

Golden Globes: Hollywood Mardi Gras

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"I wonder whether the Golden Globes will be as wild as usual." Jim Nabors said as we flew east from Hollywood the day before the Frank Sinatra opening in Las Vegas. We agreed that the annual awards of the Hollywood Foreign Press Assn. can be more fun than the Oscars, Emmys, Grammys or Tonys to attend—largely because of the booze on the tables and the joints, of which some celebrities have been known to freely partake in the Beverly Hilton.

In effect, it is loose, this party which passes for a ceremony: The attendees' remarks can be devastating, accurate darts at their fellow actors. And very funny. While the president, John Kluges of Metromedia, spent the entire weekend in Vegas, the 31st annual Globes was telecast live and locally by Channel 11 and syndicated on Sunday on Metromedia stations.

What showed on the screen was campy, but less bizarre than in former years. Paul Lynde did not get sufficiently inebriated to object to losing and leave (of course, Paul wasn't in the competition this year). Rita Hayworth didn't shout obscenities from her table. Joan

man ("Paper Chase"); best drama, TV, The Waltons; and, again, best comedy, TV, All in the Family.

Asides: Best ad-lib, by Steve Lawrence, when Miss Blair, just 14, took her trophy—"Her speech was made by Mercedes McCambridge."

(Miss McCambridge, in fact, did Linda's voice in the possession scenes of "Exorcist.")

Most Expectable but Most Disappointing Award: Al Pacino, over Jack Lemmon ("Save the Tiger").

Although Paramount will deny it, its money is behind Pacino instead of Lemmon because that studio has the younger star upcoming in "Godfather II."

Biggest Pun of the Evening: Jean Stapleton, referring

to her tie with Cher—"There isn't a lovelier lady I could share this with."

Nostalgic Presenting Team of the Night: Ginger Rogers and Fred MacMurray—"Here we go again," said Miss Rogers, "Fred and Ginger."

Most Surprising Win: Maximilian Schell, best foreign language film, "The Pedestrian," over Francois Truffaut's "Day for Night." "I want to thank all the people who turned down the script," Schell said. "They helped me make it better."

Most Deserving Winner, best supporting actor, movie drama: director-writer John Houseman (for his first film role), of whom Fox board chairman Dennis Stanfill recently told me: "Houseman's the debutante of the year."

Most Spaced-Out and Unaccustomed Loser: Gail Fisher (Mannix), kissing and hugging just about everyone. "I'm just so proud to be *nominated*," Gail, who has won one medallion, effused through yards of feather boas.

Most Right-On Gambler-Winner: Jack Klugman—

"Now if UCLA beats Notre Dame, my night will be made," said Jack.

(UCLA made his night, scoring 94 to Notre Dame's 75.)

Most Difficult Win: Marsha Mason (for an excellent performance as a prostitute) over Joanne Woodward and Ellen Burstyn plus, considering likely sentimental Oscar nominations this year, Barbra Streisand and Elizabeth Taylor.

Most Rhetorical Question: "Are they here?" Steve Lawrence's follow-up to announce that this year's "World Film Favorites" are (yet again!) Marlon Brando and Elizabeth Taylor.

At least this year, Brando—who took \$2 million salary for "Last Tango in Paris"—refrained from sending a nonacceptance wire denouncing America, his birthplace.

Illustrated on Page 1.

Crawford didn't take the stage to defend Frank Sinatra. David Carradine didn't come barefoot: he bothered to slip into sandals.

Perhaps the sobriety reflected the fact that the weirdest and most deserving film of the year took the most awards. Warners' "The Exorcist" won for best movie (drama); best director, William Friedkin; best screenplay, William Peter Blatty; and best supporting actress, Linda Blair.

Some of the competitors (72 nominees in 14 categories) were absurdly matched, to say the least: For example, Lee Remick, who won best TV actress, drama, was up for her one shot, "Blue Knight," against four other actresses who are series regulars. It was like pitting O. J. Simpson against Arthur Ashe at Wimbledon.

Fast-Paced 90-Minute Show

But then, the Globes is Hollywood's version of Mardi Gras. It was freer than Emperor Hadrian at a bacchanal, more peculiar than bumping into Katharine Hepburn at a party. But the show itself, 90 minutes, was fast-paced, with Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme as emcees. ("I think they're married," remarked one fan in the lobby of the hotel to another.) There was stripper Liz Renay, self-styled "B-girl" (in her autobiography, "My Face for the World to See"): She was cultivating 5,000 photographers with her zoffig upper torso in heavy, so-low-it-was-almost-invisible gold lame. There was Edy Williams, as always, at everything, overexposed and preening like Rama the Jungle Girl.

There were pink ruffled shirts plus pink mink coats plus sequined denims and Harlow-platinum bouffants. There were olden oldies—Jane Withers, in a My Little Margie hair-style; Margaret O'Brien in a "Phantom of the Opera" black velvet cape; June Allyson in a Winter-green-for-President gown of gold sequins on gold and white foxtails; Dorothy Malone in '48ish New York deb cotillion pink with a crinoline; Terry Moore in lime sherbert topped by a "This Side of Paradise" boa.

With all that glamor, 20 winners were absent out of a total of 15. Those present and accounted for: young Linda Blair: best actor, TV drama, Jimmy Stewart; best actress, TV comedy or musical, Jean Stapleton—Jean tied with Cher Bono, whose nonappearance also caused a flap because, as did Sonny's no-show, she (and he) were supposed to act as presenters; best supporting actress, TV, Ellen Corby; and best actor, TV comedy or musical, and lovely—if I may editorialize, Jack Klugman.

Other major wins were best movie, comedy, "American Graffiti"; best actress, movie drama, Marsha Mason ("Cinderella Liberty"); best actor, movie drama, Al Pacino, ("Serpico"); best actress, movie comedy, Glenda Jackson ("Touch of Class"); best actor, movie comedy, George Segal (ditto); best supporting actor, John House-



ANNUAL AWARDS- Cybill Shepherd and director Peter Bogdanovich at the Hollywood Foreign Press Assn.'s Golden Globes presentations.



HOLLYWOOD'S MARDI GRAS-- Mary Tyler Moore and her husband Grant Tinker attend televised ceremonies. See Joyce Haber Page 6.
Times photos by Kathleen Ballard