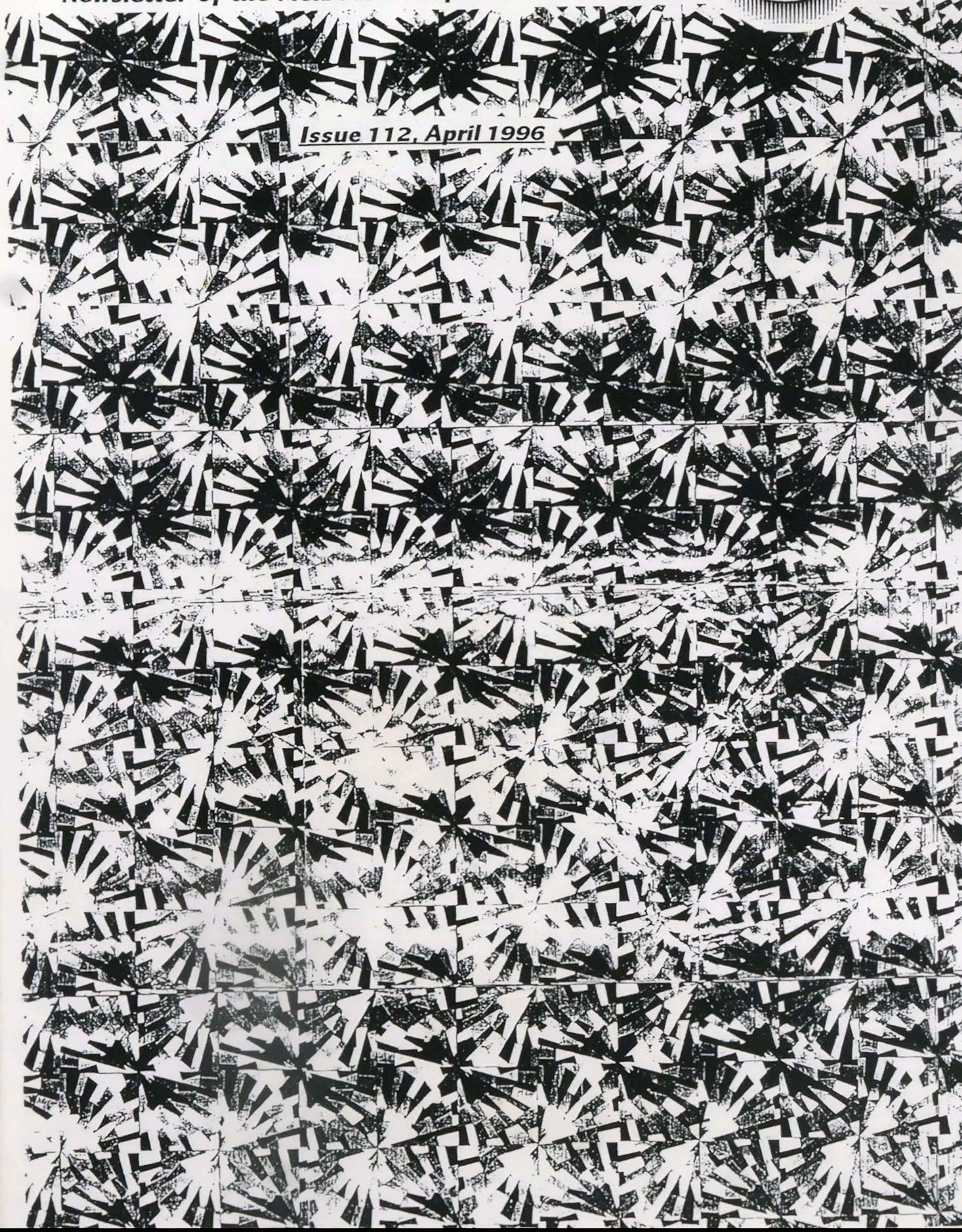


# Super Eight



*Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc.*

*Issue 112, April 1996*



# notes from the answering machine

administrator's report

By the time most of you read this, you will be indulging in the luxuries of the Easter Break, but while you're there gorging yourself with chocolate, remember the Open Screening which is on Easter Tuesday. The office will be closed from the 29th/3-9/4, so don't try contacting me then.

Hector Hazard, our resident anarchist is heading back to England, and we wish him well. Steven Ball is back from London, and has written a report on the VIVA-8 festival.

Speaking of festivals, Entries are now being accepted for Experimenta and Exposure festivals, and some members of the group will have films shown at the forthcoming St Kilda Film Festival. The 1996 Super 8 Film Festival is still being hammered into shape, so stay tuned. The tentative dates are October 25-27th, so start on those films now!

Cinematheque will be presenting Horrorshpere-8, The Super 8 Horror homage on June 5th. An interesting array of previously unseen films will be shown.

TECHNICAL TIPS section has been held over for this month due to an extraordinary amount of articles.

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 16th April 1996**

at the Group's office

1st Floor 207 Johnston Street, Fitzroy  
phone (03) 9417-3402.

## 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 EIGHT - The Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc. - Issue 112 - April 1996**

Editor: Tony Woods

This newsletter is published monthly by the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc. All contributions accepted. Deadlines are as follows:  
May Issue - Thu. 25th April - Pete Spence (9209-6395)  
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*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.*

## Magnified Crumbs of Kindness

On seeing Marcus Bergner's *Magnified Crumbs of Kindness* ( Super 8 20 minutes 1989) again recently at a time when I was rethinking the whole idea of documentary again, this idea of truth etc once again, I felt this compulsion about writing about films again.

*Magnified Crumbs of Kindness* is a film that takes us into the back room, the engine room of our contemporary consumptive culture. Here it is not the shovelling of coal that is the metaphor that holds sway. Here it is about the preparation for another shovelling act: the consumption of food. Unlike a Vertovesque celebration of the engineer scooping coal and eating a packed lunch while the stretched out, panorama'd countryside is smeared onto the background, we are with the back room boys- and a girl, once again stripped of even any representational power, no longer poster material for the march of progress or the poetry of the working classes as Grierson, Goebbels and Eisenstein helped us believe. We are here reminded that we are back from the worker as hero to an era of worker as survivor. Making comments about a miniature Mt Vesuvius as a steaming red lasagne is pulled out of the oven is about as epic as it gets in consumption's boiler room these days.

We are in the kitchen of a stylish restaurant, underneath its in vogue skin watching its waged meat at work. We are catching intimate glimpses of gestures, grabs at the everyday of this subsisting working life, catching those moments when one of the participants in the brotherhood has his hands free to pick up a Super 8 camera, like a sniper picking off these telling unprepared moments with their exquisite warts, one by one. We are peppered by Italian phrases and a singing duo.

Meanwhile at the shop front the fashion plates are taking all the credit and attention. Surface is everything. This goes without saying.

Marcus Bergner's strategy with the camera is a recipe for keeping alive something that was not supposed to exist in the first place. Time for your self, little crumbs of time to mull. It is certainly no coincidence and no joke that this effort is taking place where that product, that "f" word, that gets shoved down throats is being prepared and dollied up. This purge, this redemption, this taking back, this reconstitution HAS to take place in the very belly of this beast.

And, just to make sure we are not confused where the film stands we have two of the kitchen hands standing next to a Mercedes (which the camera mischievously lingers on for quite some time) in a smoko storage room cum garage outlining a "state of play upgrade":

Q: So, you are saying that the rich are closer to God?  
A: Yes and God is closer to the devil.

A flood of knives and forks crescendo across a metal bench for sorting. There is work to be done. It could have been a mountain of gold fillings taken out of the mouths of dead Jews, a conveyor belt of microchips, or the takings from the innards of a pokie machine. But it wasn't, it was just another day in the kitchen.

And then with protagonists, sense of place and senseless taste established, the film takes off past the poetry of everyday sound to the floating image, the reflection, the double exposure and contrapuntal movement. Bergner uses as fodder the image of a migrant couple, the face and the body in this melange. They are appropriated, lifted out of the kitchen, suggesting just how deep this slavery cuts and infects the soup of our nostalgia and dreams.

This migrant couple is a self portrait of the painter Gorky with his Romanian mother; a recurring theme in Gorky's work. Gorky had migrated to America, which just happens to be consumption's imperial centre. This image meshes and overlaps with a reprise of the odd couple singing at the start of the film, reinforcing this debilitating trajectory that tempers the migrant's fate.

To honestly witness this film you must eat the opera of these images and sounds in such a way that they get under your skin. Can you do it? Or have you been to much reared on pre-packaged overprocessed fluff to try?

Dirk de Bruyn February 1996

# This Integration:

The films of George Goularas

**For Xaveria Arabella** (1989, 13 mins)  
**...In a Few Words ...** (1989, 9 mins)  
**Fingerprints of You** (1990-94, 10 mins)  
**When** (1996, 5 mins)

(screened at last month's Open Screening)

When Michael Stipe plaintively pleads "I need this" on **When's** soundtrack, the words seem to be coming out of the film-maker's mouth. As one watches George Goularas' films, one after the other, the sense - and physical evidence - of a personal journey unfolding abounds. It is entirely fitting that George made no films in the early 90's (**Fingerprints** may have taken "three years to edit", but not literally) - the four films clearly pair off, the first two of a type, the second two of another type. And even though **When** reveals an impasse of a sort (I will explain what I mean shortly), there is now a sense of urgency about George's work: more films will follow.

There are any number of approaches one can take to talking about these films, so rich are they. The films encompass structuralist concerns ("What is film?"), self-reflexivity ("I am a film-maker"), narrativity ("how does one tell a story?"), aesthetic eclecticism ("I can mix this with that"); and, thematically, identity ("What am I?"), personal trace ("What do I leave in this world?"), transformation ("I am becoming..."), and, tentatively, spiritual/existential transcendence ("Yes...").

The key to the films' success lies in the way George integrates the formal concerns with the thematic ones: he instinctively knows how to let the two feed off each other. Thus, in **For Xaveria Arabella**, the deliberate pacing and rhythm (broken only once or twice) of the lengthy shots clearly expresses the film's theme of alienation (for want of a better word). The ontological model that the film uses is trance: at times it is by the character/actor (shaving in the bathroom, swimming, walking, standing and looking), at other times by the film-maker (eg. the exemplary device of fading away from then fading back into the same shot). The film's soundtrack (a collage, but in smooth, "stream" form) emphasizes the film's rock-solid steadiness.

And yet, there comes the contradiction: a character who is bodily alienated ("I feel as though I am becoming a ghost"), is captured, on the screen, bodily presenced. I believe this contradiction holds the key to an understanding of George's work. (I mean "work" as in process, strategy, aim.) George's films subsequent to **Xaveria** are both a repudiation and a confirmation of that film. **Xaveria** has provided George with a whole cluster of problems to sort through. What he does in his second film is simply the first step.

**...In a Few Words ...** is clearly **Xaveria's** twin, but its impudent one. **Words** begins the process of deconstruction evident in George's later work. The

spookiness is still there (dissolves of similar shots, shots of empty corners, etc.), but the alienation is now cut-up (literally - George's "quick editing" is ushered-in). But cut-up to be examined. A psychoanalytical reading of George's films would be easy to do: George presents himself in his films. Cinema as therapy. One can almost see George shaking himself out of the **Xaveria** trance.

What the third film, **Fingerprints of You**, does, is then quite remarkable. It is with this film that George truly discovers the cinema, his relationship to it. The first two films, in comparison, are polished, pretentious, and going nowhere fast. **Fingerprints** is also fast, of course, even more so, but it is going somewhere. George's skill is now breathtaking. He puts together home-movie shots, shots of trees, some stills, etc. in such a way that he creates a whole world. Thus - transformation. The cemetery seems to be filmed just in order to show us where the old George is buried. It also strikes me as no coincidence that a female figures prominently in this film - the first two films are male, the second two female, in Jung-speak.

And so we come to the new film, **When**, of which we saw a fine (but not final) cut. This film is even more casual than the last one - it is composed of bits of abandoned films, found footage, lots of leader/white flashes, etc. And it is quick. And so, using REM's slow C&W twang "Country Feedback" as the soundtrack is a stroke of genius. For, despite the seeming "disintegration" on show (scratches, burns, holes, half-glimpsed gestures, dark shots, etc.), this film is a very whole film. Continuing my psychoanalytical reading, the film shows that George has re-claimed his soul. There are "grace notes" in **When** (and in **Fingerprints**): a sense of spiritual connectedness comes through. Just look at the markers: once filming alienated men, he now films cats and little girls.

And the impasse I spoke of earlier? The impasse is this: that George, now quite developed as a film-maker, needs to find a set of images (he can't keep using found footage or splicing bits of leader together) that will do justice to his new-found spiritual perception. Yes, I know that is a strange phrase, but I use it intentionally, for George has sharp eyes. And, having sharp eyes, I am sure he will spot something, probably out of the corner of his eye.

I have obviously taken a thematic (mainly psychological) approach to George's work in this review, but I cannot speak highly enough of the sheer exhilaration I feel when I see his work (especially the last two films), i.e. on the aesthetic level. George seems to be right about editing needing to be "frame-perfect" (at the screening, he introduced each film, in a beautifully unpretentious way). His films present just the essentials. But his films are not really quick. He detests single-frame work (eg. Pete Spence's work), because not enough of the image is presented. I, personally, agree: George's films affect my heart, single-frame films simply overload my eyes.

George is one of the "bete noires" of the Melbourne Super-8 scene. There are film-makers in Melbourne, like George, Mark La Rosa, Mark Zenner, Marcus Bergner, Phil Kanlidis, who either avoid, or are at the periphery of, the Melbourne Super-8 Group, and who are undoubtedly top-notch film-makers. Congratulations to the Super-8 Group for putting George's films on.

Bill Mousoulis

# VIVA 8: London Filmmakers Co-op International 8mm Festival

6th, 9th, 10th & 11th February 1996

Review/Report by Steven Ball

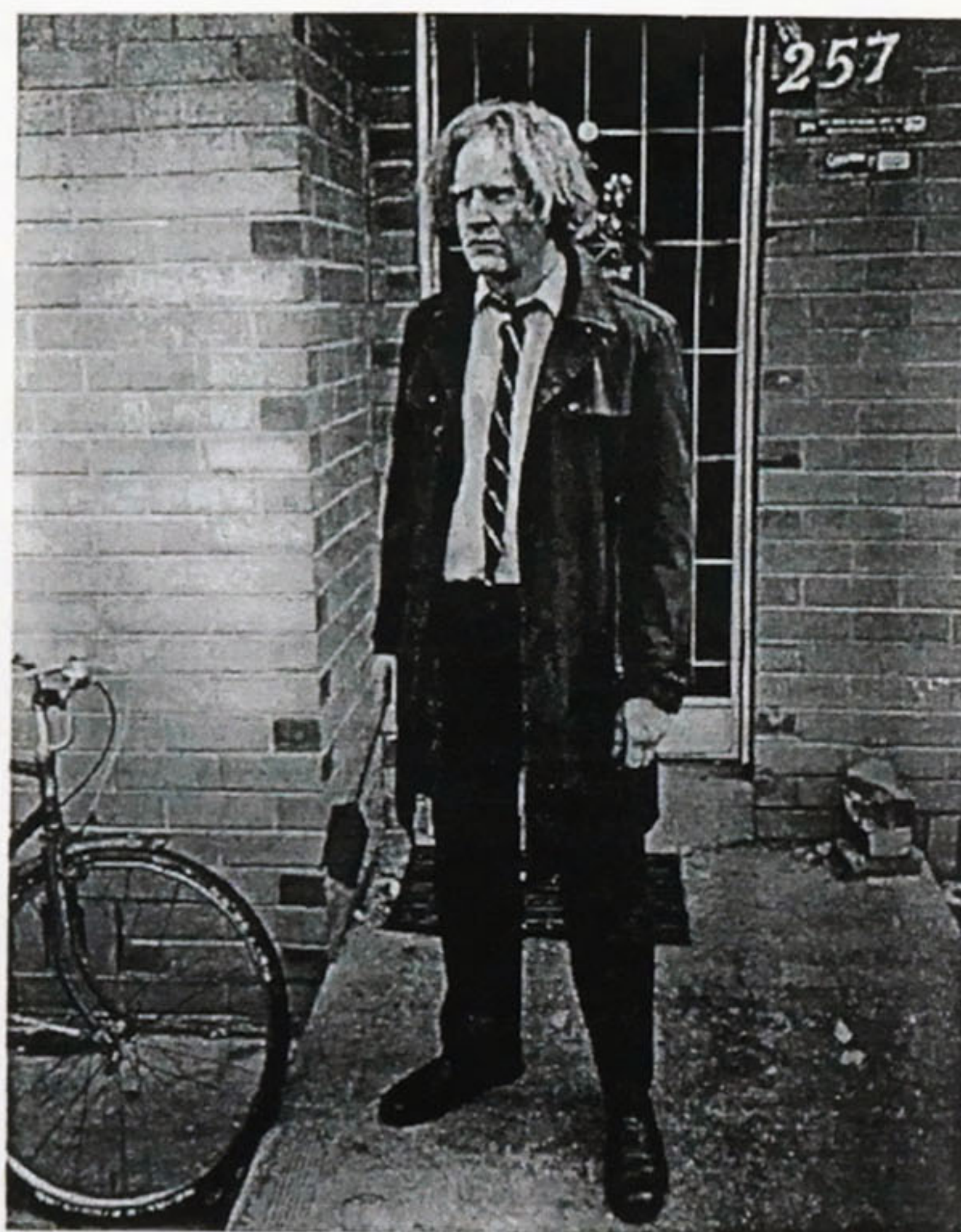
## Part One

Viva 8, London Filmmakers' Co-op's international 8mm festival, was a major event featuring and celebrating all things 8mm, yet a festival with more technical problems you couldn't fashion from a ripe pineapple. Just about every conceivable technical hitch was achieved. The stuff-ups one had grown used to experiencing in Melbourne at so many **experimenta** screenings in the past were relatively minor hiccups by comparison (although I gather that **Super Kiosk 8** had its share of problems). It would be no exaggeration, as one familiar with the organisation of festivals and screenings to say that, technically at least, **Viva 8** came as close as I can imagine to one's worst nightmare: sessions starting up to an hour late, films thrown inexplicably out of focus, sound tracks mysteriously disappearing, long periods of sitting in the dark between films, films lost, missing or replaced without announcement or explanation, barely visible video projection, distorted soundtracks ...etc ...etc... It is a wonder that the organisers didn't suffer multiple nervous breakdowns as a result. The audiences were unbelievably good-natured demonstrating enormous reserves of patience and forbearance.

It may seem unfair to begin a review of the festival by bemoaning the technical problems, however as exhibition is the critical point of engagement with the work everybody, the audience, the filmmakers and their films suffer immeasurably as a result. London Filmmakers' Co-op has existed for thirty years and in that time has consistently presented weekly screenings as well as many one-off festival events and one would have expected this festival to be well within its capabilities. But then, as someone commented "...this is the Co-op...", indicating that such problems were far from uncommon. The Co-op had moved to a new premises the previous week as the old building had been declared unsafe. As a result it was not able to stage **Viva 8** as the last event to be held in Camden Town as was intended, and used the Picture House at Toynbee Hall in the East End as an alternative venue. Although the Picture House was as good a venue as could be expected there were problems with access at first which necessitated that projectors, audio equipment and so on had to be set up at the last minute and beyond. Indeed things were still being set up while the programmes were in progress. This was confounded by the mysterious positioning of the mixing desk in the auditorium which meant a mad scramble to find audio leads long enough to be suspended several metres through the windows of the projection room and a continual lack of communication between the projectionists and the audio technician while the programmes were running. I'll leave it to your imagination to work out the ramifications of all this and the ensuing confusion. There was also an inexplicable lack of co-ordination between the various projectionists. In short the entire festival took place against a background of barely controlled chaos.

The span of the festival was broad and ambitious. In addition to six "Open Programmes" drawn from hundreds of entries there were several curated programmes from Beth B, Maria Klonaris & Katerina Thomadaki, films from the Co-op's archives, AV-ark from Finland, Klaus Beyer from Germany, Al Nigrin from the U.S., a presentation by Tina Keane and, of course the **Super Kiosk 8** programme from Melbourne. All in all adding up to over thirty hours of screenings over two days and two evenings.

Viva 8 officially opened on Tuesday 6th February, a few days before the festival proper, at the comfortable and technical problem free National Film Theatre on the South Bank. The opening consisted of a programme of videos by erstwhile New York super 8 filmmaker and festival guest Beth B. These videos investigate aspects of power, through direct or implied first person articulation of individual relationships to systems of control. Using a direct to camera 'talking head' mock documentary approach many of these often uncomfortable videos appear to be partly cathartic psychotherapy for the subjects, the 'victims', but are actually equally dramatic constructions as B uses (non) actors and texts from a variety of sources. While there are 'real life' testimonies of drug addiction in **Stigmata** (40 mins, 1994), in **Letters to Dad** (15 mins, 1979) the text is drawn from letters written to the Reverend Jim Jones by his congregation before he orchestrated the mass suicide of 993 people in the Guyanan jungle. **Belladonna** (13 mins, 1989) combines testimonies from Nazi death doctor Josef Mengele, wife and



Perry Alexander is **Furious** in his and Michael Adamis film of that title as seen in **Viva 8**

child beater Joel Steinberg and passages from Freud's "A Child is Being Beaten". The videos ostensible point is to stimulate the viewer into a questioning of these control systems, whether institutional or personal, through dramatisation simulating documentary authenticity by appropriating its form. **The Offenders** (90 mins, 1979), made with Scott B, was shown in the second Viva 8 programme. It was made (and screened at Viva 8) on super 8, episodically over several months as a weekly serial financed by screenings at Max's Kansas City. It exudes the seaminess and street wise, low rent cool of late seventies NY punk. The film is often hilarious, a spoof gangster movie populated by New York luminaries such as John Lurie and Lydia Lunch playing a motley lawless and amoral collection of individuals wreaking their anarchic revenge on society. This was followed by the super 8 **Black Box** (25 mins, 1978), again made with Scott B, in which an innocent boy going for cigarettes ends up in a torture chamber (modelled on US designed devices purchased by regimes in Iran and Latin America). The final third of the film is an appropriately nightmarish sequence of sonic torture.

Beth B's use of particular media is determined opportunistically, from her early use of super 8 to her later video work she is more concerned with content and form than the more inherent qualities of the medium. There is a strong sense of morality at the core of her work that is concerned with the articulation of social, cultural and political marginalisation. In some ways this was the background to the entire festival and Beth B's ambivalence about her use of media is echoed in festival organiser Laura Hudson's catalogue introduction: "8mm's ambivalent position in the consumer/art world allows it to traverse genres, theories, trends and territories untethered... 8mm should be used freely as an advocate for change and the right to speak." and that the aim of the festival is to reflect "... both the promiscuous nature of the little gauges and the filmmakers who use them." This is one answer to the purists who would question the inclusion of video in the festival as both an originating and exhibition medium. The festival was taking a utilitarian standpoint and yet, curiously romantically, one that is also millimetrically based: the number 8 being the key, Video 8, Hi-8 but not VHS? I would guess that the rationale is that these video formats are direct descendants of 8mm film which is determined as much by the gauge width as well as the fact that they were originally developed for the domestic market and have been adopted as efficacious media by independent film and video makers. We should be aware of the sobering fact that the media recommended as "...an advocate for change and the right to speak..." owe their development, existence and availability to the consumerist expediencies of Kodak, Sony et al and that any usage of them outside of those corporations marketing plans can only ever be opportunistic and provisional. Perhaps it makes just as much sense to make a fetish of the number 8 as it does to be a super 8 film purist.

Before Beth B's programme on Friday night was **Unheimlich 1: Dialogue Secret** (75 mins, 1979) by Maria Klonaris & Katerina Thomaki. This is an extraordinary film by two artists of Greek origin working in Paris the title drawn from a term coined by Freud to denote the disconcerting, the strangely disquieting, the enigmatic, the familiar turned strange, the repressed which reveals itself anew. The artists identify the feminine as the *unheimlich*, associated with the repressed and explore this notion in what they term "The Cinema of the Body", self representation whereby through a kind of alchemical process of reversal "...the object of the gaze is transformed to such a degree by its own processes of imagination that it imposes itself as viewed subject." The film exploits the intimate potential of super 8 in a series of stylised tableaux of, mainly, two women performing dream-like semi-ritualistic poses and frozen gestures, using masks, make-up, costumes, mirrors and jewellery. The figures appear dramatically lit against a dark background suggesting a resonant interiority, the silence of the film enforces this sense of hermeticism: not so much silence as a tangible lack of sound. About thirty minutes into the film the brutal reality of warfare in the world outside invades the interior one. In the interval I discover that the loud bang that sounded like someone overturning a large pile of chairs upstairs was in fact an IRA bomb exploded at Canary Wharf a couple of miles away, marking the end of the eighteen month ceasefire.

Saturday morning started with a programme of films from the Co-op's archive consisting of work by stalwarts such as Peter Gidal, Carolee Schneemann, David Crossthwaite and Takahiko Imura produced, variously, by optical step printing of super 8 onto 16mm and projecting unsplit standard 8. Alas, I missed this programme due to having to prepare the Melbourne films for the next session. The bits that I caught glimpses of while struggling with a malfunctioning CIR splicer looked like pretty hard-core structuralism. A pity I missed it!

Due to 'technical problems' during the above session the Melbourne **Super Kiosk 8** programme started an hour late. In spite of this there was a quite respectable turnout. I did not get precise figures but would estimate there to have been at least 100. On the whole the programme ran more or less smoothly, although it was held up here and then by the necessity for occasional repatching of audio outputs and so on. David Leister did a sterling job down in the auditorium. While mixing the sound he also had plenty of time to introduce each film by title and name of filmmaker, at once appeasing an impatient audience when things got a little drawn out and giving the programme a kind of intimacy reminiscent of the groups own open screenings. It was hard to gauge a general reaction to the Melbourne films. Audience response seemed fairly positive with regular ripples of applause and Chloë the projectionist said it was the most interesting programme she had seen so far, and my mum really liked Tim Patterson's film! My own feelings about it were that, given my attempt to programme a fairly broad range of films mainly from **Super Kiosk 8** and to be as inclusive and representational of current activity as possible (which is always going to be a compromise, always as much exclusive), the programme was surprisingly cohesive. Perhaps being viewed in such a different context there was a feeling of these films being from a specific place, from **Palm Lodge** to **Furious** all exuding a 'Melbourne' sensibility - whatever that means! But I'll leave the parochial analysis to someone else.

The Melbourne films screened in the **Super Kiosk 8** programme at **Viva 8** were: **The Pause Between Frames** by Arthur & Corinne Cantrill, **Calling Mr Valentino** by Gary O'Keefe, **poss (s) bathtub** by Barry Brown, **Nostalgia, Narcissism, Natukashii Part 2: Japan** by Tim Patterson, **Revolution** by David Kuszniir, **Carnivorous Glass** by Jennifer Leggett, **Feathered** by Maeve Woods, **Bird on a Wire** by Tony Woods, **The End** by Pete Spence, **Palm Lodge** by Deborah Warr, **Eggbound** by Melanie El Mir, **RattleStack** by Steven Ball, **3 Short Passages** by Heinz Boeck, **6 Sequences for Jordan** by Irene Proebsting, **Trance Mosaic** by Nick Ostrovskis and **Furious** by Perry Alexander and Michael Adami.

Thanks to all at the London Filmmakers' Co-op especially Laura Hudson, John Thomson, Adam Clitheroe, Chloë Stewart, David Leister and Paul Rodgers.

Next month in Part 2: more on the rest and best of **Viva 8** and some speculation on the current state of international super 8/8mm/video etc....

## Melanie El Mir's Films

At the February Open Screening we were able to view a "retrospective" of Sydney film maker Melanie El Mir's concoctions. Seeing **Casa** (Super 8 B+W, Col 4 minutes 1989), **The Little Things** (Super 8 B+W, Col 5 minutes 1989), **Embriato** (Super 8 Colour 10 minutes 1989), **MRSOSO** (Super 8 B+W, Col 10 minutes 1992) and **Sunset Aorta** (Super 8 Colour 8 minutes 1993) back to back revealed Melanie El Mir's uncompromising vision. It allowed us to inspect the little steps, the props, the framing, the characters and the performance used to painstakingly create its atmosphere and effect. It is a good thing to have such a microscope built into our monthly screening program, it augments the pot luck section very nicely thank you. Seeing these works back to back you can understand that you are dealing with a film maker whose work is about elucidating a whole cosmology of thought and being, which is rather more than the quickly cobbled together, off hand attitude that initially suggests itself through the look of the films.

El Mir's mother plays all the parts in the films with mask and costume changes, a kind of incestuous pantomime which inclines the viewer to see all the characters as parts of a single self. This is especially emphasised in **MRSOSO**, which the artist has pointed out can be read as Mr Soso or Mrs Oso.

The mumbling Doctor, looking at the camera/patient in **Sunset Aorta** exumes this same sleaze factor as Mr Soso or Embriato. This mania almost spits at you through his clinically professional mask. It is an unsettling looking for the patient and victim of this gaze. The ensuing reverie at the expense of "the body" legitimizes these suspicions.

In El Mir's world of surrealist kitch we have entered that looking glass world, a close neighbour to that place that exists behind the doors of the church in Bunuel's **Exterminating Angel** or that we find in Jan Svankmajer's similarly gory **Agitprop**. This place is now to be found in the visceral entrails of the architecture of our own body rather than some suitably loathsome place or manipulative "other". The texture of Super 8 itself, its scratches and splices adds a veil of abuse and DE-meanour to this place.

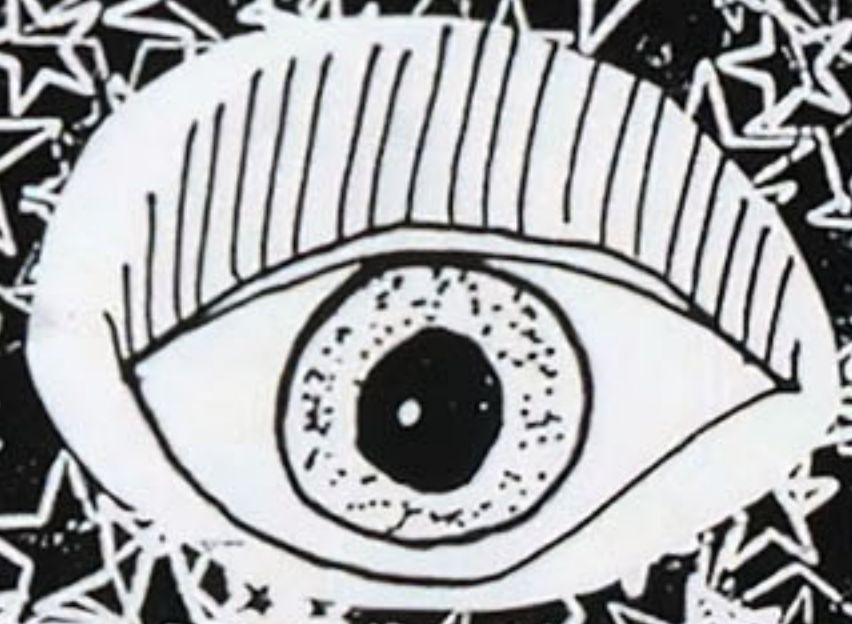
The sequencing of images tends to implode time destroying any linearity in the narrative, preying on our need to make sense. It is an ordering that layers time rather than stretches it. This striation opens up a space, a hall of mirror-mirages where the anti-rules of the psyche unfold. It is a place where fear and pleasure, demonic and angels reign in an ambivalent chimeric dance.

The disarmingly low tech sound is also instrumental in heightening the film's ambivalence. It is at times so slowed down and muffled that things are heard and unheard in a kind of no man's land between deafness and hearing that echoes that space between reality and dream, yin and yang, oso and soso. Sometimes the sound was distorting the speakers in the Erwin Rado, as if it was cutting them up, like some aural form of scratching on film.

Much more needs to be said. I strongly suggest a peruse of pages 18 to 34- quite a spread- of Cantrills Filmnotes Nos 77-8... the one with Days of Ascension on the cover.

Dirk de Bruyn. March 1996

# WUZ IT JUST A DREAM?



I ♥ YOU ALL AND WILL HOPELESSLY MISS THOSE WONDERFUL OPEN SCREENINGS WHERE ALL OUR DREAMS BECAME A CELLULOID REALITY; WHERE OPPORTUNITY TO CONVERSE WITH LIKE-MINDED SUMMER-MERCHANTS PROPAGATED EVEN FRESHER AND MORE ORIGINAL DREAMSCAPES WHERE THE PURR OF THE PROJECTOR MINGLED WITH ..

"WOULD YOU LIKE A COPY OF CANTRILL'S FILMNOTES MEDIOCRITY" CARRESSED AND WET OUR EARLOBES; WHERE WE'D CROSS THE ROAD AND WET OUR LIPS, BEFORE FINALLY WHISPERING A SAD FAREWELL, CLIMB INTO OUR SLEEPING BAGS AND FOR THE EIGHTH TIME, RE-READ THE LATEST NEWSLETTER, BEFORE CLOSING OUR EYES AND DREAMING OF A BRAVER NEW WORLD, WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD TO BILL MOUSOULI'S HOUSE, AND ALL THE PEOPLE CRY,

"BILL ..... WE LOVE YOU AND WANT YOU AS  
OUR LEADER ....."



LATER. HECTOR HAZARD

## OPEN SCREENING REVIEW

**Striate** by Peter Lane

The neologistic title has me scratching my head (straight? stripe? 8?), but the images are pretty clear: streaks of light in a time-lapsed world. Peter Lane is a fascinating figure in the way he takes on various techniques usually used for formalist purposes. Thus, a hybrid cinema forms. It is invigorating to see such an admixture. That said, with this film he moves to a more traditionally formalist position, but keeping the "fun" in the work.

**A Sense of Place** by Tony Woods

The one camera position: 10 minutes of Tony's front window and what happens outside it. The title is misleading, as what we get is a sense of the people in the place. It's a bizarre juxtaposition that only the cinema can achieve: a normally quiet street is abuzz with people (Tony pulled the trigger only when a person/people/cats entered the frame). The film is in three sections: B & W, Clr, B & W. Such a structure makes the third section somewhat redundant. Still, I am quite willing to follow Tony wherever he is headed. Supremely personal cinema.

**Windscreen Wipers** by James Thompson

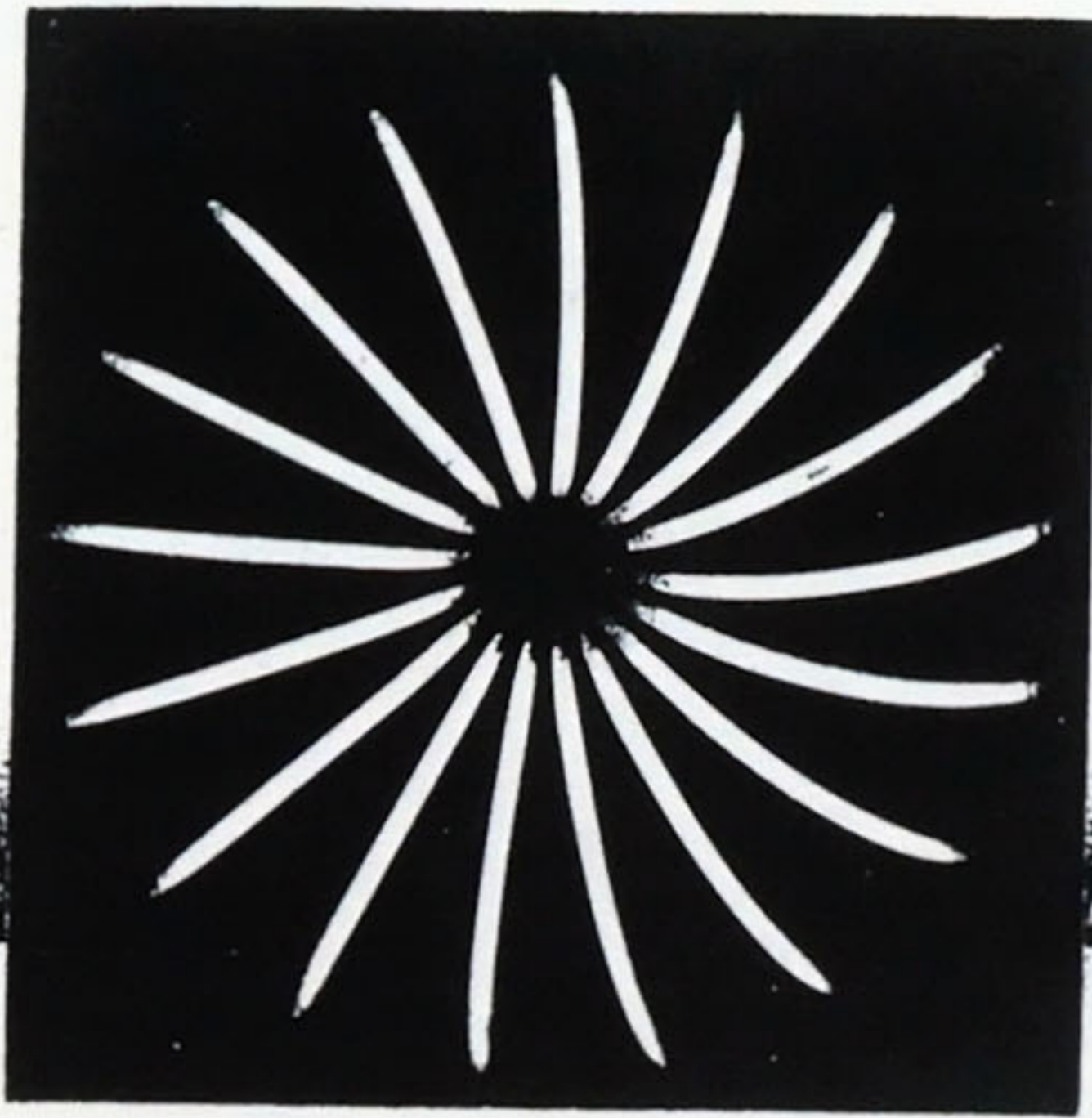
Similar to Peter's film: lots of time-lapse, lots of fun. Practically James' first film, as he discovered Super-8 only recently (he's been a glass-maker for 18 years). The soundtrack in particular is fascinating, as James cuts different things in and out, giving a taste each time of the particular aural-visual juxtaposition. Done with a touch of love, this film is quite ... right (joke for those who saw the film).

**Difficult Beauty** by Steven Ball

Steven Ball is undoubtedly a great film-maker (but not necessarily one of my favourites), being very sure of himself technically, aesthetically, formally. This is a film from last year, but this is its first appearance at an Open Screening. As he said in his introduction to it, it is an "intentionally personal" film. That makes it more engaging to a viewer in a more traditional way, and a great addition to his work. I can't help seeing similarities with George Goularas' ...In a Few Words ..., in its stylistics and thematics. And maybe emotionally too, for, despite all its fragility and openness, Steven's film also remains locked within a cold, alienated environment.

**Friends, Romans and Countrymen, Farewell!** by Hector Hazard

As I write this, Hector is headed back home, to England. This short film shows that, with time, Hector could have built up a diverse body of work. He still will, of course, but not here. He gave to the Super-8 Group a quality pretty much lacking from it: a sense of "outreach". The Group is still too much like a club, ghettoized. We should show our films to not only ourselves, but to the whole world. Idealistic? Sure, but what's the alternative? We should "get out more" - what the heck ...



eco logic :  
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full of impotent citizens  
empty zen PHOBLA  
xeno

FANTZE

*The Close Encounters of the 8th Kind*

5th International Super 8 Festival  
in Tours - France - 14 16 Juin 96

are looking for films shot in Super 8

Films of any types  
(fiction, animation, documentary, experimental, clip...)  
of any duration, from any periods and any countries.

Deadline : 10th April 96  
Informations : (33) 47 38 15 09  
ARTThémis, 4 rue des hautes roches  
37 230 Fondettes - France

**LAST OPEN SCREENING**

Tuesday March 12th, 1996  
at 7:30

**The Films of George Goularas**

- For Xaveria Arabella (1989, 13mins)
- ...In a Few Words (1989, 9 mins)
- Fingerprints of You (1990-94, 10 mins)
- When (1996, length unknown)

**Open Screening Films:**

- "Straite" - Peter Lane (1996, 2 mins)
- a sense of place - Tony Woods (1996, 10 mins)
- Windscreen Wipers - James Thompson (1996, 3 mins)
- Difficult Beauty - Steven Ball (1995, 10 mins)
- Friends, Romans & Companions, Farewell!  
- Hector Hazard (1996, 3 mins)

**NEXT OPEN SCREENING**

Tuesday 9th April, 1996

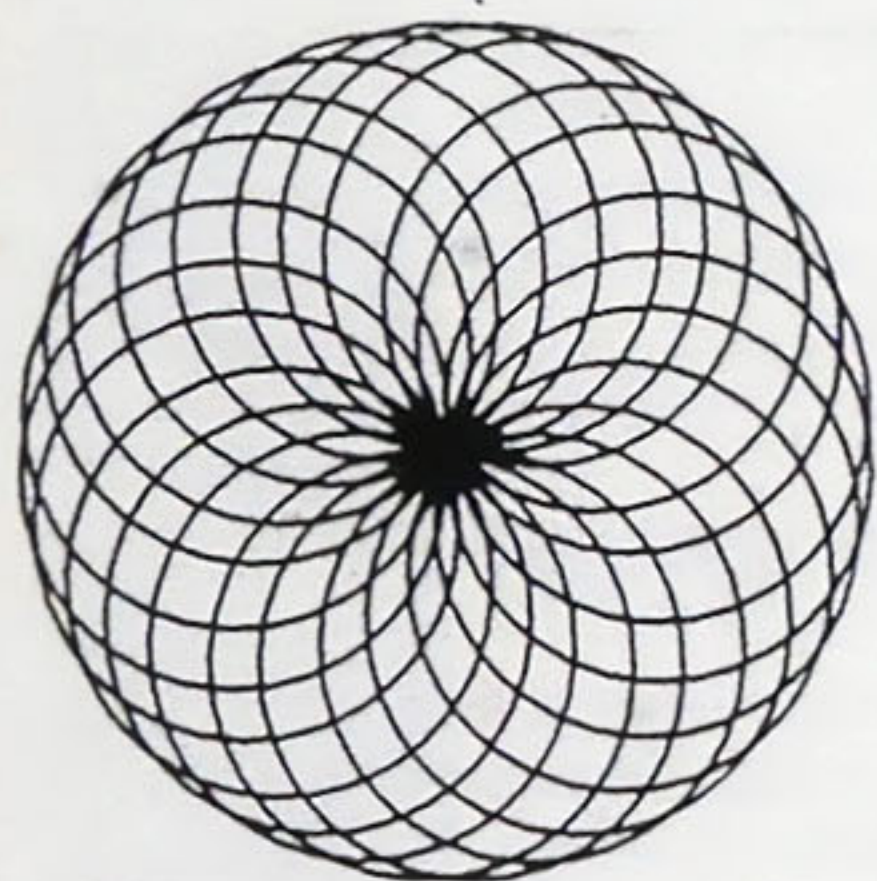
Erwin Rado Theatre  
211 Johnston Street, Fitzroy  
7:30 pm.

**The Films of Pete Spence**

You're gonna get  
45 minutes of Spence!

signed Malcolm X

followed by an Open Screening  
**BYO Super 8 Films**  
Free Entry!  
Enquiries 9417-3402



**Editorial and Layout by Tony Woods**

**Contact Number: 03 9417 3402**

**Fax: 03 9417 3804**

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**Super Eight**



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