

BAD IS BEAUTIFUL

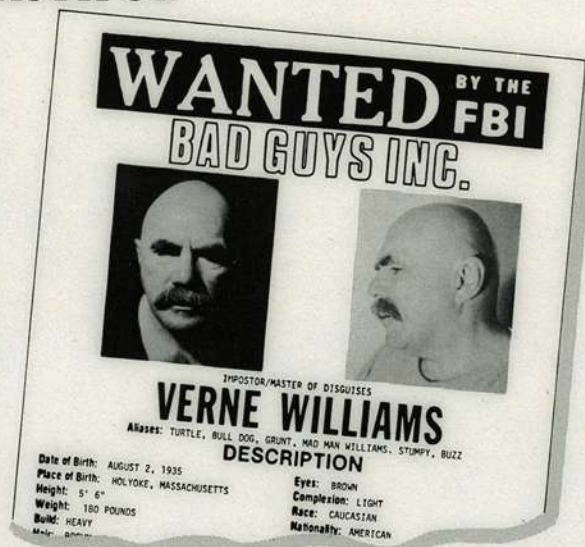
DO DOGS BARK AT THE SIGHT of your face? Are nice girls (or guys) afraid to bring you home to mother? You may have a future with Bad Guys, Inc. Joey Skaggs, who ran a Manhattan-Queens cultural exchange in the sixties (he bused in carloads of hippies), has created a talent agency for the mean at heart.

It all started as a little help for a friend. "Verne Williams wanted to be an actor," says Skaggs, "but his only work experience was trimming cow hooves." Williams stole an F.B.I. wanted poster and put together his own résumé. On Williams's first interview, Skaggs slapped his client on

the jaw, Williams growled like a bulldog, and just like in the movies, he got the part (of a "heavy" without all that much to say, in *The Last Dragon*). Verne was only the start.

"I got all kinds of mean," says Skaggs. "I've got a dominatrix aerobics teacher. I've got a biker and his moll. I got some little ones with a real nasty attitude." Skaggs has even got a dog with a pistol in its paw. "I don't think I'll get into other animals—how many mean canaries do you know? But there's always a market for a low-down junkyard dog."

E.H.



L.A. TELEX

Beverly Hills Blues

IT ALL STARTED ON ACADEMY Awards night, with one of the few scenes from that evening that the rest of the world did not see. In the lobby of the Beverly Hilton Hotel, where the Academy's Governor's Ball is held each year, KNBC-TV news reporter Phil Shuman was just finishing a live shot on the station's eleven o'clock news. "I signed off," Shuman says, "and as I was stepping back over the rope, I was grabbed from behind. When I reflexively pulled away, I was jumped by several officers and beaten and thrown to the ground." Shuman was handcuffed, arrested, and taken to the Beverly Hills Police station.

The Los Angeles County district attorney decided not to file charges against Shuman, but KNBC was inspired to begin an investigative series on the Beverly Hills Police Department.

"I've been with the station over two years," says KNBC legal-affairs reporter and attorney Harvey Levin, "and I've never seen anything like

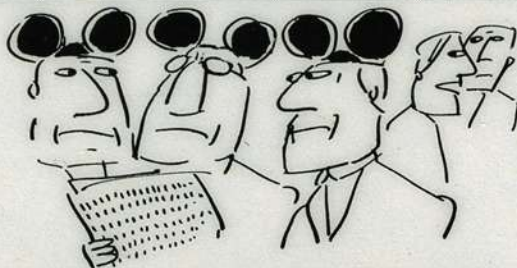
the reaction to my first piece. There was a constant stream of phone calls and letters from people who had their own stories to tell about the department."

Many of the calls Levin got came from blacks who said they cannot move freely around Beverly Hills. Levin and his camera crew put a black driver in a rented Mercedes and followed him. "It was unbelievable," Levin says. "The first time he went by the intersection of Wilshire and La Cienega, he was stopped by a cop and held for 21 minutes before

the cop let him go."

Throughout all this, the Beverly Hills Police Department has refused to respond. But Levin says he isn't stopping. A report on June 1 featured a former Beverly Hills cop. "This man claims that it's well known that 80 percent of street crime in Beverly Hills is committed by blacks," Levin says, "and so in stopping blacks, the police are only responding to tremendous pressure from the community for their safety. I think that explains a lot. They know they are protecting some of the richest, most powerful, most famous people in the world, and they feel they have to do it." JEANIE KASINDORF

PEN & PENCIL



"Tell Saul Steinberg I've never seen stockholders more grimly determined."

ANTHONY HADEN-GUEST

LOCAL HERO

That Certain Smile

OUR RESERVATION AT Frank's, on West 14th Street, was for eight o'clock, but from the body language of the portly maître d', that was obviously not going to count for much.

"We'll have your table for you shortly," he said, a practiced smile fixed on his face. "Have a seat at the bar."

I'd seen that smile before, and sat at many a bar before, drinking the drinks I didn't want, at above-market prices, and waiting until 8:30 for an eight o'clock reservation for which I had been right on time.

This time, I was ready, but not for the next line. "The drinks are on us," said the maître d'.

Before we were half through our (large) glasses, the table was ready. It was 8:08.

"We don't like to keep our people waiting," said the fellow, "and we like them to come back."

We will.

CARTER WISEMAN