



SUPER EIGHT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE MELBOURNE SUPER-8 FILM GROUP NO.25 MAY '88

LETTER TO My Friends TO LEARN HOW TO MAKE films

TOGETHER

I play
 You play
 We play
 At cinema
 You think there are
 Rules for the game
 Because you are a child
 Who does not yet know
 What is a game and what is
 Reserved for grownups
 Which you already are
 Because you have forgotten
 That it is a child's game
 What does it consist of
 There are many definitions
 Here are two or three
 Looking at oneself
 In the mirror of other people
 Forgetting and learning
 Quickly and slowly
 The world
 And oneself
 Thinking and speaking
 Odd game
 That's life

Jean-Luc Godard
 May 1967



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Films at the last Open Screening

Fragile World (film/performance) by Joanne Hampton

Embrace by Bill Mousoulis

Angry House by Bruce Chapman

Untitled Timelapse by Nick Ostrovskis

Baby by Fritha Borland, Bryant George and Mathew McCaughey

Poison Castle by Maj Green and Ewan Cameron

Lift off 1887 by Maj Green and Ewan Cameron



Since coming home to re-roost in sunny Melbourne, I have been taking the opportunity to attend virtually every open/free screening around (one gets starved for them in Sydney). Since they have all started blurring in my mind, I'll recount my thoughts on just about anything I've seen lately.

It was actually my first ever Melb. super 8 Open Screening, and the messy euphoria of the occasion in the AFI theaterette easily communicated itself to me. Basically, I can like anything—or at least find some point of interest in it. So, that night, I even enjoyed the token 'student'/anecdotal film, Angry House, with its cute single idea, and its few alright inventive moves...it seems to me that one of the best things about the S8 group is that it so easily accommodates work like this (I'm thinking also of the Sharon Shostak film coming at the Film Festival) without the slightest 'cool' derision or whiff of excommunication.

I could also be enchanted and amazed at the incredible 'centered', unselfconscious ease with which Jo Hampton could (how knowingly?) revisit in about ten minutes virtually every station (including a few cliches) of 1960s-70s 'multi-media' performance art—rolling in front of the screen, striking a lighter to read her text, etc. I admire her nerve; but I'm also a bit troubled about this and quite a few other things I've seen lately. Now, I well know part of the 'ideology' of the Open Screening —

that lifeblood of urban film culture (sorry)—is the whole ethos of looseness, incompleteness, provisionality, etc. OK. But I wonder if some filmmakers like Jo are getting a bit lax over working on the condensed, electric, unique form which their diverse materials might ultimately take. Dirk De Bruyn's single frame S8 rushes (MIMA Open Screening) and any Dave Cox film you please also lead me to such thoughts. Jo's thing just drifted, drifted, drifted. Surely there's a secret, a particular organisation, to be still found in these (often poetic) images (the sounds I'm not so sure about). However, for the time being, in the present climate, I've embarked on a project called Personal Diary—Work In Progress, to be shown repeatedly, cumulatively, and with only slight variations each time, at every single Open Screening until either I die or the audience stops attending (whichever happens first)... 'Personal' film, 'diary' film, 'work in progress'...what the hell could you not show (and get away with it?) under such rubrics? I know this sounds reactionary but... and, horror of horrors, is even our finest structuralist-formalist Nick 'the mammoth' Ostrovskis falling prey to this all-in doesn't-matter-how-or-where-it-falls organisation of his ongoing imagery? Get back on the rails, Nick.

Lift Off and Poison Castle. For me, another problem with care over form. Sure, there's lots of performative energy going off like fireworks, and an obviously determined 'anti-academic', spontaneous 'party' approach...but I wonder how much Maj and Ewan really approach the language



of film in their films—the resources of camera, editing, precise image-sound conjunctions, etc. There's another kind of laxness or even sloppiness here which detracts from my enjoyment of the events acted. Lift Off I like better because there is a broad meeting between the filmic parameters—black and white, silent movie reference—and the on-screen mania. But I wonder how their work can evolve in any but a hit-and-miss manner. Then again, they probably couldn't care less about my 'academic' criticism, so boo!

Baby. Not my kind of film. I have a real aversion to 'dress up' post modern movies in the Fassbinder-Greenaway-Lynch mode, and this is surely the latest. My aversion is to their archness, and to their killing ambiguity—is Baby really claiming to be a parody/critique of the 'glamorous people' (Antonioni-style) or is it in fact, under this alibi, really indulging all these overripe, decadent Face/ID surfaces? When I watched it, all I could imagine was how much the filmmakers must have secretly loved doing all the costumes, set dressing etc—put on the screen with excruciatingly loving care—before the camera rolled (pity the mike was at the back of the room) and they pretended to be satirising it all. There's a class bias in my aversion, naturally (and ditto for Love In a Vacuum). At lights up, a glance at the beaut haircuts of the filmmakers concerned confirmed all my worst suspicions (and hatreds). Next film.

Mousoulis and La Rosa—an interesting pair. I'm glad Mark provided a statement on Private Island for us, because I really didn't have a clue what it was about—really. I could have hallucinated a few possible interpretative frames, however, if pushed. Was it about, 70s film theory style, the drama of Patriarchal Law oppressing Woman? Was it a Fun Girl-inspired misogynistic call to naughty girls to grow up, get home, and be responsible? A 'metaphysical TV' deconstruction of the Classical Hollywood reverse shot? To be frank, Mark's own reading is the last I would have racked my brain to produce. Mark said critically of Bill in the Yearbook—and

I agree with him—that sometimes his intentions/emotions aren't always conveyed by the shots. There's a question there for you, too, Mark. Then again, maybe everybody but me 'got' this film. Hmmm?

Embrace I liked a lot more than Glorious Day, I must say, another (to me) film fairly indifferent to second-to-second formal decisions, and too transparently Godardian for my taste—the start of Hail Mary with the end of Sauve Qui Peut. Embrace similarly lit up the 'Chantal Akerman' sign for me, but it was created, not quoted, thank heaven. A great formal idea—the progression into the close-up faces—and with great (chance?) emotional effects of 'soul' beauty in the pay-off. Watch your rigid 'signature' touches, Bill, like that song right on the Mousoulis cue, and the obligatory (Godardian) 'pre-credit' glimpse. But now for something really serious. Private Island, Physical World and Embrace are all films about 'spiritual'—not physical—contact; as a matter of opinion, I think they elevate some woolly 'mystical' realm completely above the 'merely' physical. Nothing personal, guys, but experience leads me to believe that such a demented 'world view' comes strictly and directly from a profound sexual frustration (the root, also, of the intermittent misogyny, and the male-buddy spiritualism descended from Spielberg, often wierdly homo-erotic). I'm damn sick of these mystical, magical, purely imagined 'connections'! Give me some sex! (I've just been to the Eddie Murphy film).

So, finally, some burning questions. Will Jo ever finally edit her childhood autobiographical footage? Will Dave Cox's filmic homages to Dziga Vertov—that 'work in progress' Spinning Top—ever bear the slightest resemblance to any second of any Vertov film? Will Bill and Mark ever be inspired to celebrate the 'merely' sexual? These questions and more will be debated in the next issue of Super Eight.



THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN FILM DISASTER

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

A few meetings ago Sarah Johnson asked us for ideas on where the Group should be going. Sarah didn't get any response at that time.

I thought we may get some feedback via the newsletter, but no - that hasn't been forthcoming. So I will stir the pot. Hopefully there will be disagreement or even agreement amongst you, so please let us know through your newsletter.

Our first and most important crisis is obtaining a permanent venue, suitable for screening films, and holding about 50 people.

The AFI Theatre was hot, stuffy, and rather cramped for us all. I believe it was free, so that's something. Perhaps we should try and arrange with Victorian Movie Makers, some sort of an agreement to use the hall and facilities for a small or no fee.

Our main problem is lack of funds. We have the talent, abilities and drive through our hardworking committee to put the Group at the top of the film industry in Victoria, if not Australia.

The rise and fall of a movie mogul

Assuming we don't get a grant, I would suggest the following to raise money:

1. Buy tax free film and sell it to members at a small profit to the Group, and to the person going to the time and trouble to arrange it.

2. Buying a striping machine, and doing our own striping (there's an Australian made machine which does balance and main stripe available from Home Talkie Co. in Sydney.) A small profit to the Group and the person who does the striping would possibly be in order.

3. Renting out equipment.

4. A buy and sell column through the newsletter at a small charge.

5. Finding a good, cheap repairer of equipment with a small fee for the Group.

6. Become our own production company. There is a lot of talent in the Group. Surely we could originate on Super-8 to later transfer to Broadcast Video or 16mm. material suitable for documentaries, short 5 minute fills for the ABC or SBS, who might pay. After recouping expenses, it could build up the Group's funds and pay fees to Crew. (Am I wishful thinking?)

Others may have better ideas, so let's hear them, because the Group has the potential to be really great, so let's see it happen.

Ian Poppins



The funding disaster threatens to set the Australian film industry back 10 years, according to one film-maker, and tarnish the reputations of some of the country's brightest big-screen stars.

nerd of the month

"What I mean is I want to make a picture that works from beginning to end, has a strong story, powerful characters and interesting situations that drive the story forward. And then present it in an interesting filmic light."

Who said this? The latest no-hoper graduate from Swinburne or the Film & TV School? John Calder, maybe? No, it was... SAM RAINI, the man who talks like a nerd and shoots like Raul Ruiz (Evil Dead II). Oh well...

RETURN OF A LIBRARY LOVER

★ PART TWO★

A SUPER 8 FILM BY RAOUL RUIZ★
TRANSLATION ~ MARK ZENNER

"I had lost my memories of that night, yet I remained attached to them," writes the narrating voice over a lateral travelling shot alongside an urban, tree-lined river that looks suspiciously like the Seine. The opacity of the statement - matched by the turbid surface of the water - comes from the polyvalent nature of the words "lost" and "attached": each is simultaneously a verb and a state-of-being. Such words are only too happy to function ambivalently. Consider "attached": a metaphor of strong affection, a conferring of value onto the lost "object", a conveying of urgency to the search for it, and a "literally" true statement from the physiological standpoint - inasmuch as one's diastem and frontal lobes are intact.

The statement provides the occasion for constructing the rather thread-bare narrative program of the search for the lost book, which will color the aimless-looking journeys along urban streets with a journey sense - the photic imprint of sun-shot frames dotting an illusory line to a destination.

An unnamed but gigantic cultural presence looms over "Library Lover", casting a benevolent shadow now part of an international spectrum, but claimed particularly by those Latin American countries who welcomed and assimilated that part of surrealism their language could share - especially from the late 1930s to the late 1940s. As part of a movement that is now a tradition, hence a nostalgia, the themes and structures of Borges do not in any way problematize the legitimacy of their presence in Ruiz's film - and certainly not from the standpoint of those who yearn, remember and dream: exiles and cine-mat audiences. Aren't both groups experts at being in two or more places at once? And at being, at least, two persons at once?

Aside from the fact that these spatio-temporal traits are also shared by the narrator, one can point out such Borgesian correlatives as the written universe whose endless cross-referencing is only a suffocating self-referencing; the motif of mirrors; the exchangeable notions of parallel times existing in one place and parallel places existing at one time; the turning-back of rational tools on themselves, the borrowing of reason's modes and forms for the expression of utter nonsense with all its i's dotted and t's crossed; the idea of a purely nominal existence in which things at every moment become what they are called - an idea with farbing consequences, to wit, that no reality pre-exists the artifice that creates it, and that if everything is artifice nothing is artifice; the Chinese-box structure of multiple containment, of reawakening from a dream into a previous one also contained within a previous dream and so on, in a potentially infinite series of accessions whose multiplicity of "awakening" subjects is used against the idea of "a" subject, the addition of what is hoped for subtracting from hope.

Typically, it is a question here of reflecting rather than correlating to these structural movements: the Chinese-box of containment reverses direction, the "subject" receding in a succession of dovetailing "siestas" that take us further and further away from any originary dreamer, exile or visitor and throw doubt on the independent status of the "reality" emanated by the narrator. In Borges, the subject diminishes by a progressive withdrawal of his psychical reflections; in Ruiz, by their progressive increase. That the results in both cases are the same says something for the intimacy with which essence and words cohabit among the viciously circular ruins of a language that has become the conscientious janitor of its own conceptual assumptions, endlessly "circulating" round the historical storage piling up on steeped galleries and frames. The expression "film library" also throws into relief the intertwined word-image embrace, the "feed" and "takeup" of a reclining figure-eight.

Libraries - monuments to the Word, built on a bipolar axis of definition, classification, the paradigmatically structured Category, and eternally revolving around it according to the law of the Dictionary - draw us irresistibly into a zone of Tautology, the self-perpetuating spin of a vortex in which commentaries cross-refer, records refer us back to others of their kind which point back to more

(all "documents of the times") in infinite regress, and categories refer to each other; in which one is referred by words to words which in turn refer to still other words, all without exception to be found within one and the same storehouse and nowhere else - revolving, devolving, forever returning around the "truth" whose dwindling substance and size they supposedly refer to but actually create, and finally, entomb in a totally circumscribed enclosure. Circumscribed - that is, encircled by script: the self-encirclement of a spiral, of celluloid, of words hermetically sealed. For libraries petrify: take a look at the faded printing and fading prints they house, sometime.

The disappearance of an ultimate referent implied in the destiny of the library is the pattern structurally given transient life in "Library Lover": the interreflexive clash of word and image, the oscillating pro and contra of meaning that cancels itself out to infinity - classically symbolized by our reclining figure-eight. Any subject who dares to appear in these facing mirrors tapers away on them to zero: the big round O of tautologies.

The importance of writing in "Library Lover" is obvious; that the film's form is a commentary on its theme is less so. With that, one comments on cinema. Simply repeating the normal case in cinema doesn't demonstrate it. Some displacement of the usual script-image relationship must be effected in order for the relation itself to have an effect: familiarity breeds blindness. Only by the refusal of the script to perform its usual functions can these, by being mined, be drawn attention to.

It becomes, therefore, a peculiarity of "Library Lover" that the importance of things is emphasized by their lack - which precisely mirrors the usual task of writing: the provision of a lack. This is the initial demonstration of writing's importance in the film. A lack, by definition, cannot be seen: it must be stated. The lack is a word: "pink". We read the lack first, then look to see if it is noticeable in the landscapes of "Santiago".

It isn't. Here is the first slight disjunction between the written and the seen: "pink" appears to have been chosen just because it is a color whose absence would never be noticed in a Latin American setting - and also,

perhaps, to imply a familiarity with this setting on the part of the narrator that gringo spectators necessarily lack. "Pink" is an economy. (As it turns out, and like most Latin American economies, a false one.) Another example of its disjunctive use: it is the color of a book missing from a bookshelf full of gaps, a gap among others, therefore a gap that must be pointed out - or who would notice any particular gap? Writing gives "the" article, articulates it, defines it. Unwritten absence would be the indefinite article par excellence - a silent and titleless movie. (The nightmare of an unarticulated library is developed to absurdist extremes in Borges's "Library of Babel".) The written absence is another economy, at the same time yoking the filmic universe labelled "Chile" to the all the appurtenances of the written universe - the library - while fulfilling some of its functions. Yoking the sensory to the literary in a material and mystical way, for the library contains both and writing encompasses both: the sensory pink of the book-cover can effect talismanic changes only because what it changes and what it contains correspond - a word-universe in sensual garb.

A secondary mode of displacement - one hardly noticed at first - is that of the Spanish narration from its subtitles: we read "pink" but hear "rose" (That the English translation did not use a word easily available to it could hardly have been an accident.) This alerts us to the tripartition of narrative "input", to become of importance as the film progresses: seeing, hearing, reading. That the common experience of the first two as a simultaneity disguises their actual displacement on the film material only brings home with greater force the extent to which the subtitles, as a genuine simultaneity are an inherent part of the imagery.

Writing, then, is emphasized in two ways: thematically and formally. It is both the content and the means of a provision - an articulated lack that names, and in naming annihilates, its subject.

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PART THREE NEXT MONTH

EMBRACE (1988, 8 min)

"FALSE RAPTURE" (SECRETS OF SIN)

A textual reading by Bill Mousoulis

PREFACE: Several people have asked me what the God-damn-hell my film means, so for the purpose of this piece I currently awake myself from Intuition Slumber and attempt an objective, critical analysis. Good luck, Bill.

YOUNG VICTIMS OF MANS DESIRES

"In the explosive point of contact between what the star actually projects, and what the fan longingly invests, a soul is born." Cinema Papers Mch, '88, Adrian Martin, "Confessions of a Mask"

The placement of this quote at the head of Embrace clearly marks the film as a theoretical exercise, in the sense of the film being a cinematic exposition of the quote. Or, more precisely, the quote delineates the general notional space of the film, as a facilitation of audience reading (one could be unkind and say that the film lacks faith in its images speaking for themselves). So let's read.

The initial irony (or calculated strategy) of Embrace is that its 'stars' are simply ordinary, everyday people. Similarly, the action of the film is reduced to a bare minimum. This immediately opens up the signification processes—the scenario functions absolutely as a premise, a springboard for the film's concerns (of which 'waiting' is ultimately not one).

Embrace is concerned with the dream and act of 'connection'—how people spiritually embrace each other (vis-a-vis the cinema; and more generally, in life [is there a difference?]). This concern finds its introductory representation in the scenario itself—four separate people 'sharing' the one space. The sound track also highlights this, by maintaining a continuity of sound (first traffic noise, then a song) over changing images. (Yes, 'over', not 'under', as sound plays an important role [as described] in the film.) But clearly this is the film showing intratextual connection, which is really the secondary element to the film.

NOW SHOWING
A PLOT SO
FANTASTIC
NO ONE
DARED
BELIEVE
IT!

SEE
WHY
MEN
WHO
PLAY
MUST
PAY!



FIRST
SHOWING



A
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NOW
SHOWING
and
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WEEK



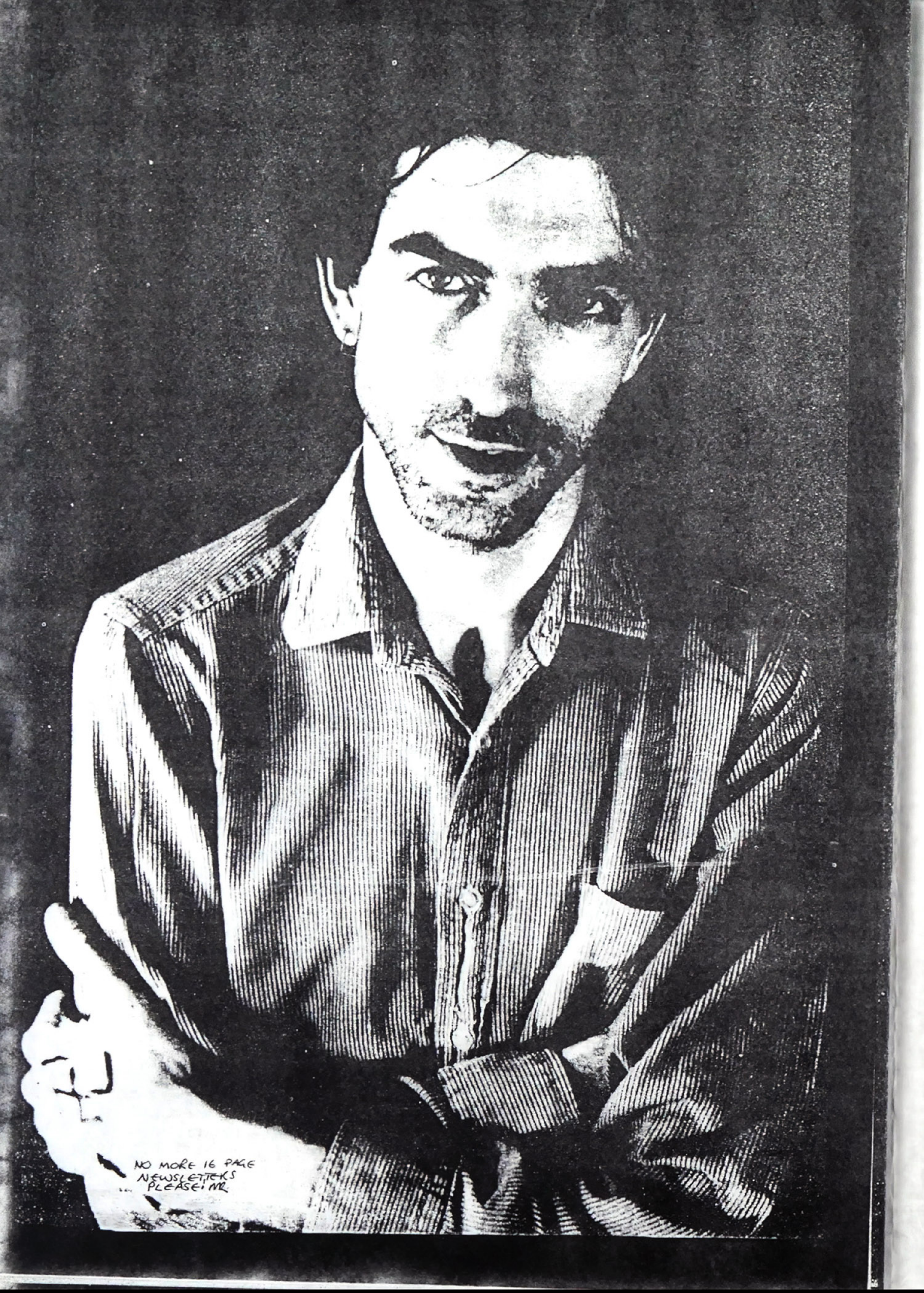
The faces of Embrace are potent minefields of signification for the viewers of the film. What's on show (once the self-conscious element is eliminated) is not the confessions of the Hollywood/glamour mask, but the confessions of the ordinary human face. Embrace is a scrupulously honest film—by denying the projection of 'something', what is there to be seen is everything. The film ultimately is about the actors—their lives, their feelings, etc — and thus a reflection of the audience. The title of the song used in the film—"Come See About Me"—also propounds (if one were to take it literally) an operation of sublime empathy via 'looking'.

Of course, the song itself is about 'love', from which perspective one is obliged to view and understand the characters in the film. But because there are four people in the film, and not two or one, this understanding is suitably abstracted (to fit the film's generalized theme of connection).

To sum up, Embrace takes Adrian Martin's quote from Cinema Papers, pushes it to an ironical limit, and then disperses its meaning in a rapture of association: love, looking, screen, spectator, invitation, connection. **IT'S NO SIN TO SEE 2ND HIT "FORBIDDEN SIN"**

WIERD ORGIES
WILD PARTIES
UNLEASHED
PASSIONS





NO MORE 16 PAGE
NEWSLETTERS
PLEASE! MR.

R. KERN



"What choice have I got? I'm lucky I can afford it."

Richard Kern is New York's premiere underground filmmaker and has received no awards. He's famous for being kicked out of the Ritz for showing such classics as The Evil Cameraman and Submit Now. He shot his legendary Right Side of my Brain and Fingered on Kodack's super 8 black and white film.

"The only philosophy I have is to try to not be boring. I try to put in movies what I'd like to see myself. Fingered is the ultimate of that stuff. Not just what happens but in watching it, I'm personally interested all the way through, which is unusual for me. It goes by really fast and in theory there's no dead spots.

"There is a fine line between what is called art and what's entertainment. There's this situation in the avante garde where if you consider yourself part of it, or an avante garde critic, you have this dilemma every time you see something new, wondering if your not liking it makes you a conservative. It's gone so far at this point that I wanted to see what they'd say to something that is strictly sex and violence. In theory it has no redeeming social value, but of course, some could easily be read into it.

"A photograph doesn't move and today the majority of people are only interested in moving images, particularly in tv. Now, after MTV has changed the world, it takes so much to grab their attention. I can't imagine being a student now and having to sit there for eight hours a day. Everything must be so boring to them, they're used to a much more intense and shorter form of entertainment.

"There are all these stupid ideas about film, like that an eight second shot is how long it takes for the audience to see something. But if you watch something for eight seconds you'll think it's really long. Rock videos and commercials use second and half second cuts.

"I don't work in the traditional sense. Myself and whoever don't sit down, write a script, go over and over it and then give it to someone to read.

"If you have a black guy in a movie and he does something stupid you run the risk of being called a racist. Put a green guy in there it's going to be the same thing. Due to the feminist movement any reflection on, of, or about woman is going to be judged more critically than the same reflection about men. It's purely a matter of hypersensitivity. For example you would think that everyone at the Village Voice was a Black, gay, Jewish woman - such is their degree of hypersensitivity to certain subjects.

"I never watch tv. Just the sound of a regular tv program or canned laughter, or commercials, the sound alone can send me into a horrible depression. It conjures up memories like sitting under my mother's ironing board while she ironed. I had to stay there and watch the tv. It's particularly the sound, not so much the image, that brings the depression.

"I haven't had any time lately to watch movies. The thought of sitting down in front of something else for entertainment makes me think that I have nothing else better to do with my time than to give a half hour or two hours to someone else and let them manipulate me.

"I'm more concerned with personal censorship, I'm not interested in challenging the censorship that comes out of the government because it doesn't really exist to me. For me it's more of a challenge to the audience and individuals rather than governments. Most liberal intellectuals seem to miss the point because their social consciousness stands in their way. Just like the P.M.R.C. they're too concerned with what is good for other people and what they should and should not see. I'm more concerned with the individual's ability to decide those things for his or her self. There is no good or bad.

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THE 37TH MELBOURNE FILM FESTIVAL

SUPER 8 PROGRAM

June 17-26, 1988

(More info next newsletter)

<u>... OF EVERYTHING</u>	Gary Warner	<u>FLOWER ANIMATION</u>	Nick Ostrovskis
<u>WIRE</u>	Mark Freeman	<u>LIFT OFF 1887</u>	Maj Green et al
<u>TV REPORTER</u>	Ian Haig	<u>DAMSEL IN DISDRESS</u>	Sharon Shostak
<u>EMBRACE</u>	Bill Mousoulis	<u>WHITE WOMAN</u>	Anne-Marie Crawford
<u>MR. BENEVOLENT</u>	Chris Windmill	<u>35 SUMMERS</u>	Mark Titmarsh
<u>SIMPTOONS THE MOVIE</u>	Kym Sansovini	<u>PRIVATE ISLAND</u>	Mark La Rosa
		<u>MILK AND A CUP OF TEA</u>	Esther Haskell

FILMS COULD BE IMAGINED...

Films could be imagined in which real violence would, for once, speak. The white cloth stretched across the back of a black tunnel is usually open to the soporific, the complaisant, to misrepresentations and the circulation of the small change of fantasies. Once more cinema might become surprising, once more necessary.

What would speak then would be a struggle, materially inscribed on this white surface at the end of a black tunnel; a conflict of forms, meaning and material. The film would be a documentary of this struggle.

This conflict would not be a spectacle. A side has to be taken, the struggle has to be

joined; unless one could be satisfied with the worst, being a spectator—at a film: a shadow among shadows.

In the film: but the film is not a receptacle or a filter. What circulates, transforms itself, generates itself *between* these words, their resistance and the resistance of the material—concrete materials: cameras and microphones and—less malleable—faces, bodies, ways of speaking. And more: light, wind, shadows . . .

For instance, a man would be seen struggling with a text, its material nature: meter, scansion, sound and sense. At grips *with* a language, neither his own nor of his time, but strongly actualized by these distances, their effect of strangeness, at first disquieting and later curiously familiar. Slowly being burned by the sun—not spotlights—his lips cracking, his skin reddening. His voice, his rhythm, the way it carries, all subjected to the rivalry of the wind. This discourse would be caught in a tight network of other discourses, victorious over other resistances: fatigue, the sun, or again, the wind; or the murmur rising

up from the town, its crowds or traffic; or yet again, the regular flow of a fountain.

And these discourses, these resistances, their fusion and clash; their web, tissue and texture would be inscribed in struggles for power, passions, interests, desires. Here could be read other forces, other struggles, other resistances: the fall of an Empire or impossible Love. In any case, history, that is, politics.

So there would be History, men and women, and blocks—not scenes. Each film would be a game between blocks—of unequal duration—spaced far apart, where the spac-

1973— from an article by Jean-Andre Fieschi on Straub/Hullet



ing would play as well; where the spacing, its distance, the blank and the ellipse, the suppression of narrative articulations through which cinema ordinarily displays its infirmity—in short, the interval, as Vertov would have said, would be a figure. Where everything would be a sign: emptiness as well as fullness, words as well as silence, immobility as well as movement. Where the film would say that it was to be read, as reality is to be read so that it can be transformed. And there one would be, facing it as unarmed, or as armed, as in reality. Where what would be given to read, understand and transform would no longer be significations—fixed, arrested, dead—but relationships of material meanings.

Delivering no message but a sign, in its way, that the shock can begin, and here or by others be brought to its term.

At the most, the indication of this shock, the sign of the fissure, the euphoria of destruction (why not destroy? she says) which knows somewhere that it is the first stone. It is seen, which is already a great deal.

Cinema without filiation—without origins, one might be tempted to say; but such an affirmation no sooner risked than it would seem deceptive. Here too it is just the opposite: it is the business of works of rupture to reinvent their precursors. Have the films of Dreyer been seen—their violence, their desire, their aleatory and peremptory form?

HOMAGE TO DeBBle V.

CARRY ON UP THE TOILET (UK, 1973)

A film with a limited release but a long running time. A film that began a movement, creating a real flush of excitement. So loose it will send you around the S bend. Don't wipe this one off.

We trust you will both enjoy and be challenged by this film.

(and film fatale)

AUSTRALIAN DREAM

Jackie McKimmie, Australia, 1987. 35mm, 86 mins.

A prime cut comedy that doesn't mince words about life in Queensland. The electioneering butcher with a steak in his future, the wife who wants her chop, the male stripper who is far from tender and the suburban barbie that puts the fat in the fire. A social-vealist satire.



OPEN SCREENING

tues. may 17th, 7:30pm

afi theatrette

avant garde

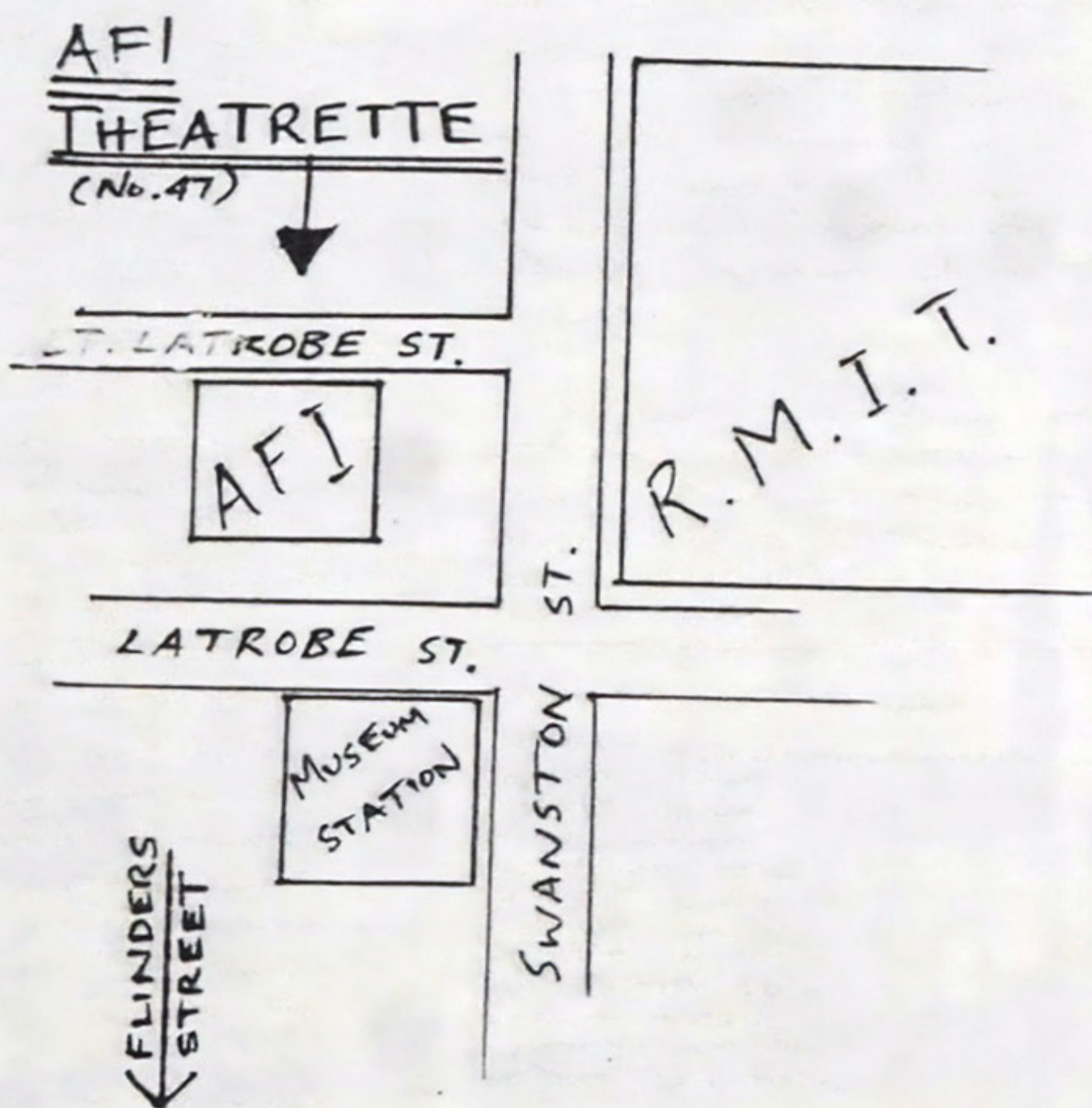
!experimental!

"ART"

NOW IT CAN BE SHOWN

BYO

FILM OR VIDEO (ANY GAUGE)



HOW I LOST MY EXISTENTIAL VIRGINITY WHILE
REMAINING TRANSCENDENTALLY CELIBATE

- Justin Thorpe with Barry Branchflower



"This box contains my film....it is not for you to see." - LARS.

Justin Thorpe relates his first impressions of Sydney performance film-making.

"I was drawn to this screening like a fly to (an open door.)" (I cleaned up that metaphor in the final draft - BB.) Posters with small type in the centre of a large mass of white were all over the inner city. The venue was well chosen in a potentially derelict building in inner suburban Woolloomooloo (which I fondly file mentally under S for Sheepdunny-cowdunny - BB.)

Existential Super-8

A convergence
For the
exponentially disabled
and otherwise
ideologically impaired

xxxx xxx xx xxxxxx
xxx St. 8 p.m. xxxx xxx
Woolloomooloo

Arriving from the beach and looking very 'Sydney' in a rainbow BYTE top, MAMBO board shorts and match-stick legs, I encountered these entities floating around the space in dyed black hair and neck to toe noir, with the occasional gothic cross.

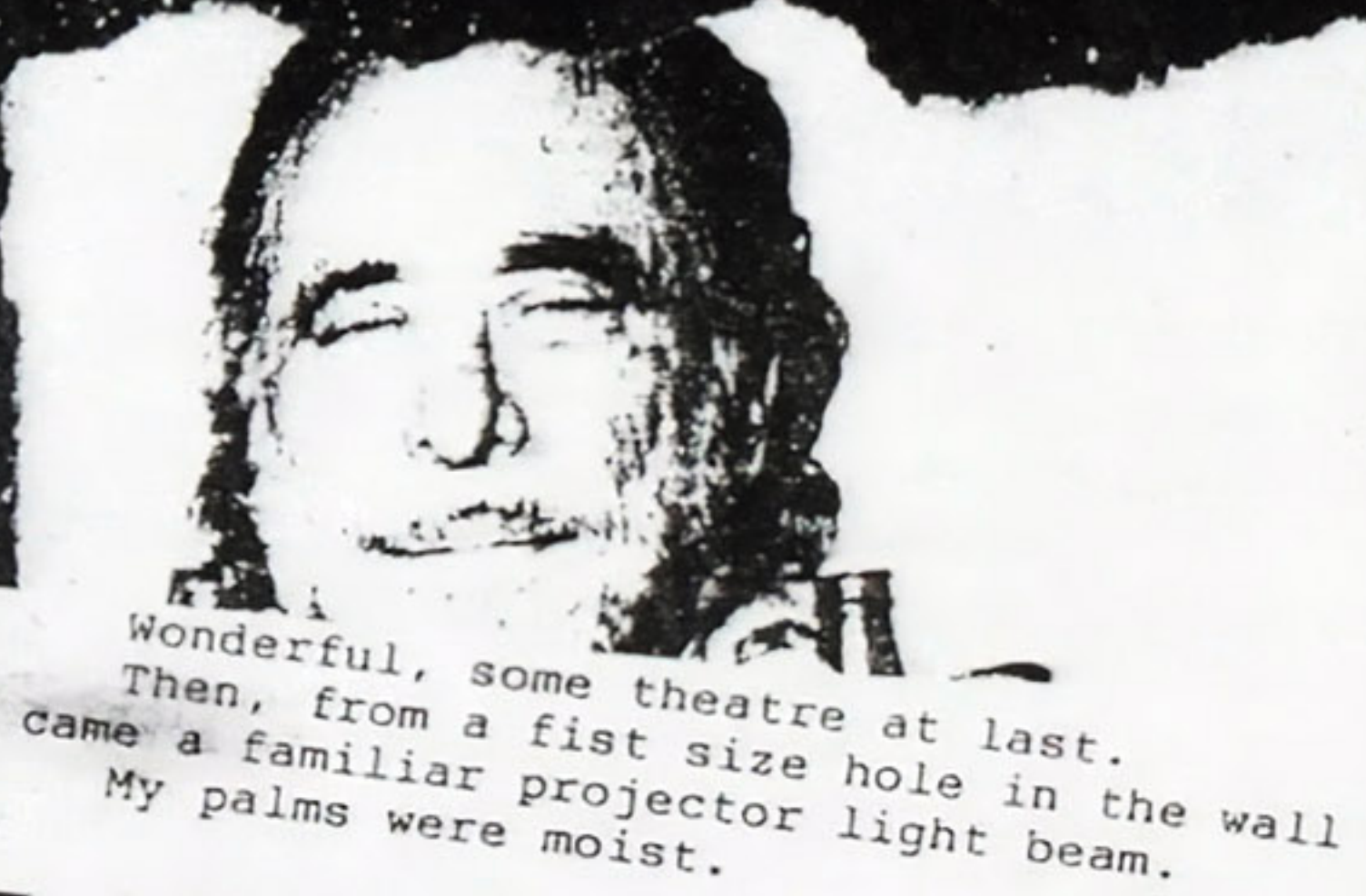
The room - with pink, formerly blue walls, casting off paint like dead skin (reminding me of what my back would be like in a couple of days - BB) - had no projector and not even a table; hardly what I expected for a film screening.

When I asked if there were any chairs:
"We wouldn't want people to presume that we expected them to sit down."
Most people sat anyway.
8 o'clock passed; still no visible projector.

By 8:30 I had memorized the programme - "...in no mandatory order" - merely listing the film ('s') (-makers?) names.

I can not even trust if that was the order they appeared.

8:45 - the fluoros twitched off; replaced by blue.



Wonderful, some theatre at last. Then, from a fist size hole in the wall came a familiar projector light beam. My palms were moist.

'ADRIANA' wandered in like she was looking for a soma fix and sank, cross-legged to the floor slightly off centre (left of?) and commenced to unravel a film spool all over herself. (Don't take up knitting 'Adriana', it'd drive you insane - BB.) Eventually she was carried off by two colleagues, still entwined, still unravelling.



'KIMA', of indeterminate sex, strided in (not quite a stride, almost a mince - BB), placed a film canister immaculately between two buckled feet (shoes not toes - BB) and commenced to remove items of clothing. From there, carried out by 'Adriana's' mates, canister still between feet, sex still undetermined.

'LARS' just seemed to appear; betrayed by cat lint under the black light in an otherwise disembodied skivvy.

Hands together at waist level. Lights up. He is holding (I brace myself) a - package. "This box contains my film. It is a personal statement to myself. It is not for you to see." (And I was worried about the chairs?)



'Lars' raises an arm and tosses the packet over his shoulder.

Projector shuts off; cat lint retreats to one corner.

"There were other less disciplined segments which could hardly be associated with film ...and I hope it wasn't theatre" adds Justin.

This really was theatre about film, about censorship, and the imprisonment of freedom, in a very free form, of course. Justin took in a deep breath as he left a cigarette-ash trail through his heavily gelled hair.

"As I splashed water on my face in the sheep dunny (- also cleaned up - BB) I thought: I'm definitely going home to the real world, to bed and to my dreams."



PRIVATE ISLAND

MARK LA ROSA ON MARK LA ROSA

Hitchcock's Psycho reveals the anxieties of Norman Bates and Marion Crane, but it is also a film that suggests that people have deep, dark secrets. For me, the possibility exists that when they knock off from work at the end of the day, the office boss, the car salesman, and the cop all experience gnawing doubts about the very nature of existence. For most of the day they can keep such doubts at bay by throwing themselves into their work, but they know that when they retire to bed they'll have to confront the Big Questions yet again.

I'm 8,000 times more relaxed than I used to be.

I see the scene where the cop questions Marion by the roadway as bubbling with suggestions—not only in the dialogue, but also in the situation presented: the lonely stretch of road, the utter silence (rare in drama film soundtracks), but most of all the sight of two strangers speaking so close to each other in such a deserted place. I've fantasized of Marion and the cop being in a never-never land, perhaps a post-apocalyptic land. In such a place, where civilization is nowhere to be seen, the cop can stop playing the role of cop. He could throw away his shades and confide in this young woman, and she in him. A new relationship could form.

I am shy. When I get with people get headaches. I panic in silences.

When Marion speaks of her search for a "private island", I know the cop would desperately like to join her—anything to get away from that damn lonely road.

I have seen more pairs of breasts than you would care to imagine.

I can't live in Australia any more. The light hurts my eyes.

BOOK REVIEW

AMORAL FICTIONS PUBLISHING PRESENTS

AUTOPORTRAIT by Simon Cooper

After Autoportrait the film (voted by Simon Cooper the best S8 film of 1987), Autoportrait the 'Splash' Event (curated by Simon Cooper and featuring the smash hit Autoportrait) and Autoportrait the Cantrills Filmnotes article (in which Simon Cooper proposes the existence of an Autoportrait genre), comes ...

Autoportrait the book, perhaps the most daringly egocentric book of this or all time. Coincides with the release of Simon Cooper's new film Autoportrait II.

Contains four essays by Mark La Rosa on Autoportrait and a preface by Simon Cooper : "I, Me, Mine" . Price: \$50.95



Sarah (note the money in hand) Johnson and Bill (the Mammoth) Mousoulis at the May Open Screening confronting the editors of this newsletter. Sorry to them, and to you, dear reader. (But it was worth it)

CAMERA FOR SALE
 Elmo IoI25 XL Camera
 200ft load, sound, 18 or 24 fps
 Single frame capability, all
 accessories. Perfect condition.
 \$800 or nearest offer (!)
 Ring Greg (non-theorist) Nelson
 6999I98

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