

# First Friday News & Views

August, 2017

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Issue 8

The Monthly Newsletter  
of the First Friday  
Breakfast Club, Inc.

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▼ The next FFBC Meeting is 7:00am,  
Friday, August 4, 2017, at Hoyt  
Sherman Place, 15th & Woodland,  
Des Moines, IA

▼ RSVP by August 2 to  
[JonathanWilson@davisbrownlaw.com](mailto:JonathanWilson@davisbrownlaw.com),  
or phone 515-288-2500

Travels with Friedhelm, Mark, Scott, Jeffrey, and Alex  
By Jonathan Wilson

I had the pleasure of doing a recent road trip. Four gay men in an RV hurtling west from Des Moines toward parts unknown, accompanied by the ashes of Jeffrey Campbell and his beloved dog, Alex. Inside the RV were ample food, assorted beverages, and sexually-laden double entendres. The food and beverages were calculated to last about a week before replenishment. The double entendres were non-stop and hilarious for the entire two weeks of our trip. For a good time, I recommend road trips with gay men. Outside was a fast moving rural mural featuring Americana landscapes that were captivating enough to distract all of us somewhat from what was going on in the "real world."

Our first destination was Mt. Rushmore in western South Dakota. To get there in an RV you have to drive across South Dakota. I thought that drive was the most boring of vacation experiences, until we reached the eastern half of Wyoming. The eastern half of Wyoming gave me a third reason to detest Wyoming.

The first reason arose from the murder of Matthew Shepard that happened in Laramie. The second reason – Dick Cheney hails from there; the man whose first name is more of a description than a name. Just as eastern Wyoming proved to be an unimaginably worse experience than South Dakota, so when Cheney was elected and re-elected with Bush 43, I thought things could never get worse. But then along came President [sic] Donald, someone who has most distinguished himself by becoming a caricature of *himself* – a bungling, bellicose baffoon. Walking, talking testimony that money and class are separable. Donald daily demonstrates leadership flaws and misjudgments only explainable by an understanding of insanity-aggravated incompetence. The contrast with the four presidents depicted on Mt. Rushmore was more than stark; I felt embarrassment for myself and on behalf of all Americans, including the majority of voters in Wyoming who voted for Donald and lack sufficient discernment to be embarrassed on their own behalf.

What eastern Wyoming lacks in interesting scenery is largely offset by the wonders of western Wyoming. The Grand Tetons and Yellowstone. The former rise up from otherwise unproductive, flat terrain. Snow-capped mountains in the midst of nowhere. No forewarning foothills required. Beautiful from any angle and ever-changing from the same angle, thanks to the passing sun and clouds altering the shadows.

Cont'd on P. 2



Yellowstone is huge, interestingly thermal, and also beautiful. We saw Old Faithful and learned that, despite its reputation, it's not all that faithful. The geyser shoots somewhat predictably, but the timing can range from half an hour to an hour-and-a-half. It offered multiple, easy opportunities for more double entendres; none were neglected; all were thoroughly enjoyed. Let your imagination run wild. There were awesome mountains, mountain lakes, mountain streams, and spectacular waterfalls. We saw countless folks out of their vehicles and approaching too closely the dangerous animal life (contrary to the rules). I speculated that, using similarly poor judgment, they all voted for Donald.

A highlight of the trip -- albeit a sobering highlight -- was visiting the top of Pike's Peak in Colorado, where we and some other friends, distributed the ashes of Jeffrey Campbell and his dog Alex. That had been his dying wish, and that wish was fulfilled. It afforded us a comforting element of partial closure to a life well-lived.

It is said that the night before Little Big Horn, Colonel Custer told his men that he had bad news and good news. The bad news was that they were surrounded and vastly outnumbered by hostile forces and the next day they'd all be slaughtered, included the horses they rode in on. A soldier in the front row asked what good news could possibly follow such bad news. Colonel Custer replied, "We won't have to go back home across Nebraska." That ordeal remained ahead of us. Eastern Colorado and pretty much all of Nebraska rival the boredom of South Dakota and eastern Wyoming. Don't traverse any of them without family, good friends, or both. People who are like-minded politically also helps.

Be sure to RSVP by August 2 for the August 4, 2017, meeting by calling 515-288-2500, or on line at: [JonathanWilson@DavisBrownLaw.com](mailto:JonathanWilson@DavisBrownLaw.com). Our speaker in August will be Ryan Berg, author of **No House to Call My Home**, that explores the problem of homeless trans youth and what can be done about it. You won't want to miss. You are encouraged to invite some of your friends to attend!!

Thanks to Brad Holland for introducing our July speaker, Dr. Loren Olson, psychiatrist and author of **Finally Out**.

Be sure to peruse the front table for a book you might like to read. **Book donations are always welcome.** Thanks to Scott Kuknyo for helping coordinate the book exchange.



**Consider a tax deductible contribution to the FFBC scholarship fund, or a tax exempt testamentary gift, or both.** We're all going to die, and we can't take it with us. Contact Jonathan Wilson for details.

Thanks to those who have given to the scholarship program. We awarded eight scholarships this year.

### Gratuitous Legal Advice to a Besieged President

By Jonathan Wilson

There appears to be some consensus amount lawyers that a President cannot be prosecuted for a criminal offense like obstruction of justice while holding the office. That opinion is not universally held. Regardless, the federal statute of limitations for criminal prosecution for obstruction of justice is generally five years and, therefore, beyond the President's current term in office.

My gratuitous legal advice to our current President is that he ask his lawyers to initiate negotiations immediately seeking immunity in exchange for his resignation from office. That may be the best and perhaps the only leverage he has for avoiding eventual criminal prosecution.



Our guest speaker on Friday, July 7, 2017, was Loren A. Olson, MD, who has just published an extensively revised, second edition of his 2010 ground-breaking classic *Finally Out: Letting Go of Living Straight*. Loren, who is personally well-known by a majority of the men at the breakfast, began by regaling us with some wryly funny observations on the troubles of those (i.e., all) of us who are faced with the necessity of Growing Older While Gay.

Speaking (as always) out of his own personal experience, Loren complained about how difficult it is for him to receive a compliment like, "You don't look so bad ... for a 74-year-old" – without hearing a subtext like, "You don't sweat much ... for a fat person." He admitted that he'd never really considered the likelihood that he'd get this old, let alone the possibility that there could be yet a dozen more years to go! This is part of the reason he has added a new chapter ("The Urgency of Time: The Unbucket List") in the revised edition of *Letting Go*: it turns out there's more to the story....

Loren outlined the three parameters that promote satisfactory aging, viz.: stable finances, good available health-care services, and agreeable personal relationships. Obviously, he observed, the majority of his listeners that morning would score high in these metrics, but there are lots of aging LGBT people out there who would not, and we need to pay attention. The problem of "re-closeting" in assisted-living housing is one example.

One Iowa's Third Annual LGBTQ Senior Summit [oneiowa.org/seniorssummit2017](http://oneiowa.org/seniorssummit2017), at Grand View University on August 5, will discuss this and many other issues. All of our clubs and agencies need to be "at the table" for initiatives like these, both gay and straight, such as the "Age-Friendly Greater Des Moines" site that Dr. Olsen only recently stumbled across on Facebook.

Despite the seriousness of the issues Dr. Olson presented, it was truly a joyous and enjoyable presentation. I urge you to enjoy the full flavor of the morning by listening, again or for the first time, to the audio of Loren's talk. Just go to our Web site, [ffbcioa.org](http://ffbcioa.org), and click on the "Speakers" tab.

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As he writes in his book **Finally Out**, Loren Olson was born and grew up in rural Nebraska, graduated from the University of Nebraska College of Medicine, served for four years as a flight surgeon in the US Navy, married and had a family (wife and two daughters) – and started coming out as a gay man when he was 40. He and his wife Lynn divorced after 18 years of marriage, and Loren is now married (since 2009) to Doug Mortimer, his partner of some thirty years. They live in Urbandale. Dr. Olson is a board-certified psychiatrist with over forty years of experience, a Distinguished Life Fellow of the American Psychiatric Association, and has been a frequent consultant to the specialized and general media including Good Morning America and the Huffington Post. Loren Olson can be reached at his Website: [www.lorenaolson.com](http://www.lorenaolson.com), as well as via LinkedIn,

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### Internalized Homophobia

By Jordan Duesenberg

It's no mystery that the gay community has a masculinity complex. Scroll through any dating app and you're bombarded with "masc 4 masc," "no fats, no femmes," etc. Look at any article in the **Advocate** and the cover on social media is of some beefy model. I'm not saying that I'm completely above this, especially since my ideal man is Tom Selleck circa 1981, but I always thought it was a little ridiculous, even laughable.

In the past, whenever I'd talk to a guy on a dating app and he'd ask how masculine I am, I'd normally tell him that I can quote every line from **Steel Magnolias** and that I



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## A Pride Filled Trip to and from Israel

By Ryan Crane

I was fortunate to be the only Midwestern guest on the recent tour of Israel offered by A Wider Bridge, a New York-based nonprofit that is "building a movement of LGBTQ people and allies with strong interest in and commitment to supporting Israel and its LGBTQ community."

Israel is a vibrant, beautiful, and complex country. Many on the American Right feel that Israel has strategic importance in some kind of ultimate Biblical battle or Armageddon. Many on the American Left feel that Israel is a racist bully that oppresses its minority-Palestinian citizens.

I found it to be neither of those.

For 12 days last month, I visited big cities, small towns, and historic sites - all through the lens of LGBTQ people doing important work in that country. Work that transcends cultural divides and defies expectations: Tel Aviv's gay pride festival boasted

200,000 attendees, which is by far the largest pride festival in the Middle East.

What was perhaps most surprising was how similar the work is. We met LGBTQ youth who were kicked out of their homes by stunned and unforgiving religious parents. We met active duty LGBTQ soldiers who experience a broad range of reactions from tolerance and acceptance to mistreatment and abuse. We heard the debate on the merits of civil marriage versus its complex religious implications of "traditional" marriage. We traveled to big cities that welcome and embrace the community and small towns that struggle to understand the community. And often reject it.

One of the dozens of speakers, community leaders, and politicians that we had the honor to meet with, casually remarked that the LGBTQ community "is the key to peace. We are the same everywhere, and we are always on the front lines." Could it be that peace in that tumultuous part of the world starts with us as LGBTQ people? From what I saw, that just might be the case.

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## Ponder This

***"You can't con people, at least not for long. \*\*\* [I]f you don't deliver the goods, people will eventually catch on."*** The Art of the Deal by its purported author, Donald J. Trump.

*Heaven for the climate; Hell for the company.* M. Twain

*Drag a \$100 bill through a trailer park and there's no telling what you'll find.* James McCarvel  
*Bible reading and Bible thumping are completely different things.* J. Wilson

Submitted by Steve Person.

The Washington Post has published the winning submissions to its yearly contest, in which readers are asked to supply alternate meanings for common words.

And the winners are:

1. *Coffee, n.* The person upon whom one coughs.
2. *Flabbergasted, adj.* Appalled by discovering how much weight one has gained.
3. *Abdicate, v.* To give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
4. *Esplanade, v.* To attempt an explanation while drunk.
5. *Willy-nilly, adj.* Impotent.
6. *Negligent, adj.* Absent mindedly answering the door when wearing only a nightgown.
7. *Lymph, v.* To walk with a lisp.
8. *Gargoyle, n.* Olive-flavored mouthwash.
9. *Flatulence, n.* Emergency vehicle that picks up someone who has been run over by a steamroller.
10. *Balderdash, n.* A rapidly receding hairline.
11. *Testicle, n.* A humorous question on an exam.
12. *Rectitude, n.* The formal, dignified bearing adopted by proctologists.



a good laugh. I'd make sure to call this one guy Mary every time I saw him at the bar, because one time he got mad at my friends and me for referring to one another as "she" or "her" for fun. Because, let's be honest, if you have to prove just how "masculine" you are, you probably are a) crazy, b) rife with mommy or daddy issues, and c) probably not that "masculine" anyway.

But the other day, I realized that I too fall victim to the gay-masculinity trap. There's this random guy I'm friends with on Facebook. He's originally from San Francisco, which I go to often, so I accepted his friend request -- plus he's gorgeous. He has huge muscles, a six pack, always is shirtless, has a nice job, an equally hot, beefy boyfriend, and is hilarious. Basically, the perfect, ideal man. As much as I want to hate him, I'm obviously drawn to him. So I'm basically that creep that "likes" all his posts and all his pics. The other day, I found myself looking at his profile to try and find a video of him. Not because I'm a deranged psychopath that's stalking him (I guess that's debatable), but because I wanted to hear what his voice sounded like. To be more blunt, I wanted to hear if his voice sounded "masculine," or if he sounded "gay."

When I took a second to think about my motivations and what I was really doing, I was honestly disgusted with myself. I realized that I wasn't immune to internalized homophobia, which I normally deride others for who unknowingly wear it on their sleeves. Having what others perceive as a more feminine voice doesn't make you any more or less of a man. Even if my FB crush had a voice like Megan Mullaly, it wouldn't make his muscles any smaller or less appealing, his body and personality any less desirable and, most importantly, make me any less of a jerk for thinking so.

This was a great eye opener for me; even though I considered myself this extremely proud person and accepting of everyone, I still have to deal with my own internalized homophobia from time-to-time. I think it's important to realize that spending the majority of our early lives either in the closet or being tormented for being who we are can, and often does, have a lasting impact on us. As long as we're aware of this, we can improve this among ourselves, and hopefully society at large.

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### **A Pride to Remember**, by Brian Taylor Carlson

Recently, I had the opportunity to go to my first Pride celebration in Minneapolis. I've been to Pride celebrations in several other cities including New York City, Washington, D.C., Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, Key West, Philadelphia and the great little city of Des Moines. Over the years, each city and each celebration was unique unto itself. The people, the *terroir*, and the good times add to the memories and the thoughts of how far we've come as a global community.

I remember being told that my skin was "like buttah" by an Italian bodybuilder from The Bronx. I remember getting into an argument over the proper cheese to use on cheesesteak sandwiches in Philadelphia. I remember paying \$23 for a Grey Goose martini at Delano in South Beach, Miami -- trying to act nonchalant as I paid my check. I remember hooking up with a beautiful gentleman who worked for the Pentagon when I was

celebrating in Washington, D.C., and we spent the weekend together talking about English literature, classical music, and fine dining.

These memories will be with me forever - the good, the bad, and the "what happened last night?" But Minneapolis was different. While I was there, just a few hours north of us, I experienced an epiphany. Celebrating Pride is a rite of passage for the LGBTQ community. It's a way for us to come to terms with ourselves and with the world about who we are, what we deserve, and what the future holds. We all celebrate Pride as individuals; we also celebrate it collectively.

Having a husband who came out later in life has been a unique experience that I have come to



cherish. He is still learning about our amazing history that made gay rights happen, and the battles that continue to lie ahead as we strive for full equality. I've had the opportunity to introduce him to the gay literature, movies, and icons that have solidified our culture over the millennia. Through this process, I have re-familiarized myself with not only LGBTQ history, but also my own. I tell him of the things I have been through in my life, and I get a sense of relief that he was sheltered from some of the horrific moments. I am glad he never had to experience being called names in public and having bottles hurled at him from moving vehicles. I'm glad he has a fully supportive family and has only lost one friend during the coming out process.

But the one thing that sticks out most in my mind when I think about Pride is the fact that during that one crazy weekend in whatever city where the Pride celebration is being held, everyone comes together. The cliques and factions that sometimes separate us have a way of melding together. Lines in the sand become fuzzy. People talk to people and mingle with people outside their usual groups and get to know one another. We lift one another up instead of keeping our distance.

This has always been the case throughout my 27 years of being out and proud as a gay man. When I was first coming out in Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, I quickly learned that the LGBTQ community was multifaceted and sometimes exclusive. I've never subscribed to that. Friends that I consider family have materialized from all walks of life. Every socioeconomic status, race, creed, color, age, and intellect are represented, and I am fiercely loyal to every single one of them.

Now, as a professional journalist, my observance of events has intensified quite a bit. I take in details in a way that I never did before in the many Prides I have attended. Not only did I pay attention to both Des Moines Pride and Minneapolis Pride in their entirety, but I paid attention to the way people interacted during such large gatherings of the gay community in one space. The politeness, the graciousness, and the social behavior of people during Minneapolis Pride was quite beautiful. The judgmental attitudes diminished, and people were at the pinnacle of acceptance and tolerance, for the most part. This makes me proud. This is how it all came to be in the first place, ever since Gilbert Baker sewed his first stitch; ever since Harvey Milk made his first heartfelt speech; ever since the first person stood up to the police during Stonewall. We have shown the world what it could be like if we could all treat one another respectfully, and it has changed hearts and minds. But it's not over by a long shot.

We are still facing more legislation aimed at stripping us of our hard-fought rights. We are still facing the sudden empowerment of zealous bigots who seek to turn society back to a time when public harassment and violence against LGBTQ people was the norm. That's why now, more than ever, we need to continue to work to get out of the comfort zone of our respective social groups and work with one another to continue to show the world that the best way to live is with acceptance and tolerance.

Pride is much more than just a weekend of cocktails, parades, hookups, dance parties, and letting loose. Pride is the apex of how far we've come in our struggle and a testament to our victories, personally and collectively, across our community. We are stronger together, and we've shown that repeatedly.

I don't think that Minneapolis Pride was the sole catalyst behind this epiphany, but it was certainly influential. As I stood on a balcony looking across the sea of parade-goers, marchers, and floats, there were many more emotions than just "pride" fluttering in my heart. The most prominent feeling I had was an overarching sense of joy. Being proud of our accomplishments and living our lives in the open with honesty and bravery is fabulous, of course. There's no denying that. But to do so with such gusto is sheer, unadulterated joy, and that is what I felt more like celebrating than anything else.

Pride Month 2017 has come and gone. But I will always remember this Pride being less about actual pride, and more about just being joyful. And I can't wait to see how joyful Des Moines will be during Pride 2018.



**Baby Driver**  
Movie Review by Mark Turnage

**Baby Driver?** What a stupid name for a movie.

So were the words out of my mouth after seeing a trailer for this car-chase action-thriller prior to seeing the film. To be fair, the trailer looked generic: I mean, sure, you have an impressive lineup--Kevin Spacey, Jon Hamm, Jamie Foxx, and breakout star Ansel Elgort--but to me, I was expecting another **The Fast and the Furious** knockoff. I couldn't have been more wrong.

For those familiar with the body of work by director Edgar Wright, including **Shaun of the Dead**, **Hot Fuzz**, and **Scott Pilgrim vs. the World**, he's proven himself as a writer of witty, farcical comedies that send-up pop and geek culture. So what makes him qualified for an action movie? From the opening frames of **Baby Driver** to the ending credits, Wright's sharp eye for detail and writing hooks make his new genre debut not just his own, but something unique, immersive, and stylish.

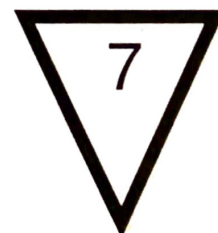
We slide on the sunglasses and earphones of Baby (Ansel Elgort), a prodigal robbery getaway driver a shade above his early 20's (maybe). He's in tune with the rhythm of the city, the murky nature of his criminal enterprise, and his music--after being stricken with tinnitus following a childhood accident, he needs his headphones to focus, and this meshing of story, rhythm, and soundtrack is critical to the film's narrative. Sound is as much a character in this film as the cast, and is featured in several clever and emotive scenes with Baby and his deaf adoptive father (CJ Jones), sign-language sparring. The musical selections for Baby's nail-biting car chase scenes range from hip-hop to punk to Led Zeppelin and, while sometimes played for laughs, when the headphones are yanked out, the dramatic effect of ripping you out of Baby's inner world and into harsh reality is stunning.

But the overarching theme of **Baby Driver** is contrasting movement with stillness. Whether it's Baby dancing unabashedly to his favorite tracks, or his steely calm before the job begins, Ansel Elgort is a quiet, electric baby genius who's Steve McQueen with a car and Fred Astaire with his feet. But, for me, the biggest replay value is the practical vehicle stunt work in this film (no CGI, folks, just damn fine driving) that's on par with **The French Connection** or **The Italian Job**. There aren't any gee-whiz cars a la **Gone in 60 Seconds** or **The Fast and the Furious**. When Baby's at the wheel, a generic SUV, a 70's "boat" clunker, and a suburban sedan, all become high-performance sports cars. This film moves like Baby runs from the law, with the occasional break where the stakes become higher and the threats more sinister.

The story borrows heavily from noir tropes--the folksy waitress love interest too close to trouble; the enigmatic, intimidating handler; the Bonnie and Clyde duo (featuring a magnetic Jon Hamm); and the psychotic, unhinged henchman that threatens everything (a love-to-hate performance by Jamie Foxx)--and Wright subverts those expectations, sometimes. While the plot may be predictable at points, **Baby Drive** is so fun to watch you won't really notice or care.



Stupid name -- great movie. See it.





**The Girl in Alfred Hitchcock's Shower** by Robert Graysmith  
A Book Review by Steve Person

I was eleven years old in September of 1960 when Alfred Hitchcock's most talked about film, **Psycho**, went out for general release. I vividly remember the newspaper advertisement for the movie. It featured a picture of the film's star, Janet Leigh, in her bra as she was preparing to take a shower at the Bates Motel. I also remember that my parents would not allow me to see the movie, although my brother—five years my senior—was allowed to go.

Robert Graysmith's book is a compelling story of the girl Hitchcock hired as Janet Leigh's body double for that unforgettable shower scene that killed off the character of Marion Crane (Janet Leigh just thirty minutes into the film). The author juxtaposes his narrative with a real-life serial killer—the Bouncing Ball Strangler—who terrorized Los Angeles before and at the time of the release of the movie.

Marli Renfro, an uninhibited young nudist and photography model for **Playboy** and other men's magazines in the 1950s and 60s, worked in the buff for most of the lengthy shoot that, on screen, took only forty-five seconds. Marli's willingness to work in the nude on what was supposedly a closed set, was a well-guarded secret for a long time. In truth, Janet Leigh refused to appear nude at all, and in the only parts of the scene in which the viewer sees her, she is wrapped in a nude colored moleskin adhesive. Indeed, all the moviegoer sees of Janet Leigh in that shower scene is her face, her shoulders, and her hands. The rest was Marli Renfro.

Hitchcock himself did all the "stabbing" in the shower scene, a film technique that makes the audience believe they are witnessing an actual stabbing murder. In reality, the butcher knife used never touched Marli Renfro's body but once, and then for just a flicker. Everything else employed camera angles and film editing.

After finishing her part in **Psycho**, Marli Renfro led a somewhat peripatetic existence. She migrated to Chicago where Hugh Hefner employed her as the cover girl for the September 1960 issue of **Playboy**. She also became one of the first Playboy Bunnies at Hefner's signature club in Chicago.

Upon her return to Los Angeles in the mid 1960s, Renfro continued modeling for men's magazines and also appeared in what was becoming legally possible—nudie comedy movies that featured many a bare-breasted female. Oddly enough, two of those films were directed by none other than Francis Ford Coppola, an especially zealous film student who wanted to see his name on a movie he directed.

The Los Angeles police felt they had captured the serial killer, but were never sure if the man they had was the actual Bouncing Ball Strangler. In 1988, news stories stated that Janet Leigh's body double in **Psycho** had been brutally raped and strangled in her West Los Angeles home. But was it Marli? Graysmith's fascinating book lets the reader know what actually happened to Marli in his own Hitchcock ending. As with **Psycho** when it first came out, I won't reveal the surprise in the last chapter.

Coda—I finally saw **Psycho** about ten years after it was released. Even though I knew what was going to happen, it remained a shocking film to see.

