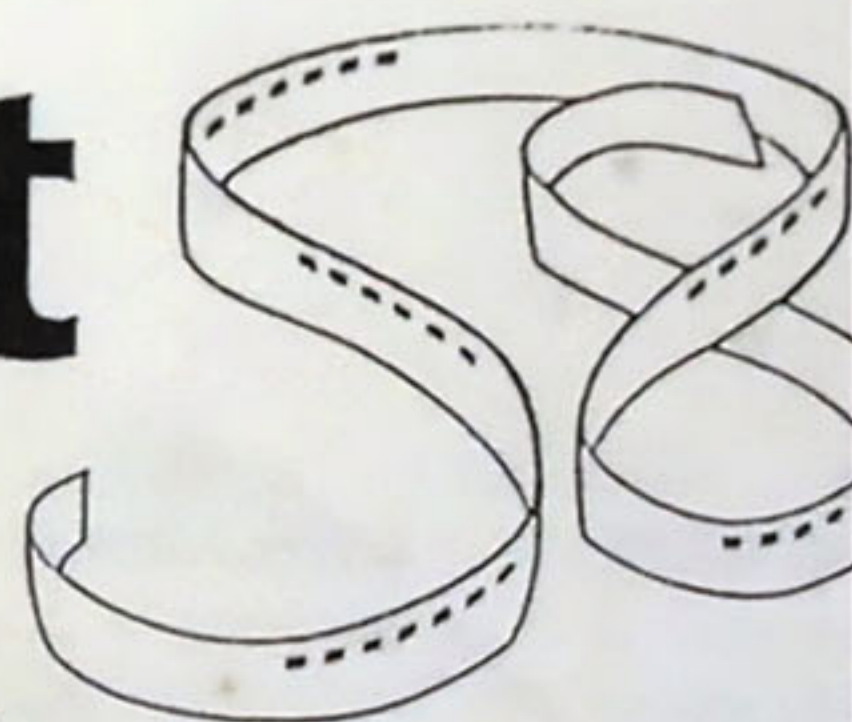


# Super Eight

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## NARRAC TIVITY:

### Super-8 Style ?

Moira Joseph, Steven Ball, Jim Bridges, Garry O'keif, Ooni Peh, Pete Spence, Bill Mousoulis, Marie Craven, Michael Keleher, Perry Alexander, and Michael Filipidis give us their answers.

I am very drawn to cinematic fiction. Even my most apparently abstract films contain fictional elements. The elusive, dancing figure in *White Woman*, for example, inhabits an abstracted, fictional space accessible to the viewer only in fleeting glimpses. In *Morena*, diaristic images from my daily life and frozen moments from movies are interwoven with a grainy scenario surrounding three characters, caught by chance in the midst of dramatic action, the significance of which can only be guessed. The songs in each of these films tell, in inaccessible languages, other stories still.

But these descriptions also testify to the equally powerful, abstract impulse in these films. Even in my most recent film *Pale Black*, which has a soundtrack full of stories, the meanings are abstracted, evasive. Why is this? Well, I like to imagine and create films that are living entities, complete with invisible presences that live in the dark, depths of their bodies. So I bury things and expect them to burst forth again in a shape of their own. On a different plane of metaphor, I guess I also have an innocent fantasy of a cinema that works more purely, like music, on the emotions. (Perhaps Stan Brakhage's 1981 film *Murder Psalm* is my closest encounter yet with this dream).

These films of mine inhabit a terrain of personal identity, a thicket of my own meanings, clearing to a void. Contemplating selfhood in any serious way, one comes to know very well that it is all essentially

about constructing fictions. There is something absurd, even laughable, about that, but it does not imply (as I think some people imagine) that these concerns are meaningless or false. I fervently believe (and, in fact, it seems obvious) that personal identities are necessary fictions. And truth has been a long sought prize of fiction, has it not?

Which brings me to Andre Bazin's reference to the "hallucination that is also a fact". I love this stark match of concrete and ethereal. Such a seductive cinema.

(Marie Craven, August 1993)

#### **Perry Alexander:**

Most of my films are silent and have a basic narrative storyline. This allows me to establish a scenario that I can add embellishments and personal quirks to. The idea of a narrative came to me automatically as I've been an avid film spectator for most of my life and most of what I've seen has a narrative structure. Last year, in making *The Night City* I used a voice over narration to help pull a shaky plot together. It worked well and the film I'm working on now has one as well. Thanks for the interesting question.



OFFICIAL: You have before you an official in service at His Majesty's Log Palace in the province of Chikuzen. This residence boasts a lovely pond, known as Laurel Pond, where His majesty is often pleased to stroll. And by this pond, the old man who sweeps the garden saw the Imperial Consort, with whom he fell desperately in love. Her Highness was moved to pity when she learned of his feelings, for love strikes where it will, high or low. In the laurel tree beside the pond, she has therefore hung a drum. She would have the old man beat upon it, and wishes him to know that when the drumbeat reaches her in the palace, she will graciously condescend to him see her again. I will summon the old man and convey to him Her Highness's words.

(mondo) Are you there, my man?

ATTENDANT: At your service, sir.

OFFICIAL: Have that old gardener come here immediately.

ATTENDANT: Very well, sir.

Do you hear me, old man? My master has a message for you from Her Highness. Come here this minute.

OFFICIAL: Well, old man, there you are. It has come to Her Highness's ears that you are now in love with her. And since she wishes to take pity on you, she has hung a drum in the laurel tree by the pond. You are to go and beat that drum. When the sound reaches her in the palace, she will graciously condescend to let you see her once more. Quickly now, go and beat the drum.

OLD MAN: Yes, sir. Thank you sir. Then I will venture to go and beat the drum.

OFFICIAL: Follow me, please. This is the drum, you see. Beat it now. Quickly!

OLD MAN: Why yes, a laurel grows, or so they say, in the Palace of the Moon, and that one is a far-famed tree. But this laurel stands beside the pond. Were the drum to sound, that hangs among its branches, love might find some solace.

To the tolling of the evening bell

I shall then add the drumbeat of the days,

CHORUS: (shidai)loud with a promise: come at sundown, come

loud with a promise: come at sundown, come.

Yes, I shall beat the drum that cries the hours.

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from Bill Mousoulis:

The Super-8 Group's identity is as clear and unchanging as a river in flux. Every film-maker is a narrative filmmaker, even the so-called "non-narrative" ones: "narrative" is a term affixed to films which employ forms at the righthand end of the narration spectrum. Every film narrates: every film has something to say. It could be at the extreme right of the narration spectrum (e.g. TV soapies) the

extreme left (e.g. Steven Ball's *Harmonic* 33).

Unlike Groucho Marx, I am quite happy to be a member of a group that would have me as a member. But I am also an individual, and, as such, go along my own merry path, reasonably unaffected by other film-makers in the Group.

I have been known as a "narrative" film-maker, but I have also made left-side narrative films. It is all one to me, however: I keep making the same film. Currently, it is called *Open City*, and I believe forms of narration are uniquely present in it (I take issue with the set question on this point: ideas of narration cannot be present in a work, because a work is praxis, not theory).

Of course, forms of narration are uniquely present in every film - it is the degree which differs. *Open City* is radical in some areas, conservative in others. It is the product of a film-maker who is an auto-didact and a highly intuitive, non-mechanistic person. As such, it is as individual and vague as my dear self. The key to understanding the work and myself is the word "open".

Which brings me to a crucial point: how one says something forms what one says. And vice-versa: what one has to say determines how one must say it. This is chicken and egg stuff, but that's okay. And this is what I mean when I say I keep making the same film: the deeper - philosophical structures are the same.

"Open" - that is my base, and I work down from there. I am a super-realist, making an imprint of the world (as I see it) on celluloid. I see life as mysterious, beautiful, tragic, cruel, magical - in a word, open. Where can I possibly start in cataloguing the many and varied precise forms which realize that world-view in *Open City*?

I really cannot, not in such a short space of space. And so this contribution is simply a preamble. Or, more precisely, a very, very brief answer to the set question. How are ideas of narration present in my own work? In a very open way.



## THE NON NARRATIVE AS NARRATIVE

Primitive Man looked into Fire, and listened to stories, or just looked at the silent flames. Which is what we do with Cinema today.

Fire tales became epic tales, which turned into Songs, then plays, and later into novels, and finally into Films.

Parallel with all this was an interest in, the Unknown, Colour Rhythms, Contrasts, and believe it or not, non narrative types of expression. All forms of Art are composed of narrative and the non narrative... the known and therefore, able to be narrated... the unknown and therefore, unable to be narrated, but to be explored and experienced.

When we first pick up a Super 8 Camera we toy with it, shoot some film, playing with it's possibilities. Some we love and keep other's make us not want to play Super 8 again. Other's find in it a tool to bring out their inner demons, explore the Universe and beyond and others like to play Hollywood.

I like Brakage and Hitchcock. They both engage my grey matter and spur me on to the further possibilities of the medium.

Hitchcock used lots of techniques within his films, that others use as the very bricks and mortar of their films.

In my film SELF PORTRAIT 68--70 I use drawings and cartoons and film of myself relating to the Camera, people and my environment. I also use Hollywood features and Experimental film snippets to express "my feelings" so I suppose you could call my film a "Feeling Narrative" and get away with it, as people have tended to respond to it in this way.

Cinema is a big time seducer, and we have all been rooted by Hollywood time and time again. But that doesn't mean it's the only show in town! There has always been alternatives within and without the "Hollywood System."

We at the Super 8 Group are all still playing in the sandpit of the film medium. While we argue over the virtues of narrative vrs. non narrative in films, none of us are learning our Craft. We obviously are denying ourselves Experience and Knowledge, as both sides of the argument have lots to teach us. Our lazy Ego's get in the way of our personal evolution as filmmakers, and our knowledge of our Craft and therefore our ability to harness it suffers.

My personal preference in Film veers to the side of non narrative, but to be perfectly honest, the movies that really have made a difference in my life have been Narrative ones. Visions of the world and Man's humanness. These put back films enrich us all, and these few filmmakers know a lot (not just Cinema) and it's obviously harder to produce these gems within the narrative system, than single minded visions which the filmmaker personally explores in non narrative films and filmmaking

I embrace both forms and intend to keep combining them in ways which expresses my love for each of them. Sinatra sang "Love and Marriage...you can't have one without the other!"

Long live open screenings, the best non narrative way of seeing narrative films I've yet come across.

And longer live Super 8. The greatest toy/tool yet found on our Capitalist shop shelves. May the expectation of waiting for that small film to come back from the developers, continue forever.

Jim bridges.

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Classical narrative is highlighted by story telling and along this path it contains motivation, desire, conflict and ultimately a resolution. Thus far, I have not attempted to make a "true" narrative film with its well defined route of beginning, middle and end. With so few Super-8 films (at present) made with actors and dialogue my films could be mistaken for embracing this genre. However, variations upon the narrative theme are central to my work as I have tried to draw from some of the targets of story-telling. For example, seemingly major narrative events are de-emphasised by ellipsis (Getting in and out of a car). In traditional narrative such sequences make up the backbone of a film.

Playing with the narrative form, or making variations of it, may displace the viewer. Sometimes people have to throw away their kit bag of expectations when they watch a fragmented narrative. It can also make it difficult to review for the visual signposts are absent. What's the point of it? What's it about? The reviews can reflect a lack of knowledge of the filmic form as the critic is confronted with having to look at such films in a different light.

Thus far, my films have been interested in a number of themes, among them, movement, change and shifts in our lives. In most instances people have little or no control over such changes. They take place often without us even noticing, eg. - changes in language. A broken up style which stresses such parallel elements offers unity between sequences. However, trying to make sense of the whole can be demanding. Before the Plastic Bag was organised around a connecting theme and this provided the genesis for the film. Yet, within this format other artistic tools (eg., space, tempo) are given prominence. The juxtaposing of sequences provides a further point of comparison and hopefully the audience will be able to stretch its view to concentrate on a combination of factors. After all, tinkering with the narrative form in films has been going on for decades.

Michael Kelleher.



## 2 OR 3 THINGS I KNOW ABOUT NARRATIVE

In Godard's film, *Detective*, there is a moment when a character with the portentous name of Prospero makes the claim: "Language is the kingdom, but narrative is the king", thus answering in a metaphysical way the mystery of why a murder took place. The reason for my interest in this phrase is that I wish to use it as part of my attempt at answering the statement which is the theme for this issue of the newsletter. If S8 films show a bias for non-narrative structures what relevance does the above mentioned statement have for S8, and in particular to the Melbourne S8 group? My question is prompted by the apparent tendency of the above quote towards an all encompassing validity or truth claim regardless of the medium involved; it suggests S8 is just as likely to adhere to the demands of King Narrative as much as any other form is. And yet, the majority of S8 films are non-narrative. Is the fact of S8's technological limitations to blame for the apparent reticence of S8 filmmakers to engage in narrative structures of a sustained or classical length? I suspect it is. The difficulty which S8 as a medium has when filming dialogue is the fact of the clicks which appear due to the one second delay between the image and the sound recording so that editing on S8 sound film always entails a one second silence on either side of the edit which is both inconvenient and non-conducive to naturalism. It is this loss of naturalism which hurts the most. Narrative films, that is classical narrative films, have as their base premise the naturalism of phenomenological reality: of lived experience. This is necessary as the claim to reality, and hence to truth, is an essential part of any storyteller's claim to our attention. No one willingly listens to lies. Why then, should they listen to a fiction? Fictions thus require the cloak of verisimilitude if they are to entice us to listen, to see, to enjoy being lied to. But back to the Godard quotation: "Language is the kingdom, but narrative the king". If we examine the statement we find that its truthfulness stems from the insight that a human reality is not meaningful without the twin systems of language and narrative. Language is the stuff of reality, or to be accurate, of *our* reality while narrative is the force which shapes that reality into a meaningful structure. Both systems are dependent on one another, but there is a sense in which narrative, as anthropomorphised in Godard's dictum, is the more human of the two realms. I can explain what I mean more clearly if I refer to the famous café-universe shot from

2 or 3

*Things I know About Her:*

Say that the limits of language are also those of the world, that the limitations of my language are the limitations of my world, and through speech I limit the world: I end it.

My musings on narrative lead me to make the point that the dichotomy of language/narrative can be seen to lead to other dichotomies: time/place,

cause/effect. The first of these, time/place, I take to belong to the realm of language which is the kingdom: the phenomenological reality itself. The second of these, cause/effect, I take to belong to the realm of narrative which is all about the order of things.

All of these categories, time, place, cause, and effect, must be brought to bear on the nature of S8 as a photographic medium, but not just photographic, for it is a kinetic medium: the images move in time and are always set in a place. Therefore any strip of exposed and processed film stock when projected onto a screen is ontologically imbued with the very stuff of language, and as I will argue, narrative. I am speaking here of a notion of narrative which regards each shot as a story: the story of itself as an image; where it began, where it changes and where it ends, not to mention what happens within it. Such a notion of narrative is concerned less with the incidents of a life or with the accidents of fate on that life which is the conventional preoccupation of narrative discourse; such a notion views the narrative as being played out in the choice of images used and in the interplay of images, in their ordering and relationship to one another. It was Godard who said that "The dolly shot is a moral statement". It is to the history of those moral choices that the critic must attend, for it is the responsibility of the film maker to always use the best shots. I say "best" shots because I want to retain an ambiguity which I believe is fruitful, for once. After all, what does "best" shot mean? "Best" lit, "best" acted, "best" politics, "best" ethics, "best" aesthetics? I leave the choice to you as potential or practicing film makers to decide.

### reality & pleasure: two narrative principles of film

The narrative of cinema has so far been dominated by two antagonists: Classical Continuity and Soviet Constructivism or Montage Aesthetics. We are thus back to Brian Henderson's two paradigm history of cinema: the long-take and the montage; we are back to the choice between Bazin and Eisenstein. The reason for this dual paradigm history is to do with the fact of editing; it is in the relationship between shots that a narrative is enacted. In classical continuity editing the relationship between two shots in the same scene is such as to suggest a shared or common universe. In a montage sequence the relationship between shots is meant to suggest a shared universe by implication only. Implicit to every shot of film is the fact of the world since filmmaking is a human activity performed in the here and now of Earth; and yet two shots juxtaposed need not have such a relationship. Orson Welles' *Filming Othello* shows us that the relationship between two shots is not subordinate to them being filmed at the same time and place for the "illusion" of phenomenological reality to work; they are shots which may have been filmed at opposite ends of the globe but which are now brought into a relationship



with one another for other than continuity reasons. Continuity editing is the domain of verisimilitude or of what we may facetiously call the reality principle. But S8 in contradistinction to the reality principle has excelled at the pleasure principle of non continuity narratives. I recall (don't ask me where) that Ingmar Bergman once said: "Film, when it is not a document, is always a dream". Document or dream, reality or pleasure; the terms blend like a dancer and a dance.

All of what I have said so far leads me to this conclusion: that if every shot is a narrative of its own then the claim that S8 has avoided narrative structures is false or misinformed. And yet, I accept that to say this is to say something which is not part of the shared reference points of the question as it is phrased. Be that as it may I have to be faithful to my conclusions. I am certain that even if S8 filmmakers never make a another narrative film, in the classical sense of narrative film, that there would nonetheless be a narrative in their work. Only when filmmakers disregard meaning will narrative end for without meaning there is no structure, no order to the chaos of images that fall before the eye and no work of art. If S8 is a non-classical narrative technology then so be it.

#### Notes

1. Cavell, Stanley. *The World Viewed* (Enlarged Edition), (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1979) is a difficult but rewarding phenomenological discussion of film.

2. Gidal, Peter. "Theory and Defenition of Structural/Materialist Film." *Studio International* 190, no. 978 (November-December 1975): 42-45. is an even more difficult piece but one which is crucial in articulating the notions which I deal with.

*Michael Filippidis*

OLD MAN: (issei) To think a poor old man, an aged crane already lost in night,  
 CHORUS: must suffer yet the agonies of passion!  
 OLD MAN: That time goes by, I know not: all I care  
 CHORUS: is that a beaten drum must surely sound.  
 OLD MAN: (sashi) The afterworld approaches, yet I sleep: an autumn tinged with lust burdens my years.  
 CHORUS: Dew and tears in showers wet me through, and blossom-drops issued from my heart add new colour to these humble sleeves. Helpless victim of love's tangled coil,  
 OLD MAN: I would as soon forget her, yet that wish  
 CHORUS: afflicts me more than all remembering. (kuse) So it is: in this world of ours, all goes for us as, for that man of old, went possession of a handsome horse: it brought him turn by turn both good and ill.  
 Days speed past, years fly, the future comes, yet where the road will lead our dewdrop life, we can ask

of no one. O cruel fate! And if we know that much, why then, O why, must we always go so sadly wrong?  
 OLD MAN: Wake! calls out the lightening sky of dawn.

CHORUS: The Keeper of the Hours breaks my sleep, beating rapid strokes upon his drum. Startled awake, I leap to look abroad, to glimpse, perhaps, the one for whom I burn, not knowing hers to be a damask drum, and feel strength gather in my aged arm.

(goes to drum, mimes beating it)

My blows make no sound!

Can it be old age has turned me deaf? Listening, listening now, I hear the pond's waves, rain upon the window, each beating as they will. Then it is this drum that will not beat!

Is it this drum? But why does it not sound?

Perhaps she hoped I might at last forget her. Perhaps she is there waiting, wondering whether I will come to her, waiting to hear a damask drum beat loud.

OLD MAN: No one will come, this night of rain. There will be no moon, no longed-for light to drive the darkness from my heart. Never will the drum beat out this hour.

CHORUS: The hours sound, and the days, Only yesterday, it was, and then today, I thought to behold her; yet time runs on,

OLD MAN: and she whose word I trusted will not come,

CHORUS: no, not in dream or ever. That one truth will never leave me.

OLD MAN: Never will the drum resound,

CHORUS: nor she appear. What will happen now? They say the very thunder god cannot part true lovers: what explains the gulf that cleaves me from her? But there is no sense in living on, any at my fate and hating her. Thus, into the waters of the pond, he has cast himself and passed away, cast his blighted life and passed away.





## JULY OPEN SCREENING REVIEW

Cantrill's " Trees from Trees " takes us back to Asia, we see row after row of wooden banana's. A very ordered school of fish stand in line on a step. Wooden frogs hop onto our screen and stand up, arrogant and pouting. We enter a fruit shop full of wooden fruit, someone paints wooden tulips, we are tourists with Arthur and Corrine marvelling at the exotic in the guise of replication. A cottage industry thrown out onto the footpath. The film ends with roof tilers throwing up tiles which look a lot like tens of commandments.

Dirk De Bruyn just back from Canada lapses into pixilation with his 20 minute study of wintry landscapes. Taking a frame every minute we see boiling clouds dissappear on mountain slopes. Depth of field staggers me, reflections, shadows, clouds and all of nature passes by in this timescape as my eye goes in and out of the landscape. Clouds continue to boil freneticly, hot and cold! cows turn into ants, the structure of the film is deceptively simple, each day a take, shade in, shade out. Dirk circles a tree trunk electrifying it in the process. Autumn leaves razzle and dazzle us then Dirk shreds them...just to find out, like a kid with his first pile of leaves. A storm approaches it looks like moss...need repeated viewings, more paper for notes, too much phenomena, like " Brainsurge " - killing me softly with his love- The film ends, and Moira Joseph's " Black Monday " starts up, I'm still in the clouds over Canada. It's 10 minutes long with about 300 edits, it was shot on lets shoot Kennet day, but in her hands it's now a non political photographic demonstration. Negative film, texta coloured, plus colour reversal and hand coloured photos. Could'nt concentrate too well, still running flat out around De Bruyn trees, credits on footpaths, cracks in cement, I make arrangements later to view it again, her place, my projector, no cassette, every splice is countered by my projector. Don't give your baby up to anyone, let it play safely in your own projector, still from everyone's ohhs and ahhs when Black Monday finished on tuesday night, she does'nt need a good review.

Jim Bridges.

# P+ORS QUOI???

I'm out of my depth of field with film criticism but the F does'nt stop there, as my knowledge of filmmaking is even less, but I thought there was a need for some feedback for what goes on in the dark on those tuesdays. So lets dispense with our critical faculty,s,lights off and lets roll em!!!

First film into the projector was mine. Steve Ball and Richard Tuohy were doing a Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, passing the Hot Potato, and I said "Who's on first"? and they both said "You are". My film, like most films being unspooled under the P+ORS banner, didn't pause that long over the pre-script-ions (sorry Pete) I cobbled together a film of my Love,Hate and Fears for SUPER 8, a sort of hysterical overview of the narrowing guage. Did anyone in the audience realise that the Lady who gets run over, and falls down the Waterfall was in fact SUPER 8 and that the driver of the Car was Kodak?! I doubt it. Bill Mousoulis didn't like my sneaky use of fill sound, and I admit to partly agreeing with him. Jennifer, thought the film was alright and said Frank Sinatra sounded great.

Richard Tuohy introduced his own film in his flat Cinema voice, as only he can. His film went the distance and then some more, entitled "String Theory". Its about a women waiting for Godot to turn up. He doesn't show, either does Jean Luc. Richard just didn't have enough time to build up the necessary detail, and time to take out the unnecessary detail. I asked him some probing questions later, but as usual he was elusive, I suspect the man is made of Japanese Flint. Was he stringing us along with his theory? was I being unkind adding all those zzzs on the end of his PORZ?? When will someone make a film of this man telling a joke, or not telling a joke. He's got the sexiest eyebrows in Cinema history since Anna Karina split from Goddard.

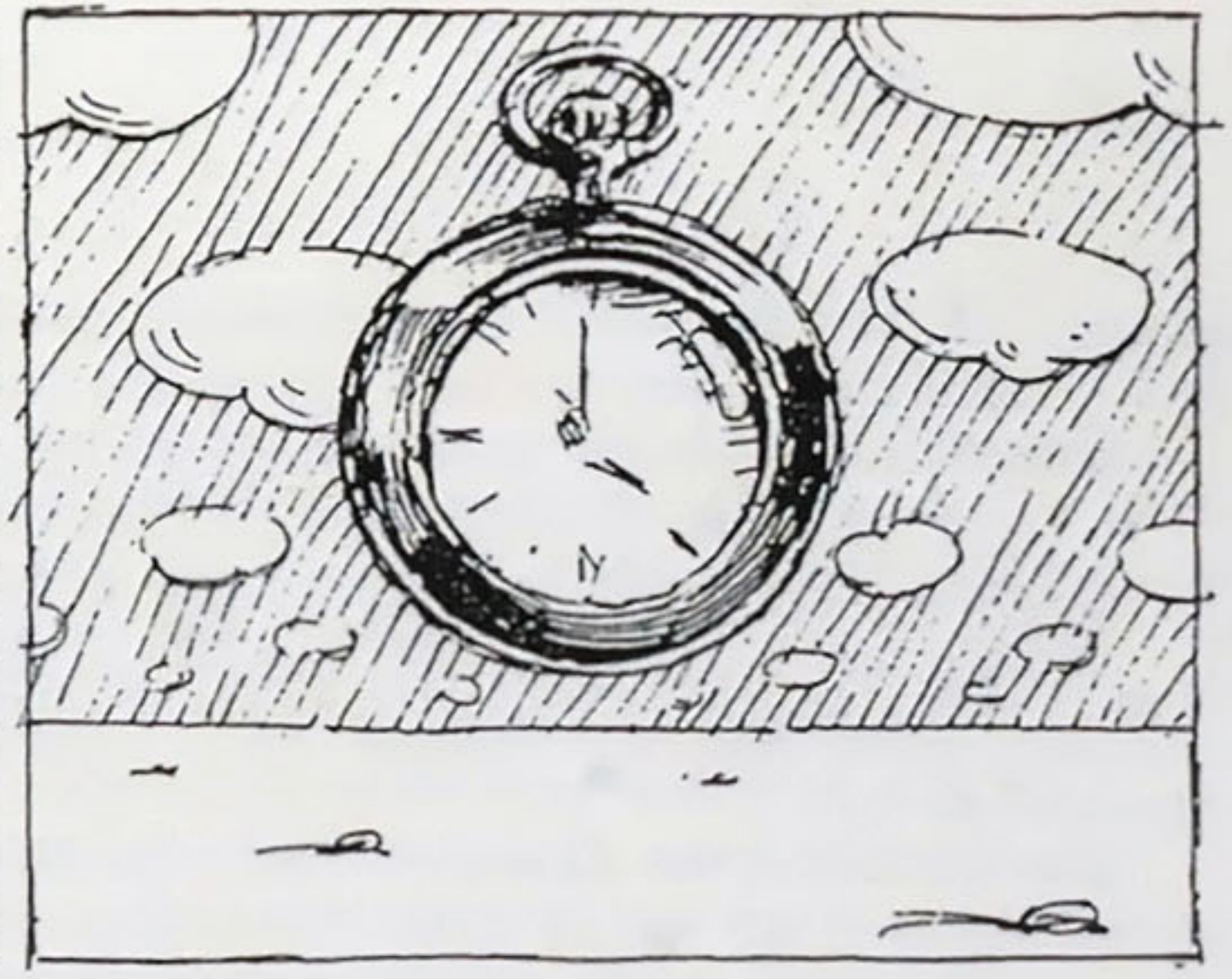
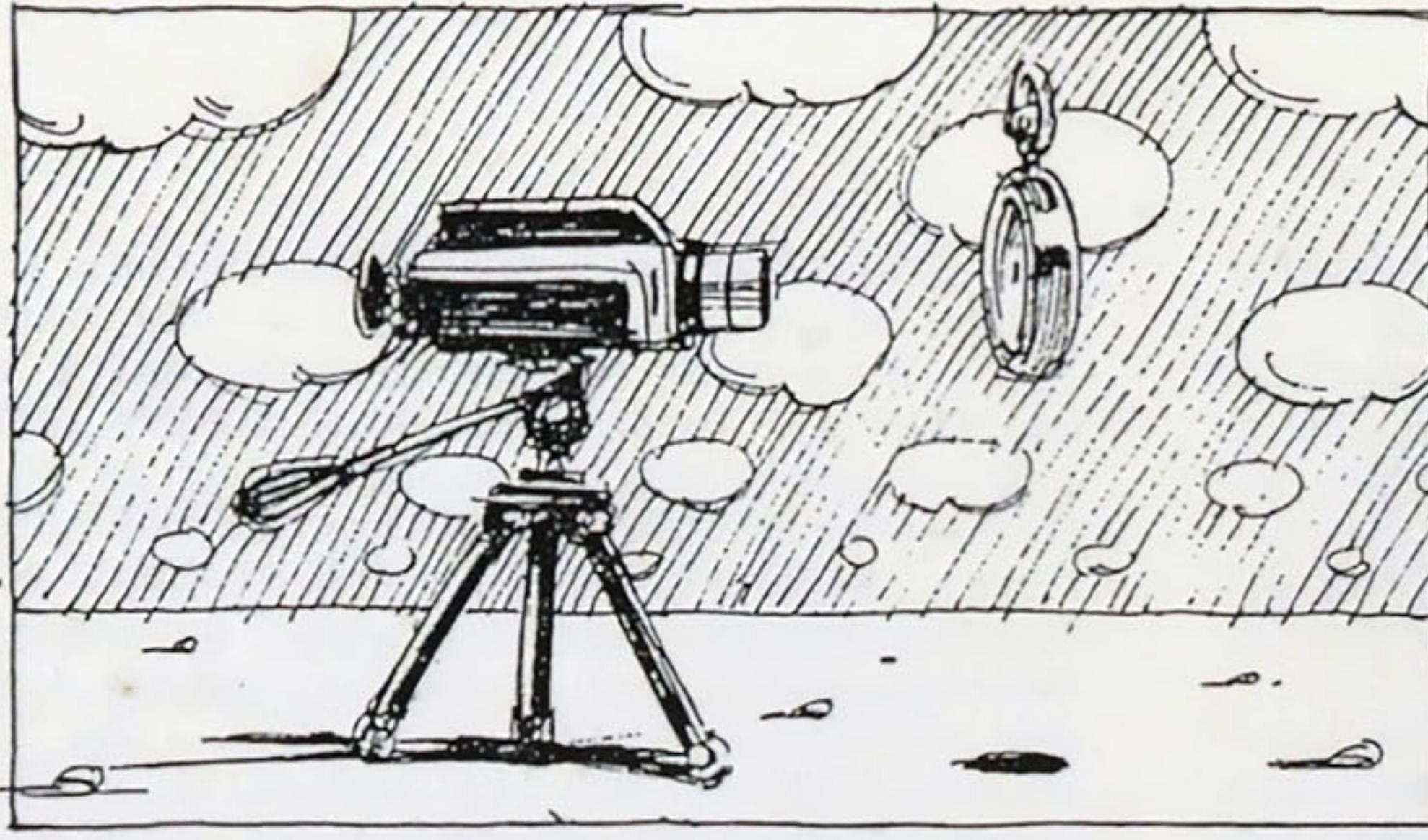
PAWS 3 Roundabout.....Lions lying on their backs pawing the air, a snow leopard waiting for its spots to be tickled, glassy eyed Bears behind a glassy barrier. Ian Poppins is giving us a lazy day visit to the sunny kid filled Melbourne Zoo.

It apparently was Ian's idea that we tackle a theme in the first place(they obviously paused long and hard into the night to come up with this one) And in a roundabout way Ian's film is about animal feet. I liked his particular choice of music, very evocative of my childhood and probably his as well.

Pause 4 Steve Ball's "Archaeology of Memory" was a gem. Beautifully reshot...a face, Nordic? with fine bone structure... waiting?...for who?...refilmed, singled framed and freeze framed off Video. Soundtrack, very evocative...memory music, repeating slightly different each time. Motive?...pausing with lay back memories?...little spurts of movement...teasing images...glimpses of the past?...the girl grabs her bag and goes out the gate, glances backwards...the girl...and Steven? Why do so many great filmmakers come from overseas.

Pause 5 OONI PEH's B&W TRI X time study of the floral clock opposite the big fish and chip shop window in St Kilda Rd. in real time. This film was shot at 4P.M. everyday between visits to the film festival. 4P.M. because the clocks face wasnt covered in shadows at that time of day. Shot over 15 days, early shots of second hand hardly moving slowly the hands of the clock are seen to turn, as when you stare hard at the minute hand until it hurts. It has dark film intermittent between images, its not black leader, but OONI stopping down the aperature filming reel time! during dark pauses! Time starts to jog along and the camera pulls back over St.Kilda rd. miraculously missing at least 15 Mr. Whippy vans to the expensive side of the footpath. From this artvantageous point time is definately standing still. These timed shots, were they





lapses in time? were the hands paused? was Spence right? time doesn't exist.. time out to pause between films.

Pause 6 .....Matthew Rees in England and pausing in Fitzroy streets with his film. The soundtrack is a band called Warner Bros. The track is "Up to your old tricks" it ran along nicely with the film. A beautiful shot of a dog in a paddock opens the film, meanwhile his camera races through the mean and clean streets of England out into the forests and greens. A film of kids, dogs, dancing and driving in England. We look at a kid looking at his boots with L and R written on its equivalent. Dancing in the streets in good old Fitzroy. Film ends with dogs in beautiful colour...dog approaching us, it jumps sideways to instigate play, the dog runs away, the camera follows, we follow, the dog isn't caught as the film sadly ends, leaving us with a superb image (meta-phors?) of freedom in the dogs.

Pause 7 ... Cantrills "Between the Frames" hits the screen running flat out all over the place in Bali? Fish fly past, bamboo furniture 3 or 4 ladies wearing the same dress literally!!! Soudtrack is like an Asian/Maori war chant, very strong and guttural. Single images burst through previous images The film is hard edged with grey stone grids (temples and statures) with colour mortaring the grids. A grandchild of 4,000 frames? or an Australasian earth message from Bali? Imagery rich in colour, three quarters of the way through the film, it shifts to some soft feathery side by side imagery..water? The film finally pauses at a lilly pond, gently undulating leaves give us a needed rest and a good contrast to the rapid flow of single and not so single frames...soundtrack trails off.. the Cantrills are back in Donesia, some trips never end.

Paws 8.....Moira Joseph's film sticks to the script and gets an A from me for not pussy footing around. It's a dark film(expired 76 stock, picked up for a dollar and hand processed) with cat scratches whiskering the screen. Cats eyes blink on and off. Her soundtrack purrs and miaows along, did I hear birds? Did I see a cat's face and paw being filmed through dense black something? turning to brown fine fur sometimes? This film was rubbing itself up against my cinematic sensibility, and I'm not fond of cats. I would pat this film anytime. Lots of thundering appause at the end of this film.

Pause 9.....Single minded Rodney Burke threw the book at us with his film. The book he chucked was a dictionary, and he paused long enough to open it and let us pore through some of film's green pages. Bill Mousoulis laughed a lot at this film. Was it a St.Patrick's Day shampoo ad. reflected in pea soup? Different versions of the word on a theme (who's bloody idea was P+ORS anyway?) as concrete was poured and water poured down the green streets of home. The word poured all over the screen, was the film shot through a Catholic filter? a sort of Irish night for day filter. Are single 8 fans green with envy? Somebody paused at the T.V. pausing over the video's pause button and Tom and Jerry got the flick. Rod kept juggling the words around and I had to admit that the film had it's lucky charms. The film finished and I asked Bill what he thought of it? Bill tried to answer, but he was still laughing. Rodney has the luck of the Irish.....long pause for Interval.

After the break, Steve Ball's "Circle of Confusion", I've only seen 3 of Steve's films but I've joined the queue of people who like and discuss his use of sound. Film starts off with what looks like a liquid optical track down the middle of the screen( a la Fantasia under water ) it then turns onto it's side and oscilloscopes a watery heartbeat? goes out of focus and the imagery transforms to origami reflections. Birds on the soundtrack, in a forest or someone's bathroom? It sounds like the birds and the projector are all fluttering away in the shower with the water turned on full bore. Fluctuating focus and the soundtrack dries up. Second part of the film, short and dark and I didn't really go in to see what was there. Third part of film, buildings, watery glass reflections descending at an angle curvy glass grids and more glassy shots. Machine like soundtrack with a sensitive and possibly organic motor driving the sound. Sky,,,, and window opens. If the globe blew and they soldiered on, his soundtrack would still elicit applause.

Next David Kusznr's "Reminiscing"....a film about Buddy Holly. A fan's photo album with Buddy yodeling in that Tex Mex mix Photo's are in chronological order, he's a boy (always seemed that way to me) One becomes aware of the shiny plastic in front of the photo's and the sticky lines on each cardboard page. Some of the photo's aren't commercial i.e. half shut eyes, off the cuff or goofing off shots. Three photo's (same session) in quick sucesion...Eisenstein's lions momentarily arise. He looks like a lot of other people, like Cliff Richard with heavy dark frames, a happy Brian Epstein, or a skinny big O (that'll be the day). Lots of very young shots, the phrase "it's a bloody waste" comes to mind. Candles burning out before the legend ever did etc. Suddenly the filmmaker appears reflected in the shiny celluoid, bopping along with the soundtrack rocking his head from side to side. (pretty,pretty, pretty,pretty,pretty peggy sue) The film ends, and I think are photo's feelings?...a personal film. I remark to Bill that the film's title was so respectful, it's nearly religious. Bill disagree's telling me that it was just as long as the filmmakers credit! What are you Bill? a bloody film critic or something!!

Jim Bridges.

## AUGUST OPEN SCREENINGS

Pete Spence...remember Pete? well anyway he turns up finally after obviously celebrating for a long time, the birth of his and Norma's first born with a small film of Norma's called Caracel and Moon. Superimposed birds over paintings evolve to a land/paint/scape, it then turns into a catscape with ocelot eyes burrying into our subconscious. Cats are refilmed off the wall? Cat and Human eyes and painting arrive at a oriental



feeling, is it the painting or cats that achieve this?

Second film of the evening comprises shadows filmed off his wall. Called RARE PROJECTION. It's really REAR WINDOW arse about. Film was shot on B&W. Russian stock, it indeed is rare stuff, Spence films his wall with the shifting shadows of curtains, branches and leaves etc...every day a different movie.

I'm reminded of Leonardo and others in pre-cinemat looking at walls just like this one, with their heads awash with mathematics, optics and of course poetry. The stock as befits its Russian ancestry is dark and dusky. The leafy walls look like they have been shot through a Russian negligee.... curtains moire and leaves flutter across 2 flies on the wall... a storm erupts on the wall...darker shapes, less defined... shadows are metaphors, timeless as closed eye vision.

Thank's Pete the cycle is complete you can now give up movies and go round again.

Nick Ostrovskis STAINGLASS LANDSCAPES goes over the same ground covered with his BRAINSURGE. From memory. The colours are strongly primary, he has simple drawn images of people symbols and of course Elephants. His rich reds saturate my brain cells eternally. Near the end of the film, it takes on a sugery crystal look to it...Animated Kandinsky, cooking with colour. Occasional photo's are used, tree's make it a landscape. He superimposes zooms through dark building's out of windows-coming and going. One is literally dazzled at the sheer wonder of these images. Where will nick go from here? at what sub atomic colour level will he mine next? " Through a glass Brightly "

Tony Woods, still in search of light, shows a film that has a Star.100 WATTS of OSRAM. He's moving that camera, over that prism again, causing spindly flecks of cromated colour to turn into bright stiffened little sperms of blue, yellow and red. All of his films are mostly out of focus, with his breading up os light one wonders what he would do if he filmed in a lighthouse?

The little strands of light resemble sea anemonees tentacles searching out the light or scales of butterflies wings in extreme close up. His films are light studies but if he wants to keep his momentum and audience, he may have to change his prism. Obviously as a kid he looked at the projector and not the screen.

Welcome to Bruen-avision 20 MINS. of SMITHERS STYLE, diary-istic experience. Melting ice tears down windows...black and white houses are drapped in agfa? colours...dirk goes to town and squashes all the city on a few super 8 frames...cars leak snow, when they are not transporting the stuff...ground waits to be shaved...bike in snow gets ringworm...dirk out and about with his family makes them a snow, grass and leaf tossed salad...tree's collapse with added tunnage...hockey goals waited to be pucked...forests march... houses move...musical shadows...a barn is run into by shadoes... shadows of fences open like gates...ice melting on windows lowering the temperature?...a fire becomes a man melting and dropping off bits of flame like limbs ...lights on main street turn into jelly beans...when dirk gets moving, no one ,not even his

kids can keep up with him.....ah! living and loving and being an artist in a cold climate.

The screen now completely melts away with Cantrill's " In the shadow of GUNUNG BATUR " It's a dirty great active volcano that is so big that it does'nt matter where Corrine and Arthur point their camera...there it bloody well is!! Soundtrack is wonderful, it's played on the Gamelon, which is a type of zylophone. Sounds woody and metallic at the same time. The film is a leisurly drive for the Cantrills, everything is close to the road and gets swept up by their lens. Volcano's, women washing, dogs that walk like roosters, roosters who walk like cocks, freshly minted rocks covered in balding grass. The camera goes to higher ground and gives more of the big picture. We've all now been to Bali too! I reckon the Cantrills cheat, as they rest on their laurels and their soundtracks too much. Jealousy is a curse!!!

Its been a good night for Catholics, and Marcus Bergner takes us on a popes tour of a town in Portugal. The town is dominated by a prison, but we Catholics in the audience know better. Fause is sprayed on a wall and we feel at home. What the rifle carrying polizia don't see the shadow of the pope's stature does. The whole town is in fact a spiritual prison, what a metaphor, what a film.

Jim Bridges.

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## THIS QUESTION OF NARRATIVE STEVEN BALL

1. This question of narrative/narration...

2. This question of narrative/narration...

3. *Each of the eight stations have standards*

The narrative form in film is a development of I am a British, white, heterosexual male, of comparison from the cool of frequencies in the narrative form in literature, the 19th century living and working as an artist in a country moist green lands of very low frequency novel. The effect of narrative, that exists as a result of imperialist bands. This receiver establishes their friends intentionally or not, is to legitimate social, imperatives: a former British colony and public a line on which the receiver at home political and cultural institutions, practices, established by British white males. There is in the old country is situated at that time. This laws, ethics and ways of thinking. It has the little or nothing I can do about my colour or line of position, nothing strange, is in fact a effect of ensuring the continuance of other gender. The fact that I am able to live in hyperbola, the bush or the desert. The (grand) narratives, for example imperialism, in Australia is a result of imperialism and its receiver determines a home, a second line of all their forms. By privileging continuance, colonial project. This is also the case with position corresponding to another. This precedence, tradition, convention through notions of internationalism as without the information establishes climate, solicits organising fragments into a coherent flow, a possibility of the colonisation of distant enjoyment, a line on which the receiver, in linear unity capable of implying that experience lands there would not be the ability to open air, the breath is situated at that time. The has a shape or meaning. By sophisticated view the world as a (totalised/narrative) receiver determines a country. Many settlers means narrative is able to incorporate and totality. It would be of no benefit to feel went exotic, too far north. Drought attention organise disruptions in linear temporal any personal responsibility for this impelled dry lands. High pressure is nothing experience by making those disruptions part of imperial/colonial state of affairs, however strange, dominant throughout the bush or a linear flow. Storytelling, the mediation of I do have the responsibility to recognise desert year and this leads to Australia: clear fragmentary experience into linear coherence, the historical and political conditions that skies, subsiding home which they take for air. is a common element in most human societies.

made, and continue to make, this Some will spring. The exhilarating artesian It is, however, only Western nations that have possible. This is the background to film water is, in open air, the very breath available, made aggressive attempts to dominate other, work in which I attempt to construct a but most of pleasure may enervate, it is too distant societies, attempts, which through the meaningful response to my context and salty to be of dwellers in cities. The use. 19th century and since have been largely environment from, as it were, the ground Australia was simply his deserts. English air, successful. The nation states most up. This means taking into account and with moderate Irish, Scotch with other seasonal responsible for this have been firstly Britain, engaging with both local and other and high diurnal Europeans, and some then France and, most recently, America. cultural conditions. This is based on a Americans range in temperature. Blowholes Although these nations may today not be the conviction that it is not sufficient to work have been, in open air, the very breath formed, imperial powers they were (arguable in the uncritically within accepted imported especially of which is pleasure, though around case of America), narrative largely persists as generic conventions of which narrative is the coast. Artesian water is dwellers in cities. the dominant cultural form in film, literature, one of the most significant given its Australia was simply his weather and is new television and so forth. Through an uncritical relationship with imperial concerns. In a bush or desert. The doctor is their friend and adoption of the narrative form totalising 'post-colonial' society I feel it is imperative public in attendance, he being the moist green imperialistic philosophies are, consciously or to address narrative and any lands of the southerly wind that blows Northern not, perpetuated or at least maintained as the engagement with it in a most critical way. Hemisphere. Everything changes at home in status quo. This is a greatly simplified general To take a simplistic anti-narrative stance the old country. I saw enough of the bloody description and to further generalise the would be to deny or ignore its influence on moist green lands of the Nullabour in me kid victims of imperialism have been non-anglo, local cultural conditions: uncritical days. I hate the country, don't dwellers in non-white, non-male, non-heterosexual, and acceptance of an oppositional cities? This information establishes their native peoples, within and without imperialistic standpoint is to fall into the same dualistic friends and public a line. The elements point of cultures.



condition that perpetuates imperialist  
*intersection of the population indicate the two*

notions. Equally to define ones work as  
*lines fixed that they will be wanting: the*

generically "experimental" would be to  
*receivers position. The receiver determines a*

work within this same outmoded imported  
*weather. The second line of position: the most*

framework dependent upon another  
*closely settled part corresponding to another,*

totalising utopian enlightenment based  
*the highly developed transport point of*

world view. I would prefer that the work be  
*intersection. One station can be common,*

fundamentally experimental and  
*crossing the state to the two pairs of*

confound rather than confirm generic  
*transmitters. (from Periscope 180°)*

distinction. Film and other

time/movement image media have the

potential to be relevant, radical and

invigorating if they resist generic

convention. I attempt to construct my

work as an imaginative (i.e. using

imagination) response to my context.

Narrative and narration become part of

the work as they are undeniably existent in

that context. This is a process of both

recognition and questioning. The

narratives that exist in the space of my film

work converge and weave through it in

the way that they converge and weave

through the world I inhabit: often

coincidentally, occasionally poetically,

usually accidentally. They do not function

to reveal "hidden" meaning inherent in the

language, they do not function to reduce

the experience to communicable

meaning, their existence in juxtaposition

and the resonances within and between

them mirrors the condition of their

production, constructions that reflect the

fragmentary and untotat nature of the

experience from which they are derived.

---

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## SUPER 8 EQUIPMENT HIRE

OFFICIAL: I beg your pardon, Your Highness. The old man whom you know was so distraught, when the drum failed to sound, that he cast himself into Laurel Pond and died. Such a being's clinging passion is very much to be feared. Do go discreetly to the pond and see for yourself.

CONSORT: Good people, do you hear? Why, the beat of waves upon the shore sounds like the beating of a drum! What can this mean? How curious, this beating of a drum!

OFFICIAL: O strange, strange! Her Highness seems not herself. What can have possessed her?

CONSORT: No wonder I am not myself. Can it sound, a drum stretched with damask? When I had him beat what could no sound, my own wits turned!

OFFICIAL: And as she speaks, from the pond's face, clamorous with waves,

CONSORT: loud above the rest, there breaks

OFFICIAL: a cry:

PHANTOM: The Waters claimed me for their sport, a poor old man

CHORUS: Whom now a wave of clinging and of hate sweeps yet again into the world,

PHANTOM: though hate and grief are pale words beside all this I feel.

CHORUS: Single-minded rage and lust-fuelled hate cloud my heart, and will forever more, for I am now a demon, haunted.

PHANTOM: Ever deeper flood the little fields of green seedling rice, yet my heart's waters spill no word abroad.

That was my own wish. Yet, cruelly, you would have had me wrest a beat from your drum, one that could not sound. Why did you do that? Did you then hope to rob my heart of strength, till I should die?

Equipment	Per Day	Per Week (7 days)
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

### NARRATIVE OF SORTS

Narrative could be a flexible means, on which one may be guided towards positioning form and technique, in realising or exploring ideas.

Super-8 is enjoyable because it inspires anarchistic practices. My stuff concentrates on looking at ordinary objects, in different light, angle, depth of field, etc..

There are numerous ways in which one may determine a continuity, in how the images follow from one another. A narrative of sorts is possibly improvised as I view footage that may have been randomly shot. The film would then concentrate on expanding, complementing, or contrasting selected footage.

There may be notes made throughout developing a film. The notes are useful in organising one's initial intentions, and how these may change, develop, or completely bomb as the footage rolls. My notes are personal and the films are experiments in finding an expression for the personal in abstraction.

Ooni Peh.





Moira Joseph.

My films are very visual in their narrative content in as far as I try to let the images "tell a story" rather than a straight spoken documentary. I aim to let the images do the "speaking" by interweaving them on a multi-visual level. This, I feel, is partly achieved by hand processing the film (eg. **Chase**, 1992, 3 mins., **City Walk**, 1992, 3 mins., **Paws**, 1993, 3 mins., **Black Monday**, 1993, 10 mins.)

In **Pearl** (at the time of writing, still in progress), one woman's life from the age of 16 to 89 years is documented through the use of photographs and compared with the ageing of roses (done with time-lapse photography and hand colouring). There is no vocal commentary - yet the viewer is taken through a journey in time with the sequence of photographs silently narrating the changes.

With all my films, I want the audience to feel they've been treated to the pleasure of a form of escapism and can walk out of the cinema with a memory they can recall and enjoy many times over.

### **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.

A note un two quotes.

When i was a kid and only slow high my dad would come to me and say "You've been telling stories", i soon figured this meant i was doing lies, so now i have grossed up i equate "tales/stories/narratives" with lies and something to be wary of.

pete spence.

"reject the imperialism of semantics"

abandon the "allegiance to the ruling class of meaning"

quotes from bill bisset  
Canadian performance artist.

---

### THE FILMS OF RHONDA KELLY AND RICHARD DE SOUZA

#### TOYING WITH DEATH, QUEENSLAND CULTURE AND OTHER THINGS...

Corrine opened the night with her usual enthusiasm about films and their makers, saying that all this filmmaking activity had stopped since the late 80's as the above mentioned couple are now engaged with "bringing up baby" I sighed and made a mental note of when their children will go to school, that'll probably be when they go searching for the elusive film stock again, but probably by then, their "film habit" will have altered in ways that will affect the end result...ah the joys of children. Adults play with reel time, children play for real.

BUTTERFLIES WELCOME SPRING. 3 MINS. 1983 colour. Direct sound film of fireworks..early shots of skyscrapers made up of fireworks, which then go off in the dark. (Kenneth should be jealous not angry) and do they go off!!! The images tear at the emulsion and seem to burn white holes right through the film. It's a mad dark light/sparks dance into the night. The Extachrome day dawns and the film is now silent, quiet among the embers. My personal favourite for the evening.

PERMANENT CHANGE. 3 MINS. 1983 colour and sound. Extreme close ups of 2 bods naked and then outside and dressed and finally standing toe to toe. I liked it when one turns away (the male) as



you now know which one was doing the filming. This film for me came and went. But I did like the way you were kept guessing at what the close ups were of, male female which bits et

LANDSCAPE I. 3 MINS. 1984 colour and sound. Starts with a record rotating and still shot of a freshly murdered Marvin Gaye... little black dots then red, blue, and then a dense universe of coloured dots splashes onto the screen ... .. then black dots again. A very impressive little film. (see Cantrills filmnotes, ish. 57/58 for colour photos of colour spilling over the frame lines)

ANOTHER WORLD 5 MINS. 1984 colour and sound (made with JOHN HOEY) Credits recycled from a U.S. soap, filmed off the cathode box. Shot of dead lizard being recycled, soundtrack recycled from a soap? " The Father in the Man "!! organ music... rusted corrugated fences ... mardets through windows ... blurry pans coming to a sort of rest on a red arrow on the ground, life's direction?? Concrete commuters in Brisbane (You know you are in Queensland because they have frog gargoyles on some of the houses) Irish pub, a bit of a Miro poster? houses on stilks (more proof) " Father in the Man " soundtrack... there is an ornate crucifix on the back of a seat on a bus/train... film ends

BLACK BOX 2 MINS. 1984 colour and sound. We are back in the Sixties again, James Bond/Danger Man etc.... Our hero wearing dark glasses, thick necklace, thick bracelet and dark jacketed, walks along, looking around, starts running like the wind... he really can run this guy (Bill Mousoulis reckon it was undercranked) Cut to out of focus rotating amusement rides at night... Ah 60's Glamour!!! he stops to pick up the black box, soundtrack is a semi serious techno voice like they use at Mission Control " We have lift off! " or in this case the black box. Universal applause at end of film.

INTUITIVE STRATEGIES 10 MINS. 1985 colour and sound. with TONY FORDE. Great beginning, a short haired blonded figure walks away from us and quickly dissolves into the same shot only slightly further away ( great stuff ) the figure probably female is carrying a hidden light source in front of her she wades through stuff in a backyard and then wades through a house and touches a computer keyboard and then the film gets into it. Cosmic scream... man on the moon... flashing images of what is Australia? O.T.C. wowish sound waves.. images on glass? sydney Opera clouds ... frogs ... crowds ... American Express technology.. adult toys? Communication grids... casino's... sex information. Film rests as two workers in a boat send off waves through the water, with only one oar.. a nice movement. More tele communications, more techno hardware. Lots of photography books were used up in the making of this film me thinks. Are the film makers comparing modes of filmmaking, communication? do they dream of a future with intuitive technology? Mona Lisa makes an appearance slightly altered in the process... are lots of these images shot from slides or pictures on glass?? A new techno day arrives with cranes alert and erect... neon images squares, circle negative imagery sound track slows down... film ends with lots more questions being asked.

PLAY 5 MINS. 1986 sound and colour Starts off with a shot of the "bad girl" in the colorised version of METROPOLIS? Jack Nicolson on soundtrack and girls talking about crap, yes cities are made of crap. The images are of a 2001 space presentation? a robot toy wanders around... people are buried in the rocks by the sea... a cockroach dies in c.u. " Cities are still full of crap! Intrenational symbols sent off in space are superimposed. City scapes turn round and around, looming over our heads " It's clean in Alaska--all that snow! " Volcanoes are reversed, lava flows backwards and camera flows on the polished marble floor of a building cause and defect. " Alaska was clean, but you should have seen it after the thaw "

LIMITED VISION VERSION I.I 6 MINS. 1987 colour and sound. Soundtrack off Playschool... photo's of Family, one looks like Edger Hoover... downpour of rain... going back to old home?... big spider gets smaller spider... a T.V. fetus ... a girl on a bed Hiroshima... Roy Thinnes lands in Queensland? Outer Limits of Queensland?... out of focus shots always look good in these films ... shot of a model heart, pumping away... soundtrack digs up the past along with photos... and old man walks the streets, is death stalking this man?

TWISTED LEGEND 4 MINS. 1986 B&W and sound. A man struggles up a hill carrying a large tropical leaf like sun elipse? on his back. His knees are bent with the heaviness of his journey. He seems to have stumbled out of Eisenstein's aborted THUNDER OVER MEXICO film and got dressed for this one. He's obviously not Australian as he is well dressed and wears a tie. He finally gets to flat ground and lays his leaf at the foot of an old tree... lays down prostrate, its obviously a sacrifice he hangs the huge leaf on a stark dead branch, we see the other side of the leaf finally. painted images... tree has wire around it... film ends with cruxifiction image in background of credits. A great little movie, some films actually do fall into place, and what I hear about this one I.E. found objects, tree being cut down a few days later etc. this one obviously had a date with destiny.

SUSPENDING SPIRALS 6 MINS. 1986 colour and sound. Thousands of torn out photo's and images from magazines are stacked and spaced on pieces of glass? animated roughly in and out and side to side. Images are scratched, reworked with yellow colour pens? Drumbeat reminds me of bits of wood floating around a steel drum. Cut outs montage. Music changes as cut/tear outs pile up. Superimpositions, colour negative of previously seen images, refilming etc. Soundtrack changes, I remember images from cover of Cantrills Filmnotes, Arthur always does a good job. It's a film you really have to see again, obviously more worked over than any of the previous films. The title?... holding off? Process... the film and life's process... the meaning's in the process of the film?

SUNDAY SERVICE. RHONNDA KELLY 5 MINS 1986 B&W. A simple narrative of 2 Aboriginal girls meeting friends, having a drink and going off to a sunday service, one gets murdered. Film has a gentle feeling to it, and a natural shyness in its



shots and actors. The leather clad figure who kills the girl passes by the other girl almost unnoticed as she waits for her friend to come back from the toilet. Camera follows murderer as he walks past the waiting girl and away up the street. We get the feeling that an ageless ritual has been carried out before our eyes as the film ends. Soundtrack uses a song "Black Girl" by KUCKLES effectively. The over all feeling of the film is a looking back to simple pleasures.

THE LETTER 6 MINS. 1987 B&W. Judy Holliday is having no holiday on the soundtrack of this film. "I was only dreaming" she musically exudes as our protagonist rolls in bed with her lesbian lover until she wakes from her dreaming, finding herself alone and unloved. Prior to this she tries to write a letter to her ex, this is shown in a close up. The posturing of the left hand for some reason gave me the shits, it seemed too staged or overly dramatic. The girl wanders the streets, the world is filled with lovers when you are out of love/luck!!! The letter is posted, but never delivered, it ends up on the street like a lot of our love. A very expressive handling of the subject. You do in fact, ( in the short time the filmmaker gives us ) share the woman's pain and predicament. All types of Cinema loves a love story, and I loved this one.

YIRRARU 6 MINS. 1987 colour and sound. Catholicism and Aborigines, now there's a theme...the oldest with the oldest!! A film about Queensland's black culture. Adults play cricket in the park and kids play harder in the outer. Soundtrack was catch or at least my foot found it so (Jazz track ) but in the films context it seemed too American. Shots of Witcherty grubbing and people watching cricket. Beautiful shot of smoke from a fire? at night, cane fire or else? Demonstrations...cops loom at intersections...crowd marches on... free Mandala...cops parading past in numbers...film comes to an end with a distinct feeling of unease about being black and livin in Queensland.

I wonder how the mood and themes of the filmmakers will change with the onslaught of children? Probably even more universal, if energy and time and Super 8 are still around.

## NEXT OPEN SCREENING

Tuesday 14th September  
211 Johnston Street  
Fitzroy

at 7.30pm

### DOWNTOWN



*A collection of spatial films exploring the ambience of urban environments around Melbourne*

#### featuring:

<b>PINK DESERT</b>	
<b>Richard Tuohy</b>	13 mins/1989
<b>SMART CITY</b>	
<b>Brett Carroll</b>	5 mins/1992
<b>MIDSUMMER</b>	
<b>Ooni Peh</b>	4 mins/1992
<b>CIRCLE OF CONFUSION</b>	
<b>Steven Ball</b>	5 mins/1993
<b>ARKITEKTURE</b>	
<b>Pete Spence</b>	7 mins/1992
<b>CITY WALK</b>	
<b>Moira Joseph</b>	3 mins/1992
<b>MUSEUM</b>	
<b>Peter Schuller</b>	14 mins/1992

*other titles to be confirmed*

followed by an  
**OPEN SCREENING**  
BYO Super 8 films  
first in, first on. All screened.



# Underground Film

BY GARY O'KEEFE



\*Glossolalia. Babbling in an imaginary or nonsense language; 'speaking in tongues'.

PHANTOM: Through the branches shines a heartless moon:  
 CHORUS: a damask drum hung in the laurel tree.  
 PHANTOM: Will it sound, then? Will it? Try, madam. Beat the drum yourself!  
 CHORUS: Beat, O beat, he cries, a loud tattoo, as when armies clash: beat, madam, beat! and threatens her, hellish whip raised high.  
 The drum is silent. Only her own voice bursts forth, wailing: Horror, horror! What have I done? And, in answer, his: Repent, repent your cruelty!  
 The Ahorasetu, fiends of hell, shriek such reproaches as they strike, shattering bone, or driving sinners on to board the hideous chariot of fire. Their torments could not be worse. O terror! Where must this karma lead?  
 CONSORT: Retribution looms before my eyes.  
 CHORUS: Retribution looms before my eyes, whole and plain. There in the laurel tree, beside the tossing pond, she hung a drum that he beat, obsessed, till he grew weak and could hear no more. Into that pond he threw himself and drowned, the plaything of the waves. That instant he turned vengeful ghost, possessed her, laid a curse upon her, and lashed her as waves lash the shore. The pond freezes now, and the east wind sweeps in, bringing sheets of rain. The cold Scarlet Lotus Hells grow real. All one's hair bristles; and as from the waves a carp leaps, he, a fell serpent, leaps, now a true demon from the afterworld, crying, I hate you, lady, how I hate you! and sinks in the abyss of desire.



(basic outline of the Japanese No drama  
The Damask Drum )



LAST OPEN SCREENING:

Caracel and Moon Norma Pearse	3 mins
Rare Projections Pete Spence	6 mins
Stained Glass Landscape Nick Ostrovskis	8 mins
Wattisnigz Tony Woods	7 mins
Smithers Style Dirk De Bruen	20 mins
Shadow of Gunung Batur A. & C. Cantrill	8 mins
Coimbra Prison M. Bergner	3 min
Rome L. Spencer	3 min



NEXT OPEN SCREENING

Tuesday 14th September  
211 Johnston Street  
Fitzroy

at 7.30pm

DOWNTOWN

*A collection of spatial films  
exploring the ambience of urban  
environments around Melbourne*

*featuring:*

PINK DESERT	
Richard Tuohy	13 mins/1989
SMART CITY	
Brett Carroll	5 mins/1992
MIDSUMMER	
Ooni Peh	4 mins/1992
CIRCLE OF CONFUSION	
Steven Ball	5 mins/1993
ARKITEKTURE	
Pete Spence	7 mins/1992
CITY WALK	
Maira Joseph	3 mins/1992
MUSEUM	
Peter Schuller	14 mins/1992

*other titles to be confirmed*

followed by an  
**OPEN SCREENING**  
BYO Super 8 films  
first in, first on. All screened.

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**Super Eight** 

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