



MYSTERY MAN

*The Uneasy Pieces
of Bob Rafelson*

By David Thomson



**PHOTOGRAPH BY
PETER DARLEY MILLER
INSET BY
GREG GORMAN**

EXHAUSTION AND EXHILARATION, craziness and creativity—the ingredients for making the mystery, *Black Widow*, are all laid out, like the remains of the Szechuan dinner brought in a few hours ago from a little place in Culver City. It is 10 p.m., the night before New Year's Eve, and a handful of people are left in the control room on the recording soundstage in the Darryl F. Zanuck Building at Twentieth Century-Fox. Most of the few are leaving, with murmurs of "Happy New Year" and plans for football games on TV. The microphones are being tethered, the pianist brought in to play Chopin badly is being assured he did the inept job beautifully, the harp has been put to bed in its slip-on cover, and miles of tape are numbered and stored. There's general agreement that much has been accomplished on this 13-hour day. But release date is set for February

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