



SUPER EIGHT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE MELBOURNE SUPER-8 FILM GROUP NO. 22 FEB '88

* MEETING REPORTED (8/12/87)

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Four members of the committee - Ron Olthof, Noel Lloyd, John Thomson, and Ian Kerr - were replaced by newcomers Mark Freeman and Chris Windmill. Along with Anne-Marie Crawford, Sarah Johnson, Bill Mousoulis and Matthew Rees, that makes a current MAIN committee of 6. Sub-committees will be formed throughout the year to implement the various activities/projects. Any member of the Super-8 Group can be in these sub-committees, and members are always welcome to general committee meetings at Sarah's place, 8/40 Burnett St. St. Kilda, third Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p.m. (For this month the location will be different. Ring Bill on 419 6562 for details.)

A note about the editorship of this newsletter, so it is well and truly clear: two people edit the newsletter each time, and any member can be one of those two if he or she likes. Who does it is usually decided on the night of the general committee meeting, so come along then or ring one of the 6 committee members (see back page of newsletter for phone numbers.) People should also remember that anyone can write for the newsletter (one area that is really lacking at the moment is reviews of Open Screening films), and that all received material is published (although with pseudonymous articles it is up to the editors' discretion.)

OPEN SCREENING

Films screened:

Untitled (The Greasy Pig Film) by John Hardy
 Self-Portrait by Tracey Claire
 Raphael Holidays Vacation by Roland Gallois
 Boys by David Cox
 Family Excursions by Dirk de Bruyn

A.G.M.

The (UNTITLED) ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING nearly didn't start through lack of a quorum, but luckily, enough arrived and the meeting commenced when ex-chairperson Sarah Johnson sat on a table and commenced talking.

The group now has no official officials, due no doubt to pressure from the local communists (socialist left, left etc. which are the new adopted names), who don't want leaders to thwart their takeover plans.

We drifted through the meeting, getting reports from the now non-existent treasurer, secretary etc.

Our pleasant discourses were suddenly interrupted by David Cox and friends making an entrance. Cox pulled out a pistol (toy, I hope) and proceeded to try and shoot Sarah in the head, and generally wave it around. This was the night that three and a half hours before eight people were shot in the Queen st. massacre.

Not content with this minor disruption Cox and Co. decided that it would be good to change the name of the group and allow 16mm and video to be admitted.

Much discussion followed, during which I told them to join another group if they wanted 16mm and video, Peter Schaller also did a good job on Cox & Co. Discussion simmered down with most in agreement to stay the way we are.

The meeting closed, and it was time for the open screening, except there was no projector. One of the members kindly volunteered to go home and get his projector. Interval was extended and extended, with Bill Mousoulis saying "it will only be another five minutes."

Having driven two hundred kilometres that day, and feeling tired, I decided to call it quits. For all I know they might still be there, waiting for that projector.

Ian Poppins.

Ed. note; Chris Windmill arrived back with his projector in tow, and nearly all the films brought in were shown. No reviews have been received.

NEWS

THE BEST OF THE 8TH SYDNEY SUPER-8 FESTIVAL

A special program of films selected from the 8th Sydney Super-8 Film Festival held in November last year.

GLASSHOUSE CINEMA, RMIT, 360 Swanston St.
 Friday, February 19, 7:30 p.m.
 Admission: \$5 or \$3 concession.

TVU

TVU is currently preparing a program of Super-8 film and discussion for TV broadcast. If you have any ideas for this show or would like a film of yours considered for selection, contact Maria Jacovelli on 486 2066.



BILL MOUSOULIS QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Heard by Anne-Marie Crawford

"I once saw a cloud shaped like Super-8 film."

- spoken 15/12/87

The winning numbers in Tattsлото draw number 678 were 5, 34, 30, 6, 10 and 9. The supplementary numbers were 23 and 37. The total prize pool is \$2,568,907.91, with a division one pool is of \$380,760.60.

BROKE

by
MARK FREEMAN



SYDNEY. — Mr Alan Bond has created Australia's first coast-to-coast television network after paying more than \$1000 million for Mr Kerry Packer's broadcasting interests.

Net Profit (Loss) (30 209) (11 248)
a total profit of \$24.1 million.

This piece is to be made into a 5-10 min. Super-8 film. Anyone interested in playing any of the roles please contact me on 527 8190.

* * *

Danny awoke just after eight, put a towel around himself and went straight to the phone. It was dead. After jiggling the hooks a few times, he remembered Sue saying their phone had been cut-off late yesterday for "non-payment of account". He pulled on some clothes and hurried down to the local phone booth. He dialled 013;

"I just put 30 cents in the phone here and the line went dead, and I hung up the receiver but the money wasn't refunded.

"What is the booth number?"

"82741MBO"

"One moment please."

"Oh, Mum? Hi, its Danny. Hey, can I borrow the car for a couple of hours? Darryl put me onto a rubbish removal job, and it has to be done today."

"Well, I have to go out for an hour or so ... you can have it at ten, but you'll have to be back by three because I have to pick up Jason."

"Great, thanks. Also, do you reckon I could borrow ten dollars for petrol and for the tipping fee? I'll pay you back tonight after I get paid."

"Yes dear, that's fine."

As he dressed, he stopped momentarily to rummage through his desk drawer for some loose change. He soon gave up. In the kitchen, Danny looked in the fridge. It was an arctic wasteland, save for some flaccid zucchinis and some ice packs. On the bench, he found a small container full of milk which he put to his face. It was still cold; his housemate Sue must have left it out this morning. After a cautious sniff, he drank what was left and grabbed a couple of carrots from a paper bag on the bench.

It took him just over a quarter of an hour to hitch a ride, by which time he had walked almost half the journey to his mother's house.

After collecting the station wagon, he put five dollars worth of petrol in it and collected a trailer from his friend Jarryl.

"Make sure the bastards pay you today otherwise you'll never see it."

It turned out to be a hot afternoon, and as Danny had almost finished Mrs. Trumble brought out a cup of tea and some biscuits.

"Here you are Danny. Look, I'm afraid I haven't been able to get the bank yet, so if you could drop by on your way back from the tip, I'll pay you then."

"Fine."

Soon after, Danny set off with a full car and trailer load of assorted garden and household refuse.

At the Oakleigh Tip the attendant surveyed the load.

"That'll be seven bucks thanks mate."

"It was only five two weeks ago"

"Nah, seven."

"I've only got five."

"Sorry, it's gotta be seven or nothing."

"Hello, Sue? Hey can I borrow ten bucks? ... Yeah, I'll come and get it."

On the way to Sue's workplace the heavy load took an unexpected toll on the petrol supply, and the stationwagon and trailer glided to a halt by the curb. Danny stomped off to the bus stop.

On his return, Danny stopped at another petrol station. He asked to borrow a petrol container.

"We only sell them, I'm afraid."

"How much?"

"Twelve dollars sixty-eight."

"I can only spare eight dollars, I've got to pay a tipping fee."

"Sorry, can't do it for that."

"Please, I'll leave the eight bucks with you ... here, and my watch and whatever else you fucking want."

The attendant could also see that Danny was distressed.

"Calm down, yeah, okay, but have it back within the hour, and you'll have to wash it out."

"Thanks, thanks a lot, that's really good of you."

"Hi, Mum, look I've had some trouble, and I'm running late ... no, no I just ran out of petrol, but I'm back on the road now."

Danny spat at the parked Mercedes as he strode along the quiet back street.

"Here you are, seven bucks."

Danny backed the trailer up to the edge of the pit in the warm afternoon sun. He began to fling the bags of grass cuttings and weeds high into the air, and as they flew their contents spilled out, spreading in the air before landing softly on the pile. He flung each successive bag harder and higher, and instead of throwing the bottles over in boxes, he picked out each bottle and threw it hard against whatever metal he could spot in the pile, relishing the sound of explosion as they shattered into fragments.

SUMMER MOVIE GUIDE

The top ten first-release films currently playing in Melbourne as rated by Bill Mousoulis in order of merit.

1. Can't Buy Me Love (Village Centre)

Having the richest script around, this film is a veritable feast of action, reaction, and change. It's interesting that the main character is never at any stage concerned with the attainment of love, only with the transference of class (he's a nerd, you see.) That love is a factor never introduced (not even at the end) is a measure of the film's resolve and density. One dreams of seeing films like this: as pure as 30's Hollywood and as dynamic as nothing else in the 80's (if the teen movie isn't the future of the cinema, tell me what is...)

2. Planes, Trains and Automobiles (Russell)

With extreme care and beautiful subtlety, John Hughes has taken burgeoning comic actors Steve Martin and John Candy and infused them with a startlingly precise humanness. This may be a comedy, but it's also a superbly dramatic adventure, in the quiet and illuminating manner of a film like Eric Rohmer's *Summer*. And it's also subversive; check the pillows/balls scene and the characters' reactions. (What lies underneath the surface of American suburban life...)

3. The Princess Bride (Hoyts Midcity)

A lovely fantasy-adventure film that unfortunately undercuts itself occasionally (for cheap laughs.) The 'pure love' scenes at the head of the film are breathtaking, whilst the first sword fight is genuinely exciting. Director Rob Reiner has given the film his usual peerless finish (his *The Sure Thing* is a marvel of simplicity), but if you want to see a better version of this film, check out the mind-blowing *The Never-Ending Story*.

4. Tampopo (Brighton Bay)

Sex and food - what more could one possibly want? And the scenes where they're combined have got to be seen to be believed. *Tampopo* is a series of (sometimes unrelated) scenes mainly about food which are brought to life in a stylish, comic-book manner. For example, the restaurant scene where the businessmen literally turn red due to embarrassment. Overall, a somewhat irreverent but ultimately loving look at the art of the noodle.

5. Rita, Sue and Bob Too (Kino)

A strangely inconsequential film about polygamy in the slums and suburbs of England. Inconsequential because it seems to lack a point. But it's a good film because of its observational value - the actors are wonderful, the locations are very real, and the situations are striking.

6. The Untouchables (Russell)

Been running for almost six months now. This film is a delight to experience, and watch for De Niro's knockout bits. The direction from Brian De Palma is amazingly clear and direct - a revelation after the mess of other gangster films. But *The Untouchables* is not very memorable; it is a grand, very visual film, but it doesn't resonate afterwards, unlike *Scarface* for example. See Rolando Caputo's review of the film in *Cinema Papers*, Nov 87.

7. Revenge of the Nerds II (Australia Twin)

Two scenes alone justify the price of admission on this number. Firstly there's the impromptu concert the nerds put on which is a brilliant impersonation of The Beastie Boys. And then there's the Slob-nerd's meeting with the Buddhist Slob Master. On the art of spitting: "One must draw the flegm from the soul, not

8. The Pick-Up Artist (Hoyts Midcity)

The Crystals' "Da Doo Ron Ron" opens up this strange mix of a film. Half romantic comedy, half gangster story, *The Pick-Up Artist* is directed in a flabby, uninteresting way by James Toback. But as well as the great music, it has several exciting scenes, mainly when Robert Downey and Molly Ringwald are interacting. Not only the (unseen) sex scene (Ringwald: "If you keep quiet for 15 seconds, I'll be able to come"), but also the last scene on the street.

9. 28 Up (State Film Centre)

A perceptive documentary in that it realizes that a person's life can truly be seen by juxtaposing different periods of that life (ages 7, 14, 21, 28.) Many people will laugh (now and during the film), but my favourite moments are those where two of the people say that a particular sporting event was the highlight of their lives. A fascinating film, but in the end just too much of a good thing: it goes for 140 minutes.

10. Barfly (The New Valhalla)

A contentious film, so much so that the "Film Review Crew" people on 3RRR (Saturdays, noon) were thinking of reconsidering it in a panel discussion. They didn't, but they're still mumbling about it. I myself find this film a pleasant piece of entertainment, nothing more, nothing less - the entering-into of a world (check the structure) and the describing of that world (all the events are seen as natural, not sensational.) A polished and inoffensive film. But maybe that's the criticism...



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OUT SOON!

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NEXT MEETING



The first meeting of the year will not be in our usual venue the Glasshouse Meeting Room, but on top of a roof in Flinders St.!

DATE: Tuesday, February 9

TIME: 7:30 p.m. BYO grog and meat for BBQ 9:00 p.m. BYO films
Also BYO chair and cushion (it's a hard roof).

THE ADDRESS is 94 Flinders St. and follow this map:



CONTACT NUMBERS: Sarah Johnson 534 4344, Bill Mousoulis 419 6562, Matthew Rees 348 1230, Mark Freeman 527 8190, Anne-Marie Crawford 527 8442, Chris Windmill 531 2779.

Newsletter layout and editorial: Bill Mousoulis + MARK FREEMAN

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P.O. Box 1150
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Postage
Paid
Rich. Nth
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Chris Windmill
6/158 Chapel St.
Balaklava, 3183