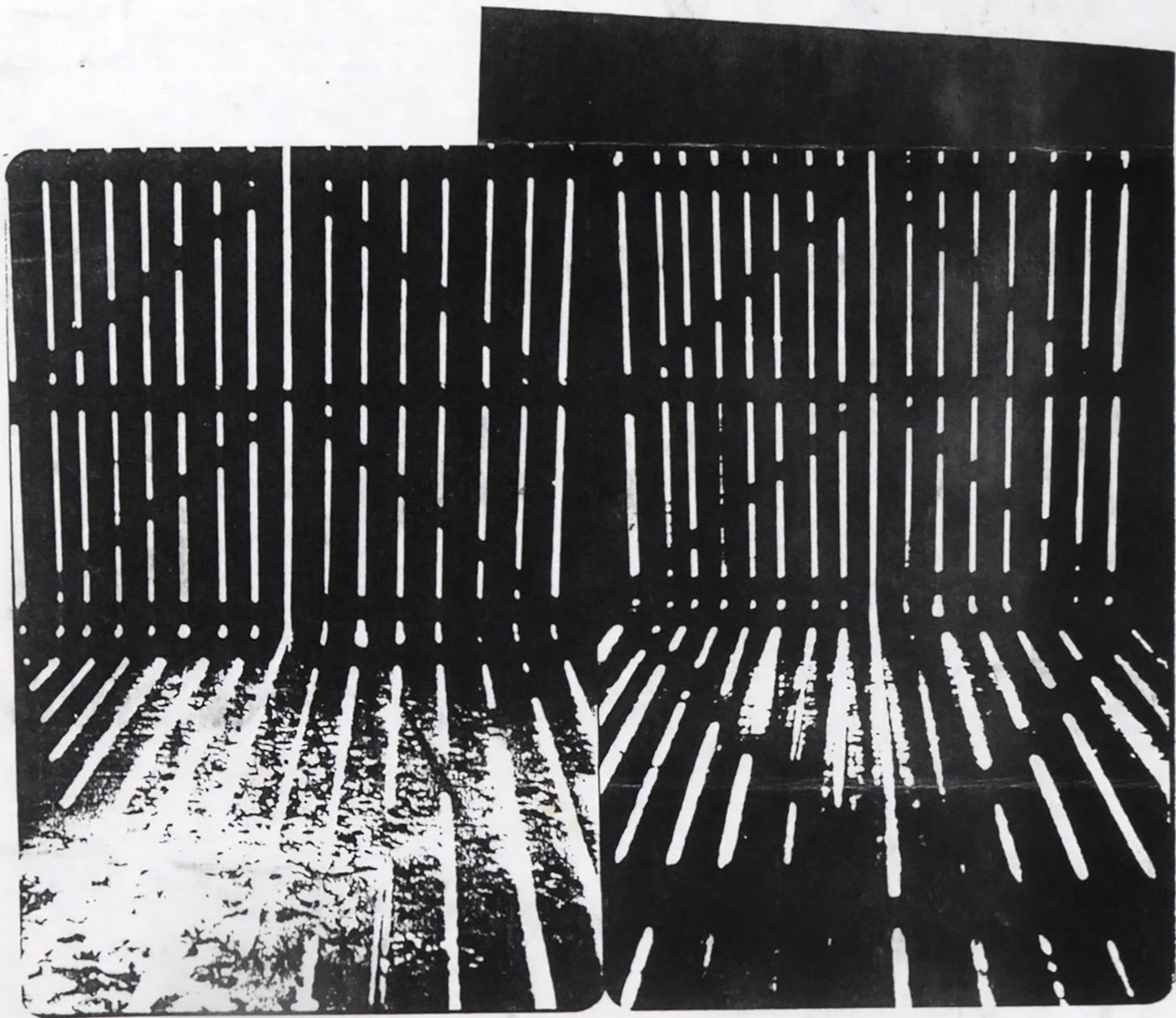
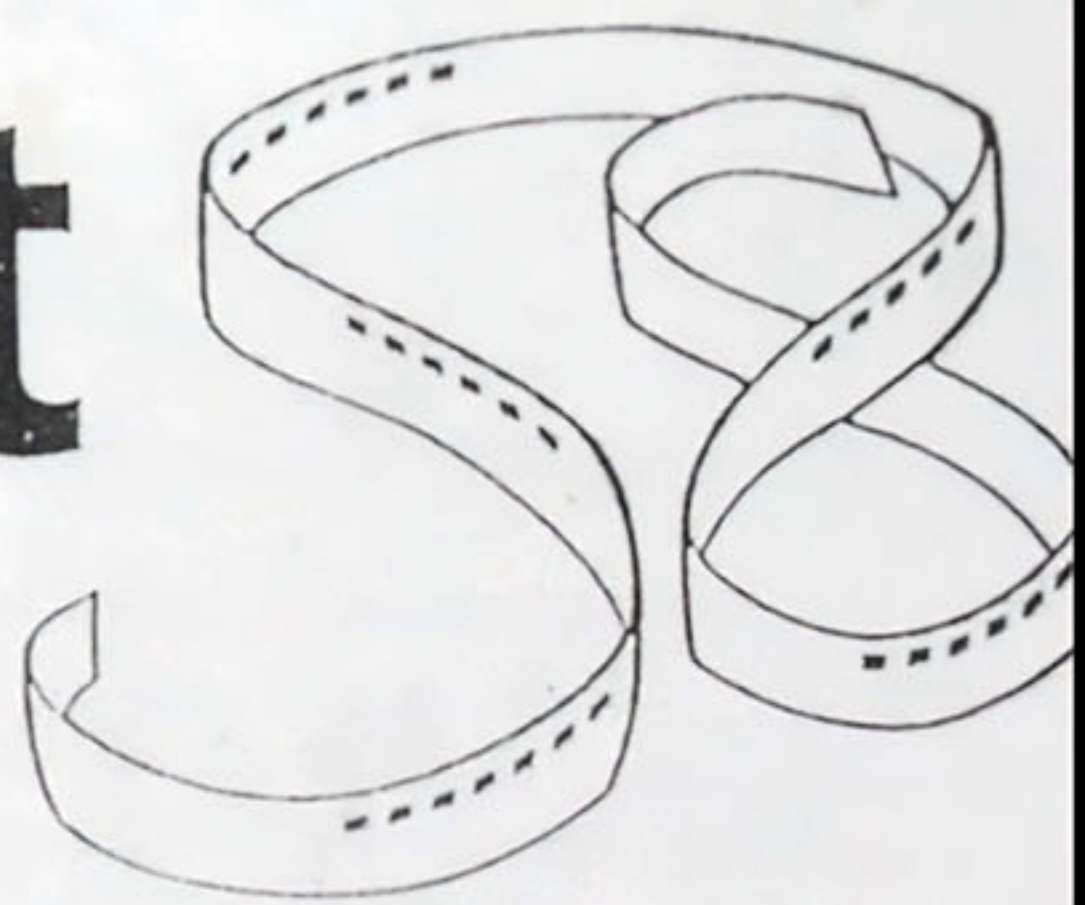


Super Eight

Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group

Issue 93 July 1994



Woods

JUNE OPEN SCREENING

BLINK....John Harrison (10 mins.)

A spot of Super8 navel gazing, a woman is explored in C.U., intercut with street scenes, sheep shearing and driving on a freeway, most of the footage is over-exposed, and the soundtrack is aussie, a policeman wanders and a crucifix pulsates. I only liked the cross.

Molra Joseph is back again, armed with her spy camera, deep in a **MOOMBA** crowd. Daily hurly burly is intercut with carnival rides at night. More monotonous Melbourne Moombaite crowd into her lens. Kids behind a counter, floss fairies. Disco beat pounds us on rides, as a spruiker promises us that "Everyone's a winner!"

SUNISM....Tony Woods 12mins, col.

Tony is now out of the woods, and his doors of perception are finally flung back with this film.

He is now out of the studio system (but still travelling light) We go sunspotting, a slash of red stops mid-frame, calcified red haired matches hang from the sky's celestial ceiling. A cloudy sky, a xmas star, a tunnel of light or an eye in the sky.

Tony is a renegade architect making frozen light ceilings, domed and plunging. Stereo soundtrack peels off rich sound in and out, left and right.

Tony gives credit where credit is due.... close encounters with inner and outer, and a bit on the side, space. Light stalactites pierce our souls and his soundtrack bleeds into our wound. The screen finally becomes an art easel, and funnily enough looks like one of his paintings.

PIZZA MONSTER ...Perry Alexander and Alex Newton (aged 10) 3 mins.

Perry and Alex call out for pizza. Public Enemy and Anthrax perform on the soundtrack and Perry performs foot and mouth anarchy with his camera. He uses props in all his films, like a kid trying to drain all the fun out of a toy as quickly and as violently as possible. So guns, planes, cash, paintings, and now even pizza gets the treatment. How about a drum solo Perry? with sparklers for drum sticks and petrol drums to bash!!! and we could all read about it in the New Musical Super8 Express.

Using a borrowed camera from Tony Woods Dr. Super8 films a few feet of film to drain the vision out of Tony's last film, so he can get on with his. An empty wine rack? (truly a tragic metaphor) black and white tiles are perused by a wind up penquin. Multiple cyclists ride on the ridge of a lamp with moving background, moving.

Laughter is the best medicine, and does Spence get a referral fee?

TRAFFIC LIGHTS.....Peter Lane ..3 mins. Black and white film of hand coloured car and traffic lights. Soundtrack is also coloured with the click clicking over at the lights for the benefit of the sight impaired. At the end of this simple but effective study, even a street sign is coloured in, there were snatches of brilliance in this movie.

RAW.... off cuts by Jeff Norrls. A

freaked out girl walks past the ex-queen vic. hospital? and gives the camera the benefit of her experience in life. Finds a piece of broken glass, cuts herself and sucks her blood. She then promenades on St Kilda Esplanade carrying a gun, then a caged animal. She smiles wildly has a blood bath as soundtrack bathes in Snog Techno. These cuts have plenty of meat on them and we willingly eat them raw.

COAL FEVER....Clockwork Orange droogs are alive and on the old age pension in a derelict building building in Berlin.

"Great burning film titles Fledermann!"

The filmmaker's empty a few feather filled pillows onto one of the droogs, this scene sets the rules for the rest of the film. Burned and charred dolly's are lovingly over utilised in this over the wall film..

Coal is served on a large silver tray and the droogs eat chairs and table. Shadow puppet shoes laugh while baby dolly's melt in C.U. Rooftop burning bathtubs are plunged into and a frazzled and flattened dog attacks a diner on the wall. The actual street where all this is given a credit, and Melways of credit is due to this terrific performance of a film.

A KIND OF CALLING....Ian McIntosh breaks out in all directions with this latest film. We get text, dialogue, voice overs and even the couple face each other momentarily and try to talk it out.

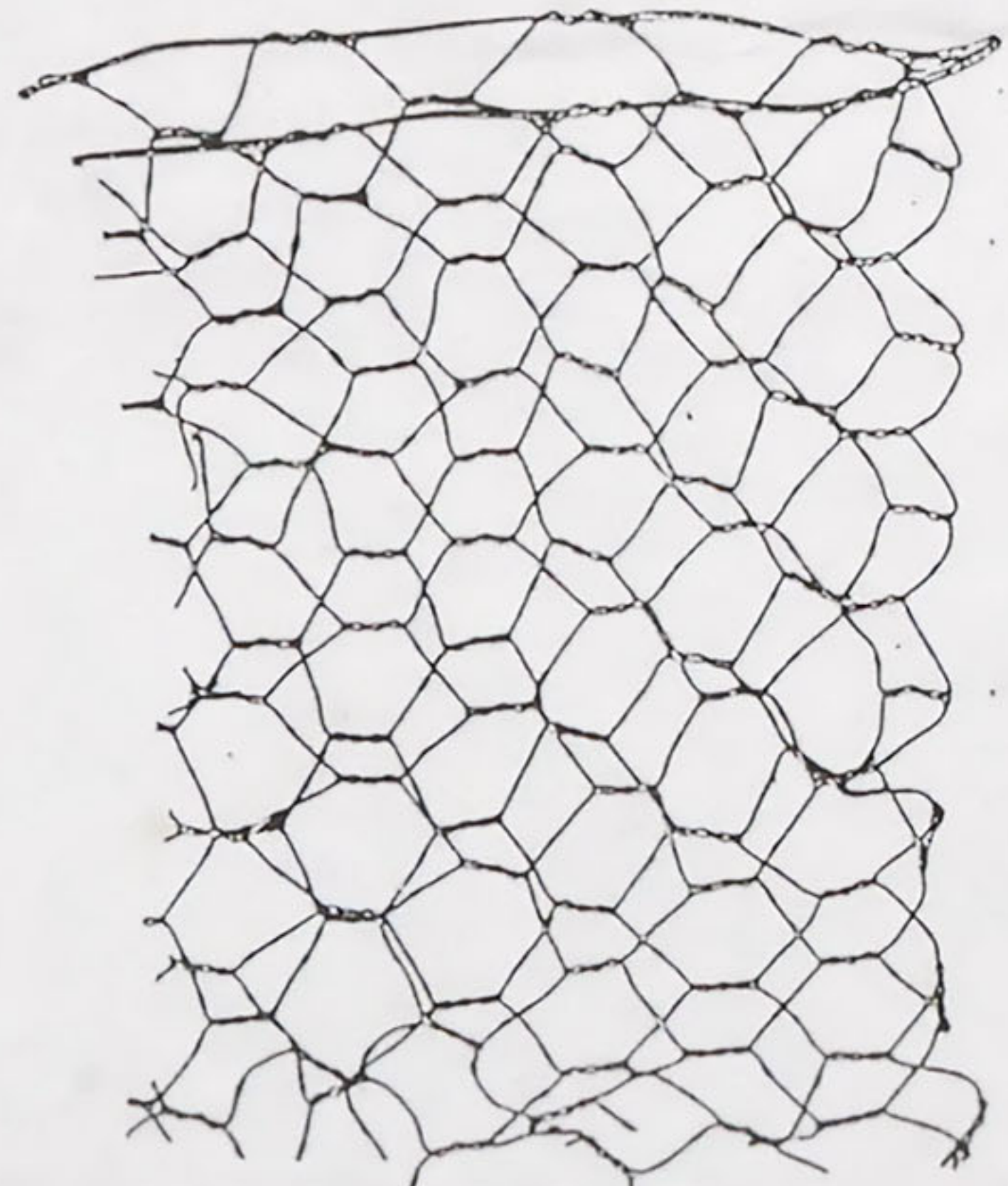
But the film has 2 other protagonists, Art and Criticism, and his film seems dogged by criticism on both sides of the screen.

Ian's films always follow a pulse closely and tightly, and on the soundtrack this is still the case. But his claim that artists, like priests are a kind of calling, you could feel the knives coming out, especially in some of the voice overs.

I liked it when the critic talks about the painter, while he works, faster and faster on a canvas with just slashes of image momentarily gracing the screen.

There is a scene where the artist is stalked by a lone cameraman taking pictures of him, the artist chases away this guy and goes home to a letter and oblivion. Is this Ian responding to his critics with his film,---does criticism equal death?

jim bridges.



思おも
物ものう
と 言いほ
涼すずわ ど
み ぬ
け 人ひと
り

Omou hodo
Mono iwanu hito
To suzumi keri.
—Hyakuchi

With one who muses
But says not a single word
I enjoy the cool.

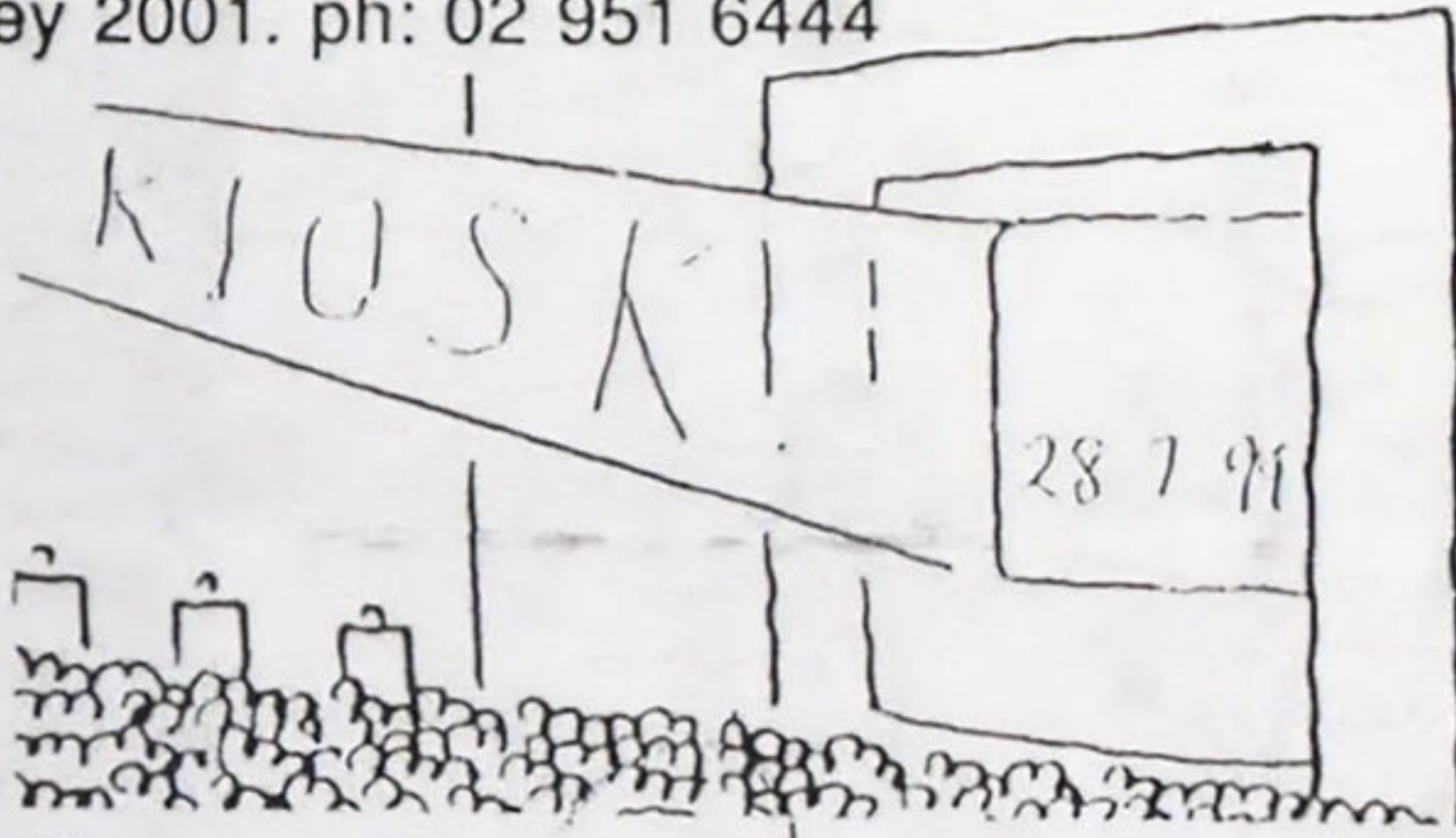
涼すずみぬ
け人ひとり
思おもふ
物ものい
ほ

Companionship is very desirable, but there are times when the beauty and cool of a fall evening are enjoyed more if nothing is said. Fortunate is the person who has a friend who knows when to be silent. Hyakuchi (1749-1836) was one of Buson's pupils.

page 3

AFC SHORT FILM DATABASE

The Australian Film Commission is currently compiling a database of short films produced since 1991. Super 8 films are eligible for inclusion. The database will provide a useful centralised record of short filmmaking activity. If you are interested in your film(s) being registered there is a copy of the 'data entry' form in this newsletter. Make copies and fill out as many as you wish. For more forms, information etc, contact David Henry, Australian Film Commission, GPO Box 3984, Sydney 2001. ph: 02 951 6444



I can reason but I cannot logic.
The difference is implicit in our usage ('I reason but I do not logic: I use logic')

Reason / individual / intuition / feeling: Reason is the processing of our interface with our own subjective being.

Logic / community / intellect / mental: Logic is the processing of our interface with our objective world, our (film) our social being.

a scene that was
seen, can now
be seen

on life's journey,
from A to Z

You may find Y.

Fucked-Up and Dead:

Romanticism and Nihilism in Some Recent Super-8 Films

by Bill Mousoulis

Every age has its particular overriding spirit or "temper". I love the early 70's, the post-hippy era, with its light optimism and serene intelligence. How things have changed. Just 20 years on, the dominant psychological states are fear (AIDS, wars) and apathy (Generation X's "loss of meaning"). The late 90's will be marked by despair. And destruction.

Which brings me to the suicide impulse. Now, Arthur Koestler is one thing, but Ian Curtis is quite another. I'm sure Curtis was too engrossed in himself to see the vital ingredient in his act: romance. And that's where the problem lies. Henry Rollins may rant and rave and advise Morrissey to "get over it, man!", but Morrissey - with his self-aware irony - has avoided the pitfalls. Ian Curtis didn't. Kurt Cobain didn't. They were too romanticist: passion without rationality.

Ian McIntosh dedicates his film *A Kind of Calling* to Curtis. Ian's film is about an Artist, capital A, who "loses it" and suicides. If that's a kind of calling, I'd suggest that one's ears need a kind of checking. It's something that's increasingly irking me about Bresson's films too, this "nobility of suicide". Suicide is a Siren, and hey, if you want to swim into her arms, well, go for it, no-one's stopping you. But see what you get.

Thankfully, this kind of simple romanticism is very rare these days. But fucked-up and dead people continue to dominate our screens. Michael Kelleher's film *Under a Liquidamber* is actually interesting in that it appropriates clichéd romanticist forms (lyrical imagery, a woman's V.O. recounting a love-affair) in its expression of a very typical 90's nihilism. We all know this nihilism, which got a major breakthrough with Tim Hunter's *River's Edge* in 1987: "amoral" characters who, through a "loss of meaning", perform questionable acts. Kelleher's film isn't that clear-cut, due to the measure of irony it has, but it's in that "nihilistic" ball-park.

Geoffrey Norris' *Raw* is another romanticist cum nihilist piece. I say romanticist because even though the woman in it has been driven mad, one allows oneself to be driven mad (again, passion without rationality). Unlike the suicide in *A Kind of Calling*, this woman's suicide is harrowing and desperate. But like Ian's and Michael's films, *Raw* is pretty singular in what it shows: there is no early 70's "light touch" to relieve all the dark stuff.

Think of *THE SIMPSONS* and all the wonderful, sublime moments in that. It's a smart show because it's polyphonic, like Dostoyevsky. But *REN AND STIMPY* is another kettle of fish: it is possibly the most disturbing, most cruel TV show ever. It's like *Salo* without the humanity. I don't mind *REN AND STIMPY*'s cruel vision - I just wish it had something extra added to it, to justify that cruelty. People are fucked-up, yes, and they die (and kill themselves or others), but they are also wonderful, and they live (and make others live).



1/201 Johnston St



Aug 85

A FILM: LADYKILLER

by Bill Mousoulis

To my surprise, my film Ladykiller will be screening in the upcoming Kiosk 8 program. I am surprised because the film is feature-length (80 minutes), and, as such, qualifies more as a 'feature' film than a 'Super-8' film: I was thinking it would be screened in non-Super-8 contexts. But hey, if there is space for the Super-8 Group to show it, that is well and good.

But why such concerns? There are good grounds: Super-8 films are usually short (and shown together, in "kiosks") and features are usually commercial. A 'Super-8 feature' is thus a contradiction in terms. And yet I have now made two. The one from last year, Open City, actually provoked an excellent analysis of the 'Super-8 feature' phenomenon in the pages of this newsletter: Steven Ball's "Open City? Closed Circle" (Nov. '93 newsletter) outlined the various structures feature films operate within and how Open City fitted into those structures. That he couldn't quite find a perfect fit for the film (he tried valiantly to slot it into a particular 'dominant ideology' position) is not surprising, though he was on the right track when he started seeing particular qualities I possess in myself: naivety, arrogance, aspiration, etc.

Yes, it's as simple as that: my only "agenda" is to make films, my films. It is a desire that sprung up in me exactly 12 years ago, and it is still strong. My desire is my only "ideology" - everything else is merely talk (i.e. limited analytical constructs). I realize, of course, that this self-centredness of mine (and its attendant confidence and optimism) unsettles many people, but that is a sign of their insecurity: I do not obliterate others in the construction of myself. I have a naive, 'dull' personality (I am the opposite of a 'charmer'), which makes me into a mirror. I'm straying somewhat here, but these personal comments are in response to the personal comments on me in Steven Ball's article.



from left to right: actors Rhys Muldoon and Marc Laurence, director Bill Mousoulis, crew Laki Sideris and Tim Joy.

Steven is right about one more thing: I am making Super-8 features because I am a 'failure' (in getting funds to make a 'proper' feature). But I do not hide this failure, any more than I make/made visible my 'success' (e.g. in '89, '90). Because of the nature of the capitalistic system in place for arts funding, the majority of people are 'failures'. That they are a silent majority is the worrying thing. Worrying because, instead of speaking with the mouth they can (i.e. Super-8 [although, of course, that is still considered a 'failure' by the dominant systems]), they become resentful and/or dispirited about the whole process of making art. And I? Well, I refuse to go negative. If I can't obtain the big bucks to make a feature film (or even if I can), I'll make it on my own, any way I can. The important thing is to make the work, if the desire is there to express oneself, no matter how difficult or embarrassing (and making and showing a Super-8 feature, with all its compromises and flaws, is pretty embarrassing).

Difficult? Not really - Ladykiller was written in a week (a couple of months of research went into the script before that), prepared in 5 weeks, shot in 3 weeks, and edited in another 3 weeks, all to the cost of about \$2,500. Cast and crew worked for no pay and most people I came into contact with during the whole thing were helpful and generous (about 20% weren't, but, hey, that's life). At the start of this year, the film was just a vague idea in my head. Now, 6 months later, it exists outside my head, in a film can.

And, embarrassing? Well, you have to embarrass yourself in life in order to achieve anything. Otherwise you're dead (i.e. living by rote, passionless, meaning nothing). The cliché "Life is short" is very much applicable at all times. A Super-8 feature is both courage and desperation, both folly and inspiration. Yes, I am embarrassed (I'm sure many people think I'm half-crazy) but I am also proud. I loathe Ladykiller, but I also love it, warts and all.

And there are two very large warts, smack bang at the centre of it. One is simply the technical apparatus of Super-8: as a crew, we tried, but due to various factors, the technical results are not completely uniform. Then again, that will only be noticed by those who will notice it: the film is passable technically. The film is still a film - only pedants would harp on the technical side of things.

The second major wart is the main character. He is a serial killer. This is one sick film. Or is it? In one of the books I read on serial killers when researching the script, the author wrote about serial killers that "their only value is as objects of study". In my film, the second main character, a criminologist, says about serial killers - "Well, they're human too, you know, although that's probably the only thing in their favor". How significant is that word "only" in both these statements!

hope

Love gone wrong and love gone right ...

Ladykiller



featuring

Rhys Muldoon
Catherine Hill
Angela Twigg
Mary Bellas
John Papanicolaou

a film by **Bill Mousoulis**

SCREENING THU. JULY 28, 7:30 p.m.
STATE FILM THEATRE, 1 Macarthur Place, East Melbourne
as part of Melbourne Super-8 Film Group's "KIOSK 8" program.
info: 417 3402

Cinematographer..... Laki Sideris
Art Director Danica D.B.
Camera Assistant Tim Joy
Sound Recordists Tim Joy
John Humphries
Production Assistant.... Helen Hassoura

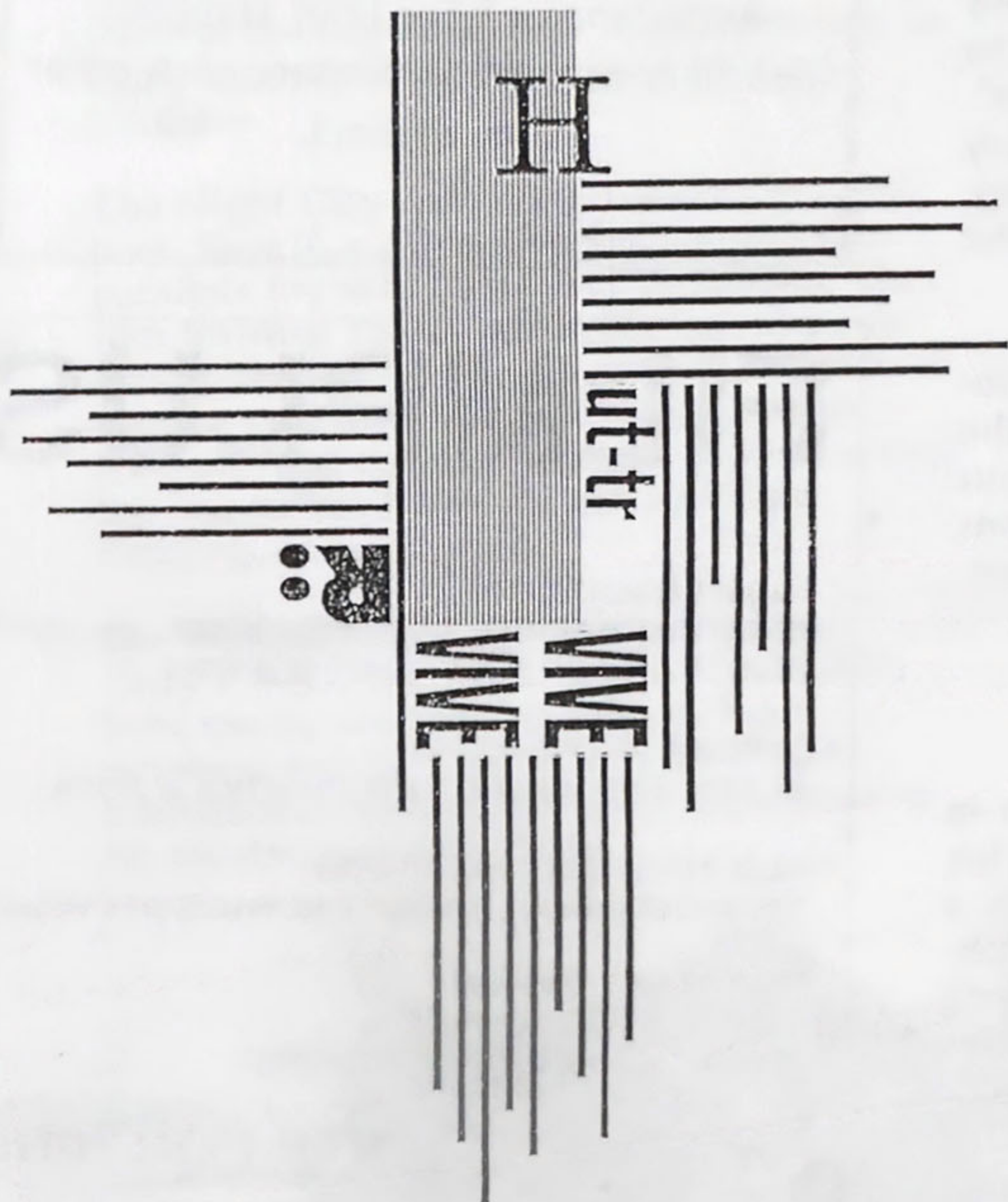
Music by
Mike Bellasmitchell

(1994, 80 mins, Super-8)



from left to right: actor Catherine Hill, crew Tim Joy, Bill Mousoulis, and Laki Sideris.

Ladykiller is a film, nothing more, nothing less. People will react to it in all kinds of ways. Some (like one of my best friends) will refuse to see it. Many refused to participate in it. False modesty aside, I hope people get something out of it, as I have.



WANTED: FILM DIRECTOR

Rain Factory are a local independent rock band wanting to produce a video clip for their song "Birdman", to be shot on Super 8 or video. Because they are an independent band, their own money is going into producing the clip, meaning that they cannot offer wages to anybody. They are looking for a film director to oversee the production, both technically and conceptually. If you are interested in being this person, and thus gaining valuable experience in producing/directing a video clip, please contact Chris Beltsis (lead singer of the band) 460 7588 (b/h).

FOR HIRE

Complete Super 8 sync sound package:

- Uher 4000 sound recording unit (with Audio Technica mic., boom, shockmount, cables, etc.);
- Super 8 fullcoat supplies,
- Beaulieu 6008S camera with Schneider lens and sync cable;
- 2 gang editing bench with flickerless viewer, sound box, spoolers, etc. Editing supplies can be organised;
- Tascam 424 mixing unit;
- Elmo ST1200 sync projector;
- Sound striping available.

This is the complete package to make the complete sync sound film. Technical staff can be arranged (camera, lighting, sound, etc.) at virtually no extra cost. Telephone Chris on 822 7303

page 7

Pete Spence

KIOSK 8

7.30pm & 9.30pm

Thursday 28th July 1994

State Film Theatre, 1 Macarthur Street,
East Melbourne.

at 7.30pm

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Two new Super 8 films that explore extremes of behaviour when, beneath the surface of everyday life in Melbourne, apparently ordinary people become entangled in extraordinary events.

UNDER A LIQUIDAMBAR

(14 mins/1994/Super 8)

Michael Kelleher

How much do the elements of fate, dependence and control affect the 'truth' of a relationship? Veronica tells the tale of a meeting under a tree and the places they journey to which are "far away from the gaze of others". Images and voice over tell a contemporary story where water, space and repeated fragments of landscape, at different times of the year, fill the screen.

"Dealing in the nebulous world of how people treat each other, this film describes the role chance and contradiction play in our lives and asks the viewer to make decisions about their own morality." - Michael Kelleher.

LADYKILLER

(80 mins/1994/Super 8)

Bill Mousoulis

In his second feature-length Super 8 film in as many years, Bill Mousoulis has turned his attention to the subject of the serial killer; a phenomenon which has produced a sub-genre in recent cinema represented by films such as **Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer** and **The Silence of the Lambs**. Mousoulis, however, resists the temptation to psychoanalyse the protagonist or to sensationalise with graphic depictions of violence, preferring to employ a more commonplace 'realism' (against the background of contemporary suburban Melbourne) to explore, but not explain, the everyday psychic and social space of an ordinary man who murders.

"...what **Ladykiller** is really about, is not serial killing, but love...a portrait of love gone wrong and love gone right." - Bill Mousoulis

at 9.30pm

MIXED BUSINESS

Another not to be missed mixed programme of recent Super 8 films, perhaps even yours, that is if you entered one of course.

Full programme details to be announced.

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.

FILMPLUS

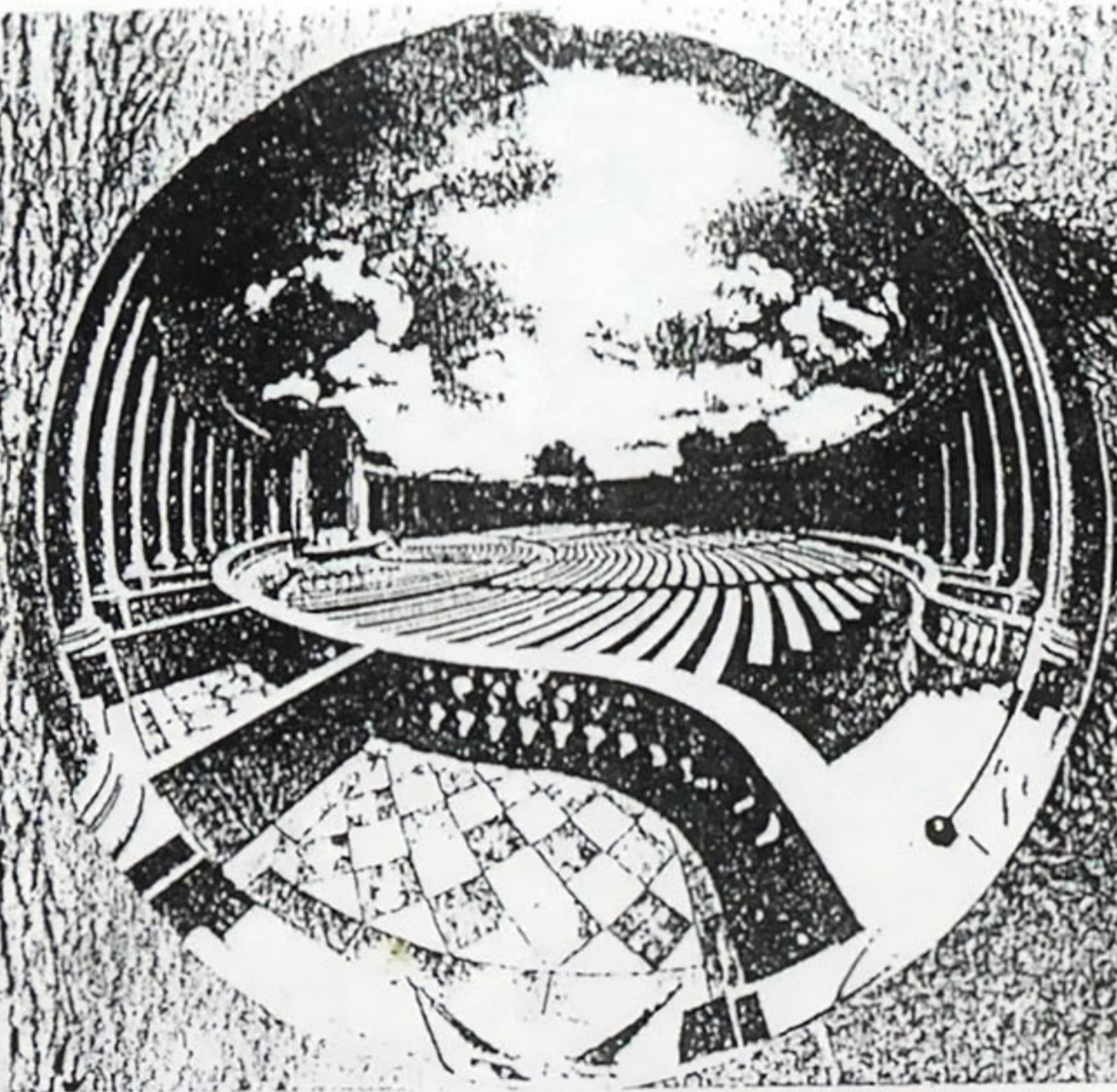
- * 16mm PROCESSING
BLACK AND WHITE & EKTACHROME
BLACK AND WHITE NEGATIVE-PRINT
- * SUPER 8 PROCESSING
BLACK AND WHITE, EXTACHROME & AGFA
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Next Open Screening

will feature two films by Perry Alexander at 7.30pm. **The Last Train to Heaven** (30 mins) and **The Night City** (19 mins). **The Last Train to Heaven** is about the exploits of an artist caught between the paint and the canvass. Taunted by his wife and his faith, he finds himself drifting off at the drop of a bible. It features the talents of Rick Read, Ninniane Le Page, Lindsay Saddington and Michael Carman.

The Night City is about the demise of a bad poet. Shot in a disruptive fashion, the film parallels the lead characters pixillation. The film features Yurri Azic in his last film role before heading to Europe and a multitude of camera operators, Keith Gillies, Atlantis Newman (who filmed the now notorious roof top sequence), Jenny Perrott and Tom Fielding, to name a few.

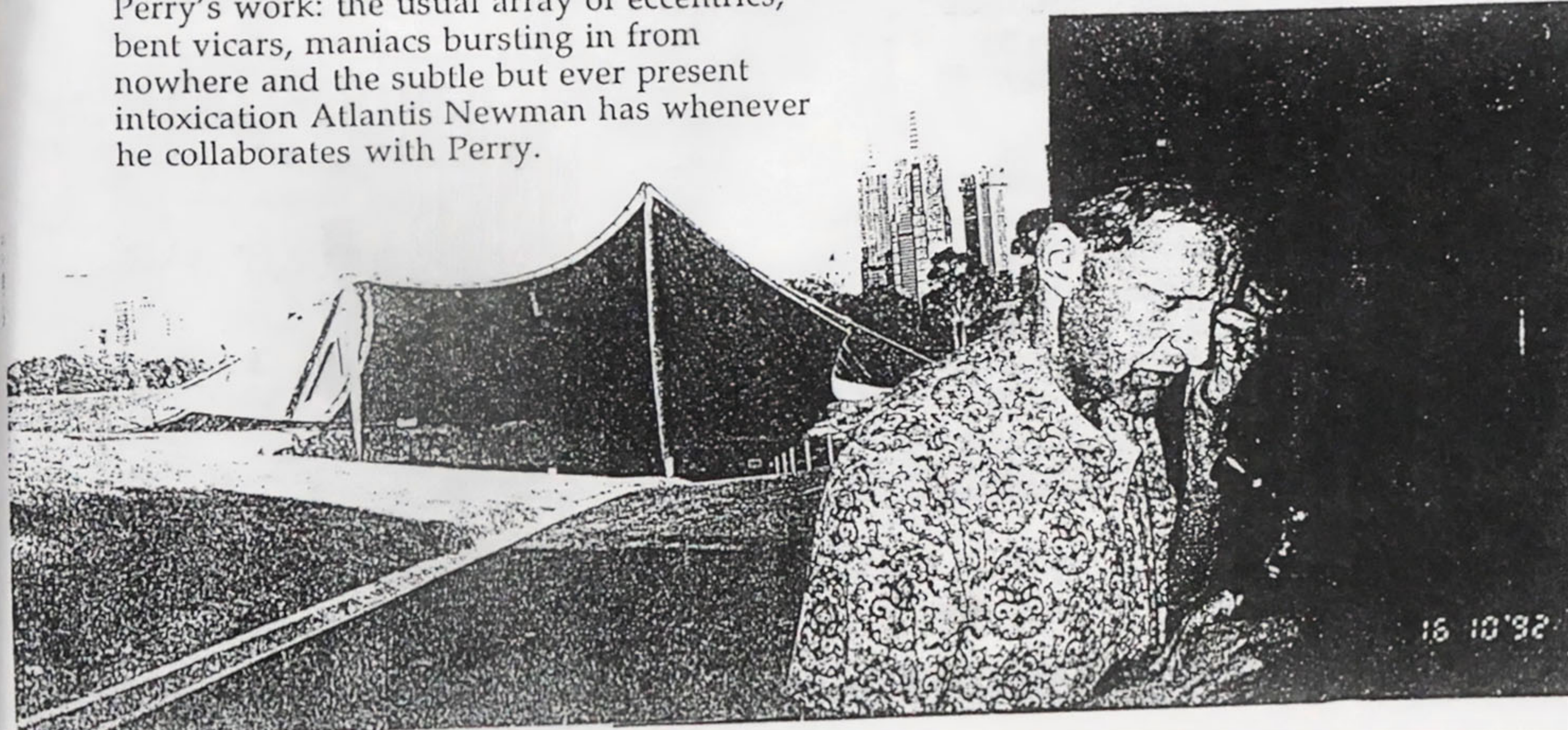
The films all share a common thread in Perry's work: the usual array of eccentrics, bent vicars, maniacs bursting in from nowhere and the subtle but ever present intoxication Atlantis Newman has whenever he collaborates with Perry.

Tsuki wo mite
Ware wa kono yo wo
Kashiku kana.
—Chiy

Having viewed the mo
I say farewell to this w
With heartfelt blessing.

月を
我を
かは見み
しこて
くの
か世を
なを

page 9



Review of "Under A Liquidamber"

Michael Kelleher's film **Under a Liquidambar** was shown at the May Open Screening so this review is a little belated but hopefully still relevant.

Compared to mainstream cinema a much greater percentage of independent films (especially those made in Super 8) are not narrative in the traditional sense and are often more concerned with the aesthetic seductiveness of well-composed visuals. Such films are in the truest sense "moving pictures" as distinct from film as a storytelling medium. *Under a Liquidambar* achieves an allegiance of these two forms that contributes much to the strength and richness of the film.

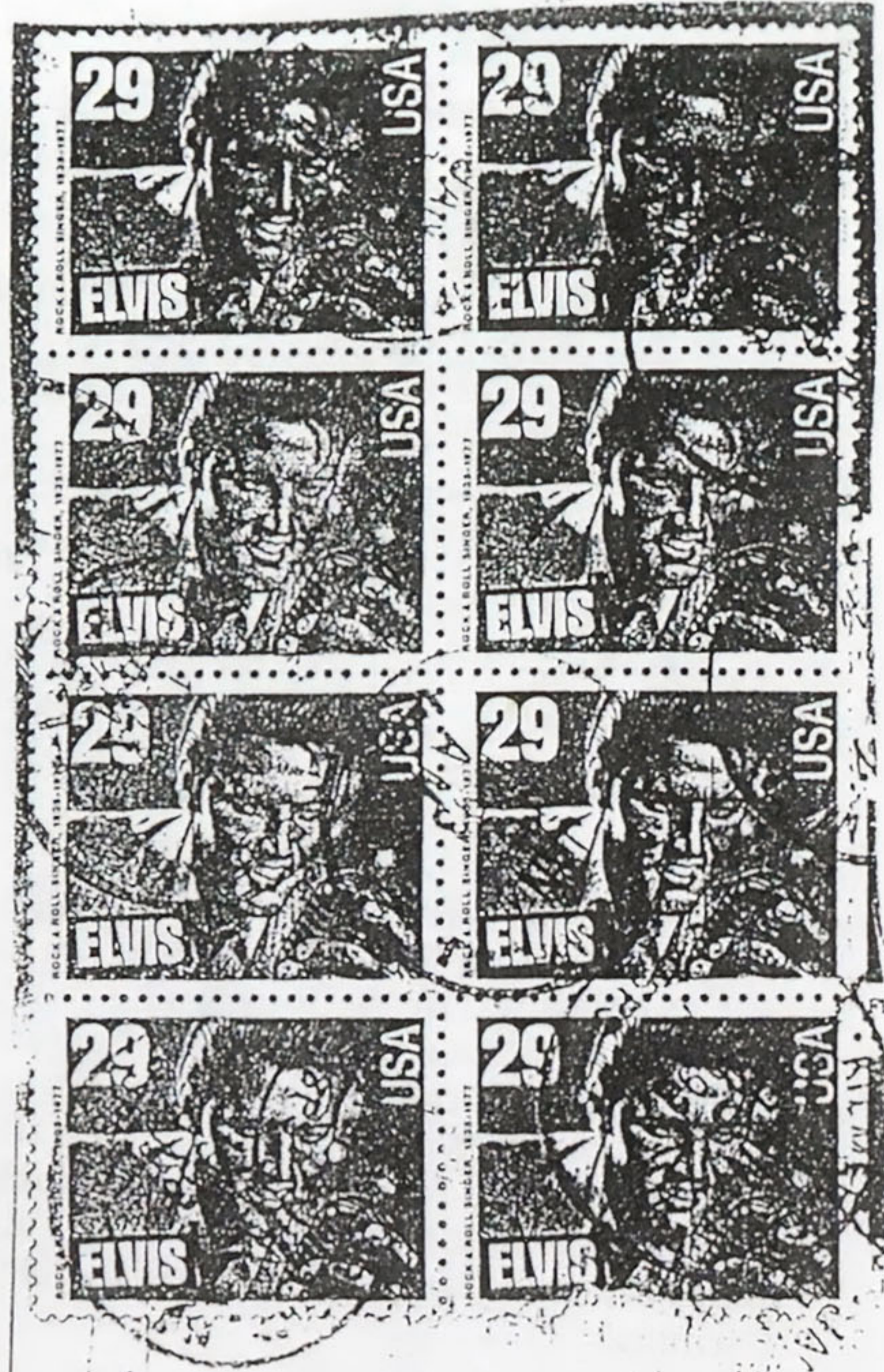
It is essentially the story of a relationship, told in the form of a narrative monologue voice-over. This narrative is linked to the images on the screen in that they are pictures of places that are relevant to the people in the story - the place they met (*under a Liquidambar*, if memory serves correctly), places they spent time together.

Watching this film, I found I used my imagination more than I normally would watching a film. The voice told the story and although the images were quite clearly connected to the story, they were more like vacant sets than an actual visual representation of the story being told. Thus I found myself populating each scene with characters, imagining the events described. It was actually more like getting a postcard from someone - the story told in words but still with a visual reference within which to place events.

This is not to say, however, that the images merely served the narrative - the subject of the camera was clearly very well chosen, carefully composed and shot. Visually, the film was very rich in its own right but the narrative linked the images to give them meaning and also endowed the film with that many more levels on which to be experienced.

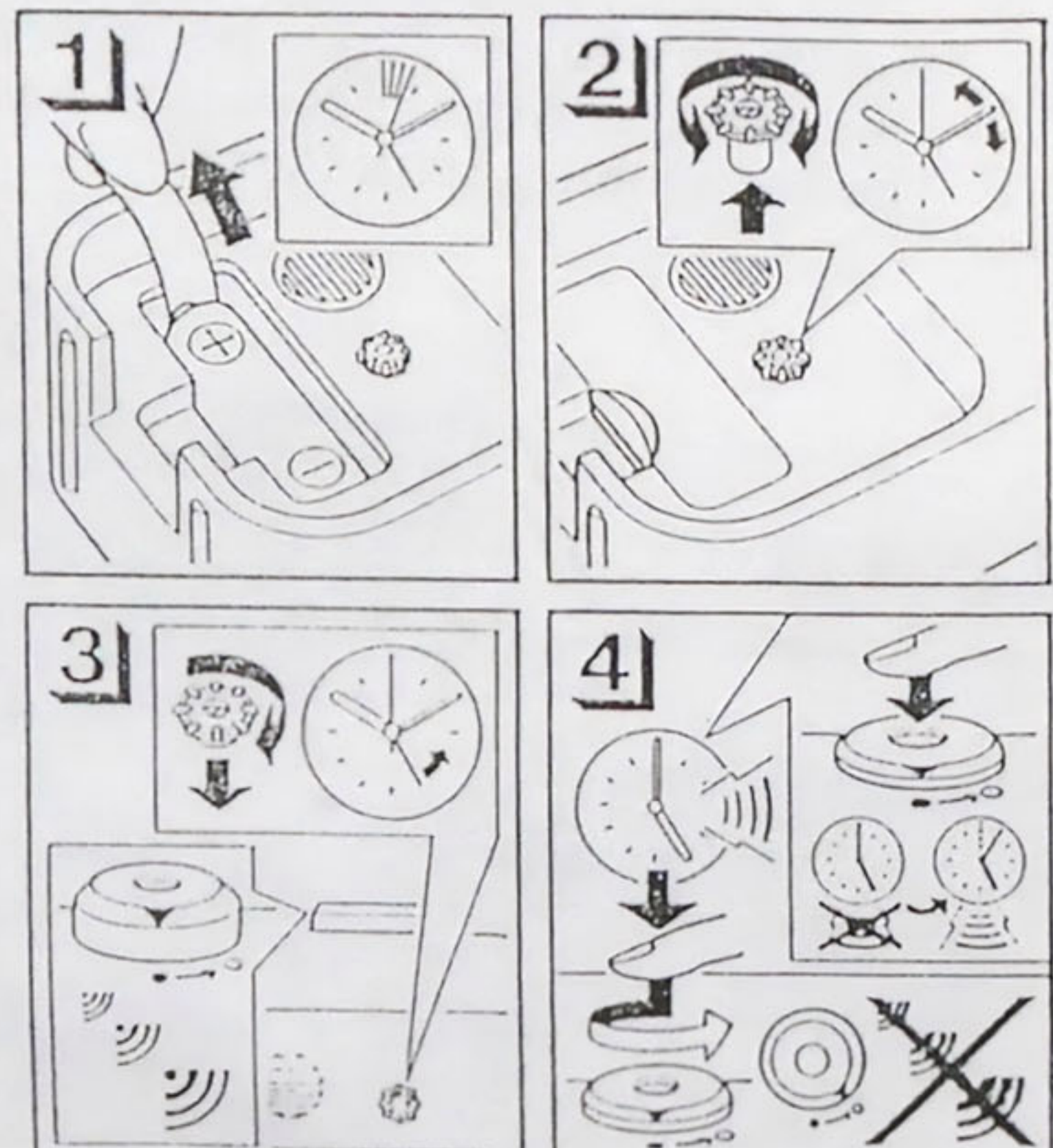
S.K. Benz

page 10



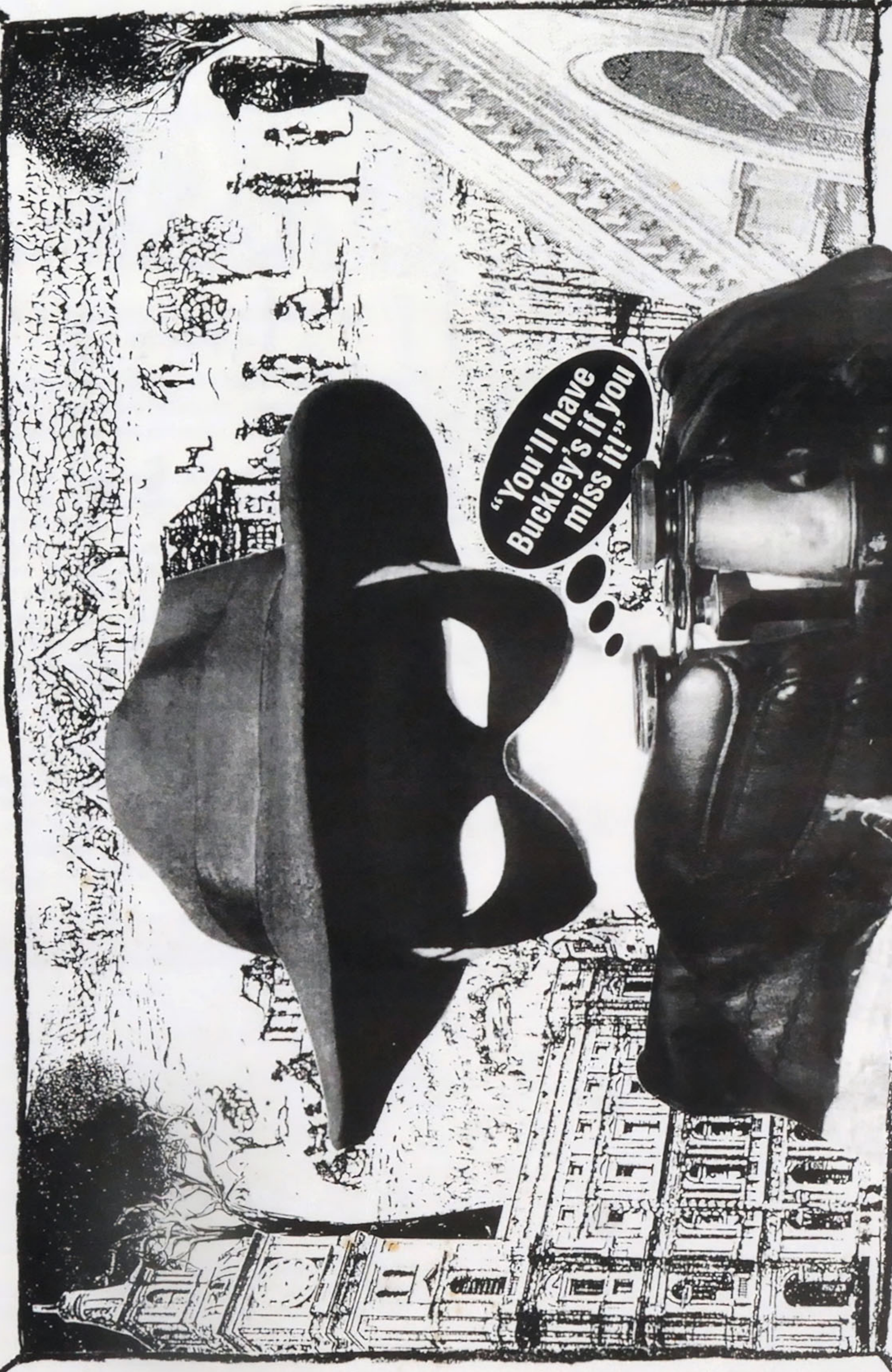
TO: Steven Ball
Melbourne Super 8- Group

*Does time become
metaphors
into things?*



BUCKLEY'S HOPE THEATRE CO. PRESENTS...
BUCKLEY'S CHANCE & NONE BY ADAM MAY

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BUCKLEY'S HOPE THEATRE CO

ARE...

Performers: Josephine Byrt, Peter Docker, Luke Elliot,
Marc Nicholls, Simon Oats, Matthew Rees,
Iva Tora, Craig Woolridge

Set Design: Georgina Campbell

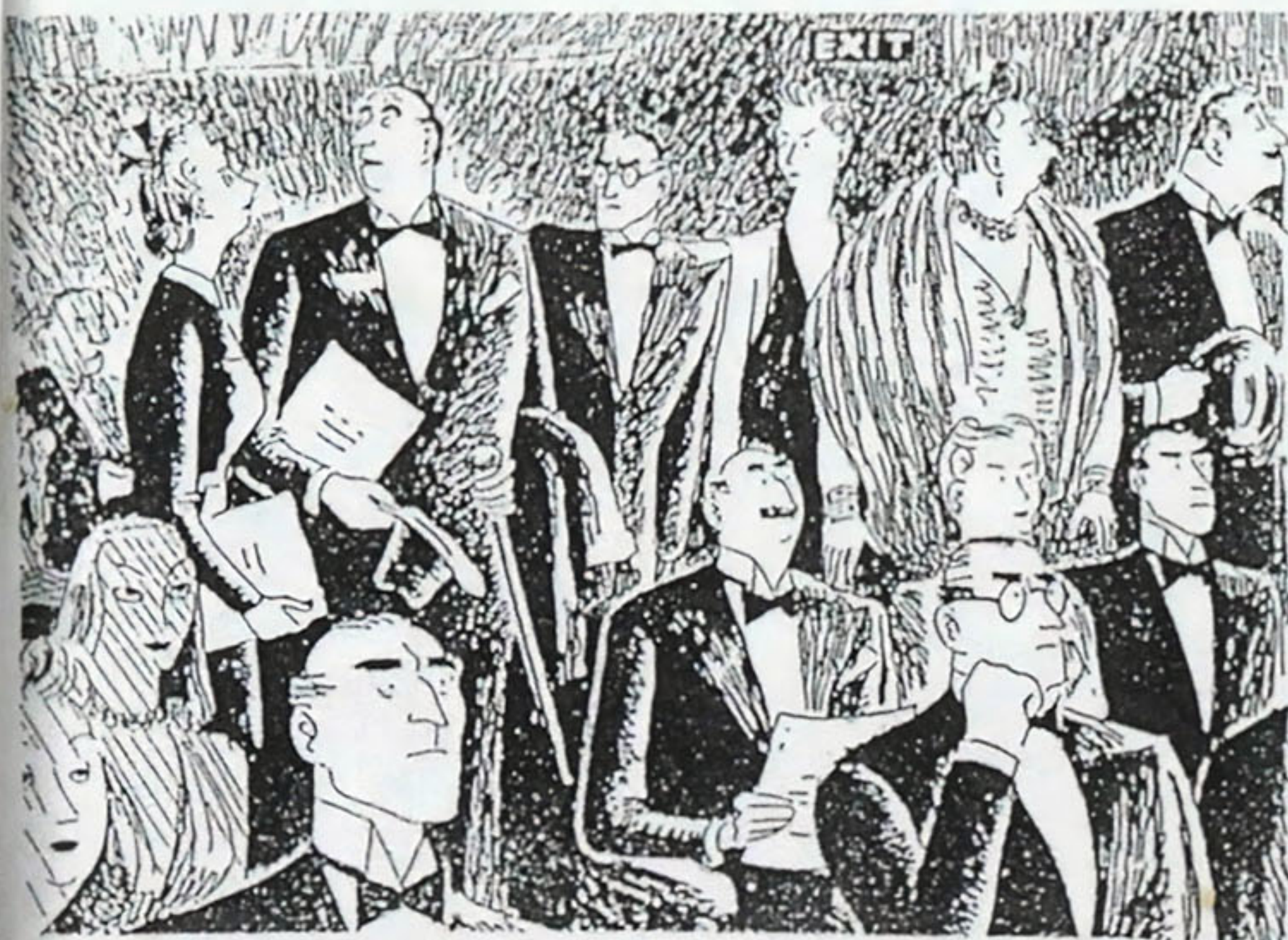
Costume: Jill Perry

Lighting: Will Richards

Poster: Gaye Kershaw

Publicity: Caroline Moore

Director: Adam May



SUPER 8 SOIREE, or UPSTAIRS AT CAFE BOHEMIA>

Lady Vicky Riley's Sunday night Soiree's in Smith Street have proved to be a ravishing success, and her cultural smorgesboard fare appeals to all tastes.

Cafe Bohemia turned out to be a great night, lots of logistical setbacks, but stacks of joy de vie!

Earl Richard Touhy was exquisitely attired and beaming from the success of a great cheap meal. He has never looked so absolutely gorgeous and flawless in his stolen clothes. And never have I seen soon to leave projectionist so stymied with bio-box problems but so ebullant and on the ball.

Sir Spence was in a good/bad mood, but Spence nonetheless, and up to his old tricks of influence, effluence and seeing that right triumphed on the night!

Major Basil Mousoulis (an upfront sort of chap) was like a fish out of water (obviously not a serious place of worship) but stoically listened to what was being said at him.

Lord Jim was all over the room like a spanish flea, asking nonsense questions and scribbling in the dark.

Anthony Woods was beaming like a crusty crystal under his overcoat, and indeed was the evening's brightest light. And speaking of prospecting, Sir Spence has dug up yet another latent Super8er, in Dr. Super 8, who arrived without his own instruments, but with the advice that laughter is the best medicine.

Our evening's host Lady Vicky, had the air of an expectant parent, but walked up and down those spanish steps with the authority of a 6th. time Everestian.

Sir Nick O, like Melbourne weather, handed out free tickets to the film festival, and nicked off before I could appologise for cutting him off in conversation.

Madame Moira J. arrived dressed more for a Russian Restaurant or His Majesty's Kevin Sheedy sendoff. She graced us all with a Marvellous Melbourne Moomba memory.

Ian Poppins Esquire, also tackled the Odessa steps from Smith St. and it ocured to me what a strange assemblage of Chaps and Chassie's we are at the Melbourne Super 8 Group. Celluoid strands from all classes, all with our own agenda's, fronting up month after month to see if the group has finally come around to our way of thinking and finding of course helter bloody skelter instead.

The different venue also pointed out what was missing from our soiree screenings, but then again I dont think that Sir Erwin Baby would approve of too much joydevie, unless it had a distinct east european flavour.

Everyone was obviously (at the back of their minds) thinking would Sir Steven's bouncing his ball elsewhere bring down the group if not Super8 itself? Yes that's a question that older and more levelled heads than mine should be publically scotching...But who is, going to do the projection? is his greatest legacy to the group the fact that he's never blown a globe? Will he now feel free to write critical (at last) forays into the worldless world of films.

The evening definately had a feel of the passing of an era, like Viscount Luchino or a Fellini all night party. What monster will the group find on the beach to do it's running for it. Is the lone figure of Sir William Mousoulis looking down from the cliff of historical perspective, worried by what he sees? Will the now gutted committee be able to get the group over the ten year line?

After dropping Sir Steven off (who was already on holidays) I was rammed by a big yellow taxi, driven by some chappie who looked a lot like Joni Mitchell, they didn't stop and left me singing "You don't know what you're got till it's gone."

Sandra Cas.

LAST OPEN SCREENING

at 7.30pm:

Papa Gringo
(20mins/Colombia/1984)
Mario Piazza

Open Screening Films:

Blink (10 mins) John Harrison
A Kind of Calling (18 mins)
Ian McIntosh
1 Reel (x no. 2) (3 mins) Pete
Spence
Traffic Lights (3 mins) Peter Lane
Matte 6 (3 mins) Albert Rotstein
Sunism '94 (12 mins) Tony Woods
Raw Off-Cuts (5 mins) Jeff Norris
Pizza Monster (3 mins) Perry
Alexander and Alex Newton
Coal Fever (8 mins) Maj Green &
Ewan Cameron
Moomba (4 mins) Moira Joseph

FOR SALE

Super 8 double system pic. synch.
\$500. Contact Neil Taylor at Rusden
Media Arts Dept, ph: 244 7225.

WANTED: FILM

Super 8 Ektachrome (or other similar
fast colour stock). phone Craig on
481 3141

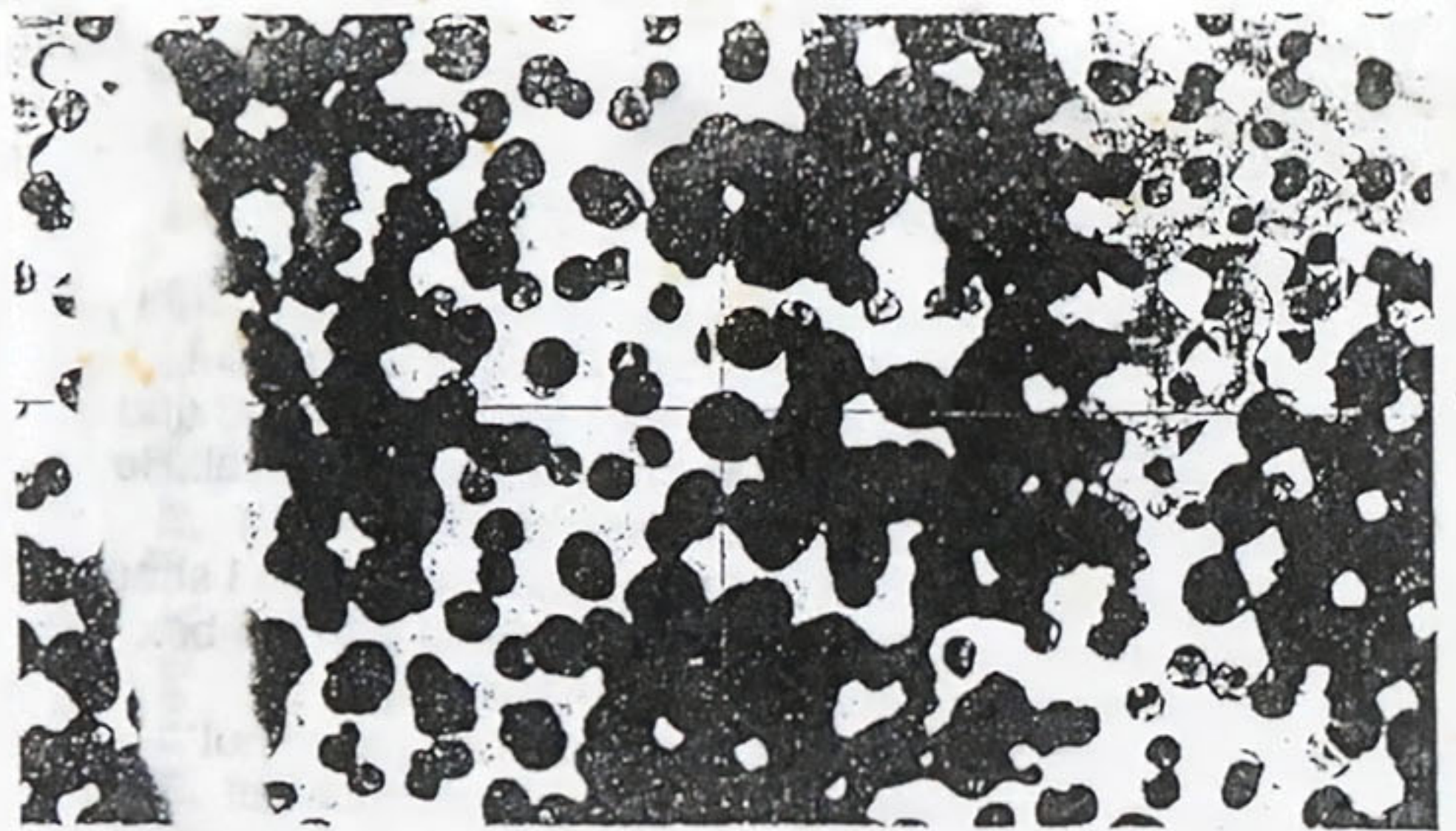
NEXT OPEN SCREENING

7.30pm, Tuesday 12th July
Erwin Rado Theatre
211 Johnston Street
Fitzroy

at 7.30pm

Films by Perry Alexander
featuring:
The Last Train to Heaven and
The Night City
see inside for details

followed by an open screening.
BYO Super 8 films



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Super Eight

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