

PLEASURES OF LIFE

THE FERRY BOAT

WHEN I COMMUTED FROM NEW JERSEY to Wall Street, the most joyful part of the trip was taking the Hoboken Ferry. It was wonderful. After all, I had been a Navy officer, and any time I could feel water — even if it was the Hudson River — I was elated. I'd go on deck, even in the middle of winter, with a cup of hot coffee. I bundled up and would be back at sea.

Then there was the sheer beauty of the boat. From an architectural perspective, ferryboats are gorgeous, with their teak decks, mahogany paneling, and high ceilings.

One day in 1969, I read in the legal-notice section of a newspaper that the Erie Railroad, which owned the Hoboken Ferry and which had gone bankrupt, was putting its ferryboats up for sale. I had a eureka moment and knew I had to own a Hoboken ferryboat. I submitted my bid as instructed, even though I had no idea what such a boat would be worth. I made a best guess — really what I thought I could afford — and bid \$25,000. I then forgot about it.

About a month later, I learned that I owned the ferryboat *Scranton*. I knew that, not because the Erie Railroad notified me, but because someone called me and offered \$40,000 for the boat. Then came my first mistake: I didn't take the offer.

I called Eddie Rosenthal, who was not my business partner at that time, but my comrade in foolish investments. “Ed,” I said, “you’re a part owner of the ferryboat *Scranton*.”

“I am?” he replied.

“Yeah, send me a check for \$12,500, and you own the boat with me.”

Ed and I went to see the *Scranton*, and it was beautiful. Later, we had a party when our boat was moved out of its slip, with one tug pushing it and another pulling. Bobbie and I and Ed and his wife, Zeta, were in the command cabin drinking champagne and feeling like admirals.

Eddie and I had big plans for the *Scranton*. We were going to turn it into a floating restaurant with a disco deck and a “boatique” with shops. We saw the potential, because even though Manhattan is surrounded by water, back then nothing was actually out on the river. The restaurants, the clubs, everything were inland. A restaurant on the river would be a trendsetter.

We moved the *Scranton* to the New York side of the Hudson and secured it to the dock.

Then on New Year’s Eve a huge storm blew in. I was having a party at my house, and about 11:30 I got a call from a Coast Guard ensign. My ferryboat had sunk, he said. It was sitting on the bottom of New York Harbor and was a menace to navigation. Remove it, he said.

I thought this was some kind of stupid joke being played by a friend, but the ensign was dead serious. The next morning, I took Lauren and Kimmie to what had been the berth of my boat. There, out in the busy harbor, you could see the *Scranton*’s tall smokestack — and nothing else. I gave my daughters flowers, and they threw them onto the grave of my ferryboat. I can still see the current carrying those flowers past the *Scranton* and out to sea.

I spoke to an admiralty lawyer, who told me that the first thing I had to do was abandon ship. I did, and the *Scranton* was no longer my legal responsibility (though it was remained a moral one). The responsibility passed to New York Harbor, which tried everything to remove the boat. But the silt on the river bottom acted like a suction cup, and whatever the Harbor tried, the *Scranton* just got sucked farther and farther into the muck. They tried towing it out, then pushing it out.

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Then they had the clever idea of shoving millions of Ping-Pong balls into the hull to displace the water. The theory was that after a while the *ship* would float to the surface. Wrong. The Ping-Pong balls just went into the port side and came out on the starboard. There were Ping-Pong balls all over the river as far as the eye could see.

The harbor finally had to blow up the *Scranton* to remove it, piece by piece.

As a former Navy officer, I knew there was nothing worse than losing a ship.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE

*Glorious, stirring sight! The poetry of motion!
The real way to travel . . . O bliss! O poop-poop! O my! O my!*

KENNETH GRAHAME

I OWNED A 1934 ROLLS-ROYCE convertible from the late 1960s until just after my marriage to Daphna in 1985.

I have an eye for beauty, and the first time I saw this car, I fell in love. The owner was a young friend, a designer who was helping me with the New Jersey farmhouse. I admired the car, and he offered to sell it. That made me curious. It was a gorgeous car, a classic, why would he be willing to part with it?

And, of course, there was a story.

He had inherited \$50,000 from his parents about five years earlier. His hobby was antique cars; his wife's was fur coats. He gave his wife half of the inheritance and kept the other half. With her share, she bought six coats; with his, he bought five cars. But then his design business turned bad, and one by one, his wife sold her fur coats and he sold his cars. They were now down to the point where they needed to sell his last auto, the Rolls, to meet expenses. He offered it to me for what he had paid: \$5,000.

I didn't know what it was worth, but its beauty captivated me. I told him he had a deal.

I really enjoyed having the Rolls. Sure, it was hard to drive because it was a cumbersome stick shift and had a big, heavy wheel — powerful steering, not power steering, you might say — but that was a minor drawback. The kids and I loved it. When Bobbie and I separated and I moved out, I wanted that car. Not only had I bought it, but, in addition, Bobbie couldn't even drive it. On the day I returned to pick up the Rolls, Bobbie was not around. The maid was there, however, and objected. She later told Bobbie, "Gerry Cramer was here stealing your car."

I drove the Rolls away that day not knowing whether it would make the seventy miles or so from Franklin Lakes to my new home in Croton-on-Hudson, New York. The car's constant need for repairs was a running joke in the family. I would take it out for a spin and then wouldn't return when expected. But the family just assumed that the Rolls had broken down again and that I was being towed somewhere. Most of the time they were right.

The last time I used the Rolls was the day Daphna and I married. Our ushers had used it to ferry the older people to the actual wedding ceremony, but when Daphna and I got in to drive to the reception, the car wouldn't start. I figured it was symbolic; the car was telling me: "I got you married. I did my job. I got you from Franklin Lakes to Croton-on-Hudson, the longest journey I ever made without breaking down. That's it. It's time for me to retire."

I put the car up for sale, placing an ad in the *New York Times*. The only response was from someone who offered a 1946 Mercedes-Benz in trade. I took it. The Rolls's new owner was a master mechanic who fixed it up like new; he had already done the same to the Mercedes. And yet I never liked the Mercedes; it was not my old one-of-a-kind Rolls. Paradoxically, I sold it for a handsome profit whereas I never got an offer for the Rolls. And I thought I understood investment valuation.

WINE

There is no gladness without wine.

— THE TALMUD

FOR DECADES WINE has been one of my great pleasures, also one of my hobbies. In my current wine collection, I have bottles dating back to the 1960s, when I first began collecting. One Lafitte Rothschild goes back to 1959, a great vintage year. I will not pull the cork on some of the bottles because I presume they have turned to vinegar, but I keep them for sentimental reasons.

I buy wine like I buy stocks; there is the currency influence, when the euro is strong, this affects the price of French wines, making them more expensive vs. their California competitors. So, I will be a buyer of California wines rather than French.

I buy many of my wines from new wine-wise countries entering the world's marketplace. That's emerging-country investment thinking. South African wine is terrific, especially the pinotage. Spain is fine with its priorrot, and Chile and Argentina also have first-class reds. My favorite wines are the pinot noirs produced in the Willamette Valley of Oregon. They are full of intense fruit but still have *terrior*, much of the taste of the earth.

Of course, wine drinking goes back to ancient times. All early civilizations consumed wine. I was reading excerpts from the Talmud. You would think orthodox religion would prohibit alcohol, but not the Talmud. "Moderation in drinking is better than total abstinence, wine is often a good medicine," it says.

Wine is complex. A martini is made from a formula, and if the formula is followed, the drink will always taste the same. But wine is full of nuance. The man most responsible for teaching me about those nuances was Alexis Lichine (1913–1989), from a wine perspective, one of the great influences in my life.

I met Lichine while working at Oppenheimer. He started as a client and became a friend. He was one of the legends of the wine business. Born in Moscow, but reared in the United States and

France, he was a cosmopolite. He entered the wine business in New York in 1935, but left it in World War II to serve as a major in Army intelligence in France. He later said that his military superiors were more interested in his credentials as a connoisseur and frequently sent him out to “requisition” fine food and wines for high-level dinners and conferences. After the war, he returned to the wine business and eventually became a spokesman for the French wine industry. He was the first missionary salesman of wine in the United States, touring the country, conducting tastings, and giving lectures. His own wine chateau was Prieure-Lichine in Margaux.

After we became friends, he took me along to Europe as a kind of protégé while he was working on his *Encyclopedia of Wines and Spirits*. We had fabulous experiences and fabulous wines.

One episode sticks in my mind. Lichine had panned a particular chateau in a previous edition of the encyclopedia and worried that the owner was going to sue him. “How should I review his wine this year?” he asked me. The chateau owner, he said, was an awkward man who spoke only French and never learned a word of English. He is coming down from his home in Cognac, Lichine said. “What should I do?”

I told Lichine that I had an idea. “You’re going to talk to me only in English,” I said, “and because he doesn’t understand a word of it, we’re going to have some fun.”

The three of us sat at a long table. Lichine and the chateau owner each had a glass of the owner’s vintage years, and both men went through the elaborate ritual for tasting fine wines — swirling, admiring, smelling, and then tasting. Lichine then talked about the wine, and I was supposed to be his scribe, writing his comments for the encyclopedia. He held up a glass and said, in English, “This wine tastes like garbage.”

The Frenchman replied, “Garbage. Oui, oui.”

“Se bon.” I said. “Garbage. Se bon.”

So we had our fun — and Lichine didn’t get sued.

I mentioned earlier how I was showing Ron McGlynn my wine cellar in Franklin Lakes. I was surprised to see that most of my wine collection was stolen. Surprised — yes; heartbroken — more so. (I didn’t show that emotion to Ron.) Months later, I received an anonymous phone call.

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“Mr. Cramer,” the caller said, “do not ask any questions. I know where your wine is. My son took your wine. You’re a father like me. Just accept that I will return to you what’s left of your wine.”

I accepted this act of repentance. Shortly, a car pulled up my driveway, a man I didn’t know got out, opened his trunk and inside was about half of my collection. I helped him carry it down to my cellar. Not a word was spoken. He left.

Meanwhile, upstairs my daughter Lauren was busy sketching the man’s image and copying his license plate number (she read a lot of Nancy Drew, girl detective). She also called the Franklin Lakes police to tip them of her catching a wine thief.

He was apprehended. No charges were filed, but I felt badly that I had inadvertently broken my word.

The next winter, during a paddle tennis competition, I noticed that my opponent looked somewhat familiar and was angrily staring at me and hitting the ball as hard as he could right at me. You can guess who the opponent was.

MARTINIS

*I like to drink a martini,
Two at the very most.
Three, I’m under the table,
Four, I’m under my host.*

— DOROTHY PARKER

IT WAS A MOVIE, *The Philadelphia Story* (1940), that introduced me to the martini. Having a martini seemed so elegant that when I was older and started drinking cocktails, I drank dry martinis.

I never had any moral scruples about drinking. Remember, I was a star junior salesman at the Four Corner Liquor Store. Wine and champagne were features of many of the movies I watched as a boy, and I thought that it was good to drink. In college, most of my classmates drank beer, but I preferred martinis.

In our Franklin Lakes home, my kids vied for the role of bar-

tender making my nightly martini: well stirred, not shaken, straight up in a properly chilled glass, very, very, very dry, not more than two drops of dry vermouth (it could be eliminated altogether), an onion or a lemon peel for decoration.

Never ever drink more than two per night. Then it's tee many martoonis.

JAZZ

If you have to ask what jazz is, you'll never know.

— LOUIS ARMSTRONG

ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS IN ROCHESTER was Pepper Adams, a teenager about my age. He played the saxophone. I took my life savings from my newspaper route and bought a second-hand silver Beuscher trumpet with a dent in the bell. Pepper was a great saxophonist, and I was a bad trumpet player. The only way I could get into a jazz band was to create my own, so I formed a jazz band of six or seven guys so I could play lead trumpet.

Pepper left high school without graduating and went to Greenwich Village, where he became a professional musician. (He is now dead, but will always be known as one of the great baritone saxophonists of all time.) We loved to talk about jazz, and we used to buy second-hand Bluebird and Commodore records and play them on a wind-up RCA victrola with a big horn.

Jazz began in New Orleans, in the Storyville section, home to all the prostitutes and the red-hot mamas. It was the New Wave music of its time, like rock 'n' roll in the 1950s and rap in the 1990s. When I was young, it was considered wicked music.

I learned to play the trumpet because I was interested in jazz. My hero was Harry James, the trumpet player and orchestra leader, who married the actress Betty Grable. "I wanna girl just liked the girl that married Harry James."

I knew about every jazz player. I could listen to a riff and know by the sound of the instrument who was playing. When I was a fresh-

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man at Syracuse, my English professor once assigned a paper to be written on any subject we chose. I wrote about jazz, and that paper received the only “A” that I got in freshman English.

BALLET

Everything is beautiful at the ballet.

— A CHORUS LINE

I’VE TALKED ABOUT DANCING AND MUSIC, now let’s marry the two. The senses receive both a visual and melodic treat in ballet. For me, classical ballet is one of the most enjoyable forms of entertainment. I started watching ballet in San Francisco when I was in the Navy. When I moved to the New York area, I used to watch the New York City Ballet when it was housed at City Center before it moved to Lincoln Center.

The most beautiful ballet, I think, is *Swan Lake*. I can still visualize Allegra Kent dancing with Jacques D’Amboise. At that moment, I fell in love with the Odette, the White Swan, Allegra. Many years later, after my divorce, I dated Allegra Kent. I should have let this muse remain on stage as a fantasy.

Coincidentally, I became very much involved with Jacques D’Amboise’s project, the National Dance Institute, working with inner-city children enthusiastically dancing with such diverse groups as New York City police officers and nursing-home residents.

One day, Ed Bigelow, general manager of the New York City Ballet, called and asked me to participate in Stravinsky’s *Firebird*. I gleefully accepted. The principal stars were Gelsey Kirkland and Peter Martins. I would be the flag bearer, the apex of a triangle as the whole cast stepped forward in the finale.

When the big moment came, the entire company moved forward two steps. Gerry the flag bearer moved forward three steps.

Fortunately, I didn’t destroy the artistic integrity of the performance. They threw a post-performance party exclusively for me.

During that period, I attended performances at the New York City Ballet twice a week and the American Ballet Theater once a

week. I was a real balletomane. I even took ballet lessons. It's a great conditioner.

When I first met Daphna, she opened one of my bureau drawers and found ballet slippers and a leotard. She asked if one of my former girlfriends had left them. I replied, "No, they're mine." I'm not sure she wouldn't have preferred a "yes" to her question.

Even today, I am still involved with ballet. I'm a sponsor of a small ballet company called Fugate/Bahiri Ballet NY, directed by Judith Fugate (former prima ballerina of New York City Ballet) and Medhi Bahiri (from the Boston Ballet). It is a talented and respected company with a national reputation. I brought it up to Syracuse University to perform for the students and faculty. Among the enthusiasts in the audience was the university's chancellor, Nancy Cantor, who up to the age of eighteen was an accomplished ballerina. Lauren Cramer is the chairman of the board of Fugate/Bahiri Ballet NY, and Doug Cramer is on the board responsible for the financial side.

RADIO, MOVIES, AND BOOKS

I think the primary function of radio is that people want company.

— ELISE NORDLING

WE DIDN'T HAVE THE INTERNET when I was growing up. We didn't even have television. What we had were radio, movies, and books.

My brother used to tinker around with an old-fashioned ham radio when I was little, and I listened to it alongside him. More than that, though, I listened to a real radio, to regularly scheduled programs like *The Shadow* and *I Love a Mystery*. That was our kind of entertainment. Back then, listening to radio programs — not the music or talk programs of today's radio — broadened the mind because you had to use your imagination. You had to use your imagination since there was no image.

As a young man, I was entranced by the glamour and romance of the movies. Rita Hayworth, a real beauty, was one of my favorite actresses. What was probably the sexiest scene in movies was in *Gilda*

(1946), her mock striptease while singing “Put the Blame on Mame.” That’s memorable. More than fifty years after seeing that movie, I can still visualize the scene.

I also liked another phenomenal femme fatale, Barbara Stanwyck. I remember *Golden Boy* (1939), a great movie about a boxer that was the film debut of William Holden. Stanwyck got my attention because of her atypical beauty. She didn’t have classic good looks, but was instead exotic.

Other favorites were Charlie Chaplin and the dance team of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Then there was Jack Oakie who was not an Academy Award superstar but stood out as the Mussolini character in Chaplin’s *Great Dictator*.

One movie, *Best Foot Forward* (1943), probably encouraged me to go to college. It starred Gloria DeHaven and June Allyson and was a rah-rah movie about a small-town academy — white bucks, cable-stitched sweaters, and straw bowlers — and any teenager who saw it knew this was the ideal way to go to college.

When I was growing up in Rochester, I went to Anna Hegadorn’s home every Saturday. We kids called her Aunt Anna, and she would take a group of us to the movies. I especially loved the serials, like Tarzan and the Lone Ranger. For a week we’d eagerly look forward to the next episode to see how the hero escaped from the burning room or from falling off a cliff.

I loved *Gunga Din* (1939) and its French Foreign Legion offshoots like *The Four Feathers* (1939). They were full of adventure in exotic places, and so from this boy’s perspective, they were the best. And I remember seeing the Chaplin films *City Lights* (1931) and *The Great Dictator* (1940). Today, just thinking about those two makes me laugh.

I still love the movies, and Daphna and I go often. We avoid all those big-studio action movies and instead choose intellectual films, usually independently made or foreign. Afterward, we have dinner and discuss what we’ve just seen, what made it unique. It’s a great way to spend an evening: a good movie, a good dinner, and good back-and-forth analysis with your best friend.

The thrill of reading a book when you are eight or nine, mastering the complexity of the written word, is a memorable experience.

The first real book I read (comics excluded) was *Freddy the Detective* by Walter E. Brooks. This is the story of a pig detective solving various crimes in the barnyard. I read that book in 1939. I still remember it. Many times I tried buying it for my children when they started reading, but it was out of print. I believe they were deprived of a great singular experience.

In 2006, by chance, I remarked on my dilemma to a clerk at a Barnes & Noble bookstore and asked her if she had heard of *Freddy the Detective*? She said she had a copy in the store. I saw the book, with illustrations of a Sherlock Holmes-like character, Freddy. It was an epiphany. Now every Cramer kid has finally received a copy.

Pretend you are age nine, read it, and then pass it on to your kids.

PETS: PACO AND Q T

*Women and cats will do as they please, and men and dogs should
relax and get used to the idea.*

— ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

I DIDN'T HAVE ANY REAL PETS when I was a child. My parents felt that pets were a burden and an expense. I did buy a turtle for a quarter from the local pet store. Its back was painted, and it was my first pet. Later on, it got lost.

Briefly, I adopted a stray alley cat. I named her Patches. She got lost, too. Maybe she and the turtle went off together. Remember, a turtle doesn't make any progress unless it sticks its neck out.

When I was older, I developed allergies to animals, although that didn't stop me from allowing my children to have pets. (Bobbie once made a sign that read something like this: "Sir Gerald Cramer, lord of the manor. Has a wife, four children, three dogs, two cats, seven horses, and a gerbil.") But the animals were always kept outside, and I observed them from a distance, hoping that the prevailing winds would be friendly.

One cat we had, Waldo, became the hero of my bedtime stories to my children. Waldo and her many varied encounters with her

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nemesis the tiger is being continuously re-released in various formats by my children for my grandchildren.

Then came a German shepherd named Paco. There was nobody like him.

I first met Paco when he was a young dog living with Daphna in a small apartment in Tel Aviv. When I first visited Daphna, I obviously had to sleep somewhere, so I slept in her bed. One morning I woke up to kisses, luscious kisses. I thought to myself, this woman must really like me. Then I opened my eyes and saw that it was Paco. He was in love with me, and I quickly loved him in return.

He eventually came to the United States with Daphna, and because he couldn't take commands in English, I had to learn them in Hebrew. So I learned that *kalif tov* means "good dog" and that *shev* means "sit."

Paco quickly learned that he couldn't get into the bed with me because of my allergies, but he waited patiently beside it. This German shepherd was a gentleman who knew exactly how he should behave. He just waited patiently for me to get up.

He was always eager to go outside. He'd wag his tail, and then we'd be off jogging together. When he was young, he would outpace me. Later, we'd run together, and then, when he was old, he would lag behind. In any event though, he would be ready to go for a run, almost to the very end when he developed severe arthritis and couldn't run anymore.

Paco is buried in a grave on our property where he is always remembered. When my children come to visit me, they will frequently visit him as well. We've put tennis balls on his grave because he used to carry the balls down to the court when we played tennis. May he rest in peace. *Kalif tov — Shalom Cavel* is the inscription on his grave. It means, "Good dog. Good-bye friend."

I want to get a Paco II someday. I want a second shot at having a relationship with a beautiful German shepherd with intelligence, devotion, and the ability to anticipate what I'm thinking. That's what a great dog does. And Paco was the greatest.

The other pet in my life was an Abyssinian cat named Q T, for Queen of the Tigris. Abyssinians are unique cats. Their personalities are that of a dog masquerading as a cat. Q T would fetch and hang out

with me. She was an undersized cat with an oversized purr. We tried to have her bred with an Abyssinian named Flip who was a prize winner at the Madison Square Garden Cat Show. I drove her to Flip's home in Poughkeepsie in the hope that there would be a magnificent relationship resulting in many valuable Abby kittens. No way. Q T did not like aristocracy and subsequently had three litters with some local alley cat.

She condoned Paco. Paco tried to give her a sniff and was rebuffed. She lived to be sixteen and is buried next to Paco.

TREES

*There's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.*

— OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

TREES ARE PHENOMENAL. Just look at their architecture, in a sense their wisdom. What is a tree's purpose? A tree shelters; it keeps people cool in the summer. It's the habitat of birds. It provides oxygen. Look at the texture of a tree trunk. Its beauty doesn't need Botox. A tree's character shows itself in its trunk. See the wonderful lines, just like the human face when it gets older. If someone was happy all his life, you see it in the eyes. You see the crinkle. And if he laughed a lot, the evidence is the grooves in the cheeks. Look closely at a leaf and notice that it resembles a human hand, with lines and veins.

Every tree has its own distinctive leaf. Some trees flower, and some give a multitude of color. In the fall, they put on their best dresses to say a seasonal farewell, anticipating the bleakness of winter.

When I was a child in Utica, some small trees bordered my home. I was small, and the trees were not much bigger. I remember putting my hand around the trunk of one. And if I were to go back to Utica today, seventy years later, I'd bet that those trees are still there, no longer midgets but giants.

Trees can sometimes be lifesavers. One recent summer at our country home we had a huge electrical storm. Whereas such storms

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are usually brief, this one stayed over our house and it threw lightning bolts left and right. I felt that I was the recipient of its fury and that my trees were my defenders. Our big oak took every blow and lost a big limb, but it's still ready, willing, and able to protect our home.

When I left the hospital after a heart attack seven years ago, I sat recuperating on my front porch. I laid back and looked at all the trees overhead, it was as though we were having a conversation. They were swaying in the breeze, their leaves sinking and rising, and it was as if they were asking me how I was feeling after my heart attack.

If I were to be reincarnated after death, I would like to come back as a tree.

EARNINGS AND TAXES

When it comes to finances, remember that there are no withholding taxes on the wages of sin.

— MAE WEST

IN 1971, at my peak with Oppenheimer, I earned more than a million dollars.

The tax rate back in the late 1960s was enormous. At one point, income above a certain amount was subject to a 90 percent surtax. That means 90 percent of it went to the government. (Since then, Congress has lowered the rate progressively until it's now about 32 percent in the top bracket.) If someone made \$1 million back then, his tax bill could easily be \$600,000 or more.

What could be done about that? No red-blooded American would stand for such a tax bill. The early American colonists revolted against England because of taxes on tea. Cheating was out of the question because the earnings were on W-2 forms, but there were tax shelters available, which offered ways of legally avoiding or deferring taxes. I'm still receiving income from some of those investments.

My first tax shelter was in real estate. We bought an apartment building, Brooks Towers, in downtown Denver in 1967, exclusively with borrowed money. Our equity in the building was created by pre-

paying interest on the mortgage loan. We paid the interest twenty years in advance, and that interest was tax-deductible immediately. (This particular loophole has since been closed.) The apartment building turned out to be a superb investment. Eventually we turned the apartments into condominiums. I am still receiving payments on it in 2007.

I became an expert in creative tax investments. There was nothing illegal about it. It was a good way to shift pretax dollars at a high rate to create long-term capital gains at a much lower rate.

I discussed earlier how using tax-shelter investments like oil and gas, gold, even the making of movies, if successful, could create capital taxed at lower capital gains rates while giving a tax deduction at higher ordinary income rates.

Once we invested in a movie called *The Happy Hooker*, starring Xaviera Hollander, who was frequently featured prominently in *Penthouse* magazine. This movie was R-rated. I went to Toronto where it was being filmed, and there I watched the Happy Hooker in action. During a break, she came up to me, introduced herself, and said she thought she knew me from somewhere. I adamantly denied it.