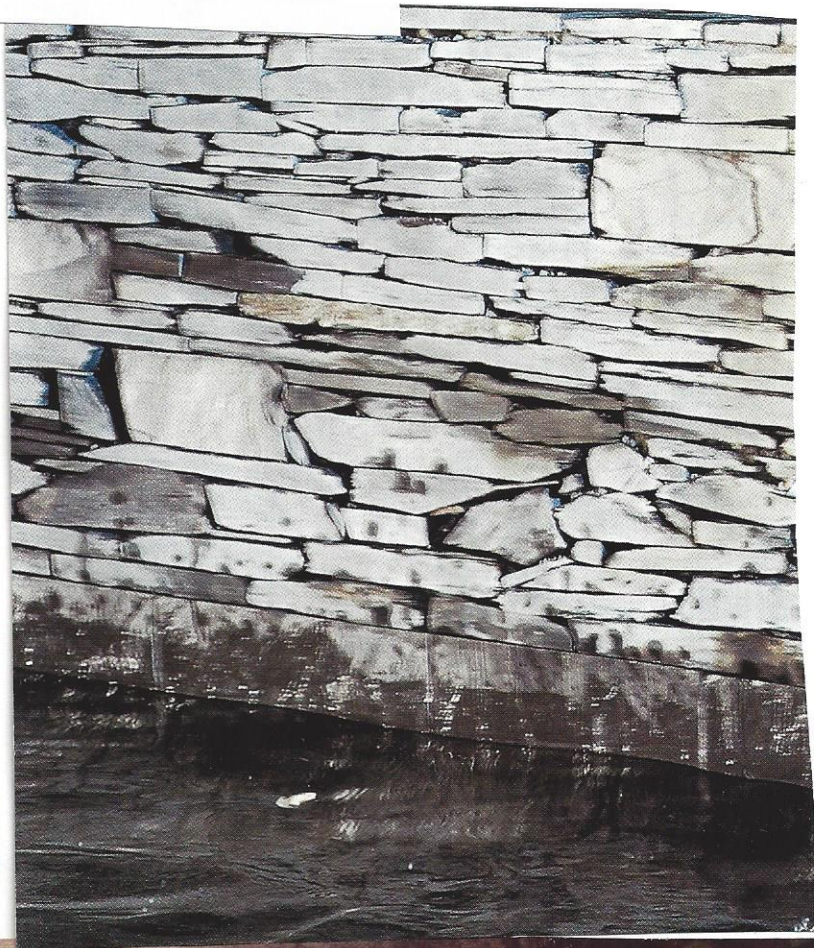
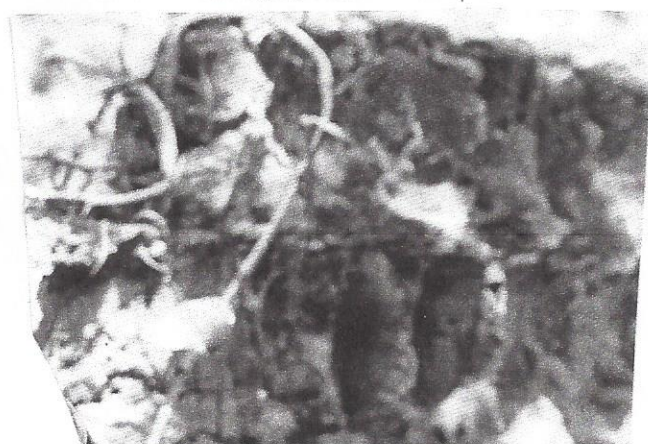
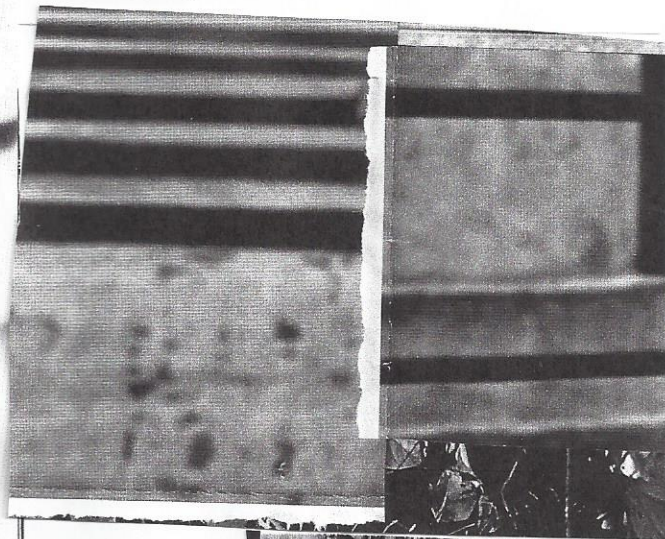
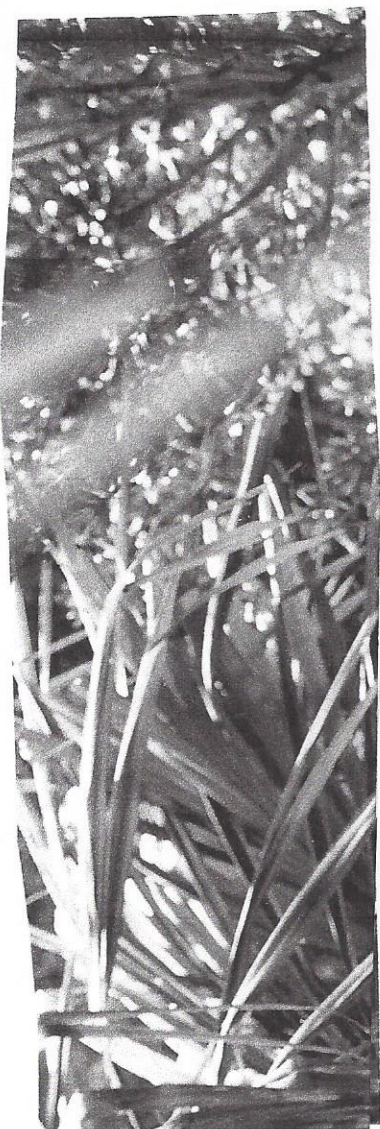


CINEMA ADrift



VOL. 5



CINEMA ADRIFT VOL. 5

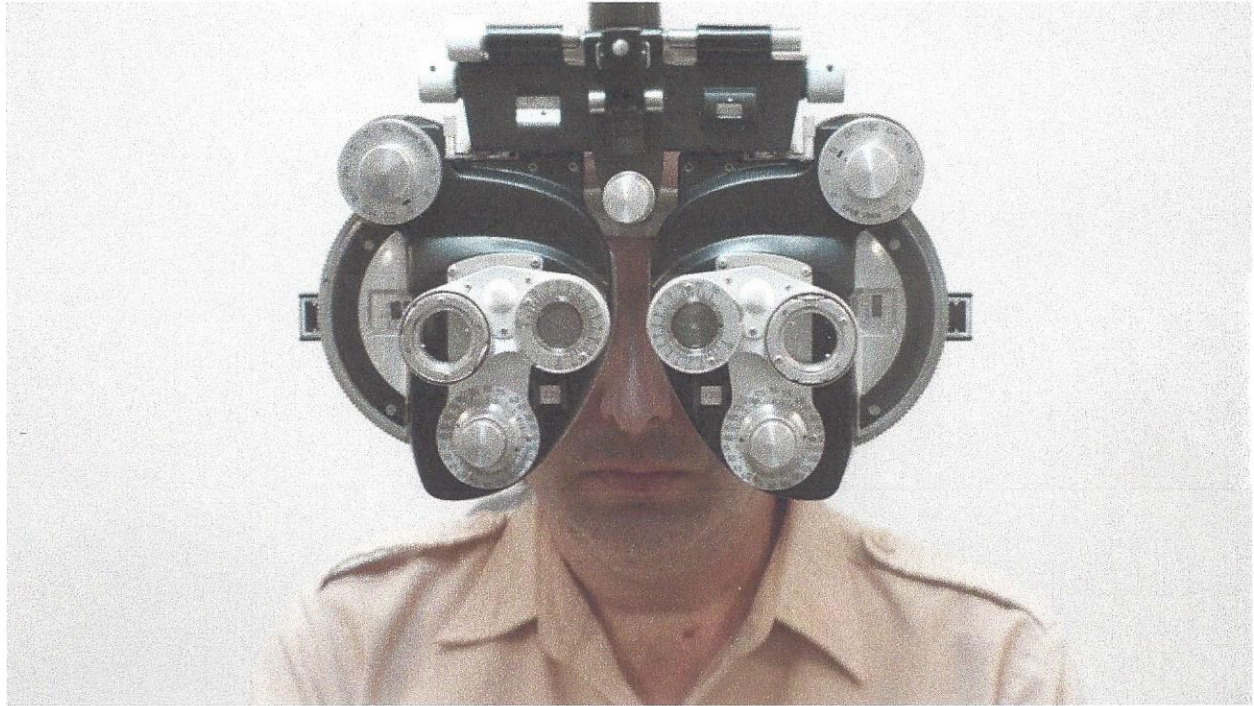


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Cinema Adrift Presents:
**The Bridge on the
River Kawai**
(yet another podcast)

Jason's Favorites of 2015

1. 0.5mm (Momoko Ando)
2. Tomorrowland (Brad Bird)
3. Aaaaaaaah! (Steve Oram)
4. My Ordinary Love Story (Lee Kwon)
5. The Assassin (Hou Hsiao-Hsien)
6. Mountains May Depart (Jia Zhangke)
7. Entertainment (Rick Alverson)
8. The Look of Silence (Joshua Oppenheimer)
9. Unfriended (Leo Gabriadze)
10. Magic Mike XXL (Gregory Jacobs)
11. Inside Out (Pete Docter)
12. The World of Kanako (Tetsuya Nakashima)
13. Hill of Freedom (Hong Sang-Soo)



In a world where every hip-hop song has a slow ballad cover, and every slow ballad has a speed metal cover, sincerity is appreciated. Every film in my list has a recognizable sincerity, exploring the innate good of people either through the untapped potential in everyone (*Tomorrowland*, *Magic Mike XXL*, *0.5mm*) or by juxtaposition with the worst in us (*Aaaaaaaah!*, *Unfriended*, *The World of Kanako*, *The Look of Silence*). Running the gamut from optimism to bleakness, all these films have their hearts in the right places. Also mother fucking Channing Tatum as Fred Astaire.

There were some great surprises during the year. I never would have thought *Furious 7* would be a tear-jerker and I never would have thought that yet another yakuza film from Kitano would be so enjoyable. I also didn't think I would enjoy *The Force Awakens* as much as I did. I can't remember the disappointments of the year and have no interest looking through the Word document of all the films I saw in 2015 to find any (the reveal of that Word document is where you stop reading by the way).

Not a whole lot of contemporary Japanese films came to the states in 2015, and sometimes not the right ones. For every titan attack whose gross is multiplied through a division into parts there's no *0.5mm*, *Pale Moon*, or *Journey to the Shore*. Also absent was Japan's Oscar bid for the year, and the year before that, and the year before that. This is no surprise for anyone who is either a weeaboo or just simply has an interest in East Asian cinema, or both. It's just the sad reality we must live with. And by living with I mean importing and using our computers' magical powers to acquire these films. For classic Japanese cinema though it was a great year thanks to companies like Arrow and Third Window Films: new restorations of the *Battles Without Honor and Humanity* films and new-wave giant *Eros + Massacre* came out in region friendly releases; and for a little extra effort in region unlocking there was more Tsukamoto on Blu-ray. Meanwhile, Criterion gave us *Jellyfish Eyes*...

Moving forward let's get excited for excitement causing stuff and just ignore everything else. Also it's been a year of Cinema Adrift.

Love,
-Jason



Favorite films 2015

The Assassin
 Entertainment
 Youth
 Carol
 Anomalisa
 Cemetery of Splendor
 Jafar Panahi's Taxi
 Trumbo
 Time Out of Mind
 The Forbidden Room
 World of Kanako
 Tangerine
 Crimson Peak

Recommended documentaries:

The Look of Silence
 Listen to me Marlon
 Do I sound Gay?

This year we watched movies, re-watched our favorite movie crushes, had real life crushes, played music, watched music played live, made movies, had all night birthday bash movie watching parties, became heart sick and disillusioned and watched more movies, saw friends suffer and mourn, we suffered and mourned, we became completely bummed out, we wept, watched even more movies, we felt joyful sorrow and extreme happiness. - mara



Mountains May Depart (Jia Zhangke, 2015)

by Jason Suzuki

Recently it seems more and more films are making use of various aspect ratios instead of sticking to just one for a film's entirety. Jia Zhangke's *Mountains May Depart* is yet another one to do so but Jia makes use of it as a device personal to his characters without being too showy about it. In other words it manages to transcend gimmick. The film is broken into three sections, each set in a different time, each with a different aspect ratio, and in the case of the last section, a different protagonist and country. We start in 1999 in the middle of a love triangle between Tao (Jia's wife/longtime muse Zhao Tao), Liangzi (Lian Jin Dong), and Zhang (Zhang Yi). The opening of the film sees the characters rehearsing a choreographed dance routine to "Go West" by the Pet Shop Boys. This is the moment that encapsulates the opening section of the film, its characters, and the state of China at the time. Tao is between two men who are both clearly in love with her, Liangzi a mine worker and Zhang a businessman who recently has come into some money which he flaunts by constantly bringing up his business and showing off his new car. Zhang pursues Tao like he pursues business, Liangzi waits it out like he does at the mine.



This opening section in 1999 is filmed in the full frame Academy ratio and with each jump forward, one to 2014 and then finally to 2025, the frame gets wider and wider. In one sense aspect ratio is used to the same effect as *The Grand Budapest Hotel* to denote time, but Jia allows it to connote something greater than that.

With China's economic boom a world that feels small and cramped, yet intimate, becomes larger and larger, eventually feeling sparse, inherent to isolation despite the globalization. This is aspect ratio as a reflection of human relationships, with each other and their environment. It speaks to the narrative ambition and the emotional ambition of the film. Despite Zhang's shallowness Tao essentially chooses financial stability over anything else, but as we jump forward to 2014 we see that Tao would still have had to face hardships of a different kind had she remained with Liangzi, who has remained at the mine and developed the serious illnesses that come with that line of work for so long. Instead she is divorced from Zhang and rarely gets to see her estranged son Dollar (named by Zhang of course).

The film's future section will probably end up being the most divisive as the boldest choices are made both in the narrative department as well as what sort of predictions the film makes about the sort of world we'll live in a decade from now. These might rub some the wrong way or be deemed as implausible and written off. One touch of magic realism hangs on a thread so thin it has the potential to lose the audience completely, despite being the instance of hope to contrast with the film's bleak outlook. Dollar is now grown up, going to school in Australia, living with his father who he is estranged from; Dollar has forgotten his Chinese and must communicate with his father through typed messages butchered by Google Translate. Zhang has taken advantage of the change in gun ownership laws of Australia to start collecting them. Just as he was able to make you pay attention to him in the earlier section of the film, Zhang Yi does the same here portraying the devolution over the years Zhang has sustained with a great charisma. Along with recent Chinese hit *Dearest*, Zhang Yi shows he delivers a lot in a supporting role.

Dollar studies Chinese at his college where he forms a relationship with his professor (Sylvia Chang), who most certainly he is drawn to as a replacement for his mother, whom he hasn't seen since the middle aspect ratio. This is the section where the title of the film really starts to take shape: "Mountains may depart, relationships may endure," says Jia in his director's statement referencing Buddhist thought. We see what sort of life has been forged from Tao's choice to wed Zhang. We also get to see what could have been had she chosen Liangxi. The only thing missing is what could have been had she not had to choose.

Mountains May Depart is beautiful and bleak, hopeful and heartbreaking. Despite consistently returning to episodic narratives, Jia keeps expanding his ideas and plays with form to keep it interesting. Since debuting in the 90s, he continues to earn his status as one of the most exciting filmmakers from China. **Mountains May Depart** certainly has social significance but it is at its heart a human story about relationships and time. A rare film in that it's both emotionally and intellectually engaging.





Entertainment (Rick Alverson, 2015) by Mara Norman

The title an entry point, a doorway for the viewer to experience the story that follows. The film has the viewer dismantle the topic of entertainment and what it means to be entertained.

The camera follows the main character, a stand-up comedian played by Gregg Turkington, on a series of shows in the California desert. During the day he stops at road-side attraction walking tours of oil fields and ghost towns; the film opens at an airplane graveyard, our main character walking alone separate from the group, isolated he stands in the desert and in an empty hull of an airplane. The film unfolds like a slide show. The visual style straight forward and naturalistic; the music an ambient style, wind-like with a bell quality. The juxtaposition between the comedian and his environment, and his movement within it, the content of his style of comedy and his interaction with the audience shows a disconnection reflecting on isolation, culture and the contemporary concept of “Entertainment”

We follow the comedian on a tour of the Southern California desert. His opening act is a young clown played by Tye Sheridan. In between the shows the landscape and soundtrack haunt the pacing, moving the viewer into a meditative space – watching the story unfold in snapshot scenes -the comedian performs his act in a prison, at fairgrounds, at motor-cross rallies and dive bars. We move with him on his tour. Lonely, he calls leaving messages, to his daughter Maria. This lonely journey takes place out in the world within social space full of hecklers, drunks, and “regular folks” on a night out. His persona represents a show biz travelling comedian “travelling a great distance” to bring the hard working folks of the town a respite from their daily reality to relax and laugh at a few jokes to unwind into entertainment. The comic bringing us the laughs an escape from our daily lives and yet the film shows the daily life of the comedian in all its grim loneliness and isolation. We see hecklers, and as the film continues, a higher level of aggression that amplifies and peaks with the comedian calling out audience members in volatile uncomfortable exchanges. The world the

comedian travels continues to become more bizarre as he meets various people on his journey, climaxing with a gig at the private home of a big star in the Hollywood hills. The tension builds throughout the film with uncomfortable interactions and the strangeness of human behavior.

Comic relief trumps the unconventional jokes with the entrance of John C. Reilly playing the comedian’s cousin. His character is the straight man, straight forward and matter-o-fact offering advice on business and encouraging the comic to try to appeal to “all four quadrants” of demographic of audience; and suggesting that maybe he shouldn’t have jokes about semen. His character has a naivety in relating with his cousin. The two have disconnected conversations where Reilly dominates giving uninvited advice.



The film holds a tension that is unusual in most films. The comedian jokes have a way of exposing a kind of hypocrisy in regard to celebrity culture main jokes about Madonna, Elton John and “The Legendary Prop Comic Carrot Top”. The way he even highlights each celebrity he calls attention to the ridiculousness of their importance to the cultural framework and dialogue of our time, tapping into a kind of TMZ culture that watches and observes the celebrity story unfolding before our eyes, the comedian exposes a vile side of celebrity culture that exists. The movie is a dreamlike flow from scene to scene- pushing the viewer in expectations and assumptions about what is “entertainment”, lucky for us it also pushes the boundaries of cinema – we slow down but also sit with and push into uncomfortable aspects of human spaces we share whether at a comedy club or the darkened theatre.

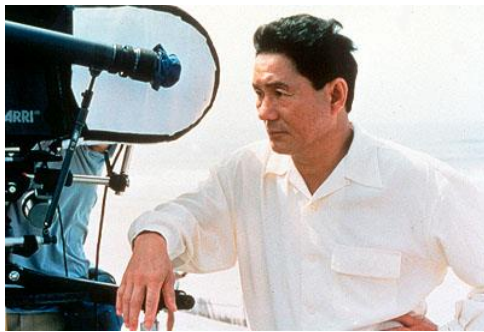


Tokyo Batsu

Ryuzo and the Seven Henchman (2015)



Saying your favorite Kitano films are *Kukujiro*, *Getting Any?* and *A Scene at the Sea* (like myself) is basically asking to be labeled a hipster, or at the very least a hipster douchebag. Kitano's known and loved for, and knows and loves, his yakuza pictures. But the two films he started the 2010s with, both *Outrage* films, were honestly nothing to get excited about. *Sonatine* and *Hana-bi* they were not (i.e. thematically rich and the works of an artist continuing to prove his singularity). *Ryuzo and the Seven Henchman* is another yakuza outing from Kitano and it's the one deserving of the praise *Outrage* received, or at least of the US release from Magnet. Like *Outrage* it's nothing special but the odd humor recalls the more personal Kitano works listed above. But be warned this is not necessarily one about the divide between Beat and Takeshi like *Hana-bi* was under the surface and what the trio of films consisting of *Takeshi's*, *Glory to the Filmmaker*, and *Achilles and the Tortoise* were about explicitly. *Ryuzo* is a crowd pleaser as only Kitano could assume would be pleasing to a general audience.



Tatsuya Fuji (*In the Realm of the Senses*, *Bright Future*) plays the titular retired yakuza. The ennui of his retired life, living with his salarman son and his family, combined with the holdouts of challenged masculinity leave Ryuzo susceptible to getting the old gang back together. The final push he needs to do so is when he is almost made victim of a phishing fraud by a younger criminal organization. Soon after Ryuzo starts sending out letters and calls to fellow yakuza geriatrics. Set ups seem to lead nowhere which is the gag in and of itself but all the antics Ryuzo and his men get into lead

to a fantastic showdown that is both surreal and cartoon, put together in a way that has become distinct to Kitano, who edits his own films. The gloriously silly finale makes you forget that maybe the film is a little overlong: you can't help but be appreciative of the journey to get to the sequence where the body of their dead friend who Ryuzo and his henchman bring to the battle ends up taking all the damage being dished out from both sides.

Ryuzo more than anything indicates there is still life inside Kitano. He is once again playful and shows promise. He has never done anything other than what he wants to do. While his next film behind the camera has not been announced, this past year has seen multiple appearances from Kitano in films other than the ones he directs, most notably in blockbuster *Moze* and Wayne Wang's *While the Women Are Sleeping* which is currently making festival rounds. It's been more than a decade since Kitano has been featured in so many other projects; *Tokyo Eyes*, *Gohatto*, and *Battle Royale* were all within about a four year span. Nearing his seventies, Kitano's work strangely does not feel like it is in his twilight. Excitement for his visions has died down for everything post-*Dolls* and *Zatoichi*, only being renewed at the shallow prospect of his return to the yakuza picture that *Outrage* represented. The greatest thing that can be said about *Ryuzo* is the optimism that the film instills in the viewer as to what still lies ahead for the man who was arguably one of the most unique cinematic voices of the 90s and early 2000s.

-Jason Suzuki



The Diary of a Teenage Girl - reviewed by Bruce: Courtesy of The Video Station

The Diary of a Teenage Girl is one of my three favorite films of the year, along with Joy and The Revenant. Shot on an extremely low budget, and on the fly in 24 days on the streets of San Francisco, DOTG is an adaptation of a pseudo-graphic novel by Phoebe Gloeckner that takes place in SF in 1976, about a 15-year-old girl's sexual awakening. Speaking as someone who lived there in the mid-80's, I can say that the year is essential to the story, since it pre-dates AIDS, which served as the ultimate clampdown on carefree sex in The City. And, even though it post-dates the free-love 60's of The Haight, well hey, young people never lose their sexual mojo.



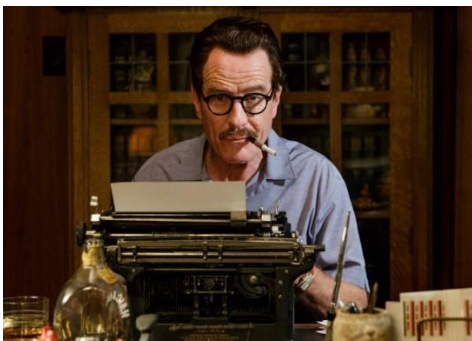
The Teenage Girl, Minnie, is played by Bel Powley in an extremely powerful performance, guilelessly and unadorned. Minnie's sexual explosion is ignited by, of all people, her

mother's feckless boyfriend, played by the rakish Alexander Skarsgard, in a devil-may-care manner that's probably not so rare in a certain type of male. The suddenly wonderful Kristen Wiig (so good in Nasty Baby) plays Minnie's mother, a not-very-nurturing narcissist, who is more concerned with her own self-indulgences than with her own daughter's welfare.

Minnie keeps both a written and beautifully artistic visual diary, and a spoken one, via her tape recorder, and she regularly consults her muse, Aline Kominsky-Crumb (yes, THAT Crumb). In those diaries, just as she does in the flesh, she lets it all hang out, with so much explicitness, perhaps shocking for her age, perhaps not, that we dare not judge, even if we're tempted to. And that's part of the beauty of the film, that it's non-judgmental, even when we are confronted with the queasy feelings of Humbertian overtones (although, as I remember, 15 was far too old for Nabokov's anti-hero!) But, lest you start thinking DOTG is about the dastardly plundering of a young girl's virginity, the bigger picture is something much more exhilarating and poetic - an artistic girl's awakening to her true self.

Finally, Minnie has one of the great, shout-out-loud lines of all time – "I'm better than you, you son-of-a-bitch!"

Trumbo reviewed by Bruce: Courtesy of The Video Station



Isn't it nice, and rare, when a movie can give you a history lesson, and be vastly, delightfully entertaining, as well? That's Trumbo, and once again, I was fooled by lukewarm critics into almost not watching it. Definitely a Top-10 film for me this year, and really as good as anything I saw, Trumbo also features, in Bryan Cranston (Breaking Bad) as blacklisted screenwriter Dalton Trumbo as good a performance as any I saw.

During the late 1940's, when the House Un-American Activities Committee, went into full swing, Trumbo and nine other Hollywood screenwriters, collectively known as The Hollywood Ten, were blacklisted. Many, including Trumbo, were even jailed for their supposed "Communist sympathies." The film handles a lot of information with aplomb and great style, including Trumbo's relationships with his family, with the other writers, the studios, and Hollywood columnist Hedda Hopper (Helen Mirren).

Throughout, Cranston inhabits the role with a perfect balance of steel spine and mordant wit, never overacting in what easily could have been a mustache-twirler of a part. As serious as the story is, director Jay Roach also finds plenty of space for humor especially in the priceless performance of John Goodman as Frank King, the schlockmeister who openly employs the untouchable Trumbo. And by the way, time was kind to King and his brother; notice the posters on their office walls—among them is Gun Crazy, one of the greatest films noir, which they indeed produced, and yes, was written by one Dalton Trumbo, under cover of a front name.

What the EFF!!
STAR WARS 1,2,3,4,5,6 not
available at NETFLIX???

and 20 bucks to
Stream it on 7/2
AMAZON!!

PUSH FASTER!!
of course, VIDEO STATION
stuff the BIG GUYS have all the
...and they rent to bears...



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The Assassin (Hou Hsiao-Hsien, 2015)

by Jason Suzuki

One of the great things about Hou, and others directors like Ozu and Hong Sang-soo, is his adamant thematic consistency. As seen previously in films like *Three Times* and *Café Lumière*, time and location will not stop him from tackling ideas relevant to the past and present state of Taiwan. Set in the mainland during the Tang dynasty *The Assassin* is a film in which he uses the shell of a *wuxia* to explore choice on a personal and state level.

It's easy to mistake the film's effortlessness for simplicity. In regards to this quality of craft: according to an interview with Hou, cinematographer Mark Lee Ping Bin was given free rein to do as he pleased. Hou is certainly depreciating his contribution to the film but at the same time Lee is the standout example of all the inattention the film and those involved have received in the states. If only his last name was Lubezki or Deakins. A swaying object hanging from a ceiling that suddenly stops evokes the presence of a character in hiding. Sure this is a simple way to indicate this without cutting away to Shu Qi crouching rooftop but it requires attention and an amount of luck that your eyes are on that particular section of the frame in a film that allows your gaze to wander.

Another example of this to-the-point simplicity that actually demands more of the viewer is in how Hou makes fight scenes function. The fight between Nie Yinniang and cousin Tian Ji'an is swift. We don't need an extended and

showy sequence to indicate Yinniang is *choosing* to not kill him. With only a few sword thrusts and dodges we understand her greater skill and that she is sparing him. Hou has always been an expert at conveying so much with no talking and he shows he can do so with the heightened action of martial arts. My only complaint of the film is you can tell that time constraints prohibited these sequences from displaying his formal consistency.

Now that Hou has finally done his *wuxia* and gotten it out of his system, despite the beauty he is able to achieve through a period piece (last seen in two of the segments in *Three Times*), hopefully his next project will materialize soon as he is the last giant of Taiwanese cinema who hasn't either quit filmmaking or relocated to Hollywood.

"I don't think that plot is the only way to appeal to an audience. The audience can catch the message of a film through landscape, character, details." – Hou Hsiao-Hsien





The Assassin (Hou Hsiao-Hsien, 2015)

by Mara Norman

The striking thing about the film *The Assassin* is the mood the piece evokes. The story unfolds with visual beauty, subtlety and slow meticulous detail. It is a visual meditation exploring themes of revenge and loss. Camera views often obscure scenes through veils or from a hidden viewpoint. The pacing is like a visual poem allowing for space and rhythm to dictate the mood. We enter the breadth of the piece. The mood being the most predominate aspect, our sense of observation is honed as the story's viewpoint is obscured. The pacing allowing the story to unfold within a time space close to, if not a bit slower, than expected.

The main story is under the most hidden visuals. When portions of the story are illuminated a clarity of yellow light flashes in like sun parting clouds. White robes illuminate in glowing light to a yellow hue, color playing a large role in the visual unfolding of the story. Most of the action sequences are also obstructed by trees and natural elements. Fight scenes happen quickly sometimes without warning, amplifying confusion and obstructed views, only to be followed by jaw dropping scenic beauty of open space, scenic mountain ranges and open sky. This is the most beautiful film I have seen this year. At times confusing to watch, allowing space to contemplate the question--what is hidden and what is revealed.

The first scene in black and white shows the assassin at work. Out of a wooded area begins the mesmerizing effect of the film. A meditation that evolves into color with her new assignment to kill her cousin. The vantage point shifts and moves the beauty of the environment and the architecture of a living space during the tang dynasty in the 9th century.

Color begins sun and shadows landscape of sunrise onto reflected water. The delicate way in which the camera moves the action slow and methodical --details of daily life. The wind blows flower blossoms, draping curtains and ribbons on gowns. Each scene as beautiful as a painting, attention to color and placement of objects and people within the picture plane. The view at time obstructed by angle or point of view through sheer curtains only to come into focus as the curtain is pushed out of the way by change of movement by a character or perhaps even a light breeze. The curtain moves, the characters move, the camera often does not, or does so subtly it almost goes unnoticed.

This is how we are pulled into the scene and the story. We are watching the action unfold; we are hearing the story told from various points of view and perspectives. We too are obstructed and confused by the story, the emotions of the characters and the actions that take place. The camera is a witness and yet each time its vision is obscured. The painting quality of the shots move from picturesque still lives to abstract, as if the history of painting in subtly contained within the filmic qualities.

Some of the initial soundtrack that helps build tension is a steady beating drum, pressing along a tension for what is to come. What will come along the way with each new drum beat. The drum, a contrast to the visuals of beauty and domestic royal daily life.



Blu-Ray Review: by mara norman



Sun Ra: A Joyful Noise.

“My story is not a part of history. My story is endless. I’m not a part of history, I’m more a part of mystery which is my story. . . some call me Mr. Ra, some call me Mr. Ry, you can call me Mr. Mystery.”
Sun Ra.

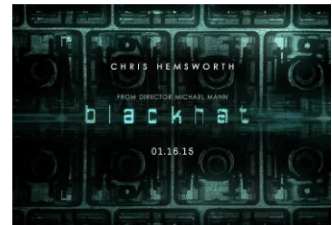
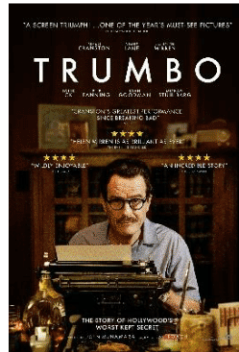
This documentary has live performances with his Arkistria intersected with segments of Ra sharing some of his theories and insights. Aptly titled A Joyful Noise as I watched, listened and experienced Sun Ra in his complexity and cacophonous jams moving out into ecstatic fits of free jams, I was immersed in the music. I felt a joy washing over me. A joy that this man and his music existed and that there was a film crew to document the live performances. The sound and video quality is amazing with extras included of full audio of songs from the film. Colorful costumes are on display during a rooftop jam at the International House of Philadelphia where he sings his poetry and dances waving hands to sky and wind, calling out, “Calling Planet Earth” and “I am a Different Order of Being.”

Live performances cut between Sun Ra speaking his truths with poetic riddles shot at the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and short interviews with band members who are also house mates all living at his living/rehearsal space at 5625 Morten St. in Philadelphia. Sun Ra reminds us, “Music is a spiritual language that represents the people of earth. Music is a universal language.”

Stand-out performances include an impeccable blues piano solo by Ra at Baltimore’s Famous Ballroom , fantastic organ jams including a whirling dervish noise explosion. Later in the film he recalls a time when neighbors complained that the music from a rehearsal was too loud, he explained to the police, “it is not music, it is a joyful noise.” The live performances ground the film in a certain reality that is graspable through the structure of the music. More open than a traditional documentary, this offers an open experience of the man and his music side-by-side. At the end he reminds us, “They say history repeats itself, they say history repeats itself, they say history repeats itself, they say history repeats itself, repeats itself, but history is his story is not my story. What’s your story?”

HATERS GONNA HATE GAME:

MATCH THE CRAPPY FILM REVIEW TO MOVIES WE ACTUALLY ENJOYED



A.) "Good as it looks, the film starts to feel like an airline magazine collaboratively produces by the editorial staffs of Playboy and Modern Maturity." A.O. Scott

B.) "Sometimes evokes an old Looney Tunes sendup of Tinsel Town, though without the beauty, wit, visual style of economy." Manohla Dargis

C.) "More of an interesting formal experiment than a successful narrative" Brent McKnight

D.) "I felt distracted by a few things that hindered my enjoyment. [the film] seemed very focused on the Southeast Asian market with locations familiar to that audience. . . The authenticity of this region seems legitimate. This should do very well overseas. Its (sic) interesting to see such a diverse cast, but [the film] is catering to an Asian audience." - Kenny Miles

E.) "A film that is such a borderline unendurable exercise in vapid self-indulgence that it almost feels like and exceptionally straight-faced parody of empty headed star vehicles." Peter Sobczynski

F.) "There's a discomforting level of violence to the film that while not hinted at during the majority of the film's marketing . . . makes it an awkward watch for the younger set." Kate Erbland

*While this was sort of a fun little exercise it is a bit of a downer to see how often and easy it is to write a negative review.

"DON'T RUIN IT" - BY ANTM
AKA: "WHY I DON'T GO TO THE MOVIES"

AFTER A LONG DAY, RUNNING ERRANDS
IN THE SNOW



I DECIDED TO REWARD MYSELF WITH
A TRIP TO A LOCAL MOVIE PALACE
TO CATCH A FILM.

THE PLUSH RED CARPET LED ME TO THE
THEATRE WITH ABOUT 20 PEOPLE THERE.

COMING
SOON



I CHOSE A SEAT ON THE NEAR
RIGHT (FORTUITIOUS?).

BEING A RARE EVENT FOR ME,
I WAS READY.

THE FILM, ABOUT GENDER ISSUES, STARTED
OUT A BIT SEXY AND THEN STARTED
TO BECOME MORE INTENSE AS THE
MAIN CHARACTER COMES TO
KNOW HERSELF IN A DIFFERENT
WAY.

THE FILM WAS RECOMMENDED AS ONE
THAT WOULD MAKE ME CRY, AND I
NEEDED TO CRY THAT DAY.



IT WAS 4 PM. I PAID MY \$9 DOLLARS
AND BOUGHT A SMALL POPCORN.

THEN, IT STARTED HAPPENING...
OLDER MALE VOICES STARTED
TALKING FROM THE AUDIENCE.

THE SOUNDS WERE COMING
FROM THE MAIN AREA OF
THE AUDITORIUM.



I COULD ONLY MAKE OUT WORDS
THAT SOUNDED LIKE GIBBERISH.

IT WASN'T LIKE SHOOTING, BUT
WAS EXPRESSING AN OBVIOUS
DISTASTE.



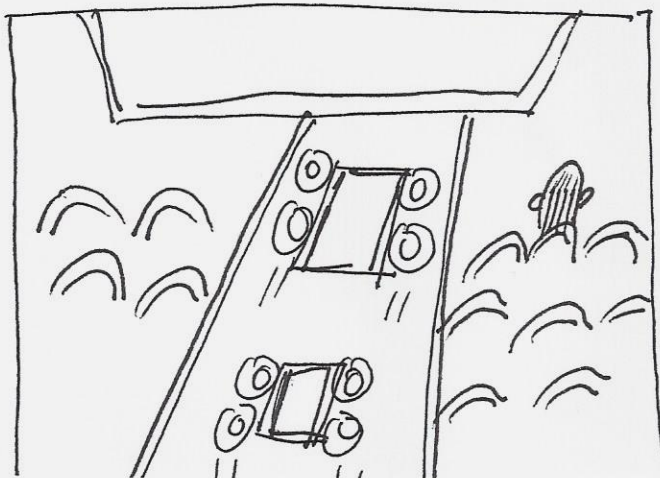
I HALF EXPECTED A BUNCH OF
OLD MEN IN MINI-CARS DRIVING
AROUND IN CIRCLES.

I WISH I COULD SAY THAT THEY
WERE LOVEABLE LIKE THE TWO
OLD MEN ON THE MUPPET SHOW.

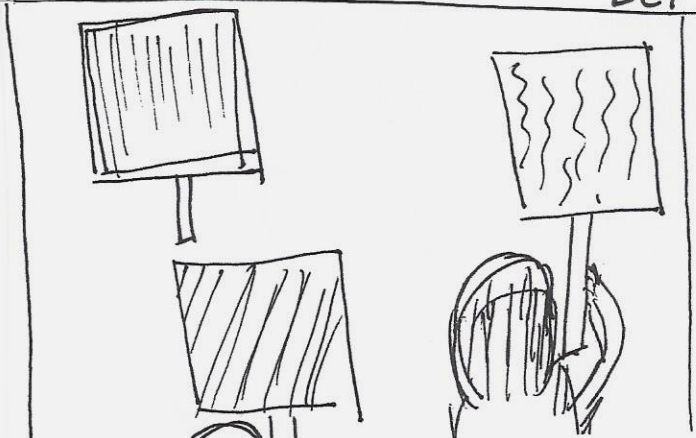


I WAS NOT SO LUCKY.

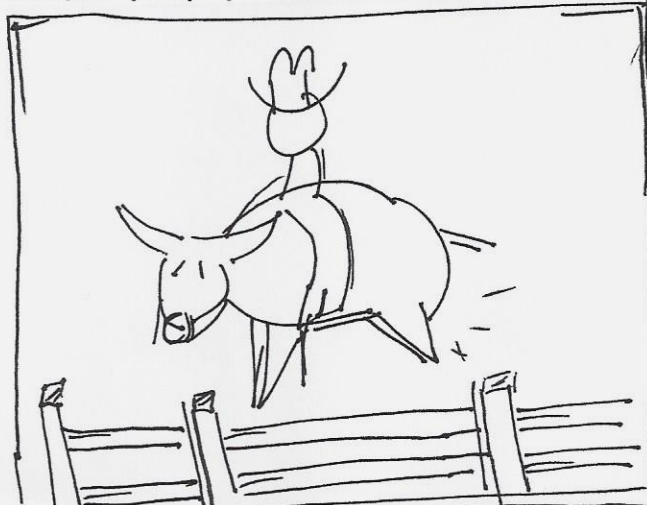
I CAN SAY THAT I LEAN TOWARD THE LEFT,
POLITICALLY, BUT IN A COMPARABLE EXPERIENCE
LIKE SAY A NASCAR RACE OR A RODEO.
I WOULD TRY TO HOLD MY TONGUE.



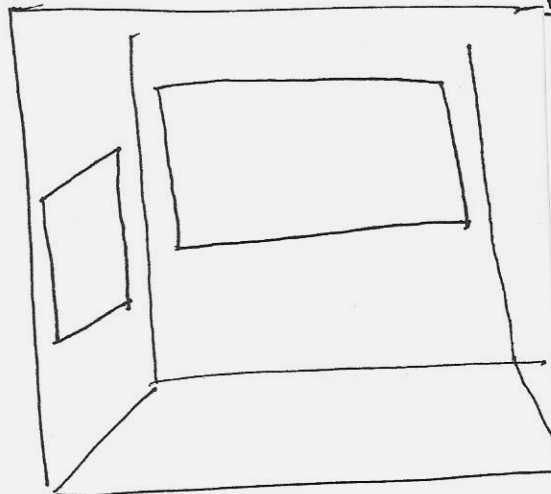
AFTER SEVERAL COMPLAINTS FROM
PEOPLE TRYING TO WATCH IN
RELATIVE PEACE. I GOT UP AND
LEFT.



UNLESS IT WAS A PLANNED PROTEST,
LEGAL AND ALL.



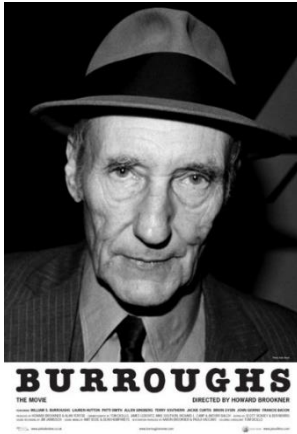
I CAN SAY THAT MY MOTHER RAISED ME
WITH GOOD MANNERS, AND I WOULD EXERCISE
THEM IN SUCH AN EVENT, IN FACT I HAVE



WHY GO INTO
SOMEONE ELSE'S
DIFFERENT
SLANTED ART
SHOW AND
COMPLAIN
LOUDLY—
RUINING IT
FOR OTHER
PEOPLE?

DO LIKE YOUR
MOTHER SAID
AND "DON'T
RUIN IT"
- ANT M

Blu-ray review: by mara norman



Burroughs: The Movie (Howard Brookner, 1983)

The best William Burroughs documentary is finally out on Blu-Ray. Filmed from 1978-1983 it is made with primary sources, friends and colleagues including Allen Ginsberg, Brion Gysin, Lucien Carr, Herbert Huncke, John Giorno, Francis Bacon, and Terry Southern. Much of the film is William himself describing events in his life and the development of his writing practice and style.

This is a great introduction to the work and personality of the writer. Later documentaries tend to glorify, deify and mythologize him in a way that this intimate portrait avoids.

Burroughs: The Movie maps out the historical development of his writing style and writing practice. He discusses his literary development and historical aspects of his life. Long excerpts of the film have William reading from various texts including *Naked Lunch*, *Cities of the Red night*, *Lost Boys* and *Nova Express*.

The film shows his progression as a writer from a young boy in St. Louis, his life in New York City in the mid 40's, the tragic shooting death of his wife in Mexico City in 1951 to his development as a writer in Tangiers.

Footage includes Burroughs' New York City Bunker apartment, his childhood home in St. Louis, Silent films shot in Tangier, his London writing space he used in the mid 60's, public readings and even an excerpt from a Saturday Night Live reading. He also gives explanations of his writing style including the use of the cut-up method, "applying painting montage techniques to writing" with large excerpts of Burroughs reading segments from writings over photos and silent films.



The story of the film itself has an interesting side note: the film was nearly lost. The extras cover the retrieval and release of the film by the director's nephew. This Blu-Ray has a slew of extras including rare outtakes, and audio interview with the director, extra scenes and an audio commentary by Jim Jarmusch who did the sound on the film. Only available up until now on VHS. I am so happy this film is being released in this new format so fans and scholars can further study this important work.



Movies to Watch As You're Dying: A Story of Yonosuke (Shuichi Okita, 2013)

Amount of Dying Required: 160min

Everyone at one time or another has or will wonder about their effect on those they are close to. This sort of thinking usually manifests in more specific queries like what their family and friends would say at their funeral, and most importantly if anyone would cry. This is the question that the titular character of Okita's follow up to *The Woodsman and the Rain* asks. Yonosuke (*Fish Story's* Kengo Kora) doesn't dwell on the question, brought up only because of his grandmother's funeral, and he doesn't let the worry of legacy change his behavior like so many do.

Taking place in the 1980s, Yonosuke Yokomichi (a goofy name that elicits laughter from whoever he meets) is a college student from a port town in Nagasaki. His origin is not what creates the fish out of water feel, it's his genuine warm heart and through and through ordinariness. We watch as Yonosuke meets new friends and later finds himself in love. The period setting doesn't aim to create nostalgia about the time but rather allows the film to briefly jump forward to the present every now and then to those who knew Yonosuke, looking back on moments they had with him and what his friendship meant.

Okita's film is about the honorable qualities of being yourself and the beauty of the ordinary. Friends come and go as do memories. The structure of the film conveys both the unexpected arrival of memories of the people you hadn't thought of in years as well as the subtle and unpredictable ways people come into your life who you eventually become close to. The scope of the film is quietly ambitious.

A Story of Yonosuke is made up of moments, ones that don't necessarily evoke set-up and pay off but instead make this a type of "slice of memory" film. It's able to take these slices and still construct a storyline for Yonosuke that seems to develop over time. While each scene doesn't directly lead into the next they are all needed, especially in the second half of the film which focuses almost exclusively on the romance that evolves between him and fellow free spirit Shoko (played by the bubbly and charismatic Yuriko Yoshitaka). It's hard to imagine this section of the film without the previous episodes; similar to when you think about how someone came into your life and realize the multitude of circumstances required to get those two paths to cross.

More specific to the interaction between the film and the viewer is that afterwards you feel like you've known Yonosuke. This sort of relationship with a fictional character takes hours broken up over weeks and years to create while Okita's film and Kora's performance did it in under three hours.

How to use the title as a verb a.k.a. what does it mean to "Story of Yonosuke" something?:

Be yourself, find beauty in ordinariness, or when you remember a friend from years ago out of nowhere.

- by Jason Suzuki



Sturm und Drang: Marlon's On-Screen Peccadillos



After seeing the amazing documentary, ***Listen to Me Marlon*** (2015), I felt compelled to revisit a couple oldie-but-goodie Marlon picks from the '60's--neither got critical acclaim, but are stamped in my mind as sweet, iconic memories.

Candy (1968), based on Terry Southern & Mason Hoffenberg's 1958 novel, is a "psychedelic" trip highlighting cameo appearances from Brando & Ringo Starr, spiced up by a slew of other walk-on's: John Astin, Charles Aznavour, Richard Burton, James Coburn (hilarious), John Huston (at his most slimy, look out ***Chinatown...***)

Buck Henry's script satirizes porno flicks capitalizing on the innocent naïve young wanderer from outer space who falls to earth for an "education" via lusty encounters of an earthly kind...

Despite its silliness, ***Candy*** shows Brando hamming it up with the best of them. He's a traveling guru who, like Elmer Gantry, really knows how to induct a young gal into the fleshier parts of the spirit world. It's worth a visit if you want a time-travelling chuckle and are in a 60's Yellow Submarine nostalgia mood.

Cinema Adrift's last issue (Vol. IV, Oct. 2015) reviews Marlon's ***The Nightcomers*** (1971). In the spirit of more on his bedroom nuances, and his ability to embody a polar-opposite character, check

out ***Reflections in a Golden Eye*** (1967).

In this screen adaptation of Carson McCullers 1941 novel, directed & produced by John Huston, Brando plays Major Weldon Penderton, the emasculated husband of his beautiful, entitled wife Leonora (Elizabeth Taylor). In his first film role, Robert Forster plays Private Ellgee Williams whose private life includes sneaking into Leonora's bedroom and fondling her jewelry while voyeuristically gazing upon the "sleeping beauty." All manner of sexually-divergent tastes drives this plot—a big-screen, mainstream anomaly even for the '60's



When McCullers wrote the novel in 1939 after visiting Ft. Bragg (North Carolina), she admitted, "I am so immersed in my characters that their motives are my own. When I write about a thief, I become one; when I write about Captain Penderton, I become a homosexual man. I become the characters I write about and I bless the

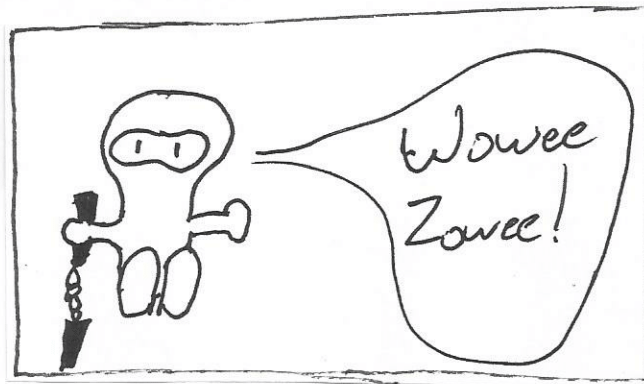
Latin poet Terence who said 'Nothing human is alien to me.'" (*The Lonely Hunter, A Biography of Carson McCullers* by Virginia Spencer Carr, p. 91). "...McCullers tackled the topics of 'homosexuality, sadism, voyeurism, & fetishism [while exploring] boundaries of eroticism, outsider status & the fragility of normal..."(Michael Bronski, 2003, *Pulp Friction: Uncovering the Golden Age of Gay Male Pulps...*). Brando's controlled performance of Penderton confirms his ability to illicit tension from the smallest gesture. In one scene he polishes a silver spoon he's pocketed from a diner party. His gentle motion lovingly embraces his secret-stolen object. Later, in an extreme rage, he viciously beats his wife's horse after the animal throws him. The film's ending confirms his erupting emotions can no longer be held at bay.

Reflection in a Golden Eye, with its *Sturm und Drang** style, opens the door for Brando's wide range of emotional control countered with violent outburst. As he waits alone in his bedroom, smoothing back his hair in anticipation of his desired visitor, his emotion backfires into the shocking finale. Well played Cap'n...

**Sturm und Drang*, literally "Storm & Drive" "Storm & Urge" though conventionally translated as "Storm & Stress": a late 18th Century German literary movement characterized by works containing rousing action & high emotionalism that often deal with the individual's revolt against society.

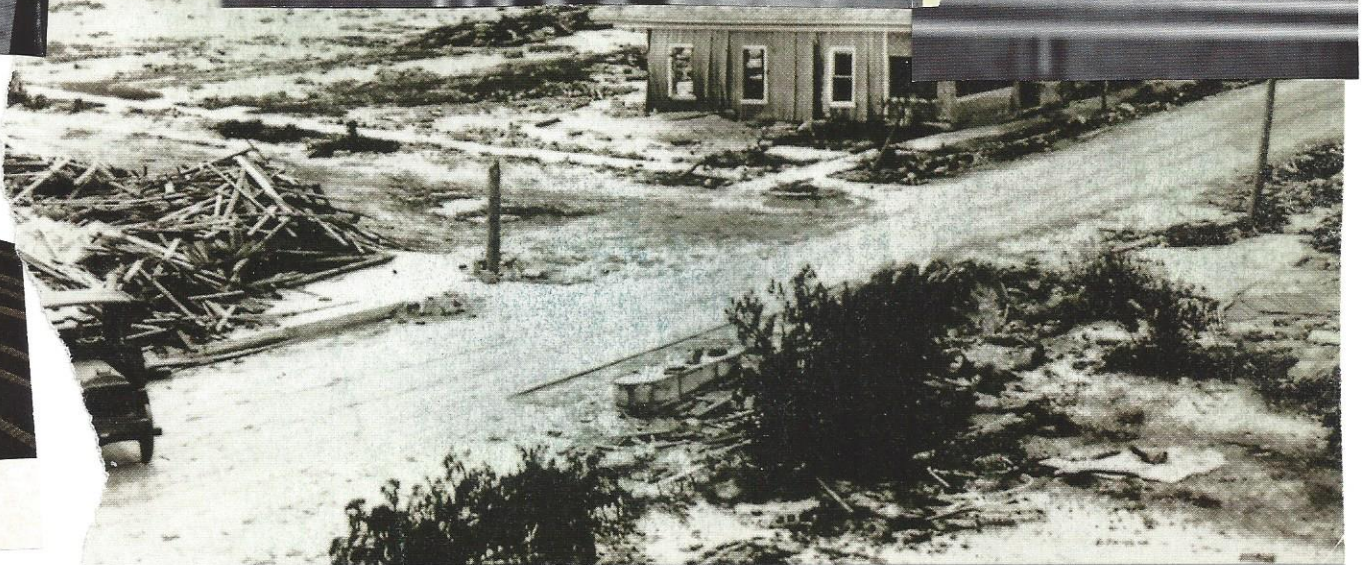


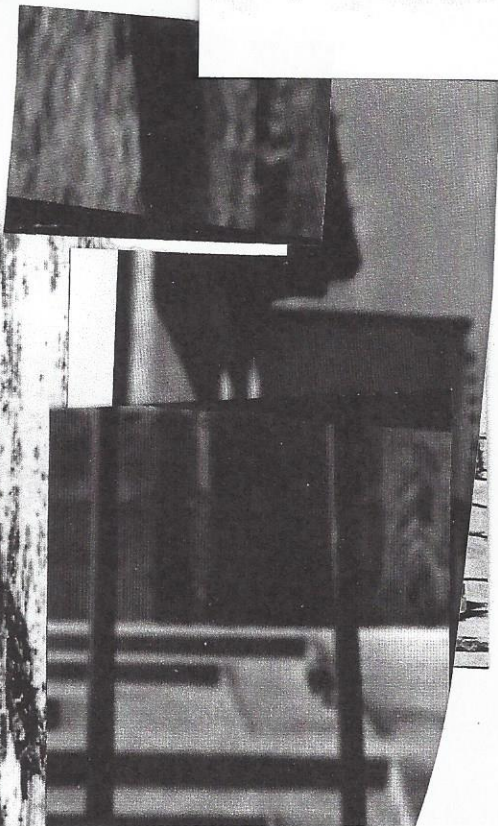
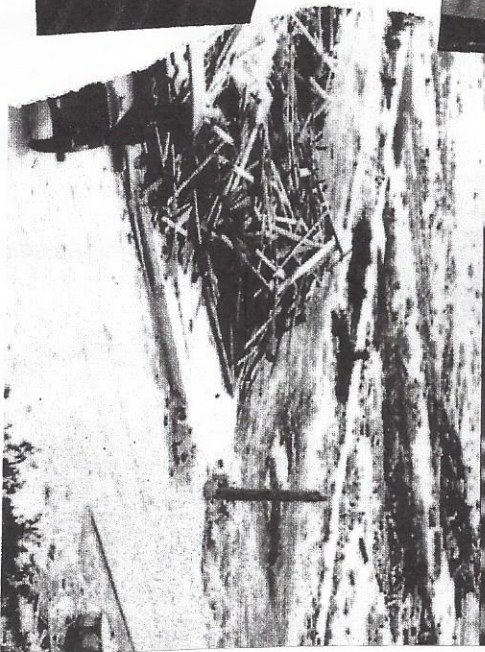
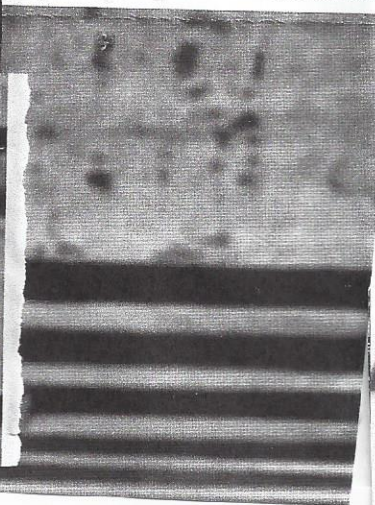
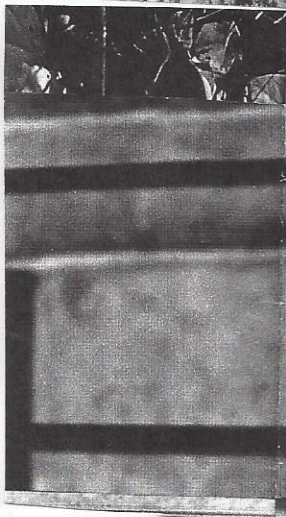
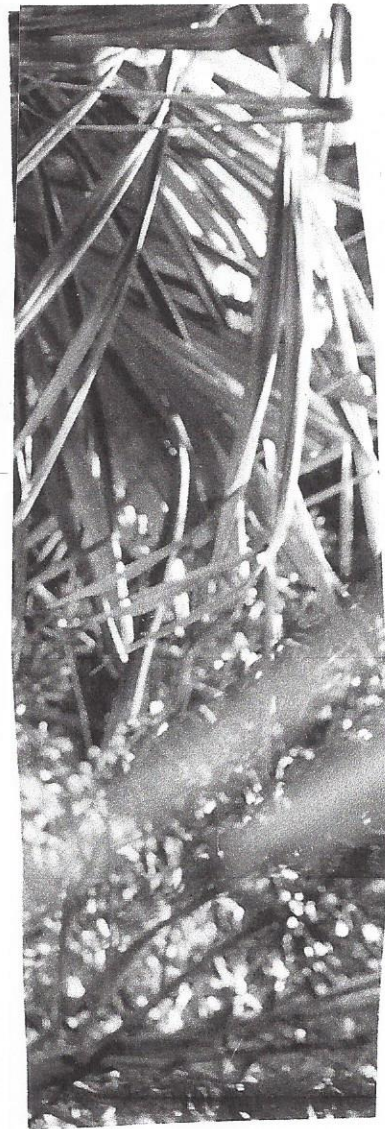
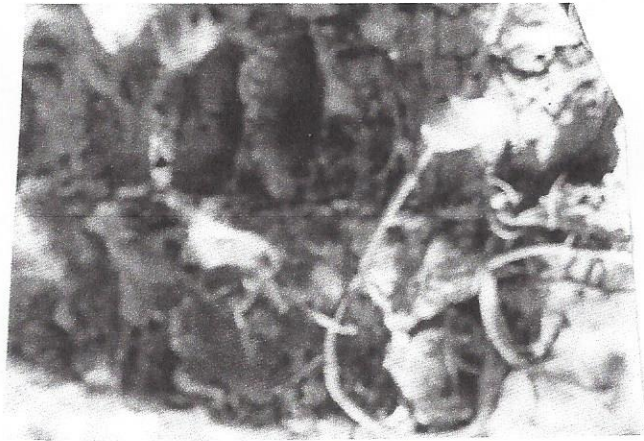
Review by: Wm Wilder



Hello cinephiles thank you for checking out vol.5 of cinema adrift. If you would like to submit film writings, cartoons, short fiction please be in touch with us at cinemaadrift@gmail.com . For more reviews, lists, recommendations, film festival coverage and past issues check out our website at cinemaadrift.com

Vol.5 co-editors Mara Norman and Jason Suzuki





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