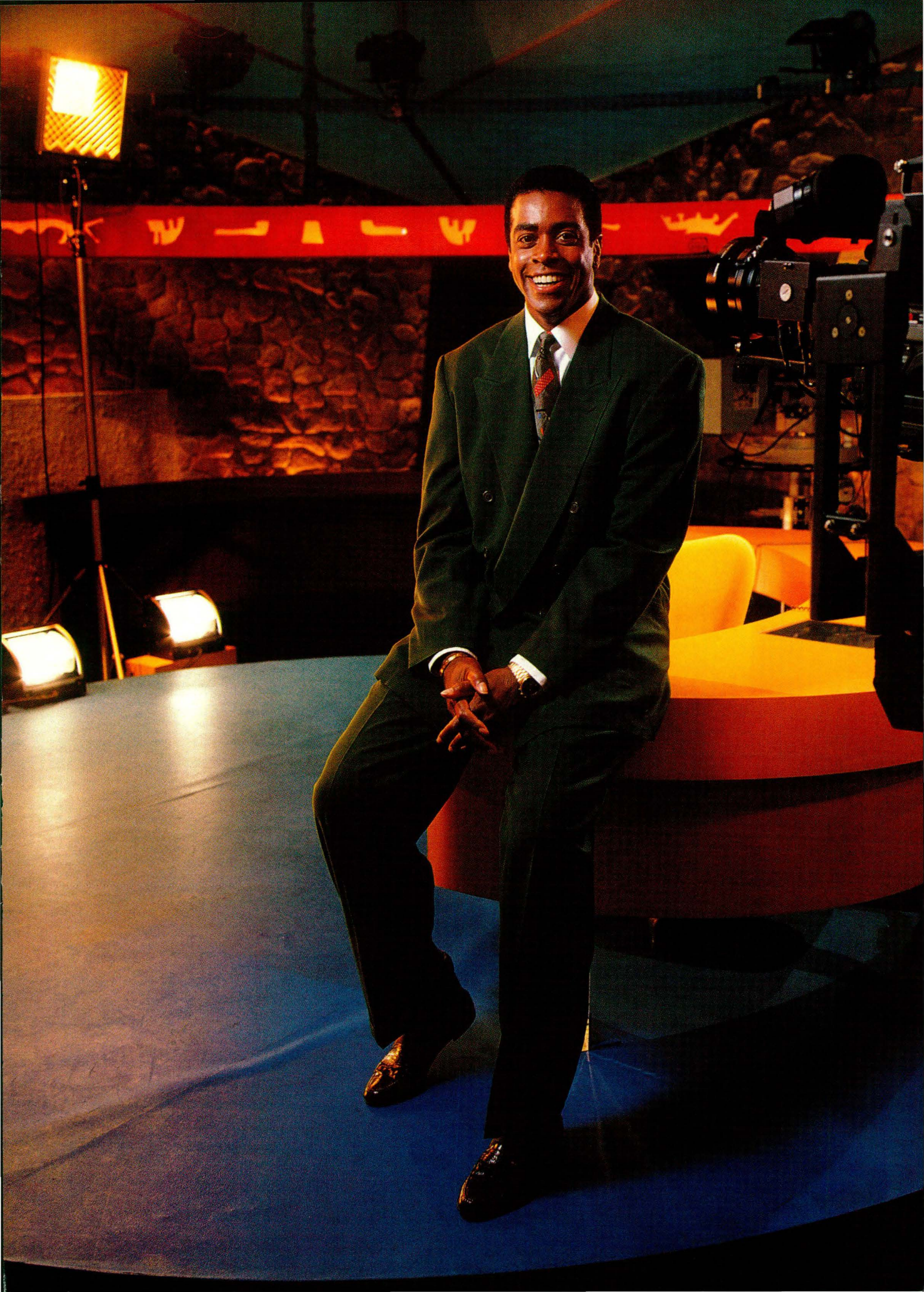
Wool/cashmere sports jacket and wool trousers by Ermenegildo Zegna, cotton shirt by Borrelli, silk tie by Nick Hilton, belt from Vernizzi.

Ahmad Rashad

In Barcelona this summer to cover basketball at the Olympics, Ahmad Rashad got red carpet treatment. Mistakenly identified as a member of the Dream Team, Rashad quickly shrugged off the error just as he did defenders during his days as a wide receiver in the National Football League. A pass-reception leader during his seven years with the Minnesota Vikings, Rashad is now an award-winning commentator, analyst and studio host for NBC's "SportsWorld," covering both basketball and football. A happy family man, Rashad and his wife, Phylcia (of "Cosby Show" fame), have a daughter, Condola Phylea.

Bigsby and Kruthers Chicago

Double-breasted wool suit, cotton shirt and silk tie by Bugatchi Uomo for Michael Jordan, shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo.





Rob Morrow

Rob Morrow got his first acting roles while sweeping up the stage at Ensemble Studio Theater—now his show “Northern Exposure” sweeps the ratings every week.

Morrow is going into his second season on the show as Joel Fleischman, a New York doctor paying off his medical school debt in service to Cicely, Alaska. A native New Yorker like his character, Emmy- and Golden Globe-nominated Morrow is one of the founding members of Naked Angels, a nonprofit theater group. But unlike his acting troupe, Morrow is a whole lot richer after renegotiating his contract for the new season.

Butch Blum Seattle

Wool sports jacket and wool trousers from Vestimenta, cotton shirt by Moreno Martini, pineapple fiber vest by Issey Miyake.

Dylan McDermott

In the recent Showtime thriller *The Fear Inside*, Dylan McDermott preys upon agoraphobic Christine Lahti—and with murderous good looks and a mischievous grin, he preys equally on the audience. Raised in Greenwich Village, McDermott absorbed a knack for capturing a psychological edge in his performances in his father's Fourth Street Saloon—a talent he sharpened playing soldiers in *Hamburger Hill* and *Hardware*. He brings the same quality to the upcoming thriller *Where Sleeping Dogs Lie*, which costars another notorious psychosexual murderer, Sharon Stone. But hate isn't his only emotion. McDermott will also be in this fall's romantic comedy *Jersey Girl*.

Ron Ross Los Angeles

Camel hair polo coat, wool double-breasted suit, cotton shirt and silk tie from Canali.





Larry King

Larry King has influenced this political season more than Willie Horton did in 1988. It was King's invitation to Ross Perot to appear on "Larry King Live," and his subsequent pressuring, that led to the unexpected rise of the billionaire Texan on the political scene. Later interviews with Bill Clinton and Dan Quayle nailed down King's position as a Washington power player.

Britches of Georgetowne Washington, D.C.

Wool suit, cotton shirt, silk tie, and cuff links all under Britches' label.

John Heard

It seems a shame that John Heard may be best known as Macaulay Culkin's dad from the box-office blockbuster *Home Alone*. But Heard seems to have designed his career around playing supporting parts in movies like *The Trip to Bountiful*, *Awakenings* and *Rambling Rose* that prove to be huge vehicles for other actors. He may be saving his star quality for the stage, where he has appeared in *Othello* and *The Glass Menagerie*.

Bergdorf Goodman New York

Baby alpaca sports jacket, wool flannel trousers, cotton shirt and silk tie by Luciano Barbero.

Jeremy London

With brooding good looks and a Texas upbringing, it's a natural that Jeremy London would be so convincing in the role of tightly wound Nathaniel in "I'll Fly Away," NBC's racially charged drama series of the small-town South in the fifties.

Sebastian's Closet, Atlanta

Wool crepe suit and cotton shirt by Pal Zileri, silk tie by Daniel Craig, shoes by Salvatore Ferragamo.







Lyle Lovett

The latest question among country music purists has been whether Lyle Lovett has stayed true to his bluegrass roots or become just another crossover sellout with strong ties to Los Angeles. The answer is: who cares? This Texas boy has put together a style of his own, wedding blues and folk influences with his native country. The Grammys seemed to think it was authentic enough to give him the best male country singer award in 1989. Recently the urbane country stylist has moved into motion pictures, making his film debut in *The Player* as the self-described "insecticidal cop."

M. Penner Houston

Wool melton sports jacket and wool tweed trousers by Ermenegildo Zegna, silk vest by Carrot & Gibbs, sueded cotton shirt under M. Penner's label.

Matthew Modine

Matthew Modine has portrayed many men in intensely physical situations—the wrestler in *Vision Quest*, the pilot in *Memphis Belle*, the G-man in *Married to the Mob*, the soldier in *Full Metal Jacket*—but none of his roles has been as physically demanding as *Wind*, in which he was called upon to learn to sail a 12-meter yacht. Never on a boat before, he sailed in Newport, Hawaii and Australia, and came away with a general sense of the sport's danger and prohibitive expense: "Boat is a four-lettered word." He describes the film as a story of uncontrollable forces, "wind, sea and love."

Saks Fifth Avenue New York

Leather trench coat, wool stretch ski pants and wool mock turtleneck by Michael Kors.



Shipping Costs: \$14,000,000

The replicas of the Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria cost **\$14,000,000** to research, build and outfit, plus **\$25,000** a day to sail during their two-year exhibition trip around the world. While Columbus's cross-Atlantic voyage took 36 days, his 20th-century counterparts managed the same trip in 29 days.

Funeral services, a cemetery plot and interment fees on average add up to **\$5,000-\$6,000**. For "indefinite" posthumous body preservation—mummification—the Summum company charges **\$31,000**. The body is soaked in chemicals for a month, wrapped in linen, then coated in layers of polyurethane and fiberglass, and finally welded into an airtight sarcophagus.

Since 1986, Leeches U.S.A. has sold approximately 50,000 leeches to researchers and clinicians for **\$6** each. Scientists use the leeches to restore blood flow and prevent clotting during complicated operations.

The total purse of the chess rematch between Bobby Fischer and his old rival Boris Spassky that took place this September in Belgrade was **\$5,000,000**: **\$3,350,000** for the winner and **\$1,650,000** for the loser. In 1972, after winning the world championships against Spassky in Iceland, Fischer took home only **\$187,000** of a **\$250,000** purse.

Cost for one night's stay at the Yalta Hotel on the Black Sea for a foreigner: **\$60** for a single room. Cost for a citizen of the Commonwealth of Independent States: **\$13**.

A system that releases floral and citrus "natural plant abstracts" through central air-conditioning



into the air to alleviate stress costs **\$12,000**. Users have a choice of over 200 scents to create their own desired blend.

In the United States, an appendectomy costs **\$1,135**. In Japan it costs **\$185**.

Retail sales of candy during the back-to-school period and Halloween will reach **\$1,330,000,000**. This year, 6.4 million pounds of candy corn—1.8 billion individual pieces—will be made for Halloween.



A New York media group estimated that Ross Perot, had he pursued his plans to run for president as an independent, would have had to spend **\$4.49** per vote, or at least **\$153,000,000**, on media advertisements to garner 34 percent of the vote. In his 1980 independent run for the presidency, John Anderson spent a total of **\$16,600,000** on ads and received only 6.7 percent of all votes cast, or **\$5.44** per vote.

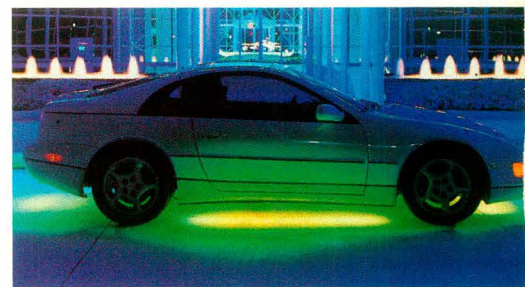
A basic starter Motion Neon kit, which contains four neon tubes and a mini transformer that give off a neon glow from the underside of a car when assembled, costs **\$349**.

The favored car of carjackers—thieves who hijack cars at gunpoint—is the Mercedes-Benz 500 SEL, whose price tag is **\$93,500**. Carjackers get up to **\$1,000** for each stolen car, but when ringleaders sell the cars to overseas clients, a **\$40,000** vehicle can go for **\$80,000**.

Two heavily corrected short-story manuscripts and two book reports that Truman Capote wrote as a 16-year-old in high school may go for as much as **\$25,000** at a rare-book dealer's shop in Boston.

For **£30**, or **\$60**, nature lovers can purchase 36 square feet of woodland (large enough to grow a young oak tree) in the English countryside. Environmentally concerned would-be landed gentry can choose between ash, beech and oak trees in Cotswold or Warwickshire counties.

Compiled by Ruth Davis



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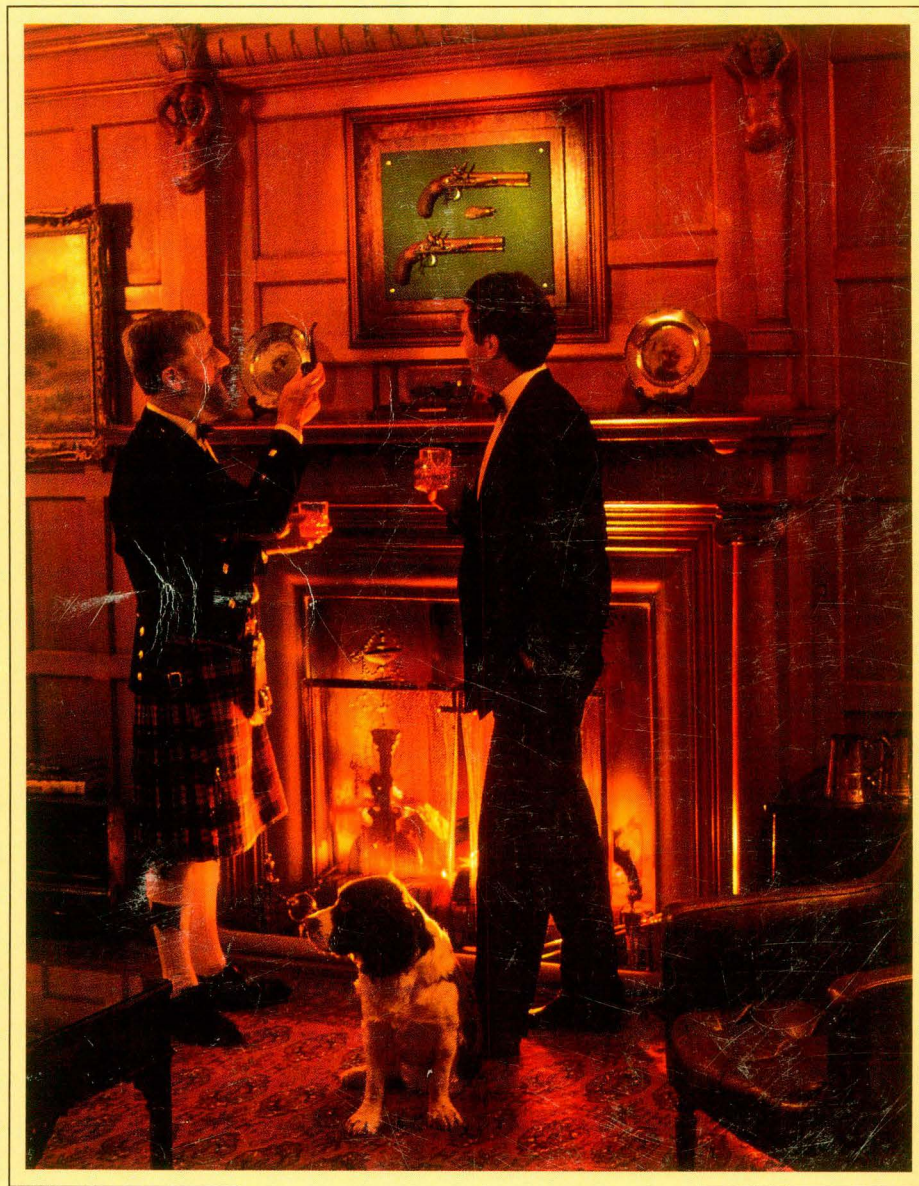
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*“These hair-trigger pistols
once saved the owner of The Glenlivet®
from a band of cutthroats.”*

*— Sandy Milne,
our Resident Sage.*



Sandy Milne holding forth on the pistols.

The men, a brutish lot, were clearly intent on dirty doings.

The scene was the desolate inn at Cock Bridge, in the Highlands. George Smith, maker of The Glenlivet single malt Scotch, was on his way home from a sale of his much prized whisky, his money belt stuffed with gold sovereigns.

Also at George's belt, fortunately, were a pair of hair-trigger pistols, given him by the laird of Aberlour. Before the men could jump him, he cocked one of the pistols and fired into the peat fire. A cloud of white ash filled the room. By the time it had cleared, George was on his horse and well away.

“If that pistol had misfired,” says our Sandy Milne, “there might not be such a thing today as The Glenlivet. A thought horrible to contemplate.”



— What is a single malt Scotch? —

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a château-bottled wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

**The Glenlivet.
The Father of All Scotch.**