

NEWSREEL

24 JULY – 28 SEPTEMBER 2023



SANDRA DRZYMALSKA LORENZO ZURZOLO MATEUSZ KOŚCIUKIEWICZ with ISABELLE HUPPERT

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A FILM BY
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Eo

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SANDRA DRZYMALSKA LORENZO ZURZOLO MATEUSZ KOŚCIUKIEWICZ with ISABELLE HUPPERT
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launceston film society

Volume 44 Number 3



launceston film society

www.lfs.org.au

PO Box 60, Launceston, 7250

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

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-  The Village Cinema offers a concession to LFS members for most of their screenings.
-  For those unable to see the bottom of the screen, booster cushions are available.
-  LFS screenings are usually in Cinema 3.
-  A lift is available to avoid the stairs between the foyer and Cinema 3.
-  In the interest of everyone's enjoyment, please:
 - ✓ Be seated before the film starts and turn off your mobile phone.
 - ✓ Minimise noise including eating, drinking or talking once the film commences.
 - ✓ Do not sit or stand at the back wall as this is a fire safety issue.
 - ✓ Village rules for food and beverages apply.
-  The LFS committee assist the cinema with the queue and process members' admission: we cannot be admitted to the theatre if another film is still screening.

CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

- **The LFS is a "Members Only" society.** Our screening agreement requires that your membership card cannot be loaned to another, even if you will not be attending the film.
- **Membership cards will be scanned** before admission and is valid for one screening per week. If you do not have your card please provide an alternative form of identification to the committee member at the door. Membership cards remain the property of the LFS.
- **Seating is not guaranteed at LFS screenings.** The Launceston Film Society proudly boasts about 1250 members. The largest cinema at the Village holds around 290 people.
- **Reserved seats** at the rear of the theatre are available for people with special needs. Please make your need known to a committee member *before* admission.
- **Censorship classifications.** Films classified as R and MA 15+ and MA are often selected, and persons under the appropriate age limit will not be admitted.

Please check consumer warnings given for each film for individual suitability.

LFS LIFE MEMBERS

Barbara Murphy, Caroline Ball, David Heath, Michèle McGill, Peter Gillard, Stan Gottschalk, Rodney O'Keefe, Kim Pridham and Richard Ireland.

RED, WHITE & BRASS

Director: Damon Fepulea'i

Featuring: John-Paul Foliaki,
Dimitrius Schuster-
Koloamatangi, Haanz Fa'avae-
Jackson

Origin: New Zealand 2023



Running time: 85 minutes

Mild coarse language



24, 26, 27 July

A film that's bursting with enthusiasm and honesty from every pore, *Red, White & Brass* is a New Zealand true story that deserves to be embraced, warts and all.

Set in 2011, the movie tells the tale of a big-hearted Tongan rugby enthusiast, Maka, who chances upon a hairbrained scheme when he fails to get tickets for the Rugby World Cup.

Desperate to see Tonga take on their opposition, Maka promises those running the tournament he can provide a Tongan marching band for the pre-game entertainment. But with no instruments, no band and little to no hope of pulling it together in four weeks' time, Maka may have bitten off more than he can chew.

It's very easy to be cynical about an underdog film like *Red, White & Brass*.

But what emanates from the screen is nothing but passion and energy, which overcomes some of the first time director Fepulea'i's work. Mixing both the feelgood vibe of the likes of *The Full Monty* and tacking in an element of Ted Lasso's mantra of *Believe*, *Red, White & Brass* actually succeeds in its honest intentions.

Foliaki is the energy burst Maka needs to carry off the story and his enthusiasm is infectious, even when carrying out the most obvious of moments and the corniest of gags. The rest of his support are all perfectly fine, and do what's needed to turn this business-like movie around.

It all ends up predictably as you'd expect, but what may catch you off guard is just how delightfully it's all doled out. Some parts of the story need a leap of faith, but what it lacks in parts, *Red, White & Brass* more than makes up for in heart, a sense of pride and a real feelgood film - its familiarity is no bad thing here and may actually end up being its secret weapon.

Original review: Darren Bevan, *Darren's World of Entertainment*

Extracted by: Gail Bendall

SAINT OMER

31 July, 2, 3 August



Director: Alice Diop

Featuring: Guslagie Malanda, Kayije Kagame

Language: French

Origin: France 2022



Mature themes and infrequent coarse language

Running time: 123 minutes

In the French courtroom drama *Saint Omer*, set in the small town of the same name, a young Senegalese woman stands trial for killing her 15-month-old daughter. Guslagie Malanda plays Laurence, the film's tragic central figure, who is mostly confined to sitting in a small wooden dock, and is framed in various frontal mid shots. Her conservative sweater, which is almost the same hue as the court's tawny brown wood panelling, gives the impression she's being smothered by her surroundings.

Laurence speaks in a soft voice, with barely a hint of emotion, and has the cultivated vocabulary of someone who came to France to study philosophy. But she seems as bewildered by her crime as the court. When asked why she killed her daughter, by leaving her on a beach at night to be swept away by the rising tide, she replies, "I hope this trial will give me the answer," then offers a bizarre hypothesis: She is the victim of a curse.

Senegalese French writer-director Alice Diop, who has a background in documentary, was inspired by a real-life trial she attended as a public observer in 2016. The case caused a sensation across France, fanning anxieties about multiculturalism and whether migrants were capable of integrating into French life. Here was a woman who spoke sophisticated French, who professed an admiration for Western culture and rational thought, blaming her crime on witchcraft.

In depicting the accused woman with marked restraint, both in terms of performance and camera work, she paints a baffling, practically inscrutable figure. But she frames the story with her own experience as a courtroom observer, and in the process makes room for a multifaceted exploration of migrant alienation.

Original review: Jason Di Rosso, *ABC News*

Extracted by: Allison Edwards

OLGA

Director: Elie Grappe

Featuring: Anastasiia Budiaskina

Language: French, Ukrainian, English, Russian, Italian, German

Origin: Switzerland, France, Ukraine 2021



Running time: 90 minutes

Mature themes, violence and coarse language



7, 9, 10 August

Anastasiia Budiaskina is a Ukrainian gymnast. She was chosen by director Elie Grappe to play Olga for her skills as an athlete. Grappe felt Budiaskina could be taught the skills necessary for her to perform. Grappe's decision was a triumph. *Olga* achieves its power through the strength and mind of a new star of the screen, that is if she decides on a performance career.

15 year old Olga lives with her mother, Illona (Tanya Mikhina), a journalist and activist against the Communist reign of Yanukovich during the time of his demise (2013). Her determination to maintain the rage compromises the safety of both herself and daughter. After a near horrific traffic incident Illona decides to use her deceased husband's Swiss citizenship to have Olga enter the prestigious Swiss gymnastics program. The film takes us into the world of a determined teen who has to deal with the stresses of; expectation, worry about the safety of her mother, hoping for acceptance by other gymnasts, the barrier of language, and striving to maintain acceptable standards for an elite athlete. Budiaskina is brilliant. Her stress is soon our stress!

Olga is very much a Swiss film. A submission for that country at The Oscars for Best Foreign Language film. It deserves that accolade. More importantly it is being shown, mainly in English speaking countries, in concurrent events to raise awareness and money for the women and girls of war-torn Ukraine. And Budiaskina, the talented athlete and performer who took us on Olga's incredible journey? Well, she is safely out of her native Ukraine and living in Poland. A happy ending for her at present. As for *Olga* and its ending? Go see the film to find out.

Original review: Chris Greenwood, *A Sliver of a Film*

Extracted by: Gill Ireland

CAIRO CONSPIRACY

14, 16, 17 August



Director: Tarikh Saleh

Featuring: Tawfeek Barham, Fares Fares, Mohammad Bakri, Mehdi Dehbi

Language: Arabic

Origin: Sweden, Finland 2022



Mature themes and violence

Running time: 127 minutes

Church and state collide in the corridors of Egypt's Al-Azhar University, where the students square off in Qur'an recital contests and the head of the Muslim Brotherhood eats Big Macs on the sly. On the prospectus it's billed as "a beacon of Islam". It is a warren of dark corners, a place so thick with intrigue that even the most astute student of conspiracy thrillers may sometimes find themselves struggling to keep up.

Our hero is Adam, a lowly fisherman's son who's awarded a scholarship, only to be promptly recruited as a government informant. Now he's working for Colonel Ibrahim, the wily, bear-like state enforcer, wedged in between the warring factions, scared half out of his wits. Each night, he beds down in a cramped dormitory, surrounded by his fellow students. For all he knows, they might be spies and informants themselves.

Galvanised by the sudden death of the chief imam, Tarik Saleh's political saga turns progressively knottier and more claustrophobic. But it's also horribly tense, richly textured and showcases a terrific supporting performance from Fares as the tale's shadowy Thomas Cromwell figure. Ibrahim has been in the game long enough to view himself as a battle-hardened survivor. More likely, he's just another pawn in the game, to be toppled and replaced as part of some wider gambit.

The film was first released with the title *Boy from Heaven*. Saleh said he originally wanted to use the title *Al-Azhar*. Distributors discouraged him and asked if he had thought of an alternative title. Yes, *Boy from Heaven*. It was under this title that the film was shown at the Cannes Film Festival, where Saleh won the Best Screenplay award. But when it came time to release the film in France, distributor Memento Films felt this was not a selling title. They suggested *Cairo Conspiracy*. Saleh agreed and, sure enough, the film was a bigger box office hit than anticipated.

Original review: Xan Brooks, *Observer*

Extracted by: Janez Zagoda

BANK OF DAVE

Director: Chris Foggin

Featuring: Phoebe Dynevor, Rory Kinnear, Hugh Bonneville, Joel Fry

Origin: UK 2023



Running time: 108 minutes

Coarse language



Bank of Dave is one of those David versus Goliath stories, based on the real-life tale of a small-town businessman who tried to set up his own bank to keep money invested in his own community rather than going to pay annual bonuses to chaps who went to Eton and studied economics at Cambridge and Oxford.

Dave Fishwick (Rory Kinnear) has been doing quite well with his van rental company in his northern England hometown of Burnley - so well that he has been able to lend a bit of money here and there to members of his community hit by the recent 2008 financial crisis.

Dave would like to turn what has been an informal arrangement into something more formal, perhaps a community bank, but the posh blokes from London's financial industry don't see Dave as the kind of chap deserving of the necessary license.

Dave hires a lawyer from London (Joel Fry as Hugh) to help him take on these faceless men, initially as a cynical exercise. Dave wants Hugh to get the banking types to publicly admit that it's a closed club that belongs to the Eton crowd who think that Dave is undeserving of a license, and perhaps he can at least score some points in the media or in the court of public opinion.

But it turns out Hugh is good at his job and one of the banking industry players makes a mistake coming after Dave with the force of the London Police. It's a misstep Hugh parlays into a possible resentful invitation to join the banking world, though not without a seemingly insurmountable new set of obstacles.

The story is winsome and I'm sure any banking fat cats who feel maligned by the creative license in the screenplay can cry themselves to sleep on their enormous pillows of cash.

Original review: Cris Kennedy, *Canberra Times*

Extracted by: Mark Horner

21, 23, 24 August

TO LESLIE

28, 30, 31 August



Director: Michael Morris

Featuring: Andrea Riseborough, Allison Janney, Marc Maron

Origin: USA 2021



Mature themes and coarse language and drug use

Running time: 119 minutes

Andrea Riseborough gives a great performance in this low-budget indie American film, the debut of experienced television director Michael Morris. Riseborough plays an alcoholic single mother who once won a small-town lottery worth \$190,000. An opening scene shows her in a news clip as a spirited young woman screaming with joy about her win. She cuddles her son, who's about 12, and declares she'll buy a house and a guitar for James, who wants to be "the next Waylon", as in Jennings.

Six years later, Leslie is busted flat, unable to pay her rent in a flophouse motel in Texas. She hops the bus to her son in Los Angeles, but she can't stay sober, so James – who's 20 and hasn't seen her since he was 14 – sends her back to Texas, to the people she hates most in the world. Allison Janney and Stephen Root are oddly but effectively cast as a rough biker couple, Nancy and Dutch, who took care of the son when Leslie abandoned him. When Leslie returns to her hometown, Nancy pours derision on her, making her feel even more worthless.

The first half of the movie is hard work. The bleak settings, the absolute pain of watching Leslie unravel becomes enervating, and Morris stretches it out. The film has a real-time rhythm and long takes that leave us nowhere to hide. It's tough, watching her fall from one degradation to another. Morris does this so that the last act will bring the story home like a train, and so it does.

Riseborough's performance is spectacular – a high-wire act, from despair to repair and everywhere in between. The cruelty of those around her is only matched by her rock-bottom self-esteem. She is quick to anger, slow to understand her own predicament, self-pitying and potty-mouthed. It's a long way back and nobody believes she can make it. Until one night ...

Original review: Paul Byrnes, *Sydney Morning Herald*

Extracted by: Allison Edwards

ALL THE BEAUTY AND THE BLOODSHED

Director: Laura Poitras

Featuring: Nan Goldin,
David Velasco, Megan Kapler

Origin: USA 2022



4, 6, 7 September

Running time: 122 minutes

High impact sexualised imagery



“The wrong things are kept private, and it destroys people,” the photographer Nan Goldin says in *All the Beauty and the Bloodshed*, the tremendously moving and illuminating new documentary from Laura Poitras. Goldin’s art specialised in portraying young outsiders who might not ordinarily be in the spotlight, but in 2017, she wrote an extraordinary article in *Artforum* that announced a new focus: her near-fatal struggles with addiction to the painkiller OxyContin and the organisation, PAIN (Prescription Addiction Intervention Now), she was founding to hold the drug’s purveyors to account. No longer, she maintained, would the Sackler family and its biggest company, Purdue Pharma, be able to make millions of dollars off their helplessly addicted customers, who died in the thousands from overdoses – at least, not without their business being exposed to the world, especially the art world, which benefited from what Goldin called “blood money”.

It’s not every day when an artist of Goldin’s stature puts herself on the line against such a powerful foe, but PAIN is only one strand in *All the Beauty and the Bloodshed*, a beautifully constructed film that shuttles through multiple narratives and histories: Goldin’s traumatic family past, the friend-families she found in Boston and New York, the personal and social circles explored in her soul-baring work, and the present-day efforts by PAIN to target museums like the Guggenheim and the Metropolitan Museum of Art with protests

Poitras’s work (*The Oath*, 2010; *Citizenfour* 2015; *Risk*, 2016) has long shown an interest in secrets and secrecy, plumbing their dimensions, testing the tools, connecting the dots to shadowy parties. The conclusion is often unsettling – our lives are far less private than we ever suspected – but the upshot can be profound: trust becomes all the more sacred. Because of the nature of her work, Poitras is put into the position of a confidante. Perhaps that is why the filmmaker is able to channel so much, so movingly, from Goldin, unifying the personal and the political in a kind of communion.

Original review: Nicolas Rapold, *Sight and Sound*

Extracted by: Gill Ireland

LIMBO

11, 13, 14 September



Director: Ivan Sen

Featuring: Simon Baker, Natasha Wanganeen, Rob Collins, Nicholas Hope

Origin: Australia 2023



Strong drug use

Running time: 108 minutes

In biblical terms, *Limbo* is the place for unbaptised souls who must be kept waiting before they know their fate. In Ivan Sen's new film, the whole cast seem to be drifting in time and space, both haunted by the past and not expecting much from the future.

The protagonist is down-at-heel detective Travis Hurley (an unshaven Simon Baker). He arrives in Coober Pedy, a weird town that has retreated underground, leaving the parched moonscape above littered with a few rusting cars and broken-down caravans. Sen's decision to present the film in black and white (or possibly desaturated colour) adds to this unearthly glow.

Hurley is there to investigate the disappearance of a young Aboriginal girl, but this is a cold case from about 20 years ago, and he doesn't hold out much hope of getting any closer to the truth than the inept cops that originally investigated it. The detective also has serious problems of his own, and so, in a funny kind of way, he can fit right in. Everyone he talks to (most of whom are blackfellas, who have good reason to distrust white cops), keep their own counsel. In fact, the dialogue wouldn't extend to more than a few pages. Still, there is plenty of meaning conveyed in a typically oblique way.

Sen is a distinctive and accomplished filmmaker. Yes, it has a troubled cop who is often one step behind, and who uncovers ever more murky truths, but the filmmaker isn't interested in genre conventions. His focus, as it has been for many films (*Mystery Road*, *Goldstone*), is on black and white relations and on how white Australia consistently misses the point about such things. There are moments of grace, and even actions that Hurley does which may have good outcomes, but no one is pretending that this is some great road to salvation. It is a film that requires as much patience as the lead character shows. It is distinctive and always visually stylish but it is a slow and deliberately unflashy viewing experience. Sen is a purist, and with *Limbo*, he has been allowed to have the courage of his artistic convictions.

Original review: Julian Wood, *FILMINK*

Extracted by: Anne Green

IVAN SEN



Indigenous filmmaker Ivan Sen sometimes feels caught between the white world and the black world. His mother Donella belongs to the Gamilaroi nation of northern New South Wales, and father Duro was born in Croatia to a German father and Hungarian mother.

Four years after Sen was born, in his mother's efforts to escape domestic violence, they moved to Coledale, Tamworth, in regional New South

Wales. "Coledale was the first public housing area in Tamworth ... It was kind of segregated from the rest of the town back then. I think these days it's a lot more integrated. But not all the changes in Coledale have been good. "There seems to be a lot of hard drugs that have settled into the place and stuff like ice and things like that, and lots of break ins, car stealing," he said. "All those issues that are facing young Indigenous people, I've grown up with all of those so I think I'm a bit past the sadness and just really wanting to address all these things in the work that I do."

Sen fell in love with film while living in Coledale. "The local cinema was a long walk from here, but every few weeks we had the money and we would go through the other side of town across the railway tracks and I remember watching *Gallipoli* by Peter Weir," he said. "I was maybe eight years old or something, and that 8km back, I just cried all the way back. And I realised that this movie made me feel more than I've ever felt in my life, in my real life, so I think that's where the seed was planted."

Wanting to overcome the difficult reality of the neighbourhood, his mother moved the family to Inverell. There, Sen was intimidated by the conservative, more racially and socially segregated dynamic of the town. The change also put Sen into contact with painting and photography. His mother married a newspaper editor, who gave him an old camera and lessons on photography and film-processing. Soon Sen was working for a newspaper and later enrolled in a photography diploma course at Griffith University, Brisbane. He moved on to film school at the same university and, one year later, to the Australian Film, Television and Radio School in Sydney.

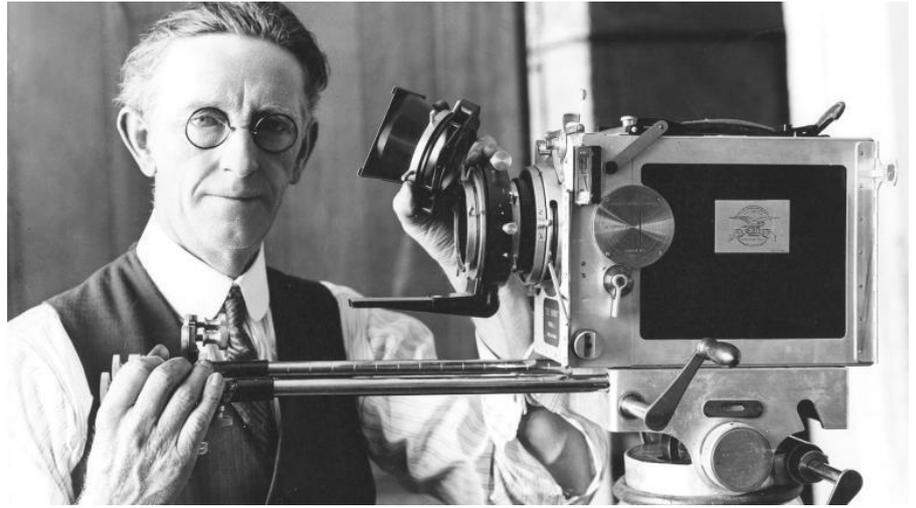
In *Limbo*, as with *Goldstone*, (LFS T4 2016) Sen has taken on the roles of director, writer, cinematographer and composer. "I find filmmaking like painting. I find it a very personal and intimate thing, and it's almost like dipping your brush into different paints on the pallet and deciding where to put that colour," he said. "I started filmmaking by doing documentaries, and when you make documentaries you tend to do a lot of the roles yourself. I just kept doing what I was always doing."

Sources: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ivan_Sen

<https://www.abc.net.au/news/2016-06-09/meet-indigenous-film-director-ivan-sen/7496224>

BERT IVE

Few would have heard of the name Bert Ive, the Australian Government's first long-term cinematographer. Appointed to the Cinema and Photographic Branch, the predecessor to the Commonwealth Film Unit and today's Screen Australia, he was to capture the lives of Australians in the first part of the 20th century.



Ive was born in Reading, England, in 1875, and was introduced to cameras and photography as a child. At the age of 11, he and his family moved to Australia, where they settled in Brisbane. Leaving school at 13, Ive trained as an artist before working as a glass embosser, sign-writer, decorator and painter. Entranced by his first viewing of film in 1897, he became a travelling film exhibitor through south Queensland and northern New South Wales, and by 1906 was projecting films and song slides for Holland's Vaudeville Entertainers in Brisbane. In 1909 he shot his first actuality film, after which he alternated actuality and feature film camerawork with film exhibition.

His appointment to the Cinema and Photographic Branch in May 1913, he establishing a Melbourne workspace and then spent six months travelling around the States 'taking living pictures of anything of interest'. Until 1939, Ive's activities were administered by a succession of eight federal departments each changing the focus of Ive's work: the promotion of Australian goods, tourism, national development and national awareness, and encouraging migration especially from the UK.

Throughout his career, Ive was also expected to record for posterity such pivotal events as the departure of the first AIF convoy for Gallipoli, the royal tours of 1920 and 1927, and the construction of Canberra, Australia's east-to-west transcontinental railway and the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Alternating his work between home base in Melbourne and travel by car, truck, train, aircraft, boat, camel and on foot, Bert Ive also criss-crossed Australia to film regions, towns, communities, industries and tourist destinations to publicise the nation for audiences at home and abroad at a time when many Australians had not yet explored their own country.

By the end of the silent era, the Cinema Branch turned out a new film every week, and many of Bert Ive's films were released under the collective titles *Know Your Own Country* and *Australia Day by Day*. In 1930 the branch made its first sound film, *This is Australia*. Ive's Cinema Branch films were also released overseas during the 1930s giving the world some of its first views of the country. Bert Ive died on 25 July 1939.

Director: Jerzy Skolimowski

Featuring: Hola, Tako, Marietta, Sandra Drzymalska, Isabelle Huppert

Language: Polish

Origin: Poland, Italy 2022



Running time: 87 minutes

A scene of strong violence



The title character of *EO* — a shocking and tender tour de force about life, love, death, and the wretched disregard human beings hold toward other living creatures — stands roughly four feet tall. He has large ears, knobby knees, a softly rounded belly, and dark, soft eyes that see the world in blunt terms. He is gentle, observant, generally quiet, and can run with surprising speed, which he does when his uneventful life takes a turn for the disastrous. His needs are basic, his life humble. He's a faithful friend and a dutiful worker. He's also a donkey.

EO is an astonishment and so too is this wild, boldly expressionistic movie that conveys the life of its largely silent protagonist with a bare minimum of dialogue. At this point, I should reassure you that *EO* doesn't talk — he's an animal, not a cartoon — though the few people in his life sometimes speak and yell and whisper, including to him. You understand their words and obviously so does *EO*, who will bob his head as if in answer.

EO has a streamlined story that, in its basic outline, adheres to the hero's journey only to deviate drastically from that template. In short, *EO* sets off on an adventure, enters a realm of near-supernatural wonder, encounters fabulous and less so forces, experiences challenges and temptations. His journey is strange, absurd, exhilarating, and terrifying.

It begins in a circus and ends in the abyss. In between, *EO* journeys from Poland to Italy through woods and streams, down underground passages and across city squares, encountering a range of people, some kind, others monstrous. He also comes across a menagerie of other creatures, including a slithering toad, a watchful owl and a soulfully howling wolf in a dreamy nocturnal scene that turns into a nightmare when unseen hunters begin shooting. At another point, while he's being transported by truck, *EO* watches a herd of majestic horse's gallop across a field. As you may have guessed, *EO*'s life, alas, is not one of freedom and kindness, even if the movie overflows with both. Life is brutal for animals.

Original review: Manohla Dargis, *New York Times*

Extracted by: Janez Zagoda

SHACKLETON: THE GREATEST STORY OF SURVIVAL

25, 27, 28 September



Mild themes

Director: Bobbi Hansel, Caspar Mazzotti

Featuring: Rupert Degas, Tim Jarvis

Origin: Australia 2023

Running time: 91 minutes

It's easy to see why the story of Anglo-Irish explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, has had several screen outings – including a Kenneth Branagh-powered TV miniseries. It's an incredible true story of survival – a team of 28 men (with their pack of sled dogs) on a mission to cross Antarctica become trapped in sea ice in 1914, battling frozen conditions and dwindling supplies in perhaps the most unforgiving region on Earth.

This Australian made-for-IMAX documentary has its strong points, especially the impressive archival footage and photos from the expedition and crisp cinematography of present-day Antarctica. However, it's somewhat repetitive and with its bloated melodramatic soundtrack, there's a made-for-TV feel that the documentary never manages to shake off.

Words from Shackleton's own journal form part of the script – and thankfully, his words are vivid. "I ask myself, 'Why on Earth one comes to these parts of the Earth?'" Shackleton writes. It is a question that's not answered. We learn little of his background or motivations. We do learn of his incredible leadership skills, keeping his crew motivated and positive under life-threatening conditions, as they set up camp on a "floating cake of ice" – abandoning their original mission and transforming a tale of exploration to one of survival.

Much of the documentary covers British-Australian Tim Jarvis' recreation of Shackleton's journey – minus the luxury of modern equipment. Jarvis is an impressive narrator and works climate change into the narrative. It's jaw-dropping when images of the region in Shackleton's time are compared with those of today, showing a frightening loss of ice.

Original review: Annette Basile, *FILMINK*

Extracted by: Mark Horner

FROM REEL TO DISC



The Q Sign

In 1992 the Society was able to offer the members a choice of two screenings a week, every week, for the first time. With a thousand members, seating at screenings was at a premium.

Before most screenings a lengthy queue would form which would snake its way around the cinema foyer and often out into Brisbane Street. Its sheer size and volume of people made it an attraction to all sorts of groups who wished to promote their causes. These ranged from Animal Liberation, minor political parties and retail

promotions through to the local musical society. While the Society could not stop distribution outside the confines of Village Four, only artistic groups were allowed to hand out their material inside.

The length of the queue created another problem for the Committee. Its length and its 'serpentine configuration' or doubling back often meant that latecomers could not tell where it ended. As a result, pushing in became an issue.

The Committee tried numerous ways to resolve this until eventually they came up with a sign which took the form of a large cut out letter Q. The sign was wrapped in tinsel, signed 'The End of the Q' and attached to a pole. This was ceremonially held by the last person in line, then passed on as people joined the end.

Today's membership, although almost 1250, does not create the same demand for seating given there are now four screenings a week. The introduction of the Smart membership card has also meant that members no longer suffer the sort of delays they once did to gain admission. These two factors have helped make the once serpentine queue a thing of the past. Whilst queues still do form, they tend to be only short and quickly admitted.

As for the Q sign? That disappeared many years ago but if you know its whereabouts the Committee would like it back as a quirky part of the Society's history.

Thomas Gunn

PROGRAMME: 24 JULY – 28 SEPTEMBER 2023

SESSION TIMES	MOVIE	LENGTH
24, 26, 27	JULY Red, White & Brass (PG)	85 Minutes
31 2, 3	JULY AUGUST Saint Omer (M)	123 Minutes
7, 9, 10	AUGUST Olga (M)	90 Minutes
14, 16, 17	AUGUST Cairo Conspiracy (M)	127 Minutes
21, 23, 24	AUGUST Bank of Dave (M)	108 Minutes
28, 30, 31	AUGUST To Leslie (M)	119 Minutes
4, 6, 7	SEPTEMBER All the Beauty and the Bloodshed (RA18+)	122 Minutes
11, 13, 14	SEPTEMBER Limbo (MA15+)	108 Minutes
18, 20, 21	SEPTEMBER EO (MA15+)	87 Minutes
25, 27, 28	SEPTEMBER Shackleton: The Greatest Story of Survival (PG)	91 Minutes

Film voting: The Plough Inn

16 OCTOBER Next screening

Visit our website www.lfs.org.au for film voting results and film discussion.

Please check consumer warnings given for each film for individual suitability.

Screening times:

Monday 6 pm

Wednesday 4 pm & 6.30 pm

Thursday 6 pm

Committee:

President Janez Zagoda

Secretary Gail Bendall

**Membership
secretary** Gill Ireland

Vice-President Mark Horner

Treasurer Ed Beswick

Committee Anne Green
Allison Edwards

The Village Cinemas in Launceston have been supporting the Launceston Film Society since 1983.



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