THE DIARY OF A MEDIA ASSASSIN
(a day by day account of the Middletown Documentary Film Project)

by

Robert Flavin Goubeaux, Jr.

February 1, 1980
"Documentary is a reordering of actuality........"

-William Friedkin
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Professors VanderHill, Trimmer, and Hoover of Ball State University have known me for a number of years, and particularly in the case of my mentor Dr. VanderHill, have always been keys in helping me strive towards my ultimate goals. I wish to thank them for allowing me to take part in their dream project.

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My girlfriend, Jocelyn Hedges, is responsible for the typing of this work, as well as her usual good sense and punctuation that are keys in making this manuscript readable.

Peter Davis is a joy to work with and a true gentleman in every sense of the word. Thank you Peter for always treating me as an equal, and reminding me of the constant need for professionalism.

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This work is dedicated to the memories of my father and Mr. Ricardo Diaz. Without their guiding hands, I would never have found my way on the road of success. I only regret they could not have lived to see my dreams come true.
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*each shoot is preceded by a one page introduction which is unnumbered.
Muncie, Indiana (alias Middletown) is probably the most studied town in America. Beginning with Robert S. and Helen Merrill Lynd's two sociological classics, Middletown: A Study in Modern American Culture (1929) and Middletown in Transition: A Study in Cultural Conflicts (1937), and continuing almost without interruption to The Middletown III Project now being conducted by a team of sociologists from the University of Virginia under a four-year grant from the National Science Foundation, the citizens of Muncie have been examined, analysed, and evaluated for over a half-century.

Early in 1976, Professors Hoover, Trimmer, and VanderHill began discussing how they might transform the mass of Middletown research into a television documentary. They were convinced that the Middletown studies, when viewed collectively, provided an invaluable yardstick to a fifty-year period of American culture, a period that has been characterized by extreme social upheaval and dramatic technological change. They were also convinced that even though the Middletown research was a good measuring device, it should not be the story of their film. The team was not interested in making films about sociological surveys. Instead, they preferred to follow in the great tradition of humanities and discover the universal in the particular, to explore the human values, national legends, and public issues that were revealed in the lives of individual people.

The most enthusiastic advocate of the Middletown series was Peter Davis. An Emmy and Academy Award winning director-producer (The Selling of the Pentagon and Hearts and Minds, respectively) Mr. Davis has spent the last few years writing his forthcoming book on life in a midwestern community, Hometown (Simon and Schuster). Professors Hoover and Vander Hill had met Mr. Davis in 1975 when he was beginning his research for Hometown and they were completing the first year of their study on Working in Middletown. In 1977, Mr. Davis was coming to the end of the composing process on Hometown and so was open to new ventures. The prospect of developing a television series on Middletown was particularly attractive because he could draw upon his own research for Hometown as well as film visual equivalents for many of the stories he had been writing.

The six films will focus on the six areas identified by sociologists Robert and Helen Lynd as core human activities:

The Lynds' Six Activities | Our Six Documentary Films
---|---
1. Getting a living | 1. The Job
2. Making a home | 2. The Wedding (pilot)
3. Training the young | 3. The Commencement
4. Using Leisure | 4. The Big Game
5. Engaging in religious activities | 5. The Sabbath
6. Community activities | 6. The Campaign
Author's Forward

The 64 pages that follow cover events that took place in a six month period of my life. During those six months, I had the opportunity to work on a documentary film for the Public Broadcasting System. Working with film crews from New York and Los Angeles, I was constantly immersed in a professional filmmaking atmosphere. With their guidance, I matured tremendously, both emotionally and professionally. This diary chronicles my growth, and for that reason it is a very personal work.

Looking at this manuscript in retrospect, I am amazed at the difference in style between May 3 and January 1. In fact, I am almost ashamed to acknowledge some of the earlier entries as mine. I considered rewriting them, but decided instead that they would be most effective in their original form. Hopefully, other midwestern film students might be able to find consolation in knowing that it is possible to break into the industry. All it takes is hard work and perseverance.

Several books have been written on the making of feature "theatrical" films, but very few have ever been written on the making of documentary films. Feature length documentary films are an art form that most people take for granted. I hope that in some ways I have shown a clear picture of what it takes to produce a film that will occupy about 90 minutes of a TV viewing schedule, and of the people who make it all possible. If I have captured just a part of the energy and drama that I experienced, then I will be happy. For it is an experience that most people will never have a chance to take part in, and yet is becoming so much a part of my life.

Rob Goubeaux
February 8, 1980
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS
(listed in order of appearance)

Dr. Joe Trimmer - Humanist, Ball State Professor of English
Gabor Kovacs - Assistant Cameraman shoot 1
Vic Losic - Cameraman shoot 1
Fran Daniels - Soundman shoot 1
Alan Wilson - Republican mayoral candidate
Kent Irwin - Democratic mayoral candidate
Tom Cohen - Director, soundman shoot 3
Tom McDonough - Cameraman shoot 1
Peter Davis - Producer
Bob Cunningham - Incumbent mayoral candidate
Paul Glicksburg - Soundman shoot 1
"Big" Jim Carey - Democratic mayoral candidate
Dr. C. Warren VanderHill - Humanist, Ball State Professor of History
Jerry Thornburg - Democratic mayoral candidate
Kevin Keating - Cameraman shoot 2
Shawn Durning - Assistant cameraman shoot 2
Phil Pearle - Soundman shoot 2
Dr. Dwight Hoover - Humanist, Ball State Professor of History
Terry Simon - Unit manager shoot 3
John Lindley - Cameraman shoot 3
Dave Eubanks - Assistant cameraman shoot 3
Jerry Cler - Production assistant
Bill Shroyer - Carey campaign manager
Tom Adams - Friend of Jim Carey
Jackie Leopold - Unit manager shoot 3
Don Osterman - American party mayoral candidate
Dr. Tony Edmonds - Ball State Professor of History
Hurley Goodall - Democratic Indiana State Representative
Streak Silverman - Gaffer shoot 3
Barbara Hartmeyer - Wilson campaign official
Judge Steven Caldemeyer - Delaware county Circuit Court Judge
Al Rent - WIPB TV announcer
Van Smith - President, Ontario Corp.
Jim Barnes - Carey campaign worker
Pat Troyen - Assistant gaffer shoot 3
Paul Goldsmith - Cameraman shoot 3
Craig Perry - Production manager
John Gunselman - Cameraman shoot 4
I am afraid that I am going to wake up from this dream. It seems as though we were just starting to get some in depth research done, when I received a telephone call saying that our grant proposal went through and production would start in one week.

As the plans were finalized, my name started coming up as a possible helper on the film. I really do not know much about the project, (I had done research on a different storyline) or even about the film's producer, Peter Davis.

I have no idea as to what my job is going to be or even if I will be paid for my work. The funny thing is, that I do not really care about those things. All I know is that a professional film crew from New York is coming to Muncie, and I am going to work with them. If that means going for coffee at no pay, that is fine with me--just so I can get the chance to work with them.

I just hope that May 3rd comes soon........
May 3rd  Day 1 - Shoot 1

I am extremely cynical about my involvement in this film project. I have a deep seated fear that at any moment I will wake up from this dream and find myself back in my dorm room. You see I am only a third year film student at Ball State University and at this moment I am finding it hard to believe that I am about to work on a film with a professional crew.

As the TWA jet slowly moves towards the Indianapolis Airport terminal gate I feel my own excitement start to build. Joe and I nervously talk about the project as the passengers flow into the reception area. Joe challenges me to try to pick out the crew as they disembark (neither of us has ever met any of the crew). Suddenly nodding towards a bearded gentleman, I inform Joe that he must be the cameraman. Joe is skeptical until it becomes obvious that the man is looking for someone that he did not know. I introduce myself as a representative of the Middletown Film project. He introduces himself as Gabor Kovacs (actually he was the assistant cameraman) and goes on to introduce the rest of the crew who are following close behind. Joe is stunned by my ability to pick Gabor out from the crowds until I explain that very few people get off of planes in Indianapolis, Indiana carrying CP 16 cameras! Joe obviously had no idea what a motion picture camera looked like.

No sooner did I shake the last hand when the crew turns as one and begins to walk at a very quick pace through the terminal. Taken aback by their abruptness, I swiftly follow not really knowing
where they are headed. Onward through the terminal they go until they near the baggage claim. At that point I am instructed to pull the van up to the door while Vic gets a sky cap with a cart and the others begin claiming baggage.

I have no idea what I expected, but as I enter the terminal again, I am met by a large cart piled five feet high with cases and another stack of still more cases. Everyone is counting and recounting to make sure that the close to forty pieces of luggage are all present and accounted for.

Once the van is packed, we set upon the task of deciding where everyone will sit for the hour long ride. Joe suggests that since the van has only 2 seats, he and Tom should ride in it so that they can discuss business. Film crews, though, are socially stratified and Joe is quickly over ruled. The assistant cameraman and I are banished to the equipment van while everyone else climbs into Joe's car.

With the time change and an early flight, the crew hasn't eaten for hours and we stop at a restaurant almost as soon as we get onto the highway. Lunch becomes old home week as Vic and Fran discuss what they have been doing since the last time they worked together. Through the whole meal I speak only when spoken to. Even then, I am so concerned about saying the right things that I become increasingly tongue tied.

Somehow, their discussion turns to "the grossest things" they have ever filmed. Vic describes shooting for CBS in a NY Police Department Morgue. Fran quips "MCS (without sound) of course?" Everyone laughs but Joe. I feel like I have entered
some secret society—for the first time I realize I am becoming a professional.
May 4th  Day 2 - Shoot 1

Vic keeps calling today the "shake down day." Everyone seems to be a little unsure of the situation, which in some ways makes me feel a little better. At least I know that I am not the only one who is confused.

Our first shoot is of Alan Wilson canvassing door to door. It is a brisk morning and Alan sets a quick pace. My job is to go up to the people who have been filmed talking to Alan and get them to sign a release form (which protects us from invasion of privacy lawsuits). Naturally, the people who have just been filmed are ready for some kind of explanation, and I must do just that. I must do it, though, as briefly and quickly as possible since the crew does not stop and wait for me to get signatures.

At the first house, I give the old woman there a one minute synopsis of who I am, what the project is, and why I need her signature. I give the paper to her, expecting her to sign it and hand it back. To my surprise she puts on her glasses and begins to read the involved legal jargon it contains. I look out the window, but the crew is nowhere in sight. She begins to ask me questions about the different legal terms and I start to panic. I have not read the release form myself, and have no idea what the various sections mean! I theorize what many of them "must" mean, and relay these answers to her in the most convincing manner I can muster. She seems to be satisfied with my answers, finally signing my paper for me. Bolting through her door, I am horrified to see the crew almost a block away now! I am beginning to not
like the film business very much.

By the end of the Wilson Door to Door I was drenched with sweat from running and worrying. For every person that signed without reading the release, there was one who would read and ask questions. The last man on the street was some kind of journalist-lawyer who cajoled and threatened me since he did not feel I was on the up and up. The crew has long been ready to go when I finally climb into the van, and we are off to our next shoot.

We go to a local factory where Kent Irwin is supposed to be handing out campaign literature to the men going in to work. At the gate we are told that he has been kicked off the property and that we are to leave the premises ourselves. As we try to figure out where we will go next, a burly man comes out and tells us in no uncertain terms that we are to leave immediately. We depart with several well-placed comments about "Hoosier Hospitality."

Next stop is WIPB where we set up lights for the "Meet the Candidate Call in Show." I'm still having trouble accepting the fact that I'm part of this crew, so that when Joe goes out to get us dinner—I only order a milkshake so as not to inconvenience anyone.

The WIPB call in is relatively uneventful except for a female bigwig from the station who keeps wanting to take pictures of the crew in action. The sound of her camera is quite loud and soon irritates Fran. Fran tries to explain to the woman that the
sound of her camera is showing up on his tapes and could she please stop it. She becomes very indignant—telling Fran that this is "her station" and she will do what she pleases. Tom quickly intervenes and we go back to work.

There are several other possible shoots later tonight, and after the WIPB call in, our caravan goes to check them out. I am the last vehicle in the caravan with Joe in his car leading, and the crew between he and I. As we turn the corner I press the accelerator only to hear the engine rev but nothing happens. I check the gear shift—it's in "drive", and my transmission is slipping! I honk and flash my lights, but they don't see me. Soon they have disappeared into the darkness. I jiggle the gear shift and soon I get the van to begin to crawl. It won't shift out of second gear, but at least I'm finally moving!

I never thought to ask Joe for the address of the next location, so all I knew was that it was a union hall. I find a phone booth and look up the twenty odd union hall addresses. Going from one to another, I begin to narrow down the list. Finally I found the UAW hall that they had been at, but they had left thirty minutes before.

Going back to the hotel, I find no one there and so I go back out to check more union halls. By 11:30 I decide to give up and go back. This time Gabor is in his room cleaning the camera. He tells me that they have been there over an hour, and that they must have been in the restaurant when I came the first
time. He also tells me that Vic is in the restaurant and wants to talk to me.

Entering the restaurant I find Vic at a table laughing with a thin British looking man. I am introduced to Tom McDonough, the cameraman for the second crew. I can imagine what they must think of me. Here I am, the local boy hired to drive the equipment van, and I'm the one who gets lost. They invite me to have something to eat and even though I have only had a milkshake in over fourteen hours, I say no. I have a bad headache and am so embarrassed, I just want to go to bed. Disappointed and disillusioned, I go home from my first day of "on location" shooting.
May 5th  Day 3 - Shoot 1

I feel much better this morning, but I am still hesitant about going back to work. When I arrive, quite a discussion is taking place over who hired the second crew. Accusations fly until Peter's name comes up, and it is decided that he must have hired the second from New York. "Peter will work this out" becomes the catch phrase for the day.

Our first shoot is with one of the female candidates handing out pamphlets at a grocery store. We wait for a half hour, but when she doesn't appear, we get ready to go. As I get into the van, I notice a sizable puddle of red fluid forming from under the back of the van. Looking under the van, I find the transmission leaking like a sieve. Someone quickly finds a friend with a van we can borrow and soon I am loading the full compliment of equipment into the new van.

At lunch time, we are reunited with the crews and we leave for the Bike-a-thon. The Bike-a-thon is a bike race sponsored by one of the Ball State Fraternities. Traditionally, the event is opened by the mayor of Muncie, and it is his appearance we want to film. I busily run between the two crews--carrying equipment, and getting releases signed. The mayor and his wife refuse to sign releases and act very ill at ease around the cameras.

When Cunningham walks out to open the event, the crowds erupt with a thunderous "boo". I am ecstatic; somehow it seems poetic justice to me. Tom is not so happy. He says that Cunningham is out of place at the event. The "boos" mean nothing coming
from college kids at a college event.

Paul has his Nagra Tape Recorder perched on his knee, changing tape when one of the frat boy "officials" begins telling us to get off the race track. I tell the official that if he leaves Paul alone, we will be off the track ahead of the cyclists, but he persists. I can see the bikes on the other side of the track coming around towards us. The official starts screaming at Paul to "get the fuck off the track, asshole," and begins to push him. By now Paul is seething mad, but he knows where the bikes are, and he also knows he cannot move until he is finished. Undaunted by this raving idiot, Paul finishes and we step out of the way with only seconds to spare.

The rest of the day is spent at a Carey picnic. Jim Carey is a fascinating combination of P.T. Barnum and Santa Claus. No one is a stranger for long to "Big Jim" and once he knows your name -- he seems to remember it forever.

The picnic grounds are packed with people and the scene is quickly transformed into a massive rally. With the help of two friends, I have to try and make sure that we get everyone's signature that might appear in a shot, (everyone basically!) while attempting to stay out of the view of two camera crews.

On the edge of the crowd, I notice a man who is wearing a white jacket with a strange emblem on it. I am thinking about that emblem, when I suddenly realize that it is a Ku Klux Klan patch. Dr. Vander Hill verifies that it is a Klan emblem, and goes to inform the crew
of the man's presence. (He showed the diversity of the Carey following, as many blacks were in attendance) The crew circled back and were getting a number of shots of the man, when I realized that I would have to get the man to sign a release form. I am panic-stricken; how can I go up and ask him to sign a form?

Dr. VanderHill comes up with a plan. Earlier in the day, he had been talking to the Klansman about fishing and now he would go up and resume the discussion. I would come up to both of them and ask them for their signatures. Dr. VanderHill would then sign the form without reading it in the hopes that the Klansman would follow suit.

Much to my surprise, the plan works flawlessly. Dr. VanderHill quickly signs it and hands it to the Klansman. I hold my breath and wait. The Klansman hesitates only a second, then grabs the pen and signs, proclaiming, "I'm proud of my face!" I breath a sigh of relief and retreat with my prize. Not long after that we are finished and we go home.

I am invited to dine with the crew and this time I accept. Over dinner we talk and joke--no mention of my getting lost the night before is made, nor has it been mentioned all day. Again I learn something about professional filmmakers--everyone makes mistakes, but they must be forgotten as soon as work begins.
May 6th  Day 4 - Shoot 1

I am with the first crew this morning. We are covering Jerry Thornburg as he addresses a black Baptist Church. My job is to sit outside with the vehicles and make sure that the equipment is kept safe.

I go inside to help tape down microphone cables while Joe waits outside. The service has already begun and an old black woman tells us that we must stand still during the prayers. Vic ignores her and keeps on working. I follow suit.

I am out in the rear vestibule when Thornburg appears, but I can still hear what he is saying. He begins by explaining about the film crew and goes on to tell how the congregation should pray for the film because it is their film too. I can see Tom in the back of the church—he is visible unhappy. In Thornburg's whole speech he never once mentions politics, and every other word is "film".

Later in the day, I am with the second crew shooting campaign signs. The second crew turns out to be a vegetarian crew and for lunch we have fresh pineapple and a variety of juices mixed with Perrier water.

Peter Davis arrives and I meet him for the first time. After everything I have heard about him, I never thought that Peter would live up to my expectations, but he does! The epitome of eloquence—Peter seems to be in total control of the situation. As it turns out, Peter didn't hire the second crew either, but soon he works it out, and it is decided that the second crew will return to New York tomorrow.
Today begins with my getting our third van. This time it is the WIPB van which is more of a truck than a van. Vic finds that the roof of the van is a good place for sunbathing and puts it to good use. The whole crew takes some time out to play frisbee, and we spend most of the morning relaxing.

Crew one spends the afternoon covering Jim Carey as he shakes hands in front of the Chevy plant where I have to get releases signed by a multitude of factory rats. The second crew does not seem happy with the fact that they are going home today, and I am very glad that I am working with the first crew all day. Today turns out to be a very slow shooting day for us, but no one seems to mind, knowing what tomorrow is going to be like.

When we get back to the motel, the second crew is already gone. They have left as quickly and quietly as they first appeared.

The evening is spent discussing strategy and trying to decide which candidate we will follow tomorrow. With only one crew and 15 candidates, we must decide which candidate is most likely to win. Three candidates are selected as being the most likely to win, and from these, Carey is chosen as our man.

Tom comments that "Carey may not win, but if he doesn't, we won't have a film anyway." Of the 15 candidates, Carey is definitely the most interesting.
May 8th  Day 6 - Shoot 1

Carey's headquarters are located in an old department store front located in the Walnut Plaza. Three times as long as it is wide, the headquarters presents logistic problems that we will have to overcome. First off, the headquarters consists of one room with one card table holding a phone and campaign literature. There is nothing in the room behind which to hide lights. Secondly, the room is far from a photographic location. There is nothing hanging on the walls and dead flies fill the front window show cases.

Vic decides that with the diffusers removed from the banks of fluorescent light, he will be able to push the film enough for good exposure. I spend the rest of the day removing diffusers and replacing burnt out bulbs. This solves problem one, but only highlights the squalor of the room.

Tom suggests that some kind of precinct tabulation chart be devised for the wall. Beyond that no other suggestions are made. I wonder why, until I start to think about "Cinema Verite" which is the kind of film we are making. Cinema Verite or Real Cinema is an attempt to catch reality on film. Therefore, if a location is dark and dirty, we must try to capture it as being dark and dirty. Maybe that is why Vic wants to shoot with just the existing light. It will accentuate the grain of the film and make everything look harsher.

A crowd starts to form early in the evening as the free beer begins to flow. The word is that Carey will not appear until a win is guaranteed, but as returns pour in, an early victory seems
imminent. It looks like we chose the right candidate!

The crowd becomes electrified as the Carey supporters dance and sing. Suddenly, word comes that Carey has arrived. The crowd pours out into the concourse, and we fight for a good vantage point. It is a false alarm. Darkness is quickly forming and I am given the sun gun (a portable spot light) to light Carey when he appears.

We sit outside trying to get fresh air while the crowd inside teems. Vic is showing me how to use the sun gun and explaining how to keep the crowd away from him inside, when we hear sirens in the distance. A motorcade pulls up with Carey in an open limo, and we push head long into the crowd.

Carey is red-nosed and wet-eyed when he appears. He is sunburned from campaigning at the polls all day, has been drinking, and obviously been crying. We are right next to him as a wall of people form around us. Carey laughs, cries, drinks, and hugs almost everyone in the crowd. And we are right there for every second. I run the sun gun, and I support Vic while he stands on top of a case to get a better shot. For what seems like hours I wrestle with the crowd, keeping drunks from bumping into the camera and helping Vic to get to the places he wants to go.

It one of the most exhilarating experiences I have ever had. As we pack up at the end of the night, everyone in the crew is smiling. We are all incredibly tired, but by the same token, we all feel the same satisfaction from meeting a challenge and overcoming it without a flaw.
I am on cloud nine. For the first time, I feel like a real member of the crew. Many times during the evening I was called upon to do real jobs, and I did them without a flaw. It sure beats the hell out of getting releases signed!

Back at the hotel, we gather for the wrap party. The wrap party traditionally marks the end of a shooting schedule. For the first time, I see Vic and Fran have a few drinks and really relax. They compliment my work and thank me for my help. I thank them for their patience and for all I have learned from them. We sit and talk, just like we did the first time I ever met them. Except this time it is not Vic Losic a "60 Minutes" cameraman, Fran Danials professional sound recorder, and Rob Goubeaux college student talking. This time it is the Middletown film crew sitting, talking, and telling jokes. I feel like I have really made it.
May 9th   Day 7 - Shoot 1

I receive the surprise of my life today, I am paid. You see, I was willing to work for nothing, just for the experience but of course a little monetary incentive never hurts either.

One of the humanists tells me that there was not enough money in the budget to pay me, but that the crew put the money together to pay me. This may or may not be true, but I would like to believe that it is. It makes me feel that much more accepted.

On the way to the airport to take the crew back, we get caught in traffic, and they are almost late. With a little luck and a good tip we are assured that all of the baggage will get on the plane even if the sky cap "has to carry it there himself" and the crew leaves for their plane home.

Driving back to Muncie, the van I am driving suddenly overheats and I spend 40 minutes in a gas station waiting for it to cool down. It is the third van I have gone through in a week, and it seems a fitting end to my first week of production.
One of the things I enjoy most about documentary filmmaking is the spontaneity with which things get done. It forces you to always be on your toes. Spontaneity produces a kind of electricity that can spark a crew and is often responsible for some of the best material that shows up on the screen. Compared to the first shoot, I think this shoot is going to be a complete exercise in spontaneity.

On the 2\textsuperscript{1}\textsuperscript{st} Joe calls me to confirm the shoot, and to ask me to work on the shoot. As it turns out, I am given more advance notice than anyone else on the crew.

The crew is made up of cameraman Kevin Keating, Assistant cameraman Shawn Durning, and Soundman Phil Pearle. All three crew members have been covering the Pan American Games in Puerto Rico for several weeks, and are first called about the shoot with a maximum of two days notice. Tom is involved in another project this week, and Peter comes in his stead at the last minute.

Amid this seeming Chaos, I am amazingly calm and laid back. Gone are the "first time" jitters of the previous shoot. I performed well in May and am asked back because Peter feels that I am invaluable to the project. Even though I am just a "schleper" I feel like I am as much a part of the crew as anyone.

Another nice thing about this shoot is that this time I am on my summer vacation and I do not have to worry about scheduling conflicts. I hope to give myself totally to the project and have a good time.
July 24th  Day 1 - Shoot 2

Dwight and I are to meet the crew at the Indianapolis airport. I'm there thirty minutes early with the van, so I wait for Dwight to come. As it gets close to the arrival time, I realize that he might not be coming and that I should figure out how to comfortably seat five people and a full compliment of equipment into a van. I keep locking for Dwight and worrying about how I am going to pull this off. Suddenly the plane arrives, and with hurried introductions, we quickly make our way through the terminal to the baggage area. There, watching the bags be unloaded, is Dwight. Maybe he thought that he would be able to recognize the crew by their baggage, I do not know why he was there, but I was certainly glad to see him. We quickly load the baggage and are off.

Much to my delight, Kevin, Phil, and Shawn request to ride in the van with me; Peter would ride in the station wagon with Dwight and his wife. As I drive, they talk nonstop about the Pan Am games, about beautiful weather, beautiful girls, and partying till sunrise. Shawn says that he had gotten back to New York just the day before, and that he had received his first call about the project the night before. Kevin did not have time to get his laundry done, so he left it in New York and would have to buy some new shirts here in Muncie. I was having a great time joking with them, listening to stories and jazz music, and filling them in on Indiana trivia, when I realize that Dwight has led us off the wrong exit and into the slums on the outskirts of Indy. Since he must know where he is going, I follow, but then it slowly becomes obvious that he is lost, and I take the first possible chance to
get on the highway, leaving him behind.

That night, we go to the fairgrounds to make sure that our power requirements can be met. We talk with the electrician who assures us that he can have enough power wired to the Democrat's tent on the 25th, and the Republicans on the 26th.

After Kevin and I find shirts that suit his needs, we return to the motel to find that none of the camera magazine lids match the magazines that we have rented, (Eclair magazines or "film cartridges" are hand fitted with lids that fit precisely and are numbered for that purpose) and that the danger of light leaks would exist. There wasn't enough time for the magazines to be replaced, so it was decided that Shawn would have to put tape over all of the lid edges each time he changed a mag (about every 11 minutes during a fast shoot). Needless to say, Shawn was not overjoyed with this new restriction, since it would almost double the time that it took him to load mags.
July 25th  Day 2 - Shoot 2 - Democratic Day

The crew gets their first taste of the "Muncie Monsoon." Torrential rains force the cancellation of the races for tonight. With little hope for any crowds being there, we make our way to the fairgrounds.

The crew wants to park inside the fair on the midway next to the Democrat's tent. As we drive in, there is a guard protecting the entrance, and I slow down to explain who we are, and what we are doing. Kevin, though, urges me to "just wave" and drive on through. I do so, and amazingly the guard waves back and makes no attempt at stopping us. The crew explains that "If you act like you know what you are doing, no one will question you!"

In the Democratic tent I am surprised to find many familiar faces. There are many people here that supported other candidates in the primary, but jumped on the Carey bandwagon as soon as the main event began. Much to the dismay of Phil, organ music was provided by a small gray-haired woman (the same one who played at the Bob Cunningham rally months before).

Generally, we were right. The rain is keeping people away and we are hardpressed to find any crowds for Big Jim's midway walk. Once the Democratic women start serving free homemade cakes and ice cream, a crowd does form. Despite the attempts to keep "carnies" out, though, I would guess that about half of the people there are carnival workers.

Rainsoaked and a bit disappointed, we return to the motel, and reassemble in the motel lounge for a celebration of Kevin's
birthday. We meet two girls from Iowa, one of whom is a film student who talks freely about the Eclair (an $8,000 camera) she owns and all of the films she has made. She coyly implies that she would love to help on the film, and I am upset that the crew agrees to let her help. I am incensed when Shawn allows her to go back to play with the camera while he loads magazines since I have not even been allowed to touch the camera since they have been here. I go home very drunk and disillusioned.
July 26th  Day 3 - Shoot 2 - Republican Day

I arrive about 10 minutes early for crew call. It is fairly evident that no one is up yet except for Peter, who invites me to relax in his room while we wait for the crew to rise. I begin to read Peter's liberally annotated copy of the Lynd's *Middletown* study. It is the first time I have ever really sat and read the study. It is quite interesting.

Shawn is the first to rise and after breakfast, he gleefully reports that our friend from Iowa did not even know how to change mags on the camera. It seems odd that such an "avid Eclair user" does not even know how to put film in the camera. What is even funnier is that this female that we had all viewed as beautiful in the dimly lit bar, did in fact, possess a somewhat "malproportioned" body when viewed in normal light by a sober observer. Later she was aptly coined "the groupie" by one of the humanists.

I am sent to the fairgrounds to make sure that the power box has been wired into the Republican headquarters. In accordance with Murphy's Law, ("if anything can go wrong, it will") the box is not strung, and the electrician is nowhere to be found. The assistant electrician tells me that the information he was given said that both boxes were to be strung on July 25 and then taken down. I inform him of the requirements we have, and he assures me that he will take care of it personally (one of the three classic lines of all time—the other two being "It will be there tomorrow" and "I'll respect you in the morning!")

We arrive later that day to set up. Of course there is no power line strung, but I find the electrician, and he comes down to
do it personally (I never did find out what happened to the assistant electrician). Meanwhile, the groupie is helping Phil set up microphones to cover the small band that will be playing there. They are having quite a problem figuring out what is the best way to cover all the musicians. The groupie ends their indecision by suddenly dropping one of Phil's two mikes, and breaking it. With only one microphone, there is little choice as to how it can be covered.

Alan spends the evening playing hide and seek with the camera crew. At one point it is announced that "Alan Wilson will now draw the winning name" for the side of beef they are raffling off. The crew sets up, but Alan is nowhere to be found. Suddenly I hear Alan introduced over the loudspeakers up in the grandstand. The crew quickly sprints to the grandstand to try and catch a few shots of Alan amid some crowds. When we get to the grandstand, though, Alan has somehow gotten past us and gone back to the Republican tent. Finally, when we get back to the tent, they have already drawn the winner and someone in the crowd asks why we were not there to get in on film. For the first time during the project, I see Peter Davis get upset.

For the first time this week, we have had a dry day and the scheduled Demolition Derby is taking place. Since Demolition Derbies are a Midwest county fair tradition everyone thinks it might provide good visual impact for the sequence.

In the warm night air, a roar of cheers rises, as the cars
square off at opposite ends of the arena and then hurl themselves together in the center. With only the weak spotlights of the grandstands for illumination, Kevin has to shoot towards the lights in the hopes of getting at least a silhouetted image of this automotive battle. This strong backlight gives the whole scene an almost surreal look as it mixes with the rising steam of ruptured radiators. I am totally caught up in the beauty of the image when a car is suddenly pushed towards us coming over the protective rails. We all scatter like rabbits as the car comes to rest with its back wheels caught on the rail. For the rest of the derby, I make it a point to no longer get lost in the imagery.

During one of the "heats" Kevin kneels on the sideline right at the center of the arena where the cars will first meet. He is shooting across the arena so that the cars would hopefully come from opposite directions and meet in the center of the frame. But the cars come quicker and with more force than Kevin had anticipated. Instinctively his head jerks back when the cars hit--the zoom lens has brought him psychologically closer to the action than he would like to be.

Earlier in the day, we had talked about how distorted one's perspective can become when looking through the view finder of a camera, and how important it is to not become removed from the reality of a situation while you are shooting. Kevin related a story about an American cameraman who was covering revolutionary activities in some South American country. The cameraman was in a hotel shooting footage of a sniper on an adjacent roof. Suddenly the sniper turned towards the camera and fired. The camera
snapped back and fell to the ground. The cameraman had been killed, probably without ever consciously realizing it was happening.

After the Demolition Derby, we go back to the Republican tent and shoot footage of Wilson shaking hands amid the river of people who are exiting from the grandstands. Out of this wall of people a drunk suddenly breaks through and reaches for Kevin's lens. Startled, Kevin jerks away, and Shawn steps between Kevin and the drunk. Everything is happening so fast, that I just stand there stunned, never realizing the mini spotlight "sun gun" I hold in my hand could be used to temporarily blind the attacker. Fortunately, some forceful prodding from Shawn convinces the drunk to move on, and we get back to work. I spend the rest of the night scanning the crowds and peering into dark corners trying to keep a repeat of that incident from happening again.
July 27th  Day 4 - Shoot 2

I am slowly getting dressed in my darkened room. I am not sure of what time it is, but I do know that the sun is not up yet, and that I got to bed after the wrap party last night later than I should have. I am startled as the phone's ring pierces the darkness. I pick it up. A pretty voice on the other end says, "Mr. Goubeaux, this is the Quality Inn Switchboard calling to make sure you are awake." I have to stop and think. I am not even staying at the Quality Inn (the motel where the crew is). I am staying with a friend! Without me asking, she answers my obvious question, "Mr. Keating left a message that we should call you this morning." I am impressed that he thought to do that.

My head starts to clear as I step into the cool morning air, and am completely awake by the time I reach the Quality Inn to pick up Peter. Peter has business to attend to in New York today, and I have agreed to drive him to Indianapolis to catch the first flight out.

It is an incredibly enjoyable drive. The sun slowly rises in the East making way for an extremely clear morning. Peter is a very well-educated man and a joy to talk with. He seems as interested in what I have to say as I am in what he has to say. He treats me as an equal, listening intently as I give my insights into the differences between the two crews and their styles of working. We discuss the theory of "auteurism" (director as the author of the film) which is appropos since he is sometimes described as an auteur himself.
We arrive ten minutes early at the airport, so we sit down to eat breakfast. We eat somewhat hurriedly and in true Davis style, Peter wants me to reorder after he has left. He is afraid that in the rush, I have not gotten enough to eat. After assuring Peter that I am full, we say good bye. After I pay for the bill with the money he has given me, I cannot help wondering if he got on the plane all right. Soon I find myself running through the terminal to wave good bye once again to a pleasantly surprised Peter Davis.

When I get back to the motel at about 10 o'clock, no one is up yet, so I listen to the radio and relax. Later everyone starts to move around and I go into Phil's room to wash up.

Today's shoot is the high school band contest at the fair's grandstand. Insiders have told us that bands start to arrive in the early afternoon, so we plan our arrival for about two in the afternoon. When we arrive, the place is empty. A fair official tells us that by 4:00 the place will be swarming with bands. Phil and the groupie decide to stay at the fair, but the day has turned into a scorcher so Kevin, Shawn, and I decide to go back to the motel and go swimming.

At the motel, I stretch out in the sun while they swim (I forgot my swim suit). Kevin has a blue star tattooed on his arm, and Shawn an Izod alligator on his chest. They talk about the night they got them as I begin to doze off. I wake up a half hour later, wash up in Shawn's room, and we go back to the fairgrounds at 4:00.

Still no bands. We walk around the fair until almost 6:00
when buses start to pull in and the infield of the grandstand becomes a twenty band circus. The place is sparked with excitement and Kevin roams through the crowds, shooting continuously. In fact, he is roaming so much and shooting so constantly that Shawn is loading mags continuously (laboriously slowed down by having to tape the mag covers) and I must run between the van where Shawn is loading and Kevin. At times the only way I can locate Kevin is by looking for Phil's microphone boom above the crowd.

Actually, our assembly line worked quite well until a camera cable went bad. Shawn has to keep running from the van to look at the camera every time it stops. Finally, we try the second camera motor, but things never work out quite as well as they are supposed to.

When we start shooting, the actual performances of the bands, we have to stand with our backs against a fence and with drill team performers no more than two feet from us. In fact, our mere presence is causing several twirlers to mess up. One poor girl just dropped her gun and Kevin is getting some nice close ups of her distressed face.

By eleven, we call it a wrap and head out to eat. I quickly eat some dinner and excuse myself. I still have a four hour drive ahead of me. I am scheduled to play guitar at a wedding ceremony in Chillicothe, Ohio the next day. As it turns out, I am so tired that I only make it to Dayton, and must drive the rest of the way tomorrow.
July 28th  Day 5 - Shoot 2

While I play guitar for a pair of newlyweds in Chillicothe, Dwight is trying to get the crew to the airport. I understand that it took nothing short of a miracle and a large tip to get the crew onto the shuttle flight from Muncie with all of their equipment. But they did it, and shoot two ends.
I am beginning to feel like a permanent member of the crew. In fact, I am going to be the only person to work on all three of the shoots.

Things have been very busy since the last shoot. Tom was out for several days of research, and I have been looking through stacks of old photos and films as to their possible use in the film.

I have also become the Muncie "technical consultant" for the project. I have been on the phone with the new unit manager, Terry Simon, about various equipment needs that the crew is going to be having. It has become my job to take these needs and search for the local means to fulfill them. One whole day was spent on the phone talking to almost every production house in Indianapolis, trying to rent a flat bed editor.

I have learned so much on the other two shoots, and now I am going to work with one crew for almost five weeks. The chance for learning in that position is going to be phenomenal, and I hope to make the most of it. I feel like I really have to make a lasting impression on the crew, as this may be the last shoot of the film, and I would like to be able to use them as references when I make my break into the industry.

Also, I think that five weeks of continuous production will give me a real taste of documentary filmmaking and on location productions. As a senior in college, I hope that this shoot will strengthen my desire to become a filmmaker......
October 8th  Day 1 - Shoot 3

Tom, Terry, and John arrive today to set up shop and scout locations. The equipment will arrive in two days accompanied by the assistant cameraman, Dave Eubanks. Our first shoot will be on October 11.

I am introduced to John and Terry over a late dinner. Terry asks many equipment availability questions which I answer quite well. (I think she is impressed). I am given the official title "Production Assistant." On the other shoots I have always been a helper, now I have finally become a real crew member.

I am warned that the procution assistants job will involve a lot of time, "can I handle it with my class schedule?" Without even thinking, I say "of course!" I hope I do not eat my words!
October 9th  Day 2 - Shoot 3

Terry calls to discuss my salary. We work it out so that I will be making more money per week on this shoot than I did on both of the other two shoots put together. My head spins—where else but the film industry can I get paid to do something that I really enjoy?
October 10  Day 3 - Shoot 3

My first official act as production assistant is to help John light a classroom in Burris High School, where we will be doing quite a bit of shooting. With the help of a friend, I take down diffusers, clean, and replace burnt out fluorescent bulbs. Then we hang make-shift "carnival lights" on wires strung between rows of fluorescent lights. On top of the photo flood bulbs, we put aluminum pie pans which act as reflectors.

To me the whole set up looks like spaceship models for a class B Martian film. John assures me that this is a legitimate lighting trick. In fact, he says that he once saw a big-name cinematographer use the same trick to light a bar scene in some feature film.

Already I am beginning to feel the time pinch. I find myself running between the film, classes, and my other job. I apply for and receive a leave of absence from my other job, but I am afraid that I may not fully comprehend what is coming up.
October 11  Day 4 - Shoot 3

We shoot the Burris Civics class for the first time today. It is the location we lit yesterday and to my amazement, it does not look half bad. The location is on the second floor and Dave and I carry the multitude of cases up the stairs with great zeal.

I have to leave halfway through the shoot and Jerry Cler covers for me while I am gone. Of all the classes I am taking this quarter, the only one that I need to graduate is a volleyball gym class that meets at the same time the Burris Civics class meets. I am beginning to see more and more conflicts coming up.

The kids in the civics class are studying the questions, "What is democracy?" and "Does it exist in Muncie, Indiana today?" In answering these questions, they are to design some kind of public survey and then administer it. We will visit the classes twice a week and record their results. I have two conflicts per week already, and it is only the fourth day!

Tonight John explains what each piece of lighting equipment is called, and how it is used. I am pleased that John takes the time to do this. I get the impression that I am going to be doing more than just get releases signed!
Today's schedule begins with the Burris Civics class again. Again we bring our full complement of equipment up two flights of stairs, but little happens and Dave and I mostly just sit in the hall talking.

The night is spent filming Democratic and Republican teams pushing Carey and Wilson in big brass beds. Actually there are eight teams which take part in the bed race at the Muncie Oktoberfest. Everyone feels that the bed race might be a good visual representation of the mayoral race. In the bed race, Carey's team wins every race. Against Wilson, he wins by almost a block!

To get the shot he wants, John stands in the race track so that the beds can go by on either side of him as they leave, and so he can run backwards with the beds as they come in at the end. I stand behind John holding the sun gun. My problem is that I am a bit wider than John, and the beds that go by him, hit me. By the end of the night my hips are extremely sore.

Despite the cold temperatures quite a few local inhabitants have come out to view the event. I think the crew is beginning to note a difference between Hoosiers and New Yorkers. John starts calling Muncie citizens "Mooks". He says that it comes from the movie *Mean Streets*. I am not sure what it means, but it sounds appropriate.
October 13th  Day 6 - Shoot 3

The Ball State Homecoming parade is scheduled to form at 9:00 on a corner right outside of the Roberts Hotel, where the crew is staying. To facilitate a quick get away during the parade, Dave and I load all of the equipment into the van, and park it several blocks away. Hopefully, this will take us clear of the police-guarded parade route.

At 8:45, we go outside to get some shots of the parade forming, but there we find no parade. Walking through empty streets, we see several errant floats, but find no sign of the seventy units we have been promised. In a vacant parking lot, we finally find several bus loads of high school band members lining up, but they are almost five blocks away from the point where the parade is supposed to start!

John is photographing the bands preparing, when a policeman comes up to tell the band directors that the parade is about to begin. Running back to the hotel, we find that a parade has mysterically appeared and was in fact beginning. We run to the van and then race to get ahead of the parade before the roads are blocked.

Big Jim Carey is watching the parade from his mother-in-law's house along with a bevy of Carey supporters. Ignoring the early hour, the Carey crowds feasts on homemade Chile and bloody marys! True to form, Carey clowns for the camera, shaking hands and kissing almost every girl in the parade.

Jim is the kind of man that tries to make everyone feel at home, especially by calling everyone by name. On this particular
day, I am wearing a windbreaker that someone had given me because it was too big for him. The previous owner's name happened to be Mike and I never saw fit to remove his name from the jacket. When Jim sees me in this jacket, he begins to call me "Big Mike". Since I would only confuse Jim by telling him what my name really is, (and since the crew gets such a big kick out of calling me Big Mike), I accept the name with good humor.

By getting ahead of the parade again, we are able to find the place where Alan is and film him as the parade goes by. Somehow Alan is not as flamboyant as Carey was, and the parade goes by uneventfully. Tom is beginning to worry about Alan's lack of image. Tom and John go out to find dried fruits and nuts to fulfill their health food requirements. They come back with a very large brown box filled with various items and an even larger bill for $80. Terry is upset about the hefty bill until she realizes we have been overcharged. We have been charged for 15 pounds of dried dates instead of the 15 ounces we received.

The final event of the evening is for three friends and myself to go into the heart of the black community and change light bulbs in the Baptist Church we are going to film in tomorrow. In taking down the 1½ ft. diameter glass globes, I am sure we are going to break at least one, but much to my amazement we get them all done.
October 14th  Day 7 - Shoot 3

The call this morning is at six a.m. We make our way to the Baptist Church, but must wait outside until their Sunday school is finished. While outside, a small black boy comes up on a bike. He chides us for not wearing our "Sunday clothes" to church! We are all wearing our usual blue jeans and tennis shoes.

Almost every film crew member I have ever known wears some variation of the blue jean and tennis shoe attire. In a job in which at any given moment, one might be called upon to crawl around on the ground, it seems to be the only appropriate attire. Even if I were filming the President of the U.S., I probably would wear blue jeans and tennis shoes. But for some reason, I feel very out of place right now.

Carey gives a speech to the congregation during their service and afterwards, everyone (including the film crew) is invited to a big community meal. The food is excellent, though I must admit, collard greens are not one of my favorite foods.

Pressed for time, the rest of the crew must go on to the next location. I am left alone to put back the globes that took four people to take down the night before. Several members of the congregation sit and watch as I perch atop a rickety 15 ft. ladder taking down two lights over the altar. No one offers any help, and I imagine that they have taken bets on whether I will fall or not. The combination of extreme heat and anxiety leave me sweating like a stuffed pig. I am starting to understand what a production assistant really is.
The next shoot is at the home of a Carey constituent. With very little problem, I find it, but I am taken aback by its size. It is more a mansion than a home.

Carey, Bill Shroyer (his manager), and the house's owner, Tom Adams, sit in the den watching football, drinking and talking. The room is huge with one corner covered by a large brass bar. The men sit on real leather sofas in a sunken area surrounded by brass rails. The room is lit by an overhead skylight. The room is magnificent.

Carey is obviously a bit drunk and readily discusses a number of subjects. Shroyer is continually trying to quiet Carey—he is afraid Carey will ruin his image. Carey intentionally stickles Shroyer saying that "since this won't be on till after the election—I will say exactly what I want to say."

Carey and Wilson are so far apart on a "personality dichotomy" that it is not even funny. If I were to vote in this election today, I know who I would vote for.
October 15th  Day 8 - Shoot 3

Today is a day off for the crew, but I spend it driving to Indianapolis to pick up a package that has already been sent on to Muncie!

Terry calls Democratic Headquarters and is given a full and complete schedule for the next week. When she asks the same of Republican Headquarters, her questions are met with "Jesus, you'll want to know when he goes to the bathroom next!" A Wilson campaign worker labels us as "media assassins from the East."

Throughout this shoot I am constantly reminded of the effect that "60 Minutes" has on documentary filmmaking. Everywhere we go, we are met with people's fear of being exposed. It is slowly making our job harder to do. I think that Carey can either sense our sincere unmalicious motives or else he must not watch "60 Minutes."
October 16th    Day 9 - Shoot 3

Burris Civics class #3. Fewer people show up today. The thrill of being on TV must be wearing off.

Jackie Leopold, our new unit manager, comes to Muncie. During our first production meeting, she is lying on the floor, while I lean back in my chair. When I lean forward, my chair comes down on her foot. I always seem to get off on the right foot with new crew members.

Our new production board is beginning to take shape. It consists of an 8 x 4 sheet of plaster board that Tom has artfully divided into a calendar. There are large boxes provided for each day of production, in which little cards are hung representing each tentative shoot.

It seems to me that the board is very crowded.
The rumor going around is that our problem with the Republicans is due to Joe. His wife is some kind of secretary for the Democratic party, and Joe has been a staunch supporter of the Democratic Congressman.

The Burris Civics class is Jackie's first official shoot today. She is continually on our backs to hurry up. What she fails to realize is that we have done this same set up three other times, and that we know exactly how long it will take.

During the shoot, she seems to try too hard. We can see her inside the small classroom trying to stay out of the camera's field of view. In the middle of the shoot she pulls down the shades on the door windows so as to block out any outside disturbances. Tom follows behind her and opens them to their original height. If an audience were to see the shades open to different heights, it would confuse their sense of continuity.

For supper, Dave, Tom, and I go out for Chinese food. After spending many months in Southeast Asia filming *Hearts and Minds*, Tom has developed a very adept hand with chopsticks. He expertly teaches me their use, as he tells stories about the making of that film.

He tells me how his father and Peter's mother had both been members of the same New York Jewish intellectual group many years ago. He also tells how he and Peter first met as tent mates during basic training in the early sixties. How they went their separate ways only to meet again and work on *Hearts and Minds*. 
Tom reminisces about "having visions of changing hawks into doves, and saving the world." He also relates that without any official clearance, their only real decision was to how much life insurance they should take out on themselves. It is an amazing evening.
October 18th  Day 11 - Shoot 3

Today's first miracle involves setting up the camera, sound gear, and light inside of the 6 x 8 foot WBST radio control room to film an Alan Wilson interview. With a great amount of Rube "Goldberg work, we are able to light both the control room and the interview room, so that John can shoot over the DJ's shoulder and see Alan inside.

In regard to the lighting, John says, "We're talking the Buddy Holly Story here." I think this means that he likes the lighting!

Alan suffers from a severe lack of camera presence. He takes off his jacket, puts his hands behind his head, and stretches out during the interview. At one point, he makes a comment about "not really believing anything he says," which has Jackie and I rolling in the aisles. The rest of the crew is so wrapped up in what they are doing, that the comment goes by without them even hearing it.

Jackie has started playing secretary at the office. Terry and I have a regular 10:00 phone conversation each night, in which I am informed of the next day's schedule. Tonight when I call, she won't just get Terry for me. Instead, she first asks Terry if she would like to talk to me. Something is going to have to change, soon!
October 19th  Day 12 - Shoot 3

Tom is inside scouting the house of one of Jim Carey’s high school teachers. The rest of the crew sits out in the van and waits. Dave complains about the waiting. He likes it if we are working hard or if we know we are not going to work for a while. But waiting to work, the state of being on call, really grates on one’s nerves. Tom finally comes out to tell us that the location is perfect, but the woman is so old that she just rambles. The shoot is scratched.

In the late afternoon we go to the Workman Bar. It is a gritty, red-neck hangout which is situated between several of the big factories. As the name implies, it is the place where the working men go to drink.

We have been told that several of the people who hang out there were in jail while Carey was sheriff. The beer flows, and many people are willing to talk. People who like and dislike Carey both speak on the subject, and we are given a nice variety of opinions.

While we pack up, I feel someone step on my foot. Out of the corner of my eye I see it is Jackie, but I decide to ignore it since I did accidently do the same to her. But she keeps on doing it. I continue to ignore it, until she is almost jumping on my foot. When I turn around, I see that a very burly drunk is trying to pick her up. She gives me a very distressed look, so I put my arm around her and quickly lead her to the door.

John has been having problems with the sunshade on his camera,
and so Dave and I go to a local tool shop and order a piece made to rectify the situation. The part does the trick, but it costs $110! I don't think that it would have cost so much, except Dave made the mistake of showing the tool maker a camera piece from New York which cost some outrageous price. The man obviously thought that if we were dumb enough to pay so much for the New York piece, we would pay whatever he asked for his piece. Dave names the piece the "Carl Clamp" after it's inventor.
October 20th  Day 13 - Shoot 3

To bring attention to the fact that the downtown area is almost inaccessible to handicapped citizens, the three candidates are taken on a wheelchair tour of the city. Jim looks very tired today, and Alan takes centerstage as the most visual candidate. There might be hope for him yet.

A picture from the wheelchair event appears on the cover of today's Muncie Evening Press. The picture has been cropped to an odd size to obviously include our film crew. I suggest that we can sue the paper for using our pictures without getting us to sign a release, and help pay for the series. No one seems to take me seriously.

A 13 year old boy sent Big Jim a letter offering his help in the campaign, and today Jim is accepting the offer. We follow Jim to the boy's house and then follow the pair throughout the day.

While covering Carey at lunch, I park the van right outside the door, so that I can sit inside and simultaneously watch the shoot and the van. Suddenly Jackie comes rushing over to me and demands to know why I am not watching the van. I smugly tell her that I am watching the van, and meekly point to the van which is well within my sight. She turns and leaves without a word.

When Carey goes to view a garbage dump that is causing problems for the adjacent neighborhood, a large and very irate mob appears out of nowhere. Carey's 13 year old friend stays close to the car for a fast getaway, but the need never arises.

Later, we take part in a Grand Prix following two men putting
up Wilson signs. They have a case of beer in their truck and I think they are making a game of trying to lose me. They never lose me, but the car following me misses a light and Tom decides that it is time for the race to end.

A very bizarre situation is beginning to arise and no one knows quite what to do about it. Carey is constantly aware of the camera and makes it a habit of performing for the camera. For awhile this kind of performance was fun, and is definitely better than someone who shies away from the camera.

Tonight, though, Carey is beginning to try everyone's nerves. Now he is directing other people for us. Whenever he begins to talk to someone, he now maneuvers to get the other person into the light or into the camera's view. The problem is that usually we are more concerned with Carey than the people he talks to; and by getting other people into the shot Jim turns his back to the camera. The night ends with everyone grumbling about our new assistant director, Jim Carey.
October 21st  Day 14 - Shoot 3

Another 6 a.m. call. This time to light the First Presbyterian church. Alan is a member of the choir at First Presbyterian, and we hope to film him during a typical Sunday service. The church is a very affluent one, and is a nice contrast with the Baptist church last week.

At the end of the service, the choir is to exit from the church en masse, and John wants to be outside of the church doors to catch the action. But the choir starts to exit on the third verse of the final song, instead of the prearranged fourth verse, and John is caught unprepared in the center of the church. Despite quick reflexes, John cannot get in place for the shot.

Our exciting afternoon is spent filming Alan cutting the grass. Talking to his son, and in the subsequent interview, Alan shows an innocence and a humanness that is genuinely endearing. I think I am beginning to like him.

Everyone is on edge today. Tom in particular is concerned that after two weeks, the film is still showing no cohesiveness. By now, some storyline or at least some recurrent theme should appear. But none has and that evokes some concern.
A day off for the crew, but not for me; I must go and prelight a location for tomorrow.

It is amazing how much like a family our original crew is. In the family structure, everyone has a nickname that shows their relative position in the hierarchy. Tom and Terry are called Dad and Mom respectively, while John is their oldest son Junior. Junior's younger brothers are Sonny and Big Mike (Dave and myself). As the shoot progresses, these nicknames come into use more and more as we act more and more like a real family.
Today is going to be one hell of a day. It starts at 6:30 a.m. when I go to the Robert's Hotel and help load the equipment into the van. We proceed immediately to Burris High School where we set up and shoot Alan answering questions before a journalism class. At 9:00 we go to the Carmichael Building on the Ball State campus and prelight a location for later this afternoon. As soon as Carmichael is finished, we go to Andy's Hamburger Restaurant to interview two policemen who worked with Carey when he was the sheriff. After a quick lunch, we return to Carmichael to shoot an open debate between the candidates. After striking the lights, we pack up and return to the hotel to plan tomorrow's shoots.

Aside from the insane schedule, today turns out to be an excellent day. The policemen are the first people we have interviewed who are willing to discuss some of the past events of Carey's life. They vibrantly describe the events surrounding Carey's indictment and the suicide of his first wife.

Tom is visibly more relaxed than he has been for the past few days. He feels that the police interviews could serve as a connecting force for the whole film. Everyone begins to talk about how the film is finally coming together.
I am beginning to tire of 6:30 a.m. crew calls. Today Big Jim is fielding questions before the same journalism class that Wilson did before. When Tom puts the radio microphone on Jim, Jim seems to be his same jovial self. But when one of the students asks Jim a question about his first wife's suicide, for the first time since we have known him, his jovial exterior is broken, and Jim begins to weep. No one knows why Jim has suddenly reacted in this way, but it is a side we have never seen before and Tom decides that we will follow Jim for the rest of the day in the hopes that maybe we will finally see inside of Jim's politician facade. We have seen our first glimpse of Jim Carey, the man.

Carey's next appointment is to attend the funeral of a friend. Though we never go in the church and remain relatively unobtrusive outside, I feel very uptight about it. This is the first time I do not feel like we belong where we are.

At lunch time, Jim addresses a group of elderly black people and then stops for a quick interview with the Channel 8 TV crew. We film their crew, filming an interview, which seemed quite novel to me.

Jim ends his day by meeting the other two candidates for the WIEB TV call in. As far as content is concerned, the event is pretty boring. In fact, as far as the campaign goes, it has been pretty boring. The major issues discussed are a city pool, and garbage pick ups during cold weather. The major points of interest come from the American party candidate, Don Osterman. His answers to
the city's problems are often blatantly illegal, unethical, and always humorous. What really makes his answers even better are that everyone takes them perfectly serious.

The crew has just found out that I am keeping this diary. Everyone kids me about it, but they also all say that they want to read it when I am finished. Terry says that I will probably make more money than anyone else on the crew—by blackmailing them with my diary.

Dwight brings over his news clipping files that he has been keeping for years. All of the files are full, except for the one marked "President". In it is one clipping entitled "President Greets Gays". Speculations are made on the importance of this clipping.
October 25th  Day 18 - Shoot 3

My first real day off!

I spend it relaxing and reconciling my girlfriend who is far from starstruck with the film business.
October 26th  Day 19 - Shoot 3

The Burriss school newspaper staff is having a meeting to discuss the interviews they have had with the candidates. Afterwards we make arrangements to follow one of the girls from the Civics class as she does her survey. To enable us to hear the reactions of the people she interviews, Tom tapes a small radio microphone into the notebook she holds.

Dave does not think that I have seen Tom wire the notebook and he tries to catch me off guard. He cuts down Tom and tries to lead me into doing the same. But I did see Tom wire the notebook, and I pile on the praises. As I talk about how Tom is the best director and John the best cameraman I have ever known, I see Tom at the end of the block, laughing profusely.

Tonight, we are following Jim to the Police Athletic League which is an organization that he helped form. Not much more than a hole in the wall, the club has a small gym and a boxing ring which are intended to keep kids off of the street. Every Friday night they have an inter club boxing match and tonight we tried to interview some of Carey's old cronies.

The building is very old, and John has to do some rewiring of the circuit box so that it can handle all of the lights we have set up. John has me go out and buy a fire extinguisher for electrical fires. I spend the whole shoot watching the circuit box, but it holds out.
Today we have our hardest job of lighting to date. We are shooting a coffee klatch discussion in the kitchen of a newly renovated turn-of-the-century house. All of the wood in the house is newly refinished, which rules out many of our usual means for hanging lights. To make matters worse, the men sit in a circle around the table which means that John must be able to move any place in the room without seeing a light. Several lights are in such bad places that I spend the shoot next to them, making sure that they do not cause a fire.

By the time we finish striking the lights at the coffee klatch, it is early evening and John and I hurry on to light the next location. A light rain is beginning to fall as we pull up to the Pipefitter's Union Hall, and in classic tradition, it starts to pour as I carry equipment into the building.

The event for tonight is the Democratic women's dance. The room is nothing more than a large warehouse with a stage at one end and rows of tables "tastefully" decorated with little tissue paper leaves. By leaving all of the fluorescent lights on (some of our crew took the diffusers off earlier) and placing two spots on the band, John feels that we can adequately light the cavernous place. From the looks of the instruments it even looks like we might get some real entertainment.

As we sit in the hall waiting for the rest of the crew to come, we hear some loud discussion taking place inside. When we go back inside, we find that someone has turned all of the lights off. Since
there is no way to shoot without them, I turn the lights back on and am suddenly accosted by a slightly drunk man of some official capacity. We are arguing about his need of dancing atmosphere and our need for proper exposure, when John starts to laugh. He gleefully informs me that problems like this are the unit manager's job and that we should leave the problem to Jackie. The lights go off again, and we return to the hall.

Back in the hall, we talk about the over-dressed Democratic women who are coming in, none of whom seem to be overly thrilled with our presence there. About the time the rest of the crew appears, our ears are suddenly shaken by a sound not unlike that of a cat in a dryer. When we finally stop laughing, we recognize that we are being treated to the band's off-key rendition of a recent pop tune.

Carey is late, and we go back to talking about the people at the dance.

Late in the evening, he finally appears and we swing into action. Jackie gets the lights on, and John follows Carey into the crowds. The band plays "Irish Eyes" and Jim sings, and dances. Everytime John gets into position, Jim suddenly wheels around and John gets a shot of Jim's back. Assistant Director Carey is back at it again.

The shoot progresses into a ludicrous dance between Jim and John. John follows Jim's lead as well as he can, but the results are nowhere near the effort. Disgusted, Tom calls it a wrap, and
we start to take the equipment apart.

Tom, John, Dave, and I are in a side room chuckling about the total lunacy of this shoot, when Mrs. Hoover turns to John and begins to earnestly talk about Popeye cartoons. On top of everything else, it proves to be too much, and twenty days of tension break loose into total insanity. We laugh so hard that I wonder if we will ever stop. We do; just long enough to walk into the middle of the dance, take down our lights and go home.

Day 20--"The crew breaks down"
Some vandals destroyed the campaign sign in Alan's yard last night, and we go to film him putting up a new one. One of the poles from the destroyed sign won't come out of the ground, and when I try to help loosen it, it breaks and I tumble to the ground. The silliness from last night returns and we break into hearty laughter again. Alan is having so much trouble with the sign, we end up putting the sign up for him.

The crew's attitude has improved immensely. We have been working very hard for the last three weeks and still the worst is yet to come. The craziness of last night is having a very therapeutic effect, and our spirits are high. I only hope that it can last into election week.

I am beginning to think that Alan is jinxed. One of our lights burns out during the interview with Alan this afternoon. Alan is watching John put in a new bulb, when the barn door light shade falls off and hits Alan in the forehead. It leaves a nice cut on his brow which prompts him to kid about suing us for damages, and Tom to joke about possible continuity problems because of the blood.
October 29th  Day 22 - Shoot 3

The elite Republicans of Muncie are having a tea for Alan today in the home of one of the important families of the town. Needless to say, the house is full of antiques and expensive furnishings which force us to take great care in lighting. To make matters worse, Alan is going to be moving freely throughout a three-room area and John wants to be able to follow him without ever seeing a light. Every light stand is hidden behind a curtain or some piece of furniture except for one. Fortunately, that light stand is in a very inconspicuous corner and should not make any difference.

I say "shouldn't", because in true "Murphy's Law" fashion, Alan chooses that corner as his place to stand for a question and answer period. In this three room area, he chooses the only place where a light stand will be seen behind him to stand!

We shoot the Burris Civics class again today. We are carrying less and less equipment up each time we do this shoot. I would say we are carrying only about half of the equipment up that we carried up on day one.
October 30th  Day 23 - Shoot 3

Tony Edmonds, a professor at Ball State and a staunch southern Democrat is about to do the unthinkable. He is going to vote for a Republican. He does not trust Big Jim and he is willing to tell us why on film. We shoot him while he is getting his hair cut. He and the barber start discussing the issue, and they are off and running for a long time. When it was all done, we had our first negative views of Carey.

The evening was spent filming at the Debonair Club. The Debonair Club is a little hole in the wall private bar that is co-owned by a number of black men. One of these men is Democratic State Representative Hurly Goodall. Hurly got a group of his friends together and they sat around, drank, and talked politics.

Both shoots turn out well because of the participants willingness to talk, and to willingly present diverse attitudes. Usually, we have to coax people to talk, but today it seems our only problem is getting them to stop long enough for us to reload the camera.

Peter arrives around midnight with Streak Silverman the gaffer (lighting man). Word is that a second crew will be arriving in a few days. Some how I must find another full time production assistant.
As a visual contrast to the rich Republican tea, we are covering Alan today as he addresses a group of people in the home of an older black woman. While preparing for Wilson's arrival, Joe is going around the room, getting releases signed. When Wilson suddenly knocks on the door, the crew goes into action and Joe dives behind a couch to stay out of the shot.

After a while, Joe decides that he will get out when John stops to reload, and he whispers to the woman sitting on the couch, "To tell him when the cameraman changed rolls." The woman, who must have been a little hard of hearing answered, "No, they don't have any rolls, only cookies."

With that, Joe gives up on trying to get out and decides to just take a nap. But every time a woman would walk across the room, they would see him, and quite a few exclaimed "Eeek, there's a man behind the couch!" In time, he did fall asleep, remaining there for the whole shoot. So for one and a half hours, we had a humanist behind the couch and no one on the crew even knew it.

The topper comes after the shoot when Joe is telling us about being caught behind the couch, and John starts to laugh. It seems that there were several women who did not want to be on TV and refused to sign releases. John had these few ladies sit together so that he'd 'shoot around them", that is, still shoot the tea, but do it in such a way that they never appear in the picture. The place where he had them sit was on the couch that Joe was hiding behind. Joe was hiding for no reason, as the couch never appears in the
film. Joe could have stood up and done a tap dance and no one would ever have seen it. Needless to say, Joe is embarrassed.

Carey is handing out Halloween candy from his headquarters and we cover it for a little while. But it is the "same 'ole song and dance", and we soon leave for the next location.

The Democrats are having a big cocktail party for all of their candidates. It is an elegant affair with a standing room only crowd. When Carey arrives, he is jovial, but something just does not seem right. The crowd seems very cool and apprehensive. It must be just the usual pre-election jitters, since Carey is predicted by everyone to win the election. Still, it seems more like a wake than a cocktail party.

The final event for the night is a secret Wilson prep session for tomorrow's WIPB TV phone in. It is very questionable as to our right to be there and Hartmeyer tries to get us to leave. Alan intervenes by telling her that he invited us.

We get set up in a room off to the side of the office they are in. Hartmeyer still seems to be fuming about our presence, and I hear Tom tell John, "If she does anything or if she tries to stop us...keep shooting!"

The shoot is absolutely incredible. The session is one in which the Wilson campaign officers throw questions at Alan and he is videotaped answering them. Each time he starts to answer, though, they stop him and correct him. It is not very long before Alan starts getting a bit angry. He snaps, "But, that's what you told
me to say last week." They say, "But this time we want you to say..."

We have often speculated that Alan is probably a political puppet, but this is the first photographic proof of it. It is a very intense and emotion-packed moment of filmmaking. If only a part of that emotion comes through in the film, then we will have one hell of a movie.
Tom and Peter have talked from the very beginning about doing this film without the use of third person narration. To do this, they will need a variety of first person commentaries. Now that we are close to election day, it seems a prime time for us to do interviews with the people who are involved in the campaign.

Today's schedule includes three interviews with three very diverse individuals. The first is with Judge Caldemeyer who is a Delaware County Circuit Judge. Tom asks him questions about the upcoming election and particularly about Jim Carey's past problems with law. Afraid of the effects that we might have on his own re-election, the judge balks at almost every question asked of him. His answers are so tied up in legalistic side stepping that they are of no value to us.

The second interview is with Jim Carey himself. Comfortably seated with a drink in hand, Carey openly answers all of the questions asked of him. Terry keeps Bill Shroyer tied up in the kitchen downstairs by talking with him, so that Jim can talk without being censored. It is quite a good interview.

The third interview is with Al Rent who moderates the WIPE call ins with the candidates. We interview him while he prepares for the second call in, which is to take place tonight.

When Alan arrives for the call in, he still has a cut on his head from the falling light, and we jokingly tell him that it will bring out the sympathy vote.

After seeing the Wilson prep session last night, this call in
suddenly takes on more meaning. The questions that are called in are mysteriously the same ones that Wilson prepared for the night before. Wilson's answers come out just as he was given them, and yet Carey's answers still seem to cut Wilson in the areas that Wilson's entourage knew they would.

By the same token, I notice that Carey's anecdotes seem to change depending on his audience. A story he told about twelve men yesterday to his supporters, strangely becomes thirty men when he tells it to make a point on TV. You can tell that it is getting close to election day.
November 2nd  Day 26 - Shoot 3

Van Smith is the president of the Ontario Corp., a friend of Joe's, and a politically powerful man in Muncie. We are to interview him early this morning, but somehow Streak goes to Smith's house instead of the Ontario Corp. where the interview is to take place. He finally arrives an hour late and we hurriedly set up the light. It always seems that the shoots that are the most trouble, usually aren't worth the trouble they cause. So it is with the interview. After only a few rolls are shot, Tom thanks Mr. Smith for his cooperation, and we leave.

There is a phenomenon that takes place for about an hour before sunset each night. Filmmakers call it "The Golden Hour" because of the beautiful, soft, gold colored light the sun gives off during this time. Traditionally, the golden hour is used to shoot exteriors of buildings because it tends to give you the most picturesque look available.

John, Dave, and I go out to investigate the Muncie "Golden Hour" tonight, and to hopefully get exteriors of the Workman's Bar and the Debonair Club. Much to our chagrin, we find out that the Muncie "Golden Hour" lasts about ten minutes. I drive like a maniac from one location to the other, trying to beat the fading light. We get to the Debonair Club too late for the golden hour, but we are treated instead to a full midwestern moon in the background which was impressive by itself.

The second crew checks into the Roberts wearing Halloween masks. We now have twelve crew members and occupy thirteen rooms at the hotel. Terry posts a directory in the office, so that we can find who is in what room.
November 3rd  Day 27 - Shoot 3

We have divided into two teams—the green crew to follow Carey, and the red crew to follow Wilson. The green crew consists of the old crew, directed by Tom, and the red crew consists of the new crew, directed by Peter. If this all seems very confusing—believe me, it is.

Today is the day of the big Democratic Rally to take place at the fairgrounds. Important state Democratic figures are coming in for the event, and we go to the airport to meet Senator Birch Bayh.

Someone has given us the wrong information about his arrival runway, and by the time we get to the right one, his plane is already down. We meet him in the terminal, and he generously offers to go back out and get out of his plane again for us to film. Tom films a very short interview with the senator out on the runway.

John quickly turns to follow the senator as he walks to his car, and catches Dave in the shot. Dave makes a quick move to get out of the camera’s field of view, then realizing he left a case in the shot, runs back into the shot to get it. He is always so careful about staying out of the shot that I have to kid him about getting caught twice in the same shot.

Tom would like to follow the senator all day, but his Muncie contact person tells us, in no uncertain terms, that we are not to go near the senator until the rally tonight. It seems he has some important secret business to attend to with local Democratic big-wigs.

Both crews cover the Democratic rally which turns out to be
mundane. The candidates give high-powered speeches, but the whole event is too structured.

In the end, the Careys' are the last to leave, because someone has accidentally left with their car keys. We sit with them and talk for a long time, all alone in the now empty hall. We have been with them for so long, we really hate to leave them until they get their car keys back. Finally we leave with Tom lamenting about the inability of documentary filmmakers to catch personal moments like that on film.
The green crew gets a day off to prepare for the big week. Dave goes to see James Dean's grave, and I stay in bed all day. I have been fighting a cold all week, and last night I lost my voice. Hopefully, I can get well enough to last through election day.
November 5th  Day 29 - Shoot 3

Bill Shroyer, Jim's campaign manager, owns a line of cleaners and laundromats in town. Today we are filming an interview with him in one of them. I hear none of the interview--Terry and I are too busy answering the phone so that it won't ring so long, and trying to keep the people who come in for their cleaning quiet.

We film the Burris Civics class for the final time today. We bring only the barest of equipment: camera, nagra, 2 extension cords, assistant cameraman's kit, 1 sound case, and 4 rolls of raw stock. We are elated to be finished with that location.

We shoot a very short and very intimate interview with Jim. It takes place in his bedroom as he sits in his favorite chair wearing only his pajamas. He is tired and glad the campaign is almost over. By the same token, he is afraid too--the campaign is all behind him, there is nothing left to do but shake hands at the polls tomorrow and wait for the results.

The surveys still have Carey listed as the favorite to win, and we all seem glad of that. We want to be following the winner tomorrow night.
There is an old saying that "rain on election day keeps the Democrats away from the polls." This election day began cold and rainy, but Big Jim is determined to prove the saying wrong. He and his wife spend the whole day, out in the bad weather doing last minute campaigning at the heavy Republican polls. We spend the day along with them until the polls close, and they go home while we go back to the hotel to regroup for the night.

The plan is that the Careys' will be picked up at their home by Jim Barnes in his motor home, and taken to Bill Shroyer's house where they will listen to the results with a group of close friends. Once Jim's victory is assured, everyone will pile into a special chartered bus and go downtown to Carey's headquarters for a victory party.

John, Tom, Dave, and Streak go with Jim Barnes to get the Careys' while Terry, Pat, and I go straight to the Shroyers. The crowd at the Shroyers seems glad that we will be there to record the victory. That is until the results start to come in. The first precincts to report are traditionally Democratic strongholds, but Jim is taking a beating in them. Before the motor home even arrives everyone knows that Carey has lost. It seems like only minutes and Carey is over 2000 votes behind.

When Carey arrives, the crowd is crying, but Jim stands strong. He tells everyone to be happy because they have not really lost, not as long as they have each other. The crowd is indignant at our presence, but Carey defends us knowing that we would rather
have had him win -- but, that we are dedicated to covering him either way.

Jim goes downtown to talk to the throng of supporters who fill his headquarters. The beer flows and a rock band plays, but everyone is too sad to have fun. Jim assures the crowd that "he hasn't really lost with all of these friends...and that everyone should party to show the world that the Democrats can have more fun losing than the Republicans do winning." He finishes by commenting that he "wouldn't mind losing to the Republicans, but it hurts to lose on account of your own party."

With a massive crowd following, Jim walks down the center of the street to congratulate Alan. John films the whole parade with David and I leading. Just as I realize that we are walking right through a crowded intersection, the Carey mob merges with a smaller crowd coming from Wilson headquarters. The two candidates meet in the center of the street and shake hands. Both crews are on the scene, filming the action from two different angles.

Somehow in the confusion, Wilson sneaks out of the crowd and back to his headquarters. We see him leave, but the red crew must not because they continue shooting Carey. For a moment, we wonder if we should switch candidates--then John yells, "Hey we're playing man for man, not zone! You're candidate went that way!"

Streak is holding the sun gun and offers to flare Paul (red crew cameraman) and ruin his shot. Finally, they realize their mistake. As a group they turn and begin to sprint after Alan.
Bringing up the rear for the red team is Peter who looks amazingly like a flasher with his long overcoat flapping in the wind, and the sun gun belt slipping down from his waist. John tries to get a quick shot of them running down the street, but too quickly they disappear into the darkness.

Back at Carey headquarters, our crew is invited to go back to Shroyer's house--where Jim and his closest friends are going to convene and get drunk. We accept on the condition that we can eat our dinner there too. At midnight we finally sit down and eat the Chinese supper that Terry picked up for us at 8:00.

Listening to the people at the party, I can finally start to piece together why Jim lost by such a large margin. Certain trusted and powerful friends had secretly sold Jim out, which accounts for the Democratic losses in strategic Democratic precincts. When Dave asks someone at the party about a certain Democratic candidate, the man answers, "Oh, fuck her!" "What do you mean by that?!" Dave inquires. To which the man snaps, "If you don't know, you've been taking the wrong pictures!"

When Jim Barnes knocks cigarette ashes on the carpet, Dave brushes them away to make sure they don't burn the carpet. "Oh, piss on the carpet....I'm going to redecorate Shroyer's whole house. So just piss on the carpet!" says Jim Barnes. Shroyer hears what Barnes is saying, and he turns around, unzips his pants and pisses on his own carpet. There is no doubt about it, the Democrats do have more fun losing than the Republicans do winning.
November 7th  Day 31 - Shoot 3

One of the men that supposedly double-crossed Carey calls Tom and wants to talk to him alone. Tom says that the man told him the reason Carey lost was because Jim used him amateur friends as a campaign staff, while Wilson hired a professional firm to do his campaign.

Later during a "post mortem" interview with Jim, Tom asked if the amateur campaign crew charges were justified. Carey answered that he would "rather lose honestly with his amateurs than win any day." I am glad he answered that way, since I am sitting next to Bill Shroyer, well within ear shot of the whole interview.

In an attempt to get some aerial shots of the city, we go up on top of the Bell Telephone tower which is the tallest building in town. On top of the tower there are two large microwave reflectors which carry phone calls from Muncie to Indianapolis. As Tom walks in front of them, our guide explains that a person can fry from standing in front of them for just a few minutes. Terry begins to frantically suggest that Tom get away from them.

John decides on a camera set up next to one of the reflectors. While Dave and I set up the camera, he strolls to the other side of the building saying, "I think I'll get out of the oven for a while."

In the evening, Dr. and Mrs. VanderHill have a party for the crew. The high point of the evening comes when Streak and Pat make their entrance. Streak wears a baseball cap with electrical antennae that light up, a pair of children's Snow White sun glasses, a Ball State gym shirt and his teeth painted red. Pat wears a similar get-up with antennae and shades.

Quote of the day is from Peter in regard to chewable Vitamin C's--"They're the original munchies."
November 8th   Day 32 - Shoot 3

In the afternoon we film our final interview with Alan Wilson. The red crew has warned us that Alan is having trouble comprehending the fact that he is the new mayor, but I did not believe them... till now. We eat cake with his family and talk about the future. The election seems like a dream from years ago.

Tom feels that if anyone can give us a clear explanation of what happened, it is Hurley Goodall. Tonight in the interview with Hurley, Tom asks very pointed and very direct questions which Hurley answers with great care and tact. Hurley answers Tom's questions, but he answers them in his own way and not necessarily in the way that Tom would want him to answer them.

Hurley's interview is like a chess game between two grand masters. It is evident how much they respect each other, and how they must constantly change strategies in an attempt to beat the other. In the end, the game is a stalemate, but I do not really think that it could end any other way.

When Alan won the election, he was taken by police escort to the victory rally. In the car with Alan that night was the red crew who filmed his triumphal drive through Muncie. What they failed to get were shots of the police motorcade that could be cut in with the footage of Alan. We were fortunate enough to get hold of the officer who drove that night—who agreed to drive the same route so that we could follow, and shoot footage of him with his lights on.

We follow him for several miles, but the footage is awful. Even with his flashing lights on, the other drivers ignore him and keep...
on driving. Just as John was about to declare it a flop, the policeman redeemed himself admirably. We are following him in the left lane, when we come upon a red light. With a stopped car in the left lane in front of us, the policeman goes into the right lane, runs the red light, and makes an illegal left turn through the intersection. It is just the kind of "official" driving that we need. Thanking him for his help, we officially end the last day of production.

After a family dinner at the Chinese cultural center we return to the hotel for the wrap party. Craziness is the word for the night, though it is punctuated with moments of incredible mellowness.

One such moment comes when John and Dave present me with a present of two cameraman handbooks. I do not know what to say -- so I just mumble "thanks". After 32 days of hard work, I am certainly ready for some serious rest, but I also know that things are going to be lonely without the family around.
November 9th  Day 33 - Shoot 3

I drive the crew to the Indianapolis airport. We make our farewells, and they depart for a quick breakfast before take off. I suddenly find something in the car they have forgotten, and I take it in. They kid me about not being able to say good bye, and they jokingly refuse to say good bye more than once. I am really going to miss them.

Terry and Craig must remain in Muncie to take care of closing down the office and paying the bills. With only the vehicles left to return, Craig tries to catch a connecting flight from Muncie that leaves in ten minutes. Terry and I return the vehicles and go back to the hotel to get Terry ready for a later flight. Craig calls to say that all flights from Muncie are cancelled due to rain. Quickly we set up a ride for both of them to Indianapolis, and finish up the closing down of the production office.

After they are safely off, I am searching through some things from the office when I find a folded over piece of paper tacked to the bulletin board which reads in Terry's handwriting "Announcing--One of the Great Works of American Fiction." Underneath it is my schedule of classes for this quarter!

For the past five weeks, I worked an average of 50 hours each week and skipped more classes in those five weeks than I have in my first three years of college put together. The ironic thing about it is that I still managed to get a "4.0" on my report card!
December 14th Supplemental

I am at a Christmas party which is also attended by a WIPB engineer. Somehow, he gets on the subject of the Middletown film crew. He does not realize that I was part of the crew, and he freely talks about his loathing for the crew. He told me how the management of the station described Peter as "haughty", and how they felt the rest of the crew were arrogant bastards.

I felt like telling him what the crew's opinions of WIPB were, but instead, I decided to hold my tongue and leave him have his say. MOOK!
There was a rumor that Jim Carey was selling used cars for a local car dealer. Had this been true, the "family" from the third shoot would be coming out to do a weeks worth of shooting including the inauguration, the inauguration ball, and interviews with Jim.

Since the rumor proved to be false, though, Craig is the only crew member coming out from New York. The rest of the crew is coming from Cincinnati, while I am coming up from Dayton. In some ways I am disappointed that my friends are not coming from New York, but on the other hand, it should prove interesting working with some local "midwest talent."

Besides, this crew is using an arriflex BL camera, which is a camera I have never had the chance to see in action. I have become increasingly "gear crazy" and the chance to work with another different kind of camera appeals to me.

Realistically, it would be ridiculous to bring a crew from New York for one day of shooting. Especially when everyone is predicting that it is going to be boring anyway..........
December 31st  Day 1 - Shoot 4

New Year's Eve and I have to spend it in Muncie. Craig is late, so I go ahead and check into my room. Laying half asleep on the bed, I begin to watch a ridiculous TV movie.

Peter is skiing with his family and Tom is probably off in the wilds of Massachusetts, so that Craig and I are the only two "regulars" that are going to be working this time around. Now that Craig is two hours late, I am beginning to wonder if I will be the only regular.

Finally, a knock on the door announces Craig's arrival. It seems that airline troubles in Pittsburgh caused a delay in his departure time. Besides hearty New Year's greetings from all in New York, Craig carries a special greeting from Peter. Aware of our sacrifice in coming to Muncie on New Year's Eve, Peter sends along a bottle of champagne with a card "thanking us for our work in 1979." Of course though, Peter out does himself by sending imported Mumm's Cordon Rouge Champagne! (Peter never ceases to amaze me with the amount of class he can impart on this meager college student).

We ice the champagne down in the sink, and then with plastic champagne glasses that Craig cons the front desk out of, we partake of our gift. HAPPY NEW YEAR MIDDLETOWN FILMS!
January 1st  Day 2  - Shoot 4

The crew from Cincinnati is late. They were supposed to be here at 8:30, but it is 9:00 now, and they are not here yet. I go out for coffee, and when I return, John Gunselman (the cameraman) is there. He is explaining why they are late and why the soundman can’t come in.

While they were driving to Muncie, two dogs ran into the highway in front of the crew’s van. In an attempt to miss the dogs, Don lost control of the van and it slammed into a guard rail. Besides a crunched fender, the accident also caused the battery to go on the fritz. Now they were afraid to stop the van, knowing it might not start again. With that thought in mind, we leave immediately for the City Hall where we will be shooting.

The inauguration shoot goes by uneventfully as does the interview afterwards. The rest of the afternoon is spent driving around town shooting various exteriors. With overcast weather, we shoot quite a few shots in the poor side of town and a handful in the rich sections. Soon we have run short of sunlight and we wrap for the day. We have been working continuously since 8:00 a.m. and when we finally sit down, we wonder where the time has gone.