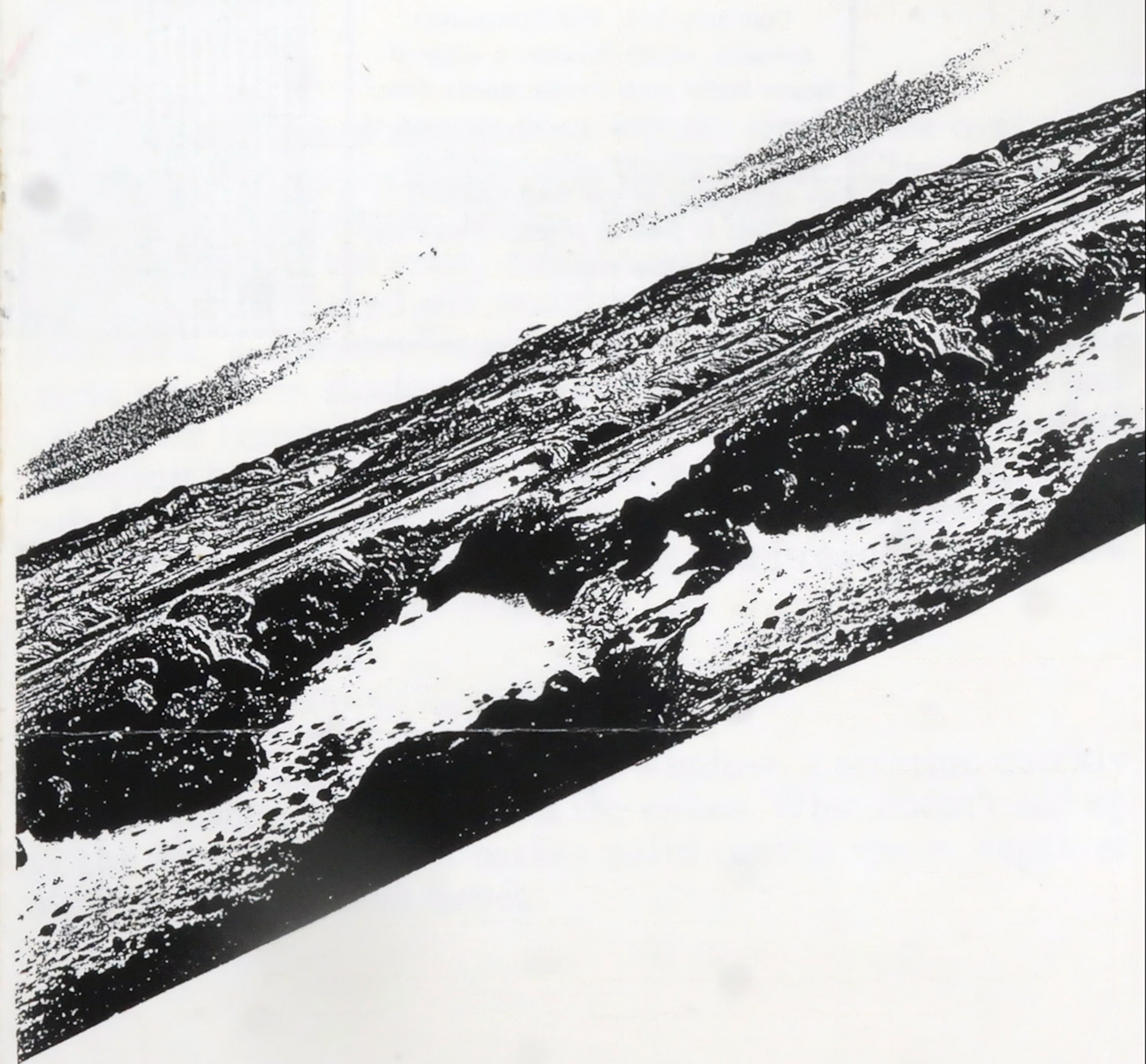
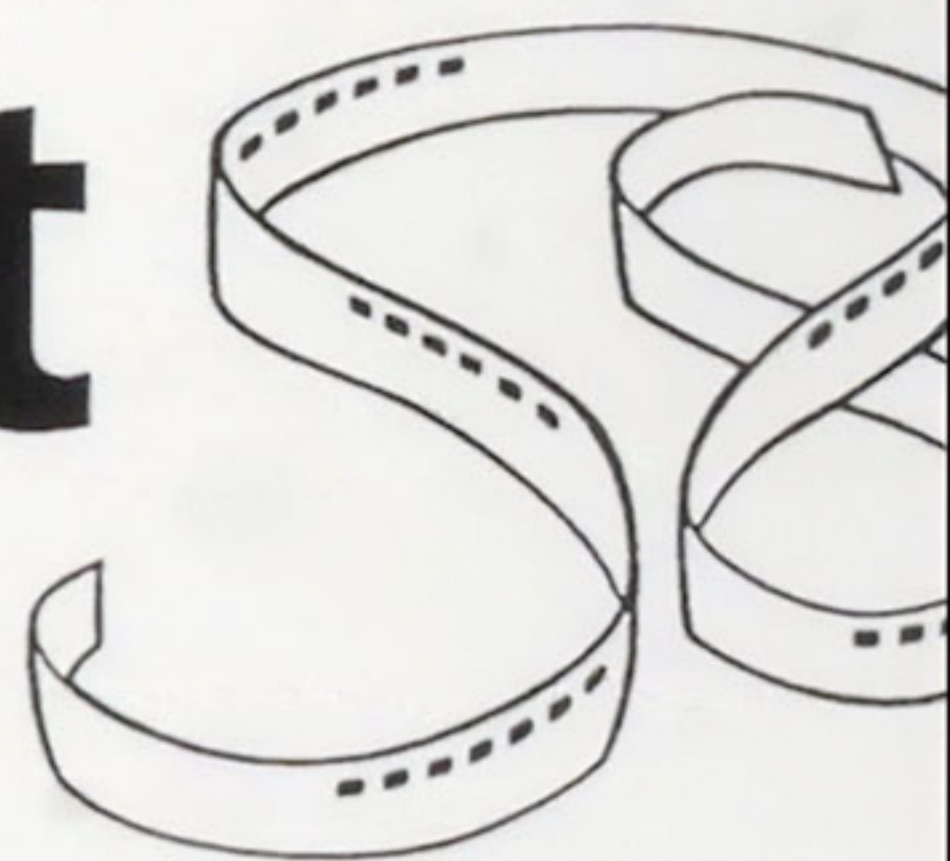


Super Eight

Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group

Issue 65 December 1991



Membership Super 8 Group

Cost only \$15, \$10 Concession annually, which includes a copy of **Super Eight** each month, opens doors to open screenings, a wide selection of equipment hire, the invaluable experience of our long standing members as well as contact with other film makers.



quick voice

Too smooth against evaporation wreaks small noise over taste, semblance to application trots odds, paste. Clipped retina looped into attrition, less is moreover. Zoom move fans darkness, tug at the seam, didn't make the exchange although the top was forced off waiting before, reach stifled by playback, a climate. Tensile saps sprung notion, malleable sight trucks in shadow. Disarmed sign. The complete and otherwise emptying moment, all the kinship become uncoiled, omission banks up, trough. Tinder is the neutral background, sub-haste over ingrown horizon, indents, catches height. Scratched tension, abrades through approach shifts, view culverts tug the severed word.

An ingrown day, misfit through window, a mention quickly tagged, placer, wordply across the either. What doesn't add up is the total. Affix that makes solid rented space, depth as surface, cartage across face-it.

VAN BAR

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Critique of Super-8 Group

(1)

Twelve months ago, in this very newsletter, Michael Filippidis unleashed his dream for the Super-8 Group. Standing at what he perceived as a cross-road, he envisioned a "dehobbyized" group: a group of serious, accountable activity, that would, indeed, "have maximum impact on film history." That nothing subsequently happened in response to his piece, is indicative of the nature of the Super-8 Group. Which is? According to Michael, and we may agree or not agree with this, the group is full of "randomness and disunity."

(2)

The Melbourne Super-8 Film Group was formed on November 19, 1985, and commenced its activities early in 1986. Within - and verily against - the founding committee, the group was clearly the creation of one person. That person - namely, myself - ceased performing the administrative duties and also resigned from the current committee in April of this year, 1991. Ah, but that person cannot help but to look on ... like a mother to her grown-up child. Look! The child walks!

(3)

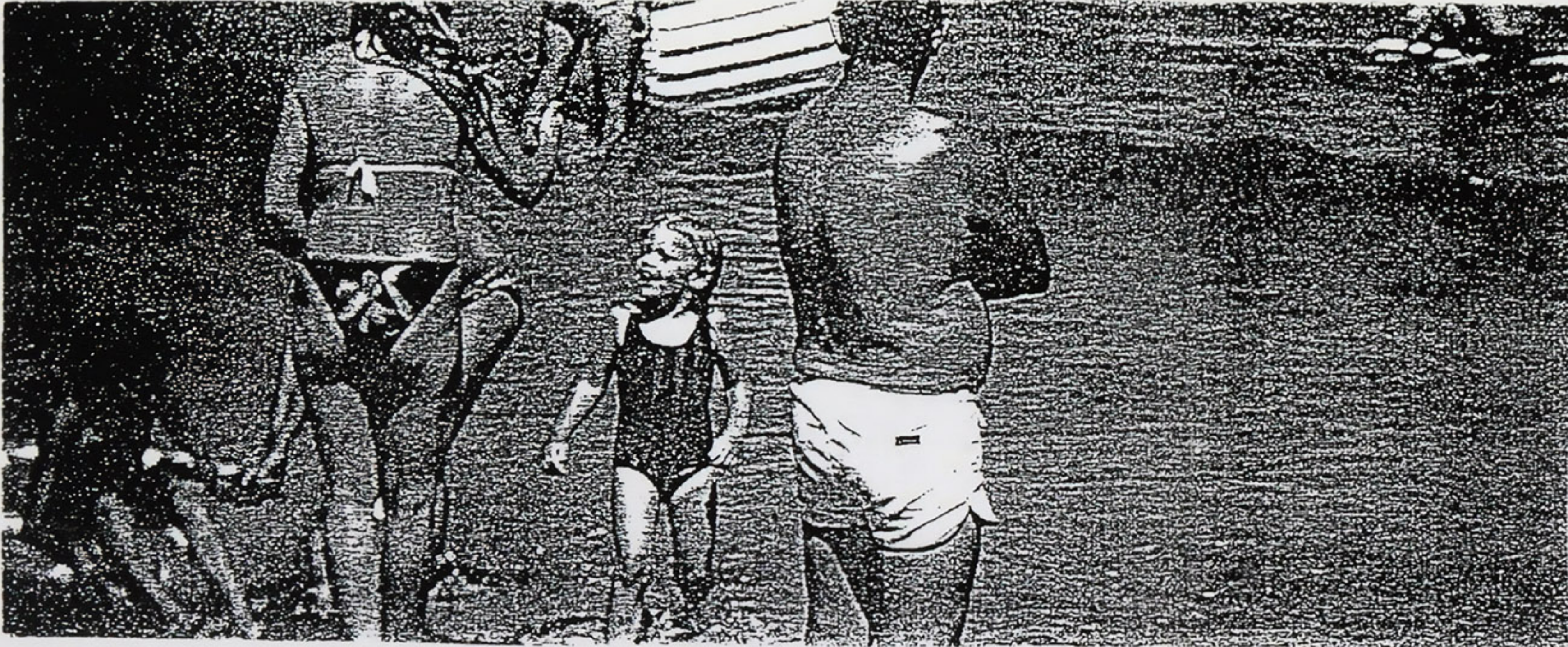
Funding for the Super-8 Group - not only for the festival just passed, but for general administration - is now in place. The group will have a paid administrator in 1992. Who that will be is uncertain, but one has certainly been rendered dizzy by the toing and froing of the main contenders - Steven Ball and Richard Tuohy - over the last few months. The position is not attractive as a "job" (it is \$120 per week, for, officially, 8 hours work) - a thing of "love" never translates adequately into one of "work." And there lies the problem. And yet the group is - like Australian life and culture in general - so bland and open that the administrator does not have to conform to the former vision now diminished, but can actually shape the group to his or her own vision. A new problem arises, however: Richard has a vision but no application, Steven vice versa. Richard's vision is - like the one of Michael Filippidis - a pipe-dream. Or maybe not. Maybe it is merely unrealizable because Richard is a pedant - endlessly thinking about his dream, consequently paralyzing any action. Combine this with his elitist, secretive spirit and clearly one sees he is not suited to something involving many people. Steven, on the other hand, has little of the petty spirit about him: he is eminently good-natured. His very cheerfulness under difficult conditions is a sure sign of a disposition healthy by nature. He is directionless, to be sure, but is pliable in the best sense of the word. Still, an adopted vision is not as good as a created one. We need a person who combines the best aspects of Steven and Richard: that person does not exist.

(4)

Dream and reality mix in a strange, strange way. The idealist and the realist as types are nothing but caricatures - we need to go beyond real and ideal. I do not trust the person who does not dream as equally as I despise the person who only dreams. We must dream, and then create, and then - abandon! We must abandon in order to - dream anew! The Super-8 Group is like any other living organism, i.e. it unavoidably changes. It will flourish, it will decay; it will renew, it will die.

(5)

A question of care: in the previous newsletter, people's names were spelt incorrectly in the list of members, and Jordan Strbac's (I presume this to be his correct name) film Nancy 61 was somehow listed as Girl in a Suit.



EDITORIAL

from "Gritty" MAEVE WOODS

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow !

This day, THIS VERY DAY is the first program of the 1991 MELBOURNE SUPER 8 FILM FESTIVAL. By the time you read this the festive weekend will have passed for another year. It is a little sad that regular open screening dates of every second Tuesday in the month meant that this Newsletter had to go out without any substantial documentation of the Festival films. Members and others will not forget I hope and will exercise their rights to write descriptions, gut reactions, subtle impressions, malevalence, magnanimity or, "CRITICISM" (Yes, description is description and something very humble, whilst Criticism is the description of at least two things set up in opposition or some other relationship and preferably spiced with reference to some higher authority such as a German Philosopher or a French Film maker). But when you do elect to write, You Ordinary Festival Film Viewer, take courage from the fact that many of the now GREATS of the written word such as Wittgenstein or Irigaray suffered their share of disapproval from the establishment. Wittgenstein spent time as a modest schoolteacher and Irigaray was censured by Lacan. There will be films in this Festival made by very contrasting individuals. I was part

of a dozen or so individuals selecting the particular films to be included. We did not always agree. There were raised voices even. We voted, we discussed. Some films achieved a high level of approval but other films felt by some to possess special potency or expression were included as well. All this means that many films in the festival should provoke discussion.

This 1991 Festival will include works originating from Canada and the circle of Philip Hoffman (who showed his work at Linden earlier this year). We will also be showing some films from Perth, from Sydney and from Italy. Given the earlier funding uncertainties it was difficult for the group to advertise in advance for international and interstate films but I expect that those that are included will demonstrate some interesting differences both in style and in point of view. It seems as if Steven Ball has been imaginative as ever in combining such a diverse offering to make good programs throughout the Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings.

Melbourne is not of course the only site of Festivals where Super 8 is shown. Films were sent to Sydney early in 1991 to be shown at Harald Park Hotel and last week Richard Touhy accompanied a program of short Melbourne films the Jump Cut Festival in Perth and Freemantle. He reports that there was a good audience for the S8 program. That people seemed interested and somewhat bemused by particular areas explored via the low tech of the gauge. Richard has promised to write a full account of his trip to the West with the Melbourne films for the next Newsletter.

And now to the future ! You will recall that in our last Newsletter we published a call for films from Sydney. The original closing date for entries to "MATINAZE 1992" and "GUEST CURATED SCREENINGS" was today. Following a telephone conversation with Virginia Hilyard at Sydney Intermedia Network I understand the date has been extended by four weeks. Good News ! Now we can all get together VHS copies of proposed films for showing in Sydney in 1992. The address is PO Box 424 Kings Cross 2011 or telephone (02) 332 4674.

If future programs are to be sent interstate we could have problems because of our limited supply of large 1200 foot reels. The curator of mixed programs places all programmed films onto a big reel in their correct screening order, any problems or damage to work is thus minimised. Reels need to be the best metal kind (Elmo) and not damaged. Does anyone have or know of a source for cheap (or free) reels for group use ? Big reels are useless for most home projectors and can only be utilized on special projectors such as those in The Glasshouse of The State Film Centre.

Tuesday 10th December is the last Open Screening for this Year. The screening will commence at 7:30. About 9:0 there will be an Annual General Meeting and a Party. We have booked The Glasshouse Meeting Room so that we can flow on a bit after the usual time. Drinks and Chips and all that. Make it a good last Open Screening. See You There !

M.W.

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SUPER 8 EQUIPMENT HIRE

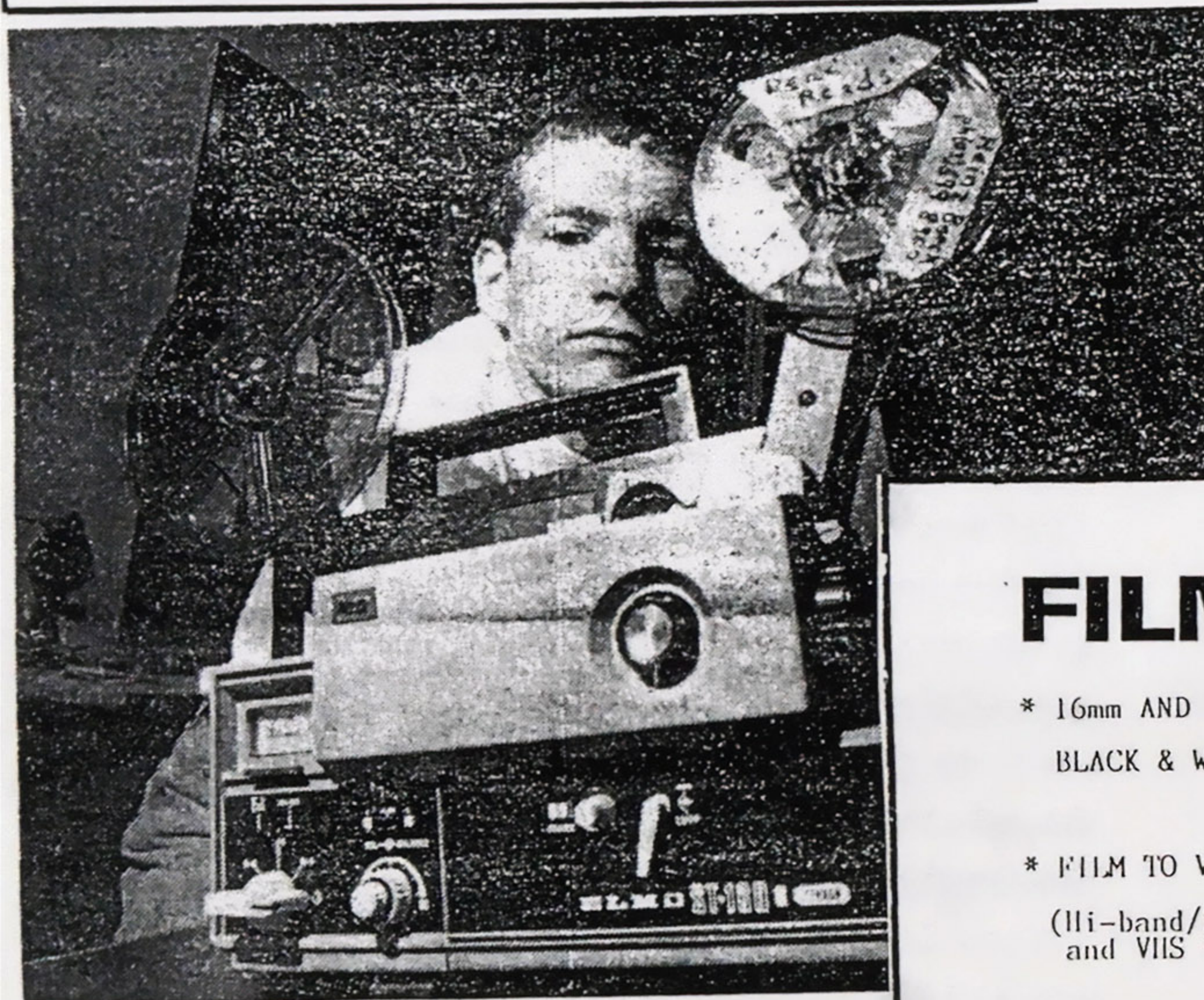
Equipment	Per Day	Per Week (7 days)
Braun Nizo Sound Camera with wide angle lens, matt box & batteries	\$ 15	\$ 75
Sankyo Sound Camera	\$ 5	\$ 30
Silent Cameras Various	\$ 2	\$ 10
Editor Viewers	\$ 1	\$ 5
Wurker Splicers	\$ 1	\$ 5
Miller Tripod Junior	\$ 2	\$ 10
Elmo St-180 Projector sound, twin track	\$ 5	\$ 30

All equipment to be booked with STEVEN BALL 6632954

For Sale For Sale

1 Fujica single-8 splicer with 1 roll of tape.
1 Chinon 805S sound movie camera with mic. and
case. GC. \$150

Ring JENNY PIGNATARO after 6pm on 525 6908.



Steven Ball, director of the Super 8 film festival.

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"Congo Smiles!...Congo Wiles!...
Behold my cries...sister my eyes...
woman my boy...deplete my udders...
nylon my smiles...tremble, my white!...
shudder my glaze...sheen my tiles...
Girls: behold!...Mother my thighs!..."

— Lies! Lies! Congolese lies!
Smug wet gums and starved cries!
Looks that summon (to slaving maws)
the pleading eyes, the fawning hands,
the blanched skin and trembling jaws
of the Young, the Sick, and the Innocent!

O Phyllis! Syphil! Hear my cries!
Inflect these sighs: deflect my rise!
Ah, Conis fair — thou sonic raif:
Thy bare thigh-hair sways windwise — where?
Love-sold-for-pain in whoredom, vain;
O Bongo! O Congo! — Thy soggy mane!
Doom-mood sings of night-things' signs:
Use me! Use me! Barbed-wire lines...

Winter! Winter! Warsaw was raw —
saw war's repellent, lent leper-claw.
Crow-caw! Crow-caw! City ablaze:
through smoke and haze and streaming eyes
at Cracow's krieg-blitzed carcass I gaze.
A bell peels sleep in layers, slayer of dreams,
player of white-mare's prayers and screams
for V.D. skin-rash creams —
and something for head-lice that cleans!

Hackles erect, snout a-quiver
by a moonlit river — dripping fangs:
a shiny droplet, trembling, hangs
over sawblade horizon and hunger pangs —
over winter's distant shoreline shining,
and blurring the moon-black firs outlining
a steel-sharp sky, like ice-blocks gleaming
in chill appraisal of lupine teaming.
And churning, my crotch with maggots teems,
as the spilt, still raw, still warm blood steams.

Noiseless, he springs: the pack abounds,
drawing rime into moonlit needles of line.
Silent pack-paws! Ice-floe in gleams;
wolf-flow in ripples of fur and sound-waves
that rend the air in serrated streams:
and Congo's Smile — it beams!

Spring-thaw! — Paws curl talons to claws,
and hunger gapes in the raw red jaws;
in the ice — flaws; in the steel — a rift
melting state into movement: westward drift.
The white fangs point, the long jaws tremble:
hungry Congo — feral and swift!
And the soil still heaves as the corpses sail
in embalming-lime: a slime-green jail
for eternal time, as survivors rail, but quail,
at the toll of crime — and wail.

"I deal in wares that wear ideals;
I mean to lead the men I name
to Eden-need — and swear "Amen!" "

Deplore this diplomacy's shameful game,
and implore — in vain! — the requital of pain
in your name — In Your Name! — done to dust in his mane.
Time emit tolls for the signs of his fame:
and Congo Smiles — Burn In Hell for the same!

Hushed voices in deadlocked rooms:
parched, the throat; thick, the tongue;
sick, the lisp of baffled whispers,
but slick, the words of Bongolese dung!
He tones his notes; I note his tone:
— tames team-mates'-meat into skin-and-bone.

Preen and soothe with a clitoral tickle
the goosed mound of a feline, fickle?
The saucy, salt-lipped, pink-slitted whistle
for Service, petting and relief, lubricial?
I spit on virgins! I trample flowers!
I stain and desecrate bridal-bowers!

So white the glow — beams bland dreams;
So blond the wood! So clean the reems
of lino vomiting light in streams!
So hot and dry, the fluoral vials:
illusive liquescence of pencil-tumors,
elusive flicker and wane of their glow,
as the rumors and thermometrical flow
of humors continues to grow
in the airless chalk, surpassing the vile —
then dies: leukemia comes in tubes!

Urban castrati clutch black-vinyl slabs
that screen, along with grey terylene, from view
the medicinal linen that dabs
at the arching rash, inflamed anew;
at the limp — once proud! once strong! — wet member
in its soggy thong, dejectedly angling,
unable to wrong but just to remember
the membrane of Sanctity, torn and hanging.

A noosed bell tolls the rolls of the perished,
of the tortured love-lorn limbs that cherished
the transient coils of a mortal clasp
in indifferent arms where they gasped out their last.
Bleed, sore eros-rose, your dew's your due!—
Wed-by-tincture to dawn's crimson petals,
the sky's pink wand blazing trails in the fresh-laundered blue!—
And they offer themselves to your nettles!

"See! See! His tongue, it thirsts!
See: his tongue, his tongue — it seeks!
His tongue, it quickens, it searches, it slakes —
its needs — its needs!" Indeed! She pleads —
in vain? In vain! For he that looks —
and having looked, pays no more heed,
has no more need but Congo Smiles.
But Congo Smiles! Congo Smiles!

**Last Open
Screening**

OPEN SCREENING 12.11.91.

"WHITE GLOVES" SPECIAL PROGRAM.

"SPINNING OUT" by Tanja George.

"FREUD"

"SHE IS A GOOD DANCER" ..

"CONSIDER" by Ian McIntosh.

"WORK IN PROGRESS" ..

"EIFFEL TOWER SPONGE FILM"

by Chris Windmill.

"ABRAXUS RELIQUARY" by Ben Fletcher

"2nd RE-WORKING of MATADOR"

by Ian McIntosh.

**Next Meeting
At 7.30 pm**

TUESDAY 10th November; at 7:30. END OF YEAR OPEN SCREENING FOLLOWED BY:

P A R T Y ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING P A R T Y ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

(At the GLASSHOUSE MEETING ROOM, RMIT, 360 Swanston Street)

Open Screening

Editorial & Layout By: MAEVE WOODS

Contact Number: STEVEN BALL 6632954

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Super Eight 

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