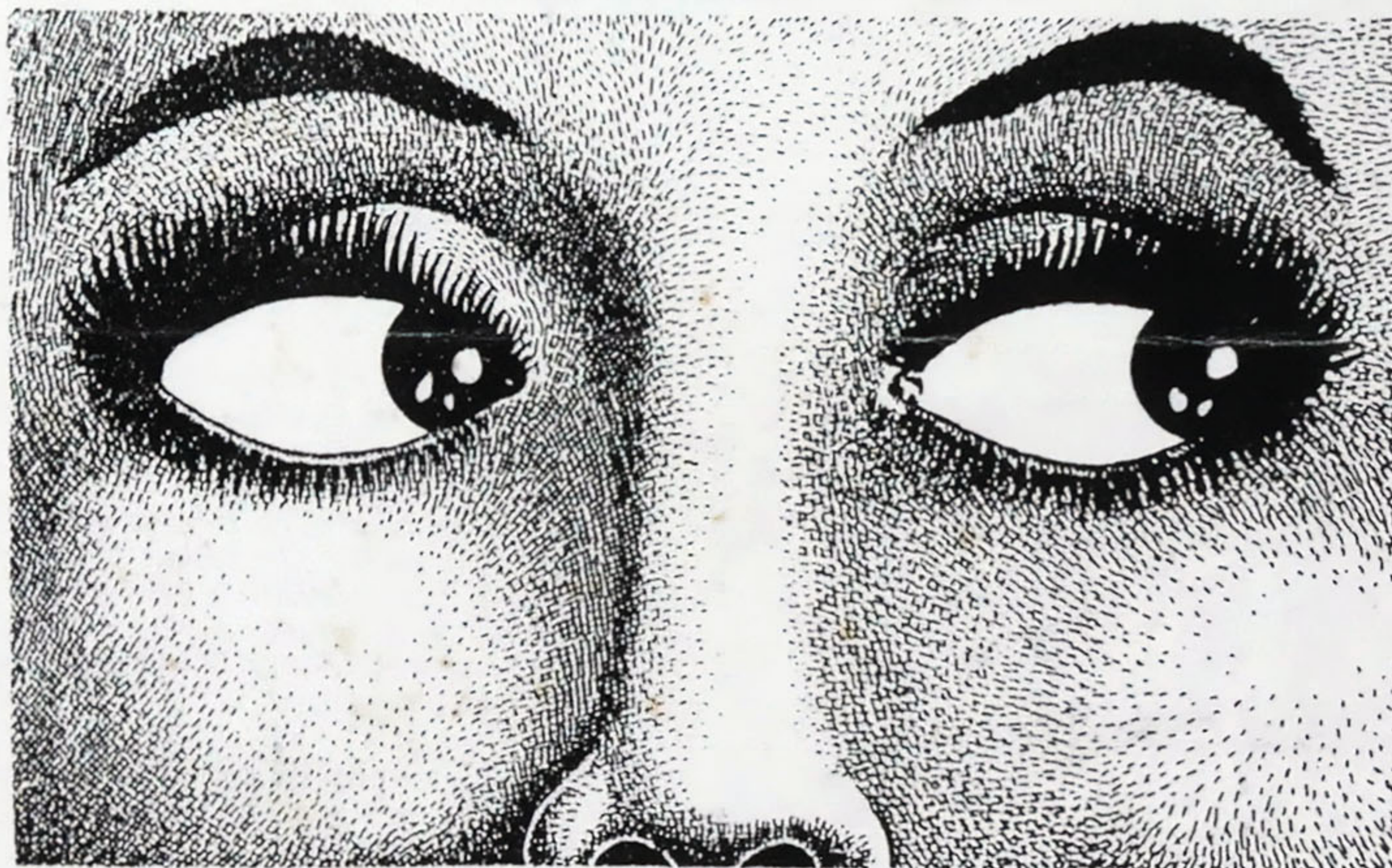
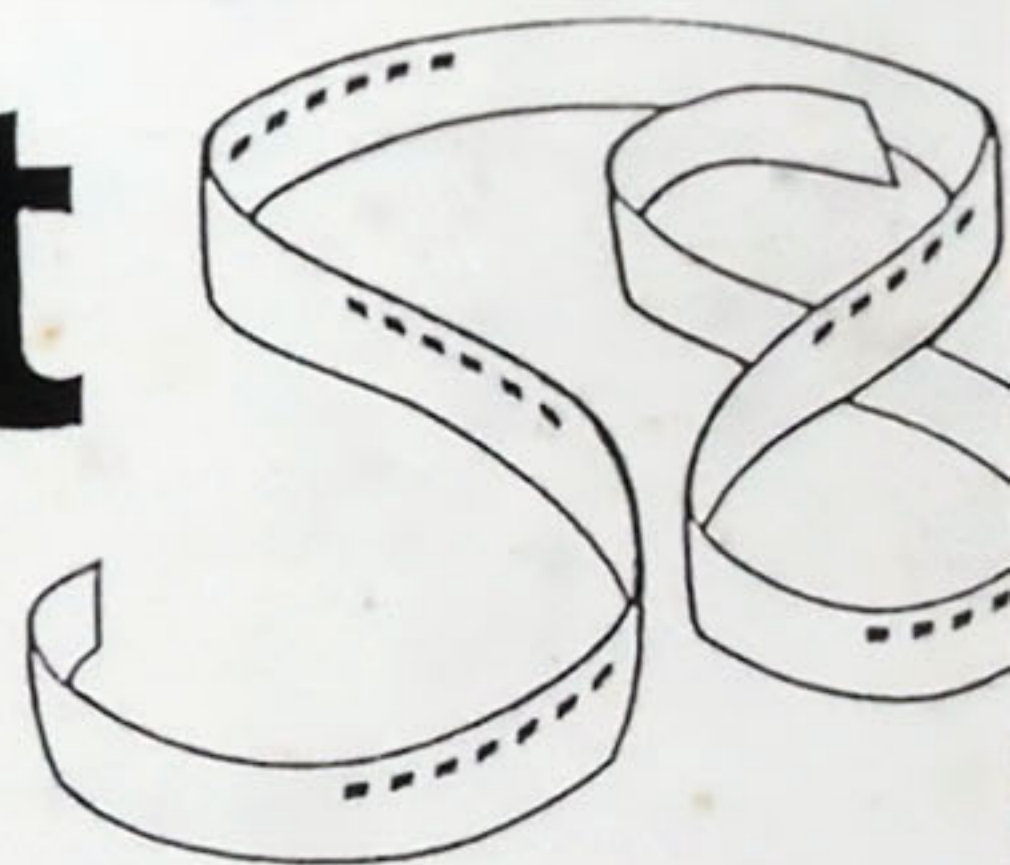


Super Eight

Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group

Issue 86 November 1993



FILMS BY NORMA PEARSE

We go FICHEING with Norma and catch a big one!

Hand painted films move too fast for most of us, and part of us, want's to see the film again, only slower. Some even get the opportunity of seeing one through an editor. Norma Pearse in her technological search for the Holy Grail has converted a Micro-fiche machine to do the above and more.

She turns it into a cinematic one armed bandit, giving us jackpot after jackpot after jackpot! of filmic delights.

She animates from scratch and follows Paul Klee's advice and takes a film for a walk. She literally makes a slide film! and allows us to see the colour stained film at her leisure.

Norma is fascinated with basic shapes, and films letters in C.U. using only part of them to make new shapes. And ends up creating mick-ey Mouse ears out of the letters B or M?

Her handling of music and visuals and her exploration is extremely confident, and you feel the touch of a Master.

Soundtrack was sampled and written by her with great affect(animated music) I.E. rubber bands bounce with double bass on Soundtrack!

Thanks Norma for optically rubbing our eyes.

ISLAMICS start's with a bird on a crescent atop a brick tower in Brunswick. The 20 year old Extachrome gives us the impression of being in Mecca and the refilming from 16mm. to Super 8 back and forth also help to make the grain seem greenish and foreign.

Multi grained, veiled young girls faces in C.U. young faces and eyes, some with old expressions. Grain seems to separate from image due to refilming. Screen is split into 4 with travelling matte with superimposed Arabic writing in front, is this a first?, if so the writings on the wall for Norma?

Norma's film explores the inner universe the world of pre Pythagorous, a world where symbols have the highest currency. She is also into post Bucky Fuller, mining these shapes for all she is worth. Polystyrene balls take on cosmic structure, (wheels within wheels) Catch a falling crescent and put it in your pocket, save it for a rainy day.

Camera constantly moving-multiple exposing soundtrack gives off a primitive plaintive wail.

Pendulam on star-rotate, so many exposures (double refilmed, plus back lit!) nearly no image left.



We see the writing again, she is showing us a Islamic test pattern Mandala for that primitive part of our brain that only understands symbols shapes and gesture.

Balls inside Pyramids with star at the centre, star within star. Eternity is in an eye...eye is a headless dancer...3 eyed contemplating.

Norma the Alchemist using her camera...shapes of stars...atomic structure=Spiritual Experience.

Animated computer graphics clap hands and non verbalise.

In the begining was the word? and Norma lets the word finish off this strange, primitive, staggering and elusive film. We have all been on a journy to an age old truth in the company of atheists. All is not revealed, but we have experienced the ancient pre speech world of meaning, that inhabits this universe of a movie.



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KIOSK 8

is the name of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Groups programme of screenings for next year. In this issue there is a flier and entry form with full details. Any members interested in proposing programmes or being involved in selection and programming of the screenings are invited to attend a meeting at midday on Sunday 28th November in the Super 8 Group office. BYO lunch.

CINEMAKRAMP

is 3 programmes of Super 8 films, curated by Gary O'Keefe running at Gallery at Tolarno, 42 Fitzroy Street, St. Kilda on Sundays at 3.30pm on 7th, 14th and 21st November. Call Gary on 569 9039 for information.

MATINAZE 1994

Sydney Intermedia Network is calling for entries for Matinaze 1994, Australia's only national survey of film and video art, which will be presented at the Art Gallery of New South Wales in March 1994. Super 8, 16mm, video 8, VHS & U-Matic works can be screened. Entries for preview should be submitted on VHS. Entry fee is \$10, free for S.I.N. members. Entries should be delivered to PO Box 544 Paddington NSW 2021. Call S.I.N. on 02 332 4674 for more information.

SCREEN WANTED

Vikki Riley is looking for a film screen, about 8' x 8' on a collapsable stand. If anyone has one that they are willing to sell contact Vikki on 481 0758.

FOR SALE

Elmo F16-1000 16mm projector with stand, separate speaker and Hanimex screen (125cm x 125cm); Various 16mm editing equipment including Italian splicer, trim bin etc. \$350 the lot. contact Christina on 882 5612.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Advance notice. The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Open Screening on Tuesday December 14th. Anyone who has been a member of the group for over 12 months is eligible to stand for election to the committee. Nominations can be made on the night or at any time before the meeting.

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.

SEPTEMBER OPEN SCREENING

BUT SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE BLACKNESS OF THE HUSHED HALL...



37

Interval...the talk is about too many films, might have to bring films back again next open screening! Committee assemble like lions to a kill...what to do, Jim and Corrine in their own little ways pressure. Is the policy of open screenings in danger of being breached???

Interval ends and films begin, not before Corrine (sadly I feel) announces that this is the last of the Bali films. It's been a series of approx. 6 films all under the banner of "The Bemused Tourist". This one is called DRIVING FROM SINGARAGA TO MING WEI TO. The Cantrill's camera shockingly absorbs Bali, trees leap frog and jump past temples and rice paddies. Soundtrack as usual is gorgeous.

Car stops at a temple and tourists are filmed filming more tourists etc. (present role of photog?)

Temple's ornate statuary is bemusedly filmed, camera going in and out of the mouths of stone demons which guard these holy ground's. High pagoda's cast rough cut saw shadows on lawn.

The eye of one of the demons alerts us to electric wiring hugging its crevices and going into its bottom and coming out high up on the temple in the form of a light...Red Hibiscus hang unopened with yellow stamens exposed, waiting for their seasonal sex act to occur...Banked paddy fields look like film frames lying down and reflecting as camera runs by, everything is fecund and densely growing...you sense and feel the heat...We stop again at a much older temple almost pyramidal...locks on the temple doors at the top of the stairs. Hanging garden statuary, older demons have longer teeth.

The Cantrill's always do more than record, but so much of cinema is recording, and thanks to them, this satisfied bemused cinematic tourist can say "I've been to Bali too!"

LEAVING...Ian Poppins and Phil Jakubik's film of a prisoner going to see his girlfriend on the first day out of prison in three years. Based on a script by Peter Farrar, soundtrack music is Intermezzo, from Cavaliar Rusticano.

Voice over narrative is terse and funny, i.e. "Dreaming of getting out is like a scrap of freedom thrown over the wall" he reacts to things he sees on the street, you never see him in full, mostly in rear vision mirror shots, which sets up a tension which builds as the film unspools. He parks up country somewhere and soaks up and reflects on the silence "Like a hot february night... Like mouth to mouth with curry breath"

The film turns to colour as he finally arrives at his girlfriend's (Lisa) place. His old knee-capped jeans get out of the car and knock at her door. Ian Poppins out instead and tells him that Lisa does'nt live there!(he does'nt say if she ever did live there?) So along with the tension of not seeing his face and his lease on Lisa

suddenly expiring, film reverts to B&W and the guy taking it on the chin, decides to wait until she shows....Wait where? Why?... for Who?...leaving us with a short story after-taste and wondering what these two filmmakers will do next? Maybe make a film about a guy sitting in a car wondering should he go back to non narrative prison or hit the narrative road! I'm sure they would get lots of help for both sides of the script.

Barry Brown's 10 X 1990. covers some of the ground that Spence covered last open screening with his RARE PROJECTIONS, except Barry Brown's is even more minimalist...Shadows on sheets? a film on canvas? Soundtrack has stereo connections which dont seem to go anywhere.

It's a dark film with knifing light on canvas. Two slits of light, one vertical and one horizontal lap together and occasionally merge creating the letter L. Elongated light rectangles remind us of sprockets holes and stretching the medium.

The dreaded (for some) Extachrome blue spots are sighted again. Film finishes just as people are getting interested. Bob (DARK) Brown is in league with Darthvader... "Go with the force Bob!"

MIDDLE DISTANCE DISTANT is stuck on a very short stretch of road, stretching out for the length of the film. Bosco is stuck in a telecine box refilming a small piece of South Australian road, with occasional side trips in the bush.

This is one of the best films I've been privileged to see at open screenings, it excited me no end. Bosco's use of soundtrack is at moments surprisingly sublime...like a cricket on heat.

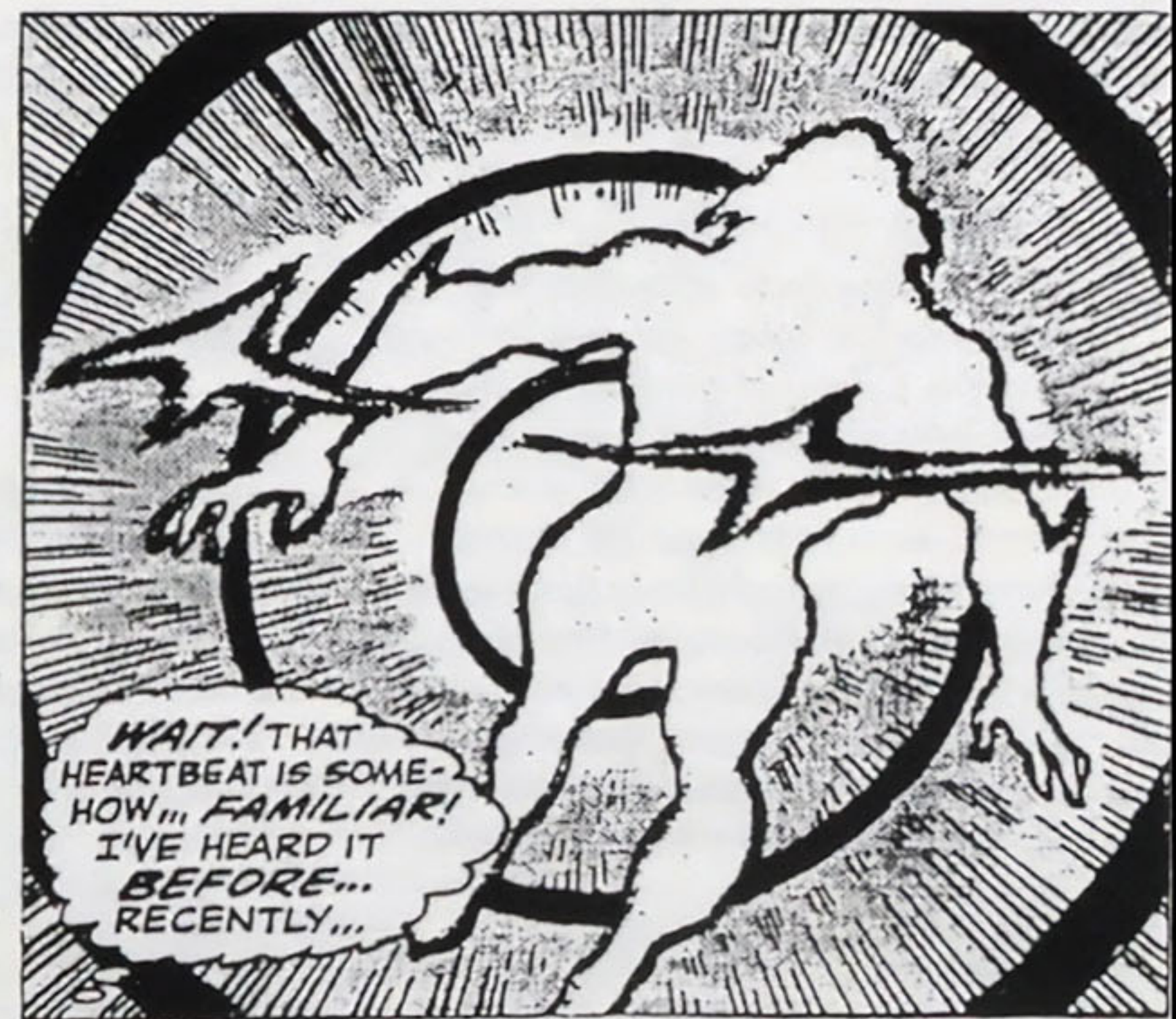
Refilming of the road ... reeves up the soundtrack...road marks float on emulsion. The road continues to stretch away but we are travelling less each time in this refilmed rd movie. Petrol pedal on stereo soundtrack is connected to projector, sound flickers like previous images. Film inches along the rd. with drumbeats, intermittent refilmed bush pulsing at times... the music (Polygon Window) is extensively reworked is some of the best aural/image experience I have sat through. Chuck away your St. Christopher medals, the new patron saint of cine-traveler is ST. Bosco...boy can this dog run!

Pete Spence comes up with a prodigal son of a lost film called NON PLUS NON. Shot on russian stock (X PLUS X, translation??) combines hard edge spence with pete's darkest exposures yet!

Cabbage in C.U., the indirect actor of a RARE PROJECTION (the curtain) takes a bow...window, water beads, then freezes framed vortex!!

Branches fence, glass travels through glass... a big spidery shadow dominates, flattened out shadows rustle. Russian stock, films T.V.'s stock Russian. Hard edged window pane weeps (can this boy focus) Pete dispences with light almost completely and film goes through a spence

Continued p



OPEN SEASON

by Perry Alexander

The arrival of a Bill Mousoulls film is always a celebrated event. The much touted *Open City* first of all reminded me of Roberto, whom Bill often gushes about. But Bill is no Rossellini and Clare is no Ingrid, yet the man commands an awesome amount of respect.

Hearing that there was a queue a mile long for the premiere at the State, my partner chose instead to view the film at the SB cinema on the following Monday. As we rounded the corner on the night, we were trampled by 2,000 Bill devotees, all trying to get in. Hundreds, dear reader, dear George of the bursting bladder, waited anxiously for Bill's trademark purple stretch VW for just a glimpse, just a brief lock of their idol's hair.

There was an electric atmosphere inside the theatre, as an estimated 650 people - stars, producers, gofers, ex convicts, media and fans clinked glasses, discussed theodolite, Bill, Rossellini [Isabella and Pia] and nicking out back for a quick connection before the show. Yes George, where were you where the thin blue line of the local constabulary struggled to hold back the true believers?

Suddenly, outside, a tremendous roar rose from the milling crowd, as Bill's limo pulled up to a dignified halt and out stepped Bill, to a blaze of flashing bulbs and media frenzy. Bill appeared relaxed, dressed in orange saffron robes, a shaved head, sandals, and a daub of yellow paint upon his forehead. He adjusted his tinted monocle, and briefly acknowledged his flock with a Moroccan riding crop.

Then all hell broke loose. A horde of screaming fans attacked Bill, shredding his robes, forcing him back into the safety of his limo. Police fired rubber bullets into the crowd to no avail. There were brief scenes of terror, as a wide eyed Bill stared disbelieving out of the bullet proofed windows of the limo, as the besieging throng rocked the car up and down. The Mayor of Fitzroy, foaming at the mouth, drew his gold plated Luger, fired three shots into the air and appealed for calm.

Instantly, a subdued hush befell the mob and finally Bill emerged from the limo, somewhat shaken, assisted by seven earl clad concubines supporting him and spreading a carpet of colorful rose petals on the

red lino. Inside the theatre, invite-only patrons filed dutifully into their seats, as a quintet from Swaziland played tasteful Benny Hill covers.

After thunderous applause, Bill appeared and said we must watch this supporting film first.

"Oahhhhhhhhh!" we chanted, but on it came, some mediocre art film. Finally it finished, Bill shuffled on stage, one sandal missing, a concubine either side, and said something, but the crowd were really impatient now and his words were lost. The lights went down, medics revived a dozen heat exhausted fans and the opening credits rolled.

Open City concerns a tortured joumo, his ex-lover, a new lover, a gun crazy misfit and several interesting cameo performances, among them, Steven Ball looking into the camera [what happened to take two, Bill?] Mark Zenner sounding like Walt Disney on acid, and Ian Poppins, in my view, playing the most touching and sympathetic role in the film.

The film itself is good, if a little ploddy. A few too many unnecessary insert shots here, the acting style to me, is minimalist, very reserved.

The film lacked atmospheric lighting. For instance, the kitchen breakfast scenes could have been distinguished by using orange or magenta gels. The night scenes enhanced by blue with pools of warm yellow lamplight, perhaps with a glow of red or purple to reflect character mood.

But, there is a consistency of purpose in the direction. Bill has travelled down this path many times before, wearing his generic heart upon his sleeve. The audience sat enraptured - those outside rattling the security gate ceased, as if mesmerised - lulled to passivity by Bill's sublime script writing.

This was and is champagne Bill. Clare Paradine struck me as the most interesting lead, but my bliss was continually thwarted by a large, rotund figure in front of me, in the Hitchcock chair, who, every time Ms Paradine appeared on screen, would stand up, throw his bowler hat into the air, and bellow at the top of his not insubstantial voice, "Il Nudal Il Nudal"

All in all, *Open City*, is a competent piece of filmmaking, from one of Melbourne's most redoubtable filmmakers. ★★★½





OPEN CITY? CLOSED CIRCLE Steven Ball

From the point of view of independent filmmaking the idea of making a feature film entails encountering a complex and problematic web of assumptions and relationships. The form has become so intertwined with forces of cultural domination which determine political and economic criteria. That is to say the cultural conditions within which the feature film (usually dramatic narrative) is defined as the acceptable and optimum form for film to take and the state economic infrastructure (usually capitalist or other economic totalitarianism) which provides the production money, markets and distributes the product. (Whether this originates from government or private commerce is of little importance). The product is, in turn, expected to earn money, profit to keep the wheels turning. The film itself is expected to support and perpetuate the status quo. If it does not do this through its content or 'message' liberal capitalist hegemonies allow some room for dissidence within certain boundaries in the name of 'free speech' and if this can be marketed then it reflects favourably on the benevolent dictators benign 'tolerance'. (An example of this would be Noam Chomsky's "Manufacturing Consent", the supreme irony being that the authors avowed dissidence is totally undermined by the films acceptance).

The independent filmmaker choosing to make a dramatic narrative feature must tacitly agree with the above somewhat simplistic, but surely obvious, outline of relationships and enter a contract with this system. This is a process that used to be called 'selling out'. The other basis on which the filmmaker can enter this arena is through what could be called 'objective opportunism'. This is to make a film that is to a degree 'populist' but perhaps embodying some kind of veiled interventional radicalism hoping to 'educate' the viewer by questioning the structure that supports it. This, however, is a condescending and paternalistic view of cinema goes. It is a process that used to be called 'trying to change the system from within'. Whichever of these paths are chosen they are both essentially elitist, something that I would have assumed that independent filmmaking in general, and Super 8 filmmaking specifically, is not.

BM's project is neither selling out or changing the system from within. It is actually far more worrying and betrays a potentially dangerous level of, at best ill considered naivety, at worst egotistical arrogance; probably both. By making this film on Super 8 BM has immediately excluded himself from following the paths outlined above. Super 8 film cannot be easily duplicated, distributed and marketed etc., and even if it could it is, as a gauge, simply and realistically, not going to be taken seriously by the responsible structures. So why make a feature on Super 8? It seems that there are a number of reasons. One is economic. This makes sense only to the point that Super 8 is cheap. This sounds too obvious, but not in the light of the fact that if one concedes that feature filmmaking, by necessity, is part of a larger capitalist package and BM failed (either willfully or not) to secure the

funding required, by the logic of capitalism he simply does not meet the criteria, or is not 'good' enough. Another, more complicated reason, is to do with aspiration. BM aspires to enter that world of 'great filmmakers', he is a man who has heroes and he longs to feel the glow of adulation that he extends to his heroes. Therefore he has to make a feature to prove that it is a realisable dream (whilst introducing the film at the State Film Theatre he quoted Bruce Springsteen (another hero) with some woolly sentimental waffle about dreams), or more precisely that BM can do it and deserves to be considered for entry into that canon of 'great filmmakers'. Make no mistake, he really believes this. Witness the wealth of self-promotion that lead up to the screening: the article in Filmnews, the newsletter, the publicity, the cringe inducing video documentary of the making of the film; all emanating from BM himself. Or earlier, last year with his self-staged retrospective celebrating ten years of filmmaking, or most of the newsletter articles he has written, perhaps even his steering of the group was simply a vehicle for this ego construction. This is a man who professes to be humble, open and generous. Would you trust a man that says "trust me"?

In the film (I'll come to a critique of the film itself in a while) there are a number of references to other canonised film directors. The title itself is a reference to, or steal from, Rossellini. In particular I notice a number of nods in Godard's direction: the occasional jump cut, the use of classical music dramatically truncated, and so on. These references are taken out of a context in which they were reasonably radical or 'meaningful' about thirty years ago in French cinema. BM's slavish appropriation of them de-radicalises them in as much as they become mere formal devices or at worst decoration, devoid of their original relevance. They are there to tell us that BM has an intimate knowledge of the work of his heroes but emulation does not equal inspiration, nor does it imply that by reference BM is on the same level. Indeed the very notion of aspiration shows an entrenched elitist conservatism. Even worse is the impression that BM is setting himself up as a model, an example so that others may also achieve 'the dream' by following him.

On introducing the film at the State Film Theatre BM drew attention to the inherent technical problems of Super 8 and went on to suggest that we may have to further *suspend disbelief*. I gagged on my stifled incredulity at the alarming irony of this statement. The film is technically flawed: camera sound is heard, interior shots underexposed, sound mixing renders dialogue occasionally incomprehensible. These flaws are not inherent in Super 8 film, they are the result of sloppiness and lack of attention to detail. To make a narrative drama there are, unfortunately, a set of rules that makes these disruptions unacceptable, unless the intention is to disrupt or draw attention to the medium. Richard Tuohy has proven that it is possible to make dramatic narrative Super 8 films and sufficiently overcome the technical quirks with a little care, it certainly doesn't need to cost any more. Having said this the film flows reasonably competently, the actors perform adequately (managing to keep a straight face as required), the narrative unfolds at a pace in keeping with the conventions of dramatic narrative, in short there can be no doubt that BM has mastered the art of narrative filmmaking. This should come as no surprise given the amount of practice he has had, and besides, acknowledgement of proficiency is no grounds for a real critical appraisal.

The film's narrative centres on a journalist who has returned from Bosnia and charts a course through his personal existential struggle in coming to terms with his experiences in Bosnia in an apparently peaceful Melbourne. He becomes increasingly ill at ease with the undercurrents of violence he senses and later witnesses in the city. He drifts a self-obsessed struggle of reconciliation, renews a relationship with an old girlfriend, is 'seduced' at a party by another girl with whom he begins a more satisfying relationship. The women in this film function as mere vehicles for the passage of the journalists self-obsession. They are types: the first cool, artistic, detached; the second worldly, impetuous, 'sexy'. The man needs excitement and she provides it, she is also intelligent and creative, an abstract construction of 'the perfect woman' to prop up the journalists snivelling insecurity. Halfway through the film we are introduced to a second narrative thread. A young man, who having dropped out of university, on failing to secure a job, takes a gun and shoots a couple of people before turning the gun on himself.

The strength of the film is that the underlying questionable assumptions and clichés are masked by the narrative drive and complexity. This is also its fundamental weakness. It makes the old mistake of assuming that any subject can be used as long as a good yarn can be weaved. As in much existential literature it places the individuals struggle at the centre. One recalls how Camus used the murder of an Arab in the French colony of Algeria as merely one aspect of the background to the central existential passage of 'L'Etranger'. So too BM uses Bosnia, with all its tragic internal warfare and bloodshed merely as a catalyst for a personal trauma. The film then goes on to suggest that violence is violence regardless of cause or context. The situation in Bosnia is not equatable with instances of violence that arise from the societal problems in Melbourne. There is a world of difference. This is of no consequence to BM when there is a tale to be told which is then contrived to provide a neat coincidence for the film's ending. The killer with a gun in his bag sits next to the journalist with his story in his bag.

The whole package adds up to the approval of established norms, imperial narrative and political conventions, that this is a system to be retained, that the world goes on producing 'great artists' to be admired for their achievements, that the narrative form is to be valorised as the vehicle for visionary creation, regardless of the world that created it: a kind of totalising cartesian solipsism. So the film picks up on the symptomatic results of this 19th century world view: the dissolution of empire and the unleashing of a century of repression, the dismantling of individual security through the fragmentation of patriarchal capitalism and domesticates these in a new version of the cultural forms that perpetuate the order that produced these symptoms.

The film professes to be 'Open Cinema' and yet its totalising drive asserts the opposite. It is a closed circle. This film is a retrogressive step. Is it really the role of independent filmmaking to unquestioningly prop up these conventions? Do we really need the self-righteous self-promotion of over-bloated egos?



darkly. A glass car out on street tries to turn into a chrysalis but only succeeds in stunning imagery. A dark baby Perrin appears one third up the frame and baby bouncer astral travels upside down.

This film is so dark, that it looks like it's been closed down several Russian Steppes.

Richard Tuohy comes over and tries to sell me a holiday share package for me and my film, starting next month, and although I admire and like his style, I tell him I'd show my film to any-one!

Ian Macintosh's FADING LIGHT hits the screen, with a strong beginning image of a girl smoking in bed. She has 2 puffs of her long fingernails and the camera is off to a male dressing, man leaves without any female response, girl turns and stubs her cig / into ocean, lots of bubble and strife. Dresssd male now watches ocean, phones another girl at work. Girl adgitated, hangs up, lays back...all phoned out. Male finally gets the message and hangs up(film about male hang ups ?). Photo's are flicked horizontally and vertically through on bed. Soundtrack changes 2nd. girl runs on beach, followed by male romantic 360 degrees cliched shot clinches. Scene: Flinders St. intersection (did I see Moira at the lights?)boy its busy tonight! Male targets and follows 2nd. girl. Unease enters the film and the theatre, Male now in a car watches while she lunches, (Hitch would love this film.) telephoto in hand, does he take any shots?

Cut to a grainy C.U. pan across a Bar. Male is nearly all film grain(great climax image for me) Goes to the flicks, meets 2nd. girl and her girlfriend, ex cuses, ex cuses! girls walk off.

360 degrees in frustration then peels off and runs into the dark hand held night, walking down eric satie soundtrack past music shops. The piano(why does everybody use this piece of music?) Cliches on soundtrack. Jelly bean street lighting and out of focus dark footage is great... A dark exercise in moody male, after darkness. I would stalk this filmmaker again, but its subject matter fills me with a dark voyeristic dread. And speaking of dark, the chances of showing my film are dimming by the second as the Cantrills and Richard and multiple others leave. GET YOUR MATCHES READY is next. David Kuznir is playing God interstate at Glass mountain. Light, clouds and shadows dodge single outcrop of rock, which waits in the landscape like a tooth, waiting to be pulled. Low disappearing clouds hug the land. Soundtrack is jazzy, which surpris - ingly brings a primitive feel to the landscape.

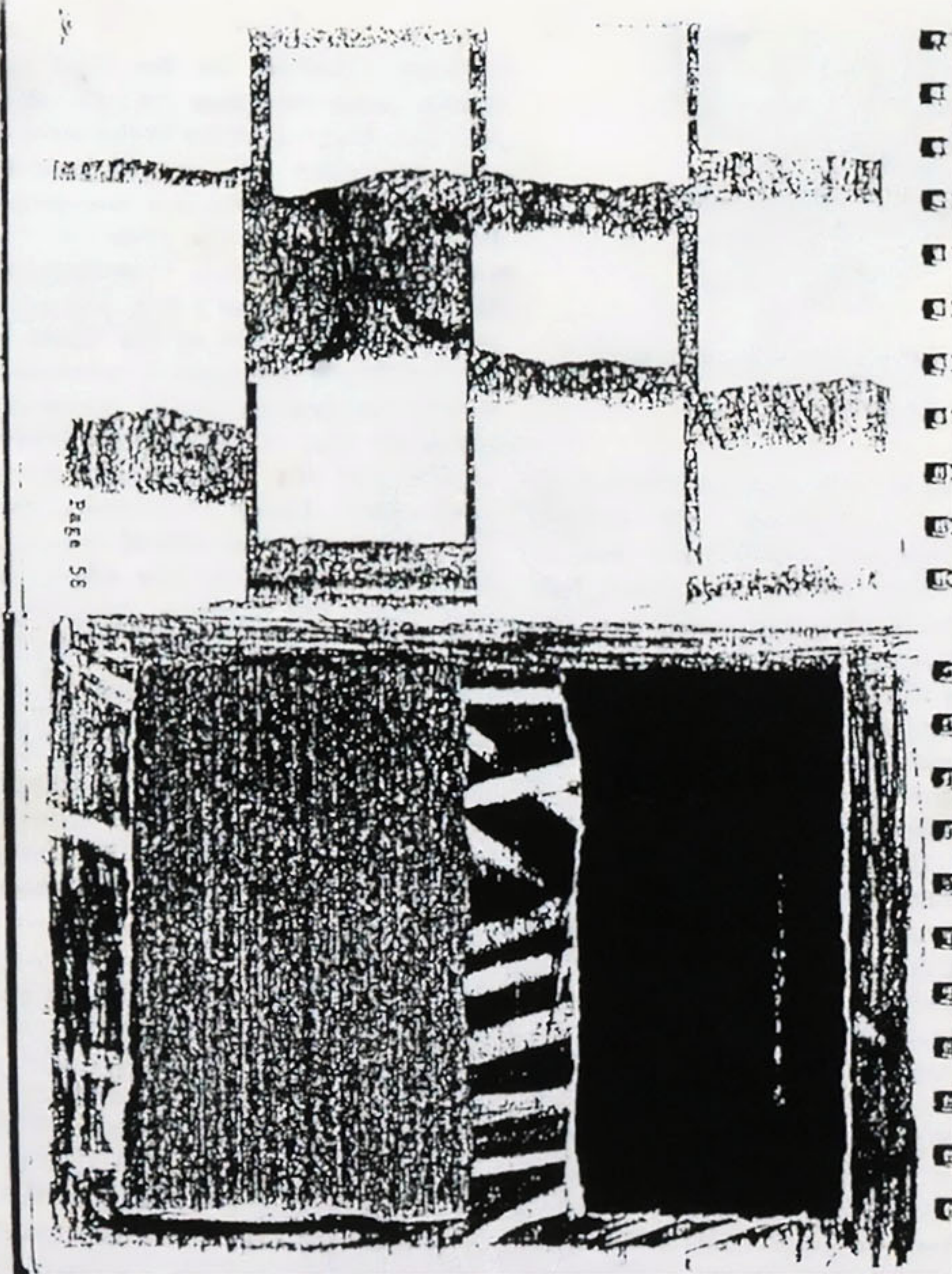
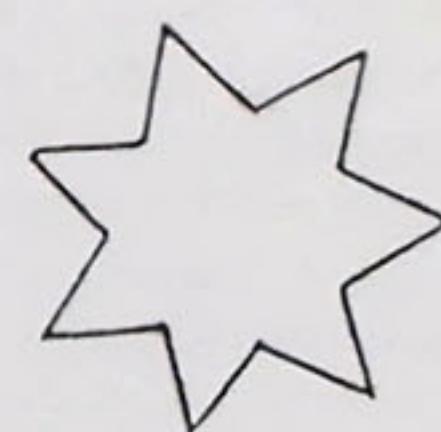
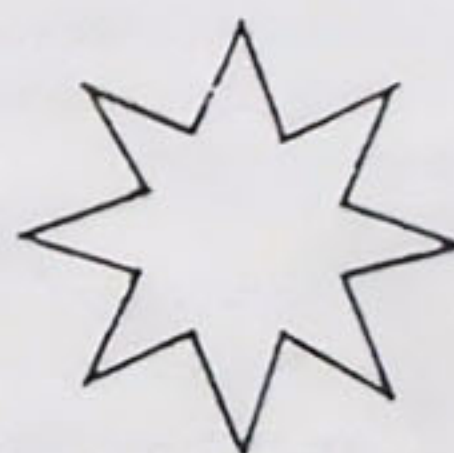
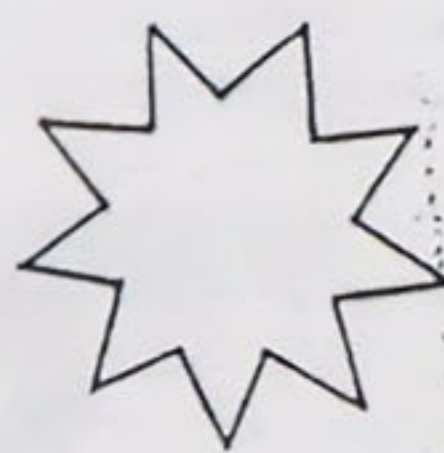
Split leveled clouds do the mashed potato across the screen and blanket trembling trees.

Only broken skeletons of grey dead trees, dont move. Ageless rock watches as Beethoven clouds dance to different drummers in the stoic landscape, until a one eyed landscape comes into view.

Red haired matches are'nt always deadheads!

At 10.30 with 7 people left in the theatre, my film CINE ANGST CINCH: SELF PORTRAIT 1968-70 starts. It's always amazing to see something smaller than your little fingernail, projected so big. My film tries to marry hollywood and experimental classics with my Super 8 meanderings. to express my love and addiction for Cinema. I then go through cinematic cold turkey and I live happily ever after, or did I? Thanks Bill and George for last issue's kind words, and yes Pete, I do need to look at throwing away my projector or editor. It's a cinch you'd notice.

Jim Bridges.



OCTOBER OPEN SCREENING

David Kuznir's film VICTOR OSINSKI is a Ukranian acoustic rock clip with a difference. He obviously is a fine musician, and David does him justice. The film has lots of tight shots of Victor playing his frets, and even tries to get into the acoustic hole behind the strings. Great foreshortend shot of fretboard telescoped down showing both hands together doing seperate jobs, a tribute to both player and camera-man. Colour footage of guitar playing has a golden grain...mellow yellowing! The music is contemplative and mournful (Russian Flaminco to this westerners ear). His son appears behind him, both are beautiful and share the same look, which like his music goes straight to the body's pump. People in the audience now care about this man and probably wonder will this guitsarist ever come to OZ?

LAND-GUAGE....(pun of the year?) Another Bosco treat! This is a lovingly long wave (11½mins.) goodbye to Short Wave frequency, and appropriately shot on Super 8. Because of the world and how it works Short Wave and Super 8 are taking the long walk down the ever shortening pier of technology.

The film has a 2½ minute over ture of silence (out of respect?, and to prepare us for what is to come!) then Jennifer Pignataro reads us the technolgy riot act, then short wave and spence poem start to broadcast!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

And what pray is happening on the screen whilst all the above is going on? Well, Bosco is giving us short bursts of a single image(short(wave)shots) of a cable stretcher connected to a radio transmitter ariel, with lots of black stuff in between.

Reflections of refilmed water pulse and glow and affect us like a major chord change. Other's have been here before, but Bosco's soundtrack is richer more layered, plus Spence's Memory as Erosion poem is working on us using even shorter waves.

Bosco guages the land and our sensibilites with this film, he is educating us about Short Wave's possibilities and why he likes it as he read's its obituary. Compass rotates from left to right. The screen is sending out short visual waves, which because of our individual receivers, some of us dont receive the signal.(where are you Cantrills?)

This film is structually very witty, distant and compassionately serious at the same time.

/////BOSCO,BOSCO,FILM RECEIVED!///OVER///..CAN YOU REPEAT IT AGAIN///OVER///...ANY CHANCE FOR SHORT WAVE AND THE NARROWING GUAGE?/// OVER????

NIGHTLIGHTS. Moira Joseph and Michael Keller team up to shoot a test roll of Single 8 at Southbank, at night.

The Yarra reflects lights from the Railways, Cars, Flinders street, Trees (yes have'nt you noticed?) and Buildings. Reminding me of Van Gogh's STARRY NIGHT OVER THE RHONE.

The film is very controlled for a test roll! too tripod? are they too respectful of the medium? or just being careful as the film took 6 weeks in France to process!

Will the next test go wild with lights in trees as Extasy and Streets mix? or do we need guarentees from film Plus about processing. Has Super8imposing got endless possibilities? and why is Ian Poppins getting single minded?

CINE ANGST CINCH (not again) Steve Ball liked my film so much last time, that he ask's me to project it this time. " It's just the right length, to clean up the mess upstairs and upfront " he say's as my arm reaches 3RD. degree R.S.I. with focusing and frame pulls. So there you are Kiddies! lets scotch this rumour that no one in the Super 8 Group can sit through a film longer than 12 mins. and lets all make longer and longer epics and give Steve a hand at the same time.

Jim Bridges.



THE WAY I SEE IT CAUSE AND EFFECT IS JEALOUS OF THE SECOND LAW OF THERMODYNAMIKS!

written in response to some aphaisik happens in the last newsletter.

the fact is there is only one loser George (the blindman in the country of the one-eyed!!), and in the end i enjoyed pasting his tirade into last newsletter knowing full well those members whose intelligence and generosity i respect (a majority) would recognize GEORGE as a selfdestructing filmhater, who savages us twice once for daring to make films and secondly for making films he defies understanding, because he refuses to be informed and demands like a handful of other M.S.8. members that we all make films on their model! i.e. is a film that Ian Poppins likes a film that "everyone will like"??

do these people believe in regimentation?? nobody should demand anyone narrow their choices and so be liked by everybody!! though hopefully everyone confronts themselves in the practice before the wider issued??

...in "LEAVING" Ian Poppins and Phil Jakubik have made a film from where their filmik intentions arise it is a well thought out narrative-it is good to see them working this way and righting the balance than falling into negative condemnation of OTHER genres as they did in EXPERIMENTAL FILM, Bill's comment about a singular symbolism of the mirror in film is myopic,also unlike Bill i felt the colour section spot on and precisely in the right place and having only a little to do with synch! it seems to me that imprisonment and the ordinary day by day are in black and white and that the certainty of meeting again someone who could brighten your life certainly deserves colour and that eventuality fails to occur we are back to the ordinary which is either a type of imprisonment or the possibility of ending up in prison again and hence returns of black and white

i hope they make a film gaining on this one (believe it or not most members are interested in seeing the development of well crafted narratives in the M.S.8 G.)

...as for Ian Poppins incredulous article,if Ian was a born again DADAIST then i'd recognize a fair tongue-in-cheek, but i figure the "majority" know better! dictionary dogma indeed!! personally i've given fiction a redundancy package some time ago!!

some of the writers in last newsletter seem to prattle on in the theory and poetics of any century preceding the 20th which they seem to fear and loath! (Nietsche, Utilitarianism, Cos und Infect!!!) i'm always waiting for Bill to make a quantum leap, he'd become a little pulsar beaming out obliterations at 24 frames a sec (dry)! and one last nibble, Bill the sentence "anything can happen, at any time" is a closed text because it allows nothing to escape happening in the perimeter of anytime!! huh!huh!

yours pete spence

LAST OPEN SCREENING

at 7.30pm:
FILMS BY NORMA PEARSE
Ficheing
Islamics
Portrait

OPEN SCREENING FILMS

| | |
|-------------------------|--|
| <i>Victor Osinski</i> | David Kusznr 12 mins |
| <i>Land Gauge</i> | Bosco 11.5 mins |
| <i>Night Lights</i> | Moira Joseph & Michael Kelleher 3 mins |
| <i>Cine Angst Cinch</i> | Jim Bridges 35 mins |

SUPER 8 EQUIPMENT HIRE



Equipment

Sankyo Sound Camera

Per Day Per Week
(7 days)

\$ 5 \$ 30

Silent Cameras Various

\$ 2 \$ 10

Editor Viewers

\$ 1 \$ 5

Wurker Splicers

\$ 1 \$ 5

Miller Tripod Junlor

\$ 2 \$ 10

Elmo St-180 Projector
sound, twin track

\$ 5 \$ 30

Editorial & Layout By:

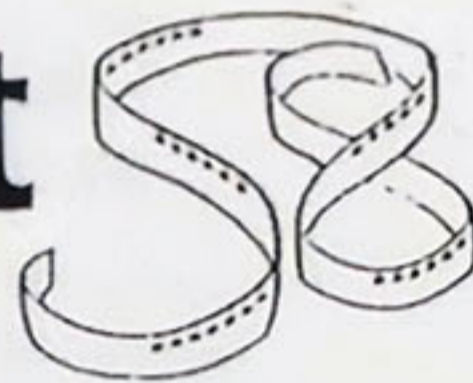
Jim Bridges
Bosco
DELE

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