

# OPINIONS

## On Prostitution in Edmonton

by Jim Tustian CSC

The Agency called... they have a nice little commercial they'd like you to do for a client. They regret however that there isn't much time to get it done as it has to be on the air in three weeks. It's also somewhat regrettable that there isn't a great budget allotted, but you've done a great job before, so there's no problem with you *doing a great job* again. When you finally get the little masterpiece on the air, everyone's happy. You've done that great job and the commercial is getting all the response it was designed to.

You go out for a drink with a knowledgeable acquaintance and he tells you that the agency has just completed production on another commercial and it

looks great. Fortunately they had a proper budget to do the thing. The production house out of Vancouver did a great job. You were saved the problem of even quoting on the commercial; as a matter of fact you didn't know it was being done. You, the dependable, qualified *saviour* producer have been taken for another ride. Meanwhile, your commercial has just been given more airtime via more time-buying-bucks. One agency stated the reason as "Secrecy" when their campaign for a Politician/Mayoralty hopeful had his production done by an imported crew from Vancouver.

These incidents occur every day. It's not only the agencies, but television stations also insist on providing commercial production on a partial cost basis, writing their costs off in the time buying. Where is the commercial producer heading... and what can he do about it? I guess one of the best things is to take a convenient trip out of town when the client ain't got no bread or time... □

## Credo in Fredericton

by Arthur Makosinski

My first films were "shot" on 35mm strips of notebook paper. The films consisted of still drawings and depicted my childhood heros in various situations and adventures. To show them, I built my own projector, and had regular weekly shows.

That was back in Poland, when I was about 12 years old. A year later, shortly before we left Poland, I connected all my films together on one "reel". My grandmother, so proud of my efforts, took the reel to show to a neighbour. On the way back she stopped at the shed to feed our goats. That was the last I ever saw of the films. The roll somehow fell out of my grandma's apron, she did not notice it and the goats had a feast.

Ever since then I have been trying to remake them on 16mm. But it wasn't till we came to this continent, that I was able to afford cameras and film.

My first effort was a 16mm short **P.S.** The audio track was made by stretching out the Beatles' "Tomorrow never knows". The vid was made on a motorcycle. The film if anything, served as a showpiece and attracted some young people interested in filmmaking.

In 1968, in Fredericton, together with David Dawes, another filmmaker, we made the first film at University of New Brunswick. It was a 15 minute, 16mm,

colour and sound effort, called **Next Day**, of a day in the life of a student at UNB. The film wasn't all that bad and was widely shown locally.

At that time there really were no books about filmmaking available to me, and I still could not understand the sound sync process. The sound for **Next Day** was recorded directly on the mag stripe of the release print. And what a hassle that was: we didn't have a mag projector on the campus, so I bought a mag head for the B&H, and made my own recording electronics.

Later that year in conjunction with the NFB we organised a series of film seminars with guest speakers coming sometimes from Montreal and Halifax. But even they could not answer the practical questions about filmmaking; the editors weren't sure how the camera speeds were related to the mag recorder, the cameramen knew just about nothing about sound, and the directors, well, they just didn't know anything.

In 1969 I left Fredericton and enrolled at New York University's Film Production Certificate programme. There, all my questions were answered. I started making synced shorts, and worked for other producers on documentaries. I also worked as sound man on a feature detective story, and a pornographic-rock-bible feature called **Rock Sodom and Gommorah**. I could have continued, but the shootingtime-money-time philosophy of the commercial film business was too much for me. I came back to Canada, and I went straight to the NFB in Montreal, that great maple pie in the minds of Canadian filmmakers. I was really impressed by their facilities. There was an opening for me in the electronic workshop, but they weren't interested in seeing my films. I suppose a technician doesn't have built-in creativity in his balls like true artists. Anyway, it was a tossup between the job as a technician at the NFB, or returning to UNB as a technician. →

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*Of the above Opinions, the "Credo" was not sent for publication but rather as an introduction by Mr. Makosinski to the Editors. We wanted to share it with the readers as, together with "On Prostitution", it documents the trials and persistence common to independant Canadian producer-director-technicians. Ed.*