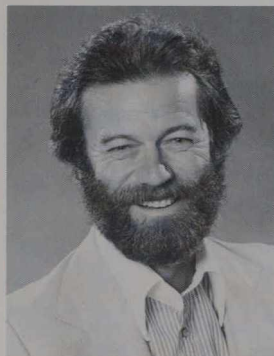


## How To Be a Quadruple Threat Success (in Canada) Without Becoming a Household Word (South of the Border)



Gordon Pinsent is a rowdy man. He is an actor, a playwright, a novelist and a composer.

His income runs into six figures and then stops abruptly. He could make more if he wanted to.

"In the past five years, say, I've turned down a couple of hundred thousand dollars worth of work in television commercials. I won't do them. It would keep me being just an actor, for one thing. . . . Writing helps me a lot. Writers think more than actors. An actor is an empty person."

Gordon is as full as an egg. He was born in Grand Falls, Newfoundland, and during his formative years he drank a variety of alarming things, including vanilla extract and liquid shoe polish. By 1959 he was settled down sufficiently to act small parts at Toronto's old Crest Theatre and smaller parts at Stratford. In the mid-sixties he became an instant TV celebrity, playing Quentin Durgens MP, a stuffed parliamentarian shirt from Moose Falls.

In 1969 he went to Hollywood, where he remained for six years, working often but never starring. In 1970 he outlined *The Rowdyman* and, after difficulty, raised enough Toronto money to

make it into a movie in which he played Will Cole, the shiftless, lively Newfie rowdyman. The movie was a critical though not a commercial success, and its substance became the focal point of Pinsent's creative life.

He has converted it into almost every theatrical form, except a march for the dead.

"It was a good film but it should have been a great one," he told *Maclean's* magazine. "With a little extra care, time, a bigger budget, it could have been. It wasn't just a story, it was a chunk of my life. That's why I wrote the book, later, to make it more complete; the way it should have been."

The book did well, and last year he produced it as a musical at the Charlottetown Festival. He wrote the book and the lyrics, codirected and starred.

In his mid-forties, he appears to be just hitting his stride. As he told *Maclean's*:

"You ask yourself: what's important in the long run? When you're young and you think time will never run out, it doesn't seem so important to make one's mark; later, especially when people you've known and loved begin to die around you, I suppose you either become somewhat mad and melancholy or are impelled to do something, create something. . . . [This is] the most creative period of my life."

### Suzuki on Science

David Suzuki looks like half of a TV team of dashing young cops, the kind who wear embroidered denim shirts and drive sports cars on the sidewalk.

Actually he is a TV star, and his shirts are sometimes embroidered. He is also the geneticist who bred a strain of fruit flies that drop dead in the cold, originating a new kind of pest control.

Suzuki, forty-one, is older than he looks. He is the concerned principal of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's *Science Magazine*, a program to tell the layman, in nonjargon language, what is going on in the labs.

Suzuki believes science could ruin us before it saves us, and genetics is his principal cause of concern. At Oxford, scientists have implanted cells from rat embryos in female mice and produced offspring which are seventy per cent mouse and thirty per cent rat. More alarmingly, other scientists have united human cells with rat cells, fish cells and chicken cells. They can now create living things which have never existed before. Suzuki does not trust their discretion.

"I am very cynical about the real commitment of the participants . . . when it comes to possibly not doing experiments that would win them the