

sendfilmstories

compiled by

Stefan Chiarantano

November 1, 2006

Introduction

By Stefan Chiarantano

Several months ago, I put out an open call asking filmmakers and industry people to send in stories about their filmmaking experience to be compiled in e-book for all to enjoy and aimed specifically at assisting aspiring and emerging filmmakers. I had hoped to receive many submissions but just a smattering of submissions was received. Nevertheless, I've compiled them together in sendfilmstories e-book. The guidelines were very general and individuals were encouraged to write about anything they wanted using any style of writing.

Here are the submissions. Please enjoy them. They are an enjoyable read and hint at the complexity, creativity and dedication involved in the filmmaking process.

If you have any comments or queries or would like to post a piece, please email me at: sendfilmstories@aol.com

I hope you enjoy these pieces as much as I have!

- Table of Contents

- Shot of Solitude- Hand (and Heart) Processing at Film Camp, by Ken Paul Rosenthal 4
- Welcome to Vancouver, you F#&*ing C*%#!! , By Corey Lee 9
- The Dead Brothers - Death is not the end: an interview with writer/filmmaker M.A. Littler 12
- Der verbotene Film / Forbidden Film 20
- Reminiscences by Pete (no last name given) 23
- How I Learned to Stop Fooling Around and Became a Glamorous Award-Winning Festivalized Filmmaker Instead, by James W. Harris 27
- Sound editing, By Bob Kessler 33

Shot of Solitude- Hand (and Heart) Processing at Film Camp, by Ken Paul Rosenthal

I am flying on Air Canada to Phil Hoffman's Independent Imaging/Filmmaking Retreat on a farm northwest of Toronto, where I will spend five days shooting, processing and editing 16mm film, learning tinting and toning, and viewing contemporary experimental films. It's been 11 years since I was first introduced to the tactile universe of hand processing movie film at the San Francisco Art Institute. Watching the beautiful mess of images tumble from a stainless steel womb for the first time entirely changed the way I make films. Hand processing is a practice where serendipity is the rule rather than the exception, and I found it an antidote to conventional methods of filmmaking that emphasized image control. Whereas new technologies moved me away from the medium, I could use my own hands to embrace the film material more directly and intimately. Over the years I have hand-processed hundreds of rolls of film and shared my experiences in dozens of workshops. Now I'd have an opportunity to learn recipes and techniques from other passionate practitioners and work in 16mm for the first time.

The stewardess offers me headphones for the onboard movie, but I decline and turn my attention instead to the film unraveling outside the cabin window. The changing contours of the clouds allow me to reflect on the ways hand-processing movie film can be like playing in a celluloid sandbox. It can also be quite terrifying. You discover your heart isn't as malleable as the medium, and you start scraping away at it until only the most precious cell is left. That frame, that naked grain, is your silver soul.

Mount Forest, Canada

I am standing alone in an open barn door. In front of me a tree traces the grass with tender brushstrokes. I turn and enter the barn, where pillars of light ring the space like a motionless Zoetrope. It is

the morning after film camp has ended, and I'm still nursing my last shot of solitude.

Although the 11 other campers have departed, the after-effects of five days of nonstop filmmaking are evident everywhere. Glistening strips of hand-processed film drip-dry and flutter from a 15-foot clothesline inside the barn. My own footage wraps around the line in impossible tangles. Short, crazy-colored pieces of film swim in bowls of toning solution. Half-eaten bits are stuck to the fridge like a proud child's schoolwork. Sheets of opaque plastic cordon off the darkrooms. Just yesterday those same plastic curtains barely dampened the giddiness of fellow campers, who emerged from the darkrooms like proud parents, shouting, "Oh my God, look at this!" and people scurried over to see their newborn images, launching into a chorus of "Oohs," "Ahhs" and "Wowwws."

Film camp was a carnival of creativity, and the barn was the funhouse. At least it was for most of the campers. Looking back, I can't help thinking, What was I doing in the farmhouse cellar futzing with my Bolex's rex-o-fader for two hours while the resident sparrows were pooping on my head? How did I expose an entire day's shoot to a 100-watt light bulb before it hit the first developer? And why the hell did I go ahead and process it anyway?! Instead of producing images, I made a series of increasingly catastrophic mistakes. Why was it so difficult to practice what I'd long been preaching to my hand-processing students: dissolve prescribed ideas and embrace the process from which the most elegant visions arise?

When I arrived six days earlier, I was prepared to make a dance film. That ambition quickly dissolved when I took on a Bolex Rex-4 as my shooting partner. Having only shot with highly mobile Super-8 cameras for the past 15 years, I found the 16mm Bolex a beast to handle. Using a Sekonic to read the light, stopping down the aperture and then recomposing before shooting didn't feel spontaneous. Instead of embracing the Bolex's noble weight and its economy of functions, I kept wrestling with it. The camera didn't fight back, it just sort of went away, piece by piece.

Over the next two days I lost the backwind key, the filter slide (thus fogging an entire day's shoot) and a 24-inch cable release, and I stripped the threading in the crankshaft. With each additional piece of equipment lost or broken, I was forced to peel back another layer

of intention. I let go my idea of making a dance film, and I let go my desire to leave camp with a finished film. After all, I was always reminding my students that film is less about making a film than it is about experiencing the making. And that the texture of the gesture becomes the film. Now I needed to take my own advice.

However, abandoning the images and ideas I had developed in my mind filled me with a kind of loneliness. Without a script or a preconceived vision to guide me, I felt crippled and blind. I did not know on which side of the camera to put my attention, and I collapsed to the ground. It was at that moment that an image came to me—my hand reaching through the lens and fondling the sun. I thought about my little focus-free 35mm still camera (which had slipped out of my pocket into a bucket of water that morning) and how liberating it felt to point it and just shoot whatever I found beautiful.

I stood up and immediately began filming in the same way I had made still pictures, without any camera movement, simply framing my subjects for their texture and the way they embodied the light. I shot burlap riding the wind. I shot barbed wire choking wild straw. I shot a newborn calf's placenta until an irate bull chased me headlong through the electric sting of a charged fence. As the Bolex and I moved arm in crank through pastures and forests, I realized I was making a dance film after all. Only the dance wasn't taking place in front of the lens, but in the space between the camera body and my own. And I realized that my struggles had not been about making mistakes or knowing what to shoot, but about how to compose my self. Now I had taken a shot of my solitude, and it was a good fix.

On the fifth and final day of film camp, the activity became ever more feverish, since the day was to be topped off by a screening of everyone's work. Campers darted from pasture to darkroom to flatbed in frenetic circles, with pit stops at the tinting table, optical printer or homemade animation stand. The camp's Steenbeck had a wonderful malfunction, which caused the plates to clang like a locomotive pulling into a station. That clanging also served as a sort of dinner bell, calling everyone to our celluloid feast.

An hour before showtime I chose my selects, drew up a paper edit and assembled a rough-cut. As I hastily sifted through 800 feet of misfortune, a few silver jewels began to emerge. After my piece

screened, a warm shivering welled up in my chest as I shared the details of my innumerable mishaps. Although everyone applauded my work's photography, for me, the images of my solemn, distended shadow hugging an endless road, of rotting barn shingles and a lonely leaf framed against a setting ball of sun were documents of my solitude.

Now it's the morning after film camp has ended, and I am standing alone in the barn wondering what to do with my film, with myself. Should I return to the fields and re-shoot all my fuck-ups? Should I bury my film in front of the barn, where we dumped all our used chemicals? Or should I just chuck the whole mess into a vat of blue toner? The answer gently materializes when I stop asking questions: continue filming what I find beautiful—the film material and the process of making film. I shoot film images rising out of a chemical bath, film stock spilling into a discarded porcelain sink, film strewn across a long row of bushes and negative film reversing to positive under a light bulb.

With only two hours before my departure, I find the courage to pull off my fantasy shot with the help of Christine Harrison, a camp assistant. We leave the farm and head toward an enormous field of daisies, where I plan to have Christine film me in slo-mo prancing naked with an armload of film. We arrive and knock on the door of a private residence neighboring the field to ask permission, but no one answers, so we get right to it. I strip down, then leap and roll about, trampling daisies with blissful abandon. Each time a car approaches on the road, I duck down into my robe of blossoms. As a comic counterpoint, I decide to stand center-frame with a ball of film covering my genitals while I peer about timidly. We are setting up the shot when Christine alerts me to an approaching truck. I figure an 18-wheeler will consider my daisy cheeks worth no more than a toot of his horn. Instead he slams on the brakes and screams bloody murder. This draws out the woman from the nearby residence, who we thought wasn't at home. She begins to scream about there being children in the house and threatens to call the police. (Could it be they don't appreciate dance?)

We gather up clothing and equipment in such haste that my glasses get left behind. When we dash back to retrieve them, we find nothing among the yards of smashed blossoms. Christine seems

particularly unnerved. I'm not sure if it's because our equipment might be confiscated by the authorities, or because the reputation of the film camp could be irreparably damaged. Regardless, she promises to return that night to search some more, and I drive off to Toronto with the entire world looking like a four-laned fishbowl.

So went my experience at film camp. I danced with my dark side, my light side and all the other gradations of my silver soul. I lost my eyesight in one sense and gained insight in another, as corny as that sounds. I know deeply and intimately that film is (for me) fundamentally not about recording a picture. It is a process even broader than the developing of images. It is about dancing with stillness and manipulating a novel posture for my heart. Phil Hoffman, the compassionate angel who manages the camp, says that film is about the moment of transformation, and that making love for your self is a reason to make film. Words to shoot by indeed.

I have yet to process the film I shot on my last day at the farm, but that's OK. I only exposed it as a means to a beginning.

###

Welcome to Vancouver, you F#&*ing C*%#!, By Corey Lee

The weeks immediately following the tight 18 day shoot in January of 2002 on my first digital feature, *defining edward*, seemed to slip by almost without incident. The days blurred together in a haze of exhaustion and drunken triumph, then capped by a bout of mild depression triggered by the end of production and an abrupt halt to my directing career. Eventually I got my act together and, almost exactly two weeks after we finished shooting, Post Production Supervisor, Rick Youck, and myself drove out from Calgary to Vancouver to officially begin the post phase of the film. Thanks to Youckie's lead foot, we made great time on the highway, through the 14 foot snow walls and abandoned vehicles at the pass on the Coquilhalla, to arrive at Rainmaker's Post house in time to get the HD tapes to our tech, Daryl, and get the down conversion from HD Cam to DVcam underway that very night.

The next morning, our good friends Paul Roscorla and Chris Holmes from White's Vancouver joined us at Rainmaker and brought along two mystery gentlemen "from Miramax" who were thinking they might shoot their next picture in HD. We all stood around in the edit suite where our host, Barry Chambers, had the 'edward' down-convert patched into the room on a row of giant monitors with the sound cranked up just to show off the facility. Daryl had the dub going through the night and now we're on tape 16 of 20... Which is great, except for the fact that the scene now playing features a dead guy strapped to a metal tree sculpture and his murderer taunting him, uttering at least five variations on the word 'fuck' and then the 'C' word - I'm talking about the particularly offensive curse that some Brits often use whilst referring to an aspect of female reproductive system - you know, just thrown in a couple times for good measure. Hmm, what kind of movie is this? I don't know, but it sure looks nice on that big HD monitor, doesn't it. Take 3. Take 4. Take 5. Take 6 pick up. I just keep smiling, not saying anything to our guests, all along thinking "Why did I have to do so many fucking takes of this?"

'F' word. 'F' word. 'C' word. 'F' word. 'C' word. "Cut... going again!"
That's it... just keep smiling.

Finally Barry suggests that we go to the theatre to take a look at some stuff shot HD and then posted to film. We all march down that hall in silence and happily sink into comfy seats to watch the first 15 minutes of Dwayne Beaver's "The Rhino Brothers", a film shot in Vancouver in 2001 on HD, cut in Final Cut Pro, the same thing we're doing, and then blown up to 35mm. I thought the film looked pretty good... and had to admit it was a relief to see a completed project, which had traveled the same wacky road we're currently on. So, lights come up. We ask a few questions about the process then all stand to go our separate ways. Having not really been introduced to two gentlemen tagging along with Paul and Chris, I thank them for joining us and inquire as to who they actually are. Turns out the "guys from Miramax" are actually a DP and a Director/Producer, and that the Director/Producer is Joe Camp. As in *the* Joe Camp... the creator of BENJI, the lovable mutt from my childhood. That is... awesome. Oh, excuse me, sir... I must be the creator of vulgar, foul mouthed, murdering psychopaths. Very pleased to meet me... err, okay... maybe not so much. In all honesty, it wasn't the embarrassment as much as it was a realization of my innocence now lost and gone forever. "Oh Corey, why can't you just tell nice stories..." 'F' word. 'F' word. 'C' word. 'F' word. Bet you never hear Benji curse like that.

I'll leave you with a selection of Mr. Camp's filmography as found on the Internet Movie Database. As *Director* - Benji the Hunted (1987), Oh, Heavenly Dog! (1980), The Double McGuffin (1979), Benji's Very Own Christmas Story (1978), For the Love of Benji (1977), Hawmps! (1976), and of course, Benji (1974).

- Written by Corey Lee -

Taken from the blog by Corey Lee from the official Defining Edward movie website. www.definingedward.com

Corey Lee - Filmmaker

Born in Edmonton, Alberta and educated at the Alberta College of Art and Design and the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology's Film Program, Lee is known for his debut feature film, *Defining Edward*, a dark, edgy and vibrant story of one man's fight to unlock the truth about his own troubled past. The film premiered in Toronto at the 2003 ReelWorld Film Festival, was an official selection of the 2003 Calgary International Film Festival and aired across Western Canada on Corus Entertainment's Movie Central in 2004 and 2005.

Lee's Bravo!FACT comedy "The Perfection of the Moment" recently won Best Short film at the 2006 AMPPIA Awards. He is currently in pre-production on his new short film *ClimaXXX: a Love Story* and has various projects in development, including the television series, *Fur Nation*, and the feature films: *Imperfekt*, *Channel Zero* and the coming-of-age drama, *Wrecking Ball*.

The Dead Brothers - Death is not the end: an interview with writer/filmmaker M.A. Littler

Q: I'd like to talk about your various projects at present.

A: Go ahead and ask.

Q: What first attracted you to the DEAD BROTHERS and why did you decide to make a film about them instead of simply enjoying their music?

A: I first heard their record DAY OF THE DEAD in a Rock 'n' Roll club in my hometown.

I physically reacted to it, which rarely happens to me, even when hearing a good record. The music was intelligent and primitive, beautiful and ugly at the same time.

It had multiethnic elements to it but I still saw it as rock 'n' roll and the common ethno stereotypes were not present in their music.

The music was referential but it was still their own...plus it was dark and wickedly funny...that won me over.

Q: But why go through the hassle of making a film about them?

A: The idea grew like cancer in my head...it had to be done.

Actually I had the idea without ever seeing them live, let alone ever having met them.

I then made a film about VOODOO RHYTHM, their record company and we got to know one another and hit it off, so one thing led to another and eventually resulted in this film.

I was more interested in portraying three individuals than a band.

Q: Describe the working process with the Dead Brothers.

A: (laughs) The Dead Brothers are extremely generous with their time and dedicated when you're in the same city. We got a lot of work

done, within a short time frame. The challenge was to all be at the same place simultaneously and that proved to be difficult at times. The Dead Brothers are not exactly efficient planners and organizers but at the end of the day that adds to them in some strange way.

Q: Was the film shot in segments or all at once?

A: It was shot in segments. I joined them on tour and visited them at home. We first did an intensive interview session, I then visited them again to shoot some cinema verite style street concerts and improv sessions.

A few months after that I shot a music video for them that also appears in the film.

Q: Describe the individual members.

A: Alain is a born alpha wolf with all the problems that come with being dominant by nature. He has a contradictory character, he's extremely warm and gentle and volatile at the same time. Most importantly though he gets things done, which at times means stepping on people's toes.

I believe he's the glue that holds the various elements in the band together.

Delaney's the dark court jester...funny and dark at the same time. When planning things I'll put my money on Delaney and when it comes to theft I would too.

If you plan on going to war you certainly need at least one Delaney on your side...he's a partisan.

Pierre is a ridiculously blessed musician...it's not only the sounds he produces. Simply observe his face, when he plays, that man was born to play.

Like he says in the film he's torn between irony and fragility that pretty much sums it up...in my books he's Django...dirty but clean...I know you have no idea what I'm talking about but I'm sure he'll get it.

Christoph who has become a full time member by now is the Dada element in the band...a genius musician with a feeling for absurdity and surreal humour.

Q: There's the name to talk about: The Dead Brothers, that implies a certain sense of family.

A: Watch the movie again and you'll find the answer to that question. They're a family with all the love and hate for one another that you'll find in any family...except this is a dead family.

Q: What are the core themes in the film?

A: There's a number of core themes:

The juxtaposition of death and humour, the blending of various ethnic music styles in search of a universal musical core.

There's also the underlying theme of genocide and Diaspora: Alain's half Armenian and the Armenian genocide troubles him personally, so we incorporated that theme into the film as well and I believe his family's story to be a universal one.

Q: If you don't mind me saying it doesn't sound like an easy film.

A: It certainly isn't. If you're looking for mere entertainment go to your local multiplex.

Although it needs to be said that the film is certainly not one long artsy and dark ride...similar to their music it's dark and funny in a twisted way...but you're right it's challenging...you can't sit down and consume it, you have to be awake.

It's at times slow and laconic and occasionally becomes quite surreal.

Q: I've read in an interview that you have self-financed your last film.

A: I did.

Q: How did you manage to gather the money?

A: I run a production company and own all of my own equipment. I bought it over several years, so I don't have to rent equipment, which

is a great advantage.

We always slept at the bands' homes and ate with them and our crew worked for free. In a nutshell that's how I managed to pull it off.

Q: Why did you not seek the partnership of another production company, network or funding agency.

A: I'm a difficult character, especially when it comes to dealing with business people...I get angry easily and don't like people interfering with my work and my ideas.

And when people can't be convinced in a rational manner, I have convinced them physically in the past...I'm getting too old for that kind of nonsense now, so I do things the best way I know how to...and that's outside of the industry.

Q: What's the downside of working that way?

A: Well, to begin with you're very limited technically, you only have one camera, which is often times operated by me, you only have a basic lighting kit and usually an inexperienced crew, so you have to do 3 or 4 jobs at once.

The plus however is that the limitations make you more focused. You have to get it right the first time because you don't have the means to fix it in postproduction.

The crew, as inexperienced as they may be, are really motivated and believe in what they're doing. If you're on a professional set, you'll see people twiggling their thumbs a lot, smoking plenty of cigarettes and drinking gallons of coffee, you won't see that on our set.

At times it's frustrating to see that you can't get certain things you want and to see certain technical insufficiencies but that's a price I'm willing to pay to make my kind of films without any interference.

Q: How do you convince people to dedicate their time and effort for free?

A: They fall in love with the project like falling in love with a woman. The strange lifestyle also attracts people. Making these kinds of films is definitely miles away from what I would consider normality and some people are drawn to that.

Q: And you shamelessly exploit that?

A: Exactly.

Q: You have self distributed your last film, were you forced to or did you choose to?

A: At first I was forced to, then I had the chance to go through a distributor but again I don't work well with industry people and that's why I turned it down.

At the end I'm glad I did because I learned a lot about distribution and had great partners in Beat-Man (president of VOODOO RHYTHM RECORDS) and several underground clubs and cinema owners and promoters.

We showed the last film all across the globe and even made a modest plus on the film.

A: You have a multiethnic background as well, is that one reason why you were drawn to the music.

Q: Well, I've got a German-Anglo-Celtic background but I don't think that has anything to with it.

I'm drawn to all sorts of things outside of my own culture and I love to throw it all in blender and make one wicked little cocktail out of it. I reckon in that respect there might be a certain similarity with what THE DEAD BROTHERS are doing musically.

Q: What are those influences?

A: That'll take forever.

Q: Name a few.

A: Jazz, primarily Coltrane, raw blues, fucked up Rock 'n' Roll, dark Christian imagery, religious painters like Caravaggio and Bosch, the American South, crime novelists like Jim Thompson, writers like Kerouac and Hubert Selby Jr. the film's of Melville, film noir, Lee Marvin, the list goes on.

I guess the number one source of influence would have to be the people and places I come across...art can never be as strange and fucked up as reality...so mostly I steal ideas from the reality I perceive.

Q: That brings me to another question: You're also a writer, I've read a number of your poems and a short story and there seems to be an affinity for outsiders, decay and a certain apocalyptic core that runs through everything.

A: (laughs)You should be a critic.

Q: Well, am I correct?

A: Yeah, I am attracted to outsiders and I have a rather grim vision of the general state of things and the future as well. Some believe the ship is sinking, I believe it has sunk and now we're living in the ruins of a shipwreck with a bunch of eels and squids and jellyfish...but if you know how to, you can have a pretty good time down there.

Q: Some people might argue that's a bit too dark...too one dimensional.

A: That would be a legitimate comment, yes.

Q: And what would you answer?

A: I would compliment them on their perceptiveness. The fact is, I'm drawn to the Bible and Caravaggio, Hironymous Bosch, dark country and blues songs and I don't deny it.

Q: Do you have any further literary ambitions?

A: It's an ongoing process...I don't really differentiate between film and literature. Some ideas are best expressed in poetic form or in prose, some in film.

Since I write my own screenplays, the writing process is an integral part of filmmaking for me.

I am also currently collecting my short stories and intend to shape

them into a novel.

We've recently added a literary department called SLOWBOAT INK to our film production SLOWBOAT FILMS.

I've also got a project I refer to as "The Boomerang Project". I've recorded plenty of poems of mine in the past and have recently send the recordings to musicians I respect and asked them to compose and perform some music as a soundtrack to the poetry.

The key however is that I don't get involved, they simply listen to the recoding and add whatever they please, without informing me.

So I throw out a boomerang and hope for it to return at some point.

If it does return it'll probably be all banged up and half broken...I would love that!

Then there are always readings, alone, with other writers and/or musicians.

Q: Who is involved in that project?

A: A bunch of musicians I respect, some of which I've worked with on my last film.

DM Bob is involved, The Dead Brothers, Jem Finer of the Pogues, the Croatian Surf Noir band The Bambi Molesters, Robert Butler and a bunch of others.

Q: What about further films?

A: We're currently developing a moody black and white road movie that bears similarities with old time gangster films. We're planning to go into principal photography in September 2006. It deals with the themes of guilt and redemption...I reckon my affinity for biblical themes will shimmer through again...enough said.

And there's always a music video on the way or some strange little experimental piece.

Q: In recent years you have turned out quite a bit of material...why the rush?

A: I don't think it has been that much...it could have or rather should have been more. Also, you never know when you're going to run dry, so I milk the ideas as long as I have them.

Q: In your last film you asked the interview subjects what is important to them...what's important to you.

A: I knew that that question would bite me in the ass at some point. My answer is going to be as awkward and corny as theirs. Love is the Alpha and the Omega, apart from that I only try to remain true to what I believe in, in spite of financial pressures and Machiavellian propositions that loom at every street corner.

Q: Sounds like a true moralist.

A: (laughs) Sweet Jesus, that's what I've become...a bloody moralist...totally presumptuous and vain. Can we at least agree on being a fucked up moralist?

Q: That would be a lame compromise.

A: Alright then, I confess.

Q: Thanks for taking the time.

A: My pleasure.

Der verbotene Film / Forbidden Film



I found this film can while I was taking photographs for locations for my new film 'dromosphere'. it was lying in the woods covered by some leaves and dirt. underneath the film can was a small leaflet with the title 'der verbotene film' on the cover. inside lots of diagrams, tables and equations caught my eye while I was quickly browsing through it. upon further reading it was mentioned that opening the can would bring destruction and disease upon mankind. the author was going on at great length about the mayhem that was coming to the human race should this can ever be opened. I only skipped through it quickly as it was very cold and I already spent several hours taking pictures.

back home I put the leaflet on my heater to dry as it was a bit wet and the film can in my shelf. I left my apartment to meet a few friends in a bar and told them about what just happened but they were only mocking me. they didn't understand the responsibility that came with this find. the words about the danger this dreadful can poses should it be opened reverberated in my mind on my way back home.

as I came near my apartment I smelled smoke. I ran up the stairs and quickly opened the door. fortunately there was no fire, only lots of smoke. unfortunately the leaflet I left on the heater was no more. strange, how could it have caught fire?

now with no information about this verboten film I can only speculate about the danger. after thinking about it for several weeks here are my conclusions:

1. this film can holds no film but an explosive device that goes off when opened. however, I remember the author of the leaflet was warning not of an explosion but of something terrible that will be released upon the *whole of mankind*. not just some individuals that get blown to pieces. and also, why would someone put an explosive device in a film can in the first place?

2. this film can holds no film but a virus or bacteria that will give death and disease to those close to the can. after infecting them it will spread to others endangering the human species. possible. but still, why in a film can? maybe the scientist working on it had to hide it very quickly and it was just there, came in handy when he had to smuggle it out of the research facilities for whatever reasons.

3. this film can is cursed. we know these things have happened before. one has only to think of those legendary egyptian curses. usually a curse only affects a small circle of people near to the cursed item but maybe this can was cursed by means and knowledge that weren't available before so it will affect the whole of mankind. it could be that the author of the leaflet cursed the film can himself or he witnessed the item being cursed by someone else.

4. this film can indeed holds a film. a film so deadly, so deviant it had to be hidden from this world. it could be the ultimate misanthropist propaganda movie that infects the minds of those who watch it to a degree that it instills an instant desire to kill. kill the next fellow human nearby and copy the film to the thousands to make more people watch it and execute the filmmaker's vicious vision of doom.

I will probably never find out the truth about this film but I will take it upon myself to guard my find and shield it from evil forces whatever the costs. nobody will be given the chance to open this film can and bring death and destruction upon mankind as long as I live.

[march 16th 2006]

to make sure nobody opens the can I today torch-brazed it shut. it is now safe unless extreme force is applied. at least nobody can open it now by accident.



[april 10th 2006]

Reminiscences, by Pete (no last name given)

I've been out of the mainstream film industry, for about 15 years now; what I have been doing for those years I will leave for a few words about myself after.

When I worked in film, I was lucky enough to catch the buzz of the 70's, when everybody was a film producer/director, through the 80's, where the serious survived and into the early 90's, which is the end of mainstreaming for me. My very last production was as 'best boy' on a very experimental rock clip and I knew then, that I was no longer producing or production managing film or videos. My time had come, as there were a number of similar jobs prior to this. Naturally, anecdotes fill any industry and I had my fair share of stories to tell. Some of which if I wrote now would easily identify me. This one is identifiable enough.

Myself and a crew of three flew into Tullamarine late one night. We had come to Melbourne from Sydney for a days shooting and out again the following night. I was production manager and managed to get everyone to Melbourne reasonably sober and all the equipment (sober too). I only had to keep my wits about me for 1 more hour, which would have us safely in our motel, where we could get into a more serious pre-production mode. I got the hire cars and my fellow crew members were ever so gracious in grabbing gear as it carouselled itself around awaiting to be noticed. The guys were in a hurry to relax, but, and here is the lesson, remember what your job is and do it properly. My job was not to get them relaxed as soon as possible, but to have us all relaxed asap. Boxes and luggage seemed to be making there own way around the terminal until I had to pull up these eager beavers and basically order them to keep everything together, in there terminal, until we were sure we had everything. It seems easy enough, but still, guys would get there own bag and I'd see it going out the door into a car. I ended up guarding our possessions and pointing out other gear to be grabbed. Of course they though I was being an old woman, but I had 15 years experience by this time and this is the least embarrassing airport

moment. I counted everything, including the luggage already in the cars and all bodies were accounted for so it was off to the motel. At the motel we unloaded the vehicles and put everything in the closest room. It was the camera assistance room. We kicked on for an hour and hit the sack. Thank God, I thought. I didn't like these late night arrivals anywhere, because everyone just wants to go home.

I woke the crew in the morning and when we were ready we began sorting gear into which vehicles etc. The camera assistant began getting a tad agitated and walked in and out of his room a few times scratching his head and then asked me had I any gear in my room. The short end of the story was we were one box down. A black box with 3 redheads in it and unlabelled. There was only one deduction, we must have left it at Tullamarine, I just couldn't figure out how. How, I discovered later, was the cameraman had put his coat on it and when it was all aboard time, just picked up his coat, leaving the box. I decided to load up one car with whatever was immediately needed for the first set up and I would race out to Tullamarine and get it. On the way, I was doing a few head miles about the situation: black box; no labels; 1' x 1' x 3'; Sitting in the middle of Tullamarine Airport at 11 o'clock at night! This was pre-terrorism days as we know it today, nevertheless I was thinking surely not; surely someone would have opened it. It wouldn't have been taken seriously as any kind of threat, would it??

I went straight to the unclaimed baggage desk, chest out and asked in my most commanding way possible (I was shitting myself), "Did anybody find a black box here last night?" The bloke looked at me and said, "Oh, so you're the one". I knew I was in deep shit at this stage. "Yes, we have it. Just wait there and I'll make a phone call". It was a call I was certainly not allowed to hear. "If you'd like to wait a few minutes, we'll take you to your box". I tried for small talk to find out what was happening, but he was giving me nothing. "You'll find out everything soon enough". It was a quick couple of minutes before I was being escorted through the airport with two Federal Police Officers. One spoke AT me, the other remained silent. Shit, I thought I was going to be hung and quartered. We just forgot a box! "You are being taken to the Head of the Federal Police. He

would like to talk to you first. I suggest you listen to me and do what I say. Do not argue with him. Do not disagree with him. Apologise. Don't interrupt and do not say anything unless asked." Yep, I was in big shit. We entered his office and I was introduced to him, although he said nothing, nor lifted his head, I said "hi". He was reading the report about the incident, which had occurred. He then looked at me. OK, it wasn't that bad in the end, but I would hate to be on the receiving end of these guys if they were trying to intimidate me.

They had me shit scared. It was one of those, 'I want my mum moments'. He then explained to me that they understood it was not a premeditated stunt and that it was a civilian who had made a legitimate mistake. He said it was not worth having me charged, because I would get off. 'Charged????' All he could do was to tell me what had occurred when the box was first noticed. "At 2309 hours a civilian security guard noticed a black box, apparently owned by nobody, sitting in the middle of Tullamarine airportat 0530 hrs the airport was reopened, the army dismissed, and all others involved were relieved of their duties. It wasn't a bomb, it was a box of lights, but as explained, even when they sent in the robot, 'shit, they played this out for real', it x-rayed the box and they could see wires, cables, switches etc. Yep, they went through an exercise as if it was the real thing. And this occurred probably in the 80's, so Australia was very much on the alert back then. I guess it's kinda comforting to know, that we are and have been ready for something to happen for sometime. Shit, I hope I'm not giving away any strategic information. Please, keep me anonymous. No, it worked out well all around and as I said in the beginning, remember what your job is on the production and make sure you do it properly, so you don't have to cover yours or anyone else's arse, before helping someone else or taking shortcuts. G'day to anyone who remembers this story, not as bad as the entire reshoot story, but that's for another day!!!!

What I've been doing for the last 15 years is finding out there is more there than just film. Although I've kept my finger in the pie, mainly little stuff and my own things, I've discovered lots of other creative messes or more to the point created a lot. But it's all good.

I'm now dabbling in adult entertainment, I guess you do, what you can do, but once again, nice people, always fun (my shoots are anyway) and everyone is human. And if anyone's wondering, sorry, doesn't need crewing or actors, but females, of course are always welcome to make enquiries, it's not as bad as you may think, and you get paid. What next????? petedb@primus.com.au

How I Learned to Stop Fooling Around and Became a Glamorous Award-Winning Festivalized Filmmaker Instead, by James W. Harris

I had wanted to make films for years, ever since I was a kid in elementary school in the 1960s, religiously reading Forrest J. Ackerman's Famous Monsters of Filmland and making up monster-movie plays in my backyard.

That desire only increased during my teenage and early adult years, as I became a habitu  of bombed-out sleaze pit theaters and drive-ins in the Deep South, soaking in the awe-inspiring and mind-warping works of such (at the time) under-appreciated auteurs as Herschell Gordon Lewis, David Friedman, Al Adamson, Rudy Ray Moore, Russ Meyer... and so many others.

One day, I thought, I'll make movies, too!

Yeah, a lot of people think that.

Well, time passed, and I did other things. But no movie. I went through my twenties, thirties, and forties. Fifty was approaching. But still no movie.

But the desire was still there. And finally, in 2001, I decided: enough! I will make a movie! This year!

So I bought a consumer-grade mini-DV camera. (A Canon ZR-50.) Here at least, procrastination had worked to my advantage. Prices were very affordable -- just several hundred dollars for the camera, and a few bucks for tape. A heck of a lot cheaper than 16mm! A lot easier to use, too. Plus, the resulting film looked great -- better than many of the trashcan epics I had revered for decades.

I was going to make a movie!

And right about that time, as if Fate had been waiting to jump in and give me a helping hand -- and friends, here is one of the big lessons of this little essay: Fate has a way of doing exactly that once you actually begin to take action -- I saw a notice in Film Threat newsletter about the ZombieDance 2002 film festival, to be held in Austin, Texas.

According to Film Threat:

"ZombieDance Film Festival's primary focus is on short films containing members of the undead: zombies (naturally), ghosts, ghouls, spooks and all things creepy and crawly. This year, however, festival organizers have decided to open up the entry field and take all films of a "psychotronic" nature."

That sounded fine indeed -- right up my alley! I was also impressed that trash-film critic Joe Bob Briggs of "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-in" fame had praised ZombieDance for "restoring the zombie to its rightful place at the apex of American cinema!"

Yeah, no doubt about it: ZombieDance sounded just about perfect! I set the goal of finishing my film by ZombieDance's deadline in February 2002 -- just a few weeks away.

And I decided it wouldn't hurt my chances if my film had the word "Zombie" in the title, either.

I didn't have a script. I didn't know any actors. I didn't even know how to load film into the camera. But I had my partner, the glamorous and talented Shanora Zagon, who had often amazed me with her ability to perform complex technical feats like programming a VCR. I figured Shanora could handle the technical side.

I could do the writing, acting, lighting, music, directing... all the rest of the stuff.

We had one weekend to make the movie. We barely knew how to use

the camera. And we had no editing equipment of any kind. No problem there -- we would just edit in-camera. That is, we would shoot the film in sequence, from beginning to end. Just do each scene until it was right, then move on to the next one, til the movie was finished. Voila!

Why not? If Ed Wood could make the immortal Plan 9 From Outer Space with a few thousand bucks and a few moments of Bela Lugosi home movies, if Al Adamson could film a spaceship with plywood walls, if Rudy Ray Moore could wave his hands wildly around and be a Kung Fu master... we could make movie magic happen, too!

I played four characters in the film. Shanora did two voice-overs -- while filming at the same time -- to bring two other characters in. Scene by scene we went through the film.

By Sunday morning, we were finished. FLESH ORGY OF THE ZOMBIE TOTEM -- hey, if I had learned anything from those years in the drive-ins it was the importance of a great title! -- had been brought to life! A 13-minute, 49-seconds-long tribute to the gloriously insane exploitation films I had loved all my life.

We had finished it for, as I like to say on festival entry forms, "under one million dollars." Actually, about twenty bucks total.

We sent it to ZombieDance. And waited.

And then came the email: FLESH ORGY OF THE ZOMBIE TOTEM was IN!

Hooray! I had a film in a film festival! I had gone from a total nothing in the world of film to being the director, writer, producer, star and musical director of a film that was going to be in a real damn festival! Yahoo!

I was ecstatic. And of course I had to be there -- like I was going to miss the WORLD PREMIERE of my first movie at an insane film festival!

ZombieDance was held in Beerland, a former whorehouse and crackhouse turned punk rock nightclub. How more perfect could it get?!!

Rob and Chuck of ZombieDance greeted me enthusiastically. "Man, your film... it was just awesome!" Rob told me.

I was in ecstasy.

Beerland began to fill up, and then the lights dimmed and the festival began.

After a non-festival short and a trailer from Troma Films, FLESH ORGY OF THE ZOMBIE TOTEM was announced -- the first festival entry to be shown!

I had never seen the film anywhere but my small TV set. Now the digital projector filled the festival's screen. It was GREAT seeing it so big. It was a real movie!

And the audience liked it! They gasped and laughed at the right places. After it was over, the guy sitting next to me stuck out his hand, shook mine, and said, simply, "Thank you. Thank you."

I watched the rest of the festival all aglow. One fantastic film followed another, and I was incredibly pleased to be a part of it.

It was a great evening, never to be forgotten. And to cap it all off:

A few weeks later I received a coveted "Golden Zombie Award" from ZombieDance. I was now an award-winning filmmaker!

I began targeting other film festivals. I got plenty of rejections -- indeed, FLESH ORGY OF THE ZOMBIE TOTEM has been rejected now by dozens of festivals.

But I also got accepted by some great festivals, including some of the

absolute coolest fests on the planet. While FLESH ORGY OF THE ZOMBIE TOTEM isn't for everyone, it strikes a chord with some people who get what I was trying to do. I've received incredibly generous praise for the film from people who understand this kind of psychotronic-underground type filmmaking.

FLESH ORGY OF THE ZOMBIE TOTEM has now played over a dozen film festivals -- and I'm still sending it out. It won another award. I had the awesome experience, at one festival, of seeing the film shown in a real shopping-center-type movie theater, projected onto a full-size theater screen! And despite its humble consumer-grade camera origin, it looked GREAT on the big screen!

I've made another short film and I'm editing my third. More are planned.

Okay. Summing up:

1) You can do it. Right now. With what you have. The equipment is ridiculously cheap. And you don't need anyone's permission. Carpe Diem! DIY!

2) Work with what you have. Don't focus on what you don't have -- a big cast, a budget of millions, whatever -- but focus on what you do have. A great idea, executed with passion, trumps 99% of Hollywood dreck.

3) Finish it! Don't let "perfect" get in the way of "good enough." There are parts of FLESH ORGY OF THE ZOMBIE TOTEM I'm not especially pleased with, and a few I even wince at. But I am so happy with the best of it that it more than makes up for those awkward moments. And if I had tried to make it perfect, not only would I have missed ZombieDance... I'd still be working on it today. Remember these words of Goethe: "The unfinished is nothing."

4.) Send it out! If you're proud of your film, get it out to the world. Pick out festivals appropriate for your film and do it! (And don't be

afraid to shoot high: I sent FLESH ORGY OF THE ZOMBIE TOTEM to Sundance. No, they didn't take it, but I'm glad I tried.) There are festivals of every kind, and numerous significant online venues. Don't be fazed by rejection. I've been rejected by dozens of festivals around the world. But an acceptance more than makes up for it. Persistence pays off. Remember Woody Allen: "Eighty percent of success is just showing up." Make sure your film shows up!

See you in the movies!

James W. Harris is an award-winning writer and filmmaker. Encounter his films, writing, music, artwork and other emanations at the Amazing Temple of Miracles: www.AmazingTemple.com .

Sound editing, By Bob Kessler

Poorly selected locations are a prime reason for poor location sound. I recently worked on a feature where the director was absolutely in love with a particular interior location. I later found out that he had emotional ties to the location. Despite urgings from the producer, the location recordist, the DP and myself he insisted on using it. (The DP hated it for other reasons as well.) It was bounded on one side by a major highway/truck route and on the other by a railroad yard. It was also in the approach path of a busy airport. He felt that recording room tones was a complete waste of time. When I got the film for audio post the sound in the wide shots were mostly truck traffic, the two shots and close-ups were a mix of traffic, trains and jet fly-bys. He was furious with the location recordist for capturing such poor quality audio and could not understand why I could not eliminate of the background noise. Without room tones I couldn't even create an ambient mix that would at least somewhat mask the jumps in sound from edit to edit. Another scene was recorded in an apartment in NYC on a very busy street. Although everyone on the set would put up with closed windows while shooting it made the room much too hot for him so shooting was done with the windows open. You can imagine the sound of a busy Manhattan street; cars, trucks, sirens, boom boxes, pedestrians yelling into cell phones, you name it. Not the appropriate background for a quiet, intimate scene. He absolutely insisted that I place silence between the lines of dialog. You can imagine how awful it sounded; complete silence and then a five-word sentence with a siren behind it, complete silence and the next line with the thudding low end of a rap song underneath. This particular director was incapable of listening to anyone about anything. He was *ALWAYS* right. The producer put together a stellar crew. The location recordist has numerous Hollywood pictures and network TV programs under his belt, the DP had similar experience, the first editor (he went through three until he finally went with a first year film student) actually had two Emmys and an Oscar nomination. But even though this was his first film he knew better than anyone how things should be done. The talent

couldn't change one word of his dialog. The entire project was a complete disaster as far as most everyone involved was concerned. When he finally decided that a few scenes needed to be re-shot not one of the members of the cast could find time to fit it into their schedules. Gee, I wonder why?

On another project there was a scene where the lead character leaps over a police car to catch a football. The director, who also wrote the screenplay and played the lead, kept wanting the sound of the impact on the hood of the police car louder. I tried everything, compressing the impact, adding more "crunch", hyping the EQ. It reached a point where my only option was to lower the volume of everything else in the scene, which, of course, would then not match the rest of the film. He finally listened to reason and let me mix it the way I felt was correct. It turned out that during the shoot he broke two ribs when he landed on the car and wanted everyone to know it! He also wanted the motorcycle mixed extremely loud; it was his bike. Again, he finally listened to me, but I had to remix several portions of the film to bring it back into perspective. This particular project came out very well in the end. The director listened to people more experienced than he was. Once he learned to communicate why he wanted certain things he became open to suggestions that would enhance his concept.

It has been my experience that many beginning directors are abysmally ignorant of the power of sound and how it can enhance the story and support the characters. I was at a pre-production meeting of a project a while back as a consultant. It was a walk-through talk-through of a script with the producer, director, writer, DP and the production designer. The script was about an isolated aspiring writer in high school finding love and then tragically losing it. The opening shot as scripted had the writer sitting by himself in the schoolyard. Being a "traditionalist" he only writes with a pen in spiral notebooks. A person who isolates himself tends to block out the outside world, their focus is inward. I proposed that the film start with the sound of the pen scratching on paper, fading from black into the visual perspective of over his shoulder on the paper as he writes. As the shot pans back the schoolyard is introduced with all of

the appropriate associated sounds. This would immediately introduce the idea sonically that he is blocking out what is going on around him. The DP and production designer picked up on the idea and suggested that, at least until his love interest brings him out of his shell, he always be slightly separated from his few friends when they are together; he'll sit on the opposite side of a table, he never quite touches anyone, etc. A two-hour meeting became a five-hour meeting and the screenwriter, with the approval of the director and the producer, going back to re-write the script. My approach as a sound designer, hearing what is going on rather than seeing it, had an impact on the approach to the film and its characters.

I often tell people that I became an audio post engineer/sound designer so that I could be an artist, not a mechanic; I want to enhance a film with audio, not spend my time fixing problems. A well-crafted soundtrack can subliminally, as well as blatantly, provides information to the audience. Foley walkers (Foley is a whole art form unto itself) have the ability to tell you a great deal about a character through the way the character moves. The sound of a punch can tell you how badly the opponent was hurt. A well-chosen ambient atmosphere can provide as much tension as a score.

Last summer I worked on a low budget horror film. All things considered it wasn't too bad. The big problem was, again, poorly recorded location sound. The director wanted to ADR most of the film. Very time consuming, but if done correctly it can be worth the effort. Despite my frequent urgings he would not listen to my requests to have the talent project their lines. For example, people don't whisper when they are in a noisy club, they yell at each other. People in normal situations speak firmly, etc. Well, as we began mixing he complained that it sounded like the dialog was recorded in the studio and not on the set. NO KIDDING!!! It didn't sound natural because the lines were not delivered naturally! Another problem was that he had become used to the way the sound of the ambience jumped from edit to edit and insisted that I do the same with the ambiences that I had created. Even after he failed my challenge to bring me even one known film where the

ambience jumped like that he still insisted upon those radical ambient sound jumps. To top it all off, he gave me a deadline for completion of the mix for submission to festivals. Most festivals only require a rough cut, not a completed one. As the days wore on I kept telling him that we were falling further and further behind as he kept wanting to tweak minor details and he kept saying "that's okay." When we reached the "deadline" date and only half the film was done he informed me that we still had another two weeks until the actual deadline. He became livid when I told him I could not complete the film as I had already booked more sessions. He wanted me to cancel my clients, one of who was 4Kids/FOX (I did sound design for one of their cartons), in favor of doing his project. He went to a fairly well known and rather pricey audio post house where after two days the engineer/sound designer (who I know casually) cancelled the rest of the sessions. His unbending attitude about the way the sound should be was absolutely abrasive towards someone with Hollywood credits under his belt. Another situation where a young director would not listen to someone with vastly more experience.

The project on which I am currently working has been a lot of fun. I've worked with the director before so the lines of communication were open. I was consulted during pre-production and had some influence on the script. After shooting and the first edit were done we talked extensively about the story itself, the characters and the location of the story. We actually mapped out this fictitious town so I could create a complete sonic world. We spoke about the characters so I could enhance them with Foley. One character is bent upon revenge and is driven by his obsession, so his footsteps became very forceful. Another character is withdrawn and her footsteps are timid. Some of the situations call for very noisy ambiances, so I am able to create them while still leaving room for the dialog. My major contribution, however, was to point out that the film was much too long and made suggestions that could shorten it without degrading the story or the characters. Since there are four parallel/intersecting/overlapping story lines I suggested that dialog could overlap scenes. Along with cutting a few unneeded scenes this concept enabled us to trim a 135-minute film down to 106

minutes. This collaborative approach has made the film much stronger and more interesting. It also got across the concept that things were happening simultaneously.

Communication with everyone involved in a project makes for a better product. If, as a sound designer, I know the intent of a scene towards the story and the plot I can better create an ambience to enhance it. If the characters are on a beach I can influence the feel of the scene with the of sounds I use; pounding surf, gently lapping waves, lonely howling wind, children playing in the water, etc. – the choices between these options can change the mood in subtle or not so subtle ways, or they can be added or removed as the scene progresses to enhance the dialog and the action. As I have already mentioned the Foley can greatly enhance the characters. The sound effects can give quite a bit of information; the car has a bad muffler and runs noisily, indicating lack of care or a lack of money; by adding a little crack to a punch in the mid-section you can imply broken ribs. On low budget projects all of this hinges on the quality of the location sound. Well-recorded location sound makes all of this sonic magic possible. Poorly recorded location sound puts the entire project in jeopardy. An audience will put up with mediocre visuals, but bad sound can be physically painful, and very few will willingly submit to pain. Randy Thom told me once that when working with poor location sound to let the director and producer know that “I’m an artist and a genius, not a miracle worker!”

Bob Kessler

ALCOVE AUDIO PRODUCTIONS

124 Hollow Wood Lane

Greenwich CT, 06831

203-531-7706

bnbkessler@verizon.net

Post Production Audio

Sound Design

ADR/Looping, Voice-Overs, Dialog Editing

*Sound FX, Ambiences
Music Editing
Post Production Mixing*

August 2002 - Present

Currently working as a freelance audio post production engineer and sound designer. Have done audio post production and location recording for independent film/video projects. Also working as a recording engineer/consultant. Other projects include design and installation of project and semi-pro recording facilities.

October 1999 - August 2002

Chief Engineer/Staff Producer at ***BluFlamez Recording Studio***, Bronx, NY. Designed the studio facility and installed all pertinent equipment. Produced and engineered in-house projects as well as engineering for clients such as ***Jay Z., Rob Lowd, Blake Carrington, Shadey Rae, Black Ice, L.S., Fourt Doxc, Greg Nice (Nice 'n' Smooth)*** and ***Lord Tarique***.

May 1997 - September 1999

Engineer/Studio Manager at ***OutBack Recording Studio***, Bronx NY. Designed the studio facility and installed all pertinent equipment. Managed the studio facility and engineered all client sessions.

January 1995 - September 1999

Musical Director/Keyboards/Vocals for **52nd Street**, a Billy Joel Tribute band. Performed at major clubs and festivals throughout the northeast. Responsibilities included band and vocal arrangements, coordination with the sound company and stage crew for performances.

August 1994 - March 1995

Worked as a composer, line engineer and consultant for **M-TWO - Music the World Over**, a broadcast music firm, and have composed and produced music and performed voice-overs for commercials and television, including *The Disney Channel*, *The Nashville Network*, *Meridian Television UK* and *Brass Monkey*.

April 1988 - December 1994

Musical Director/Keyboards for the **Del Vikings**, whose hits include *Come Go With Me*, *Sunday Kind Of Love*, *Whispering Bells*, *Cool Shake* and *Jitterbug Mary*. Responsibilities included band and vocal arrangements, coordination with the sound company and stage crew for performances, and pre-production and production for the studio. Produced the single *Do You Remember* b/w *Ain't No Place Like The USA* and the album *Ain't Nothin' But A Party*.

Other Experience

Have performed and/or recorded with such notables as **Sal Salvador, Hiram Bullock, Benny Harris, Carol Trinko, Helen Wheels, Reben, John Shirley's Obsession,** and **Connie and the Linguistics.** Have worked with producers **Don Anthony, Ron Frangipane, Frank Piazza** and **Questar Welsh,** and have produced recordings for **AJaKS, Steve Kerr, Shadow Factor** and **Schizophrenic Gemini.**

Worked for Sam Ash Music, White Plains, NY as keyboard department manager for three years and at Greenwich Music, Greenwich, CT as operations manager for three years. Also have six years experience as operations manager for Disston Associates, a company performing shareholder interface and depository functions.

Graduate of Future Media Concepts Digidesign authorized Pro Tools advanced music and post production courses.

Recent credits:

Magical Do-Re-Mi (2005 Season)

Airs Saturdays on FOX Saturdays @ 8:00am

Network Cartoon - 4Kids/FOX

Sound Design

Johnny Montana (2005) (2005 Telluride & 2005 Boston International Selectee)

Feature - Directed by John Gavin

Audio Post/Sound Design

Moonshine (2005) (2006 Sundance Selectee)

Feature - Directed by Roger Ingraham

Audio Post/Sound Design

Creating Karma (2005)

Feature - Directed by Jill Wisoff

Audio Post/Re-Recording Mixer

Baptism by Food (2004)

Short - Directed by Dianne Longo

Location Sound & Audio Post/Sound Design

*First Runner Up in Genre (comedy) at the
2004 NYC Midnite Madness Film Competition*

Also won for:

Best Leading Actress

Best Editing

Best Original Music Score

That Tiny Little Crevice in the Back of Your Mind (2005)

Short - Directed by Neil McCay

Audio Post/Sound Design

Hard Attack (2005) (2006 Sundance Selectee)

Short - Directed by Derek Seig

Audio Post/Sound Design

A Night At Valeries (2005)

Short - Directed by Jeanne Omlor

Audio Post/Sound Design

Cruel to be Kind (2004)

Short - Directed by Jesse Kaye

Audio Post/Sound Design

11 (Eleven) (2006)

Feature - Directed by Neil McCay

Pre-Production Consultant & Audio Post/Sound Design

(Currently in Post Production)

ALCOVE AUDIO PRODUCTIONS FACILITIES

Computer & Software:

Mac G5, dual 1.8ghz, 2 gigs ram
Glyph & LaCie firewire external drives
Pro Tools 6.9 LE w/ lots of plug-ins
MOTU Digital Performer 4.12 w/ lots of plug-ins

Plug-Ins include:

Audio Ease Altiverb
Bias SoundSoap Pro
Serato Pitch 'n' Time
Vocalign

Mixing:

Digidesign DIGI002

Video Monitoring:

Canopus ADVC-100 Video Interface
Sanyo 27' Monitor (Control Room)
Panasonic 19" Monitor (Studio)

Audio Monitoring:

Mackie HR824 speakers w/ Mackie HRS120 sub (THX approved)
Crown Power Amplifier
Tannoy PBM-8 Speakers
TOA 'Cube' Reference Speakers

Mackie 'Big Knob' Monitoring/Speaker Distribution System
Symetrix Headphone Amp
AKG K240M Headphones

Microphones:

Neumann TLM 103
AKG 414 BUL/S
AKG C-1000S
EV RE-200
EV N/D257A
Beyer TG-X50,
Sennheiser MKH-40
Audio Technica ATM-41
Audio Technica AT822
Shure SM58

Outboard Processing and Mic Pres:

Focusrite Voicemaster Pro
Symetrix 528
Symetrix 501
Dbx 166

MIDI & Keyboards:

MOTU MIDI Express 128 USB
Ensoniq ASR-10
Roland U220
Roland A-33
Korg 05R/W
Studio Electronics ATC-1 Tone Chameleon
Alesis Nano Bass
Yamaha TX7
Yamaha TX81Z