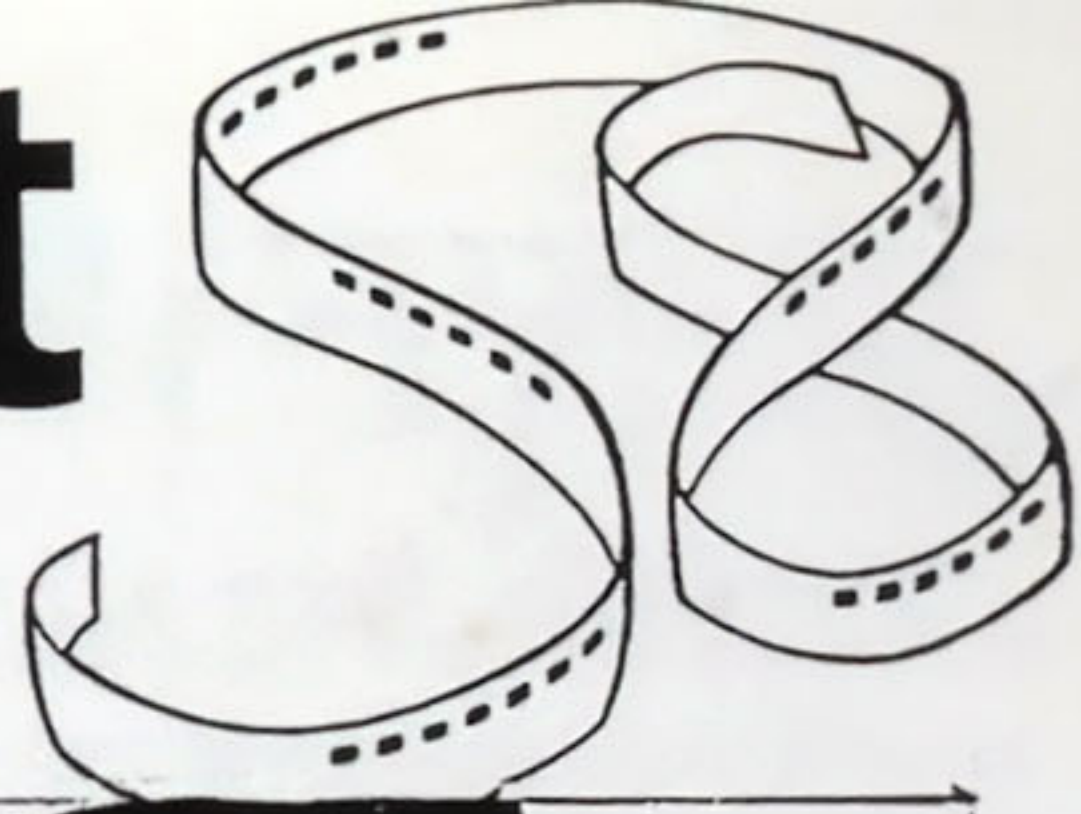


Super Eight



Melbourne Super 8 Film Group

Newsletter of the

Issue 68 April 1992



GESTURE-POEM

NEWS NEWS NEWS

COVER THE NEWSLETTER

In recent issues the cover of the newsletter has featured artwork from Pete's vast collection of international visual poetry. Now he knows that a lot of our members are capable of producing artwork themselves and would like to get some contributions for the cover. This is your newsletter so let's see some of your efforts. **Send them in.**

PACKAGED FILMS

At recent open screenings there have been a number of people bringing along so-called 'packaged' films, i.e. films produced by commercial distributors, usually prints of feature films etc. As interesting a phenomena as these films may be, our meetings exist to screen work by Super 8 filmmakers. In future 'packaged' films will not be screened unless there is something remarkable about them to make them of real interest and worthy of screening. If there are not enough films for an open screening why can't we justTALK!

Yearbook to be Published

The Yearbook will be published this year in June. Pete Spence will be in charge of putting it together and would like contributions from members by way of articles, artwork, photographs, film stills, etc. etc.... We are planning quite a substantial publication and would like to involve members in producing it. If you would like to be on the editorial committee get in touch.

THE FESTIVAL HAS BEEN PROVISIONALLY BOOKED FOR MID-AUGUST. MORE NEWS TO FOLLOW SOON

VIDEOS

If anyone has spare video copies of any of their films, it would be nice if we could have some in the office to show to visitors. Drop them in if interested.

DIRECTORY OF MELBOURNE SUPER 8 FILMS

Well, well, the response so far to the Directory has been pitiful. Please fill out the forms from last month's newsletter with information about your films. We will probably have a few screenings in various festivals soon. Information about your films will help in programming and curating these screenings. If you don't want your films to be seen....fair enough, I'll just fill the programmes with my films. YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

WRITE FOR THE NEWSLETTER

NEW SCREENING VENUE

The Tuesday 14th April Meeting will be held in the brand spanking new theatrette at 211 Johnston Street, Fitzroy (also known as the ADA Building). This will be our permanent venue from now on. It is situated between Brunswick and Smith Streets (closer to the latter) and can be reached easily by public transport. Trams 11 and 12 (Brunswick St), 86 (Smith St), 96 (Nicholson St), 246 Bus (Hoddle St).

This month's screening will feature Julian Dahl's new epic production 'SLAUGHTER OF THE STRAWBERRY' and the film(s) that YOU bring along! **Be There.**

EQUIPMENT HIRE IS BACK.

PHONE FOR DETAILS. 417 3402

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I have begun here in this corner with a discussion of al-Gebra but without success as I have had to begin again in this rude fashion so in this manner under these words are others the usual grinning corpses placed in the mouth in the usual fashion so that legs stick ungainly out I cannot speak of death in this way in this car in this hearse for too long as I must move on in the wheeled vehicle I have adopted for the purpose I have serious things to say to you about this liege this death so I have entered via the route of Arab scientists whose names I casually mention al-Khwarizmi, ibn-Sina, Omar Khayyám as a comfort as a canal for the passage of boats along the sumptuous waterways intricate and roving ahoy ahoy I am awash in this sea I am steadfast though I wander I am not leaving you I am rocking I am waiting for you to unroll ropes by the quayside long and curled to notice amongst the long reeds of the river's side strands of waterweed lying out into the main currents themselves mundane I'm a stick I'm a bug I'm a droplet and I am moving once again though I haven't started I haven't stopped I am placing my hand on yours for the course of this journey lest I falter lest we both falter lest we both fail though is this impossible

Though we think it we wonder of the time amongst various peoples at this moment do they look at the brightest hole in the absurd blue do they say to each other what's the time do they halt and listen to a crow do they smell the clouds do they search angrily for a clock made public from its secret recess in the plaza of Toledo of your skin is the softest in the world so I must sing of ears and I must sing of eating and of love O you of the darkest skin darkest hair of eyes of two blues of fingers long and feet broad of a look that falls asleep as I walk about the small room as every one falls falls into love of you you have done nothing other than begin to decipher as you will decipher this as you will decipher me in the order which occurs as the world is the fashion of the astrolabe how could it be otherwise on the surface of your once blue-grey skin I await the sting in your tail prone on the floor this other you is the bodhisattva entering and departing the femina in the male as Hippocrates' spellunking colleague circles his tail into his mouth I fall over I am holding you inside you I am plastered against your walls I am lingering in the vales of death or nearby or high on a hill as a lonely goatheard over a few words one evening the argument heated in its gulf the world was ordered and the dish delivered in time for the scholars to make telephone calls to the rudiments of artists whose hearts are the hearts of oxen

I have begun in this corner because the world's four corners do not allow much journeying without pain and it is here that there is no pain because I have opened the door for you I have stood back whilst the pain rushes through whilst the pain runs straight into the river becomes a rock which stares at you at which you admire which is able to be carressed by the waters whose spring is a high source

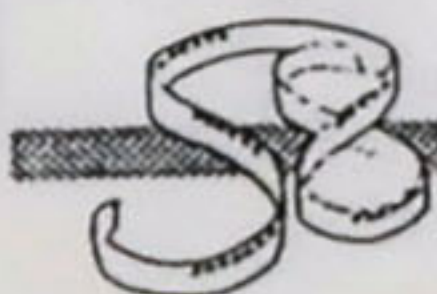
in this mangy excuse for a drapery I unveil the living model whose features I recognise as the scarlet equivalent of a letter missing enough to make the calculation of zero impossible as it is from her that I have sprung to here in a simple case of hop skip and jump

I go on in this archaic manner because there is a god in every corner who waits to be asked old woman hovering in smoke in dawn I wave my hand towards your face for this is a serious matter at last there is some respect for the dead I would burn offerings yet the air is clamouring for space the holy tree is unveiled immodest and perpetrating myths under other names whose tongues are coronaded and rugged upon the backs of ships traversing desert here to that desert you love to sniff amongst as a toad amongst the roots of a boabab

I am one voice wailing in the wind across the sea to the new world I am loaded with fruits and the love of god to avoid the barcoo rot I go on like this for there is no one to speak the house is empty for too long though I am never here I am casually lying under the bed and whispering of the springs I see of the wooden bridges of the arched and complementary spines of the exhaustion of air high up in the topmost branches with the cradle and the plughole

In this corner fatigue walks forward with nonchalance and an innocent look waiting for the moment to slide into you as a robe under the skin I cannot help I cannot move forward I cannot do I am helpless as you will soon be as I once was as we all are as the coagulation of blood as Vivienne says I am jealous

the world is crowding into this corner into my arms the world is no longer a narrow place the world is a small impossibility rushing to the end rushing to fill a space that does not exist as my eyes on stalks see as we snails and other house-dwellers see as my slime trail indicates the silvery paths of something-nothings to come as an expectation of difficulty of comprehension it could be I do not wish it it could be I am too tired it could be I am delirious as the dance occurs in your room as I wait to escort the floor to the walls the famous foxtrot the sawdust and the sandwiches the usual speech about honour and longevity the usual speech about finding it difficult to stand in this three-piece suit the usual dawn sleeping into a day a few minutes is it a few hours a what into a slight blue breath and a yawn in this manner I understand the bored becoming devoted and the ardent lascivious how swift is love how swift



Last Open Screening & Other Things

Or a Page of Idio-Sync-Curios by pete spence

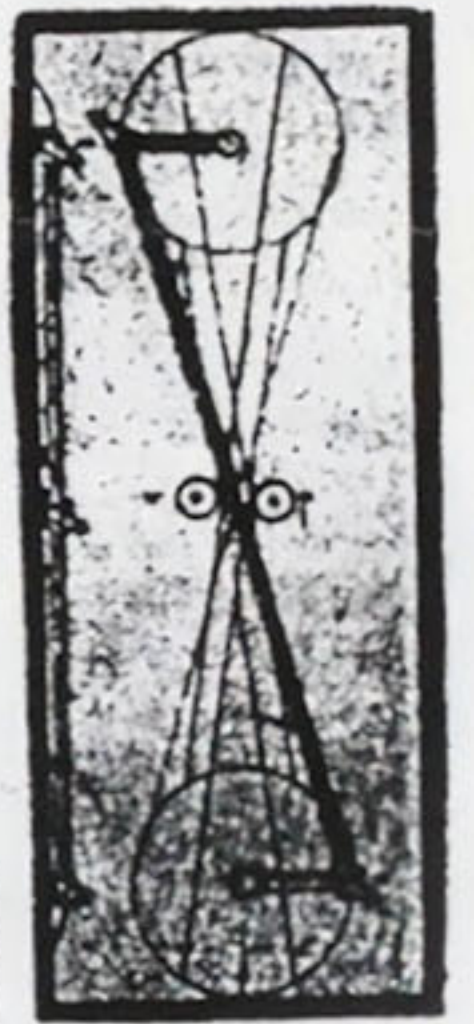


PERRY adds an 'L' and i took an 'R' out!! sorry Perry! and newsletter readers! it is "Stranger Street" not "Stanger St"! as i had under OPEN SCREENING in our last newsletter! i didn't intend everyone to know i was accomplice to mine-own errors! seeing Perry's whip-job on Richard Touhy's "ORDINARY FLUX" (this edition) i would have hoped Richard Had Have Been at the OPEN SCREENING (10-3-92) to make some adjudications in his own eccentric/flighty way about "Stranger Street" but ahhh-lasss Richard's front row seats (where he lounges at times hori-zone-tone-ly) were impressive by his vacation.

The slap-stick "Stranger Street" had me thinking Perry had had a diet of the BOWERY BOYS and had need to erase it from his condition onto emulsion! It is uncertain whether Perry avoids in "Stranger Street" the criticals he makes per the acting qualities in "Ordinary Flux"! qualities also apparent in the narrative films shown by Mark La Rosa although Mark was self critical about this in his informative short talks on each film he presented.

"Bridget Among The Ten Thousand Things" is to me maturing La Rosa and i'm interestedly waiting his next film!

i'd like to gently remind SUPER 8 members that this NEWSLETTER is theirs! and looking at back issues i know many members do some fine writing and graphiks and other amazing stuff so please send me your workings so that my Idio-sync-curiosities do not take over! healthy and stealthy discussion of each others work is this clubs History - the arty-facts we make other than film is the wider place we might make - so i'm in hope of seeing some matter-real coming my way.... Yours pete spence.



Two Poems by pete spence

TRANSLUCENT FLURRIES
THROUGH THE SAINFOIN!
THE HAY IS CROSS!
NUTURES A TURTLE
COLOURED SKY TETHERED
TO A NAKED WINDSOCK!

CURT

THE WORSTED SUN!
THATCHED SKIES UMBRELLA
A FALSETTOED PAN
ORAMA LIKE A GRUFF CHIN
TATTOOED TOO TO
AN OCEAN ROPED
TO AN ONLY
PIECE OF SAND



oh April
where are you
now my raincoat's here
like a branch of quartz!
momentarily i become an effigy
of words
sheer error rebuilt!
my meerschaum arm
reminding the pelican
of the Venusburgh milieu!
the history of a dish of prawns!

SOMEONE COUGHS

IN

EUROPE!

a locomotive embarks for spain!

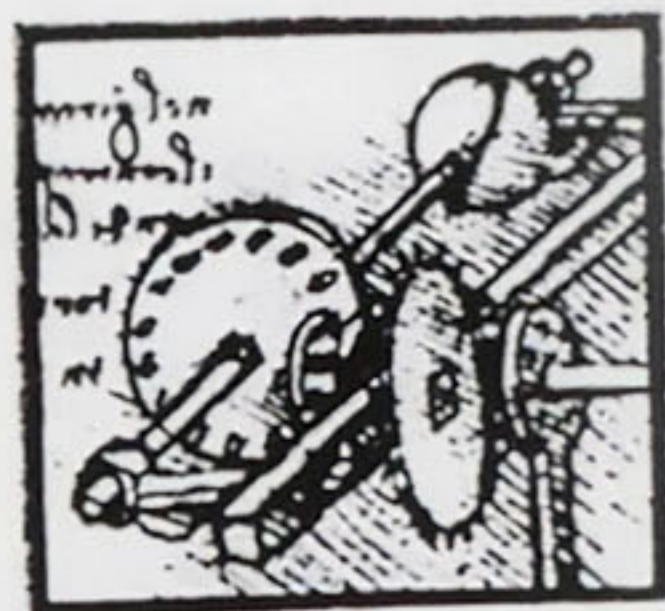
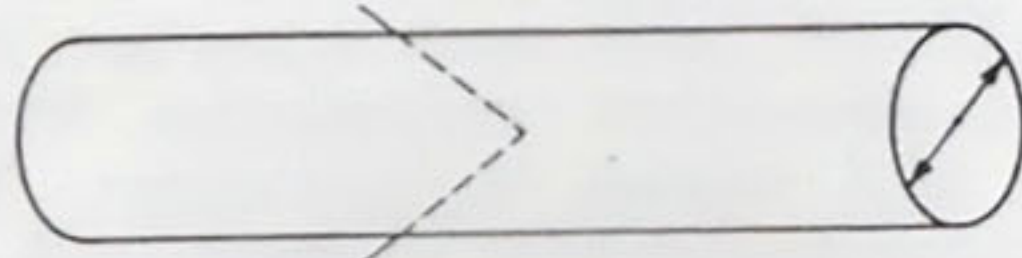
50! no more! 23 songs!

sung by chandeliers!

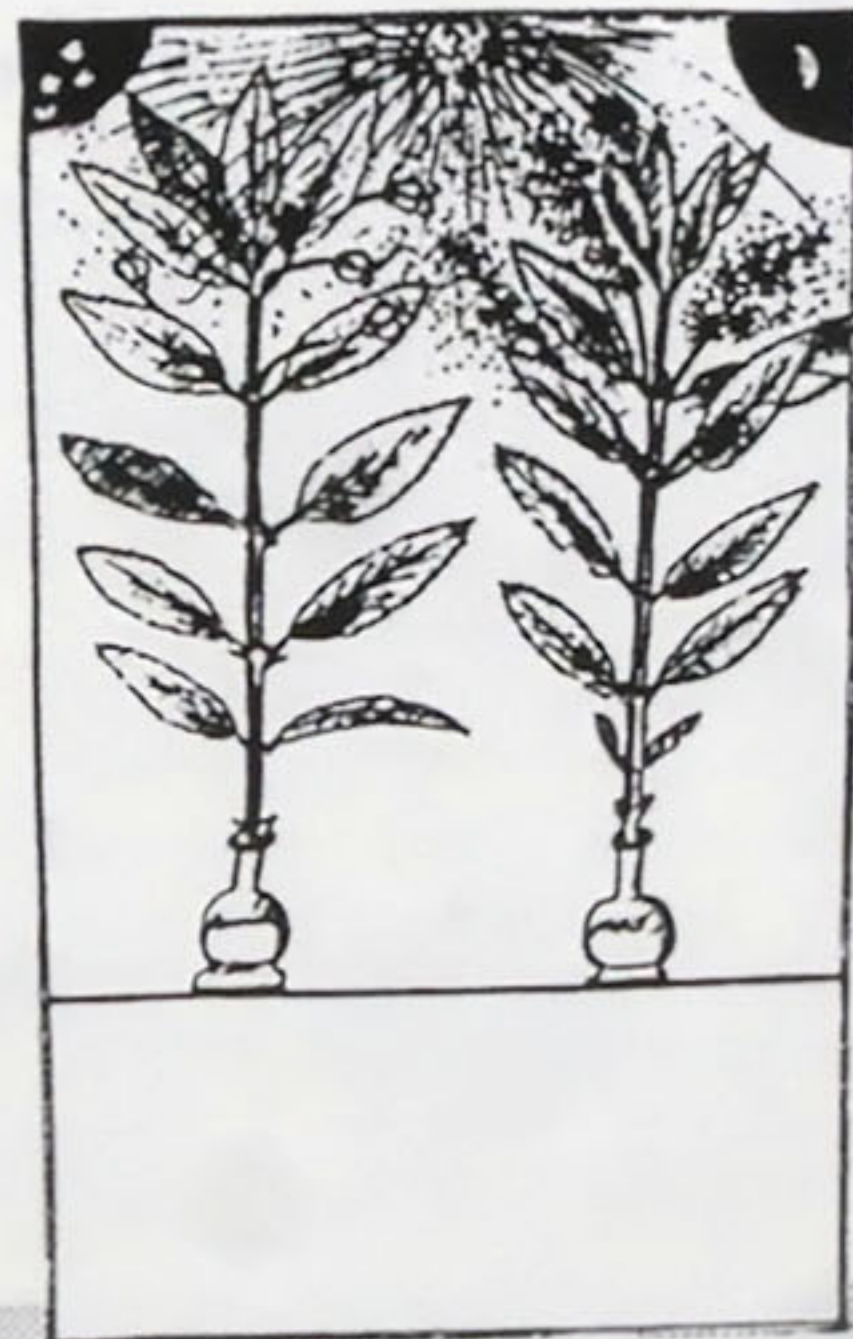
CHANT L'AIRES

wheels amok among trees!

Preliminaries to the Nuptials of Plants was the title, translated, of a small thesis which Linnaeus wrote in 1729 and dedicated to the learned Celsius.



Preliminary to the Nuptials of Plants - a thesis by Linnaeus setting forth his doctrine of sexuality in plants - foreshadowed his great 'Systema Naturae', the system of classification that is still known by his name today. This title-page in his own hand is still preserved in his old university of Upsala.



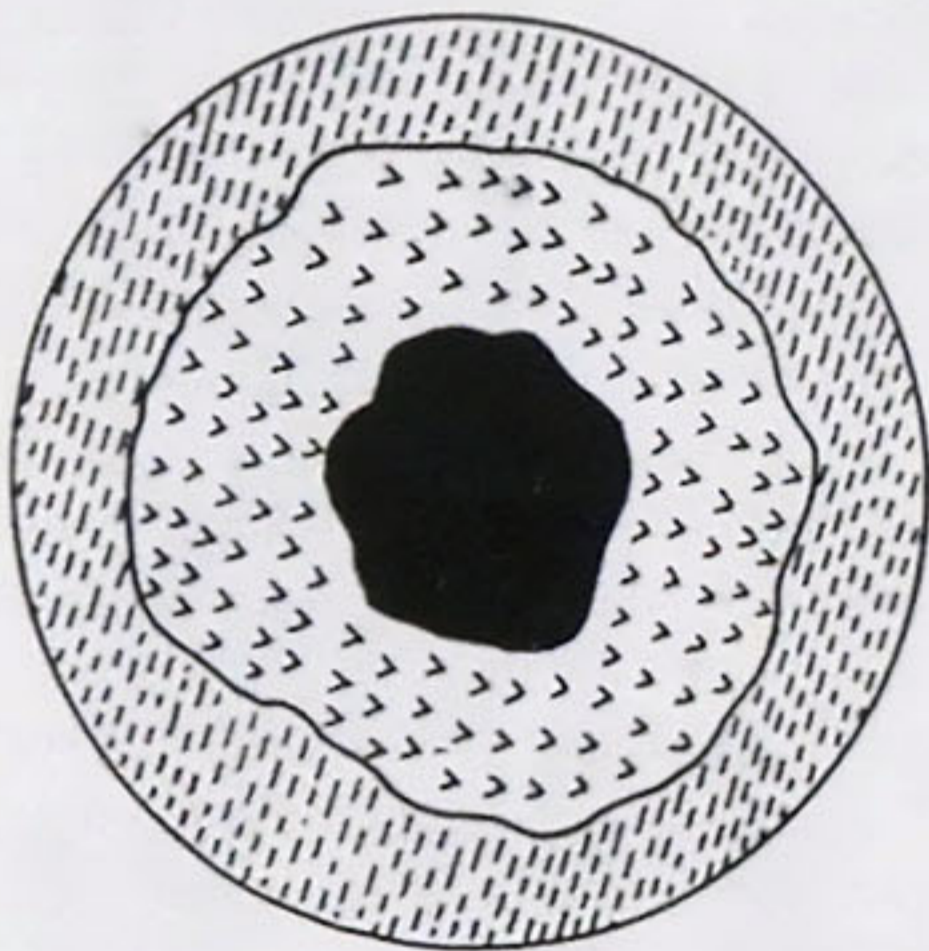
Caroli Linnaei
Medici & Botanici
Hujusmodi Reg.
Prætoris
Sponsalium
Plantarum
in quibus
Physiologia earum explicatur,
Sexus demonstratur
modus generationis detegitur,
non minus plantarum
tam uniusquamque
genus continetur
Upsalæ 1729



DEAR SUPER 8 MEMBERS

I wonder if anyone can show me a "NAIVETY PROTECTOR" or tell me who the inventor of the "NAIVETY PROTECTOR" is, for I feel that for those members who have one it seems to be automatically adjusting itself to the edge of puerility, maybe the device can be adjusted back to a credulous position?

Awaiting your credulous response,
MONTY CANTSIN.



'THE TWO TUOHYS' 'Love Life' & 'Ordinary Flux' By Sandy Munro 25.2.92.

These two films show a unique 'Tuohy' Style: a slow enigmatic unwinding of the characters' search for IDENTITY and PEACE of mind through Relationships (to date or not to date) and IMPROVERISED PROBLEM-SOLVING in filmic TEMPO where dialogue is not spontaneous and alert but is laboured (prelearned by actors) just like the PLODDING PROBLEM-SOLVING personalities that both Steve in 'Love Life' and Julian in 'Ordinary Flux' exude onto the screen. His protagonists are SEARCHERS, like us. It is this very 'tortured main character' style that stumps TUOHY on his fictionalised LIFE-LIKE NARRATIVES. Drug-like, I enjoy each film the more watch as I get hooked on it. My older son, Brett, first saw 'Ordinary Flux' with me and really enjoyed it. He could identify with the telephonic Umning and Ahring that young would-be dates endure, and their search for identity. Aren't the characters SEARCHING for a path, an identity? Tuohy's main protagonists FRIMBLE on the way. The watcher/reader must be sensitive to this... the way people PROBLEM-SOLVE. Let's look at one title 'Ordinary Flux'. A title is very important as it should get across at an instant the theme the director/producer wishes to encapsulate. To me, 'ordinary flux' means events progress ordinarily and at their own rate, as do Richard's characters and film tempo. So why has there been so much space occupied by the various critical writings to date on his Title. THESESES have been purported on its meaning, these theses splashing of the usual pseudo intellectualism that reveals the old adage of not being able to see the trees for the wood or vice versa). What is so wrong about looking at things SIMPLY and HONESTLY ...with some subtle symbolism added...??? My first and last crit on Richard's first long S-8 Narrative film 'Love Life' expressed my disappointment at the ending... how Steve could suddenly revert to happiness after a mere visit to a zoo. I also thought the aquarium seal-scenes too long and too doco-like for the genre. I still think this. My first crit on 'Ordinary Flux' is this one you read now. THIS film has more ENIGMA in it than Richard's first. Thoughts that crossed my mind as I watched were: 'Does Julian have homosexual tendencies? Does he reject Amber mainly because she is too Pushy? Or is he being over-cautious because he is highly SELECTIVE? Or is he in a rut and must JOURNEY ALONE if he is to find his IDENTITY? Does he break out of this RUT when he goes off SPONTANEOUSLY at the end on a tram to who-knows-where or is he still lost within himself or is his relief that Amber has met Guy and he is free of ANY commitment at the moment a kick-start to his tramride? PROBLEM-SOLVING. ENIGMA... Interestingly, Amber is like a female version of Steve (L.L.) in that she 'pushes' for a date and in doing so forces the possible recipient further away. This is a nice little message, especially if Richard intended it so, because in a relationship there should be Spontaneous Unanimity rather than one partner being keener than the other. TUOHY knows HOW to film a Narrative: uniquely, realistically and Successfully. He is teaming up now with Mark La Rosa, so with those TWO minds we should see fully developed characters, plots and genius.

Some of Martinaze & Back by Heinz Boeck

Recently, I spent a week in Sydney and was able to catch the second programme (as the programmes run on consecutive Saturday afternoons) of Martinaze, the S.I.N. (Sydney Intermedia Network) organised "national survey of independent film and video art". S.I.N. grew out of the Sydney Super 8 Film Group in order to reflect practitioners increased use of video and other film gauges.

So what did I see at the Domain Theatre, deep down in the bowels of the Art Gallery of NSW? A steeply sloping, fairly large cinema filled, to about three quarters of its capacity.

On the day, I was most surprised by Other Loves, Andrew Frost and Sean O'Brien's eclectic rumination. Parodied contemporary, urban lifestyles, banal platitudes & catchy aphorisms. No place, only displacement. Satisfaction in a hovering ambiguity. The dialogue is given live. The piece begins with a formally dressed male, greased hair slicked back, walking onto the stage to one side of the screen and devoting focused attent-

ion to a microphone held very close to his face. First some tentative mumbling — then a skyscape with clouds appears on the screen. Esoteric poetry perhaps? The voice becomes more coherent..... sometimes almost crooning.....

Gabrielle Finnane and Robert Nery's two offerings— On A Dark Night and Slab, I saw in Melbourne last year.

On a Dark Night parodies the hackneyed trials of love and romance played out in suggestive sequences from T.V.'s violent all women Rollergame, T.V. game shows, pornographic videos and more. Deadpan dialogue. Some great incisive humour. The archival news sequences of acrobatic stunts are especially vivid in foregrounding a condition of passive object and powerlessness. Hilarious cameos with a self-conscious effect. A great selection of media grabs and a cunning sense of humour.

Slab is an eccentric and rather grotesque piece. A very quirky, surreal burlesque that on one level could be construed to be about how a dogs exper-

ience might seem to us if viewed through the focus of their own existential circumstances. We can easily extend such a notion and realise how relatively fatuous and bigoted are the bulwarks that give our own lives significance. Well maybe.

~~~~~

Alexander Kluge on the New Media made by Jan Bruck, seemed a rather unfortunate interview of one of Germany's most engaging and polemical film makers. Very interestingly shot and lit in what seemed like a television production facility. Some interesting bits, but overall the interview may have been too impromptu for Kluge to be able to organize his thoughts. The dialogue doesn't seem to amount to anything very coherent and we're left in a state of nebulous confusion.

((()))

In Tracking On Track, Sandy Munro's video, what we get is a study of a person giving us a commentary of how he perceives his role in his job as a guard on a train while he watches images of himself on the job (sections from Sandy's S8 film On Track). These images

appear on a large screen behind a semi-silhouette of his half profile. Despite the formally contrived arrangement of elements in the frame, we get a slice of cinema vérité in the sense that we observe the protagonist and his explanations but moreso, we tend to read the nuances of his character and situation between the lines of the dialogue. Interesting enough.

..........*

At a dinner party a couple of nights before, Virginia Hilliard brought along a video copy of Brutini, the Catherine Lowing and Sean O'Brien 29 minute, 16mm film. Made with state funding on a relatively big budget, it's a technically very slick piece of sitcom. A fantastically odd film chronicling what might be representative of an attitude or sensibility that reflects a certain kind of inner Sydney, city living in a way similar to what Lowenstein's Dogs in Space attempted to do for late '70s early '80s Melbourne. Anyway, a wry, very funny film about contemporary life?

.....

Hello Pete,

It's seven thirty am and I've just finished a letter to Hannes Lárusson in Reykjavik asking for contributions from Icelanders for our Yearbook. I said deadline early May, was that right ?

So here's this very modest 'poem' if you have space in the next Newsletter :

What a day
What a way
Here I am the blooms a'plucking
Cabbage moths a'twirling fucking
Steady sultry
Summer's adultery
Hot day.

Maeve Woods, '92.

.....and of course as I write NOW there's a solid coldish mist all around the house !

Warm Regards,

Maeve



Oskar Fischinger: The Absolute Film.





NEXT MEETING

NEXT MEETING



AT 7.30 PM-
"SLAUGHTER OF THE STRAWBERRY"
S8/video, B&W/col., sound, 45mins
1992, Dir- Julian Dahl.

The strawberry- a rare, sweet fruit coveted by lovers: friend of pavlova, tenebrous delight; with seeds on the outside, this little heart runs quite a risk.

In a spirit of heedless irreverence, this innocuous fruit is used as a metamorphic motif- an intimation of human frailty, vulnerability, warmth. Slaughtered.

Violent juxtaposition of memory, dream and now form the woven life-space of a man, M1, a woman F, and the owner, M2. Strawberries, squid, domestic bliss. Their million-lived times suggest black refractive portent.

M1 seeks the empty to find what fills: the saltlake dearth, a clean blank sheet on which black irony meets existential pastiche.

A coin is flipped 89 times. Heads.

Later/during/before, M1 is observed or pursued by a cosmic spy. M2 finds F in the wasteland. We return and leave these zones freely, liquidly, like conversation between friends.

Comedy/drama/love story (a shotgun blast approximates the mutant child).

Titervation of instinct- a vaguely sado-masochistic invitation to bite the one you love.

Now is all that matters. An attempt to be in the fundamental present, given a 'species being' always projected ahead or behind.



PRINTS BY M. JOSEPH.



An examination of love and pain; an extrapolation of chaos, gain.

An exploration of dualities in which opposites are no longer seen as contradictions.

CAST

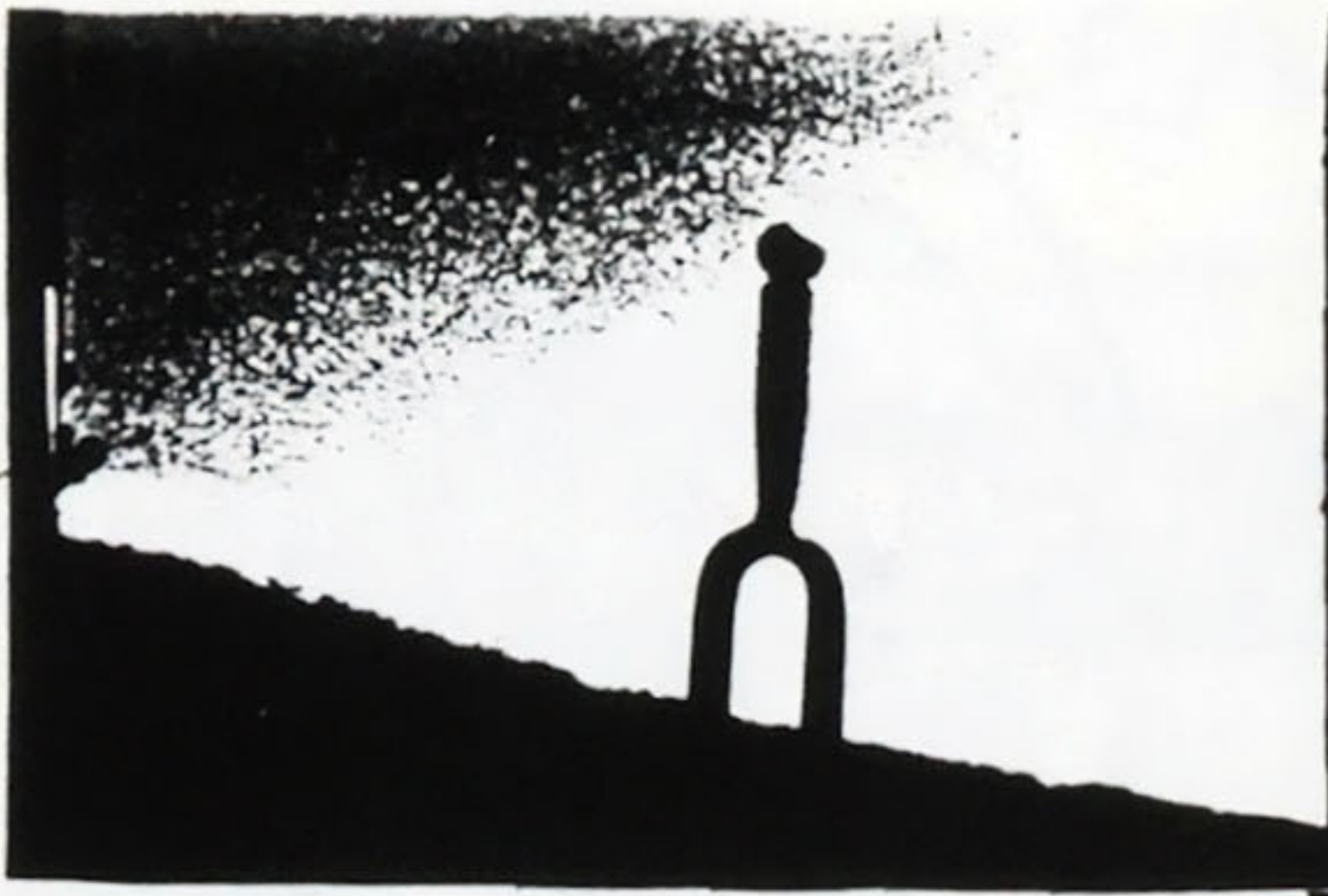
Ivor Bowen, M2
Sarah Walker, F
David Tredinnick, M1
John Mifsud, M3/observer
Melinda Mifsud, Spanish
Dancer.

CREW

SOUND

John Toth
Amanda Egglestone
Big Beat Studios
John Mifsud
Moira Joseph
Michelle Ryan

© 1992 Eu Topos Productions.



NOW

by Julian Dahl

chattering pebbles envelope suns strung
 flailing clotheslines hang worn pasts
 boxed wrapped bright signs of asking
 left as vestiges once speared lost
 flung ants ears itching unfurled wings
 uncertain grains chafe nubile napes
 a sucked perspective eggs roll wheelbarrows
 three legged racing on rubbled gold
 still bacillic itching twitching snips
 lick liquid stones from concrete lips
 can human juices hear the spaces
 between yesterday's breath today's time ran
 elbowed skittles clink red sand
 dripped hidden blood from shelves beyond sight
 of moaning doorknobs spinning shut
 what is now is now is then
 thoughts rake the space from aqueous sills
 what is now is then
 what is then is when
 the nameless same even pickles fear
 threshing toothpicks near and forgotten
 can gormless fogs trap white vacuum
 or cradle fractions of fragments shot
 once the mind curls pavements
 new ribbons found
 around instants gone from chemical plots.



OPEN SCREENING FEATURE

"Motorcycle Ride"

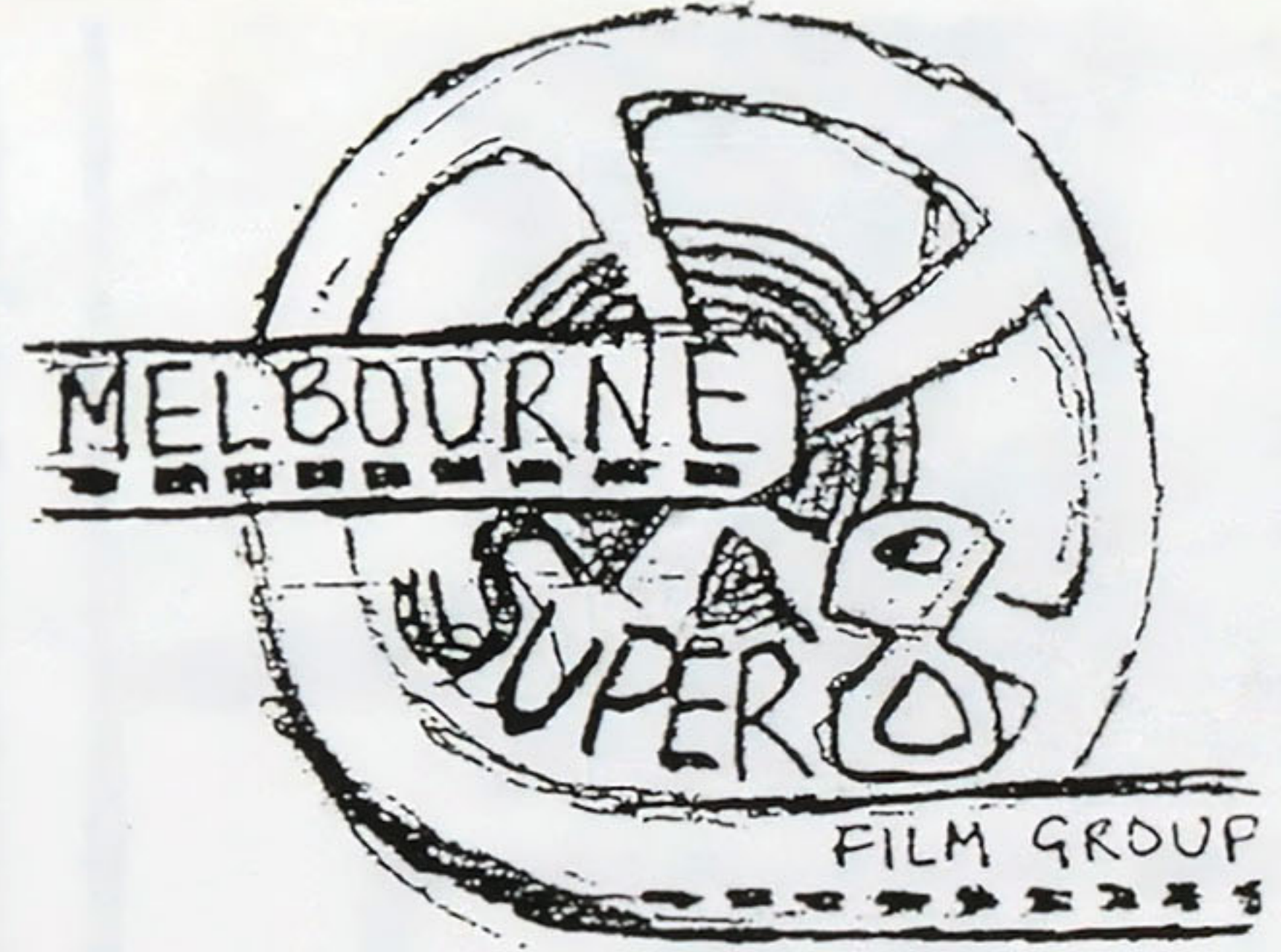
B&W, hand coloured, sound, 3 mins

by Moira Joseph.



FROM FILM FORM

Sergei Eisenstein



from issue No.10.

To regard the frame as a particular, as it were, molecular case of montage makes possible the direct application of montage practice to the theory of the shot.

And similarly with the theory of lighting. To sense this as a collision between a stream of light and an obstacle, like the impact of a stream from a fire-hose striking a concrete object, or of the wind buffeting a human figure, must result in a usage of light entirely different in comprehension from that employed in playing with various combinations of "gauzes" and "spots."

Thus far we have one such significant principle of conflict: *the principle of optical counterpoint.*

And let us not now forget that soon we shall face another and less simple problem in counterpoint: *the conflict in the sound film of acoustics and optics.*

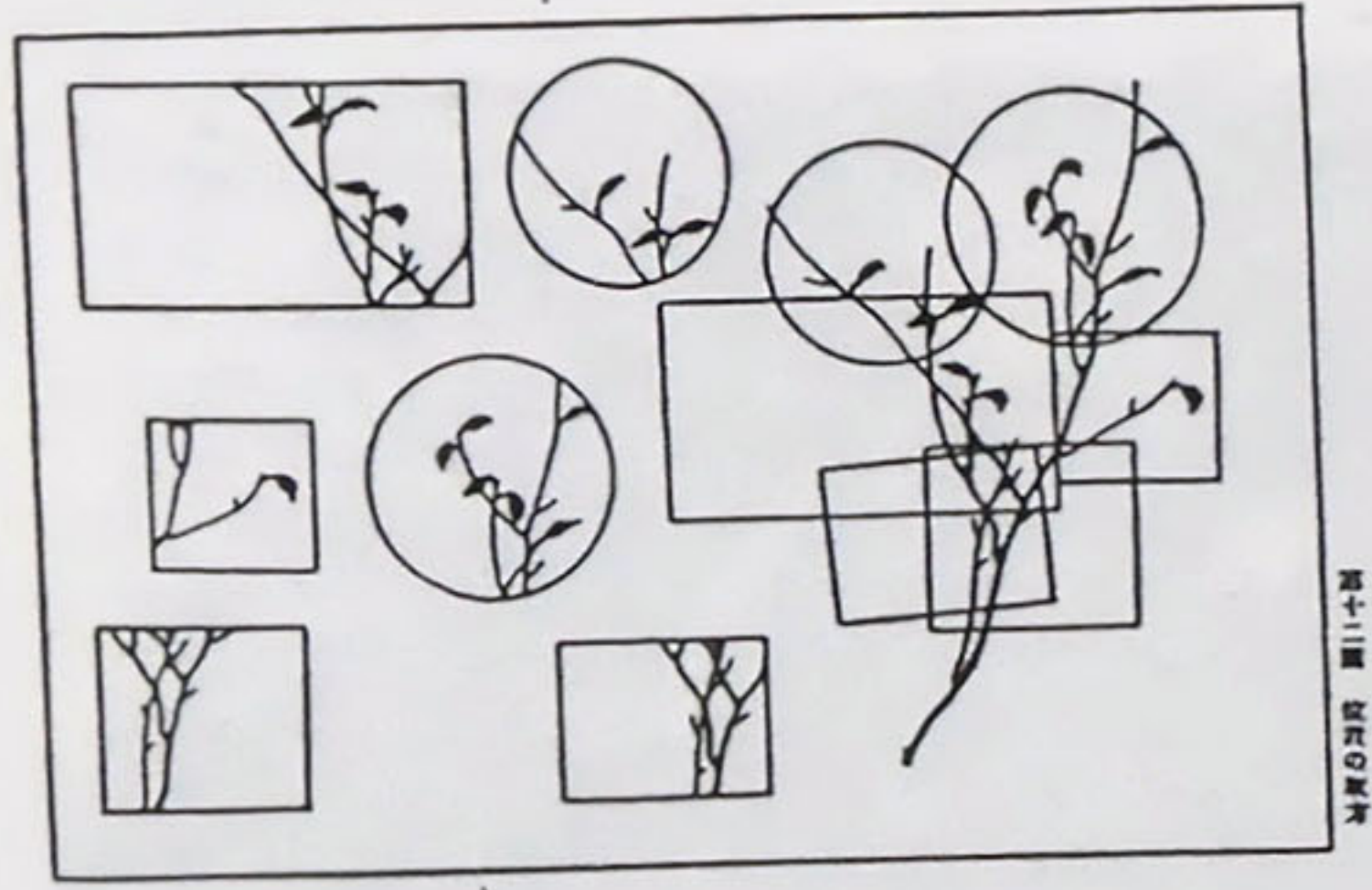
Let us return to one of the most fascinating of optical conflicts: the conflict between the frame of the shot and the object!

The camera position, as a materialization of the conflict between organizing logic of the director and the inert logic of the object, in collision, reflects the dialectic of the camera-angle.

In this matter we are still impressionistic and lacking in principle to a sickening degree. Nevertheless, a sharpness of principle can be had in the technique of this, too. The dry quadrilateral, plunging into the hazards of nature's diffuseness . . .

What is our method of teaching drawing? Take any piece of white paper with four corners to it. Then cram onto it, usually even without using the edges (mostly greasy from the long drudgery!), some bored caryatid, some conceited Corinthian capital, or a plaster Dante (not the magician performing at the Moscow Hermitage, but the other one—Alighieri, the comedy writer).

The Japanese approach this from a quite different direction: Here's the branch of a cherry-tree. And the pupil cuts out from this whole, with a square, and a circle, and a rectangle—compositional units:



He frames a shot!

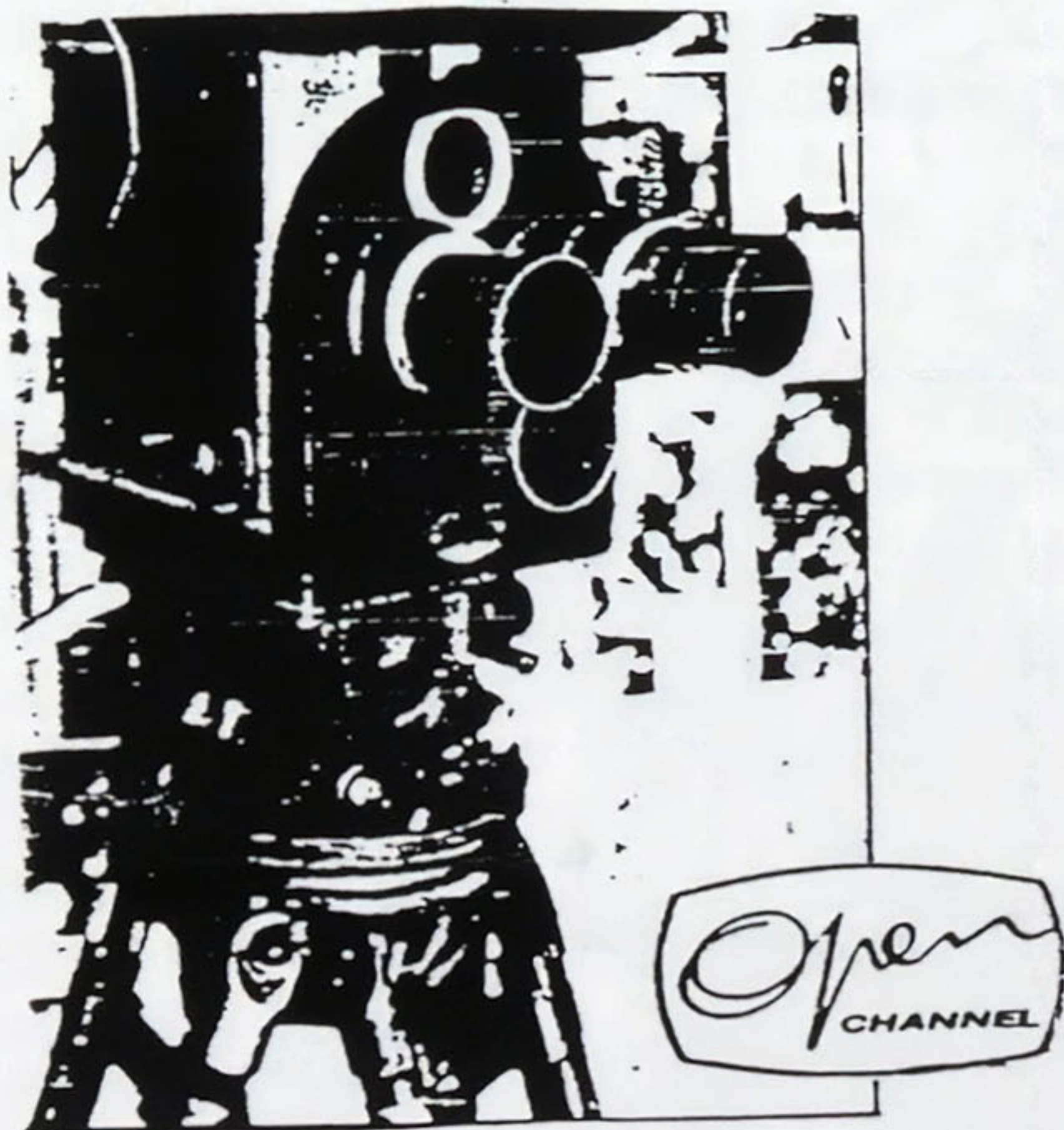
These two ways of teaching drawing can characterize the two basic tendencies struggling within the cinema of today. One—the expiring method of artificial spatial organization of an event in front of the lens. From the "direction" of a sequence, to the erection of a Tower of Babel in front of the lens. The other—a "picking-out" by the camera: organization by means of the camera. Hewing out a piece of actuality with the ax of the lens.



Enthusiasm (1931), by Dziga Vertov.

Visual Documents

Rarely-seen classic and contemporary film documentaries



Open Channel Co-operative presents a screening of documentary film prints at its studio at 13 Victoria St, Fitzroy (next to the Universal Theatre). Including rarely-seen works by Dutch filmmaker JORIS IVENS.

The screening is open to the public and entry is free.

WEDNESDAY APRIL 15th 7.30 pm

Four Films By Joris Ivens:

- Football Incident, High School 31.
- Professor Ching.
- (From the series 'How Yukon Moved the Mountains').
- Indonesia Calling.
- Spanish Earth.

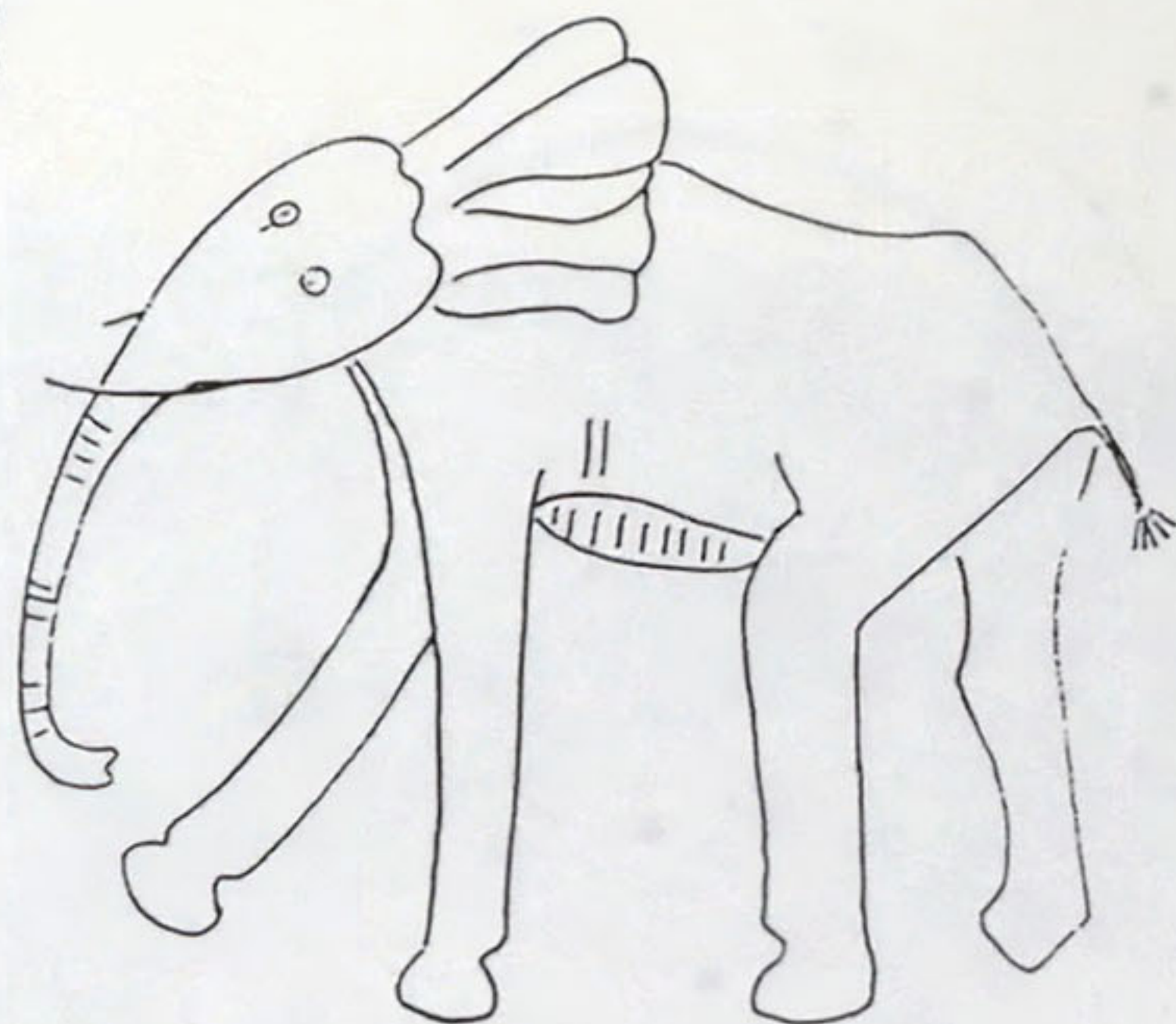
Joris Ivens was born in Holland where he began to make experimental films in the Twenties. Driven by a strong political consciousness he spent his life documenting the lives of common people in war and in peace. He is regarded as one of the great documentary filmmakers but his work is rarely publicly seen in Australia. 'Spanish Earth', about the Spanish Civil War, has a narration written and spoken by Ernest Hemingway. 'Indonesia Calling', which was made in association with the Australian Waterfront Unions about the Dutch efforts to recolonise Indonesia after W.W.2. Mao Tse Tung gave Ivens unprecedented freedom to film the ordinary lives of the Chinese in the early seventies. Here are two episodes from the series 'How Yukon Moved the Mountains'.

PLUS

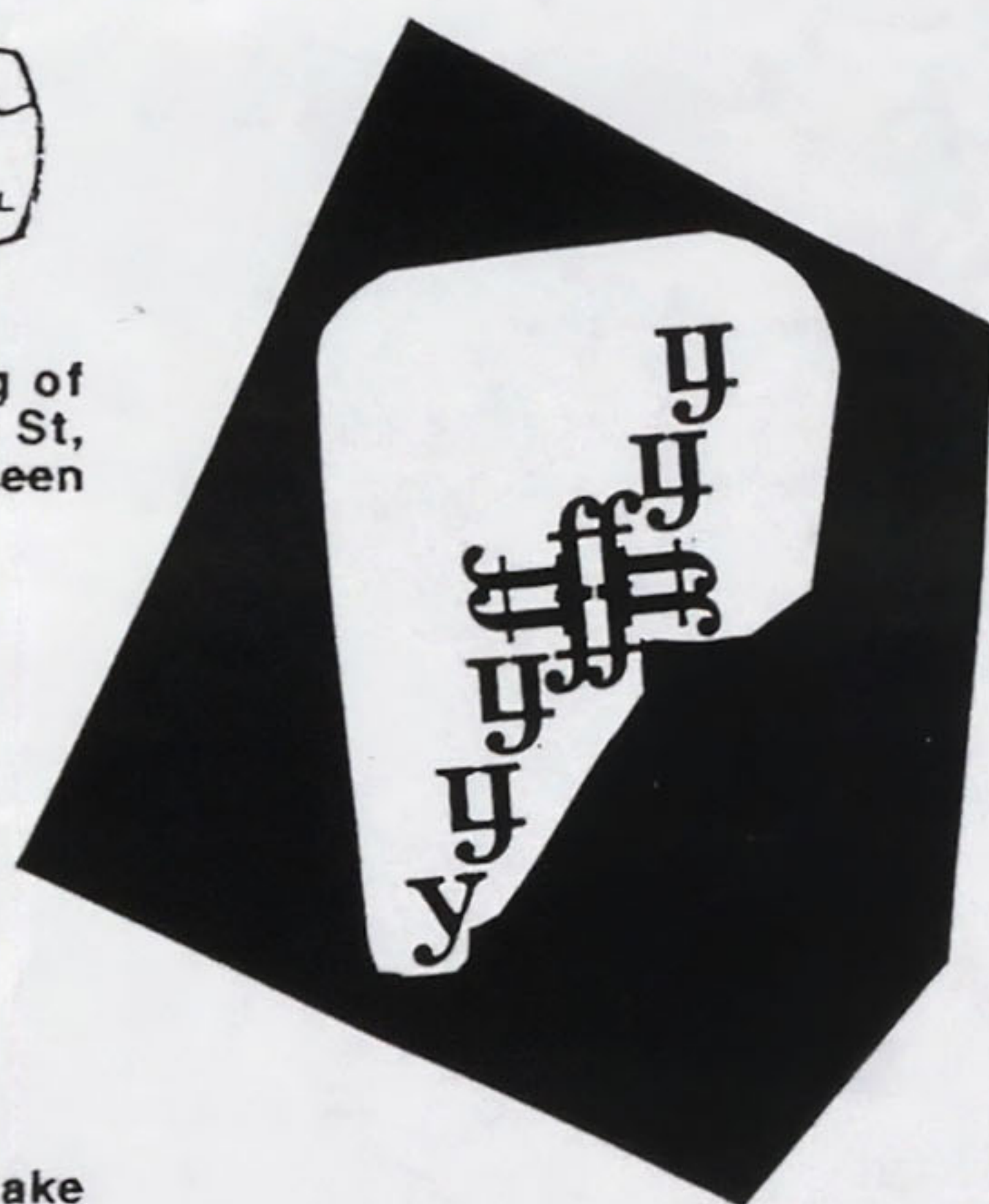
Life at the Top. Melissa Juhansson (Aust).

A high-rise block of flats in Carlton is home to dozens of single pensioners who show us a remarkably positive attitude to their last years of life, at odds with the dreary surroundings. An endearing document of life up high by a talented local filmmaker.

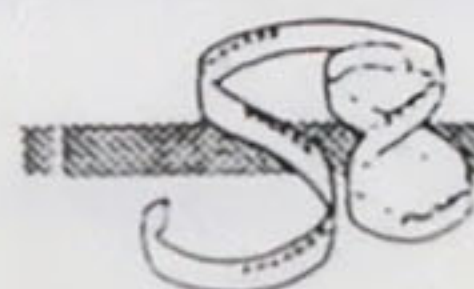
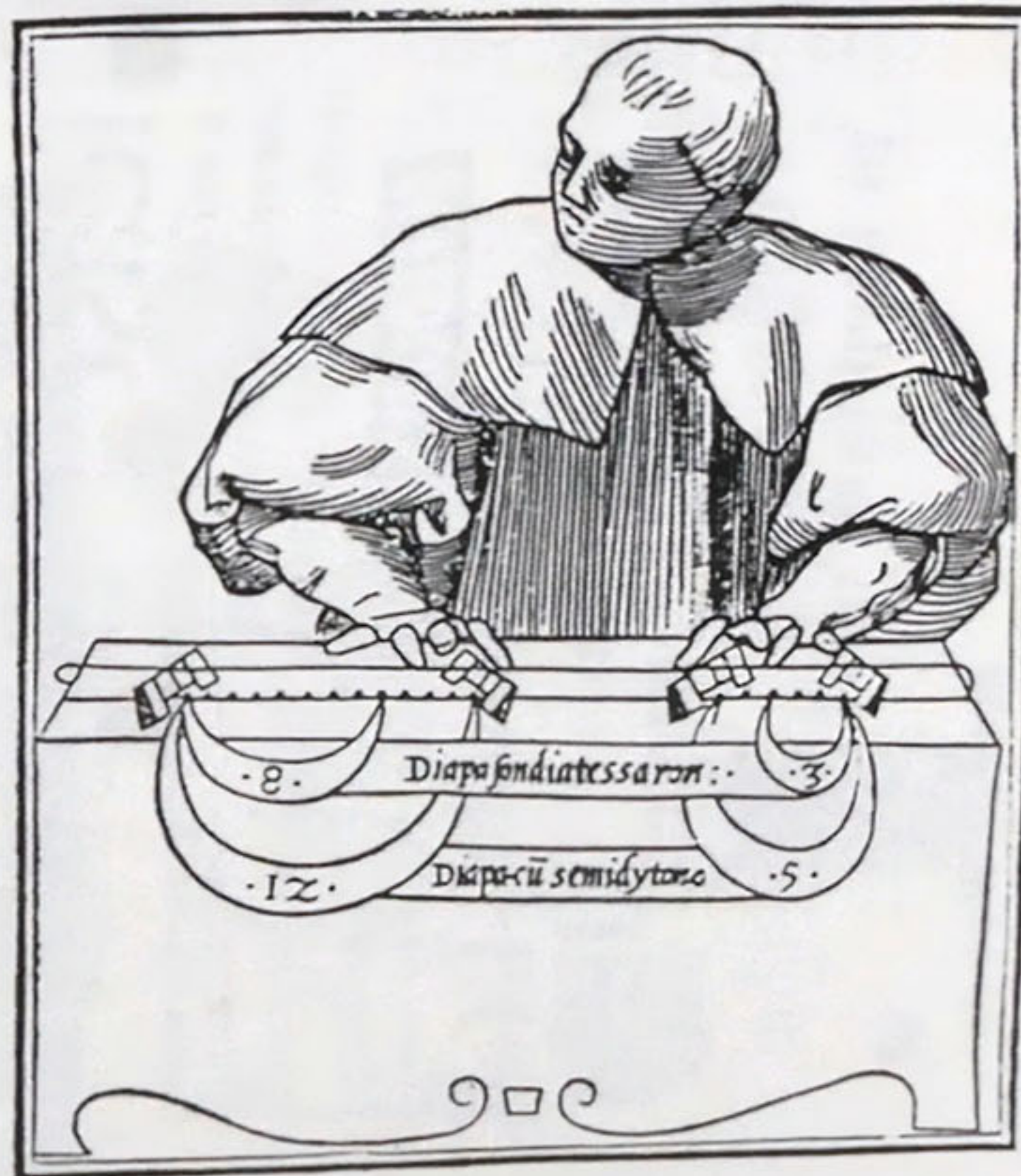
For more information contact Open Channel on 419 5111.

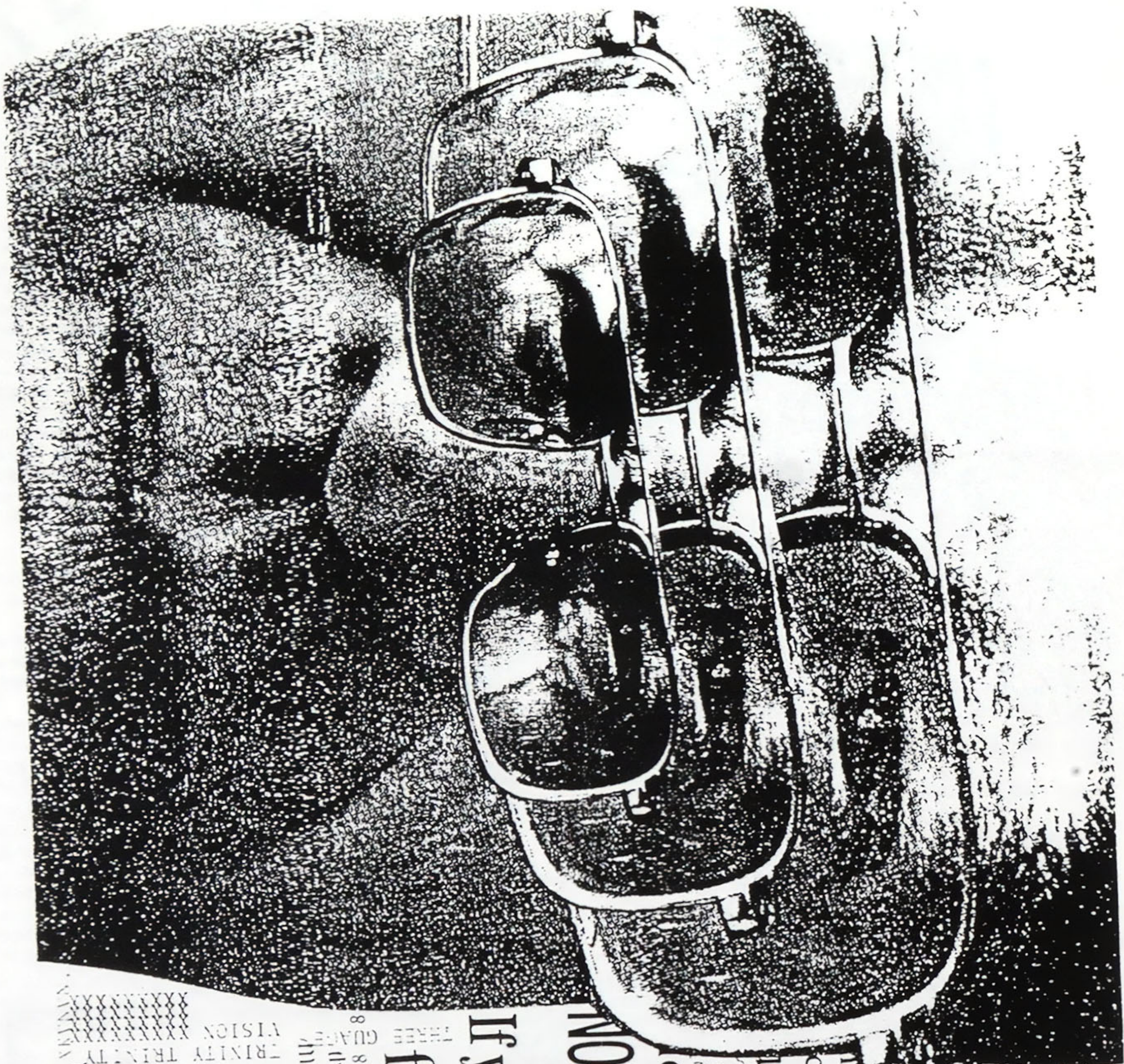


L'Elephant d'Afrique



Practical Ornithology - Jonathan Brannen





rans outed and tunnel
END TO COME ARE
riend of moving to
pite truce **END SOON!**
BOURNE curb WHEN
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NOT YOUR COPIES
Hunger of things
If you want a slice on the move
feast truth in images
to retrieve Melbourne
studies
the emotions Some modest
misses point constant disclosure
FREEDOM'S to sell
HUNTING film, TV life
the empires rights lifts
peace just
How for The slug
to keep tabs on

Maeve Woods

VIEWS ONCE, ORDINARY FLUX IS FLUXINGLY ORDINARY. VIEWS SEVERAL TIMES, SUBTLE UNDERCURRENTS START TO EMERGE. I IMAGINE THAT VIEWS TWENTY TIMES, GOD REALISATION WOULD MANIFEST, THOUGH THAT COULD BE ACHIEVED BY STARING AT A BLANK WALL. THIS REVIEWER IS UNFAMILIAR WITH MR TOUHY'S FILMS. IF HE WAS SEVENTEEN AND THIS HIS DEBUT, IT WOULD BE BRILLIANT.

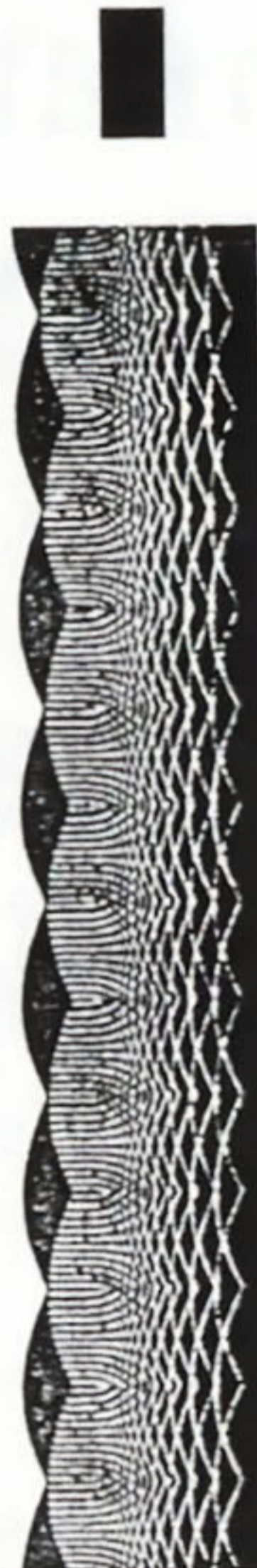
TECHNICALLY, THE FILM IS CAPABLE, ALTHOUGH ONE WONDERS IF THE DIRECTOR COMMENCED FILMING AFTER LUNCH AND LIKE MR HITCHCOCK, FELL ASLEEP IN HIS DIRECTOR'S CHAIR.

THE ACTING AND DIALOGUE LETS THIS FILM DOWN. MR TOUHY HAS AIMED FOR SUBTLETY, BUT THE RESULT IS WISHY-WASHY AND EMPTY.

ONE FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO SYMPATHIZE WITH BORED BOURGEOISIE BRATS LIVING IN TIGHT LITTLE COCOONS.

AFTER THE THIRD UTTERANCE OF "I DON'T KNOW" BY A MEMBER OF THE CAST, THE FEELING LEFT TO THIS WRITER WAS OF ONE WISHING FOR A COMMERCIAL AIRLINE PILOT TO SUDDENLY LOSE THEIR MIND AND PLUMMET THEIR CRAFT INTO MISERABLE MIDDLE AUSTRALIA TO RELIEVE THIS FILM OF ITS SULKY, TEDIOUS GLOOM.

A FILM TO APPEAL TO CONNOISSEURS OF THIS GENRE.



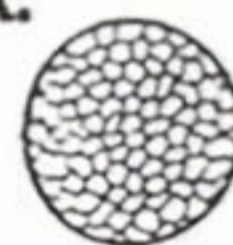
igne nine



Criterion bro
 Offal bro
 Au
 Serieux

O
 Coveted moment
 Exquisite miniature
 Little good perfect thing

Gregory Vincent
 St. Thomasino. USA.

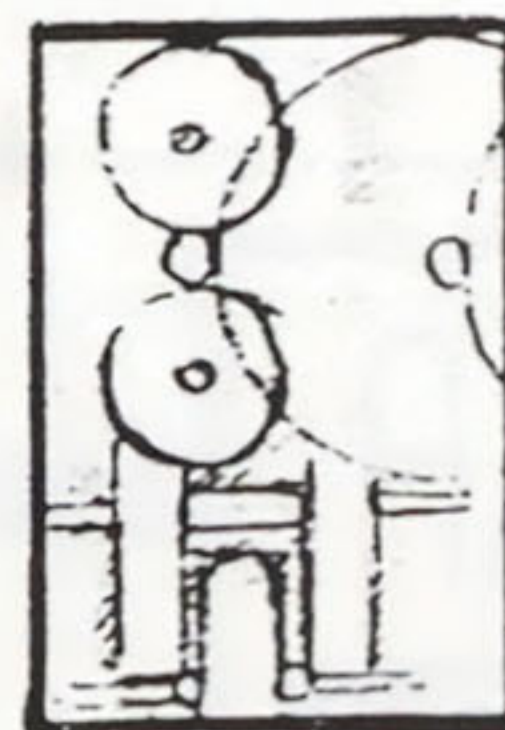


EKPHRASIS No. 7

Wan
 Palm a
 Lap
 Fold

Curly
 Pated
 Boy
 Affected

Filiform
 Gleam
 Androgynous
 Anatomy



from ORDINARY FLUX

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ARC

A new magazine with an interest in publishing poetry, short stories, theatre pieces, visual texts, and literary and performance criticism. The first issue will largely contain works by Australian writers though in the future we hope to include more contributors from overseas as well. The format for the magazine has not been decided on and will depend on the amount of material sent in. We look forward to receiving a submission from you.

Send to either of the following

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174 Montague St.
South Melb.
Victoria 3205

Berni Janssen
PO BOX 59
Launching Place
Victoria 3139



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PEDALS SOUTH
TO SPEAK
TO THE PLANKTON

pete spence

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NEXT MEETING HERE

(Melbourne Film Festival Theatre, 211 Johnston Street, Fitzroy)

Last Open Screening

A PROGRAMME BY MARK LA ROSA
STRANGER STREET - PERRY LAIRD 15mins.
A LITTLE ZOO STORY - PETE SPENCE 2.16mins.
THROUGH YOUR EYES - JOHN REDMOND 7 mins



pete spence's DICTION has been selected for the OBERHAUSEN FESTIVAL. he was notified by the AFC a day before this newsletter went to press.

cover

REA NIKONOVA. Russia.
Visual Poet, Writer,
Mail-Artist, publisher
along with Serge Segay
of Avant-Garde magazines
and books in Russia.

Next Meeting SEE MAP + ADDRESS ABOVE.

14.4.92.

At 7.30 pm PROGRAM: Julian Dahl's
SLAUGHTER OF THE STRAWBERRY

Open Screening

BRING YOUR FILMS



Editorial & Layout By: pete spence

Contact Number: 417 3402

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Super Eight

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