

# Entertainment

Editor: Warren Clements

## Dullea in Paperback Hero

### Barmaid and stud make interesting but lonely couple

Perhaps it has something to do with the (cancelled) presentation of the Film Awards tomorrow night, but there has been an absolute glut of English-language Canadian films on the market during the past couple of weeks.

Harvey Hart's *The Pyx*, Larry Kent's *Keep It in the Family*, Peter Pearson's *Paperback Hero* and George Kaczender's *U-Turn* have all appeared at local theatres, and Don Shebib's *Between Friends* will open tomorrow at the Imperial.

It has been said that what this country needs to establish a full-fledged film industry is a mountain of cheaply-made Canadian grade B thrillers and sexploitation movies to lay the groundwork for a more legitimate product. But thanks to the Canadian Film Development Corporation, which has backed most of the films, the legitimate products have already arrived, all "commercial" ventures made with the mass audience in mind.

Now the question is, will that audience respond to the advance, or will they continue to choose American *Graffiti*, *Westworld* and *Paper Moon* instead?

By WARREN CLEMENTS

Amazing as it seems, *Paperback Hero*, a new Canadian film produced by John Bassett of Toronto Telegram and Face-Off fame, opened in Saskatchewan two weeks ago and outdrew *The Godfather* in several theatres.

Since the film grossed over \$95,000 in its first 10 days, the distributors have decided to open it earlier than planned in Toronto.

This rather startling publicity can be put into perspective by the fact that the film was shot in Saskatchewan, thus accounting for a large home audience, and that in some parts of the Prairies, as in some parts of Ontario, even a Don Knotts film would outgross *The Godfather*.

But *Paperback Hero* should not be dismissed lightly, because in its own way it is the Western Canadian answer to Don Shebib's *Goin' Down the Road* and Peter Bogdanovich's *Last Picture Show* — the theme of a displaced person and the end of an era.

Keir Dullea, star of 2001: A Space Odyssey and the new CTV series *Starlost*, plays Rick Dillon, hell-raiser in his small town and king of the local hockey team. The film opens with a shot of him standing alone at sundown on the Prairie horizon, wheeling about suddenly and firing his pistol at a row of tin cans — the western gunslinger, the Marshall born about 100 years too late.

The film's title is taken from Gordon Lightfoot's *If You Could Read My Mind*, included on the soundtrack: "Just like a paperback novel... and the hero would be me". Rick Dillon tries to be a legendary hero, but he's a hero without a cause. The small town laughs at his strutting pretensions, and the very props which support him are crumbling.

The hockey team is folding because the financial support is being withdrawn; an old girlfriend has come back briefly from college and sees through his super-stud routine; and the laws of the land have constricted so much that even a night out on the town can mean a summons for drunken driving.

Dillon's only fan is Loretta, the local barmaid, who understands him, gives him her love, and gets nothing in return. By the end of the film, Dillon is lost, refusing to admit defeat but not knowing quite how to go about winning.

The story is told through fragmented episodes and encounters, and this is one of the picture's problems. While creating an atmosphere of loneliness and desperation, the movie frequently loses momentum, and stands around as awkwardly as Dillon himself.

The result is a series of fleetingly funny scenes — Dillon and friend spray-painting a rival's car, or Dillon and college girl being surprised half-naked by the girl's father — which temporarily stall the film.

That the film succeeds in the end is due solely to the relationship between

Keir Dullea as Dillon and Elizabeth Ashley as Loretta. Most of the other characters in the tale — a nagging wife, a dim-witted jock, a haughty university girl — are not so much created as thrown in from some other stereotype small-town movie. But Dullea and Ashley work together strongly, he playing his super-stud dreamer off her earth-mother lover.

In a day when most of the young are leaving small towns to make it big in the city, Loretta is content to anchor herself to the dust with the man she loves.

But Dillon doesn't appreciate this love. He takes it as sex, telling Loretta that she has a nice ass, but that some other girl's breasts swing better during love-making. When she slaps him in tears, his instinct is to slap her back.

The final scene is overly melodramatic, needlessly violent — and yet, when you think about it, it is the only honest ending for the couple.

And once again, the tension of the couple's relationship takes the film above the dreary level of yet another exercise pitting the lone dreamer against progress and the spectre of impending obsolescence.

As a footnote, *Paperback Hero* has one of the most sensuous nude scenes filmed in recent years. In one shot, Dillon and Loretta are fooling around on the ice rink in thick sweaters. As they fall into a sitting position against the boards, cold steam rises from the freezing ice, and Loretta makes some comment about her rear end being frozen.

Instantly the scene changes to a steaming hot shower, mist rising from the scalding water against a yellow tile background. Dillon and Loretta recline fully naked against the wall, in the same position as on the ice rink. The effect leaves you gasping.

Baked Alaska, anyone?

## Autumn Waves wash in

By SHELLEY RABINOVITCH

Along with the falling leaves and dawning of the new school year, the autumn issue of *Waves*, York's tri-annual literary magazine, has come out to entertain the literary-minded individual with its selection of new poetry, prose, and graphics.

Some highlights:

"To swindon from london by britrail/bagatelle" by Earle Birney is a good piece of poetry for a Readers' Theatre presentation, although it is a bit lengthy to read as is. The work conjures up visions of the British countryside whizzing by, although a second reading is required for a better absorption of the selection.

David J. Paul's "Helicopter" is at once pleasing to the eye and humorous, while "Division" by Claire MacCullough (which adjoins it) is tender and thought-provoking. The two different forms, both of which are appealing, provide a fine contrast.

With "David", John Elijosius transforms a masterpiece of marble into a masterpiece of words. One of the best selections in *Waves*, "David's" charm is unavoidable.

"Though Nothing Shows..." by Richard French impresses me as the most human piece of prose in the magazine. It is the story of an individual and his friend — "Gerome and I had been lovers. I don't mean we were homosexuals or queer, or whatever, but we were, I guess together. Very close..." and his opinions. That and "David" are alone worth the \$1.50 price of the volume.

Over all, *Waves* is an admirable magazine with some refreshing new works. It is a credit to the efforts of its editors and to York. On sale now at the bookstore.



Keir Dullea as the cocky lord of a small Saskatchewan town, dealing with the realities of

power and society in *Paperback Hero*, showing at the New Yorker.

## U-Turn light and lilting as lawyer looks for lost love

George Kaczender's *U-Turn* is a light-hearted romantic comedy with lilting music, winning characters and a fast-moving script. It has love scenes, a car chase, engaging supporting characters, suspense, heart-break and a happy ending.

It's the sort of vehicle which promises good things for Canadian film.

The story revolves around a young lawyer named Scott who meets a beautiful woman waiting for a ferry, drives away, decides too late that he'd like to continue the acquaintance, and drives back only to find her gone.

Amid scenes of love and hate with his girlfriend in his Montreal apartment, he sends out letters and makes long journeys to find his lost vision. Most of them are dead ends, and he winds up with everyone from a chatterbox collegiate in hot pants and lipstick to an emotionally disturbed girl in an institution.

To give away much more would be to spoil a few surprises and a few entertaining stops along the route. The only dubious item in the film is the number of English eccentrics who seem to crop up in the midst of rural Quebec. But since they're all smartly portrayed, that point can be overlooked.

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If there is any justice in the world, Neil Chotem will win an Etrog Friday night for composing and conducting the haunting score, played on everything from harpsichord to Moog. Gay Rowan should also pick up a few honours, as Clyde G. would say, for her witty and adept portrayal of Scott's abandoned girlfriend.

David Selby (who played Barbra Streisand's husband in *Up the Sandbox*) and Maud Adams turn in engaging performances as Scott and the girl waiting for the ferry.

And Douglas Bowie, who wrote the screenplay, is to be thanked for making quite a few movie-goers walk out of the York II theatre with broad smiles on their faces.

## Sight and Sound

### Anderson tapes roll at Winters

Following recent unsavoury goings-on at the Watergate Hotel in the U.S., Winters College is pleased to present a tale of espionage, crime and bugging designed to warm the headphones and tickle the circuitry. The *Anderson Tapes*, a humorous suspense flick, will play Friday and Sunday nights, Oct. 12 and 14, at 8 p.m. Sean Connery plays the lead, with Dyan Cannon and a host of well-seasoned bit characters providing support. Admission is \$1.25, although Winters students can get away with a mere \$1, in Curtis LH-1.

### Clint Eastwood rides in Bethune

The folks at Bethune College have latched onto Clint Eastwood's new western, *High Plains Drifter*, directed by Eastwood himself. The Man with No Name returns as a sheriff who may or may not be a ghost of his former self. Lots of fun at Curtis Lecture Hall L, Saturday and Sunday nights at 8:30 p.m. The film print is in 35 mm., which means much better screen reproduction for those who sat through Bethune's slightly fuzzy *Frenzy* three weeks ago. Admission is 75 cents for Bethune students, \$1 for the general public.

### Goya etchings in Ross gallery

Admirers of the work of Spanish painter Francisco Goya Y Lucientes (1746-1828) may enjoy an exhibition of 60 of his etching-aquatints now on display at the York Art Gallery, N145 Ross. The works are from a set of 80 entitled *Desastres de la Guerra* (c. 1810) circulated by the National Gallery of Canada, and will be shown until October 23, Mondays through Fridays from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., and Sundays from 2 to 5 p.m.

### York musician in guitar recital

The Guitar Society of Toronto is presenting a four-man concert on Saturday, October 13, at 8:30 p.m. Anthony Chang, a native of Formosa now majoring in music at York, has studied classical guitar since his arrival in Canada in 1970. The other three members are Bill Wright, a guitarist of five years' experience from the Banff School of Fine Arts, and Peter McAllister and Steve Wingfield, both music students at the University of Toronto. The free programme will take place at St. Michael's Choir School, at 66 Bond Street.

### Practical playwriting offered

The Factory Theatre Lab, in collaboration with George Brown College, will present a 10-week course in practical playwriting on Monday evenings from October 15 to December 16, at the college's Casa Loma campus. The fee is \$20. Contact Bob White at Factory Theatre Lab to register, at 921-5989 or 961-4331.