

CFEG Editing Seminar

Brrrrr. It was a cool August inside of Ryerson Polytech. The air-conditioning was on full blast requiring even the hardest red-blooded Canadian to arrive at the door dressed in long pants and carrying a sweater. Yet we came, by car, by bicycle and by foot (public transit be damned) to learn the innermost secrets of the cutting room; to try our hand at tackling the mystique of film editing.

We were not let down. Greeted at the door by the smiling Ms. Tilden, whom we later came to know simply as Annette, we were separated into the two different rooms where we would spend much of the next ten days. In the first sat a freezing group to watch the feature *Between Friends* and later exchange hot air with the director Don Shebib. Into the second were thrown the rest of us to sort out the maze of equipment and find a hundred feet of sync soundrushes — all in three hours. That afternoon we exchanged places in an agenda which repeated throughout the week.

Different guests dropped by to part with some of their cutting room experience, Eric Wrate on drama, John Watson on documentaries and Kit Hood on the 30 second wonders of our daily lives. Locke Johnston and Lew Lehman covered the other "sense" in film, the one oft overlooked by the neophyte.

When we were not listening or talking we were working hard at our benches trying to decide which tape looked best. "I want restitution..." roared over the creak of the moviola, perhaps more times than we wanted to listen, perhaps directed against the air-

conditioner. Visiting editors stopped to chat with us, discuss our problems, offer advice and encouragement, and help us to discover the story line from among the seeming maze of tapes.

The long hours of toil paid off for those who stuck it out. Somewhat proud, somewhat apprehensive, we showed our 90 feet of film to Annette and whoever else cared to watch, and waited for some feedback.

With the hard work behind, we relaxed in the second week treating ourselves to tours of film establishments, chatting with professionals in an optical



house, a laboratory and a sound mixing studio. And we closed with an accolade to our leader Annette, applause and flowers for the hard work she had done to bring the seminar idea into reality. Thanks.

Murray McGregor

Let me say right off the top that I never — ever — for the rest of my entire life, want to have anything to do with an editing seminar again for at least one year. I hated every minute of it and now in retrospect, thinking how much I enjoyed it, I'm amazed that it's actually over. But the C.F.E.G. Editing Seminar of 1974 is a thing of the past, and if the people who attended gained as much from it as I did, it was totally justified and quite successful.

Day One was Chaos. Out of the fifty people who registered, thirty-five appeared, no thanks to the T.T.C. strike. There were no chairs in the room designated for screenings, the air-condition-



ing was super-efficient, the screenings just wouldn't come together and a minimum of twelve people at a time were syncing rushes at top volume. While I ran around babbling mindless apologies for the lack of organization (mine) to the thirty-five hostile individuals demanding Steenbecks, Ed Sanders and Jack Schoon accomplished my over-ambitious assignment of seeing that the rushes were synced and sent out for edge coding, and John Gareau held two screenings of *Between Friends*. I went home with a splitting headache and a parking ticket.

From Day Two, matters steadily improved. We lost a few more people, gained a couple in their place and in spite of my guidance, everyone got down to work with their film and many exhibited finished products which indicated that they had a firm grasp of what was intended. Some in fact were remarkably good. At a later date, the executive would like to arrange a general meeting to show as many of the completed exercises as possible. You — the participants (or perpetrators) will be informed of the date and are invited to bring your work for comment and/or constructive criticism.

From all the feedback I heard concerning the screenings and discussions, they were well received. Many votes of thanks go to Don Shebib, Eric Wrate, John Watson, Kit Hood, Locke Johnston, Lew Lehman and Audrey Currie for sharing their time, knowledge and experience.

Thanks also to: O.E.C.A., the Ontario Arts Council, Imperial Oil Limited, Film House, Kingsway Film





Equipment Limited, Alex L. Clark Limited and Medallion Laboratories Limited for their material and financial assistance. And to the Seminar Committee of Ed Sanders, Jack Schoon, John Gareau, Murray McGregor and Audrey Currie. Thanks go to all the people who turned out to help with the practical sessions in spite of heavy work loads, and to those who would have come had they not been prevented by the transit strike. Forgive me if I don't mention you all by name. You know who you are and you know how grateful I am. More thanks to Mike Smith and the people at Film Opticals of Canada Limited, to Alex Clarkson and all at Quinn Laboratories Limited and to Bill O'Neill and Mirrophonic Sound Limited for three evenings of highly informative tours of their respective premises and the mix of one version of *Restitution* courtesy of Ed Sanders. Our gratitude goes to the Photographic Arts Centre of Ryerson Polytechnical Institute for the use of their facilities and equipment (we did have chairs for the screenings incidentally) and especially to Dave Roebuck who kept a calm eye on the proceedings.

My personal thanks go to the Canadian Film Editors' Guild for the oppor-



tunity to conduct this Seminar, for your faith in me and for the very beautiful flowers. And to all the people who attended: It was a joy working with you. You deserve much credit for putting up with my moodiness, my tiredness, my abruptness and my confusion. You made me laugh and take interest even when I didn't feel up to it and I'm delighted with what you accomplished. I hope all of you will continue your membership in the Guild and will participate actively. I look forward to seeing you again at many C.F.E.G. meetings in the future, as well as in the field. How could I ever have thought you were hostile?

And now I'm fifty-seven years old and I want some peace and quiet.

Annette Tilden

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