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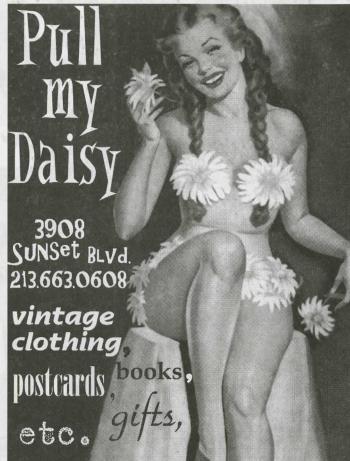


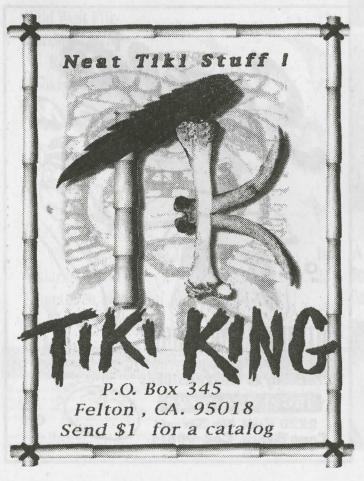
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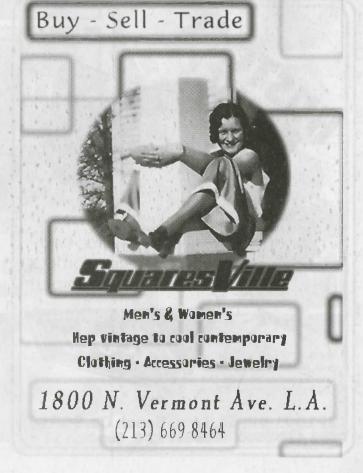
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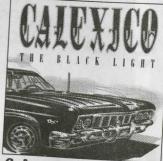






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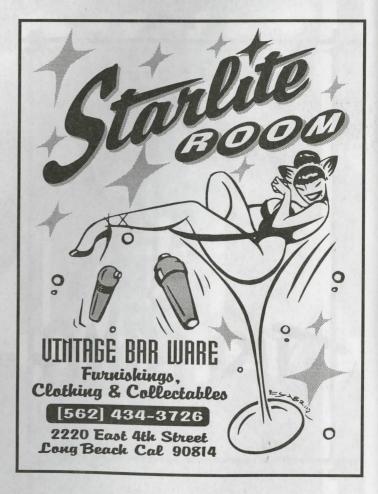
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... booze, girls and cars

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Cooking With Sherry A Fattu Arbuckle

Wild

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Real-Man Max McGee Of The 1966 Packers







Be Car-Sawy: Evaluating A Used Auto



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Nyself and Other Hardasses: A Statement From Your Editor

I was laying in bed in the wee hours, at the end of a late night working on articles for this Jack Lord-

laden issue. I was listening to the news on my AM radio, trying to fall asleep. The announcer came on and said: "Jack Lord, best known for his portrayal of Steve McGarrett on Hawaii Five-0, TV's longest continually running police drama, who also played Felix Leiter in the 1962 James Bond film Dr. No..." The bottom fell out of my stomach. Aw, crap. I was incredulous, yet I had no doubt as to

where the announcement was headed, "... Has died at the age of 77 of congestive heart failure." Damn.

Although Jack Lord was well-known for being reclusive in his later years, I had always imagined that I would somehow get him a copy of this issue. I guess not. Aloha and mahalo.

One of my favorite things about Hawaii Five-0 is

what a hardass McGarrett is. I can relate. I'm definitely a hardass when it comes to this magazine, but I am proud of it. I have never been mellow. I have never tried.

The main editorial idea here (I know this is going to sound crazy) is to provide you with good readin'.

I couldn't have done this magazine without the help and hard work of the writers, models, artists and photographers, all of whom brought more to this magazine than I ever could have myself. But when it comes to the editorial content, be assured that I reign

as supreme king and ruler over this magazine. Barracuda is absolutely not a democracy, and nothing here is or ever will be decided by comittee or vote as long as I am the publisher. This is key to providing good readin', in my anachronistic, hardass opinion.

I suppose the difference between being a hardass and being firm is somewhat subjective. Being a hardass and being firm are basically the same thing, except being called a hardass has a negative value judgement attached to it, usually put there by someone whose apathy you are encroaching upon.

I might be a hardass, but anything is better than being apathetic, extremist or contrary. At least I'm for something, even if it's the

> crackpot ideas in this jackass new men's magazine, edited by some hardass.

> None of this is meant to sound as though I advocate jerkiness, inflexibility or my most loathed foe, auteurism. I'm simply trying to explain my conscious move away from committee-thinking and the idea that creative endeavors should be somehow magically geared toward a non-existent

lowest common denominator. (Assuming that you want stuff to be interesting, of course.)

Opinions are like buttholes. Everyone's got one, and no one thinks theirs stinks. My opinions (and butthole) may stink, but at least I'm not going to waste my time trying to come up with something that pleases everybody. I know I'm not the first one to say it, but there's no quicker road to failure than trying to please everybody. This magazine has a very specific editorial theme and that's the way I likes it! I hope you do, too. Enjoy.

- J.F.



Are you female? Are you good-lookin'? Are you scantily-clad? Are you highly impressionable? If you answered "yes" to any or all of these questions, you may have what it takes to grace the pages of this magazine. The editors of Barracuda Magazine are always looking high and low for a new Barracuda Girl. She could be an actress, she could a waitress, she could be the girl next door, SHE COULD BE YOU! Send us a photo and a letter about why you think you would make a good

Barracuda Girl. Candidates will be judged on beauty, poise, and of course, grammar and punctuation. All entrants receive a free lifetime membership in the Barracuda Army!



What's Barracuda worth in prison? Not as much as we had hoped.

Dear Barracuda,

I enjoyed every article in Barracuða and got lots of laughs. That means a lot to me. As far as what Barracuða is worth in here, well, that would vary. The prison does let in Penthouse, Gallery and the like. Barracuða is real tame compared to those. In those magazines, you can see tonsils (from either end—ha!). Your 'zine doesn't go that route. So, the nudity thing wouldn't have much bearing on its worth, is what I'm trying to say.

Of course, this would be against the rules, and I would never violate the rules, but if someone had a mind to, Barracuða would trade off for, oh, say 5 or 6 shots of coffee, or a deodorant, or maybe a shampoo, around say two or three dollars. But on level II or III where 'zines and books are not allowed, it'd be worth a lot more.

If you know anyone who wants to drop me a line, I'll answer all letters. You and the staff are doing a great job. I send all due respect and gratitude.

Cliff Hoffman / 681450 / 12071 FM 3522 / Robertson Unit / Abilene, TX 79601

Barracuda Magazine Writer's Guidelines

Strict adherence to these guidelines must be followed. Any variance from these guidelines will result in dismissal of any article which has been submitted.

- All submissions should be directed to the managing editor. The managing editor must be reverentially referred to as "Big Daddy."
- 2. When at all possible, refrain from using the expression "pop that coochie" more than three times in any given article.
- 3. Any articles containing the prefix "cyber" will be automatically forwarded to *Playboy*.
- 4. Remember, the 1st Friday of each month is "show up to the office loaded" day!

FINE, FINE READING

While Richard Petty is obviously not involved in the day-to-day operation of this magazine, it is, on its own merits, a much better than average stock car magazine. But even if that weren't the case, it's a pretty good idea to purchase anything with Richard Petty's name or likeness attached.

Richard Petty's Stock Car Magazine Route 22 E. One Salem Square, Suite 201 East

One Salem Square, Suite 201 Eas Whitehouse Station, NJ/08889 (908) 534-5390



WHAP! a.k.a. Women Who Administer Punishment longs for the matriarchal heyday of the 40s and 50s. It's worth the purchase price just for the reactions it will get when you leave it laying around on your coffee table. But you need not have a spanking fetish to enjoy WHAP! It's loads of fun for the fetishist and non-fetishist alike. It's one of the most unique, interesting and genuinely funny magazines around.

WHAP!/P.O. Box 69491/L.A., CA/90069 (310) 854-1043

http://www.whapmag.com



This magazine is the real deal. The Probe is a good ol' punk rock magazine interspersed with a healthy dose of fun and sexy amateur nudie photography. At somewhere around 90 text-heavy pages (there are no page numbers, so we can't be sure), a small investment of five bucks in an issue of *The Probe* will get you months and months of some of the greatest bathroom reading you've ever had.

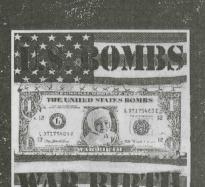
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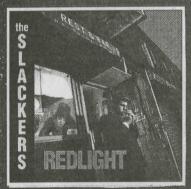
What a presumptuous title! This magazine represents men's perspectives like the Dallas Cowboys are America's team! According to its own press kit, Men's Perspective's target reader is the "single, sophisticated man, with a median age of 29, an average household income of \$45K who requires all the signature props of the cultured lifestyle. Men's Perspective tackles all facets of life that affect American men daily. From fast cars to fashion, health to high finance, sporting excellence to Epicurean elegance."

GAH??? Bored, Boring, Overpaid Goober's Perspective would be a much better title.





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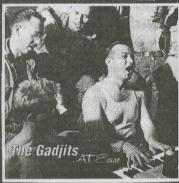
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Right on Time



The Gadjits



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Do or Die

Evaluating A Used Auto

hat used car looks great doesn't it? Who cares! An abused, deathtrap of a car with a \$100 paint job, a \$5 engine steam cleaning and a \$50 set of retreads can easily look sharp to the casual observer. Of course, it will still have a burnt transmission, worn engine bearings, a

If you're shopping for a used car, you better care. If some rolling dung heap gets unloaded on you, it will be an albatross that will plague you for at least six months, and can cost you a limitless amount of time, money and of course, aggravation.

cracked block and a welded axle, but who cares as long as it has shiny paint, naked lady mudflaps and

a loud stereo, right?

When evaluating a car, move past the paint job and take a hard look at the things that will give you a more accurate indication of the car's condition and value. Look for signs of serious automotive problems, like if the car has been in an accident or has worn piston rings, while watching for smaller problems, which can nickel and dime you to into the poorhouse

Take a stroll around your potential new money pit. New paint on a late model car often means it has been in an accident or that rust has been painted over. A factory paint job should be able to withstand even the most extreme climates for at least three years, so be suspicious of a late model car with new paint.

Look for different colors on the inside of the door frames, under the hood and on the firewall (the wall that separates the engine compartment from the passenger compartment) as a giveaway. At the factory, paint is applied before the chrome is even put on the car. But when a car is repainted, chrome is simply masked or taped up, and tiny specks of paint often sneak through. So, check the chrome for little paint splatters.

Look for ripples and bubbles in the paint along the bottom of the car. Ripples are from a bad paint job, and bubbles indicate that rust has been painted over. A little cosmetic rust is fixable, but if the rust is more serious or on the frame, you don't want this car. Fancy add-on chrome parts are often put on a car to

cover extensive rust damage, so check under and behind them. Rust on cars is commonly referred to as "body cancer," and with good reason.

Why has the car been repainted? Ask the owner straight out. Maybe they just care if it looks pretty. Some people are like that. But a car that has been in an accident will never drive right again. So, if you find out the car has been in a wreck, think twice about buying it.

The body panels and doors should be well aligned. If the doors, hood and trunk don't close tightly and with ease, it can mean the car was either poorly assembled or was in an accident. Neither is too promising.

Nobody, but nobody sells a used car with four brand new tires on it. If a used car has spiffy new tires on it, check the lettering on the sides. If the lettering is worn, they are most likely retreads.

Some retreads are well-made, but oftentimes used car dealers will throw a cheap set of junk retreads on a car as a quick and dirty way to improve its appearance. While you're thinking about tires, check the trunk to make sure there's a good spare and tire changing tools in there. These all cost money if they aren't in the car when you buy it.

Check the residue inside the tailpipe. The residue on a car made before 1972 should be evenlydistributed and of a dark gray color. If it is a lighter, pearl gray, it probably means that the engine is running hot (maybe because of poor ignition timing) and wastes a lot of gas.

On cars built after 1972, the pearl-gray color is normal, because the emissions control equipment requires the engine temperature to be hotter. If there are black, gummy deposits in the tailpipe of a car made in any year, it means it is burning oil, most likely from worn piston rings. That is bad and will probably get worse. Installing new piston rings is expensive.

To check the shock absorbers, go around to each corner of the car and press down on the fender as hard as you can. The car should bounce up once and then level off. If it bounces more than once, the shocks are bad, and need to be replaced. Fortunately,



ON A PRE-1972 CAR, THE TAILPIPE RESIDUE SHOULD BE DARK GRAY AND EVENLY DISTRIBUTED

photography by Lorraine Mahru



TO CHECK THE SHOCK ABSORBERS. GO AROUND TO EACH CORNER OF THE CAR AND PRESS DOWN ON THE FENDER AS HARD AS YOU CAN. THE CAR SHOULD BOUNCE UP ONCE AND THEN LEVEL OFF. IF IT BOUNCES MORE THAN ONCE. THE SHOCKS ARE BAD.



IF THE STEERING WHEEL HAS MORE THAN AN INCH OR TWO OF PLAY IN IT. THEN THE CAR IS UNSAFE AND MAY HAVE A SERIOUS PROBLEM WITH THE STEERING.

shock absorbers are relatively cheap, so this is not a big deal.

Is the interior beat? If there are new seat covers, they are most likely covering trashed upholstery, indicating that the car has a lot of wear and tear on it. If the armrests or driver's seat are broken or sagging, then the car has most likely had a long and weary life. These factors are not necessarily dealbreakers, but again, they are small tell-tale signs that can be combined to develop an overall feel of what the car has been through. They may also help to refute a seller's (or odometer's) claims about how many miles the car has on it.

Is there junk all over the inside of the car? If the car hasn't been taken care of on the inside, it probably hasn't been taken care of under the hood.



Also, if the seller is too lazy to even clean out the garbage to impress a potential buyer, it's not likely that they are motivated enough to tend to even the most routine mechanical maintenance.

With the engine off, step on the pedals. The accelerator should not wobble. It should be firm. springing back after you step on it. The brake should not sink more than an inch or two, even if you step on it with all your weight. If it slowly sinks or is spongy, it means there are problems with the braking system.

A slowly sinking pedal most likely means a bad master cylinder, but it may mean leaky brake cylinders or lines. This could be expensive if you don't know how to do it yourself, and it can also be very dangerous if not repaired.

A spongy pedal means that there is air in the brake lines and they need to be "bled." This is not too expensive or difficult to do, but this can be dangerous if not taken care of. Check the clutch during the test drive.

Push every button and throw every switch in the cockpit. Check the lights (parking, running, interior, directionals, headlight, hazards, dashboard), windshield wipers/washers, safety belts and latches, seat adjustment, parking brake and everything else that is supposed to have a function. While a nonfunctioning parking brake is more serious than a

IS THE INTERIOR BEAT? IF THERE ARE NEW SEAT COVERS, THEY ARE MOST LIKELY COVERING TRASHED UPHOLSTERY. IF THE ARMRESTS OR DRIVER'S SEAT ARE BROKEN OR SAGGING, THEN THE CAR HAS MOST LIKELY HAD A LONG AND WEARY LIFE.

burnt out dome light, both are a pain, and take time and *some* amount of money to fix.

If the steering wheel has more than an inch or two of play in it, then the car is unsafe and may have a serious problem with the steering. If the car has power steering, then test the play in the steering wheel with the engine running.

Does the car start? If so, did it start quickly and smoothly? It should. The engine should idle smoothly without stepping on the accelerator. If the car idles too slow, it may be adjusted easily. But if it idles too fast, then the idle may have been deliberately set high to hide a worn or damaged engine. If the seller can't or won't show you the car idling at its proper speed, take a little stroll—the hell outta there!

Listen to the engine for pings, squeaks and squeals. It's difficult to tell what's causing a strange noise, but if it's loud enough to be heard over the sound of the engine, it's probably not good. Cold engines tell more than warm ones, so don't disregard a sound if it goes away once the car is warmed up.

The test drive is the most important step in evaluating a car. Tell the seller that you want to take the car out for 20 to 30 minutes. They may tell you that they don't have plates for the car or that they don't have insurance. All used car dealers have insurance and plates, so they are simply lying if they say they don't. If they say they don't permit test drives, bid them farewell and move on.

A private seller may be telling you the truth about the insurance or plates, but buying a car without taking it for a decent test drive is really taking a big chance. You might as well just buy the car over the phone, without looking at it at all. Asking for a test drive is a reasonable request.

Take a note pad with you on your test drive, making sure to write down exactly what you were doing when the car did something objectionable. (Note: Always familiarize yourself with the location of the emergency brake on a strange car before test driving it. You may need it!)

Test drive the car, or don't even think about buying it (see attached column). After the test drive, if you are uncertain about anything, take the car to a trustworthy mechanic. You should probably take the car to be checked out by a mechanic anyway.

Most used car dealerships and private sellers will let you take a car to a mechanic for an examination. Again, it's not really too much to ask, and mechanics are notorious for talking you out of buying the used cars you bring to them. This is a good thing.

Shopping for a used car (especially from private sellers) can be totally exhausting. It's easy to get overwhelmed by the hunt. When buyers start to get fatigued, their standards and reasoning falter, because they just want to get it over with. But mechanics, thankfully, are very skeptical and detached from your plight.

Remember, a \$99 Earl Scheib paint job, some seat covers and a vacuuming is all it takes to beautify a sturdy, well-maintained car. But it can take thousands of dollars and endless hours of aggravation to make a shiny hunk of junk into the dependable ride everyone is looking for. •



LISTEN TO THE ENGINE FOR PINGS, SQUEAKS AND SQUEALS, COLD ENGINES TELL MORE THAN WARM ONES, SO DON'T DISREGARD AN OBJECTIONABLE SOUND IF IT GOES AWAY ONCE THE CAR IS WARMED UP,



HOW TO TEST DRIVE A USED CAR



- Put the car in neutral, rev the engine and check the exhaust. (Don't forget to put on the parking brake so it doesn't roll away while you're checking!) White smoke is normal, blue smoke is a sign of an untuned carburetor or fuel injection system and black smoke is a sign of a worn engine. With the parking brake on, shift into gear, and then slowly step on the gas. If the car can't overpower the parking brake, then the clutch or transmission may be bad.
- ② Evenly accelerate to 30 mph. The transmission is questionable if the car has a manual transmission and the gearshift sticks and the clutch feels light under your foot. On an automatic, watch for hesitation between shifts as a sign of a bad transmission.
- While driving, gently pump the brake. If the brake pedal isn't firm, then the car probably has a bad master cylinder. When you slow down to 5 mph, brake hard. If the car jerks to one side or squeals, it probably has worn brake linings or a bad brake cylinder on one side.
- (For automatic transmissions only.) Find an empty parking lot and come to a complete stop. Put the car in reverse and accelerate to 10 mph, then brake to a stop. Now do the same in drive. Repeat this procedure. Repeat it a second time. If the ear chatters or stalls, the transmission is shot.
- Drive a tight figure eight at medium speed. If the steering is sluggish, the car may have worn steering linkage. Go straight, then accelerate to 25 mph and take your hands off the wheel. It should stay straight. If it doesn't, the car may have bad wheel balance or alignment.
- O Drive over a bumpy or uneven section of road. If the car bounces or sways, the suspension may be bad.
- ② Drive up a moderately steep hill. Come to a stop, and then accelerate to 30 mph. If the car is sluggish, there may be engine or transmission trouble. Head back down the hill and brake. If the car brakes slowly or noisily, the brake linings are probably worn. Come to a stop while still on the hill, and apply the parking brake. If it holds the car, okay, if not, the parking brake is out of adjustment.
- © Take the car on the highway. If the engine is tuned properly, you should be able to accelerate quickly from 0 to 60 in at least 20 seconds.
- Head into town and find an underpass or a street lined with cars or buildings. Roll down the driver's side window. Accelerate and brake, listening for unusual sounds.
- © Park the car, but don't shut it off. Wait a few minutes, then move the car and check the ground for evidence of leaks. Also check under the hood for fresh engine leaks. The seller may have cleaned off evidence of leaks before you test drove it.

(Now take it to a mechanic for a second opinion!)

REAL MAN REVISITED:

Max McGee of the 1966 Green Bay Packers

ax McGee started his career as a wide receiver with the Green Bay Packers in 1954, where he soon became famous for his ability to make fantastic plays in clutch situations.

"I didn't hustle every play," says McGee of his days in the NFL, "I don't say that being profoundly proud of it, but I kind of always had a little saved for maybe when you needed it the most, and I think that was the best asset I had for pro football."

"He didn't have blazing speed," says teammate Herb Adderly, "but I would say finesse and intelligence kept McGee in the league for the length of time he was there. McGee was just nonchalant. And he never got excited about anything, no matter what it was. He was always cool."

Just as notorious as McGee's ability to turn in key performances was his reputation as a goodtime charlie.

"Young ladies liked him a lot," says teammate Boyd Dowler, "and he liked them a lot. He had a good time. Vince Lombardi knew what Max was doing.'

McGee often broke team curfew, and the Packers' famously strict head coach Vince Lombardi would levy large fines against him for missing bed check. He once fined McGee for \$500, then again for \$1000, but it didn't put an end to McGee's revelry.

Always happy to make an example out of someone in front of the team, Lombardi finally told McGee that his next two curfew violations would cost \$2000 and \$5000 apiece. (Lombardi would later privately add, "If you can find somebody worth \$5000, let me know and I'll go with you.")

"The fines didn't scare me," says McGee. "I didn't care about the money. Boy, those 11 o'clock curfews, locked up with 60 guys-you'd want to get out, too!

"But Vince Lombardi and I had a great relationship. He'd tighten the team up, and then I'd loosen 'em up. Sometimes I think Vince kept me around to be the team 'loosener-upper.' I'd try to get some of the guys to sneak out with me. Of course, this was before drugs, and a big night for us was going out and drinking beer."

By 1966, the Green Bay Packers had become a model of football excellence. They had won four NFL titles in the previous eight years, and since 1960, they had not finished lower than second. With a 12-2 record in the 1966 regular season, the Packers knocked off the Dallas Cowboys in the playoffs and earned a trip to the first Super Bowl.

But after a long and successful career with the Packers, 1966 had been Max McGee's first season ever as a backup. Playing behind Boyd Dowler, he was seeing so little time on the field that he caught only 4 passes during the entire 1966 season.

"I started every football game my whole life—high school, college and the pros until 1966," says McGee, "then I just became a fill-in. It's tough to practice all week and then not get to play come Sunday."

Considering some offers to be a sports commentator, McGee announced that he would retire after the Super Bowl. He traveled to Los Angeles with his teammates as they prepared to battle the Kansas City Chiefs in Super Bowl I. But no one, including McGee himself, thought he was going to play.

Once in L.A., the Packers were put under a strict curfew, and anyone missing bed check would be fined \$10,000. (This was a particularly steep fine, as each player would only receive about \$15,000 if they won the game.)

An assistant coach stopped by McGee's room for bed check the night before the big game. He found McGee tucked quietly under the covers and said, "Good thing you're here. Lombardi told me to check you first. Don't you sneak out, you sonofabitch."

When the coach closed the door, McGee sprung from under the covers, fully dressed in a suit-coat, tie and all.

"I practically ran him over getting out the door," says McGee. "I was strictly on standby the next day. I knew I wasn't going to play. So, I went out and had a nice time in Hollywood. And technically, I

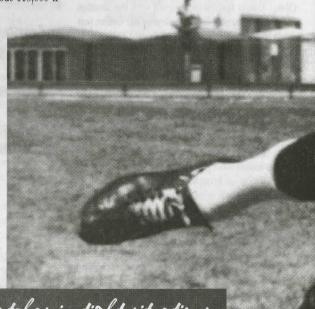
wasn't actually out that late.

"See, these two nice stewardesses I met were actually staying at the same hotel as the team. After the bars closed, we went back to their room and did whatever you do at that time of the night and I made it to breakfast with the rest of the team in the morning. I told Boyd Dowler, 'I hope you don't get hurt. I'm not in very good shape.' But Dowler just shrugged it off."

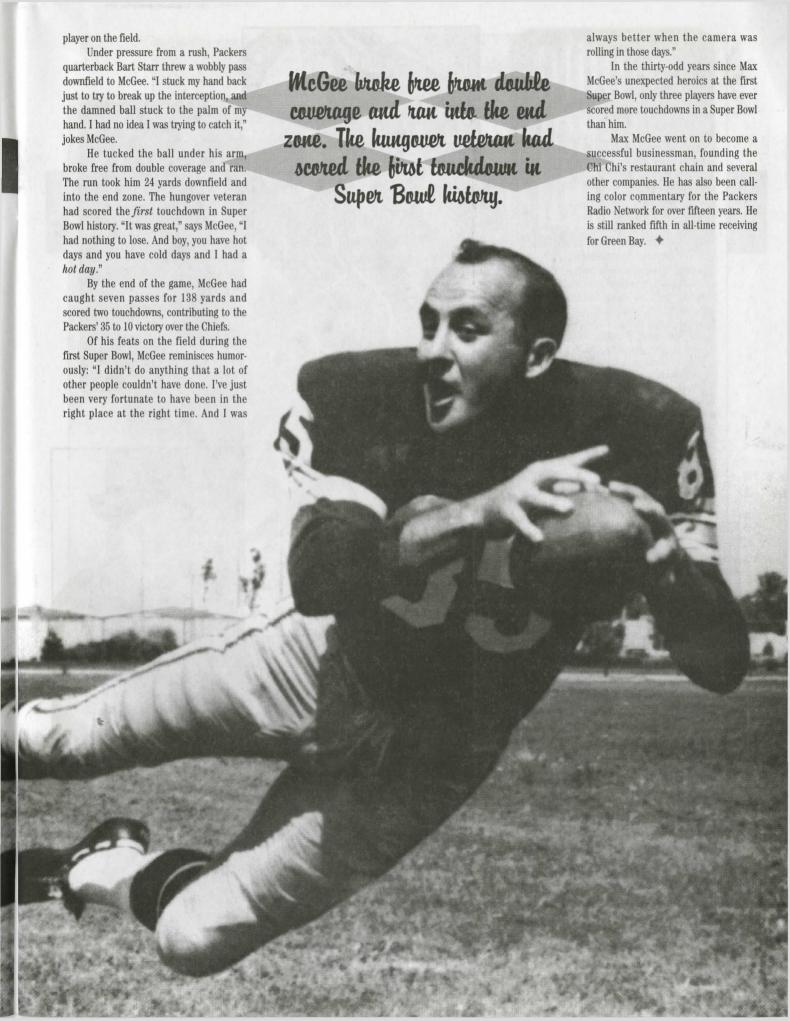
As the game started, McGee was busy on the sidelines discussing plans for teammate Paul Hornung's Las Vegas stag party when Lombardi started screaming for him.

"When I heard him hollering like that, I thought I was busted," says McGee. "It went through my head that he was going to fine me the \$10,000 right there. I didn't know any other reason that he'd vell at me."

As it turns out, three plays into the game, Boyd Dowler had gone down with a separated shoulder, and Lombardi was yelling for McGee to go in. McGee had not even brought his helmet out of the locker room. As he ran into the game with a borrowed lineman's helmet, Max McGee, at age 34, was the oldest



He was famous for making fantastic catches in tight situations, but he was also a notorious playboy with a laid-back attitude



"I always wanted to be a cowgirl, riding around the wilderness, high in the saddle on a horse," says our cheeky model Suzie, "but I guess I was born late—and in the wrong place, too."

Growing up in the city, the only woodlands our West Philly filly saw were the street signs for Woodland Avenue!

Clad in her most captivating cowgirl outfit, she's got to be the curviest cowpoke this side of the Rio Grande! That's a great outfit Suzie, but there's nowhere

to put your chewing tobacco!

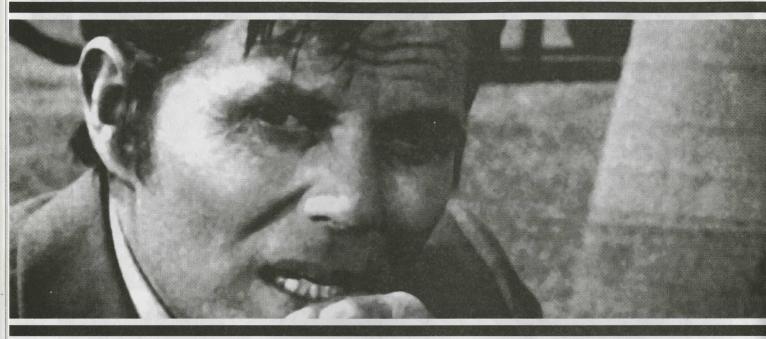
If you're ever looking for a sidekick, be sure to let us know!





The Restoration of McGarrett's Mercury

by Michael Timothy



The true story of one man's quest to locate, acquire and restore the car of *Hawaii Five-0* chief Steve McGarrett

S wishing Tahitian hips, flashing blue lights, boom-boom giant combers crashing into shore, jerky camera shots and a black Mercury hardtop racing off into the Hawaiian night.

For twelve remarkable years, from September, 1968 to April, 1980, the U.S. television public was treated to a weekly viewing of CBS Television's number one rated series, *Hawaii Five-0*. For at least six of those years, my Mercury was the automotive star of that show. A trip to Hawaii in March, 1986, and a subsequent return with Steve McGarrett's undercover car ended a burning desire to acquire this special Mercury and make it part of my collection. Here is as much of the story as I can disclose.

For many years I was impressed with the big, black hardtop—a 1968 Mercury Parklane Brougham 4-door. This car was used from the

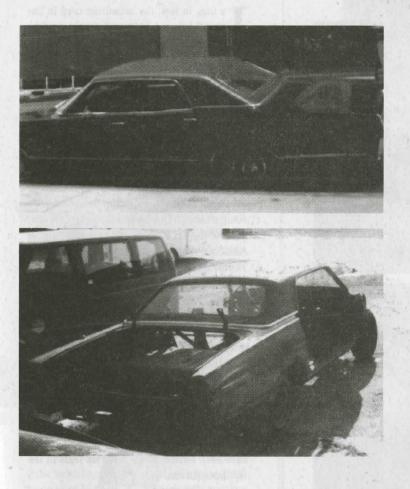
series premiere on September 26, 1968, to its partial destruction during the 1978 season. This car is perhaps the most photographed Mercury in existence, having appeared in approximately 130 Five-0 episodes. Three black Mercurys were used by McGarrett during the life of the series; the least frequently seen was a '67 Marquis, black, red interior. This vehicle was used in filming the pilot and for stock footage. My Brougham took over once the series began and was in use by McGarrett through the 1973 season. In '74, McGarrett got his last Mercury, a triple black '74 Marquis Brougham 4-door hardtop.

Eventually, my desire for this car led me to acquire a '68 Parklane convertible which I still have, and which is currently undergoing restoration. The convertible was fun, but did not satisfy my desire to get a *Hawaii Five-0* car. As the years passed, and as I learned more

about the show, I became determined to track down the car and determine its fate.

Through a mutual acquaintance, I was put in touch with the show's star and part owner, Jack Lord. At that time, March, 1986, he was essentially retired from public life. From studying each of the show's episodes I knew that the car was partially destroyed in a 1978 episode entitled "Number One With a Bullet." It was now eight years later, and there was no assurance that any trace of the car could be found. Regardless, I set off for Honolulu International Airport.

CBS had long shut down *Five-0* production. However, to amortize production costs, a new series, *Magnum*, *P.I.* took over. *Magnum* used most of the *Five-0* production facilities. I knew that CBS maintained a production warehouse at Fort Ruger, and that's where I headed. If the car still existed, it likely was in that ware-



Top photo: McGarrett's Mercury in its prime, on location during the filming of an episode of *Hawaii Five-0* in 1972.

Bottom photo: The car's weary remains, many years later.

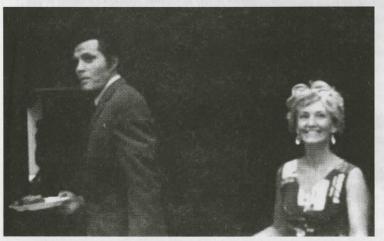
house, broken and battered. Some small talk, a little quick thinking on my part, and a generous bribe got me into the warehouse. I told the security guard why I was there and what I was looking for. In his best pidgin English, he told me I was crazy-what did I want with that old heap? But he took me directly to the remains of the once proud car-it still existed! But not by much, for it had truly become a sad sight. Every panel was dented or missing; moderate front end damage from the altercation with the Kumu (Hawaiian Mafia) in its last TV appearance; many trim parts were missing; interior ripped, partially burned and ravaged by a mongoose who made a home in the trunk. A few minutes later I left with only a record of what was left of the VIN (vehicle identification number). Then the real work began,

Upon my return to Chicago, the untold story unfolded. Numerous phone calls to CBS-TV public relations and legal departments were made. CBS personnel disavowed all knowledge of ownership of the car. I also knew that Ford Motor Co. supplied many shows, including Five-0 with cars to feature. Neither Ford nor Lincoln-Mercury public relations departments had any records going back to 1968, though certain employees knew from "old-timers" that corporate-owned, or "program" cars, would frequently be donated to producers and the networks for production use only. Still, I knew the car existed, but could not get anyone to claim ownership, much less desire to sell the hulk.

Needless to say, I eventually wore down CBS to the point that they were pleased to get that corner of the warehouse cleaned out and me out of their hair. I did not get a bill of sale, but what legally amounted to a "quit-claim" of any interest that CBS, as a bailee of the car, might assert. A check with the Hawaii Department of Motor Vehicles showed no evidence of the car ever being titled or plated on the Island. Several months, countless long distance phone calls later, the hulk was crated up







and transferred by Sea-Land Transport to Long Beach, California. From there, train or truck got the remains into Chicago.

s this, in fact, the actual car used in the show? I do not know and cannot confirm with hard facts. But circumstances strongly suggest this is the car. When I got it, damage was consistent with the car's last appearance in "Number One With a Bullet." The roof was drilled for a dummy antenna, as seen on the car in the series. The car was in a Hawaii warehouse owned, leased, or rented by the producers of Magnum, P.I. This series was part of the CBS Television Network in 1986. And, much to my delight, there was a series of 10 photos in an envelope which was tucked away in the glove compartment. The pictures showed several shots of the car interior, exterior, and many of Jack Lord entering his on-location motor home. The pictures were all taken in downtown Honolulu in mid-1972. From the location, it appears that the episode "V for Vashon" was being filmed. With these pictures in hand (actually in the glove compartment), I was reasonably satisfied that this was the car.

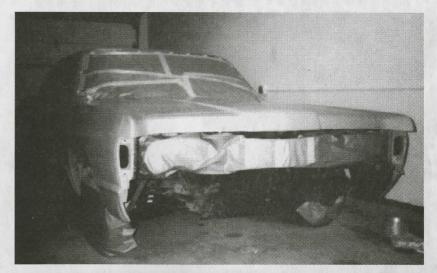
About the car itself: it's a '68 Parklane Brougham 4-door hardtop. The car is fairly well-equipped, with a 428-4V (345 hp), C-6 automatic, power steering, power front disc brakes, power windows, power seat, A/C, AM/FM and cruise control. The car is all black and must have been terrible to sit in for six years in the hot Hawaiian sun.

Photos: the
never before
published
Polaroids of
Jack Lord which
were found in
the glove compartment of
McGarrett's
wrecked car.

he restoration effort took three years, and involved approximately nine parts cars. Little is original from the car as it existed in Hawaii. I have made a few minor modifications from the car's original configuration—a bumper trailer hitch was purposely left off and the antenna was moved from the fender of the car to the rear quarter panel because that's what my parts cars had at the time of assembling the restoration. However, the engine is untouched, unrebuilt, and at 75,000 miles is more than capable of pursuing criminals to swift justice. All exterior sheetmetal was replaced. The original Brougham interior was thrown out, as after the mongoose was through with it, it had become a health hazard. The vinyl top was replaced, most chrome redone, and the car treated to multiple coats of PPG two-stage urethane enamel. Now we were ready to cruise Diamond Head once again.

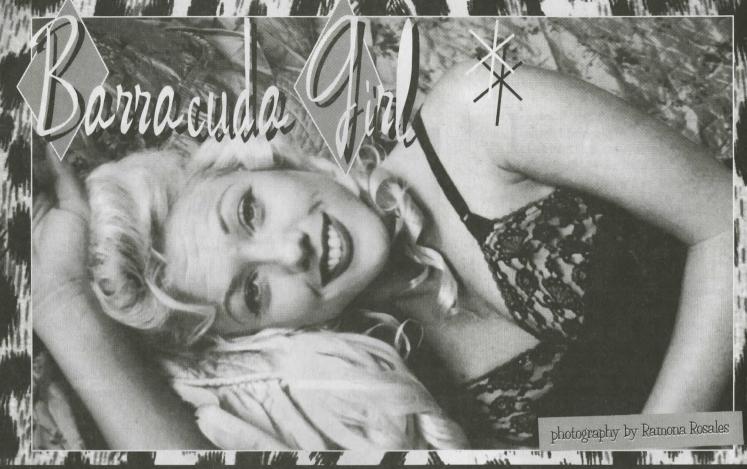
Where does Jack Lord fit into the story? Quite actually, nowhere. I did solicit his assistance to open doors at CBS corporate and was met with a stony silence. He has a very chatty wife who thinks the project is a lot of fun, and won't Jack be thrilled to see the finished result, and no, dear, I don't think he wants to drive the car again, because you know he spent six years in that car in full makeup and his white dress shirts with that hot Hawaiian sun. If you're reading this, you can book me, Jack, but I still won't give your car back. •

Editor's note: This article was authored before the passing of Jack Lord. We decided to leave it in its original form as a tribute to him.









Rock-a-Billie!

Billie DeBeaumarchais, an all-American, drawl. "I enjoy blues and zydeco a lot, but Southern belle. Born and raised in the upbeat tempo and swinging beat of Louisiana, this leggy lovely has wanted to rockabilly is really what does it for me." sing and play upright bass as long as she can remember.

was always blues or zydeco playing in our you! Hail, hail rock and roll!

This issue's beautiful Barracuda Girl is house," she says with a sultry Southern

Now Billie's pursuing her own musical career. So, don't be surprised if you see "Growing up near New Orleans, there this comely Creole crooning in a club near







"All men are frauds. The only difference between them is that some admit it. I myself deny it." -H.L. Mencken

The Bacheloris Guide To Advanced Lying

by Smitty Saeufer

The bachelor has a very powerful and almost indefensible counter to those who would like to see him give up his free-wheeling, responsibility-avoiding lifestyle. That defense is lying. Successful deception is the bachelor's surest way to sidestep the pressures exerted by respectable society, who wish to use their large numbers and faux security to lure him into settling for a life of mediocrity.

Lying is the generic term which we shall apply, for the purpose of this primer, to mean the antithesis of straightforwardness, the antipode of forthrightness. While the common use of the word "lying" implies a fib, or an untruth intended to deny guilt, we shall use the term to encompass the more common forms of lying, as well all its equally useful and more subtle variations.

A symphony cannot be played on a single instrument. Similarly, only through the crafty use of diversified deception can one hope to achieve true "scalawag" status. As a farmer rotates his crops, as a chef cooks with many spices, as a scholar refers to several texts, so must the dedicated bachelor be adept at the uses and distinctions of the various forms of chicanery. Any confirmed bachelor who hopes to maintain that noble rank should find his deception palette including, but not limited to: falsification, prevarication, equivocation, delusion, distortion, exaggeration, misinformation, misrepresentation, misstatement, mendacity and prevarication.

The aim of honorable, bachelor-style lying is to thwart the truth without resorting to outright dishonesty. In the eyes of a higher power, there may be no distinction between these two, but for the bachelor, this is the whole game. The churlish rogue dishonorably libels and perjures, while the puckish bachelor merely skirts straightforwardness and quashes attempts at forthrightness. See the difference?

Blatant untruths and outright lies may initially help to elude a sticky situation, but such a onedimensional and limited use of dupery isn't terribly effective or challenging. If confronted, a liar who is driven by mental malady or lack of skill will paint himself into a corner and find himself with fewer options than if he had told the truth.

Lying is a skill that must be practiced, for quality lying (and more importantly, quality getting away with it) depends on an ease of delivery and a mental agility that can only come with a dedication to the art. A bachelor who is interested in the mastery of deception needs to embrace lying as a fulltime endeavor. It is the bachelor's cost of doing business. Let us begin with some lying exercises.

The Jackass Rejoinder. To increase the believability of your lies, be elusive and mercurial on a regular basis. Begin by avoiding straight answers in even the most common and benign situations. Respond to co-workers or relatives with broad, yet meaningless answers. Your tone of voice will imply that you are answering them, but the content of the message should be nebulous at best. Most often, no one will even realize that you are essentially saying nothing.

- Q: "How's that work coming along?" A: "Rock and roll, man, rock and roll."
- Q: "We're going to get married this summer." A: "Whoa, you're living on Tokyo time!"

Regular use of elusiveness has a far-reaching benefit. By making a habit of knee-jerk jackass responses to questions when there is no pressure, you will become comfortable saying these same dumb things when the heat is on. This jackass response can buy you valuable time to compose yourself in surprise or high-pressure situations. Instead of stammering like a simpleton when confronted with a really big problem, a knee-jerk jackass rejoinder can mask any surprise, fear or embarrassment.

An additional, but unrelated benefit of the jackass rejoinder is that people will think twice before asking you idiotic or chatty questions, as you will have subconsciously conditioned them to not expect a straight answer from you. This is an invaluable asset in the stoogey workplace or at any regular gatherings of adults more responsible than yourself.

Lying For No Good Reason. Develop your latent deceptive abilities by lying capriciously, that is, for no apparent reason. Make up a lie that is ridiculous, a little amazing, a little unbelievable, then tell it.

It's important to make the lie playful, and for the lie to seem to have no benefit to you, except for that of sheer shenanigan amusement. This goodhearted form of deceptive expression is just plain old fun, and also helps to develop an innate sense of what people will and will not believe.

For example, if you say your Uncle is the President, you will most certainly be met with great skepticism, as this is just too fantastic to be believed without supporting evidence. (It is also likely to get you an earful of unwelcome, snoozy political dogma.) However, saying that your Uncle played harmonica in the Harmonicats is a far superior *lie for no good reason*. Where the first lie is likely to evoke an incredulous reaction, the second would elicit only a cocked eyebrow of doubt.

Although this example is quite extreme, it demonstrates that the plausibility of a lie is most quickly thrown into question when it is perceived to have a benefit to the liar. The second lie is believable because, although it's an interesting fact, it is too random and useless to be an advantage to the

liar in any way. It's also strange enough that it might start to spread as a rumor, which doubles the fun.

Get in the habit of lying for no good reason. Start out by telling two lies a week, then increase your volume as you feel comfortable. It's good American fun.

Technique in lying is so very important. Cracking, stammering or blabbing under the pressure of scrutiny is the most common way that a bachelor is drawn out of a good subterfuge. To get through a serious, high-pressure browbeating unscathed, remember the rules of C.A.N.A.R.D.:

Calmly Evaluate The Situation Always Keep It Plausible Never Forget Supporting Facts All Things In Moderation Restrain Your Embellishments Dummy Uv!

Calmly Evaluate The Situation. Think about what you are going to say. If you were out all night, do not insult your victim's intelligence by saying that you merely took a long stroll. In this situation, it may be best to own up to something bad, but less ominous. Say you went out for a few drinks with the fellas and wound up getting really loaded, or that you wound up in a strip bar.

Pretending you regret the whole messy ordeal is the hinge upon which your door of deception swings, so don't forget to feign shame. Remember, people actually want to believe your lie, so be a gentleman and allow them a way out.

Always Keep It Plausible. The most important factor in successful lying is believability. A surprising number of lies contain blatant plausibility problems. This is nothing short of inexcusable. A dubious lie is to a bachelor as deodorant to the French — worthless.

Never Forget Supporting Facts. Comment that you were so hung over that you were an hour and a half late for work, and had to listen to your fat boss yelling at you all day. Little details like these are often overlooked by the novice liar who is unseasoned and scrambles for an excuse without thought. Supporting facts also present precious opportunities to change the subject.

All Things In Moderation. How would you react if you really had gone out and gotten drunk, and then gotten brow-beaten at work the next morning? Would you be excessively defensive? Would you be inordinately confident? Would you be unduly accommodating? No. You would be concerned enough to explain the situation, and then your priorities would turn towards making up some much needed sleep.

If a confrontation occurs, don't erupt and don't disregard the incident. A common mistake is to become instantly defensive or too lackadaisical. Thread the needle; go right down the middle of the road. Middle of the road reactions require significantly more effort and intelligence than their extreme counterparts, but mastering this is what separates the deft bachelor's lies from those of the

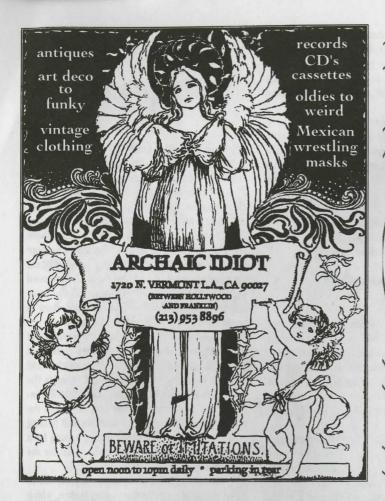
miscreant hack. (Self-delusion is also an invaluable tool in such moments, as you remember that there's nothing to get upset about. You didn't *do* anything!)

Restrain Your Embellishments. Keep it simple. Giving too much detail can give you away as the cad that you are, and will also overly complicate your situation. Lies are like cars, the more parts there are, the more there is to go wrong. Restrain your embellishments is the ying to the ever-important yang of never forget supporting facts. The two need to find a state of harmonious balance. Lies of omission and what you don't say can be as important as any of the techniques outlined in this guide.

Dummy Up! This is another very powerful, yet frequently overlooked technique. When collared, a dilettante bachelor may become panic-stricken and take to a fit of twaddling in an attempt to end to the tension. It is during this difficult time that ill-conceived and implausible lies slip past the lips of the novice fibber. Don't panic. Imagine yourself holding your breath underwater in the ocean, waiting for a wave to pass overhead. Stay calm and wait for the maelstrom to subside.

Keeping one's fool mouth shut prevents one or all of the previous rules from being broken, which can easily destroy all of your options with just a few seconds of thoughtless yammering. If you learn nothing from this essay but to keep your fool mouth shut, you will soon find yourself squarely ahead of 85 percent of the public at large.

There you have it. The wieldy and venerable lie poetically summons the forces from which the bachelor lifestyle draws its power and appeal. It is a crafty microcosm of the bachelor's raison d'etre: the avoidance of commitment, whether it be to a mate, society, the truth or even reality. Your bachelor status cannot advance without mastery of the lie. The two follow parallel paths of development, augmenting and empowering one another in ways which will allow you to reach plateaus of bachelorhood that common men only dream of. The better liar you are, the better bachelor you will be.





MES OS

Hot Vintage for Cool Cats

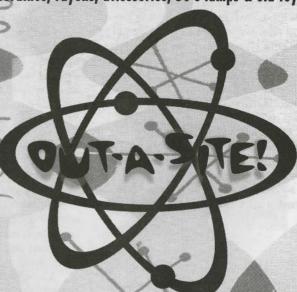
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The Acusharpe Razor Blade Conditioner

The Acusharpe Razor Blade Conditioner a.k.a. Razor Mate is a little gadget which is supposed to sharpen your shaving razor, returning it to its original "like new" condition.

There are no moving parts or batteries in the Razor Mate. You simply place your razor on the brass slot of the Razor Mate overnight, and it uses magnetic energy and its "specially positioned force field" to straighten the edge after every shave.

The fantastic, yet vague claims of the product literature are the unequivocal earmark of classic malarkey.

It's "dermatologist approved." (This means that, at most, a single dermatologist does not have anything against the product.) It's "invented by an aerospace engineer." (As though aerospace engineering is somehow inherently devoid of crackpots and quackery.) It extends the life of the razor "up to ten times longer or even better." (Technically, not extending the life of the blade at all falls within the parameters of this claim.)

The Razor Mate even goes so far as to deem itself as ecologically friendly, because it allows you to use your disposable razors significantly longer, thereby cutting down on dry waste. Forget about phone books or diapers, it's those 10 razor blade heads you use each year that are splitting landfills at the seams!

Upon disassembling the Razor Mate, it became apparent that the "components" located inside which produce the "special magnetic influence" appear to be nothing more than two ordinary refrigerator magnets.

The Razor Mate's wedge-like shape, dense 1/3 lb. weight, lack of actual efficacy and hefty price tag (\$19.95 plus \$3.50 shipping and handling) hint at its best use, as a very expensive but surprisingly effective doorstop.

The Pastarrific Pasta Maker

No less than three culinary-capable Barracuda staffers toiled over this malarkey-maker, altering the ingredients of the dough, changing every possible permutation and combination, trying to get this to work. But each and every time, the "safety clutch" on the Pastarrific pasta machine would kick in and shut the machine off. (At this point, the blade had to be pulled and the whole thing had to be cleaned out.) After four hours of trying, not a scrap of fresh pasta was produced by this beast. What an albatross! Making fresh pasta is worth a try, but keep your local

hoagie shop on speed dial, because after several hours of staring into the abyss that is the Pastarrific Pasta Maker, your stomach will be growling like a horney grizzly bear.

Speedi-Boot Split Constant Velocity Boot

What a great idea! It's a CV boot that is split down the middle, so that it goes around your car's transaxle, allowing you to repair a torn CV boot without having to pull the CV joint, transaxle and steering knuckle. If only it actually worked!

A pair of these boots were installed on one of the Barracuda Magazine staff cars, and both boots came off within two weeks.

Upon returning them to Pep Boys, we were told by the manager, "Well, these things aren't supposed to be a permanent fix."

What? A fix that lasts only two weeks is no fix at all. Neither the package nor the directions state that the split boot is meant to be only temporary. (The explanation that they are only temporary was, in fact, compounded malarkey from a know-nothing assistant manager. After about a half an hour of lobbying we finally got only store credit for the boots, which had a warranty.)

At a pricey \$20 apiece, they're cheaper than having a mechanic install CV boots, but not by much. And what's that savings worth if you can only expect them to last two weeks or less? If they simply don't work, you might as well save yourself the money and drive around with no CV boot at all. Your CV joints will get ruined either way.

As one mechanic put it, "Split CV boots are worthless. There's only one way to properly replace a CV boot, and that's with a sealed boot."

The Speedi-Boot never really fit right, even though the parts guide said they were the correct part for the car. Maybe we should have known better, but we wanted to believe that there was a \$40, one evening solution to a \$100, all-day repair job. So, gentle reader, learn by our mistakes and remember, it takes two to make malarkey, one to malark, and one to be malarkified.

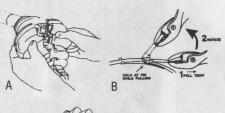
(Editor's note: There had been some reluctant talk around the Barracuda water cooler of a growing dissatisfaction with the comparatively high parts prices and shoddy customer service at Pep Boys recently. With the malarkey explanation and lack of satisfaction on the split boot refund issue, Pep Boys finally succeeded in quashing the loyalty we all had for the auto parts chain. Nice knowing you, boys.)

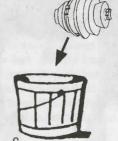


The Razor Mate: Shaving's answer to cold fusion.



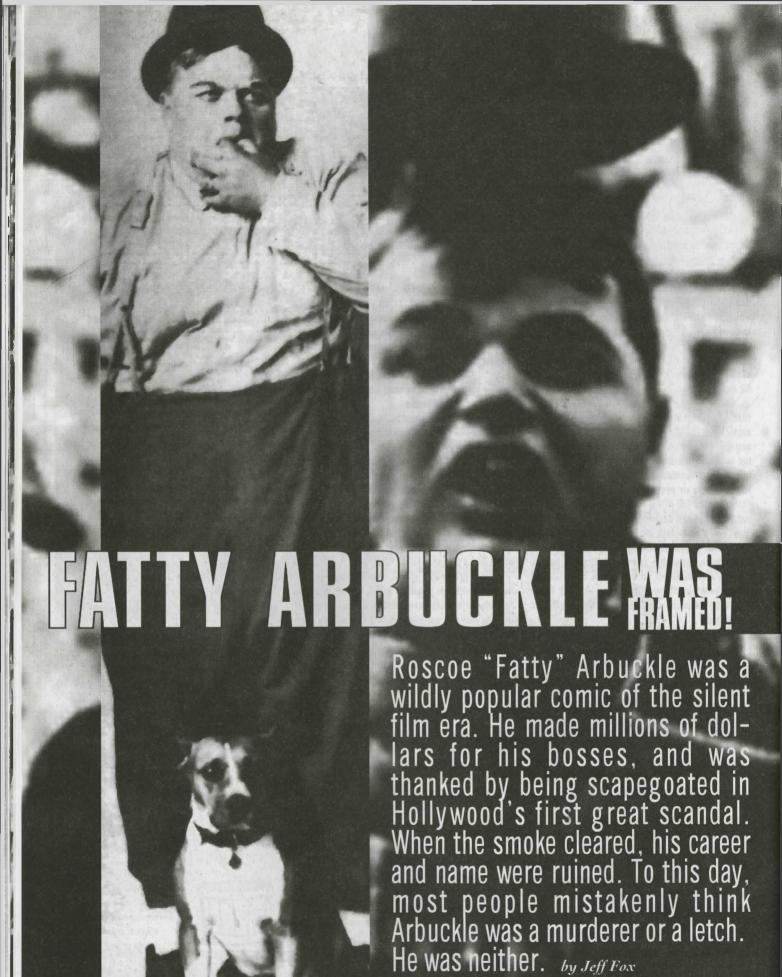
Pastarrific's pasta-maker: "Fast and fun" - with fast being defined as "no tangible results after four hours of toil" and fun being defined as "jawclenching frustration."





Speedi-Boot's easy, three-step installation:

A) place boot over joint B) pull clamp tight C) throw waste-ofmoney boot in garbage when it comes off in two weeks or less



A popular expression at the turn of the century claimed that "no one loves a fat man." Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, a film comedian of the silent era, put that adage to the test and proved it wrong.

In his day, Arbuckle was known and beloved worldwide. A hugely bankable comedy talent, at one point he was the highest-paid film comedian in the world. His fans lovingly referred to him as "The Prince Of Whales" and "The Balloonatic." Charlie Chaplin was the only contemporary of Arbuckle's who

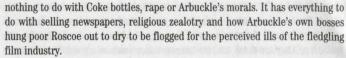
rivaled his popularity with adults, but with kids, Fatty reigned supreme.

His likeness was used to sell everything from cigarettes to garters. Whether he was in Manhattan or Paris, Arbuckle couldn't step into a restaurant or off a train without being swarmed by fans who would try to gleefully hoist the 250-300 pound actor onto their shoulders.

A newspaper article from 1919 declared. "Everybody loves Roscoe Arbuckle. Everything a comedian should be is present in 'Fatty.' He radiates good nature, cheerfulness and a pleasant day. He has a constant rendezvous with happiness and not even a speaking acquaintance with gloom."

But despite his involvement with such silent era luminaries as Charlie Chaplin, Harold Llovd, Buster Keaton and Mack Sennett, Fatty Arbuckle films and revivals are rare today, and most people have only a vague (and usually incorrect) notion of who he is.

That's because in 1921, when a young actress named Virginia Rappe fell ill and died after attending a party thrown by Arbuckle, the universally adored comedian suddenly found himself at the center of the first great scandal of Hollywood.



Roscoe Arbuckle was in on the ground floor of the motion picture business. He made his movie debut in 1908 and began to work for Mack Sennett's Keystone studio in 1913. After surviving a short stint as one of the Keystone

> Kops (a job which frequently landed its cast members in the hospital), Arbuckle was tapped to move on and appear in featured roles.

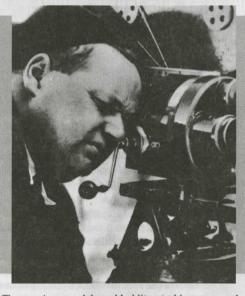
> Arbuckle began to influence American cinema and popular culture in ways that are still apparent today. In the 1913 film A Noise From The Deep, Arbuckle was on the receiving end of the very first pie-in-the-face in film history. He is credited with actually inventing the gag, and was considered the greatest pie-slinger ever, as he could throw two pies in opposite directions at the same time.

> Two-reel films like Fatty and Mable Adrift and His Wife's Mistake became increasingly popular, featuring the large, yet remarkably nimble "Fatty" at the center of chaotic comedy scenarios, like getting stuck in revolving doors and being involved in motorboat

chases. Miss Fattu's Seaside Lovers is founded partly on the comedic premise of Arbuckle in drag, prancing about in oversized bloomers with a ridiculous headful of curls, like some elephantine Shirley Temple. All of this was to the delight of adoring motion picture audiences around the world.

But Arbuckle was no mere clown on the Keystone lot. He was deeply involved in the production of the studio's films, and Keystone head Mack Sennett was quick to admit that Arbuckle was his right-hand man. He directed





Arbuckle was the first comedian to direct films. He would later earn the dubious distinction of being the first actor ever to be

The ensuing scandal would obliterate his career and name, and shake the motion picture industry to its core. The myth of how a drunken Fatty Arbuckle killed Virginia Rappe by raping her with a Coke bottle would spread across the country like wildfire and instantly transform Arbuckle's image from one of America's squeaky-clean, beloved comedy star into that of a bloated, sex-crazed monster. To this day, his name is remembered more commonly as a footnote to the decrepit underside of Hollywood than as an influential character of its golden era.

But there's an often overlooked fact about the scandal that's just a little less provocative than the sleazy myth of drunken excess and power run amok-Arbuckle didn't do it! That's right, not only was Roscoe Arbuckle completely innocent of the crime, no crime had taken place!

There is indeed a sordid story behind the Arbuckle scandal, but it has

dozens of films for Sennett, and also supervised post-production. This gave him the grave responsibility of getting the films to exhibitors on time, making him equally valuable as a star and as a producer.

Arbuckle soon became the highest paid actor at Keystone. Although he began to realize how disparate his salary was compared to the profits his films were bringing to the studio, he was still unaware that he had become a star.

While filming in New York, Arbuckle found crowds cheering when he would enter a hotel or restaurant. He would look over his shoulder to see who the crowds were making such a fuss over. To his surprise, they were cheering for him. This revelation led Arbuckle to leave Keystone in 1916 and sign a contract with Paramount for \$3 million, making him the highest paid comedy star in the world.

After signing with Paramount, he was earning about \$3,000 a day (which

was a \$1,000 a day salary and an amazing 25 percent of the profits from his films). This is a hefty salary even by today's standards, but it's particularly staggering considering that the contract was signed when taxes were significantly lower than they are today, and the average American's salary was \$6 a week.

Arbuckle's generous contract also allowed him to set up his own production company, Comique, which had complete artistic control over its films. Not until *Citizen Kane* would a director be given such control again. The films of Comique were quite successful and well-done, due mainly to the fact

Virginia's death was the result of injuries she suffered while being sexually assaulted by Arbuckle at his party.

Delmont claimed to have found Virginia in the bedroom, laying nude on Arbuckle's bed, with her clothes torn to shreds. Virginia had supposedly told Maude that she was dying and it was Arbuckle who had mortally injured her. Incensed by his drunken impotence, Arbuckle had allegedly overpowered Virginia and violently raped her with a bottle, then returned to the festivities, seemingly nonplused by the event. Maude went on to elaborate on the loss of



"WE HAVE ROSCOE ARBUCKLE IN A HOLE HERE. CHANCE TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF HIM."

—telegrams sent by Maude Delmont, Arbuckle's accuser

that Arbuckle was an intelligent and gifted comedy director.

Arbuckle's life and career were on the fast track and he was working harder than ever, creating some of his

best films. It was during this time that he produced *Fatty at Coney Island* and *Goodnight Nurse!*, which were quite popular at the time, and are still considered to be comedy classics.

Arbuckle eventually turned control of Comique over to his good friend Buster Keaton and began to make features, rather than two-reelers. His schedule became incredibly hectic, as he completed six features in seven months. Unbelievably, Arbuckle's boss at Paramount stepped up the production of Arbuckle's films by demanding that he work on three films simultaneously!

By the end of the summer of 1921, Arbuckle found himself exhausted by eighteen months of unrelenting work and decided to take a three day break in

San Francisco. It was on this vacation that his luck would take a life-altering, career-obliterating turn. His "constant rendezvous with happiness" was about to come to an end.

Arbuckle and a few of his friends motored to San Francisco and threw a party in the St. Francis hotel. Among the many guests in attendance was Virginia Rappe, an actress Arbuckle had known from his days at Keystone. Along with Rappe was her acquaintance, Maude Delmont, who was a notorious corespondent (someone who is hired to provide compromising pictures for divorces or blackmail). Over fifty charges had been filed against Delmont, including bigamy, fraud, racketeering and extortion.

During the course of the party, Rappe became ill, and was attended to by Arbuckle, who had found her vomiting in the bathroom adjacent to his suite. Thinking she was merely suffering the ill-effects of too much alcohol, Arbuckle got another room for her to recover in and returned to the party.

But Rappe had not been sick from drinking. She had been suffering from chronic cystitis (bladder inflammation) and VD and became increasingly ill after the party. (There were also rumors that she had been in San Francisco for an illegal abortion, which was performed a few days before the party). Within a week after the party, Rappe died of peritonitis as a result of a ruptured bladder.

After Rappe died, Maude Delmont told police and reporters that

her "life long friend," who she had met only two days prior to the party.

Delmont claimed to have been at Rappe's bedside for three days, during which time Rappe supposedly moaned out accusations about how Arbuckle had raped her, adding that "Roscoe should be at my side every minute and see how I am suffering from what he did to me. And he should pay all the expenses for both you and myself."

If this story was true, it seems odd that Delmont waited three days, until Rappe was dead, to call the police. What's even more suspicious are the two telegrams she sent. One was to an attorney in San Diego, the other to an attorney in Los Angeles. The message in both wires was the same: "WE HAVE ROSCOE ARBUCKLE IN A HOLE HERE. CHANCE TO MAKE SOME MONEY OUT OF HIM." The rape story was fiction, invented by Delmont in an attempt to fleece Arbuckle.

Although her story was a lie, it was indeed quite a juicy tale. Tabloid circulation skyrocketed as they reported and elaborated on the bogus story, with America's favorite slapstick star at the center. Headlines proclaimed: "ARBUCK-LE ORGY—RAPER DANCES WHILE VICTIM DIES." Delmont's story was the genesis of the Arbuckle myth that swept the nation and survives to this day.

The rumor about Arbuckle's "wild" party spread throughout San Francisco, and its citizens became filled with outrage over the way Hollywood had used their fair city for a bacchanal. A week earlier, Arbuckle could have stayed at any hotel in the city, but when he returned to town to face questions from the police and prosecutors, no hotel would give him a room.

At the Hall of Justice, it was not in the privacy of an interrogation room, but in front of a swarm of reporters that the district attorney burst out and shouted at Arbuckle, "You are under arrest on a charge of murder!" The hallway exploded as photographers clamored to capture a photo of the moment that Arbuckle was charged. In complete shock, Roscoe was taken upstairs, officially charged, and locked in a cell.

But the prosecutor soon realized he was in trouble. Upon completing further interviews, he obtained statements from other guests at the party which clearly and consistently contradicted Maude's

story. It became apparent that when Rappe had fallen ill, Maude Delmont was nowhere near her or Arbuckle. She had actually been locked in a bathroom with Lowell Sherman, a man with whom Roscoe had thrown the party.

More statements emerged which showed that Arbuckle was not alone with Rappe for more than ten minutes and that she was *fully dressed* when Arbuckle summoned party guests to attend to her. Also, several doctors had



examined Rappe before she died, and although they all checked, not one of them found any evidence of sexual assault.

Even though the prosecutor had founded his charges against Arbuckle on the sworn statement of Maude Delmont, in the three trials that would follow, Delmont would *never testify*. That's because it was apparent, even to the district attorney, that her statement was a lie.

The prosecutor had an opportunity to drop the charges and let the scandal die, but San Francisco was still in a furor over the incident, and nation-wide sentiment, fueled by the tabloids, was beginning to follow suit. But maybe the temptation to prosecute such a charged, high-profile case was too great for the DA to resist. The contradicting statements were suppressed by the prosecutor's office, and Arbuckle was indicted. Even the judge who held Arbuckle over for manslaughter showed that he had been caught up in the hysteria and misplaced moral outrage surrounding the case, making this less than impartial statement in his decision: "We are not trying Roscoe Arbuckle alone... We are trying present day morals, our present day social conditions, our present day looseness of thought and lack of social balance."

Such attitudes were prevalent during the era of prohibition. There was a common feeling that the world was changing too fast. The rapid industrialization of the U.S. in the first few decades of the 20th century signified for many a

scandal has since been referred to as "criminally negligent" and doubtlessly had an effect on the subsequent trials and the proliferation of the myth to this day. (Buster Keaton would later hear William Randolph Hearst boast that news of the Arbuckle scandal sold more newspapers for him than the sinking of the Lusitania.)

Papers reported the virtue and good nature of the petite and fair "girl next door" whose life Arbuckle had so callously snuffed out, while they all but ignored statements of support for him. Acquaintances of the dead starlet clamored for the attention of reporters. Henry Lehrman, a film director who claimed to be Rappe's fiancee, called a press conference and said, "This is what results from making idols and millionaires out of people that you take from the gutter. Arbuckle was a spittoon cleaner when he came to the movies nine years ago." (Arbuckle was actually a gifted, prodigal performer when he first appeared in motion pictures.)

Mack Sennett replied to Lehrman's accusations by saying, "In all the years that Roscoe worked for me, he didn't do a thing anyone could point a finger at. Fatty wouldn't hurt a fly. I never knew him to be mixed up in any brawls or to do an ungentlemanly thing toward any girl. He was a kind, good-natured fat man and a good comic." No Hearst newspaper would carry Sennett's rebuttal.

The case went to trial and the jury deliberated for 41 hours, reaching an

"The snowball effect of Roscoe's case in terms of nation-wide reaction was incredible. There was a panic like you have never seen in your life. The only thing comparable to it that I can recall was the hysteria that followed Pearl Harbor."

—— King Vidor, silent-era director

disturbing movement away from simple religious attitudes into a world that was too unnatural and godless. Prohibition and attacks on the corrupting influence of "immoral" Hollywood films were a manifestation of these fears.

The film industry was about to become the target of a previously unparalleled uproar of hostility and animosity, and Arbuckle became the figurehead for these supposed problems.

Newspapers and clergy around the country began vitriolic attacks on the heathens of Hollywood. Women's groups prepared to watch like hawks over the Arbuckle proceedings, demanding not justice, but blood. Some groups even tore down screens showing Arbuckle's films.

Miss Jennie Partridge, president of the County Federation of Women's Clubs mirrored the vindictive attitude prevalent among the women's groups of the day: "It is a disgraceful occurrence and most terrible thing that any girl should have to suffer as Virginia Rappe suffered from man's ruthlessness, and the matter should be investigated to the utmost and Arbuckle made to suffer."

Tabloid newspapers of the era were as sensational as they are today, with one important difference—readers of the early 1900s believed the articles. It was common practice for tabloids to print unconfirmed and fictionalized stories as true, so the sensational coverage in the tabloids gave credence to the bogus accounts of what happened at the party. Even doctored photos of Arbuckle and Rappe were printed in tabloids, and the readers thought they were real.

Up to six editions of tabloid newspapers were printed in a day to keep up with the demand that the tabloids themselves had created for news of Arbuckle's torrid party. The Hearst newspaper's coverage of the Arbuckle

11 to 1 vote in favor of acquittal. The holdout juror said that she had decided before the trial that she would cast her ballot against Arbuckle until hell froze over. She had refused to discuss the evidence of the case, putting her hands over her ears when the jury tried to discuss details or break the deadlock.

Of the case, the foreman said, "The prosecution's case was an insult to the intelliA doctored newspaper photo of Arbuckle with prison bars superimposed in front of him. Readers thought it was authentic.

The film industry had expected a speedy acquittal. Instead, the hung jury sent it into a state of shock, and a panic swept Hollywood. There had been a growing censorship movement in America, and a rising tide of public opinion

gence of the jury. It asked us to substitute conjecture for facts."

against the film industry. The hung jury seemed likely to fan the flames of moral outrage.

Arbuckle confided to friends that he feared the deadlocked jury would

Arbuckle confided to friends that he feared the deadlocked jury would mean the end of his career. Distribution, production and exhibition of his films

had been put on hold, waiting for the outcome of the trial. Industry executives had been less than tolerant of the heat the scandal had brought to Hollywood, and they became increasingly nervous about how the hung jury would affect business. There had been a significant drop in movie ticket sales towards the end of 1921, which continued into early 1922. Some felt the decline was a result of the scrutiny the Arbuckle trials had brought to the motion picture industry. (Actually, the drop in movie attendance was more likely due to the the proliferation of automobiles and commercial radio broadcasts.)

Arbuckle's retrial began in January, 1922. Although Arbuckle's friends and family tried to protect him, he was shattered, a shell of his former gleeful self. He believed that "a man is nothing without his good name," and every day that he stood accused was a misery. He began to drink heavily and the jolly man the world had grown to love became a brooding, devastated wreck as he endured the misery of another trial.

The jury was deadlocked again, mainly because Arbuckle's lawyer was so confident of an acquittal that he did not allow Arbuckle to testify in his own behalf, and merely had his testimony from the previous trial read into the record. He then, incredibly, waived a closing argument, believing that it would merely belabor the point and tire the jurors. The decision to waive a closing argument was interpreted by the jury as an admission of defeat.

At a third trial, after five weeks of testimony, the jury was out for only six minutes—one minute was for deliberation, and five minutes were to prepare the following statement: "Acquittal is not good enough for Roscoe Arbuckle. We feel that a great injustice has been done to him. We also feel that it was only our plain duty to give him his exoneration, under the evidence, for there was not the slightest proof adduced to connect him in any way with the commission of a crime.

czar. He inexplicably banned Arbuckle from the screen.

The ban on the eve of an acquittal, in combination with the sensationalized coverage of the scandal by the tabloid press, fostered the public opinion that Arbuckle was acquitted not because he was innocent, but because of a lack of evidence. At the very least, people believed that if he was not guilty of assaulting Virginia Rappe, he was probably guilty of having a loose lifestyle, which was bad enough. In addition, the accusations about Rappe's death had been printed in banner headlines, the acquittal was apparently not so newsworthy.

But the ban wasn't Will Hays's idea, and was never meant to protect the public. The ban had apparently been conceived by Arbuckle's own bosses, Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky. It was intended to insulate them from any more scandal by appeasing the vociferous religious and civic groups who were still calling for a cleanup of Hollywood. So, regardless of whether or not audiences still wanted to see Arbuckle, Zukor and Lasky decided that he was finished. They apparently had no interest in his guilt or innocence, as inter-office memos show that they made the decision to hang him out to dry in advance of the verdict of the last trial. (Zukor and Lasky's sacrificing of one of their own in order to achieve peace foreshadowed the tactics that would be used by studio heads during the anti-communist blacklisting of the early 1940s.)

The film community had closely followed the Arbuckle trials, and was convinced of his innocence. For Arbuckle to be offered up in order to achieve peace with the civic and women's groups would not have sat well with the industry. So, instead of directly dumping Arbuckle or trying to break his contract, Zukor and Lasky simply had Hays implement the ban. As film czar, Hays was being paid by Zukor, Lasky and other studio executives, receiving

\$100,000 a year to oversee the com-



"He was manly throughout the case, and told a straightforward story on the witness stand, which we all believed.

"The happening at the hotel was an unfortunate affair for which Arbuckle, so the evidence shows, was in no way responsible."

Later, one of the principal prosecutors would say, "The case should have never been brought in the first place."

The chief of police said, "Roscoe Arbuckle is innocent of everything. He should never have been put in prison. He should never have been charged with anything.'

Although such an ardent acquittal could have restored Arbuckle's good name, the machinations of studio executives would prevent that from happening. In order to head off the censorship movement and increased criticism of the film industry, studio heads had set up postmaster general Will Hays as "film czar." (His position was modeled after Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who was appointed as baseball commissioner following the Chicago White Sox scandal.) Hays headed a commission to work with studio executives to oversee the content of Hollywood's films and police the morals of its actors. Only six days after Arbuckle's acquittal, Will Hays announced his first major decision as film

mission. Zukor and Lasky were literally Hays's bosses!

Zukor and Lasky let Hays be the "bad guy" while they stood by, feigned disbelief and saved face. On the day of the ban, Zukor put the finishing touch-

es on the charade by issuing a press statement heralding the release of three Arbuckle features, knowing well and good that the Hays ban would be announced in a few hours. It worked like a charm. The Hays Office, not Zukor and Lasky, weathered criticism from the industry.

The film community was initially outraged by the ban and rallied behind Arbuckle. But once they saw how severely it damaged his career, they feared that they might be next and ran scared, divorcing themselves from him.

Unable to work as an actor, Arbuckle found various jobs writing scripts for Buster Keaton and working with comedy actors on the Keystone lot. This was a mixed blessing. While he was glad to be active and earning a living, his work behind the scenes only served as a constant, devastating reminder that he was no longer welcome in front of the camera. His drinking continued, and he

became belligerent and withdrawn.

He eventually packed up and moved to a small cabin in the Sierra Madre with his dog, Luke. For months, instead of forgetting about his bad fortune, he poured over everything that had been written and said about him, trying to make some sense of why it all had happened. When he finally returned to his home, he found sacks of letters from fans, begging for his return to the screen.

The ban was eventually lifted, but it did little to correct the damage that had been done to Arbuckle's reputation. Since the Hays Office never admitted that the ban had been a mistake, it was perceived that the ban was lifted



because Arbuckle indeed was a monster, he was just one that had tried to mend his wicked ways.

Arbuckle began to work on a two-reel comedy, but weary from pressure and continuing public scrutiny, he conceded that he would only direct films, rather than act in them. But, the Hays Office decided that Arbuckle would only be allowed to direct under a pseudonym.

He battled against the prejudice and rumor about the scandal for almost a decade, directing films as "William Goodrich" and returning to his roots in vaudeville and legitimate theater. But all the while, he still longed to be in front of the camera, starring in features just as he had when his career was stopped short.

Although he struggled to earn a living and come to terms with everything that had happened, Arbuckle never felt sorry for himself and never asked for anyone's pity. He owed \$1 million to creditors, friends and the government because of his trial and the canceled Paramount contract, but he was horrified by the idea of declaring bankruptcy. He really just wanted to earn a living performing.

In 1931, ten years after the scandal at the St. Francis, *Motion Picture* magazine ran a feature titled "Doesn't Fatty Arbuckle Deserve a Break?" Public response to the article included letters and petitions calling for Arbuckle's return. In early 1932, Warner Brothers finally offered Arbuckle the opportunity he had waited 11 years for—they wanted him to work on a film. They didn't want him to direct or consult, they wanted him to star.

Arbuckle agreed to do the film, and climbed into his trademark baggy pants and bowler hat once again. As he stepped onto the set, he was met by an eruption of applause from the crew. By the time he started shooting the film, he had managed to repay all but \$5000 of his original \$1 million debt, and things looked like they were finally turning around.

Warner felt that his comeback short was a success and signed him to do another series of short comedies. If *they* were successful, Warner Brothers promised to sign him to star in features once again.

In June of 1933, Arbuckle finished the last of the shorts. Warner was

pleased with the films and sat down to sign him to a feature contract that very same day. As he signed the contract that he hoped would put his career back on track, he exclaimed, "This is the happiest day of my life."

That night, Arbuckle took his wife out to a celebration dinner. He was ecstatic throughout dinner and laughed as they returned to their hotel. Arbuckle was still chuckling when he got into bed. His wife came out of the bathroom and spoke to him, but Arbuckle didn't answer. He was dead.

As with any other industry, commerce doubtlessly drives the film industry, and business interests routinely supersede ethical ones. But not surprisingly, the decision to hang Arbuckle out to dry turned out to be both bad ethics and bad business. If Arbuckle had been allowed to make a comeback after his

"Those who demanded their pound of flesh finally received their satisfaction. Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle accommodated them by dying, and from a broken heart."

-Will Rogers, loyal Arbuckle friend

trial, it would have meant that Paramount would have continued to profit from his talent and worldwide popularity. Instead, the decision to blacklist Arbuckle caused Paramount to incur a projected loss of over 100 million dollars.

In the short time between Arbuckle's acquittal and the subsequent ban, a handful of theaters in New York and Los Angeles had shown Arbuckle features, which were packed for every showing. Also, the same day the ban was made public, the Women's Vigilant Committee had announced that they had no intentions of taking further actions against Arbuckle. They appeared to have accepted the verdict, paving the way for an Arbuckle comeback.

The British ban placed on Arbuckle's films in 1921 has never been officially lifted (although it is no longer enforced), and the morality clause in acting contracts came to be commonly known as an "Arbuckle Clause." Aside from two books written about the truth behind the scandal, little has happened since the scandal began in 1921 to restore Arbuckle's reputation or explain why an innocent man's name could still be mud after so many years.

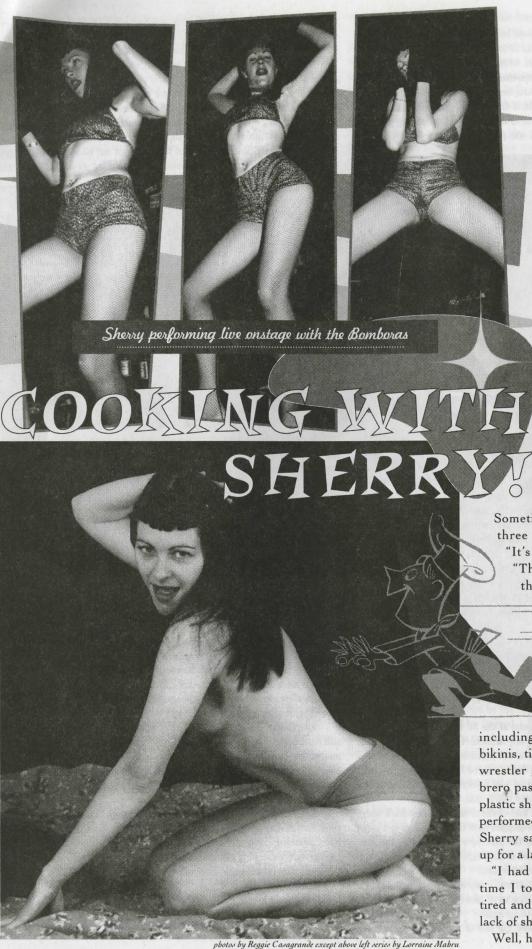
In 1985, the mug shots from Arbuckle's arrest in San Francisco turned up in a Bay Area antique shop. The discovery prompted the city of San Francisco to hold a mock trial regarding the Arbuckle affair at the St. Francis. It resulted in the modest consolation of a public apology from the city to Roscoe Arbuckle, over 50 years after his death.

To this day, the mythical account of what happened to Virginia Rappe is still more popular than the truth, and for the same reasons it gained such rapid momentum back in 1921: myth is created with succinctness and immediate, base appeal in mind, ready for quick consumption and regurgitation. There is something in the themes of a myth which beg it to be repeated, so it speeds along from person to person.

Meanwhile, monotonous, plodding truth is rarely as tantalizing and easily communicated as myth. Truth can never be anything more than it is, which is often awkward, complicated and dull, and rarely makes for good coffee-room chatter or eye-catching newspaper headlines. The truth's only real appeal is the apparently questionable value of being *true*. ◆

"Have patience awhile; slanders are not long-lived. Truth is the child of time; ere long she shall appear to vindicate thee."

-Immanuel Kant



ur fetching model Sherry really cooks! When she's in front of an audience, gogo dancing, that is! Onstage with the surf-rock favorites the Bomboras, she gladly expends a lot of energy matching the wild, pounding beat of the band, as she whips the crowd into a frenzy with her gyrations and screams.

"When I'm onstage, I'm just that much more electric," says Sherry. "I wouldn't be dancing that much if I wasn't onstage. I love to dance and I like to encourage the audience to dance, too." And the audience appreciates her efforts, maybe too much. She's had panties thrown at her and she's also been chased around by teenage boys after a show. But that's all in a night's work for Sherry. And work it is! Sometimes Sherry will do two or

"It's a real workout," she says.

"The first time I danced with the band, I was really tired.

So, I drank a lot of

water and got a really bad cramp. I found out why boxers spit the water out!"

Sherry's tools of the trade consist of several different costumes.

including a belly dancer outfit, two bikinis, tiger ears and a tail, a mexican wrestler get-up (complete with sombrero pasties) and a hula skirt with a plastic shell bra. And although she has performed topless on a few occasions, Sherry says she only does it to make up for a lackluster performance.

"I had a 102 degree fever the last time I took off my top. I was really tired and did it to compensate for the lack of show."

Well, here's to the flu! ◆





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In various fora, one often sees nutritional, ethical, and ecological arguments in favor of vegetarianism. Vegetarianism has been around for centuries, but recently we have seen the eruption of a more militant vegetarianism that is inspired by the animal "rights" movement.

Today, vegetarian activists are

throwing pies at Ronald McDonald and the Pork Queen, scrawling "meat is murder" in prominent locations, committing terrorist acts of arson, and waging media campaigns equating meat consumption with cannibal-The time has come to take a critical look at the arguments are being advanced.

The Truth About Militant Vegetarianis

Questioning Nutritional, Ethical and Ecological Arguments About Vegetarianism

Health Implications

The American Dietetic Association has repeatedly voiced its support for "appropriately planned" vegetarian dietary regimens. Vegetarians are, on the average, far healthier than those who consume the typical Western diet, and enjoy a lower incidence of many chronic diseases. However, it has not been proven that one must eliminate meat from one's diet in order to be healthy. It has been aptly demonstrated that the typical Western diet contains too much fat.

Eliminating meat from the diet is one way to reduce fat and otherwise achieve the dietary goals of the NAS/NRC and other government agencies, but it is not the only way. Suggestions to that effect are usually made by those with an underlying and often hidden ethical agenda. Creditable nutrition authorities contradict that absolutist position. Dr. Johanna Dwyer wrote in the American Journal of Clinical Nutrition that, "Reduced risks for chronic degenerative diseases can also be achieved by manipulations of omnivorous diets and lifestyles." (It is noteworthy that Dr. Dwyer was president of the American Society for Clinical Nutrition.)

The so-called Physician's Committee for Responsible Medicine (PCRM) held a press conference on September 29, 1992 and used preliminary clinical findings that pertained to infants only, to suggest that school-age children should not drink milk. Existing recommendations from the American Academy of Pediatrics stated that infants under one year of age should not be given milk, so this press conference was totally unnecessary.

In neither case did the PCRM mention any considerations for the "rights" of animals. Dr. Neal Barnard, president of PCRM, claimed in The Athens Observer that his organi-

zation is "wholly separate" from PETA, a prominent animal "rights" organization, yet he served as a medical advisor to PETA.

PCRM advocates the "New Four Food Groups," which totally excludes animal products. Although the vegan regimen can be adequate if properly planned, it has also been shown to increase the risk for nutrient deficiencies. Children are particularly vulnerable.

Sanders and Reddy indicated in American Journal of Clinical Nutrition that, "Excessive bulk combined with low energy density can be a problem for children aged [five years and under] and can lead to impaired growth."

> A German research article in Scweizerische Rundschau Fur Medizin Praxis, M. J. Lentze asserted, "A severe or strict vegetarian diet (i.e. vegan or macrobiotic diet) is not suitable for babies or infants."

> > P. B. Acosta examined the availability of essential amino acids and nitrogen in vegan diets, and noted in the

American Journal of Clinical Nutrition: "Vegan children often fail to grow as well as their omnivorous cohorts despite protein intakes that exceed RDA. Explanations for inadequate growth include deficiencies of energy, calcium, zinc and vitamins B-12 and D. Due to decreased bioavailability, amino acids and nitrogen in vegan diets may be inadequate to support normal growth. Bioavailability of amino acids and nitrogen may be decreased by dietary fiber, food processing and storage, inadequate energy, and other unknown factors."

In an article in the April, 1993 issue of Animal's Agenda, PCRM president Neal Barnard proclaimed that these "new" food groups are the "Clark Kents" of the nutritional world. What he failed to mention was that these Clark Kents have a "kryptonite" problem. In this published article Dr. Barnard (who is a psychiatrist with no formal training in nutrition) failed to mention to prospective converts that vegans should insure a reliable source of vitamin B-12 by consuming supplements or fortified foods. The vegan regimen advocated by Barnard and others is deficient in vitamin B-12 because that nutrient is not contained in any reliable quantity in plant foods. To overcome that fundamental inadequacy, consumption of supplements or fortified foods is advised by all creditable nutrition authorities.

Because Barnard failed to caution prospective vegan converts about the need to ensure a reliable source of vitamin B-12, he missed an opportunity to correct misinformation regarding the vitamin that persists in the vegan community.

Ethical Implications

The concept of speciesism was coined by Richard Dudley Ryder in his book Victims of Science and advanced by Peter Singer, author of Animal Liberation and Practical Ethics. It is a recurrent cry of outrage among animal "rights" activists. Meat-eating, animal experimentation, and many other human activities are decried as speciesist. Speciesism is considered an analog of racism and sexism, but they are not analogous. Racism is an intraspecies form of exploitation and is almost always maladaptive whereas speciesism is an interspecies form of exploitation that is almost always adaptive. The problems with speciesism as a

pejorative emphasis on speciesism suggests to me is a sense of human worthlessness or more specifically, the worthlessness of other people. Human self-loathing has of course been around for some time now. Among environmentalists sharing too three beers, for example, the notion quite common that if only some calamity could wipe out the entire human race, other species might once again have a chance. The trouble with this noble and self-sacrificing stance is that it almost always winds up being compromised so that some select group of other people gets wiped out."

So, in Conniff's view, the suggestion that we should consider the interests of other species equally is degrading to humans. Additional evidence for this interpretation is provided by the following: "One can hear it much more clearly in the remarks of Ingrid Newkirk, who must not realize that in likening chicken slaughterhouses to death camps she echoes something Heinrich Himmler once said: 'We Germans, who are the only people

are, in fact, disregarding the interests of species that are not like us in favor of species that are like us. Sentience and sapience are irrelevant when evaluating a living being's capacity for death or injury. If a sentient organism argues that allegedly insentient organisms don't deserve ethical consideration, it is a speciesist argument according to Ryder's definition in Victimus of Science.

"Ethical vegetarians" who want to claim some moral high ground often point out that meat consumption is unnecessary (e.g., Singer's Animal Liberation). The problem with this "necessity" argument is that it is not necessary to kill plants for one's nourishment, either. One can become fruitarian. Given the obvious option of minimizing the intentional killing of macroscopic beings, arguing for the ethical superiority of what amounts to the unnecessary killing of plants by noting that killing animals is unnecessary is questionable logic at best.

Another difficulty with the genre of "ethical" vegetarianism advanced by Singer is that the usage of the word "sentience" is, in his own words, admittedly "convenient if not strictly accurate shorthand." Strictly accurate definitions for the word can include plants.

No matter what definition is applied, sentience is a vague criterion for determining what is and what is not ethical to eat. Supporters of animal "rights" cannot provide a comprehensive list of those organisms that are and are not sentient/sapient. In some cases, animal activists are not exactly sure what an animal is. It is therefore an ethic based upon parochialism and ignorance, and no less arbitrary than any other that one might choose.

Ingrid Newkirk has argued that sentient beings have a value apart from their human

Speciesism is considered an analog of racism and sexism, but they are not analogous.

basis for moral umbrage are twofold.

First, interspecies exploitation is a common feature among successful species. This perhaps led conservationist Richard Conniff to note an inconsistency in animal "rights" philosophy in the journal Audubon: "These everyday animal transgressions against common decency did not come to mind with the idea that they might somehow justify human depredations. What I was getting at was an apparent contradiction in the animal rights philosophy. How could animal liberationists argue on the one hand that humans were merely a part of nature, no better or worse than other animals and on the other that our species alone was obliged to give up practices with which it has naturally evolved, like killing and eating animals and wearing their skins? How could they argue that humans have no inherent moral superiority, and at the same time argue that we have a high moral obligation to treat animals more humanely than they would treat us or each other?"

Conniff also noted that, "The trouble with speciesism as a cause for indignation was that it seemed to be just about universal in the animal kingdom. By definition, a species is a group of physically and genetically similar individuals which interbreed and also often cooperate, the better to eat other species and forestall the time of being eaten. What the

in the world who have a decent attitude toward animals, will also assume a decent attitude toward these human animals.' It should not need saying this late in the game, but devaluing human life and deifying animals is a dangerous solution."

Given Coniff's view that animal rights philosophy is "degrading to humans" and "a dangerous solution," it is no wonder that he concluded, "In reality, the animal rights movement has elevated ignorance about the

[The vegetarian ethic is] based upon parochialism and ignorance, and no less arbitrary than any other that one might choose.

natural world almost to the level of a philosophical principle."

Ironically, the arguments and actions of "ethical" vegetarians are also speciesist. They kill allegedly insentient living beings for their own selfish interests, which are automatically presumed to be greater, when the interests of their victims (living) are actually much greater than their own interests (eating vegetables rather than fruit).

Contrary to what followers of Singer may claim, they are not giving equal consideration to the interests of all other species. They use. She and others should realize that this argument applies equally well to less sentient beings, and that a being's sentience has no bearing on the capacity to suffer death or injury. Peter Singer suggests that there is a line that may be drawn to separate the "haves" and "have-nots." This fallacious bifurcation implies that there are no degrees of sentience.

Carnivorous, omnivorous and vegetarian regimens all entail the killing of living beings. Therefore, they have roughly equal ethical implications. The alleged ethical superiority

of vegetarian regimens is questionable because they entail the killing of less sentient beings when such killing is unnecessary.

Those who wish to reduce the mortal or life-depriving impact of their dietary regimen should consider fruitarianism rather than veganism. Although strict fruitarian regimens share the B-12 inadequacy, lacto- or lactoovofruitarian regimes are as nutritionally complete as their vegetarian counterparts.

Ecological Implications

Ecological arguments against omnivorous and carnivorous eating are little more than an attempt by those from the less popular animal "rights" movement to ride the coattails of the more popular environmental movement. Singer, in *Practical Ethico*, wrote, "On the contrary, utilitarians will take into

arguments about how it takes X pounds of plant protein to generate Y pounds of meat have a sound theoretical basis. However, these arguments are often overstated. These arguments falsely assume that pork chops and steak are the only products of animal agriculture. They falsely presume that a pound of animal foodstuffs is nutritionally and energetically equivalent to a pound of plant foodstuffs.

These arguments also ignore the energy content and opportunity cost of replacing animal by-products, which is considerable. Even the animal's excrement is a valuable resource. Certain animal products, such as fetal calf serum, collagen and laminin are crucial for medical research using cell cultures, and have no available alternatives.

not to produce.

Secondly, if the argument were valid, the resultant increase in human population would exacerbate rather than remedy ecological concerns regarding human population. In their booklet entitled World Hunger, the Food and Agriculture Organization of the UN offers a drastically different explanation. FAO implicates poverty and international trade as causes of human starvation.

If one wants to reduce the deprivation of life associated with one's diet, it is not necessary or advantageous to stop eating animals. One could instead eat animals that were raised in such a way as to minimize the killing of plants. Grazing ruminants and other game species like deer are prime examples. It has been noted that grains fed to livestock are

Hunting and fishing are two of the most ecologically sound ways to obtain one's sustenance.

account the loss that death inflicts on the animals the loss of all their future existence, and the experiences that their future lives would have contained. When a proposed dam would flood a valley and kill thousands, perhaps millions, of sentient creatures, these deaths should be given great importance in any assessment of the costs and benefits of building the dam. For those utilitarians who accept the total view discussed in Chapter 4 of Practical Ethica, moreover, if the dam destroys the habitat in which the animals lived, then it is relevant that this loss is a continuing one."

This environmental ethic is imbalanced, for it arbitrarily excludes the contributions of living beings that Singer already excludes from ethical consideration. Clearly, Singer wants to hitch his proverbial wagon to the environmental movement, but he wants to leave behind the autotrophic half of the ecosystem, the primary producers. If speciesism is a legitimate cause for moral indignation, as Singer and followers claim, what are we to make of Singer's "phylumist" environmental ethos?

In some cases, warnings of impending environmental cataclysm are used to advance an ethical agenda. However, arguments to the effect that eating meat is "destroying the planet" overlook that the planet has not yet been destroyed despite millions of years of omnivorous and carnivorous eating by millions of individuals from a multitude of species.

The Second Law of Thermodynamics dictates that some energy will be inevitably lost as one moves up the food web. Therefore,

If certain practices associated with animal agriculture are found to be ecologically unsound, it does not merit a general opposition to eating meat. Must we discard the baby with the bath water? Has anyone argued that we should abandon plant agriculture because of habitat destruction, soil erosion or pesticide/fertilizer runoff? This double standard belies the sincerity of ecological arguments made by the animal "rights" movement. If practices for raising animals are shown to be ecologically unsound, let us reform them. Vegans and animal "rights" activists provide little effective impetus for their reform. They are as impotent as a teetotaler arguing for changes at the distillery.

Though not practical for everyone, hunting and fishing bypass any potential ecological destruction associated with plant or animal agriculture. They are thus two of the most ecologically sound ways to obtain one's sustenance. Those who would oppose even limited exploitation of these alternatives have ethical concerns masquerading as environmental concerns.

The most disingenuous ecological ploy made by "ethical" vegetarians is the "we could feed X starving people with Y percent of the resources devoted to animal agriculture" argument. First, it falsely implies that humans are starving because of insufficient production capacity.

World hunger is a result of deficient distribution of food, not deficient capacity for production of food. Our capacity to produce grain is so vast that we actually pay farmers allowed to complete their annual life cycle. They are therefore not deprived of any part of their life.

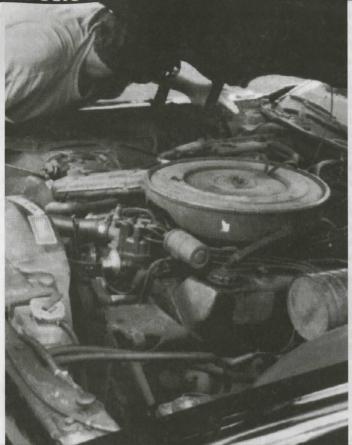
A substantial portion of U.S. grain is fed to animals, but the global picture (the one that really counts from an ecological standpoint) is quite different. According to an article by D.H. Wright in the ecological journal Ambio, a large portion (~75%) of all energy inputs into livestock (for consumption as well as other uses) comes from rangeland rather than crops.

Though vegetarianism does offer clear health benefits, one need not become vegetarian in order to have a healthy diet. Vegan regimens can be adequate if properly planned, but they have been shown to increase the risk for nutritional deficiencies, especially in children.

Diet is only one important aspect of health. A non-sedentary lifestyle, and avoidance of harmful habits such as smoking are as important, if not more so. Killing less sentient beings for sustenance is not ethically superior when one can, through fruitarianism, minimize the intentional killing of all macroscopic beings.

Speciesism is questionable as a cause for moral indignation. Speciesist acts have adaptive value for many species. Plant agriculture causes less ecological stress than animal agriculture, but hunting and gathering cause far less than either. Those who simultaneously oppose animal agriculture and hunting have ethical concerns masquerading as environmental concerns.

The Cars of Steve McGarrett, Part II



as it enough to be in the land of *Hawaii Five-O*, in Honolulu, where Steve McGarrett had prowled the streets in his big black Mercury? Was it enough to be the Fan Guest of Honor at the *Hawaii Five-O* reunion convention, enough to walk into a place and have James MacArthur say, "Hi, Karen," enough to jaunt with fellow fans from one end of Oahu to the other snapping photos of *Five-O* locations? No, it wasn't enough.

I had to ride in *that* car. One of them, anyway. McGarrett had driven three cars during the run of *Hawaii Five-O*, all Mercury autos: first, a two-door 1967 Marquis in the original pilot movie filmed in 1967 and aired in September, 1968, one week before the series premiered. The whereabouts of that car, if it still exists, are unknown. Then, a 1968 Parklane Brougham in the first six seasons, 1968-1974. Then a 1974 Marquis in the last six seasons, 1975-1980.

When the chance came, I was waiting outside our hotel on Kuhio Street in Waikiki with Rita Ractliffe, the "Mama Nui" of the *Hawaii Five-O* reunion convention which had begun at the end of October in Burbank, California, and then leaped 3000 miles of blue Pacific to Honolulu. The convention was the result of 18 months of planning by Rita, with help on the Hawaii side from Douglas Mossman, who had many roles in the series, including two semi-continuing characters (George Kealoha, an H.P.D. lieutenant and a *Five-O* man named Frank Kamana); and from Margaret Doversola, who had been Jack Lord's secretary and from that built a career of her own in casting. And what fan convention has had a convention committee like James MacArthur (Danno Williams), Kam Fong (Chin Ho Kelly), Zulu (Kono), Moe Keale (Truck), and Herman Wedemeyer (Duke), all regular cast members of *Five-O?*

The car caught my eye, that big black beauty, as it paused at the intersection just across from the hotel. I felt goose bumps (in Hawaii it's called chicken skin) and I could imagine Steve McGarrett driving up to ask us to join the *Five-O* team on some dangerous, vital adventure. Then the car slowly, powerfully pulled onto Kuhio and came to a stop in front of us. Tourists on the sidewalk were oblivious to the huge auto rumbling throatily as it idled at the curb, unaware of the

I Rode In McGarrett's Car

by Karen Rhodes

history that sat mere feet from where they walked. This was McGarrett's 1974 Marquis—old, but still possessed of a mighty heart.

John Boley Nordlum, the car's owner, had been Jack Lord's stunt double and a stunt man in the series, and had appeared in a speaking role in "The Two-Faced Corpse," dying in the first few minutes, a murder victim. At the end of Five-O's run in 1980, Jack Lord had given John the car. He's driven it ever since. It has over 250,000 miles on it, but has worn it well. The "bullet holes" popped into the skin during one episode have been filled in. The engine is original and still makes that incredibly intimidating and yet deeply exciting rumble.

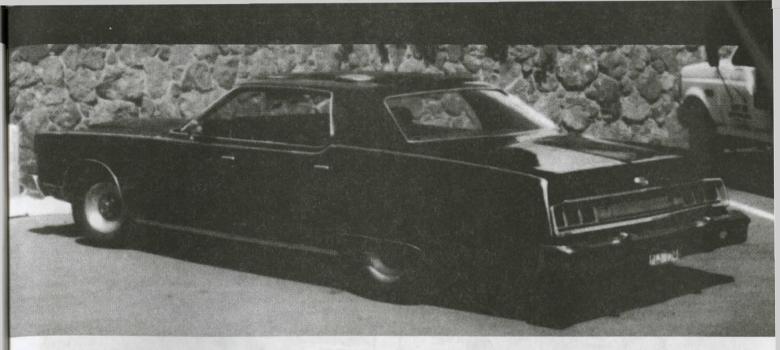
John had invited Rita and me for a ride and brunch, and had said we could bring a guest with us. I knew just the man. Michael Timothy, attending the convention from Chicago, now owns McGarrett's 1968 Parklane. He had restored the '68 from a hulk, and was interested in buying the '74 from John. When I called him at his hotel (catching him literally seconds before he left for the beach) and asked if he'd like a ride in the 1974 Marquis, his response was reminiscent of McGarrett: "I'm on my way."

Rita got the place of honor in the front passenger seat. I slipped in and slid across the black back seat to sit behind John. Michael sat behind Rita. He gave the interior a slow, critical once-over. He was looking at the structure; I was soaking up the atmosphere, picking up on the vibes in the cavernous interior of that huge car. In rapid-fire memory, I relived scenes in that car: McGarrett speeding down a street with siren blaring, tires squealing; McGarrett driving slowly through a residential area, questioning an informer cowering in the back seat so he won't be seen; the car being used in a frame-up, as a weapon against its master. It's the kind of car that makes people say, "They just don't make 'em like that anymore." And maybe they don't make heroes like McGarrett anymore, either; more's the pity.

The "mana" of the tall, intense man who had driven the car for six years on



John Boley Nordlum, Jack Lord's Hawaii Five-0 stunt double and current owner of McGarrett's 1974 Mercury Marquis



Five-O was still strong. His presence was apparent in other ways, too. The microphone on which he had many times asked Honolulu Police dispatch to "patch me through" was clipped to the dashboard. No radio; just the microphone (dispatch's dialogue was overdubbed in editing). Another reminder was a sign affixed to the dashboard just above the glove compartment: ABSOLUTELY NO SMOKING IN THIS CAR. THANK YOU.

I asked John if he had put that there. No, he told me; that was original equipment-Jack Lord had put it there. (Weeks later, when I was back home, I watched "Man in a Steel Frame," and in one shot of the interior of the car, the sign was indeed there.) I felt connected again to that car, and to the tangible evidence of the truth of Jack Lord's reputation as a

militant non-smoker, a trait shared by his alter ego in later episodes when he tells a man visiting his office to refrain from polluting his private airspace.

John drove us out to the backside of Diamond Head, to a local eatery called the K.C. Diner. After brunch, Michael began his thorough inspection of the car in the parking lot. That was interrupted by the approaching noon hour bringing lunchtime crowds. We piled in, with Michael driving, and headed to Hawaii Studios, just off Diamond Head Road, the last home of Hawaii Five-O. Michael couldn't resist one joke-he parked the car across the parking lines rather than between them, just like McGarrett and Dan Williams did from time to time in the series.

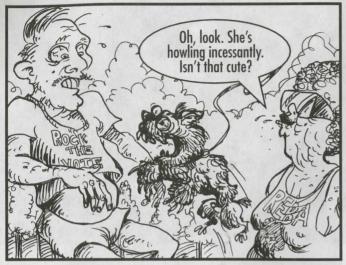
Here Michael completed his inspection and made an offer on the car. The car does, unfortunately, have some major structural rust. But as a piece of history, this one must be saved.

Rita drove on the way back to Waikiki, starting off with a McGarrett-like roar which unnerved the rest of us. John quipped, "Hey, Mike. Maybe you'd better pay me now!" We did, however, arrive in one piece. Rita and I felt sad as the car pulled away, but we imagined that it was McGarrett at the wheel, once again on a mission. We had completed ours.

I had one more chance to ride in that car, the next evening. It was the last evening of the convention, the farewell luau hosted by the cast members and attended by some 350 people. After the luau, John and his fiancee, Laurie, invited Rita and me to join them in the bar of the old Tahitian Lanai for drinks. After an incredible evening listening to a group of regular patrons sing the night away, John gave us a ride back to our hotel. It was raining, and again my mind went back, to the many nighttime scenes filmed with that car. John apologized that I hadn't had a chance to drive the wonderful machine, but my philosophy was that if it wasn't meant to be then, it wasn't meant to be. Maybe my chance is yet to come. Be there! Aloha. +

Karen Rhodes is the author of Booking Hawaii Five-O: An Episode Guide And Critical History Of The 1968-1980 Television Detective Series, available from McFarland & Co. It can be ordered through most booksellers or online at http://www.amazon.com.

Sometimes, Don't You Just Want To Kick The Holy Crap Out Of...



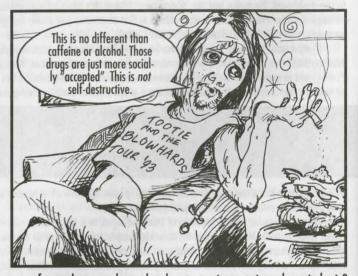
...people with unruly dogs?



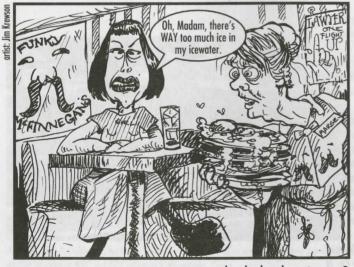
...able-bodied "punque" teenagers who beg for change?



...people who think their personal little agenda should be the center of the known universe?



...formerly normal people who start using specious druggie logic?



...people who hassle waitresses?



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