

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES



THE LION AND COMPASS

by Benjamin J. Stein

To begin at the beginning, try not to hink about the tasteless dill sauce, the ooked-out vegetables, or the iondescript fruit. Do not waste a moment of your time thinking that the entil soup is less tasty than a glass of ce water. Food is not what The Lion and Compass is all about. Food may be important in some more slow-moving, better-established places in New York City or Los Angeles, but it is not even in the running in the Silicon alley, and the Silicon Valley is what The Lion and Compass definitely is about.

"See that man over there?" asks Joe Heinrich, an integrated-circuit designer, pointing at a little fellow in a polyester hirt with full white plastic nerdpack hielding the fabric from ball-point pen nk and a badge with his picture on it. That fellow and his next door neighbor have a patent on an optical nk that can digitalize voice commands o a telephone. Just what," Joe Heinrich asks, "do you think that's worth?"

"A million dollars?" says a man at he table, stretching his imagination to s utter limits.

"Try three hundred million over ten ears, for him personally," says Heinrich. "The damned thing's gonna ake it possible to just talk to your hone and tell your phone what umber you want. You won't even have o move."

"Is he capitalized yet?" asks the second man.

"Oh, absolutely," says Joe Heinrich. There's no way on earth that he'd dare o come here to this place if he didn't ready have the venture capital completely in the bag. If he came here with at guy," and now Joe Heinrich points t the man with the guy wearing the erdpack, who wears a dark blue suit rom Paul Stuart and an Egyptian cotton shirt from Tripler, "who just creams 'venture capital,' his boss ould find out about it in two seconds nd fire him. The only way he'd ossibly come here with that guy, who think is from L.F. Rothschild, is if the

financing's all set and he doesn't care if he's fired." Joe Heinrich takes a sip of the California White Wines for which the chef assures him The Lion and Compass is famous. (In fact, the wine is excellent, but that is not why anyone is there.) "In two weeks that guy will be the CEO of his own company and in a year, if the optical link gets picked up by GTE and AT&T, his company'll be worth as much as Chrysler."

The Lion and Compass was founded by Atari-founder Nolan Bushnell to be the forum for just such deals. It is a place where the food is nothing special, the decor is wildly derivative, but the deals that will define the future get made every day.

"This place," says Paul Solomon, a colleague of Nolan Bushnell, who owns most of The Lion and Compass, "is where the money meets the ideas."

"When an engineer has a really big idea," says Nolan Bushnell, who is on the run to Aspen, stealing french fries off an investment banker's plate (and shouting "bitesies" like a frat brother), "he first has secret meetings in a place nobody important ever goes, like some of those places with funny names like The Rusty Scupper and Charlie Brown's. That's so no one will see him. But when he's got everything in the bag and he's not worried about who sees him, when he *wants* people to see him with the money people from Bessemer

or Citicorp, this is exactly where he comes."

"This" has a bar flown over from England, a library, ditto, a regulation gray-walled room, and a "garden room" with sash windows overlooking a parking lot. On a recent Friday, a table of men from the Financial News Network were grilling a bearded man about techniques of "IC-surgery." "That's when you have to stop your whole assembly because the chips aren't coming in right, and that guy comes over at four in the morning and fixes the automated silicon deposition machinery. He gets seventy-five hundred an hour," says Paul Solomon, "and he's worth every penny."

At another table, two engineer/entrepreneurs were doing some heavy-duty reminiscing. "You remember on the Titan, how the guidance was by circuit boards?" one asks. "Now everything's IC's. I really miss those old days. Can you believe it? Copper conductivity? It seems like a million years ago."

"Yeah, we're getting old," says his partner. Neither one looks old enough to be out of graduate school. Both are drinking milk.

Lunch begins early at The Lion and Compass. The place is packed by noon, and fairly well filled by eleven-thirty. "Engineers eat early," says Nolan Bushnell. "They get in early and they go home early so they can work in their garages making new circuits and starting their own companies. That's what the Silicon Valley's for."

At the bar, at two o'clock, by which time the restaurant is completely empty, an attractive woman wanders in for a Tab. "That's really rare," says the bartender. "She must be new in town. She doesn't know that engineers never stay here that long. If she wants to meet somebody, she'd be better off at the Electrical Engineers' meetings at the Marriott."

Jerry Sanders, who started Advanced Micro Devices in his hat (annual sales in 1983, \$400 million), says the Silicon

Valley needs The Lion and Compass. "There has to be some center," he says, "some place where I can take grad students who are hot and let them know I'm spending money on them, some place where people from Hitachi can come and feel like they're being shown a good time, most of all a place where the entrepreneurs can go to let people know they've made it. The food doesn't matter. As for the decor, the more imitative the better. It just has to *look* right, and The Lion and Compass looks perfect. Plus, the right people come here, and that's really all anyone wants to see."

"We don't care about a fresh John Dory here," Joe Heinrich adds. "Everybody's thinking so hard that he can't even taste the food anyway. Look at these people," he says, gesturing around with a giant hand at the mixture of Madison Avenue tailoring and J.C. Penney catalogue ready-to-wear. "One good idea, one good design, and they're as rich as a Rockefeller cousin. One good match-up with a venture capital firm, and they've got another Apple. Who the hell cares as long as the food doesn't kill you?"

Out in the parking lot, a valet in running sweats brings up the battered Pontiac station wagon of the man with the optical telephone link that'll let you dial your numbers by talking to the goddamned telephone. "When the engineer meets the money, it's like owning a mint for both of them, unless somebody else makes them obsolete. That guy's too busy to buy a Mercedes, too busy to worry about gourmet food. Ideas turn into companies and into nothing again really fast," he says. "You can't waste your time worrying about the sauce on the sole or you just get buried alive. That's why The Lion and Compass works here. They know what's important is that they're part of the race track, not the refreshment stand."

Back at the bar, the woman lights a cigarette and looks at the empty "library" room. "Jesus," she says, "this place is as slow as an 8-bit chip."

"Wait until seven o'clock," says the bartender. "It gets up to 32-bit speed again by then." □



Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and producer in Hollywood.

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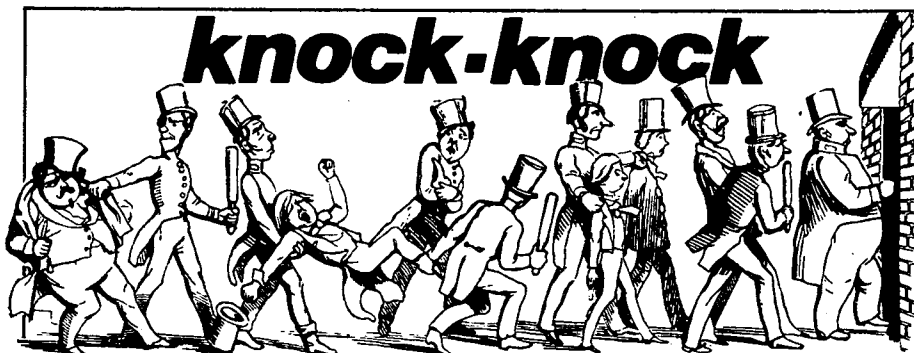
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EDITORIAL

(continued from page 9)

Mr. Carpenter was a hero while under Nazi fire sometime in 1944. From then on he did not lead a hero's life. To take to the streets, leaving an infant son and a girl to face life accompanied solely by their mother is by my lights a life of cowardice. To claim, as the political activists exploiting the homeless do, that there was nobility in Mr. Carpenter's devotion to "the boys" on the street is nonsense. The quality of his relationships was vividly suggested by his last street companion, Mr. John Lamm. "We drank together, pooled our money together [as a disabled veteran Mr. Carpenter received \$400 to \$500 monthly], but I didn't ask him anything and he didn't ask me," Mr. Lamm explained from his wheelchair.

What is most objectionable about the news stories that the political activists at Washington's Community for Creative Non-Violence orchestrated into our living rooms is not that their proximate goal of more street shelters is a futile approach to the profound problems afflicting most of the so-called homeless. Rather it is the violence these activists commit against the truth.

As Thomas J. Main wrote in the *Public Interest* quarterly in the summer of 1983, homelessness is caused by a variety of misfortunes and pathologies. Some become vagrants owing to temporary destitution. Others are drug addicts, alcoholics, or the victims of mental disorders. Few can be treated as normal citizens. Some belong in asylums, as the American Psychiatric Association has confirmed. Others belong in the jug. Still others, who break no laws and present no threat to society, ought to be left alone. The plight of the so-called homeless worsens not because society does not care but because the activists among us have, in pursuit of their follies, made it controversial to assess the problem accurately and to address it as effectively as society once did. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

Chairman Volcker, but the Chairman was not at the office or at home. I informed her that Chairman Volcker was in Europe and that, given the time difference, he was probably asleep. The operator asked me to hold the line while she consulted with someone. When she came back on the line, she asked when Chairman Volcker would return to the office. I told her that he would be back on June 28. After further consultation the White House operator asked that Chairman Volcker

call the President when he returned. The operator was the only person to whom I spoke on the evening of June 25.

—Catherine A. Mallardi
Washington, D.C.

Gregory A. Fossedal replies:

Regarding Ms. Mallardi, some observations:

1. The "false account" I have repeated appeared first in the *New York Times* months before my article. Ms. Mallardi lodged no protest with the *Times*, so readers might be tempted to suspect her motives. In my opinion, her decision to respond here reflects her simple awareness of the vast influence wielded by *The American Spectator* relative to the *Times*.

2. Several letters to the White House, including two epistles which I directed to the personal attention of our commander-in-chief, Ronald Reagan, have failed to shed any new light on the events of June 25. In my last letter, dated January 3, I requested several members of the White House to offer any evidence they might have that would tend to corroborate Ms. Mallardi's story or refute my own account. None has been forthcoming.

3. I am therefore inclined to stand by my own account, which was obtained from a sinister White House aide who regularly sends notes on toilet paper to Strobe Talbott. But in the interests of clarifying the historical record, I will gladly bear any costs associated with Ms. Mallardi's undergoing a polygraph examination on the matter in question. If her story holds, I will issue a retraction.

Now, let us administer some oxygen to the gasping Mr. Borghese:

1. My "assertion" that Volcker, Shultz, et al. engineered the collapse of Bretton Woods is hardly controversial, and hardly undocumented. My original article cites a leading expert: Volcker himself. It was Volcker, not me, who in repeated congressional testimony affirmed his role in smashing the Bretton Woods system. It was Volcker who (along with Shultz and Connally) advocated a floating exchange rate system when he was at Treasury (cf. William Safire's *Before the Fall*). Such a system had to be engineered, because the Bretton Woods agreement obligated signatories to exchange their currencies for dollars at a fixed rate, and obligated the U.S. to trade dollars for a fixed value of gold reserves (at \$35 to the ounce).

2. Paul Volcker has testified a number of times in favor of tax increases, particularly during the 1982 fight to pass the Bob Dole deficit-reduction plan. The *Wall Street Journal* reported on a typical example of Volckerspeak this January 16: "Though

the Senate leadership has focused only on spending reductions, Mr. Volcker said he would 'look elsewhere' to revenues and taxes if sufficient cuts can't be found."

3. Regarding Volcker's interaction with Third World economies, one can hardly deny that foreign lending has increased in the last 15 years. So the only question is, have such loans been properly regulated, and have they been contingent on wise economic policies? One write-down on one loan to Argentina, alas, does not sound regulation make, and my article faithfully reports the overall figures which show banks in grave danger. (For still more on the hardships Volcker has imposed on Latin economies and U.S. shareholders, see my article of July 20, 1984 in the *Wall Street Journal*.)

4. Finally, my description of exchange rate fluctuations being caused by monetary policy is hardly novel. Monetarists, supply-siders, and Keynesians alike view exchange rates as reflecting the supply and demand for various currencies. So the only debate is over this: Do present exchange rate fluctuations reflect capricious policy on the part of our Fed or someone else's? The drastic fluctuations in the dollar price of gold and other commodities under Volcker, cited in my article, suggest the fault lies not with our stars, or with other control banks, but with our Fed.

Overall, Mr. Borghese, like many idolators, credits Mr. Volcker for all that is good and blames him for nothing that is bad. He repeats that Volcker has "brought inflation under control." To the extent this is true—inflation, again per my article, has been higher under Volcker than any other chairman—it came at high cost: the recessions of 1980, 1981, and 1982. A three year old can "control" inflation with 10-percent unemployment.

Mr. Borghese likewise credits Mr. Volcker with achieving this control despite pressure on the "fiscal accelerator," i.e., the deficits. Yet it was Volcker himself who pressed that accelerator to the floor. Today's deficits mostly reflect the slow growth caused by Volcker's clumsy handling of monetary policy in 1981-82. That is why Irving Kristol aptly calls them the "Volcker deficits."

As for adding to Mr. Volcker's mystique, that was my precise intention. In a government run by men, one must indeed concentrate on personages and petty power politics. When the Fed is returned to the rule of law—a monetary standard, be it gold or the money supply—Mr. Volcker's self-interested machinations will do much less harm, and then we can blissfully turn to other conservative tasks, such as initiating a nuclear war and tearing up the Bill of Rights. □



“What joy!”

says Malcolm Muggeridge, welcoming the new frontal assault on American liberalism by “the funniest political essayist to come along in years”—Tom Wolfe

The founder and editor-in-chief of *The American Spectator*, having brilliantly dissected *Public Nuisances* in his book of that title, now goes beyond *Homo liberalis* to examine what he believes are the frequently incoherent, often infantile (and nearly always dangerous) ideas of the New Age Liberals.

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THE ANTI-NUKES... “Looking back on the debate over nuclear energy, one is staggered by the vast nonsensicality of the thing: Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* performed by a chorus and orchestra of chimpanzees...”

shoelaces tied together.”

BLACK ANTI-SEMITISM... “When a black Atlantan was arrested and charged [with the murders of black children in Atlanta] Mayor Marion Barry of our nation's capital justified the charges of racism, explaining that had the children ‘been Jewish, the Federal government would have moved faster.’ Jewish? Why Jewish? Why not simply white or rich or famous? Atlanta was the sad culmination of more than a decade of sham.”

THE TUBE... “Television has preempted reality in the minds of millions. When Laurence Olivier played Hamlet he was never asked

to testify before Parliament on domestic political conditions in Denmark. Today in America Alan Alda, who played an army surgeon on M*A*S*H, has lectured to medical schools, and Ed Asner, who played a city editor on *Lou Grant*, has lectured a meeting of journalists on ‘investigative journalism.’”

ANDREW YOUNG... “Andy found racism everywhere, even in Abraham Lincoln... Yet Andy found no hint of racism in Arab lands. Nor did Jesse Jackson, nor the members of the Black Caucus. The new black leaders recognized the Arab lands as true brothers engaged in one of the great liberation movements of modern times—namely: the liberation of dollars from Western banks.”

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CRACK-UP

CURRENT WISDOM

Salt Lake Tribune

A cri de coeur from what sounds very much like a member of the Union of Concerned Scientists, alone and shivering in the Salt Lake Gulag:

As displaced people from Los Angeles (displaced is right—this place is like a prisoner of war camp) we can't help but be horrified by the extreme right wing attitude and moral majority mentality displayed here.

Salt Lake City is like a satellite country of the USSR. If Utah were a nation, Jerry Falwell would be president.

As if it weren't bad enough to be told what we can watch on television, how much we can imbibe and where, now we are totally dismayed to find that Plato's Retreat has been denied a license to operate!

We loved Plato's Retreat in L.A.—it's a great little nude swingers' club and we found it to be a wonderful outlet for inhibitions, pent-up frustrations, and sluggish hinking.

It isn't as if the owners are going to go out on the streets and manhandle reluctant customers to come in.

In order to get in the front door, you have to show a membership card. This is a privilege, folks. Wake up!

All the negative publicity generated by Plato's Retreat is indicative of the smug conceited thinking of the majority of this state's population.

—L. Hardmana
Midvale

[December 3, 1984]

The Coastland Times

Manteo, North Carolina's paper of record observes the passing scene:

On the recommendation of police chief Patton Midgett, the Manteo board of commissioners during their mid-month meeting Tuesday night, unanimously adopted an amendment to the town codes prohibiting the elimination of human waste."

[November 22, 1984]

Mother Jones

An *obligato* reassurance from David Osborne, *MJ's* political affairs expert and prophet-in-residence:

Yes, Ronald Reagan was reelected by a landslide, but so were Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson. That fact alone should caution us against reading too much into Reagan's sweep, for both Nixon and Johnson proceeded to lead their parties over cliff.

The lessons of November 6, 1984, in other words, should be drawn with care. Ronald Reagan's victory will have a lasting impact, will create the historic realignment of which Republicans dream, *only* if his policies work. And, frankly, there is little chance of that.

[January 1985]

Soviet Life

On the pages of a superb publication, abundant with all the generous sentiments so plentiful in the socialist

motherland, a patriot makes one more effort to undue the decades of slander:

... the work to draw up Soviet laws is carried on at government levels with the participation not only of competent jurists, but also of broad sections of the population. Four-fifths of the adult population in the country took part in discussing the 1977 Constitution of the USSR. As a result, changes were made in 110 out of the 173 articles in the draft of the Constitution.

For example, the draft of Article 35 read: "Women in the USSR have equal rights with men." One woman wrote: "Why have men been chosen as the principal standard? Why are women to be accorded equality with them and not vice versa?" Quite a reasonable question, isn't it? The final version of Article 35 now reads: "Women and men have equal rights in the USSR."

[December 1984]

Baltimore Sun

High ratiocinations from the sempiternally high Dr. Garry Wills:

Some would dismiss the bishops' draft on the grounds that liberals were resisting their views on abortion before the election—how can they accept their views on economics afterward? But there is nothing—not one word—about abortion in the Gospels. In fact, there is very little about sex or "private morality," as it is called. But page after page is filled with denunciation of the privileged and a call for justice to the lowly, the poor, the humble, the excluded, the weak. Who can qualify for that attention if not the dying in Ethiopia?

[November 22, 1984]

Los Angeles Times

A 100 percent American pontificator clears his throat on the correspondence page of the Golden State's *Times*:

I would like to protest the use of an adjective that seems to be applied to anyone in any event that is newsworthy who happens to be 60 years old or more. Do your writers realize what effect this designation has on people so termed?

It is a stereotype that implies that the descriptee is frail and somewhat doddering and—despite the fact that he or she may be in vigorous command of all mental and physical functions—over the hill.

Think of how demoralizing it can be. Take the case of a man, a vigorous 62, fresh from jogging his usual two miles that morning and on his way to a client meeting, who witnesses an accident. Dropping his briefcase, he extricates woman and child from their car just before it goes up in flames at considerable risk to himself. In your report you pay just tribute to any man, on the senile side of 60, who can overcome his own disabilities to come to the aid of others. "Elderly Man Saves Two!" your headline will trumpet. . . .

That "elderly" man, with a previous self-image as a charismatic participant in the work of the world, from that time on may very well feel that others perceive him as ready for the ash heap. The stigma of being somewhat decrepit is permanently at-

tached to him from the time of your reporter's description.

May I suggest that you delete the word "elderly" from your reporters' future stories? They shouldn't mind. After all, they too will age numerically if their health holds up, and few major newspapers hire "elderly" reporters.

—Kalman Phillips
Sherman Oaks

[September 1, 1984]

Village Voice

Still more evidence to fortify the late George Jean Nathan's findings that between the male and female of the species the latter have more salacious minds:

Julio Iglesias's timbre and cadence carry a powerful hidden message. They are in exact rhythm with a female's slow buildup to orgasm. This message may be elusive to male writers, for the male buildup to orgasm is better expressed by rock'n'roll.

Many men don't look for the female rhythm because to them sex isn't about satisfying the female at all. Sex is about dominance, and keeping the female unsatisfied is an expression of same.

So Julio gives many women in fantasy what they yearn for in real life.

In women's embrace of the romantic latino singers, you are just seeing the reality of our lives and the failure of our men to satisfy us or recognize our needs.

Perhaps someday they will wake up.

[December 3, 1984]

Time

A mamushi from Louisville, Kentucky moves from the correspondence pages of the *Nation* to the correspondence pages of *Time*:

Harry Britt says he has not found anyone who does not feel good about being an American right now. Well, he has not talked to me. I am ashamed of this country and what Ronald Reagan has done to the millions of poor people. I am ashamed of the violence shown toward children, women and animals. I am ashamed of the selfishness that characterizes our business and personal values. I am ashamed that not everyone in this country has equal rights although we have equal problems. Most of all, I am ashamed that the majority of Americans are so easily fooled by President Reagan.

[October 22, 1984]

Vegetarian Times

Historical and political analysis from Dr. Alex Hershaft, forward-looker:

The role of animals in the U.S. political process has been largely symbolic and superficial. The bald eagle is the official symbol of the United States. The Democrats rally behind the donkey while the Republicans adore their elephant. Even Theodore Roosevelt's splinter party was named after an animal—the bull moose. And who can forget the little mongrel named Checkers, Vice Presidential candidate Richard Nixon's best friend? Historically, however, both can-

didates' political statements and party platforms have consistently failed to reflect the tremendous debt that they, and we, owe to animals and the obligations that this debt entails.

If it is true that history will judge our civilization by the way we treat our animals, then the U.S. has a lot of catching up to do. . . . The common, if cynical, wisdom maintains that animals don't vote, but the people who make a living by exploiting them do.

But what about the decent, caring, compassionate, idealistic people of America? The graduate of liberation and other progressive movements? The political activists who have revolutionized our attitudes toward blacks, the aged, the handicapped, gays, women and other oppressed segments of our society? Don't they vote, too? Couldn't their views be impressed upon this country's political apparatus? Could they be enlisted in this latest liberation movement? Especially by a bunch of well-meaning political amateurs?

[October 1984]

The Emory Wheel

Outdoor sport at Emory University reported in precise detail by an aspiring Woodward or Bernstein:

There was an exhibitionist reported on the path between the Fishburne parking deck and Woodruff Library. A female student was approached by a white male who was masturbating with his penis in his hand. He asked her if she wanted to assist him. She declined and returned to the library.

[November 16, 1984]

Scottsdale Daily Progress

For 3,000 moral virtuosi hope comes to "the valley," along with God knows how many fresh cases of Gay Bowel Syndrome:

They can't put a photo of the person they love most on their desk at work. Except among themselves, they can't share stories about how they spend their free time without incrimination.

They can't talk about all the excitement they feel when the one who loves them does something special. They feel forced to lie and find themselves feeling like an outsider in social groups because they can't contribute to the conversation.

They are human beings loving human beings. But they are told that is wrong, unnatural and not normal.

It has been said that the only bigotry left in the United States today, that is considered socially acceptable, is from those who put them down.

At 5 p.m. Saturday, thousands from this group and their supporters will line the streets of downtown Phoenix asking for "Unity and More in '84."

It will be the Valley's fourth annual Gay Pride March.

"This year I'm pretty confident we'll have 3,000 (marchers)," said Kirk Baxter, president of the Arizona Lesbian and Gay Task Force, organizers of the march.

[June 14, 1984]