

The Washington Star

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SECTION C * TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1976

The Ear

doesn't work, I'll change the name to 'Wrecks' and call it autobiographical."

OBST HERE, SPEAKING INTO MY SHOE . . . David Obst, the trendy, bearded, be-jeaned literary agent who arranged all that moolah for Woodstein,

almost had a falling-out with that same Dynamic Duo, Ear hears. Much tamed by their brand new glory, Bob and Carl insisted that Obst get himself an office and a secretary instead of conducting all his business out of a knapsack and a wireless on the Metroliner. They even

threatened to take away their \$800,000 business. Obst complied, sort of — he's camping out at Rolling Stone.

THIS IS IT, COBRA, YOUR MONEY OR YOUR MAG . . . A bunch of scribes called the Washington Independent Writers are going about collecting beefs from folks who've scribbled for the glossy uptown Washingtonian, Ear hears. (Well, everything's uptown from here.) Their claws are out for sure this time, Earwigs. The name of the game is a lawsuit slapping editors for misappropriating story ideas, non-payment, partial payment, and slow payment. Horrible stuff all 'round, but there you have it.