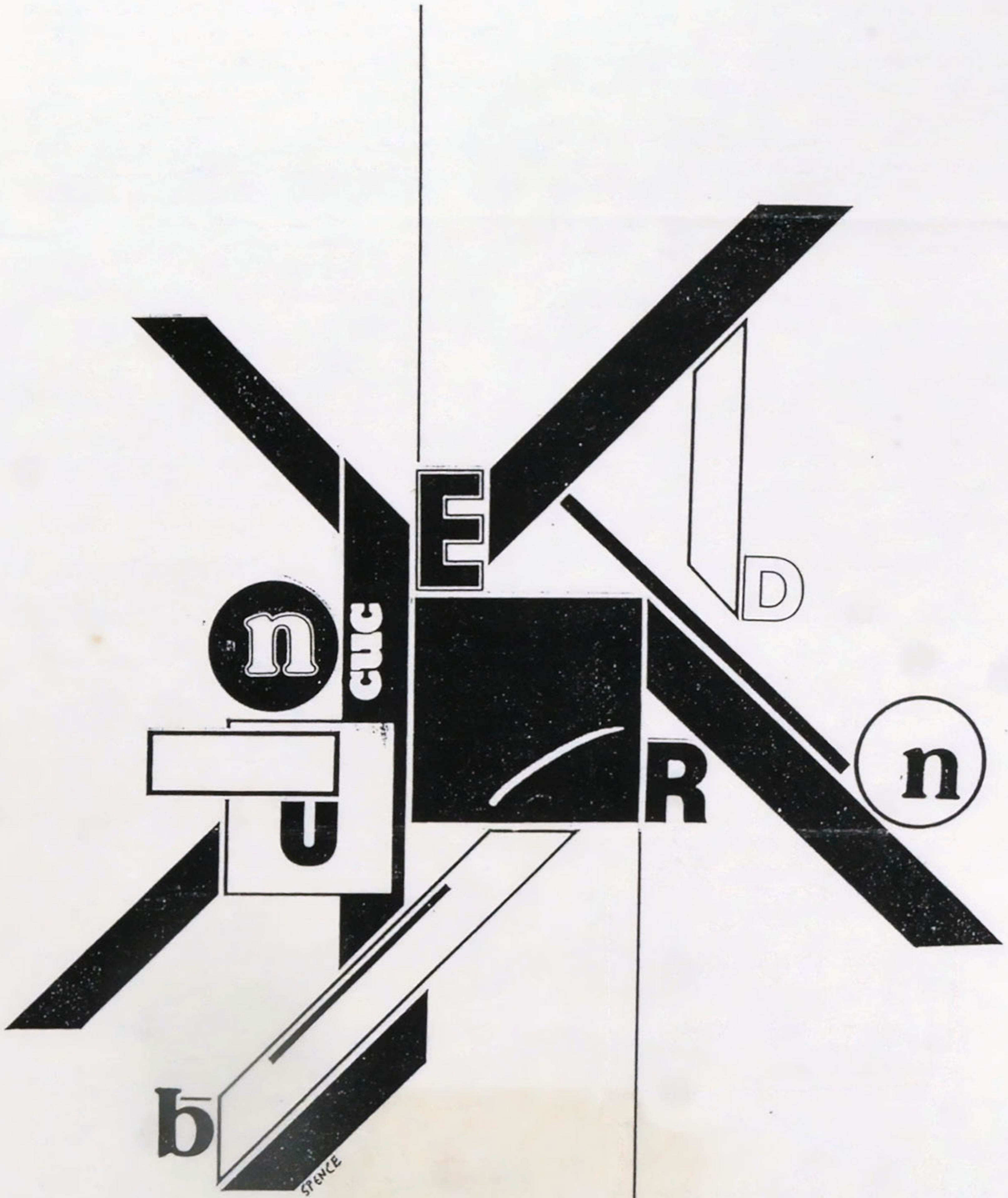


Super Eight



*Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc.
ISSUE 111 March 1996*



notes from the answering machine

administrator's report

The Super 8 Film Group will soon be on the Internet, thanks to a grant from the Australian Film Commission. We will have our own Web Page on the World Wide Web, sited at the AFC's site. So stay tuned (on-line)! We should also soon have an Email account, for those who are on line...

Planning is underway for the 1996 festival, and anyone who is interested in being on either the organising committee or the selection committee should contact the group.

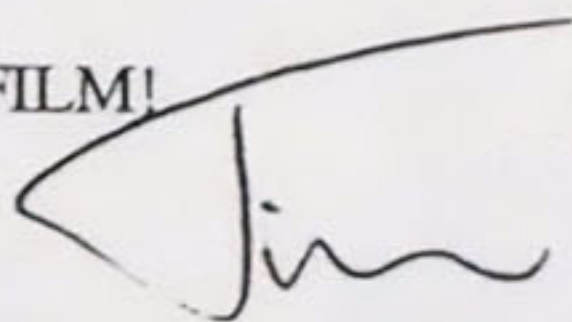
Anyone bringing films along to be shown at the Open Screening, should remember to bring their own take-up reels, and CLEAN YOUR FILMS!!! It has been taking quite a while to constantly clean the gate during the screening, and it detracts from the overall screening.

The VIVA 8 festival screened a programme of Super 8 films from the SUPER KIOSK 8 FESTIVAL, organised by Steven Ball in London. As yet to hear how it went, though...

The office will be closed over Easter from Friday 29th March - Monday April 9th. The office will be open all day on Thursday 28th March, to facilitate equipment hire etc.

1996 Office hours are:
Tuesdays & Thursdays 1pm-5:30pm

MAKE THAT FILM!



COMMITTEE MEETINGS

are held on the third Tuesday of each month at 6pm. Members are welcome to attend. The next Committee Meeting will be held on:

Tuesday 19th March 1996

at the Group's office
1st Floor

207 Johnston Street, Fitzroy
phone (03) 9417-3402.

SUPER EIGHT - The Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc. - Issue 111 - March 1996

Editor: Bill Mousoulis.

This newsletter is published monthly by the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc. All contributions accepted. Deadlines are as follows:
April Issue - Fri. 22nd March - Tony Woods (9419-6504)
May Issue - Fri. 26th April - Pete Spence (9209-6395)

Enquiries: Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc.
PO Box 2033 Fitzroy MDC 3065 Victoria, Australia
Ph: (03) 9417-3402 Fax: (03) 9417-3804

Disclaimer: The views and opinions expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the editor, or the committee of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group, and no responsibility shall be taken there unto.

HORRORSPHERE-8

MELBOURNE CINÉMATHEQUE

June 5th 1996, 7pm, State Film Theatre

The Melbourne Cinematheque are, as part of their tribute to shock-horror, presenting a program of Super 8 horror/fear based films to be organised by Tim Patterson and Barry Brown. Any members wishing to make a film based around perceptions of fear, and the horror genre, or in fact already have completed films should contact the group.

The final program will be a selection from those presented, due to time constraints. Films should be about 3 minutes in duration, silent or sound, with soundtracks on either cassette or stripe.

The deadline for completed films is Tuesday 14th May (May Open Screening). PLEASE LET US KNOW SOON, SO WE CAN PUT AN ARTICLE IN ANNOTATIONS!

ADVERTISING

Advertising space in SUPER EIGHT is available at the following rates:

Quarter page - \$35.00

Half page - \$60.00

Flyer insert - \$20.00

(flyers provided by advertiser)

Members who wish to place small classifieds, are welcome to do so, providing they are of a minimal size. Contact the group for further information.

Super 8 Equipment Hire 1996

Equipment	Description	per day	per week (7 days)
Sankyo Sound Camera XL-620 Supertronic	6x Zoom, Lap dissolve, single-frame, slomo, 18 or 24 fps. With mic.	\$10.00	\$40.00
Canon Silent Camera 1014	10x Zoom, Lap dissolve, slomo, 18 or 24 fps.	\$10.00	\$40.00
Editor / Viewers	Various.	\$1.00	\$5.00
Wurker Splicers	Good, reliable and easy to use.	\$2.00	\$10.00
Splices to suit above	Available for purchase. Only covers 1 frame either side of cut, leaves both stripes free.	\$10 per pack (50)	
Miller Tripod Junior	Fluid head.	\$2.00	\$10.00
Elmo ST-180 Projector	Sound, Twin track. VR level monitor for track laying	\$10.00	\$40.00
Eumig Mark S projector	Sound (optical or magnetic)	\$10.00	\$40.00
Fujica Frame Enlarger	For taking still photos from Super 8 and 16mm frames.	\$2.00	\$10.00
Sony Telecine Adaptor	For transferring film to video. Requires Projector & Video Camera. Can be used to copy film-to-film.	\$3.00	\$15.00
Super 8 backwinder	For backwinding film to make double exposures.	\$2.00	\$10.00
Tascam 4 Track Recorder	Sound deck for recording soundtracks	\$2.00	\$10.00
Stand-alone Screen	For use with projector	\$1.00	\$5.00

(All prices members only. Non-members rates differ.)
for bookings/enquiries, phone (03) 9417-3402
Office hours: Tuesday & Thursday 1pm-5:30pm

Luddites. Camera. Action.

Daniel Kotsanis' film *Luddites Prayer* is spooky. It shows two men (of course) in a back yard smashing a couple of TVs and then examining and cleaning up the smithereens, but not in that order and not just once. What makes it spooky is its tone - offhand, cool, unaccommodating. It redresses TV's lack of genuine passion (linear narrative, spectacle, advertising) with its own cool passion (non-linear narrative, spectacle de-spectaclized, red leader for "breaks"). But the catch, of course, as with all acts of cultural terrorism, is that there is nowhere to go: one is left with a mess. Is it the destruction of TVs that luddites pray for? Daniel'll be spreading computer viruses next ...

It's a key question, of course. Or is it? You see, on the one hand, we have the prophets of a brave new VR age, and on the other (yes, there is that "other"), the apologists for the more primitive/low-tech pursuits. But this dichotomy, in practicality, doesn't really exist: technology is merely technology, it is a tool-for-use. The broader needs of aesthetics, ethics, politics et al are always seen to. For example, talk of "the death of Super-8" first surfaced years ago, in the mid-to-late 80's, yet nothing has happened. And, in the commercial market, the two "big booms" (TV, video) have not kept people away from the cinemas. People will always get what they want (need)...

Or will they? Am I being too optimistic here? I am, in a way. Just because people have "needs" does not mean that those needs will actually be catered for. (Of course, "needs" are not necessarily primordial in nature - they could be "evolving".) Atrophy and despair could quickly follow. The way out is to not destroy things (the revenge instinct), but to create things. In this case, Super-8 things.

The Super-8 Group well is far from dry, and let us all say now: we will never miss our water! Quentin (last issue) is right: the demise of *Filmnews* and "Film Buff's Forecast" will hit home soon. More and more, the entry into the next millenium is looking like an entry into a "dark ages" for cinema culture. So much for the centenary celebrations (a requiem?)

But I am not a negative soul. And neither are the Super-8 Group members. For it is they - you,we - who continue to be positive about the cinema. The Super-8 Group is a phenomenon, especially because it is against the grain. Ten more new films at last month's Open Screening, and there is no let-up in sight!

Daniel's film, which fittingly closed the night, leaving us to ponder what action we could now take, was a particular highlight, being as it was his debut film (in effect) and a welcome addition to the S-8 Group's menu of films (which can tend to taste pretty similar). Where else but at the S-8 Group can one see a film which seems to have come from 1970 (the age of Marxism, student politics, cultural terrorism, etc.)? I don't mean that disparagingly, for *Luddites Prayer* is clearly a 1996 film, just as the films of Tony Woods, Barry Brown et al are not re-hashes of 60's structuralist/abstract designs. One re-invents the wheel, but differently. Wheels still roll ...

Now, a few quick words on the other films shown:

Hector Hazard's *Solitary Man* is a variation on his man-on-the-mountain (ah, Nietzsche gets misappropriated again ...) theme explored in greater length in *The Deadly Variation*. More variations could follow, as the material is clearly bursting at the seams, like the main character.

Bursting, but it's more like an implosion. "A first motion"? "Creating beyond himself"? No - more like a strained, doped, childish (not childlike) reverie of apocalypse and re-birth. Solitary man, indeed. The film-maker, at least, is getting some mileage out of it.

Tony Woods' *No.9* is far from his best work, but it's an important addition to his oeuvre, and it proves that he is now a living legend. In a world of multi-screens and layers upon layers upon layers of - what? more layers?, Tony gives us the one image, but jump-cutted, over 10 minutes. Night, several lights, a couple of mysterious figures doing God knows what - welcome to the world, Tony Woods-style. Maybe we can get rid of that Adrian Rawlins statue in Brunswick St. and hoist one of Tony - camera to eye, of course - up there?

I showed a film of mine called *The Shadows*, joining the synthesizer brigade (experimental film-makers unite!).

Ian Poppins' *The Greatest Ever* is some video footage - shot off the TV screen - of Carlton's 1995 premiership victory. Where are Daniel's TV hackers when we need them? Only joking, Ian. Okay, you're the greatest team ever, but spare a feeling or two for us Melbourne and Fitzroy and Footscray supporters Ian's film shows, in the end, the magical qualities of cinema (and that, yes, means Super-8 too), texturally and semiotically, as the mix of elements combine in a particular way, making for fascinating viewing.

Barry Brown's *Holiday Movie* illustrates Roland Barthes' famous essay in *Mythologies* about artists and holidays, as Barry finds himself abstracting/deconstructing (in varying degrees) the holidaying environment he finds himself in. His structural trick of using sound for awhile, and then complete silence, is the kind of experiment that is exciting but doesn't "work". Note: I have used quotation marks here. A veritable harvest of images.

Peter Lane's *Shadows in the Sun* is an impressive development from Peter, although it actually harks back to his work before the scratch films. This film employs a realistic aesthetic, and it comes up with some exquisite images of trees, shadows, etc. I still think that with Peter's work the whole is less than the sum of the parts, but I also still think it's good to have Peter's work around, it being a bit different.

Speaking of wholes, John Bartlett presented his debut film *Donut or the Whole*, and here is a clear example of a film with an overarching structure and neat design. The trick of "blind-cutting" on the sky is the only clumsy element, and an element which sort-of destroys the film's particular beauty. But it's an element which allows for time and space to change within John's panning panorama, and so it's an element (clumsy though it may be) which adds to the film, making the film's sweep a broad one, encompassing spatial/perceptual concerns as well as political/spiritual ones. John, like Tony, is a painter - what people like they bring to cinema is not some superficial "multi-media" practice, but a mature sensibility which they then apply to the new medium, making the results pure and special.

Finally, there were also two short pieces by Perry Alexander, *La Mort* and *The Hit*. One could categorize these films as genre-exercises, I guess. But Perry's films have never had the hardness of genre films - there's always been something playful, loving, anarchic about them. That more tender side to Perry finds its apotheosis in *The Hit*, as his nephew Alex and his mutt Mutley put in star turns.

Next Open Screening - be there and be square (the 1.33:1 screen ratio is good for you - medical fact).

Bill Mousoulis

Sunday 10 March 8.30 @ Cafe Bohemio

A X Canada 1995 Aust/Can 85 min 16mm (blown up from Super 8) Dirk de Bruyn. The frenetic capture of the landscape, a car is hurtling across Canada and the USA. A family marooned in a car, marooned in neverneverland. Time lapse, animation, postcards part doco, part diary, part assault, part nationalist document, part radio play.

354 Smith St. Collingwood. FREE

The Spectacle is the existing order's uninterrupted discourse about itself, its laudatory monologue. It is the self portrait of power in the epoch of its totalitarian management of the conditions of existence
Guy Debord in Society of the Spectacle.

A X Canada (pronounced "across Canada") comes out of a 6 week trip that the de Bruyn family took travelling across North America. We went from Vancouver on the Pacific to Maine in the States and then back to Vancouver and into the middle of British Columbia via Chicago, Minneapolis, Spokane and Seattle. This took place a couple of years ago now. The film is my last gasp impressionist breadth breath of the family on the North American continent. We had all lived for 2 yrs in the Canadian Outback- a "Northern Exposure" type of landscape where all the Indians dressed like cowboys and winters were at 30 below with 5 minutes of daylight and in summer the sun did not set. This creates a lot of energy in summer and we used it to hurl across North America and back: A mother, a father and three energetic boys 14, 11 & 6 y.o.

Cameras

Before the trip I had already been collecting images around Smithers (in British Columbia, near the Alaska border and 17 hours travel, by road, from Vancouver ie: in the middle of nowhere/wilderness) on Super 8 Kodachrome for over a year having picked up numerous Super 8 Sankyo cameras with time lapse on the cheap during my various travels trying to meet fellow demented film makers. I had picked out a few sites in the surrounding mountains where I would stick a camera at the start of the day, stick it on 30 or 60 seconds per frame- with a fresh battery- (very important in winter. In winter it was also important to wrap a few hand warmers around the camera and battery because otherwise the cold would kill the electronics of the camera as well as freeze the mechanics up). I had picked up about a half dozen cameras at an average of \$100 each- the best buys had been in Melbourne.

Over the year and a bit-nearly 2 years - that I was doing all this time lapse I lost most of the cameras. One froze and some ran out of puff- the time lapse mechanism just wore out. A couple got stolen. I left them running hidden in isolated spots some kms out of Smithers. Smithers only had a couple of thousand people in it and it was an hour and more to the next towns in both directions- there was only one road through the area- that had much less of a population. Anyway, someone was still watching because when I went back in the evening the cameras had walked away. For people who do not know what these el cheapo plastic cameras are, that can be mistaken for expensive video cameras, being of similar dimensions as those video cameras that are in all the stores for, at that time, a couple of thousand each. So someone went off thinking they had struck gold until they got to the pawn brokers to be offered 5 bucks. That was no consolation to me, of course. The thing that got me the most was not the cameras but the footage lost. In one of the cameras I had about a week of timelapse of clouds and sunlight though this mountain atop of which sat a receding glacier. So those were images, like those mythical fish, that got away, all the more painful in that they had been caught and were being "realed in".

"Verte"

A X Canada is of course a different kettle of fish and most the of the imagery in it stands in stark contrast to the machinations of nature that I was collecting and contemplating. All this time lapse was assembled and built into a long (incomplete) work predicated on the extreme changing seasons. There are some images from this period- shot over a week that shows trees going from leafless/lifeless to a carpet of green. Such changes remind me of and signify one of those realisations and experiences of nature that had a great impact for me. We experienced two springs in Smithers. At that important time, every day- every day- the carpet of colour, of the oncoming green, would change. You could stand outside and watch the leaves grow. Being in this remote area with 100 of miles in each direction with hardly a soul, being able to drive for hours and hours and hours through all this changing green left me with this visceral image of this evolving, emerging carpet of green further than the eye could see and the mind could experience. (The word Verte offers a trace of this experience. Verte in French means green, in Dutch it also means distance, to the horizon. In English it can be short for a convert, changed from one religion to another.) To stand in the middle of that change in this endless, emerging colour-in all

directions. I am just trying to find useless to superlatives for this experience of the power and pervasiveness of nature/life. It is an experience that a boy playing with technology in the big smoke needs to keep inside him to keep a perspective on things. So that is the flip side - the companion piece - albeit a work in progress to this lunge across the landscape.

Progress-Projectile-Nausea

I found this lunge a metaphor for progress, the death of this "verte" experience, that I tried to communicate just before. It was a lunge into a sea of distractions and loss. With us huddled together, a nuclear family in a projectile, like pac man eating up images moving through the countryside. I have since read about the coming of train travel, viewing the landscape, the panorama of it all. Read about the inner space it opened up in the carriage, often used for reading and the debates about the nausea that looking at the window produced, that we were physically and visually not able to integrate, tolerate this speed of image and movement, that it destroyed the landscape and the time to contemplate it. Reading that reminded me of comments that circulate around viewings of experimental and abstract films, about how it is impossible to watch and so on. Those comments and dismissals, it turns out, are just a reprise of debate about speed at the advent of train travel last century and around the time, coincidentally (or not), that the moving image was emerging in public amusement parlours.

In the time of Virilio, speed has climbed up a notch or two to the point where knowledge is imploding in on itself and dissipating like a puff of smoke in hyperspace and we the spectators are experiencing a different kind of nausea.

Shooting all that travel footage from the car was a way of compressing the journey yet keeping the flow and accentuating the relentless movement. On and on these images go to the beat of an alienating equation. The more images seen + the more landscape crossed = the less experienced or the less knowledge formed. The faster you travel the further you become dissociated from the landscape and you become more and more the rootless nomad. What is the difference between this and continually switching between a 100 channels: Channel grazing? What comes unstuck in that process?

Straw Heads R easily colon eyesD

The idea with all this fast and relentless movement in the film is to get across some knowledge, tease some inkling of the nature of this fragmenting and alienation, the result our heads being filled by so much straw. I am also drawn to this notion of stepping beyond an audience's threshold and patience in dealing with a flow of images. I want it to be a way of reclaiming, pushing back zombified territories, a jolt that can remove the blinds, to let us think again, to re-animate the back of your brain. Amen, to such a revivalist mood. How impossible when cinema trades in the language of submission, one notch even below persuasion, a sort of subliminal propaganda. How can empty heads to fill themselves? Shooting your self in the head is hard enough and shooting yourself in the foot is social suicide.

I find it apt to do this torture by skimming over country that was swept by western culture in a short period of historical time and colonised through a progress that re sculptured a landscape, massacred and resettled whole nations (a process that interestingly enough is often championed in the assumptions of an apologist cinema of cowboys and Indians whose function, like an echo, is to effect a different colonisation altogether- under which cup is the bean, now you see it, now you don't).

Where R the level playing fields- gone to graveyards every one

This is a landscape in which one can visit the site of Custer's last stand, Little Big Horn, where a museum has marked a last hurrah against a juggernaut, and whose defeat, here, signified it's invincibility. Who and what is next on the list for the museum treatment? Dead experimental film makers, perhaps. Jonas Mekas is giving it the treatment at Anthology Film Archives in NY. What does that word mean, anyway experimental. Hoolboom put a cross, an x through the word Avantgarde to suggest this situation.

I would like to put an X or a cross through Canada. Its identity has suffered a similar fate more obviously than Australia's. Listening to the radio on our trip you would hear it all unfold, cycle after cycle. Just like in Oz, In the Canadian media sport and politics are the good cop, bad cop routine that constructs the managed spectacle.

The move across from East to West across the American continent is a pattern that lies at the centre if the US's behaviour through so many varied playing fields since then. Look at the media playing field. What does it tell us about the settling of territory in hyperspace that is so innocently described as "free"? America also remains "free". What is one to make of a technological game that was invented by an industrial military complex to guard against the obliteration of its own communication and chain of command? Don't we have a wolf in sheep's clothing here? Hasn't this always been the case? Who is

pulling the wool over who's eyes? Who or what is being abducted. How does that feeling connect to a car full hurtling a x the countryside or those watching and witnessing this manic rushing stream of images and words.

Little Stabs at RE claiming the self

I seem to be getting away from the film. But the film came out of my interest in how a technology becomes an instrument of a new colonisation as "progress" opens up new places to be exploited, colonised. I find myself making and getting continually embroiled in a cinema that hangs onto values that remain the antithesis to such a historically REpeating story and small S8 offers me the receding mirages that suggests such an antithesis.

I am interested in little stabs of defiance and individuality, what such gestures try and reclaim. Perhaps it is a process of reclaiming the self. What analogies are between such a reclamation and the process of deprogramming cult members or debriefing individuals who have been held captive, abducted whatever. And on abduction, phenomenon of people being abducted by aliens,, where does that come from? Is it an experience or fantasy that tries to address this feeling of colonisation or disempowerment that we are undergoing as individuals. Is it the remnants of some inner scream in a speeded up world that is more and more about surface rather than substance.

I wonder about the connections between these things. There is something about travelling in a car for 6 weeks that I wanted to heighten by speeding it up that rubs into these same feelings of unconnectiveness. It motivates my use of texts of fragmentation alienation and loss in the film.

And, by the way, why is it that this unconnectiveness is somehow at the core in that metaphor about being totally free and floating in hyperspace. This metaphor lies at the heart of the seductiveness of the internet, of hyperspace, the new electronic frontier. By pushing the chemical image, the image produced by a superseded media to the blur of speed, what does that do to our identity?

Speeded up travel acts as an ample metaphor for the idea of progress. Though its function is to give us more time, why is it that it seems to be saying that there is no time. SPEED has brought us a negation of space. It has also brought us a separation from our experience and knowledge:

This society which eliminates geographical distance reproduces distance internally as spectacular separation.
p165 Society of the Spectacle Guy de Bord.

Travel Stories

That is not to say I did not enjoy it, this travel, the expedition into speed. I still had a couple of Super 8 timelapse cameras working and built up an insatiable ritual to document, the camera having become an extension of my eye and brain, that is if I still had one. It had probably been ritualised out of me. Anyway I secured one of the cameras near the hand brake on the combi-type van and the idea was to have it running, chewing juice out of the car battery for the whole journey and it did for the greater part of it. The other camera I would carry around grabbing single frames of this and that, Niagara Falls, Mt Rushmore, Montreal, the prairies, the Great Lakes like some meta-tourist in diaristic overload. And it did, like technology does, kept me away at times from direct experience, though my body was indeed closer to it than sitting in front of the TV in couch potato heaven. It was Super 8 and easy to hold and inexpensive. It had that going for it. The recording process was no mega spectacle of its own, just one poor slob with a camera in hand, doing the framing dance with the Japanese tourists or sticking camera up with eyes closed and letting rip a few frames. I used Kodachrome and had about 20-30 packets sent over from oz @ \$10 each with processing. Or did I bring them with me: I can't remember. A lot cheaper than you could get it over there, with exchange rates it seemed about half the price. So that was my supplies for the journey.

We travelled in cycles. Sharing the driving, travelling further when the kids were asleep, chewing up huge chunks and then spending 2-4 days some place to take things in on a different level or when there were people to catch up with or screenings I had organised Calgary, Regina, or Toronto. Like with diary writing, when things were really cooking the camera was not around. Some eggs: our time with David Bennel in Toronto, when Arie ran between these two thugs who seemed braced for a gunfight, visiting Jean-Claude Bustros in Montreal, sniffing around the Satsatchewan Filmpool, The Winnipeg Film Group or the time me and Alison went into the store with the kids in the car and some hokey got into our car, was trying to start it and one of the kids in the back laughed at him. This startled him, he got back into his mate's pick up and tyre burned his way off. We saw the car zooming but it took us awhile to take what the kids said seriously. In the end I have thought of this as a useful mechanism, this missing of things, because it ensures my own engagement with my surroundings at times without camera in hand and also it leaves the film as a document of what is often referred to as the mundane. It allows me to re-

examine later in the editing process such time and in the RE viewing find things that had been missed.

Listening to the Raydio

After waiting for sometimes 8 weeks to get my Kodachrome back from Texas I would edit this stuff, string it together in sequence in this little room I had at a friend's place, Hugh Foulds who was an animator at the NFB and taught at Emily Carr College of Art & Design. I was also working at ECCAD, completing a teaching contract with the family had now returned to OZ. I had collected radio stuff from the trip and recording more of this upcoming Referendum that was somehow to re-affirm and rejuvenate Canada as a country. People were putting out ads that were arguing for yes or no votes with all these expanding arguments that made less and less sense as they went along. At the same time the World Series of Baseball was taking place and the Toronto Blue Jays, the only Canadian team, made up, like all the others, of US players was whipping up a nationalist storm, the result of which could only mean that Canada would be more American than ever. A Blue Jays win would be a little bit like Little Big Horn: A last Hurrah rather than a triumph. At the same time the Referendum shattered into smaller and smaller fragments the result of which again could only deny Canada an identity. I was trying to collect more traces of as sound fragments from the radio and TV. This all seemed to be on the money in a country where on a radio program competition designed to come up with a Canadian version of the American saying "As American as apple pie", the winning entry was "As Canadian as possible under the circumstances". It also interested me because what was happening to this country seemed also to be happening to us all as individuals and as a family, with me now isolated from Alison and the kids, like one of those migrant workers.

The Death of Hugh Foulds

Another event then lay itself over the top of this and that was the death of my friend Hugh during the time that I was living with him. One morning I found lying at the bottom of the stairs writhing in a pool of blood, there was more in the sink where he had spewed out his guts. The aftermath of a massive nauseous attack. The ambulance came after I'd called 911. That's how we all found out he had Pancreatic Cancer. This shattering affected many of us around him over the next 6 months that he lived but what has stayed with me since is that, even in impending death (for he knew how long he had to live) there remained, as his body fell apart, this presence and grace that kept its head high despite all this disintegration, like a pearl in a river, an eye in a storm. This unity was very different to all these other levels of loss and alienation playing themselves out around the place. There is an image half way through of a rock with the pixilated chaos of the water around it that now reminds me of Hugh's essence.

I had my JK optical printer with me and after editing this stuff I was busy for a few months blowing it up to 16mm. A slow and laborious process. The machine was going clunk, perklunk for hours on end most nights. Hugh said it did not disturb him and wanted me to continue because it made him feel that things were going on, something was happening. For me it was like having a factory in my bedroom, whatever that means.

I wanted to get all this stuff onto 16mm because the NFB had this scheme where they did free or subsidised processing for film makers. It had been devised as a way of keeping their Montreal Film Laboratory open as the film production they were generating from their own projects would not make it viable. It meant that independent film makers across Canada, with very little assessment, had access to processing at stock only cost. This made it cheap enough to blow up S8 to 16mm.

Death of a Film Making Practice

I could also get el cheapo access to editing and sound transfer at Cineworks, the Vancouver Film Maker's Co-op. I could lock myself in at night and edit on one of the Steenbecks there for a song. It was things like this that made it possible to keep working in 16mm, an option that seems to have dissipated here in Oz where Super 8 seems the last line of resistance of the independent wanting to work in film.

I finished the editing and could only afford a video transfer to show at the Last Experimenta, though I got a print made for the Cinematheque screenings that Michael Koller organised for me. This set me back over \$3,000 at a time when I was only working intermittently. I do not think i can do that again, even though I do have my bunker, the proverbial backyard shed where I have assembled all these bits and pieces over the years that have allowed me to work in 16mm cheaply, by cutting corners and doing things myself in the way that Super 8 functions for most of us. I cannot afford the \$100 for 16mm everytime I have an idea that might or might not work, just to try it out, or to begin. I do that with home processing and Super 8.

Dirk de Bruyn February 1996

Table For Ten

Year	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	86-90	91-95	86-95
Open scrngs	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	55	55	110
No. of diff. films	66	63	60	68	85	60	53	84	71	99	342	367	709
No. of diff. f-makers	35	42	46	41	44	25	27	37	44	37	150	96	216
male	32	33	40	32	30	18	21	28	34	27	115	74	166
female	3	9	6	9	14	7	6	9	10	10	35	22	50

This table was presented in the newsletter six months ago in an incomplete form - here it is again, but complete for the full 10 years of Open Screenings the Super-8 Group has put on.

I presented the table six months ago in order to defend myself against certain charges laid against me by Steven Ball in the newsletter, namely, that when I was administrator of the group (the first 5 years), it resulted in an insular and sexist group. That is why the table has the arbitrary 5-year splits, to distinguish between periods.

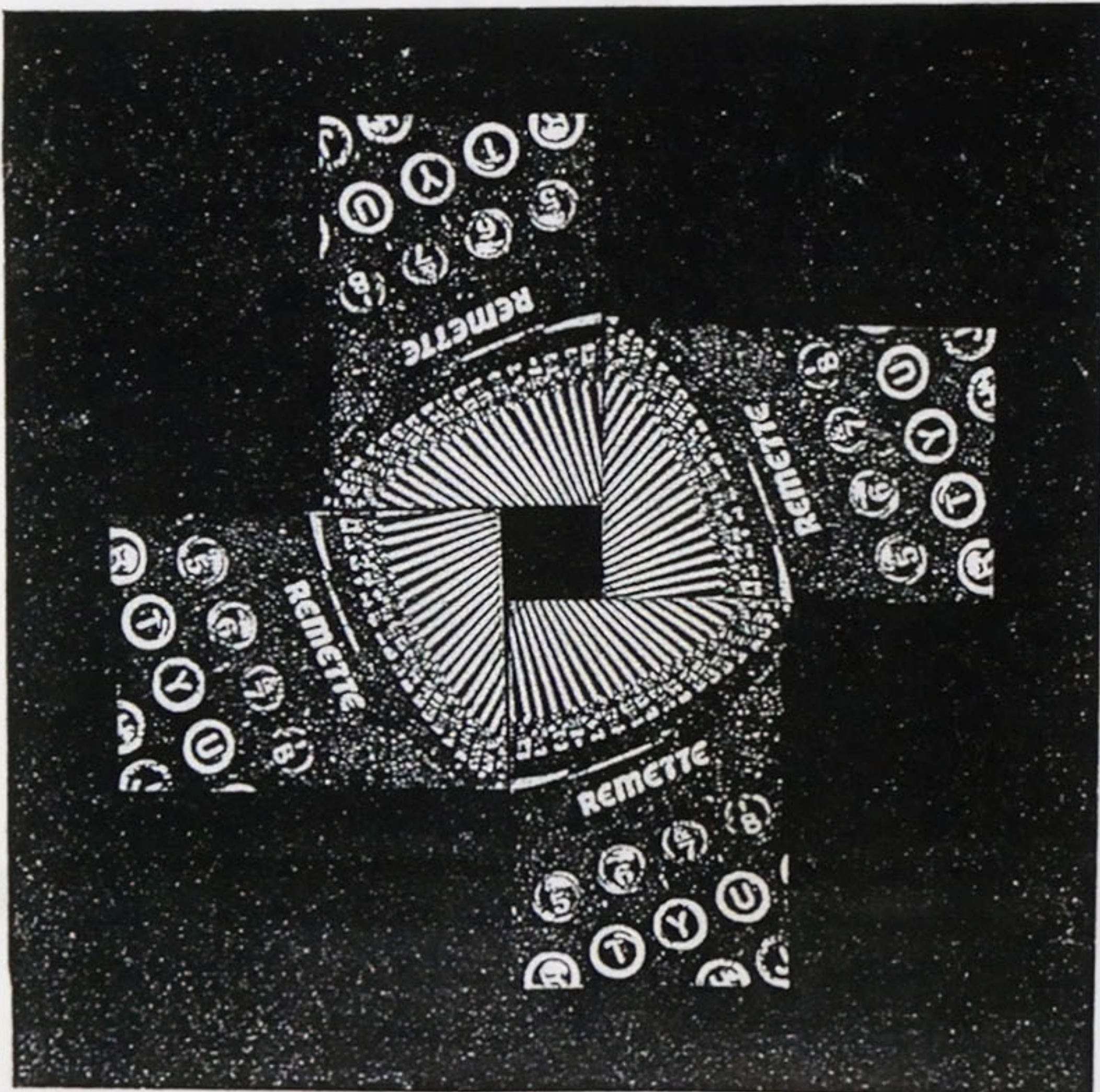
Anyway, leaving aside its initial function (I don't buy the whole idea of the administrator determining the Group's make-up, anyway - did Steven, therefore, in 92-94, do that too? In any case, Sarah Johnson was as much a spokesperson/leader of the Group in the first few years as I was - she was "President", I "Secretary".), this table is now a neat record of the numbers involved re: Open Screening films and film-makers.

Some notes on the compilation: I went through all the past newsletters to glean the numbers, but there were several screenings which weren't noted in the newsletter - I used my own personal notebooks to find out which films were screened. I didn't include any of the 7:30 slot films, except where they were clearly new works - eg. long films by David Cox and Maeve Woods, and thematic programs like "P+ors" (1993) and "Deca" (1995). As for the 8:30 slot films, all were included, even films which were obviously old ones, or ones which had been in a previous Open Screening. I excluded only the "packaged" films brought in by members (which are now no longer allowed) (for those wondering, that figure next to Ian Poppins' name below is bona fide!) As for collaborative efforts, my categories should be self-explanatory: a film by Arthur and Corinne Cantrill, for example, is made by two different film-makers.

Finally, for those of you curious about which film-makers presented the most number of films at the Open Screenings, here's another one of those dreaded "Top Ten" lists: 33 - Ian Poppins, 32 - Pete Spence, 31 - Bill Mousoulis, 29 - Nick Ostrovskis, 22 - Steven Ball, 22 - Tony Woods, 20 - Arthur and Corinne Cantrill, 18 - Moira Joseph, 17 - Sandy Munro, 16 - Tom Vitale.

Now to the next 10 years.

- Bill Mousoulis



SPENCE





Technical Bits

collated by Tim Patterson

This is a continuing segment made up of technical information, tricks, tips and general information on Super 8 filmmaking. I have sourced the information from a number of articles, magazines, books etc. If anyone has anything that they want to know, contact me at the group, and I will endeavour to track it down. This month is an article partly reproduced from HANDS ON SUPER 8 - NUMBER 1, which was subsequently reproduced from Filmnews Vol 16 No 7, December 1986 on transferring Super 8 to Video, a largely taboo subject among the purists. But with the advent of MTV in the 80's, increasingly Super 8 is being used for its 'grungy' feel, being shot on film, then transferred to video for post-production. So here is a little bit about what is required.

- Part 2 -

Transferring Super 8 to Video

In the past eight years, Super 8 film has been widely used as a means of low-cost origination for transfer to broadcast standard videotape. Technically, the number of lines of resolution on a Super 8 frame is equal to, or better than, a Betacam camera. In terms of economics, the cost of Super 8 filmstock is less than one-third the cost of 16mm negative, and although Betacam tapes cost less than the equivalent running length in Super 8 film, the price of the finest Super 8 camera is less than five percent of that of a Betacam camera.

When we transfer a film to tape, what we are doing is converting a series of photo mechanical images into a continually changing electronic signal.

The cheapest transfer to video can be done at home by projecting the film onto a small screen and capturing the image with a video camera. There will be, however, unsatisfactory elements in the resulting video image. There will almost certainly be flicker in the image as the projector shutter, and the television field signals are not synchronised. Possibly there will also be a hot area in the centre of the image; the frame will be poorly aligned, and image lag will occur, unless the video camera is a later model.

A better method is to obtain a 'telecine adaptor' from one of the major video camera makers, or a screen box (search out the second hand retailers, camera trade-shows, etc. - ED). Both of these are basically a back-projection unit comprising a 45° angle mirror and a ground-glass screen. The video camera captures the image front on off the glass screen, thereby avoiding parallax or tombstone problems. However, flicker still remains. This can be minimised by using a projector with three-bladed rather than a two-bladed shutter.

The next standard of transfer is done on a specifically designed projector such as the Sony BM2100 telecine. In this case, the image is projected directly into the pickup tube of a video camera. The shutter of the telecine is synchronised to the television vertical field pulse, resulting in flicker free transfers. Quality will normally depend on the video camera used.

Choice of filmstock for sharp, fine grain transfers is very limited - namely Kodachrome 40. Furthermore, K-40 is a reversal film, designed for projection after processing, - and therefore high in contrast. This can be minimised by fill-lighting or reflecting light to flatten the image, wherever possible. Accurate exposure is also critical. Also remember there is some cutoff on the perimeter of the frame when transferring any gauge to video. Allow for this 'TV safe' when shooting.

Flying Spot

State of the art transfers are achieved on a machine called a flying-spot telecine. The cost of these transfers is spectacular, but expensive. A flying spot telecine chain looks like a large tape machine, and the film runs on spools from left to right across an aperture channel. When the film runs across this 'channel' a flying spot of light scans every 'line' of every film frame, and on the other side, electronic sensors interpret the light that is transmitted through the film into electronic colour and density components - chrominance and luminance. Note that with flying spot transfers, it is best to be there at the time with the telecine operator, and 'grade' the image/colour/contrast as it is being done, to get the best results. Always wind all of your film onto a single reel, head out, and make sure it is clean!

Glyn Morris

Currently there are only a few places that telecine Super 8. The best, according to most sources, and based on personal experience, are VIDEO IMAGES (formerly APOCALYPSE) in Sydney, who offer flying spot Super 8 transfers at \$280 per hour. Now to give an example, I transferred 400' of Super 8 film, and it took half an hour, thus costing me \$140. This was not graded, though, and expect it to take at least twice as long, if not more, depending on how particular you are, when grading.

contact: Video Images (Apocalypse)
111-115 Chandos Street, Crows Nest NSW 2065
(02) 439 5044

Other local services (amongst others) are:

Cinevision Australia 552 City Road, South Melbourne
Phone 9690 2199
(uses Sony BM2100 CCD system)
\$40 first 100', \$12 per subsequent 50'

Video Copy Centre 370 Clarendon St. South Melbourne
Phone 9690 5499
(uses Elmo CCD pickup system,
similar to the Sony system)
\$65 per hour of running time

Filmplus 40 Punt Road, Windsor
Phone 9510 4640
(uses Elmo system, can enhance, balance image, timecode, etc.)
\$10 setup, \$3 per 50'

All prices quoted are correct at time of printing. Be sure to phone and get price updates before committing to their service.

Tim Patterson

Last Open Screening

7:30: The films of Melanie El Mir
(see last issue for titles)

8:30: Open Screening -

Solitary Man - Hector Hazard, 9 mins

No. 9 - Tony Woods, 10 mins

The Shadows - Bill Mousoulis, 5 mins

The Greatest Ever - Ian Poppins, 3:20 mins

Holiday Movie - Barry Brown, 9 mins

Shadows in the Sun - Peter Lane, 3 mins

Donut or the Whole - John Bartlett, 6:40 mins

La Mort - Perry & Atlantis, 2:30 mins

The Hit - Perry & Alex, 3 mins

Luddites Prayer - Daniel Kotsanis, 10 mins

Next Open Screening

Tuesday, March 12, 1996

Erwin Rado Theatre,

211 Johnston St. Fitzroy.

Enquiries: (03) 9417 3402

At 7:30 p.m.:

The Films of George Goularas

(aka George Random or Ray)

For Xaveria Arabella (1989, 13 mins)

...In a Few Words ... (1989, 9 mins)

Fingerprints of You (1990-94, 10 mins)

and a brand new film.

At 8:30 p.m.:

Open Screening

BYO film - all films screened,
time permitting (till 10:30 p.m.)

Editorial and Layout by Bill Mousoulis

Contact Number: 03 9417 3402

Fax: 03 9417 3804

This newsletter is published monthly by the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc.
Contributions are welcome (see page 2)

© 1996 the individual authors & Melbourne Super 8 Film Group.

Membership of the group is \$20 (\$15 concession) annually.

Library subscription to this newsletter is \$50 annually

The Melbourne Super 8 Film Group
is funded by



ISSN 1039-5288

Super Eight



If undeliverable return to:

Melbourne Super 8 Film Group

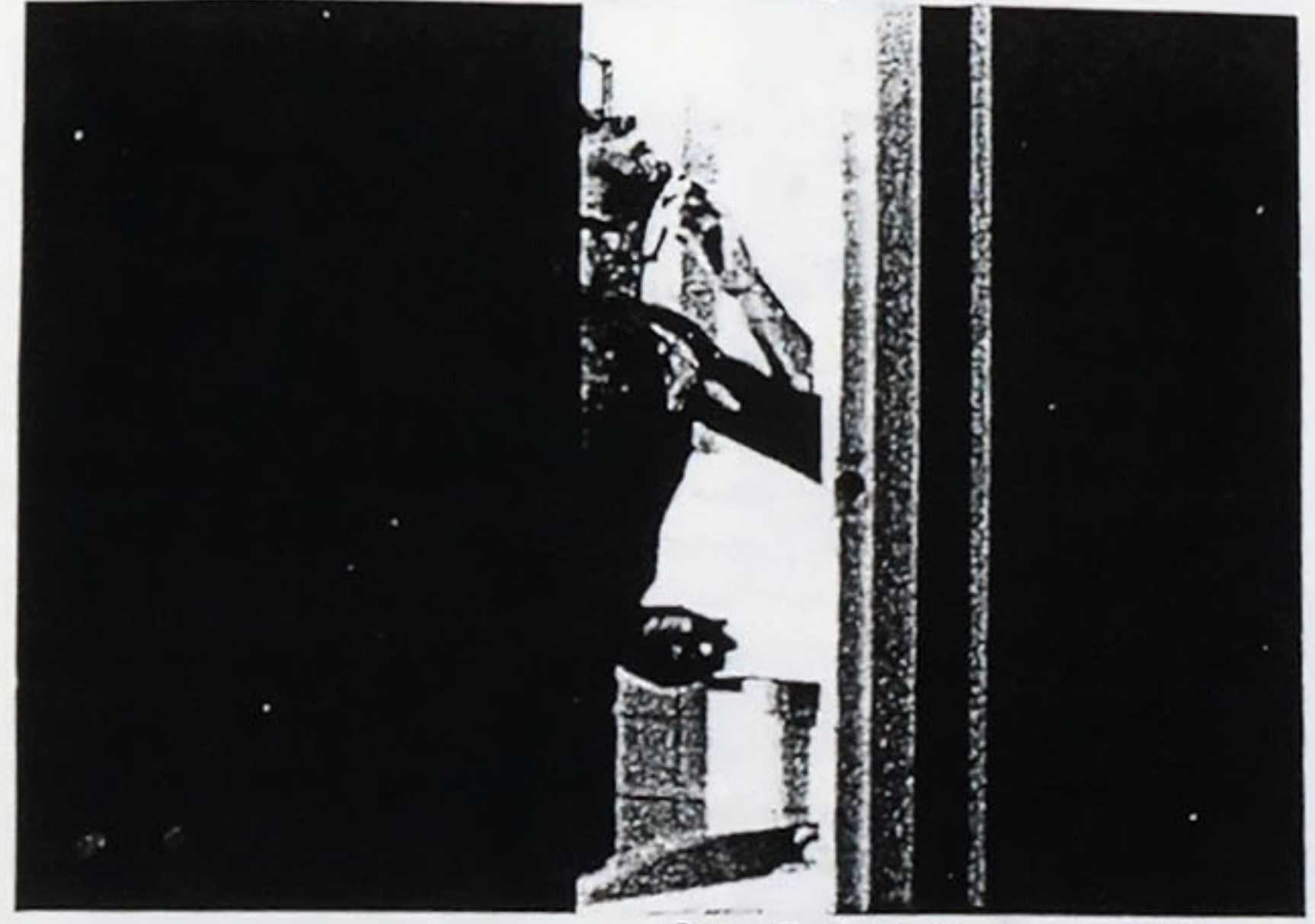
PO Box 2033

Fitzroy MDC

Victoria 3065

Chris Windmill
GPO Box 1690
Darwin, Nt 0801

The Films of George Goularas



George Ray's *For Xaveria Arabella*

For Xaveria Arabella and ... In a Few Words ... by George Ray. George is a fascinating figure to have suddenly (?) emerged. His films are severely poetic, severely obscure. His culture (as far as I can tell from the films and his writings) is deeply Euro-modernist-cum-bleak-post-punk: some kind of melange of Burroughs, Genet, Godard, Amos Vogel, Calvino, Ruiz, etc. (I could be wrong). In these mysterious shots of men shaving before bathroom mirrors, with various substitutions of identity, empty shots of clouds and corners, obscure citations of texts, and so on, I sense a strong crypto-gay aesthetic, reminiscent of Beavers and particularly Markopoulos, whether or not George has seen this material. Mark La Rosa plays a 'pure body' worthy of Rainer or Akerman. Again, films that streaked by, that escape me, that I wouldn't pretend to much 'decipher', films that one hallucinates more than remembers.

- Adrian Martin, *Cantrills Filmnotes*,
Issue 61/62, May 1990.

FINGERPRINTS OF YOU. 10mins.

George Goularas, gives us prints of a time, place and the space between a man and a woman. B&W prints of trees, graveyard and a male figure by the side of a road are intercut with filmed images that intrigue.

Heavily treelined roads suck me in. We are in a house as someone relaxes/exercises? on the floor to a Trent Darby? soundtrack.

A very interesting woman looks up over her dark specs, to a man as they share a rare moment under a car bonnet. (great framing George) They descend through a rolling graveyard, photo's of trees stripped of leaves, are spliced together. But the blurred soundtrack diverts us away from the feeling, that George is overworkingly trying to give us.

Is this the same man, who savaged and ravished the super8group so viciously last year? Don't be so shy George, give us another go, and give us bigger credits, and whatever you do, keep filming that woman's eyes.

- Jim Bridges, *Super Eight*,
Issue 94, August 1994.

still courtesy Cantrills Filmnotes

SURFACE
MAIL

POSTAGE
PAID