

MUD

And the Mainstream

When the Respectable Press Chases the
National Enquirer, What's Going On?

by Andrea Sachs

In the lobby of the *National Enquirer*, there are no Pulitzer Prizes on the wall. In fact, there are few clues that the building, ringed by an overgrown tangle of palm trees, bougainvillea and palmettos, houses a major publishing empire. A few public service awards dot the walls; a cheery receptionist answers the phone, "*National Enquirer* — celebrity or noncelebrity?" Two journalists from *Weekly World News*, a sister publication that is chock-full of extraterrestrials, enter the building bantering about their assignments. "What's your story about?" asks one. "True-life angel encounters," the other replies. "Oh," says the first, "you can do that from clips."

The nature of the *National Enquirer*, its renegade spirit as well as its quirky charm, creep up on one slowly. The *Enquirer* headquarters — which also houses *Country Weekly*, *Soap Opera Magazine*, and the *Weekly World News* — looks like a small school. Tucked away on a quiet

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residential street in Lantana, Florida, a sleepy blue-collar town, and flanked by a baseball field and a water tower, the modest complex is easy to miss. But from inside, the *Enquirer* can seem as otherworldly as the dreamy pastel architecture of Lantana, a cult-like enterprise that produces one of the most widely read publications in America.

With an enviable circulation that approaches 3.5 million copies a week, the *Enquirer* is still a pariah publication. Doubt it? Imagine dropping a copy on the table at a business meeting or taking the latest issue out of your briefcase on the Washington shuttle. But increasingly in recent years, the *Enquirer* has won grudging respect from its mainstream rivals for the thoroughness and accuracy, if not always the taste and fairness, of its coverage of the *Enquirer*'s kind of hard-news story. And increasingly, the *Enquirer*'s kind has become the mainstream's kind — Gary Hart, William Kennedy Smith and the woman who accused him of rape, Gennifer Flowers, Michael Jackson, Tonya Harding (see sidebar, page 38), and most spectacularly, O.J.

Simpson. Supermarket tabloids and their broadcast cousins, David Broder wrote scathingly in *The Washington Post* last year, "have demonstrated the capacity to 'launch' stories — often of the sleaziest kind — that the mainstream press feels it necessary to follow." The white Bronco blazed a trail where high culture and low culture meet, and the *Enquirer* is thriving in that atmosphere, thank you very much.

It didn't hurt that the Simpson story fell smack in the middle of the *Enquirer* source network. The *Enquirer* was one of the few publications in the United States to cover O.J.'s marital problems, particularly his 1989 arrest for wife-beating. The now famous 911 phone call by Nicole may be a surprise to the rest of the reading public, but to *Enquirer* readers who picked up the February 21, 1989, issue, it is old news. When the murders were discovered in Brentwood last June, the *Enquirer*'s reporters arrived on the scene before the coroner. Since then, the *Enquirer* has had as many as twenty reporters on the story at a time. By the time the Simpson trial started in January,

'We haven't changed...

twenty-four of the *Enquirer's* last thirty-two covers had featured the case, from every possible angle: O.J. FINALLY CRACKS; I SAW O.J. AT MURDER SCENE; NICOLE'S SECRET LIFE. The publication had also put forth its purest tabloid prose in service of the story: "The night ended with the bubbly blonde beauty dead in a river of blood on her front doorstep — her throat slashed, her body bludgeoned, her face battered and bruised."

As the trial began, the biggest secret in the Los Angeles County Courthouse wasn't O.J.'s guilt or innocence, but the fact that so many reporters were reading the *National Enquirer* religiously. As Carl Lavin, an editor sent to Los Angeles to coordinate *The New York Times's* coverage, wrote in his paper's house organ, "I knew this was a different sort of story when I found myself reading the *National Enquirer* — and assigning reporters to chase leads from it." But for the public, that didn't become clear until David Margolick, covering the trial for the *Times*, twice cited the *Enquirer's* story saying that Simpson had been overheard yelling, "I did it!" during a confessional jailhouse meeting with his minister and friend, Roosevelt Grier. A sheriff's deputy had been barred from using the quoted words in his testimony about the exchange. Margolick did use them, and despite his unquestioned reputation as an ace legal correspondent, a major debate arose among journalism pundits, from the pages of *The Washington Post* to *The Today Show*. "To cite the *National Enquirer* as his only source is, I think, dead wrong," declared Marvin Kalb, director of the Shorenstein Center on Press, Politics and Public Policy at Harvard University, in a discussion on CNN's *Crossfire*.

Margolick stuck to his guns. "I

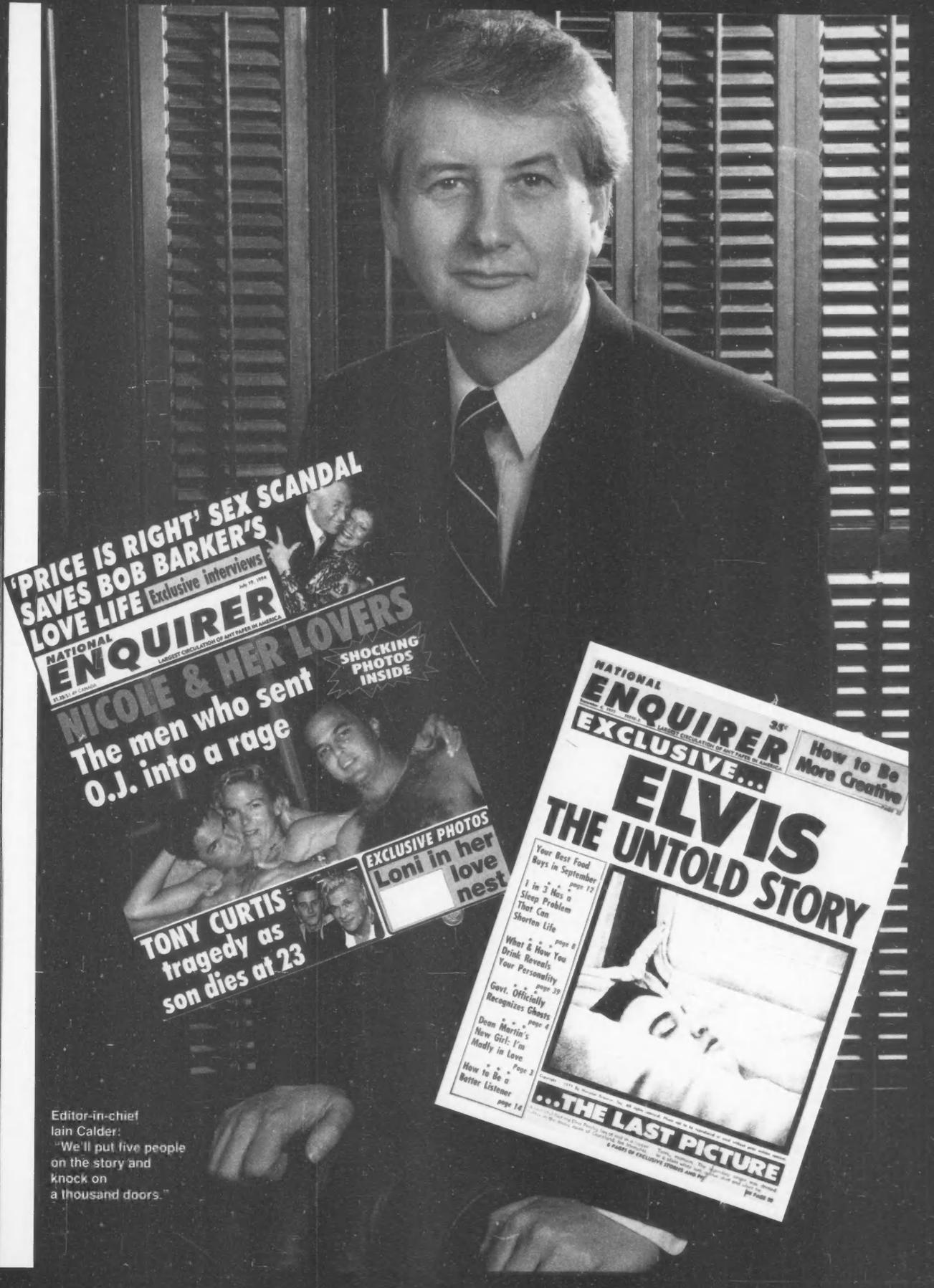
didn't do it lightly, and I thought I'd be criticized for it," he told *The Washington Post*. "It was from a source [the *Enquirer*] that had proven itself reliable in the Simpson case, and I'd be doing my readers a disservice if I didn't mention it." A *Times* article on the hullabaloo quoted the paper's executive editor, Joseph Lelyveld, in defense of Margolick on the ground of relevance: "He was trying to make plain to readers what was going on in the courtroom." (The *Times*, Lelyveld added, was "not subcontracting our editorial judgment in the Simpson case to a supermarket tabloid.") In the same article, Jon Katz, a media critic who writes for *New York* and *Wired* magazines, was quoted as saying the *Enquirer's* coverage of the Simpson case was better than many of its competitors' and that the *Times* would have been guilty of "head-in-the-sand myopia" not to have cited the tabloid.

In the Lantana newsroom, where praise from fellow journalists has been rare, there's a polite gratitude to Margolick, but a surprising lack of interest. After all, if *Enquirer* employees depended on praise from the mainstream press, they would have starved long ago. Those who think about it tend to see it as their due. "When the mainstream media are working alongside of us, they see these stories are accurate," says *Enquirer* editor-in-chief Iain Calder in his soft Scottish burr. Since the Margolick episode, the press has begun to train its lights on the *Enquirer* itself, with as many as four TV crews a day seeking admission to the newsroom. But the *Enquirer's* staff still has a wariness of the rest of the media, born of its geographic isolation from the media capitals and years of rejection. Says Valerie Virga, the photo editor, "I used to get a lot of this," making a cross with her fingers, "Get thee behind me,

tabloid person." But times are different. "We haven't changed. The rest of the press has changed. They're becoming more tabloid."

A melding of mainstream culture and *Enquirer* culture has been in the cards ever since the *Enquirer* helped end Gary Hart's political career by publishing a photo of a beaming (and married) Hart with Donna Rice perched on his knee. "The *National Enquirer* earned its spurs with the Gary Hart story," says Everette Dennis, executive director of the Freedom Forum Media Studies Center at Columbia University. "It established them in a new way. The fact that it happened made it more acceptable for mainstream publications to look at the *National Enquirer* as a lead for news." The Gary Hart cover now hangs proudly on a wall in Lantana, right next to a cover of Elvis lying in his open copper coffin at Graceland. The Elvis cover occupies a special place in *Enquirer* hearts; it was the top issue of all time, selling a staggering six and a half million copies.

The gulf between the *Enquirer* and the mainstream press can't be detected by a look at the newsroom, which resembles that of any good-size newspaper. Reporters hunch over their IBM and Mac terminals, their desks buried under stacks of newspapers. As much as the newsroom may look like theirs, though, many in the mainstream press dismiss the *National Enquirer* as being without journalistic ethics. But it's not a lack of ethics, *Enquirer* people say, it's different ethics, to which they profess stubborn devotion. High among the principles in the *Enquirer* newsroom is tenacity. Staff members are used to getting doors slammed in their faces. "We'll put five people on the story and knock on a thousand



Editor-in-chief
Iain Calder:
"We'll put five people
on the story and
knock on
a thousand doors."

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...THE LAST PICTURE
A PART OF EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS

...The rest of the press is



Photo editor Valerie Virga:
"Small cameras, big balls.
That counts for a lot in this business."

doors," says editor-in-chief Calder proudly. "We're willing to go to greater lengths." Sometimes it's for stories that hardly seem worth it; ask, and you'll hear tales of tracking Roseanne and her amorous bodyguard through Europe. But the staff's drive is legendary. "If there's a big story, we jump all over it," says editor John Cathcart. "We'll use Lear jets, and twenty reporters hiding in the bushes. We've even talked about using submarines."

Another *Enquirer* ethos is a focus on the reader, to a degree unusual in newsrooms. One hears no scorn for the Kmart and Wal-Mart shoppers who have contributed to the paper's success; any disdain is saved for the non-paying browser who reads the latest issue in the checkout line. The attitude is best summed up by a handmade sign in the newsroom that reads: IT'S THE READER, STUPID. It is a devotion that is reciprocated by the *Enquirer*'s readers. They send the publication about a million letters a year, so many that the *Enquirer* has been given its own zip code — 33464. Because the *Enquirer* sells few subscriptions — there are only 500,000 subscribers — there is a sense on the staff that it con-

stantly has to reinvent the wheel. "This is almost the purest form of democracy," says Calder. "Every single week, people are voting with their pocket-books." That explains the *Enquirer*'s story selection process, and why, for example, it bothered with a Beltway type like Gary Hart. "It wasn't a political story," says Calder. "He went over the line." The line of impropriety? No, Calder answers. "The line where fifty percent of the population wants to read about someone. A critical mass." The hottest, the newest, the trendy people who obsess mainstream publications mean little to the *Enquirer*. "We don't give a fuck if you're up and coming," explains one veteran staff member helpfully. "We care about you if you're there."

But it is another ethos at the *National Enquirer* — its willingness to pay for stories — that most perpetuates its ostracism from mainstream journalism. In the Simpson case, for example, the paper paid José Camacho and his cutlery-store bosses \$12,500 for their story of selling O.J. a knife, and Nicole's maid \$18,000 for her description of O.J.'s abuse of Nicole. One result is a new California law barring witnesses and jurors in criminal cases from selling their stories before a case is ended. Despite the public criticism, *Enquirer* people stand by their practice, which is deeply embedded in the *Enquirer* psyche. "We check our stories out whether we pay or not," says Calder. "You're buying the exclusivity."

David Perel, the editor in charge of the paper's O.J. coverage, agrees. "Money is a very powerful tool that we use to get to the truth," he says. Learning how to price a story is part of one's journalistic repertoire. "You get a sense of what a story is worth when you've been here awhile."

The sense of free-flowing dollars is everywhere in the *Enquirer* newsroom. When asked how much he pays for items for his column, Mike Walker, the

Enquirer's longtime gossip columnist, answers, "How high is up?" The usual range, he says, is \$100 to \$400 an item. He says of would-be sources, "When I get a call — and I get them every day — once I decide they really have something, I ask, 'Why are you telling me this story?' When they say money, I get a little warm glow. Greed is a very pervasive and very understandable part of human nature. It is much easier to deal with a greedy person than someone who is motivated by hate or revenge."

Such talk makes most mainstream journalists furious. Marvin Kalb calls the *Enquirer*'s practice of paying for stories "part of the prostitution of American journalism." He is particularly offended by the notion that the tabloid is paying for exclusives, not for stories. "I was raised in an era where an exclusive was the result of the legwork you did to get special information," he says. "This kind of exclusive is simply a reflection of the fatness of your wallet." But there are defenders of the practice outside of the Lantana newsroom. John Tierney, a *New York Times* reporter, wrote in the *Times* magazine: "I don't believe that paying sources is unethical, as long as it's disclosed to the reader; in some cases I think it makes for better journalism. It gives a fair share of the profits to sources who spend time and take risks. It might promote some fictitious tales, but it would also elicit stories that otherwise wouldn't be told, from the many people who now see no good reason to talk to a reporter." The *Times*'s policy is not to pay for information; the *Enquirer*'s is to pay when necessary.

There's money, money everywhere at the *Enquirer*, including a \$16 million annual editorial budget. Experienced reporters earn from \$55,000 to almost \$100,000. Editor-in-chief Calder, fifty-six, who has

becoming more tabloid.'

been working as a journalist since he graduated from high school in Scotland, made millions when the tabloid was sold to its present owner, McFadden Holdings, for \$412.5 million in 1989 after the death of the *Enquirer's* legendary founder, Generoso Pope Jr. Pope bought the paper in 1952 for \$75,000, and turned it from a New York newspaper into a successful national tabloid, with Calder's help in the later years.

The *Enquirer* also shells out big money for photographs. "No one can ever beat us," boasts Virga, the photo editor. "We've sent out checks from \$50 to \$50,000 and more from time to time. We're bidding against *Time* and *Newsweek* and *People*." If the story warrants it, the tabloid spares no expense; at Elizabeth Taylor's last wedding, the *Enquirer* had half a dozen photographers and three helicopters in motion. Are there limits to what they'll do for a good photo? "I wouldn't break into someone's hospital room," says Virga. "Despite what people feel, we don't invade privacy."

Eddie Murphy and others might take issue with that claim. The *Enquirer* got photos of Murphy's wedding by sending in photographers dressed as waiters. Such feats take "small cameras, big balls," Virga says with a sly smile, adding, "That counts for a lot in this business." Getting pictures of O.J. Simpson has been easier. At one point, says Virga, "we were getting thirty to fifty calls a day" from people saying, "I photographed O.J. playing football." It was insane. It's like you're the FBI. You have to screen them." But like most of her colleagues, Virga, who came to the publication almost eighteen years ago bearing an English

degree from Boston College, wouldn't give up the chase for anything. "I can't imagine working somewhere where everyone is cooperative, like *Vanity Fair*. What do they do all day?"

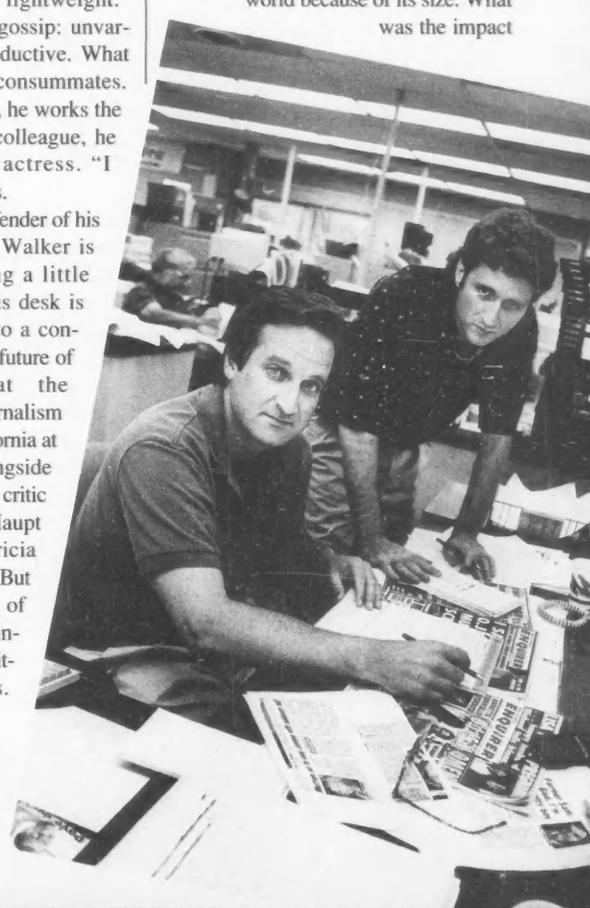
If anyone has benefited from the growing cachet of the *Enquirer*, it is Mike Walker. The silver-haired gossip columnist is a one-man industry; he is a regular guest on the *Geraldo* show and the E! Channel and has his own syndicated radio show on the Westwood One Network. He is also the co-author of Faye Resnick's sizzling best-selling memoir, *Nicole Brown Simpson: The Private Diary of a Life Interrupted*.

"We are broadcasting from atop Mount Gossip," he coos into his microphone in his Lantana radio studio. "Let's get a little frothier. You know that I like to get lightweight." Walker is the voice of gossip: unvarnished, unapologetic, seductive. What others just play at, he consummates. Between radio segments, he works the phone. Talking with a colleague, he names a well-known actress. "I smell facelift," he smirks.

Apugnacious defender of his tabloid craft, Walker is finally getting a little respect. On his desk is an invitation to a conference on the future of biography at the Graduate School of Journalism of the University of California at Berkeley, to appear alongside the *New York Times* book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt and the biographer Patricia Bosworth, among others. But he can't shake his sense of grievance about the mainstream press. "I'm a profit-monger," he proclaims.

"I'm a journalist. I sell and trade information, and any journalist who doesn't think that's what he does is kidding himself." A high-school dropout from Plymouth, Massachusetts, whose career before the *Enquirer* was, by his own account, a mix of wire services, newspapers, police reporting, and managing rock and roll bands in Europe, Walker has been at the paper since 1971. As he tells his radio audience, "I used to be a serious journalist. Then I saw the light."

It was an item written by Walker that got the *Enquirer* into its most famous debacle. A Los Angeles jury awarded the actress Carol Burnett a \$1.6 million verdict in 1981 after the tabloid implied that Burnett had made a drunken scene in a Washington, D.C. restaurant. Even though the verdict was later halved, it sent a chill through the whole publishing world because of its size. What was the impact



General editor David Perel, right, shown with assistant executive editor Steve Coz: "Money is a very powerful tool that we use to get to the truth."

My Twenty-Four Days on the Slippery Slope

by Jane Meredith Adams

of the Carol Burnett verdict on the tabloid? Says a lawyer who once represented the *Enquirer*, "My opinion before the Burnett decision was that they were very careful. Afterwards, they were a little more careful." Now, a lawyer from the prestigious law firm of Williams & Connolly flies down from Washington weekly to review stories being published that week.

If the *Enquirer* is edging toward respectability, it is due in large part to younger journalists like general editor David Perel and assistant executive editor Steve Coz, his boss. The two might be considered the Woodward and Bernstein of tabloid journalism for their successful collaboration on the O.J. Simpson case. (As it happens, Perel started his career at *The Washington Post*, as a makeup editor.) The two editors have clearly brought a drive, energy, and accuracy that the *Enquirer* hasn't always enjoyed. Unlike *Enquirer* reporters from an earlier era, who were often European-born Fleet Street veterans, both are American and college-educated. Perel, thirty-five, a dead ringer for Sean Penn, went to school at the University of Maryland and American University. Coz, thirty-seven, the picture of yuppie sophistication in his Ralph Lauren Polo shirt and his tortoise-shell glasses, graduated cum laude from Harvard. Their smarts and hustle would be a credit to any newsroom; still, the two are wedded to the *Enquirer* life-style, in large part because of what Perel calls "the fun factor." (Coz is also wedded to Valerie Virga, the photo editor, whom he met on the job.)

In the end, the *Enquirer* is more like mainstream publications than many in journalism think — but less like a major newspaper than *Enquirer* journalists like to think. Too many mainstream journalists consider the tabloid's work "cash for trash," as *The New Yorker* put it in an article last year.

And what will the *Enquirer* do when the O.J. case is over? Not to worry — there's always another scandal down the road. Photo editor Virga, for one, has her eye on the Speaker of the House. "I'd love to catch him doing the nasty — Newt with some little bimbo on his lap." After all, inquiring minds want to know. ♦

Last January, a year after the name Tonya Harding first surfaced in connection with a plot to attack the skater Nancy Kerrigan, I was walking in San Francisco with friends, hashing over the O.J. Simpson murder trial. Seven months into the story, the case still entranced us beyond reason. Midway into savoring the news that *Dog World* had assigned a reporter to the trial because of interest in Nicole Brown Simpson's Akita, Kato, my gaze caught the marquee of Big Al's adult book store. In black letters on white was the name Tonya Harding, last year's media obsession, paired with the name of another who found media fame in 1994, both now sunk to their level in a poorly spelled advertisement for pornographic videos:

JOHN W. BOBBITT

TONYA HARDING

GIVE THEY'RE XXX ALL

"Oh, Tonya," I said, and my friends laughed, and the conversation turned back to O.J.-land. But for a minute or two I dropped out. With the release of the "Tonya and Jeff's Wedding Night" video by her ex-husband, Jeff Gillooly, Harding seemed more ridiculous than ever; in many ways, her story had seemed ridiculous then. So what did that make me?

For twenty-four days I had tracked Tonya Harding for *The Boston Globe* as she moved from an obscure figure skater who could perform a stunning triple axel to a criminal defendant accused of involvement in a plot to whack Kerrigan in the knee and eliminate her from Olympic contention. I stood in the clump of reporters at the edge of the Clackamas Town Center

Adams, a former staff reporter for The Boston Globe, is now a West Coast correspondent for the paper and a free-lance writer.

rink as Harding practiced; I waited, shivering, at the end of her driveway, hoping she'd drive by and throw out a quote. I participated, in other words, in the kind of bottom-feeding journalism ridiculed — even as we in the "mainstream" do more of it — by virtually everyone: the subjects of the stories, the public, and other reporters, including myself.

I now watch the reporters chasing the Simpson story with pity as well as envy — pity for the ordeal, envy of the big story. I have felt the group hysteria at the chance of missing a tidbit. I have experienced how it is possible to begin reporting a story with a sense of the larger issues involved and after weeks of pointless stakeouts, rude brushoffs, and tabloid scoops to greet almost every development with a snicker.

Looking back I wish I could say I would do it differently next time. I'd be calmer, I'd stay above the fray, I'd insist on substance. But I'm not sure it would be possible.

It was January and February 1994. O.J. Simpson had not yet murdered or not murdered his ex-wife and her friend, and Michael Jackson had not married (much less split up with) Lisa Marie Presley. The trial of Lorena Bobbitt for cutting off her husband's penis with a kitchen knife was under way. And in Portland, Oregon, where the skies were nickel-gray and often rainy, we were deep into the gathering of information about a morally ambiguous skater who had rocked the established order of the Olympic Games. Across the country, the attraction-revulsion dynamic was going full-tilt: an attraction to the details of these quasi-celebrity stories, followed by a queasy sense of revulsion. Who wouldn't want to know that Tonya Harding's mother had been ejected

from a skating rink for directing a stream of obscenities at her daughter as she practiced? Or that she had forbidden six-year-old Tonya to leave the ice to go to the bathroom, so she'd peed on the rink? I relished these facts; I'd chased them down. To justify intruding into someone's life, I told myself what reporters always tell themselves: the stories involved "the public's right to know."

In the Harding case, there were indeed legitimate questions: Did Harding know of the plot to attack Kerrigan, who was all that Harding would never be — long-legged and richly marketable? Had Harding violated the Olympic code of ethics? Should she be allowed to skate in the games? The fifty or seventy-five or one hundred reporters who descended on Portland and took up residence at the Marriott or the Benson or the Heathman pursued those stories as long as they could. But then a void arose. It would be March, well after the Olympics (in which she took part, badly) before any charges were filed against Harding; the lawyers, meanwhile, were mostly mum, and so the focus shifted to her personal exploits. We began to chronicle the life of an abused and possibly criminal young skater. The problem was, almost no one had access to Harding, who was keenly aware that her words were a salable commodity. For the most part, she did not talk to anyone who did not pay her cash or cash-equivalent or offer prime-time exposure. Those were her rules. It must have been satisfying to her to wield such power.

In more innocent times, under the rules of the media game, a tough-talking, Marlboro-smoking skater with a tenth-grade education would spill her story to whoever got there first, or asked in the most empathic tones, or worked for the most prestigious news organization. She would open her life to us, flattered that we'd asked. Not Tonya; not in the 1990s. With the help of her lawyers, she sold her story, for a fee well into six figures, to the tabloid television show *Inside Edition*; she gave an on-ice interview to Diane Sawyer that was more like a photo op with a cap-

tion; and she gave a vague, tearful interview to Connie Chung of CBS, the official Winter Olympics television network. Most of the rest of us were left on our own.

Not by and large reporters who had covered celebrities of any caliber, we were mentally ill-equipped for the meaninglessness of our assignment, some of which I tried to inject into my daily dispatches to Boston: *Tonya's mother collapses on afternoon television talk show*; *Portland radio station plays Hang Down Your Head Gillooly*; *the wrestler Playboy Buddy Rose in leopard-print pants appears at ring-side, wants to be Tonya's bodyguard*.

Sometime during this period I began to clean out the supply of little bottles of lotion and shampoo from the wicker basket by the sink in my hotel room. Every day I used some or just smelled the more aromatic ones, then loaded them into my suitcase. Every day the maid put out new bottles. What did she care? She'd undoubtedly seen worse. Then one night I took nine small bottles from the health club at the Benson. Can never have too much of the stuff, I thought, but I knew, the way a drunk person will know, that I was drunk, that I had crossed the line, had become sucked into the driving ethos of this story: insatiability, the endless, sometimes pointless quest for more.

No piece of information was too trivial. No effort too ridiculous. For most of us it's a foolish feeling, standing outside someone's house — unless the person shows up. One Saturday night a reporter for *USA Today* and one for *The Philadelphia Inquirer* were rewarded for being outside Harding's father's apartment. When I heard they'd managed a brief conversation with Harding, who was heading out in tight jeans to party, I felt remiss for not joining their vigil.

By then I'd already endured the embarrassing experience of slipping in alongside a crowd of ten-year-olds at Harding's rink so I could get into the free skate, in the hopes that Harding's coach would speak to me (she wouldn't). And I'd spent one chilly evening sitting in a rented car while a colleague looked in the windows of the cheaply built A-frame

where Harding and Gillooly lived (trespassing by anyone's definition).

"I see some skates," she'd said, her nose at the glass. When she lifted up the lid on the garbage can, I said, "Will you get in this car!" and reluctantly she did.

Perhaps the most fruitless experience was the eight hours about thirty-five of us spent in the lobby of the Portland headquarters of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, waiting for Harding to emerge from questioning. By the time Harding walked out of the elevator after 11 P.M., it was past deadline for most of us, and the lobby reeked of sweat and leftover pizza; but we'd stayed on, numbed. Suddenly, there she was: blond-haired, shorter than I'd realized. She stood mute while her lawyer, Robert Weaver, explained that she had nothing to say. That seemed to fuel the hysteria. When Harding and Weaver turned to exit, in herd formation we followed out the lobby and into the parking garage. One cameraman fell, hard, face-forward on the cement steps behind me; the herd kept moving. Finally Harding said yes, she had a message to her fans: "Please believe in me!" We jotted that down. She slipped into her lawyer's red BMW. Weaver opened the door on the driver's side. For a moment we had them surrounded. We glared at them. They glared back.

In my hotel room, weary, I threw the little bottles into my suitcase.

Now, Harding mania has been eclipsed by Simpson mania, and my supply of hotel freebies has shrunk to seven bottles. The other night I sliced open the piece of paper on a bottle of Marriott lotion, unscrewed the top, and one whiff brought back the Harding siege — the long drives to the Clackamas Town Center, the thinly carpeted floor at FBI headquarters. I remembered a television tabloid reporter I'd sat beside in court, his face coated with heavy orange pancake makeup at 10 A.M. He seemed to me now no more desperate than the rest of us, just more naked in his ambition. I started to shake out the sickly-sweet-smelling lotion and then thought, I don't have to do this. ♦