



● Above: Scott Colomb turning the other cheek to Wayne Maunder?



● Throwing his weight around, Chuck Mitchell (Porky).

the Panavision zoom and asks for a flag in front of one of the zip-lights. Sound mixer Rod Haykin, working outside the building so he can spot approaching aircraft, gives the all-clear over a walkie-talkie, and the camera rolls, officially this time.

*Porky's*, produced by Don Carmody and Bob Clark for Astral Bellevue Pathé, and written by Clark, is an action comedy about a group of boys coping with adolescence in Florida in the early '50s. The title comes from the name of a bar, deep in the Everglades, that has a reputation for providing women and good times. Run by Porky Wallace (Chuck Mitchell), the bar also has a reputation for being inhospitable towards Angel Beach high school kids. Because of this, it is almost an implied 'rite of passage' that the Angel Beach boys will butt heads, at least once, with Porky and his less-than-upstanding sheriff brother (Alex Karass). The story is about the boys' conflicts with Porky, and how as a group they earn their revenge. It's also about the boys as individuals and the problems they face. Pee Wee Edwards (Dan Monahan), is frustratedly trying to abandon his virginity... Tim Cavanaugh (Cyril O'Reilly) is learning that the bigotry imposed upon him by his drunkard, ex-convict father is wrong... And of course, Meat keels over into the chili.

Bob Clark, whose credits include *Black Christmas*, *Murder By Decree*, and most recently *Tribute*, continues to

expand his versatility by again doing a project totally different from his last one. And having grown up in the Fort Lauderdale area in the same time period as the film, he has no doubt brought much of his own adolescence to the script.

Shooting started in early February and the schedule, which was originally ten weeks - five weeks of nights, five of days - has been shortened by two weeks and wraps in early April. It is the last picture allowed into the U.S. for production under the old rules. Apparently, a furor caused by a coalition of American unions has led the U.S. Department of Immigration to require all technicians to enter under H1 and H2 work authorizations. This effectively closes the border to all foreign production companies. The logic (using the term loosely) behind the move is that it should force producers to use American technicians. However, under the Canadian CCA, 75% of the budget must be spent on Canadians, and talent and travel costs easily absorb the remaining 25%. Add to that the unreasonable time requirements to process the work authorizations (as long as eight months in its own estimation) and the result is that the new regulations will force producers to go elsewhere.

With very few exceptions, *Porky's* is crewed entirely by Canadians, and Canadian talent includes Susan Clark and Doug McGrath. It is being shot totally on location in the Miami area (so

what if it's dark all the time and the swamp is full of flying man-eaters, there's no snow is there?), and it's hard to believe that so many period cars are still roadworthy and want to act.

... Meat comes up for air for what seems like the fiftieth time. He is washed off and Erla Lank helps him on with a T-shirt that's been hand-washed and blown dry at least half a dozen times. P.A. Andy Waxman arrives with yet another cooler full of hamburgers, Tracy Budd pops the top off another prop beer and Gord Langevin threads another short end. Bob glances at his shot cards and calls for "one more and then we've got it." Outside, the lights overhead are starting to take on the shapes of aircraft as day begins to ease into the sky.

Scott Barrie ●

(Scott Barrie is an 'observer director' on *Porky's*.)

**PORKY'S** p.c. Porky's Productions (Astral) Inc. 1981 exec. p. Harold Greenberg, Melvin Simon p. Bob Clark, Don Carmody assoc. p. Gary Goch d. Bob Clark d.o.p. Beginald H. Morris p. des. Reuben Freed ed. Stan Cole Composer/mus. co-ord. Carl Zitterer p.man. Marty Gillen unit man. Josette Perrotta a.d. Ken Goch (1st), Don Brough (2nd), Alan Goluboff (3rd) sc. superv. Blanche McDermaid asst. art d. Barbara Tranter, Dan Davis (2nd) art dept. co-ord. Barry Broly set dec. Mark S. Freeborn, Paul Harding, David Charles (asst.) prop. master Tracy Budd set props Robert James sp. efx. Martin Mallivoire, Neil Trifunovich (asst.) Walter Woloszczuk (asst.) stunt co-ord. Dwayne McLean cost. des. Mary McLeod, Larry Wells ward. mistress Erla Lank ward. asst. Harold Richter make-up Valli Slutsky, Linda Gill (asst.) hair James Brown, Tom Sobeck (asst.) cam. op. Harald Ortenburg panagladi. op. Craig Dibona asst. cam. Gord Langevin (1st), Kevin Jewison (2nd) stagiere cam. dept. Pattie Morein sd. mix Rod Haykin boom Omero Pataracchia cable man Berry Wilson gaf. Tom Elmore best boy Paul Bolton key grip John Hackett grips Wayne Goodchild, Roy Irvine, Perry Jones, Jose Cue genny op. Gene Moffat elec. Ron Chequiddeen, Michael Beer, Ken Dunning, transp. capt. Sam Segal co-capt. Marty Marciaro driver Ricky Lemon craft serv. Brad Blackwood asst. ed. Rick Cadner (1st), Chantal Bowen (2nd) p.a. Andy Waxman, Rob Birnholz, Joel Greenberg, asst. to producers Cindy Morton Rossy p. office co-ord. Harriet Birnholz p. acct. Rejane Boudreau book-keeper Dawn Hudson cast. d. (Florida) Dee Miller Fla. state intern Jay Tobias nurse Hyacinth Pusey stills Jack Rowand unit pub. Orin Borsten Lp. Kim Cattrall, Kaki Hunter, Scott Colomby, Nancy Parsons, Alex Karras, Susan Clark, Boyd Gaines, Tony Gantos, Mark Herrier, Art Hindle, Chuck Mitchell, Jack Mulcahy, Dan Monahan, Cyril O'Reilly, Doug McGrath, Roger Wilson, Wyatt Knight, Wayne Maunder, Eric Christmas, John-Henry Redwood, Bill Hindman, Lisa O'Reilly, Elsa Earl, Rod Ball, Bill Warman, John Cecka, Pat Lee, Cash Baron, Roger Womack, Charles Spadard, Will Knickerbocker, Butch Raymond, Gary Mass, Julian Bird, Bill Fuller, Joann Marsic, Terry Guthrie, Pete Conrad.

than ten days to Christmas, and the *Heartaches* crew have been through a long and difficult shooting schedule in and around Toronto that began October 6th.

It's no picnic making movies in the winter. But thanks to present government regulations concerning the CCA most films are locked into a shooting schedule that takes them into the early winter months before the December 31 cut off for investors. That's why the *Heartaches* crew are off to Atlanta, Georgia tomorrow to shoot some scenes that call for gentler climates - which is probably putting an unusual amount of pressure on everyone to wrap these remaining two scenes early.

Here in the bowels of the Hotel Isabella in Toronto, where Shebib is shooting a bar room scene with his two leading ladies, Margot Kidder and Annie Potts, there is more than a sense of pressure; rumours have it that Shebib is not satisfied with the way this project has unfolded, and that neither the producers (Pieter Kroonenburg, David Patterson and Jerry Raibourn of Rising Star Films Inc.) nor the director of *Heartaches* are ecstatic about working with one another. There is obvious antagonism between Shebib and Margot Kidder on the set this evening. They are only speaking with each other to request extra takes - and Kidder has brought along her own drama coach from the States.

This is not to suggest that what ends up on the screen won't be a good film. Indeed, if talent is any measure of success then *Heartaches* should be one of Canada's best films in 1981.

Shebib is one of the few directors in this country (with the obvious exception of Quebec) who has built up a body of work with an identifiable and consistent thematic thread and cinematic style. He



● *Heartaches'* heart-throb Rita (Margot Kidder).

## Heartaches Pressed to wrap

"... I just care about getting enjoyment out of doing things. I make films because it's fun. When it stops being fun I'll probably try something else..." Don Shebib (interviewed by Sandra Gathercole), Cinema Canada, no. 10/11.

Don Shebib doesn't look as if he's having too much fun. Then again, no one else on the set of *Heartaches* this December evening looks like they're enjoying themselves either. To be fair, there do seem to be good reasons for this. One could be exhaustion. It's less

initiated *Heartaches* four years ago, and producer David Patterson points this out right at the top of our conversation in a freezing cold Winnebago outside of one of the *Heartaches'* sets. "Shebib doesn't tend to be a hired gun. He's worked four years on this project

pouring personal energy and money into it." Four years ago Shebib optioned a novel called *Bottle Factory Outing* by Beryl Bainbridge. Kroonenburg, Patterson and Raibourn formed Rising Star Films Inc. in January of 1980. Shebib needed money for his film and Rising Star needed a project with which to launch their production company in style. They in turn optioned *Bottle Factory Outing* from Shebib on May 14th.

Finding each other was probably the simplest step. Next, came the financing. Even for a team of three producers experienced in the ways of packaging and marketing feature films, the game of financing a picture is always a risky venture at best. The problem of interim financing often seems to be the killer, and did cause *Heartaches* more than its share of heartburn. At one point, problems with the public issue of the Seven Arts prospectus - Seven Arts had committed itself to furnishing \$2.5 million to *Heartaches* - closed down shop for a six-day period. Eventually, the Seven Arts investment became available and, thanks to help from the CFDC and a private offering by Newhouse Securities, the \$4.9 million budget was assured.

Next came casting. Kroonenburg and Shebib went down to Los Angeles and came back with Margot Kidder, Annie Potts and Robert Carradine. Winston Rekert is the home-grown addition that rounded out the cast. Shebib and Kroonenburg initially wanted Kidder to play 'Bonnie', but Kidder wanted the part of 'Rita' so badly that they relinquished. Consequently, Annie Potts (*King of the Gypsies*, *Corvette Summer*) plays Bonnie, the naive country mouse, to Kidder's Rita, the tough been-there-and-back city broad: in the film, both ladies are running away from confusion and bad times with their menfolk and end up finding renewed strength in each other. *Heartaches* is a departure for both Kidder and Shebib. Kidder is playing against type in a film whose story is pure Shebib - with a twist. Never before has Shebib explored the bonds of female friendship. As Piers Handling writes in his book *The Films of Don Shebib*, "...although he made his first film in 1962, it wasn't until *Goin' Down the Road*, seventeen films later, that we see a woman as a character on his screen!"

Back at the Hotel Isabella Margot Kidder enters the bar room set in a teased blond wig, black spandex pants and a two-sizes-too-small T-shirt (This is Lois Lane?) She is convincing and is appropriately complimented on her efforts. "Boy, do you look trashy!" remarks *Goin' Down the Road* alumnus, Paul Bradley. Kidder cracks her gum and lets loose with a full husky laugh. "Why thank you honey." Everyone in the room laughs and the tension dissipates over the set. The dimly lit tavern room is complete with fifty-cent glasses of draft on the tables of the sit down crowd; the mangier clientele are propped up against the bar listening to the guitar strummings and wailings of a lone singer. The whole scene seems to be coming together. As Pieter Kroonenburg says to me at our table, "Shebib is not an actor's director, but he is instinctive."

"I still remember the first time I saw *Goin' Down the Road*... Many of us remember the film and the strong impact it had on us. We took great pride in it, for all its shortcomings, we embraced it... *Goin' Down the Road* seemed to be our first step... For some, the promise the film held out has not been met, neither by Shebib nor by his

contemporaries, although it is probably too early to tell - after all, it's only been seven years..." Piers Handling, *The Films of Don Shebib*, 1978.

Hopefully Shebib's "instincts" about *Heartaches* will result in another film we can all be proud of.

**Virginia Kelly ●**

## HEARTACHES

p.c. A Rising Star Films Inc. Production (1980) exec. p. Joseph Beaubien, Nicole Boisvert p. Pieter Kroonenburg, David Patterson, Jerry Raibourn assoc. p. André Djaoui, Peter Rona d. Donald Shebib sc. Terence Heffernan p. man. Don Buchsbaum a.d. Mac Bradden asst. p. man. Holly M. Aylward asst. to p. Irene Berkowitz prod. ass't. Neil Huhta prod. acct. Irene Phelps cont. superv. Diane Parsons creative consult. Tedde Moore unit/loc. man. Marc Dassas d.o.p. Vic Sarin cam. asst. Robin Miller (1st), Marvin Midwicki (2nd) 2nd unit cam. Bob New sd./sd. mix. Don Cohen boom Gaby Vadnay art d. Gavin Mitchell set dec. Pat Gruben cost. des. Julie Ganton ward. mistress Kathleen Moyer make-up Kathleen Mifsud hair Barbara Alexander casting Walker-Bowen Inc. extra cast. Peter Lavender key grip Jim Craig grip Lee Wright, Lou Gradon ed. Gerry Hambling unit pub. G.R.O.-Glenda Roy stills Rob McEwan Lp. Margot Kidder, Annie Potts, Robert Carradine, Winston Rekert, Michael Zeiniker, Arnie Achtman.

## A twentieth century chocolate cake

# Olly, olly, in-free!

If this were 1971 and not '81, any discussion of Lois Siegel's work would have to include the word 'underground.' But now that Abby Hoffman has surfaced, Steven Lack has been mauled by Rona Barrett no less, and Allan Moyle has lost his hair to Robert Stigwood, the

whole idea seems anachronistic.

Consciously or unconsciously, Lois has lent her own hand to laying the word to rest: she recently completed her first documentary, *Extreme Close-Up*, a 30-minute black and white exploration of the world of the multi-handicapped. As a result of a screening at the Grierson Seminar, the film was picked up by both Toronto and Montreal's CBC outlets. The former bought it for two showings, while the latter scheduled its only screening at 11:30 Sunday morning - the wasted people's prime time slot. And now there's the ambitiously titled, feature length, *A Twentieth Century Chocolate Cake*.

By almost anyone's standards, Lois Siegel is a remarkable human being. Since coming to Montreal in the early '70s, she has taught film courses at every conceivable level, made her own personal statements through films and still photography, helped students and other young filmmakers get their own works going, written extensively on everything from films to Montreal taxi drivers and still found time to roller skate and play the odd game of baseball - something she's very good at.

*A Twentieth Century Chocolate Cake* is her first attempt at a feature ("my first no-budget feature film"), and it is the result of a collaboration with co-producer Greg Van Riel, who is also the film's leading player and scriptwriter. The two of them had worked together previously on *Recipe To Cook A Clown* and, before that, on *The Rubber Gun Show*. When *Recipe* was over, Van Riel left town to see the world while Siegel made other films. Listening to the two of them discuss how this film came together is a bit like listening to the counter-culture's version of an Andy Hardy movie - hey, kids, let's make a movie.

"The day Greg got back to Montreal, he called me from the airport and said, let's make a movie. And I said, sure." Within a week they were driving around

Montreal 'shooting a movie.' "We didn't have much of a story-line in mind at the beginning, just something about life in the city," Van Riel says casually. What they did have was a peculiarly painted automobile that provided much needed transportation, inspiration, and before it gave up the ghost, money from its sale to a Québécois stunt family who featured it in a spectacular explosion as part of a TV show called *The National Driving Test*. Says Van Riel, "I just loved that car - seeing it get blown away was an eerie experience. Unfortunately most of the stuff we shot with it in the beginning didn't really work out and we threw it away."

That early stuff was in 1979 and from the sound of things, they've been shooting ever since - and everywhere: at a time when some of the movies being shot here try to disguise their location, this one makes it very clear that we are in Montreal - bright lights, big city above and below ground...

Watching these people shoot a scene reveals a very different facet of the Andy Hardy energy. Professional, definitely; but not jaded enough to cover up the unbridled enthusiasm they have for what they are doing. One day they are shooting a business meeting scene in the tiny boardroom of a travel agency in the Town of Mt. Royal. The proprietor has given them three hours to shoot the scene. Why does he bother? "Well," Siegel explains, "we always offer a screen credit to people who are willing to help, and this guy is already involved in film financing or something so he's sympathetic." And others? "It always amazes me how people are happy about giving us stuff or letting us use their place, or something. Like at Filmplan, where we shot this scene of a secretary xeroxing parts of her body. They don't know yet that we did it in their offices but we're going to give them a credit anyway." Adding up all the credits that have been promised almost totals enough footage for another film.

The cast of *A Twentieth Century Chocolate Cake* is made up of all kinds of people and they add to an already friendly atmosphere on the set. Most people either know Greg or Lois or somebody who knows Lois or Greg or somebody who knows somebody who knows Lois or Greg... And sometimes not everyone who is supposed to show up, does. When that happens anyone else who happens to be around is called into service and yet another credit is added to the list. There are even one or two 'stars' to be found in the film: Stephen Lack and Peter Brawley have a bit in a gas station; Tommy Schnurmacher tells us his inner-most fantasies, intercut with scenes of people walking around a large suitcase parked on a busy, downtown street corner; and the Great Antonio plays the Great Antonio and pulls a car. ("The only way you can get in touch with this guy is by leaving phone messages in the restaurant where he eats breakfast.") Antonio's services were far and away the most difficult to procure. Before agreeing to be in the film, he wanted to know who his 'co-stars' would be. Nobody? Antonio was not impressed. Finally, Siegel hooked him when she promised to add to his already large collection of 'star' photos by taking a picture of him standing beside Tom Jones outside of Place des Arts.

It's dark. The Metropolitan expressway is, thankfully, almost empty, as is the parking lot at the National Film Board. Inside, the long creepy corridors

