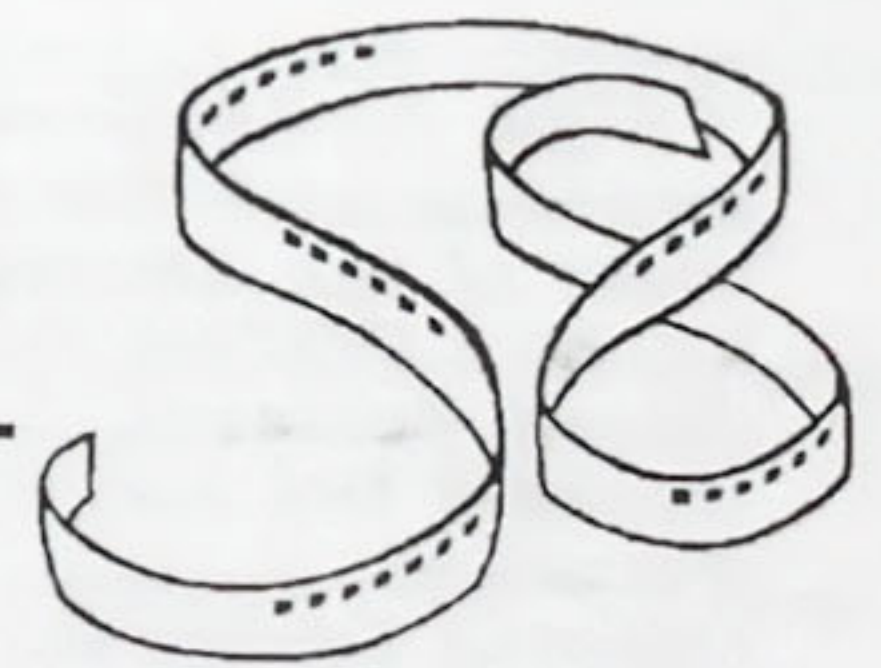


Super Eight



Newsletter of the Melbourne Super 8 Film Group Inc.

Issue 95 September 1994



T. PATTERSON, 1994

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Codename: Tim Patterson

In response to a request from Jim Bridges, I have put together the answers to Jim's questions in the form of an anecdote all about me ...

Firstly, an introduction.

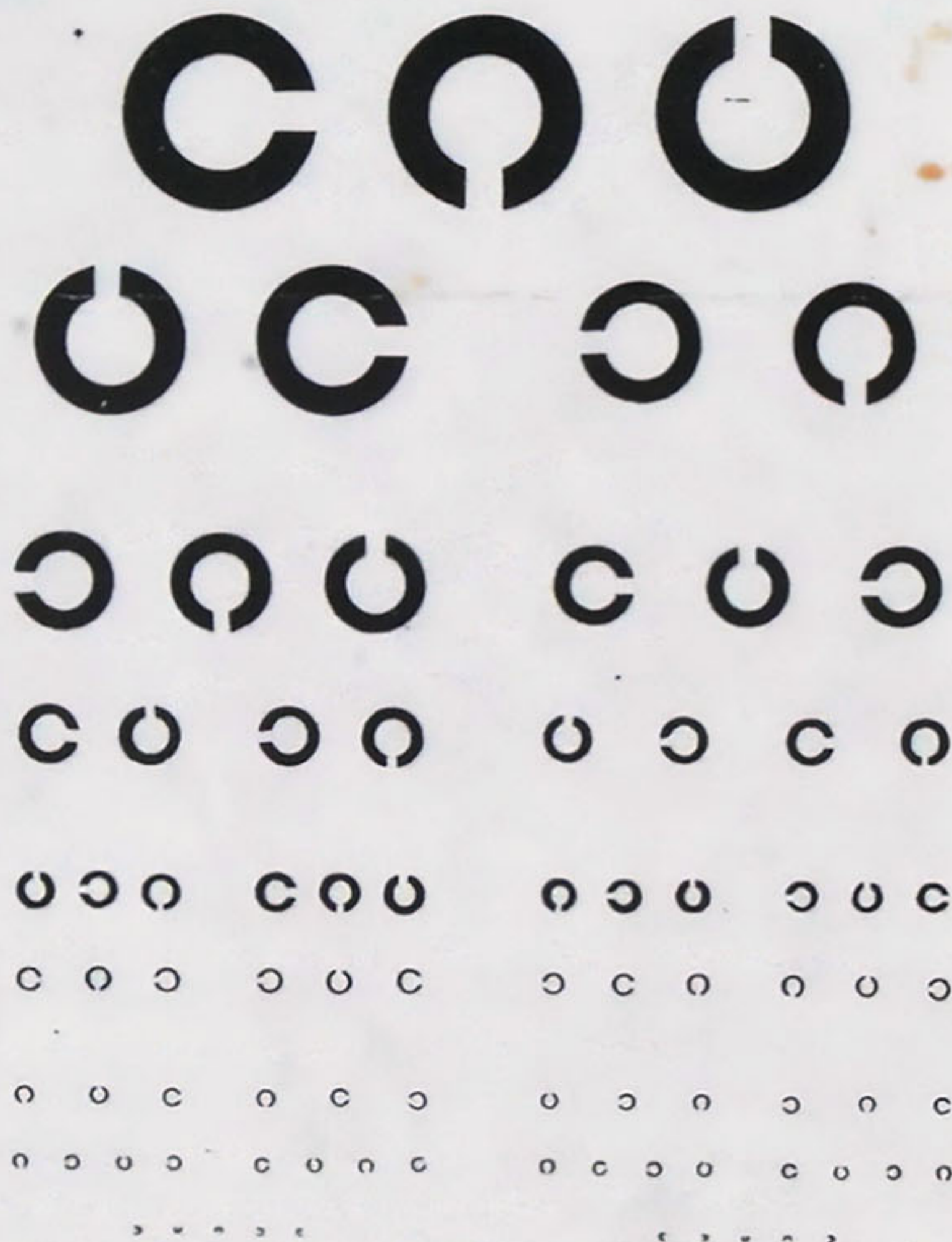
Born, the son of Russian immigrants (hang on, that's from some epic novel on the American dream...?)

Take 2. Born in Tasmania in the seventies (How old does that make some of you feel?) I moved to Kennett-land back when it was dominated by that **Polka Dot** possessed Premier who sings "I love Rock'n'roll". (4 years ago...) I have lived in Japan for almost 3 years out of the past 5...

I became interested in film from the wee age of 6 when my grandmother took me to see **Star Wars** back in 1977. This interest kind of brooded away inside of me like a tumor, until 1990, when I returned from 1 year as an **Exchange Student** in *Japan*.

At that time I had to make a choice (coffee or tea; Beta or VHS; life or death; Carlton or Collingwood; Japanese study or Film study) I **chose film, and the rest is history...** Let me give you a history lesson...

I attend **RMIT** in Bundoora (former Phillip Institute or Technology) where I study Media-Arts (Film). I made a short film at High School, "Crimson Tears" (VHS) then a 16mm film, "Stoned to Death" during 1st



SUPER EIGHT Filmmaking Course

Are you a newly inspired aspirant optic as yet to realise the dream?

Are you a not-so-new Super Eighter whose zeal is subverted by logistical or technical constraints?

Then this is the course for you!

The student will be accompanied through the realms of basic photography, camera technique, lighting, sound, editing and capturing the idea. The course includes a three hour location shoot and guest seminar/screenings from three of Melbourne's most renowned Super 8 filmmakers.

CONTACT:
Marion Butt
Council of Adult Education Centre
256 Flinders Street
Melbourne 3000
phone: 652 0611

year Uni. Then I ran away from all the world's problems back to *Japan* where I worked as an English teacher for about **1-and-a-half** years as an ~~English~~ ~~English~~ **English** teacher. I saved lots of **YEN** in fact enough to fund my 2nd year film (again 16mm) "**just a moment**". Which is in the final stages of post-production. Over Summer 1993/4 I worked my butt off and saved lots of **Dollars** to make my third film, "**...in twenty words or less.**" a documentary on *Japan* which I travelled to *Japan* to shoot over 1 month in June-July this year. This was shot on a mixture of **Color** and **b/w**, 16mm and **Super 8**. I used Tri X and Kodachrome...

Starting this October, I become the **Australian Correspondent** for KRY Radio *Japan*, where I will have my own **WEEKLY** radio spot, in *Japanese*. Now, Jim asked me how I can afford to work with 16mm, but hopefully I have answered this in the last few paragraphs. (Basically I use my **FLUENT Japanese** skills to work hard and make **Money**... I use a **CANON 814**

Camera, and like to mix **Color** and **b/w**. I haven't got any Super 8 stuff to show you yet, but I'm planning to edit together a **Super 8 truncated REMIX** of the Japanese Doco. Coming soon to an **OPEN SCREENING NEAR YOU**.

Moving on to question 7, which reads "7/.What does the phrase "singed with petrol!" mean to you?" I recently shot a short film "**RELENTLESS**", a **b/w** noir crime film, for a friend, in which there was a planned **SFX**

explosion which ended up being slightly **LARGER** than everyone, including the safety officer, expected, thus a few unexpected curly hairs and sun-tans resulted. Which leads me to another question regarding the link between **obsessiveness** and **film-making**. Yes they are related and we are all going to end up being dragged away by men in white coats whistling the theme to "**BORN FREE**". Lets put it this way. I drive a crappy **YELLOW Commodore** and would upgrade to something better, if it were not for the fact that all my money disappears into the **bottomless pit** called film-

making. I like to personally make a wide variety of films ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. Like most budding film-makers, I am working on a couple of

feature-film scripts (which will eventually be submitted and rejected for funding.) I have experience in camera operation, sound production, ADR operation, location managing, sound recording, blah, blah, blah...

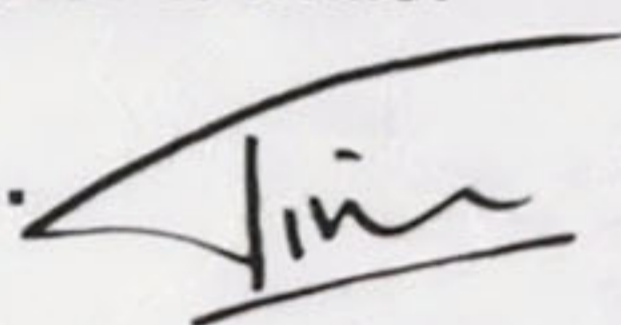
I left **Tasmania** with my parents, because they told me to. I took on this job because I'm a glutton for punishment.

I believe in equality, straight down the line. I think Steven is on the 'Ball' with us, and **Jim**, that is a really bad **pun**. (It's Jim's pun, not mine, I deny all responsibility!!!) I **believe** ice-cream is a gift from the gods, meant to be enjoyed by all.

I believe **ABBA** should be banned.

Anyway, no doubt I will be meeting you all over the next few months and I hope you will be lenient at least for a while.

Regards...



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Night of the Alexander

Last July's 7.30 program featured two Perry Alexander films, the 'Last train to Heaven', and 1993's the 'Night City.'
 The Super 8 press had promised a gala evening, so it was with much enthusiasm that my friend and I, braved the wet, wintry conditions and ventured forth toward the Radox Theatre. I had heard a rumour about Perry; to the effect that basically his films were, by and large, inconsequential, and that the real show is actually being played out at the back of the Rommel Theatre. Perry works with a box of audio tapes, an illegible cue sheet, a dim torch and anything else he can get his hands onto.
 So my friend (who was already tipsy, feeling sick and had broken a heel) and I, wisely avoided the rigid cinema seats, and opted for comfy director's chairs, facing the projector.

The first film came on, the 'Last Train' a torpid tale, it would of passed us by completely if not for the fact that Perry began to fidget around, slowly at first, then as the film intensified, so did Perry, breaking into an impro-jazz ballet routine, ending with a headlong plunge into the seats.
 In the ensuing havoc, several S8 members wrestled with Perry, who was getting quite emotional at this point. Some angered critics made to leave and were only drawn back when Perry correctly asserted that this was his show and he could stage dive if he wanted to. Critics had always waxed lyrical about Perry's work, the hidden qualities between the frames of his films, the Chekovian pathos, and so on. But, they had sorely missed the point. There had been an amazing piece of live theatre in front of us, (and back of the critics) here was spontaneous live theatre at its ball tearing best!

We turned our chairs around and saw Perry accept a S8 Oscar, break down and weep, recover, then bravely field questions from reporters.
 One asked, rather baldly, 'Where is Atlantis Newman/ aka Jack?' Poor Perry stopped in his tracks.
 'Yes where is he, who is he, and does he really exist?' In the face of such cruelty, Perry threatened to break down again, but he simply produced a walkperson with a taped transcript from an ailing Atlantis.

'I love you all very much', it began, 'I've not been feeling well since Bangkok and have been resting in the hosp-'. Perry stopped the taped message saying he was too sad to hear the rest, but added that copies of the transcript are available from all Super 8 shops everywhere.

Perry quickly introduced the 'Night City', with its famous craning, tracking, panning triple reverse, overhead, ice skating sequence. We turned our chairs around again. The opening titles rolled and Perry started a jangling, jumbling juggling routine, first with tapes, cigarettes, and UDL cans, then ricecakes and pate were introduced. Perry almost lost the plot when he mistakenly jammed a ricecake loaded with caviar into the tape deck and started chomping on an audio tape.

Alas, it was all a sly trick, for sound boomed into the Radox Cinema once more. As the 'Night City' raced towards its conclusion, so did Perry, performing a triple axle movement (a legacy of his ice skating days?), then collapsing over the backs of the seats into the pit.

Once again, only my partner and I saw this dynamic display. We leapt to our feet, cheering, yelling, "Bravo!", at the direction of the pit...where Perry lay utterly spent, in amongst broken dreams and dead cigarettes, nothing more to give.

It was when my partner was hit by a flying bottle, that we realised the whole audience glaring at us, and bellowing a not so friendly, 'Sit down!', whilst they solemnly viewed the closing credits in silence.

-by Seigfreid



THE 24TH AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL AMATEUR WIDESCREEN FESTIVAL

Conducted by the Australian Widescreen Association
 6 Henwood Avenue, Forest Hill, Victoria 3131
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The A.W.A. Invites your participation in our 24th annual Widescreen Film Competition, and our 10th annual Widescreen Slide Competition.

The Film Competition is a Class A Festival of the International Association of Film and video Festivals.

CLOSING DATE: (films, slides, and entry forms)

FRIDAY 30TH SEPTEMBER 1994

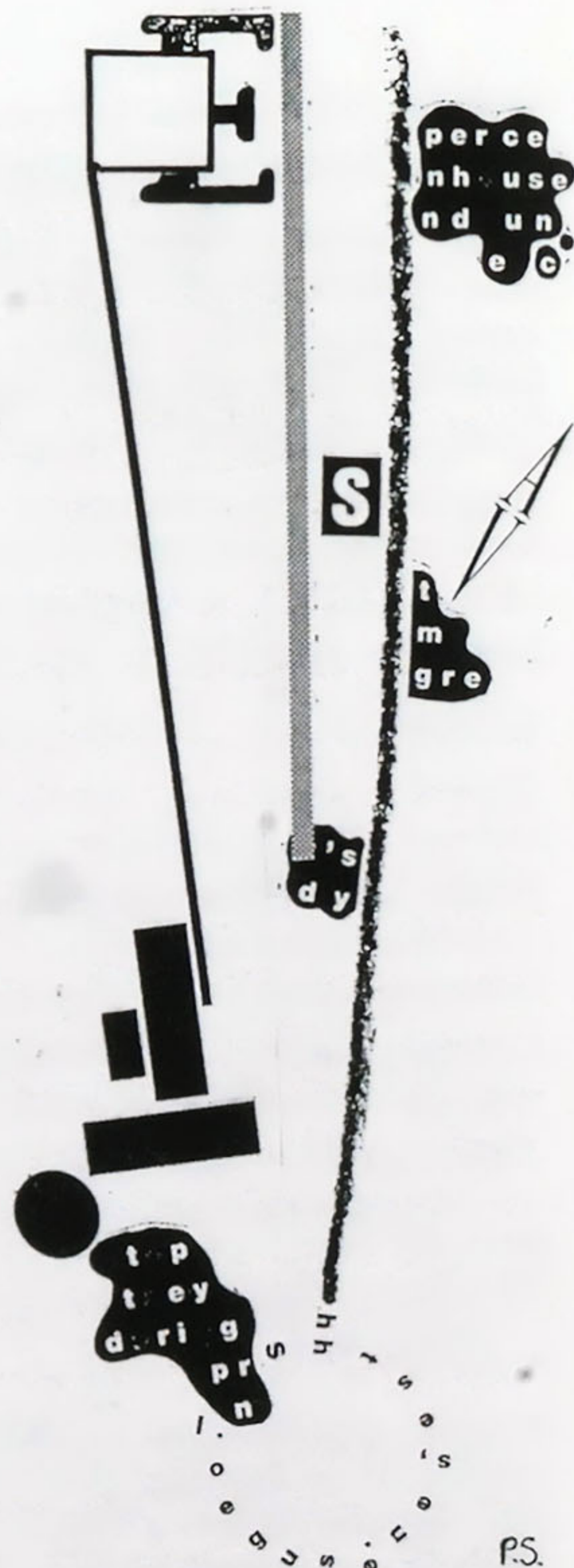
Telephone enquires to the President

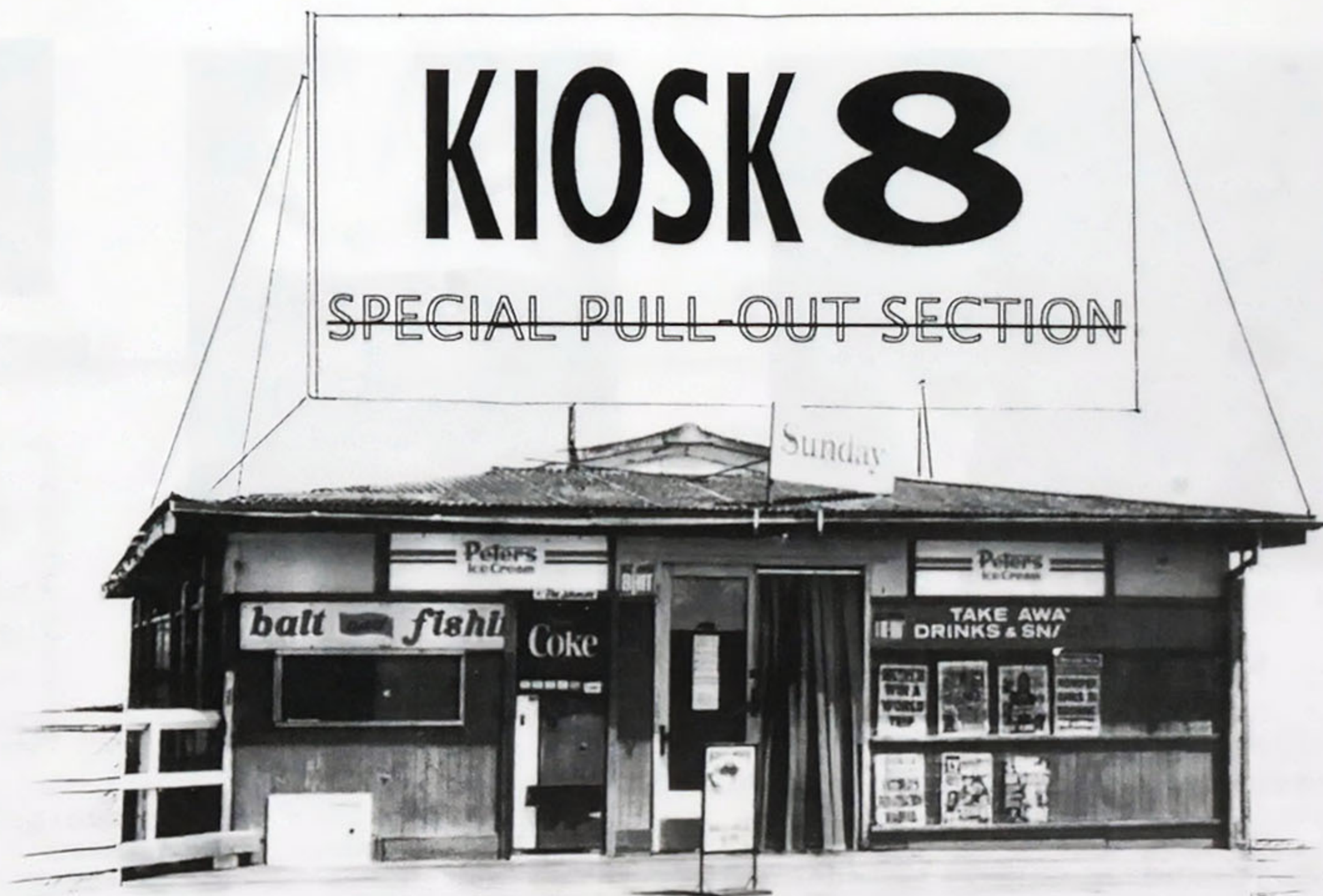
Mr Brian Beatty (03) 878 8804

Super 8 Film FOR SALE

Super 8 Kodachrome 40 silent film (process paid) dated 10/89 which has been stored in a cool place.
 -\$8 per 50 ft cassette
 -\$35 for packs of 5

Contact Tony Andrews on
 726 6115





KIOSK 8 GOES TO SYDNEY

On Saturday 3rd September another Kiosk 8 programme is being presented: **KIOSK 8 Melbourne Super 8 Film In the 1990s**. This time it is being hosted by Sydney Intermedia Network and is being screened at the Art Gallery of New South Wales. Films screening are **Eiffel Tower Sponge Film** by Chris Windmill, **Gritty** by Maeve Woods, **Soft** by Jennifer Pignataro, **Michelangelo's Dream** by Bill Mousoulis, **Midsummer** by Ooni Peh, **City Walk** by Moira Joseph, **Off Off On** by Steven Ball, **Sides of Sea on the Shortest Day of the Year** by Sandra Munro, **Arnold West** by Gary O'Keefe & Deborah Warr, **Summer Slide** by Mark La Rosa, **4 Pitches for Saxophone** by Barry Brown, **Lunnettes** by Norma Pearce & Pete Spence, **Wattism '94** by Tony Woods, **Rough Geometry** by Nick Ostrovskis and **Under a Liquidambar** by Michael Kelleher. I'll be there for the screening and will report on how it went in the next newsletter.

Steven Ball





Mixed Business...

SUNSET AORTA...8mins Melanie EL Mir.
Simply the looney-ist coagulated water colour labyrinth of images and sounds I've seen in a long time.

The film operates on us like a send up of someone else's dream. The clown like soundtrack yearns for love, lust and power.

The mad surgeon lustily surges inwards and onwards into the sunset of someone else's life.

Aorta? (The largest artery in the body, arcing out of the heart) Surgery with your eyes open. Sky----a rose out of her mouth, this film will cut your heart out, and leave you in and out of stitches.

SUMMER SLIDE..7mins. Mark La Rosa.

Look out a window and hear contemplative bells.

"Man came", "Scissors in hand". t.v. screen lines pulse, this film has a Japanese feel to it. Coloured strips hang down in doorway--visual equivalent of peeling bells, and bubbles in glass rise with soundtrack.

"Man came" xxx mark's the frame,

Hollywood B treasure is dug up and just a few stray jewels of sound and image are lovingly looped.

"Man came", filling me with the primitive power of cinema...and everyone talks like Tarzan.

"Remembrance of scenes past" (what a title!!!)

This film is food for the visual/cerebral cortex, which is xetroc laberec sdrawkcaB.

Marc La Rosa --I salute you!
may you get better, your film can't.

MOOMBA 4mins Moira Joseph.

Looked great on the big screen, the footage seemed faster this time around. Edited with colour gaps, the lights tear the emulsion.

Moira was pissed off as they stuffed up her soundtrack, but those who didn't know, still enjoyed her trip out.

WHERE THE WATER TASTES LIKE WINE.

9mins. David Kusznir. This film was a designated crowd pleaser, but the roundscapes--the middle ambience, is a bit too long, you get the feeling of playing the whole song, padding to fit the length.



IVOR'S TIGER XMAS CARD 7mins.
CANTRILLS. Shadows of hand mars the colour, but shadows of pens enhance. Tigers change. Trees, grass and nasturtions blend together in colour. Ivor picks his colours and his nose.

Slight 3D effect with colour animating--you would too with all these paper tigers.

STAINED GLASS LANDSCAPE.

Relentless Nick is back pulverising our eyes and senses with colour, but the film has a shape within, that stops us being blown away.

Petals Splatulate, rich dense flowers which don't open, zoom into drawing, landscape first, then into a mix of drawing, focus shifts.

Windows seem to fog up at the end of zooms, space is attacked and colour has space.

KILLER 1min. Perry Alexander & Atlantis Jack. 1993.

Phone, cigs, dresses up, checks out art in room, walking stick? and KILL! artists with a 3 gun salute.---This film seems to clear out your system, like a good flash flood.

LUNETTES 8mins 1993-4/-Norma Pearse

and Pete Spence...French words are set in a universe of images. refilmed slashed and slowed down emulsion. Poppies come home and throw away there caps, lighting animation upsets tony woods, pins in grid on graph shadow boxes with elongated arms. Words and images become one--quite a trick of cosmic translation.

A frozen countdown of stars, to images that more than suffice, they pulse beneath the surface. lines of one colour contrast on opposites, non flat flowers explored in the round, Maralyn curls and Hercules dreams and a curly dream appears. Animals, Textures, Directions, Shape and Colour and World culture is further plundered. Paint comets don't surge across our screen and my hand/eye/head/heart/soul cortex is Ostrovskis'd out.

KIOSK 8

SPECIAL PULL-OUT SECTION

CALL FOR SELECTION COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Any Melbourne Super 8 Film Group members who are interested in being on the KIOSK 8 selection and programming committee should contact the group now.

COAL FEVER 14mins 1993/E. Berlin Ewan Cameron.

Another crowd pleaser. Corrine laughed long and loud at this film. (see review from Cafe Bohemia screening.) Suffice to say we all came down with the fever, mostly stuff and nonsense, but with great performances by everyone all round.

TREASURE. 10mins 1993 Melanie El Mir.

They should have buried this treasure, or left it off the bill. A bit of a letdown after Sunset Aorta, which was a real hoot! Treasure looks like a rock clip/-performance, but then again it did have to follow Coal Fever and Killer, so maybe I'm kicking it to death prematurely. Lets dig it up another time and place.

SUNISM '94 16mins Tony Woods.

Was the only film I felt didn't look great on the S.F.C. screen. Tony has dared to film his God unmasked--the Sun, and his emulsion was thinned accordingly. His saturation of colour may have been a bit off with the brighter and larger projection system, but his image/music relationship, if anything was superior to my other 2 viewings of it. Thank Christ Tony look at the Sun in the Sixties when he was on pounds shillings and pence, his loss then is our gain today. Tony's next film is a moon shot and after that, he'll probably introduce a cartridge or two to a telescope to see what star child emerges from such a coupling.

A great night, as usual like my hair, the crowd thinned out as the evening wore on, but something very healthy is happening in the Melbourne Super8 scene. P.S. I'll have to shout a couple of cool Liquidambers with Michael (IRONY) Kelleher, because of crowd control activities with the bulging audience (I didn't know Bill knew so many people) I didn't really see his film on the night, but it'll keepgoing like the rest of his chronological studies of humankind.

KIOSK 8

CALL FOR ENTRIES

The next **KIOSK 8** is on Friday 28th October, the entry deadline is Friday 23rd September. There are entry forms in this newsletter, so don't be nervous, don't be shy, enter that film.

Programme details will be published in the next newsletter. One of the programmes will feature a selection of films made for **The Bush Studies** Super 8 film anthology being organised by Quentin Turnour (see the following). If you are interested in making a Bush Studies film contact Quentin via the group.

THE BUSH STUDIES

Just a reminder to members and others that The Bush Studies project is still looking for participants.

The Bush Studies is a proposed anthology of Super 8 shorts based on the stories in Barbara Baynton's classic Australian collection, **BUSH STUDIES** (written in 1907). Participants are invited to adapt any one of each of Baynton's six stories, in any way and through any aesthetic strategy they prefer. Formalistic, psychological and lyrical ways of reading the stories, that showcase and experiment in the possibilities of Super 8 in a manner beside a classical narrative approach, are especially encouraged. Fresh essays in the Issue of adapting Literature to Cinema are paramount.

If you don't know Baynton's work, you will be surprised how different its tone and themes are to the nationalistic, matey stories of Henry Lawson and the other Bulletin writers that were her peers. If your interested, contact the group for a copy of the Prospectus for The Bush Studies, or to borrow a copy of the original book. Baynton's "Bush Studies" is in print in paperback, published by Angus and Robinson.

BENEATH THE SURFACE

LADYKILLER

80 mins 1994 Bill Mousoulis

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE WAS STALKED AND THEN ATTACKED, AND BRUTALLY CUT UP IN TINY PEICES BY SERIAL KILLERS WEARING MASON APRONS.....

.....WE SUSPECT BILL OF COURSE!

IT'S A BLOODY MESS, BUT SO IS THE STATE OF FILM FUNDING, SO LIKE ALL SERIAL FILMMAKERS, BILL AND MYSELF HAVE TO GO ON, SO PICKING UP THE PEICES PLEASE CONTINUE.....

.....WE STILL SUSPECT BILL OF COURSE AS HE REFUSES TO EDIT THE MAGAZINE AND BECAUSE HE MAKES LONG FILMS, SO HE'S NOT ONE OF US.

Most of the killers dialogue is pregnant with different meanings--
--humorous dark opposites

BILL'S PREAMBLE AT THE BEGINNING APOLOGISED TOO MUCH ABOUT SUPER8'S LIMITATIONS FOR MY LIKING, BUT FOR OBVIOUS REASONS BILL IS TORN BETWEEN AND BETWIXT GUAGES.

i personally dont like screen violence & the first 5 mins. of bills film i felt a blood loss to my cerebral faculties.

SERIAL KILLING IS A LONELY BUSINESS LIKE FILMMAKING.

The beginning of this film sets our sensibilities on edge and we can't sit too complacent in our seats waiting for the killing up of our entertainment. Like bill's film about the end of the world, the title and beginning sets up tension for the rest of the film.

HAVING AN ACTOR WHO LOOKS LIKE AN INTELLIGENT KENNETT, PLAYING A SERIAL LADY KILLER IN MELBOURNE IS MY PARTICULAR PROBLEM WITH THE FILM, BUT BECAUSE I VIEW LIFE THROUGH ROSY IRONIC LENSES, I KEPT FINDING HUMOUR IN THIS FILM--BUT I SUSPECT BILL'S DIALOGUE WAS MEANT TO WORK BOTH WAYS.

"too many people let things happen to them"

THE SPACE BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN, FOR ME, IS THE MOST INTRESTING SPACE IN THE UNIVERSE. IT IS FRAUGHT WITH ALL MANNER OF LAND MINES WHICH BLOW UP IN OUR FACES, AND ROB US OF OUR COURAGE TO CONTINUE EXPLORING THIS SPACE AS WE WOULD LIKE TOO. I DO WONDER WHAT WOMEN THINK OF THIS FILM, AS LIKE JOHN WAYNES IMAGE OR THE MONEY SPENT ON ART--VIOLENCE IN CINEMA DOES GET IN THE WAY OF SOME PEOPLE'S ENJOYMENT OF A FILM--
---AND WHAT'S LEFT AFTER THE VIOLENCE IS TAKEN OUT?

women initiate all physical abfection in this film.

HAVING OUR HERO, NAKED AND BLOOD SPLATTERED AND SWEARING AT HIS RECENTLY DEPARTED, DECAPITATED LOVER, AND CRACKING JOKES AT HER PREDICAMENT THEN RINGING UP WORK AND TAKING A SICKIE GAVE NEW MEANING TO BLACK HUMOUR.

KIOSK 8

~~SPECIAL PULL-OUT SECTION~~

he shaves
for the killing--she dresses up,
the morning cleaning ritual now
has different meaning.

HAVING PERRY ALEXANDER AS THE KILLERS FATHER IS CINEMATICALY&DRAMATICALLY CORRECT.

the killer continually consults his oracle--on the wall--a nude picture.

LADYKILLER'S NAME IS chris Wilde.
HE SEEMS NOSTALGIC ABOUT RELATIONSHIPS NOT YET MURDERED.

"One can't hear the insulated neighbours"

IS IT NECESSARY TO MAKE MORE AND MORE FILMS USING VIOLENCE AGAINST WOMEN and IS BILL A MONSTER ? questions

working skillfully on women

Bill's film to me is sucessful as it attempts to explore an area (and it does) which although is still flavour of the month (sorry Hannibal) does'nt readily give up its secrets

"SPECIAL, SPECIAL GIRL"

bills add
on explanation of why it all happens does'nt work as drama or cinema, but we are left in no doubt that the reasons are linked to the past and will continue along the chain to the future.

NUDE PICTURE.

is bill using this film to ask questions for all of us, and/or to explore his male and female sides simultaneously.

WHEN STEVEN BALL WAS ON FILM BUFFS FORCAST, FLOGGING THE FIRST KIOSK 8 HARRIS ASKED HIM WHO DID HE THINK WAS GOING TO DIRECT THE INFAMOUS NOVEL american psycho, STEVE IMMEDIATELY ANSWERED "BILL MOUSOULIS" AND FROM MY TABLE TENNIS TABLE IN KEILOR, I COULD HEAR BILL FALL OFF HIS CHAIR IN RICHMOND, (WAS BILL ACTUALLY READING THE BOOK AT THAT VERY MOMENT?)

I was glad that the last girl murdered, walked out past me when the lights came on.

BUT
PrACTically SPEa KI ng , the film IS An aChE Ivement for someone on the DOLE who SaVeD UP, wiThout seLLIng his arse or his SOUL TO PaY for the Film sToCk hImSELf and get ALL THOSE PEOPLE TO WORK FOR NOTHING AND BILL TELLS ME HE GOT THEM ALL OUT OF HIS AD IN THE NEWSLETTER NO LESS GIVES ME HEART as i didnt know that anyone else except richard touhy read it. JIM BRIDGES.

PISSWEAK

- Two or Three Comments on Ladykiller

by Bill Mousoulis

When I introduced my film Ladykiller at the recent Kiosk 8 screening, I made the following statement: "The film is sexist, because it shows males to be weak and females to be strong". Was I being facetious? Hardly. I was simply anticipating the knee-jerk/parrot-like "politically incorrect" response I knew the film would get from simple-minded feminists in the audience. I'm a stirrer, sure, then and now. But, at the risk of further alienating certain viewers, I stir because I want a complex response from viewers. Unfortunately, we live in an age currently where people are facile in political/ideological criticisms (but conservative ones), but totally shallow and/or incapable when it comes to matters psychological, spiritual, emotional. We are living in an age where people are being taught to be robots - "Look, there's a smoker. Let's get him!" Sorry! "Let's get him or her!"!!

To give you a striking example, I had cast the part of Helen in my film (the killer's co-worker) with a certain person, who shall remain nameless. She opted out of the film (like numerous others) because of the scene early in the film where the killer fucks a woman's decapitated head, because the scene showed dehumanization and victimization. According to this actress, she would've done the film if I'd removed this one offending scene. She thought the rest of the film a fine study of love. Good lord! The whole trajectory of the Helen story is one of absolute victimization. Did this actress not notice that? The film carefully sets-up the killer's psychology, and then relentlessly shows the viewer the killer's (line of) attack. Too subtle for some, perhaps, but the scenes of the killer "ladykilling" Helen are excruciatingly cruel. So much so that they come across as black drama (i.e. black comedy, Monsieur Verdoux-style, but without the humor). They show how far a weak man will go. The pits of human nature. But many viewers are confused by the film's objective, non-judgmental tone. Next time I screen the film, okay, I'll stand by the side of the screen, point at it and say out loud: "Look! Bad man! Bad, bad man!" Maybe that'll help some viewers. Then again, probably not.

I want this film to get negative criticism. I want it to confuse viewers. But I want the viewers to then question what they've been pre-

sented with, and their response. What Ladykiller does structurally/narratively and semiotically and in terms of the viewer/film dynamic is not particularly radical, but it's clearly something different to the norm (95% of narrative features made). In the end, all I can do is point out - like I'm doing here - two or three of the many things the film's doing. The rest is up to the individual viewer. I don't want to offend people, but I find that many viewers are - like my serial killer - pissweak.

For example, a particular editing segue in the film. Towards the end of the killer's story, the film cuts from the killer's closed eyes (blissful soothing) to Susan, the criminologist's, closed eyes (in the same psychic state). What is the meaning of this connection? I'm sure many viewers, when presented with this moment, make a mental note of it but file it away immediately, returning their minds to the film's narrative flow. Fair enough, but when the film's narrative flow is uncompromisingly broken in the last 10 minutes, the film screams out for a different approach to be taken to it. Is it the film which "doesn't work" in these last 10 minutes, or the viewer (i.e. the viewer's viewing habits)?

But getting back to my contentious weak-male/female-strong coupling (which the film actually doesn't stick to), I'd like to finish with a quote from Friedrich Nietzsche, to explain this absolutely simplest of psychologies. (And Nietzsche, it should be noted, whilst considered by many to be a devil, was actually one of the gentlest and most life-affirming people that's ever lived.) Take it away, Freddy.

« Strength is as much characterized by indifference as weakness is by an involuntary counter-movement and the suddenness and inevitability of "action" The weaker presses to the stronger from a need for nourishment; it wants to get under it, if possible to become one with it. The stronger, on the contrary, drives others away; it does not want to perish in this manner; it grows and in growing it splits itself into two or more parts. The greater the impulse toward unity, the more firmly may one conclude that weakness is present; the greater the impulse towards variety, differentiation, inner decay, the more force is present Those poor in life, the weak, impoverish life; those rich in life, the strong, enrich it. The first are parasites of life; the second give presents to it. How is it possible to confound these two? »

(from The Will to Power)

Super 8 Equipment Hire

Equipment	per day	per week (7 days)
Sankyo Sound Camera XL-620 Supertronic 6x Zoom, Lap dissolve, single-frame, slomo, 18 or 24 fps, No mic supplied	\$5.00	\$30.00
Canon 1014 Silent Camera 10x Zoom, Lap dissolve, slomo, 18 or 24 fps	\$5.00	\$30.00
Fujica Single 8 P2 Zoom Speciality camera for use with Fuji single 8 film	\$2.00	\$10.00
Silent Cameras (various) Various types. Simple, in various condition Good for beginners.	\$2.00	\$10.00
Editor / Viewers Various	\$1.00	\$5.00
Wurker Splicers Good, reliable and easy to use.	\$1.00	\$5.00
Wurker Splices (to suit above) Available for purchase by members. Cheapest price in town. Only covers 1 frame either side of cut, leaves both stripes free.	\$8.50 per packet of 50.	
Miller Tripod Junior Fluid head, sturdy.	\$2.00	\$10.00
Elmo ST-180 Projector Sound, Twin track.	\$5.00	\$30.00
Fujica Frame Enlarger For taking still photos from Super 8 and 16mm frames.	\$2.00	\$10.00
Sony Telecine Adaptor For transferring film to video. Requires Projector & Video Camera. Can be used to copy film-to-film.	\$3.00	\$15.00

NEXT!



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NEOPHYTES TAKE NOTE!

The November 1994 issue of this newsletter will be a special "Neophyte November" issue. As well as the normal news, reviews, etc., there will be a special mid-section with contributions in it from people who've never written for the newsletter before. So if you're sick of reading old fogies like Jim Bridges and Bill Mousoulis, this is your chance to do something about it.

There is really no set question. Some suggested questions are as follows: What attracts you to the Super-8 medium? Have you made your first Super-8 film yet? What kind of films do you want to make? Or just make any kind of comments on Super-8 or the Super-8 Group. There is no minimum or maximum length, but try to not go overboard.

This mid-section is being compiled by Bill Mousoulis, so send all material to Bill Mousoulis P.O. Box 1150, Richmond North, 3121. Drawings/graphics are also welcome. As for your articles, you can have them typed (and layed) out yourself, or handwritten (Bill can type them up). Phone Bill on 429 9847 to discuss anything if need be. Bill himself will attempt to phone newer members of the group, to see if they want to contribute.

Deadline for contributions is mid-October.

**NEXT OPEN SCREENING
at 7.30pm**

Two Films by James Clayden:

Desperate Dancing

1984, 20 mins

The Ghost Paintings

1986, 20 mins

The Ghost Paintings is directly related to a film titled **The Man who Lost his Head**

Like: "My hands were hurting. You said you weren't coming, I didn't feel well, so I went to bed. Everything seemed to move at such an incredible speed, my dream shook violently, suddenly it stopped dead. I woke up, as if you had arrived. It was the middle of the night. I had no pulse. But I was asleep. I had a terrible headache. I'm asleep...I left early, to see you. But you weren't coming tonight."

"The dust will eventually kill me. That's what she used to say. I felt her breathe that into my ear. Always whispering, the sun shines at midnight. That made everything seem alright.

Alright, I could move. She'd play the piano...I can speak now."

Working Notes:

PAINTING WITH KNEELING: Buried. With a fire the fire by heart. I thought of someone, nothing untoward. Tall thin and black sleeping in a meadow. Disappearing. This repeated itself. By turning, as long as you did. And inside a cupboard, turning I sat turning. Figure lay sleeping. We lived in a wooden house. Under the table cloth as curtain. **PAINTING WITH PAIN (TWICE):** Traps. Dead fish on the walls a shark hanging from the ceiling. In the bath a Marlin's head. Flying fish. Wings of holy wisdom. A man comes into a room where there's a ghost. A skull. Venetian blinds. A murderer. There was never any end to it. The devil jumps out of a chest. Yours? I had a sister.

LIKE A STONE, SET: People who write books mirrored in her face. I just put it back into the cupboard. Obviously it's evening. The sunlight has fallen. The plaster is all weed-grown. A statue. Her

belly. In the background, glass doors. Drunkenness. A summer evening. Endless space. I just put it back into the cupboard. Ventriloquist.

Hand. Foot. Sock. Floor. Blue object shadow.

The knife cut. The knife cutting.

IN SWEAT OF SLEEP: I lay flat on my belly and looked into the open door. Nothing had changed. Except there was something in the corner, its shadow wasn't right. Something happened here with the shadows.

PASSAGE OF PUNGENT ODOURS: I felt a catch in my throat. I could see the dust in the dark corners. Like a nose bleed. No sound. My knees empty. Silence struck my head. It was all dried up and kind of yellow.

THE OTHER DOOR: Many of the tables were taken. I was biting my lip. It was damp it had rained. He licked his lips. Inhuman, like a wind up toy. Something about knees. Faces on the page. His mouth fell open. The streets were empty. The pavements wet and shiny black. The waiting room was nice. A little animal breathing heavily. A cool floor under bare feet.

THE EARTH SMELLED OF RAW DEPTHS: Things were red. There were no other doors. Right in his throat. He caught his breath in a deep armchair.

THE BED LEANED: He picked up his hat tossed his raincoat over his arm. Under his nose heavy clouds hung. A bucket turned over in the sky.

AGAINST THE LIGHT: He was silent too.

"...rich photographic images...of an urban landscape. There is some refilmed footage that plays with grain and gives a pulse to the image that at time alludes to trance, grain, the human form. There is a murmur of narrative meaning so deftly handled that it could only have been cast by a decade or two in film."

Dirk de Bruyn

writing on *The Ghost Paintings* *Filmnews*, 1986

"Clayden achieves a kind of formal abstraction (of sound, movement and colour) with grittily concrete materials (stone, bodies, streets) that corresponds very closely to the old *Cahiers*, dreams of *mise-en-scene*: a pure song of cinema fashioned out of the visible and audible materials of everyday reality. From Clayden's imagined marriage of forms a new form is thus born."

Adrian Martin *Back of Beyond* UCLA 1988



TONY WOODS

D I F F R A C T I O N
P A I N T I N G S

6 - 22 SEPTEMBER

AT

COLLINS STREET GALLERY
411 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE
TELEPHONE 622 8201

Vikki Riley is looking
for FOUND FOOTAGE S8 films
for an extensive exhibition in 1995.
Please leave details with Tim on
(03) 417 3402

LAST OPEN SCREENING

Tidal Drift

Steven Ball (4 mins)

Moonflower

Tony Woods (3 mins)

Botanic Gardens

Brecon Walsh (3 mins)

Shopping

Tegan Mel (10 mins)

Vicar

Perry Alexander (3 mins)

Chase

Moira Joseph (3 mins)

Summer Slide

Mark La Rosa (7 mins)

NEXT OPEN SCREENING

7.30pm

Tuesday 13th September

Erwin Rado Theatre

211 Johnston Street

Fitzroy

**featuring films by James Clayden
(see inside for details)
followed by an Open Screening
BYO Super 8 films**

Editorial & Layout By: Tim Patterson & Jim Bridges...

Contact Number: 03 417 3402

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Super Eight 

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