

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW, SOMETHING BORROWED

(ALGO VIEJO, ALGO NUEVO, ALGO PRESTADO)

DRAMA, FOUND FOOTAGE, CRIME, MAFIA
SPANISH | ARGENTINE, SPAIN, PORTUGAL | 100'

Written and directed by Hernán Rosselli

Production Companies 36 Caballos, Un Resentimiento de Provincia,

Protón Cine, Zebra Cine, Arde Cine,

Jaibo Films, Oublaum Filmes

Producers Juan Segundo Alamos, Mariana Luconi, Hernán Rosselli, Alejandro Rath, Miguel Molina, Adán Aliaga

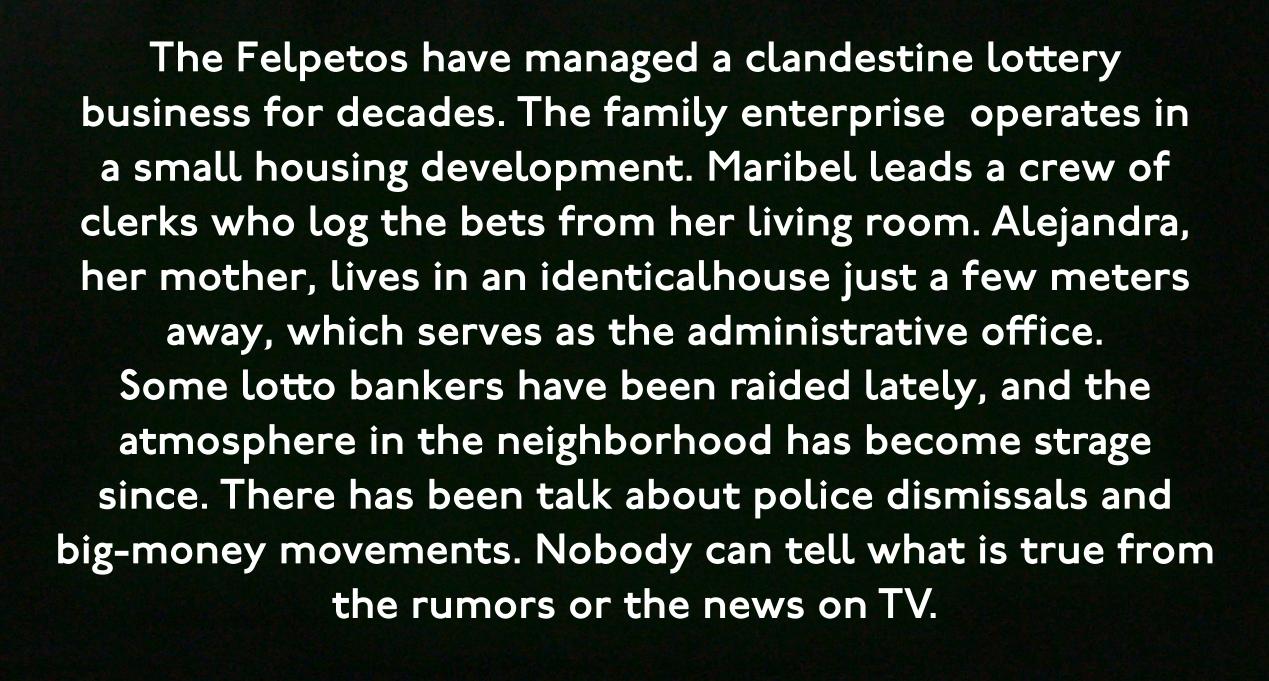
DOP Joaquín Neira

Editing by Hernán Rosselli, Federico Rostein, Jimena García Molt Protagonists Maribel Felpeto, Alejandra Cánepa, Juliana Simoes Risso, Leandro Menendez, Javier Abril Rotger, Marcelo Barbosa, Hugo Felpeto





SYNOPSIS







HERNÁN ROSSELLI

Hernán Rosselli was born in 1979. In 2002, he joined ENERC (Buenos Aires,) where he specialized as an editor. He is the founder and editor of Las Naves, a magazine dedicated to auteur cinema. In 2014, he directed "Mauro," part of the Bright Future competition at the International Film Festival of Rotterdam, and winner of the Fipresci Prize and the Special Jury Prize in the BAFICI International Competition. In April 2018, his documentary film "Casa del Teatro" was selected at BAFICI. He is now Profesor of Documentary Film at FUC - Universidad del Cine de Buenos Aires.

CASA DEL TEATRO, Feature Film, 2018 LOS CORROBORADORES, Feature Film, 2018 MAURO, Feature Film, 2014



DIRECTOR'S STATEMENT

The quiniela, as the clandestine lottery is known in Argentina, has been part of the national imaginary since its beginnings. Banned and legalized several times throughout the 19th century, it was finally nationalized as the National Charity Lottery in 1895.

Very quickly, the same Congress that debated extensively the contradictions of using betting money for charitable purposes approved its fiscal diversion to other emergencies, and the lottery went from being morally judged to becoming one of the main mechanisms of State revenue collection.

Its fanaticism reached even the elites. It is said that in one of the pockets of Leandro N. Alem's lifeless body they found a letter - today considered his political testament - and three lottery tickets. With the prohibition of the "quiniela" by Hipólito Yrigoyen's Law of Repression of Gambling, illegal gambling moved its most intense activity from the City of Buenos Aires to the suburbs. To this day, it continues to be one of the main systems of illegal collection of the police, politics and generates profits of billions of pesos. The Hospital Español neighborhood is at a vertex formed by the towns of Temperley, Turdera and Llavallol. This border area was the territory of El Chino Sabella, a respected "banquero", as the underground gambling capitalists are known in slang. My childhood home (a typical middle-class

house with exposed brick and Californian tiles) was next door to Fabián's house, Chino's brother. Fabián had problems with alcohol and it was said that he had been mortally wounded in the heart by a vinchuca bug. His house was used as a warehouse and workshop for the feet of cars and motorbikes used by the organization's couriers, who were in charge of collecting the money from the bets. He had three sons. Darío, Javier and Jorge. My father used to forbid me to go out and play with Fabián's sons. But when my parents split up, those kids became my best friends. We would spend hours listening to music inside the organization's cars. We would imagine long road trips with uncertain destinations.

Sometimes we would sell numbers for invented raffles or ask for merchandise at the neighborhood grocery store. Asking for something for free was an acquired right simply because of their surname.

To add an income to my father's meager child support, my mother started working as a bookmaker in the call center that operated in the house that El Chino shared with his wife and children. The need of widowed and divorced women is the main guarantee of discretion and trust in the administration of underground gambling. Everything happened in a family and trus-

ting environment. They worked from ten o'clock at night, when the last prize was drawn. My mother would upload the data and the software would search for matches and calculate the prizes. A police car would pass by the door every hour and sound the sirens as if to say: 'everything is in order'. Every now and then - usually when there were new appointments in the Buenos Aires police - raids were carried out and a few people were arrested. At least until the bankers in the area came to an agreement and settled their "position", which is the fee they pay to the district police station for each person raising bets on the street.

In more than one sense, the quiniela, with its Neapolitan origins, its family organization and its metaphysics of dreams, seems like the abstract representation of the aspirations and limits of a large part of the working class in the conurbano bonaerense. The certainty, as a famous Argentine trade unionist used to say, and as the sons of good families know very well, that fortune is not made by working.

From January to January, everything is for the banker."

Popular phrase

*"I come from a vertiginous country, where the lottery is a major part of reality."*Jorge Luis Borges, La lotería de Babilonia







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