



ROD TAYLOR

The last of
the Hollywood
hellraisers

Outside a broiling Mexican dust storm that they call a *tormenta de tierra* raged. Inside an Australian hurricane they call Rod Taylor was making the dust storm look like a sneeze from a pygmy.

Hard - drinking, hard-living, hard-loving actor Rod Taylor was alternating between fits of rage and regret. He was storming because one assistant director had incorrectly scheduled his day, forcing him to spend long boring hours doing nothing in his air-conditioned, bar-equipped trailer.

"The silly sonofabitch," he fumed, "I could have been out having a bit of fun or anything except this. I get so damn mad at unprofessionals." Then, like a little boy who suddenly felt guilty about pulling the wings off a fly, he slumped into remorse about some high drama the previous night involving the husband of Ann-Margret, Roger Smith.

Smith, a pretty boy in the old Hollywood tradition of former "77 Sunset Strip" fame, had made a comment that had sent an arrow