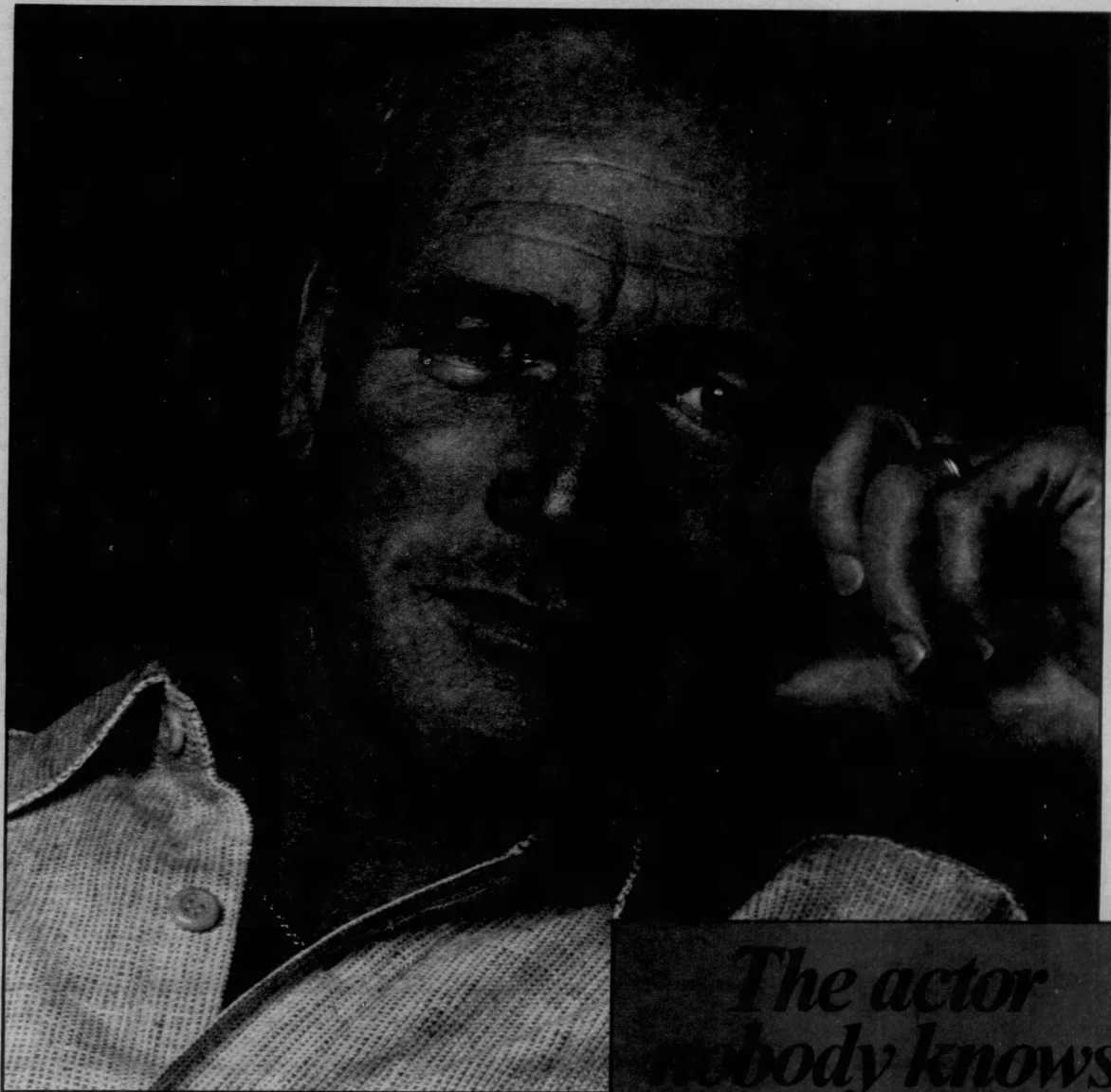


# magazine

December 5, 1982

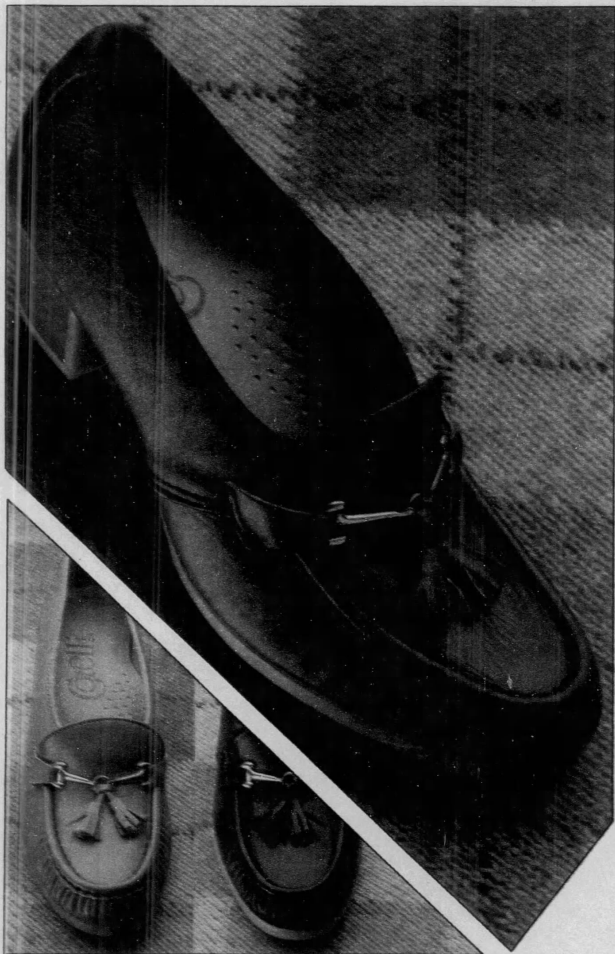
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By Susan Toepfer

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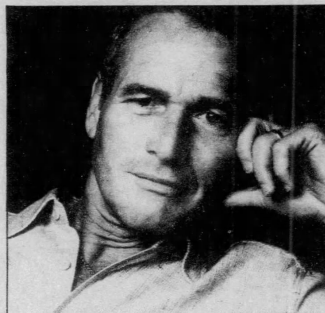
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# magazine

ON THE COVER



**December 5, 1982**

At 57, and after 28 years on screen, Paul Newman—he of the blue eyes, salt-and-pepper hair and sardonic smile—is perhaps the last of the old-style sex symbols. Yet Newman, the private citizen, remains as mysterious as the rebellious characters who have brought him fame. As his new movie, "The Verdict," opens, Features Editor Susan Toepfer asks the critical question: "Who is this guy?"

COVER PHOTO BY ALAIN DEJEAN

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Of all crimes, none ravages the face of the city like arson. But now a new task force of fire marshals called Red Caps may be sifting hope out of the rubble.

By Maryanne Vollers

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See *On the cover*. By Susan Toepfer

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When two paychecks are an economic necessity, some women do what they can.

By Georgette Bennett

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Getting a leg up on the holidays.

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EDITOR: David Hirshey ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Pucci Meyer ASSISTANT EDITOR: Andy Port  
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# LADIES OF THE AFTERNOON

When two paychecks are an economic necessity, some women do what they can

BY GEORGETTE BENNETT

**L**inda, a bespectacled, middle-aged housewife and mother from Queens, is a workaholic. After seven hours toiling as a shipping clerk and with a husband waiting at home for supper, Linda has one more job to do before her workday is done.

Decorously clad in a beige wool suit, she hops into a cab and zips across the East River to a Manhattan hotel, where she has a 5:30 appointment. The "appointment" is a portly businessman; their business is sex. Under her sedate first-job suit, she wears her second-job ensemble—a red silk bikini. Within half an hour—or less—she is \$50 to \$100 richer, and hurrying home after a hard day at the offices.

In a decade when industry makes liberal use of part-time help with office temporaries and the like, it should not be surprising that the world's oldest profession is keeping up with the times. And business is booming. Part-time prostitutes, according to Freda

*Criminologist Georgette Bennett last wrote about ex-mental patients for the Magazine.*

Adler, author of "Sisters in Crime," "are the vanguard of a more mobile, less regimented group of female entrepreneurs who are beginning to dominate the field."

Since you won't see them cruising Times Square or Lex in hot-pants and platform shoes, it's hard to gauge how numerous part-timers are. Nationwide, estimates on the number of old-fashioned prostitutes who have only one career range up to 500,000. The New York Police Department says there are about 300 "traditionalists" in the city, a figure that seems on the low side but is apparently based on arrest records.

Part-timers, then, are virtually impossible to count. They rarely, if ever, run afoul of the law. As a rule, they're not junkies and they don't become slab victims in the violent world of pimps and street trade. They are an invisible group that works mostly through referrals—middle-class women servicing middle-class men.

Among the women we interviewed—all real, though their names have been changed—were a girl working her way through college, a wife going through the motions of a burnt-out marriage, and a Southern divorcee who fled a bed-bored existence to stop just short of bed-and-bordello and

become a part-timer. Most don't resemble the painted tarts of yesteryear. Some, like 50-year-old Linda, remind you of Geritol ladies who could hook a rug but not much more.

What they all have in common is money—each say they're in it for the cash. Of course, they like the occasional good-time-on-the-town with "interesting" men of high professional caliber, and it's nice to know the guys find you attractive. But most deny getting any sexual satisfaction from the job; they want to "get it over with," they say. And they don't consider themselves prostitutes. Oh no. Prostitution, they feel, is a career while what they do is a sideline.

What really makes them trick? Well, let's catch up with workaholic Linda, whom we last saw hurrying home from her john to cook dinner for her husband, who works the lobster shift. Their home is in a modest section of Queens, faintly resembling Archie Bunker's, though Linda obviously is no Edith.

At the half-century mark, her body remains pleasingly compact. She has a small mouth, a mop of curly black hair and large eyes. Sensational she is not, and age is beginning to blur her limited physical attractions.

She is second-generation Italian-American, a Catholic who was a virgin on her wedding day 27 years ago and appears to have had only a nominal interest in sex (except for profit) ever since. Twenty years ago, Linda says, her husband lost his electrician's job, became physically and emotionally sick, started drinking and stopped paying attention to her. Eventually, he got back to work, but never back to loving Linda.

It was a barren time for her—scant money in the bank, no physical love at home, and a dirty old man for a boss. As she tells the story . . .

"One day I had a nickel to my name," she says. "I wanted to look for another job but I didn't have enough to get on the bus. So I just stood there and cried."

Soon, she dried her tears and began 20 years of part-time prostitution, starting, *naturellement*, with her boss. The fact that men were willing to pay up to \$100 a session helped her pride and her pocketbook. Through the years, she regarded herself as a faithful wife (with a troubled religious soul, to be sure) bringing home the bacon that eventually sent her three kids to college.

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## LADIES

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"I was meeting people that someone from my background ordinarily couldn't socialize with," she says. "Men in show business, professional men. I found them interesting, but they were never like boyfriends. I never had the urge to go out with them just to go out. I'm home every night."

But if Linda is basically a homebody, Janine has always been a busybody, a creature of affairs and one-night stands even before she played-for-pay. She's a demure-looking but curvaceous 38-year-old transplant from Atlanta who peeks out from behind

anything. I could just get on the phone and they would help me out."

**N**ot all part-timers are married or divorcees. Susan, 19, is a full-time college student majoring in art who says that her studies "always come first." She looks like the original clean-cut, all-American kid, 99 and 44/100% pure. Well, maybe a few percentage points less. To supplement her scholarship, which didn't quite cover her 16-credit course load, the

The part-timer is not far removed from the promiscuous housewife. In fact, many sexually liberated women claim that they've been giving it away for so long, why not get paid?

granny glasses in her plush Manhattan studio, where her stable of six clients (plus her married "true love") are entertained.

After a 10-year marriage to a man too busy with business to get down to business in bed, Janine left Peachtree Street for Broadway and a possible stage career. Left behind were "my son, my husband, the swimming pool, the rose garden, two cars and the presidency of the local Jaycee-ettes."

"How naive I was when I first came here," she recalls. "It seemed every job interview I went on ended in the interviewer's lap."

So Janine—who liked having her body admired—started answering ads for nude models. To her utter amazement, she discovered that some ads were come-ons for massage parlors!

"I was like a piece of meat," she remembers. "Sitting on a sofa and the guys came in off the street and said, 'I'll take that one.' And they weren't all such nice guys."

She claims she was making \$1,000 a week but found it all a trifle gamy. Thus began her part-time life, where she could pick her clients.

"A lot of men I met 10 years ago are still friends of mine," she exclaims. "I even went to work for one as a straight receptionist in his real-estate office. And some of them are such good friends that if I ever needed

dewy-skinned coed discovered a way to finance her education.

About a year and a half ago, a man picked her up in a topless club where she was working, and next morning handed her a \$100 bill.

"I said to myself, 'Hey, this is pretty nice.'"

Soon, she had a string of clients and was able to use her vacation time to raise tuition money. There have been trips to the Caribbean and the West Virginia mountains, and there's a current offer to go to Hawaii.

"They want to go somewhere, but they don't want to go alone," Susan explains. "It's nice to have a pretty young woman with you—available, attentive—to do things with. We'll go out to dinner. We'll lay around, watch TV, take a bath together, have sex. It's fun, really."

And then, back to the books. Ironically, the "sexual revolution" seems to have helped part-time pros. Rather than make sex-for-sale less necessary, it appears to have heightened the demand. Swinging. Swapping. The part-timer is not far removed from the suburban swinger or promiscuous housewife. In fact, many sexually liberated women claim that they've been giving "it" away for so long, why not get paid?

How does the part-time hooker

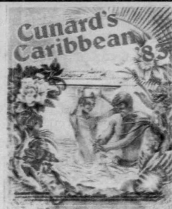
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## LADIES

continued from page 16

regard her partner? Either with fondness or pity—or contempt. Most try to maintain a psychological distance between themselves and their clients. In this case, physical intimacy doesn't translate into emotional closeness.

There's also a lot of pretend involved. Pretend you're turned on. Pretend your client is the best lover you've ever had. The one thing that isn't pretense is the genuine interest they have in their clients' problems. Many fancy themselves as amateur therapists. You know, the hooker with a heart of gold.

Incredibly, many of them claim a close relationship with their husbands or lovers who are either unaware of their working arrangements or go along with them.

Janine, the Georgia peach, manages to juggle her six clients and her unsuspecting married lover, a plastic surgeon.

"The main difference with him is emotional," she says. "I love him. A lot of time with my clients, I pretend I'm turned on. I'm not really interested in them sexually. I just want the money."

Now, if all this sounds too outrageous for words, consider the case of Lisa, who exuded well-being the first time she was interviewed. The second time around, she wasn't so sure.

After a good friend encouraged her to turn pro, Lisa's 15-year marriage dissolved—her husband unable to accept his wife's new line of work.

Lisa remarried a younger man and, during an initial interview for this article, she said, "I live two lives. It's thrilling."

But it didn't sound like such a lascivious lark when Lisa talked about it a few months later.

"It's different when you're a wife," she says. "He has this image of seeing me with other people, other people touching his wife. Even though I tell him that it's nothing to me, it's so mechanical. But it's in his mind. In the beginning, he could handle it. But now he can't."

**A**nd then there's the case of Joe and Judy, a Bronx working-class couple in their 40s with children and grandchildren from 17 years of marriage. A year ago, Joe learned that while he was working nights for the city, so was Judy.

"Now my wife is not a liar," Joe says. "She doesn't really like to cheat. I mean, we are in love. So when she told me . . . boy, did it crush me. I didn't know how to handle it. So I packed up and left for a while."

He left for about 10 months and, apparently, came to some new conclusions about sex and marriage.

Through a male friend, he learned about married couples who "swing" yet remain happily wed.

And then, Joe said, "I seen a couple of TV shows about swingers, on

future.

"The face tells," she says; "I'm getting older. As old as I am now, I can still keep a good score. But eventually . . . I don't suppose anybody will want to pay a 60-year-old. My jobs might dwindle down to one or two a month. Or a year. Nothing will happen to me emotionally, though. It's happened already. The damage is done."

For Linda, who considers herself a strict Catholic, the "damage" is her firm conviction that she'll spend eter-

**"Once you get into this," says Lisa, "it's addictive. You're your own boss, so it's hard to get back to a straight job. And it's not only the money, it's the power."**

David Susskind and, what's-his-name, Phil Donahue. And I'm saying to myself, Jesus, my wife was honest about it. She told me it's not for love. You know, it's to help the family and make money.

"She's a good wife, she takes care of the kids. But when it comes to holding a job, she didn't have much education. She tried waitressing but she couldn't do it. There are some things people are not capable of. And she's capable of taking care of men. In fact, she got a call from somebody before you came, so she's not here right now. Sometimes I have to drive her to her stops. Two months ago, before I moved back, I would've been cursing her out, because I was jealous, yes, I was threatened, yes, all the things that go with the man's macho image. But I handle it much better now."

Joe and Judy were able to reconcile after Joe tried "swinging" and liked it.

"It works," he said. "We're getting along better. We're not lying to one another. I tried it and it's very nice. I don't want to say it's for everybody. I don't want to say it's healthy. But it didn't hurt us. It made us stronger."

Joe and Judy's version of a happy ending is obviously not for everyone, especially for an old-timer like Linda, with no hope—at all—of a better

nity in hell for her "sins." With a loveless marriage, she's thought of leaving her husband and perhaps meeting someone who could bring real emotion to her life.

"But," she concludes, "I have to think about the children. I don't think I would want them to go through a change when they're happy with me and Daddy."

According to Charles Winick, professor of sociology at the City University of New York and co-author of "The Lively Commerce: Prostitution in the United States," "This is kind of an auxiliary occupation . . . one used by women who are either on their way toward something or for some temporary economic purpose. For example, making enough money to get oneself through a period of months, or a particular target like a fur coat or a trip. . . . Marriage presumably represents a longer-term goal, and if it's a viable marriage, the need for prostitution becomes less significant."

Not to Lisa, who, you will remember, is married for a second time.

"You know, once you get into 'this,' she says, "it's very hard to get out. It's addictive. It's so easy you get so spoiled. You don't have to get up early and have to get to work. There are no 'have-to's.' You're your own boss, so it's hard to get back to a straight job. And it's not only the

money. It's the power. To go back to a straight job, I'd have to give up the power."

But one woman's aphrodisiac may be another woman's turn-off, which is why we saved the case of Cassie for the end.

**C**assie was the only child of parents who owned a mansion in New Jersey's Ramapo Mountains. She graduated from CUNY with a degree in social psychology but found herself ill-equipped to do anything. Ultimately, she became an over-educated secretary, sold insurance to retirees, felt bored and frustrated.

Her personal life was also a mess. Cassie's problem was that she kept searching for the perfect lover and couldn't find him. But it wasn't from lack of trying. She went through dozens, hundreds of men, an experience that turned out to be on-the-job training for her part-timer career. She even had a brief stint in a New Jersey brothel.

"They promised me \$1,000 a week," she recalls. "But when you get there, you find it's a different story. It's \$20 a customer and you split 50-50 with the house. Assembly-line sex was not for me. I quit after three days and went back home determined that I'd never work for anybody else."

She says that as a part-timer, she kept her contacts minimal.

"For me, it was just to earn pocket money," she says. "A very few clients and at my own convenience."

When she finally found her "perfect lover," he turned out to be a married cop who kept going home to wife despite the fact that Cassie worked her head off to "give him pocket money for gas and food, pay his auto-repair bills and even buy Christmas presents for his sons."

But the relationship wasn't a total loss. She had always had a yen to be a police officer, and her long affair with the fuzz left her determined to join the force. Somehow, the background investigation on Cassie failed to pick up her sideline and eventually she got her badge. Now, Cassie says she is through with part-timing forever, although she looks back on those days without regret. And she can't help smiling at the small ironies of life. Today, she's doing something she never did as a prostitute—walking the streets. □