Dallas' Lois Chiles: A match for J.R.?

APRIL 18, 1983 ■ $1.25

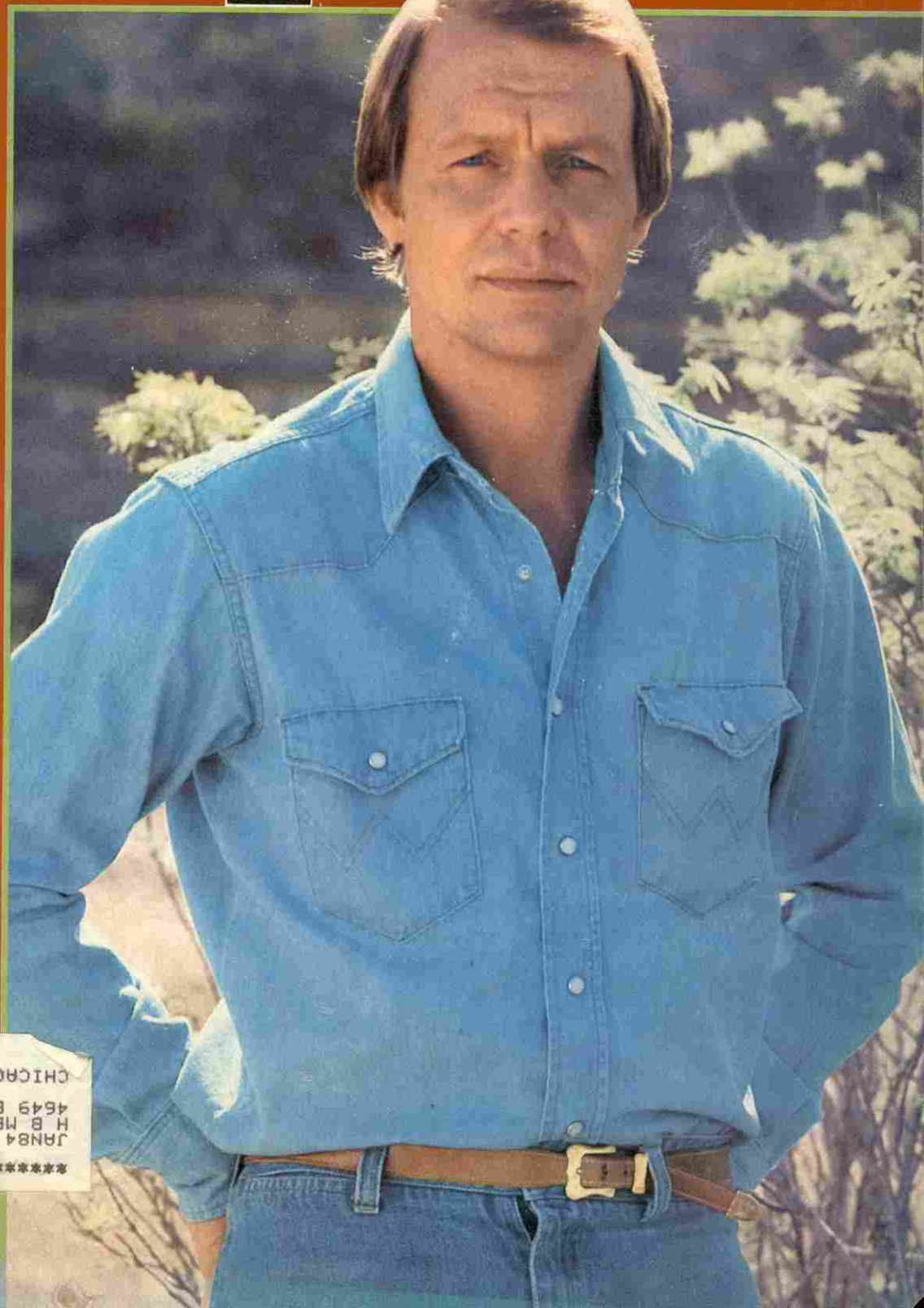
People weekly

Tom Selleck's persnickety pal

An insider's look at the Beatles, Koo & the Royals

THE CRIME OF DAVID SOUL

Charged with wife abuse, he confronts the turmoil in his violent marriage



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APRIL 18, 1983 VOL. 19, NO. 15

People weekly

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After one too many nights of terror, **David Soul's** wife, **Patti,** charged him with abuse. Now they give a stunning, painfully candid account of the violence that almost destroyed their marriage

Cover photograph by Harry Benson. Inset: ©Douglas Kirkland/Sygma

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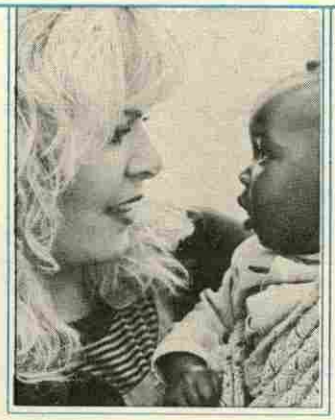

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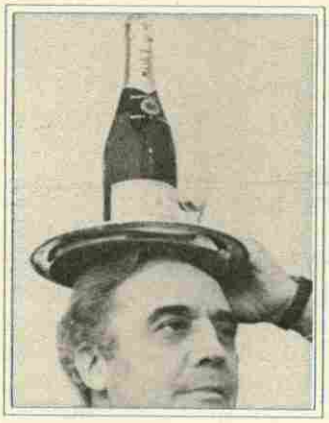

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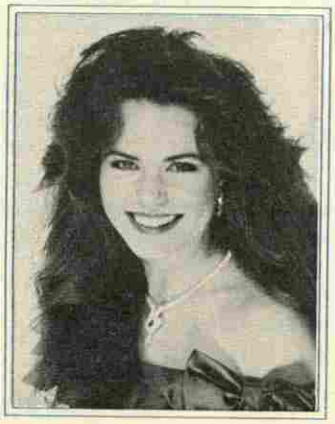

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Mail

The Thorn Birds

Bravo to the cast and crew of *The Thorn Birds* (PEOPLE, March 28). You did the impossible, which was to make a film as good as, or perhaps even better than, the book.

Dawn Stinchcomb
Corbin, Ky.

For six years we looked forward to the film version of *The Thorn Birds.* Thanks to PEOPLE's mood setter, we got to worry about whether Ralph and Meggie were slurping during their love scenes while hiding microphones in their armpits. You surpassed yourself.

Jimmie Nelson
Austin, Texas

Mobile home contest

Those three young men sitting perched under a billboard had a lot of guts and determination. They should all receive mobile homes, and the multimillionaire promoter of the competition could well afford it. If they were smart, they would have trusted each other and all come down at the same time.

Norma Breyer
Houghton Lake, Mich.

David Marks

My family firmly believes that my grandmother died as a result of a beating she received in a private nursing home in Northern California. Because of the unwillingness of doctors, police and employees of the home to get involved, nothing was done. I strongly support David Marks' efforts. After all, the elderly may not have much future, but they are our key to the past and should be cherished and preserved, not swept under the rug of indifference.

Name withheld
Harahan, La.

As an employee of a very progressive nursing home, I see the scared faces of families who must place their relatives in nursing homes. The horrors they've read about are plainly visible. Reassurances and promises just aren't enough. I realize the good that people like David Marks are doing in exposing the abuse in some homes, but how many stories do you read about fine nursing homes like mine that are truly home to countless elderly?

Theresa Steglinski, R.N.
Norridge, Ill.

Bumper stickers

Best bumper sticker I've seen lately: "Jane Wyman Was Right."

Barbara Kozel
Dallas

Consider: "Buy American, the Job You Save May Be Your Own!"

Paul R. Schack
Grand Rapids, Mich.

My favorite: "God Loves You and I'm Trying."

Dorothy Jean Graves
Kansas City, Mo.

Gary Coleman

The article on Gary Coleman was of special interest to me because I, too, had a kidney transplant. It failed after a year and a half. I'm grateful for that time, although losing a transplant is emotionally painful: It's almost like losing a baby. I am now hooked up to a kidney machine 13 hours a week. I sympathize with Gary's plight, of course, but I have found that a kidney transplant isn't everything. I'm not ruling out another one, but I'm not that anxious about it.

Ken Murray
Los Angeles

Bo Gritz

I have watched the news reports on Bo Gritz's attempts to rescue our POWs with great interest. He has been accused of being a melodramatic egomaniac. But if he had been successful, we would be giving him medals and calling him a hero.

Melanie Johnson
Salt Lake City

Slam dancing

PEOPLE has chosen to look only at the surface grotesqueries of hardcore punk. It is true that many punk groups merely encourage the inanity of slamming, but all over the country there are bands whose first concern is making valid and interesting music, not knocking about on the dance floor. What if the Beatles had been remembered only for inspiring mob scenes and teen hysteria?

Tim Sommer
New York City

Thanks for printing one of the few articles on hardcore punk rock that weren't just sensationalistic, attempting to make punks out as crazy, violent weirdos good only for a laugh. I appreciate your looking at the subject with an open mind.

Justina Fader
Seattle

James Michener

James Michener has failed to see that the armadillo is a respected figure in Texas folklore. He is just another know-it-all Yankee who has written one more half-baked novel about our way of life and will stagger under his royalties all the way to the bank.

Cathy Patman
Temple, Texas

Mail

I was very upset by Gayla Collins' letter criticizing Richard Jahnke's mother for saying that, after her son had killed her husband, she was planning to live life "to the hilt." I fear Collins is not alone in her ignorance. A mother does not "allow" her husband to torture her children; most often she is also abused and too scared that, if she interferes, he will kill her or the kids. She is hypnotized by fear. My mother, my four sisters and I were mentally tortured and physically abused for 13 years. After many years of hating my mother, I now realize she couldn't do anything. She finally got free, and her freedom is her reward.

Name withheld
Whittier, Calif.

DON WILSON, the subject of our April 11 story about the right to die, succumbed to cancer on March 31. His family was with him in the hospice through the last night. "We would not change one thing we did," said son Curtis. "It was perfect."

PEOPLE welcomes letters to the editors. Mail should be addressed to PEOPLE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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by Gloria Vanderbilt

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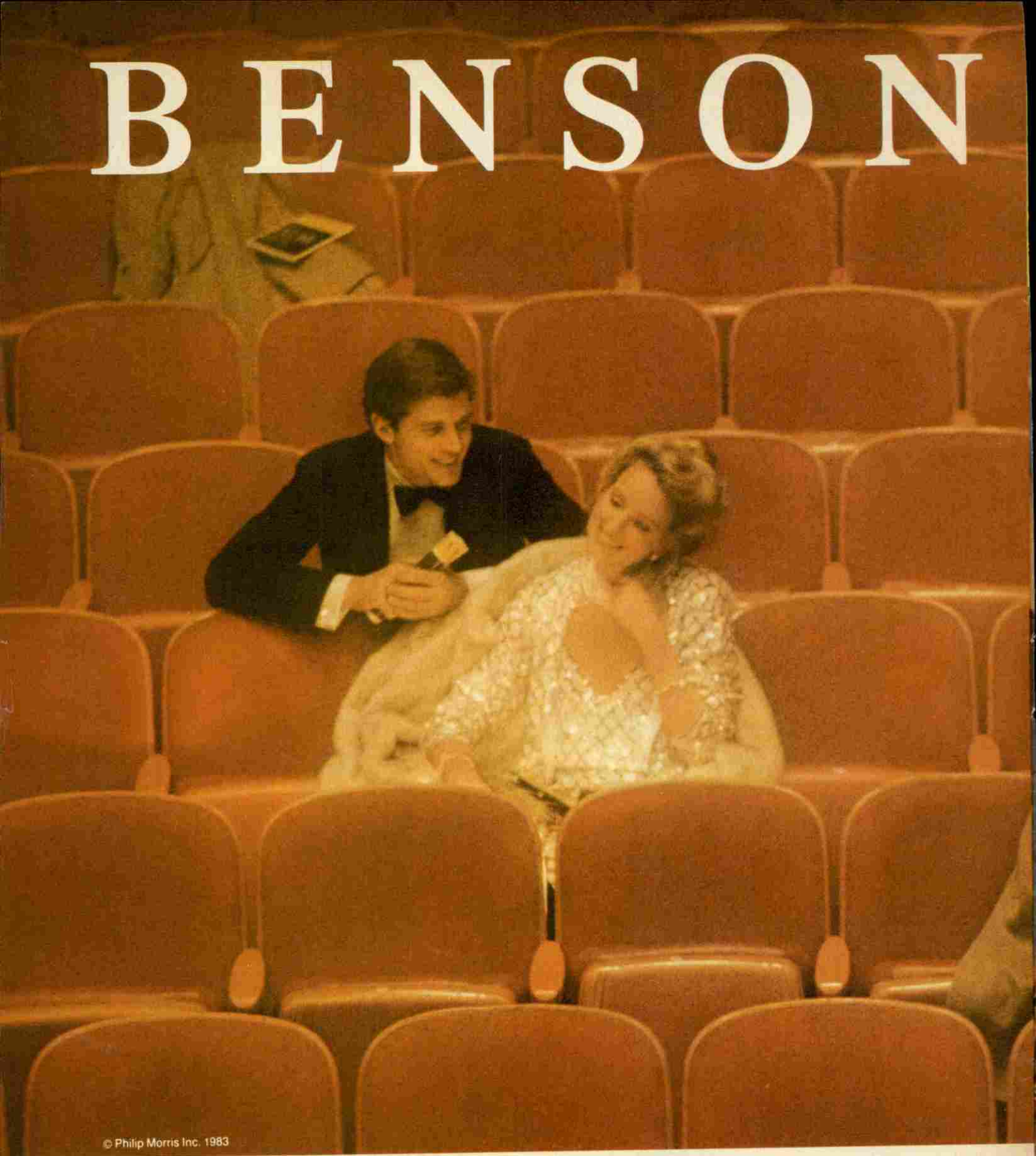

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People weekly

A checklist of this week's noteworthy TV shows, PICKS & PANS movies, books, records and other happenings

TUBE

Lisa Sutton advises Steve Landesberg as Abe Lincoln in an NBC comedy.

☐ **WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13**
KRAFT SALUTES THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE COUNTRY MUSIC ASSOCIATION
CBS (9-10:30 p.m. ET)
Virtually all the C&W topliners—including Willie Nelson, Loretta Lynn, Barbara Mandrell, Ray Charles, Kenny Rogers and Glen Campbell—turned up at Washington's Constitution Hall last month in order to tape this down-home songfest. At the finale, President Reagan—joined by Nancy and Vice-President and Mrs. George Bush—chimes in with Ray Charles at the piano for *America the Beautiful.*

IN PERFORMANCE AT THE WHITE HOUSE
PBS (check local listings)
In another musical event, the Reagans host violinist Itzhak Perlman in the East Room. The Juilliard String Quartet joins four younger players for one movement of Mendelssohn's Octet for Strings in E-flat.

GETO: THE HISTORIC GHETTO OF VENICE
PBS (10-11 p.m. ET)
The first Jewish ghetto bearing that name is depicted in this prize-winning documentary by opera-star-turned-producer Regina Resnik. The film traces the origin of the word to an abandoned foundry (*geto*) in Venice where the city's Jews were forced to move in 1516.

JOHNNY GARAGE
CBS (10:30-11 p.m. ET)
Ron Carey owns a messy Queens garage where he fends off creditors while young assistant Timothy Van Patten ruins the cars he's supposed to be repairing. After *Barney Miller,* Carey deserves better than this sorry sitcom pilot.

☐ **THURSDAY, APRIL 14**
THE STEVE LANDESBERG TELEVISION SHOW
NBC (9:30-10 p.m. ET)
Extending the comic dourness of the Detective Dietrich character he played on *Barney Miller,* Landesberg lampoons targets ranging from talk show shrinks to politicians. Although charming and relaxed in this comedy pilot, Steve sometimes gets a little too relaxed, setting up lead-ins that never culminate in a punch line.

☐ **FRIDAY, APRIL 15**
FANTASIES
ABC (9-11 p.m. ET)
Suzanne Pleshette stars as the head writer of a popular nighttime soap opera whose stars are dying under suspicious circumstances. Barry Newman is the detective hunting for the killer. The hapless targets are five daytime soap stars, including Stuart (*General Hospital*) Damon and John (*Ryan's Hope*) Gabriel. (Repeat)

☐ **SUNDAY, APRIL 17**
THE KID WITH THE BROKEN HALO
NBC (8-10 p.m. ET)
Gary Coleman stars as a wayward angel given an 11th-hour heavenly reprieve if he can rescue three faltering lives on earth. Robert Guillaume, June Allyson, Georg Stanford Brown and Ray Walston co-star in the TV movie. (Repeat)

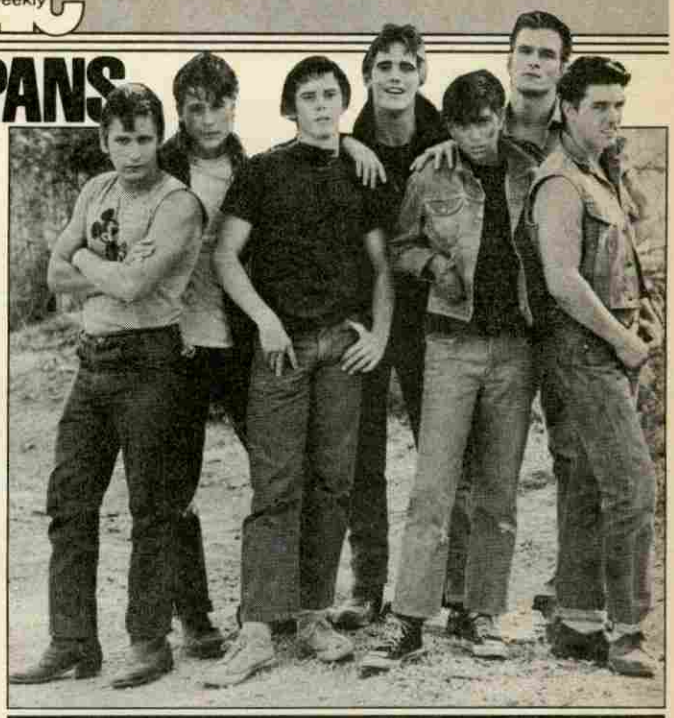
THE MOUNTAIN MEN
ABC (9-11 p.m. ET)
Mountaineers battle tomahawk-wielding Injuns in a 1980 Western cookie-cut from a doughy old mold. Charlton Heston gives his standard stolid performance, backed up by a jovial Brian Keith. The Indian chief, hilariously named Heavy Eagle, has a hankering for Keith's scalp. He would have been better off getting director Richard Lang's.

☐ **MONDAY, APRIL 18**
RESURRECTION
ABC (9-11 p.m. ET)
Ellen Burstyn stars in the strange 1980 movie about faith healing. After surviving a car accident that kills her husband, she sees visions of the afterlife before regaining consciousness and being suddenly blessed with healing powers. She gets involved with a hot-tempered young man (played effectively by playwright Sam Shepard) who tries to figure out the source of her powers. The story occasionally gets soggy, but Burstyn's radiant performance transforms even the hokiest bits—which is a magical power in itself.

☐ **TUESDAY, APRIL 19**
REVENGE OF THE NERD
CBS (4:30-5:30 p.m. ET)
Smart but dorky, Manny Jacobs as Bertram Cummings is that unfortunate high school freshman—the nerd. Picked on by his peers and flagging in his pursuit of an attractive classmate (Sarah Inglis), Bertram plots an elaborate revenge against his schoolmate tormentors. With a teenage cast (Jacobs is just 14) and written by 20-year-old New York University student John McNamara, this CBS *Afternoon Playhouse* drama is a fine showcase for young talent.

NOW WE'RE COOKIN'
CBS (8:30-9 p.m. ET)
In this comedy pilot, another development project being burned off the schedule, Cleavon Little, Lyman Ward and Paul Carafotes play paroled ex-cons working in a diner.

PICKS & PANS



The Outsiders' "greasers" include, from left, Emilio Estevez, Rob Lowe, C. Thomas Howell, Matt Dillon, Ralph Macchio, Patrick Swayze, Tom Cruise.

SCREEN

☐ THE OUTSIDERS
With 1982's disappointing *One From the Heart* behind him, director Francis Ford Coppola appears, at least, to be headed back in the right direction. His latest effort is an enterprising mix of the real and the highly improbable, which is both the film's blessing and its curse. An adaptation of S.E. Hinton's novel about misunderstood youth, the film presents a view of mid-'60s Tulsa through its warring street kids: the greasers and the "soc's" (pronounced "*so*-shes," the well-to-do teens from the other side of town). Ensuing relationships are overtly borrowed from the Jets and Sharks, not to mention the Capulets and Montagues. There's an accidental death, an all-out rumble and two characters who try to step beyond the boundaries set by their comrades. The film focuses on C. Thomas (*E.T.*) Howell, who is impressive as a 14-year-old greaser named Ponyboy. Though the dialogue goes off on florid tangents, especially in corny sequences between Howell and his best friend, played by Ralph (*Up the Academy*) Macchio, both young actors communicate a certain measure of "gold"—a word used to express the innocence of youth in a Frost poem they refer to. As the lead greaser, Matt Dillon (last seen in 1982's *Tex* and upcoming in *Rumble Fish,* both based on novels by Hinton) brings frustrated anger to the character. The film's drawbacks include the underuse of Diane (*Six Pack*) Lane as the soc who befriends Howell, as well as the inappropriately jubilant score composed by Coppola's father, Carmine. But for those willing to see virtue in its eccentricity, the film seems a strangely refreshing slice of between-the-coasts America. (PG)

☐ THE SWORD IN THE STONE
Based on the legend of King Arthur in general and the T.H. White book of the same title in particular, this animated Disney feature was first released in 1963. It's colorful and wittily drawn, but it's also caught in a kind of no-child's-land, too silly in many places for older kids and too talky for the younger ones. The tale concerns Arthur only as the boy Wart—so nobody has to explain Guinevere's and Lancelot's affair to the kiddies. It's been padded with three near-identical vignettes in which Merlin turns Wart into a fish, a squirrel and a sparrow, largely so he can be pursued by voracious-looking predators. Then the movie zips to an abrupt ending, though it will seem none too soon for most grown-ups. *The Sword* is playing in most places along with a new Winnie-the-Pooh short, *A Day for Eeyore,* which is much more focused. Small children are also more likely to recognize the Pooh characters than those of Arthurian legend. Retired Disney writer Ralph Wright splendidly does the voice of Eeyore, the hyperlethargic donkey. (G)

☐ THE NIGHT OF THE SHOOTING STARS
The Taviani brothers, who directed 1977's *Padre Padrone* and co-directed this movie, start out with an interesting situation. At the end of World War II the townspeople of San Martino, Italy are divided: Some are for the retreating Germans, others for the advancing Americans. Late one night the pro-Americans steal out of town to look for their liberators. Their adventures along the way are the real meat of the story. Unfortunately, those escapades are incoherent. Even the climactic sequence, in which the pro-Fascists and the pro-Americans fight it out in a beautiful wheat field, just adds to the confusion. There are some striking scenes. In a touchingly erotic moment, an older villager and a married woman with whom he has been in love for 40 years finally sleep together in a farmhouse while fleeing from the village. But this film mainly comes off as a pastiche of a lot of dreamlike Italian films of the '50s and '60s. The difference is that this one never wakes up. (In Italian with English subtitles) (R)

☐ 10 TO MIDNIGHT
First, take a story about a battle-weary cop who wages a personal war against street crime and makes it seem that the way of the vigilante might not be so bad after all. Next, hire a graying Charles Bronson to play the cop. Finally, use a publicity campaign that has *Death Wish III* written all over it. Sounds like enough to keep people out of the theaters in droves, doesn't it? Surprisingly, this film creates a taut, suspenseful game of psychotic cat-and-mouse and even steps aside to comment on the loopholes in our legal system. There are four solid performances. Bronson skillfully underplays the role of an embittered cop on the trail of a slasher who preys on women. Lisa (*An Officer and a Gentleman*) Eilbacher, as Bronson's estranged daughter, and Andrew Stevens round off the trio of believable good guys. Gene (*Night Games*) Davis, as the murderer, brings the countenance of a schoolboy to his vengeful character, a

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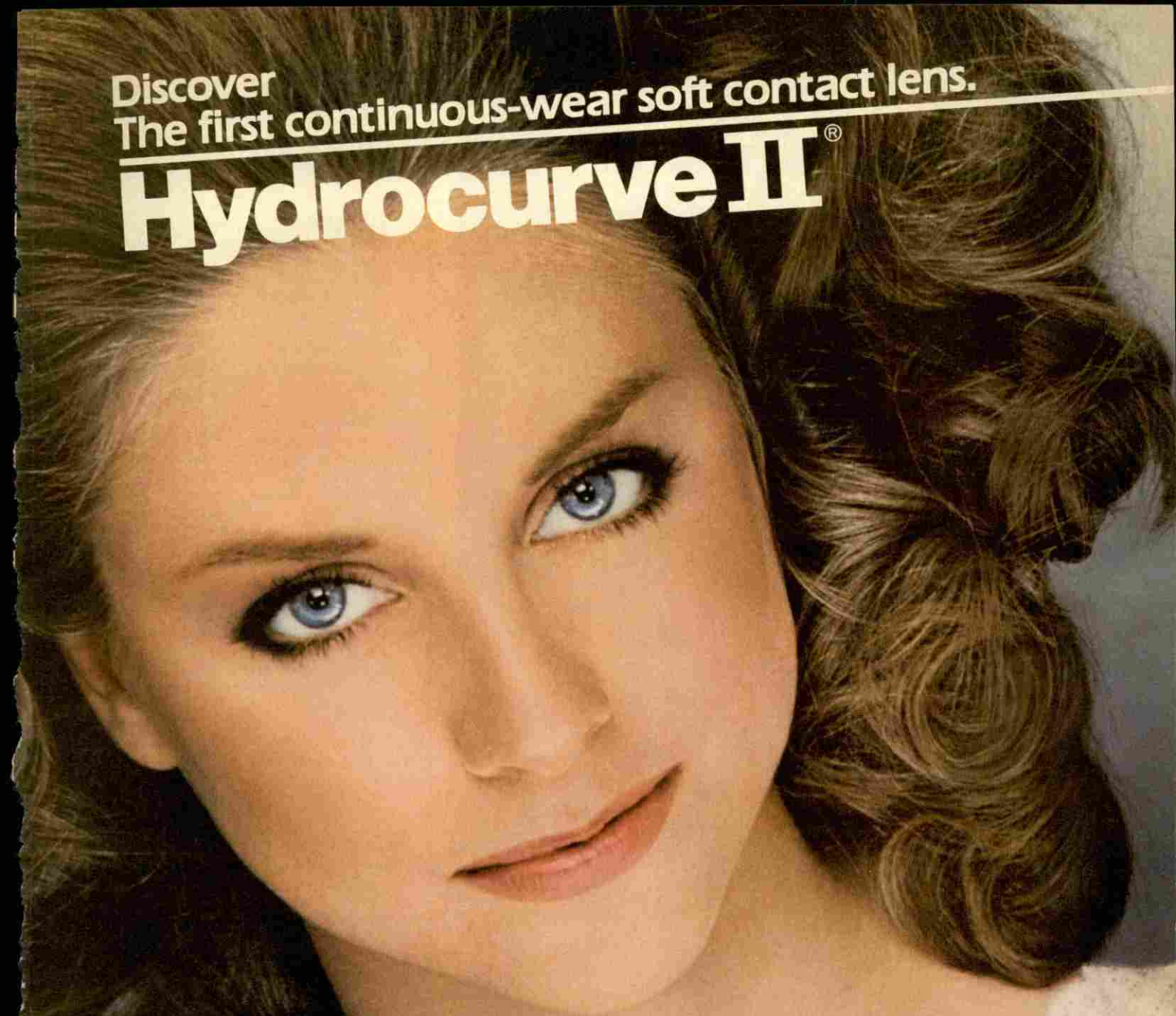

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People weekly
PICKS & PANS

manic depressive who is not the most fun date on campus. Israeli filmmakers Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, responsible for such dubious ventures as 1981's *Enter the Ninja* and 1982's *Death Wish II,* are the executive producers of this perhaps accidentally substantial film. J. Lee (*The Guns of Navarone*) Thompson directed and, without skimping on the sex or violence, made this a film that offers some exposition along with the exploitation. (R)

☐ **BAD BOYS**

Sean Penn is a young actor with a future, so the sooner *Bad Boys* is part of his past the better. This brutal, preposterously plotted melodrama pretends to be imbued with a social conscience about the conditions inside today's juvenile correctional facilities. In fact, director Rick Rosenthal uses a potentially explosive subject to trot out every prison movie cliché this side of tin-cup rattling. Then he added R-rated sadism and sex. Penn plays a 16-year-old thug put away after running down a Puerto Rican boy while making his getaway from a robbery. The dead kid's brother, Esai Morales, retaliates by raping Penn's girl, Ally Sheedy, and gets tossed in the clink himself. How do two known natural enemies happen to be housed together? "There was a logjam in admissions," says prison official Reni Santoni in what must stand as a classic of lame excuses. Santoni should have simply admitted there'd be no story otherwise. Penn's performance is the film's only attraction. He was good enough in the small role of Timothy Hutton's cadet pal in *Taps* to inspire one to seek out his name in the credits and remember it. Then, in last year's *Fast Times at Ridgemont High,* he was a comic howl as a zonked-out surfer who challenged each wave with a jaunty "Hey, Bud, let's party." Now, in his first starring role, Penn takes the screen and at least fights the script to a draw against near-insurmountable odds. *Bad Boys* deserves a box office death sentence. Penn is hereby pardoned, for exceptionally good behavior. (R)

Sean Penn and Eric Gurry are two of the unfortunate reformatory inmates in *Bad Boys.*

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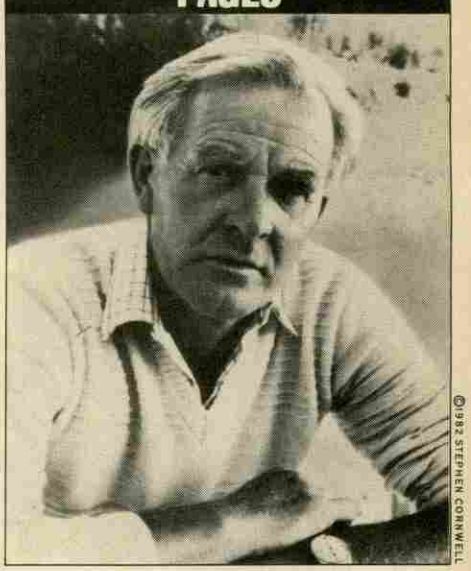

In *The Little Drummer Girl,* John le Carré comes in from the Cold War.

☐ **THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL**
by John le Carré

The novel's main character is a young British actress who has red hair and flirts with radical causes. Is le Carré borrowing from life, with Vanessa Redgrave as his starting point? No matter; this machination-packed tale is masterfully told. Its focus is an Israeli intelligence operative who recruits the actress. He brainwashes her, then sends her to infiltrate the Palestinian liberation network and smoke out the deadliest terrorist of all. Of course, this is fiction, but le Carré provides so many authentic details—the terrible anguish of life in a Palestinian refugee camp, for instance—that readers may come away from this novel with a better understanding of the complexities of the Middle East than can be culled from straight news reports. It is also remarkable that even with an elaborate plot and with all the major characters changing names and disguises two or more times, the reader is never confused. The far-flung locales—Great Britain, Germany, Lebanon, Greece—are marvelously described too. This is a far cry from the familiar world of George Smiley and his crowd, but it's gratifying that le Carré seems to be writing about today instead of milking the Cold War for its last drop of intrigue. As usual, his writing is good and sometimes wonderful. When the top agent is on the night flight from Munich to Berlin, for example, le Carré writes: "He sat at his window, he gazed past his own reflection at the night; he became, as always when he made this journey, a spectator looking in upon his own life." (Knopf, $15.95)

☐ **METROPOLITAN FLOWERS**
text by Everett Fahy

Last year's *Metropolitan Cats* was a collection of works from New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art which, in one way or another, all depicted cats. This volume does the same with flowers, and it is equally sumptuous. The 101 color illustrations

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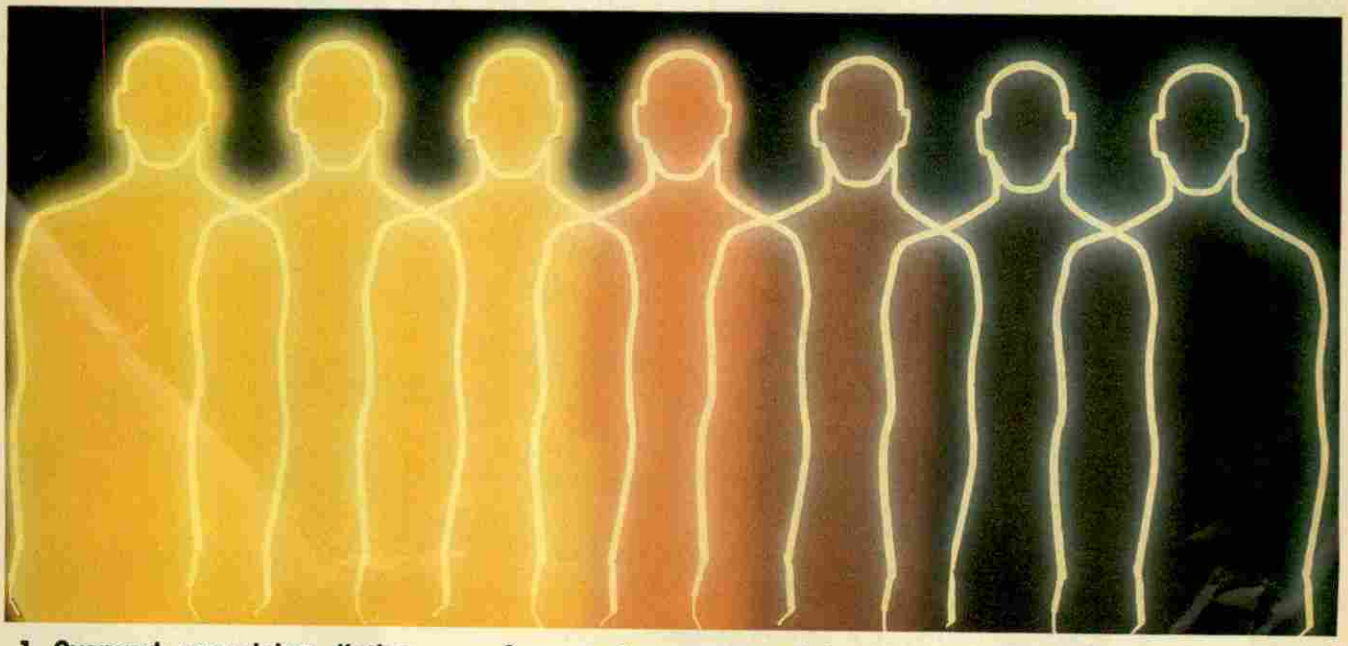

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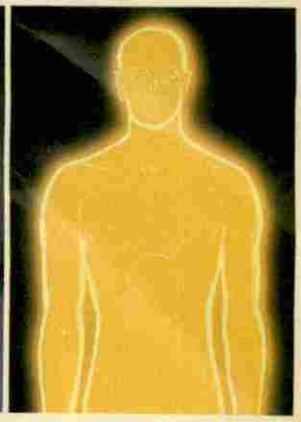

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THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART PHOTOGRAPH STUDIO

Lady With a Pink, attributed to Flemish artist Hans Memling, is in *Metropolitan Flowers.*

range from Monet's blossom-filled 1880 still life *Chrysanthemums* to Rembrandt's *Lady With a Pink* from circa 1665, where a small carnation is the only flower in sight. The reproductions are superb and the brief notes on each work, by Everett Fahy, director of the Frick Collection in New York, are chatty and informative. He relates, for instance, that the *centifolia* roses used by Rubens and other 17th-century painters became so popular Dutch horticulturists produced them in more than 2,000 varieties. (Abrams, $29.50)

☐ **THE RIVER WHY**
by David James Duncan

Known for tomes that display nature's photogenic magnificence, Sierra Club Books mines a small national treasure in this, its first novel. *The River Why,* which is also Duncan's first novel, chronicles the hilarious life of one Augustine "Gus the Fish" Orviston. Spawned by an English fly fisherman, known worldwide as "The Bishop of Brooks," and a Western cowgirl, Duncan's hero grows up as an obsessive angler. He eventually achieves his "Ideal 24-Hour Schedule," which includes "nonangling

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conversation: 0 hrs" and rewards him with "4,000 actual fishing hrs. per year!!!," only to find himself lonely and troubled by questions of conservation. Gus ultimately falls for an alluring female angler, but more important, Duncan raises questions about nature—and the need for taking personal responsibility for it. The 31-year-old author would know about that; he drives a recycling truck in Oregon. (Sierra Club, $12.95)

☐ **TIM PAGE'S NAM**
by Tim Page

Most GIs who encountered him in Vietnam thought Page, an English free-lance photographer, was crazy. For one sufficient-in-itself reason, he didn't *have* to be there and he was. He was like many of his young journalistic colleagues, a dilettante of

Tim Page's Vietnam photographs include two 25th Infantry Division prisoners in 1969.

war, for whom violent extremes created a kind of primal sporting event. Even now, 14 years after a mine blew away part of his brain and ended his career in the field, he writes that Vietnam "was the only scene/war we had and we were enmeshed above our heads in it; the camaraderie, the sheer adventure of it all, were the biggest isms that could ever frag our hearts and minds." The use of "frag"—meaning to blow up, from "fragmentation grenade"—is typical. In the text accompanying these 93 examples of his Vietnam photographs, Page uses a sometimes impenetrable jargon. The language lends a time-warp quality to the book, as does the fact that Page, now 37 and free-lancing out of London and Los Angeles, has waited so long to publish. In any case Page's photographs are still penetratingly vivid and powerful. There is, strangely, almost no blood in the pictures; perhaps unfortunately, for reasons of taste, major publishers rarely print explicitly gory photographs that show war at its truest, most sickening moments. But Page was a master at capturing instants of transition. In most of these pictures, something horrible has just happened, or is about to. And that's what war is like. (Knopf, $14.95)

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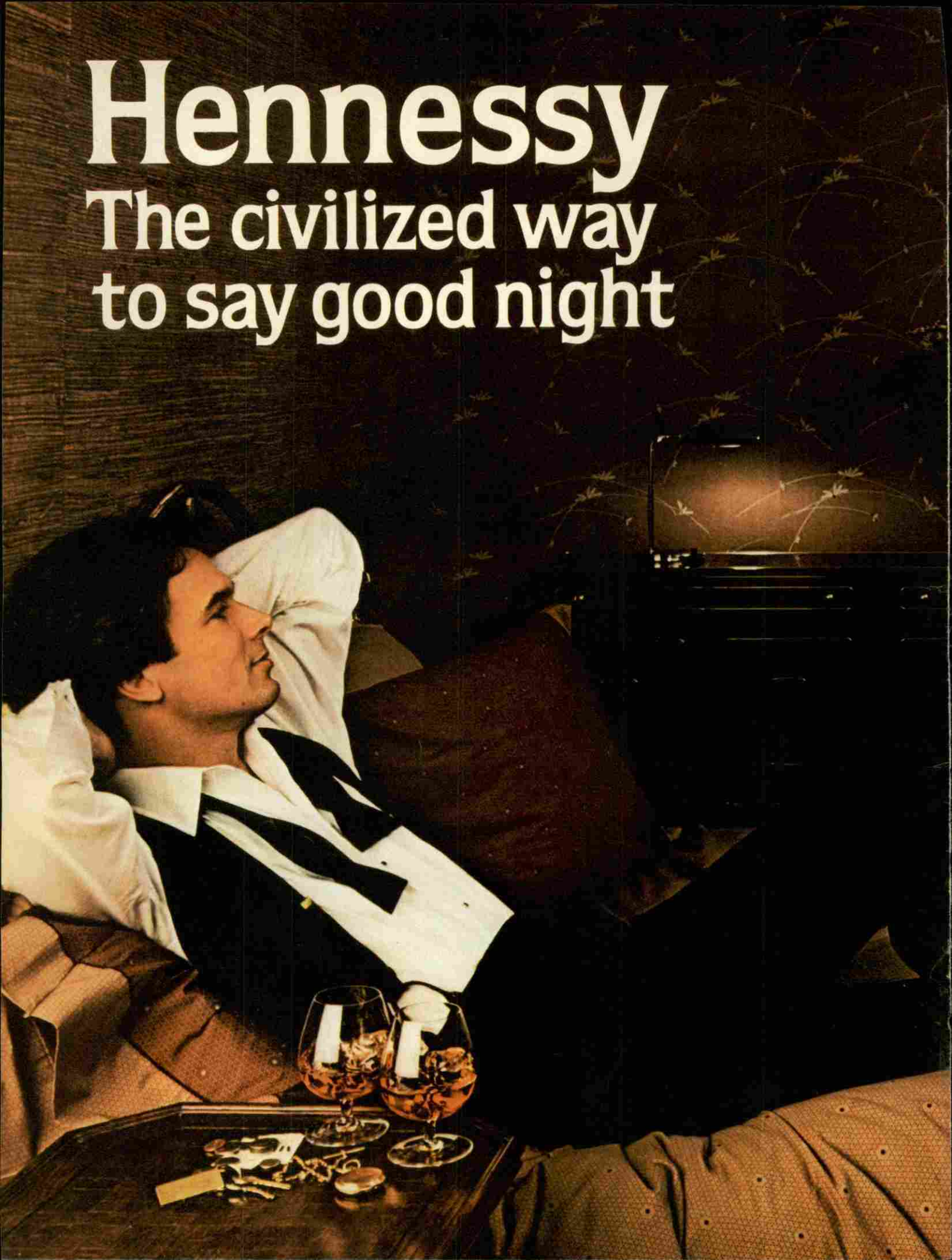
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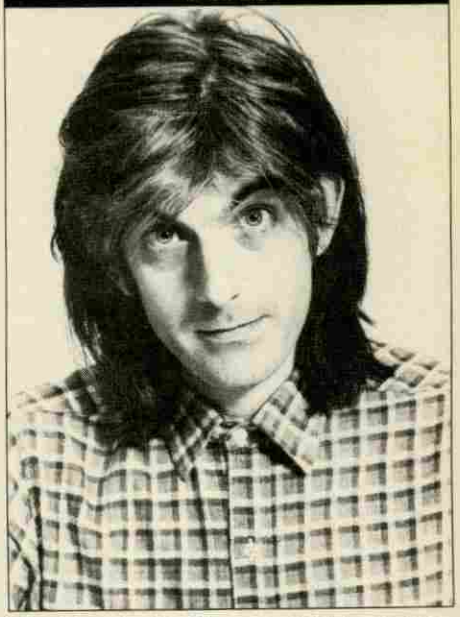

The Abominable Showman, Nick Lowe, has turned out another strong album.

☐ **THE ABOMINABLE SHOWMAN**
Nick Lowe

Nick Lowe is a human synthesizer. His meat and potatoes are rockabilly, pop, blues and occasional bits of bluegrass, R&B and boogie-woogie. While drawing on the past without trying to reproduce it, Lowe substitutes puckishness for reverence and inventive, eclectic arrangements for slavish imitation. The result is an arresting synthesis. There is nothing among the oldies that is quite like Paul Carrack's squiggly, liquid organ riffs on *Cool Reaction* or Martin Belmont's short guitar break on *Chicken and Feathers,* which sounds alternately acoustic and electric (it's electric). Then there is Lowe's penchant for wordplay, groan-inspiring as it can sometimes be (good examples: *Time Wounds All Heels* and the album title). In *Man of a Fool,* he sings, "I know that for every woman who ever made a fool of a man / There's a woman made a man of a fool." In his fourth solo album, Lowe has confected another footloose and fortifying entertainment. Make that the *indomitable* showman.

☐ **DESPERATE**
Divinyls

There is more than Air Supply and Men at Work going on Down Under. There is Christina Amphlett and Divinyls, too. After forging their identity before hard-drinking bar patrons in the seamy King's Cross section of Sydney, the group has released a debut LP that could give nervy, aggressive rock 'n' roll the kind of boost Men at Work's *Business As Usual* gave pop and New Wave last year. Home and hearth are not the first things Amphlett's voice brings to mind, yet, sexy as she sounds, there's a girlish vulnerability to her style. She manages to convey a lot of urgency without resorting to screaming. So does the band. *Boys in*

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Town is a heart-pounding flight shaped by a taut bass line, quick guitar incisions and Amphlett's dire lyrics, which effectively condense the picture: "I am just a red brassiere / To all the boys in town / Put this bus in top gear / Get me out of here." Like Men at Work, the Divinyls have the skill to vary their pace and tone while creating a consistently identifiable sound. The album is well titled, and in rock 'n' roll, desperation can often be the sound of success.

☐ **CHECK IT!**
Mutabaruka

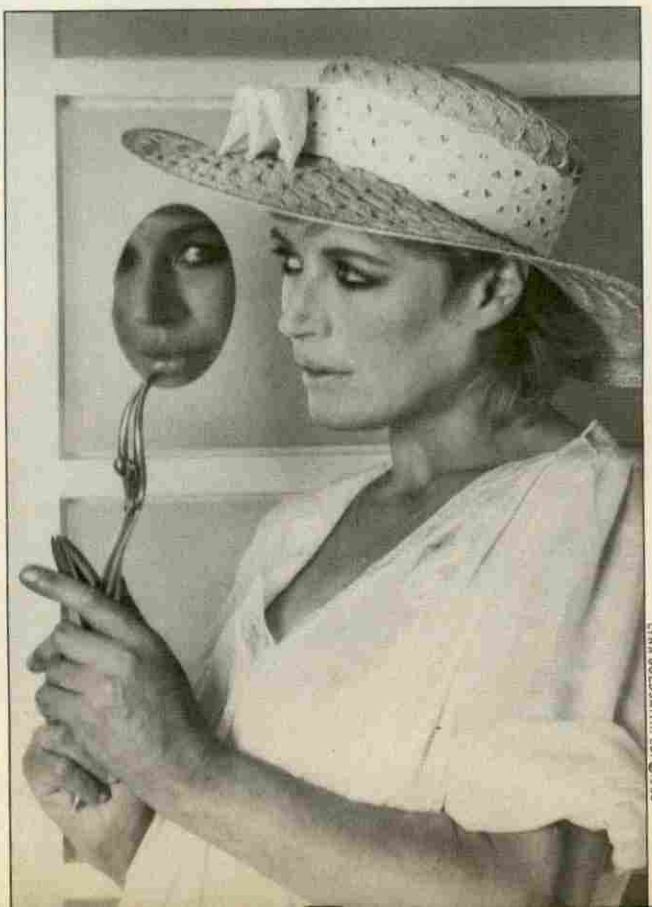
The reggae variation of "rap," called "dub," consists of revolutionary poetry chanted to stripped-down instrumental accompaniment. Mutabaruka, a Rastafarian dubber, resides in Jamaica, where he is one of several charismatic performers who have swept into the vacuum created by Bob Marley's death in 1981. While Mutabaruka's works are largely unknown in the States (he begins a U.S. tour in several weeks), he has long been a recognized literary and political figure in his homeland. Born Allan Hope, he grew up Catholic in Kingston and later came under the influence of the writings of black activists Eldridge Cleaver and Malcolm X. Eventually he retreated with his wife and family to the Jamaican countryside, where he became a practicing Rastafarian. This disc contains some of his more accessible work (*Every Time A Ear de Soun'* and *Hard Time Loving*), in terms of both themes and music. He is aided by the classy work of guitarist / producer Earl "Chinna" Smith. Even if the concentration on Third World sentiments dooms these works, delivered in thick patois, to an underground existence far off the charts, they're a fascinating combination of politics and music.

☐ **NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**
Mac McAnally

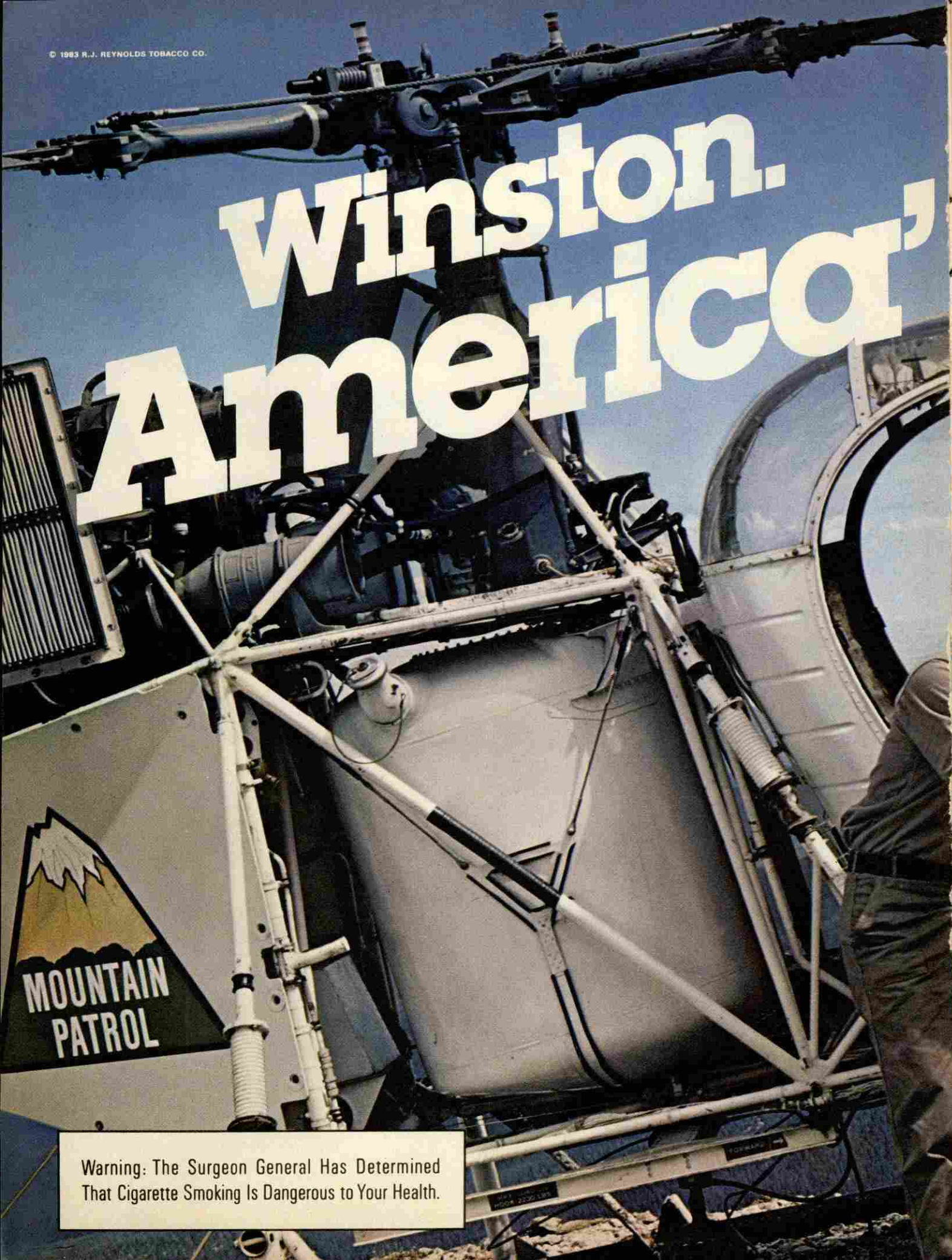
A native of Belmont, Miss., McAnally got a start on a solo recording career about six years ago. After his first three albums did relatively nothing, he tried songsmithing for a variety of well-known clients such as Jimmy Buffett and country's Alabama. Now, with a little more experience under his guitar strap, he's making another career leap. As a lyricist, Mac recalls the storytelling approach of Harry Chapin or Tom T. Hall, though his plots aren't nearly as melodramatic as theirs. Some tunes seem autobiographical, such as *The City,* about a country boy coping with the dangers and delights of metropolitan life. Mac lives in not-so-dangerous, if delightful, Muscle Shoals, Ala. Although he is also handy with acoustic and electric guitars and the piano, his chief talent is an ability to compose simple, affecting soft-rock melodies reminiscent of the most sensitive work of James Taylor.

☐ **A CHILD'S ADVENTURE**
Marianne Faithfull

Recalling her grim and glitzy '60s days as Mick Jagger's honky-tonk woman, Marianne once described herself as being like a butterfly on a pin whom Jagger watched "flail and writhe." Now she has become an observer of her own life, which over the years has included attempted suicide, drug addiction, failed marriages and poverty. This album, the second she has cut since her surprise comeback in 1979 with *Broken English,* is another dose of musical barbiturate, depressing but powerful. In *She's Got a Problem,* for example, she cries: "In the end will I smash my brains with drinking / Till I fall down on the floor / Will I hiccup and jabber . . ." Faithfull co-wrote six of the LP's eight tracks, and the only nonpersonal song is a tune called *Ireland* that is full of Celtic sadness, with the refrain "When will you be free?" While her voice began to disintegrate from severe misuse long ago, Faithfull's scratchy soprano is in a lot of ways the perfect instrument to spill out these songs, with their pretty, flowery melodies and searing, acidic lyrics. She has learned how to turn anguish into art.



What Marianne Faithfull sees in the mirror must be lots of rough memories, to judge from *A Child's Adventure.*



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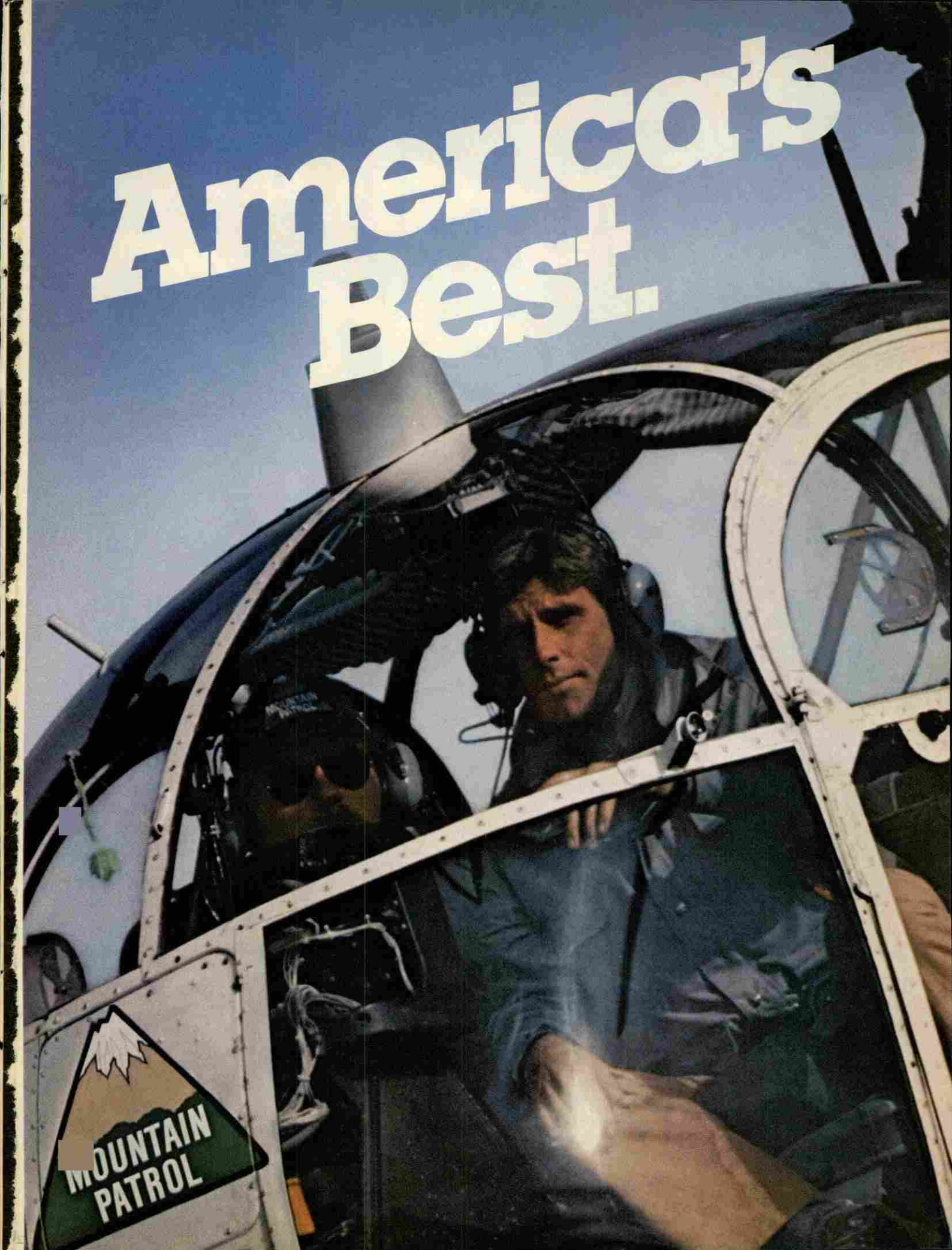
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Take One

BY REBECCA BRICKER

Word is going around CBS' steamy Southern California cul-de-sac, *Knots Landing,* that the neighborhood vixen, Abby (played by **Donna Mills**), will marry longtime paramour Gary Ewing (**Ted Shackelford**) next season. But she won't give up her wanton ways. Her next assignation will be with **William Devane,** who just signed a hefty contract to play a presidential hopeful on the series. (Devane, you'll recall, portrayed JFK in ABC's *The Missiles of October.*) Also joining the cast is **Doug Sheehan** (formerly *General Hospital*'s Joe Kelly), who will nuzzle up to Gary's ex, Valene (**Joan Van Ark**). . . . The most Pampered actor on *Knots Landing* is 11-month-old **Daniel Weisman,** who plays the son of Laura Avery, a/k/a **Constance McCashin,** Daniel's real-life mom. An eight-month veteran of the show, Daniel commands $133 a day, is chauffeured to the studio and has a dressing room with a phone.

Looking for a job? Then there's a new game show for you. It's called *Help Wanted!,* and Group W Productions hopes to syndicate it nationally next fall. Hosted by **Michael** (ABC's *Kids Are People Too*) **Young,** the show features pairs of contestants (selected by prospective employers in advance) who are interviewed on the air and then asked to demonstrate their job skills. Sometimes they are asked to deal with unexpected situations, as on an episode when a would-be bonbon dipper had to cope with a runaway conveyor belt. Other contestants have included two ex-cons aspiring to be dog groomers and two comely dancers vying for a spot on the USFL's L.A. Express cheerleading squad. Winners get the job, while losers settle for $500, presumably to pay for new résumés.

For her part, French stunner **Clio** (*The Gift*) **Goldsmith** has no trouble finding work these days. After she wraps an Italian *Dallas*-like TV series called *La Vita Continua* this spring, she begins filming *Tug of Love* in London with well-known Gallic actor **Roger Hanin** (**François Mitterrand's** brother-in-law). She reportedly has had overtures for parts in several U.S. films, including *The Ice Pirates* with **Robert Urich, Paul Mazursky's** *Moscow on the Hudson* with **Robin Williams,** and **Tom Selleck's** upcoming *Lassiter,* but the *Gift*-ed Clio has more work than she can handle. . . . When he's not making movies or filming CBS' *Magnum, P.I.,* Selleck is known to play a mean game of volleyball with ex-Olympians at the Outrigger Canoe Club in Hawaii. So who better than Tom to be honorary captain of the USA men's volleyball team for the 1984 summer Olympics? As his first duty, the honorary captain went to the net for a full-color benefit poster. So if you want to support the cause or simply want to ogle toothsome Tom, send $5.95 to USA Men's Volleyball Poster, P.O. Box 24460, San Diego, Calif. 92124.

Clio Goldsmith unwrapped herself in *The Gift*.

Tom Selleck scores with a poster for Olympic volleyball.

Andy Warhol's T.V., a half-hour Madison Square Garden Network cable show featuring art, fashion and celeb interviews conducted by the Campbell's Soup Can Man himself, debuts May 2. Guests include **Ali MacGraw, Cheryl Tiegs** and hubby **Peter Beard**. . . . Holy Dynamic Duo! Batman and Robin are expected to return to Gotham City in an $18 million Warner Bros. batflick—possible production next fall.

THE SOULS' DARK NIGHT

After years of abusing women he loved, David Soul struggles to control his violence—and save his marriage

by Brad Darrach

On Oct. 26, 1982 David Soul called his wife, Patti, at their sprawling ranch house in one of Bel Air's more fashionable gulches and told her that he would be home for supper around 6 p.m. At 11 p.m., not for the first time that week, she was still waiting—and steaming. For more than a month, in fact, Soul and his wife had been living on the ragged edge. Soul was playing the Humphrey Bogart part in *Casablanca,* the NBC miniseries that began airing last Sunday, and as shooting wore on he came home each night very late and very disturbed. Since the glory days when he was Hutch, the Nordic half of ABC's supercop duo Starsky and Hutch, Soul's career had been skidding steadily. He urgently needed another hit, and with every day on the set he became more convinced that *Casablanca* would be a $5 million miss. To wind down his tension, he drank a little more when the day's shooting was done, and roared a little louder about the frustrations when he got home at night.

Patti was not a patient listener. She had concerns of her own—among them, caring for their 9-month-old baby, Brendan, and her sons from a previous marriage, Christopher, 10, and Tyler, 9. When her man came home from work brimming with anger, the last thing she wanted to do was play Mama to him too.

The phone rang at last soon after 11 p.m.—and Patti answered it icily. David said he was sorry, he'd been in a meeting. "I'd been working 18 or 19 hours a day for weeks on end on *Casablanca,*" he recalls. "I was worn out, finished. Earlier that day I'd told the producer I was going to quit." He was telling the truth about being in a meeting, but Patti heard something else. "I could tell he'd been drinking," she says, and when she called him on it, "He started cussing me out in vile, poisonous language. He was violent with his tongue, so I knew he was going to be violent physically. Every time there has been violence with David, there's been beer or wine on his breath. Now when I so much as smell it, it triggers a fear in me." On this night, she heeded that fear.

"I think it's best you don't come home tonight," she told him in a tight, cold voice.

"It's *my* home," he answered, "and I'll come there whenever I damn well want to."

"In that case you can expect to be met by the police," she shot back, then hung up on him.

The fury in her husband's voice was all too familiar to Patti. In that ugly mood, the normally courteous Soul was transformed into a dangerous wife beater. Since their marriage he had assaulted her several times a year, throwing her across the lawn, beating her with his fists, breaking bones in a hand and a finger. "One time," says Patti, "he sat on my stomach for 20 minutes when I was seven months pregnant, telling me what to say and think."

Patti dialed the Los Angeles police. Her husband was on the way home in a rage, she said, and she wanted protection. The response seemed casual: She was advised to get out of the

CONTINUED

"If we can get through the pain, the potential for freedom and joy is immense," says David, with Patti and his son Jon in Texas.

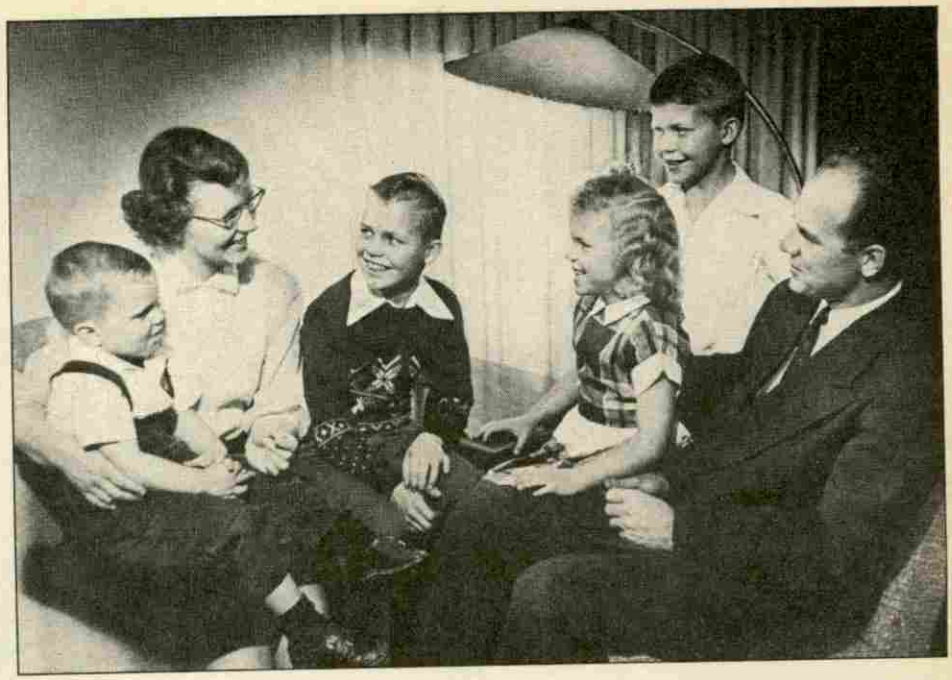
Photograph by Harry Benson

People weekly
April 18, 1983

FOTOS INTERNATIONAL

Soul played Hutch, the stoic pillar of strength, to Paul Michael Glaser's volatile Starsky in the long-running TV series.

During the TV remake of *Casablanca*, Soul (with co-star Hector Elizondo) drank to drown worries about the project.



In 1954 David, 11 (center), was surrounded by his parents and siblings (from left) Daniel, 4, Mary, 7, and John, 9.

house. "I can't leave the house," Patti said. "I've got a baby here." The officer repeated that he was sorry, but there was nothing he could do. "You mean you can't afford me any protection until after I'm hurt?" Patti replied bitterly.

She next called the Bel-Air Patrol, a private force supported by the residents of that wealthy suburb. When Soul drove up to his house a little before midnight, he found two members of the patrol waiting for him, guns drawn. They told him he could not go in. He said he could—and would. "I said, 'Go ahead—shoot' " Soul remembers, "and walked straight through the guns into the house." The guards followed him into the house and tried to reason with him. He seemed to cool down. "Now if we leave you," he was asked, "you're not gonna hit your wife, are you?" Soul took the cue. "Come on, you guys," he said in a reassuring tone.

When the guards left, Soul turned on his wife: "How *dare* you bring the police into my own home!" Patti ran to the bedroom in terror and hid under the covers. "David was furious with me. He started shouting and breaking things in the bedroom. Then he threw the covers off me and climbed on top of me, holding me down and cursing at me and spitting in my face. Then he hauled off and slapped me with his open hand. He cut my lip and it began to bleed. I was scared to death because I thought the security men had left, but I said, 'Get out of here.' "

"I went out of control and slapped her," Soul admits. "But when I did it I got this warning feeling—'You'd better get out of here, David, before you get yourself in trouble.' "

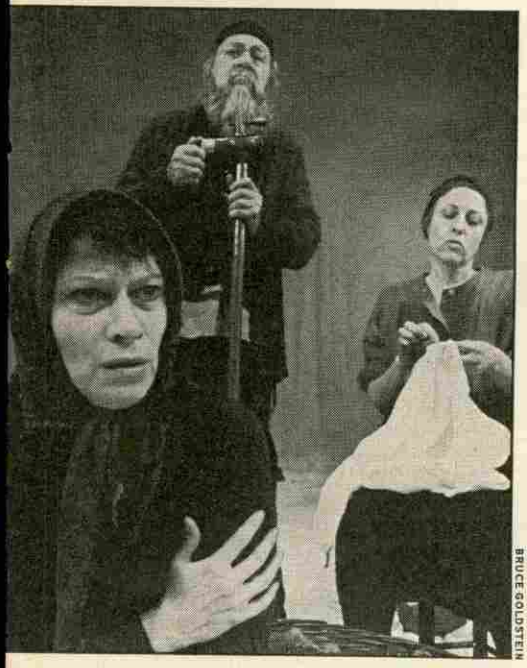
As he left, he found two L.A. police officers waiting for him. One asked Patti if her husband had laid a hand on her. She said "Yes." The officer then asked her if she wanted him to place her husband under arrest. "I stood there for I guess 10 seconds," Patti remembers. "I thought of all the things that had happened in the two and a half years we had been married. All the good things and all the bad things. And then I said, Yes, I do.' "

David stared at Patti in disbelief. He loved his wife passionately and he knew she loved him no less. It was true he had struck her but, he rationalized, it was an open-handed blow causing no serious injury. He felt betrayed and abandoned by the woman he loved. The police then arrested him, read him his rights, and locked him in the back of a police car. At the nearest police station, he was booked on charges of misdemeanor battery. When it came time to hand over his personal possessions, Soul refused to part with his wedding ring. The officer in charge insisted. "You should have thought of that," he said, "before you hit your wife." After 90 minutes in custody, Soul posted $500 bail and was released.

The story came out three days later and made ugly headlines all over the U.S. David lay low in a motel near his office. He was sorry for what he had done. "After every episode," says Patti, "David was plunged into an agony of remorse." He called her every night, and they spoke for hours about their feelings and their problems. On the third day, against the advice of her family and friends, Patti made a courageous decision. Convinced that David intended to break the vicious cycle of anger and alcohol, she agreed to let him come home.

When the case came to court 10 weeks later, Patti's friends fully expected that she would request that the charges against her husband be

Actress Mim Solberg, David's first wife, played a Holocaust survivor in a Minneapolis drama production in 1981.



BRUCE GOLDSTEIN

DEL HAYDEN/CAMERA 5

In 1968 David, then a rising young actor and singer, married actress Karen Carlson, the mother of son Jon.

dropped. They were in for a surprise. "I can't do it," Patti says she told the judge. "I'm absolutely certain that violence will happen again. I want my marriage to work, and I want my children to grow up in a normal family environment, but that can't happen as long as my husband has this emotional problem. I want him to get better." The judge agreed that therapy was needed and, suspending final disposition of the case, he ordered Soul to undergo treatment in a two-year "diversion" program. The actor must stop drinking and abusing his wife, attend alcoholism counseling and psychotherapy sessions, and report to a probation officer every three months. At the end of the period the judge will decide if Soul has completed the program successfully; if so, the complaint will be withdrawn and his record will be cleared. If the court decides that Soul has not complied with the terms of diversion, criminal proceedings will be reinstituted. Soul would face a maximum penalty of six months in the county jail if convicted.

Soul was startled by Patti's decision to pursue the case in court, but he accepts it without apparent resentment. "I don't like it," he says, "but I respect it. At the time I didn't understand the extent of Patti's fear, but now I don't blame her for being afraid. I had been violent with her before. This problem goes back long before Patti. Back as long as I can remember."

Patti had concluded that her husband's violence stemmed from inner struggles he could not resolve without professional help. "What I did was very hurtful to David," she says, "but I believe that in the long run it will prove to be a loving thing."

The Souls have considerable resources they can bring to their problem. Patti, a lissome, blue-eyed, 31-year-old beauty who was first married at 17, is intelligent, fiercely honest and a born-again Christian with remarkable strengths of spirit. And the man inside her husband's imposing physique (6′1″, 175 pounds) is a gentle, sincere, sensitive, honorable and loving person—when he isn't drinking. Friends find him unshakably loyal. Both his ex-wives feel a deep affection for the man, and the children of these marriages, Kristofer, 19, and Jon, 11, light up like Christmas trees in his presence. With his parents, he has been generous. When his father retired, he bought them a handsome home in suburban Los Angeles, and he often sends them on international vacations they could not otherwise afford.

As a performer, Soul, 39, is respected in show business for his talent and professionalism. A leading TV producer recently said of Soul's acting, "David has all the cardinal virtues: honesty, sensitivity, strength. Jimmy Cagney once said that the secret of acting was to plant your two feet, look the other guy in the eye, and tell him the truth. Nobody does that more effectively than David Soul."

Yet somewhere deep in the weave of his nature there is a twisted and sinister strand. "I have a history of being unable to control my anger," he admits. "It began with anger against myself. I broke my hand hitting walls and gashed my wrist when I smashed my fist through glass. But I've never had the intent to do bodily harm to another person. I've never meant to hurt."

For many years Soul has been a problem drinker. Alcohol loosens the chains of conscience that bind his anger, and since he is a man of powerful emotions and unusual physical strength, Soul's anger is a frightening phenomenon. Again and again it has culminated in physical violence, and on almost every occasion it has been directed at the women he has loved. Mim Solberg, his first wife, explains his violence as "a weapon to *control* the other person—that was what was really important to him." Karen Carlson, his second wife, when asked about her ex-husband's violence, refuses to "open that door." But she admits that

CONTINUED

her son, Jon, was "badly frightened" by the violence he saw when he was small. The pattern was repeated in Soul's third marriage. "He didn't strike me in the beginning of our marriage," Patti says, "but he pinned me up against a wall and shouted at me, telling me how he wanted me to behave. I began to think of him as a dictator, a Hitler. Seven months later he beat me for the first time, and he beat me all through my pregnancy. I lived in terror you can't imagine. People ask me why I stayed. I stayed because I loved him and because I was having his child. There is so much good in him, so much love. I knew that if he could deal with his problem he could become the man he was meant to be. A strong, good man who lives by his beliefs."

The child born David Solberg grew up in the long shadow of ancestral beliefs. His grandfathers on both sides were celebrated evangelists. His parents, Richard and June Solberg, are both charismatic achievers who have made a life's work of God's Work. His father, a Lutheran clergyman and history professor, eventually became dean of a Lutheran college in Pennsylvania. His mother gave up a career as a concert singer to become a wife and the mother of five children. There is no doubt about who was the dominant figure in David's childhood. His father was a quiet, reflective man who was often away from home. His mother was an emotional powerhouse who ran the family. "She had endless energy and enthusiasm," Soul remembers. "She made us breakfast, packed our lunches, drove us to school, picked us up after school, helped us with our homework, cooked our dinner, did the dishes, read us bedtime stories—everything. And when I would pitch a baseball game, there she'd be, urging me on. 'You can do it, David. You can do it.' And the same with all my brothers and sisters. Sometimes we wanted to crawl under the rug."

Even as a little boy, David made explosive efforts to break out of the tight little box of virtue his parents had put him in. When his younger brother, who later became a gifted physicist, built careful, elaborate houses with his blocks, David would knock them down with a sudden impulsive sweep of his hand. At 19, he married Mim, a beautiful and talented young actress he had fallen madly in love with—only to discover that he had exchanged one kind of confinement for another. When the marriage collapsed, David grabbed his guitar and ran off to New York to try his luck in show business.

His luck proved incredibly good. Wearing a ski mask, he presented himself at an audition as "the Covered Man." The gimmick got him on the *Merv Griffin Show* and his career as a singer was launched. On Merv's advice, he studied acting too, and two years later he had a steady spot in his first TV series, *Here Come the Brides.* On that show he met Karen, another lovely actress ("David has magnificent taste in women," says a friend), and married her—only to discover once again that being in a closed relationship made him want to break out violently. He moved on to an "open relationship" with actress Lynne Marta. All through the *Starsky and Hutch* years David and Lynne lived together but spent time with other people. Fame being a notorious aphrodisiac, David had his pick of Hollywood beauties. But in time he became bored with promiscuity. His conscience told him this was no way to live, and his common sense told him his conscience was right. Then

HARRY BENSON

Why men do it, why women stay

Wife beating was once so accepted in America that it was sanctioned by common law, which specified that a husband could flog his wife with a rod no thicker than his thumb. That "rule-of-thumb" license continued to be recognized into the early 1900s. Even in more recent times spouse abuse has been widely tolerated as a private, family affair. It was only as the women's movement gathered force in the mid-'70s that wife beating was at last established as a serious crime.

The abuse can range from slapping and biting to shooting and rape. But whatever the degree of violence, it is rarely an isolated act of rage. Rather it is a volcanic eruption from deep and complex flaws in family relationships. "The man gets blamed, of course, and called a brute, but it's important to remember that the woman is involved too," says Gerald Evans, a social worker and director of the Men's Resource Center of Philadelphia. "Both sides help to build the demanding situation that sets up the explosion. If the man becomes physical, though, it's his own responsibility."

One cause of physical abuse is the conflicting illusions marriage partners may hold about one another. "Both parties are usually hooked into traditional sex roles," says Evans. "Each expects the other to live up to rigid standards set by tradition for proper male and female behavior. *He* has to be a good provider. *She* has to be a good wife and mother. It's a confining, restrictive, repressive setup."

The characteristic usually shared by battered women and their abusers is low self-esteem. "Women blame themselves even for the most trivial transgressions," observes Virginia Page, director of the Women's Crisis Center in Brattleboro, Vt. "It's a feeling of 'My husband beat me because I gave him salad with wilted lettuce.' "

Abusers, too, are actually lashing out at their own failures. Says Page, "They're childlike, really. My own theory is that the emotional maturity of these men has been stunted. They're still in the stage of little boys who strike out blindly with their fists." Research has indicated that batterers are easily threatened sexually, overly suspicious, and have little insight into themselves or others. One common profile is of an unemployed alcohol abuser who is less stable than his victim-wife.

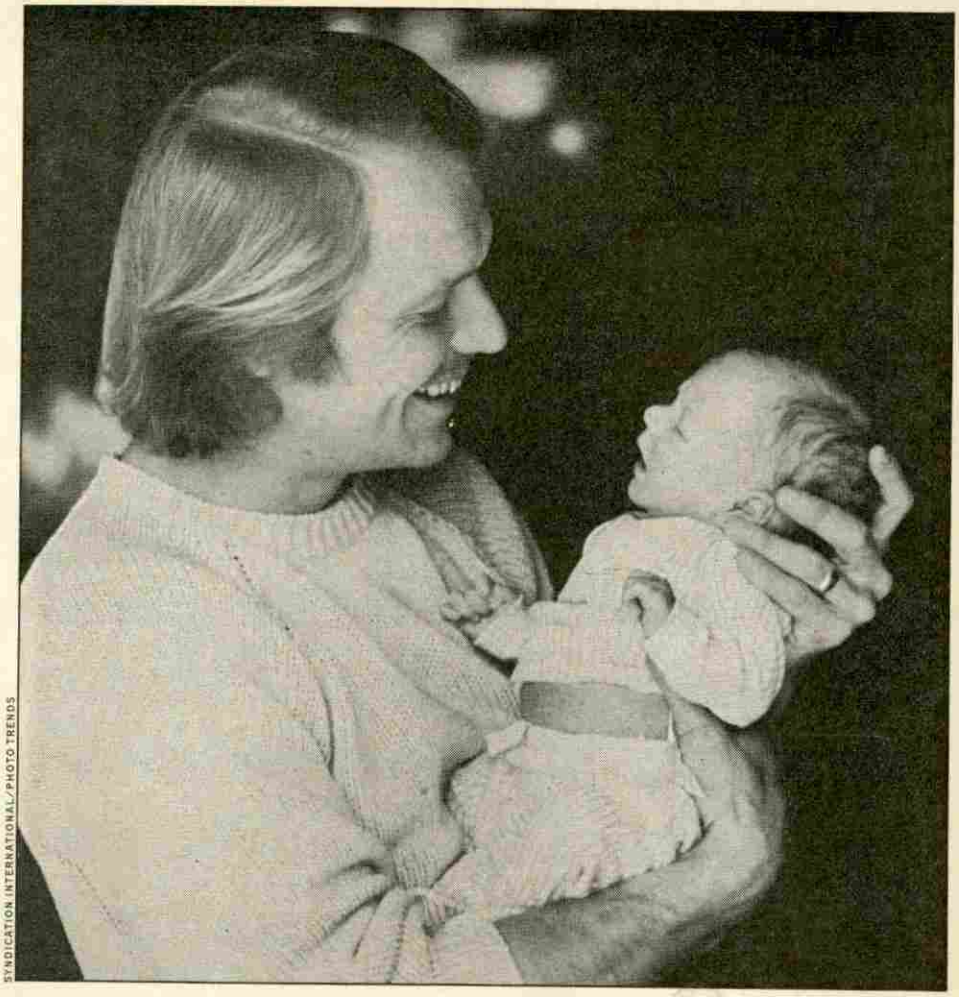
Why do couples endure their violent marriages? "The abuser's greatest fear is abandonment," says Denver psychologist Lenore Walker. Page agrees. "One man beat his wife but threatened to cut his wrists if his wife left him. Then he shot out the windows in their house. When his wife left, he was outside lying in the snow, crying."

For battered women, fear of coping alone is also a compelling reason to absorb abuse. So is fear of starving. Says Page, "It's often said that many women are one man away from welfare."

Other battered spouses, like Patti Soul, are far from poor. "I've talked to wives of Congressmen and wives of Fortune 500 men," says Richard J. Gelles, professor of sociology at the University of Rhode Island. "They assume that their husbands are far too important and respected for anybody to believe they would beat up their wives." **Written by GIOIA DILIBERTO, reported by MARGE RUNNION**

he fell in love with Patti, and the same melancholy round of passion, enclosure, alcohol, violence and regret began again.

Perhaps the most hopeful sign that the cycle may end someday is the determined effort the Souls are making to confront their difficulties. The mutual reassessment is constant and unsparing. Last month in Texas, where David is making a TV pilot called *The Yellow Rose,* the couple at some moments seemed to be breaking up, at others to be reasserting their union. "We're walking a razor's edge," David confided. "It's not certain we'll stay together," agreed Patti. Yet David is plainly working to defuse his violence through a growing awareness of the emotions that drive him. "What I demanded of women in the past was a kind of slavery," he concedes. "I've been so self-centered, so self-oriented. *My* woman, *my* need, *my* pain, *my* will. It's all been *my* trip. Now Patti has stuck with it and given me the time and the chance to change. And I have changed—changed a lot. I know now that I've got to open myself, be vulnerable. I'm learning about surrender. Instead of a demand relationship we're developing a giving relationship. Because I'm releasing Patti, I have her. It's a great discovery, one that I made on the verge of losing it all." □

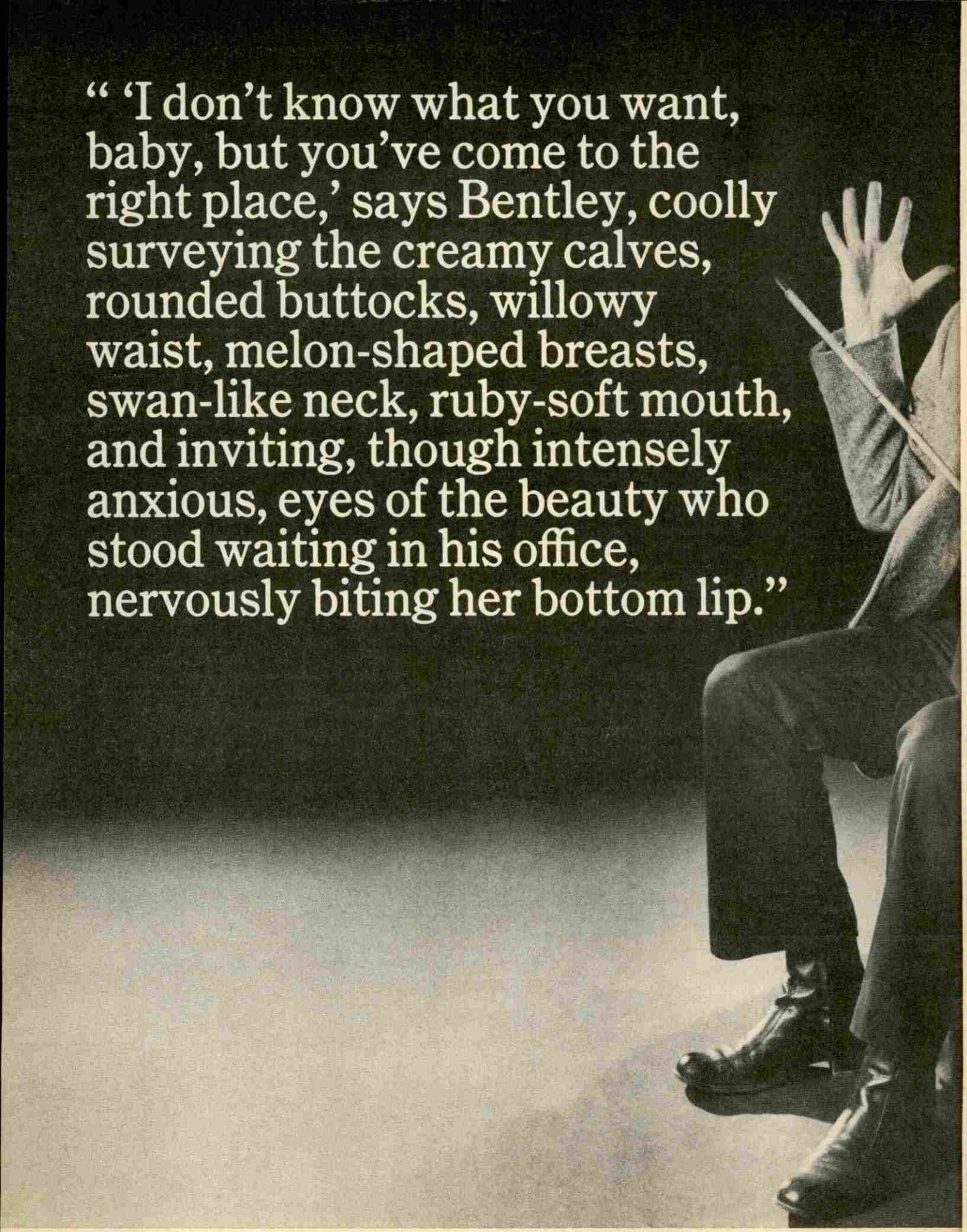


SYNDICATION INTERNATIONAL/PHOTO TRENDS

"What am I going to say to my kids if I can't get my act together?" asks David, with son Brendan in 1982.

"I'll stay with him for the rest of his life, if that's what he wants," says Patti, with David on location in Texas.

" 'I don't know what you want, baby, but you've come to the right place,' says Bentley, coolly surveying the creamy calves, rounded buttocks, willowy waist, melon-shaped breasts, swan-like neck, ruby-soft mouth, and inviting, though intensely anxious, eyes of the beauty who stood waiting in his office, nervously biting her bottom lip."



ROGER RESSMEYER

FOR REALLY ROTTEN WRITING NOTHING CAN TOP SCOTT RICE'S LITERARY GONG SHOW

There are more than 3,000 entries from all 50 states and 10 foreign countries, and every one of them is a literary nightmare. They teem with ill-conceived conceits: "Dawn broke like a crusty suet pudding." "The limpid amber eyes of the serving wench flickered up petulantly." "Grimelda's heart was on the ship with Lord Touchnot." They lurch and stumble under the influence of 200-proof words like "coursed" and "bloodwashed" and toss "trembled" around with abandon. In short, they are so dreadful they would drive a normal English teacher to switch to chemistry. So why is Professor Scott Rice of San Jose State University pleased? Because all these "execrable" horrors have come to his desk in response to his second annual Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest. The goal: to come up with the worst possible opening sentence for a novel.

Rice, 41, named the competition for Edward Bulwer-Lytton. He is the 19th-century English novelist whose works include the florid and forgettable *The Last Days of Pompeii* and the line "It was a dark and stormy night," best known today as the start of Snoopy's endless tries at fiction writing. "It was also Bulwer-Lytton who said, 'The pen is mightier than the sword,' " Rice notes, trying to be fair, "only in his case it wasn't true. Maybe stronger than the letter opener."

The contest, which has been running since Jan. 17, closes this week on April 15, and Rice will announce the winner May 6. His hope is that after working at creating so many dreary clichés, mixed-up metaphors and warped bits of syntax, at least a few writers will be moved to be more careful about the craft. "What better way to express an appreciation for literacy than to examine samples of conspicuously bad writing?" Rice asks.

But mainly he and his fellow judges (all from San Jose's English department) are bent on fun. For the losers, Rice says, "We're thinking of sending a consolatory letter that says, 'Congratulations, your material was not bad enough to be the winner.' " Of his competition's popularity, he says, "I'm like a man who was drilling for water and hit oil. People really put thought into it. They enjoy a contest in which there's no pressure to be 'the best.' " Some have been so zealous they've sent in closing sentences as well. The thumbs-down winner in that unofficial category came from a man in Berlin: "There was no word to describe what they felt for each other—love." The son of a lawyer and a homemaker in Lewiston, Idaho, Rice in his early years loved listening to his grandparents' tales. "They were marvelous storytellers," he recalls. "We lived on a dairy farm, and the best part of the day was sitting on the porch after dinner, looking at the pastures and the hills, hearing them tell about their childhoods. I discovered that it was like reading—you have to pay attention and follow the story." Thus inspired, Rice went on to Gonzaga University in Spokane, Wash., then got his master's and Ph.D. in English at the University of Arizona. He and his wife, Mary Beth, were married in 1964. They have three children: Jeremy, 14, Matthew, 10, and Elizabeth Jane (named after Hardy's heroine in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*), 8. To the professor's regret, his offspring prefer video games to reading.

In last year's contest, which was limited to San Jose students (one of whom enclosed an air sickness bag with his entry), Rice required a complete first paragraph, but later he decided that was too demanding to be fun. And this year for the first time the winner will get a prize: the complete works of Bulwer-Lytton, or as many volumes as can now be found of the 25 novels, three plays and assorted poems, essays and criticism he wrote.

There will be a third installment of what San Jose State calls "the *Gong Show* of literary contests" next year. But this year's has proved the definitive test of ineptitude in one respect: Rice has received six complete novel manuscripts from aspirants who got the requirements wrong. "Which just confirms what I've always said about bad writers," he says with a sigh. "They write more than they read."

SUSAN CHAMPLIN

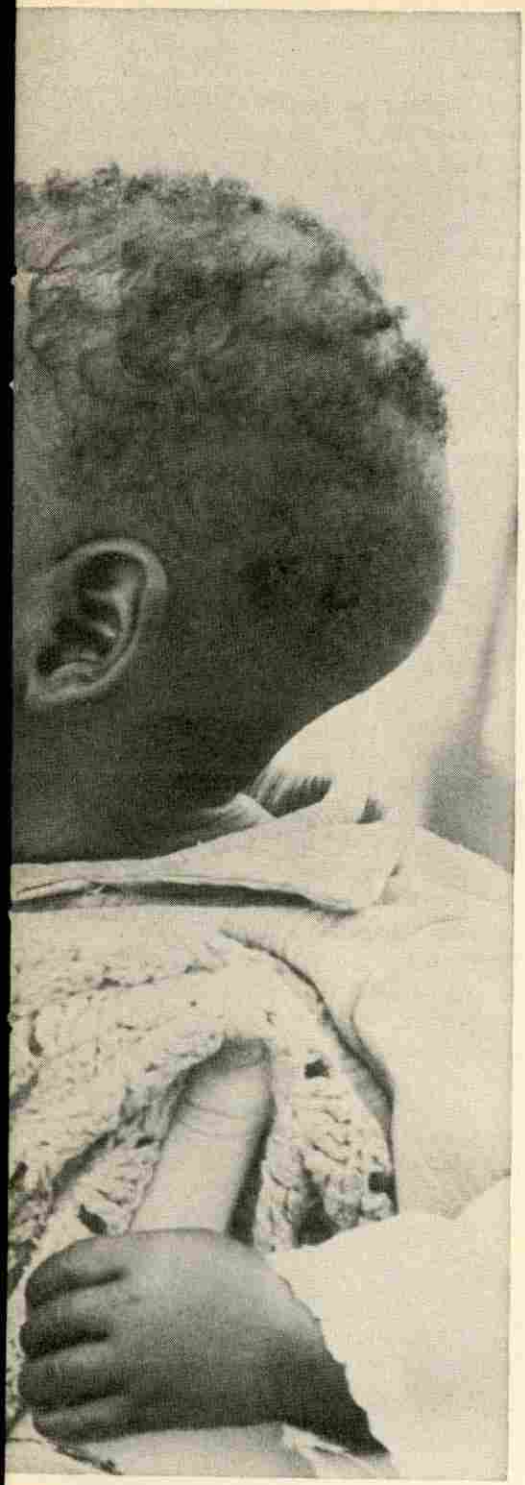
Rice contemplates one of the contest entries. Contributors include students as well as "plain folks and closet literati."

Baby Chebor scrutinized Sally at a family help center in Mount Marop, Kenya. Later the two played *This Little Piggy.*

AFRICA'S SICK AND HUNGRY KIDS ARE ALL IN THE FAMILY FOR ACTRESS SALLY STRUTHERS

Photographs by Evelyn Floret

To the 40 teenagers of the Edelvale Girls' Home outside Nairobi, she was not a famous or familiar face. But the girls warmed to the straw-haired lady who appeared for a visit one day. Soon they were all dancing together, the American woman colorfully robed in a red, white and blue "kanga," a loose wrap favored by Kenyan women. "They don't see her as a star," explained Sister Carmel, one of the five Sisters of Our Lady of Charity who run



Sally was left frazzled by the nimble tricks of these soccer-playing polio victims in a Kajiado child-care center.

At the Edelvale Girls' Home, Sally arranged to sponsor Mary, a 15-year-old orphan who wants to train as a nurse.

the home for abused and abandoned girls. Neither, apparently, did all the nuns. Remarked one, "Somebody said Sally Field was coming."

In her homeland, Sally Struthers, the bumbling blonde of the sitcom *Gloria,* is also widely recognized for her off-screen role as spokesperson for the Christian Children's Fund (CCF). Last month Struthers, 34, took her crusade to Kenya and Uganda for an eye-opening 12-day tour of CCF projects, which assist 31,416 children. "The needs there are greater than anywhere in the world," observes Charles Gregg, CCF director of development. "Three out of five African children die before they're 5 years old." As with Struthers' previous trips to Guatemala and Thailand, her travels were recorded for a one-hour fund-raising film, which will be syndicated beginning next August. "I don't do this to be noticed," says Sally. "It makes me feel like I'm pulling my load."

Struthers' journey brought her one jolting culture shock after another. Naive but well intentioned, she was frequently moved to tears by the enormity of the suffering. Sometimes her genuine concern came across a bit maudlin. "I'm depressed," she announced. "Those babies are covered with millions of flies. It makes me sick. They look so sad and sweet and so hungry."

The itinerary also included a meeting between Sally and one of the first CCF children she had "adopted." Despite her travel agent's suggestion that she not travel to Uganda because of continuing violence, Struthers went there to see Damiano Wanambwa, 8, whom she began sponsoring in 1980. Struthers currently sponsors eight other children with $18-a-month donations for each. "I was so frightened and nervous to be there," recalled Sally, "and I was overwhelmed to be holding my child in my lap." Sally brought Damiano a suitcase full of toys and clothes (including two Ralph Lauren shirts from Saks Fifth Avenue). "He seemed to like me a lot better after the gifts," said Sally jokingly. Damiano was particularly partial to the peanut butter provided by a film crew member. At the end of the five-hour visit, Struthers was over-

CONTINUED

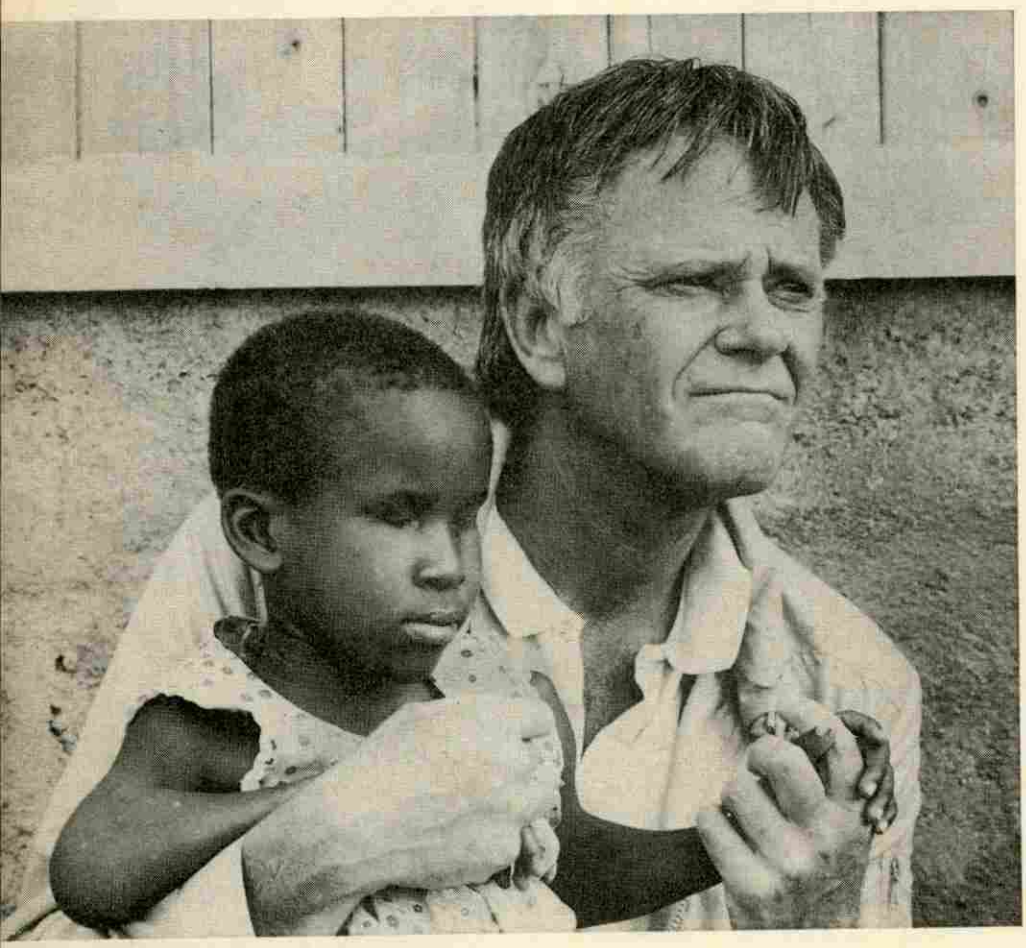
come with melancholy. "He had no idea of how many miles I had traveled to see him," she noted. "At the same time, I'm glad it had no meaning for him. I wouldn't want him to be sad." But leaving Uganda was a relief. Said Struthers, "I felt like I did after nine days in Russia. I had to restrain myself from yelling 'Yahoo!' "

Struthers' CCF trips often take a personal toll. During her 1982 Thailand tour, she broke down after meeting victims of yellow fever and leprosy. Now, says Sally, "I walk around with mental blinders on. I see what I want to see and don't look at what I don't want to see." But at the end, she concedes, "I'm wrung out emotionally."

In her seven years as CCF spokesperson, Struthers has proved an effective draw. Following a 1974 Senate investigation of a CCF project's misuse of funds, the nondenominational group was looking for a celebrity representative. The organization's typical sponsor was a young working woman. "The profile matched Gloria Bunker Stivic [Struthers' character on *All in the Family*] almost perfectly," said Charles Gregg. After checking the charity out, Struthers told CCF, "I'm yours for life." CCF credits her with bringing in 175,000 new sponsors.

From Africa, Struthers flew to London for the opening of a CCF office there and an Easter reunion with her 3-year-old daughter, Samantha. CCF is developing a master plan that calls for Struthers to visit most of the 23 countries it serves. Each month the fund sends donations to its nearly 1,000 projects, which aid 320,000 children. That prospect does not daunt the seasoned traveler. "I've gotten over the total depressed feeling I had the first few times," she says. In the meantime she has a most pressing task: Send Damiano some beloved peanut butter.

Written by SCOT HALLER, reported by LOIS ARMSTRONG



Actor Dick (*Bewitched*) Sargent, a CCF supporter with Sally, was touched by the courage of handicapped Kasene.

Sally met two Masai girls who attend a CCF school and entertained with a U.S. tribal song, *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*.

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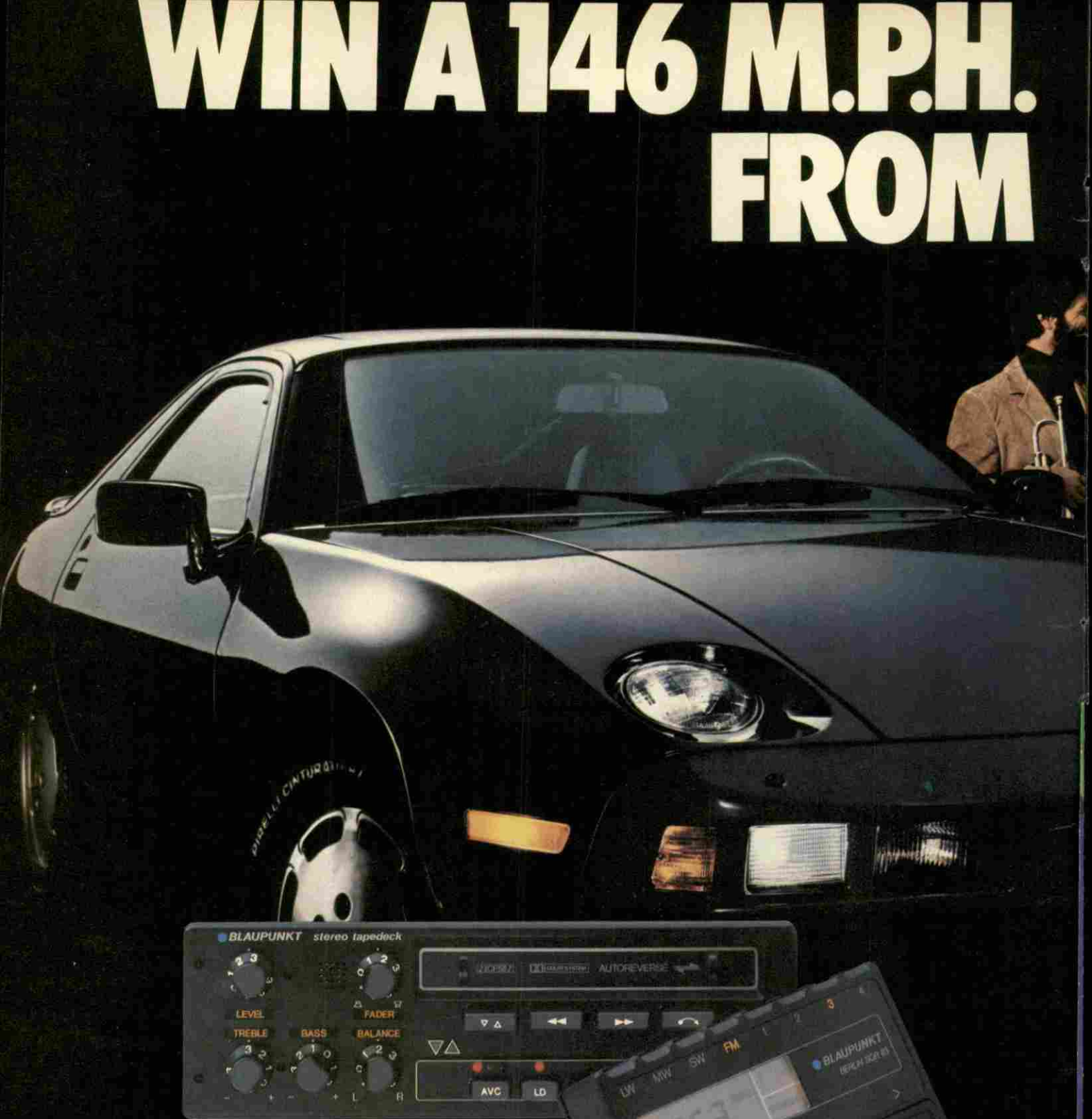

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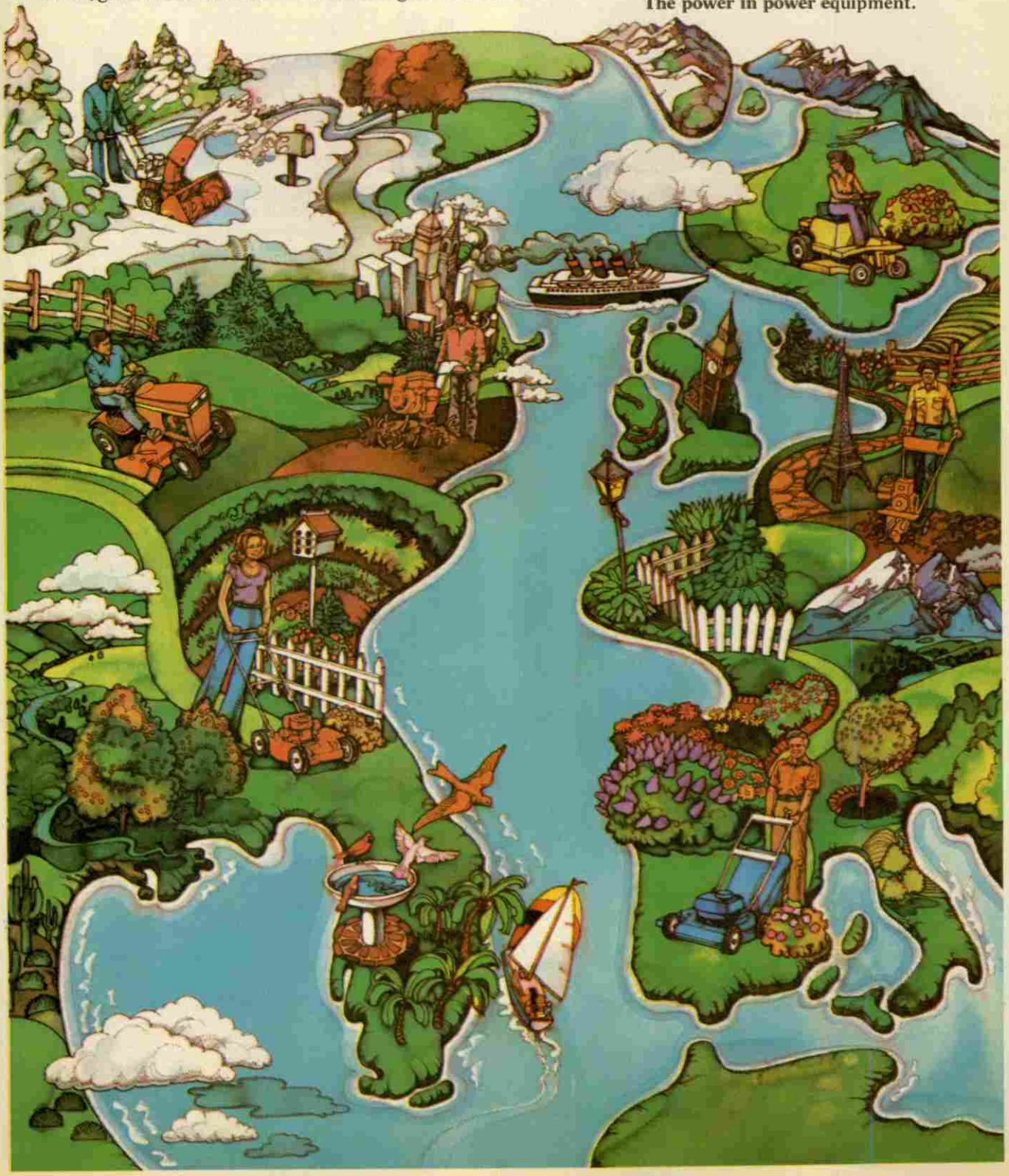


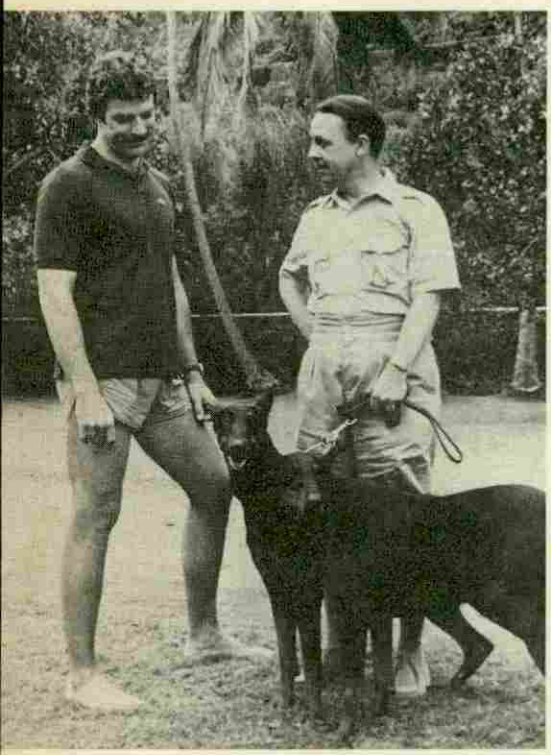
THE LEAN YEARS ARE OVER FOR JOHN HILLERMAN, WHO'S FINDING A *MAGNUM* OF SUCCESS IN HAWAII

Tube

"I have lived alone all my life. I really enjoy my own company," says Hillerman in his Hawaii penthouse.

CONTINUED

When John Hillerman plays second fiddle to Tom Selleck on the CBS smash *Magnum, P.I.*, it's a virtuoso performance. As the sardonic British majordomo Higgins, Hillerman can skewer the dashing Selleck with a wry crack or grimace, and their odd-couple relationship sparkles through the show like Hawaiian sunlight on the Pacific. "There's a very special rapport between us," says Hillerman, 48. "It starts off-camera—we just like each other very much. We crack each other up sometimes when the camera is running, and we can't stop laughing in all the *wrong* places."



Hillerman has a lot to laugh about these days. A 30-year acting veteran with illustrious stage credits, he finally has struck pay dirt with a glittering role on a hit show. "I could do Higgins happily for 10 years without getting bored," he says. "I like to play people who are bright and who can turn a good insulting line." It's also no burden to live eight months a year in Honolulu, where the show is filmed. Although he loathes the outdoors, sports and sunning on the beach, he's high on Hawaii's beauty. "I'll go back to L.A. now and I'll be on the freeway for an hour going to the most insignificant appointment and wonder why I'm wasting all this time," he says. "Honolulu is small, but also urbane—and I never get on the freeway."

Despite Higgins' impeccable British accent, Hillerman was born in Denison, Texas, about 70 miles north of Dallas. Although hardly wealthy—his father owned a service station, his mother a beauty parlor—the family nurtured John's strange obsession with opera, which began with a Metropolitan Opera radio broadcast he heard when he was 10. The Met visited Dallas for one weekend a year. From the time he was 12, John would travel alone by train to Dallas for that weekend, check into a hotel and go to the opera. Not that he missed out completely on a small-town childhood. "I used to fish for catfish in the Red River and all that Tom Sawyer-type stuff," he recalls.

A journalism major at the University of Texas, Hillerman enlisted in the Air Force during the Korean War. Stationed in Fort Worth, he tried out for a community theater play. "I had no desire to be an actor," he explains. "I wanted to meet people." With no previous experience, he landed a plum role in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman.* "I stepped onstage opening night and—it sounds corny—a light went on," he recalls. "I realized that until that moment I had been bored stiff all my life. I decided, 'This is what I want to do with my life.' "

After his Air Force stint ended, Hillerman went to New York, living on homemade turkey soup in a $31-a-month Lower East Side slum while he learned his stage trade. By 1969 he had more than 100 theater credits but only $700 in the bank. So, seeking prosperity, he drove his Ford to Hollywood to take a small TV role—and fell $10,000 in debt during the two years before his next part. His break came when an old friend, director Peter Bogdanovich, offered him a role in 1971's *The Last Picture Show.* Since then he has worked steadily in TV and movies.

But it is *Magnum, P.I.*—which won him a 1982 Golden Globe award—that Hillerman enjoys most. "In my humble opinion, Higgins is one of the best parts in all television," says Hillerman, who harbors no regrets about abandoning his stage career. "I'm not the kind of actor making lots of money in television while saying, 'Oh, I wish I were back in the the-a-ter,' " he drawls. "They would have to offer me the whole island of Manhattan to get me to do a play in New York now." DAVID SHEFF

"Selleck is unique. He will be one of our time's major stars," says Hillerman of *Magnum* co-star Tom. John reads, cooks, and motors in a '76 Cadillac when not signing autographs at home with his secretary, Ellen K. DePover.

Photographs by Dario Perla

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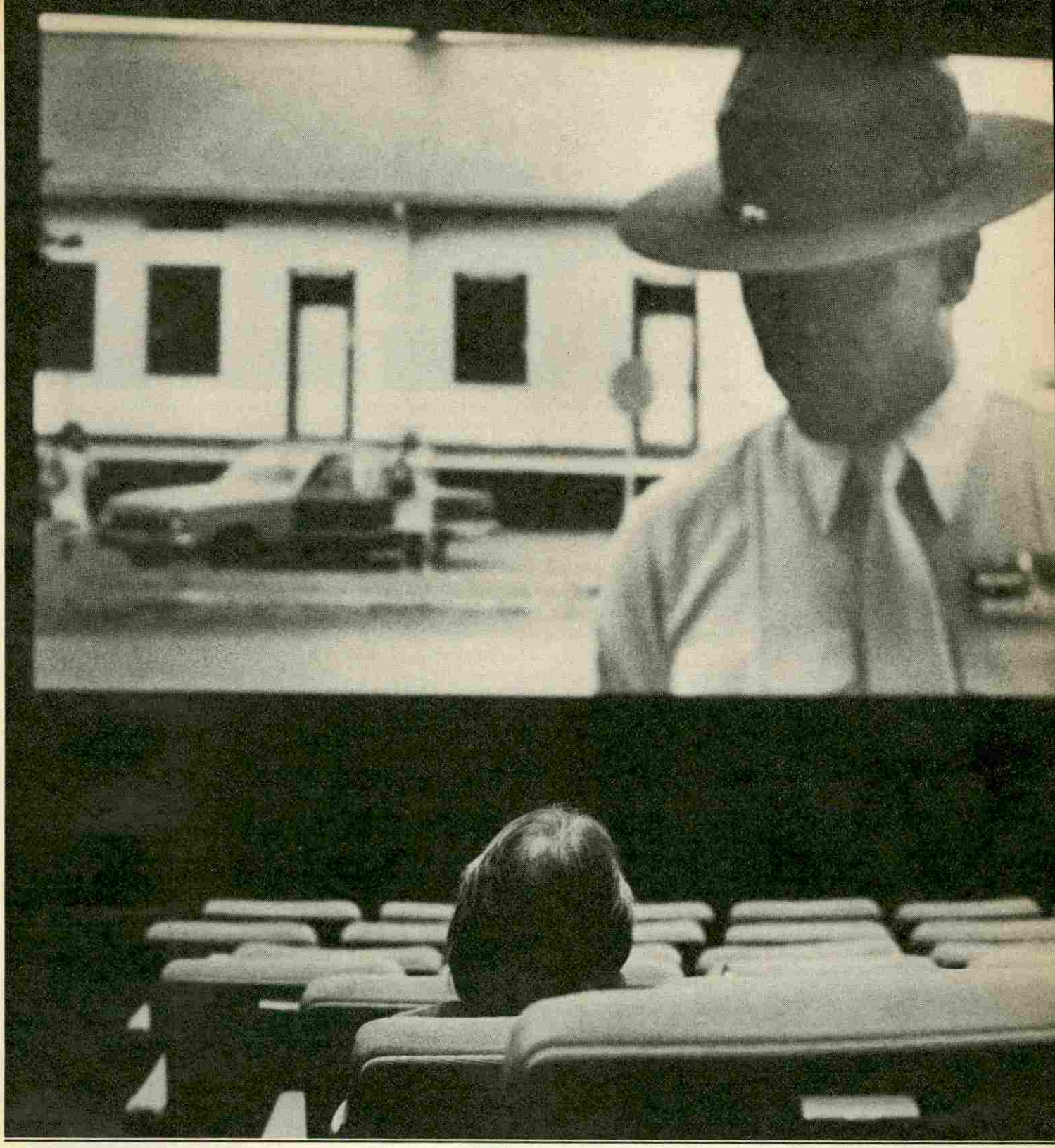

Bio

Unlike most critics, Kael (watching *An Officer and a Gentleman*) almost never sees a film more than once.

Pauline Kael

Fierce opinions, stiletto wit, and a willingness to savage friends like Woody and Warren are hallmarks of the critic who makes Hollywood flinch

by Arthur Lubow

CONTINUED

For many people who love movies, the only topic more engaging than the latest picture is Pauline. As with Calvin and Liza, the surname is superfluous. There is only one Pauline. Over the last 15 years Pauline Kael's movie reviews in the *New Yorker* have provoked more arguments, serious thought and delight than most of the movies themselves. "It used to be that you wrote about film because you loved it," observes Ernest Callenbach, editor of *Film Quarterly*. "Now you can hope to become a star like Pauline." Producers and directors solicit her advice, editors call her for hiring suggestions, young writers ape her distinctive prose style. She is arguably the most influential critic writing in America today.

She would dismiss that with a weary "Oh, Jesus" or a four-letter expletive, followed by a tremulous giggle. Standing five feet tall in her blue running shoes, which help her to maintain her balance after a back injury, Kael, 63, says, "You become Queen Victoria if you're around long enough." Certainly she has her courtiers. Dubbed "Paulettes" or "Kael clones," many young critics whose careers she has promoted tend to mimic her enthusiasms, sharing her love for the thrillers of Brian De Palma and Sam Peckinpah or her contempt for "prestigious" films like *Gandhi* and *Sophie's Choice.* "A lot of insecure critics bask not only in her presence but in the security of sharing her opinions," says L.A. writer Joseph Morgenstern. At the annual critics' meetings to vote awards, Pauline and the Paulettes often sit together, giggling and snorting in unison. Kael's hooting disregard for her colleagues' judgments has won her enemies, but other reviewers usually concede her preeminence. "She's the only critic who can make you feel like an asshole for disagreeing with her," says *Newsweek*'s David Ansen.

Uniquely able to fix her passions, damp and fluttering, on the printed page, Kael can have greatest commercial clout when she falls for a movie with uncertain box office prospects. Her 1972 review of *Last Tango in Paris,* in which she compared the movie to Stravinsky's *The Rite of Spring,* became the basis of the picture's original ad campaign. Her ecstatic review of a not-quite-finished print of *Nashville,* appearing three months before the movie opened, helped director Robert Altman prevent Paramount from recutting it. "In general, I've only been able to have a beneficent effect," she says. "I can't kill anything. Even pictures that I find contemptible are generally pictures that are going to have a big success, and I know it."

"People in Hollywood don't understand criticism," says Kael (at her desk in the Berkshires). "They think if you don't praise something, it's because you've got something against them."

Her scorching attacks shrink egos, not wallets. Often they are aimed at a disappointing movie by one of her favorite directors, and she goes for the throat like a lover scorned. "I don't think of her as a critic but as a champion debater," says another reviewer. "Because she has no principles and no theory, she responds according to what she likes and then has to find a justification for it." The comments she whispers to her companion during a screening often wind up in her review. "I try to do what critics have done in the other arts, which is say 'This is what *I* think of it,' " Kael explains. "One thing I find boring in a lot of reviews is that I get no sense of the person talking. It's not a human voice."

Kael's hooting disregard for colleagues' judgments has won her enemies.

The youngest of five children, Pauline was born to a Jewish gentleman farmer in Sonoma County in Northern California. Her Polish-born parents had eloped because her mother's father, who imported art objects for the kingdom of Poland, disapproved of the match. In America, Isaac Kael made enough money in business to retire in his early 40s on 10 acres. "It wasn't people's idea of a farm," Pauline explains. "My parents were theatergoers, and all five of us were given music lessons." The idyll was interrupted by the stock market crash of 1929. The Kaels lost their land and their savings and moved to San Francisco. "My father picked himself up and started a chain of groceries, but he was a broken man," Pauline says. Instead of Stanford, Pauline's two sisters attended San Francisco State. In 1936, at 17, she enrolled at the University of California, majoring in philosophy.

Amid the ferment of Berkeley, Kael flourished. "There was always a circle of people around Pauline," recalls her college roommate, Violet Rosenberg Ginsburg. "People came to her. They were magnetized." Famous for her barbed tongue, Kael sharpened her argumentative skills as a varsity debater. She also indulged a love of movies, a passion inherited from her father. "Everyone thought I was going to go to law school and teach," she remembers. "I just suddenly rebelled against both."

Her youth is not a period Kael enjoys discussing. She married and divorced three times, but won't identify her first two husbands and only grudgingly acknowledges the third, Edward Landberg. In 1948 she had a daughter, Gina James, by experimental filmmaker James Broughton. "You get married when you're younger for all sorts of odd reasons, and the people are *totally* out of your life when they're out of your life," she says. "Some of your closest relationships are with people you don't marry but live with."

In San Francisco during her late 20s, Kael hung out with a crowd of avant-garde poets and experimental-theater types. She was extremely intense, smoking incessantly and, after striking

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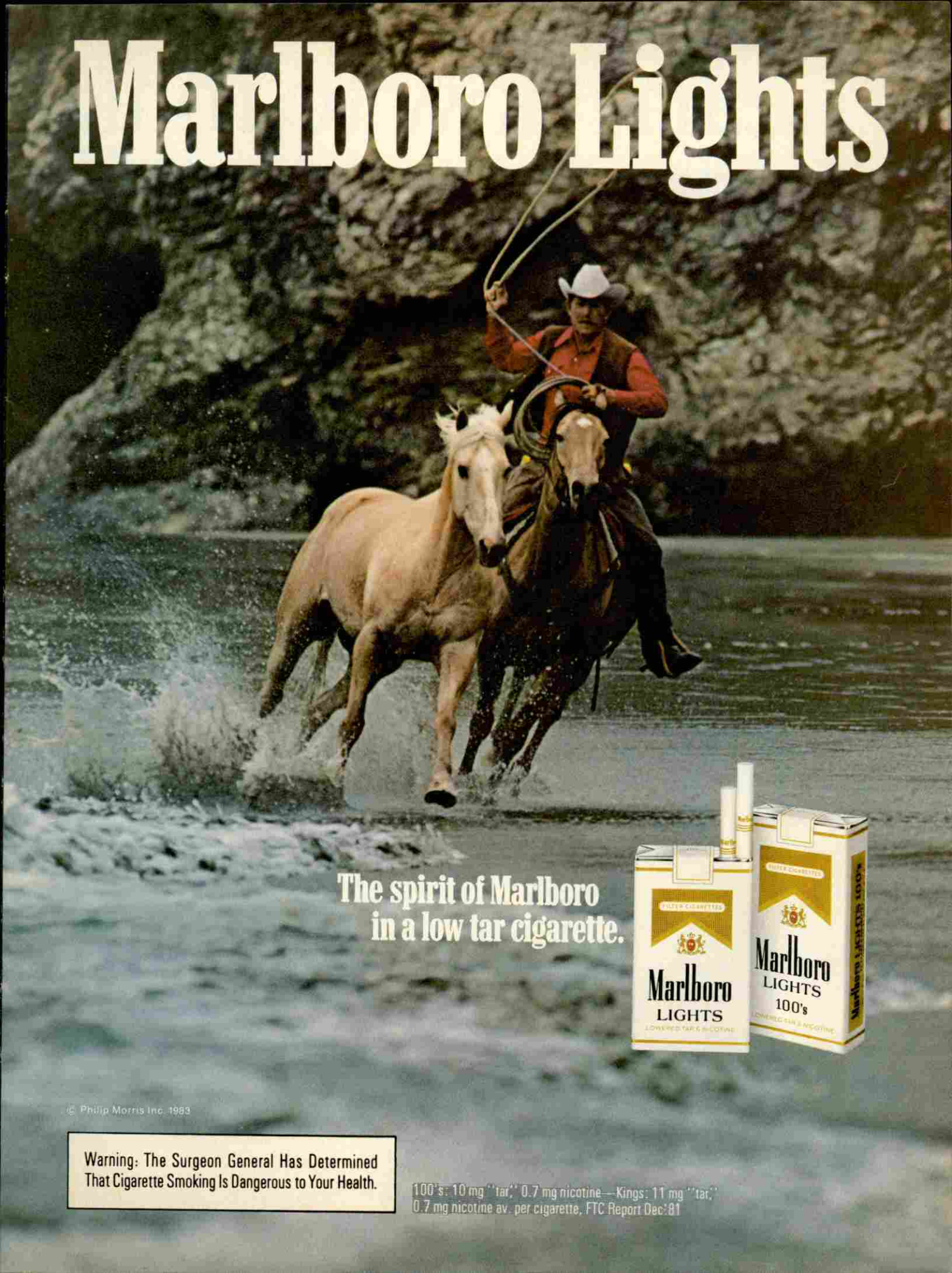
Photographs by Christopher Little

Marlboro Lights



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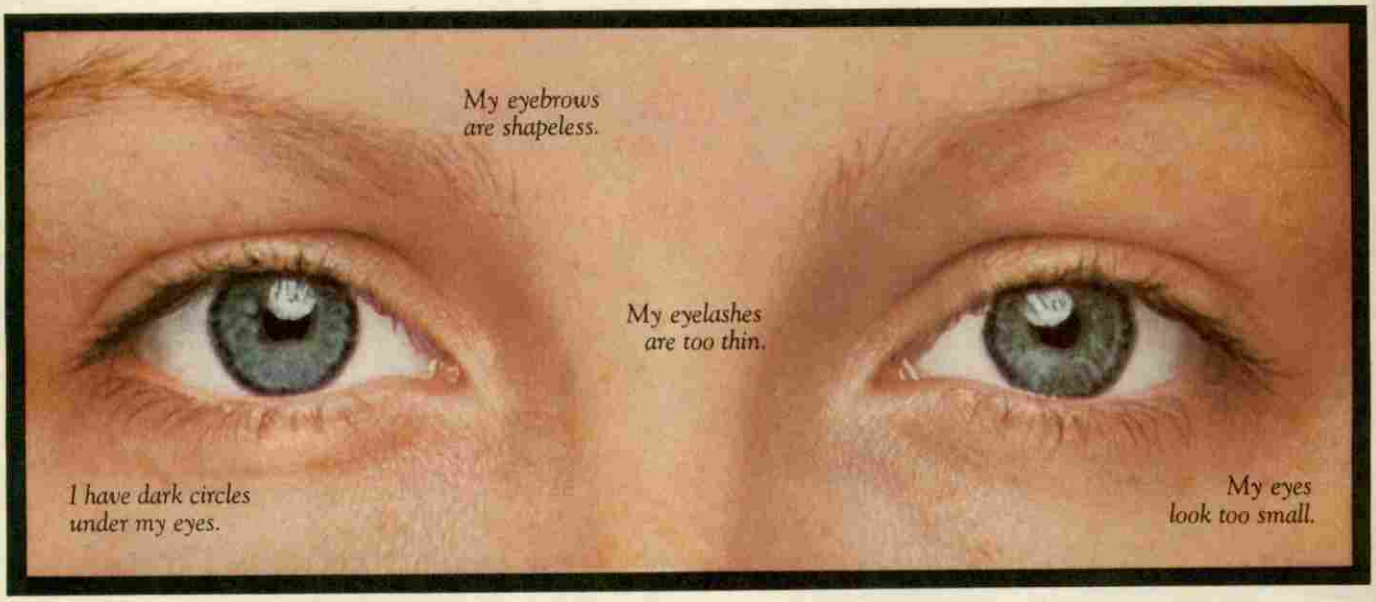

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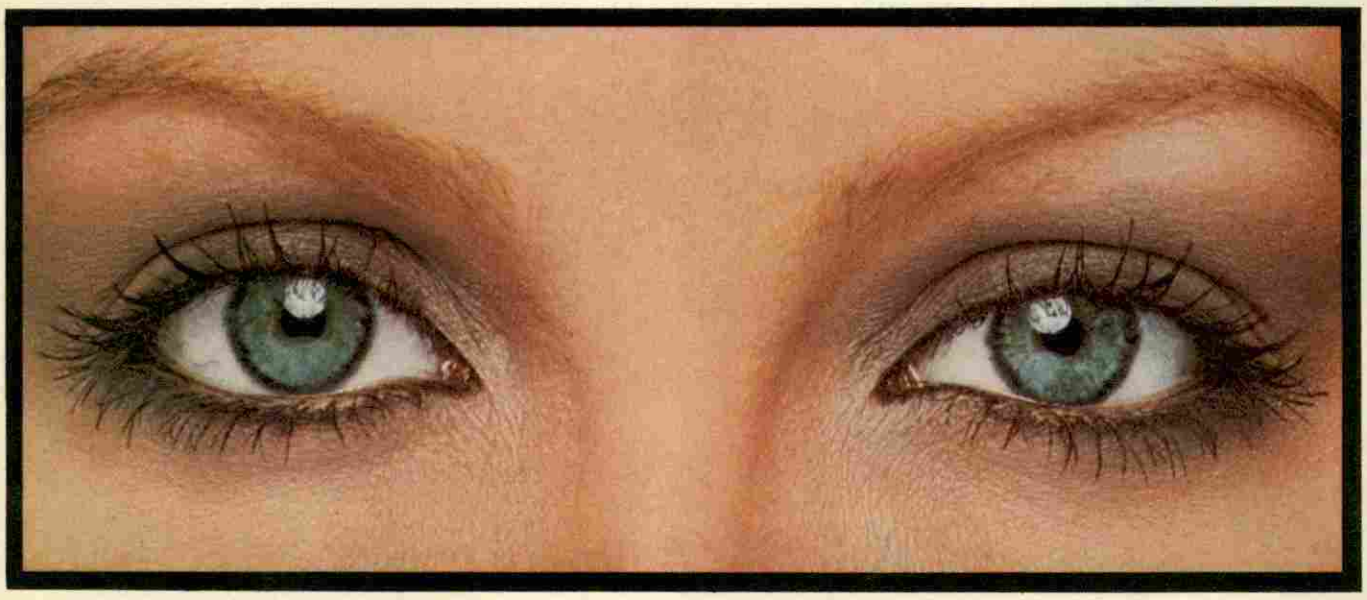

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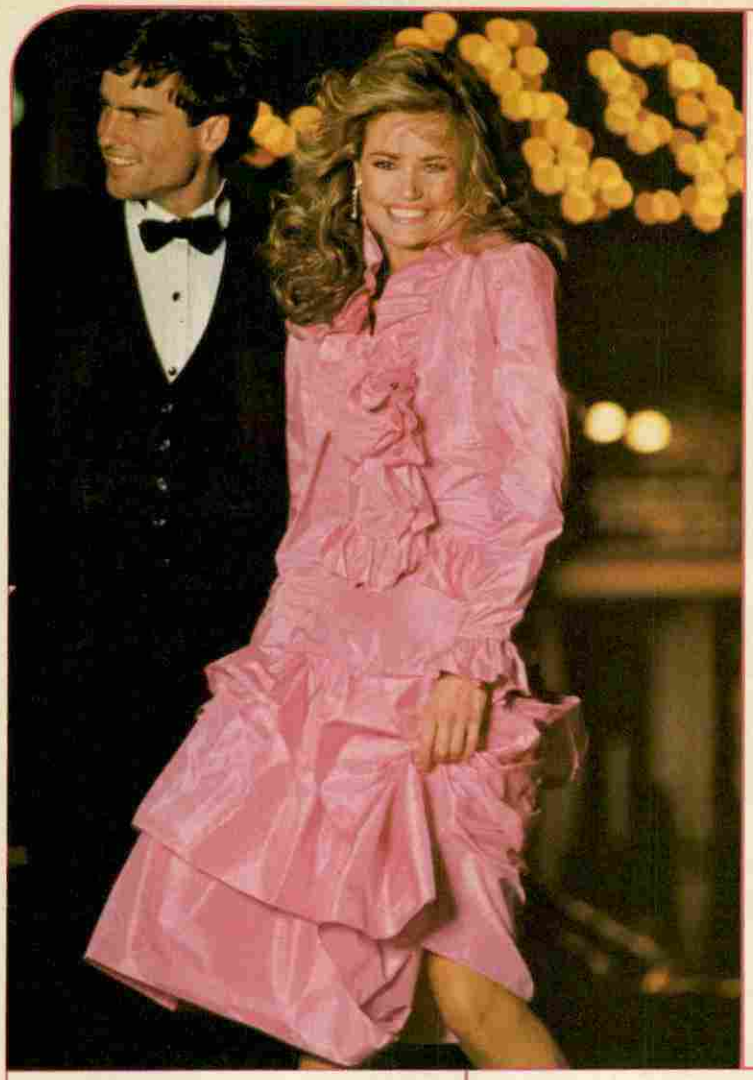

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the last match, tearing the empty matchbook into tiny pieces. She demolished opposing opinions with similar ferocity. "I remember her in conversation with older men involved in the arts, and doing her best to reduce their arguments to shreds," Broughton recalls. "The more important a person was, the more she would try to tear him down conversationally." To support herself, Kael took on all kinds of temporary jobs, often made exceedingly temporary by her prickly manner. Actor Kermit Sheets, who worked with her at a Brentano's bookstore, recalls a day when a customer put down an art book and said, "I don't get where they call that art." Looking up, Kael snapped back, "I don't get where you call that English." In a milieu where the customer is always right, job prospects were limited for, in Broughton's words, "one of those people who always knows she's right."

Like Lana Turner, Kael was discovered in a coffee shop. She was arguing about a movie with a college friend, poet Robert Duncan, in 1953 when the editor of *City Lights* magazine asked them each to review Charlie Chaplin's *Limelight.* Duncan never did, but Kael's nose-thumbing attack was a hit. So she did more. "It was the damnedest thing," she recalls. "I'd been writing about other fields for a long time, and I'd never gotten into print. And the very first movie pieces I wrote after that were sold. Everything I'd ever done before seemed to feed into movies in some funny way. And I loved doing it."

Before long she was given a weekly radio program on KPFA, Berkeley's listener-sponsored Pacifica radio station. Kael's breezy, attention-grabbing style was made for broadcasting. The program became an instant institution in the Bay Area and led to an offer to manage an art cinema in Berkeley owned by Landberg, whom she married "sometime in the late '50s, but I'm not sure when it began and when it ended." Leaving the radio, Kael worked 16-hour days at the theater, which expanded into two cinemas under one roof—the prototype for the twin movie houses that spread nationwide. "It was all-consuming," says Kael. "I made the displays, wrote the program and cleaned the chewing gum off the seats." Her program notes—witty, raucous, heterodox—clinched her local reputation as a critic.

Her brown-shingled Berkeley house became an after-hours club, where anyone interested in the movies could stop by for food, booze and talk until 3 or 4 in the morning. It was an enchanted kingdom, filled with Tiffany lamps that Pauline bought in junk stores, a piano painted gold and green, and murals by an artist friend on movie-related themes. "The whole house was overstuffed with things," recalls Berkeley lecturer Albert Johnson. "Even the cat was overweight." Although she was always short of money, Kael never stinted on hospitality. "She's a performer," says her friend Alan Hislop. "She has always required an audience." As the night unwound, Pauline's switchblade wit could slash without warning, and some guests left bloodied. But they would return: It was the best show in town.

"Gina was articulate even when she was young, and we were very close," says Kael (with her daughter in 1950).

Until her late 40s, Kael couldn't support herself as a writer. A single parent who needed to be mostly at home, she toiled as a seamstress, textbook writer, cook, and in many other jobs she found distasteful. Had she not been weighed down by husbands and lovers, she feels her career might have gotten airborne sooner. "It's very difficult to be married to somebody and write books," she says. "When you're married, you can't read in bed, you can't write at all hours, you can't chase around. I wasted a lot of years being unhappy because I couldn't do the things I wanted to do." But she has never regretted the responsibilities of motherhood. "I think I probably would have been a drunk if I hadn't had the obligations of my daughter," she says. "It was the making of me in terms of anything I've managed to accomplish."

Writing for pennies on a mongrel subject in a backwater movie town (art films didn't make it to San Francisco unless New York critics praised them), Kael was a veteran outsider when, at 46, she broke through to a national audience with her first book. Editor William Abrahams had seen her essays in *Partisan Review,* and he invited her to visit him when she came East. "Within five minutes of meeting her, I decided I was going to publish this woman, no matter what," he recalls. "I asked, 'What shall we call it?' She said, half-jokingly, *'I Lost It at the Movies.'* I said, 'That's it.' Once we got caught on this quasi-sexual overtone, we've gone from one book to another like a love story." Her latest, a 676-page collection of brief reviews, is *5001 Nights at the Movies* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $25), so titled after she and Abrahams decided that *The Bedtime Pauline Kael* would be going too far.

Once she published her first book, Kael won assignments from magazines that paid. In 1965, with Gina and her two basenjis ("The idea of Pauline having barkless dogs has always struck me as a great irony," says Morgenstern), she moved to New York. "I had to write something on the plane and sell it in New York before the furniture got here so I could pay the movers," she recalls. In rapid succession, she went from LIFE to *Vogue* to *McCall's* to the *New Republic,* but the slipper didn't fit until editor William Shawn offered her a weekly column in the *New Yorker* for half the year, alternating with Penelope Gilliatt. She began in 1968. "Pauline and the *New Yorker* are made for each other," says Morgenstern. "Where else could she devote 15 columns to a movie that catches her fancy? Her talent and her personality are expansive."

"I wasted years being unhappy because I couldn't do the things I wanted."

CONTINUED

In the staid pages of the *New Yorker,* Kael's writing blazes like neon. She peppers her chatty prose with parenthetical asides, rhetorical questions and such neologisms as "sleazo," "jokey" and "bummer." She waggles the pronoun "you" with the hectoring insistence of a barroom bully: "If you've never wanted to keep the light on during intercourse, then you probably won't enjoy *Kagi.*" To indulge her weakness for superlatives, she invents new categories—"the most plangent movie ever made in and about Canada," or "the most powerful banal movie ever made." These mannerisms have infected enough other writers, especially young ones, that a Center for Prose Control would long ago have declared an epidemic. Even Kael disowns her imitators. "It makes me squirm," she says. "I'm not flattered by people who write using my frame of reference and my syntax, because it cuts those possibilites off for me."

At 59, when some writers begin preparing tombstone editions, Kael went after new possibilities by moving to Hollywood as a producer. "She was coming up to an important birthday," says movie executive Marcia Nasatir. "I thought she wanted to change her life." At Kael's suggestion, Warren Beatty had bought a script from her friend, director James Toback, and Beatty persuaded her to come to Paramount to work on the project. "She came in fresh, and it was too late for me to take in partners," says Toback. "I wasn't very responsive." Distracted by *Reds,* a movie closer to his heart, Beatty left Kael on her own with an increasingly intransigent Toback. Beatty advised her to be tough. "It really came down to a question of battling with a friend, being willing to threaten him and fire him, or bowing out," she says. "I decided to bow out."

Staying on at Paramount as an "executive consultant," Kael developed a few scripts that were never filmed and encouraged the studio to produce *The Elephant Man* with director David Lynch. At the end of her five-month contract, Kael returned to the *New Yorker.* "She was welcome to stay on here," says Don Simpson, then head of production at Paramount. "But she came to recognize that the movie-making process was not something her metabolism felt comfortable with. She's a hands-on person, a doer."

Having struck out in Hollywood, Kael was bopped by a spitball just as she returned to her home turf. Writing in the *New York Review of Books,* Renata Adler, a *New Yorker* writer who had helped fill in during Kael's absence, assessed Kael's latest collection and found it "piece by piece, line by line, and without interruption, worthless." In the sensation-starved New York publishing world, Adler's bloodying of Kael attracted sharks. "There was actually nothing I could say," Kael observes. "I think what was upsetting

CONTINUED

A KAEL SAMPLER: ON RICHARD AND DUSTIN

An Officer and a Gentleman almost seems to be about Richard Gere as an actor: It's about someone empty who has to be transformed. . . . But late in the picture, when Zack is supposed to have changed . . . you see Gere get up and walk away with that loose, rolling walk of his (like a junior-high kid's imitation of Yul Brynner), and he's still Richard Gere lost in his own placid beauty. . . . Gere remains a colorless, unexciting actor. Is it a matter of his not trusting his instincts? Or of his being excessively serious? Or reserved? Whatever it is, he's devoid of personality. . . . this is a not very fiery man working with all his might to act fiery—when he remembers to.

Tootsie. [Dustin] Hoffman's performance works at so many different levels . . . that when Michael is in women's clothes you keep watching . . . to see what's going on in his head. You can believe that Michael would be a hit playing Emily Kimberly, because this scrappy woman, with thick wrists and oddly sharp, crooked teeth . . . is more . . . believably alive than anyone you're likely to have seen on the soaps. The performers I've caught (in my limited exposure as I flick from one channel to the next) have been a glazed, strangely slowed-down race of people . . . they move as if they were under water and seem to spend their lives on the telephone.

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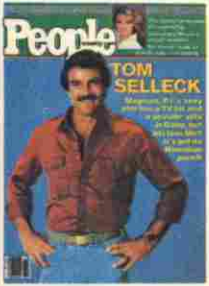

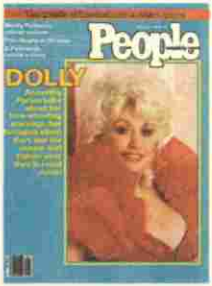

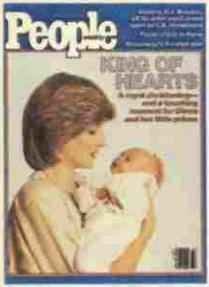

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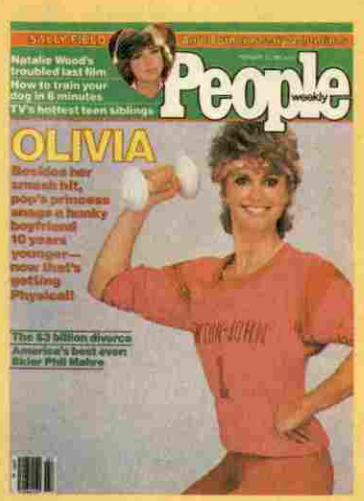

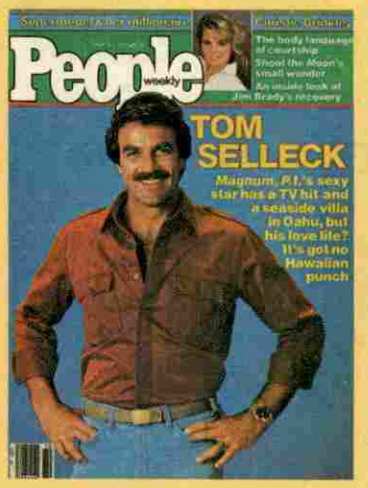

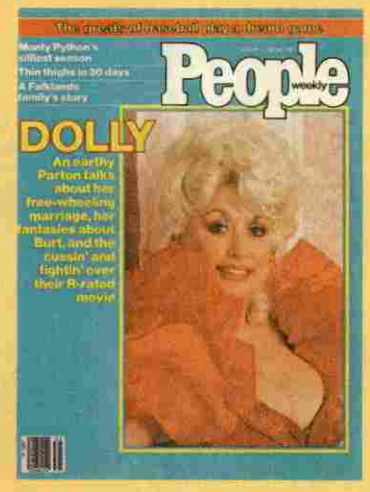

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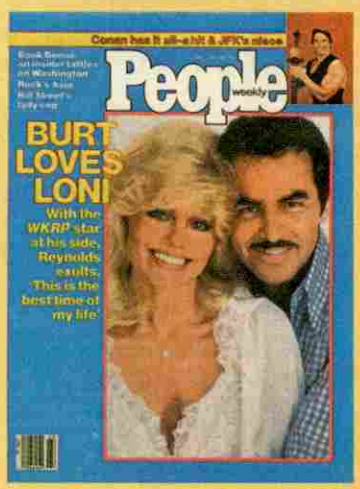

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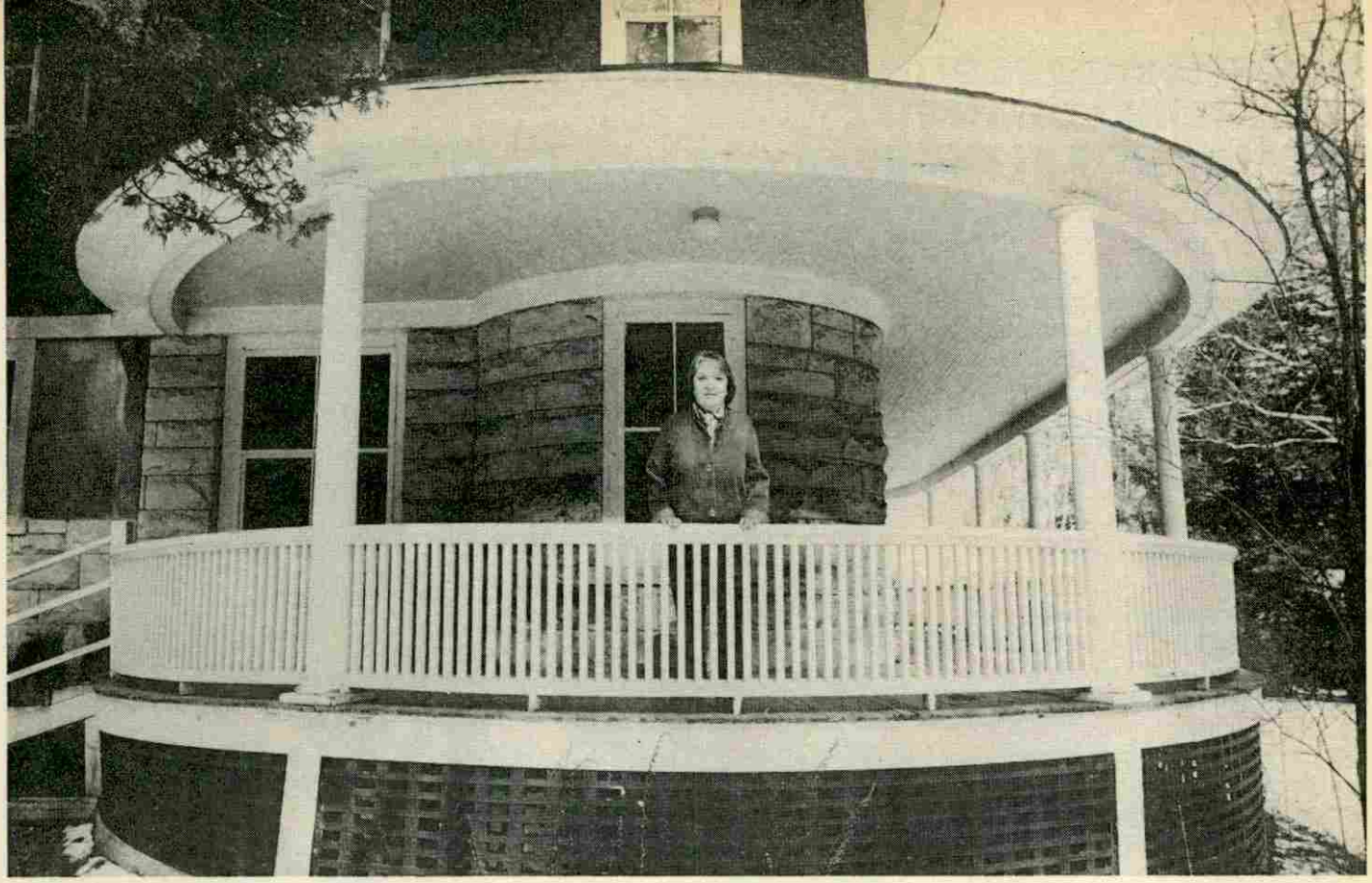


"I never adapted to New York," says Kael, at the western Massachusetts home she bought for $37,000 in 1970. "I feel better in the country."

was the press articles about it and some of the mail. What was amazing was getting letters from people who said, 'We've always enjoyed you before, but now go home and correct the error of your ways.' "

Detractors gloating at her downfall gloated too soon. While Kael was treading water in Hollywood, Gilliatt had left the *New Yorker,* giving Kael the unbroken platform she had long craved. Because of a worrisome heart condition, she insisted on returning on a biweekly schedule. "Physically, I couldn't keep up the pace of writing every week," she says. "You know, I'm getting to be an old broad."

Every other week Kael travels to New York, where she checks into a small midtown hotel for four days, sees two movies a night, and revises her galleys with Proustian ardor. Then she returns to her Victorian house on four and a half acres in the Berkshires. Not far away, her daughter, Gina, an artist, lives with her husband and their year-old son. Gina is Kael's favorite editor, and she can also type and drive, two skills her mother never got around to mastering. Although Kael has a few good friends in the country, she spends most of her nights there writing. In Manhattan, she usually sees movies with film buffs half her age.

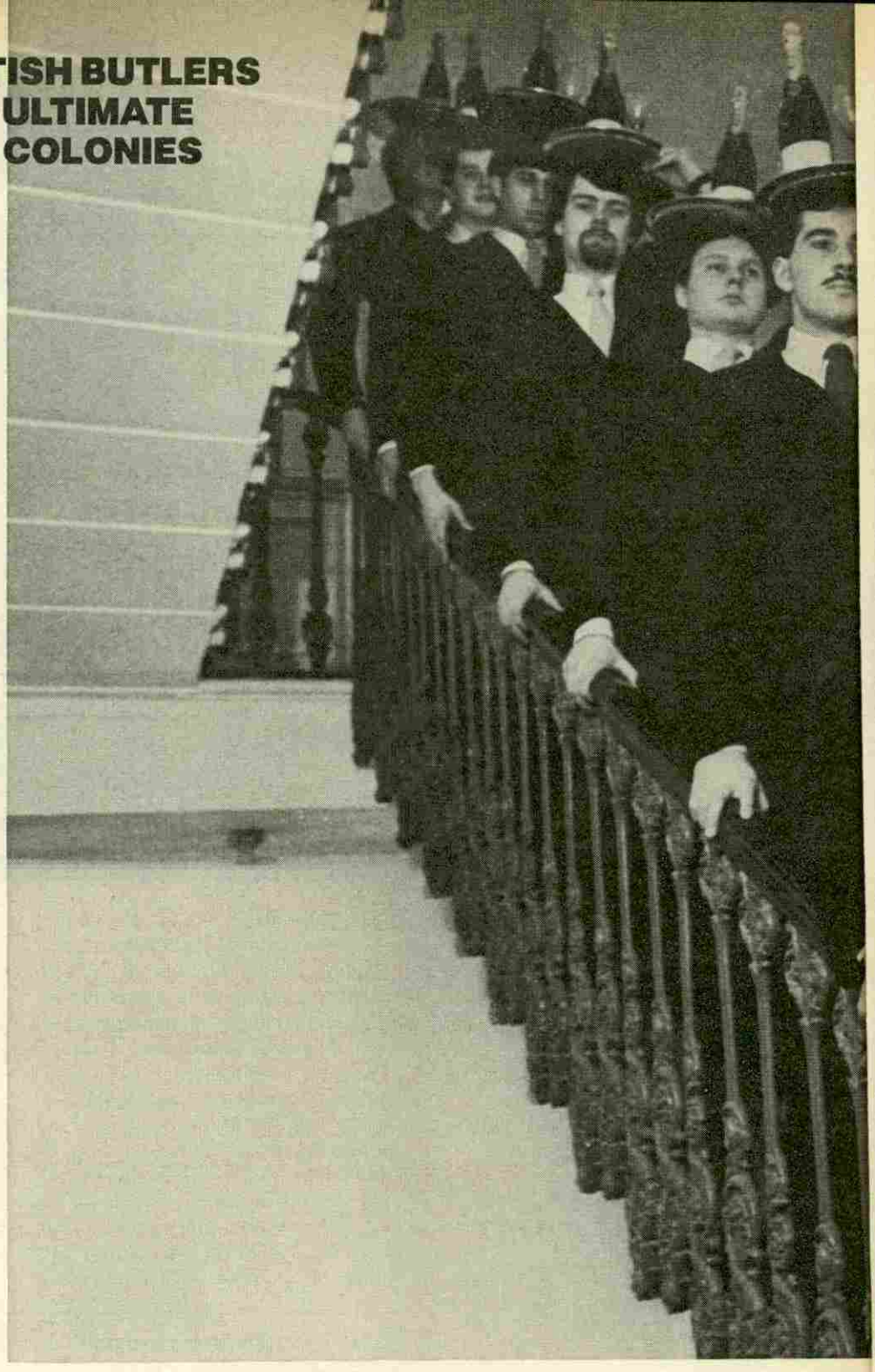
Although Kael's influence is greatest among young writers, her phone number also appears on many of Hollywood's leading Rolodexes. "If people phone me after their picture is out and want to discuss a review, I feel I have to," she says. "So often you become friends that way." Some of these friendships, like her sparring relationship with producer Ray Stark, survive her critical blasts. Stark sent her the script for *Annie* and she pointed out a faulty plot gimmick involving Annie's locket. "I don't think that interfered with anything," she says. "I mean, if that hole had remained unplugged, the movie wouldn't have been much worse. I was horrified by the script. But Ray Stark thought *Annie* was going to be the greatest thing ever. He doesn't even hear what you're telling him."

Kael's belittling review of *Reds* ruptured her friendship with Beatty.

Sometimes the moviemakers hear too well. Kael's reviews of Warren Beatty's *Reds,* Paul Schrader's *Hardcore* and Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories* ruptured her friendships with the directors. "Sometimes the people whose movies I've panned the hardest have been the ones I've been closest to," she says. "It did really hurt me to write about *Stardust Memories* because I like Woody a lot and we were really good friends for 10 years. That was very painful, but I hated the movie. I have so much pride about what I say that I just wouldn't fudge it."

Friends who knew Kael during her lean San Francisco years think success has softened her edges. "In the early days the abrasiveness was much more pervasive," says Berkeley writer Grover Sales. "There was more of an insecurity because she didn't have a forum." Having struggled so long, she now spends much of her time helping younger writers get published or produced. Kael is an enthusiast. She gets excited when she detects talent, and she wants to spread the news. Like Columbus, who set sail again for the New World when he was past 50, she has never lost the delight of discovery. She knows that if she keeps pushing on, something new will rise on the horizon to astound her. □

IVOR SPENCER'S BRITISH BUTLERS FALL IN LINE FOR THE ULTIMATE DREAM: A JOB IN THE COLONIES



Dear Mum and Dad,

Well here I am, school almost over and me only weeks away from becoming a full-fledged, graduated butler! There have been times, especially when our teacher, Mr. Ivor Spencer, was teaching us how to keep from looking at your employer's wife's cleavage in bed while serving her breakfast coffee, when I really wasn't sure this was for me. It's difficult to, as he puts it, "be there and not be there"—how can you act dignified but not there? But before you decide you've poured £1,725 [$2,550] down the drain, I hasten to add I've finally got the hang of it, and in the exercise where we ran into a male houseguest in milady's chamber I won out in aplomb over everybody. In fact, Mr. Spencer says I have a good shot at the ultimate butler's dream—a job in America! I don't expect I'll wind up serving Linda Ronstadt or an oil magnate in Palm Beach or a Louisiana divorcée or a New York millionaire, like four other chaps from this school, but he says it's *not* too much to hope for Houston!

And isn't it grand that Mr. Spencer will give any Yank who hires me four hours of instruction on the proper way to treat a butler? "That way," he assured us, "you don't get a pop star who doesn't know any better trying to impress his friends by ordering 14 courses for lunch." I'm afraid I didn't care for having to learn gun handling and kung fu, and I *shan't* enjoy taking a lie detector test, but Mr. Spencer says it is quite necessary for buttling in America these days.

After six months of Sundays here at the Ivor Spencer School for British Butlers, I have learned a tremendous lot from old Spencer—actually he's only 58. We have been to Möet et Chandon to learn about champagne, Dunhill's for cigars, the Savoy for cocktail instruction, Harrods for the fine produce, and the best hotels like the Dorchester, where Spencer was under-chef when he started out at 18. But sometimes I feel enough's enough. I now know his bloody rules by *heart!* Never munch garlic! Hold glassware by the stem! Clip your ear hairs! Never discuss politics or religion! Don't overdose with after-shave! Shake hands with guests only at their departure! Oh, and "Never associate sexually with people in the household"—that is another great principle of his (so relax, Mum!). Still, it doesn't do to grouse. "I train butlers to keep the old-world courtesy," Mr. Spencer says.

Now a word about the other lads in our class here. Did you know we 12 are fewer than 5 percent of the applicants, and he has grads working in Saudi Arabia, Italy, Germany, France and Buckingham Palace? Spencer's actually the son of a fruit wholesaler, and he's best known as a Toastmaster, the chap who introduces notables on great occasions and is a sort of emcee in livery (Mrs. Thatcher calls him "Ivor"). He got the school idea while he was organizing a party for a movie mogul in L.A. when he found Americans couldn't get proper permanent help, and his place is unique. This year's students go from 17 to 35 and are all sorts—private schoolers, married men, and one applicant actually was the sacked sales director of a multinational food compa-

At his school in South London, Spencer leads students in a drill designed to instill the proper bearing for buttling.

Photographs by Terence Spencer

ny. "I've had a driver, eaten in the finest restaurants and lived well on my expense account," he said. "This is the only way I could live in the same style." Mr. Spencer did *not* take *him*. "I teach my butlers to be very low-key," he likes to say.

Actually, I fear the life I've chosen will be very hard. I shall work 16 hours a day for $25,000 to $30,000 with a day and a half off, two weeks' vacation and precious little conversation indeed. "Butlers have no small talk for their employers," Spencer instructs us. "American employers are usually very friendly, and the butler must pull back. The American butler talks too much." We must pinch pennies dreadfully—"Millionaires hate waste," Spencer says. And the guests! We must make notes on every bloody one—do they want champagne for breakfast, do they have hay fever—and treat all royally. "If a shabby-looking guest comes in," Spencer says, "take his coat off as if it's a mink."

CONTINUED

Spencer shows perfect form as he helps host William Eborn welcome Queen Elizabeth to a charity banquet.

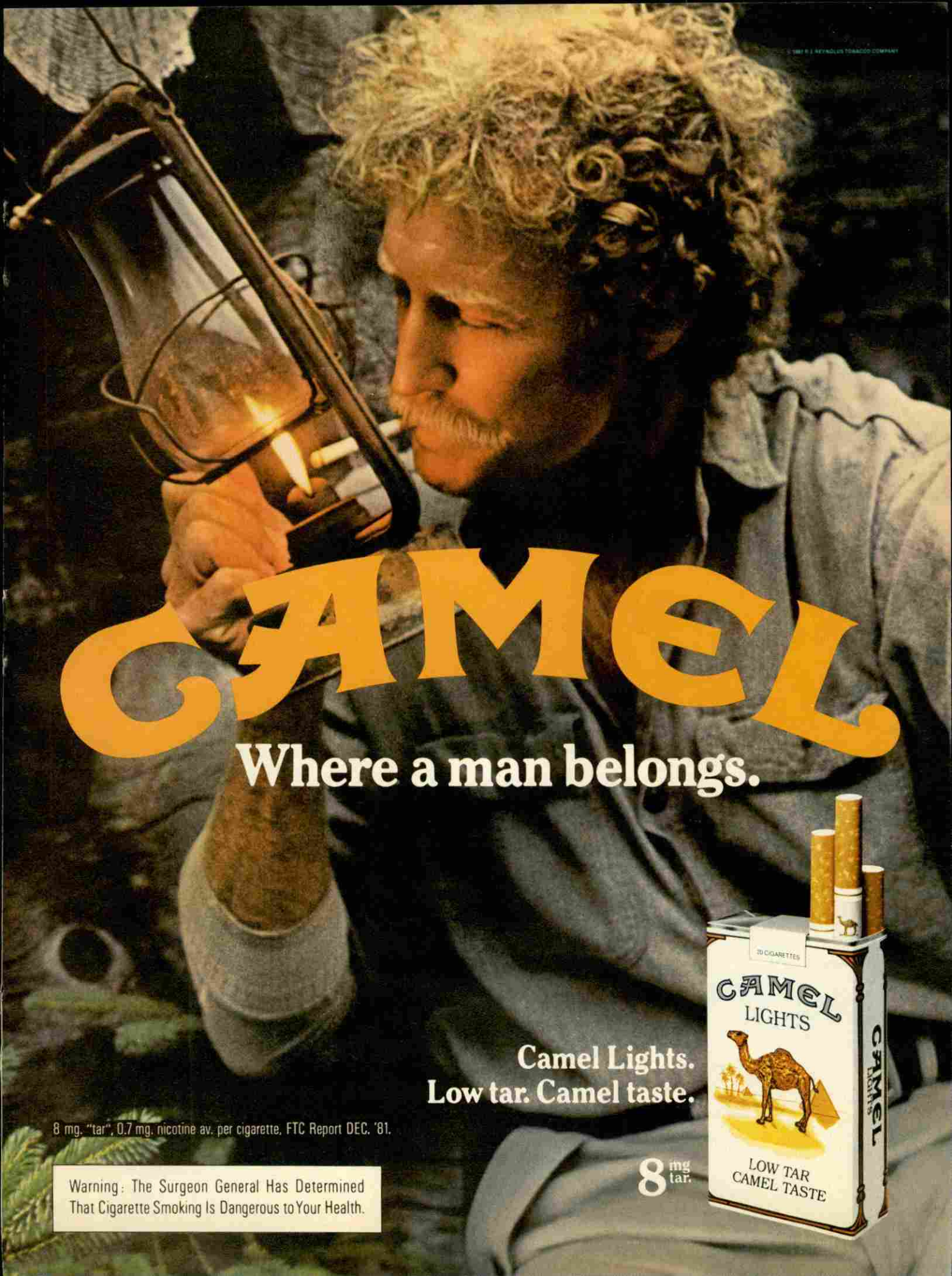
Teacher

Our day will start at 6, and at the appropriate hour we will knock on the master's door with tea or coffee, having ironed the better papers to get the creases out (you start at the top). Then we will draw open the draperies and ask if the coffee is wanted on a table or on the lap—that's where the cleavage-avoidance comes in. Then we inquire when bath and breakfast shall be and after that we cease talking. We present the master with two outfits, iron the shirt collars, and set out the socks uppers foremost so they are easier to don (for the madam, we deal with outerwear only—no nether garments). Later we pick up yesterday's clothes—Mr. Spencer says they may well be on the floor—for sponging and pressing. We shall of course attempt discreetly to improve the master's less fastidious habits. "American millionaires love junk food for lunch," Spencer told us. "Try and educate them in a nice way." That American oilman actually used to dine in his *oil field* garb, but since the butler came and they moved to Palm Beach, they now dress for dinner at least once a week.

Which just shows challenges still exist. They may be having a recession over there but, as Mr. Spencer put it so nicely, "The rich are still with us."

Your obedient future servant,
Hobson

Written by RICHARD LEMON, reported by JERENE JONES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Cheryl Tiegs

You're in for a change at Sears

PHILIP ROSENTHAL'S ECCENTRIC POLICIES—AND PROFITS—MAKE HIM GERMANY'S EMPEROR OF CHINA

IN THE **Money**

At 20,000 feet in the Himalayas in 1964, Rosenthal raised his banner bearing the Rosenthal crest. At home in the entry hall of Erkersreuth Castle, the decor is floor-to-ceiling dinner plates.

Philip Rosenthal's home is his castle—specifically, the elegantly appointed 18th-century Erkersreuth Castle near his celebrated ceramics factories in the West German town of Selb. But when the 66-year-old porcelain tycoon and former member of the Bundestag (parliament) hits the road to stump for the Social Democratic Party, he travels in a VW minibus with a red rowing scull perched on the roof. While in Bonn, he is content to hole up in Spartan student digs, eating his meals straight out of the can. "Eccentric?" he sniffs. "Many people mistake conformity for normality. I am a nonconformist, but I am perfectly normal."

If so, Rosenthal is certainly a paradox. As a highly successful industrialist, he heads an enterprise founded in 1879 by his father, Philipp. Today the Rosenthal trademark is to china and glassware what Mercedes-Benz is to cars. Philip promoted the snooty Studio-Linie (including *objets* by such as Salvador Dali and Henry Moore), which every jet-setter worth his Guccis absolutely, but *absolutely,* had to have. Five-piece place settings range in price from $39 for a simple white pattern to $890 for Rosenthal's most ornate design.

Yet, as unlikely as it sounds, his

CONTINUED

RALPH CRANE

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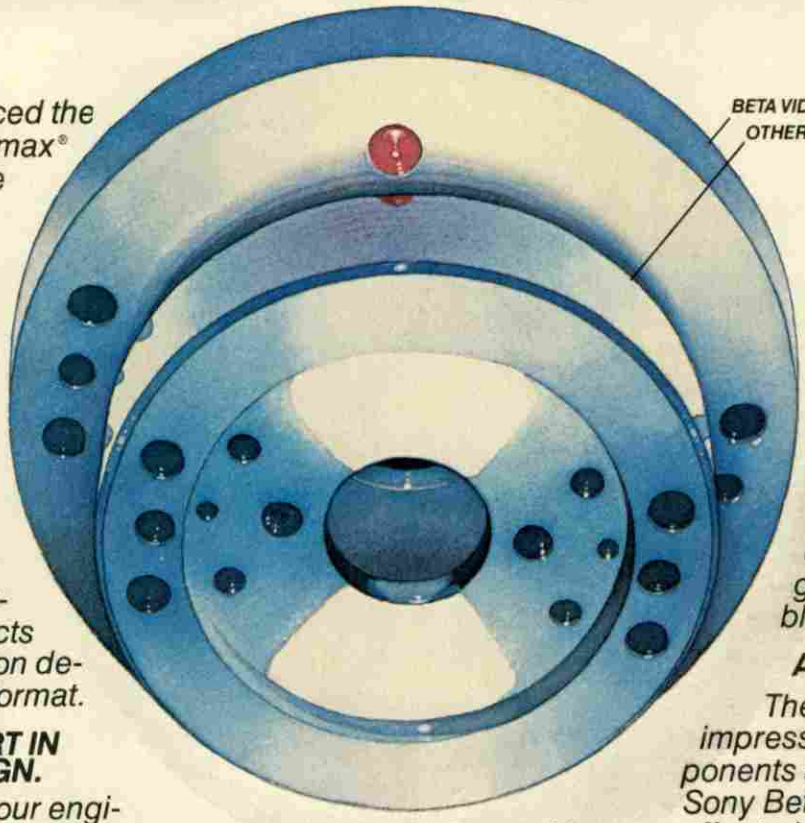

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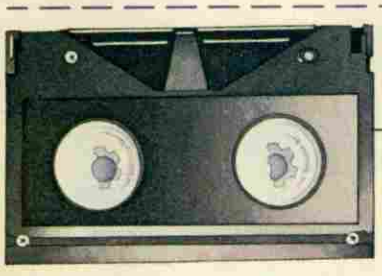

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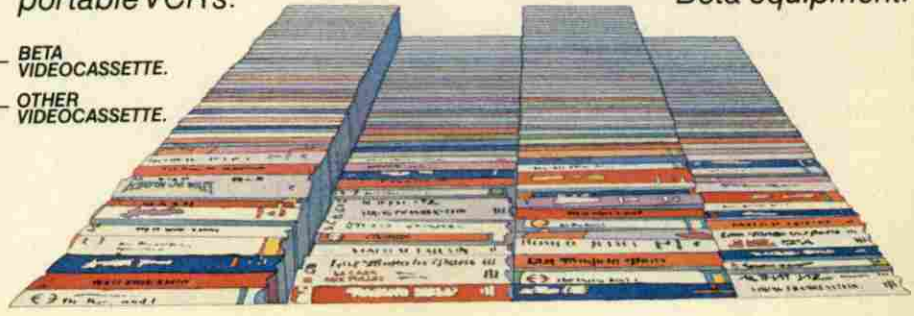

management philosophy is a curious blend of Adam Smith and Karl Marx. Some years ago Rosenthal decreed that no one, himself included, may own more than 5 percent of the stock (he now has only 2.7 percent). It was also his idea to distribute 11 percent of the company's shares among a majority of the 7,500 employees, thereby involving them in ownership decisions.

His colleagues in the Social Democratic Party call him "Red Brother," but Rosenthal protests that he is just a pragmatist. "Capitalism and socialism are antiquated concepts," he says. "I only know that a democracy is stable because many people participate in it, and a dictatorship—whether left or right—is not because people don't participate."

Collective involvement has paid off handsomely for his company. Last year, while much of West German industry suffered through a deeply worrying recession, the Rosenthal company upped its sales 3 percent and raised its annual gross sales to $313 million.

For Rosenthal, contrasts are the very spice of life—a notion he ponders mischievously as he lights up a cheap cigar. "I smoke this trash, you see, so that I can really appreciate a good cigar when I smoke one." Early on, as a liberal arts student at Oxford, where he captained the Exeter College crew, Philip learned to prize teamwork. But later, as a member of the French Foreign Legion, he also came to despise regimentation.

Rosenthal had joined the Legion in 1939, hoping to fight the Nazis who had dispossessed his family in the wave of anti-Semitism that swept Germany in the 1930s. But the fall of France left him in an army that no longer fought Hitler, yet still imposed brutal discipline on its own ranks. "It took me two years and four tries to escape," he recalls, "and make my way to England." Arriving in 1942, he assumed the name Ros-

The current Rosenthal line includes, from left, Murphy, the family Labrador, and Julie, Toby, Turpin, Shealagh and their parents. A daughter by his first marriage, Francesca, is married and lives in the U.S.

sitter and joined the British Foreign Office writing anti-Nazi propaganda broadcasts.

In 1947 Rosenthal went home to Selb and the former family business. He sued the firm's new bosses, winning 11 percent of the stock, a seat on the board and a job as advertising manager. By 1958 Philip had become president and the guiding light in assembling a stable of top artists to reburnish the Rosenthal mark of quality. Design is the one aspect of the business he will not relinquish. "Instead," he explains, "we rely on an international jury of experts to help us reach the right combination of aesthetics and the practical."

Rosenthal's tastes are unique, but happily not as outlandish professionally as personally. His bedroom at the castle, for example, consists of a mattress set on sand-colored carpeting, with tentlike drapes covering the walls and ceiling. "Lavinia, my wife, calls me a bedouin," he says with a laugh. She is the fourth Frau Rosenthal—"My only church wedding," he notes. "Perhaps the ceremony was important, because our marriage has lasted 25 years."

For all of his unpredictability, there is one constant in his life: daily exercise. "I either run or row or swim," he says. Rosenthal has climbed mountains around the globe, and with members of his family has conducted a kind of segmented circle tour of Europe for the past 20 years; they always start a new segment of their hike or row at exactly the point where they last left off. Of living to the fullest, Rosenthal muses: "The most beautiful thing in life is temptation. One can resist it and feel like a hero. Or he can give in to it and enjoy himself. The wise man," he adds with a wink, "does both."

MIRA AVRECH

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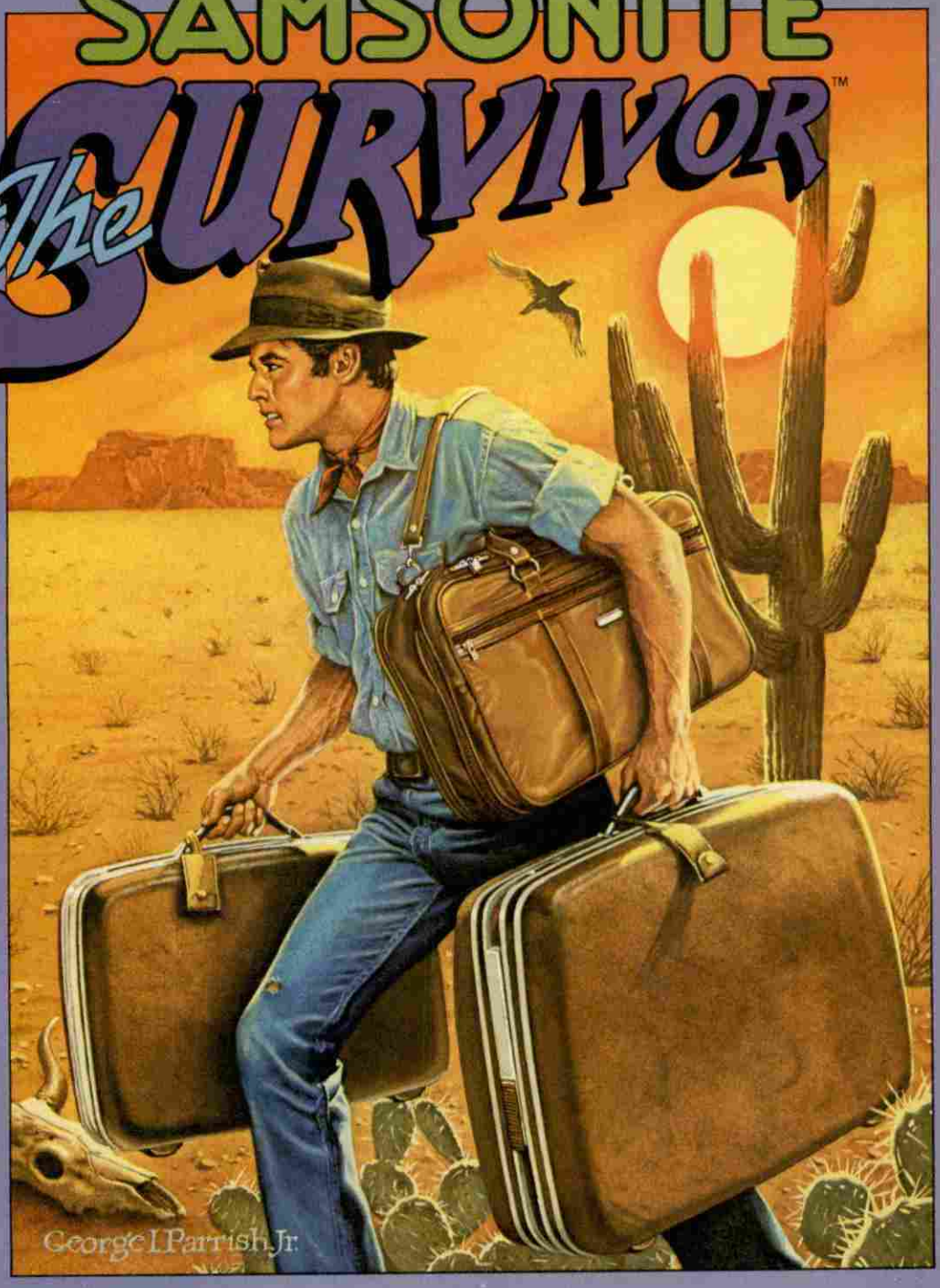

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A GRAND ILLUSIONIST, DAVID COPPERFIELD SHOWS THE ROPES TO DISABLED BUDDING MAGICIANS

Medics

David Copperfield, 26, the master illusionist, can bewitch audiences by levitating bosomy brunettes. Now he has a less lightweight but more significant scheme up his sleeve: a program to help rehabilitate the disabled. He calls it *Project Magic*.

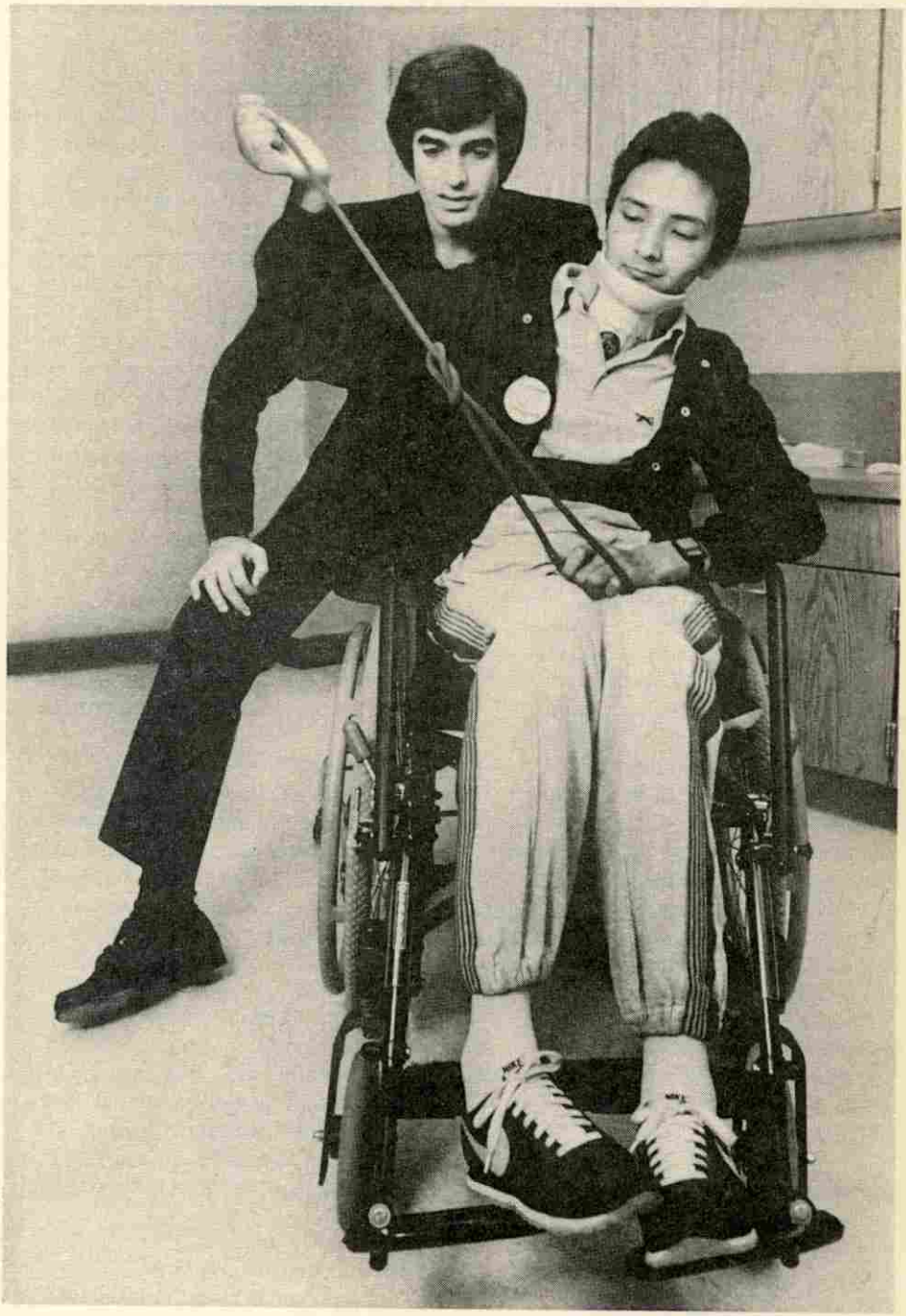
The plan, to teach simple sleight-of-hand tricks to people with damaged motor and cognitive skills, took shape in 1981, when Copperfield realized that a magician with whom he had been corresponding was handicapped. "He had never referred to the fact that he was in a wheelchair," David recalls. "I began thinking about the role magic might play in the lives of the disabled."

Collaborating with occupational therapist Julie Dunlap, of the Daniel Freeman Memorial Hospital in Inglewood, Calif., Copperfield conjured up a series of simple illusions—how to suspend a knife in midair, tie a knot that disappears or make a pencil turn by itself. Gradually, Dunlap began instructing her patients in the course of routine therapy. "The magic helps them wake up, move around, and get excited about something," she explains. "And when families see a patient's joy, it buoys them as well."

Copperfield estimates that magicians are working with therapists in rehab centers in 30 states and four countries. He promotes Project Magic through lectures and monthly columns in major magic magazines and is publishing a series of magic-trick books that will be distributed to therapists. "The beauty of the magic is that it gives disabled people skills that the able-bodied don't have," says David. "This enhances their self-esteem."

The New Jersey-born illusionist lives in Los Angeles with his former assistant, dancer Sarah Miles, 24. He headlines in Las Vegas, pitches instant cameras for Kodak, and this month starred in his fifth CBS special.

While Copperfield's tricks comprise only a fraction of the routine hospital therapy for the disabled, sometimes the results can be, well, magical. An auto accident left aspiring actress-model Carol Smeltzer, 21, partly paralyzed and slightly brain-damaged. But after 13 frustrating months, she mastered the "dissolving knot" trick and was invited to demonstrate it with Copperfield on a local TV show. Now she is polishing her repertoire and plans to join an acting program for the disabled. "It took a magician to bring back Carol's sense of self-worth," says sister Becky, "and she found him in David Copperfield." DORIS KLEIN BACON



TONY KORODY/SYGMA

Crippled in a surfing accident, Rafael Zamarripa, 16, perfects his coordination as he attempts Copperfield's "dissolving knot" trick.

WILLIAM TROGDON TAKES TO AMERICA'S BACK ROADS AND RETURNS A NEW MAN—WILLIAM LEAST HEAT MOON

IN HIS OWN Words

On March 20, 1978 a part-Osage named William Trogdon (a/k/a William Least Heat Moon) stuffed $450 in his wallet, fitted his Econoline van with sleeping bag, cook stove and copies of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass *and John Neihardt's* Black Elk Speaks, *and began a rambling, 14,000-mile journey through the United States. Heading east from his home in Columbia, Mo., he took back roads (which are represented by blue lines on highway maps) and sought out towns with curious names. By the end of his trip he had visited Othello, N.J.; Subtle, Neon and Mouthcard, Ky.; Scratch Ankle, Ala., and Dime Box, Texas. He consorted with Hopi Indians in New Mexico, Trappist monks in Georgia, whores in Nevada, commercial fishermen in Maine and a host of other less exotic but equally unforgettable Americans. The resulting artifact,* Blue Highways *(Atlantic-Little, Brown, $17.50), is the season's most surprising best-seller, celebrated by critics as, among other things, "the most life-affirming American travel memoir" since John Steinbeck took to the road with his dog, Charley. Heat Moon, now 43, explored the heartland externally and internally, and he discussed both journeys with* PEOPLE's *William Plummer.*

What was the inspiration for the trip?

It wasn't inspiration but failure, emptiness, desire for renewal. I was running away.

You didn't set out to write a book?

Emotionally and occupationally I was a wreck. I'd been let go from my job teaching English at Stephens College [in Columbia, Mo.], and my marriage of 10 years was ending. I'd met Lezlie, my wife, when she was 18. She'd been my student and I was reluctant, unconsciously, to let her become a person with ideas of her own. I started with the notion of taking a trip, and when I travel I usually keep a log.

Did you have any idea the people you met would be so open and hospitable?

One of the keys for me was to talk to people with the hope they might say something that would be a tonic for my misery, my lack of insight. To be invited into homes so frequently was a surprise, almost a shock. I started taking extensive notes for the book about the time I met Thurmond and Ginny Watts of Nameless, Tenn. They ran a dim little country store lighted by three 50-watt bulbs. It touched me that someone would let me in because I had one question that they wanted to answer: How did their town get its name? Once they started telling me, all the barriers went down. By the end of my visit, Thurmond even showed me his fruit cellar, which for him was like showing me his bank account.

You seemed to achieve instant intimacy everywhere you went.

Everywhere but the Central North: North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin.

Why was that?

I think it's the heavy Nordic influence. I found the same thing in Sweden and Denmark, where people are polite but extremely reserved. One of the things that makes it so easy to talk to people in the South is that they love language for its own sake. Readers ask me, "How did you get those conversations?" Phrases like "hanging on the drop edge of yonder." Or Noel Jones in Franklinville, N.C. seeing me going off into the woods at dusk and saying, "Better wait until dawn. You'll be wiping shadows all the way." In the South they treat language almost as if it's music.

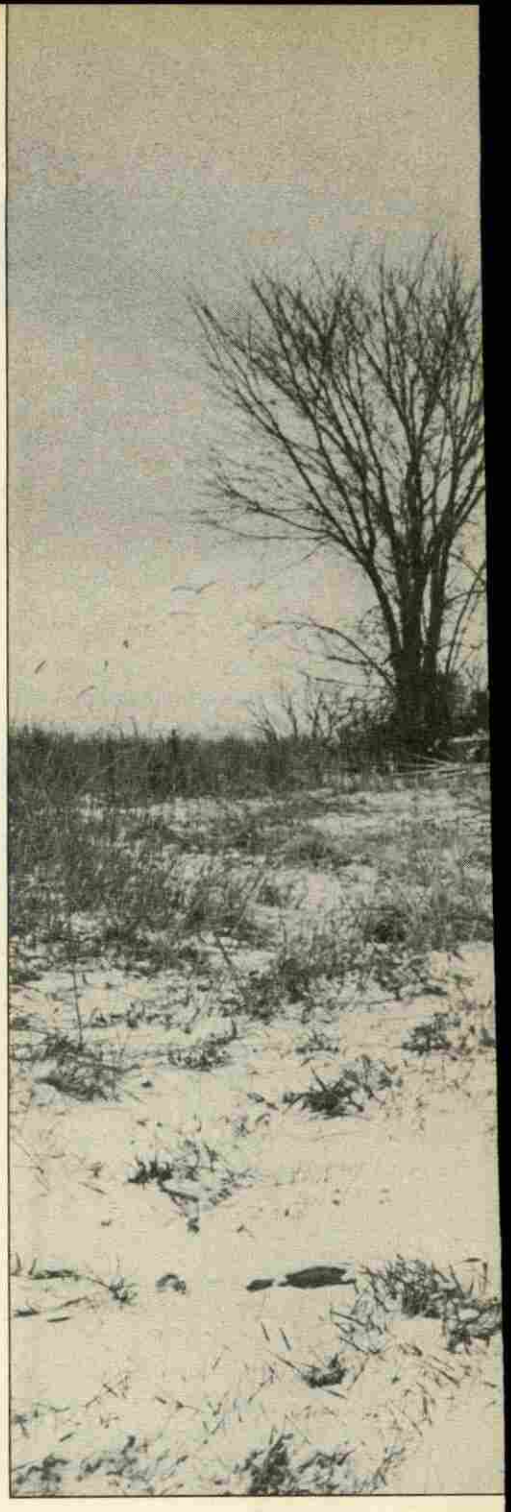
What else impressed you?

I suppose what I felt the most was the dignity of the people in the obscure towns along the blue highways. They are a voiceless part of the country. They know they're considered hicks by urban Americans. But I heard again and again that they would never move to the city.

Many of them seemed to be rooted to places where roots can barely hold.

God, yes. Take Virginia Been in Hachita, N.Mex. Now, if you want to see a grim place to live, it's Hachita. It's dusty. It's hot. It's desert. The best thing the economy's got going is a copper smelter, which spends most of its time polluting the air. Hachita has a population of 90 hardy souls. But Virginia Been smiled at the people who lived in cities, hating their work and hating their lives. She ran a bar 14 hours a day and was content.

She reminds me of the woman in Frenchman, Nev. who told you, "Everything



Photographs by Michael Mauney

"I talked to people hoping they'd say something that would be a tonic for my misery," says Heat Moon (in a field near home).

here is important because there isn't much of it—except weather and dust. Once you see that, you're not lonely."

I had an academic write me from Madison, Wis. She said, "Isn't that a little too 'existential' for somebody in Nevada?" You know, that kind of comment irritates me, the idea that only the educated can think philosophically. I think if that pompous professor went to Frenchman and saw that dry lake bed, it would become apparent to her why the people there are what she calls "existentialists."

What struck me was how many elderly people along the blue highways not only still had dreams, but were still acting upon them.

Now, take the Hammonds. They sold a beautiful home on a lake to move to Brooklyn Bridge, Ky.—a mudbank in Appalachia—just so they could pursue their idea of building a 77,000-pound boat in their backyard. Or take Porfirio Sanchez, who starts out from Corpus Christi with just 35 cents in his pocket and his clothes in a grocery sack. At age 68 and limping severely from an old Army injury, he's hitchhiking across some of the most forbidding parts of the Texas wastes to see his brother—500 miles to Big Spring. He not only isn't afraid of evil in people, he expects good behavior in them.

Your book is peopled with risk takers.

I think that's because Americans are descendants of risk takers, "the ones who didn't want to stay." After all, red

CONTINUED

Heat Moon rates rustic eateries by the number of calendars on the walls. Beatle's Bar in Glasgow, Mo., a superb spot, has six.

Words

or white, everyone originally came from the Eastern Hemisphere. But I hasten to point out that there are a number of lost souls in the book, too. I felt many Indians and blacks were lost. Even if they aggressively denied it, like James Walker in Selma.

He is the one who said, "I think I can be President of the United States." Wasn't he being ironic?

No, he believed it. My first reaction was, that's wonderful he believes that! My second reaction was sadness that he was so removed from reality. But then I thought: Thank God he does believe it! Some black somewhere along the way is going to believe it, and he *is* going to be President.

The trip seems to have been a kind of conversion experience for you.

I like that word, "conversion." You see, I was one of those lost souls. I think there is a belief among Americans that you can solve a problem just by taking off down the highway with the possibility of having an encounter that changes you forever. Renews you.

How long did it take you to put down on paper all your experiences?

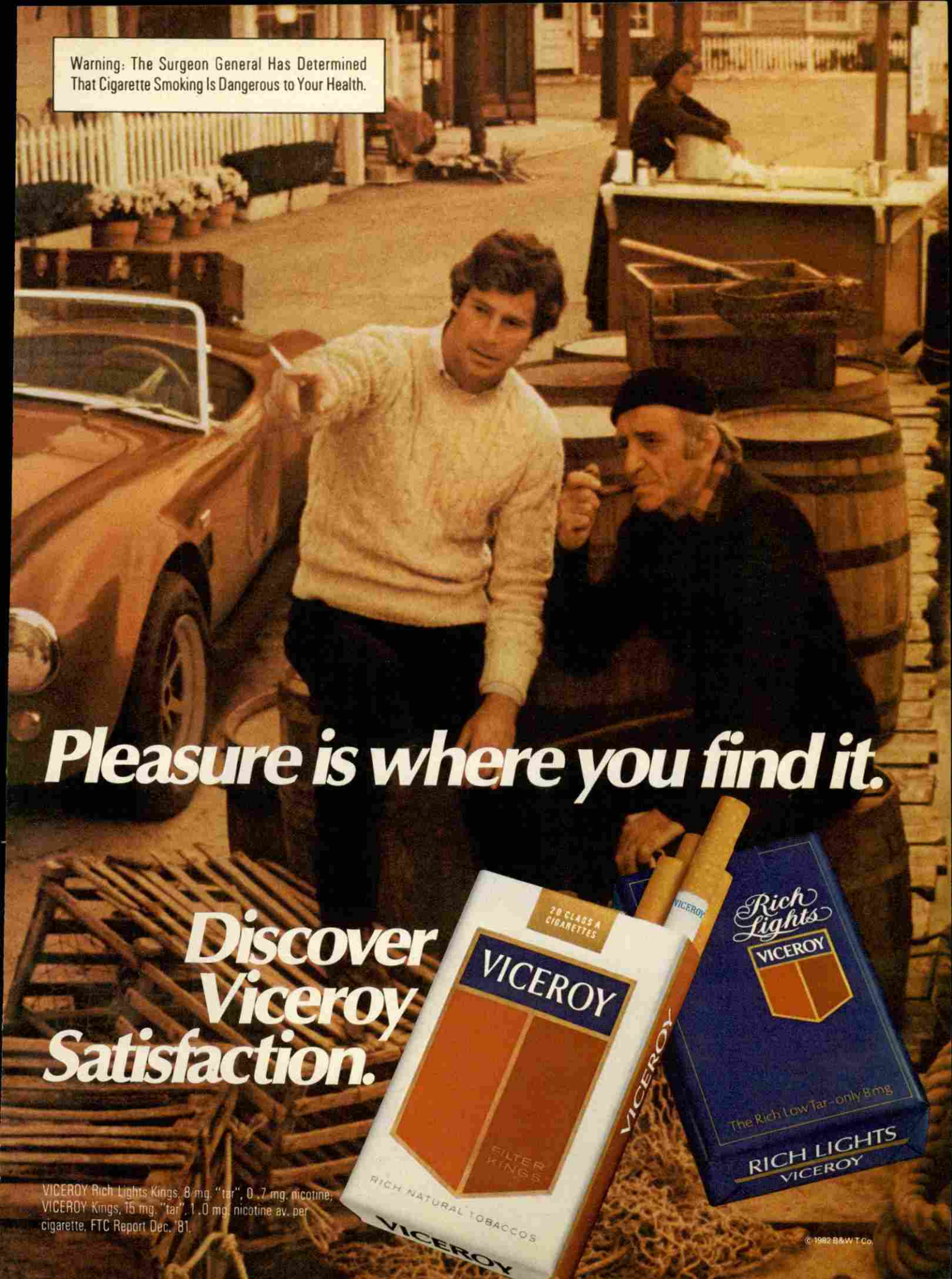
Blue Highways went through eight drafts over a period of three years. Then one winter night in 1981 I was working on the loading dock of the *Columbia Tribune* and had a sort of revelation. Eight publishers had rejected a 25-page sampler, but Pantheon had just said no to the whole manuscript. That's when I figured it would not be published in my lifetime, but would be found someday in an attic. It was strange out there in the cold—suddenly it popped into my head that what was wrong with the book was that I was trying to write it purely from an Anglo point of view. The book already had all the Indian information, the history, the anger in places. But the narrator was looking from just one side and sounded hollow to me. I was not drawing on the Indian heritage my father, Heat Moon, had taught me. The next morning I couldn't wait to get started rewriting. The title page no longer said "by William Trogdon." It said "by William Least Heat Moon." I excised about 100 pages about Bill Trogdon's failed marriage and his dissatisfaction with life as an academic. And I added a new chapter explaining that the author was part Osage, a man who stood in two worlds. Years ago I had taken the name Least Heat Moon because my father was Heat Moon and my older brother was Little Heat Moon.

Why hadn't you used Least Heat Moon in the first place?

Because my family had never used the name publicly. I remember how nervous I was when I told Father I was going to do it. It was at a time when everyone who knew me had come to regard the book as a failure, and nobody ever brought it up for fear of embarrassing me. Anyway, when I told Father, he was quiet for a moment. Then he said, "I think it's a great idea." I was hoping he would approve because his rule always was: When you're doing business, paying taxes, doing Anglo things, use the name Trogdon. But when you're doing things akin to the spiritual, then use Heat Moon.

Is* Blue Highways *akin to the spiritual?

I hope so. □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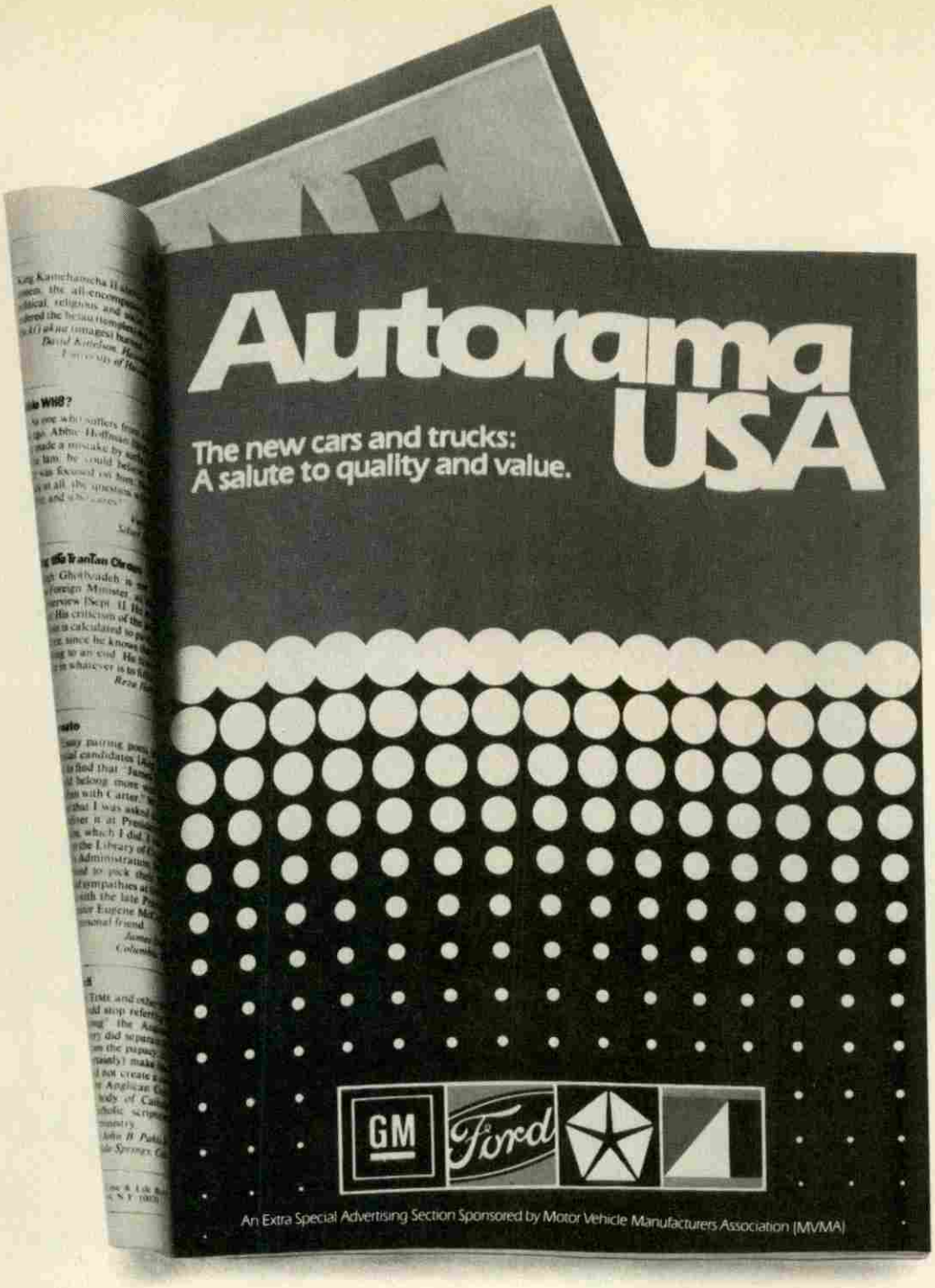

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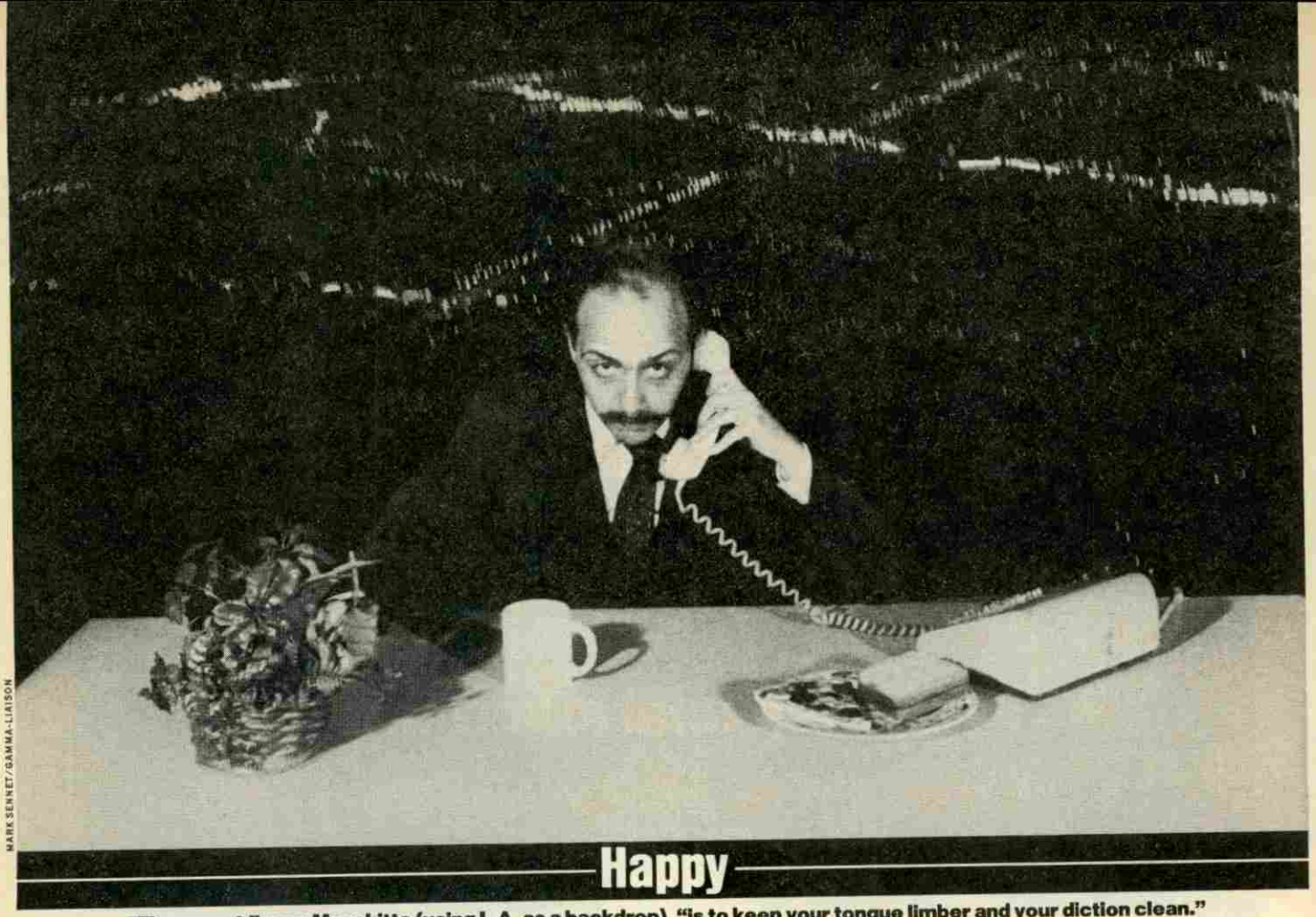

MARK SENNET/GAMMA-LIAISON

Happy

"The secret," says Moschitta (using L.A. as a backdrop), "is to keep your tongue limber and your diction clean."

WHEN IT ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY HAS TO BE FAST AND FURIOUS, CALL MOTOR MOUTH JOHN MOSCHITTA

Peter Piper, with his peck of pickled peppers, has nothing on Pittsburgh-Peter's pal. You know, "Peter-you-did-a-bang-up-job-I'm-putting-you-in-charge-of-Pittsburgh-I-know-it's-perfect-that's-why-I-picked-Pittsburgh-Pittsburgh's-perfect-Peter-may-I-call-you-Pete?" Inhale.

The man with the lightning delivery on the Federal Express commercial is John Moschitta Jr., the fastest talker in the world, or so he says—and he says it so fast he's hard to argue with. Moschitta has been clocked at 530 words per minute, roughly three times faster than average, faster even than a speeding slicer-dicer commercial.

Moschitta is scheduled to put his motor mouth to good use this week when he appears on the Oscars as star of the evening's traditional low point, reciting Academy Award rules. He will dispose of the whole thing—the voting, the tabulating, the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse, all that boring stuff—in a dizzying 15 seconds. It usually takes two to five minutes. He's been practicing his spiel for the past six weeks, starting off every morning with a warm-up exercise in the shower: "Mama's a mean mama, daddy's a dear daddy, baby's a bad baby," 20 times, fast.

Moschitta, 28, discovered his loose tongue when he was 12, growing up on Long Island. He wanted to set a world's record as part of a local cerebral palsy benefit. "Most of the records," he recalls, "were for things like riding roller coasters, sitting on top of flagpoles for weeks or eating cars. At that point the Guinness record for world's fastest talker was 500 words a minute. I figured I could teach myself that." And he did, driving his family—father John (sanitation chief for Hempstead, N.Y.), mother Carol and five sisters—nuts in the process. "I was a terror of a brother," he admits.

His mouth hasn't made Guinness yet—"I'm waiting for them to catch up with me," Moschitta says—but it did eventually land him a career. After acting off Broadway, doing production for Qube cable TV in Ohio and a stint as Dom DeLuise's secretary and cook, Moschitta got his break: a 1980 spot on *That's Incredible* that caught the eye of Federal Express' ad agency. Before you could say "higher tax bracket," he was cast as Mr. Spleen, the executive in overdrive.

Moschitta's dynamo delivery won him a 1982 Clio award (the Oscar of advertising), earnings of nearly $150,000 a year, spots on *Madame's Place, Matt Houston* and the upcoming *Zorro & Son* (as Corporal Cassette, a human tape recorder), and enough potential business to keep the phone in his small Santa Monica home ringing every 10 minutes. No sweat. He can handle plenty of phone calls; in fact, he could've read you this story in 54 seconds.

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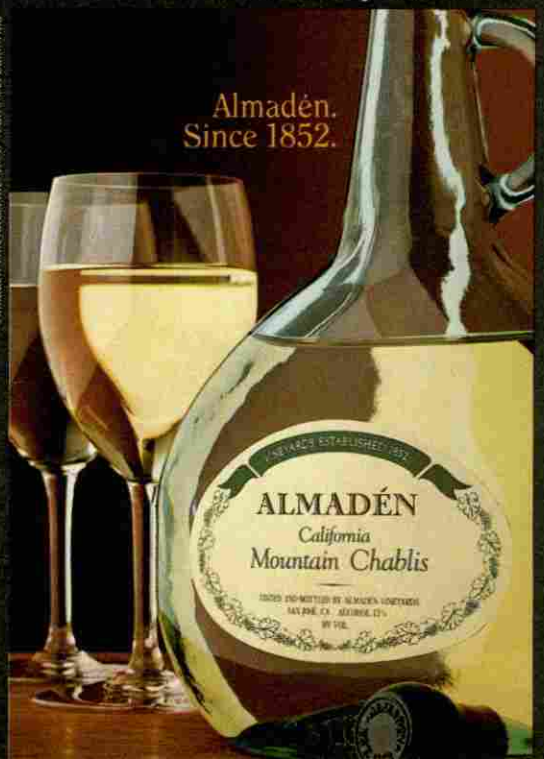
We make your wine.



PUZZLE

By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off by circling ROSS, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers in next week's issue.

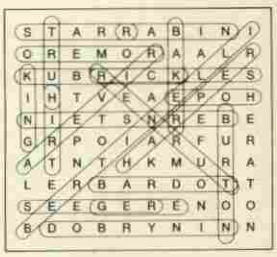
Clues

1. Silky and electric
2. Perpetual Paraguay power
3. A *Tootsie* and *Stinger*
4. Arms-length negotiator
5. Peter & Paul's pal
6. Fissionable ex-admiral
7. Quizzical TV interviewer
8. A full Redskin
9. OPEC operator
10. Save nim a *Table for Five*
11. He made *Sophie's Choice*
12. Model in the swim
13. *Mistral's Daughter* is hers too
14. Curvaceous supply-sider
15. Bonjour, painted lady
16. High-powered pianist
17. Epic maker, North and South
18. He directed the F*I*L*M
19. Avenging Lady
20. Glen's gone gal

R	R	A	G	S	T	Y	R	O	N
N	E	I	T	S	N	I	E	F	I
I	F	N	C	V	O	I	G	H	T
L	F	A	S	K	R	A	N	T	Z
V	A	M	R	S	O	K	E	H	E
I	L	A	S	R	E	V	A	R	T
R	T	Y	P	E	A	O	E	P	R
S	M	T	U	C	K	E	R	R	O
N	A	G	A	S	W	A	T	T	S
S	N	I	G	G	I	R	J	I	S

Answers to April 11 Puzzle

1. Richard **Gere** 2. George **Romero** 3. Valerie **Bertinelli** 4. Carl **Bernstein** 5. Brigitte **Bardot** 6. Anatoly **Dobrynin** 7. Howard **Baker** 8. Mary Beth **Hurt** 9. Bob **Hope** 10. Don **Rickles** 11. Jessica **Harper** 12. Stanley **Kubrick** 13. Geraldo **Rivera** 14. Ted **Turner** 15. Al **Hirt** 16. Yitzhak **Rabin** 17. Ringo **Starr** 18. Larry **King** 19. Pete **Seeger** 20. Richard **Burton**



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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

FATHER JAKE'S RITZY PATRONS LOVE HIS CAFÉ, BUT THE ARCHBISHOP WANTS HIM TO SERVE HIS LAST SUPPER

by Daniel Chu

Nothing about the small restaurant in Manhattan's bustling theater district suggests that it is a center of spiritual controversy. A striped canopy of pale yellow and gray identifies it as Palatine 313; inside, the atmosphere is all tasteful restraint—bare floors, brick walls, blue and white tablecloths and the obligatory bar. But the majordomo here is unlike any of the other impresarios along Restaurant Row. Instead of a dinner jacket, he wears a Roman collar. He is the Rev. Peter Jacobs, 57, a Roman Catholic priest.

For "Father Jake," who has promised to give every cent of future profits from his novel venture to the needy, the Palatine has been a joy since it opened last Christmas season. Lately, however, it has also been a source of growing anguish. His archbishop, far from applauding Jacobs' enterprise, has suspended him from his priestly duties. He cannot say Mass, preach, hear confessions or officiate at weddings until he makes his peace with church authorities. Father Jake vows to "stick with my project," but he clearly faces a personal crisis that has brought his faith into conflict with his unorthodox form of charity.

The Palatine, which takes its name from one of the hills of Rome and its number from the address on West 46th Street, is as chic as any midtown bistro, with a menu that includes rabbit in aspic for an appetizer ($4), entrecôte of beef with shallot butter ($14.95), and crème Grand Marnier for dessert ($3). The lunch and dinner clientele at the restaurant shines: Gloria Steinem, Walter Cronkite and Nela Rubinstein, widow of the great pianist, are all regulars. Last March 14 Monaco's Prince Albert observed his 25th birthday at Father Jacobs' place.

For all that, café society is hardly the Palatine's *raison d'être.* Father Jacobs' thoughts never stray far from 1,200 kids at two Catholic schools, Power Memorial Academy just above

CONTINUED

"I don't think I'm a saint: I'm a human priest," says Father Jacobs. His spotted pal, Sam, thinks that's just fine.

Photographs by Susan Wood

At religion class, the chaplain drops in to encourage Rice sophomores Rafael Figueroa (left) and Alpheus Collins.

Controversy

Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen area and Rice High in Harlem, where he is assigned as chaplain. Cash-strapped, both schools seem to operate mainly on the selfless dedication of the Congregation of Christian Brothers. Even so, tuition fees per student have climbed to approximately $1,000 yearly, a crushing burden for many, if not most, minority families—and that's where the Palatine comes in. As Father Jacobs figures it, the restaurant could someday generate more scholarship money for Rice and Power Memorial than bingo ever will. And that's not all. "When kids come to me at school, the main thing they want is not counsel or confession but jobs," he says. "A restaurant can put kids to work. I train one youngster as a kitchen helper, and he can then go on to work at any other restaurant, making room for another kid here. Not long ago I gave one boy a job and he cried, not profusely, but a couple of tears, and, wow, I was really moved."

Whether they are teenagers or jet-setters, people in trouble turn to Father Jake because they know he always responds immediately. "He's so generous with his time," says Brother Lawrence Killelea, principal at Rice. "He makes himself available day and night." To do that, Father Jake maintains five telephones and an answering service with a beeper. "I can prevent people from hurting themselves and others," he says, and *Ms.* magazine publisher Patricia Carbine knows he

CONTINUED

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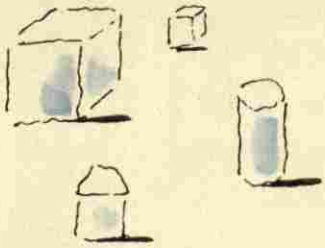
Feelin' dry and secure.

PERRIER REMEMBERS THE ICE AGE.



You didn't send out for ice in those days. There was plenty around. In any case, that remarkable spring we now call Perrier,® rose from deep in the earth, not only sparkling and clear, but very well chilled.

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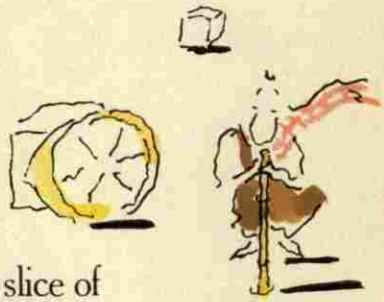

On the other hand, some people enjoy a slice of lime or lemon in their Perrier. That's okay. The earth creates them, too.

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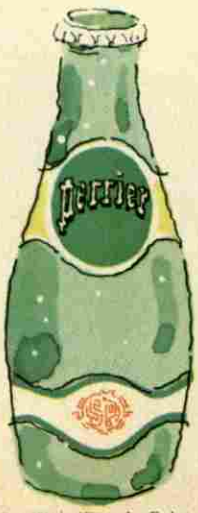


does not exaggerate. She tells of attending a dinner party when Father Jake's beeper went off. He quietly excused himself, and when he returned about an hour later, Carbine recalls, "he apologized for his rudeness, explaining that it couldn't have been avoided. He opened his hand to show six bullets. The call had come from someone who was going to shoot himself. I have a feeling there's more of that in his life than any of us can ever imagine."

In addition to youngsters, Father Jake confesses a special soft spot for firemen (he habitually wears a firehouse sweat shirt under his jacket) and authors (he has put in a three-line cameo appearance in a Pete Hamill mystery novel). In fact, he travels with startling ease among the high or the humble, all of whom pass him along from friend to friend as if in relay. He has been close for years to Monaco's royal family, and Princess Grace often phoned when she visited New York. According to Father Jacobs, "Sometimes we'd go to a little Italian restaurant off the Bowery. She loved that. It was nice and quiet." When Grace died last September, Father Jacobs was asked by the family to say a private Mass at the Monaco palace chapel.

He is aware that some have called him a "facile name-dropper," a collar-wearing bon vivant. "I'm not a pushy priest," he protests. "I don't search out ritzy friends." Instead, says Gloria Steinem, "He is able to make a compassionate connection to people of all kinds. He has entered so many worlds that, over the years, I've ceased to be amazed to find him anywhere."

Jacobs' beginnings, in the paper mill city of Berlin, N.H., were modest. His father, a mill worker turned bookseller, was Jewish, his mother French-Irish. Though baptized a Catholic, he says, "I never saw anyone in my family practice religion." It was aboard ship as a young seaman in World War II that he read a biography of Saint Francis of Assisi. "I started going to Mass and thinking about the priesthood," he explains. Through the GI Bill, Jacobs entered the seminary in St. Bonaventure, N.Y.

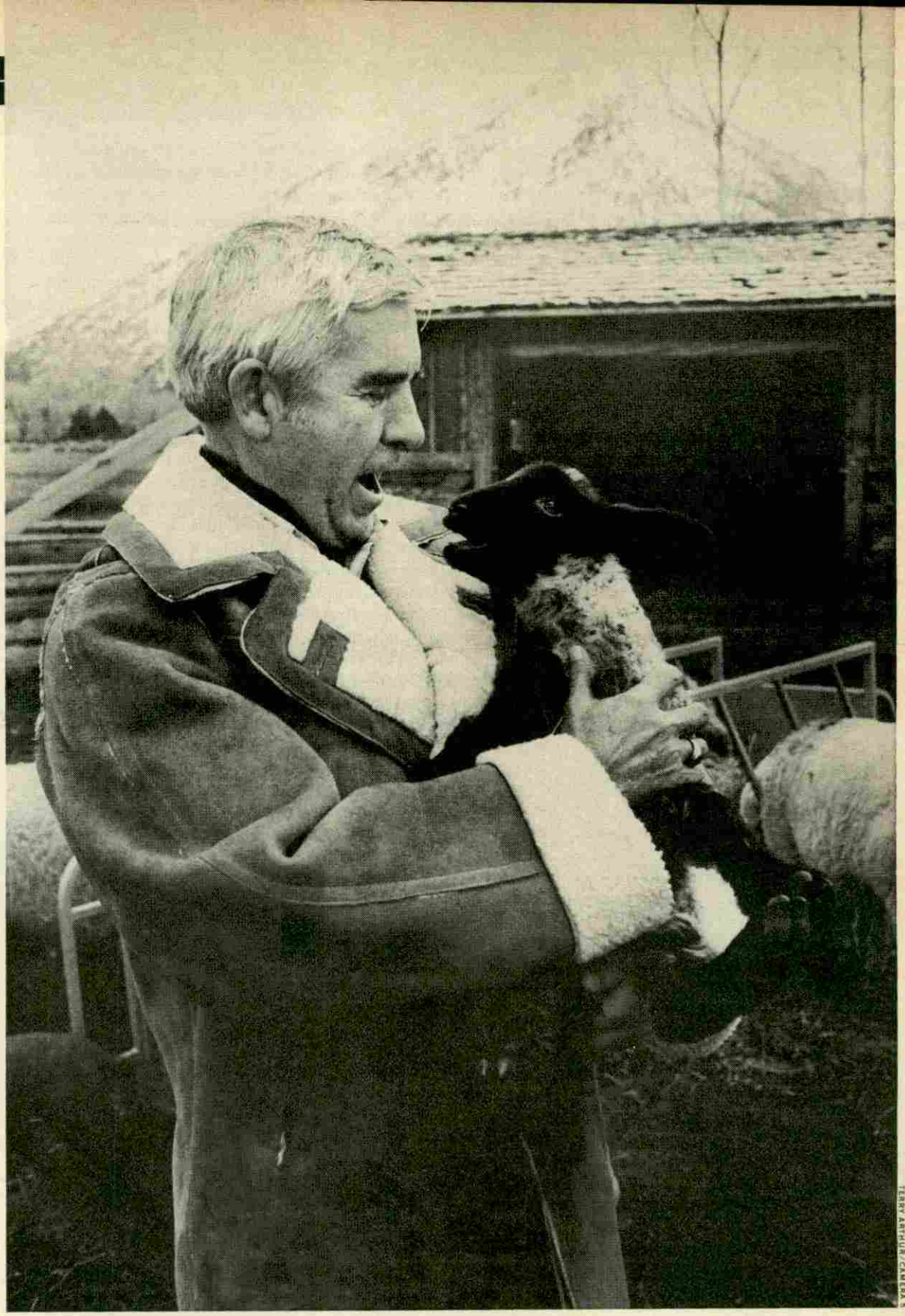
He was ordained in 1955 in Washington, D.C., yet except for five years as a parish priest, he has not worked in his home archdiocese. He moved to New York City and by 1964 was Rice's chaplain; for a time he supplemented his $50-a-month pay by sorting packages at Bloomingdale's department store.

About that time he was befriended by restaurateur Philomene LeDouzen; she had lost a son in the Navy who would have been exactly Father Jake's age. By 1982 Madame LeDouzen no longer ran her own café. She still owned the building, however, and offered to lease the restaurant cheaply to Father Jake. He declined at first, but then the idea of helping his school and pupils proved irresistible. "I brought students and three teachers here and ripped the ceiling apart and painted," he says. "I borrowed money from my mother for restaurant equipment." Thus was born Palatine 313.

Canon law forbids priests from engaging in business for their own benefit, but Father Jake argues that he will not personally profit from the Palatine. Besides, he says, "I believe all 2,000 laws of the church can be relaxed, since they are church laws, not God's laws." He points out that cleric-operated restaurants, while uncommon, are not unknown. In Englewood, Colo., Father Fred McCallin, with his bishop's blessings, runs the Padre, purveyor of "Heavenly food—the loaves and the fishes—and the spirits." In Paris, Father René Pinsard's bar-restaurant Siloé intentionally seeks to blend with the seedy ambience of Pigalle.

But in Father Jake's case, Washington's Archbishop James Hickey has refused him dispensation. The New York Archdiocese has expressed "concern" at his disobedience, but Father Jake says he will continue to serve as chaplain at his schools—*and* to run the Palatine, with the help of a professional manager and chef and moonlighting firemen as waiters. He has weathered church chastisements before. Once he was accused of actively promoting interfaith marriages, which he denies. He has even been criticized by a monsignor in the archdiocesan office for "unseemly behavior" in walking his Dalmatian. This time, the issue is more difficult. "I love being a priest," he says. "If it comes down to that or the restaurant, I'll sell the lease in an instant and give the money to the students. But I would hate to give up. I think that would be wrong." Meantime Father Jacobs is still taking reservations. □

Gregarious by nature, he's at ease with Gloria Steinem and Pat Carbine (center) of *Ms.* or with legions of firemen.



TERRY ARTHUR/CAMERA 5

Laxalt relives childhood summers spent helping his Basque father herd sheep in the Nevada mountains.

WILL REAGAN RIDE AGAIN IN '84? HIS BLOOD BROTHER PAUL LAXALT IS SADDLING UP THE G.O.P.

It wasn't much of a signal, but for ardent Reagan-watchers it was the best tip yet. In January the nation's Chief Rancher sent his Western sidekick, Nevada Sen. Paul Laxalt, to ride herd on the Republican National Committee. In so doing, the President gave one of his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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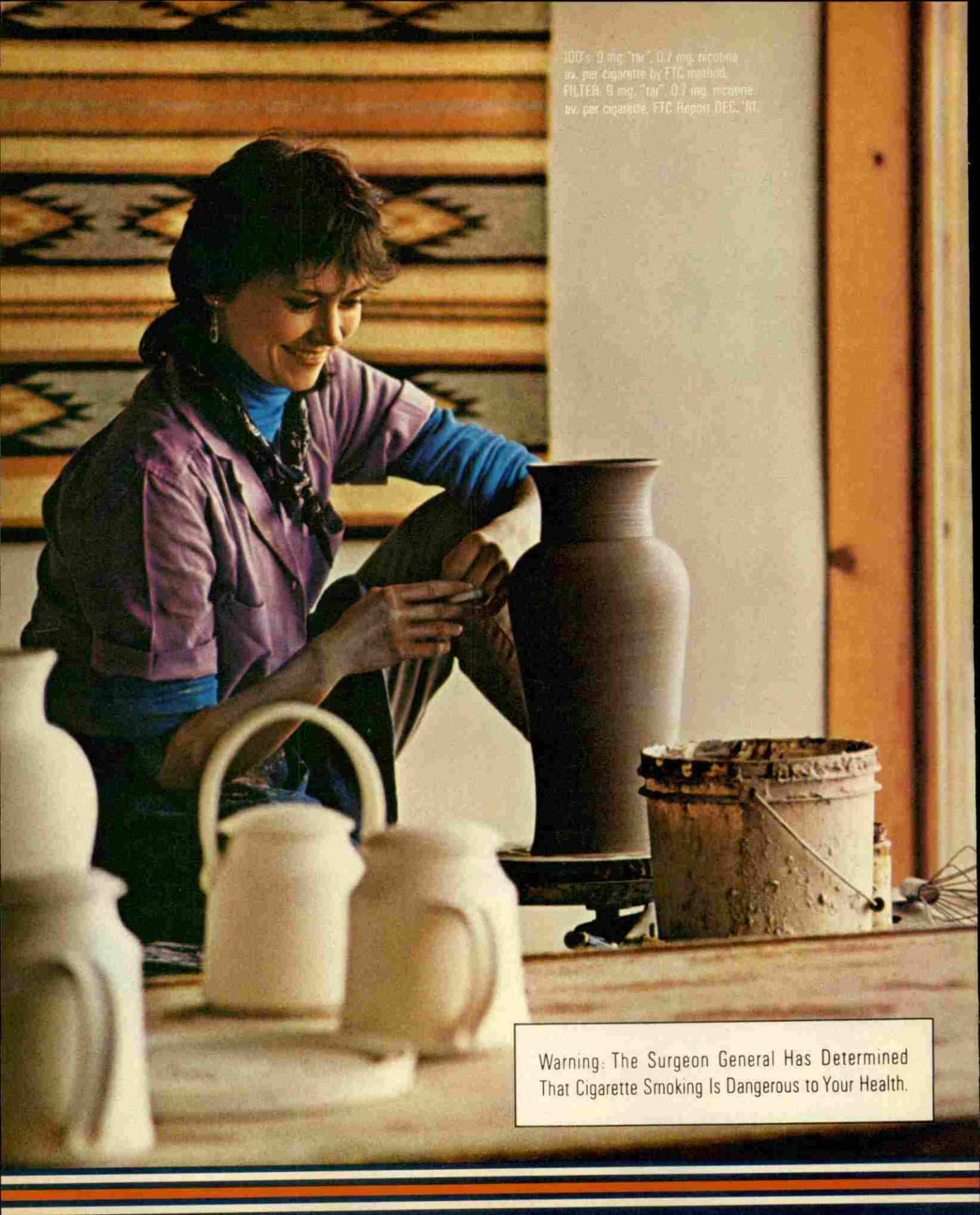
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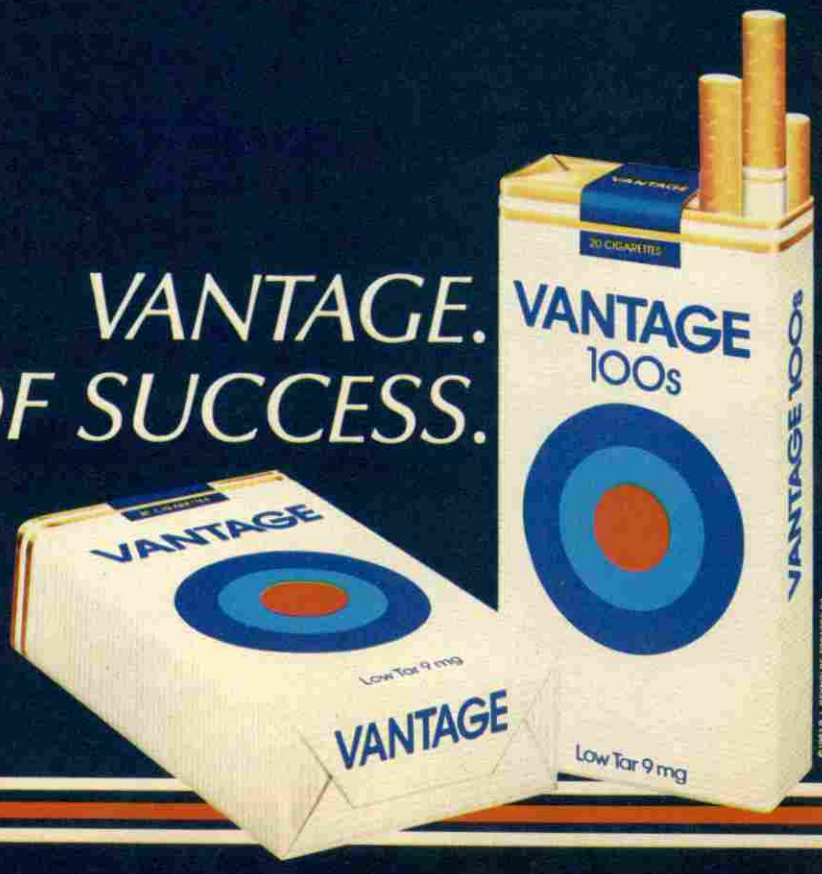

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clearest indications to date that he intends to run for a second term. The two men share the same values, and a friendship which goes back almost two decades. Laxalt, 60, coordinated both of Reagan's presidential campaigns, in 1976 and 1980. Now, as general chairman of the RNC—a specially created part-time post that allows him to remain in the Senate—he is positioned to organize the third. "I think I know the President well enough to know he's not going to walk away with the job undone," says Laxalt. Reagan, 72, seemed to confirm that view recently when he declared four years insufficient to implement meaningful change.

Since Reagan's inauguration, Laxalt has assumed the role of the President's "Minister Without Portfolio" in the Senate. Popular with colleagues of both parties, he has become a trusted conduit between Congress and the Oval Office. His willingness to deliver bad news along with good makes him a godsend to Reagan's staff. "The President values Paul's judgment," says an aide, "and Paul can talk to him in a way the rest of us can't."

Laxalt's detractors claim that his friendship with Reagan obscures the fact that his eight years in the Senate have been relatively undistinguished. He rarely speaks or proposes new legislation. Still, he is credited with having helped to sway Reagan toward pragmatism on such major issues as the need for modest defense cuts and a jobs bill.

The friendship began in 1964 at a fund raiser for Barry Goldwater. Two years later both Reagan and Laxalt were elected Governors of their neighboring states, and they frequently visited back and forth between Sacramento and Carson City. After his election to the Senate in 1974, Laxalt became an unofficial advance man, selling Reagan as a future President to skeptics on the Hill. Over the years the bond has held through personal and political crises. It was Laxalt who comforted Nancy Reagan at the hospital after the 1981 assassination attempt. "All I can tell you," Reagan says, "is that Paul Laxalt is a kind man, of unquestionable honesty. He has a friend because he is a friend."

In his Washington career, Laxalt has largely overcome the negative publicity that marred his term as Governor of Nevada (1966-'70). By virtue of his office, he exerted powerful influence over the state's gambling industry. Rumors about his favors to casino owners—though never proven—left a residue of suspicion.

TERRY ARTHUR/CAMERA 5

The Oval Office welcome mat is always out for Laxalt. "The President knows I have his interests at heart," he says.

When Howard Hughes went on a buying binge for Las Vegas casinos in 1967, Laxalt stretched state regulations to assist the reclusive millionaire. Though he denies accepting political contributions from Hughes, Laxalt does concede that his former law firm received substantial legal fees from Hughes company officials. As Governor, Laxalt also dealt directly with Teamster officials when the giant union was involved in gambling investments. Among his contacts were the late Jimmy Hoffa and Teamster consultant Allen M. Dorfman, who was slain in Chicago recently after being convicted of attempting to bribe the since defeated Nevada Sen. Howard Cannon.

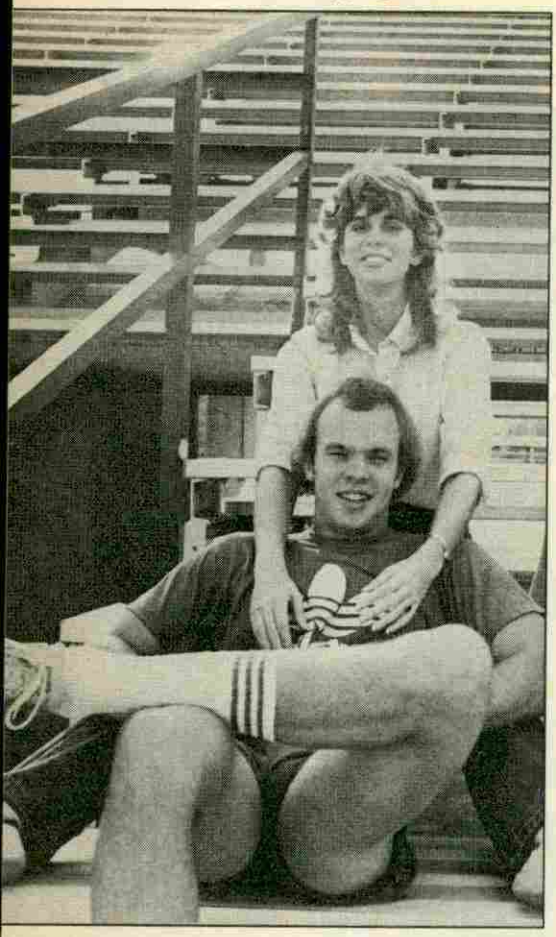
After Laxalt left the governorship in 1970, he lobbied President Nixon for a reduction of Hoffa's prison term. "To some extent Hoffa was a political prisoner," says Laxalt. "I just decided to write the President a letter." Laxalt then further risked his political reputation by opening a hotel-casino in Carson City with his brother, Peter. The business was ultimately sold at a loss.

Laxalt's personal life also has been troubled at times. His first marriage, to Jackie Ross, ended in divorce after 25 years, and their six children, now aged 25 to 32, were rebellious teens, often resentful of their father's prominence as Governor. "I screwed up my priorities and thought my job was more important than my kids," he says. In 1976 Laxalt married his secretary, Carol Wilson, now 40, and his relationship with his children has healed. Perhaps sensitized by his experiences, Laxalt has backed away from the conservative "social agenda," which calls for strict legislation on such issues as abortion and homosexuality. "I'm not going to sit and moralize and tell others what they should do," he says.

In his new job at the RNC, Laxalt will coordinate all election efforts of his party. Some Washington politicos see his heightened visibility as a good chance to boost himself as well. Some speculate that Laxalt might even be designated as presidential candidate by his old friend if the President decides to retire at the end of his current term. Laxalt could still be dogged by the unsubstantiated allegations from his past, however, as in 1980, when he was under consideration as a possible running mate for Reagan. "It's unfortunate," says a Republican political strategist, "because I don't really think there's much to it." Some of Laxalt's friends doubt whether the issue will arise again, because they don't see in him the burning ambition necessary to run for the Presidency. "He doesn't have the ego that says, 'Oh, the world can't run without me,' " says Sen. Jake Garn (R.-Utah). And Paul Laxalt himself insists he is in harness, not a contender. "I just don't think about that," he says with a shrug. "I'm a one-President horse."

DOLLY LANGDON

With girlfriend Suzanne Levy out of a job, and Billy on a pole-vaulter's budget, they spend time, not money, together.



to set a record of 15′9½″ in 1959. Olson doesn't doubt he could do it, but says he can't take time off from competing to practice with the stiffer pole.

In terms of physique, the 6′2″, 170-pound athlete from Abilene Christian University is a match for any of the great vaulters of the past. Olson hoisted his first barbell in kindergarten, though he didn't take up vaulting till high school, when a track coach lured him out of a sign-up line for the golf team. Now he weight-lifts two and a half hours every day but Sunday, forging melon-size biceps that strain the seams of his sleeves, and rounds out his daily training with gymnastics and running.

The rest of the Olson clan confines its workouts to tracking down bail jumpers. Run by Billy's father, Bill Sr., the S O S Bail Bond Co. employs both Billy's paternal grandmother, Eula Mae, and his kid sister, Donna, 21, recently voted Abilene's "Miss 10½." Should the customers prove unexpectedly frisky, their cases are referred to Bill Sr.'s partner, Don "The Lawman" Slatton, a 250-pound professional wrestler.

Billy's mother, Barbara, a school nurse, describes her son as "a one-way guy," meaning he does things only one way—his own. Raised a Baptist, he once wore his hair long and considered himself a free spirit. Then his girlfriend, Suzanne Levy, 23, brought him into the fundamentalist Church of Christ, which frowns on drinking and dancing. Today, shorn of excess hair and rough edges, he helps lead a weekly junior high huddle group at the church, and he approaches vaulting with a pole and a prayer.

"I see myself as a little hometown boy from Abilene," says Billy, but a world record might extend his horizons. A public relations major in college, he can imagine himself slipping into a TV sportscaster's blazer when his track-and-field career is concluded. Beneath his unassuming facade beats the heart of a showman. His favorite athletes: tantrum-tossing tennis star John McEnroe ("I'd rather watch him than anybody") and Dallas Cowboy wide receiver Butch Johnson, famed for his interpretive post-touchdown dance steps. Decidedly low-key himself, Olson is hard put to explain the contrast between his performing style and his heroes'. Would he like to introduce just a tad more flamboyance into his sport? "It's hard to create controversy in vaulting," he says. "But I would if I could."

DEIRDRE DONAHUE

Normally unaffected by altitude, Billy (stowing his poles in cargo) is a white-knuckle flier when confined to an aircraft.

BEN WEAVER/CAMERA 5 (2)

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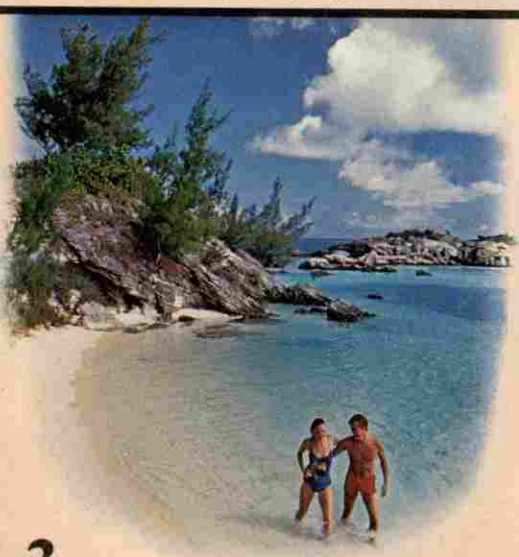

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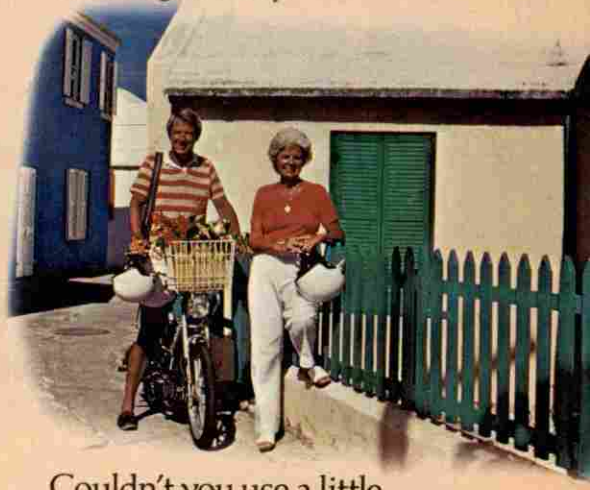

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Grant feels "caged in" by the religious label. "Sometimes I wish I could just be called a singer," she says.

CHRISTIAN MUSIC'S BEST-SELLER IS THE SWEET-SOUNDING GOSPEL ACCORDING TO AMY GRANT

Amy Grant is one singer who lives by the book—the Good Book, no less. Though virtually unknown to pop music fans, the honey-voiced Grant, 22, is contemporary Christian music's fastest-selling artist. In February Grant received a Grammy for her album *Age to Age,* and she has been nominated for four of this week's Dove Awards by the Gospel Music Association. "To always be singing about love or sex relationships is leaving out a real important part of your heart," says Grant, whose six LPs have sold more than a million copies. "I want to know why we're all afraid to sing about God."

Grant, who describes her music as "pop, rock and ballads that happen to have Christian lyrics," is currently on the road with her 10-piece band for a 41-city concert tour. She hopes to lure pop followers as well as devotees of gospel music, which accounts for only about 5 percent of total record and tape sales. "It's like there's a huge mountain called the music business," explains Grant, "and this thing next to it, a little bitty saltshaker—that's the Christian music business. My question is, how can I sing to that mountain of people out there?"

Grant is counting on songwriter husband Gary Chapman, 25 (he wrote country singer T.G. Sheppard's hit *Finally*), to pen songs that will appeal to both audiences. Worried that the label "Christian singer" is confining, Grant largely avoids appearances on religious TV shows. "I think we're talking about the same thing," she says, "but the styles of communication are different." Churches, she finds, are rarely large enough to handle her sound equipment—not to mention the crowds she attracts.

Grant's appeal stems from her homespun values and strict moral code. "I try to do what I feel are the right

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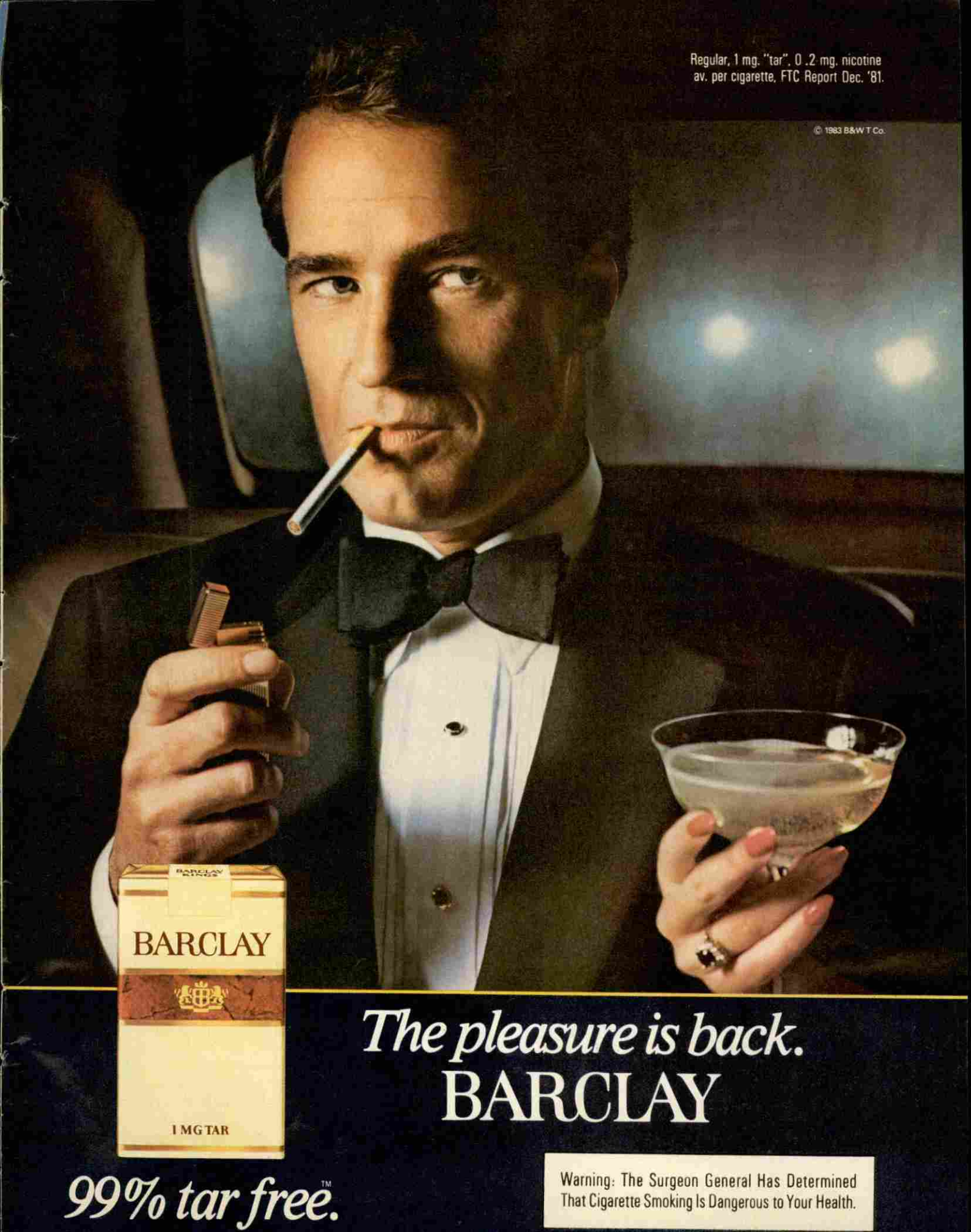
Photographs by Slick Lawson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Grant and husband Gary hit the road 20 weeks a year. At home in Nashville, she hitches a ride on his pickup.

Song

things," she explains, "what Jesus would have done." She is not pushy about her religious convictions, and lest she sound like too much of a Goody Two-shoes, Amy admits to a few minor transgressions—flunking a test, getting drunk once and being tempted to go too far sexually. Still, Grant says she was a virgin when she and Chapman married last June. "I made a conscious effort to say, 'I'm going to save my most intimate part for the person I spend the rest of my life with.' "

Grant was born in Augusta, Ga., the youngest of four daughters. When Amy was 6 months old, her family moved to Nashville, where her father is a physician. She began playing the piano in third grade and was writing music by 15. During her sophomore year at Harpeth Hall, a swank all-girls school in Nashville, Amy's classmates coaxed her into performing on the guitar—and responded enthusiastically. "That was when I accepted full force that God loved me," exults Grant.

At 15, she signed her first contract with Word Records, Christian music's largest label. Grant met her future husband when the two got together to talk about her recording some of his songs. Chapman, a guitarist, was soon signed to open her act. "In a working situation we saw the best and worst of each other," she says. "We really liked one another and kind of fell in love."

Grant and Chapman live in a two-bedroom penthouse in Nashville. One semester shy of getting her B.A. at Vanderbilt University, Grant has temporarily shelved her education to pursue her career and crusade to broaden her audience. "What's so different about our music?" she asks. "It's just another wedge in the pie of life."

DOLLY CARLISLE

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WHEN IT COMES TO AEROBIC EXERCISE, GILDA'S BODIES GET HIGH MARX

"Exercise can and will change your life," promises Gilda, who is head over heels in love with her work.

CONTINUED

Stretch out those love handles! Watch those thighs disappear before your eyes! Squeeze, squeeze, tighten, tighten, FIRMIT-FEELIT-WORKIT! This is for the cookies and the cheesecake and the fettuccine Alfredo and the Häagen-Dazs!

Picture it: millions of women grunting and groaning to up-tempo rock music and the barked commands of aerobic instructors. Everybody's looking for thinner waists, flatter tummies and firmer thighs. Where it will all end is a good question. Where it all began is another. According to Gilda Marx, a trim blonde in her 40s, it all began with—Gilda Marx. She says that she's been toning torsos for a good 20 years and so deserves credit for having invented the fad that won't die. In the beginning, she explains, "There was no such program anywhere available. Today I see my identical program all over the world."

Marx runs the Body Design By Gilda exercise salon (about $8 per person per hour in a group class) in Beverly Hills' Century City. She has franchised 11 other salons across the U.S. and in Canada and is sifting through applications for still more franchises. (In addition, she and her husband own Flexatard dancewear and swimwear, which has annual sales of $25 million.) Some of the bodies that she says she has helped create belong to Britt Ekland, Marlo Thomas, Susan Anton and Priscilla Presley. Even Barbra Streisand walked into the studio one day (unannounced) and, Gilda claims, left impressed. "Although I very seldom get butterflies, I was so nervous I just couldn't stand it," says Marx. "I asked her if I could sing during the class, and when I did, I relaxed and so did she."

Despite these successes, Gilda has yet to achieve the celebrity status of video exercise guru Richard Simmons, who, she says, was kicked out after his first class at a Gilda salon for clowning around. Nonetheless, the most famous body by Gilda belongs to Jane Fonda, who spent seven months working out at the studio in preparation for her role in 1978's *California Suite*. According to a bitter Marx, Jane went on to establish her own empire with the help of one of Gilda's former staffers.

A traveling salesman's daughter, Gilda has enjoyed performing since she started dance lessons in Pittsburgh at age 5. Exercise as an occupation began in the 1960s. By that time she was a young wife living in the San Fernando Valley. There she helped train a group of women for a benefit dance performance. When the curtain rang down, her students begged her for more instruction. For 15 years Marx taught classes, renting space sometimes in karate studios in the L.A. suburbs. She also created her aerobics program "the way you create a score of music," which meant formulating movements to exploit the body's full range of motion and setting them to music. Aerobics was not the trendy item it has since become, but Marx still managed to raise and support two children.

Two divorces left her "turned off to believing there was a Mr. Wonderful out there." Until 1971, that is, when she met Robert Marx, now 52. The son of the fifth and "forgotten" Marx brother, "Gummo," Gilda's husband now heads Flexatard. They recently moved into a five-bedroom Beverly Hills home where Robert's children—Tracy, 19, Chris, 21, and Gregg, 28 (a *Days of Our Lives* actor)—and Gilda's children—Mitchell Guzik, 24, and Laura Guzik, 27—often visit.

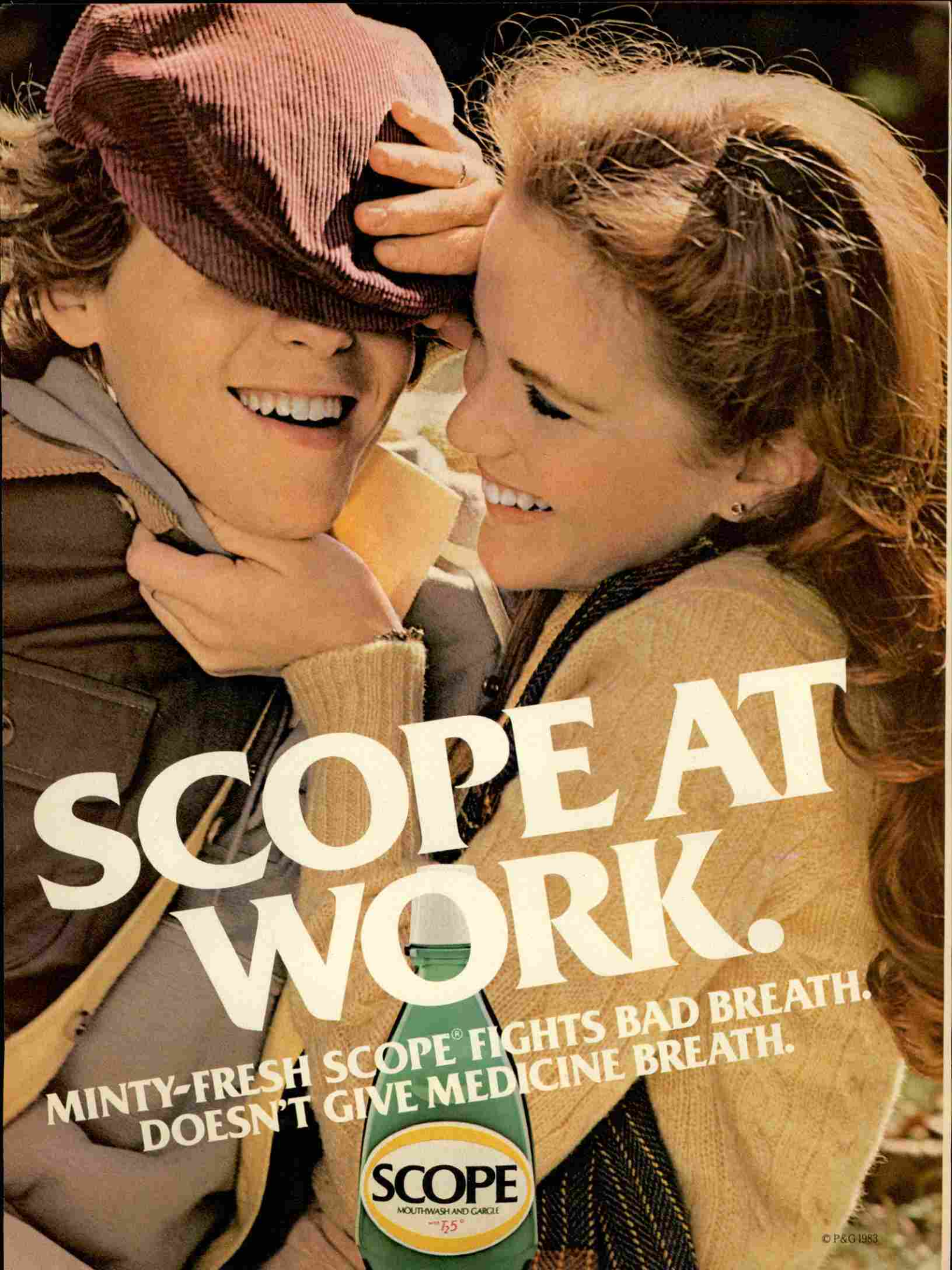
Fortunately, Bob "sees humor in everything," Gilda says, so major disagreements are rare. But when they do arise, Gilda and Robert have a peculiar way of settling matters: They make use of Freddie and Frieda, two Muppet-like creatures with long tongues. Says Gilda, "We can be in a business meeting and when we start to fight we pull the puppets out of a briefcase and let them go after each other. Then we walk out of the room holding hands."

Marx, who like everyone else is writing a book on exercise, thinks it's high time that her contributions were recognized. And that means acknowledgment from Jane Fonda. "She's earned her millions," says Gilda, "and I don't know why she just doesn't say she learned everything from me. I take pride in being her teacher." Forget Freddie and Frieda. This may call for Kermit the Frog.

SALLY KORIS

Gilda leads a class in her penthouse studio in Century City, Calif., as she did in the 1979 Streisand movie *The Main Event*.

Photographs by Jim McHugh/Visages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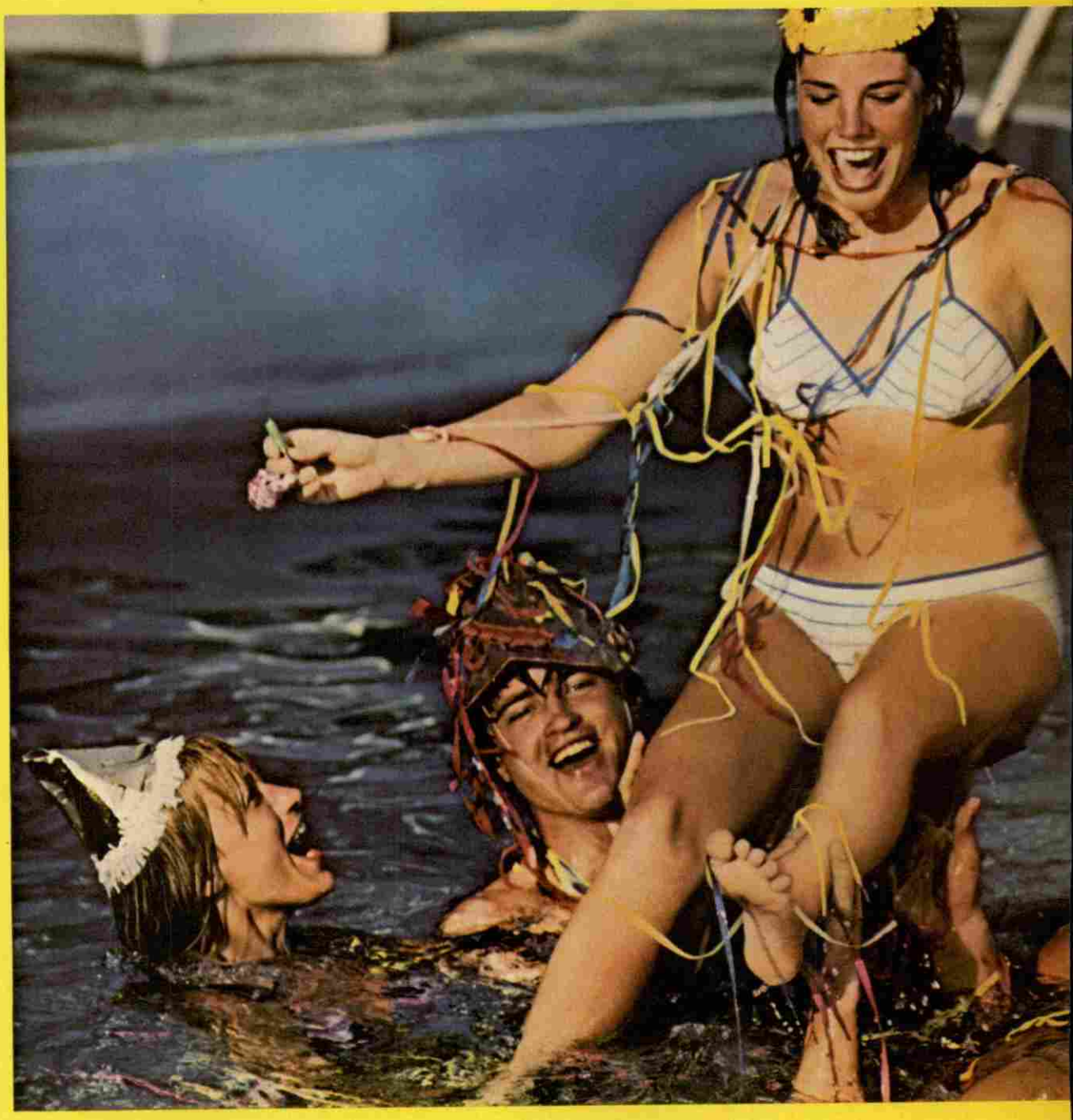

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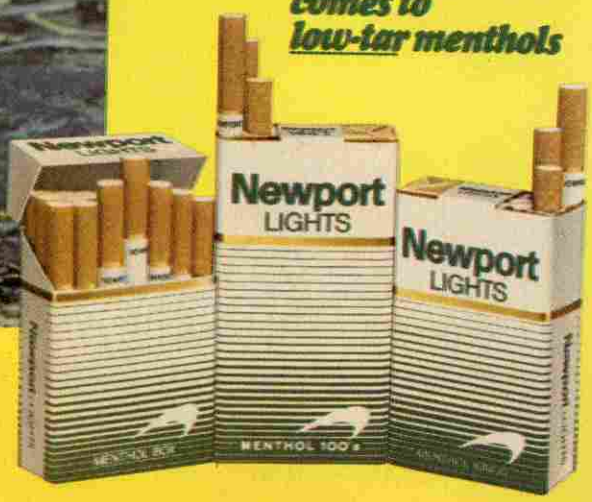

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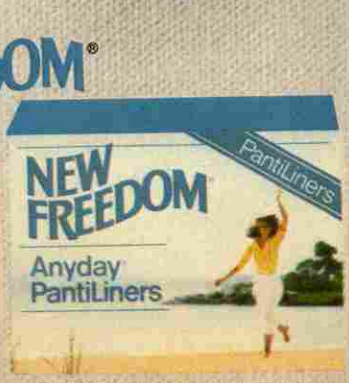

Lois' roommate is her Great Pyrenees, Ursula. "She was a fluffy little thing when I got her," says Chiles, but that was 13 years and 100 pounds ago.

LOIS CHILES SETS THE FUR FLYING ON *DALLAS* AS J.R.'S SEXY TEMPTRESS, HOLLY HARWOOD

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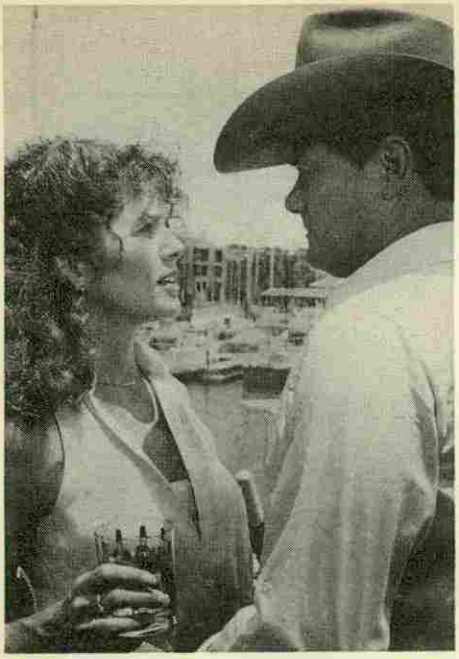


Lois calls *Dallas* co-star Larry Hagman a "wonderful" colleague. Of her fondness for him, he cracks: "She has great taste."

Move

Lois Chiles grew up in a Texas oil town called Alice near Corpus Christi, the daughter of a drilling contractor, but during those days she just wanted to cap those crude oil roots and make it out of the Lone Star State. She did, sort of, even though these days she appears in Dallas—or rather in CBS' *Dallas.* At 36, after a lucrative New York modeling career and movies such as 1978's *Death on the Nile* and 1979's James Bond flick *Moonraker* (she played Holly Goodhead), Chiles has come full circle to hit a career gusher this season. As *Dallas'* cunningly sultry Holly Harwood (suggestive of her *Moonraker* moniker), Chiles seems nearly a match for the formidable J.R. Ewing.

The latest in a long line of J.R. temptresses, Chiles plays the heiress executive of a Texas oil firm who cut J.R. in on 25 percent of her company's corporate assets, which he figured entitled him to an even larger portion of her physical assets. That story line—blending sexual cat-and-mouse with gold-digging dog-eat-dog—has spiced up the Southfork Follies enough to keep *Dallas* as steamy as ABC rival *Dynasty.* Chiles already has held a gun to J.R.'s head, survived a sexual assault (off-camera), and tipped off Sue Ellen to her faithless husband. In the upcoming season cliffhanger, Chiles' plans for J.R. may be enough to drive Sue Ellen back to the bottle.

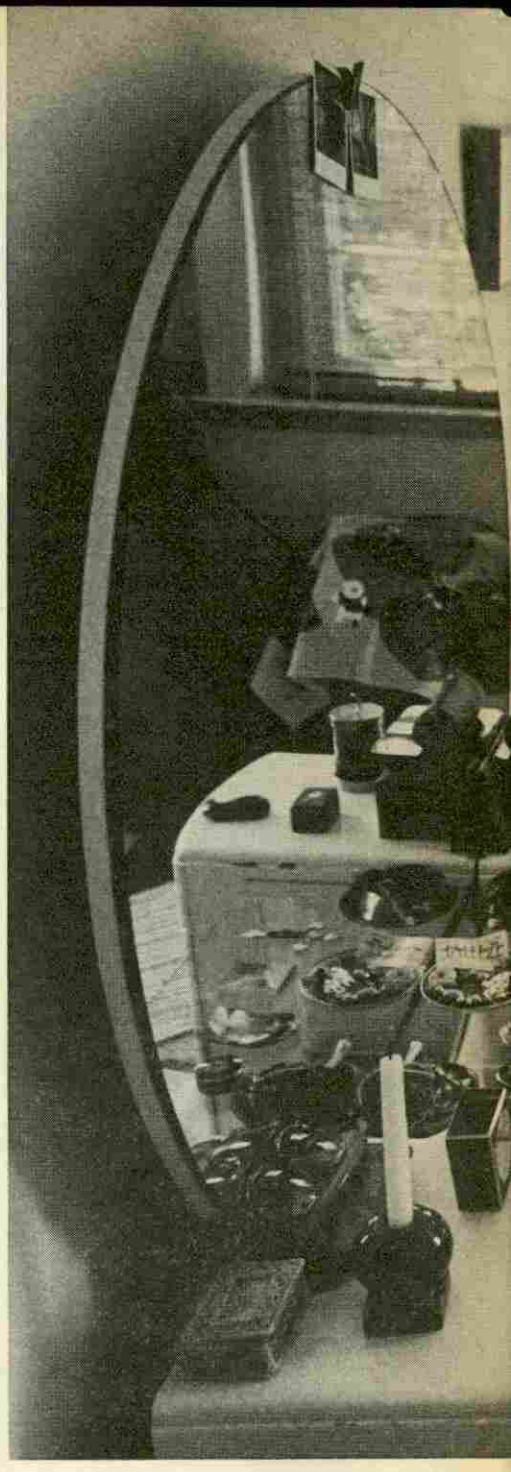
For a huskily drawling, unassuming offscreen beauty, the olive-eyed, chestnut-haired Chiles fell into step with the Ewings rather quickly, though she had never seen the show when she got the part. "They dug up a tape fast," says Lois. "I went down there pretty cold." She is given only one script at a time, and often first runs through her lines while in makeup. "It was strange not knowing if Holly was a good or bad girl, or what she'd do next." Neither does J.R. "She's charming, a soft lady who plays a tough cookie," says Hagman. "I just tell her, 'Don't worry about the lines, play the moment. That's what you're selling, not the words.' "

Growing up, Lois had seen more of the grit than the glamour of the oil business. "Our town was so flat you could see the next town 10 miles away," Lois recalls. "These spidery rigs rose up in the plains at night, all lit up. It was heroic and almost romantic. Daddy would come home sometimes covered in mud from a blowout looking like a monster. It was exciting." (Her father, Clay, and her younger brother, Bill, run Chiles Offshore Drilling in Houston.)

After high school, Lois studied history at UT, San Antonio, but switched to swanky Finch College in Manhattan (Tricia Nixon's alma mater) in her senior year because, she says, "I always felt out of place in Texas. If you had creative urges, there was something wrong with you." Four months later she strayed into a *Glamour* magazine model hunt at Finch. She soon was modeling regularly, strutting her stunning 5'8", 125-pound frame for magazines and catalogs that led her to sign with the prestigious Wilhelmina agency.

She began acting classes and within a year lucked into the role of Robert Redford's upper-crust girlfriend in 1973's *The Way We Were,* and then played Jordan Baker in 1974's *The Great Gatsby.* Those film roles got her major shoots with such top fashion photographers as Irving Penn and Richard Avedon. One memorable week she had $16,000 in bookings. But Chiles told her agent "to cancel them all. I probably even felt guilty about acting with so little experience. I felt I just had no craft. Wilhelmina thought I was insane."

She gave up modeling, committed herself full-time to her acting study, and moved to L.A. Then came calamity. Her younger brother, Clay, contracted Hodgkin's disease, fighting a losing four-year battle before dying at 25 in 1979. During the last months of his illness, Chiles flew from L.A. to Texas every 10 days to give blood. "It brought us closer together as a family," says Lois. "I learned a lot about living and dying and resolving pain."



There was even more turmoil back at the Hotel California: a bittersweet three-year relationship with Eagles drummer/composer Don Henley. Though the romance is long over, Chiles still is rigorously vague about those days. "Sometimes you are just not right for each other. I don't judge or condemn people's life-styles," she hedges. "I think everything is great in

"People assume I'm a hard beauty because of the people I play," says Chiles, who isn't. She's redecorating her home with an emphasis on Art Deco.

Photographs by Douglas Kirkland/Sygma

moderation." Henley was busted in 1980—while two teenage girls were at his home—for possession of Quāāludes, cocaine and some pot. But Chiles, who had left him by then, says, "I was shocked to hear about it. He didn't have drugs around the house. It was an accident, I'm sure." (Henley's drug charges were dropped when he agreed to a two-year probationary diversion program, but he was fined $2,500 for contributing to the delinquency of a minor.)

Chiles flies solo these days. She rents a two-bedroom Santa Monica house and stays sleek with thrice-weekly two-hour ballet classes. Any man in her life, she says, would have to be comfortable with her independence. "I'm used to making my own money. I don't take support from anybody else and I can't live in somebody else's scenes." After six years in L.A., Chiles says she isn't even "slightly interested in competition with other girls. It was shocking to see how people changed the way they acted towards me after I did *Gatsby*. I got scared by that. Consequently, no way my life'll change with fame. I hate it when people pull that star trip." Hear that, J.R.? Sounds like one Lone Starlet who means business.

SUSAN PETERS

Chatter

BY MICHAEL SMALL

Reynolds Rap After watching Barbara Stanwyck on ABC's *The Thorn Birds,* longtime friend Burt Reynolds sent her a message. "Tell Missy she was wonderful," said Burt, 47. "But she never held my hand the way she held Richard Chamberlain's!" Barbara, 75, returned the message: "Tell Burt he never asked me!" The next day a huge basket of roses arrived at Stanwyck's Beverly Hills home. The note read, "Dear Missy, I'm asking! Your place or mine? Love, Burt." No wonder he always gets the girl.

Classical Gas Readers of the *Boston Phoenix,* that city's alternative newspaper, either pay little attention to classical music or they pay little attention to the *Phoenix.* Last month a bored listings editor ran the following bogus ad: "Andrés Segovia, whose blistering electric solos and mastery of bottleneck blues have made him one of the hottest young guitarists on today's punk/new wave scene, skanks into Symphony Hall tonight at 8. Call 266-1492 to check out our facts." The phone number was indeed that of Symphony Hall, where Segovia, still a master guitarist at age 90, was scheduled to perform. Remarkably, only one curious reader called to ask: "Is that the same Segovia who plays classical guitar?"

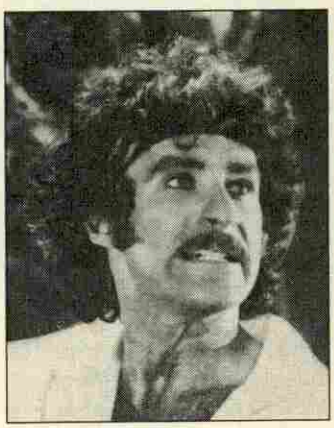
Speakes With Forked Tongue When NBC White House correspondent Chris Wallace accused presidential spokesman Larry Speakes of telling a lie during a briefing on the EPA in February, Speakes first replied, "Well, screw you!" and later snapped "I'm not having anything to do with you, Chris. As far as I'm concerned, you're out of business." Now *there's* a threat no reporter likes to hear. Happily, says Wallace, tempers have cooled and he and Larry are working together again. Speakes, however, views the reconciliation with less clarity. "I'll call the dogs off," he says, "but it's not going to be like turning the water back on." Hmm. What exactly does he mean? Explains Speakes, "It's gonna take a long time for the water to run warm." When asked to make himself even more clear, the President's mouthpiece replied with some exasperation, "It's just not like we're bosom buddies." Oh.

RON GALELLA

Burt Reynolds: Packing a pistil

FRANK EDWARDS/FOTOS INTERNATIONAL

Lauren Bacall: Driven woman?



Kevin Kline: Trouble on the line

Sight Gag Blindness has not hampered the careers of singers Ronnie Milsap and Ray Charles. Maybe that's why they could joke about their shared disability while performing before some 3,500 fans, including Ronald and Nancy Reagan, at the Country Music Association 25th-anniversary gala in Washington. Said Milsap, before launching into a duet with Ray of *I Can't Stop Loving You,* "I'd like to introduce a man who has had such an influence on so many of us, this man sitting next to me." Pause. "You *are* sitting next to me, aren't you, Ray?"

Furthermore

- Lauren Bacall was called for jury duty last year, but she got out of serving because she was busy on Broadway as *Woman of the Year.* But now that she's not performing, Lauren's lawyer has told her she must comply with a recent summons. When informed of her duty, Bacall queried, "If I serve, will they send a limo?" The jury is still out on that one.
- Last month divorce lawyer Marvin Mitchelson attended a party celebrating his aunt and uncle's 50th wedding anniversary in L.A. "It's couples like you," groused the patron saint of Splitsville, "who make it difficult for people like me to earn a living."
- He may be the leading man in *Sophie's Choice* and *The Pirates of Penzance,* but Kevin Kline still plays second fiddle in some circles. Leaving word for a friend at a New York hotel, he told the operator, "Just say Kevin Kline called." The operator gasped, "Not *the* Kevin Kline?" "I don't know," said the actor. "Which one do you mean?" Proving that not even Kevins come between some folks and their Calvins, the operator replied, "The pants guy!"

UPCOMING IN PEOPLE

The Oak Ridge Boys mend some fences

Despite divorces, drugs and other offstage dissonance, country's choir boys are getting back in harmony

Joan Rivers on Johnny, sex and the tackiest couple in America

TV's funniest lady tells how *Tonight* and tenacity have made her a "semi-legend" in her own time

Golfer Nancy Lopez changes her course

At 26, and happily remarried—to baseball's Ray Knight—she's swinging into expectant motherhood

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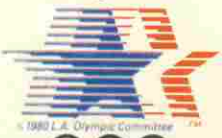

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