

SUPER EIGHT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE MELBOURNE SUPER-8 FILM GROUP NO.29 SEPT '88



Heinz Boeck and David Cox at the Super-8 Festival

*Special
Festival
Issue*

The Films

THURSDAY 7:30 p.m.

THE BIG FREAK SHOW (4 mins)

Dir: Mark Freeman

A celebration of things unique.

THE WHITE ANTS (8 mins)

Dir: Brendan T. Murray

This film uses footage of labourers and machinery going about their business in a Melbourne firewood yard. That footage has been slowed down and treated in various ways via an optical printer. A soundtrack has been devised to emphasise the effort and anachronism involved in the work. (From the B.T.Murray school of 'realo-impresso' film-making.)

GAIJIN NO GAIJIN (27 mins)

Dir: Lis Aroney

An Australian girl achieves fame as a pop singer in Japan.

MY REDEEMER LIVETH (6 mins)

Dir: Sarah Johnson

They went out and made new cities, they went out leaving an old and tired world and found a new world. They went under the name of God, and they transformed forever, those paradises they found.

MR. BENEVOLENT (10 mins)

Dir: Chris Windmill

Mr. Benevolent is a film wherein three totally unimportant nobodies define their relationship to Alan Bond. The film catalogues Alan's achievements and tells how he has won the hearts of the three nobodies.

★★ INTERVAL ★★

ISLAND (10 mins)

Dir: Paul Cox

16mm. (Shot on Super-8)

A remake of Time Past, Island completes the 'film poem' trilogy. Filmed in rephotographed Super-8, the film was shot on a Greek island: the maze-like streets, white-washed buildings, and strange shadows forming important cinematic motifs. The poem by Paul Cox, which concerns intense homesickness and isolation, is the basis of the film, forming the 'narrative' thread.

POISON CASTLE (12 mins)

Dir: Maj Green & Ewan Cameron

Horror - Comedy - The phantom - The princess - her baby - Death - and a Dragon. Performance art on film.

THE CITY THEORY (2 mins)

Dir: Simon Cooper

Nice place. if you look at it like that.

WHITE WOMAN (4 mins)

Dir: Anne-Marie Crawford

She hides in little cracks. She is able to get herself in behind the edges of doors. She can squeeze herself into these maze-like crevices and go in and in. Further and further inside so that no-one can find her.

FLOWER ANIMATION (4 mins)

Dir: Nick Ostrovskis

No thorns. Flowers are animated using a gamut of techniques. I was interested in bright color and slow moving relaxing images. Parts are kaleidoscopic. In one section flowers slowly sprout out of each other. Ends with a hibiscus. Gardeners need not pay admission.

FILM # 3 (18 mins)

Dir: Heinz Boeck

Experimental narrative - the multiple textures of the small moments of sensory experience are drawn into a web of interplay between interior subjective being and the external world of imperatives. The story - segments from the life of Kim.

FRIDAY 7:30 p.m.

ANGEL DUST (10 mins)

Dir: Richard Wolstencroft

ANOTHER TURN OF THE WHEEL (12 mins)

Dir: Sue McCauley

THE DOG (7 mins)

Dir: Ingrid Moltz

A man goes to the milk bar to buy some bread and some chocolate.

REHEARSING with Juan Davila and Robert Neri (15 mins)

A film by Laleen S. B. Jayamanne

An attempt to work through some problems in A Song of Ceylon by staging a combat of sorts between two men and some photographs from different cultures and genres.

KNOWING ME, KNOWING YOU (6 mins)

Dir: Bill Mousoulis

Bill Mousoulis: Abba, Michael Hutzak, Bruce Springsteen, Julianne Phillips, David Parkin, Alan Johnson, John Coleman, Roland Barthes, Belinda Carlisle.

★★ INTERVAL ★★

PRIVATE ISLAND (5 mins)

Dir: Mark La Rosa

"I'm looking for a private island..."

M FOR MURDER (8 mins)

Dir: Robert Jankov

Sequence of events culminating in the killing of a young man in his bathroom. Beginning with the preparation of the murder weapon through to his gruesome fate.

OPERATIC (15 mins)

Dir: Daniel Flood & Nik Flood

Comedy. A famous Melbourne opera singer sings with her offside entertaining on the streets - loses her popularity and cries herself to death.

LOVE IN A VACUUM (30 mins)

Dir: Fritha Borland, Bryant George, Mathew McCaughey

"Is Love in a Vacuum 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 over-ripe, decadent 'Face'/'ID' surfaces?"

- Adrian Martin, Super-8 newsletter

SATURDAY 7:30 p.m.

TWO THOUGHTS (5 mins)

Dir: Melissa Smith

MR. KINO - "MAN BILONG WORKIM PIKSA" (The Picture Worker) (15 mins)

Dir: Mark Worth

Mr. Kino and his cine eye present magazine travelogues and camera larrikinism in Papua New Guinea, Fiji, Indonesia, and Australia.

WOUNDED HEART (8 mins)

Dir: Lilly Fisher

Boundaries/Tension/man and woman/love and hate/love still alive. An exploration of visual metaphorical tableaux.

LITTLE WILLIE (10 mins)

Dir: Aleksandar Kozaric

VACANT MIND HOUSE (25 mins)

Dir: Yurri Azic

My home, my planet. Property's mine, property's mind.

★★ INTERVAL ★★

A FILM BY ANDREW FITZROY (5 minutes)

Dir: Andrew Fitzroy

Man's formidable desire for life.

THE OBELISK (30 mins)

Robert Ratti & Carlo Golin

The seaside, England 1934. Hilda and Ernest go walking.

MAGNIFIED CRUMBS OF KINDNESS (20 mins)

Dir: 20 mins

Dir: Marcus Bergner

Filmed in the kitchens of Rosati Cafe. The diary of a kitchen hand. A poetical documentary.

ONUS ON US (150 mins)

Dir: David Cox

A film in the process of making itself. If you've got a camera, make it.



The Roundup

Here it is, the roundup after the event.

Several people were asked to write on any (number) of the films, and at any length.

Here are their responses.



from the director:

HI Y'ALL. SETTING UP THE FESTIVAL TOOK ABOUT TWO WEEKS PART-TIME WORK, A WEEK FULL TIME WORK AND JUST UNDER TWO WEEKS EVERY-WAKING-HOUR-TIME WORK. AT TIMES IT TOOK ON NIGHTMARISH PROPORTIONS, ESPECIALLY ONE RAINY FRIDAY WHEN I WAS TRYING TO CUT THE POSTERS TO SIZE USING AN INDUSTRIAL PAPER GUILLOTINE IN PRAHRAN WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY OPERATING A PHOTOCOPIER TO PRODUCE FLYERS IN CHADSTONE, AND ALL THE WHILE DIVING INTO PHONE BOXES TO RING FILM-MAKERS TO FIND OUT WHY I HADN'T RECEIVED THEIR FILMS YET. INCLUDED IN THIS HORROR-COMEDY SCENARIO ARE EVENTS SUCH AS THE PAPER GUILLOTINE MALFUNCTIONING AND ME SPILLING THE PHOTOCOPY TONER (AN INSIDIOUS BLACK POWDER) ALL OVER THE OFFICE'S CREAM COLOURED CARPET. BUT AT LEAST I GOT PAID (\$300!), WHICH IS MORE THAN CAN BE SAID FOR SARAH JOHNSON, CHRIS WINDMILL AND BILL MOUSOULIS WHO DID A LOT OF THE WORK AND WITHOUT WHOSE HELP THE WHOLE THING WOULD HAVE BEEN A COMPLETE SHAMMOZLE. SO THANKS TO THEM, AND ALSO TO CHRIS RUSSELL WHO DID ALL THE ART WORK AT DIRT CHEAP RATES. FOR ME IT WAS ALL WORTHWHILE WHEN THERE WERE GOOD CROWDS EACH NIGHT. SO GOOD-ONYERALL FOR TURNING UP. BYE NOW,

MARK FREEMAN

from David Cox:

An interesting variety of films. It tended to feature the same old names (of which, of course, I am one) but that's to be expected. Nice to see things "loosening up" a bit at the festival. There was a sense of relaxed chat between films - less of the serious foyer posing. The guitarist at interval was a nice touch.

My favourite film was Heinz Boeck's Film No.3. It risked being what our resident tin-man print media (sorry!) guru Adrian Martin would call "funky" - but saved itself with recourse to the careful stylized polemic, e.g. the moulding of the army canteen out of fibre glass reflecting the moulding of Australian cinema out of nationalistic myths and vice versa. Another favourite was Bill Mousoulis' Knowing Me, Knowing You.

The popularity of the festival with the anarchists I think gives testimony to the extreme level of it's organization. Thanks to Mark and organizers for their help and support of Onus On Us - especially to Dave, the extremely cool bio-box technician/projectionist.

from Chris Windmill:

With Gaijin No Gaijin, Lis Aroney has created a spellbinding narrative from two simple ingredients: rambling, all-over-the-place travel images (some are trashy, some are adorable - "talk about a 'Super-8' effect"); and a soundtrack wherein one Australian traveller tells another about herself and Japan. The strength of the script and the performance make this film shine out from the other ten story films in the festival.

The travelogue footage snakes in and around the invented biography, sometimes supporting it, sometimes colouring it in, sometimes ignoring it and standing alone (especially the dance sequence which is virtually a self-contained documentary.) The reality the pictures represent is reinterpreted to demonstrate the ascent of the Australian traveller into the Queen of Japanese pop music.

The actress Skye Francis Wong and Lis Aroney have since collaborated on another film, Make My Day, screened at the Melbourne Film Festival. It's worth a look. Skye Francis-Wong is again called upon to deliver a charismatic pseudo-biographical monologue, although it lacks the simple entertainment value of Gaijin No Gaijin.

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Film No. 1 by Haina Bovek suffered a bit of the "could-have-been-great"ness that afflicted a number of the festival's films. Good performance, photography, soundtrack and well-described story ideas were undermined by a few scenes which just looked at things for minutes on end. As a device to suggest brooding and melancholy this is fine by me until the point when, that idea having been expressed, the camera rolls in. I particularly liked the appearance of the beetle insect, a homage to Kafka, I surmise.

Angel Dust by Richard Weinstein was worth including in the festival as an example of someone who's just about got their picture-making techniques flying, but has yet to find something worth filming.

Ingrid Belta (whose film opens with Old Man and H2O will live forever) had a less successful go at taking a kind of non-existent story, filming it with anti film technique, and ending it enigmatically... I guess she was hoping to make a playful story that was as cheaply Super-8 as possible. (A good example of this kind of contrived naivete is the first scene in The Marine Biologists' It's All Yours, which is a bit more overt.) Anyway I'll always be interested seeing her films and with M. Hatak and A. Foot as stars, who could resist The Dog.

(Incidentally, Hatak and Foot's films, respectively Macbeth's Greatest Hits and Three Wide Angles, went on tour to Venezuela so Melbourne missed out... hopefully next year.)



Mousoulis and Poppins

From Ian Poppins:

FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES - SUPER-8 STYLE

Rolled along to the Glasshouse (non-basketball type) to see some Super-8 films. I arrived slightly early as usual, and there was hardly anyone there.

If there was a curtain to hold in the theatre, it held until 7:40. By this time, the theatre filled up, and some actually sat in the aisles, although there were some empty seats.

The highlights of the first half, for me, were Angel Dust and The Dog. No doubt these are reviewed in full elsewhere, so I won't bore you with my inept criticism.

Bill Mousoulis' Knowing Me, Knowing You made me think of the fairy tale which has the line "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the prettiest of them all?" Lo and behold, Bill appears in the mirror. No further comment as he is sub-editing this.

Interval of about 25 minutes, and Dean Lyster sung in the foyer. Whilst not a rock and roll fan, and it was a bit loud for me, I thought Dean did a good job.

The highlights of the second half were M for Murder and Love in a Vacuum. Mark La Rosa's Private Island drew laughter and applause from the audience, the only film to do so.

As a maker of holiday type Super-8 films, I'm rather envious of the talent that thinks up and creates all these films, and why it is so worthwhile going to see these films.

From Bill Mousoulis:

A Top Ten list is worth a thousand words.

In preferential order:

1. M for Murder
2. Flower Animation
3. Private Island
4. My Redeemer Liveth
5. The City Theory
6. The Big Freak Show
7. White Woman
8. Magnified Crumbs of Kindness
9. Vacant Mind House
10. Little Willie



Dean Lyster, Friday interval

Notes on some festival films which I found entertaining:

Paul Cox's *Inland* is a painterly travelogue of a Greek island. Deep luminous ultramarine contrasts with bright white washed dwellings. Many effective fleeting shots were used to explore village streets. It shows what a skilful filmmaker Cox is. Excellent!

Anne-Marie Crawford's *White Woman* consists of grainy raphotographed imagery which reminds me of Chris Knowles' early work. Anne-Marie sings. Miriam Martin plays the ukulele and a nondescript woman in a long white dress glides about some foliage. A 30 min. piece, but good.

Mr. Benevolent by Chris "THE BISON" Windmill was popular with the audience. It lampoons the Bush empire. Swan layer, the winged keel, Taylor Lakes, Channel 9 and Sky channel are all referred to. "If it's Boney's it's got to be good for ya." I could only hope that the steaming 6.00 a.m. dog stools on my nature strip ARE collected by some entrepreneurial young school leaver.

Maj Green
in
Operatic



Operatic by the Floods is a whacky B+W comedy similar to Maj Green's *Mr. Fat*. An opera singer becomes depressed about her stagnating career and drowns in a deluge of tears. I cracked up.

Love in a Vacuum shows how pretentious the art world becomes as soon as money and fashion appear. Terrific lighting effects were employed.

The Obelisk. Here Super-8 is handled strongly in a narrative way. It had the illusion of the English seaside in 1934, even though I had a glimpse of the You Yongs in the background. Good acting. ■

from Mark C. Zenger:

In the space of a newsletter I can hope to do no more than scratch and in other ways despoil the surface of a 9-hour flow of images marking it, at the tip of a wet stylus, with a highly personalized articulation. And so this is less a critically considered article than a selective chronicle of responses.

Lia Agency's *Gaijin No Gaijin* uses camera movement, editing, and image-texture to sensually transmit the irreducible differences between cultural bodies (taking that word in both its literal and extended senses.) The confrontation of orient and occident translated into a confrontation of filmic methods, pegged on the broadly chronological itinerary of an Australian country town girl who "made it" as a pop chanteuse on Japanese T.V. The extremely methodical ceremonialia of Japanese life - extreme in their ubiquitous visibility - play off against a journalistic absence of method, the "individual" openness to new experiences that westerners fondly like to believe about themselves - as if the "absence of method" was not in itself a method. What the Japanese are shown to acknowledge, and what occidentals disguise, is that every perceptual experience is already a mode of perceiving, has always already turned into its own sign to be decoded against a matrixial idea of possibilities already in place.

Intercut with the girl's arrival, a colorfully articulated street-parade takes us from shaky zip-pans, jagged editing, and grainy textures to smooth electric zooms and tripod set-ups, and back again. We oscillate from the darting glances, the roughly discontinuous "jottings" and hand-held "subjectivity" of the visitor who is impelled to demonstrate a response to everything, to the impassive protocols of a culture whose modes of existence, insofar as shared by all who inhabit it, have been minutely divided and coded over an immensity of time in which every function of the (collective) body has become the performance of an idea, a graphically predestined sign to be written into a determinate totality that gives it its meaning - "articulates" it, as we say.

(continued) →



Happy festival goers

Visually, the film steadys out from the jagged/smooth montage opposition to the glittering camerawork depicting Japan's after-hours life, then returns to a relatively casual verite style unified by a voice-over interview, our self-admitted "celebrity" code - completing a process in precise correspondence to the function-saturation of its visible field by a culture becoming aware of itself, historically. The basic unit of that visible field is the (public) body, Japan's dense urban mass, readily transmuted by the filmmaker into the undulating fluorescence of ideographs on a wet street surface - conductor of a signifying flow - then to the colors sinuously caressing the amorphous bodies in a dance club, liquefying their contours with electric tips that trace the schemata of the body's will, marking the emphases of a coded performance whose completion brings to birth an idea - smooth as ink on vellum.

This, then, is the signifying body of Japan shown us by Aroney: blanketed by a text worn down and smoothed over by the unselfconscious ceremonies of daily practice - a finished surface, crudely misapprehended by the small-town rock'n'roller creaming her denims on the colorful glosses of a "deep" culture. Even allowing for a truly impressive mediocrity - in evidence throughout on the soundtrack - spectators are likely to reach diametrically opposite conclusions. Japanese culture is its surface, entirely: a laminated and "inscrutable" shell completely enclosing the private Japanese, who can be a "private" individual as few others can. It is on the contrary the occidental, demonstrating individuality only by reactions, who constantly divides and disperses himself, truly at the mercy of the collective.

(It must be noted in passing that it is by no means the West or western culture here shown in collision with Japan, but an illegitimate, transplanted, second-hand version of the west, comprised of its flotsam and borrowing some of its garb while mongrelized by hybrid combinations with the indigenous cultural forms surrounding it, among which it sits like an incongruous scab.)

Bill Mousoulis' *Knowing Me, Knowing You*, described by its maker as an essay film, quotes in mock-satirical fashion from Michael Hutak's book on postmodernism, *On the Beach*. (*On the Beach* is actually a magazine - ed.) The mockery is well-deserved: anybody who can seriously commit himself to the proposition that "the negative is the fundamental principle of the Dialectic" - instead of double-negation, as Hegel actually said - is committing the naive folly of confusing negative determination with determinate negation, and knows nothing about philosophy. (This is the intellectual face of the cultural bastardy mentioned previously.)

The thrust of the essay - that the reflexivity of postmodernism, foreseeing no future and believing in nothing, is a dead-end - is assembled in the film's central shot: an oval mirror on a brick wall reflecting another brick wall facing it - one dead-end reflecting another. Before this mirror Bill passes, whistling, holds up Hutak's book for us to see the title, passes out of shot and reappears in the mirror, giving us a little wave. It may be that philosophy is at a dead end, stranded or "beached" since Hegel closed and terminated the "grand narrative" of metaphysics; it may be that the book's title distantly refers us to an apocalyptic prognosis and that we are living on borrowed time; but a philosophy that can only "reflect" its own language can only end up returning to itself - and the mirror gives us the circularity in which all such discourses are obliged to frame themselves. The shot is a masterly economium of the film's topic, and nicely sets off Hutak as the redundant windbag he is.

But the mirror also shows us something else. According to a law first formulated by Wittgenstein, no discourse that comments on another discourse can escape involvement in its structure, the obligatory reproduction on that structure's form: and Bill's film, appearing on both sides of the looking-glass, is no exception - it is a circular in form as what it informs against, encircling, enclosing and foreclosing

itself. To show us that discourses on dead-ends are what they mirror, however, may be precisely the point. Now, consider the unformulated law, dating from Plato, by which any strongly affecting discourse arouses a fascinated need to repeat the surpluses of its form - tone, connotation, ornamented imagery - in a surplus way: wielding them like a club, exorcizing their affectivity by masterfully assimilating, reinscribing and taming them. That little wave is reflexivity's surplus here, immediately engulfing the film in its own circularity and destructively triggering our awareness of its reflexive devices: the film is a symmetrical construction, the mirror-shot dividing it in the middle, with magazine iconography on either side and shots of a brick house and trees bracketing that; it begins and ends with pop-media noise, i.e. returning to where it began. At a more local level, has it been noticed that "Abba" - the pop group whose song titles and opens the film - is spelled and commonly printed as a perfect inversion? The wave engulfs and erases the circle drawn by Hutak on his desolate beach.

"Theory" in its etymological sense - from the Old Greek "theoria", a concentrated seeing - is both the theme and form of Simon Cooper's *The City Theory*, which uses masking to present strip views of urban serial forms, density, crowds in transit - vertical, horizontal, irregularly oblique strips. The occasional shots without masking are telephoto compressions of space, a congested piling up of volumes that give credence to the idea ofurbation as a restrictive director of sight and movement - with obvious correspondences to film direction - while the calculated irregularity of the oblique strips and the infinity of intervals they imply impose the idea on us of an omniscience of restriction, an all-pervasive Camera Obscura, with nothing to laugh at in the urban dark.

The functional reversibility inherent in apertures - not only to obscure but to disclose, reveal, set off - is also employed by Cooper, in the service of the only sort of humanity a crowd ever brings into relief: the solitary. Surprised in various postures of annoyance, waiting, aimless ambulation, butt-scrounging on the cruel asphalt, these solitaires flash in the interstices of the urban pulsation, singly and discontinuously. Alone in the aperture, like the spectral figures sometimes glimpsed between two buildings, they sear with the cruel beam of an errant spotlight the display by which they are in twin illumined, enabling us to read the paradoxical paradigm of the crowd: it maximizes the number of human strangers that surround one, and maximizes one's sense of being alone. Crowd and solitary are interdetermined by a relation in which each can only ever be an (absolute) Other.

So it is nothing to wonder at that the film is in black and white - the exemplary abstract of all absolute paradigms. The cinematography deserves special commendation, achieving a quality of luminescence sharpened by metal that only black and white reversal stocks can deliver. Cut to a percussion of peak-periods, rapping out the rhythm of the rush-hour, the film's editing and its soundtrack vanish into each other as an organic unity.

Nick Ostrovskis' *Flower Animation* adapts the volitional forms of floral petals to pattern his single-frames in movements of inside-outside, injection-ejection. Brilliant colors, tonally modified by the regular flash of a glacial screen suggestive of ground glass, shiny magazine-paper, or sunlight on a block of ice work in concert with the repeated acknowledgement by the image of its own borders, evoking the petrification of even the most organic things under our persistent need to represent - i.e. master - them.

Anne-Marie Crawford's *White Woman* uses stop-motion technique via rephotography to rhapsodize on the old woman-as-nature theme, whose origins lie in the pastoral poetry of Ancient Rome, and whose mawkish sentiments derive from the Roman Provinces whence most of the poets issued. Of which, not a trace in Anne-Marie's film, whose sentiments are entirely formal ones. Impressionistic, craftily edited, the film manages a brilliantly inserted shot

continued

of a white bird in (stop-motion) flight, a seemingly organic separation - or extension - of the white woman. A beautiful soundtrack adorns it, composed and sung by Anne-Marie herself, revealing a sophisticated sense of tonal harmonics and counterpoint.

Robert Ratti's *The Obelisk* opens with a quote from the mistiest music in film history: Bernard Hermann's "Madeleine" score from Hitchcock's *Vertigo*. Other more or less discreet references to that film are present: the monument in "high places", a love scene by the sea, a sense of time lost - and not least, the misty patina of some images, thanks to an intelligent use of setting that combines the effect of sunlight on water behind the actors with the desolating nostalgia of feeling inevitably evoked by an out-of-season beach, repository of memories and might-have-beens,

and the loneliest place on earth. The over-exposed black-and-white of certain shots early in the film instantly brings to mind the white-on-white preciousness of English salon photos of the art-deco period in which the film is set. This was the film outstanding in the festival for its acting and dialogue, the latter element frequently triggering the symbolic functions of concrete settings and objects, whose poetic meanings disseminate and develop over the whole film; the director's intelligence is stamped all over it.

I conclude with a (purely) formal acknowledgment and thanks to the Glasshouse Cinema as the venue for the 3-day Melbourne Super-8 Film Festival, which took place on the 25th to 27th of August, 1988. Attendance was high and the audience receptive.

ODDS AND ENDS

WANTED TO BUY: a top-of-the-range Super-8 camera. If anyone out there has a Canon 1014XLS, Braun Nizo 6080, Chinon 200XL, Bolex 5122, Bailleau 7008, or a Bauer S715XL, and they'd like to sell it, could they please ring Clem Maloney on 399 9140. Or ring him with any suggestions as to where he can buy a second-hand one (apart from the obvious places like camera shops, Trading Post, etc.)

WANTED TO BUY: Universal splicer made by Kodak, the kind that takes 8 and 16mm. Contact Christina Pedder on 882 5612.

VIDEO COMPILATION: The Melbourne Super-8 Film Group has received funding from the Australian Film Commission to put together a video compilation of Melbourne Super-8 films for (hopefully) wide distribution. The collection of films will be a retrospective one, and will be available for sale and hire by early next year.

SYDNEY SUPER-8 FESTIVAL: Despite the introduction of the "SPLASH" festival this year, the annual Sydney Super-8 Film Festival will still continue. The 9th one is scheduled for the 4th and 5th of November and will be held at the Mandolin Cinema. Deadline for entries is Friday October 14, and should be sent with details and synopsis to Sydney Super-8 Film Group, P.O. Box 424, Kings Cross, NSW, 2011. The group is also planning a Video 8 night at Artspace on the 3rd of November, at which same time the new Super-8 Reader will be launched. If you have any Video 8 films or articles, etc. for the Reader, then contact the group on (02) 332 4674.

FRINGE FESTIVAL: Don't forget this year's (Spoleto) Fringe Film and Video Festival, which will be held September 15-18. For a program or more information, ring 417 4475.

CONTACT NUMBERS

Bill M.	419 6562	Mark F.	690 9458
Sarah J.	534 9454	Chris W.	531 2779
		Matt R.	489 3737

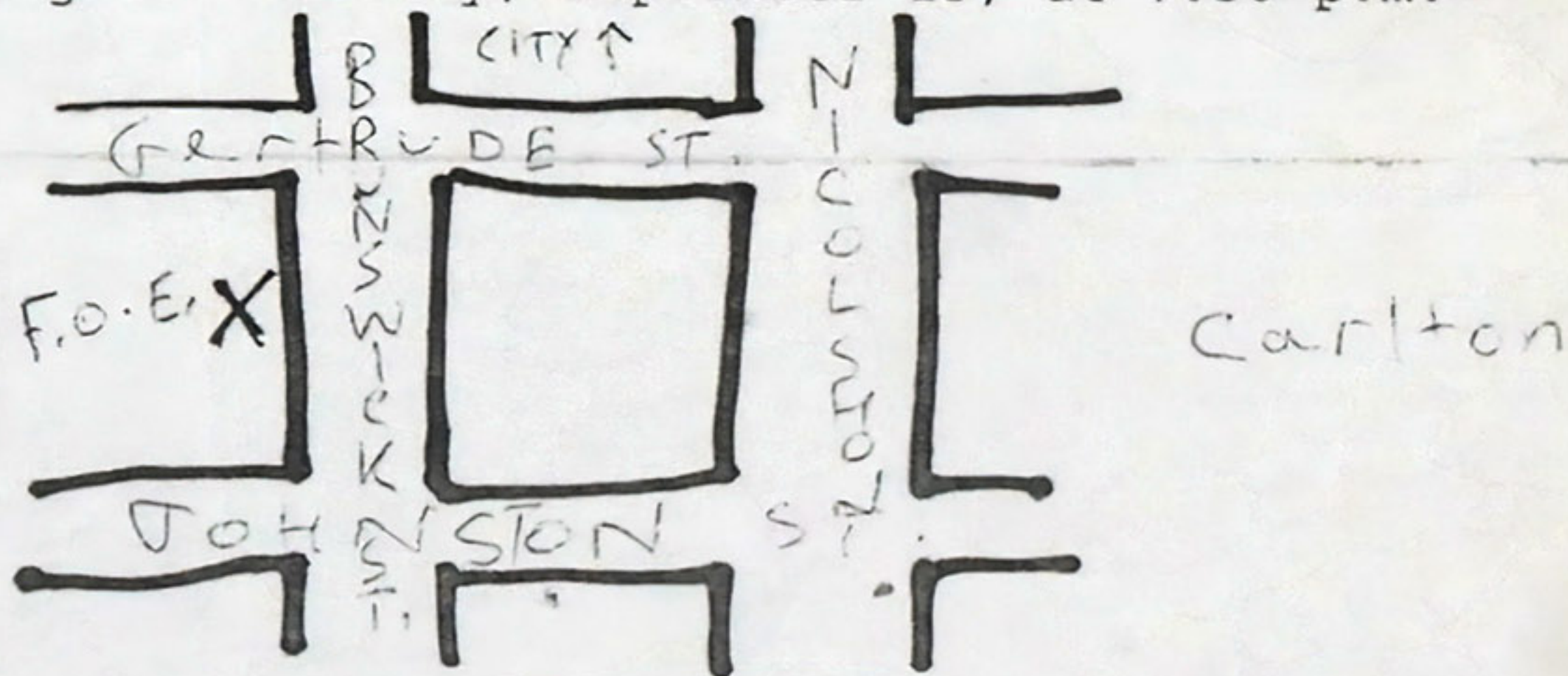
The next Super-8 Group OPEN SCREENING will be at the Cafe space in the Friends of the Earth building, 222 Brunswick St. Fitzroy.

The time and date of the meeting is Tuesday, September 13, at 7:30 p.m.

Trans - Brunswick St.
Nicholson St.

Bus - Johnston St.

Car - plenty of spaces,



The group is intending to use this space as our permanent screening venue in the future, so we would be interested in hearing any comments you have to make regarding it - location, size, suitability, etc.

In fact, the first hour or so of the next Open Screening, the venue will be discussed as well as the recent grant application that was sent off to the AFC for the cost of the screening venue, the renting of an office space, a paid worker, and equipment which we would buy and then hire out. This will be discussed as well as the group's "constitution." You may be interested to know that the group is now incorporated and we have had 2 successful grant applications through the AFC. One for the festival and another for a compilation video. The committee feels that these issues are of a serious nature (as serious as we'll ever get thank Christ), so keeping that in mind this newsletter has gone out to all members, currently financial or not. Regardless of your financial status in the group, you are all more than welcome as are any ideas, thoughts, etc. As David Cox would undoubtedly say - "If you've got a comment, make it" - please.

SARAH JOHNSON, ELLE PRESIDENTÉ

P.S. On behalf of the Melbourne Super-8 Film Group and the Committee (Chris Windmill, Bill Mousoulis, Matthew Rees), I would like to thank fellow committee member Mark Freeman for his tireless effort, enthusiasm and skills in co-ordinating a very successful 3rd Melbourne Super-8 Festival

This newsletter is published monthly by the Melbourne Super-8 Film Group.

Contributions welcome (deadline: 4th. Monday of each month).

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Melbourne Super-8 Film Group
P.O. Box 1150
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Postage
Paid
Rich. Nth
Vic Aust
3121

Chris Windmill
6/158 Chapel St.
Balaklava, 3183