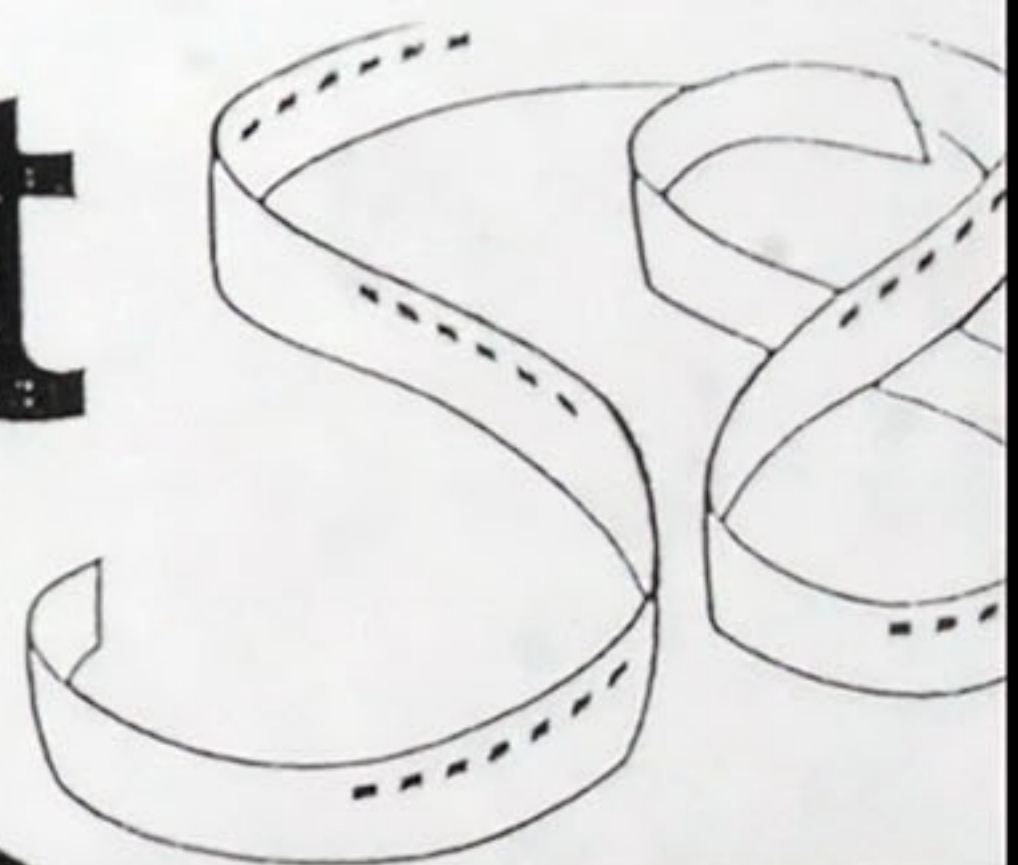
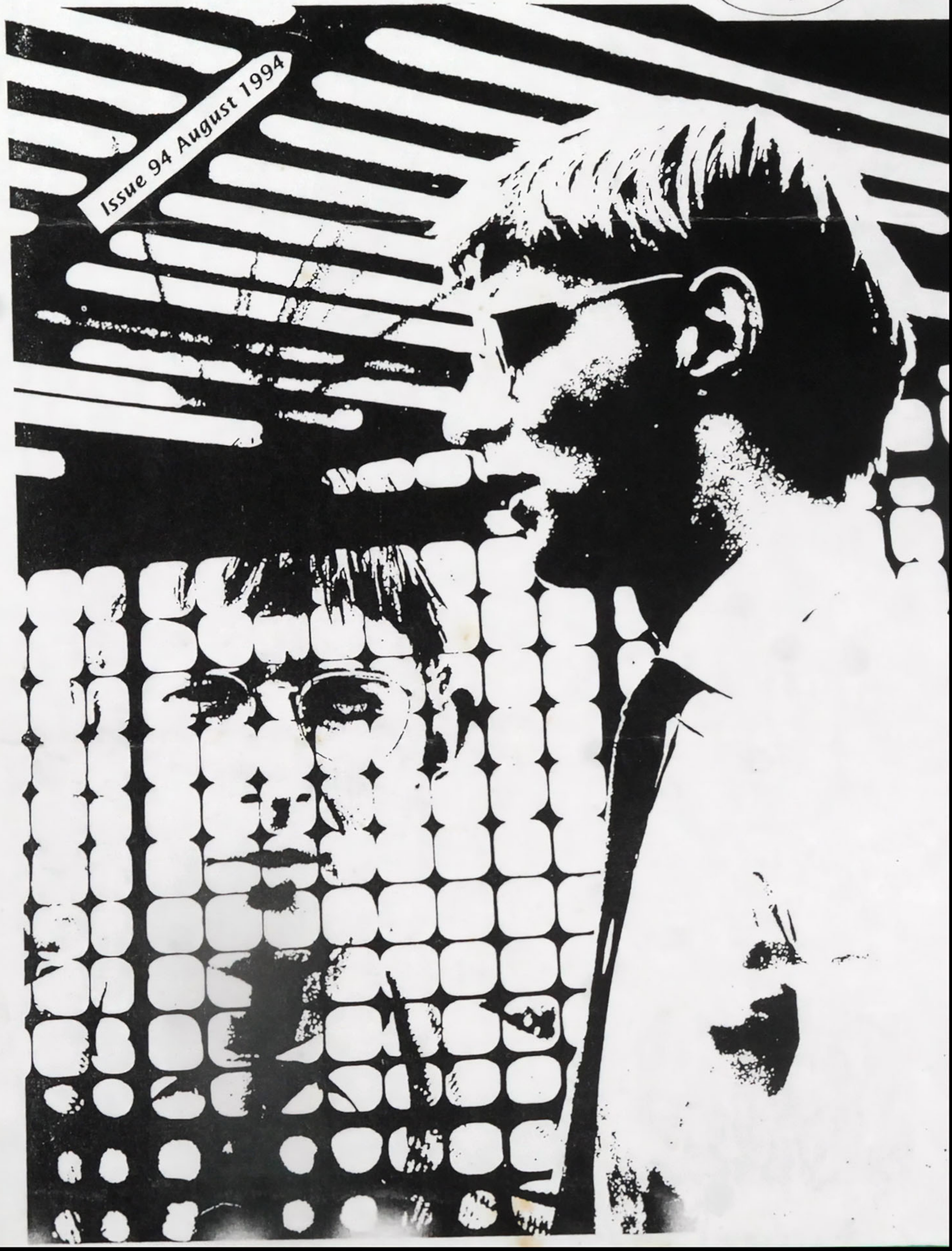


# Super Eight

Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group



Issue 94 August 1994



## July Open Screening

### Wide Angled Saxophone Feelings with Fingerprints, Dance to the Indian Ocean's Breeze

FINGERPRINTS OF YOU. 10mins.

George Goularas, gives us prints of a time, place and the space between a man and a woman. B&W prints of trees, graveyard and a male figure by the side of a road are intercut with filmed images that intrigue.

Heavily treelined roads suck me in. We are in a house as someone relaxes/exercises? on the floor to a Trent Darby? soundtrack.

A very interesting woman looks up over her dark specs, to a man as they share a rare moment under a car bonnet. (great framing George) They descend through a rolling graveyard, photo's of trees stripped of leaves, are spliced together. But the blurred soundtrack diverts us away from the feeling, that George is overworkingly trying to give us.

Is this the same man, who savaged and ravished the super8group so viciously last year? Don't be so shy George, give us another go, and give us bigger credits, and whatever you do, keep filming that woman's eyes.

4 PITCHES FOR A SAXAPHONE. Barry Brown. T.V. static overtures, with rapid scratched footage. Laundry basket shadows, remind me of early Man Ray. Film movement Op Arts into electric shadows as just out of focus pixi-ladies are not re-lated.

This film (if I had my way) SHOULD have opened to MIXED BUSINESS at KIOSK B, but you sometimes can't find a Polly Waffle when you want em.

USING A SUPER WIDE LENS AROUND MELB. 5 mins. by Rodney (the super8 baptist) Burke. Tries us out with a new lens he bought from Blighty. We go on a roller coaster ride thru Melb. We West Gate the city and soundtrack tell, s me I'm watching streets of SanFran.

MUDRASA. 27mins. John Harrison.

The beginning of this film from Perth, showed great promise, as a baubled, bangled and beaded foot, rolled two round river stones onto the centre of the screen, reflecting into the dark and heavily varnished floorboards.

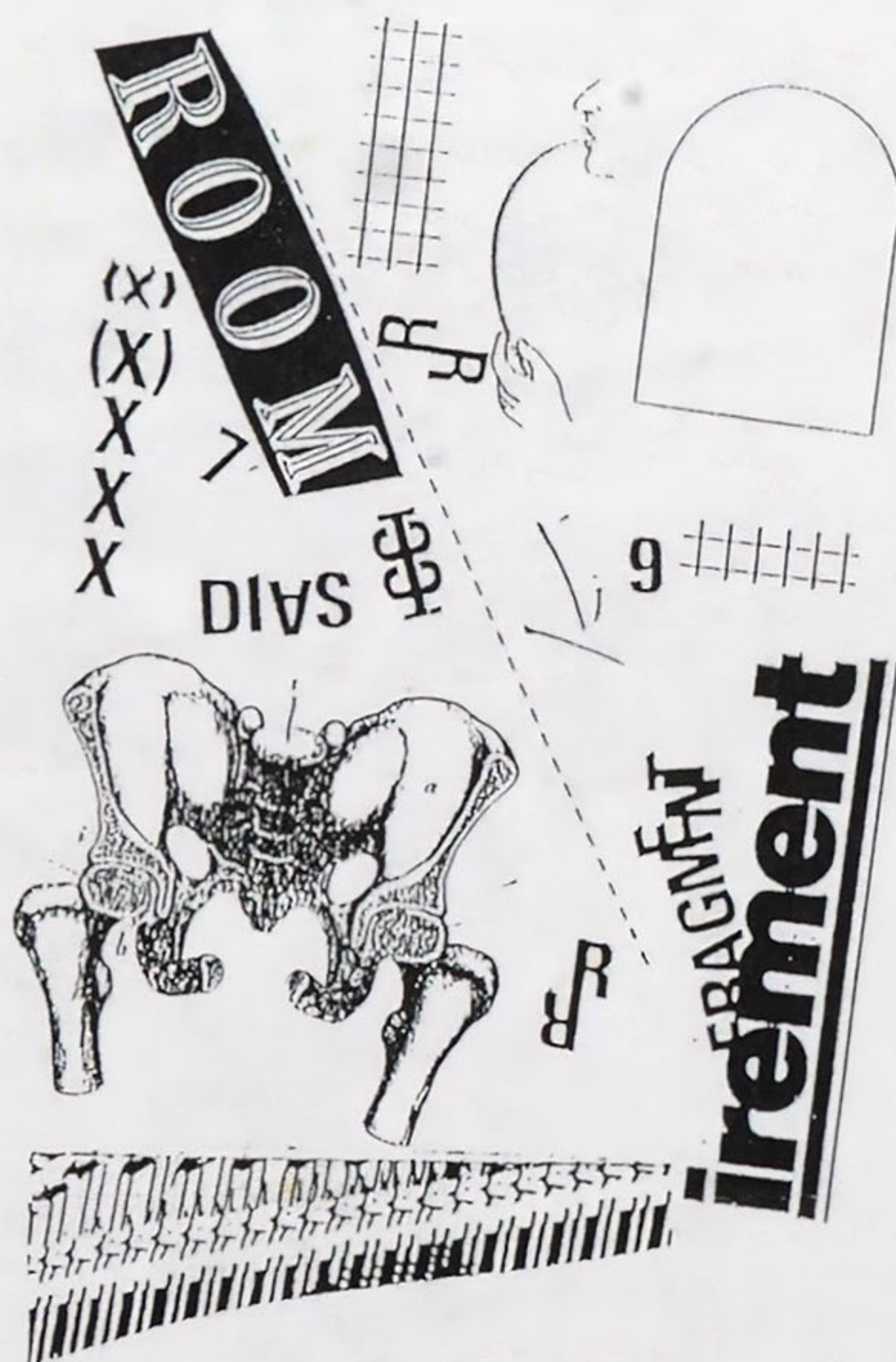
It turned out to be a Doco on Indian dancing. The girls dance in the street aqainsst the traffic's



rhythms, in a hall and on the beach, where the Indian ocean tries to transport them home, making bodies momentarily defy gravity.

I've seen 3 different films from this guy in the last month, and he's obviously someone to watch in the future. His film ACHERONTO MOVEBO missed out on KIOSK 8, probably because of its length, or its sexual content or both. But thanks to John I now know that Foucault was probably a wanker, and that West Aussie erect penises are bigger than ours. Ah, jealousy amongst filmmakers, is the highest form of praise.

jim bridges.



P.S.

### New Administrator

The committee are pleased to announce the appointment of a new administrator. Tim Patterson is a newcomer to the group so please be kind to him. He is 22 years old but already has a good filmmaking background having worked on productions in Australia and Japan and is currently completing a Media Arts degree at RMIT. He is enthusiastic about working for the group and, we are sure, will be a welcome addition.

## Fingerprints of You a film by George Goularas

At last, George is back. Four, five years ago, he was a real presence in the Melbourne Super-8 scene: as an actor in Mark Zenner's *Original Copy* and *my How Soon Is Now?*, amongst others, and as the creator of the notable experiments *For Xaveria Arabella* and ...in a few words .... And then: silence. Where do film-makers go when they disappear from a "scene"? That is a riddle that is always solved from within: we who disappear know where we go. And, as the saying goes, all is good.

But now, he's back. Having warmed himself to his task with a scathing attack on the Super-8 Group and its members in the Oct. '93 newsletter, he now offers a new film *Fingerprints of You*, filmed back in 1990, edited now (well, late last year). What awaits the Super-8 Group next? A Mark Zenner comeback? A Richard 'Beret' (ah, but does it compliment the eyebrows, Jim?) Tuohy comeback? A Bill Mousoulis comeback (I haven't made a short Super-8 film in two years)?

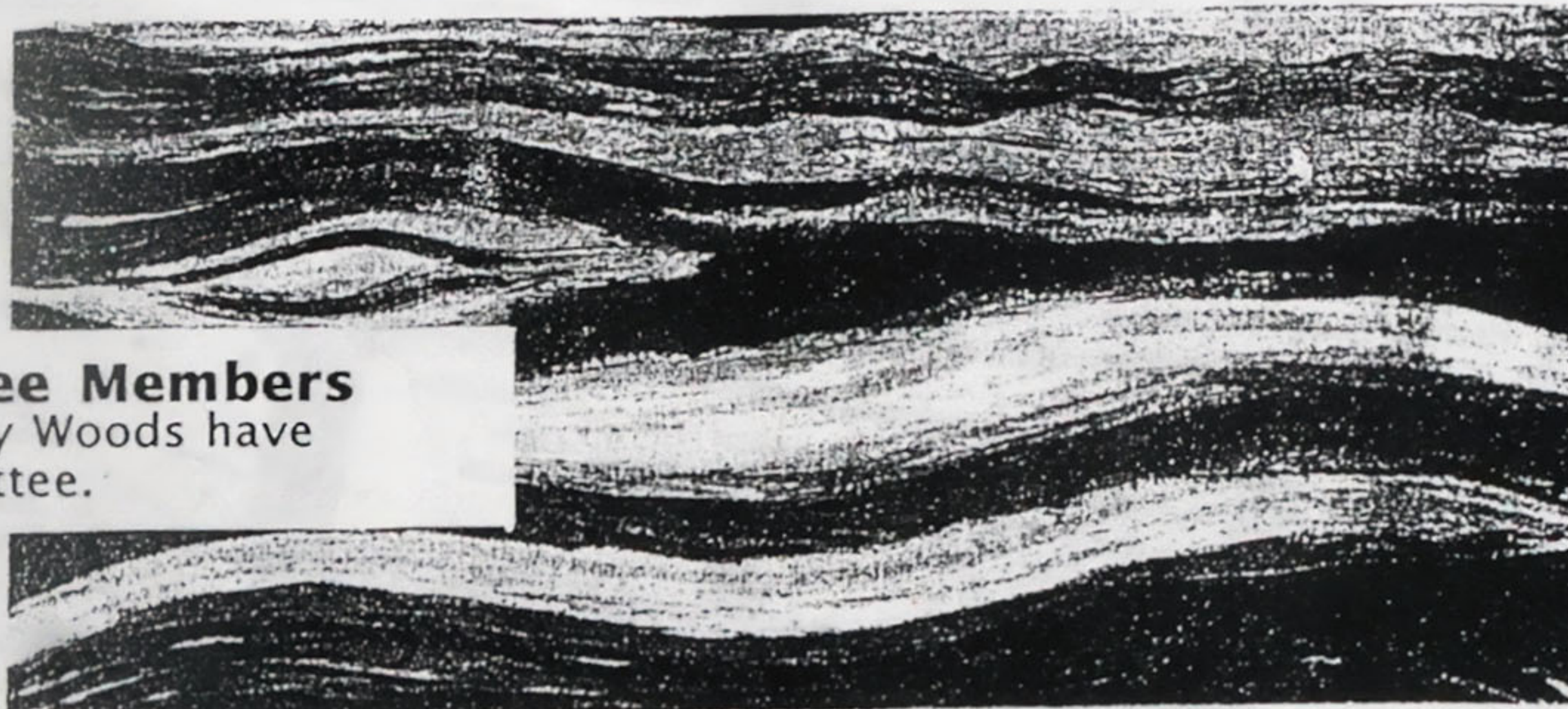
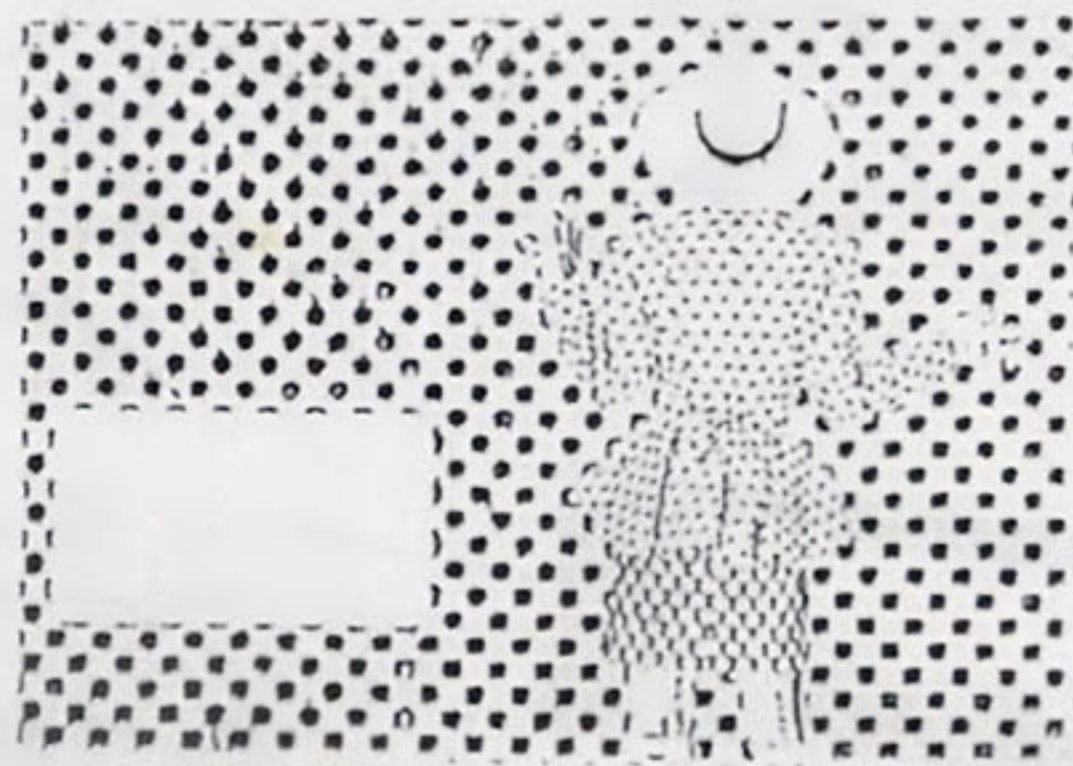
Not that we need only these old fogies kicking their shit around: it's pleasing to see a number of new film-makers at this year's Open Screenings (Jeff Norris, Peter Lane, Geoff Robinson, and some others). We need all kinds of film-makers, and all kinds of films, at the Open Screenings. From Ian Poppins to Tegan Mel, from the Cantrills to Rodney Bourke, the Super-8 Group is for everyone. Don't be shy! There's still, for example, a dearth of female film-makers (making the Group into a bunch of oddball guys). As Madonna would say, "Come on girls - express yourself!"

Anyway, getting back to George, *Fingerprints of You* is quite a film. It's a dangerous film, a film on the edge, a film with a life of its own. So much so that it refused to accept the sounds George gave to it. (George accidentally erased sounds, let some gremlins in, etc.) Still, what I saw and heard, at this projection of the film, quite excited ~~me~~ me.

This is all subjective, personal taste stuff of course, and people do and should disagree, but for me all the films at the last Open Screening were pretty safe films, not dangerous. George (like Steven Ball, but only at his very best) is able to transcend (note: not use) the particular experimental genre he's working within, to come up with something unique, something very much his own. He brings life back to life again. He discovers it. And, like all realist artists, he does this by ironically capturing it through an intermediary, in this case film. George and Steven Ball are not that unlike. Think of the titles of their most recent films: *Fingerprints of You*, *Microphone*. But George can capture that "surge of life" effortlessly, whereas that vitality breaks through only every once in a while in Steven's work. The recent Super-8 work of Mark la Rosa works in a similar way to George's film: restrained, contemplative, but totally charged, alive.

Of course, I haven't said anything about *Fingerprints of You* here. I'd have to see it again and again to really be able to do that. Suffice to say that it's a multi-faceted, rich film, unusual in its rhythms and thematic meaning, bold but not cold in its feel, and settled yet explorative in its metaphysical view of the world. I give it a thumbs up.

BILL MOUSOULIS -----



**New Committee Members**  
Jim Bridges & Tony Woods have  
joined the committee.

QUEST 1. i was born into one of the last families of Laughing Gnostics, inquisitions and other interested groups who seem not to have a sense of laughter let alone a sense of humour had thinned their ranks between 200 AD to the present, i became a Laughing Agnostic but the joke wore thin, the difference being; the Laughing Gnostic laughs for God and the Laughing Agnostic laughs along with Her!

QUEST 2. Film seems to have happened for me at the right moment. my influences come via many of the Arts not just Film.

QUEST 3. i'm not Bern Porter but i subscribe to the reUSEFULNESS of the increasing piles of "information" rubbish we lay waste to the planet - selectively or "found" or taken in an aleatory fashion - an issue of reusabilities - hopefully i use this matteral in an asemantic way deconstructing the original mess/age! its also the "eani" in meaning the ceny-meeny-miny-mo (of moment?) of choice, not to tell a sum of things (something), adding to the sloth.

QUEST 4. Firstly i don't see my Dokumenting of people like Carol Stetse/Dave Powell/Paula Claire as from the past! they are my contemporaries and are still MAKING things! so its more like translating my present from one medium to another - but yes its enjoyable delving into my archives looking at works collected over the last decade. the Visual Poems projekt is essentially why i began making films, although i've been a wee wayward getting to the point - hopefully i'll continue to explore film in directions other than my initial concerns.

QUEST 5. i used the Jas Duke matter-real from Cantrills Filmnotes for Visual Poem No.5 A Hommage to Jas Duke, basically the Cantrills Filmnotes reason for being is research, members of the Melbourne Super 8 Group might well ponder on the extent the Group has been dokumented over many issues and support it by subscribing! my projekts are big enuf without taking on the idea behind your question.

QUEST 6. if you're maudlin you're dawdlin'

QUEST 7. basikly i think the Group will collapse, sooner rather than later, the membership use the Group as a facility but don't put any energy in helping to keep it going (whyche is probably normal and right and proper etc), few seem to relize how much work their committee puts in.

QUEST 8. Poetry was already archaic by the time it wandered on Will Shake's doorstep yet they still do it in the 20th Cent!! when Super 8 qualifies as archaic maybe a similar factionalism will maintain?

JIM BRIDGES

PETE SPENCE



NORMA PEARSE

## THE SUPER 8 QUESTION

1. What's your background?

1. What's your background?

2. Why a cinematic virgin so long, and what are your main influences?

2. When, where and why film?

3. Care to discuss the detritus factor in your filmmaking?

3. Your **Islamic**s must be one of the best films ever made in this country. Could you please give us an idea on how it came about and how you physically did it?

4. You must get a lot of deja vu-ish feelings doing your series of poets films, visually backtracking over the years, but translating it into something else...the past into the future.

4. Your handling of film and soundtrack seems effortless, like you have been handling the stuff for 50 years...while others explore, you seem to soar...

5. With this series of films in progress, it makes you ideally suited to make a film about **Cantrills Filmnotes**...kill hundreds of birds with one stone. A feature length film about film poets, by one who knows and cares.

5. Your method of working film is relentless and in **Islamic**s, at one stage, you have so many superimpositions that there is hardly any image left, and I felt a strong feeling of transcendence about this cinematic overkill.

6. Except for **Perren-ting** you are one of the very few who don't use Super 8 to cinematically spill your guts.

6. In your films you seem to combine the ancient with the modern. Is this conscious or do you think and work spinning in the cosmic soup?

7. Any thoughts about **the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group** and its running, its future, criticisms, historical overviews etc?

7. Care to discuss your spirit mind body barometer theory of film in regards **Portrait**, or any of your other films.

8. How do you see the future of Super 8? (Give us some hope Pete, like you have given me!)

8. Do you feel limited by Super 8, and would you like to comment on the Melbourne Super 8 scene, its potential, its future, its demise?

Q.8. Super 8 is limited by its cartridge design: It is extended by great lenses and lightweight cameras, and a huge cluster of individuals making films of disparate natures. I think that the Melbourne Super 8 scene as I know it (there are lots of S8 filmmakers outside the club and my landscape) has been a great stadium for events. And I thank Steven Ball for being the jehu of

### Background

Imagine turning your body in a circle and for your eyes the place where the sky and earth meet is an approximate continuous straight line.

I enjoyed eating yams at primary school. I was a failure at the game 'capture the flag', and not proud of this achievement at the time. I recorded the fights and caresses under the swings and monkey bars with a still camera.

### W-Film?

It has been trial and error. An interest in the visual world and image-making led me into muddy paintings and out again: a film can withstand more work and its technical specifics suit me. I can't travel into a 3-d world in a drawing - I just don't have the mental bolts to visualise a complex irregular shape or scape from different points of view and synthesise this understanding into one vision. I also have an excuse in claiming limited stereo vision: I can't fit the bird into the cage using both eyes (together). Then, it is a specific type of filmmaking I do - using reversal filmstocks, nonsync sound, constructing as I go along.

### Islamic

Thanks for the accolade re **Islamic**s. Its hard to remember the seeds of passion for anything - I have such a hard time returning to this. Just some mental notes...I visited Turkey in 1980, during a period of military rule. The call to prayer, the Tokapai palace, the smell of petrol in Istanbul (years later i was standing at the tram stop in swanston/flinders sts and i was excited by the smell of something - my memory went in search of an image and i found it in the streets of Istanbul - not romantic but a potent force - the smell of petrol), the bread and yoghurt and friends in Bodrum, the danger the countryside and seaside - I remember an old woman trying to hit me with a rock when i placed my still camera near her. Talking all night, in Ephesus, to an archaeologist in charge of the restoration work - the burial site of John the Baptist - i was told. I felt well cared for in Turkey - this was the most tangible beginning of my film. 'Islamic

'Islamic

is a small research into ancient symbols: Paying regard to the geometrical differences between the star of David and the star found on the flags of Islamic countries. Why 72 degrees? Then from pattern to movement my constructions using balsa wood and table tennis balls explored chemical models of organic materials - diamond and graphite. Their differences and similarities have to do with differing structural arrangements of the same matter. Graphite slides and divides and the arrangement of the same atomic material - carbon - in diamond gives it the property of hardness.

### Q.4.

Simple technology with quirky parameters is good for me because I spend my time playing and putting things together rather than trying to decipher the language of the instrument. So with sound I have ventured as far as a small keyboard with midi, and a sony walkman for recording.

### Q.5.

Relentlessness is a tone of obsession. Most of the things I investigate just go on and on and deepen until I exhaust my interest or their relevance. One of the reasons for multiple overlays is that I stuffed up the exposures so often; another reason is that since art school I have explored image overlay/supercimposition - acetate, perspex, resins film - I'd love to do some hi packing in the Bolex but havent organised myself to get near that project yet.

### Q.6.

When you use the term "cosmic soup", I gather that your interest is somewhat guarded. Suffice to say that the great divide between c and unc is about as serious and artificial as the divide between ancient and modern.

### Q.7.

I don't know a lot about the body-mind-spirit. I think I've been told that the prime mover is the soul then the mental and the body follow, so the body I have now is a result of a previous spirit and mind set. Also there is the experience of using the body to bring a wandering mind home and then somehow the spirit seems to shine - this happens on the odd occasion - mostly I am caught up in a swish of my own tail.

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Sunday October 9th, 1994, 11.30pm  
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Twenty films will be selected for a midnight screening before a panel of 3 judges.  
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DREAM ASLEEP  
DREAM AWAKE  
DREAM AGAIN  
DETERIORATES.

DREAMS RETURN  
IN YELLOW BAGS  
DRESS THEM UP  
AND POSTULATE.

DREAMS AGAIN  
DREAM RELATE  
IMAGED WALL  
SPLATULATES.

ORPHANED DREAMS  
UP TO YOU  
INTO THE WORLD  
FOR A DARKER VIEW.

SHUT THE DOOR  
CUT THE LIGHTS  
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## The Alexander Technique

Atlantis Jack, maybe is a new man, but Perry Alexander is still an altered boy. His film NIGHT CITY, starts off with Luna lights over St. Kilda and his failed poet, voices his hopes, which are

"DASHED

SMASHED

CRASHED

BASHED

MASHED

LASHED

GASHED ON THE RAGGED

ROCKS OF REASON" Perry with his hat and coat on looks like a much younger William Burroughs as he rides his seedy Tri-X tram home from work. A Mount Park Vicar escapes, giving Perry the excuse to play fast and furious with his camera. The vicar smashes heads and dreams, while Moomba fireworks spit into the Yarra.

Darthvarder, Pirates, Balding Clowns, and buxomed Babes go round the frozen music bowl, which Perry calls work. Early footage of Perry in front of his motor cycle, as he spills beer down his chin, shirt, jeans and shoes, and to finish, over the fence with the can, Using this Alexander technique he milks these little flourishes of his to great effect and laughs.

The soundtrack is different, this time around (tampering with success)??? Then for the finale, the "Famous rooftops of Richmond Scene" Token gesture fighting, with Perry getting in a few feathery licks, but getting licked anyway, as money flutters over rooftops and down to the gutters to be picked up by our bent vicar who thinks its manna from heaven.

Heaven help us from bent priests, Praise Atlantis Jack? and hopefully Perry will pass the ammunition.

In LAST TRAIN TO HEAVEN. We get two bent vicar's for the price of one. This is a more structured attempt at narrative and although its partly derailed, most of Perry's successful ingredients are on this train.

Both vicar's are terrific! each burning with lusty fires, and they give religion new meaning, as we hiss the villians. Perry is a very funny man, who extracts laughs even from stony faced angels, as they watch

over our dead in the cemetarys. The rape sequence amongst the "graveyard set" Is for me the highlight of the film. (only Perry could get away with this sort of stuff.) His fish laden imagination runs religiously riot with symbols, especially the angel at my shoulder shot. But even the vicar gets his as he collapses onto an already collapsed grave site. Ah! Death, Sex and Religion, the three horse trifecta of the Apocalypse.

Meanwhile back to "real" time, saint Jimmy Hendricks gets scratched, Banana breathed lovers mash on, and Beethoven is played when the word of the Lord is revealed.

But not even burning crucifixes can save this train. But a near miss by Perry is a lot better than being tied to the tracks of other's mishaps! Screened in two carriages, its too long a train trip for me, and his characters shot in real time don't gel as well as his anarchic types.

Being funny on film is hard, I just hope that Perry follows his bent vicars into temptation, and not to lead himself to worry too much about the demands of audiences, narratives and sticks to his guns and his soundtracks.

mea culpa

mea culpa

mea maxima

bloody culpa....jim bridges.

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