



New York actors driving Healey for filming.

the Healey had a heavy Bronx accent and a set of teeth bright enough to knock the needle off your light meter. His "girl friend" for filming purposes was a pretty woman who appeared exhausted, but who could put on a smile which belied her fatigue.

The director spent about three hours and several "takes" in between further "wet downs" filming the pair and creating the image of a wealthy, youthful and carefree couple racing down a beach road in an open antique foreign car. The actors genuinely enjoyed revving the Healey up and back the dampened stretch of road while I became increasingly concerned with how hard they seemed to be running the old roadster. Rex only laughed and said, "The Healey is a brute. You can lose a wheel, drop a drive shaft. It will still run."

During a break I cornered one of the generals and offhandedly suggested that, since the company was paying me good money for the use of my car, for a mere \$5 or \$10 more they could use my body, too. He looked at me as though I was something found in the bottom of a bird cage. I guess the sight of a foolishly-grinning, semi-balding man wildly waving a can of beer was not precisely the illusion he had in mind.

*At first it was not apparent that reality was intruding. . .*

**B**Y THE TIME filming of the tavern scene began I was fully in stride with this detached way of life. The ongoing problems left behind had ceased nagging at the back of my head. For several hours we watched filming from the inside of a temporarily redecorated tavern in Old Town Bandon, while four actors playing the part of hardworking industrial Archie Bunker types lined up at the bar and pretended to have a jovial time swilling the Canadian brew. One person placed blackout tape over the multitudes of other brands of beer offered at the tavern to conceal the competition's identity. Another set up two huge spotlights covered with goldish-colored cellophane on the sidewalk outside and pointed them through the tavern windows in order to create the atmosphere inside as one of a late sunny afternoon. Another did nothing but create make-believe cigarette smoke from small crushed pellets placed in a bellows-type machine that, when pumped, shrouded the actors in an odorless and tasteless dense blue haze. Another worked the lights, another made wardrobe suggestions, while another did nothing but make a single adjustment on the camera each time before use. Meanwhile at the bar, the actors could not actually imbibe in the "bubblie," but only pretend. When the camera was down, the undrunk beer was poured into a big plastic bucket and fresh glasses were set out. I never learned what happened to all that beer.

At first it was not apparent that reality was intruding, but during a break one of the actors called an

airline from the tavern pay phone in order to arrange for a flight back east. The episode was coming to a close.

The director asked us all "to buy a trinket for the folks back home from the nice old lady next door." It seems she complained about one of the trucks blocking potential customers from parking in front of her small gift shop.

I was jarred into remembering tasks left unfinished in my "other life" when the actress who had ridden in the Healey told me, in a burst of openness, that the commercial making business "isn't all that glamorous." When one job is finished, there may or may not be another any time soon. I imagined them living with their bags packed and waiting in a semi-crouch for the phone to ring announcing a job next week, or next month, maybe.

Ready or not, the time had come to ease back into the real world. The clouds overhead were signaling the return shortly of the Oregon Mist, or in other words, rain. We said our goodbyes. The Healey growled north up the Oregon coast past beautiful waysides and I pondered my detour from reality. I wondered out loud if Mr. Toad had remembered to carry a hammer.

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