

HOLLYWOOD HEADGEAR IN KLEINBURG

A major Canadian-U.S. movie went before the cameras in Kleinburg, Metro and Brampton this week and three famous faces from Hollywood donned their hats against our northern chill to star in Shoot.

Henry Silva (left) co-stars with Oscar winners Cliff Robertson (centre) and Ernest Borgnine in this \$1.5 million adventure movie directed by Canadian Harvey Hart.

Canadian actors and actresses in the cast are James Blendick, Larry Reynolds, Gloria Chetwynd, Helen Shaver and Brenda Donohue.

Canadian-U.S. movie co-productions have been making greater use of the Toronto area in recent months. The producer of Shoot is Torontonian Harve Sherman, whose credits include Face-Off and Execution of Private Slovik. Silva, Robertson and Borgnine play deer hunters.

—Star photos by Reg Innell



ENTERTAINMENT

Movies
Clyde Gilmour

Woolly ideas about lunacy Italian style

The woolly notion that the only sane people are the ones locked up in asylums gets another cinematic airing in Down the Ancient Stairs (at the International Cinema), an Italian movie starring Marcello Mastroianni.

The time is the early '30s under Mussolini's dictatorial rule. Our hero's role is that of Dr. Bonaccorsi, the head psychiatrist in a mental hospital for chronic cases. His secret fear is that he himself is more unbalanced than any of his patients. To help him forget his worries, he indulges in a marathon sex-life with several of the women in the building, including the sensuous wife of the director.

Bonaccorsi's self-doubts are brought into sharp and shattering focus by the arrival of an attractive 35-ish woman psychiatrist (Francoise Fabian) who wants to study under his supervision. To his dismay, she coolly resists his confident advances. Not only that, but she shows him where he has gone wrong in his obsessed theory that mental illness is caused by a virus that can be detected under a microscope.

For reasons that continue to baffle me, a purring cult has sprung up around King of Hearts, a 1966 French film (directed by Philippe de Broca) which similarly suggests that lunacy is the only rational approach to mankind's worst problems. I doubt that a similar confederation of fans will enshrine and perpetuate Down the Ancient Stairs. Director Mauro Bolognini keeps the story plodding along at a snail's pace, and the script carpentered by a squad of four writers is full of dull scenes that lead nowhere.

Mastroianni is still a consummate actor, but the Bonaccorsi role gives him little opportunity other than to demonstrate again his special flair for looking gloomy after sex. By far the best ingredient in this otherwise disposable and forgettable movie is the luminous presence of Miss Fabian, one of the most beautiful and communicative actresses on the screen. Her role, too, is a limited one, but the privilege of merely gazing at the lady is something to cherish.

Thoroughbred

Toronto filmgoers have been spontaneously applauding a 15-minute Canadian short, still on view at several theatres. It deserves the acclaim.

Thoroughbred was photographed by Pen Densham and edited by John Watson. They are young Englishmen, still under 30, now living in Toronto as partners in Insight Productions, established in 1970. One of their films, Life Times Nine, last year won many prizes in addition to an Academy Award nomination in Hollywood. Thoroughbred, blissfully free of the usual gee-whiz voice-over narration, is not a documentary but a lyrical rhapsody about horses, from the moment of birth to their ultimate testing at the track.

I could have done with a bit less of Keith McKie's creative but intrusive music and a bit more in the line of natural sounds. But it's a small fault in a film that flows and sings like a good narrative poem from beginning to end. You can find Thoroughbred on the same program with Three Days of the Condor, at the Imperial, Hollywood South, Square One in Mississauga, Towne & Country, and Golden Mile.

QUEBEC MOVIE A WINNER

QUEBEC (CP) — Of Bodies and the Heart, a 10-minute film produced by the Quebec Film Board, has been awarded a gold medal for the best short film at the eighth annual Film Festival of the Americas.

The Quebec communications department announced that the award was presented at the festival held in Charlotte Amalie, capital of the U.S. Virgin Islands, from Nov. 7 to 16.

When Life went to movies stars were born on its pages



LIFE magazine's top box office draw was Elizabeth Taylor, whose face graced a record number of 11 covers. David Scherman, editor

of Life Goes to the Movies, looks over one of the Taylor pictures and snaps of other Hollywood stars in 304-page volume for movie buffs.

By FRANK RASKY
Star staff writer

Blushing beet-red yesterday was David Scherman, the polyp-nosed, turnip-bald, goat-bearded Time-Life wisenheimer. "After carefully culling 7,500 snaps from the 1,864 issues of The Big Red published during 36 years, I almost blew it by committing three unforgivable bumbles."

If all this sounds like old-time Time-style gobbledegook, it's intentionally so. Scherman himself suggested that we begin with that kind of parody.

To decipher the jargon, Scherman is the editor of Life Goes to the Movies, the 304-page coffee-table tome published by Time-Life Books, Inc.

A movie buff

In town to publicize the \$19.95 book on behalf of the Canadian distributors, McClelland and Stewart, the 59-year-old Scherman turned out to be dedicated punster, movie buff and Luce newsman. He was with The Big Red—the nickname given to Life magazine—from its birth in 1936 until its death in 1972, working variously as a photographer, movie critic, and reviews editor.

He hopes that Life Goes to the Movies will sell at least half as well as The Best of Life, a one-million best-seller which he also edited, though he admits that film fans have already criticized him for committing three errors of omission. "I goofed by not including picture spreads on two major stars, Joan Crawford and Humphrey Bogart," he said regretfully.

"And I booped again by omitting an index. Why? Because I was a greedy dum-dum. I lost 11 photo spreads for lack of space and I was damned if I was going to surrender another two pages for an index. As it turned out, I was rightly damned anyway."

Scherman brims with amusing inside stories about Life's relationship with the movie industry.

Boosted careers

Life "snappers"—the word Scherman coined for the magazine's photographers—often boosted a starlet's career. In 1941, Life's Richard Pollard snapped one of the most popular World War II pinups by dressing Rita Hayworth in a flimsy nightgown and instructing her: "Take a deep breath, honey."

Established stars fumed at some of the snide verbal spitballs fired at them in photo captions. Scherman's two favorites: Clint Eastwood, who was described as learning to act "at the Mount Rushmore Dramatic Academy"; and Bogart, "a top box-office draw, despite a slight impediment of speech and a face that looks as if it had just smelled something unpleasant."

Eye on Entertainment
By Sid Adilman

Joni Mitchell and Lightfoot joining Dylan

Gordon Lightfoot and Joni Mitchell will perform in the Joan Baez-Bob Dylan concerts at Maple Leaf Gardens Dec. 1 and 2, the first time they have appeared on the same bill together since their early days at the Mariposa Folk Festival. . . . Just released, the first album by Toronto folk singer Dan Hill has made Billboard magazine's pop charts. . . . Bruce Cockburn, having given only four Canadian concerts this year, sets out on a cross-country tour within two hours. On Friday, another group of 50 go on exhibition at the Evans Gallery on Scollard St. . . . Open for less than six months, Hotel Toronto has lost its general manager Bill Tutt who resigned to head a family business of resort hotels in Colorado Springs. Replacing him is well-known western Canadian hotel manager Bob McAuley who has been at the Edmonton Plaza and the Georgia in Vancouver.

Music special praised

It took producer David Acomba three years to set CBC-TV on a music special featuring three of Canada's most dynamic singers, Maureen Forrester, Pauline Julien and Sylvia Tyson. Now that he has done the show with producer Sharon Keogh, network variety chief Jack McAndrew, having come into his job after the decision to go ahead was made, has nothing but praise for the result. The special, called Three Women, will be seen next Wednesday at 8:30 p.m., and because of McAndrew's enthusiasm it will run 90 minutes. "The only stipulation from us," said Acomba, "was that the three would be treated like equal talented performers, get the same fee and equal billing. They had never met before we taped the show, but I can't think of three male performers in Canada who would be predisposed as to get together like that. What we have is a music show with some documentary sequences."

Time to start cutting back

Canada Council this year is funding 150 professional theatre groups across the country compared with 60 the years ago. Maybe now with the federal restraint program in force it's time to start cutting back on some of the under-achieving troupes. . . . Designer Brian Jackson marks his 20th professional anniversary in Canada this year, and to honor him Ottawa's National Arts Centre is presenting an exhibition of his work from Dec. 1 to 2. Jackson has designed scores of Stratford Festival productions, and for the Canadian Opera company, the National Arts Centre and the Charlottetown Festival. Since arriving in Canada from England in 1955, he has been responsible for 80 stage works.

CBC-TV is anxious to help celebrate the U.S. Bicentennial, for some strange reason. But one good result could be an 8-part series, Our Fellow Americans, produced by Sam Levene and with host Larry Solway. Six programs have been completed and they include interviews with New York Mayor Abe Beame, Pulitzer Prize winner Dad Halberstam, Broadway producer Hal Prince, restaurateur Elaine Kaufman, Dean Rusk, Mark Clark, Lester Maddox, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, author Studs Terkel, Al-lerina Maria Tallchief, oil billionaire Nelson Hunt, cleric Cleveland Amory and jazzman Pete Fountain. The series is to be shown next year. With that lineup, CBC should stop there. How many Canadians really care about the Bicentennial? And why should broadcasters be interested unless the federal government wants them to be?

Joey Heatherton still playing the fantasy girl

By PETER GODDARD
Star staff writer

Every man has known Joey Heatherton or a girl like her. She was the American dream girl, perhaps his high school Harlow, blonde and too gorgeous to be real.

She wasn't aloof, just remote, as if from a race of creatures fairer than his. And if he managed a date

with her or even a marriage, she still remained apart and other-worldly.

It's this fantasy that the singer-dancer embodies in her performances at the Royal York Hotel's Imperial Room this week.

It's a fantasy that was honed and refined in the '50s particularly by those people around Marilyn Monroe.

"Her sexual flamboyance, and bravado," wrote Diana Trilling of Marilyn, "breathed an air of mystery and even reticence."

So it was with Joey. When she wasn't belting out a song like Please Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone, she sang in a whispy "rinky-dink of a voice," as Norman Mailer described Monroe's voice.

Heatherton appears to be offering more than she's willing to give. She has a marvellous figure which she puts on full display. Silvery pale in the spotlights, hers is a body that's part of the total fantasy.

Part of her act is to invite some man from the audience up on stage. But her chosen partner seemed so awe-struck by just being so

close to her that he couldn't give his full name. He just stood there, staring.

In an interview before her appearance she revealed her distaste for this sexy stereotyping which has followed her during her various movie and TV appearances.

"It was all forced on me," she said. "Others

were controlling my career and that's what they wanted me to be. But now I've taken charge of my own life and my own career. I feel great about the change."

"You mean, Joey Heatherton won't have a sexy image anymore?"

"What do you mean?" she shot back. "Don't you like sex?"



JOEY HEATHERTON
An air of mystery