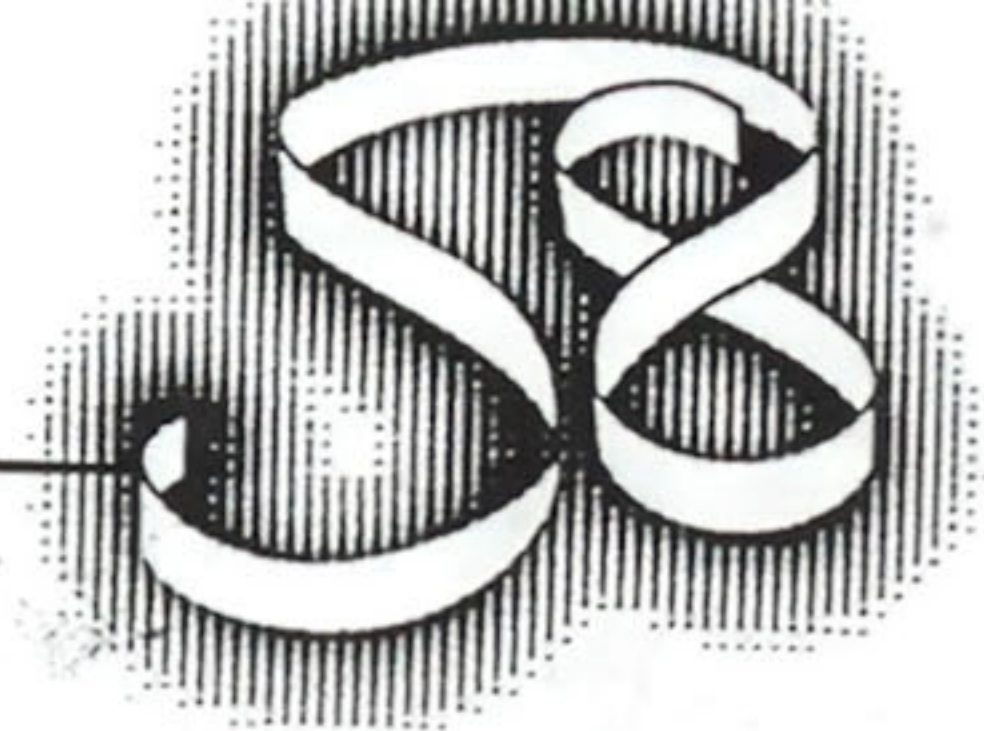
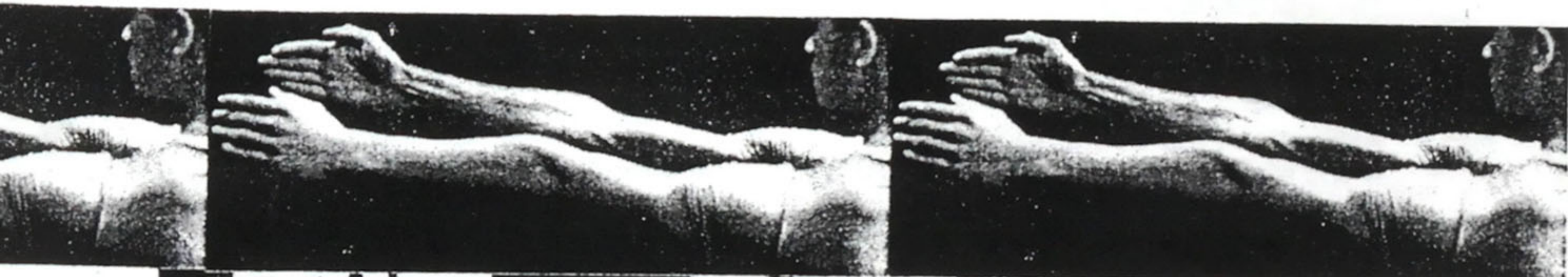


# Super Eight



Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc.  
ISSUE 118 OCTOBER 1996



THE 9TH MELBOURNE INTERNATIONAL  
FILM FESTIVAL - **NAKED 8** - IS  
ALMOST UPON US!

## **FROM THE SUPER 8 OFFICE**

### **1997 MS8G FUNDING**

The application has been submitted to the Australian Film Commission and we await the outcome. Tony Woods was the group representative at the AFC planning workshop on September 6th 1996.

### **Australian Film Commission**

If you want to enter your films in the AFC publication Australian Short Works 1996-97 entry forms are now available from the office.

### **Naked 8 Festival**

Written replies will be sent to all Festival applicants as soon as possible.

### **Office Hours**

Monday 12 -1, Tuesday 12 -2, Wednesday 11 - 3, Thursday 12-2, Friday 3.15 - 5 .15

### **Magazine and Newsletter Articles**

Peter Tapp from **Metro Magazine** and the MS8FG Newsletter want articles on Super 8 Filmmaking. Please send articles c/o the MS8FG office.

### **Melbourne International Film Festival 1996**

Four members of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group were shown in the festival this year.

Congratulations to:

Chris Windmill

"The Birds Do A Magnificent Tune" 16mm, 29min, 1996.

Tony Woods

"Kinetic H2O" V.H.S., 13mins, 1996.

Nick Ostrovskis

"Trance Mosaic" Super 8 mm, 8min, 1995.

Dirk De Bruyn

Diary "I.O" CD Rom.

### **1997 Group Screening**

Theme names are wanted for the annual Cinematheque screening to be held in 1997. Last years event was called Horrorsphere 8.

### **Cinema Papers**

Arthur Cantrill will write an overview of the Naked 8 Festival for the February edition of Cinema Papers.

### **What's On?**

The Movie, Music and Sports Collectables Fair is on Sunday 13th October 9.30 to 4.30pm at the Malvern Town Hall - adults \$3.50, children \$2.50.

The Federation of Victorian Film Societies is screening The Shadow Catcher by Edward S Curtis, plus shorts on October 25th at 7.30pm at the Erwin Rado Theatre.

Experimenta Media Arts is presenting their fifth media arts festival in Melbourne 6 -17 November at the Lonsdale St Power Station. Called Short, Sharp and Very Current the festival will feature continuous screenings of new film, video, animation and digital media works by over 50 national and international artists. Ph Experimenta on 95255025 for details.

**Dianne Duncombe**  
**Administrator**

# THE SINGLE FRAME PROJECT: THE COLLISION OF IMAGES

by Corinne Cantrill

Since the recent failure of the continuous filming function of our Nizo camera, leaving only the single frame function, I have become interested in filming within the limitations set by this 'disability' – seeing it as a metaphor for working at the end of cinema. Single-frame work has been an abiding interest – it being one of the characteristics unique to cinematic experience. Time-lapse (and slow motion) prompt questions to do with the relativity of time – that our everyday experience of time is only one possibility among time scales. The changed film speed reveals energies, rhythms and flows within the natural world.

There are two fundamental aspects of the film medium: movement and sequence of images. At the moment I am interested in pursuing the idea of collision of images: single frame not as a changed quality of movement (as in time-lapse or pixillation) but as images jarring against each other. In 1970 we made **4000 Frames – an Eye-Opener Film** where each frame was followed by a completely different image (in subject, form and idea association). Because the eye/brain cannot clear the single frame images rapidly enough they build up on the retina as superimpositions. Many of the frames in this film are of a mid-grey tonality which makes them hard to read separately. The images which do register are graphic high contrast images. In making **4000 Frames** we realised that there are many possibilities which can be investigated within the single-frame discontinuous mode. In 1971 we made **Zap**, this time choosing single frames of high contrast, avoiding mid-grey tonalities, and interspersing hand-scratched black film for stronger contrast.

In **Projected Light**, 1988, there is a single-frame colour sequence of discontinuous images which plays with alternations between contrasting images.

A new Super-8 film, **Tidal River** uses single-frame images in shots of varying lengths. In some parts movement dominates, but the sequences which interest me most are the ones with very short images (four frames) where we are reading a collision of images, where the images are not so short as to form retinal superimpositions and thus generate a *flow* of discontinuous images, but are just long enough to register as abrupt image after abrupt image: foliage, granite, sea, shadow, sky, mountain, sand, island, cloud, walking track. **Tidal River** ends with a short sequence, 'Articulated Image' of two-frame images with two black frames between – the black frames being the 'articulation' giving definition to the images.

After **Tidal River** comes **Petunias**. It was planned to have a much more rigorous and formal structure, but I did not hold to the plan! Given the nature of the subject, that's OK! There are sequences of two frames image/two frames black, other sequences of alternations between two contrasting images, sequences of substitutions, some of which do not clearly register (they needed the articulation of black frames) and play between sharp and soft focus. In spite of not holding to the original plan, I am pleased with **Petunias**, there is a quality of pleasure in the image which the flowers themselves give in daily life. The soundtrack brings an edge of harshness to the film which cuts into the floral 'beauty' in a way that works well.

Recently I've shot another film where I have held rigorously to the plan – to be titled **Articulated Image** – a simple subject without too many distractions, worked as an alternation of images, and articulated with black frames. The main part is two frames image/two frames black, then moving to one frame image/one frame black. And finally a short sequence of alternating images without black frames. We hope Kodak will return it in the foreseeable future!

Discontinuous single-frame films interest me in terms of

reading the film image, maybe because they demand of the viewer a total attentivity – or they are not really seen at all.

I feel compelled to write about this work as a response to the rather jaded put-down of **Petunias** and other films shown in the August open screening, written by Steven Ball in the September Newsletter. Steven writes that he hopes that his piece will contribute to an exchange of ideas, however I feel that it threatens to close off future communication for many of us. Steven's piece prompts the question, why do we need this sort of constant opinionating in the Newsletter about various filmmakers' works on the basis of one viewing? I can understand positive writing, as in the discussion of Maeve Woods' **Tawdry Sass** in Steven's piece. In the same issue of the Newsletter, Tony Woods has a warm and positive account of the work from Ballarat – a piece that documents that the program was given, with some personal observations by Tony.

Steven questions the 'experimental' status of the films he criticises, but I didn't hear anyone claim that their films were experimental, and he finds the films 'inconsequential' because they are similar to what's gone before. Works by filmmakers who show regularly at the screenings rarely contain surprises. Tony Woods' films are similar in approach, as are Perry Alexander's, as are ours, as are Moira Joseph's, and as indeed are Steven Ball's. (Artists are always painting the same picture over again, with variations.) Do we really want to 'raise the stakes'? There is an ego-driven ambition in such a concept. It sounds suspect to me.

I see our own work in the spirit of 'Work Done', but work done drawing on a lifetime's experience and practice, conscious and unconscious, work which reflects even the biological/genetic self, as Len Lye would have it

'Surfaces'? Surfaces are fine – Wilde's assertion that only the vulgar seek to look beneath the surface still applies.

Steven seems to place a higher value on text-driven work – that bourgeois, academic, post-modern mode which is already history. Better to find the work, the area that interests you, and to enjoy that. The air of superiority implicit in the piece is also disappointing. Steven's opinions will not influence anyone's filmmaking! The Group is made up of all sorts of people, coming from all sorts of backgrounds and positions – that's what is interesting about it. It is pointless to pass judgement publicly on the work shown – the next step would be hissing and booing of the films we don't like at the open screenings instead of the polite clapping which presently occurs after each film.

Also, alarm bells rang at the reference to Tony Woods' 'millionth film'. There has long been a discernible undercurrent of resentment at prolific filmmakers, those who turn up month after month with a film for the Open Screening. This surfaced when Pete Spence was showing a lot of work, also ourselves, and others, including Steven Ball. All the more surprising that this bad attitude was perpetuated in print by Steven.

Finally, I want to protest at the distortion where the piece refers to committee meeting discussions about harmful articles appearing in the Newsletter. These discussions were not about critical writing but about wild, foul-language attacks on members and their work, such as the infamous 'Wank, Wank and More Wank' article. We have lost members because of such articles, and they have also been noted by our funding body. This is not a matter of freedom of expression, but is abuse of the Group – not healthy debate, but outpourings of nastiness. Steven Ball knows that the committee discussions were about these issues, and it is dishonest of him to suggest that the committee was advocating 'cosy backpatting' articles in the Newsletter.

## Visual Documentation

Consuming images in their own right, foregrounding the image, is routinely pigeonholed as art rather than documentary. It is like there is this unwritten consensus that it is the words that provide the focus, the engine, the mode of rationalising and contextualising the subject. They are the site for explanation and control, they direct the line of vision. Work in such hybrid forms as personal documentary can fly in the face of such orchestrations, at times stripping the document back to a visual impressionism that has been flossicked out of the everyday. Such works carry their own visual logic, often documenting an experience from the inside, from inside the self. It has to be about developing and articulating a more personal language to carry this off. Still these experiences that are communicated are no less real or less political, carrying as they do an added dimension related to a politics of language itself.

Pete Spence's *Winter Solstice* Super 8 16min 1992 takes this line as does Tony Wood's *Private Eye* Super 8 27 min 1996 and Moira Joseph's *City Walk*. *Winter Solstice* is the documentation of an event that occurs every year at the property of Kate and Graeme Cutts on 21/22 of June. That the event is one of annual repetition, paying its respect to tradition/history and earth/nature is explicit in the visual language of the film. *Winter Solstice* begins with inserting of a pole in the ground, strands of cloth are hanging from it and these are grabbed by the participants who dance around clockwise and counterclockwise spinning a mesh of cloth. The film finishes after various stages of abstraction and home like movie footage on the close up of an eye. The film maker's camera alternately documents and participates in the events, alternately inserts and withdraws from the cacophany. The hubbub is one of dance and smiling faces mixed with a gentle self consciousness, of bodies and gestures moving in a circle building and twining a web of strands of cloth around the maypole. The silence keeps one's focus and highlights such things. Motion and gestures are slowed down and repeated to underline and accentuate what is coming out of the dance itself. Time is extended and contracted with the rhythm and abandon one experiences as a participant in such an event. One does not experience time as linear but it speeds up and slows down as certain images are held and refined within one's self, within ones memory, as a kind of emotional afterimage. The film embraces that process. Spence goes beyond a Positivist or Realist perspective of reality, which is the ontology behind classic documentary film making, to a more Interpretivist ontology of immersion in the ebb and flow of what is being studied and highlights that experience itself as as valid as any analysis of it.

The language is related to the language of rap and song: music, with its ebbs and flows, yet it is no less a documentary. It is the un-written language that we use everyday. It is a language of the everyday that we use to order our experiences beyond those events and impressions that are generally articulated and ordered for us in the popular media. This relationship to what we are told is important makes the production of a film like this a political act. I see it as part of an ongoing project to make sense of our daily life, which is now taking place in an era of information overload where the old methods of sifting and ordering are no longer giving us as cohesive a perspective over our environment, over our daily life so that we can perform our economic tasks without pain and feelings of desolation.

In *Private Eye* Tony Woods has documented his daily beat around Fitzroy. Here we are dealing with a daily repetition rather than an annual one. Yet repetition provides a grounding for the film in the natural texture of his surroundings. On each round he catches different epiphanies that are often not there tomorrow. The film grows with each day. The dance here is a drifting eye, akin to what the Situationists encapsulated in their concept of the *dérive* which De Bord would have described as a wandering through the

streets of the Naked City. The rhythm of the film is informed by nearly 30 years of painting and the discipline of looking at one's surroundings that this has nourished. The visual language within which this personal document is couched is a highly developed one that gives one time to take in various parts of the frame and explore the layers of each image in the way we are apt to dart around with our eyes when we are on the street.

*Private Eye* brings the two worlds suggested by the title together. These are a personal world and an impetus to knowing, constructing and unravelling that are the engine of all documentary, this need to make sense. Here the need to uncover is not a fantasy but a personal construction of everyday events. It seems to be taking place at that interface between inner and outer worlds and intimates a key that we all need to make sense of what is around us. This film not only documents the street but tries to do it in the very language that we tend to experience it in the first place.

Super 8 film maker Moira Joseph's *City Walk* occurs in real time yet still imparts, like Woods an impressionistic take on a *Derive* through the city. Joseph's films, often in collaboration with her young daughter Tegan Mel has always been about a personal weaving in and out of documentary form and about documenting family life. Through her courses in Super 8 film making at the Council of Adult Education she has also been instrumental in igniting an interest in the small gauge in many of the current practitioners, many of whom have made their way to the Super 8 group screenings at the Erwin Rado Theatre.

*City Walk* documents very simply in real time a walk through the city. The soundtrack has just been grabbed, abducted, in clear view, straight off the street. It carries with its movement through space, snatches of voices, footsteps and the passing of cars that foreground the general city rumble that our ears have learnt to block out. The image is in negative and is covered by muddying etched scratched marks that intermittently mask the image. This has the effect of foregrounding the afore mentioned sounds, as you search for a sense of what is happening.

This is a visual effect achieved though home processing the film and allowing, through the stirring of the concoction of developer/bleach/fixer et al, the film to scratch its own surface, allowing the film to work on its own materiality. That this effect is celebrated rather than deemed a failure, "a failure to process the film properly" is in itself of significance of course. It is in itself a marking out of the territory that this marginal, low level, cheap cinema occupies. And, after all, home processing is done to save money as well as a means of expressively controlling an area of the film making process that is generally considered out of bounds.

This chaotic envelope, this fluid veil pollutes and distorts the walk and becomes a visual metaphor for a number of factors that impact on the city. This veil suggests agents like the pollution, the chemical distortion, the smog/haze, it also brings into the visual the unseen electromagnetic radiation - the cacophany of the phone and radio, it is a visual metaphor of the voice over that tells us what we see and by so doing masks/closes off everything else that the image can deliver, it is the multivoice hum that disorients us from our direction, it hides that which is promised but forbidden - and so on. It is a parody for those cluttered, messy aspects of everyday life that are normally swept and hidden away under the Spectacle's carpet.

As well as a veil it also suggests an archaeology, a history. The abstracted brownish patterning also suggests a muddied field walked through with eyes cast down, the trek of the first explorers and the first settlers who traversed this territory when it was still a field. Though now more clearly etched into the landscape, it is a journey that has ever since become increasingly more muddied.  
Dirk de Bruyn August 1996

SEPTEMBER OPEN SCREENING.

" A BEAR IN THE WOOD PILE "

TONY WOODS is frustrated with his S8 canvas! He thinks its a limitation, that chains artists to its ratio like some shakled Prometheus.

But Tony occasionally breaks loose from whatever binds him and following a Ned Nolan tradition, brings letterboxing ratio to Super 8.

It neatly co-incides with the voyeristic tradition of cinema and Tony's personal creed, of trying not to interupt with life's rythm and its patterns too much.

He films out of his studio (his minds eye) window (its lens) and captures the roof next door getting reconstructed. It has a few good moments, in that it allows the mind to wander in uncharted cinematic territory. But in the end its just a smaller screen (shock horror!) even though our interest was more than momentarily enlarged.

With his chains flapping in the wind, Tony hits the streets to make another of his fitzroy (now gone to god or queensland) road movies.

Art is where you find it, and the practised eye of Tony finds it in some iceland poppies, being violated by a big pollen stuffing busy fitzroy bee. It shocks at first because of the extreme C.U. shots, make it seem like a rapelike experience. Next, huge phallic hydraulic jack hammers almost tenderly violate Brunswick st. leaving its tram tracks bare.

They enter the surface of the road and penetrate it at an angle that mentally splices it together with the bee. Brunswick st. is reduced to a frontier town by alien probes, then out of focus rubble looks like the rubble of bodies in a war torn Fitzroy.

Tony treasures his eyesight more than most. And everytime he churns out yet another six rolls, he makes me feel, like he's using

his eyes for the first time. And I'm reminded of how profoundly he was affected, when as a severely short sighted young man, discovered how glasses opened up his mind.

I still think he needs to edit his films, but why shoot the bringer of visual good news, just because its a bit long on the frame counter.

While Dirk De Bruen hibernates in a cosmically cold climate, dreaming all those yet unborn films of his, a S8 camera is on guard and constantly patrolling outside his Canadian cave.

Dirk rolls over and grunts in his problematic and restless sleep, and probably thinks that at least in the dreaming state, the lens cap of our mind stays permantly off, and we really make the kind of movie we'd all like to make while awake.

This is another of his many notebook studies that he has been sitting on for a while, waiting for something? to hatch. Dirk is a restless sleeper wrestling with his demons as we all must, but I suspect he's having more than a bob each way with his trifecta of dreaming, 16mm films and his S8 intervelometer notebooks, which are made while he continues the internal wrestling match or is frozenly constrained by below zero winterscapes.

His notebook films, like scientific pixilation suck out the marrow in the bones of the mystery of nature and her forces. But unlike those films, his are intrinsically poetic.

Whether it, s accidental or deliberate, our browned off and eternally restless De Bruen is still betting a bob each way as I am with this review.

CAMERA/PLANE TAKES OFF  
IN SNOW PATTERNS,  
FROZEN WAVES  
TURN MOUNTAINOUS.

FILMAKERS FINGERS  
DWARFES EPIC  
MOUNTAIN RANGE  
THAT EVEN ANIMATION  
CAN'T SUBDIVIDE

GLASS KIRLAIN'S,  
RIBCAGE MOUNTAINS  
WAIT  
TO BE FRIED.

ICY WINGS  
REVERSE WIPE,  
HAIR IN GATE  
KNOCKS ON FUSELAGE  
AND WANTS IN.

CAMERA/PLANE  
LANDS  
SLICEING THROUGH  
BARCODE RUNWAY.

GOWNED MOUNTAINS  
WAIT FOR A SHAVE,  
WHILE CLOTHES ON LINE  
ARE FREEZE DRIED.

RAZZLE DAZZLE  
SNOW ON GRASS  
INVOCATION  
OF BROTHER LEE.

FILM BASHES BUDS  
SPRING IS LIFE  
IN JACKSON POLLACK  
LANDSCAPE.

FLOWERS  
ENTER THE DANCE,  
CLOUDS HANG  
SURPRISINGLY  
IN REAL WISPY TIME.

GULLIVER  
PLAYS WITH TIME  
ON A SUPER 8 SCALE  
DAISYS ARE BORN/CUTDOWN  
HAIRY GATE  
BECOMES A CHORUS.

GREEN LEAVES TRAVEL  
IN ROUSSEAU DREAMS  
RIVERS DE HYDRATE  
LIGHT CURTAIN DROPS.

CLOUDS/WATER  
DIFFERENT DRUMMERS  
FILM PAINTS  
WASH OF LIGHT.

CLOUDS HEAL  
IN FAST  
KINESIOLOGIST  
PASSES

TIME/DIRK  
REGISTERS  
AS SLEEP  
CONTINUES TO SNORE.  
Jim Bridges.

Super-8 is beautiful beautiful.  
Super-8 is simple, and that's one of the main reasons why I like it. Once upon a time I did think briefly that dissolves in post production, cameras on cranes, great big easy focus lenses, digital sound recording and synchronised editing would be the dream of a lifetime. But, "NO". Now I wish for none of that.

First attempts at filming Super-8 occurred with a huge silent Minolta. It was borrowed. It lived in a blue velvet-lined, purpose built metal case. It was fitted with a superior lens and as well possessed a close-up attachment. Back in 1970 black and white film was cheaper than any of the various colour films available. Whenever money for film was available, my finger was on the trigger, recording shadows, reflections, machine parts, dogs, blowflies, flowers, steam and running water. And faces talking and talking away at that old silent camera. Some of the dogs and an over-exposed running lamb have been recycled and copied to be a part of more recent films included in the program on 8th October. But otherwise the old shots from that period are of little interest apart from the fact of their antiquity.

For many years there was no camera at all. Then there was an instamatic rescued from a dustbin which taught me to reflect upon the advantages of low tech and the aesthetic of ordinary things. But next, around the late seventies, I got myself a real reflex camera and got very involved with transparencies. There followed a number of slide works with voice over, ambient sound, installation involving painted complimentary parts. Some was a kind of photo-journalism and other pieces used the medium to achieve far more oblique references. Occasionally filmed words and phrases and diagrams were incorporated. I have been returning to the vehicle of filmed words and phrases in recent Super-8 works. The slide object of itself has been deliberately and undesguisedly copied within certain films in the nineties. I have wanted slides to look like slides in some situations ("TRIAD TESSERAIC" '92, "GRITTY" '91, "SCRAMMY AND THE BLOWFLIES" '95) and to juxtapose this freeze with real time pans, edited movement and also at times some zooms and pans within slides themselves.

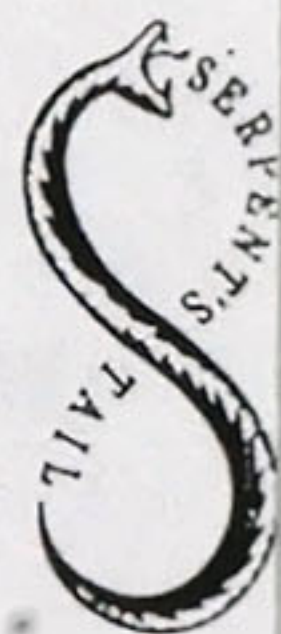
The slight blurring of the image edges, and the glow of tungsten, the unnatural timing and holding of a slide copied onto Super-8 has come to interest me a great deal and I will continue to investigate this in future films.

"PAST" is a quirky, perhaps simplistic fragment of film from late 1994. It was a kind of watershed after a long period of abstinence from Super-8, hand-held scruffy image of snow flakes in and out of focus, here and gone. It is the word "PAST", stencilled at the beginning of this tiny film that matters

"PAST" is also included because it forms a bridge to my films of 1996. For me it led the way into "TUT" and into "TAWDRY SASS" which like "FEATHERED" are SCRATCH FILMS. "FEATHERED" is a very pure experiment in mutilation and stain. It is just coloured stripes and tangles (Jim Bridges likened the look to coloured strips in a doorway) but I became interested in what could be brought out by way of feelings through pace and particular hue intensities. There are also residual traces of some figures, just glimpsed on fragments adhering to the post-scratched base. My main work has always been to PAINT, and of course, this particular film making activity is most directly PAINTING. It is fascintaing to visualise to mark to project, and to do all this over and over again feeling involved in the strange expansions and contractions from the 8mm strip to the 8ft screen.

The works completed in the last few months (mid 1996) are more overtly verbal than previous films I've done. Two aspects have evolved in tandem: Pre-filmed and mutilated by scratch, and at the same time, a kind of poem intended to be voice over. Neither really explains the other part, the relationship is usually an abrasive one. It makes hard work for the viewer because more and different words can be glimpsed under the cuts and splotches of the surface, a clumsy mantra. "TUT" does this with TUT TUT, ADA and BOB !

On 8th October at 7:30, before the OPEN SCREENING there will be six short films and a fragment from something earlier, by me MAEVE WOODS.



# GET READY FOR: **NAKED 8**, The 9th Melbourne International Super 8m Film Festival!!! at the State Film Theatre

Five different programs over 3 days:

Thursday 24 October....at 7:30 and 9:30pm

Saturday 26 October....at 7:30 and 9:30pm

Sunday 27 October....at 3:30pm, the Richard and Pat Larter retrospective

Tickets \$8 / \$6 conc. & members ; \$25 a season ticket

Extraordinary adventures in film. Certainly this festival will survey a remarkable breadth of ideas applied to film. Bold, creative strategies are used to articulate some very distinctive visions.

Along with local and interstate talent, the selection of films sent from Canada and the SILT people in San Francisco look to be very interesting.

The Richard and Pat Larter retrospective will feature on the Sunday session, and even if you're not familiar with Richard Larter's paintings, this program of his films should prove engaging viewing.

Irene Proebsting has designed a very striking poster for this year's festival. At present, we are in the process of having it printed. So keep a lookout for the poster.

Details of the program are yet to be finalised before it can be published. The complete program will be mailed out at a later date, but well before the festival.

Naked 8 is the premier event on this year's Melbourne Super 8 Film Group calendar, scheduled for one of Melbourne's best screening venues. Please show your support by coming along to some of the sessions and encourage others to sample from this broad field of cinematic expression. The cafe will be open so come early and have a coffee or a snack (doors open half an hour before the first screening).

This year's festival boasts an excellent selection of films and a lot of work has already gone into the organisation and curation of the program under somewhat difficult budgetary constraints. So, I look forward to seeing you there!

Heinz Boeck - Festival Committee

## PERRY'S MAGIC MOMENTS PRESENT....

Award for Best New Talent goes to Dave Snit, 45, MCG toilet attendant, who was last week granted \$650,000 by the CFC for his first film, "A Barbie-Piss up with me Mates and a Few Sheilas." Spokesman for CFC, Sir Charles Bottingham-Smedley, said Dave was unanimously awarded the grant across the board. "We are sick to the back teeth of giving money to spoiled prats who make shitty films about their boring friends and their dull lives. Sure they do well at the box office, but the only people seeing these films are other film makers wondering who and why put up the money for this shit in the first place." Sir Charles said yesterday.

Dave shot his film on an old Super 8 camera found in his dad's garage and like a true battler, saved the \$150 to make the film by living on frozen hamburgers for a month and by stealing toilet paper and soap from work. He got his friends to act in the film on their day off. What impressed the CFC most was that Dave had funded the whole film himself, instead of pestering the Corporation (Already under terrible strain from digesting all those long lunches) for a grant.

## YOBOS

The premise for Dave's film is deceptively simple, according to funds allocator, Ms Diane Ponsonby-Rosewood-Smythdale.

"The film, on paper, reads like just another Sunday arvo piss up with a bunch of yobos and their girlfriends. However, it is the way Dave has filmed the film. As well as operating the camera, Dave narrates the progress of the chops and sausages cooking, he abuses Charlene for not buying enough beer and he kicks out one of his mates for throwing up in the salad. Masterful, heartfelt cinematography, pithy narration and solid, convincing performances all round."

It was Dave's best mate, Simmo, who nagged the reticent Dave to enter the film in a festival. Not only was the film accepted, but talent scouts from the CFC saw the film, tracked down Dave to the local TAB where he was written a cheque for \$650,000 on the spot, covering costs (Snags, chops & beer and the film blown up to 35mm) and airline tickets for him and Charlene to see the film's screening at Montreal.

We wish him well.

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## **Last Open Screening:**

**Tuesday 10TH September 1996**

**at 7:30 17 short films by students from Chadstone Park Primary School**

## **Open Screening films:**

Various Shots Craig Schubert 2mins  
Lounge Loops Nick Ostrovskis 3mins  
Leader for Super 8 Festival Nick Ostrovskis 20secs  
A Singular Reel Tony Woods 20min  
Canada Dirk De Bruyn 20min

## **Next Open Screening**

**at the Erwin Rado Theatre 211 Johnston St Fitzroy**

**Tuesday 8th October**

**7pm Sounds By Evan Bennett**

**7.30pm 6 short films By Maeve Woods**

**Followed by open BYO films**



# **Become a Member!**

For those of you who are not currently members, JOIN NOW, and receive to your doorstep, hot off the press, the monthly newsletter, plus enjoy the benefits of cheap equipment hire, and the Open Screenings, with feeling that you are contributing to the ongoing success and continuation of one of Australia's most prolific and energetic independent filmmaking groups!

**1 year's membership: full \$20.00 / concession \$15.00**

**contact the group at the address below**

**Editorial and Layout by TONY WOODS**

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Contributions are welcome (see page 2)

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<http://www.afc.gov.au/www/sco/ms8fg.html>

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# **Super Eight**



If undeliverable return to:

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Darwin, Nt 0801

**SURFACE  
MAIL**

**AUSTRALIA 45c**



1996  
OCT  
1  
12NOON

AVOID  
AVOID DRUGS

VIC 3072