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JUNE 29, 1981 ■ 95¢

People weekly

RICHARD PRYOR

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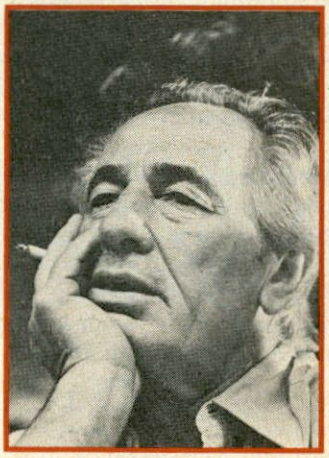
On the Cover □ 74

A year after his accident, **Richard Pryor** returns with **Cicely Tyson** in *Bustin' Loose* (and **Margot Kidder** in *Some Kind of Hero*) but he says he's quitting Hollywood—and drugs for good

Cover photograph: ©Steve Schapiro / Sygma. Inset: ©Tony Korody / Sygma. Makeup and hair by Armando Cosio

June 29, 1981 Vol. 15, No. 25



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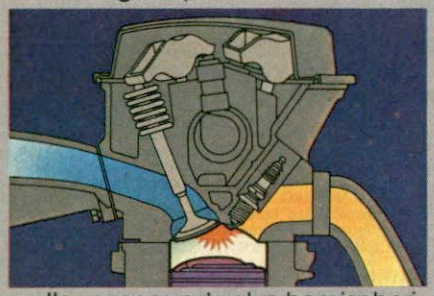

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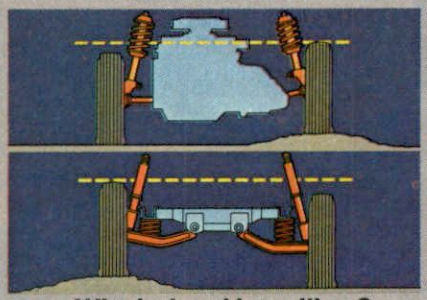

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Michael Landon romps on NBC with heroes from the Hanna-Barbera shop.

PICKS&PANS

A checklist of this week's noteworthy TV shows, books, movies, records and other happenings

☐ **WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24**
A SMALL TOWN IN TEXAS
ABC (9-11 p.m. ET)
In this 1976 movie, ex-con Timothy Bottoms seeks revenge against corrupt cop Bo Hopkins, who sent him to jail for smoking a little reefer and who is hassling his girl (Susan George). (Repeat)

MAHOGANY
CBS (9-11 p.m. ET)
In the glitzy 1975 movie that marked her first nonsinging role, Diana Ross threads her way past selfish amour Billy Dee Williams, cutthroat fashion photographer Tony Perkins and lustful patron Jean-Pierre Aumont to emerge as the queen of haute couture. (Repeat)

AND THE BAND PLAYED ON
PBS (check local listings)
Trevor Howard stars in a gentle story about a village band that is so bad locals pay it not to play. When its aging conductor is abruptly fired, the music improves but spirits sag.

☐ **THURSDAY, JUNE 25**
THE FUNTASTIC WORLD OF HANNA-BARBERA ARENA SHOW
NBC (8-9:30 p.m. ET)
Dancers—decked out as Fred Flintstone, Barney Rubble, Scooby Doo, Quickdraw McGraw, Snagglepuss and Top Cat—romp onstage. But despite the efforts of host Michael Landon, this special is yabba dabba dull.

AMERICA WORKS WHEN AMERICA WORKS
NBC (9:30-11 p.m. ET)
Correspondent Lloyd Dobyns explores the inability of America's work force to keep pace with the demand for new technical skills.

☐ **FRIDAY, JUNE 26**
HARVEST OF SHAME
PBS (check local listings)
Edward R. Murrow's classic 1960 study of America's migrant workers—still a standard of courage the networks haven't equaled since 1971's *The Selling of the Pentagon*—inaugurates a new series reprising important documentary films of the last two decades. (Premiere)

☐ **SATURDAY, JUNE 27**
WIMBLEDON TENNIS
NBC (4:30-6 p.m. ET)
With Bjorn Borg aiming for his sixth consecutive win (though women's champ Evonne Goolagong Cawley will stay home to care for her new baby), this first weekend of play showcases all the big names—before they're eliminated. The action continues tomorrow at 2:30.

TERROR OUT OF THE SKY
CBS (9-11 p.m. ET)
When killer bees threaten a Fourth of July picnic, National Bee Center Director Efrem Zimbalist Jr. and pilot Dan Haggerty offer themselves as bait to save the celebrants—and to prove their machismo to their mutual honey, National Bee Center Assistant Tovah Feldshuh. That's only one highlight in this supremely ridiculous TV movie. (Repeat)

☐ **SUNDAY, JUNE 28**
THE LAST CONVERTIBLE
NBC (9-11 p.m. ET)
Bruce Boxleitner, Deborah Raffin, Edward Albert, Michael Nouri, Kim Darby and Lisa Pelikan star in this six-hour dramatization of Anton Myer's 1978 best-seller about five 1940s Harvard classmates and the women—and automobile—they loved. The rest airs tomorrow and three following Mondays. (Repeat)

THE ODESSA FILE
ABC (9-11:40 p.m. ET)
Jon Voight stars in the 1974 thriller about Nazis plotting World War III. (Repeat)

☐ **TUESDAY, JUNE 30**
TRANSPLANT
CBS (9-11 p.m. ET)
Kevin Dobson gets a new heart—and a lot of hackneyed lines—in this predictable TV movie about a man who won't slow down until he drops. (Repeat)

Pages

☐ **BASIN AND RANGE**
by John McPhee
He studied "what is now referred to as the Old Geology" in high school some 30 odd years ago. Now McPhee, that prodigious accumulator of expertise with the short attention span, has decided "to learn some geology again . . . to sense if possible how the science had settled down a decade after its great upheaval . . . when people began to discuss continents in terms of their velocities." McPhee assembles the "Big Picture" (as geologists call it, not self-mockingly) from his usual mountain of colorful, fine-grained facts. One learns that salt deposits and oil migrate underground; a lake "is by definition a sign of poor drainage"; cyanide may be one of the building blocks of life. The facts accumulate into a picture of a constantly changing world. Yet even McPhee's precise prose struggles to make comprehensible things like the creation of the Atlantic Ocean. Leaving out illustrations under the circumstances seems snobbish. But McPhee's 15th book, his most intellectually challenging since *The Curve of Binding Energy*, may change the way you think about at least two things. Rock will seem like buttery stuff that can be "folded up like wet laundry." The Himalayas, for instance, squirted up when India smacked into the rest of Asia. And the span of a human life will vanish within the earth's 4.5 billion years, like a single molecule of water in the ocean. (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $10.95)

☐ **THE BEACH BOOK**
by Nancy Bruning
A branch of the *Whole Earth Catalog* school of literature, this volume includes such random information as how to light a cigarette in a windy place, how to take 35-mm photographs in bright sunlight and how to eat mangoes. Mostly, though, there's lore about swimming, boating, fishing, sunbathing, tanning, flirting and other waterside pastimes. One does wax skeptical at times about the expertise of Bruning, 33, a Manhattan freelancer. How, for instance, does she know that the finest state-run resort parks are in Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, Oklahoma, Tennessee and West Virginia? Why, in discussing Lincoln Park Beach along Lake Michigan in Chicago, does she neglect to mention that when swimming there one sometimes has to be careful not to bump into dead alewives? Nonetheless, Bruning does offer useful tips on how to find good aquatic spots and enjoy them. She also recognizes that if there is one place to never take oneself too seriously, it is the beach. (Houghton Mifflin, $8.95)

☐ **CALIFORNIA CRAZY**
by Alan Cartnal
Here's some "new journalism," where fact reads like fiction. When the mélange works, as it does in a chapter on Rev. Robert Schuller's drive-in church, it is penetrating: ". . . even if they came from a hick town, and shopped in mammoth prefab shopping centers, and did their hair all wrong, were faced at home with kids on drugs, and alcoholism, and their jobs were filled with worry and boredom, their troubles would vanish if they believed in the possibilities offered by instant car-culture religion." Cartnal, a staffer at *Los Angeles* magazine, is less successful with the bored women of Brentwood, the gay life, coke, rock stars and an Allan Carr party. These all seem forced. The book's main asset for residents of the 49 straight states: Everything awful you always wanted to believe about California turns up. (Houghton Mifflin, $9.95)

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MARTHA SWOPE

Rex Smith, Linda Ronstadt and Kevin Kline were zingier onstage than on wax in *The Pirates of Penzance.*

Song

☐ **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**
Original Broadway Cast

Even more than most musical cast albums, this one is best appreciated by those who have seen the Joseph Papp production. The exuberant staging of the 101-year-old Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, by director Wilford Leach, is a prime part of its appeal, and doesn't quite come across on a record. Over four sides—nearly two hours in all, including snippets of dialogue—only two songs are really memorable, though the album does have its charm. Linda Ronstadt, whose trained voice required a refresher course of private lessons to handle the trills and strains of operetta, adjusted graciously to what is essentially a supporting role. Her sweet, delicate rendering of *Poor Wandering One*—full of maidenly virtuousness—is one of those two highlights. The other, *I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General*, is rendered delightfully, with every lickety-split polysyllable intact, by Broadway veteran George Rose. Pop idol Rex Smith, no threat to Pavarotti, still handles his part as pirate-turned-hero with pleasing earnestness. Kevin Kline, as the pirate king, transmits a little of his onstage Errol Flynnishness. Overall, though, this is mostly a souvenir, not the very model of a modern musical cast album.

☐ **PURITY OF ESSENCE**
The Rumour

Graham Parker owed much of his acid sting to this foursome, which backed up all six of his albums. As individuals, they've lent their punch to tours or discs with Nick Lowe, Carlene Carter, Garland Jeffreys and Elvis Costello. Relieved of Parker's heavy cargo of cynicism on their own third LP, the Rumour rides higher in the water. Like Rockpile, this group tracks its lineage back to the English pub-rock scene of the early '70s and shares the same virtues: a witty outlook, buoyant and frequently charming melodies and a sexy-tough instrumental delivery. On guitar, Martin Belmont and Brinsley Schwarz are versatile, economical, sly and, when need be, overpowering.

☐ **HONI SOIT**
John Cale

Though Cale has had a profound influence on punk, New Wave and classical-rock fusion musicians, his sway over record buyers has been almost nil. Cale does have credentials. Born in Wales in 1941, he studied classical composition in London, won a Leonard Bernstein fellowship to study at Tanglewood, later played with avant-garde composer LaMonte Young's Theater of Eternal Music and, in 1964, founded the Velvet Underground with Lou Reed. Since departing that band in 1968, Cale has produced albums by Patti Smith, Iggy Pop, Jonathan Richman, Squeeze and Nico—the Velvet's original chanteuse—and turned out 11 solo albums, including landmarks like *Vintage Violence* and *Paris 1919. Honi Soit* is his first album to make the charts. It combines his classical background and penchant for lyricism with a muted hue of the ferocious rock he played in the late '70s. The subject matter is vintage Cale—violence, deceit, the upheaval of war. (The album title is the opening of a French aphorism meaning "Shame on Him Who Evil Thinks.") Unlike Warren Zevon, who offers a comic book fascination with

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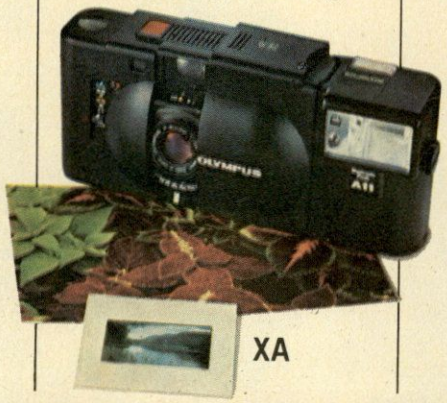

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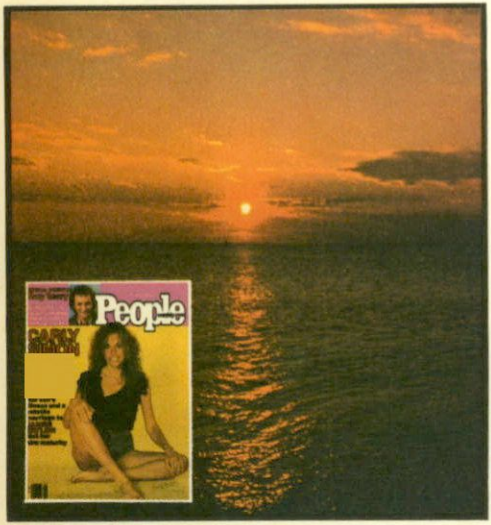

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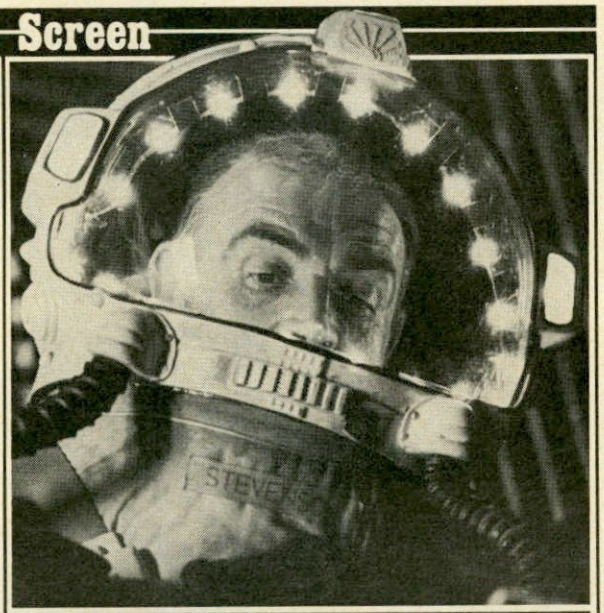
P33335

People weekly PICKS&PANS

guns and muscle, Cale in *Wilson Joliet* and *Riverbank* presents the testimony of a troubled but unblinking witness. His scarring version of the cowboy classic *The Streets of Laredo* makes one wonder how many cowpokes ever felt really at home on the range, or anywhere.

☐ **PLAY ME OUT**
Helen Reddy
In the nine years since she became a major U.S. recording star, Reddy has amply demonstrated her verve and the technical strength of her voice. She has shown, however, a near total inability to project warmth or any other kind of feeling. The strident, acerbic edge that served her well on *I Am Woman* is not always useful, and on this LP she sounds snarly at times. She and producer Joel Diamond have also chosen a subpar group of songs from such usually reliable writers as Becky Hobbs, Lesley Gore and Neil Sedaka. The arrangements show a remarkable penchant for vapid refrains. On *Let's Just Stay Home Tonight*, there's a chorus that goes "Let's just stay home tonight / Ooooh, I'm gonna get you alone tonight / Pull down the shades, turn off the lights / Just you and me in sweet harmony." Does this extended silliness seem worth repeating six times in a three-minute song? Reddy thinks so. And at the end of the standby *You Don't Have to Say You Love Me*, she implores, "Believe me. Believe me. Believe me." We think the lady doth protest too much.

Screen



Sean Connery dons space gear to survive in the galactic shoot-'em-up *Outland*.

☐ **OUTLAND**
Picture a mining town complete with swinging saloon doors and happy hookers. A badge-wearing do-good marshal, Sean Connery, tangles with the evil mine operator, Peter Boyle, and suddenly it's *High Noon*. That's the basic plot, with a difference: When Boyle brings in two hired guns for the big shoot-out, the stagecoach they arrive on is the afternoon space shuttle. Con-Am 27, the mining town, only feels like Dodge City—it looks like the U.S.S. *Enterprise* in drydock. This is a Western set on Io, one of Jupiter's moons, in a future century. It's outlandish, conceptually as well as geographically, but the whole idea is charming, and it works. Director Peter Hyams, who showed his flair for this kind of fanciful adventure in *Capricorn One*, handles it expertly here. The special effects are as good as in *Star Wars*, and the acting is top-drawer. Longtime Broadway actress Frances Sternhagen is especially appealing as a warmhearted but cynical doctor who becomes Connery's ally. As they prove Io is big enough for both of them, audiences will be cheering. (R)

☐ **THE FOUR SEASONS**
"Face it," shouts Carol Burnett to Alan Alda, "you married a middle-aged woman with a good sense of humor and dry skin." Alda and Burnett are one of three couples whose communal vacations (one a season) form the basis of this funny, rueful look at the crimes committed in the name of friendship. As writer, director and actor, Alda may lack the killer instinct to cut past the comfortable first layer of social satire, but his wry way with a line makes for pleasing entertainment, especially for the over-40 set who've long been waiting for an inning on screen. Burnett is brilliant; so is Alda's supporting cast, including Len Cariou and Sandy Dennis. Their divorce shakes the group, notably when he takes up with a young sprite, nicely played by Bess Armstrong. And when Jack Weston rages at Rita Moreno, "Your thoughts drop from your brain to your tongue like a gumball machine," the remark combines bite and affection. So, at its best, does the movie. (PG)

☐ **THE FAN**
Detailing a fan's homicidal designs on a star, this ghoulish thriller will be accused of exploiting John Lennon's murder. Hollywood is certainly not above such things, but *The Fan* is based on Bob Randall's 1977 novel. If that lets the film off one hook, there are plenty more to hang it on. While the gap between fan and fanatic is a worthy subject for examination, this attempt sheds more blood than light. Though Lauren Bacall lends her striking presence, she has little opportunity to be more than a sitting duck. Playing a 50ish film star about to make her Broadway musical debut, Bacall is plagued by a handsome young psychotic, sharply etched by Michael Biehn. Her secretary, Maureen Stapleton, warns her about his perverse, obscene letters, but Bacall shrugs it off until a series of brutally graphic slayings of those near and dear to her sends her into panic. In the intervals, there's a tossed-in romance with ex-husband James Garner and a Marvin Hamlisch musical number so lethargically staged you'd never guess what a delight Bacall can be in the theater. Only the splendid Stapleton emerges as a rounded character. Director Edward Bianchi, who gives the film the glitz of a TV commercial (his regular job), lacks the perception a Brian De Palma could have brought to the story. A moralizing last scene, reportedly tacked on by producer Robert Stigwood, is much too little and too late. (R)

FOR 10 GRADUATE STUDENTS, THE CREAM OF THE CLASS OF '81, THE PAST WILL SURELY BE PROLOGUE

RICHARD HOWARD

For a judge's daughter, law is all in the family

In today's society, to be young, gifted, black—and female—is decidedly no disadvantage. "I do have lots of options," admits Andrea Davis, 24, who as class marshal led 535 fellow Law School graduates in Harvard's 330th commencement procession. Because of her academic prowess and extracurricular achievements, including supervising Prof. Archibald Cox's six teaching assistants, Andrea recently found herself the quarry in an ego-gratifying professional paper chase. With 800 law firm recruiters hitting campus, Davis was sufficiently in demand that she halted interviews after two weeks. Spurning the highest salaries, Andrea—partly to be near her beau, a Chicago lawyer—accepted a two-year clerkship with Illinois Federal District Court Judge George Leighton.

A native of Rochester, N.Y., the daughter of a city court judge and a mother who is personnel manager for the University of Rochester, Andrea was recruited by Harvard as a high school senior in 1974. Paying most of her own way as an undergraduate, she worked at a variety of on-campus jobs and spent one summer as a congressional intern. The experience left her disenchanted with politics but committed to law. Subsequent summer internships with small offices in Rochester and Atlanta confirmed her lack of interest in joining a "megafirm." Says Davis, "I hope that in 15 years I might be able to start my own practice, focusing on labor law, class actions and civil advocacy suits. There is a widening gap between those who make laws and those who obey them, and we have to take care of people at the bottom." Her crusading spirit notwithstanding, she also plans to be making good money. "It's never been in my mind to join some public agency and make $150 a week," Andrea explains. "Legal service work is like beating your head against a wall. I want to change things on a broader scale."

CONTINUED

Therapy for one housewife is a new career

For Carol McMahan, being a suburban housewife was an exercise in frustration. "When I worked, it was only to add to the family income or fight boredom," she says. "Now I'm no longer just a mother and supplementer. I'm something on my own. I feel as if I went through adolescence at age 36." That was when McMahan, who had held a variety of nursing jobs, returned to school to prepare for a second career. Today, after graduating with honors from Columbia's School of Social Work, she is, at 38, a full-time therapist at the New Jersey drug treatment center where John and Mackenzie Phillips detoxified. The daughter of a Leola, Pa. doctor, Carol remembers fantasizing as a child about medical school. "If I had been born 10 years later, I *would* have gone to med school." Instead, she studied nursing at the University of Pennsylvania and was married within a week of graduation to classmate Tom McMahan. Seventeen years and two children later, she says, "I realized I wasn't getting any younger, and I wanted to know what I was going to be when I grew up." When she finally enrolled at Columbia, her husband was not-so-secretly relieved: "He said I had been bitching for all those years." Though Tom, director of corporate planning for McGraw-Hill, hired a housekeeper for Christine, 15, and Toby, 8, the kids (below, with their parents) were not amused. "Children like their mothers around the house," says Carol. "I'd call home and try to settle arguments long-distance. And the menu declined considerably. But I believe that what's good for the parents is inevitably good for the kids. The day I graduated and was given the dean's award for academic distinction, they were very proud." McMahan's next goal: a doctorate in psychology. "I want to have my shingle out," she says. "Something that's my own, that nobody can take away."

WM. FRANKLIN MCMAHON

MIMI COTTER

A new M.D. ponders the romance of medicine

Barbara Herwaldt got an extreme foretaste of her future last winter when she spent three months at a small, poorly equipped, missionary-run hospital in Shikarpur (pop. 66,000), Pakistan. Regularly fighting diseases like tuberculosis, malaria and polio, Herwaldt, 25, used skills she had acquired at Johns Hopkins Medical School—plus some all-important tender loving care —to help save a baby suffering from neonatal tetanus. Yet she could do nothing for a dying 13-year-old girl whose malady defied diagnosis. "She didn't need to die," recalls Barbara sadly. "In America, we could have figured it out."

First in her class at Bryn Mawr four years ago, Herwaldt is the daughter of a Baptist minister in Madison, Wis. Her sister is a doctor with the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. After a one-year internship in internal medicine, also at Johns Hopkins, and a two-year residency, Herwaldt may return to medical missionary work abroad. "It's easy to be idealistic and romantic about that," she says, "but it's also so hard, and there are needy people everywhere. I could stay here." Although she doesn't have a steady boyfriend, she hopes to marry someday. "It would be difficult," she concedes, "especially since I have old-fashioned notions about raising my own children. A doctor as a husband might understand better what I'm going through," she observes, "but somebody else might be more interesting!"

Dodge Mirada CMX.
Chrysler engineered it to such high standards of performance, it was judged superior overall to the legendary Thunderbird—by 34 out of 50 T-Bird owners.

Great automobiles are not made of legends but of engineering.

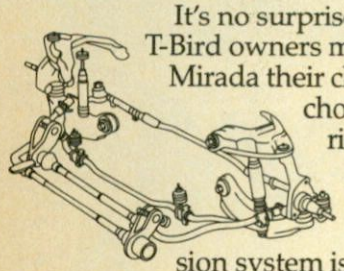
Mirada is the proud achievement of Chrysler engineers starting with concepts geared to today's world. New designs. New technology. And a determination to give people a personal car that spares nothing to return genuine pleasure to driving. Yet still delivers responsible fuel economy.

How well they succeeded shows in Mirada's rating of 18 EPA est. mpg.,* unsurpassed by a comparable Thunderbird; and 24 est. hwy. And in the results of an independently run test.

Mirada preferred to T-Bird by more than 2 to 1.

Fifty Thunderbird owners** judged a Mirada CMX against a comparably equipped T-Bird. They judged them for such qualities as riding comfort, driving ease, power, convenience, styling and value. Result: these Thunderbird owners preferred the Mirada overall by the overwhelming margin of 34 to 16.

Engineered to reward you with a superior ride and better control.

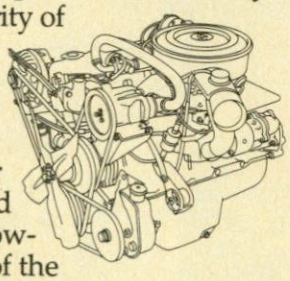


It's no surprise that T-Bird owners made Mirada their clear choice for riding comfort. The suspension system is unique. Transverse mounted torsion bar front springs—located ahead of the front wheels and rubber mounted — isolate the shock of bumps and pot holes from the car. You'll appreciate how little fatigue and tension you feel after a long day's drive.

Concern with human physiology is as much a part of Chrysler engineering as is the geometry of a car's suspension. Mirada's driver oriented interior provides bucket seats contoured to hold you comfortably for hour after hour behind the wheel.

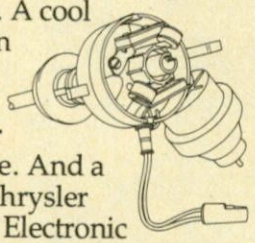
Mirada's overall driving ease and cornering ability, as well, were rated over Thunderbird's. Power assisted recirculating ball steering gives you sensitive control. You never lose the intimate "feel" of the road that epitomizes the well-mannered road car.

Engine technology that delivers more torque—with economy.



A majority of Thunderbird owners chose Mirada for pickup and passing power. Much of the credit must go to Chrysler's standard Slant-Six engine, a proven design with countless refinements in its lifetime.

Some of the latest: Hydraulic valve lifters that need no periodic adjustment. A cool air induction system that improves hot weather performance. And a landmark Chrysler innovation, Electronic Ignition, in which there are no points to wear or need replacing. And the consistently high voltage that results improves performance and reduces spark plug failures.



Chrysler engineers designed Mirada to take you with undiminished power and unimpaired fuel efficiency for 30,000 miles between tuneups.

Jury's choice: an instrument panel engineered for the driver.

T-Bird owners were outspoken in their preference for the efficiency and appearance of Mirada's interior. Behind the sporty 3-spoke steering wheel is your information center, tuned to the convenience of the driver. Gauges, lights, switches set in brushed aluminum applique: trip odometer, brake system warning light, speedometer.

Mirada's lowest price model—$8,083†—comes with equipment most Americans want.

Mirada's base sticker price includes as standard: Auto. trans. Power steering. Power brakes. Tinted glass. AM radio. WSW glass belted radials. Anti-corrosion protection.

The Mirada CMX shown, priced at $9,277,† also includes: Color-keyed cabriolet vinyl roof. 15" steel belted radials. Forged aluminum road wheels. Cornering lights. Sill moldings and wheel lip moldings.

Other options:†† Air cond., $625. With auto. temp. control, $678. Auto. speed control, $149. Power bucket seat, $187. Choice of 6 sound systems, and a full complement of power assists.

Mirada, the personal car engineered without compromise. Buy or lease yours at a Dodge Dealer.

Dodge

The New Chrysler Corporation

*Use EPA est. mpg. for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual hwy. mileage and CA. estimates probably lower. Comparison with Thunderbird based on both cars with standard 6-cylinder engines. **Randomly recruited in Los Angeles area.
†Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. ††These options may require the purchase of additional optional equipment.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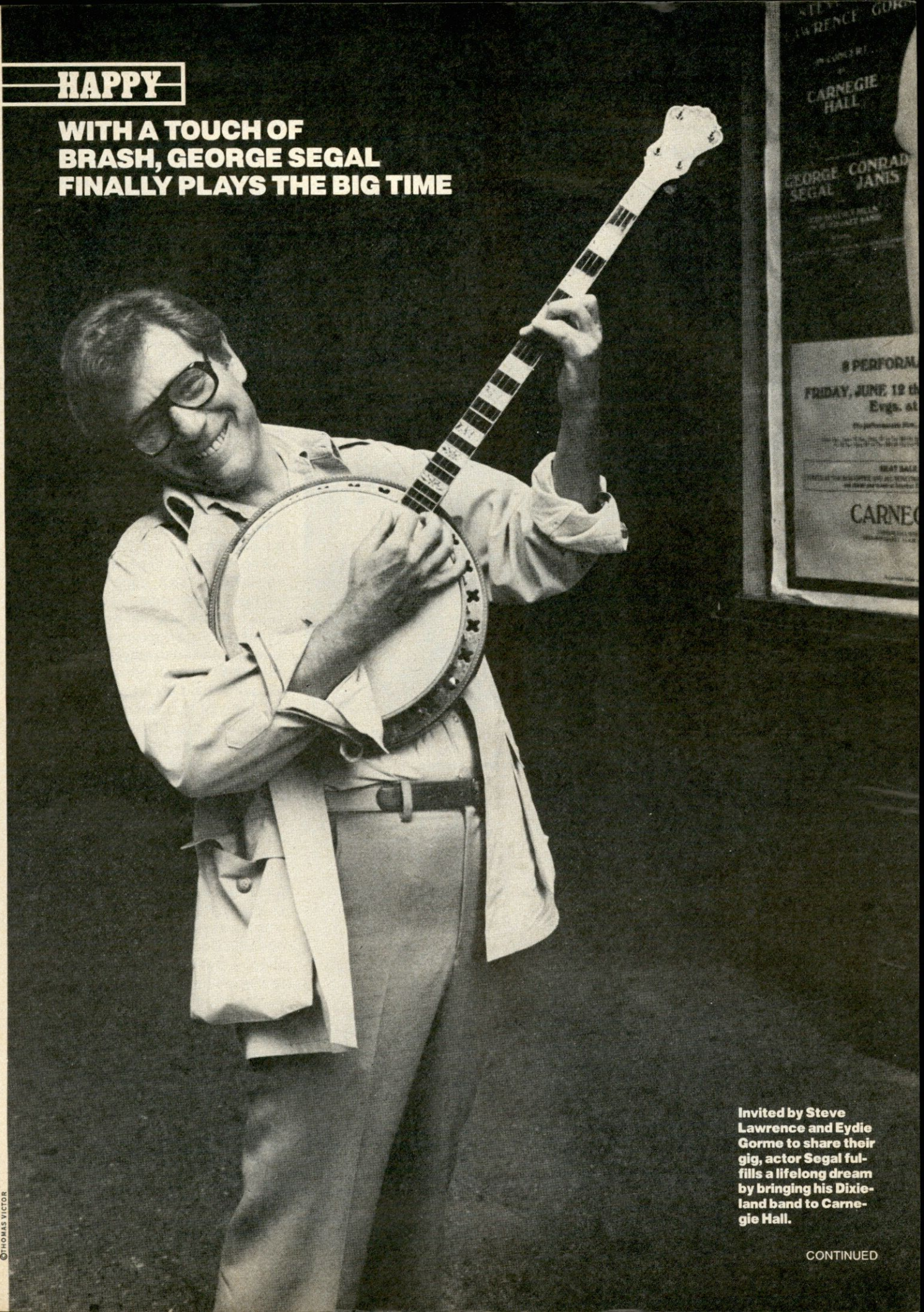
DIPLOME D'HONNEUR
AMSTERDAM 1883
Heineken
"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."

HAPPY

WITH A TOUCH OF BRASH, GEORGE SEGAL FINALLY PLAYS THE BIG TIME



Invited by Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme to share their gig, actor Segal fulfills a lifelong dream by bringing his Dixieland band to Carnegie Hall.

CONTINUED

HAPPY

'There's no thrill like being live onstage,' exults Segal, 'it's another world'

More distinguished musicians—like Arturo Toscanini, Igor Stravinsky and even Louis Armstrong—may have played Carnegie Hall, but surely none has reacted more rapturously to his debut there than the leader and banjo picker of the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band. Beamed actor George Segal, 47: "All my life I have dreamed of performing live at Carnegie Hall. When it finally happened, a magical feeling swept over me—the live Dixieland jazz, the smiles from the crowd, the aura of the hall—it lifted me, it was wonderful."

George's elevation to the musical empyrean began last year when his two-year-old octet jammed as a lark on the *Tonight* show. L.A. neighbors Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme heard Segal tell Johnny Carson of his Carnegie ambition. The next day Steve offered George a spot during their own scheduled bow at the hall. "My dream fairy called," Segal now quips (though he remained sufficiently earthbound to inform his agent, who got the band a $30,000 fee for the eight-day booking).

Previously the band's gigs were somewhat less grand. There were evenings for friends in the Hollywood Hills home of TV producer-writer Sheldon Keller, who plays bass. Then the group moved up to an L.A. pasta parlor, the Mulberry Street Restaurant (owned by the band's drummer, Allen Goodman), and a regular weekly stint at Carroll O'Connor's eatery, the Ginger Man, in which Segal has a financial interest. "I jam in my jeans, nice people come listen, and I love it," grins George. Actor Conrad Janis, Mindy's music store owner father in *Mork & Mindy* and the band's trombonist co-leader, attests to that. "Playing the banjo is a total emotional experience for George," Janis says. "I think he loves the banjo more than acting."

The attraction began four decades ago in Great Neck, Long Island, when young George transferred his affections from the ukulele. As a student at Pennsylvania's rigorous Haverford College, he started to play publicly, but, to spare his family embarrassment, called himself and his group Bruno Lynch and the Imperial Jazz Band. The boys continued to play Greenwich Village nightspots in the 1950s, but when Segal's stage and screen career took off (his some 35 film roles include an Oscar nomination for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*), the banjo played second fiddle.

After his Carnegie run, Segal, his wife of 24 years, Marion, and daughters Elizabeth, 19, and Holly, 15, plan to stay on in New York. He says it's to plug his next film, *Carbon Copy*, which opens in October. But is there now a chance that filmmaking will give way to Segal's beloved banjo? "Not so," says George. "It's just lots of fun. I'm full of fantasy, and the banjo, like acting, makes me happy and makes other people happy." Among them is at least one knowledgeable Segal fan. Says jazz great Lionel Hampton: "Some actors want to be singers and many singers want to be actors. George happens to be a musician who can act. And that cat can really swing."

LINDA MARX

©THOMAS VICTOR

Segal, colleague Conrad (*Mork & Mindy*) Janis, center, and L.A. teacher Bill Vogel rehearse for the opening.

COURTESY AVCO EMBASSY

"It's a serious movie. I like that," says Segal of his upcoming *Carbon Copy*, which co-stars Susan St. James.

They don't make the headlines the athletes do or the big money to sign their first contracts. In the long run, however, they may be the true superstars on today's campuses—men and women who will enter their respective professions predestined for excellence. In some respects, the recent graduates on the following pages appear to have little in common. Among them are superachievers, classic late bloomers and a housewife staking out a second career. Each, however, represents enduring values that some Americans have feared are lost or forgotten: the determination to express oneself through hard work, and the resolution to be socially useful.

UP FRONT

A petroscholar finds a future in oil

Bob McNulty is standing astride a rig that has already drilled down 7,000 feet in search of Oklahoma crude; should oil be found, McNulty, 25, must decide whether it will produce a bountiful gusher. Says Bob, proud possessor of a master's in petroleum engineering from the University of Oklahoma: "I'm in charge of what I do as long as I do it right, safely, and don't spend more money than I'm supposed to." Yet only five years ago Bob was at a loss for a calling.

Raised in Boca Raton, Fla., he had studied physics at Vanderbilt and set school swimming records in the 500- and 1,000-yard freestyle. Then, after graduation, he followed girlfriend Leisa Marshall back to her hometown of Tulsa. After two years assessing sites for an oil well contractor, McNulty was sufficiently intrigued to go back to school. In February McNulty signed on with the 300-employee Harper Oil Co. because he considered it small enough to encourage individual initiative yet big enough to undertake challenging work. "We feel we are worth something and can sell ourselves," says Leisa, now an architect and married to Bob. "But it won't necessarily be to the highest bidder." McNulty is acutely aware that the marriages of both his and Leisa's parents ended in divorce and, his six-day, 70-hour workweeks notwithstanding, is determined that history shall not be repeated. "So many people our age come from broken homes, and we don't want to go through that again," he says. "I think our generation is living up to its responsibilities in new ways. We'll concentrate more on our families, instead of on how 'oppressed' we are. I'm optimistic."

MICHAEL SALAS

Therapy for one housewife is a new career

For Carol McMahan, being a suburban housewife was an exercise in frustration. "When I worked, it was only to add to the family income or fight boredom," she says. "Now I'm no longer just a mother and supplementer. I'm something on my own. I feel as if I went through adolescence at age 36." That was when McMahan, who had held a variety of nursing jobs, returned to school to prepare for a second career. Today, after graduating with honors from Columbia's School of Social Work, she is, at 38, a full-time therapist at the New Jersey drug treatment center where John and Mackenzie Phillips detoxified. The daughter of a Leola, Pa. doctor, Carol remembers fantasizing as a child about medical school. "If I had been born 10 years later, I *would* have gone to med school." Instead, she studied nursing at the University of Pennsylvania and was married within a week of graduation to classmate Tom McMahan. Seventeen years and two children later, she says, "I realized I wasn't getting any younger, and I wanted to know what I was going to be when I grew up." When she finally enrolled at Columbia, her husband was not-so-secretly relieved: "He said I had been bitching for all those years." Though Tom, director of corporate planning for McGraw-Hill, hired a housekeeper for Christine, 15, and Toby, 8, the kids (below, with their parents) were not amused. "Children like their mothers around the house," says Carol. "I'd call home and try to settle arguments long-distance. And the menu declined considerably. But I believe that what's good for the parents is inevitably good for the kids. The day I graduated and was given the dean's award for academic distinction, they were very proud." McMahan's next goal: a doctorate in psychology. "I want to have my shingle out," she says. "Something that's my own, that nobody can take away."

WM. FRANKLIN MCMAHON

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First in her class at Bryn Mawr four years ago, Herwaldt is the daughter of a Baptist minister in Madison, Wis. Her

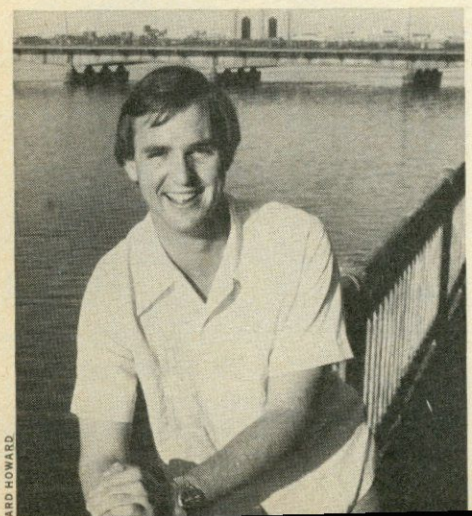
The sky's the limit for this export expert

Martha Dawson's first 23 years have been remarkably unencumbered by failure. After nearly a decade of straight A's dating back to her high school days in Los Angeles, she turned out a prizewinning master's thesis last fall at Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service. On the basis of that work, *Lessons from the Past: A Comparative Study of National Export Expansion Programs 1963-1980*, she has been asked to become a special assistant to U.S. Under Secretary of Commerce Lionel Olmer. Martha has put that offer, plus a dozen or so from private industry in the $25,000-to-$35,000 range, on hold. The reason: her July wedding to geologist Rob Blake, 23.

The daughter of a Hughes Aircraft executive, Martha graduated from the University of California at Davis before her interest in international relations drew her to Georgetown. There, research into export legislation led not only to her thesis, which has been praised by Reaganauts, but to her conclusion that "it is increasingly difficult to run an 'American' business. We have to do what the Japanese and Germans do so well: export." By century's end Dawson hopes to be high up in a multinational corporation. "It's beneficial in some ways to be a woman, but being attractive can lead to problems too," she comments. "Look at the Bendix affair. And even though I graduated at the top of my class, men are being offered jobs at $5,000 more to start. I will just have to work harder."

DARIO PERLA

A business whiz hopes for a royal good time



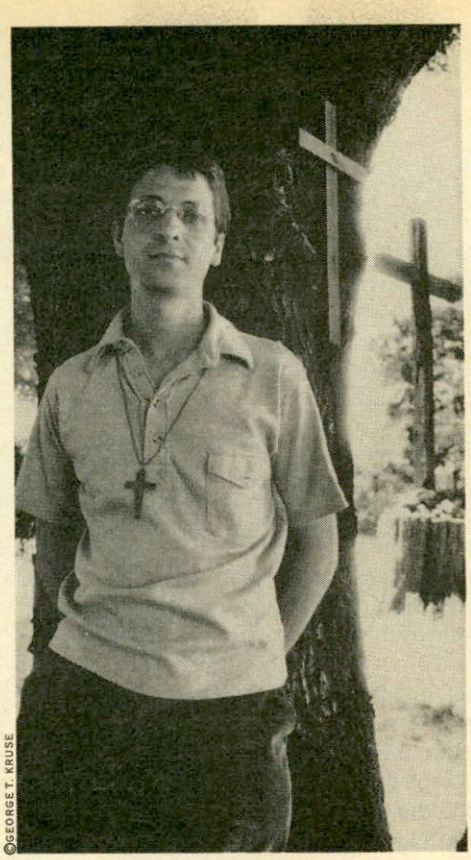
RICHARD HOWARD

"I love the feeling of being out front," says Randy Woelfel. "One of my fantasies is to be a rock star like Neil Diamond." Not so fantastic is the second-generation Houstonian's desire to assume the leadership of a major company someday. At 26, he is already more than one rung up the corporate ladder. A graduate of MIT's Sloan School of Management, Woelfel is about to become a senior economics adviser at Shell Oil for a salary in the $30,000 range. A chemical engineering

had spent three years at Shell in sales and marketing, but considered himself deficient in the language of economics. He enrolled in Sloan's accelerated master's program, in which two years of study are compressed into one. "I didn't see much daylight for the next 12 months, but it was worth it," he says. Recently he spurned a lucrative offer to work for a major consulting firm. "Working as a consultant," Woelfel explains, "is like being the person who

A dentist primes for a brush with destiny

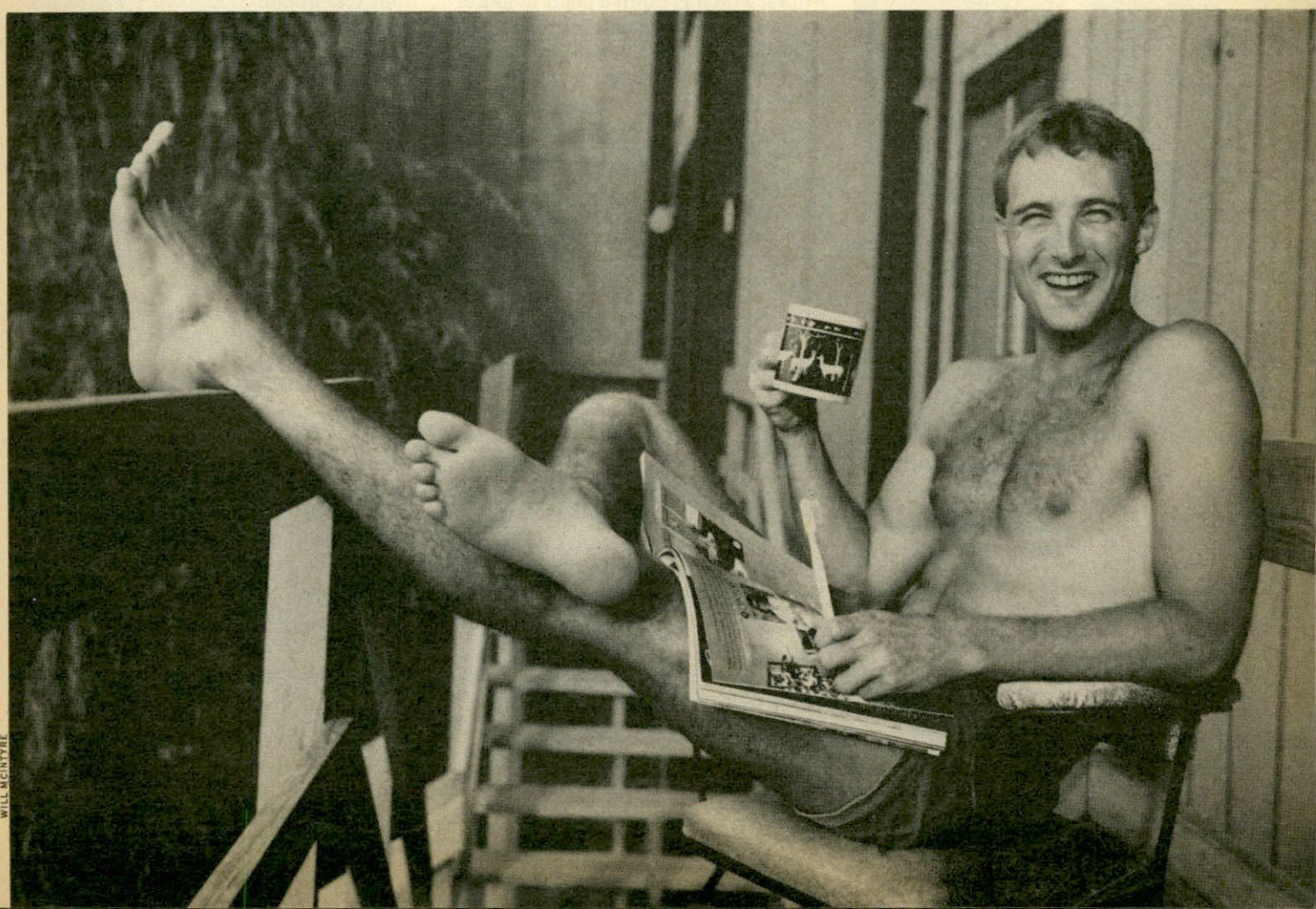
If Lee Baxley, D.D.S., doesn't foam at the mouth every morning, that's because he believes in brushing, not toothpaste. Baxley, 24, ought to know; he was No. 1 in his class at the University of North Carolina School of Dentistry. The son of an automobile salesman father and a math teacher mother, Baxley, from Rockingham, N.C., was attracted to health care during two teenage summers spent as a hospital emergency room aide. As a chemistry major at Duke, he discovered that juniors are eligible to enter most medical and dental schools, though few have the temerity to try. Baxley not only was admitted to UNC, but went on to win a prestigious research fellowship. One of his projects —combining course material in radiology and oral pathology—will be used to aid future students. Currently Baxley, a passionate swimmer and sailor, is looking for "a cosmopolitan place close to the water," and has applied for a faculty position at UCLA. Eventually, though, he looks forward to having "a family of patients, people I see regularly." What about the high cost (as much as $200,000) of starting his own office? "Doctors are a good risk and dentists even better," says Baxley confidently. "I've never heard of a banker turning down a dentist."



©GEORGE T. KRUSE

To Burundi, with love: a missionary's mission

Though his father was born a Jew and his late mother was a nonpracticing Roman Catholic, Ephraim Radner, 24, will this fall become the first missionary sponsored by the Episcopal Church to practice in the African nation of Burundi. A native of Berkeley, Calif., he recalls feeling drawn to the church even in high school. "But it was rather a profound commitment," he says, "and I wasn't able to face up to it for a couple of years." An accomplished violinist accepted at Juilliard, Radner opted instead to remain at Dartmouth. Later, as a Yale Divinity School student, Ephraim counseled runaways and taught one summer in the Philippines, but his most enlightening experience was as a chaplain's assistant at the Lewisburg, Pa. federal prison. "They thought because I grew up in Berkeley I must be a radical," recalls Radner, in reality an ardent Clint Eastwood fan, "but I didn't help anyone escape." He did, however, discover that "prison is actually an easier place to talk to people, because they *want* to talk. It brought home to me the power of love because it touches people in ways they least expect."



WILL MCINTYRE

A GRIEVING, ANGRY MOTHER CHARGES THAT DRUNKEN DRIVERS ARE GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER

On a sunny Saturday in May 1980, Cari Lightner, 13, was on her way to a church carnival in Fair Oaks, Calif. when a car swerved into the bike lane where she was walking and blind-sided her with such sickening force that she was knocked out of her sandals and hurled more than 40 yards down the road. She died within the hour. The driver, Clarence Busch, 48, never even stopped. "He was so drunk he literally crawled into bed," his now estranged wife, Sharlene, recalls. "That weekend he was so obsessed with hiding the car that I finally called a friend with the California Highway Patrol to ask if anything unusual had happened. He said, 'My God, haven't you heard? A child's been killed!' "

Busch was soon apprehended—implicated by his conscience-stricken wife. He subsequently admitted he had been drinking and claimed he remembered nothing that had happened before he arrived home. Though he had previously been convicted of drunken driving and related offenses three times in four years, grounds for automatic imprisonment in California, he had served only 48 hours in jail, and his license had been reinstated each time after probation. Just two days before killing Cari, Busch had been arrested for yet another hit-and-run while under the influence, and had been released on bail.

Under the circumstances, it shouldn't have been surprising when a veteran cop predicted to Cari's mother, "Lady, you'll be lucky if this guy gets any jail time, much less prison." But Candy Lightner, 35, was shocked—and desperately angry. "This was not an 'unfortunate accident,' " she observes acidly. "Cari was the victim of a violent crime. If my daughter had been raped or murdered, no one would say of the killer, 'There but for the grace of God go I.' Death caused by drunk drivers is the only socially acceptable form of homicide."

To ensure that her daughter's death would have meaning, Lightner, a divorcée with two other children (son Travis, now 10, and Cari's twin, Serena), quit her job to found Mothers

CONTINUED

Comforting Cari's twin, Candy recalls that Serena was injured as an infant when her grandmother's car, carrying both girls, was rear-ended by a drunk driver.

Photographs by Rick Browne

Against Drunk Drivers. The response has been startling—for good reason. In the past decade drunken drivers have been responsible for the deaths of some 250,000 Americans—about five times the number that died in Vietnam. In just 13 months MADD has rapidly outgrown Candy's small Sacramento office, expanding into a volunteer network with 14 California chapters, eight in Maryland, and one each in Virginia and Pennsylvania.

In addition to counseling those who have suffered at the hands of drunk drivers, the organization is lobbying for tougher state laws requiring mandatory minimum punishments. In California today, notes Steve White, executive director of that state's District Attorneys' Association, "It's up to the judge whether an offender goes to jail. California courts have been reluctant to deal with the problem partly because drunk drivers are a good source of revenue—they just pay their fines and go." Nationally, MADD has been supporting bills in both the Senate and the House that would require a standard definition of intoxication, better record keeping to identify habitual drunk drivers, and mandatory imprisonment and license suspensions for repeat offenders.

Last March Lightner spoke in Washington on behalf of legislation introduced by Sen. Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island (right).

Totally apolitical until Cari was killed ("I wasn't even registered to vote"), Candy Doddridge was born in Pasadena, Calif. and grew up an Air Force brat. A onetime dental assistant, she attended American River College in Sacramento and later married Air Force Lt. Steve Lightner. She was divorced in 1979 and settled in Fair Oaks to sell real estate. Since founding MADD, however, Candy has gone without salary, supporting herself and her children with help from her ex-husband and her widowed father. By donating most of her personal savings, plus insurance money from Cari's death, Lightner has provided more than 60 percent of MADD's first-year budget of $41,000.

Soon, she hopes, such one-woman support will no longer be necessary. While more than 50,000 people have signed MADD petitions urging federal action, the organization is just now launching a formal membership drive, and is pushing to raise $100,000 during the next 12 months in corporate and foundation grants. Whatever happens, Lightner's personal commitment is total. "If you have a drinking problem, it's your problem," she says. "But once you get behind the wheel of a car, it's my problem. I've seen five-, six- and seven-time drunk-driving offenders get off."

Although the man who killed her daughter wasn't turned loose, neither was he prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Charged with three felony counts in the death of Cari Lightner, and with two additional charges hanging over him from his hit-and-run accident two days earlier, Busch was nonetheless allowed to plead nolo contendere on the single count of vehicular manslaughter. He was sentenced to two years in prison and stripped of his license. Though his probation report, based on a psychologist's evaluation, noted that because of Busch's "continued denial of a serious [drinking] problem" he was a threat to the community and ought to be imprisoned, the killer was sent to a work camp for three months, then transferred to a halfway house in Sacramento. Incredibly, the California Department of Motor Vehicles has already notified Busch that when he is released, on Sept. 7, his driver's license will be waiting for him if he can obtain liability insurance.

Ultimately, it appears, Busch's greatest punishment will have to come from his conscience. Her own pain, says Lightner, is unrelenting. "My children suffer from nightmares," she reports, "and I live in fear it will happen again —that one of my children will be hit. Every time I hear an ambulance, or tires screeching, I get hysterical." Still, she refuses to give in to despair. "There are so many people who are worse off than I am," she says. "People who have lost two children or their whole family. Nobody cares for them, so it's up to us to be the voice of the victims."

MARIA WILHELM

The story of MADD and its founder (here with co-worker Susan LeBrun) is being considered by Hollywood producers.

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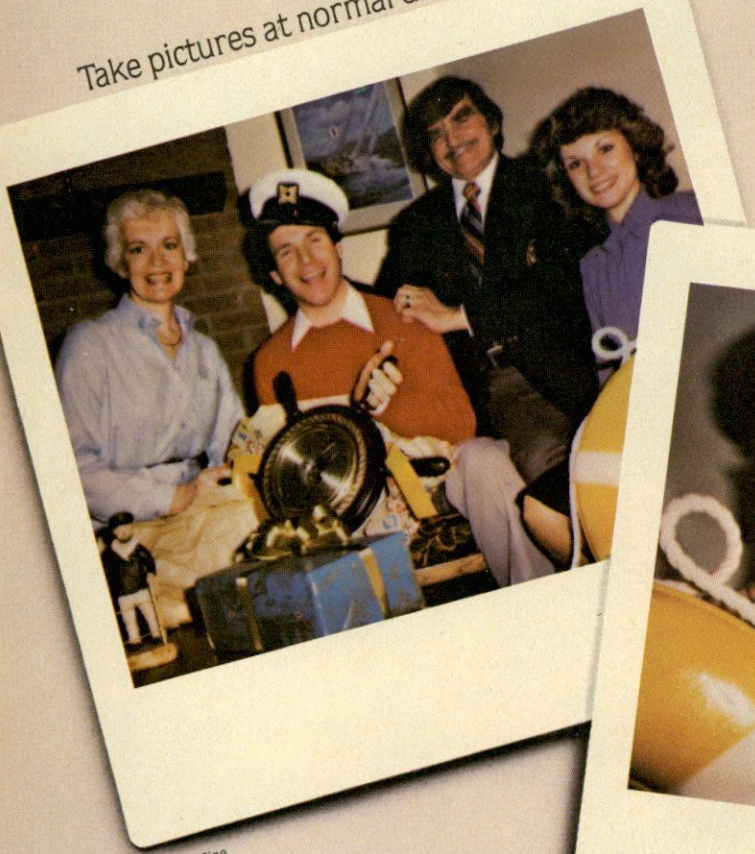

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Dodge Mirada CMX

Dodge Mirada CMX.
Chrysler engineered it to such high standards of performance, it was judged superior overall to the legendary Thunderbird—by 34 out of 50 T-Bird owners.

Great automobiles are not made of legends but of engineering.

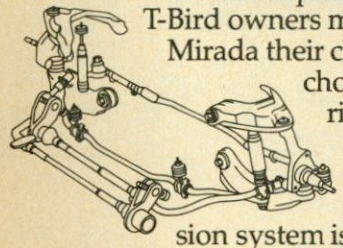
Mirada is the proud achievement of Chrysler engineers starting with concepts geared to today's world. New designs. New technology. And a determination to give people a personal car that spares nothing to return genuine pleasure to driving. Yet still delivers responsible fuel economy.

How well they succeeded shows in Mirada's rating of 18 EPA est. mpg.,* unsurpassed by a comparable Thunderbird; and 24 est. hwy. And in the results of an independently run test.

Mirada preferred to T-Bird by more than 2 to 1.

Fifty Thunderbird owners** judged a Mirada CMX against a comparably equipped T-Bird. They judged them for such qualities as riding comfort, driving ease, power, convenience, styling and value. Result: these Thunderbird owners preferred the Mirada overall by the overwhelming margin of 34 to 16.

Engineered to reward you with a superior ride and better control.

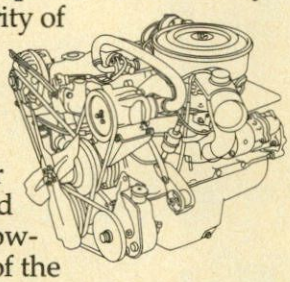


It's no surprise that T-Bird owners made Mirada their clear choice for riding comfort. The suspension system is unique. Transverse mounted torsion bar front springs—located ahead of the front wheels and rubber mounted — isolate the shock of bumps and pot holes from the car. You'll appreciate how little fatigue and tension you feel after a long day's drive.

Concern with human physiology is as much a part of Chrysler engineering as is the geometry of a car's suspension. Mirada's driver oriented interior provides bucket seats contoured to hold you comfortably for hour after hour behind the wheel.

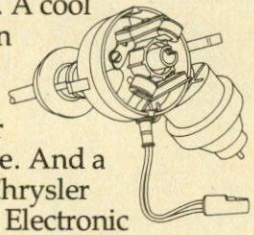
Mirada's overall driving ease and cornering ability, as well, were rated over Thunderbird's. Power assisted recirculating ball steering gives you sensitive control. You never lose the intimate "feel" of the road that epitomizes the well-mannered road car.

Engine technology that delivers more torque—with economy.



A majority of Thunderbird owners chose Mirada for pickup and passing power. Much of the credit must go to Chrysler's standard Slant-Six engine, a proven design with countless refinements in its lifetime.

Some of the latest: Hydraulic valve lifters that need no periodic adjustment. A cool air induction system that improves hot weather performance. And a landmark Chrysler innovation, Electronic Ignition, in which there are no points to wear or need replacing. And the consistently high voltage that results improves performance and reduces spark plug failures.



Chrysler engineers designed Mirada to take you with undiminished power and unimpaired fuel efficiency for 30,000 miles between tuneups.

Jury's choice: an instrument panel engineered for the driver.

T-Bird owners were outspoken in their preference for the efficiency and appearance of Mirada's interior. Behind the sporty 3-spoke steering wheel is your information center, tuned to the convenience of the driver. Gauges, lights, switches set in brushed aluminum applique: trip odometer, brake system warning light, speedometer.

Mirada's lowest price model—$8,083†—comes with equipment most Americans want.

Mirada's base sticker price includes as standard: Auto. trans. Power steering. Power brakes. Tinted glass. AM radio. WSW glass belted radials. Anti-corrosion protection.

The Mirada CMX shown, priced at $9,277,† also includes: Color-keyed cabriolet vinyl roof. 15" steel belted radials. Forged aluminum road wheels. Cornering lights. Sill moldings and wheel lip moldings.

Other options:†† Air cond., $625. With auto. temp. control, $678. Auto. speed control, $149. Power bucket seat, $187. Choice of 6 sound systems, and a full complement of power assists.

Mirada, the personal car engineered without compromise. Buy or lease yours at a Dodge Dealer.

Dodge

The New Chrysler Corporation

*Use EPA est. mpg. for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual hwy. mileage and CA. estimates probably lower. Comparison with Thunderbird based on both cars with standard 6-cylinder engines. **Randomly recruited in Los Angeles area.
†Sticker price excluding taxes and destination charges. ††These options may require the purchase of additional optional equipment.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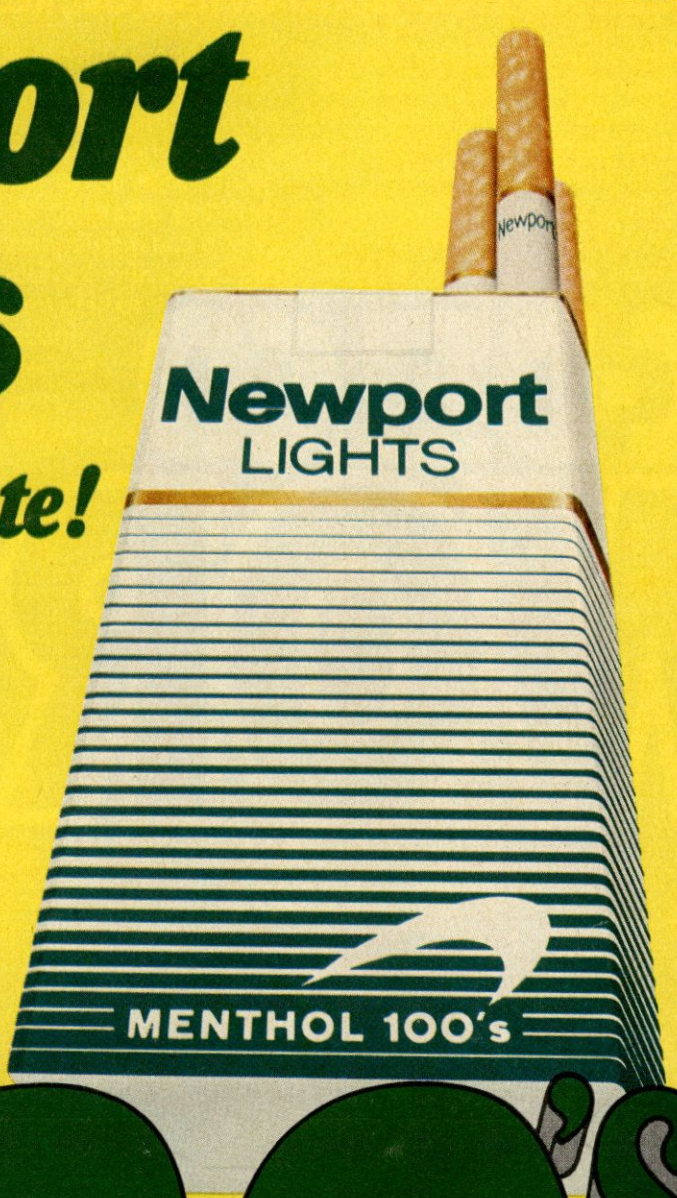

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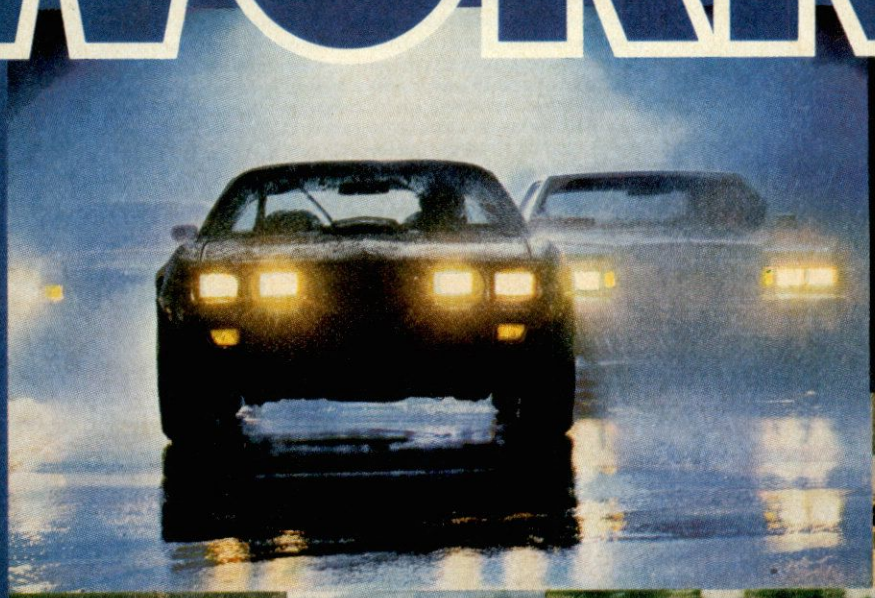
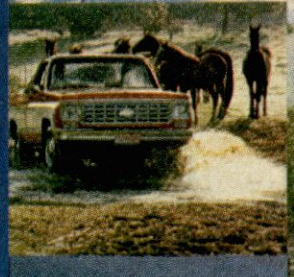
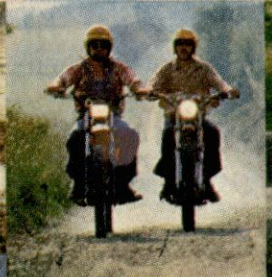
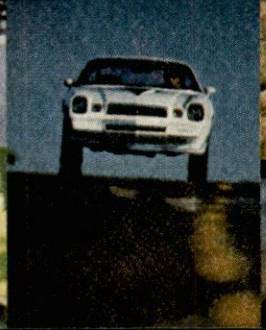
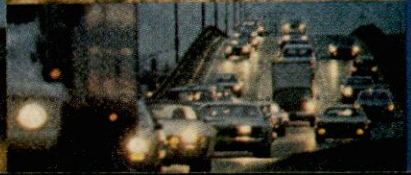






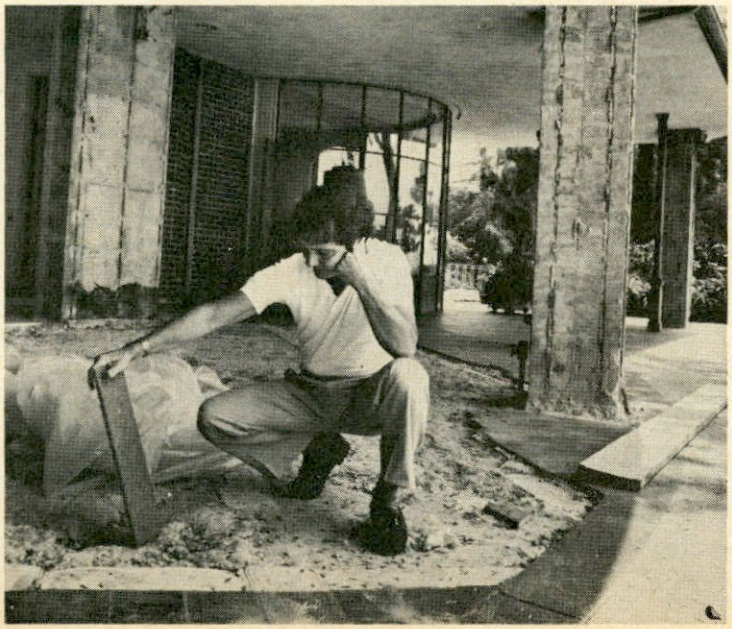




STYLE

FOR KENNY ROGERS AND CHER, A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME—UNLESS RON WILSON DECORATES IT

MARK SENNET/CAMERA 5



Wilson, above with Kenny and Marianne Rogers in the willow-green, white and beige sun room of the $12.5 million Bel Air home he did for them last year, is now at work (right) on the Rogers' new $14.5 million manse.

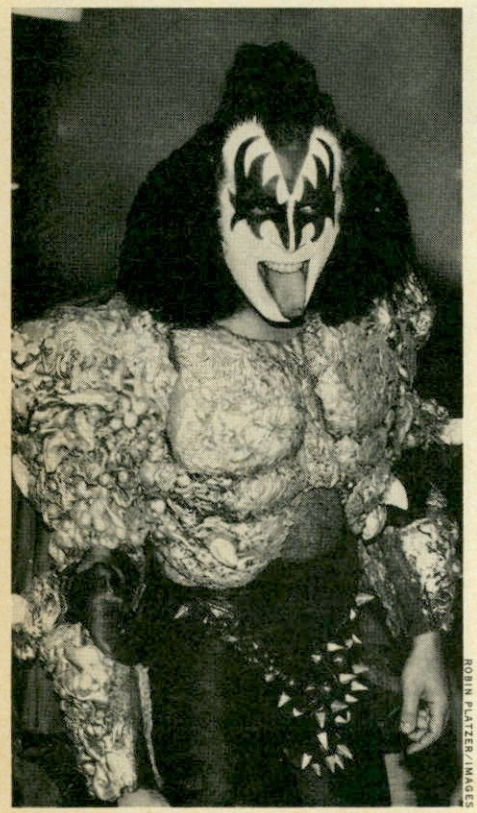
Photographs by Tony Costa

When interior designer Ron Wilson first saw the Knoll last January, the legendary Beverly Hills mansion of producer Dino (*King Kong*) de Laurentiis had already been on the market for six months. "A lot of rich and powerful people had looked at it but couldn't quite imagine how to live with all that space," says Wilson of the 40,000-square-foot, 17-garage pied-à-terre. He, however, was inspired by its grandeur and immediately telephoned Kenny Rogers. Within a week Rogers had flown in from Georgia to see the place. Soon afterward he agreed to ante up $14.5 million—reportedly the highest price ever paid for a private home in the U.S.—and hired Wilson to make it "warm and homey."

CONTINUED

SCOTT DOWNIE

Cher, with guitarist Les Dudek and son Elijah Blue Allman, above, asked Wilson for a secluded sun deck at her new home so that she could soak up rays in the raw.



ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES

Gene Simmons opted for a master bedroom with black pin-striped walls, black lacquer furniture and a black rug.

Mike and Gen Douglas hired Wilson to redecorate their Beverly Hills estate, once the home of movie mogul Harry Cohn.

Warm? Homey? Wife Marianne, whom Rogers showers with expensive presents, needs so much space for her clothes (over 2,000 square feet) that Wilson is converting four former bedrooms into one closet. Still, with Ron handling the renovations, the Knoll will be ready for occupancy by December. That's when the couple are expecting their first child, for whom Wilson promises an "all-white fantasy" of a nursery. Proclaims Rogers of his favorite decorator: "I own Ron this year. Someone else can have him next year—if they can afford him."

Kenny's caveat is not ill-considered. Last year, after spending more than $1 million decorating a smaller estate in Bel Air, he decided he liked the furnishings in Cher's old Holmby Hills house better. Wilson had done the decorating there, so Rogers asked him to stop by. Suggested Ron: "Let's get rid of everything." Kenny agreed, sinking several million more into his house on features like a cantilevered summer pavilion overlooking Bel Air, a French iron-and-glass outdoor elevator, custom-canopied beds and an Oriental rug for Kenny's bathroom. Then Wilson called him about the Knoll.

Clearly, Ron and Kenny share the same sense of restraint that made Louis XIV so beloved. Besides the new house, Wilson is busy decorating Rogers' three jets, his 120-foot yacht and his new place near Athens, Ga., which has a 120-acre lake. Rogers also bought a Malibu beach house on three acres last Oct. 30. Wilson had that place decorated in time for Kenny to give it to Marianne as a surprise Christmas present. She walked in thinking it was Ron's house, took one look at the "Casa Marianna" plaque placed in the entry and fainted.

Overwhelmed patrons are old hat to Wilson, who has decorated 11 homes for Cher alone. One of the first was in 1967, when she and husband Sonny Bono commissioned Ron to redo the Bel Air manse they had bought from Tony Curtis. Wilson worked on seven more projects for the Bonos before they split in 1975, insisting on joint custody of their priceless designer. Bono now lives in a Wilson-decorated Italian country home in Benedict Canyon, while Cher recently moved into a new $10 million home up the street that Wilson has been working on since 1978. The house is a 20-room Egyptian temple with a moat, featuring slanted doors to create a pyramid effect.

Always anxious to share her good fortune, Cher persuaded Ron in 1979 to accept a commission from her lover Gene Simmons to help design his New York pad, a glass-walled penthouse atop a stately Fifth Avenue apartment building. The retreat was finished to Cher's specifications (which included a bathtub in the middle of the guest bedroom and what Simmons called

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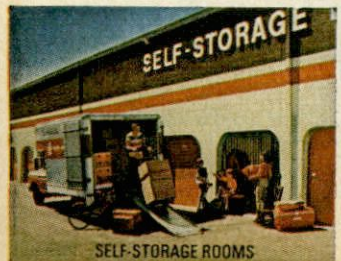

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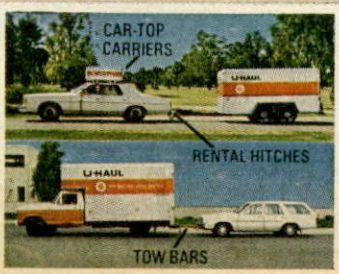
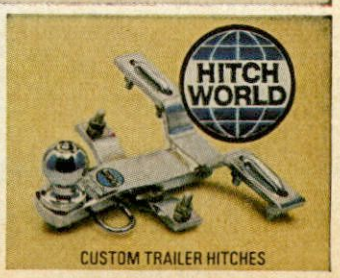


TOW BARS



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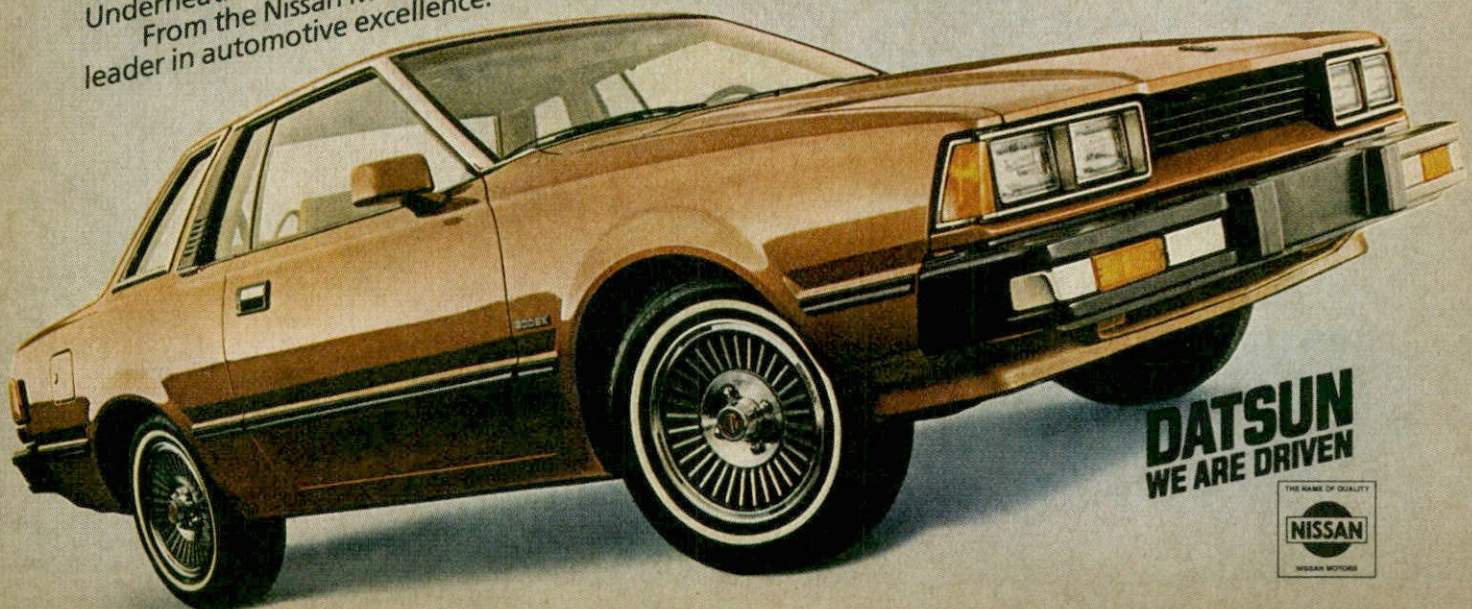

DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

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"Mesopotamian doors") even after the couple parted in 1980.

So it goes for the 43-year-old decorator, who has a waiting list of clients several pages long. For his 10 to 12 jobs a year, he earns more than $1 million. But money, he insists, is not paramount. "If I don't like you, I won't work with you," he declares. "I'll just say I'm too busy. And I don't care how rich you are." One way to get on Ron's bad side is to crowd him when he exercises his genius. "I don't like people to tell me too much about themselves," he says, "because I don't want it to color my perception of how they should live. They should respect my talent and not give me a hard time."

Occasionally, of course, Wilson has to be curbed. "Sometimes," confides a friend of Cher's, "she has to remind Ron whose house it is he's doing."

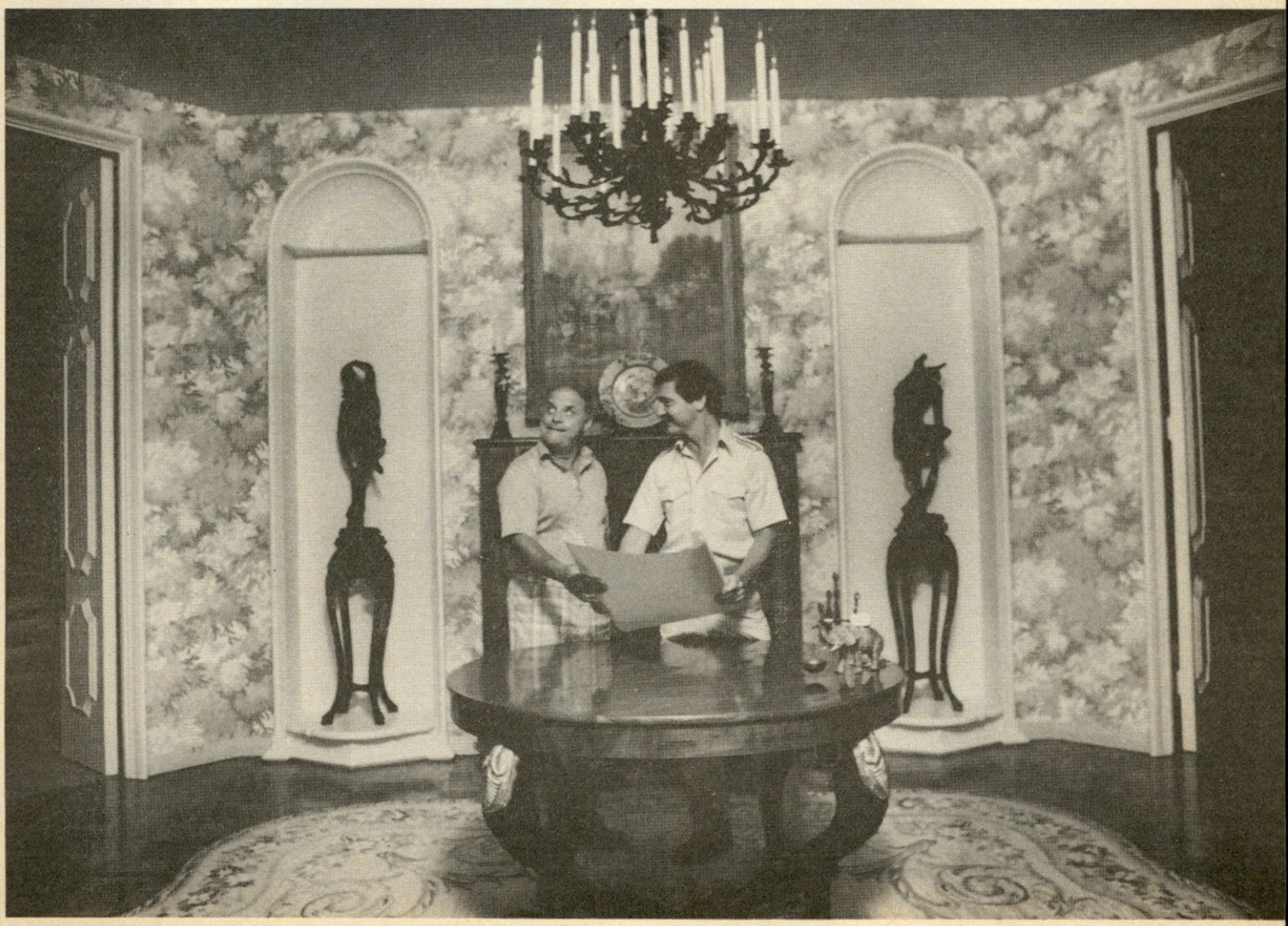
But the two are so close that Wilson, a lifelong bachelor, allows Cher—and Cher alone—to call him Ronnie. Prickly Don Rickles, another Wilson friend, presumably calls him other things. After decorating three homes for the comedian, Ron spends Jewish holidays with the family. Deadpans Rickles: " 'Here's the chair. Where's the check?' Is that any way to treat a friend?"

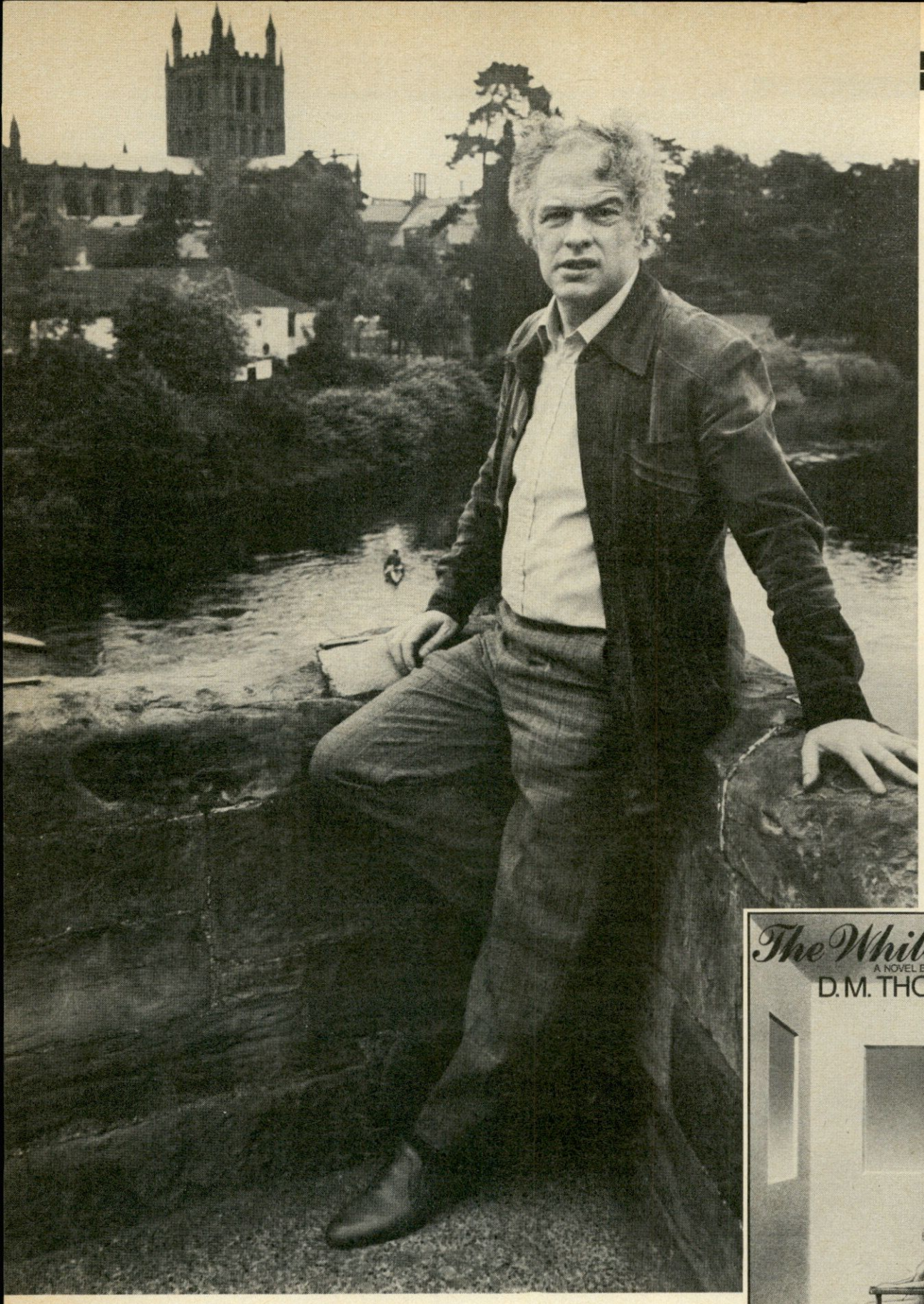
Born in Detroit but raised in L.A., where his father was a real estate developer, Wilson got his first crack at designing when his older brother, a contractor, let him decorate some model homes he had built. "My brother said I couldn't do a worse job than the decorator he had hired," recalls Ron. In 1967 Wilson decided to go out on his own, and the Bonos became his first celebrity clients. Eight years later Bill Bixby was so pleased with Ron's work redecorating his Brentwood Hills home and his offices at Paramount Studios that he took him on *The Mike Douglas Show*. When Douglas moved to L.A. three years ago, he turned his 30-room Beverly Hills mansion and three guest houses over to Wilson, who promptly put the family's old furniture into storage. "I got to show them a new way of living," he boasts.

Not surprisingly, Wilson's own $10 million Spanish-style Beverly Hills mansion is furnished with valuable antiques, including some that Cher lent him when she moved out of her last house. Four assistants hover about, and a money-green Rolls gleams in the driveway. Wilson, who suffered a heart attack two years ago, works out daily in his home gym and admits that there are few projects left to excite him. A Rothschild château might do the trick, he concedes, or Princess Grace's palace in Monaco. Still, he concludes with a sigh, "I've done so many exciting places, it's difficult to top myself."

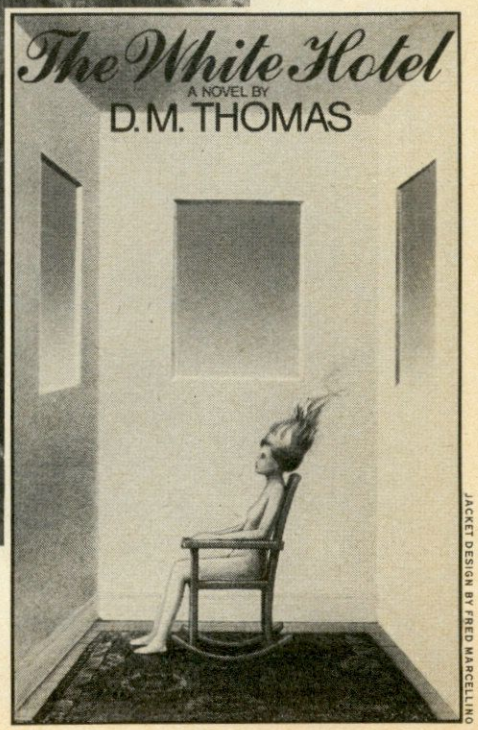
SUZY KALTER

Don Rickles, in his about-to-be-redone hall, gave Ron suggestions because he didn't want his wife to "have all the fun decorating."





British author D.M. Thomas (perched on the bridge overlooking Hereford's cathedral) has provided a treasure trove for symbolists. The heroine's burning hair, on the jacket, is believed to represent passion and death.



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A poet's psyche creates an erotic novel about the plight of passage

Three years ago, when British novelist-poet D.M. Thomas began, he thought only of writing a novella in the form of a haunting psychoanalytic case study. But once embarked on his daring concept, *The White Hotel* (Viking, $12.95), Thomas traveled past his heroine's successful battle with hysteria on Sigmund Freud's famous couch and into the madness of 20th-century reality: the Nazi annihilation of the Jews (including his heroine) at Russia's Babi Yar. "Suddenly, I saw a connection between the mass hysteria of the Holocaust and personal hysterias," he says, "and realized I had a novel."

The blend of the patient's erotic blank verse ("I could not stop myself, I was in flames/From the first spreading of my thighs, no shame") and the narrator's sometimes dislocated prose have made *The White Hotel* the literary event of the season. Ironically, its dazzling virtuosity put off some critics in Britain, where it met with mixed reviews and modest sales of 5,000.

But in the more Freudianly hip U.S.A., everyone seems to want to book into *The White Hotel*. It has made the *New York Times'* best-seller list for nine weeks and is in its fourth printing (70,000 copies). Film rights have been sold for $500,000 to Hollywood, and Barbra Streisand is said to be interested in playing the patient who imagines she is ravished by Sigmund Freud's son. Thomas—who has written four volumes of poetry, two other novels and translated the works of Russian poet Anna Akhmatova—vows never to "write potboilers for the public." But he recognizes that "my career is probably at some sort of turning point."

He was christened Donald Michael in the Cornish village of Carnkie. Both his parents left school at 13, his father eventually to become a plasterer. "They were intelligent but unlettered," says their son.

When Don was 14, the family emigrated to Australia to help his older sister, Lois, adjust to married life there. Back in England after two years, he went on to win a scholarship to Oxford. Graduating with honors in 1958, Thomas put in a stint teaching high school English in Devon before becoming a lecturer and then head of the English department at Hereford College of Education. When it closed in 1978, he returned to Oxford on a state-funded sabbatical, and while there wrote most of *The White Hotel*.

Buskers in Hereford inspire Thomas to improvise a dance with daughter Caitlin, 20, who hopes to become a nurse, and son Sean, 17, who's headed for college.

Burdened with a blurred "double view" (wife/mistress) of women, Thomas, 46, has a complicated personal life. He lives in a brick house in Hereford with his first ex-wife, Maureen, 43, and their children, Caitlin and Sean. But his lover is his second ex-wife, Denise, 35, a former student, who lives two miles away with their son, Ross, 4. Explains first wife Maureen: "I don't think he should have married. He is warm but remote. I give in to the situation because he is a special person." Thomas characterizes both liaisons as "precarious. Neither is a particularly equable relationship, or easy to maintain." Never having undergone therapy, Thomas admits, "I constantly psychoanalyze myself—with horror and fascination." But this does not keep him from working up to six hours a day. With his fifth volume of poetry due out this fall, he is struggling with his next novel, "a mythical voyage" of discovery to America. "I am quite prepared for it to be no good," he says philosophically, "but I look on each new work as a fresh challenge."

FRED HAUPTFUHRER

Photographs by Ian Cook

PAM DAWBER CASTS OFF FROM MORK TO CREW WITH ANDY GIBB AND 'THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE'

STAGE

In Gilbert and Sullivan's version, the Pirates of Penzance are a band of zany lapsed aristocrats who rescue a group of young girls from spinsterhood. In producer Joe Papp's latest U.S. revival, just opened at Los Angeles' Ahmanson Theatre, *The Pirates of Penzance* is a lifeboat for a pair of youthful stars who thought their careers were lost at sea. As Mork's Mindy, Pam Dawber has watched her once top-rated series nose-dive this season; likewise, teen throb Andy Gibb has languished of late in the professional doldrums. "My career's been going nowhere," the 23-year-old kid brother of the Bee Gees admitted before the operetta premiered. "Let's face it, I haven't had a hit for quite a while." Added a rueful Dawber: "No one seems to know I can do anything but be Mindy."

If the critics are any indication, Pam and Andy can stop worrying. *Los Angeles Times* curmudgeon Dan Sullivan, who had reservations about Papp's earlier New York production and cast, declared that the L.A. rendition "blows you out of the water." Compared to Dawber and Gibb, he sniped, their Broadway counterparts, Linda Ronstadt and Rex Smith, "put you in mind of the high school play." That finally put at ease the apprehensive mind of Dawber, as she settled in for a three-month run in L.A. "It's going to be a pleasure," beams Dawber. "I love to sing more than anything—more than acting, even. And the magic of having an orchestra blaring out—it's a real experience."

For Andy, also, *Pirates* represents a real coming of age. Although at age 22 he had released a "Greatest Hits" album, Gibb has led what he calls "a pretty aimless life," under the shadow of his Bee Gee big brothers. "I didn't

"I have my man, my pets and my roses," says Pam. She also has a potential new career with raves for her lilting soprano.

Photographs by Tony Korody/Sygma

"I'm so proud to be in this show," says Dawber, here in an onstage clinch with Gibb. "They remind me of Romeo and Juliet," gushes producer Joe Papp.

have any goals," he admits. "I just got so pressured in by the teeny-bopper syndrome and I didn't think I was ever going to grow out of it. I went through a big ego thing for quite a while. I needed a big kick in the pants." Last November he left the family enclave in Miami and drove to L.A., where he leased a Malibu beach home and began a famous romance with *Dallas*' Victoria Principal, 31. "I was ruining my own career before I met this woman," Gibb says. "She's brought a whole new confidence into my life." Victoria was just the beginning of Andy's change of fortune. It was shortly after he met Principal that Papp and *Pirates* director Wilford Leach caught Gibb on ABC's *Good Morning America* and invited him to see the Broadway production of the show. He was enthralled. "I'd love to be involved in something like this," he told Leach, who was casting about for a singer to take the Smith role in the West Coast production. "Good," the director shot back. "When can you start?"

Dawber, meantime, was wondering whether there was life after *Mork & Mindy*, which plummeted last year after being slotted against CBS' *Archie Bunker's Place*. The show is slated for a last-gasp resuscitation effort next season: Mindy and her otherworldly buddy will marry and Mork, not Mindy, will give birth to the child. But Dawber,

CONTINUED

"I love my brothers dearly but I knew I had to be independent," declares Andy, testing his heavier metal in Malibu.

CRAIG SCHWARTZ

"This is about the only real relationship I've ever had," glows Gibb of current love Victoria Principal. He now calls his former 10-month marriage "a mistake."

29, is not totally convinced that will help, noting, "They're only ordering 13 shows at the moment, so who knows what will happen?" In any case, she believes she could be happy out of the limelight, dividing her time between her causes (gun control and solar power) and between her Hollywood Hills bungalow and a 289-acre lakeside spread in the Catskills. She has shared quarters with actor-model Philip Coccioletti for 2½ years, but they don't plan marriage unless they decide to have children. Yet for all her professed other interests, Pam rehearsed so hard for her *Pirates* audition that she strained her vocal cords and developed nodules. Papp and Leach gave her a second try —and then the part. "It's the best thing that could have happened," she says.

Pirates was no picnic for Andy, either. With no formal voice training, he quickly went hoarse tackling Arthur Sullivan's arias. "My voice was so worn out that when I went to blast, it came out like a croak. It scared the life out of me," he says. Three weeks of work with a New York singing coach put the baby Bee Gee back on key and extended his range six notes, but he was still worried about his dramatic abilities. "He's going through all the agonies of 'Oh, I can't act, I can't dance,' " a sympathetic Dawber explains. "In fact, he can." Now that the notices are in, Andy can at last relax. But for Pam, the trial is only beginning. In the late summer (if the TV strike is over) she faces a killing schedule, playing for the cameras in *Mork & Mindy* during the day, then hustling to the theater for her nightly stint onstage. She says she's up to the challenge. "I hope my voice holds out," she adds. "I'll be taking a lot of vitamins. With luck my vocal cords should be ironclad by then."

DAVID GRITTEN

"Pam's so nice to work with, so down-to-earth," says the boyish Gibb (joking with Dawber in his dressing room).


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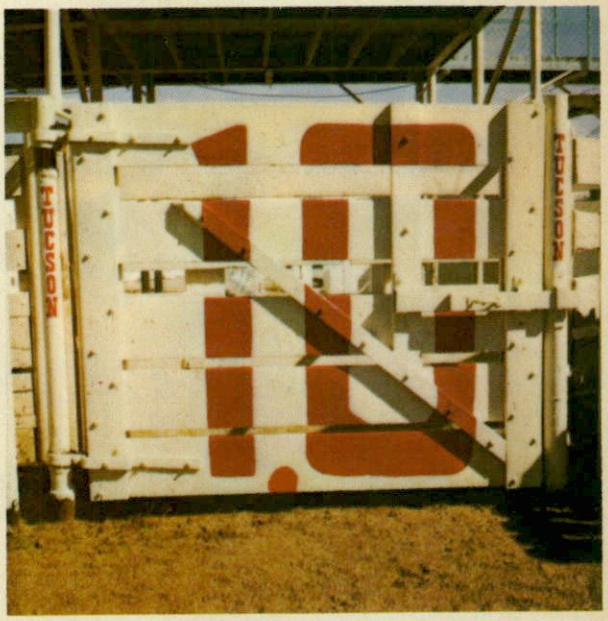

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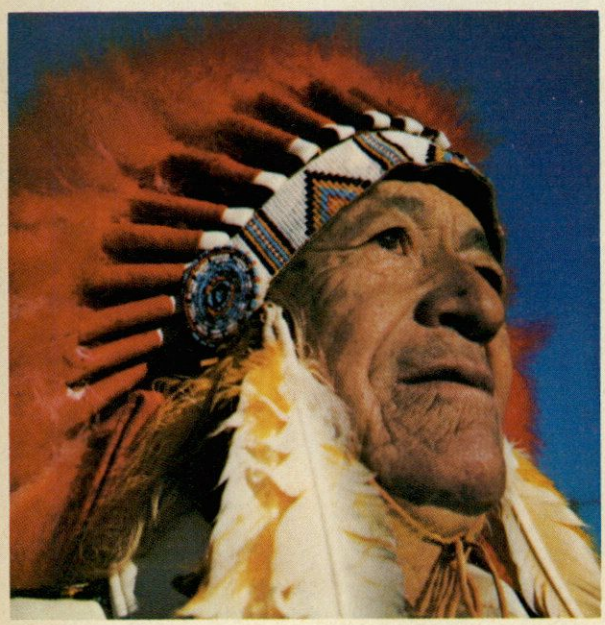

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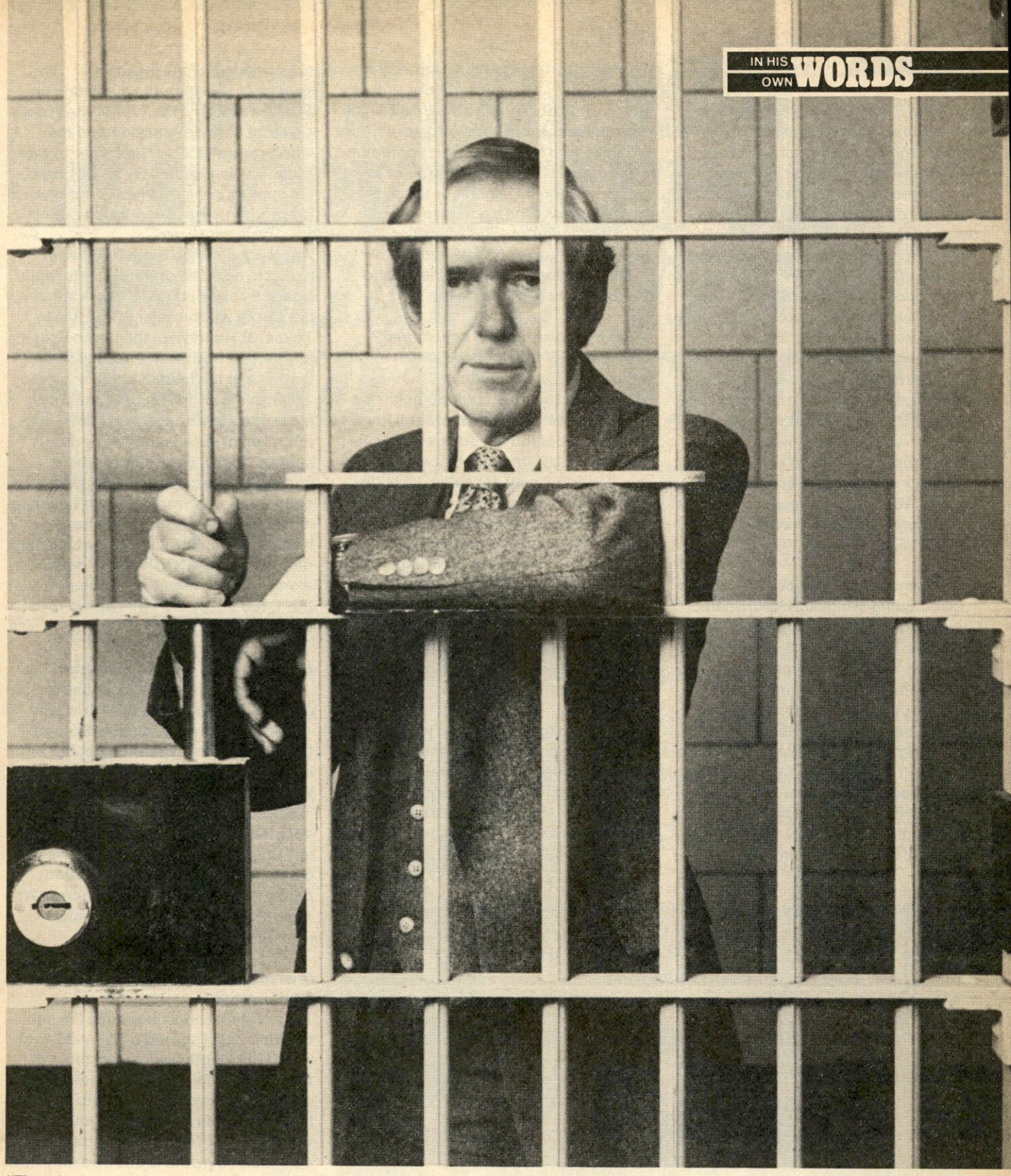


"The prison system is counterproductive, irrational and self-defeating," declares Coleman.

FOUNDATION CHIEF JOHN COLEMAN LEARNS ABOUT PRISONS THE HARD WAY—FROM INSIDE

Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5

Eight years ago, as president of Haverford College, John Coleman startled the academic world by moonlighting as a garbageman, a ditchdigger and a short-order cook—work that became the basis for his book Blue Collar Journal. *Today Coleman, 60, is president of the New York-based Edna McCon-*

CONTINUED

ons don't create the problem, they're just forced to pack it into a tight space.

What did working as a guard teach you?

How to rob a person of dignity. At Huntsville another guard and I rode horseback overseeing a gang of 20 inmates chopping cotton on a six-hour shift in 90-degree heat. If one of them wanted to straighten up and mop his brow, he had to ask permission: "Wiping it off, boss." Likewise if he wanted to urinate: "Pouring it out, boss." When we returned from the fields the men had to strip, be frisked, then dash naked across the yard to the showers. I felt as degraded as they were.

Of the prisons you've gone into, which strikes you as the best, and the worst?

In Minnesota I had some say over my outfit, haircut, cell decoration and movement through the cellblock. Most important, I could get a pretty good job in the prison foundry and earn up to $2.65 a day. In Texas you can wear any color you like so long as it's white. Your hair has to be the same length as the warden's. You can't earn any pay. Both Minnesota and Texas are known as successful prisons with capable administrators, but the Huntsville killings of a warden and one of his staff last April didn't surprise me.

How can prisons be made more humane?

Anything that preserves dignity is a plus. At Wateree conjugal visits are allowed. In Kansas I saw a ward with about as many inmates, TVs and radios as in mine at Wateree, but it was silent, simply because of earphones. In Minnesota you have a reasonable freedom of choice, the privacy of your own cell and a chance at a steady job that's transferable to the outside world. Idleness was the most frequent gripe I heard from inmates elsewhere. If these reforms seem like luxuries, think of them from a warden's vantage point: You'll have an easier time with the prison population if there are rewards for obeying the rules.

Whatever happened to rehabilitation?

You don't hear much talk about it anymore, as if it's just another futile hope. And there's no clear evidence that prisons are deterring crime, either. But as an auxiliary cop I've seen crime's impact up close and I believe in punishment. I no longer automatically equate punishment with prison, though. With the cost of a new federal prison cell at $35,000 and an inmate's annual upkeep there at $13,000, we've got to think of alternatives.

Such as?

Most wardens tell me half their prison population is in the wrong place. They're talking about nonviolent offenders, not Son of Sam. At Wateree I met a civil engineer who was serving seven years for passing a $66 bad check. Think what that kind of sentence costs the taxpayers.

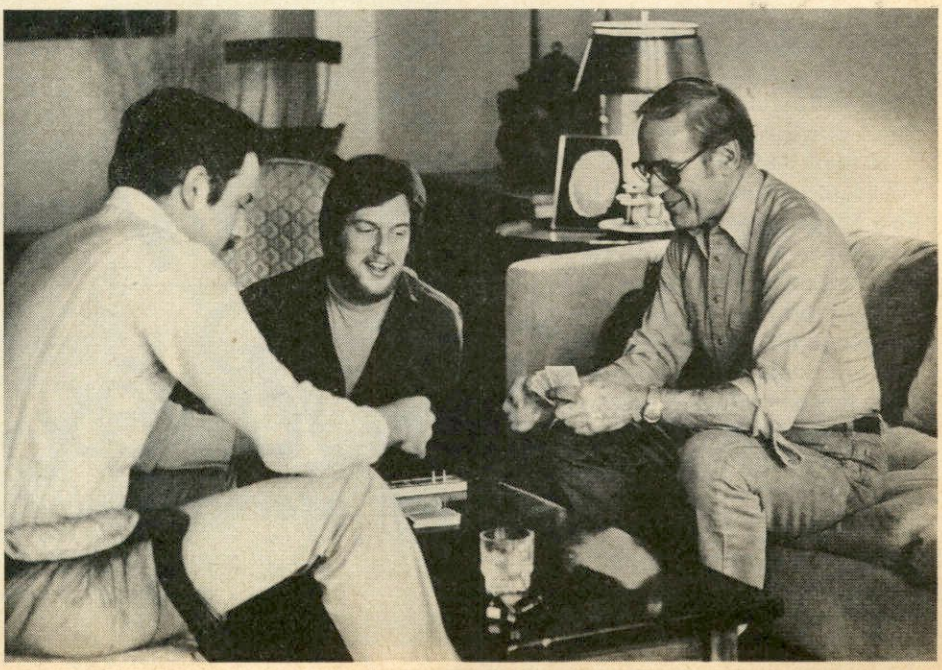
Where should such prisoners be?

Many would be better off in drug or alcohol treatment centers. Others might join work-release programs—going to a job during the day, returning to a halfway house at night and on weekends. Some should be serving restitution orders, working to pay back their victims. Whatever the alternatives, they have to be tough. But those already under way around the country are much cheaper than prison.

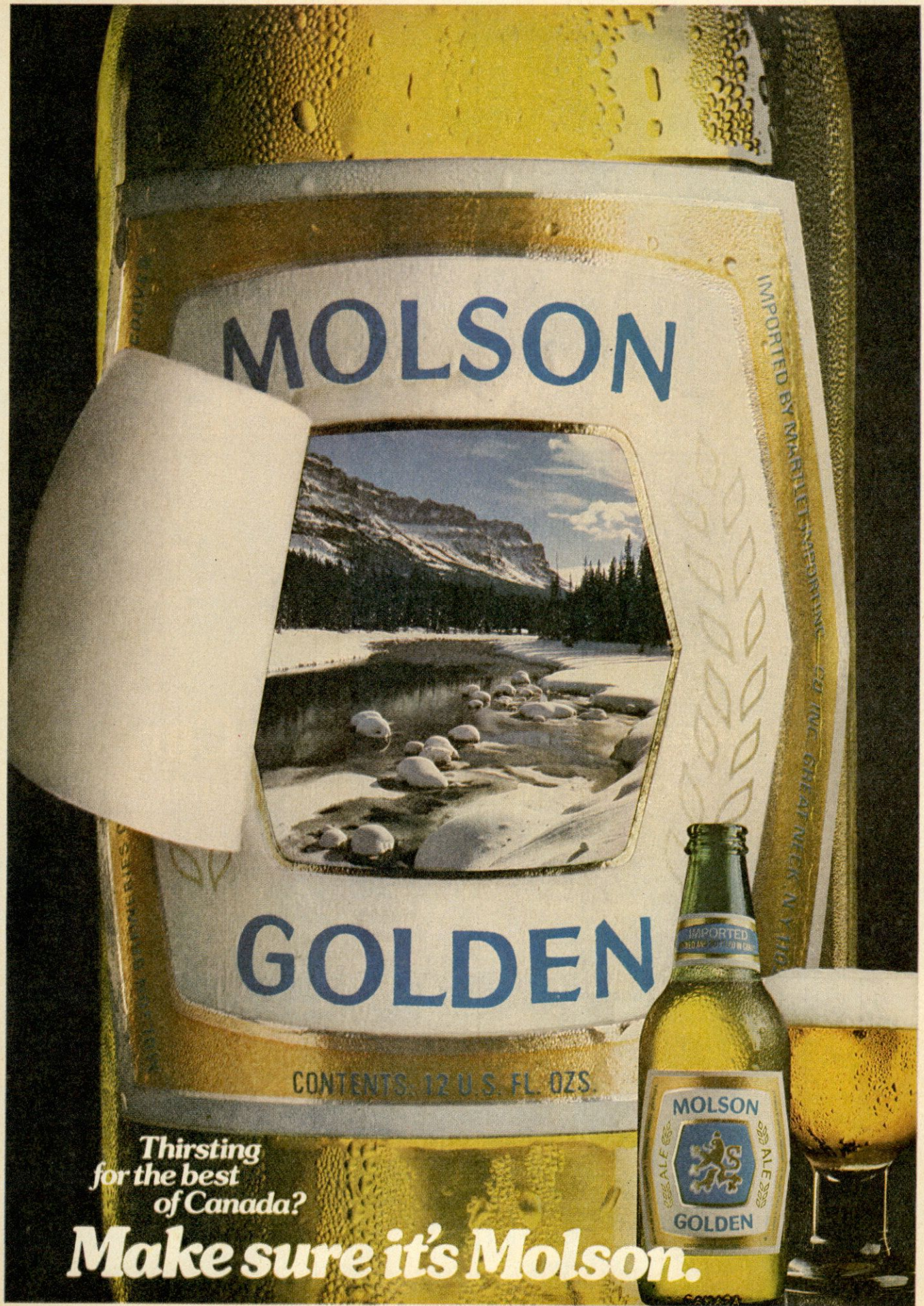
How do these reforms square with the national get-tough mood about crime?

Prison is necessary, but liberals and conservatives would agree that you can't ruin people through violence, idleness and degradation and then expect them to walk tall and straight back on the streets. In Minnesota an inmate told me, "The free world's got to live with us at some point and we've got to live with them. They choose the terms. Then we choose the response." □

Says auxiliary policeman Coleman, who patrols Manhattan's Upper West Side: "I've been very impressed by the professionalism of most cops I've worked with."



Coleman plays cribbage with son Paul, 25, a forester in Maine, while Steve, 20, a New York University junior, kibitzes.



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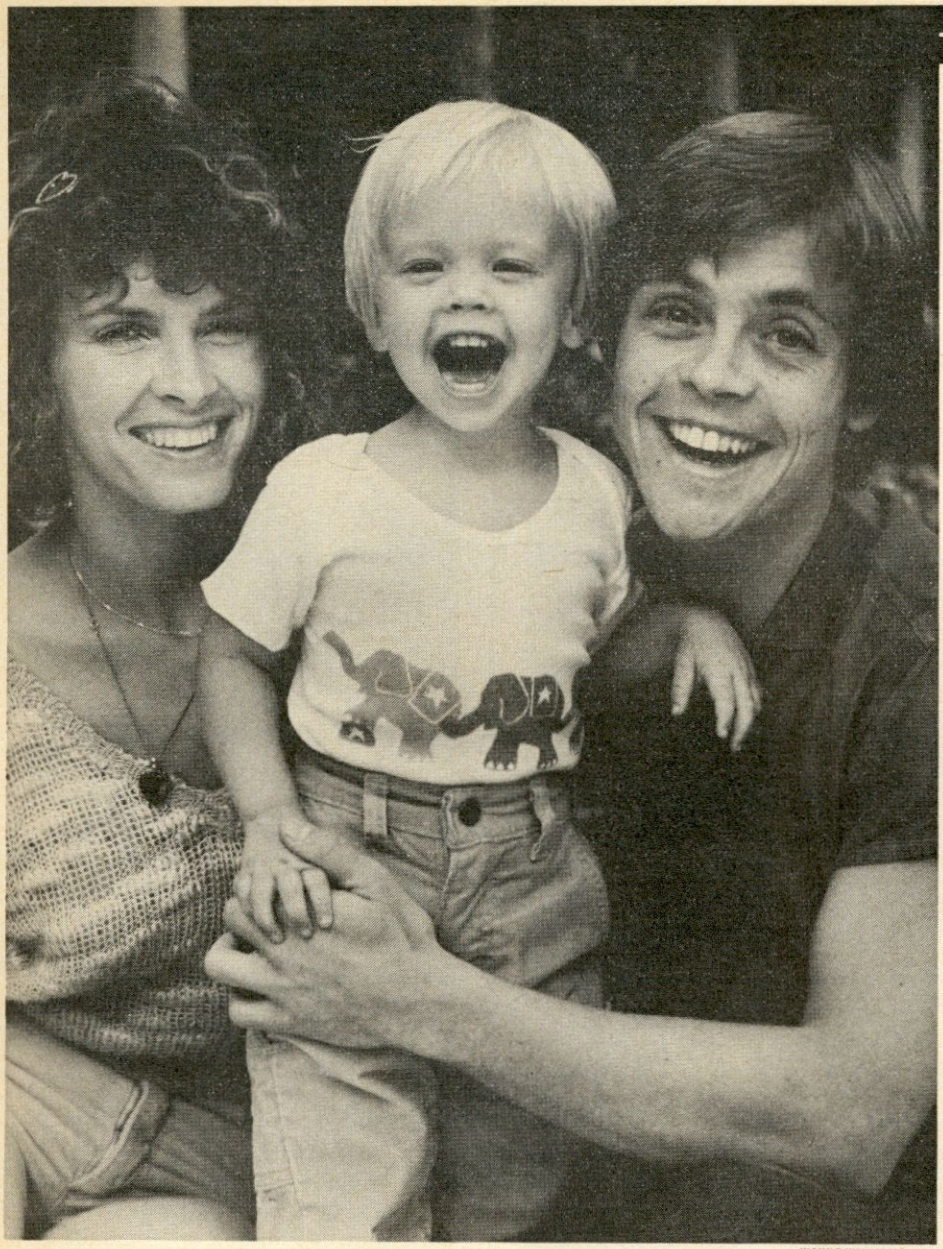


WAYNE WILLIAMS/LGI

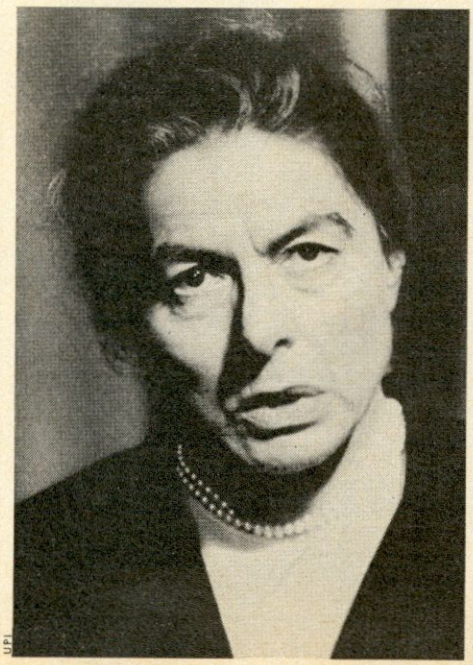
Hamill's tough tusk <

How proud is Mark Hamill to have taken over the role of *The Elephant Man* on Broadway? "It's one of the most challenging ever written," he exults (having squelched ads overstressing his *Star Wars* connection). Another tip-off is the T-shirt of son Nathan, 2, pictured with his dad and mom Mary Lou. Reports Hamill: "I asked Nathan if he wanted me to do the play; he said, 'Yes, Daddy,' and he pulled his nose way up. Of course, he thinks I'm playing a real elephant."

ANGELI/OUTLINE

Ingrid's Golda >

Ingrid Bergman, 65, who said last February she was "leaving acting for good" to travel and "to be with my grandchildren," has taken a rain check on her London retirement to portray another devoted grandmother, the late Israeli Prime Minister Golda Meir. Paramount, which is making the four-hour TV movie *A Woman Called Golda*, to air next spring, pursued Bergman for months. When she accepted, she insisted on a screen test. Heavily made up, she sailed through it and won the right to do the role her way: lightly made up, without, as she put it, a "mask."



UPI

Crippen's Paris trip ^

Robert Crippen's real notion of a fun trip is out of this world. But that didn't keep the space shuttle astronaut from enjoying the orbiting showgirls at the Moulin Rouge in Paris, where Crippen and his *Columbia* commander, John Young, were guests of U.S. Ambassador Arthur Hartman. The space heroes were in town to wave the flag at the Le Bourget air show, but Crippen and wife Virginia had to cut the cake *à deux* —Young's wife Susy was ill and he nobly grounded himself in the hotel.

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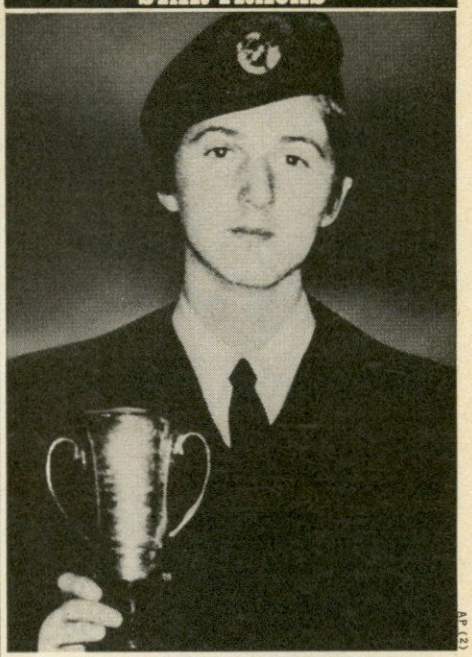

AP (2)

Queen on her mettle

As a child he loved guns, and shot tin cans off a fence, always stopping if a bird came into range. Last year, as an Air Training Corps cadet, he won the Marksman of the Year cup (above). Then, at Queen Elizabeth's official birthday celebration, 17-year-old Marcus Simon Sarjeant positioned himself on Her Majesty's route to the traditional Trooping the Colour. Wearing a "Charles and Di" button, he wrapped both hands around a handgun—a replica, unbored for bullets—and fired six blanks at the Queen, riding by, sidesaddle, some seven yards away. As Sarjeant was bundled off, Elizabeth, the born equestrienne, quickly and coolly brought her shying steed under control, patting his neck (below).

CONTINUED

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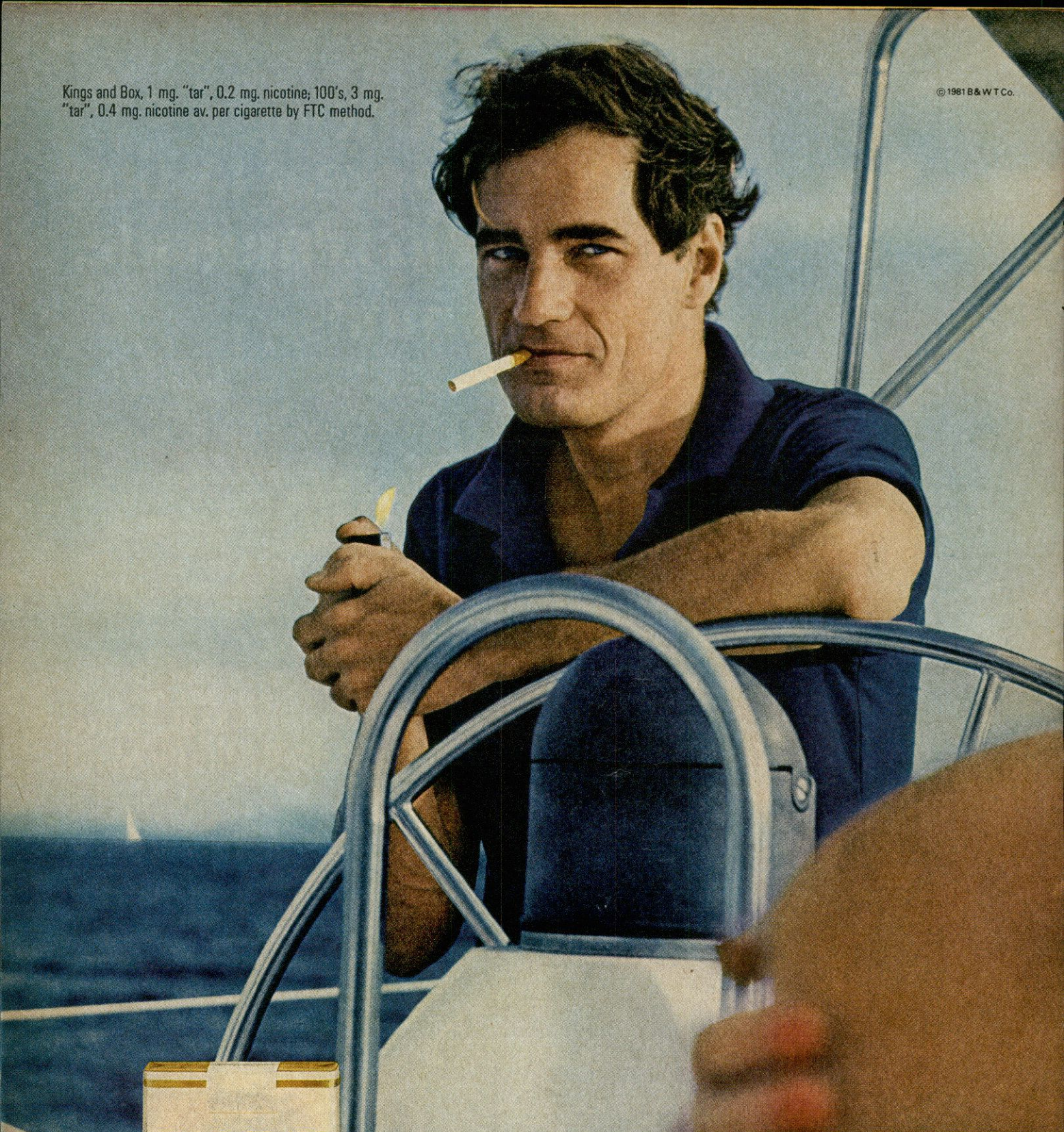

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ALAN BERLINER

A duo of Singers ∧

A common commitment to art and to Judaism brought Barbra Streisand, 39, and author Isaac Bashevis Singer, 76, together at UCLA. The rare appearance of the Nobel laureate was part of a series of visits by prominent artists to the Streisand Center for Jewish Cultural Arts. The center was established on campus this spring with a $50,000 gift from the songstress. Singer read one of his short stories—but not *Yentl the Yeshiva Boy*, on which Streisand is basing *Yentl*, the movie she's had in the works for years. For her part, Barbra sang nothing but Singer's praise.

Bruce & RFK Jr. ∨

He looked as though he might be mulling over an offer of a second spot on a campaign ticket with Robert Kennedy Jr., but Bruce Springsteen was just relaxing backstage at the Hollywood Bowl before going on to sing *This Land Is Your Land*. The rocker and the political activist heir took part in Survival Sunday Number Four, the latest in a series of anti-nuke benefits sponsored by the L.A.-based Alliance for Survival. Also lending their voices to the cause were Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, Gary U.S. Bonds and—just to show it was a nonpartisan affair—First Daughter Patti Davis.

NEAL PRESTON/CAMERA 5

The Chevy chase ∨

The mystery woman in fall-down comic Chevy Chase's life is a beauty named, simply, Jane. Not Seymour, Fonda, Alexander or Russell—"just Jane," as she told a paparazzo patrolling the Manhattan location of Twentieth Century-Fox's *Modern Problems* (the busy Chevy's fifth movie in 18 months). The twosome whispered sweet intimacies, smooched and held hands between takes, and that was *his* chair she so territorially perched in as he hovered near. Later, during a hand-in-hand incursion into verdant Central Park, Chevy may have provided an inadvertent clue to her identity as he left her side to swing from a tree. Could it be You Jane?

ARI MINTZ

BIO

THE THUNDER ON THE RIGHT IS FROM REP. JACK KEMP, WASHINGTON'S MAN TO WATCH

Jack Kemp savors his home team advantage in Bethesda: (from left) Jennifer, 18, wife Joanne, Judith, 15, and Jimmy, 9. Jeff, 21, is an L.A. Rams rookie. Joanne does the play calling with Jack on the Hill: "The family is the focus."

His supporters on Capitol Hill eagerly point out the evocative initials—JFK. Indeed, there are other, more palpable intimations of Kennedyesque charisma in Congressman Jack French Kemp. He is dazzlingly articulate, athletic, handsome and wholesome. There's the smartly preppy thatch of hair sweeping down across an ever-tanned forehead, the natty suits and confident grins, the jabbing fingers and slashing hands. If Kennedy had the heroics of *PT-109* in his past, Kemp once conquered foes of another kind as an All-AFL quarterback for the San Diego Chargers and Buffalo Bills in the 1960s. At 45, the six-term Republican from suburban Buffalo, N.Y. is still proving to be a successful scrambler at a different game. A formidable campaigner and a presidential favorite, Kemp has parlayed conservative politics and glamorous style into a Reagan administration power base that even his detractors concede may someday extend to the White House. He is, effuses one backer, no less than "the second most influential Republican in the country after Ronald Reagan."

Right now, Jack Kemp is ardently preaching throughout the land the supply-side sermon that lies at the heart of his tax-cutting Kemp-Roth legislative plan. Bounding off a plane at New York's La Guardia Airport not long ago, Kemp flagged a taxi to Manhattan and tested his economic gospel on a bemused cabby. "How much do you make a year?" "How much did you pay in taxes last year?" "If you had to pay less would you work harder?" When the driver answered to his satisfaction, Kemp settled back into his seat and beamed with pleasure.

In contrast, his Capitol Hill opponents are frowning. They contend a massive tax cut—Kemp-Roth calls for a 30 percent drop in three years—would only add to inflation. Moreover, Kemp is seen as no Republican JFK but as a smooth yet naive pitchman, the GOP's Great White-Bread Hope for the next decade. His style has been likened to Robert Redford's slickly packaged faceman in the 1972 political satire *The Candidate*. Not that this disturbs Kemp supporters. "The future of the GOP in the House," says Georgia Rep. Newton Gingrich, "lies with those members who are excited by Jack Kemp, not those who resent him."

Kemp is reluctant to face the possibility that his tax-cutting proposals could be watered down by Congress, though he now supports President Reagan's 25 percent, three-year plan. Even if that compromise package fails, he vows to keep fighting. "It wouldn't be a defeat for me," Jack asserts confident-

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Photographs by Stanley Tretick

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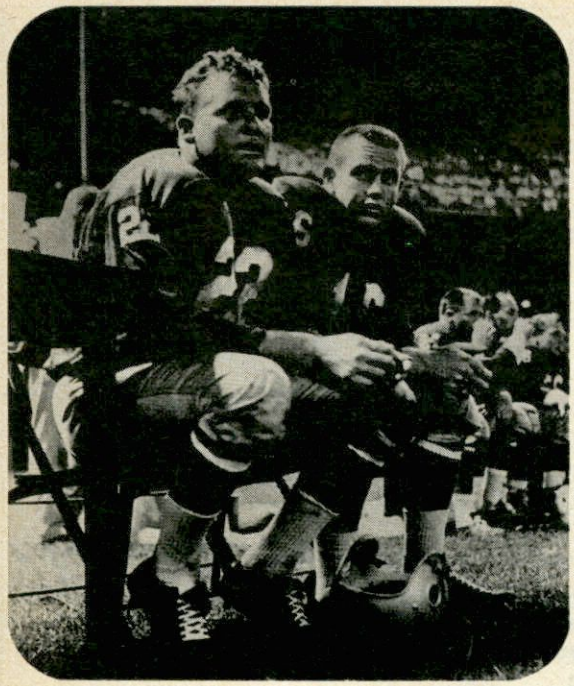

Kemp was a caged Detroit Lion as a sub for the great Bobby Layne in 1957.

As governor in 1967, Ronald ("Win one for the Gipper") Reagan hired Kemp for off-season work as an intern.

AP

BIO

ly, "but for the economy. I see this as a move toward a goal—the whole issue of economic growth in the '80s."

That's just the sort of slickly cadenced mediagenic rhetoric that is both Kemp's strength and his potential weakness. Even an ally like Erie County (N.Y.) GOP boss Victor Farley concedes, "It may not be as much the substance of what he says as the aura he gives off—the way he packages his concepts." Another longtime party pal exuberantly mixes not only his metaphors but his helmets: "The guys in the trenches need a quarterback, a glamour person. We'd like to see him get his hands a little dirtier."

Kemp's Democratic opponents back home have been more blunt—and deprecating. George Wessel, head of the 100,000-strong AFL-CIO Council in Buffalo, claims: "The working people of this community cannot count on Kemp. He offers them not hope but fear for their economic prospects, not growth but impoverishment, not a vision of the future but a faded memory of days gone by."

Yet even his critics concede that Kemp's intelligence and hard work contributed to raising Kemp-Roth from the political backwater to conservative

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Jack and Joanne traveled last fall to see son Jeff play as Dartmouth's QB. "I'd get tears in my eyes watching him," says Pop.

TONY TRIOLO/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

canon. "I don't think my detractors would call me just a football player now," he says. "I think I've overcome that."

More than anything else, Kemp's crusade has earned him precious clout and access to Reagan. As newly elected chairman of the House Republican Conference, he attends weekly meetings with the President and frequently sits in on economic discussions. "If you hear the President speak, it's obvious I've had some impact," he observes. "There was a time," he goes on, "when I thought I was the only one pushing an idea. Now I'm more relaxed."

But no less energetic. Last year he accumulated dozens of political IOUs by campaigning as Ronald Reagan's issues spokesman, not to mention appearing for 50-odd other Republican candidates. In one recent week Kemp, who often receives up to 300 appearance requests a month, spoke before an Iowa GOP group, an Israeli trade council in Jerusalem, the White House Fellows, the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights and the New York State Bankers Association. His lectures also have given him a chance to sound off on other issues. He has asked for aid to El Salvador, is staunchly pro-Israel (even after the U.S. condemned Begin's attack on Iraq's nuke plant), is pro-life and pro-business, and favors heavy defense outlays and reestablishment of ties with Taiwan. In 1978 Kemp's votes won him a 96 percent rating from the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action and a contrasting 15 percent rating from the liberal Americans for Democratic Action. Erie County Democratic Chairman Joseph Crangle says, "In the view of labor, environmentalists and small business, his record is abhorrent."

But Kemp's savvy enough to know he can—and must—go home again two weekends a month to mend fences in his middle-class district in the Buffalo suburbs. In 1970 he took over a seat previously held by a liberal Democrat and has won reelection by whopping pluralities ever since.

Having bridged the social and ethnic gaps between blue-collar and white-collar at home (his own wealth beyond his congressman's salary of $60,662 is relatively modest), Kemp now seems careful to avoid overidentification with any conservative stripe. He seeks out discussions with li[illegible] economists like Walter H[illegible] word 'right' smacks of anti-Semitism, bigotry and prejudice," he says, "and I am not that kind of a person." Nor is he always in complete agreement with Reagan. "His rhetoric is more antigovernment than mine," Kemp says. "Our relationship is one of mutual trust and respect. But I think government is recognized by many people in this country as a source of assistance. Orthodox conservative economics wasn't going to put people back to work, and too many are out of jobs back in my district [his constituents include Poles, Germans and Italians and a preponderance of steelworkers]. I look for answers and solutions, not dogma. You can't play quarterback for 13 years," he adds, "and not come away with some sense of overall vision."

As the second of four sons growing up in central L.A. near Wilshire Boulevard, Kemp found "it was sports 24 hours a day." His father, Paul, who died in 1977, built a small messenger service up to a trucking firm. (His mother, Clare, died in 1969.) Kemp attended Fairfax H.S. (one classmate was musician Herb Alpert) and went on to L.A.'s Occidental College, where he majored in phys ed, joined a jock fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega, co-captained the Occidental Tigers and made Little All-America honorable mention. But any political ambitions were at least temporarily squelched when he lost a bid for class president.

After turning pro at 6'2", 205 pounds (his current weight), Kemp rode the bench on five teams (one in Canada) before finding a home in 1960 with the then L.A. Chargers in the expansion American Football League. They moved to San Diego a year later. Kemp led the team to two division titles before one of his many injuries—a broken finger on his passing hand—sidelined him for much of the 1962 season. (In his career Kemp suffered countless fractures, dislocations and concussions.) The Bills, using a league loophole, snatched him from the Chargers' injured reserve list for $100. Kemp promptly began building a constituency on the gridiron, passing the Bills to the AFL title in 1964 and 1965. At his peak, in those pre-free-agent days, he earned a whopping $45,000.

Kemp's homework didn't stop at the

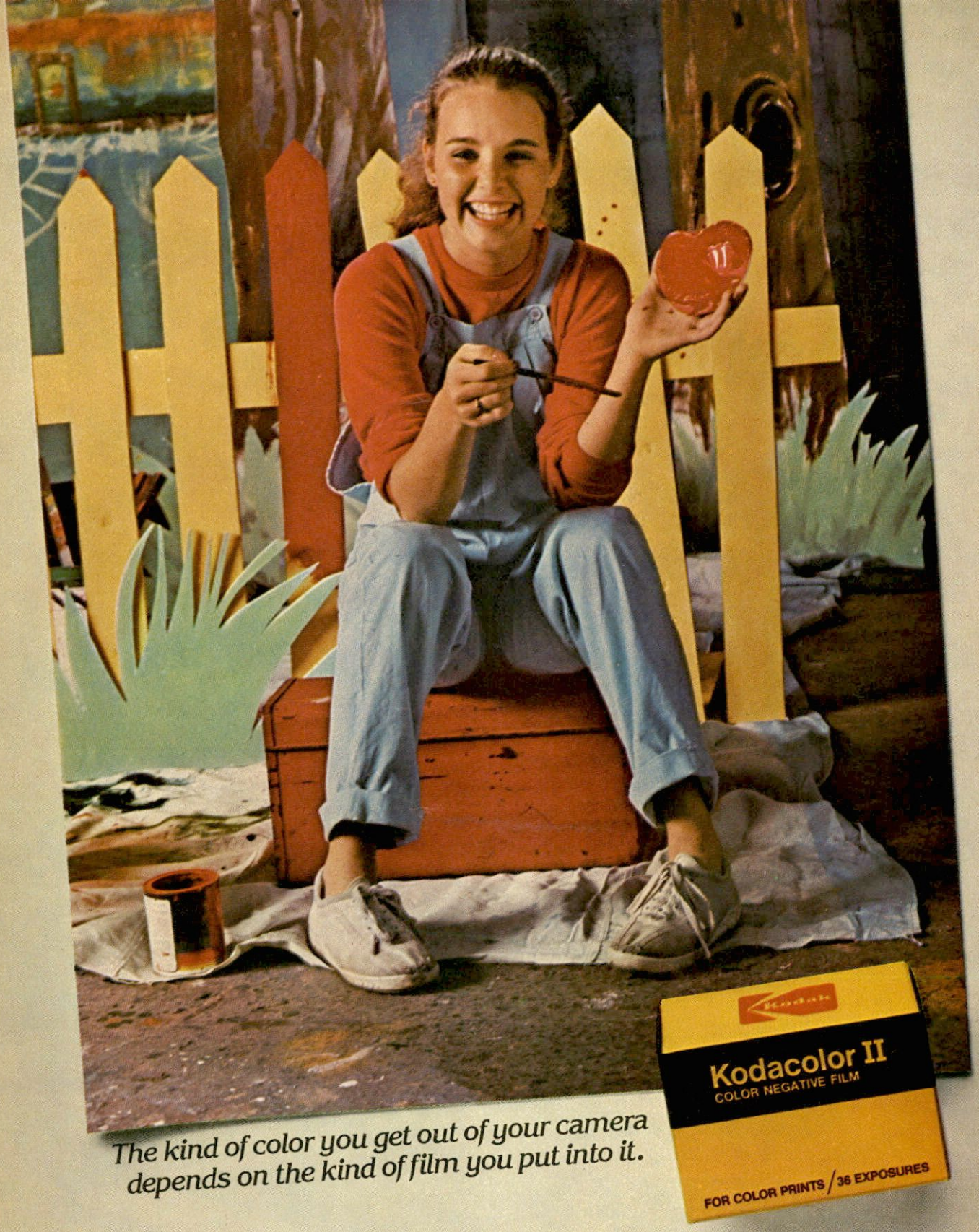
CONTINUED

Second billing goes to a Delaware senator

Though the Kemp-Roth tax cut plan was introduced in the Senate in 1977 as the "Roth-Kemp" bill, its overshadowed namesake William V. Roth Jr. graciously calls the turnaround fair play. "Jack's an exciting comer, a very charismatic guy," says the 60-year-old senior senator from Delaware. For Roth, simply seeing his idea "come to the forefront" is ego boost enough.

A Montana-born father of two with Harvard graduate degrees in both business and law, Roth remembers that at his first press conference with Kemp "only two reporters showed up." (His press officer then was the President's wounded aide, Jim Brady.) Drawn to each other by similar economic views, Kemp and Roth were trying to counter the Republican reputation, as Roth viewed it, for "reacting, not being out front with constructive ideas." He is currently chairman of the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee, which oversees such massive federal agencies as the Postal Service, Office of Management and Budget, Civil Service and General Accounting Office. To dramatize his desire to "erase spending in government" Roth has handed out pencils with erasers at both ends. Gimmickry? "When you're in Washington," the second-term senator cheerfully admits, "you need a gimmick to get attention."

"America's middle class has a right to be angry," fumes Kemp-Roth co-sponsor, Delaware Sen. William Roth.



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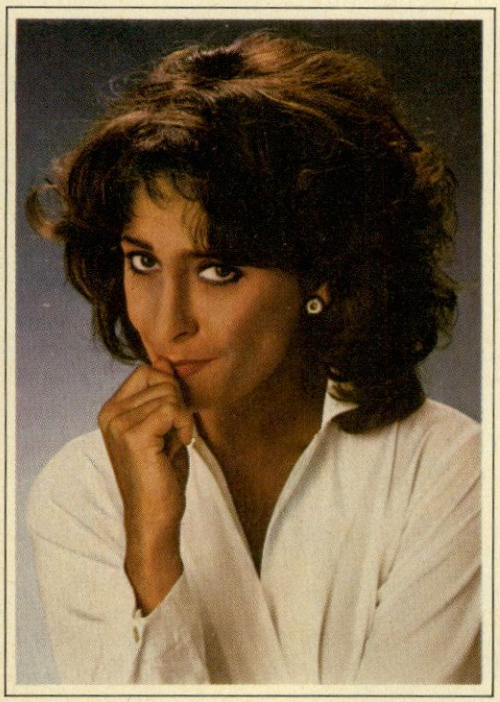
Elizabeth Ashley talks about her 'first time.'



ASHLEY: My first time was on the 'red-eye' from LA to New York.

INTERVIEWER: Gee, I had no idea you could get it on airplanes.

ASHLEY: Well, only on some U.S. airlines. But I'm told you can get it on most European flights. They're really much more cosmopolitan.

INTERVIEWER: Well, what was it like?

ASHLEY: It wasn't sweet. On the other hand, it wasn't really bitter. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Really? Tell me the whole story.

ASHLEY: Well, I was restless...couldn't sleep...didn't feel like reading. Then, somewhere over the Rockies, the man next to me turned and said, "Look, as long as you can't sleep, how'd you like to try something really different?"

I figured, oh, what the heck, why not.

So he turned off the reading lamps, called for the flight attendant, and ordered Campari for two.

Let's see, I had Campari and orange juice, and he had Campari and tonic.

INTERVIEWER: You certainly have a memory for detail. Then what?

ASHLEY: I guess I'm known for speaking my mind and about half way through I just had to tell him the truth.

INTERVIEWER: What did you say?

ASHLEY: "Is this it? Is this what all my friends are raving about?"

INTERVIEWER: Was he offended?

ASHLEY: Not at all. He just smiled and said, "Miss Ashley, most people feel that way their first time. But I assure you, it gets bett[illegible] better."

You know, he was absolutely right. The second time was wonderful. And now I just love it...there are so many interesting ways to enjoy it.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I'm sure. By the way, whatever happened to the man on the plane?

ASHLEY: That's my one regret. I just wish my second time could have been with him. I feel I owed him that much.

CAMPARI. THE FIRST TIME IS NEVER THE BEST.

playbook. He was a co-founder and for five years president of the AFL Players Association. As Ed Rutkowski, his backup QB and now Erie County Executive, recalls, "He used to go down to the bookstore at training camp and read *Business Week* and the *Wall Street Journal* instead of partying." Bills ex-coach Lou Saban, now president of the New York Yankees, adds, "Everyone was rather suspicious of Jack boarding a plane with an armload of books, and kidded him about who he was trying to impress."

Immersed in late-'60s California conservatism, Kemp did impress one football buff: the then governor, Ronald Reagan, for whom Kemp worked as a volunteer campaign aide in 1966 and as a staff intern after the election. In 1970 Kemp quit football and, parlaying his recognizable name, ran for Congress in the 38th CD outside Buffalo. "I told the people in Buffalo," Kemp jokes, "that if I lose, I'll come back to quarterback. It scared them to death and they sent me to Congress."

Kemp and his California-bred wife of 23 years, Joanne Main, now live in a fashionable but unpretentious Bethesda, Md. home with their own supply side: Jeff, 21, a Dartmouth football star who will try out at QB with the L.A. Rams this summer; Jennifer, 18, a Miami of Ohio sophomore; Judith, 15, a high school cheerleader; and Jimmy, 9, a precocious fourth-grade jock. Joanne, whom Kemp met when she dated a fraternity brother of his, frequently travels with Jack, presides over the Congressional Wives Club, is active at their nearby Presbyterian church, and conducts weekly Bible study groups at home. Success is nothing new to Kemp's family: His brother Paul is now president of an L.A. electronics firm; brother Tom is president of a Coca-Cola bottling company in L.A.; and brother Dick works with the Christian Science Church in Boston.

The family acts as a refuge from the political grind, and as a political resource for Kemp. They ski together each winter at Aspen and the kids will often defer dinner until Dad comes home—"usually," sighs Joanne, "8:30 to 9."

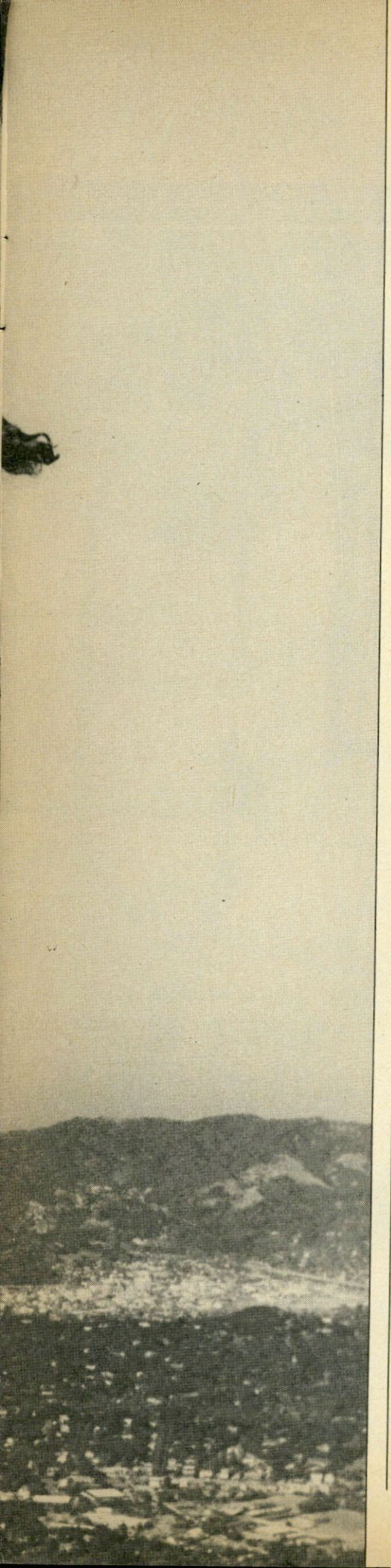
Kemp unwinds by reading or watching an occasional football game with friends like Dave Stockman. According to neighbor Chuck Marck, "He's the only guy I know who can watch pro football on TV and read a book at the same time." Kemp's sometime tennis partner, FBI chief William Webster, moans, "How can such a straight arrow be so mean at the net?" Another indication of his competitiveness is a plaque on display in his office. On it is engraved a quote attributed to Vince Lombardi: "Winning is not a sometime thing. It is an all-time thing."

As for higher office, Kemp supporters laid the groundwork by lofting a vice-presidential balloon at the 1980 GOP Convention. In 1982 he could possibly take a crack at New York Gov. Hugh Carey or Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan. The more prudent course, though, may be to avoid such risks by continuing to build a political base in the House. "I don't buy the idea," he hedges gracefully, "that to be successful in politics you have to always be climbing." But Kemp's childhood friend Mike Quint states flatly that "he wants to be President. He has a singleness of purpose like no one else I know." But Jack demurs, noting with an ever-so-disarming grin, "Speculating about becoming the commissioner of the National Football League—now that is power."

KAREN FELD

Never un-Kempt, the impeccable congressman chatted with FBI chief William Webster on a D.C. shuttle last month.

"We teach women to explore themselves through nature," says Galland, pony-tail flying as she rappels down the east face of Marin County's Mount Tamalpais.



ADVENTURE

WILDERNESS TABOO BUSTER CHINA GALLAND WANTS WOMEN TO KEEP ON TREKKING

For five years the comely Marin County mother of three had led scores of anxious city women on hikes through the rugged Point Reyes area north of San Francisco as part of her wilderness workshop entitled Demystifying Fear. This spring China Galland first had to overcome her own apprehension—a killer stalking the region had already claimed the lives of eight hikers. "I finally decided," she says, "that I wasn't going to let some maniac ruin my life." So she screwed up her courage and hit the trails again, without incident. (A suspect was later arrested.)

Confronting fear is all part of Galland's mission: to demolish what she calls the "wilderness taboo" against women striking out into the wilds without male guides. In 1975 she founded Women in the Wilderness Inc., a 1,000-member San Francisco-based organization aimed at encouraging women to strap on boots and backpacks and head out on their own. Galland, 37, stresses that her Wilderness Women are "not a bunch of hard-boiled feminists. We encourage men to participate on most of our trips. Our only requirement is that a woman *always* lead." In 1978 Galland helped guide the first all-woman raft expedition through the Grand Canyon, and the next year she took seven females kayaking down Mexico's Baja coast.

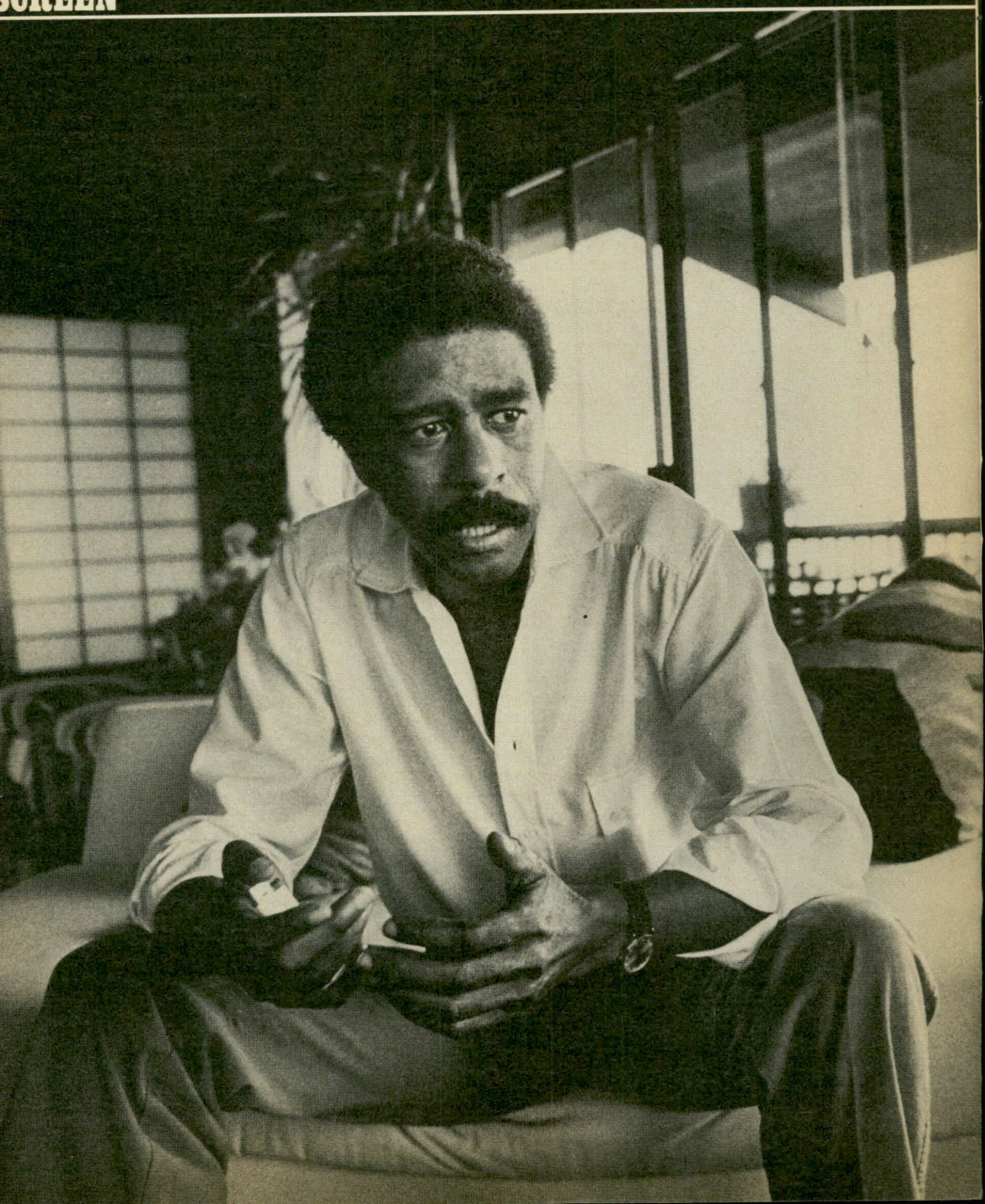
By far her most ambitious project was last October's journey with 16 fellow trekkers—both men and women—to a region of Nepal where, appropriately enough, a female Buddha called Tara is worshiped. At one point, China (her real name is the more mundane Ruth Ann) stumbled on a washout and slipped off a mountain trail, shattering her left ankle. "A few more inches and I would have tumbled into the river gorge 60 feet below," she says. Sherpa guides carried her piggyback to the next village, and from there she continued the climb by pony for a day before the severity of the break forced her to return to Katmandu. Galland claims her fall "wasn't the disaster it seemed. Coping with a medical emergency 10,000 miles from home created new confidence in myself."

Confidence, in fact, is something she has never seemed to lack. The eldest child of a Dallas housewife and a mechanical engineer, China was in the process of earning the first of two English literature degrees from the University of Dallas when she married at 19. "I was asleep when I did it," she says, "like most women of my generation." While her husband worked toward a Ph.D. in engineering at MIT, she took a job as a research assistant at Harvard. After divorcing in 1966, China went back to Texas to earn a master's degree before returning north to teach English at Boston College. Three years later she married Dick Galland, who taught kayaking and mountaineering at Colorado's Outward Bound School in Denver. In 1974 she organized the first Adult Women's Outward Bound course, a trip down the lower canyons of the Rio Grande.

Since her second divorce five years ago, China has lived in a redwood-and-glass hillside aerie north of San Francisco with her two youngsters by her first husband—Matthew, 16, and Madelon, 15—and one by Galland—Ben, 10. She published her first book, *Women in the Wilderness* (Harper & Row, $7.95), last November, describing the adventures of 19th-century women explorers as well as her own experiences in the wild.

Galland encourages parents to take their kids along on forays into the unknown. "Exploring heightens my feelings for my family," explains China, who plans an expedition back to Nepal next year. "Hiking in the woods and floating down rivers helped me realize that each of us—city folks included—lives in our personal wilderness. There are no maps; you create your own as you go along." MICHAEL WINN

Photograph by ©Michael Alexander



HEALTHY AND NO LONGER 'BA-AD,' RICHARD PRYOR IS 'BUSTIN' LOOSE'

©UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS

"I was given another chance at life," says Pryor, who healthily enjoys it at his Hawaiian hideaway as moviegoers guffaw at his new film, *Bustin' Loose* (above).

In a memorable scene from his new movie smash, *Bustin' Loose*, Richard Pryor is walking down the road, a skinny little Everyman mumbling toughly in the dark. Silently, a band of hooded Ku Klux Klanners files in behind him. Dread awareness dawns. But then, slowly, Richard's sometimes desperately crazed courage subdues his panic. He manages to change the threat into a bantering jaunt. And once more, Richard Pryor's wit turns ghoulishness into irresistible foolishness. That, clearly, is something Pryor has been doing most of his life. At the watershed age of 40, having beaten slim odds that he would survive a freak accident in which he became a human torch, Pryor is now in truth what before he always seemed: a man who has been through the fire. "It took me all this time to find out it was okay to be me," a now drug-free Pryor exults. "If anybody was born again, I was."

Still, Pryor worried that because of the scars on his face, neck, chest and hands, "Someone would go 'aye, eek!' " Instead, the once self-described "street nigger," whose comic genius perhaps only he ever doubted, has become almost single-handedly Hollywood's black film industry. *Stir Crazy*, his pigeons-in-prison flick with co-star Gene Wilder, has taken in more than $100 million in a phenomenal seven-month run. It now is one of the top 10 grossers in Hollywood history. A recent CBS airing of Pryor's 1976 *Silver Streak* drew one of the larger TV audiences this year. And *Bustin' Loose*

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Photographs by ©Steve Schapiro/Sygma

is now running even with Alan Alda's *The Four Seasons*, collecting some $20 million in its first few weeks.

Most of *Bustin' Loose* had been filmed before his accident, and Pryor's 5'10" frame had lost 20 of its customary 150 pounds. To match earlier shots, he had to wear padding to conceal the difference and turtlenecks to hide some scars. He now is working frantically with co-star Margot (Lois Lane) Kidder to finish his next movie, *Some Kind of Hero*, before the threatened directors' strike next month. In one scene that called for Kidder to screech up in a car to rescue Pryor from a seedy downtown hotel, Richard cracked up everyone by leaping out of the shadows in an inflated Superman suit. "I find it wonderful working with him," praises Margot. "He is an extraordinarily serious and dramatic actor and a warm and special person. I love him very much."

Richard may also be loving Richard

With director Michael Pressman and co-star Margot Kidder, Pryor takes a break on the set of *Some Kind of Hero*.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

"I love him like a brother," says actor Stan Shaw, who met Pryor in 1976's *Bingo Long* (right) and helped in the hospital.

—finally. After so many self-destructive years, Pryor is into personal renewal. He was buoyed by some 25,000 get-well letters after his accident. ("If it takes me 20 years, I'm going to answer every one," he has promised.) In a bizarre way, the torment of the flames also helped. They seem to have cauterized the self-lacerations that Pryor once tried to ease with a daily fifth of booze and a heavy cocaine habit. "In the hospital I said, 'I want to live. I'm going to get out of here.' Now I see people doing drugs and I get sad," says Pryor, determined to straighten up for good this time. "Those gaps you fill with drugs aren't helping."

His own housecleaning means ridding himself of high-life influences. Apart from presenting an Oscar and joking through one *Tonight* show gig, he has made few public appearances and done no carousing since returning to work in February. To escape, he has created a tightly guarded new retreat on five fenced acres in Hawaii. "Please let people know this is my last interview," he says. "That's why I've moved to Hawaii. It's hard for people just to drop in. Just about all I have is my life, my Hawaiian place and my privacy. And I'm going to keep it that way. I feel at peace there."

If he is all business in L.A., in Hawaii he's all wholesomeness. He begins each day there with a health drink of fresh fruit, protein powder, yogurt and eggs. He has taken up jogging, offers visitors unfiltered apple juice and often hits the sack at 9:30 p.m. But, stung by thousands of disappointed letters after the *National Enquirer* front-paged a story that he had been using cocaine in the hospital, there still is some unfinished business in Pryor's new paradise. He has followed Carol Burnett's lead with a $10 million-plus lawsuit against the tabloid. Last winter he sued his former business manager, Atlanta attorney David Franklin, for alleged mismanagement of hundreds of thousands of dollars and says he is about to file a slander suit against him as well.

The slander charges stem from conflicting reports about the causes of Pryor's near-fatal accident. Pryor blames Franklin for spreading stories that he was burned in an explosion while freebasing cocaine. In an interview with *Ebony* magazine, Pryor admitted that he had been freebasing for three days before the accident but says he had run out of cocaine. He had switched to drinking 151-proof rum, he claimed, and the liquor caught fire when he tried to light a cigarette with a butane lighter. Other reports may surface in court.

In the meantime, the scars that stretch to the tips of his ears leave absolutely no doubt about the horror of June 9, 1980. During Pryor's six weeks at L.A.'s Sherman Oaks Community Hospital Burn Center, he suffered indescribable pain. His upper body was covered with third-degree burns. The dead tissue had to be scraped away and skin grafted from his thighs. "I was almost gone," says Pryor. "There was nothing left but the raw nerves. I didn't call my mama or the bank or any producer. I called God."

He credits actor pals like ex-footballer Jim Brown and Stan (*Roots II*) Shaw with helping to pull him through. Shaw recalls that at the most trying times in the hospital, Pryor improvised advice from the Deity: "Richard, this fire is too much. I'm going to relieve you for now. I'll call you later." Shaw spent 13 hours some days with his friend and is outraged by the reports that Pryor got immediately back on cocaine. "This

CONTINUED

man was struggling to breathe!" he says. "The first day Richard got up, he pushed his IV pole in front of him and walked by himself. He was so childlike and helpless. He tried to make a joke but he was hurting. He could hardly talk." Later Stan led him in an exercise program of stretching and lifting weights to increase the flexibility of limbs and torso constricted by scar tissue. "He had incredible determination," Stan reports. "He'd tell me: 'I'm gonna whip it.' The word 'brave' can't describe what he was. He's much stronger, wiser. I am so proud of him. There's no self-destruction in him now."

There was once—and he's made no secret of it. He has often said that his mother worked in the Peoria brothel run by his grandmother. At 18 Pryor joined the Army, and by the early 1960s he had started his climb in clubs, feeling insecure and unaccepted all along the way. "I wanted to be John Wayne. I didn't know he hated my guts," he has said. His relationships with women were equally volatile. According to writer friend Paul Mooney, Richard has a "big appetite for the ladies," though he's been unable to sustain a relationship through at least three failed marriages. Part of the reason was his rage, which burst forth in his streetwise, often scatological humor and sometimes in violence. It's not surprising he thought drugs would help.

Shaw reports that Pryor now gets high only as the pilot of his own single-engine Grumman. When Richard took the controls to fly from Oahu to Maui, a shaky Stan gulped: "Wait a minute, I'm scared." He was relieved to find that Richard could fly expertly. On Maui, they fished off a pier with Richard wearing a straw hat to protect himself from the sun and toured the island on mopeds and in Richard's Jeep. "Richard's a Hawaiian now," says Stan. "They've adopted him. Hawaii is home."

PETER C. BORSARI

Pryor hit the Oscars looking thin but fit on the arm of Asian beauty Ree Kai, who is more companion than consort.

Though they're divorced, he occasionally sees ex-wife Deborah (they split after Richard reportedly blasted a Buick with a pistol New Year's Day 1978). His romance with songwriter Jennifer Lee is over, and Pryor is mainly soloing in Hawaii. His housekeeper-cook keeps things running smoothly, and Richard's four children—Renée, 24, Richard, 19, Elizabeth, 14, and Rain, 11—pop over for reunions.

Despite the good times, some tensions remain. "I gotta do something for the money they pay me," Pryor frets. "I want to make people think. But I get afraid too. I mean, people are still mad at Jane Fonda. I don't want anybody hurting me because they're mad at something else." He is plunging ahead at an almost breakneck pace. After he wraps *Some Kind of Hero* (about a Vietnam vet trying to adjust), a *Stir Crazy* sequel is scheduled to begin later this year. Then he'll film a remake of a French comedy, *The Toy*, tentatively co-starring Jackie Gleason, and sometime next year may start a long-planned film biography of jazz great Charlie "Bird" Parker. Meanwhile Richard will continue struggling with his own adjustment. Much still angers him. "I'm amazed that we live in a country where we have to vote for ERA and civil rights," he says. "I'm amazed that an actor is the best-qualified person we have to run the country."

Pryor's rage eases a bit amid the idyllic surroundings of his one-bedroom Maui home with its command of the coastline. "I haven't met anyone here who's strange," he says. "There's no wickedness. I went to a festival once and watched them dance. It was so pure and innocent. And they brought children. I like that. When I first saw this place again, I cried. I thanked God for letting me live to see it." Then, flashing that irrepressible Pryor grin, he adds: "You might mildew to death here, but nothin' else is going to happen to you."

LOIS ARMSTRONG

Pryor's housemate is a brazen Samoyed, Girlfriend. "She stays out all night and comes home hung over," he cracks.

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X2

A MOTHER'S FAITH IN HER HANDICAPPED SON LEADS TO HIS FIRST BOOK—OR IS IT HERS?

All my blood ran cold at first, leaving me a brain-damaged, all paralysed pauper, appearing to foolish, ignorant people as "heaven's reject."

from *Dam-Burst of Dreams*

Admirers of the book have found echoes of Yeats and Joyce among its pages. University dons have marveled at the cosmic reach of its poetry and the darkly furrowed landscape of its prose. When a new anthology titled *Dam-Burst of Dreams* arrives in British bookstores this month, few readers are apt to find fault with the originality of its writing. What may kindle controversy, however, is its purported authorship by a 15-year-old Irish schoolboy named Christy Nolan.

To his believers, Nolan's first book marks more than a triumph of youth. Asphyxiated at birth after he was transversed in the womb, Nolan was left a brain-damaged spastic with no control over his bodily movements. Only his sight, hearing and the purely intellectual processes of his mind remained unimpaired. Strapped into wheelchairs since early childhood, he pecked out the book on a typewriter letter by letter, according to his mother, Bernadette, using a unicorn-like stick strapped to his head while his mother cradled his unsteady chin in her hands.

Since the pair work only in private, skeptics have suggested that Bernadette may have been more his ghostwriter than simply his support. Even the most dubious, however, concede that the book represents a remarkable fusion of mother and son that began with the troubled cesarean delivery of the nine-pound 14-ounce baby. As an infant, "All the muscles of his lips, tongue and throat were paralyzed, he couldn't suck, and he had difficulty swallowing," Bernadette recalls. "Because he was always hungry, he cried constantly." Doctors concluded that Christy was severely retarded, "but I was absolutely convinced that he had normal intelligence," Bernadette says. "We eventually developed a system of communication through flicks of his eyes, nods, facial expressions and gutteral, slurred words. Over the years his every movement has taken on a whole range of meanings."

When Christy turned 4, his devoutly Catholic father, Joseph, took him to Lourdes in hope of a miracle. Two years later the family moved from their 25-acre farm near Mullingar into Dublin, where Christy was enrolled in the Central Remedial Clinic, a 160-pupil school for the physically handicapped. Educational psychologists seemed to confirm Bernadette's belief; by the time he was 7, Christy's knowledge was judged equivalent to that of a 14-year-old, and later testing put him into the near-genius range. "Christy's disability was physical," asserts the clinic's medical director, Dr. Ciaran Barry, "and it doesn't impair his thought processes as would be the case with most cerebral palsy victims."

Shortly before Christy's 12th birthday, Dr. Barry began administering trial doses of Lioresal, a sometimes hallucinogenic drug he hoped would curb the boy's worsening spasms. Bernadette, meanwhile, had doggedly persisted in trying to teach Christy to type. In August 1977, with his lurching head steadied in her hands, he slowly pecked out his first message. "My eyes filled with tears out of a sense of awe and fear," Bernadette recalls. "I rushed out to show a neighbor. When I got back to Christy, I could hear the noise of his heart thumping. 'Has it really happened? Does she really understand?' Once he realized I did, he went out of his mind with delight."

An appeal in Britain's *Sunday Times* last summer brought forth $86,000 in contributions to the fledgling writer, including a gift of a $4,700 electronic word processor that allows a lighter touch than his old electric typewriter and makes corrections easier. (The unused donations went into a Christopher Nolan Trust to help other handicapped children.) Christy's use of the machine still requires Bernadette's steadying hands, however, and in conversation she translates his gurgles, yelps and head jerks into long, intricately worded monologues. "The ease with which she interprets what Christy says is almost uncanny," concedes Sally Mapstone, Christy's editor at the publishing house of Weidenfeld & Nicolson. "It's quite true that you cannot say where he ends and she begins. But where to draw the line is a bit of a moot point. The whole relationship with his mother is crucial to what he writes."

The young Bernadette, seventh of eight children born to an Irish dairy farmer, was a voracious reader whose formal education stopped at 17 when she graduated from convent school. While working as a bookkeeper for a Dublin firm of wholesale seed mer-

CONTINUED

A sampler from 'Dam-Burst of Dreams':

One particular query cropped up again and again: "Where does Joseph get his vocabulary?" Nora could certainly not give a very satisfactory reply . . . Joseph longed to be able to say that he only knew that he typed thoughts, brilliant, bright, boiling words poured into his mind, sometimes with such ferocity that he felt spoiling confusion creep across his turbulent, creative mind.

•

All men mull over hell. Land lovers count their acres, monied folk count their millions but wise men count their cold, holy crosses. And that is the central core of our existence on this earth.

•

Could you imagine me, seeing and noting
Many mundane images which moved hither and thither?
In my mind, no longer normal, they became magnificent
Notions, and consequently my harried brain leaned
Downward on my chest, thinking, memorising,
Repeating, listening in my ear for the
Effect of my words. I realised my munificence
Of knowledge. I endangered my freedom
Of expression, if I did not disembowel
My notorious madness, in impeccable
Language, agonisingly written, in numerous
Tantalising, spasmodic-ridden onslaughts,
On a rickety, moaning typewriter.

ON THE **MOVE**

"We've had many moments of joy," says Bernadette, 45, whose helping hands have guided Christy's literary career.

chants, she met Joseph Nolan, a part-time farmer and psychiatric nurse. She married him in 1962 and the following year gave birth to their first child, Yvonne, now 17 and a university student in Dublin. After Christy, their second child, she lost three infants to premature deliveries.

Those who have witnessed the family's struggle through the years are reluctant to voice skepticism about Christy's achievements. Kathleen Devaney, a schoolteacher who is Bernadette's eldest sister, says there was always "a spiritual quality" about Bernadette. "Loving literature the way she does, she can see immediately what Christy means no matter how obscure his meanings might seem to be. She sees it in a flash. It's miraculous." Philip Odor, a member of the Christopher Nolan Trust and a senior research fellow at the University of Edinburgh who has experimented with computer programs to aid Christy's writing, acknowledges the "symbiotic relationship" between mother and son but scoffs at those who doubt Christy's authorship. "I can believe it, and I try to help," he states. "And even if I didn't believe it, I'd still want to help so that he can communicate."

Publicity about Christy's writing has made the boy a focal point for fund-raising efforts in behalf of the handicapped (to whom 20 percent of the *Dam-Burst* royalties will be donated), and Bernadette has thus become a much-sought speaker for the cause. Each day she visits the conventional state-run school Christy has attended for the past three years to tend to his physical needs (his fellow students wheel him to classes and wipe the saliva from his chin). At Bernadette's urging, he had previously been allowed to skip two grades. "He doesn't take regular exams," she notes. "He proves what he's learned through his writing."

Despite his apparent literacy, Christy seldom reads and spends much of his spare time watching TV favorites like *Dallas* and *Charlie's Angels*. "He can read, but he doesn't like to because he'll lose his place when his head rolls," Bernadette explains. "With television, he depends more on his ears than his eyes. His interest in sound comes out strong in his writing." Both parents anticipate a wealth of that writing now that Christy apparently has breached the communication barrier, and they have converted their Dublin garage into a 7-by-14-foot study for his use. "When we realized what fate had thrust upon us, we felt we just had to deal with it to the best of our ability," says Bernadette. "We rescued that creativity from oblivion and prevented him from going insane by giving him an outlet for it. If we hadn't, we'd have missed out on the greatest joy that life could have given to any parents."

FRED HAUPTFUHRER

Bernadette, with son and daughter by Dublin Bay, pleads for other disabled kids "who are written off as vegetables."

Photographs by Terence Spencer

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INVENTORS

AKIO MORITA'S WALKMAN LETS EVERYONE MARCH—OR BOOGIE—TO HIS OWN DRUMMER

To the New York City cop, the sight was all too familiar: a jaywalker with telltale headphones, endangering life, limb and traffic flow as he obliviously boogied across 59th Street to the sound of his 10-ounce Sony Walkman cassette player.

The cop was just in a glaring mood, not a ticketing one, so Akio Morita didn't have to explain he was the inventor of the Walkman and no, he wasn't a wise guy and yes, as a matter of fact, he had also helped develop the transistor radio. "I was so busy doing the go-go, I didn't even notice the policeman," explained Morita, 60, Sony's co-founder and chairman.

Morita admits there's a tendency for the Walkman to shut out the real world, and he ordered a redesign so the Walkman earphone doesn't cover the whole ear and block out, say, sirens. But he insists, "Walkman doesn't isolate people—it makes them happier." Seeking to allow his three grown music-loving children to enjoy stereo sound outdoors, Morita in 1979 ordered Sony's engineers to develop light headphones wired to a compact cassette tape player. He tested prototypes at his 26-room, 200-speaker manse in Tokyo's Shibuya area, and in July 1979 released 30,000 of the gadgets in Japan. "Kiddingly I said, 'I will give up my chairmanship if we don't sell 100,000 sets by the end of the year,' " he recalls. "I am still chairman." In fact, Sony has sold 1.5 million of the players worldwide and Morita predicts sales will reach 2.5 million a year by mid-1982. The various models list from $89.95.

Some U.S. dealers still take orders specifying 30-day waits. But Morita is already coveting Third World markets where, he says, "People far from civilization can now enjoy stereophonic sound. My dream is to have Walkman disco parties in the jungles."

A physics grad from Osaka Imperial University who helped establish the Sony empire on $500 in 1946, Morita doesn't wear his Walkman at work —"I'm too busy telephoning." But he's plugged in on airplanes and while skiing (he's developed earmuff headphones). Reports that he created Walkman for his own use on the tennis court are false, says Morita, an intense competitor if nothing else: "I'm not good enough to wear a Walkman while playing and still win." REBECCA BRICKER

Morita, here in New York, visits the U.S. monthly and, even with a Walkman on his belt, he's tuned to the bottom line.

Photograph by Maddy Miller

PEOPLE PUZZLE

By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off by circling QUINN, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers in next week's issue.

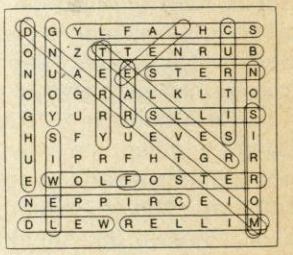
Clues

1 . Desert beast
2 . Leading Pentagonist
3 . Her maiden name's Reagan
4 . Mr. Suave takes wife No. 5
5 . Second Lady . . .
6 . . . . Fanny Lady
7 . His hand runs amok
8 . S.C.'s bounced congressman
9 . Court Magician
10 . Taxi girl
11 . Knick on Capitol Hill
12 . Premier *Québécois*
13 . She-nighthawk
14 . Abscam's sting man
15 . Unfading in *Inchon*
16 . Ron's mouthpiece
17 . Riding the third wave
18 . Motown defector
19 . Zuckerman's alter ego
20 . Noble houseman

R	O	S	S	P	E	A	K	E	S
Y	E	L	D	A	R	B	U	S	H
L	C	G	C	F	O	Q	C	E	T
R	L	N	R	A	S	U	A	T	O
E	A	E	O	E	I	I	R	T	R
L	V	T	V	S	B	N	N	E	E
F	E	E	H	E	N	N	E	R	N
F	L	A	G	G	R	H	I	N	G
O	L	I	V	I	E	R	O	E	A
T	N	A	R	G	G	N	O	J	W

Answers to June 22 Puzzle

1. William **Donoghue** 2. Jerry **Lewis** 3. Toni **Morrison** 4. Peter **Wolf** 5. Carol **Burnett** 6. Jaime Lee **Curtis** 7. Robert **Crippen** 8. John **Young** 9. Jodie **Foster** 10. Francois **Mitterrand** 11. Johnny **Miller** 12. Phyllis **Schlafly** 13. Nigel **Terry** 14. Garrett **Morris** 15. Beverly **Sills** 16. Isaac **Stern** 17. Edward **Teller** 18. Tuesday **Weld** 19. Charlotte **Rae** 20. Stan **Lee**



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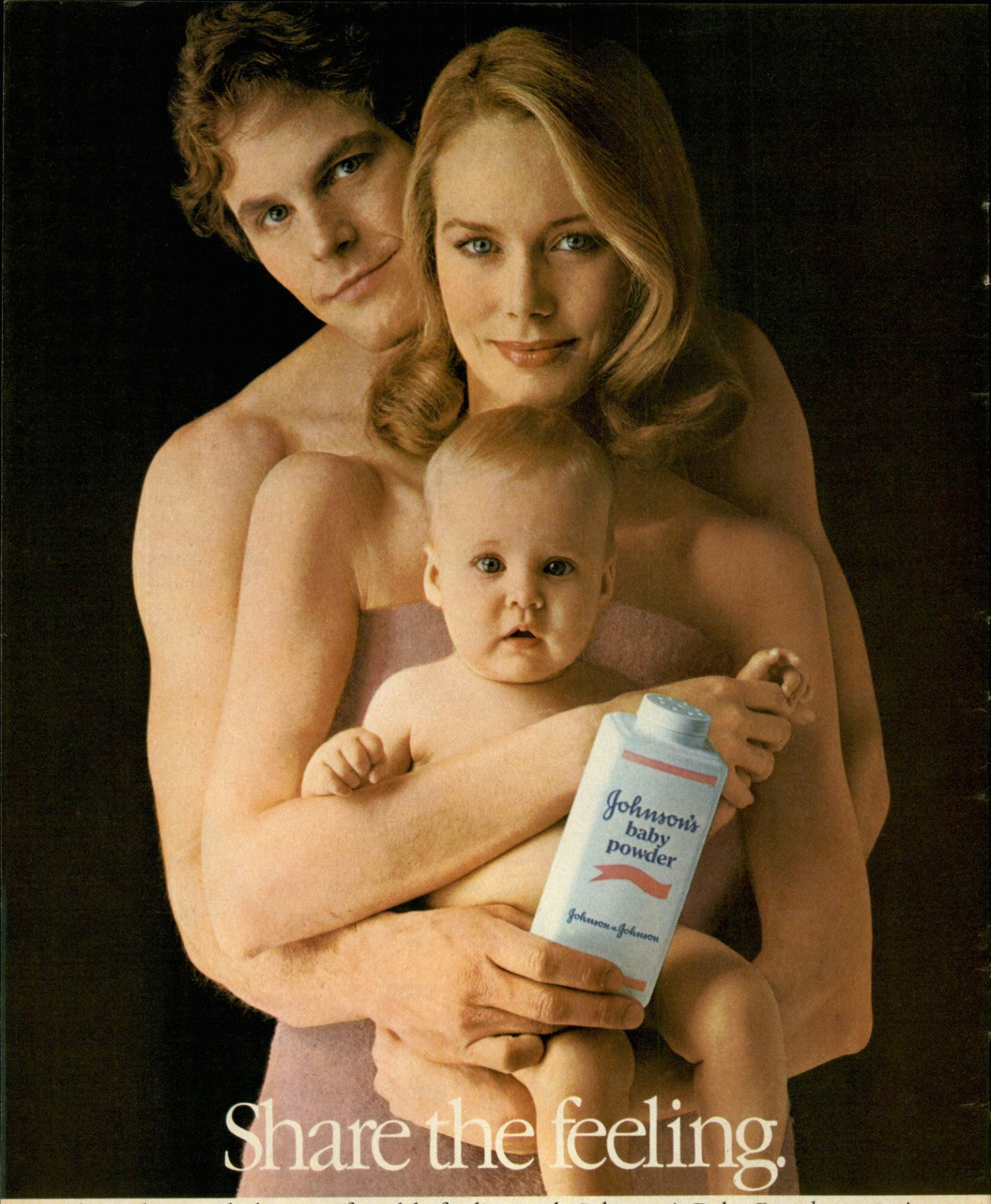

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"Our life in the theater is a constant goodbye," says Theoni, bussing Tom in Manhattan's Shubert Alley.

THEATER'S TOP TWOFER IS TOM AND THEONI ALDREDGE: HE EMOTES, SHE KEEPS BROADWAY IN STITCHES

It was the theater that brought Theoni and Tom Aldredge together. Alas, it has also kept them apart. Their roles —she as Broadway's top costume designer, he as a leading man—have brought them two Obies, two Tonys, an Emmy and an Oscar. But the more successful they are, the less they see of each other. "She works so hard in the daytime and I in the evening, we pass like ships in the night," laments Tom. Adds Theoni: " 'See you later' is our most frequent phrase."

As Elizabeth Taylor's mortally ill husband in *The Little Foxes*, Tom, 53, is onstage six nights a week, besides two matinees. And when Tom is off, Theoni is on. Clients of her Manhattan studio have included such current sellouts as *Annie*, *A Chorus Line*, *Barnum*, *42nd Street* and *Woman of the Year*. Though both Aldredges were nominated for Tonys this season—Tom as best supporting actor in *Foxes*, Theoni for her *42nd Street* costumes—only he was present at the June 7 awards (neither won). Theoni was busy working on the movie version of *Annie*.

Usually Theoni, who is in her late 40s, leaves the Aldredges' Lower East Side apartment in time to arrive at the warehouse-size workshop run by her collaborator, Barbara Matera, by 8 a.m. On a typical day the appointments blackboard lists sessions at 11 a.m. with C. Burnett ("a beautiful woman," says Theoni), 1 p.m. with M. Farrow ("She looks 18"), 2 p.m. with B. Peters ("a Victorian doll"). "Theoni is pliable

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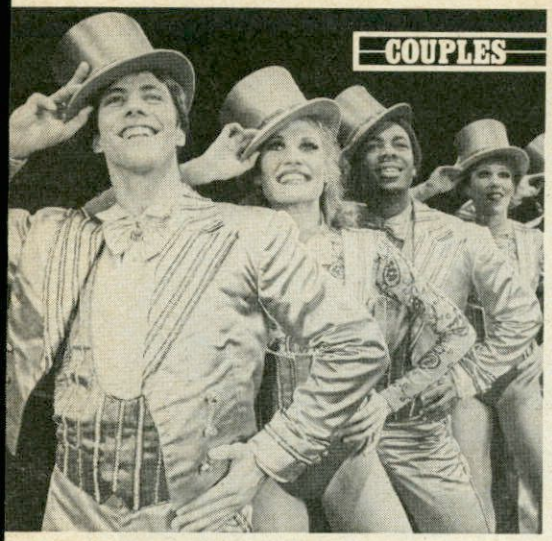
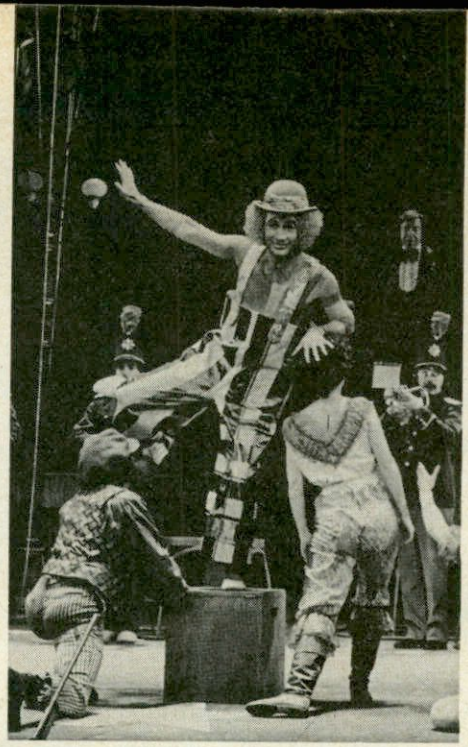


Theoni considers *A Chorus Line* one of her masterpieces. Says its producer, Joe Papp: "She's as charming as her designs."

MARTHA SWOPF

Current *Annie* stars Alison Smith and John Schuck are the fourth orphan and second Daddy Warbucks Theoni has costumed.

The Great Gatsby, with Mia Farrow and Robert Redford, won Aldredge an Oscar. She hopes "I've made this world prettier."



In *Barnum*, another Aldredge-clothed hit, star Jim Dale and supporting players move around easily in Theoni's togs.

MARTHA SWOPE (3)

LeRoy Reams and Wanda Richert strut in Theoni's finery in *42nd Street*, for which she got a Tony nomination.

with stars," notes Matera. "She doesn't demand what *she* wants. Things are made for them, not for her own ego."

Between fittings Aldredge tosses ideas and fabric swatches around with her staff of four and deals with directors and producers. Her office is as filled with silks, satins, bugle beads and sequins as her mind is with conceptions and colors. By the time she heads home—at about 8 p.m.—her husband is already making up at the Martin Beck Theatre 26 blocks uptown.

After whiling away the first act offstage reading a favorite author, Henry Miller, and nibbling Mallomars cookies, Tom goes on in Act II. There Taylor, who is anxious to get his wealth, hurries along his death from heart trouble by withholding his medicine.

After the curtain falls, Tom signs autographs, scissors through the stage-door crowd and drives an hour and a half north to the Aldredges' 1790 farmhouse in Dutchess County, N.Y. He feeds their pets—mutts Boots and Lizzie and cat Annie—then retires. Tom stays in Manhattan on nights before matinees and the two try to weekend together at their farm.

They met in 1949 at Chicago's Goodman School of Drama. He was the Ohio-born son of an Air Force colonel and a French mother, and was majoring in directing. She, the darkly pretty daughter of a prominent Greek family, was studying costume design. Theoni remembers herself as "this tall, weird foreigner who loved dime stores." To Tom she was "this Greek princess who everybody had dreams about." Yet only after their third year in school did he ask for a date.

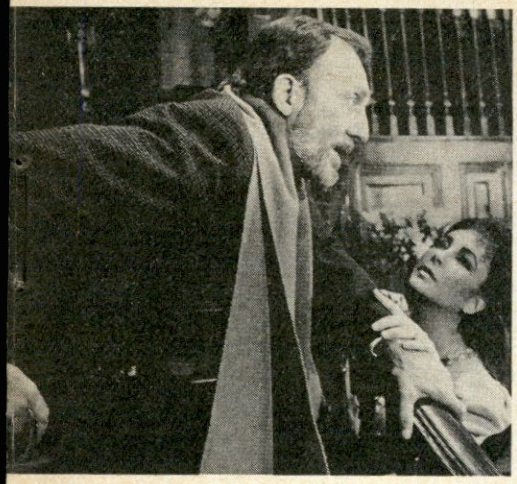
Theoni was put off by his reserve. Says she: "I don't always trust the quiet type. I like temperament. If you're angry, throw something." Eventually she herself was thrown. After his 1953 graduation, Tom remembers, "I mentioned it would be nice if she would marry me, and by way of conversation she said, 'Okay.' "

Tom proposed because "she was a beauty—and brutally honest." Theoni accepted because "he was an extremely talented actor and a decent man." Also, "He had humor, and I knew my father would like him."

Her father, Athanasios Vachlioti, was a surgeon and a member of the Greek Parliament. She was born in war-battered Salonika, and her mother died when Theoni was 2. As a teenager, she went to the American School in Athens and abandoned early hopes of becoming a concert pianist. "I never had a childhood," she says. During the war "You would wake up with air raids and next day half your house would be elsewhere. We were interested in surviving."

She longed to visit the U.S., "a country that wasn't touched by war," and finally did so at 17. By the time she arrived in Chicago—it had a flour-

In *The Little Foxes* Liz Taylor loathes her ailing husband. But after the final curtain falls, says Tom, "She winks at me."



ishing Greek population—she had seen *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Claude Rains and the other stars "all looked so beautiful," she recalls, "I never wanted to be anything else but a costume designer."

Tom first hoped to be an aeronautical engineer. But after high school and postwar Army service in the Philippines and Korea, he studied law at the University of Dayton. Then his interests changed again. On a 1948 visit to Manhattan he saw a theater marquee touting *A Streetcar Named Desire*. "I'd never seen a play," he recalls. "There were two guys who looked like stagehands and I asked them if I could watch a rehearsal." They turned out to be Karl Malden and Marlon Brando. After seeing the play, Tom remembers, "I knew I had to study theater." The next year he transferred to Goodman.

After their 1953 wedding Tom became producer-director at WTTW, Chicago's public TV station, and Theoni taught at Goodman. In 1957 they moved to Manhattan. "Within a year," Tom says, "we were broke." So Theoni designed costumes for an off-Broadway production of *Heloise* for a flat fee of $150. Tom went to St. Louis to make $65 a week acting in *Waiting for Godot*. In 1959 they had Broadway debuts: Theoni with *Sweet Bird of Youth*, Tom in *The Nervous Set*.

Then Tom auditioned for an enterprising young producer named Joe Papp. After he landed a role in *Henry V*, he introduced Papp to his wife. Theoni has since costumed more than 80 Papp productions.

Tom's credits now include the Emmy-winning lead in 1977's *Henry Winkler Meets William Shakespeare* on TV and the leads in Broadway's *Sticks and Bones* (1972) and *On Golden Pond* (1979). Says he: "I like the work, but the business itself is tacky. Acting is like playing 'let's pretend,' and if you're pretty good it's gratifying." Theoni's career has broadened to opera, films (she won a 1974 Academy Award for *The Great Gatsby*) and ballet. "We are not competing," she says. "At times Tom may have wished he could work as much as I do, believing the strain on me would be less, but that's an actor's life. It might have been different had I been an actress."

In spite of their dizzying schedules, the Aldredges occasionally find time to fly to Greece to sail the Aegean. One Christmas Tom gave Theoni a 1927 Fischer piano. Her present: a complete Armani wardrobe, which he dutifully wears. "My wife thinks I have terrible taste," notes Tom, a Levi's fan. Theoni, whose style is energetic and eclectic —she often wears sneakers, sweat shirts and Byzantine jewelry—is as volatile as Tom is taciturn. "She's a fighter," he says. "I wish I could scream, but I go off and sulk."

"It's hard living with anyone," Theoni goes on, "but you try. If you walk out, how do you know there will be something better? It's infantile behavior." Both believe in happy endings. "I have a dream that one day we'll go to Greece for good," Tom muses. "I imagine having a wonderful garden of olive trees on an island," adds Theoni. "I want to tend to this other life before it's too late." But, this week at least, Tom will be in New York with *Foxes* and Theoni is due on the *Annie* set in L.A. KRISTIN MCMURRAN

"I like to get up early to dig dirt," explains Tom, who coaxes corn at their country place while Theoni comforts Boots.

CHATTER

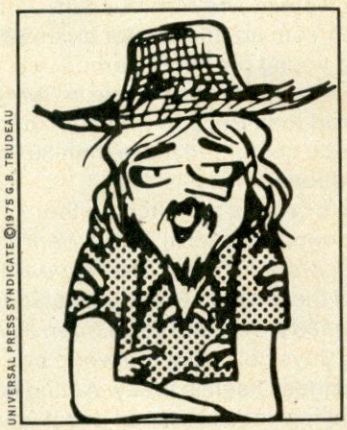
Art's Sake and That's All Although New York's tony Leo Castelli Gallery has sold only about a dozen of the 44 original photographs by Diane Keaton from last year's show, the actress and the entrepreneur are discussing a new exhibit. The prints in this one may be even harder to sell. Where the first batch were pictures of empty hotel lobbies, the new collection comprises 12 portraits of Keaton pal Carol (*Hester Street*) Kane, all in the same pose, with varied abstract patterns projected in color on her face. Perhaps Kane has lots of relatives?

Pen Power Former cop Joseph Wambaugh is disgusted by his experiences in turning his novels *The Onion Field* and *The Black Marble* into movies. "Getting in the ring with moviemakers is suicidal," he rants, waxing metaphoric. "They put razor blades in their gloves and acid in the drinking water." Wambaugh says he's still trying to recover the $300,000 he invested in *The Black Marble* and the $2 million tossed in by friends. But an author is not without weapons of his own. Wambaugh's new best-seller, *The Glitter Dome*, pounded out in a few frenzied weeks, fulfills a dear fantasy. In it, he gets to murder a major studio exec.

Next: A Nice Job Teaching The touring Joffrey II ballet company has done everything to make Ron Reagan Jr. feel just like one of the hoofers, including forbidding local booking agents from using his name in newspaper ads. Nonetheless, scalpers have gotten up to $100 a ticket for Ron's jetés and pliés. After all that, word has leaked that Ron will be promoted to the varsity—the big-time Joffrey Ballet—by next spring. That's if there is a Joffrey Ballet next spring. Ron's dad, the President, has proposed budget cuts to arts funding that could reduce the Joffrey's allowance by 50 percent. "The President is taking a job away from his son," says a top cheese at the National Endowment for the Arts, which channels Uncle Sam's cash to cultural institutions. "If his budget goes through, Ron won't even make enough money for toe shoes."

ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES

Diane Keaton: Artful selling



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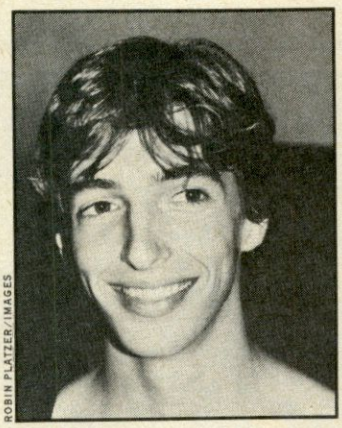
***Doonesbury*'s Zonker: Artful dodging**



ROBIN PLATZER/IMAGES

Ron Reagan: Artful budgeting

Riders of the Purple Prose When Alexander Haig goes eyeball-to-eyeball with the English language, it is not the Secretary of State who blinks. To tone up the Reagan administration's usage, Secretary of Commerce Malcolm Baldrige has circulated a memo to his staffers, admonishing them to use "short sentences and short words, with emphasis on plain English." Proper style, the memo suggests, would be "halfway between Ernest Hemingway and Zane Grey, with no bureaucratese." In other words, there are to be no more maximizings and finalizings. Good to see this sort of thinking concretized.

Furthermore

- Marrying Jane Pauley hasn't heightened the visibility of cartoonist Garry (*Doonesbury*) Trudeau, and that is definitely by design. "I've been trying for some time now," the inkshy Trudeau recently told a group of booksellers, "to develop a life-style that doesn't require my presence."
- Andre Previn's 22-year-old daughter, Lovely (that's Alicia, whose mom's his first wife, Betty Bennett), has cut a rock single. Upon hearing it, Previn asked, "Is that it? Or do you have to add to it?" He grumped, "I couldn't make out any of the words, but then I do hate rock music." Musical nonsupport is nothing new between those two; blithely ignoring his jazz piano recordings, she calls his music "usually two or three hundred years old."
- It's not true, ERA advocate Alan Alda told the press in Beverly Hills, that passage of the amendment would lead to unisex bathrooms. "With passage of the ERA," he explained, "men can be assured they will find no woman in the men's room—unless she's there to fix the plumbing."

NEXT WEEK IN PEOPLE

Do you have a Cinderella Complex?
Most women do, claims Colette Dowling in a new book about fear of independence—and how to beat it

Look! Up in the sky! It's Christopher Reeve, flying high in 'Superman II'
After braving Broadway critics and unwed fatherhood with Gae Exton, he's moving faster than a speeding bullet

Doc Severinsen toots for the home folks
They'll barbecue chickens, not guests, when Johnny Carson's bandleader returns to Arlington, Oreg. (pop. 600)

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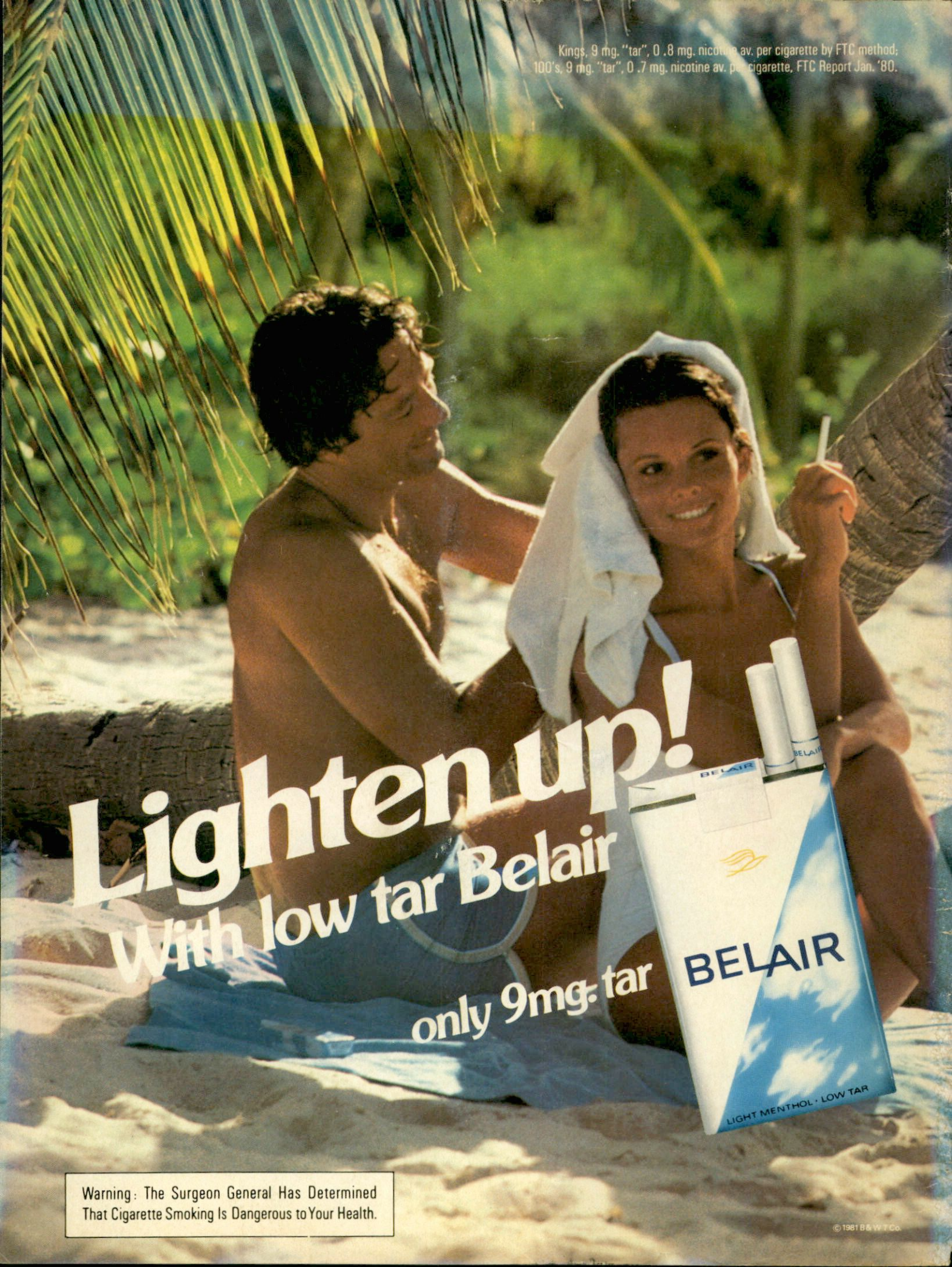
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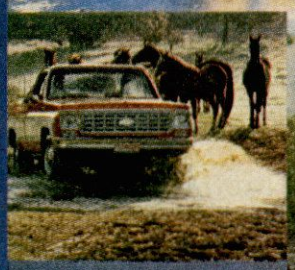

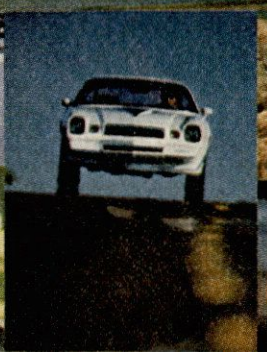

HAPPY

'There's no thrill like being live onstage,' exults Segal, 'it's another world'

More distinguished musicians—like Arturo Toscanini, Igor Stravinsky and even Louis Armstrong—may have played Carnegie Hall, but surely none has reacted more rapturously to his debut there than the leader and banjo picker of the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band. Beamed actor George Segal, 47: "All my life I have dreamed of performing live at Carnegie Hall. When it finally happened, a magical feeling swept over me—the live Dixieland jazz, the smiles from the crowd, the aura of the hall—it lifted me, it was wonderful."

George's elevation to the musical empyrean began last year when his two-year-old octet jammed as a lark on the *Tonight* show. L.A. neighbors Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme heard Segal tell Johnny Carson of his Carnegie ambition. The next day Steve offered George a spot during their own scheduled bow at the hall. "My dream fairy called," Segal now quips (though he remained sufficiently earthbound to inform his agent, who got the band a $30,000 fee for the eight-day booking).

Previously the band's gigs were somewhat less grand. There were evenings for friends in the Hollywood Hills home of TV producer-writer Sheldon Keller, who plays bass. Then the group moved up to an L.A. pasta parlor, the Mulberry Street Restaurant (owned by the band's drummer, Allen Goodman), and a regular weekly stint at Carroll O'Connor's eatery, the Ginger Man, in which Segal has a financial interest. "I jam in my jeans, nice people come listen, and I love it," grins George. Actor Conrad Janis, Mindy's music store owner father in *Mork & Mindy* and the band's trombonist co-leader, attests to that. "Playing the banjo is a total emotional experience for George," Janis says. "I think he loves the banjo more than acting."

The attraction began four decades ago in Great Neck, Long Island, when young George transferred his affections from the ukulele. As a student at Pennsylvania's rigorous Haverford College, he started to play publicly, but, to spare his family embarrassment, called himself and his group Bruno Lynch and the Imperial Jazz Band. The boys continued to play Greenwich Village nightspots in the 1950s, but when Segal's stage and screen career took off (his some 35 film roles include an Oscar nomination for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*), the banjo played second fiddle.

After his Carnegie run, Segal, his wife of 24 years, Marion, and daughters Elizabeth, 19, and Holly, 15, plan to stay on in New York. He says it's to plug his next film, *Carbon Copy*, which opens in October. But is there now a chance that filmmaking will give way to Segal's beloved banjo? "Not so," says George. "It's just lots of fun. I'm full of fantasy, and the banjo, like acting, makes me happy and makes other people happy." Among them is at least one knowledgeable Segal fan. Says jazz great Lionel Hampton: "Some actors want to be singers and many singers want to be actors. George happens to be a musician who can act. And that cat can really swing."

LINDA MARX

©THOMAS VICTOR

Segal, colleague Conrad (*Mork & Mindy*) Janis, center, and L.A. teacher Bill Vogel rehearse for the opening.

COURTESY AVCO EMBASSY

"It's a serious movie. I like that," says Segal of his upcoming *Carbon Copy*, which co-stars Susan St. James.

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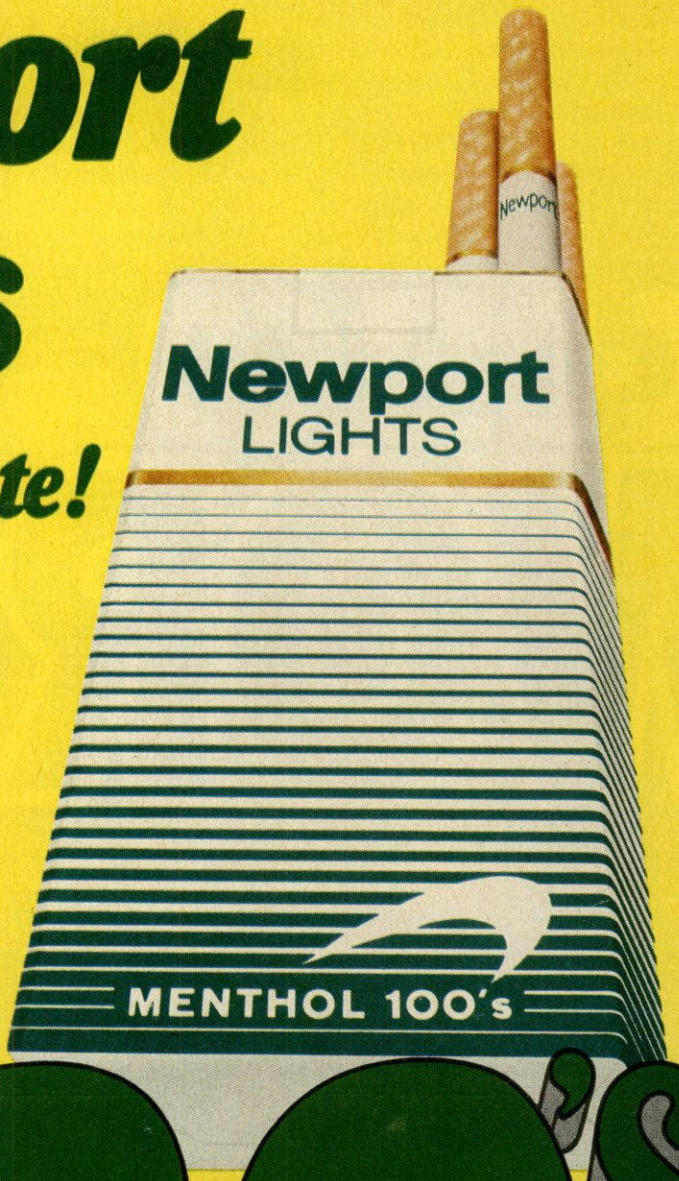

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