

BOOK REVIEWS

HAYWIRE

by Brooke Hayward

Non-Fiction, Bantam, 384 Pages, \$2.50.

Her mother was Margaret Sullivan, the beautiful, throaty-voiced star of Hollywood and Broadway. Her father was Leland Hayward, the most colorful and dynamic of theatrical agents. She was the eldest of their three children, raised in a glittering world of glamor, beauty, talent and privilege during the golden years of Hollywood. But it was a world that would inevitably be shattered by destroyed marriages, mental breakdowns and tragic death.

Haywire is Brooke Hayward's grippingly honest memoir of her extraordinary family, their magical life, and the recklessness, guilts and emotional extravagance that so tragically destroyed that magic forever.

Haywire, which takes its title from Leland Hayward's cable address and the emotional outcome of the family, is more than the usual "showbiz" biography; it is the moving story of a unique American family and its failure.

Margaret Sullivan was a superb actress, a spell-casting charmer, beautiful and spirited. "If ever I've known someone who was unique, it was Maggie", said Henry Fonda.

Leland Hayward was known as "the Toscanini of the telephone", making deals day and night for his clients — Garbo, Hemingway, Judy Garland, Billy Wilder, Gregory Peck, Myrna Loy, Gene Kelly, Boris Karloff, Charles Laughton, Lillian Hellman, Dashiell Hammett, Fred Astaire and a dozen others.

And the children — Bridget, and exquisite beauty; Bill, inventive and adventurous; and Brooke, a "Life" cover girl at age 15. They were attractive, intelligent and adored, living out the romance of their parent's lives.

Then, after a 10-year marriage, mother and dad separate and divorce. Bill is in and out of Menniger's, takes to smuggling cocaine, living off stolen credit cards, and goes to jail. Bridget dies at 21 — a probable suicide. Maggie dies — a probable suicide. Dad dies,

letter from the editor

Where's my magazine?

We've had calls and letters. In the last months, they've gotten increasingly insistent, sounding frustrated, disappointed or downright angry. They all ask the same question, "Why can't I get my Cinema Canada on time?"

We don't know. Unless the Canadian postal service has decided to force Canadian editors under by simply not delivering our magazines.

It took a York professor seven weeks to get issue no. 44. It took all of Toronto three weeks to get issue no. 45. The horror stories go on and on.

We've called the post office. We've written. Last month, the excuse we got was that, with the increase of postal rates, everyone and his uncle mailed at the end of March and the system was overloaded. The month before, they told us that we had gotten the magazine into the post office too early. (The logic is, you see, that the first one into the depot ends up on the bottom of the pile by the end of the day and is, consequently, the last one out. It says something about this situation in the New Testament.) The month before, they were clearing away the Christmas mail, and on and on and on...

All the members of the Canadian Periodical Publishing Association, (the publishing industry's answer to the CCFM) have the same complaints and are trying to resolve the problems with the post office. It is still a mystery that *Time* magazine is never delivered late.

Meanwhile, there's little we can do. Our addressing system is mechanized. It takes us two days from the moment we receive the magazine from the printer to get it into the mails. Normally, it should take less than a week to get it to the subscribers via second class mail.

There seems to be no ready solution, unless subscribers want to pay the additional cost to receive the magazine by first class delivery. The prices are available in an ad on this page.

For those of you who still have faith, you might try writing a letter. Not to us. To the Postmaster General.

a lingering, heartbreaking death that he almost literally worked himself to. And Brooke would go through two divorces and years of questioning and self-doubt.

What went wrong? What was wrong?

To answer these questions, Brooke Hayward reconstructs her past and her family's, taking us into their fascinating lives during the halcyon days of Hollywood and Broadway, revealing the disparity between their outer and inner circumstances.

As counterpoint to her absorbing narrative, those who knew and loved the Haywards — including the Fondas, Jimmy Stewart, the Mankiewiczes, Diana Vreeland, Truman Capote and Josh Logan — give their own, personally-told memories.

John Wolotko

John Wolotko is working on a Masters degree in film from New York University, and is a regular contributor to Trade News North.

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