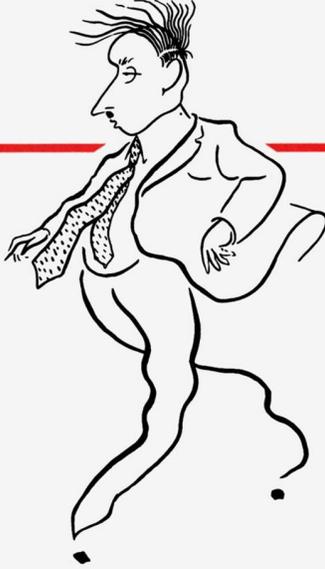


Vanities

Sidewalking

How utterly pedestrian



WHO owns our urban sidewalks? Not you. For you, walking on our city streets is a privilege, not a right. Responsible pedestrians will enjoy the privilege for many years. Abusers will be towed away and have their legs broken in four places by Mr. T's mother.

The five classes of pedestrians:

Class One: Persons able to prove six generations of American citizenship. Unrestricted.

Class Two: Persons over forty-one, persons pushing strollers and speaking a foreign language. These pedestrians must wear hats to permit identification at a distance for easy circumnavigation.

Class Three: Drunken businessmen, mobile ventpersons. This traffic should be nudged into the gutter.

Class Four: Pedestrians carrying poundage in excess of 240. Denied access to all overhead crosswalks and Good Humor pushcarts.

Class Five: Drug addicts sell-

ing scarves; beggars (and their dogs). These persons must keep to the bus lane.

Daily pedestrian inspection: Government-employed inspectors are stationed at construction sites during lunch hour and are easily recognized by lunch box and hard hat. Pedestrians failing inspection will be informed vocally at once; those passing will be invited to perform oral sex with the inspector.

Tip for the road: It takes only five pedestrians (or two Class Four persons) to create a nasty pedlock which will snarl the city's sidewalks and force traffic officers to clear the area. And there's nothing Mama T likes more than a challenge.

—Gillian Smith Hauptman

Simply Eiffel



JOSEF ASTOR

Oo-la-la: in the one hundred years since Monsieur Eiffel conceived the idea, his tower has appeared on postcards, key rings, and every other touristic gewgaw. And now, beyond the valley of the droll, L.A. milliner Ricky Castro has put it on a hat. No risk of his work becoming *vieux chapeau*: he's designed a powder-puff hat for Drew Barrymore and a typewriter model for Bette Midler to wear during her book-signing tour. Let's hope he doesn't hit on the Pompidou Center—not even Miss Midler could carry that off.

—Jessica Berens

Hat by I Love Ricky, \$150 from Susanne Bartsch, 72 Thompson Street, N.Y.C.; bracelet, \$24 from Lilla Lova, 117 East Seventh Street, N.Y.C.

Expelled!

Being thrown out of a good school was a great help to their careers

THE largest bequest ever made to Andover—\$6 million—was made by Walter Scott Leeds, class of 1908, who had been expelled after five months there. Leeds always considered getting thrown out of Andover the best thing that ever happened to him. Expulsion, oddly enough, can really boost a career. Shelley was sent down from Oxford. Candice Bergen, John Cheever, William Randolph Hearst, James McNeill Whistler, Humphrey Bogart, Lex "Tarzan" Barker, Edgar Allan Poe, and George Plimpton were all variously bounced. Here, to cheer bad boys and girls at the start of yet another academic year, are some further (Choate-free) role models:

Warren Hoge, foreign editor of the *New York Times*, ran a gambling den at Exeter in 1958. During Christmas vacation the dean uncovered a strongbox of telltale I.O.U.'s and ejected seventeen-year-old Hoge and partners. Boarding school, notes Hoge, was "your cosmos, so this was planetary eviction."

Robert B. Manning, chairman of Intergalactic recording studios, when sacked by Groton in 1971 offered the headmaster LSD. Among other drug experiences, he had played varsity hockey on acid.

Thomas Hoving, connoisseur, was kicked out of Exeter in 1946 for punching a six-foot-five Latin master. The next year, at Hotchkiss, he was so studiously sober that he was nicknamed "Schmo."

Fran Lebowitz, author of *Metropolitan Life* and *Social Studies*, was fired from Wilson, a "deservedly small" Episcopalian day school in New Jersey, in her senior year for "non-

specific surliness." Were her parents upset? "If I had been found guilty of murder, they would have been less upset." She herself had "the fervent belief that I would starve to death." She hasn't.

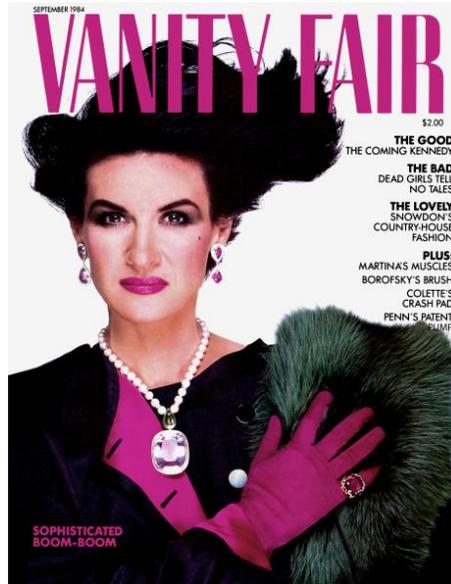
Edward R. Downe, Jr., noted collector of twentieth-century American art, was asked not to come back to Hotchkiss in 1945. He was not applying himself. Then, at Lawrenceville, he did apply himself—to an overzealous celebration of V-J Day. There, too, he was asked not to come back. After finally graduating from journalism school, Downe went on to build an empire of twenty-five magazines and six radio stations. He sold it for a fortune in 1975.

Michael C. D. Macdonald was expelled from Exeter in the spring of 1954. He was one of the school's nihilist set, "the negos," who disdained everything. His father, critic Dwight Macdonald, had been a Hedonist at Exeter, affecting a monocle and batik necktie. The dean told Michael, "You can't throw sand in the machine." Following the Collegiate School and Harvard, he became a writer. His *American Cities* has just been published by Simon and Schuster.

Allen Ginsberg, when a sophomore at Columbia in 1945, was chastely sharing his bed with Jack Kerouac when an assistant dean burst in to investigate some scurrilous graffiti on the window. Ginsberg was asked not to return to Columbia without a letter from a psychiatrist. After a year of odd jobs, he returned, letter in hand, to graduate in 1948. His *Collected Poems* will be published in January 1985. —Fayette Hickox

Expelled!

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