

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

14250

Sep. '77

\$1.25

**Feel Fit
as Farrah!**

**South Africa:
Nothing But
the Truth**

**Happiness!
What is it?
Who's Got it?
How to Get it.**

**The Fonz
Goes to
the Movies**

**Corporate Kings
Go to the Track,
Bet On Aerobics**

**Fire! How to Save
Your Family**

**Love, Sex,
and Soaps**

**Breakfast Table
Love Affair:
David Hartman**



Gene Dwyer '77

THE FACE LOOKS VAGUELY FAMILIAR...

What may look like Hollywood fluff is a tough-as-nails nice girl who works like crazy, streamlines herself with agonizing exercises and dreams of being called an actress.

by Mary Alice Sharpe

Photography by Peter Bosari

"When you're on top, you make yourself a target. Everybody takes pot shots at you. Maybe they're jealous; maybe they're just marksmen, and since you're easy to hit, they let go a few salvos."

It is an understatement to say that Farrah Fawcett-Majors is very visible these days. The hair, the teeth—all real—flash across screen and magazine with the insistence of an aspirin commercial. Among the missiles fired off at the actress are that she is losing her hair ("Farrah could have extremely thin hair within a year—even be bald—if she keeps on blow drying it and rolling it up in a curling iron," says Louis, a New York coiffeur who used to rake Farrah's mane); another that she was accused of shop lifting in San Fernando Valley seven years ago and put on probation and a third that she is leaving her husband, Six-Million-Dollar man, Lee Majors—for a woman. She's so big we almost expect a press conference denying or explaining it. "I'm basically a simple person," she says. "Shy. I guess they have to make up things about me because at the moment, my life consists of work. Only work. As for being beautiful," she says (and the humor in this is appalling), "my arms are too bony, my teeth are too large, my lips are too thin, and I wish I didn't look quite so beauty-queenish."

Can she cope with these disasters? "I'm a fanatic about staying in condition," she explains unnecessarily. "I rattle around on the bedroom floor for 20 minutes in the morning when I get up [5:00 a.m.] doing hip rolls, side bends, 60 sit-ups [she repeats that one at night after jogging for a mile], touch my toes, kick, jump rope, side straddle hop." On her way out the door to the studio limo, Farrah grabs a handful of fresh fruit or anything that's handy—"I'm not a health-food nut, but I do watch what I eat—mainly fish, chicken, vegetables, fruit, a green apple juice and iced tea concoction I make myself—I listen to my body and it doesn't seem to want junk food right now, though, Lord knows when I was growing up in Texas I was wild for pecan pies and candy bars and cheese snacks. I do notice I don't experience such emotional highs and lows without a lot of sugar."

By 6:30 she's on the set. And by 6:30 (p.m.) she's still on it and usually until 7:30 or 8. "There's a cut-off clause in my contract when I'm working on the lot,"

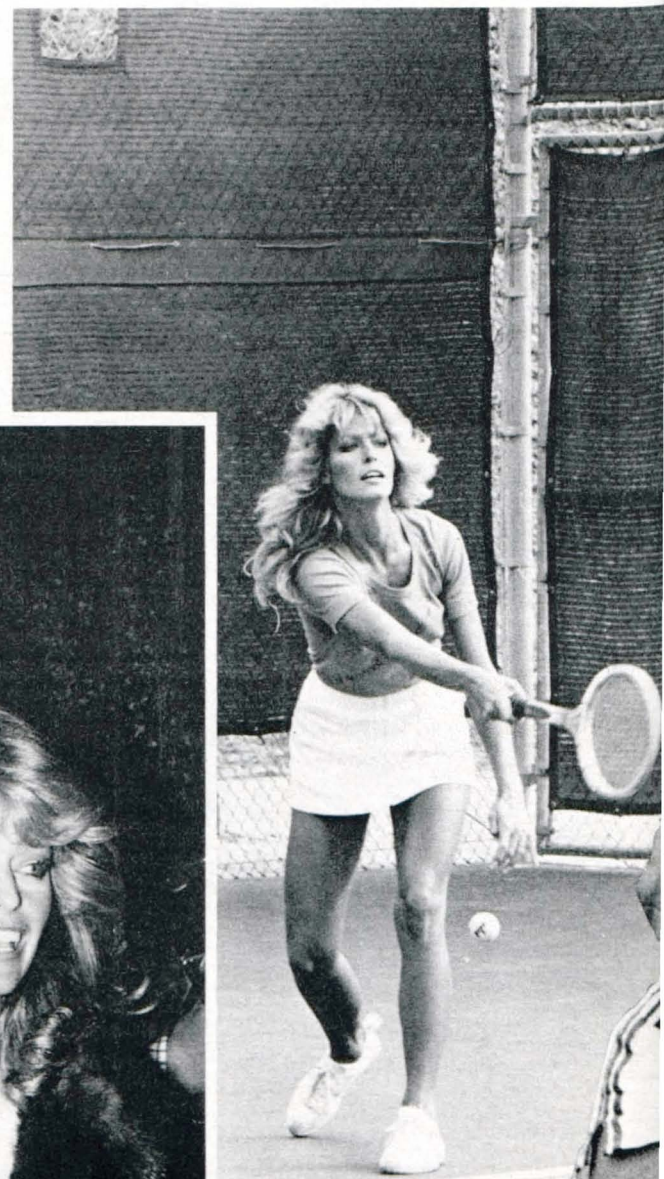
she says, "but on the three days when they shoot on location it can go on to midnight." Reason? The great expense of setting up equipment away from Sound Stage 8 at 20th Century-Fox. Although union rules require a 12-hour grace period between shooting, this does not include time for wardrobe, makeup and hair which in Farrah's case is infinite.

"Everybody pictures a movie star's life as a loll in luxury, breakfast in bed, an all-quiet set when you arrive, privacy when you want it, adulation when you need it. I love my work. It's hard though. Grueling. On one episode, I lost 10 pounds. I do a lot of my own stunts. When you have just a few hours to sleep and you get tied in a knot over something that's upset you, it shows up the next day and the next. One day we were out on location in Los Angeles and these boys—maybe they were 9 and 10—got on the

top of my trailer and started jumping up and down and tossing off a few obscenities. I was scared and I couldn't get out of the trailer because then they'd really have me. Finally, the security cleared them off. You don't exactly pop back into the right frame of mind after something like that. I get fake emergency phone calls, too. Dirty old men. There's something about television. People think now that you've been into their living rooms, you're theirs. I

Continued on page 83

The Six-Million-Dollar man and his wife and her \$9,500 coat which comes off second best in any mane contest. Former football star, Lee tries to influence youth, hides muscles behind lacy tux.



Farrah was Miss Pro Tennis in 1968 (above). "I feel better after a tough set," she says. (Right) Biking, jogging, jumping rope keep her super thin.

Is it all real? Bigger than life, maybe. Too much, well. . . "My hair falls into place when I exercise," the lioness says. Her smile just seems to come naturally. Farrah look-alikes blanket study halls and football stadiums from sea to shining.



continued from page 81

about, Sean's nose.") "So, he's better? How do you feel? Did you see any of the show? Did I call her Miss Mead? I was calling her Margaret, I don't think she minded. The wives were fun. Set up the World Series for tonight. We're going to the office in five minutes. Bye. Yea . . . Love."

In the limousine we make the two blocks between the studio and his office in a minute or two more than it would take to walk, but this is autograph-hunting territory, and New York is not exactly a stroller's paradise this year.

The office looks out over Lincoln Center. "It's tough, living in New York and not being able to take advantage of it," David says. "But I have to go to bed so early and get up so early, there it is. The first ten weeks of the show, I was commuting weekends to California." David had had parts in two big shows, "Lucas Tanner" and "The Bold Ones," plus a role on "The Virginian." His special on the birth of babies ("It was the first time a live birth had ever been shown on television") led to his being selected for GMA. "I like New York and I'm glad to be back. And I love doing the show." Years ago he was a page at NBC while going to the National Academy for Dramatic Arts to study opera and ballet. One night on Johnny Carson, Ed McMahon said of guest David, "He used to show people to their seats. Now he's got one of his own." Ten years of touring and commercials, of singing parts and small roles led to his success. He gives you the feeling he would be no different if he hadn't succeeded.

"I got married when I was 39. I just wasn't ready for it, I guess. It was my first marriage, Maureen's too. She was a television producer. Probably will get back into it. I love what I do, the challenge of it, the fun. Last week I did the show until Wednesday, then flew to Georgia, played softball, talked to the President, Miss Lillian. She drinks two bourbons every night at this crazy little cafe in Plains where she holds forth. Got a private plane to Atlanta to talk with Leon Jaworski. Home at 10:00 p.m., did the show Friday and for the weekend played a tennis benefit for the United Negro Colleges. Usually I'm at the office until five or six. It's a long day, but it doesn't drag.

"I've done a thousand interviews. I feel, though, I'm really just getting started. You make choices in this life—that old cliché. We don't have much of a social life, Maureen and I, but we've always liked each other's company. We have an Irish setter, the baby. I like to take pictures. Maureen plays the guitar. When we get a weekend together we know each other well enough so we don't waste time saying 'What now?'"

The rhythm of his work hasn't destroyed him. He is remarkably free of the sense of playing a role. His voice is quiet and low. He is not

bogged down by the grand vision of his future, and he worries more about television, the violence and death, and the show than about himself and his career.

Finally, he has breakfast, having helped America along with its morning meal. A ham and cheese with lettuce on rye, a Diet Pepsi.

The show's writers come in and over the deli lunch they work out future shows, plan changes for the next day, worry about the general drift of GMA, talk for a moment about what the "Today" show has to pay guests. "They paid John Dean \$7,500." They ponder for a moment over the wages of sin. "CBS came up with one hundred thousand for Hal-deman. Do you think we're really going to have a war on bookings with them?" They turn back to their immediate business. David is with them all the way. He is not a star who gazes benevolently on the goings on of producers, directors and writers—he is one of them. They don't mind saying to him, "No, David, that won't work. It sounds . . ." and he swallows a minute and asks, "Seven to one? Okay, you guys got it," and he in turn lets them know when he thinks an idea is too much of a television cliché, too much of a great expectation that won't pan out.

The meeting generates excitement. But there is no smugness, no self-satisfaction. They attempt to improve on the consensus.

Later, he has a conference with ABC officials about a show he is producing. The rest of the afternoon is spent in "homework." Sharpening his background so his questions will penetrate, cramming so he will know more than he can use. He does this every day, and usually reads some more at night. Another sandwich holds him till he gets home to his apartment a little after five. "David still washes out his socks and underwear in the basement Laundromat," his wife says. "I guess it's the only place he can be really alone."

He was up late the night before at a dinner for muscular dystrophy, so they head for bed after dinner and a little guitar. His enthusiasm is a valuable property. His ability to convey it to his audience is even more valuable. When he rises tomorrow morning, there'll be a place at several million breakfast tables set for him. It won't make him lose any sleep though because he has already done his homework for this easy-going, thoroughly pleasing breakfast of the mind. ☞

When the harried couple arrived at the airport with six suitcases, the husband exclaimed: "Oh, my gosh! Too bad you forgot to take the chest of drawers in the bedroom."

"You needn't be so sarcastic," said his spouse. "I don't think that's very funny."

"Who's trying to be funny?" he sadly declared. "I left the tickets in it."

—Honey Greer

Farrah

continued from page 54

like being theirs but at this point Lee and I don't go out much."

Lee is from Kentucky. He got through Eastern Kentucky State College on a football scholarship, wanted to play pro ball but his battered body—nose broken five times, knee injuries, shoulder—protested and he headed for California as a high school coach. Some buddies in the L.A. recreation department got him into acting classes and now he's invincible. "I don't play in any pro-am celebrity tennis and golf tournaments anymore because if I miss a shot it seems a big disappointment to the image," he says.

The Majorses have been married for four years and together for seven. "I like to cook for him," Farrah says. "But I've come a long way from the time I was doing only television commercials. Lee would go off to work at dawn and come home after dark. I'd get together a really nice dinner and then he'd call to say something was wrong at the studio and he couldn't get home on time, and I'd pout, 'You mean, after I cooked this terrific meal, you're going to let it spoil?' Now, I'm a lot more understanding. We grab every moment we can together. I'm not sure what's going to happen—in my career, in his. I prefer to live one day at a time.

If I ever got to the point of having to choose between marriage and a career, I would say that meant my marriage was on the decline anyway. When you really love somebody, I don't think competition enters in. Lee is happy for me and proud of my success. The very same way I feel for him."

The 1973 wedding was unabashedly romantic. Farrah, her arms weighted down with lilies, her famous mop covered with a floppy leghorn straw hat, trembled down the aisle in the Hotel Bel Air toward Lee in a Mr. Clean white suit with orange blossoms pinned on his wide, vaguely Southern, lapels. There was a quotation from Kahlil Gibran on the wedding invitation: "It is when you give of yourself that you truly give." A picture of Farrah and Lee, almost like a staid Victorian couple, added just the right touch of schmaltz. The Majorses live in a Bel Air house decorated with Chinese rugs, French provincial furniture, good reading lamps, unpretentious but a cut above the average Hollywood star who's made it. There is none of the sense of impending career doom, of "spend, spend for tomorrow we head back to the dinner theater" desperation about the house. "I don't think she is obsessed with being the perfect consumer," says a friend. "She has excellent taste and really loves beautiful things, but she doesn't require them to be happy. She prefers a kind of

understated simplicity."

Other American sweethearts strike a note of familiarity. Mary Pickford was shyly amused by her image, poked gentle fun at herself in her masterfully comic movies. Yet she knew the value of the image and what it could do in terms of making her rich, and to an artist, what is more important, permanent, indeed, immortal. When she was a teenager, D. W. Griffith, to entice her into a movie career (at that point, the screen seemed as unsubstantial as the flickering frames vying for attention with light-attracted insects in America's new temples of darkness), boasted to her that "you'll be making a million dollars a year before you're 21." Mary signed on and unleashed her delicious sense of pantomime and gentle mockery on the American public. When she sensed she wasn't getting her share of the expanding pie, she said to Griffith, "You said I'd be making a million dollars before I was 21. Well, I'll be 20 next month." One can imagine her fluttering her eyelashes, toeing the ground with her dazzling white shoes, and hugely enjoying herself as the original high priestess of a new art form.

Then there was Marilyn, the tender vulnerable cotton-candy sex goddess who exclaimed, "Sex symbol? I thought symbols were something you clanged together when you wanted to make a loud noise," and could never understand that the public and the press agents and the money and the ogling could be deadly if they got inside you. She, this Monroe, wanted to be an actress. She wanted to be chosen for ability instead of looks. Farrah wants the same thing. She is objective, though.

"People want to see me in a certain way. I understand that. Still, I think deep down every actress would like to do a role where she doesn't wear makeup, where she is accepted on her acting alone. I don't fool myself about my acting talent. I know I'm not great. I wasn't blessed with that kind of ability, but I think I'm getting better. I think I can become an actress. Television initiates you into the discipline of being an actress. You have to memorize lines, you have to get up for roles, you must work with other people, you learn to listen to a director, how to be on stage with another actor without being a dead blob but without trying to steal the scene."

Television also has a fleeting quality about it. Stars from shows in the Sixties have evaporated with their roles. Seasons come and go. Television shows never show up in movie houses but movies run again and again on TV. So Farrah wants to be in movies. And Farrah's first star movie will be good. Nobody will let her down, she feels, as long as she keeps up her end. It will be like Barbra Streisand's *A Star Is Born*. For months before—even for years—the news trickled out of Hollywood that Barbra was a tyrant, that her



"Walters, you make potholes, Allan, you make bumps, and Bufkin, you crumble the road edges."

hairdresser-lover was no producer: Writers, directors and other actors quit by the demi dozens. And as a tribute to the profession of movie-making, those same "employees" were the first to admit it. La Streisand had made a decent film, had brought honest tears to audiences and won herself an Academy Award as a songwriter. "Everybody tried extra hard on the picture," said a writer for *A Star Is Born*. "Good wasn't good enough. Streisand was bitchy, but she didn't ask any more of anybody than she gave herself. I'm not unhappy with the results!"

Farrah doesn't have Streisand's voice. Or her kinks. She has great looks. And she is a workable symbol. Fit, fast, almost electronic. Whereas Marilyn's psychoses endeared her to the troubled Sixties, and Mary's anti-sentimentality pepped up the post-saccharine days of pre-world-warishness, Farrah stands for the living-is-something-you-can-do-yourself Seventies.

A poll conducted of thousands of high school girls listed Farrah as the woman they would most like to become. Madame Curie and Eleanor Roosevelt shouldn't feel especially bad though; Marie Osmond was second, followed by eight television stars including Cher (8) and Kate Jackson (10), Farrah's other mobile sleuth with Jaclyn Smith on "Charlie's Angels." The boys said they liked Lee Majors most. Why? "Because we'd like to come home to

her." Is this such a condemnation of American youth? After all, Rosalynn Carter is dowdy. Eleanor Roosevelt wasn't much fun. Mamie Eisenhower devotes herself mainly to bridge. Queen Elizabeth, that perennial favorite of what-I-want-to-become lists, operates in a remote sphere. And even Her Majesty admits to watching "Kojak." Television is the ether of our lives. There are a few 19th-century people who remember growing up without it, but for children born in the Sixties, and the Seventies, it has been baby-sitter, mother, father, Saturday companion, teacher, preacher, back alley (for learning about sex), doctor, historian and friend. If anyone ever had any doubts about the possible delights of Farrah's life, consider the children of actors and actresses today who are actors and actresses. It used to be that an actress would shield her daughter and son from the glare of publicity, the "agonies of stardom." Now, it seems inconceivable Chastity Bono will grow up to be anything but Tatum O'Neal. Life is too short to be a lawyer or a doctor or a teacher.

Hollywood seems to be much happier with itself. It is no longer a pink bubble. It is a realistic, hard, businesslike dream and easily as serious as anything else in our lives. We have been told the White House, now and past, manipulates the press, uses TV to create truths that are sometimes beyond belief. And for what?

At least the images of Farrah and her "Charlie's Angels" and all the other super tubers are for fun. Fifty percent of the homes of the brave are tuned in to Farrah's series. She works at being the person her viewers delight in. "I don't feel right," she says, "if I don't get in a tough set of tennis or my mile every day. And I know I look better if I feel good." "And that means," her husband says, "that she wants to live up to the image young people have of her." Of his own image he says, "Kids haven't had a clean-cut all-American hero for years. I'm humbled by my part as the 'Six Million Dollar Man.' This can lead them into good, basic, all-American things like football. I think my image is good enough to uphold it."

Farrah had a quiet, Catholic upbringing in Corpus Christi, Texas. She was voted most beautiful in her class in high school in 1965. She dated a football player at the University of Texas and she went to Hollywood and was discovered by "Charlie's Angels" producer, Barney Rosenzweig, after several years (that's right, kids! years) of bitty bit parts.

She has been on parade grounds before. "You hear so much about Hollywood being a jungle," she says, her green eyes leveling, "and that everyone who enters it becomes bitter and disillusioned. I've been lucky: Almost everyone has been very kind to me." But she can drive a hard bargain when the weather cools in Tinsel Town. Item: When she was

asked to do a spot on "The Captain and Tennille," she said there was a fur coat she'd seen she liked and wondered whether \$7,500 would be okay as the fee. Tennille's producer was trying to get the other Angels too, so he said yes. When it seemed the other two Angels were locked up for the show, Farrah's agent telephoned to say she had misread the label on the coat and the price was \$9,500. Sherman Adams, you should have been living at this hour. When she appears in the coat, a cushy sable with deep collar, one is reminded that she doesn't need it. On the other side of the couturier coin, Farrah has on several occasions refused to don a bikini on the show, saying, "When the story line sags and they just want to beef up the looking with a body, I say no."

Her fees run between \$3,000 and \$5,000 a show. She and Lee would like to do some of their own production. They know that's where the money is, and they would like to let their talents range a little wider too. Movies. Specials. Farrah has had to do a lot of the promotion of "Charlie's Angels." "I'd like to have some time," she says wistfully. The couple has been planning a baby—Lee has a 14-year-old son from a previous marriage to a fellow Kentuckian—but each time a break in their careers has prevented the family. "There's more to me than hair and teeth," says Farrah. "I'd like a chance to prove it." She shows her sense of timing and

comedy with her hairdresser, Hugh York, who is credited with creating "the look." "Wow, look at those teeth," he says. "Too many," she says; "any more and I could race at Hialeah." She will have trouble playing the dumb blonde. Garbo had a great sense of comedy. And Marilyn Monroe, whom Farrah thinks of as the most beautiful woman she ever saw, worked dazzlingly well with comic directors like Billy Wilder.

Farrah defies packaging. She is not a product. The famous poster of her, braless, deliciously thin, hair wildly free, hit the charts at three million copies. But she is very real. She performs on television with none of that "Well-here-I-am" immobility that plagues so many superstars who feel after they've reached a certain pinnacle, all they have to do is be there. And she's working hard at improvement. She's not thinking, "Would this be best for me?" She's thinking (and doing) her best and working at upping that quotient.

Psychologists are writing about Farrah much in the way they wrote about Mae West and Diana of the Ephesians. Blessedly she sees the humor in what they are saying, and in the image of herself. And other women see the possibility of themselves in Farrah. "Farrah created her own look, really," says York. "It took her five years." Nobody doubts that it was worth it, this cosmetic soul-searching. She is 31 now, at the top of her beauty. She has everything, including the brains to know she's got to keep pushing the carrot of success farther and farther out in front of her. Hollywood is a school and Farrah has learned her lessons well, including that of not harping on what she's leaned. "If you talk about yesterday too much," she smiles, "you haven't done anything today." ❧