

THERE she is, on the silver screen. Larger than life. Stark naked.

Here she is in my kitchen, fully clothed, talking frankly about her career—a career that might be changed after her second film—and first really big part—premieres tonight in Montreal.

Take one: Cayle Chernin. Young (22 years old), ambitious (I know what I want to do, I don't really have any choice anymore) and candid.

How did you feel when you first saw the film?

CAYLE: You know, I sort of said 'Oh, there I am up there, my goodness, that's my little body running around with nothing on... how did I do it?' You know? But it was sort of fun... it was really a lot of fun... it really was a barrier that was broken down. Since then I've never had the same kind of problems of being physically self-conscious when I'm acting.

Did you enjoy watching it?

CAYLE: Oh, no. When you're doing it, you become involved to where you don't know if it's good or bad... and then when I watched it I knew it was bad. And it was very shocking to me although when I first read the script I said to myself 'this is no great movie, you know that, Cayle'.

Why did you make it? Was there any moral question involved?

CAYLE: Well, there are a lot of things connected to it. It was the biggest part I've ever been offered in a big Canadian movie with a budget that very few Canadian movies have... I'd just done a part in the *Going Down the Road* movie... which is a very low budget, very nice little movie which has a lot to say... an honest movie, and that of course is the kind of movie I'm more interested in as far as my own creativity is concerned, but at the same time, there were a lot of advantages to doing this movie. I'll take my chances as to whether I get good things from it or bad.

Do you think there will be any repercussions? People seeing the film that you know... or your family or friends?

CAYLE: Oh, I'm sure

my mother, father and my immediate family will suffer repercussions based on their own morality and so on.

My code of morality is totally different from my parents. They think I'm living very immorally and so forth. They think that by doing a movie where I take my clothes off... I mean, how can you do something like that... that's just dreadful.

When you talk about the film and say 'Well I got \$2,000 for it... did it ever occur to you that it was a totally commercial thing?'

I have refused things based on nudity, because it really wasn't going to mean anything for me. But the \$2,000 wasn't the thing that made the movie for me, that was like gravy. Like I said to the producer, I would have done this movie for nothing because it gives me a chance to be seen, it gives me a chance to work at my craft...

How do you feel about movies like this?

CAYLE: I don't think there's anything wrong with sex exploitation movies. I think what they did with *Initiation*... I think it's a much better movie for what it attempts to do than this movie is because it was slick, well done entertainment.

What's wrong with this one?

CAYLE: I don't think it's THAT sexy. Maybe it's because I'm involved and it's hard to be objective.

CAYLE: But I get all excited, I say 'oh, there I am'... there she is up there and I look at her and I say 'oh no she doesn't look very good in that shot, or I didn't believe a word she said, that was really awful acting, or I really like that.' And generally I really like myself, even if it's bad, I like myself, because I think I'm sort of adorable, the way I look and the way I walk around.

Do you think they played down the sex because of the other two (*Initiation* and *Valerie*, Cinepix previous productions)?

CAYLE: No, no, I think they're going after wilder and wilder sex scenes. They say "We had the woman on top of the man in *Initiation*. We had this happening—the married man with the young girl and so on. They take all the stock-in-trade sort of situations but they do them with their own sexy angles. How much breast can they show, how much leg and so forth?"

When you saw yourself,

*What is it like to make a 'sex exploitation movie? What kind of person is willing to take her clothes off on the larger-than-life-size screen? How does she react to seeing herself and how do other people react when they hear about it? Montreal Star staff reporter Donna Flint Harpes discussed these — and other — questions with actress Cayle Chernin, one of the leads in *Love In A 4 Letter World*, a Montreal-produced film.*

The nude film: a chance to be seen

did you connect it with your own body?

Oh yeah. I thought I looked a little heavy in my thighs and that bothered me tremendously, because I always think I'm too fat. It always bothers me that I don't have a model's figure, because I have hips and thighs and all that kind of thing and I always say like if I was born a century or so ago I would have had a really smashing figure but now, I wouldn't fit into *Vogue*... you know?

What do you hope for out of this movie?

CAYLE: What I hope will come out of this movie is that I can act. Maybe it looks like I can act in *Love In a 4 Letter World*, I can't tell, and anyway, what I'm concerned about in doing a sex exploitation movie is that nobody's looking to see if you can act. Especially when you're sitting there nude, nobody's looking to see if the expression on your face is right.

You've been studying acting since you were 16 and now you're 22. How many parts, and what kind of parts, have you had before?

CAYLE: I started out initially in the theatre, children's shows and things like that, when I was around 16. I eventually left school when I was about 18. Then I went into some writing for *The Toronto Telegram*. I did some articles in entertain-

ment which I sort of liked but it lead me into other things... into acting jobs and some improvisational theatre... and then I directed a show called *Soul and Molly B* at the Theatre in the Dell in Toronto which used all of the people that eventually went on to doing *Going Down the Road*.

I've also done some stage stuff, and then I did some television here. I did a Teleplay for CBC and, as you're going up the ladder you do all the extras and bits at CBC and *Wojeck* and *Festival and Show of the Week* and all those things.

What are you doing now?

CAYLE: I'm working on a screen play, and I'm also working on an idea for an improvisational film that I would be in. The screen play that I'm working on is like, I guess, semi-autobiographical — I guess anything you first write is — and directing, I really love directing, maybe that's what I want to do more of. I'm happiest when I'm working. So if that explains it, this is where I am, whether I'm going to be writing or directing or acting. I don't know, I don't know what my life is going to be. I only know that it's going to be involved creatively in this area... there's no choice anymore... even if nothing happens for the next five years I know that this is what I have to do.



Cayle Chernin, one of the leads of *Love In a 4 Letter World*.

films

A skinful of Canadian content

We have a philosophy — we always portray sex in a normal way and it is always a happy thing.

We don't go in for anything kinky.

No leather, no whips, very little abnormality in the films we've done. They've always been happy films . . . and they've always had more or less happy endings.

by Dusty Vineberg

HERE, in a nutshell, is the philosophy of Cinépix, the Montreal film distribution company turned producer which has given us such sexploitation films as *Valerie*, the most financially successful film ever made in Canada, *Initiation*, which was also no slouch, and just this week, *Love in a 4 Letter World*, launched simultaneously in French and English, and boasting, if that's the word, a love-making scene conducted on a coffee table that may well become a touchstone of the genre.

And that's not all. Coming up soon — the company shoots its films back to back in order to keep the same crews — are:

— *L'amour humain*, about the tortured love of a defrocked priest and nun, who are, I was told, guiltier about pleasure than other people;

— *Pile ou face*, which has the English title of *Heads or Tails*, (and anyone who snickers may leave the room)

— And, *It Ain't Easy*, about an up-tight Westmount type who goes hippie in Vermont, and about the drug culture of the hippies getting mixed up with the alcohol culture of the square, establishment-type

father of two Vermont girls who want to learn French — or something like that.

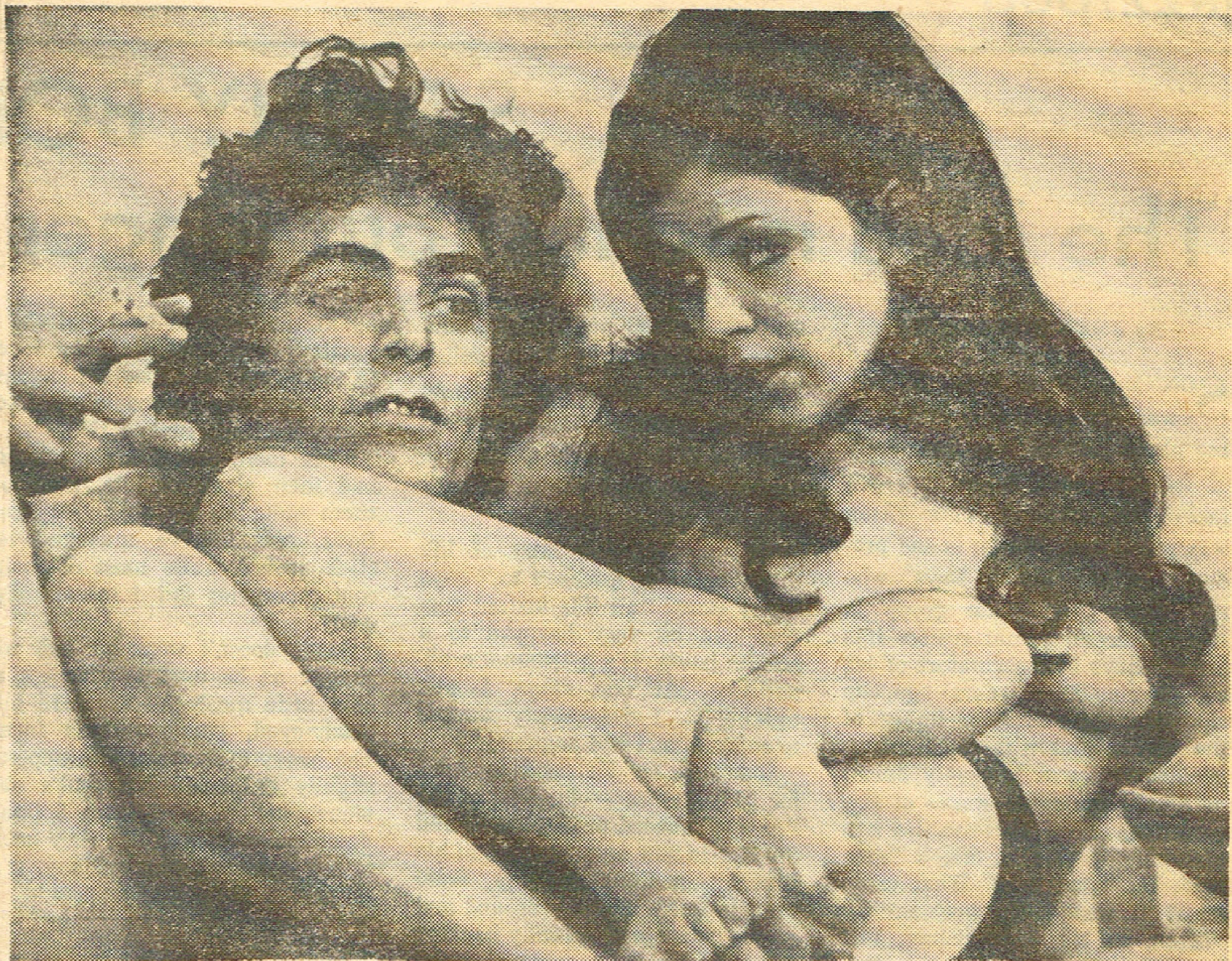
It may come as a surprise to some readers that Cinépix has bent to its naughty purpose such excellent actors as Monique Mercure and Michael Kane, such writers and directors as Martin Bronstein, Arthur Voronka, Denis Héroux, Gerald Tassé and Roger Fournier.

And as even more of a surprise the fact that the Canadian Film Development Corporation, the body set up in 1967 to invest in Canadian films and help develop a Canadian film industry, has invested in all the Cinépix films so far, except for the first, *Valerie*, shot in 1968, before the CFDC had begun operating.

In fact — surprising statistic — Cinépix films constitute one-sixth of the films in which the CFDC has so far invested. That is, of the 24 films into which it has put the taxpayer's money, four have been Cinépix sexploitation productions and the CFDC is currently making up its mind about investing in a fifth, the aforementioned *It Ain't Easy*.

Cinépix co-partner John Dunning says that while people hurl epithets at him — "They call us sexploitation, skin flicks, porno pic men and all these kind of things!" — his pictures are not "what they call in the trade a true skin flick like they show on 42nd street, nothing but the sex act in 26 positions."

On the contrary, he says, "ours have a story," and besides, "pornography is in the loins of the beholder." He calls them "adult films," and says he wouldn't be



Andre Lawrence and Cayle Chernin star in *Love in a 4 Letter World*.

willing to indulge in the hard-core sex exploitation which is earning a lot of people a lot of money in the United States.

He is supported on this point — that his pictures are not stag films — by word from Cannes where, annually, simultaneously with the film festival, hundreds of so-so and worse moves are peddled for world distribution.

The *Star's* Cannes reviewer, Marc Gervais, reported this year that in contrast to the blatantly pornographic and debased films of the Americans, which he thought were in a class all their own, *Valerie* and *Initiation* were "somewhat" rescued by production values, pretty images and even a touch of humor. Glowing skin tones are not the films' only attributes. Montreal's shops, houses, streets and apartments have seldom been photographed to better advantage.

In any case, Michael Spencer, executive director of the CFDC, says it is impossible for the Corporation to take a moral position with regard to the pictures in which it invests.

Such questions were thrashed out in 1963 when the idea of a CFDC was formulated.

At the time the government had to decide whether it would get directly involved in the movie business by choosing properties it presumably would approve of, and subsidizing their production 100 per cent — or whether it would try to create a motion picture industry in Canada.

Having opted for the latter alternative, neither the CFDC, the Cabinet nor Secretary of State Gérard Pelletier who reports to Parliament for Canada's cultural agencies, have to be in love with the films in which they invest. Control is exercised by stipulating that the producer be willing to make the cuts demanded by those guardians of our morals, the provincial censors, whom Spencer believes are doing a good job. A film's producer and director are not permitted to block the showing of their work, made with taxpayers' money, by refusing to make cuts.

This condition in no way inhibits Cinépix. It is a hallmark of

the company's productions that "they don't give our distributors trouble in their own countries." If a distributor in any of the 30 countries which have bought them wants cuts made to adapt them to the particular sensibilities of his country, they can easily be excised without, if you'll excuse the expression, stripping the picture of all interest or sense.

As Dunning puts it: "Each country has different problems but (in our pictures) these problems can be edited. If the public area cannot be shown in a country, if sex acts cannot be shown, these films can be edited without spoiling the story. And the main thing that people have told us in Cannes is that 'These are the type of films we want to buy because they please our audiences, they're happy films and don't give us censorship problems'."

Dunning says his films have improved technically from picture to picture as the crew whose members were virtually novices keeps learning, and he maintains that a Canadian film industry may yet be built on the shoulders — shoulders? — of sexploitation films.

Here he is strongly supported by Spencer who explains that the CFDC assumes that good films are never produced from nothing, in a country which is inactive cinematically.

On the contrary they seem to be generated in those countries where a lot is going on cinematically speaking, where money, facilities, technicians and expertise have been developed, and a broadly-based industry created.

And he points out that no country makes only superior films, although a run of excellent French or English films may generate that impression abroad. Most countries export only their better products; they have little trouble keeping their baddies at home.

It's just luck that our baddies are best-selling skin flicks!

Further, European countries like Sweden, Denmark and Italy all have automatic subsidy schemes for helping their industries and even the worst of their "badly-made, cheaty type pictures" which Canadian producers aren't making at all, have had

government subsidies as part of the effort to shore up the industry.

In view of such considerations, the thing to do now in Canada, Spencer feels, is to get things going, suspend judgment about the quality for another three or four years, and build the industry.

Although he confesses he is not personally very happy about some of the films in which he's invested, "it would surely be wrong if we only made the ones we liked," or if applicants were told that only people making films *pour tous* (the label that in Quebec describes a movie suitable for all ages) could apply.

Spencer adds that if the CFDC had been able to invest only in the "for the whole family" category of picture, it wouldn't have been able to help Allan King with his ground-breaking but controversial *A Married Couple*, or even, says Spencer, with *Warrendale*, King's film about emotionally disturbed children which the CBC banned because the children wielded basic English throughout.

Dunning doesn't rule out the possibility that he too may one day make a film that the Cabinet and the critics won't look down their noses at — but his taste runs more to a *M.A.S.H.*-type movie than to Allan King's semi-documentary genre.

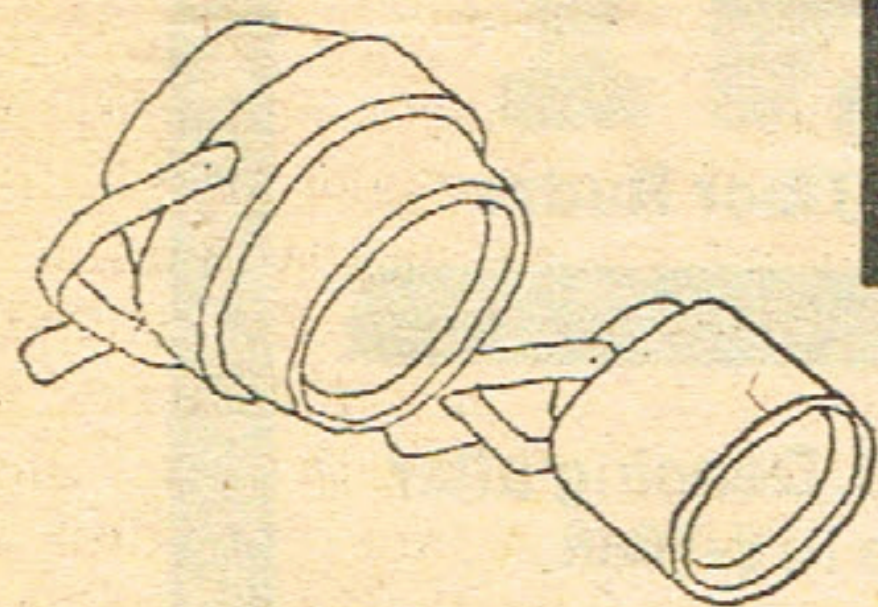
As he's fond of saying, Cinépix is in the *entertainment* business and he remembers fondly, and perhaps with more nostalgia than most people, the old days when movies were entertaining.

His father and grandfather before him were all in film exhibition; they owned theatres in Ville Emard, and in his native Verdun. His mother was a cashier in one of the theatres; "I was in movies since I was born, really."

When television wiped them out in 1953, they turned one theatre into a billiard hall and rented another to Niagara Films, and Dunning went to work for Niagara, making films for television.

After Niagara went broke, he started Cinépix as a distribution company in 1963 and six months later joined forces with Hungar-

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Canadian content flicks

Continued from Page 12
 ian-born André Link who has been his partner ever since. They turned producer two years ago, convinced by their buying trips to Europe, where they acquired films for distribution, that a certain type of low-budget film could be made here to compete with the European product.
 Dunning explains that the low-budget sex film is the only market in which Cinépix can hope to compete right now. Competition with big-budget U.S. pictures like *Bullitt*, or like the \$3,000,000 productions of the Disney studios, which seem to fascinate Dunning — he's always referring to Ciné-

pix as the Disney of adult films — is out of the question.
 Cinépix, which brought *Valerie* in for \$85,000, and which now spends about \$250,000 on its productions, can't compete even with the so-called low-cost U.S. pictures like *Easy Rider*, reported to have come in around \$500,000: "That's still a big-budget film to us."
 This being the case, where can you compete on an international level? Says Dunning: "You compete with the Danes, with the Finns, with the small countries that have the same population as us. You don't try and compete with the U.S."
 And in the process of trying to

beat the Danes, Finns and Swedes at their own sexploitation game, you build the industry. On the morning Dunning was interviewed in the company's offices on Mayrand, a stone's throw from Piazza Tomasso, his secretary announced that a prop man who had agreed to work on *Pile ou Face*, which is currently before the cameras, had deserted to rival producer Gordon Sheppard. Did Dunning mind that Sheppard had stolen his prop man?
 Said Dunning: "I'm happy that prop men are becoming scarce. There used to be seven or eight guys sitting around on their butts wanting to be prop men. Now they're all workin' hard. It's a good thing."



Dunning

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Wayne in the rough, local babes in buff

by JOHN P. HARDY

Oscar-winner John Wayne is back, starring in a subdued western called Chisum.

The technical qualities of the film are superb. Here is some real action, not shoot-out and blood-bath, but moving scenes of powerful but goreless killings, horsefalls and stampedes — a treat for nonviolence fans.

However effective the photography may be, though, the horrendous dialogue ruins the film. "Gosh, Uncle John. Mother told me . . ." — need more be said?

The story is an exposé of 19th century Americans. John Chisum is a king-size Lorne Greene, who owns and protects a chunk of New Mexico territory that is five times the size of the Ponderosa.

Bang, bang . . . it's dead.

* * *

Riding on a wave of publicity, an all-Montreal film has opened here. Love in a 4 Letter World was conceived and constructed on and around the Crescent street area.

The film makes very legitimate attempts at revealing human interactions and gaps that exist in a generation-shattered world. Unfortunately, to assure box-office success, the movie is overloaded with nudity. In some instances, it enhances the story, but it mainly is nothing more than a sales gimmick.

The story deals with the

hard times of a father (Michael Kane) who loses his wife, daughter and eventually himself to a sex and pleasure seeking society. He finally shatters under the pressures, and perhaps his reaction is an omen of things to come.

Some effective situations are brought out, and there are

some fine performances by Kane and a young man called André Lawrence. As far as the girls are concerned — Kayle Chernin, Candy Greene et al — nice work-out, ladies!

A bargain for those who Buy Canadian, this film confirms that Quebec Knows How!

Another drive-in has opened. The closest so far to Greater Montreal, the Chateauguay addition is like all the rest.

Conforming to basic drive-in policies, films shown are second-run, nonhits, claiming comfortably long running times. At the newset passion-

pit, one of the few unsuccessful Paul Newman flicks is on display, as well as a gruesome little tale following the Man from U.N.C.L.E. guys milking spy stories dry.

The old drive-in spirit thrives — regardless of what the films may be, the patrons love every minute of it.



CANDY

Love given crude rating

By MARTIN MALINA

HARRY HAVEN (Michael Kane) is uptight. His wife (Helen Whyte) is restless, his daughter (Candy Greene) is seeing a couple of hippie musicians (André Lawrence and Pierre Létourneau) next door and the noise of electric guitars and motorcycles is disturbing his peace. It's tough to be a middle-aged TV producer these days on Crescent Street.

This is the urgent message

of *Love in a Four-Letter World*, the homegrown sex-ploitationer which had its invitational première last night at the Seville (and in French — *Viens, mon amour* — at le Parisien).

Produced by Arthur Voronka and directed by John Sone from a script by Sone and Voronka, the film is being distributed by Cinépix, who, along with the Canadian Film Development Corporation (i.e. our taxes), backed

it financially as well.

If *Valérie* and *L'Initiation* are still guides to popular taste (is that the word?), *Love* should reward its investors handsomely. Most of its 93 minutes are spent recounting the sexual misadventures of the Haven family and their Crescent street neighbors, and René Verzier's Eastmancolor camerawork provides crude illustration.

In deference to several fine actors in the cast, my review ends here.