

President's Report

Hello everybody and welcome back from those holidays which I know we all deserved so much! I hope everyone has recuperated fully from the travails of the dreaded Exam, and are looking forward like I am to another semester of hot Film Society action. As usual you, the lucky Film Society member, are in for quite a treat with the upcoming screening schedule. Fans of the cult horror flick will no doubt be interested in the body-snatching double of *Invasion of The Body Snatchers* and *Body Snatcher* that we have in store for you. Others may be more interested in our upcoming screening of Baz Luhrmann's popular post-modern interpretation of the Romeo and Juliet tale starring Leo diCaprio and Claire Danes. And you won't want to miss the short *Blowhard* that will be on to warm the crowd up for *Romeo+Juliet*.

Yes, things are looking good for the film fanatic right now. It seemed to me that around the start of the year things were slow indeed when it came to good new films coming out in the cinemas, but recently I must say my appetite has been sated. I'll pick just two films that I've seen recently that I particularly enjoyed. On the big screen I was blown away by *Memento*, which I highly recommend to all. Guy Pearce is excellent, the screenplay is one of the most inventive I've come across, and the whole movie is put together seamlessly. On video, I recently checked out *Bruiser*, the latest horror flick by George A. Romero who has previously gained fame for writing and directing *Night of The Living* and *Monkey Shines*. *Bruiser* is not a brilliant movie, but anyone who gets a chuckle out of seeing all the cliches of 1980's horror flicks assembled with excellent visual style around a story that keeps your attention should enjoy this one too.

Well I think that's enough waffle from me. So I'll leave you with the thought not to forget that great social institutions like the AUFS only exist because people like you and I are willing to give a bit of time and

effort to make things happen. So don't be afraid to come along to our regular committee meetings and lend a hand every Monday at 1pm in term time, in the Canon Poole room (level 5 Union Building). You'll have lots of fun hanging with the funky AUFS crew, and AUFS committee members have been known to go on to rule small South American dictatorships (your results may vary).

Matt Lowry

Prez.

Editor's Buzz

Dear readers,

You'll be sad to know that your devoted editor is about to abandon her professional pursuits in favour of a life of leisure around the world, at least for the seven weeks that I'll be away from this island visiting such exotic locations as Israel and my homeland Sweden. But don't fret, *Reelbuzz* will still be forthcoming thanks to my appointed helper Matthew Harvey (see photo for short haired version) and all the other contributors of this little publication. While I'm



at it, I would like to thank everyone who has helped me over the years, especially all the committee members who fold and distribute without complaints. Thanks guys! Looking forward to telling you all about my trip when I get back. Until then, good viewing!

Editor: Sol

Contributors: Matt L, Guy & Matthew Harvey

Reviews

The Goddess of 1967

Directed by Clara Law.

Starring Rose Byrne, Rikiya Kurokawa & Nicholas Hope.

This is not Linda Lovelace's bio flick. The title refers to a classic car, the Citroen DS (ie Déesse, 'Goddess'), in production from 1955 to 1975, an icon of futurism and efficiency (so I'm told). Japanese collector 'JM' (Kurokawa) comes to Australia when he learns that one is for sale but when he arrives he finds the car but not the seller. A blind woman Deirdre aka 'BG' (Byrne) offers to take him to the real owner, her grandfather (Hope), five days away on an isolated mining lease. The journey is punctuated by incidents and flashbacks that reveal the characters' troubled pasts.

I have not seen Clara Law's other efforts (which include *Autumn Moon* and *Floating Life*) but I understand that they generally deal with people's sense of dislocation. This is certainly the tone of *The Goddess*, generated by a self-conscious cinematic style: over-bleached photography, disorienting camera angles, rapid editing and sudden changes in background noise. Byrne is excellent as the erratic, chocoholic BG, wanting to trust people but unable to do so. Unfortunately, her disturbed past, the substance that the film has to offer, isn't really that interesting or involving. You learn little about JM at all. This film is vaguely interesting but is laboured, remote, and more concerned with technique than substance. Its symbols and allusions tend to be overplayed or - as far as I can tell - meaningless, epitomised in the Goddess which, though a reoccurring feature, has no significance apart from being a plot device to get JM and BG together. Again, the flashbacks are done in a realistic style, contrasting with the contemporary scenes' dislocation, symbolising - what? That the past is concrete and comprehensible whereas the present is uncertain? The whole thing is permeated with a suggestiveness which ultimately doesn't suggest a great deal.

Guy

Moulin Rouge

Directed by Baz Luhrmann.

Starring Nicole Kidman and Ewan McGregor.

Baz Luhrmann has directed in *Moulin Rouge* a film that is, if nothing else, uniquely entertaining. The Moulin Rouge is a nightclub in late 19th century Paris: the age of absinthe. The club offers its top-hatted patrons extravagantly bawdy entertainment, of which courtesan Satine (Nicole Kidman) is the jewel in the crown. The poet Christian (Ewan McGregor) falls in love with

Satine, and by a happy mistake ends up getting invited back to her elephant. (You'll know what I mean when you see it.) But the



road to true love is not smooth for the two, for a jealous and powerful duke (Richard Roxburgh) stands between them threatening not only their love, but the very future of the Moulin Rouge.

The story is told in an over-the-top, often humorous combination of words, music and dance. Very colourful, very entertaining, and rather clever, *Moulin Rouge* is certainly value for money. There is even philosophical interest, in the interplay between the real and the staged that colours the whole film. Thoroughly recommended.

And by the way, the whole movie isn't as ridiculous and incoherent as the opening scenes might lead you to expect; and Kylie Minogue's appearance is thankfully brief. You might like to attend equipped with a checklist of every Australian actor you've seen on TV and film over the last twenty years; I reckon you'd get most of the boxes ticked.

Emilio Zapata

The Limey

Directed by Steven Soderbergh.
Starring Terence Stamp, Lesley Ann Warren, Luis Guzman and Peter Fonda.

For those of you out there who don't know what 'limey' is I can inform you that it is slang for a British sailor, so-named because of the enforced consumption of lime juice in the navy to combat the scourge of scurvy. However, in Steven Soderbergh's *The Limey* the term refers to British ex-convict Wilson (marvelously played by Terence Stamp from 'Priscilla' fame), who has traveled to Los Angeles to avenge his daughter Jenny's untimely death. Wilson soon realises that Jenny's love affair with record producer Terry Valentine (a very sleazy but somehow still likable Peter Fonda) is intimately linked to her fatal 'car accident' and he sets out to pursue Valentine, not just to kill him but to make him realise what he has done.

Soderbergh calls the movie "a very simple revenge film with a lot of '60s baggage" and the casting of Stamp and Fonda, who both burst onto the film screen in the 1960's, obviously helps to emphasize this historical aspect. In quite a unique fashion, footage from Ken Loach's *Poor Cow* from 1967 (where Stamp portrays a young thief named, not so coincidentally, Wilson) has been integrated during Wilson's periodic moments of introspection to show a younger Wilson and create understanding for his feelings of loss.

Although *The Limey* has some brilliant performances, and in certain instances resembles a lesser version of the excellent *Memento*, it is still a forgettable film. The women are hardly more than cardboard cut-outs and the camera work is pedestrian. *The Limey* was made in 1999 before *Erin Brockovich* and *Traffic*, which earned Soderbergh truck loads of Oscar nominations last year. Why it has taken so long to appear on Australian screens I don't know, but I could have easily continued to live without it.



Weekend Away

Take One

The AUFS Weekend Away was as usual an extravagant romp through fields of fine film and even finer company. On Friday members enjoyed ocean cruising and deep-sea fishing, while watching science-fiction

and horror classics like *Jaws* projected at large onto the very surface of the calm blue ocean. Saturday witnessed our inaugural sky-diving adventure, members spinning manfully to the earth's surface while enjoying such classics as *Honey I Shrunk the Kids* projected onto each others' open parachutes. As for Saturday night, no words could describe the glorious cocaine-driven orgy of Nietzschean bloodsport that was inspired by our viewing of *Triumph of the Will*. Surviving members got a good night's sleep and spent most of Sunday morning picking up the pieces. But what pieces they were! On Sunday afternoon, the merry cavalcade returned to Adelaide in typical fashion, in a wedge of Bradley tanks, cascading over the hills and valleys of Fleurieu, throwing wads of cash, drugs and 16mm film at the waving peasants.

Newt Gingrich

Take Two

From the makers of *Good Will Huntley* and *Social Instinct* comes...

Friday13th: The Goolwa Slumber Massacre

On a dark and sunny night the Film Society is forced to take desperate refuge in an eerie beachhouse in a deserted town. Little do they know that vital hours would be consumed by long strolls on the beach! That their livers and diet-plans would be torn asunder by the merriment of the damned! That their critical and aesthetic faculties would be assailed by incessant video watching! How could the screams whenever someone took a shower be ignored? How could David survive the chair breaking underneath him? Look out for the cheapest holiday horror of the year...

Starring Mad Matt Lowry, Esther Speight, Mark Tyler, Guy Olding, Peter Cassidy, David Drury, Chris Carter and Matt Harvey. Cameo appearances by Tanya Clarke and Kirk Svenson.

Any resemblance to real people is unintended and coincidental. Copyrighted material in this film does not appear with permission but was enjoyed anyway: *Hudson Hawk*, *What's Up Doc?*, *Ator the Fighting Eagle*, John Carpenter's *The Fog*, *The Italian Job*, *Buckaroo Banzai*, *Strange Days* and a stack of Simpsons episodes.

Guy

Programme Term III

Unless otherwise stated, all films will be at 7pm on Thursdays, in the Union Cinema, level 5, the Union Building. Entry is free for members, membership is \$3 available at the door.

Week 1, 26th July

Intolerance

1916. Directed by D.W. Griffith. Starring Lillian Gish & Mae Marsh.

A cinematic extravaganza and major event in the development of film from the director of the infamous *Birth of a Nation*, it explores the theme of human intolerance throughout history. A trenchant assertion of pacifist principles, masterful bad-timing saw it released just after America joined WWI.

Plus short: *Merrie Melodies: Robin Hood Daffy*

Week 2, 2nd August

Billy Liar

1963. Directed by John Schlesinger. British. An undertaker's clerk, Billy Fisher (Tom Courtenay), escapes from the biting drudgery of life in a dull northern town into a fantasy world of his own creation. Apparently based on a stage play; Courtenay's acting brings an edge of desperation to proceedings.

Plus short: *Cinesound Review No. 827: The Voice of Australia*. More newsreels like they don't make any more. Take that, Tojo!

Week 3, 9th August

Kind Hearts and Coronets

1949. Directed by Robert Hamer. Starring Alec Guinness, Dennis Price & Joan Greenwood.

Louis Mazzini, illegitimate and rejected child of an aristocratic family (entirely played by Alec Guinness), decides to claim his ancestral title by disposing of all possible rivals. A quintessential Ealing Studios black comedy.

Plus short: *The Cave*. Animated version of Plato's parable of the philosopher's escape from the world of illusion to transcendent reality. Narrated by Orson Welles.

Week 4, 6th August

Bodysnatching Double:

Invasion of the Body Snatchers

1956. Directed by Don Seigel. Starring Kevin McCarthy & Dana Wynter.

A small-town doctor discovers that humans are being

gradually replaced by alien doppelgängers. An effective and sinister sci-fi classic.

The Body Snatcher

1945. Directed by Robert Wise. Starring Boris Karloff & Bela Lugosi.

An atmospheric horror film in which a doctor is exploited by his assistant and a graverobber. Produced by horror-merchant Val Lewton (*Cat People, Bedlam*).

Week 5, 23rd August

Breaking the Waves

1996. Directed by Lars von Trier. Starring Emily Watson, Katrin Cartlidge & Stellan Skarsgård.

A mentally fragile woman from an isolated Scottish fishing village is obsessively in love with her Danish oil-rig worker husband. She is driven to commit extreme acts when he is injured, believing that this will help him recover. Extraordinarily powerful and disturbing.

Plus short: *Cinesound Review: War on the Roof of New Guinea*. More newsreels like they don't make any more.

Week 6, 30th August

Romeo + Juliet

1996. Directed by Baz Luhrmann. Starring Leonardo diCaprio & Claire Danes.

Yes, you read right. The hip and happening version from the director of *Strictly Ballroom* and *Moulin Rouge* and with the kid from *Titanic*.

Plus short: *Blowhard*

Week 7, 6th September

Rebel Without a Cause

1955. Directed by Nicolas Ray. Starring James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo & Dennis Hopper.

Another version of the Romeo and Juliet story illustrates the dislocation and disenchantment felt by the world's first generation of teenagers.

Plus short: *The Red Balloon (La Ballon Rouge)*

Week 8, 13th August

La Belle La Bête (Beauty and the Beast)

1946. Directed by Jean Cocteau. Starring Jean Marais & Josette Day.

Poetic and surrealistic version of the fairy story from the same director as last year's *Orpheus*.

Plus short: *The Anatomy of Cindy Fink*