



Looking for **Hot Dogs**? Monique Lepage checking out Gilles Latulippe's pocket

up but he resists. It's all very clean. Then, movie magic! They fall for each other. And while consummating their burning passion in the back seat of his car, Clean develops a crook in his back, only to get stuck in an uncomfortable missionary position. His car is towed to the police garage, where a welder must cut away the roof so he can be lifted out, and finally, straightened out at the hospital. At the same time, a group of transvestites and weight lifters are being herded through after vice squad entrapment at the Fire Island beach party. A reporter photographs the hapless Mr. Clean and when the photo hits the papers, he resigns. At the hospital, Stella visits Clean and swears her love. He will make her an honest woman with marriage.

The new vice squad chief is Benito (Paul Berval), one of the hot shot cops who is a pawn of the local godfather, Don Parchesi — amusingly burlesqued by Jean Lapointe. Morris and his wife Lilli are reunited as Stella and Mr. Clean are about to take their wedding vows. End of 100% Canadian feature film, financed by tax dollars, the CFDC, the Institute québécois du cinéma and Famous Players Limited.

This nonsense does at least poke fun at the whole vice squad concept, and the all-too-frequent entrapment techniques that police use to put pressure on

prostitutes. Pity that Fournier and Raymond's screenplay missed the chance to comment on how vice squads seem to habitually rear their heads when city administrations wish to divert attention from municipal corruption.

There is a recurring, running gag involving Harry the Exhibitionist who, either in disguise as an armless cripple or package-laden consumer, lures women to reach into his bottomless trenchcoat pocket for change. He gets a free feel while the hapless do-gooders are grossed out. Harry the Exhibitionist's identity is the only surprise in the film.

A final word about Harry Reem's metamorphosis from prurience to purity. Seeing him stand on two legs instead of three, one can't help but conclude that he's as wooden as Howdy Doody's wooden...(ahem) head. While shooting in Montreal in 1979 he claimed that he wanted to be taken for a serious (?) actor. Who would have guessed that born-again Harry, with or without clothes, decent or indecent script, had it in him? It's lucky his colleagues sustain the film. With **Hot Dogs** executive producers Dunning and Link (of **Meatballs** money fame) may have found more gravy.

Gary Evans

George Mendeluk's The Kidnapping Of The President

d. George Mendeluk p. George Mendeluk, John Ryan exec. p. Joseph Sefel sc. Richard Murphy, based on the novel "The Kidnapping of the President" by Charles Templeton story consult. Barry Pearson d.o.p. Michael Malloy, b.s.c. creative consult. Henry Richardson ed. Michael McLaverty art d. Douglas Higgins orig. film score Paul Zaza p. man. Tony Thatcher, Angela Heald (asst.) a.d. Gerry Arbeid (1st), Don Brough (2nd), Maureen Fitzgerald (2nd), Goff Martin (3rd), Mark Johnston (3rd) sec. unit d. Larry Paul, Barry Pearson loc. man. Brian Ross, Marc Dasso (asst.) cam. op. Bob New, Paul Mitchnick (1st asst.), Marvin Midwicki (2nd asst.) sd. mix. Douglas Ganton boom Tom Hilderley cont. Pauline Harlow ward. Angie Vastagh (mistress), Sherry McMorran (asst.), Mary Ann Wilson (asst.) hair Victoria Truscott (design), Jocelyn McDonald (stylist) make-up Lee Kruse, Helen Crocker (asst.) art d. Lee Kruse, Helen Crocker asst. art d. Elinor Fairless Barg, Christine Mooney (trainee), Birgit Siber (trainee) props. mas Michael Stockton, Laird McMurray (asst.) set dress. Henry Ciolczynski, Lindsey Goddard (asst.) spec. efx. Peter Hutchinson, Richard Albain, Ron Pampu (asst.), Greg Cannon (make-up) gaf. Roger Bate best boy Richard Allen elec. Bill Brown key grip Norman Smith grip Mark Manchester (2nd), Brian Potts (3rd) asst. ed. Elaine Foreman, Michael Dandy sd. ed. John Kelly, Kevin Townshend, Elaine Foreman (asst.), Richard Kelly (asst.) re-rec. Nolan Roberts, Mike Hoogenboom elec. music Nash The Slash carp. Mark Molin p. co-ord. Janina White, Janefer Wyman Rosenthal p. account. Irene Phelps, Doreen Davis (asst.), Susie Lore (asst.), Roma Panczysyn (asst.) p.sec. Lynette McPeake asst. to p. Robert McEwan asst. do d. Andreas Blackwell driver capt. Don Baldassarra p.a./drivers Curtis Brown, Michael Curran, Gail Heaslip, John James Houston, Izidore Musallon, Dilip Mirchandani, Tom Pinteric, Richard Spiegelman l.p. William Shatner Hal Holbrook, Van Johnson, Ava Gardner, Miguel Fernandes, Cindy Girling, Elizabeth Shepherd, Michael J. Reynolds, Gary Reineke, Maury Chaykin, Ken Anderson, Sully Boyar, Patrick Brymer, Jackie Burroughs, David Cadiente, Bob Collins, Michael Fairman, Buddy Ferrens, Mike Fortman, Frederick Franklyn, Chappelle Jaffe, Michael Kane, Michael Kirby, Paul Larson, William Marquez, Lynda Mason Green, William McDonald, Mina Mina, Myron Natwick, Aubert Pallascio, Steve Pernie, Virginia Podesser, Joseph Ragno, George Robertson, John Romain, Michael Ross, Richard Sargeant, Sandra Seacat, John Stocker, Angus McInnes, Wally Bondarenko, Richard Fitzpatrick, Paul Hubbard, Irving Link, Jay Nelson, Dini Petty, Walker Boone, Elias Zarou, Larry Duran, Bob Hannah, Joanne Lang-Hannah, Terry Martin, Karl Miller, Rick Parker pub. Stephenson Ramsay O'Donnell unit pub. Patricia Whittingham casting Canadian Casting Associates, Peter Laven-



Terrorist Roberto Assanti (Miguel Fernandez — right) threatening to blow up the U.S. President (Hal Holbrook — left) and everyone else unless his orders are obeyed.

der (extras) p.c. Sefel Pictures International Ltd. (1979) col. 35mm running time 114 min. dist. Sagenay Films.

One hesitates to massacre **The Kidnapping of the President**, if only because it obviously has no pretensions to being a thoughtful film. "Intermittently entertaining" has a nice ring to it. Yes, although it is handicapped by the generally uninspired and sometimes silly direction of George Mendeluk, and by Richard Murphy's mediocre screenplay, it is a competently produced, intermittently entertaining "action picture."

The film disorients and disturbs the audience at the outset, by leaping from the opening series of archival stills of past U.S. presidents, to a series of five gruesome killings in a South American jungle. These are orchestrated by a very ruthless guy named Roberto Assanti (Miguel Fernandez), who later emerges as the mastermind of the inevitable kidnapping. With his square-jawed, evil smile and pulsing forehead veins, Fernandez remains the most powerful character in the cast.

William Shatner, as White House Secret Service man Jerry O'Connor functions, up until the kidnapping, as a kind of Cassandra figure; trying to convince various CIA goons, G-men, and even Mounties that the President is vulnerable. He gets to say things like, "That's what they said about Dallas," and, "The President's life is in danger and you want me to brown nose?!"

Hal Holbrook as President Adam Scott, and Van Johnson as Vice-president Nathan Richards, both struggle with cardboard parts. Holbrook occasionally manages to rise above a dumb caricature of a "good" president,

but Johnson is doomed to be a pink-faced, moronic parody of the ineffectual V.P. There was once a poor woman who lost both of her sons; one ran away to sea, and the other became Vice-president. **Kidnapping** depicts the resurrection of a spineless, corrupt V.P. to public life, due to the President's capture; and the portrayal isn't funny or moving; it's pathetic. Ava Gardner is unfortunate enough to play his bitchy wife, and their domestic arguments make for a couple of the worst scenes in the movie.

These weaknesses are meant to be absorbed, however, by the relentless unfolding of the terrorists' plans as the President arrives in Toronto, juxtaposed to the Washington sequences by predictable, but tight, cross-cutting.

Mendeluk partially succeeds in this, cashing in visually on the Toronto skyline and setting up a nice tension among the three terrorists. Maury Chaykin adds a little comic relief as the goofy electronics whiz responsible for wiring the armoured truck in which the President is held, and Cindy Girling is quite intense as the third Patty Hearst-type terrorist. She doesn't know that Fernandez cut her sister's throat in Argentina, so there is a very kinky scene where he seduces her by handcuffing her to a heating pipe. Maury gets killed in a shoot-out with the Ontario Provincial Police on the way downtown, and then there are some good effects as Fernandez blows up a gas station, with Holbrook's voice on the radio spouting home remedies to the energy crisis.

When the surviving pair arrive at the Eaton Centre to implement their scheme, Mendeluk again relies largely on pacing to cover logistical flaws. That the terrorists can drive in behind Old City Hall without being searched is the first miracle; Cindy's escape and concealment in the crowd is another bit of cinematic 'legerdemain'. Most annoying of all is that, up until the climactic rescue, the armoured truck (which old Harv supposedly wired to blow at the slightest touch of heat or movement), withstands all the clumsy poking, scratching, and torching of Shatner and company. After the soundtrack has been overwhelmed for the third or fourth time by the sinister sounds of the bomb mechanism, we begin to wonder just what *will* set the damn thing off.



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FILM REVIEWS

There are a few, good, isolated bits which deserve mention. Aubert Pallascio's impersonation of Trudeau is amusing, complete with the arrogant shrug, as he arbitrarily hands the crisis over to Shatner and tells him to keep it quiet. The nicest, unintentional irony in the film is that the police refer to Jackie Burroughs as "our actress"; she could have done much to help the drama if she had been more than a "woman agent". Gary Reineke is effective as Shatner's rival Deitrich, the small-minded ass from the CIA. There is one, strong, tragi-comic vignette when Shatner shoots an English Jesus freak, Patrick Brymar, as he tries to reach the truck in order to "save" the President.

The big question in the movie — whether to give in to terrorists for the sake of the President's life — is not explored so much as exploited. The yes/no vacillations are meant to height-

en suspense, but instead, they augment the sense that most of the authorities in the film, from the cops to the President, are shallow, incompetent, trigger-happy, or just stupid. Watery-eyed and desperate (to save the movie?), Shatner combines his efforts with the Toronto police chief, Michael J. Reynolds, to stumble through them all toward the semi accidental events which resolve the crisis.

The final, disconcerting piece of direction and editing occurs at the end when, up until two seconds before the explosion, it appears that Shatner and Holbrook are just getting out of the truck. The next thing we know, they're behind sandbags at a safe distance, breathing calmly as the flames light up Nathan Phillips Square.

Really, George. You watch too much T.V.

Chris Lowry

George Mihalka's Pinball Summer

d. George Mihalka p. Jack F. Murphy exec. p. Dan Weinzweig assoc. p. Fred Fox sc. Richard Zelnikes story Fred Fox d.o.p. Rodney Gibbons art. d. Csaba Kertesz ed. Ion Webster line p. Bob Presner mus. & arrang. Jay Boivin, Germain Gauthier story ed. Fred Fox, George Mihalka cast. & dialog. coach Arden Ryshpan script & cont. Joanne Harwood a.d. François Ouimet (1st), Otta Hanus (2nd), Normand Plessis-Belair (3rd) unit/loc. man John Desormeaux 1st asst. cam./2nd unit op. Bert Tougas asst. cam. Glen MacPherson (2nd), Marc Hebert (3rd) key grips James Gray, Marc De Ernsted 2nd grip Charles Toupin gaf. Walter Klymkiw best boy François Vincellette 2nd elec. Arshad Shah sd. rec. Donald Cohen boom Lewis Wolfe sd. ed. Marcel Pothier, Anne Whiteside (asst.) mus. ed. Greg Glynn, Rick Elger, Ian Ferguson sd. mix David Appleby, Dino Pigat (asst.) add. re-rec. David Higgs post sync. rec. Gary Bourgeois post sync. efx Terry Burke asst. ed. Michel Juliani, Tony Reed, Judy Palnick, Frederico Saltzman prop. mas. Peter McMillan, Andrew Deskin asst. prop. Dominique Sanche asst. art d. Myles Clarke set dec. Peter Dowker construc. man. Mike Waterman set carp. Ryal Crogrove, Dean Eilertson costumes Laurie Drew dresser Corinne Verzier, Sylvie Montet (asst.) ward. asst. Sylvie Boucher make-up Chantal Ethier, Tara Workman (asst.) hair Benjamin Robin special efx Josef Elisner stunt co-ord. Jerome Tiberghien motorcycle stunt adviser David Israel stunt doubles David Israel, Andrew Deskin, Claude Chausse pinball adviser Jill Golick stills Piroska Mihalka post p. superv. George Mihalka, Ion Webster p. account. Pierre Guévremont p. sec. Elvira Rychlak p.a. Fred Berlin, Cheryl Buckman,

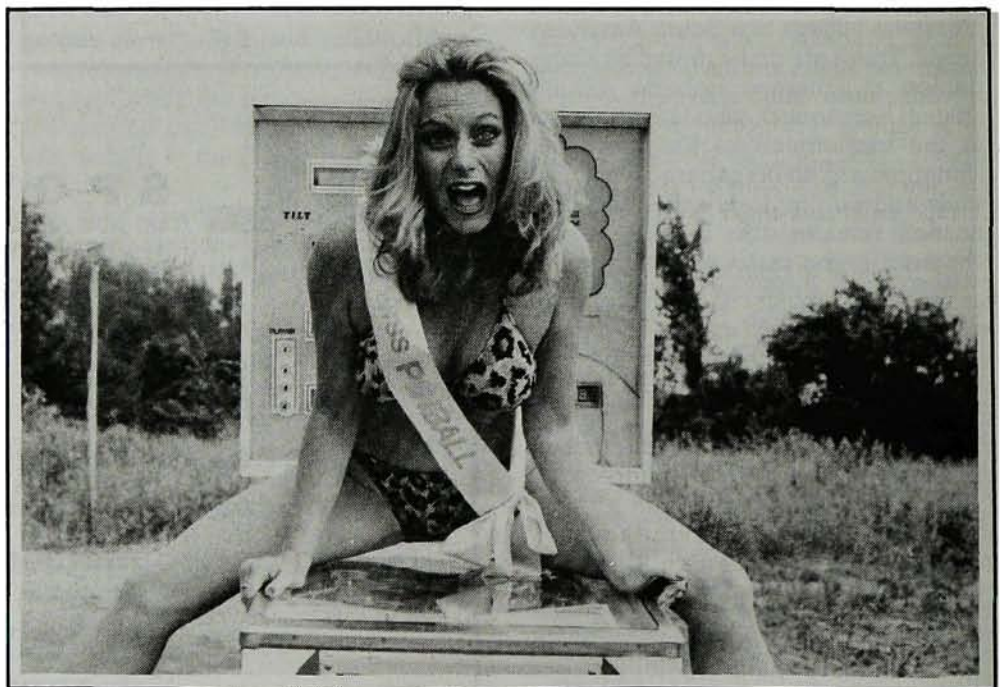
Garnett, Dawn Dowling, Brenda Claire Hall, Kathy Pedersen, Lucy Topetta, Darlene Purkess, Wendy Dye, Susie Glynn, Johanne Sheehy, Ann Pilon, Renzo Tettamanti, Peter Kreisman pub. David Novek, Mary Trees p.c. Pinball Summer Inc. (1979) col. 35mm running time 97 min. dist. Astral Films Ltd.

Question: Name a Canadian B feature which cost less than one million dollars, is chock full of tits and ass, celebrates the sexual surcharge of adolescence, and gives the viewer "contact indigestion" from all the burgers, fries and cola.

The answer: **Pinball Summer**, one of the few 1979 Canadian features which made it out of the can and onto the screen.

Here are all the clichés of this genre: suburbanite kids cruising in cars, bad boy greasers on motorcycles, bumbling police chases, mooning, flashing, burping, petting, but no fornication. If there's any moral, it's that jiggling and comely breasts in T-shirts are for fondling, but good girls don't.

In scene after scene of this mindless puerile pap, producer Jack Murphy and director George Mihalka hope to titillate with gags and giggles. In fact, **Pinball Summer** is more like a Mr. Clean version of a 42nd Street peep show. The tempo is set by the frequency of appearance of nubile breasts and limbs, all orchestrated to stimulate an already overstimulated male adolescent libido. The image of women is early Neanderthal, ornamental and passive, with a hint of sibling



Pinball pinup Joy Bouschell "charmed" the spots off a leopard for this one.