

The Casting Couch

Joe Hardy sets the record straight

interview by Lance Progenitor

Joe Hardy must once again get used to the limelight. A lot of time has passed since he and his brother Frank made national headlines by solving upwards of 52 cases while on summer vacation. But now with his new book *The Mystery of the Mistreated Younger Brother*, Joe Hardy is attempting to set the record straight about a few things — things he feels historian Franklin W. Dixon has distorted.

Last Friday, Mr. Hardy was in Edmonton on the penultimate stop in his eight-city Canadian lecture tour. He granted *The Getaway* this interview.

Getaway: Can you talk a little bit about *The Mystery of the Mistreated Younger Brother*? What made you decide to write it?

Hardy: *The Younger Brother* is essentially my refutation of Mr. Dixon's analysis of the adventures Frank and I had during our last years in high school. My story touches on things Mr. Dixon left out. For example, sure we had a good time and went gallivanting all over the globe but our success did have a price. Frank was conked on the head so many times he now has a steel plate in his skull and the same thing seems to have happened to our old friend Chet Morton. But for him the blows seem to have deadened a lot of brain cells. He now slurs his speech and the most challenging piece of literature he can handle is a menu.

Getaway: How did Mr. Dixon come to write of these adventures?

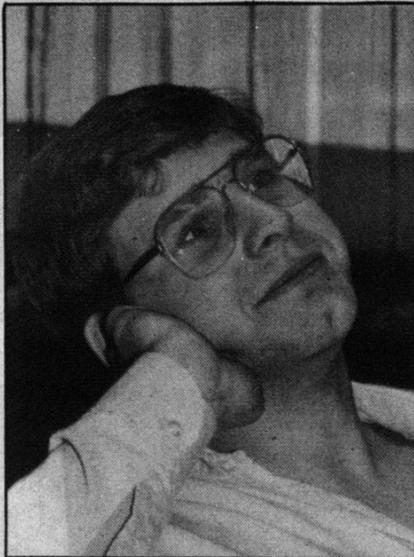
Hardy: We met Dixon after Frank and I had decided to give up crime fighting. After that summer, well, Frank was heading off to college and I found a new girlfriend; plus a flash fire completely gutted our crime laboratory over the garage.

So anyway, after that, Mr. Dixon or "Franky" as we called him came by and said he wanted to write a series of books chronicling our summer. Without really thinking about it we both said sure and boy was that a mistake. Franky literally moved right in. For the next six months all he did was pester Frank and me day and night — in the shower, at the dinner table, everywhere. He set up shop in Dad's study and you could never find anything in there after that — papers, junk, and pieces of rotting fruit littered the room.

The books came out and that's when I realized Franky wasn't as big on true and accurate representations of history as we had hoped. He deliberately glossed over or twisted things to suit his own needs. For example he wanted a direct contrast between Frank and me. So while Frank became the cool calm older brother I became the young impetuous boob who kept getting stuck in impossible situations that Frank would have to pull me out of. I mean, this just wasn't true. Many a time we had the crooks within our grasp — they'd just be roaring off in a speedboat or something — but Frank would be too chicken to go after them. "Let's wait," he'd say, or "Let's think this through; there might be more danger than we bargained for," and of course in the end we still got the crooks, but I think if he had listened to me now and then we could have had some of these mysteries wrapped up by Chapter 15.

Getaway: In what other ways did Mr. Dixon distort?

Hardy: Well, you know, if he wrote we fell off some mountain ledge, it was probably only a ten foot drop. He liked to take little



Joe Hardy: once more in the limelight

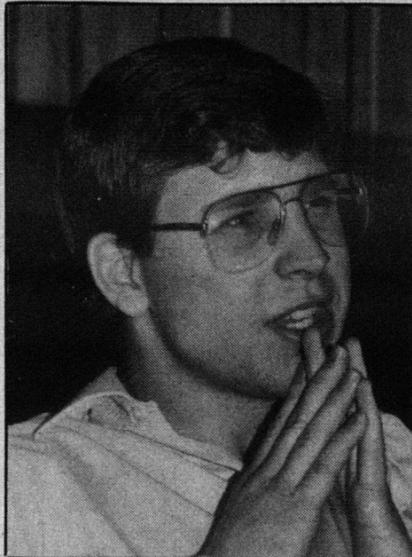
things and make them life-threatening. Sometimes Frank and I would pick up these books and wish we could have had half the adventures Mr. Dixon said we did. Also, I think Dixon was a pervert.

Getaway: Why do you say that?

Hardy: Well, just little things you know. He always wanted to know the intimate things between us and our girlfriends. Frank would tell him that during such and such an adventure he took Callie (Shaw) to a ball game, and Dixon would say, "Yeah, but what else?" and Frank would tell him he and Callie had a hot dog, and he'd say, "Oh yeah, but what else?"

He never came right out and asked for details but it was a little hard not to figure out what he wanted. Maybe he wanted to be the next Harold Robbins or something, I dunno. But if he wanted that sort of juicy information he sure picked the wrong people to write a story about. Frank and I made a point never to say anything about us and the girls to him just cause it got him so frustrated. And he was a such a gross sight too — this little greasy man with his legs pulled up underneath him, sitting in the huge armchair in my Dad's study. He had this annoying habit of letting his saliva collect around his gums until it was almost overflowing and then he'd suck it all up in one quick rush of breath.

So anyway, since we wouldn't help him, he had to resort to saying little innocuous



things like "lola (Morton) was Joe's favorite girl while Callie Shaw was Frank's main date," and it just ate him up (laughing). Of course, after a while he stopped asking us what was going on and started printing what he thought may have happened — and its quite easy to spot, too. Any story where he's written about the four of us together is a fabrication. You see, Frank thought lola was a pig and absolutely refused to have anything to do with her. I guess I can't blame him. If you ever saw lola's table manners you'd know that for her a fork was as good as a feedbag.

Getaway: In your book you intimate that one of the reasons you and your brother gave up crime fighting was your father, the famous detective Fenton Hardy. Can you elaborate on this?

Hardy: Yes. One of the reasons we quit is because by solving all these cases, some of which Dad himself was working on, we made him look bad and he didn't care for that. In the early cases he didn't mind us coming in at the last minute to save his butt. He was proud to have us as sons, I think, but after a while when the Bayport police needed help they'd call our house and just ask for Frank and me. When Chief Collig would come over to enlist our help on a case Dad was relegated to serving coffee to us in the den. My dad was a proud man; I don't think he cared much for that. And that's when I

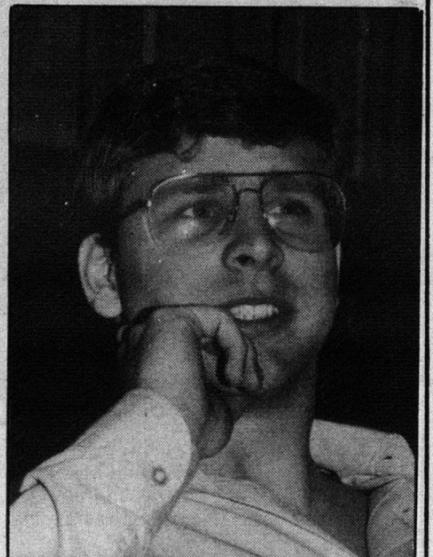


Photo Idi Amin

think he gutted our laboratory.

Getaway: Oh, you think your father destroyed your own criminal laboratory?

Hardy: And he sunk *The Sleuth*, our motorboat.

Getaway: How do you know this?

Hardy: Well Dad was one helluva detective but he knew very little about arson. The same day our lab burned down, Dad came home without his eyebrows.

Getaway: How is brother Frank? Do you still get together and talk over old times? Do you resent his election to the Senate?

Hardy: Oh, no I don't resent Frank at all. I think he'll make a fine Senator. Sometimes I think it would have been nice if my parents had paid my way to Harvard, but hey, I'm not bitter. We still talk occasionally. That is if I get "impetuous" enough to call him.

Getaway: One final question. What made you decide to pose nude for *Playgirl*?

Hardy: The photo spread goes hand in hand with my book to try and dispel this clean cut, good guy image Dixon has foisted on me. Plus, it's a status thing. *Playgirl* offered Don Johnson \$1 million to pose, but they offered me a million five. What can I say? If you got it, you got it.

Mr. Progenitor is a well respected Hollywood journalist whose essays on the destruction of the morality of popular culture have appeared in *Swank* and *Gallery* magazines.

Bob Geldof guides future 'Aid' projects

by James McNugget

With the surprising success of last year's "Band-Aid" project and the subsequent "U.S.A. for Africa" and "Northern Lights" singles for African famine relief, organizer Bob Geldof says he's ready to do it all again.

"People just don't realize that the relief effort has only just begun," said Geldof.

"With Christmas just around the corner, the market's ripe for another 'Aid' project." With that, Geldof announced a whole new slate of projects with products scheduled to hit record stores next week.

Geldof expects the most successful new project will be the "Dead-Aid" group. Said Geldof, "With all the accumulated popularity of four centuries of music, think of the

demand." Geldof wouldn't say exactly who was involved, only disclosing that it would be all the big stars "from Bach to Bonham". Informed sources, however, leaked to *The Getaway* a short list of the lineup. Reportedly involved are such names as Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, the Big Bopper, Buddy Holly, Brian Jones, Janis Joplin, and Randy Rhoads, with Beethoven, Strauss, Wagner, and Mozart adding background vocals. The project was the brainstorm of Hendrix and Morrison, who contacted Geldof earlier in the year. "At first I was a little nervous, them being dead and all, but they're great musicians and they really were interested in (the project)," said Geldof. Added Hendrix, "Well, my teeth are all rotted, and I've long

since burned all my guitars, but it was a lot of fun." Both Geldof and Hendrix are eager about the possibility of a "Live-Dead-Aid" concert early next spring. Morrison could not be reached for comment.

Geldof is also raving about the other projects. "The Mafia thought that a single for famine relief would be a great way to improve their image, and they came to me to organize it," said Geldof. The album is entitled "We are the Underworld", and involves numerous mob dignitaries, including Jimmy "the Weasel" Frattiano, Alfredo "the Ferret" Capone, and Francis "Do-be-do-be-do" Sinatra.

In an attempt to reach new markets, Geldof collaborated with the Soviet Politburo to develop a single for the Eastern Bloc nations. The result is a double LP called "Afghanistan is not Enough". Said Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, "We are going to use the money raised to ensure that developing African nations are given a fair chance at prosperity." Added Gorbachev, "As a measure of security, Soviet troops will accompany all supply shipments and ensure that everything is distributed equally throughout the whole nation."

Tentative "Aid" projects for the new year include a Palestinian group called "Northern Flights" and a disc cut by Santa Claus and his elves, under the name of "Ice-Cap-Aid". Geldof is confident that these new projects will be as successful as last year's, promising, "we'll be back next year".



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