

Appendix 4 Film Clinic

Title:	Film Clinic Workshop participant progress
Part 1:	<i>Wordless</i> L. describing his experimental film process
Part 2:	Transcript D.F's experience of editing both audio and visual
Part 3:	<i>Meltdown</i> D.F's Adaptation
Event:	Film Clinic @ Tollcross Community Centre
Category:	Open access / DIY tech/ Experimental
Format :	Transcript/ Notes/ Adaptation stills/ poems
Contributors:	L. ST, Austin, D.F, Sim, J.L
Date:	9 th Feb 2011
Time:	6-9pm
Video:	Wordless: https://youtu.be/10_Nz-ddCro Meltdown https://vimeo.com/19852025

Film Clinic



D exasperated by software. Video Still: Stefanie Tan

After the “Film factory” workshops, clinics were opened up for fine tuning and advanced editing classes. Laptops and technology were the participant’s own or a few units were available on loan. Experienced or self taught technicians had also volunteered to help.



Dr Sound Film Clinic @ TCC art room space. Video Still: Stefanie Tan

Sim with D, Editing sound, Foreground: Austin with L. Editing Wordless.

This experience was about time, cultural democracy and skill sharing process. Participants experienced the creative environment, noisy, busy, multifaceted and in these makeshift circumstances, informal and convivial. The intention was for participants to see their productions to completion in the company of more experienced practitioners.

The participants were finishing at the post-production stage of films made in previous workshops, on hand were facilitators and a sound designer from the local university Sim, who was affectionately called Dr Sound. The clinic was open from 4-9pm and participants brought their own equipment.

Part 1: *Wordless* L. describing his experimental film process

Abstract vs Narrative: L's experimental film

5 L.: When I read the poem, I didn't want to go literal, one of the emotions the poem wanted to communicate, where we felt helpless or powerless. Like in Primary school you feel like you were right but are on the other side of the teacher, you just felt powerless cos what can you do? You can't do anything. So Like... So I'm not quite sure who the protagonist feels trapped at the hands of... but I felt there was an emotion of being trapped y'know...

Experimental exploratory nature of medium

L.: I've been improvising this film the whole time, It's been changing...it's been...

S: So you put it together in the editing room.

10 L.: Yea, ... there is this part here... He cannot speak, Testing trying pressing teeth like a broken pen useless worthless
Which can be frustrating as well

D: (Shouting at PC) No! (Hands up) O Sorry carry on.

Everyone laughs.



15 Video Still from *Wordless* by L. Cadwallader based on the poem *His Side O the Story* by Simon Jackson

His Side O The Story by Simon Jackson (EH4)

– It wuh – it wusnae –
shiffle shuffle shoes on lino
sneakers squeaken soft shoe squirmin
– Ah never, ken, it wuh, it wusnae –
clackety click o Bic on table,
broad n bloodied knuckles clenchin
– Yuh du, yuh dunnah, ken, it wusnae –
crack o biro plastic shattrin
splittin splintrin crick n cracklin
– Yuh nu, its no, yuh nu, yuh nevuh –

spittle sprayin tongue trapped clenchin
testin tryin pressin teeth like
bruken biro useless wordless

– Why duncha nevuh –
cheeks n lips n chin all squirmin
like the sticky inky smearin
– YUH NEVUH FUCKEN LISTEN TAE M

Part 2: Transcript: D.F's experience of editing both audio and visual

Overview notes:

D. - Techniques in composition can help with a poem interpretation

Question about Film grammar, anticipation and expectation.

Rules of thirds and use of negative space in poetry is especially fun to play with.

Mass produced.

—

SFX filters applied

—

Chats about his politics

—

Why did he come?

—

Dr Sound clinic

—

Dr Sound's equipment breaks down. They improvise together.

—

D: I have an idea now. I took some footage of an idea I had. How can I play with it. I know what I want to do, but I am not sure how to do it.

S: If there is anything that perplexes you we are here to help.

5 D: All of it! Sound, iris shutter speed, (pointing at his camera) this has no sound btw. Yea this is pretty old. Pretty mass produced.

Watches Austin work on setting up

D: Storyboarding yep

S: Storyboarding on the editing software.

Glitch.

10 *Making a mistake. Figuring it out together.*

D: I don't even dabble, I work with moving images, 40 yrs ago, took a video camera and humped the pack with you. Street, not much... look an image.. that took a long time to load an image...

S: No that was importing all the images!

15 D: Right.

S: Setting systems for the editing framework. NTSC, PAL

Austin: DVD player, Europe had their system, USA came up with their own as a posturing move...

S: ... to create more licensing territories.

20 Austin: why on earth wouldn't PAL be adopted it is so much more...

D: Friendlier.

S: Hah... PAL I get it.

D works on his own...

D and S: discuss shots - shooting on a bus. How to deal with shakes, go with it or attempt to stabilise as best as one can.

25 *Selecting clips. Labelling clips. CU, XCU, WS, etc..*

D relates the filming experience and reflect on choices. Going through footage. Every time a programme or tool had a limitation, D would immediately say Mass produced. His camera - no sound - mass produced.

30 *If windows movie maker didn't have sub clip functionality he called it Mass produced.*

S: Select, split.

D: Mass produced

D: (Clip is called) Man traffic. I can't do a forward stroke... Man...hmm.

35 S: vs?

D: yes Man vs Traffic.

S: poem from the clip names?

D: zoom limited during shooting.

S: Leave him to it.

40 *Austin and L. work on sequences.*

Technological gap, between D and Austin.

Disorienting for D concentrating real hard on his footage.

Tripod didn't have a shoe...

D: bus to bus

45 S: Focused on shot naming, to my mind it was a reflection of the poem.

D&S working on effects - speed, splits,

Undo

D: Using the lingo of CU,

1h 08 really into it, cf poems and images.
ES missing, Voice over could be the establish shot (ES)
Effects flipping.
Standing Start clip
Working things out together - no hierarchy or assumptions.
Mirror horizontal.
 S: There you go, manipulator
 50 D: I dunno about that (working on footage) Ah oh right...
 D: Journey, inserts and sides. Playing with images.
 S: What about a bus journey and images adhoc.
 D: Don't want it to be zany. (Asserting his vision) Boring conventional. Sorry to disappoint.
 S: not at all.... How could you.
 D: Cest la vie.
 Austin: My laptop went kaput.
 D: Why isn't it moving?
 S: Programme refresh, save, exit.
 D: Down leith walk.... Where I shot it.
 D & S: Mac and PC debate.
 S: Can't win them all, this game they wanna play.
 D: Uhhm..
Phone rings
 D: Is that one of those blueberry things?
 S: Black berry?
 :
D is ready.
 S: Know what the guard called me? You are a bad bad lady.
 Sim: What did you do?
 S: We always leave at 905pm, 915pm we are the last to leave.
 A: More like 930pm.
 S: Last time, this lady had problems with her laptop so we were in the kitchen
 55 area working on her film because she worked so hard on it. So everyone stayed to watch her film - so we had Robbie Burns flooding the corridor with Ay fond kiss. So he was annoyed... It is always a Friday too. He was like funny You are always running away from me...I hate you.
 :
 Plenty of time (just after 730pm) Look at that...(admiring D's effort - creation)
 60 D: Well it's crap
 S: Shut up, we tell you if it is crap.
 D: Right I will give you the opportunity in about 10 mins to say it is crap.
Laughter all round
 D still working on edits furiously.
 65 S: Tea?
 D: Yes please... furiously writing.
 Sim: Still testing recording device. We are puzzling over dual setting. Low and loud versions of the same track.
D is looking thoughtful and still composing a response to his video interpretation and new written response. Reading aloud.
 70

L turns on voice, asked to put earphones. D reading his work.

S: Any sound to accompany Sim could help.

D: Drum? Harmonica?

S: (Looks around room) We have a drum here... The red beat.

75 *Sim reaches for the drum*

D: Can we record that?

Sim Yea.

Sim: I can do sad harmonica.

D: First time I heard a harmonica was by a Canadian. He played a chromatic

80 harmonica.

S: Do you lift the hat to let out steam?

D: I didn't realise.

Sim: Plays harmonica slow and mellow. (Respectful silence)

D: Do you know any tunes?

85 Sim: No I don't play this.

D: I know one. (Shakes the harmonica and plays a tune half Scottish and mixed up.) Well it isn't dixie.

S: Awesome your moustache looks like it belonged on top of the harmonica.

D: Mostly derivative.

90 S: How should he read it ? Word for word?

D: Can we finish it today? I notice you are back on the 23rd?

S: It's something else.

D: So we can't finish today?

S: We can don't worry.

95 D: (directing) Stopping at 50secs. Start playing harmonica.

Sim: Easier to record all audio and edit later.

D: Right give me time for 2 more words. I need 2 more words.

Sim: There's that hum.

D: Right so you can have a separate track for music ok. You have to show me

100 how to do this.

Sim: You can record it separately and with this.

S: wait for the hum. Practice.

D: I'm ready. (Hum stops) reads Meltdown. Cuts at first verse.

S: Carry on.

105 D: (Tone is different) disruption.

A comes in a clang from the door. D has to repeat the second part.

L puts a plastic on his lap instead of the table.

Sim: the second part again.

D Repeats.

110 S: Voice direction, maybe say the word apocalypse again needs a different tone.

D: Jokingly high pitched. The apocalypse.

S: More sombre.

D: Again from the top.

115 *Sim's recorder doesn't work.*

D: What's it sound like? Just a matter of interest.

S: Play the good one?

Sim: Put it on my computer and figure it out.

D listens with headphones.

120 D: Not sure about that ending.
 Sim: Yes this is the second one coming up.
D listens.
S sneaks a quick processed snack.
 S: How come the recorder didn't work? Is it from school.

125 Sim: No it's mine.
 S: Pressed the wrong button?
 Sim: Ay. No it works I just pressed the wrong button. It's also trash, Cheap plastic, as he taps it.
 S: Well they were making it affordable for everyone.

130 D: Yea last version was best...more measured. I'm assuming there is a break, and harmonica at some point.
 S: So for sake of time we move the film to Simon's and then drop it back in. Remember it is PAL. This tells you the size.
 D: 373 MB. Jesus.

135 Sim: It's faster.
 S: Though he's using professional tools.
 D: It's cheating
 Sim: Am I really cheating?
 S: No he's Dr Sound.

140 D: Who's Dr Sound? He's Dr Sound? O right.
 S: But you can heal yourself.
 D: I can heal myself yea I'm alright.
 S: I want to know... O you have to fill this in, so if you haven't got time to fill in the credits we can...

145 D: I think this was wonderful. (Happy laugh) What's gonna happen with this? Is this going anywhere other than here?
 S: Is that pixellated?
 Sim: It could be
 D: For the first attempt I am not precious about it.

150 Sim: Whats the first line?
 D: Red for Comradeship
 S: I need to know why trotskyitesim is bad. Are they idealistic.
 D: Well yea. They tend to be unionist.
 S: Hmmm I don't know about unions.

155 D: Well you should!
 Sim plays the poem. We load the footage.
 S: We can work on the credits. While you fill this up.
 D: Oh yes I had a whale of a time.
D's poem wafts through the room as he fills in the form.

160 D: Experience? Bits and pieces.
 S: Have you been taught?
 D: No. Not self taught, creative writing groups.
 S: Other.
 D: Filmmaking.

165 Sim: Shows D the process of audio edit. Here's the time line.
 D: Great take at the end. So what happens to the gap in the middle?
 Sim: It is 40 seconds.
 D: Sounds fine I suppose.

Listen through with video.

170 S: May have said it a lil faster
 Sim: How do you find it sounds with the film?
 D: I think it is fine.
 Sim: Like.. do you ... not the content of what you are saying... like do you think there should be more stuff? Like traffic or ...

175 D: Can you do traffic?
 Sim: We can try it.
 D: Quiet traffic... Sounds very end of days, apocalypse.
 S: I like it. I like no time for heroes and the lone figure on screen.
 D: You mean the guy walking? I didn't plan that.

180 S: Yes but it resonated with us.
 D: Yes yes, he could be a hero. I wouldn't have got this far without you guys.
 S: But what we did is what you can do yourself. You record it on your own. You drop the audio file on your time line.
 D: Yea but I would have to what save the audio file and drop it into the time line?

185 Sim: (Earnestly) You would have poem part 1 drop it in the beginning. Poem part 2 and drop that at the end.
 D: O yea I have tinkered with that on an older version of movie maker. But didn't have a lot of success, but I did try. Any luck with traffic noise?

190 S: Should traffic come over the black?
 D: Yea that bit of conversation there too works.
 Sim: you could have a bit of harmonica in there too.
 D: Hmmm maybe not.
 S: Too much?

195 D: With the poem and the traffic am not sure where the harmonica would fit.
Sim and D listen intently.
 D: I think I overdid it with the apocalypse ... but never mind. Thank you that was brilliant. Yea I mean just leave it at that.
 Sim: Make sure at each end of the sound file you have to fade in and out.

200 D: I don't think I have this at home.
 Sim: No any kind of sound file on any software.

Part 3: Meltdown

Title: Meltdown Adaptation processes by D.F
Type: Stills/poetry/reflection
Event: Film Clinic @ Tollcross Community Center
Format: Public workshop
Date: 9th Feb 2011
Time: 6-9pm



Stills from video footage by D.F

Meltdown by D.Forbes

Composed during the workshop based on a selection of poems below set to footage shot from a one-day workshop.

Video: <https://vimeo.com/19852025>

Red for comradeship – you for me
and me for you, courage shared out
no time for heroes. The dusty windows flood
with a strange version of the present.
From the over-ripening sun, the city sits
in its own gravity, the planet turned,
inside out, the mantle skin an eczema danger,
the city glows as though it is on fire,
melting conversations flow to nothing,
an Edinburgh angry at itself.
We are in a hurry, worse than panic,
we've had no time to prepare
to say the prayers, to concoct
the lies that justify the wasted days
And those of us who do
not believe are left to observe
the meltdown as we dissolve to red,
reason lost to cacophony

Reflection

Process Notes:

Fri, 11 Feb 2011, 00:12

I'm not sure how to complete the Process section other than to do it here [email]: I liked the idea of a bus journey and the opportunities it gives for observation and insight. I liked, "half a conversation floating up the stairs.." and the sense of the ebb and flow that is a city in movement. In the circumstances I was unable to get to Lasswade, as in the original poem, but I was able to take a bus trip through Leith prior to the workshop and the "footage" I took on my digital camera went into the final "Meltdown" film, which benefitted from special effects, making the film appear quite flushed and dramatic. The result, I did feel, though, was a poem and a film that did not 'fit' well together. A solution came, in response to encouragement from Stefanie, when I came up with a form of words myself which responded directly to the new footage, which became Meltdown, and I was really pleased with the results.

Hope that will cover the main points of Process. Hope to see you all at some point soon, and thanks once again for the opportunity to be 'creative', dancing hat and all. All the best, Dave

Inspired by these *thiscollection* poems

The Number 31 bus taken from Lasswade Road on a late summer's evening

By Nick Goodrick

Peace, at first.

The dusty windows flood with light
From the not quite setting sun.
The city sitting, docile in the distance,
Glowing.
Half a conversation floating up the stairs
And the occasional squeaking brake
Disturb the silence.

The road is quiet on the brae, becoming
Busy further in,
The remnants
Of chaos.
The long road full
Of cars stretching onward.
Tourists asking questions.
Jolting stops and starts.
Strangers wander aimlessly –
Crowds bustle, disruptive.

Peace, at first.
By the end, a kind of energy.
Half disorder, half disarray,
One third frustration, two thirds contentment.

From Saturday to Monday
By Jason Monios

Time-poor is the buzzword today:
you have one afternoon
to last you all week.

Standing on Leith Walk after the football.
Saturday afternoon and the street moves
like a pitching deck,
dotted with a thousand sailors
still stumbling on their sea legs.
You wonder if Monday
will find you washed ashore:
you'll look down and find
a pair of land legs half-attached,
dangling with an ID card
or a sheet for signing on,
the way they bent the knees all wrong,
the stitches roughly sewn,
the forced fit ill-fitting.

To The Man Sleeping on Nicolson Square
by Ellie Blow
EH8

To The Man Sleeping on Nicolson Square

there is a man asleep in the square
and
his arms and legs are spread like a star
and
his face stretches toward the sky,
like he's lying in the gutter.

there are two old men sat on the bench.
white haired and wheezy-voiced,
they stare at the sleeping man.
they don't understand him.

i understand you,
dreaming man. i understand your
star-shaped limbs and the smile
that ruffles your lips like a breeze. i understand
your screwed-shut eyes and your soft, even breathing.

this city.
this city,
this city will wear you out.