

# SUPER EIGHT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE MELBOURNE SUPER-8 FILM GROUP No.46 APRIL 1990

## the **BADLANDS** issue

### BADLANDS

Lights out tonight,  
Trouble in the heartland,  
Got a head on collision,  
Smashin' in my guts, man,  
I'm caught in a cross fire,  
That I don't understand,  
I don't give a damn,  
for the same old played out scenes,  
I don't give a damn,  
for just the in betweens,  
Honey, I want the heart, I want the soul,  
I want control right now  
Talk about a dream,  
try to make it real  
You wake up in the night,  
with a fear so real,  
Spend your life waiting,  
for a moment that just don't come,  
Well, don't waste your time waiting,

(Chorus)

Badlands, you gotta live it everyday,  
Let the broken hearts stand  
As the price you've gotta pay,  
We'll keep pushin' till it's understood,  
and these badlands start treating us good.

Workin' in the fields  
till you get your back burned,  
Workin' 'neath the wheel  
till you get your facts learned,  
Baby, I got my facts  
learned real good right now,  
Poor man wanna be rich,  
rich man wanna be king,  
And a king ain't satisfied,  
till he rules everything,  
I wanna go out tonight,  
I wanna find out what I got

I believe in the love that you gave me,  
I believe in the hope that can save me,  
I believe in the faith  
and I pray, that someday it may raise me,  
Above these badlands

(Chorus)

For the ones who had a notion,  
A notion deep inside,  
That it ain't no sin to be glad you're alive  
I wanna find one face that ain't looking  
through me  
I wanna find one place,  
I wanna spit in the face of these badlands  
(Chorus)



## HISTORICAL & OPEN SCREENINGS

### LEISURELY SUNDAY AFTERNOONS AT

LINDEN. FIRST PROGRAMME:

### WORKING HOT:

THE FILMS OF STEPHEN DWOSKIN

Curated by ADRIAN MARTIN

AND

### OPEN SCREENINGS

1.00 - 5.00 PM

SUNDAY, 29 APRIL, 1990

LINDEN GALLERY

26 ACLAND ST

ST KILDA

Admission Free

### PROGRAMME

1.00 - 2.15 PM

### WORKING HOT:

All works 16mm

Alone 1964, 13 mins, b/w

Chinese Checkers 1960, 14 mins, b/w

Take Me 1969, 30 mins, b/w

Moment 1969, 13 mins, b/w

### INTERMISSION

2.30 - 5.00 PM

### OPEN SCREENING

Show your own film or video - please contact

the MIMA office beforehand to ensure the

equipment you need will be available.

## MIMA MEMBERSHIP

- is open to anybody
- is still only \$20
- is great value: including newsletters, brochures, free entry to all MIMA screenings, opportunities to become involved in curation, production of publications, policy formulation and other activities.

For an application form contact the MIMA office



**ROOM 405, NICHOLAS BUILDING  
37 SWANSTON ST  
MELBOURNE 3000  
03. 650 7692**

MIMA is funded by the Australian Film Commission,  
Film Victoria and the Visual/Arts Crafts Board of  
the Australia Council

### WORKING HOT

Stephen Dwoskin is a paradoxical figure within the European, specifically British, avant garde. A prolific filmmaker of both shorts and features since 1961, the author of the book *Film Is* and an incessant explorer of image-sound, documentary-fiction hybrid forms, Dwoskin was virtually written out of the canon of British experimentalism in the 1970s by proponents of the film theory movement. By and large, he has had to find his audiences, funders and appreciators elsewhere. For instance, German television which produced Dwoskin's autobiographical features (centering on his polio condition) and in France, Dwoskin recently worked at Raul Ruiz's 'House of Culture' in Le Havre. Certainly in Australia we have yet to fully realise the significance of Dwoskin's work.

Adrian Martin.



Melbourne Film Festival: The Super-8 program of this year's festival is now calling for entries. The program will be selected by a joint MFF/MS8FG committee. Entry deadline is April 20. Ring Bill for more info.

\* \* \*

Other festivals: The amateur Melbourne International Film and Video Festival, deadline 1 June; Brussels Super-8 Festival, deadline 16 Oct; Osnabruck festival, deadline 7 May; FRAMES festival in Adelaide, deadline 15 June. For more info, ring Bill.

\* \* \*

Brunswick Film and Video Circus is on this Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the Brunswick Town Hall, and features much Super-8 work. For more info, ring Peter Cooley on 386 1483.

\* \* \*

Thanks to ACE EDIT in Sydney for giving us a package of goodies, including clapper board, filters, stock, globes, leaders, even a device for taking stills, which will really come in handy.

\* \* \*

We want a new logo. If you can draw, then submit some ideas to us. Send to P.O. Box by April 12 or hand to us at the Open Screening. Now that some money's come in, we're going to get more organized, and have a membership drive, etc.

\* \* \*

Just a reminder that we have equipment. In next month's newsletter there will be a full and clear list of what we've got. If you're a member, you can loan the second camera, the second tripod, the screen, an editor/viewer, a splicer, or hire the good camera, the good tripod, the projector. Full list next time, folks.

\* \* \*

### 1990 SUPER-8 MAGAZINE

Because our money from the AFC has only just come in now, the publication of this magazine has been delayed.

There is therefore still time to write an article or do something for it. We will accept anything!

DEADLINE: April 23

CONTACT: Jenny P. on 531 4783

Bill M. on 430 0847



# The Gamble of Realism

BY BILL MOUSOULIS

Am I conceited in wanting greatness, not only in myself, but in others? I keep thinking of that thing Springsteen said: "Nobody wins unless everybody wins." What is 'winning', 'success'? For me it is the process of maximising (realizing) potential, and then some. Those who say this is philosophy and not cinema are doing both an injustice.

And this is exactly what I hate. I hate films which are 'films'; nothing to do with the film-maker, living, dying, etc. Films which don't take up what I call the gamble of realism (gamble because it's a medium of artifice.) I hate genres, but the genre I hate the most is the 'film' genre, exemplified by those films that are clearly ... merely films.

It's hard to describe what I mean, and I risk being unmercifully shot down (my dream of realism is a lonely one.) Look at those reels Jenny brought in, shot by some anonymous student, or the film *Spiral* by Les Baker. *Spiral*, in particular, stinks of being the result of a Machiavellian 'artiness': everything heightened and made magical (especially the sense of allusion and symbolism), because of the line of thinking - film shouldn't be like reality, it should be inventive, different, etc. *Spiral* is the kind of stylish film that international film festivals are plagued with.

What chance has a film-maker like me got in this world, with my 'small', 'simple' films? We don't even need to compare the films, let's just stick with the titles. My latest film is called "How Soon Is Now?" A question, an inquiry into something, a modest bunch of words, a moral earnestness. Kind of like Frank Borzage's "Little Man, What Now?" "Spiral" is grand, suggestive, an overview, an answer.

I make no apologies for making realistic (i.e. personal) films. That's just a measure of my belief in the cinema as something connected to my life. Someone once laughed at me and said he'd be embarrassed senseless if he'd made that one film of mine he saw. Wimp! Seriously, do film-makers lack the capacity to explore their lives in their film-making, or are they afraid they'll find nothing there? But then again, and here's the reality, that's just a hypothetical question.

The last Open Screening was really so uninspiring. Apart from Nick Ostrovskis' film, of course, the only film that felt truly alive to me was Mark Freeman's holiday footage film, with its unmistakable sense of lives lived,

## FILMS AT THE LAST OPEN SCREENING

At 7:30 - "First films"

two standard 8 films (1951 and 1961)  
brought in by Ian Poppins

Family Life (1982) by Bill Mousoulis  
Perth '85 by Mark Freeman

untitled rushes, brought in by Jenny Pignataro  
Slide Images (1983) by Nick Ostrovskis  
Blight of the Bologimites (1986) by Maris Rocke  
first reels (1986) by Sandy Munro

At 8:30 - OPEN SCREENING

A Happy Future by Brendan T. Murray

Low Gods by Gary O'Keefe

How Soon Is Now? by Bill Mousoulis

Spiral by Les Baker

Family Album No.3 by Ian Poppins

heightened by the particular place and time element (oh Mark, where did you go wrong? Your latest film *Sucked* ... sucks.)

So I want us all to make great films (great in my eyes) and for there to be a scene that is alive-and-kicking. The last Open Screening disappointed me in that regard too. I hate the fact that people know me but not the other committee members. The Open Screenings are like a one-man freak-show - I do the setting and packing up even, with little help. And then there's committed, passionate film-makers (who are destined to make features) like Mark La Rosa and Richard Tuohy who don't even turn up. What we have here is not a scene, but the bones of one.

But even if all that were in place (thanks to those who are perfect - you know who you are), we'd still need that non-film element to drive it all on. Ideas, thoughts, philosophies, these are the things that move me. And these are things all too rare. That's why someone like that cockroach, that scum from the gutter, that holy unholy, Mark C. Zenner, is so important. He is the Diderot figure of our times (he explained to me what that means), but more importantly, he makes me think, and he reminds me of the existence of Godard, Socrates, Nietzsche.

What relevance has any technical talk got (film stocks, cameras, etc.) in the face of the ideas of people like Freud (or Fraud as Zenner calls him), Wittgenstein, St. Augustine, Hitler, or of anyone?

I'm an honest son of a bitch, and I realize I could be scaring people away from the Open Screenings by saying things such as "Super-8 film-makers mainly wank" or "The Super-8 scene is bunk." But read my lips: I COULDN'T GIVE A FUCK.

See you at the next Open Screening



# Acme Flyboy's Venice Breakfast Drop In.

By David Cox. 20/3/1990.

Flyboy arrived on the scene with all his cameras rolling. The video camera strapped onto his outstretched arm whirred quietly and the super 8 machine bolted onto the side of his bicycle helmet triggered when he let go of the rope to land on the roof of the St. Mark's cathedral in Venice. The chopper which had dropped him chugged away noisily, distracting the tourists in the square below from thier pidgeon feeding.

The Monsignor and the sixteen year old girl Venice Film Festival judge were thouroughly engaged in each other's bodies up there on the roof when Flyboy sighted all his cameras on the pair, the clergyman's cassock rocking in time with the judge's angel outfit's veils. The angel suit was all the worse for wear during all this, and already one of her wire and gauze wings was falling off. Flyboy adjusted the sound to recieve the couple's love cries all the better when suddenly he felt a jab from behind. He looked down to see a young lamb chewing at his skintight rainbow coloured skydiving suit.

"Fuck off!" Flyboy said, quietly so as not to disturb the Monsiegnor and the judge/angel around about now reaching climax.

"Fuck off yourself" the lamb said, curtly.

"What the fuck!" yelled Flyboy, by now adjusting the various cameras to photograph the talking lamb.

"Look, I'm just waiting for Judge Ophelia to baaa! get it over with so I can do my stint at this fucking festival opening baaa! and then get back to me grazing land back in Oz. Where I baaa baa belong, wouldn't you say? Bloody wanker film types give me the shits, I can tell you!" Flyboy climbed back to the section of cathedral roof where the fornication had been taking place and stuck his head up to get some super 8 of the couple. But they had finished and were now hugging and covering each other in post - coital kisses.

Ophelia recognised Flyboy and yelled out to him

"Ah Flyboy!" come and have something to eat. Have you seen Threebags anywhere?"

"Threebags?" replied Flyboy, stopping the cameras in a mad flurry of button pressing."

"You must know Threebags, my talking sheep"

"I don't always talk and I'm not your fucking sheep!" replied the lamb, still chewing on Flyboy's outfit.

Flyboy and Threebags walked carefully over the shiny mosaiced roof of the cathedral to the two who were now laying out a blanket and unpacking a hamper. Flyboy could see all of Venice from here. Cold, but beautiful, he thought.

"Mind if I start recording?" Flyboy asked the Monsignor.

"No No No S,S,Sir I d,d,dont mahnd" he replied in a stuttering rich



"Bububububub...By the wa, way, do you wa, want something spicy to add to your ssssssss saa saa saa saa saa story?" he said, his eyes twitching up as he talked.

"Oh Chuck, don't..!"

"Just spicy little ve ve ve vignettes of Ophelia and me en , en , en, enjoying ourselves on the rooftops of the Eastern Blocs. Here, this one's the Kr Kr Kr Kremlin.!" he yelled, withdrawing a video 8 cartridge from his bright red cassock."

"Thanks, father" said Flyboy as he stuffed the cassette into his pocket.

"As long as you don't show them the Prague Art Gallery sequence." the sheep butted in.

"Just because you fall off the roof near the end, you dumb sheep" Ophelia answered back, affectionately.

Flyboy helped himself to a pickled onion and a length of licorice, two of the three foods they had layed out. The other one was vegemite.

"Is there anything to spread this Vegemite on?"

"Well, ye, ye, ye, ye, yes, yes...." Chuck replied

"But we only do it in our rooftop sequences" Ophelia answered for him.

Ophelia and the clergyman laughed together at the lewd private joke.

"Yeah, and all I get fucking eat is the fabric off the clothes of passers by." Said Threebags "Or my surname's not "Full".

Flyboy swallowed the last of the licorice and onion and wiping his hands on the Monsignor's cassock, pulled out a walkie - talkie.

"Okay Spack, lets have you, I'm outa here."

In instant response the chopper rocketed up from behind the cathedral, its down - draft sending the blanket and the food flying down to St. Mark's Square where the pigeons pecked at the fragments of licorice and vegemite between the bits of broken pickled onion jar and its vinegar puddle.

"Flyboy, now we've finished the interview, can I ride with you on the chopper, this angel's always wanted to use her wings!"

"Sure Ophelia, what about you, father Chuck?"

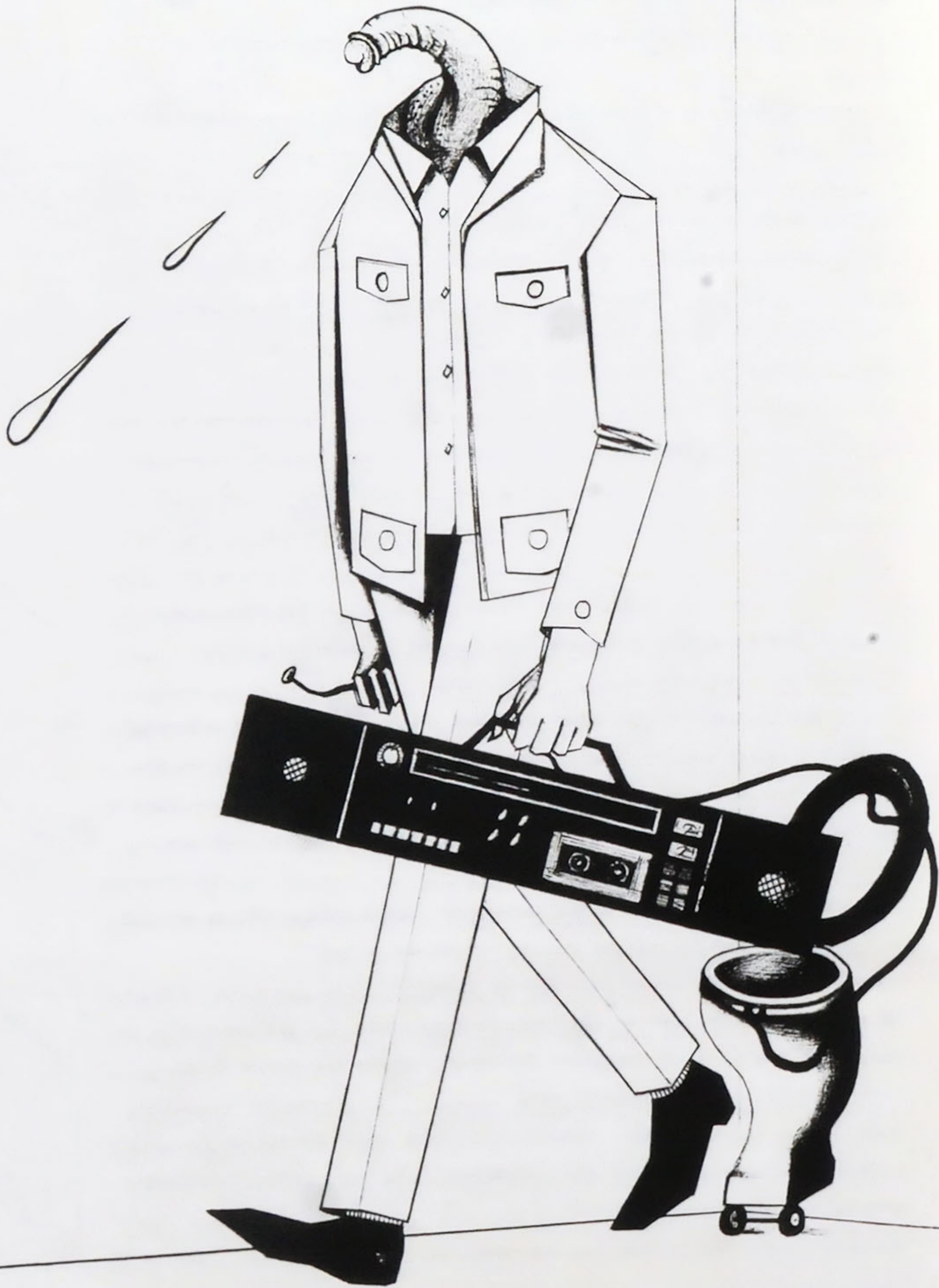
"Oh not me, I gotta get my ass down to mass, then I'm off to inaugurate the N, N, N, Nativity Celebrations for the f, f, f, film festival with little Threebags here"

"Baaa! Noone consulted me!" Shouted the sheep over the din of the chopper, now hovering above the cathedral, its rope ladder swinging as Ophelia and Flyboy alighted.

"Fucking inconsiderate baa baa baa bastards. the lot of you!" the sheep sulked.

Ophelia's wings finally flew off and spiralled down to the shimmering roof as the Monsignor and the sheep grew smaller, the chopper accelerating higher above the city. the pattern of the Venice waterways visible. Flyboy caught it all, cameras rolling and the taste of onion and licorice repeating in his mouth when he burped. As he climbed into the helicopter he could barely see Threebags lecturing the Mogsignor on how they were actually going to get down off the roof. Ah, life's





THAT IS MY WORK!



# A FREE MAN!



REPLY TO "FRONX", ALIAS MARK FREEMAN  
from Mark C. Zenner.

In last month's call for contributions to the M.S-8 yearbook, "Fronx", hiding himself behind his editorial nome-de-plume, inserted his flaccid, narrow, drooping little head between parentheses to express its contents on the subject of my 31-point article on documentary films. With an invocation of "god" to "save us from a 31-point death from boredom", Fronx's head rapidly emptied and drooped even more, its sticky substance trailing off uncertainly at the close of a handdrawn bracket.

Why the alias, Freeman? Too gutless to acknowledge your graffito under your own name?

As for my article being "boring": what do we say about your films at the 1989 Melbourne Super-8 festival — summarized for many by the formula, "length multiplied by ineptitude"? Which also happens to be a perfect portrait of their author; so perfect, indeed, that it amounts to a twisted confirmation of the "auteur" theory. Instructive, that 1½-hour exercise! It is beneath hackwork, since you lack the most elementary skills of execution, as well as any original ideas (the healthy kitchen-staff and the decadent, perverse bourgeois guests — a stock theme of Spanish-language cinema for the last three decades, not to mention Cervantes, Calderon, etc.; everyday-life compared to carnival-freaks — seen in a million student films, all of them better than yours). You are not only a gutless but a talentless fuckwit, Mr. Freeman. My respects and condolences...

But the best reply I can give you is a comparison of the newsletter you edited with the ones in which my "boring" articles appear; of your "organ" before I began boring its little readers and their suburban god, and since.

In a way this is tacitly acknowledged by you, Fronxman. Unerringly you follow the trail I mapped out for you when I called for "impolitic discourse" and straight-from-the-shoulder honesty, in my second-last article. You dribble with the brain-dead assurance of a Pavlovian somnambulist. You are an obedient dog.

Open, invitingly open as this newsletter is, the seminal organ of M.S-8 should not be allowed to dribble too freely, lest it revert to its former status of anal absorbent, expectantly hanging from the little black roll-dispenser, as before — which it threatens to do under the control of editors like Freemonx and his clique of corner-milkbar mediocrities, Johnson, Rees, et cetera, et al, ad nominem, ad nauseum. Even good dogs need a firm leash. But it is not for that kind of readership that I write my critiques; one doesn't give it 31 points, one doesn't even give it 3...any more than one needs pseudonyms and aliases when addressing it.

I take my writings only as seriously as I take my readers, and not one jot more — which explains the low stylistic level to which I have had to descend in order to meet this fuckwit on his own boggy nature-strip, and for which I apologize to readers. Grapple with mongrels, however, and you are bound to pick up stains of every description.

Zipper up, Fronx, zipper up, good dog....

———— Mark C. Zenner, 30/3/90.



## LETTER TO MARK C. ZENNER

from Bill Mousoulis

Dear Mark,

This letter is in part a reply to your reply to Mark Freeman, and in part a general critique. It also seems significant to me, keeping in the spirit of openness associated with the Super-8 Group, that you yourself are probably laying out these words on the newsletter's pages.

I have known you now, and been your friend, for about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  years. I have never met anyone quite like you. No-one truly understands your nature, not even yourself. You are a rare person. Let's face it, you are different. And because of this difference, you are not on speaking terms with many people around you.

About a year ago, you even did the dirty on me. You contrived a situation where you used my friendship with you in order to get back at Sarah a bit, in the process even jeopardizing the chance of my film Between Us being funded. I was hurt, Mark - you abused me. But I forgave you, quite quickly. But then again, that's the type of person I am - I've learnt to take nothing to heart.

I mention this episode to highlight the importance of perspective in life. It's how you see things that's important. But I'll come back to this later. Firstly, some general notes.

I believe you are cursed with a mind that loves retention. Your memory is extraordinary. You dwell on things, experiences, observations. Most of the time you don't live, interact; you watch, absorb, analyze, fantasize. And maybe because of this, you consider yourself an outsider, a solitary. You can't conceive of yourself married with kids, for example.

You yearn for friendship and love, no matter how strongly you deny it. You always accept invitations to parties and other dates. You love meeting people, and are genuinely polite, generous, and giving. At first. Things seem to break down after awhile with your relationships with most people. Why is that, Mark?

It is because you have few social skills. And that's because of your mind, as I've outlined. I'm afraid you have no real life of your own; you live vicariously, through books, films, reminiscences, observations. Socially and emotionally, you are about 8 years old. If only you could see that. I mean, you're ultra self-conscious, but that's different from being objective.

Loosen up, man! You are contemptuous towards some people because of (a) your intellectual superiority, and (b) your paranoia. So what if people aren't as smart as you? And why should you let it bother you that people can't accept that you're different? Obviously you just haven't got the strength of character to not be vulnerable to (real and perceived) criticism. Your emotional underdevelopment thus leads you on vengeance trips.

I know you. Deep down you are sweet and tender, and know what love is, just like everyone. But you don't nurture that. Instead you fuel the other stuff, the dark stuff. I sometimes think you'll end up badly. Probably not, but you certainly know what a death-wish is, and that's scary.

You are stupid. You waste your energy on criticizing Mark Freeman when everyone knows there's no such thing as bad publicity. Patronage is what counts. If Mark is an obedient dog, then so are you. The scenario is: you are both barking at each other.

But this is bullshit I'm talking. I don't believe in any of this stuff. I personally use (in a conscious way) naivety in my relationships with people. I start from zero and build up from there, focussing on only the good things, the things in common, etc. But you take into relationships baggage (garbage?), and people fall short of your standards. If you can only see the bad aspects of people, where do you go from there?

You say you don't mind me criticizing you, because what I say is true. But it's criticism, Mark. It's in the hope you'll change, for the better. La Rosa reckons he's amazed at  
I know you all the time, but I reckon I'll keep pushing





ALL IT OFTEN NEEDS IS THE SLIGHTEST DETAIL TO GIVE A PHOTOGRAPH  
A MEANING (?) THAT IS DIAMETRICALLY OPPOSED TO THE ONE INTENDED(?).  
(.....) THE OBJECTIVITY OF IMAGES IS ONLY AN ILLUSION. (WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT)

THE FOLLOWING STORY IS (?) BASED (?) ON FACT.....

THE LARGE LUSH ISLAND INHABITED BY ONLY , UP UNTIL A GENERATION AGO  
TRIBES THAT PRACTISED BLOOD CURDLING CUSTOMS OF CANNIBALISM. THE  
DISCOVERY OF OIL FORCED THE INHABITANTS INTO THE MAINSTREAM OF  
WESTERN CIVILIZATION IN A SINGLE GENERATION.

IN CAME GEOLOGISTS , ENGINEERS, MACHINES ROADS  
SKY SCRAPERS , SUPERMARKETS. OUT WENT THE HUTS, THE TRIBES , THE  
RITUAL DEEMED REPUGNANT BY THE WEST AND THE HEAVY MODIFICATION  
OF THE RELIGIOUS CULTURE.

THE NEW NECESSITIES ; CHAMPAGNE , PERFUMES, EXPENSIVE  
CLOTHES, CANNED AND FROZEN PRODUCT. THE AUTHORITIES IN CHARGE OF FOOD  
DISTRIBUTION SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THE POPULARITY OF A CANNED PRODUCT  
WITH A LABEL BEARING A PICTURE OF A PLUMP AND SMILING LITTLE BOY.

AUTHORITIES SOON DISCOVERED THAT THE PEOPLE OF  
WAINATU WERE CONVICTED THE TINS CONTAINED THE TENDER YOUNG FLESH  
OF A CHILD. BENEATH THE VENEER OF CIVILIZATION THE INHABITANTS OF  
WAINATU WERE STILL CANNIBALS.

THERE IS A NEED (?) TO BE FREE OF PREJUDICE, OF FIXED IDEAS  
AND CATEGORIES, OF HABITS THAT BLIND ONE TO THE WORLD. THIS NEED IS  
IN THE LARGEST SENSE A DESIRE FOR RENEWED VISION.



FROM EVERY DIRECTION WE ARE URGED TO PUT AN END TO

' 1979

EXPERIMENTATION

Lyotard

accidents at random and random accidents.

We cling to the past when we feel insecure. We find solace in its  
immobility(?) and simplicity(?)

#### EROTIC HANDBOOKS AND ART

Unusual themes occur in

Chinese erotic manuals, including  
the use of a swing(right),  
threesomes(below), and the lifting  
of the women by female attendants  
(bottom).

#### SEX TABUS

Huli woman from the New

Guinea Highlands suckling a pig

- a fairly common custom

throughout the area, where pigs  
are highly regarded and women's

breasts are not considered

particularly erotic.

come back I want you again. Until a generation ago..

1. The boy talked to the lady

2. The lady is old

3. The boy met the lady at the laundry



4. The boy got home late.

5. (someone) scolded the boy.

**Martyr** one who undergoes penalty(?) of death for persistence  
in the Christian faith (fred ox)

The pleasure of the text is that moment when my body  
pursues its own ideas \*- for my body does not have the same ideas  
I do

#### TESTS FOR NOTHING;

WHAT DOES A LITTLE BOY TALK ABOUT WITH TIGERS- talking  
tigers ,that is -who have just killed his parents? His arithmetic  
homework, of course:

"What do you want to know?" one of the tigers said.

"Whats nine times nine ?"

"Eighty-one," a tiger said.

"Whats eight times eight?"

"Fifty-six," a tiger said.

I asked them half a dozen other QUESTIONS: six times six, seven times  
four etc. I was having a lot of trouble with arithmetic. Finally  
the tigers got bored of my questions and told me to go away.

The sound track conjures up the image-track--Word came before image  
--shut off the soundtrack of your TV set and put in your own soundtrack  
words music what you will\*-- now play back your sound track and you  
will see the images sharp and clear.





## FOR SALE:

NIZO 6080 Professional 8mm Sound Camera, in metal case. Schneider macro f1.4, 7-80mm lens, auto/manual exposure and sound. Fades, dissolves, single frame to 54fps and intervalometer. Very quiet with microphone, mattbox, 2 batteries and charger. New \$2,000 ONO. Ring (03) 6461724 Henri Bource, 10am to 1pm weekdays. 119 Rouse st. Port Melbourne.



## NEXT MEETING..

Next Open Screening is on Tuesday, April 10, at the usual venue at the Glasshouse Function Room, RMIT, 360 Swanston St. City.

At 7:30 p.m.:

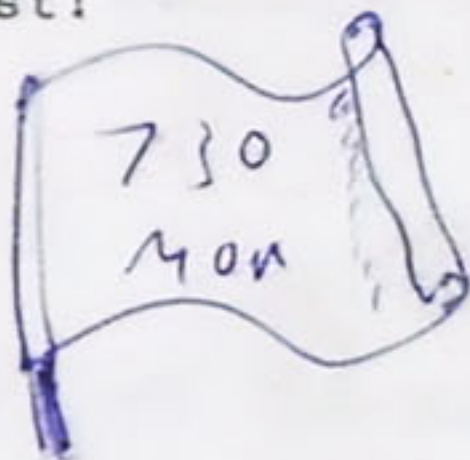
### THE BIG O

Nick Ostrovskis will show some of his film work and discuss the techniques involved. A must!

At 8:30 p.m.:

### OPEN SCREENING

BYO film. Everyone and everything welcome. Last Open Screening we had more films than time, so to be guaranteed your film will be shown, book it in with Bill on 429 9847 beforehand. Otherwise it's first come first served.



### CONTACT NUMBERS

main one:	Bill Mousoulis	429 9847
others:	Mark Freeman	690 9458
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	Jenny Pignataro	531 4783
	Nick Ostrovskis	391 4881
	Matthew Rees	376 7245

*123 Somerset Richmond*

This newsletter is published monthly by the Melbourne Super-8 Film Group. Contributions welcome (Deadline: 4th Monday of each month).

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# SUPER EIGHT

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