





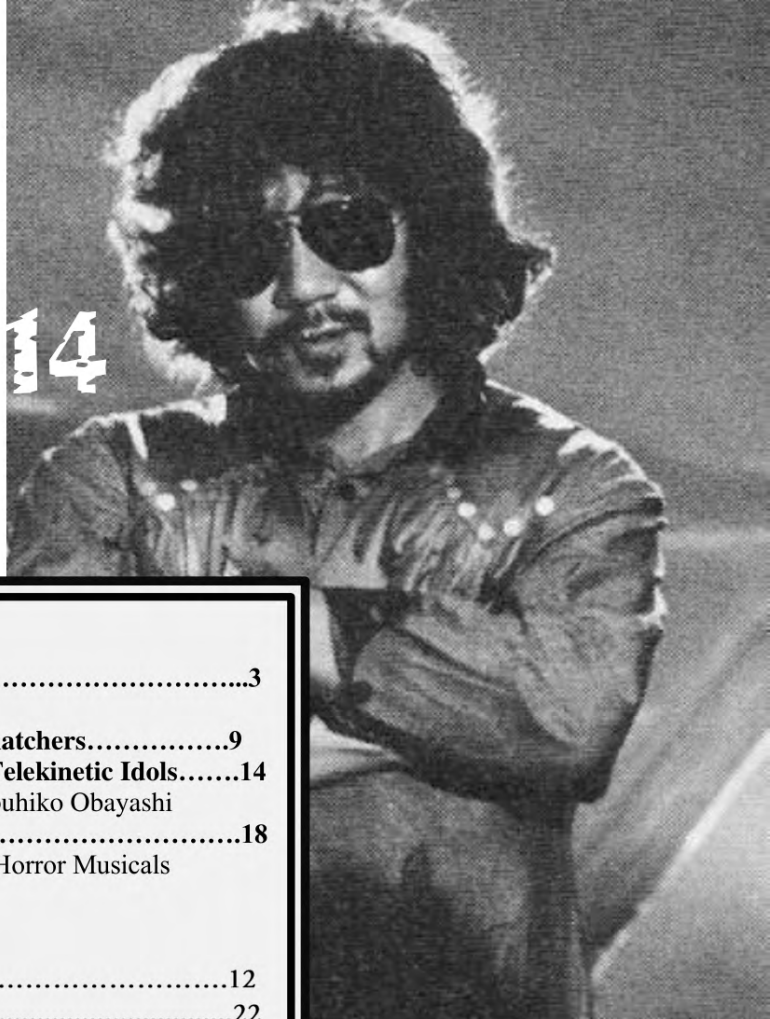
MEANWHILE...

VINEGAR SYNDROME, FIT FOR EVERY OCCASION



OUT NOW





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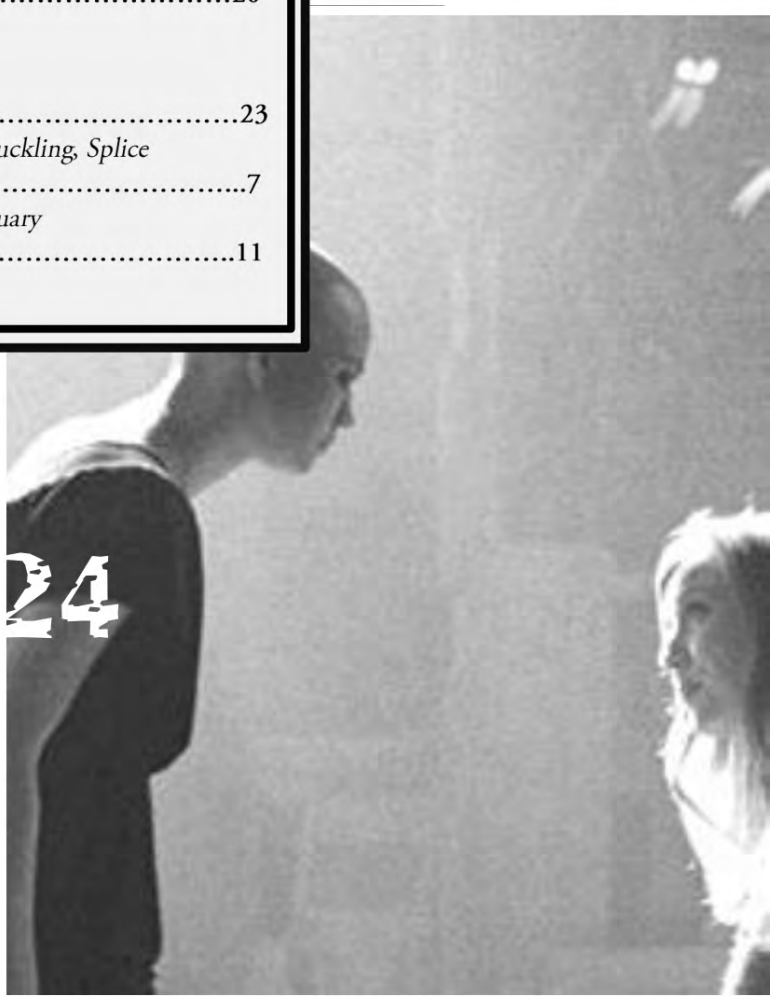
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PROTO-SLASHER: ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S *FRENZY* (1972)

by JASON SUZUKI

1960 was one of many important turning points in Hitchcock's career. It was the release of *Psycho*, a film that has proven its everlasting appeal and like such other works, it retains its depth and excitement to anyone proclaiming overexposure as soon as they sit down to give it a re-watch. After 1960 Hitchcock's output became not as regular as it had been before; the man averaged one movie a year since the start of his career in the silent 20s. Out of the six films released in the twenty years between *Psycho* and his death, only *The Birds* has gained a level of pop-culture iconography that his other films, mainly his 50s output, have achieved. 1972's *Frenzy* is widely considered to be his last great film. It is his second to last completed film as well as the third and last time he would return to Britain to make a movie since his departure to Hollywood. But even then, saying it's his last great film is a borderline backhanded compliment when you're in the company of *Topaz*, *Family Plot*, and *Torn Curtain* (apologies to fans of those films, their time will most likely come). What people don't give the film credit for is how it might be one of his greatest films and depending on your stomach for fine cuisine might just be his best.

What makes *Frenzy* one of his greatest films is that it is the genre-bending culmination of all his obsessions. The masterful blend of tropes he returned to time after time make it feel as though it should have been his last film; the one where you feel he has now said all he wanted to on the topic of killers, the wrongfully accused, and all of us voyeurs attracted to the macabre. And despite this the film seems to have been swept under the rug as far as Hitchcock discussion is concerned. Even Truffaut's book does not spend sufficient time with the film [we have placed every single cut in the murder scene in a *Hitchcock/Truffaut* style spread on pages 5 and 6].

After the mixed reception to 1969's *Topaz*, Hitchcock needed a hit. So he returned to Britain to make a film more graphic than he had ever done before and using a cast made up largely of non-high-profile actors (Michael Caine turned down the role of Blainey). The only thing that can be deemed safe about it is the subject of murderers to which he was familiar. But it's not like he hadn't been there and done that with the espionage thriller by the time he made *Torn Curtain* and *Topaz*.

The true main character in *Frenzy* is not Blainey (Jon Finch) the man on the run or Rusk (Barry Foster) the actual killer, but rather the average person, some involved, some not, in the case of the neck-tie killer. Regardless of involvement everyone is caught up in the excitement of it all. Gossip sessions are done with almost as much fervor as the film's infamously detailed rape/murder sequence of which there is really only one. Even Blainey can be seen watching others for kicks. When he first visits his ex-wife, while she is still alive, he passes the most recent pairing approved by Ms. Blainey at her lonely hearts agency. The immediate emasculating of the nebbish man spells

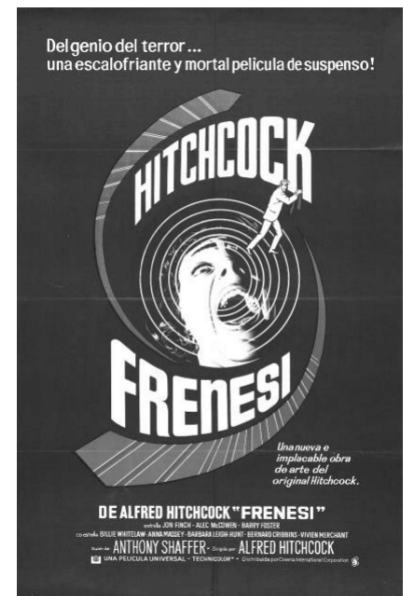
doom for any sort of balanced relationship and Blainey is entertained, clearly seeing himself as the one free from that sort of thing. This sort of marriage dynamic is repeated with Alec McCowen's Inspector Oxford and his wife when he spends as much time figuring out the identity of the neck-tie killer as he does on how to escape the exotic meals his wife prepares for him, sometimes simultaneously. The guard at the courtroom doors can't help but poke his head in to hear the verdict, men at pubs can't help but discuss the inner workings of a sex murderer, and husband and wife discuss such things over helpings of pig feet. The watchers and the gossips are the heart of *Frenzy*.

Hitchcock sees the personal benefits of such talk. Is it really taboo when clearly these things occupy more time and thought beyond their appearances in your average Hitchcock picture? Outspoken speculation is the verbal variation of voyeurism and as *Frenzy* would have us believe it is just as fun and entertaining as the acts themselves.

Structurally the film is like *Psycho* 2.0. Within thirty minutes we are nudged again and again to think that Blainey is the killer before the reveal that Rusk is. From here we have three intertwining films: the one in which we follow the actions of a killer (*Psycho*, *Dial M for Murder*), the wrongfully accused man on the run film (*North by Northwest*, *The 39 Steps*), and the investigation of sex crimes that has become a 70s genre staple thanks to the efforts of nearby Italy. The fact that all three of these things spiral downward together make for a case that Hitchcock was just as good at pacing an overall film rather than just a set piece at a time. Its closest parallel would have to be Bava's *Blood and Black Lace* as both have the mysterious distinction of circumventing slasher tropes before the genre really ever came into being. ✕

MEN LIKE THIS LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THEIR DISGUSTING GRATIFICATIONS.

On the following two pages is the murder portion of Rusk's rape/murder of Brenda. From her scream of realization to the famous shot of her lifeless corpse, tongue locked out of her mouth, there are thirty-two cuts taking place over the course of approximately one minute and six seconds of screen time. Just like the scene as a whole we constantly switch between perspective of victim and murderer. This method of intercutting madness evokes the title more than any usage of the word in a piece of dialogue could ever do.





Lovely

Lovely

Lovely

Lovely

Thall shall not be afraid for the terror by night. Nor for the arrow which flieth by day. Nor for the pestilence which walketh in darkness.



Lovely **Lovely** **Lovely**
 Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. He shall give his angels charge over thee to guard thee in all thy ways.

DOUBLE FEATURE



LIGHTS OUT & FEBRUARY AKA THE BLACKCOAT'S DAUGHTER (DAVID SANDBERG) (OZ PERKINS)

Whether by chance or parallel thinking 2016 has become the year of sensory horror. While not playing with a lack of senses – see *Don't Breathe* and the Netflix distributed *Hush* – *Lights Out* provides the best use of genre mixing and fun in the lot. Dramatic scares are traded in for clever sight gags. Every iota of darkness in the film a potential outlet for our antagonist Diana. Blending science fiction into what would have been a traditional ghost story, Diana's origins are reminiscent of *The Invisible Man*. This combination allows her to be an immediately tangible threat to our characters, opening the door for even more style amalgamation in an action heavy climax. Most surprisingly though, it's the allegory of our villain as loss and depression that is capitalized on most. Meticulous attention to set dressing personalizes the family's relationship to their deceased father. Clearly a fan of DC comics, their father's influence is seen on display as the son's room is cluttered with Batman t-shirts and Justice League memorabilia. The eldest sibling Rebecca's apartment keeps consistent with this theme in pragmatic execution as her walls are adorned with not only random comic art, but a poster of Neil Gaiman's Sandman. This execution of detail spins a far more compelling yarn about the family relationship than the ghost story on the surface. *Lights Out* set the bar high early in the year for this revisited trend, all without sacrificing its PG-13 appeal.

-NATHAN ELLIS

Out of the recent spate of critically acclaimed “thinking person” horror films that don't actually want to be horror films, *February* – or *The Blackcoat's Daughter* as A24 have rebranded it once they missed their February release – sheds that sort of self-loathing pretense while still remaining elliptical and carefully paced. What's strange about this film in particular and its lack of distribution is that A24, the company so successful at marketing their films as a non-stop parade of game changers, has no idea what to do with this one, delaying the film a first time earlier this year and as of now to sometime next year once their partnered release with DirecTV in September came and went with nothing. Set in an all girls' prep school, the film is a supernatural slasher film with all the pieces carefully reconfigured. The most daring aspect of the film is how the supernatural elements are handled in its final minutes. *February* is not supposed to be fun and exciting, it's just as cold as the month its set.

At the very least, Perkins' film has not been screwed over as much as Mike Flanagan's *Before I Wake*, which was filmed in 2013 (Jacob Tremblay shot it before *Room*) and has since been delayed four times by Relativity. Just this year Flanagan has two post-*Before I Wake* films released. For Perkins he only has one: the Netflix exclusive *I Am the Pretty Thing That Lives in the House*.

-SANDRA COURTLAND

Episode VI
RETURN OF THE JEDI

CHARADE

カ



BUTCH CASSIDY
AND THE
SUNDANCE KID

FLOWER DRUM
SONG

TURBO KID

THE SEARCHERS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

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大幹部

CAPTAIN AMERICA
THE WINTER SOLDIER

AVENGERS
AGE OF ULTRON

THE NIGHT OF
THE HUNTER

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FALL
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H. P. LOVECRAFT'S

BRIDE OF
RE-ANIMATOR

四月物語

MOVIE HOUSE
MASSACRE

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THE
SIGNAL

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BLOW OUT



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Collision of Conformity: THE UNENDING RELEVANCE OF INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS

By NATHAN ELLIS

“He can’t stay awake forever.” These are the last words Donald Sutherland hears while still human in the 1978 remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. In each cinematic iteration of Jack Finney’s novel of the same name, the alien metamorphosis is always triggered by sleep. It has been used as an example of the how fast American society can be undone, how ignorant we can be in our surroundings, and how impossible it can be to resist. Sleep is a necessity and if there’s a shared commentary among all four releases, it’s that we will close our eyes to anything as long as we get to close our eyes at all.

Sold and pitched as pulp entertainment with no aspiration to be more than fun B-movies, the Invasion concept will always be more than the sum of its parts. A malleable mosaic of a current societies’ fears. The most common theme cited in the original film is that the hysteria surrounding the invaders is a jab at McCarthyism and Red Scare witch hunting. Interestingly, the film makes compelling arguments to the contrary. Thriving small businesses of those effected devolve into boarded up shacks. An upper end restaurant owner operates every part of his business from host to bartender as he’s forced to downsize. Even the live band has been replaced with a jukebox. What might start out as xenophobic delirium, Miles’ concerns prove to be substantial ones by the conclusion.

1993’s *Body Snatchers* interprets the story through an anti-military lens, while 2007’s *The Invasion* sees our culture as over-medicated or irreversibly violent. Besides eviscerating the title and sharing it amongst themselves in equal seconds, the newer examples also seem to halve the subtlety each time. Massive potential drips at the edges of these subsequent takes on a corrupt civilization, but Phillip Kaufman’s 1978 remake still holds up as the most thoughtful entry to date.

In stark contrast to the original framing device, the 78’ film opens on the alien threat’s point of origin. The first in a series of scenes that put the audience in the shoes of the “Other”. Rather than familiar placement, the camera tends to favor the outsider in each situation. When we see a grown man (played by Robert Duvall, who never

reappears at all in the film) swinging in a playground surrounded by children, the point of view belongs to him. Illustrated again early on our POV is that of health inspector Matthew Bennell (Donald Sutherland), entering a restaurant kitchen to look for code violations. Without even reversing the perspective to that of the timid manager, a neutral wide shot might still leave us siding with the browbeaten kitchen crew. Instead Kaufman demands that our gaze be that of an authority figure, not only are we more likely to sympathize, we’re more likely to feel in control. Early in the film, we’re powerful.

Not a short while later, a brilliant cameo with narrative heft comes in the form of Kevin McCarthy, the original Dr. Bennell reprising his role as a man screaming for sanctuary. Unlike the 56’ film however, he’s overlooked and neglected by our protagonist. As we’ve already been connected to Matthew through the use of perspective, the implication is that by not aiding this distraught man we participate in the disintegration of our community. A disintegration that shifts our trajectory to a vastly different conclusion than the previous iteration.

Elizabeth Driscoll (Brooke Adams) is the first to catch on to the situation as she awakens to her boyfriend behaving oddly. A passionless shell of his former self. Confiding in her boss (Sutherland), she becomes increasingly worried and hesitant of her partner’s identity. A bold addition to the motif of a conformist society is Leonard Nimoy’s character David Kibner, a psychiatrist and the first person we meet that has more influence than Matthew. He undermines and manipulates our character’s sanity, questioning Driscoll’s intentions as lazy or unfaithful and eroding the confidence of friendly writer Jack Bellicec (Jeff Goldblum). If fear of economic crisis and communist dictatorship summarize the 50’s era, this *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* shows us corruption in honesty and mental health. Roger Ebert pointed to the public’s perception of this version as metaphor for the Watergate scandal. An understandable comparison as our characters struggle with scopophobic paranoia heading into the middle act.





A stand out reimagining of Jack's half formed body double scene takes place in a bath house operated by Bellicec's significant other Nancy (Veronica Cartwright and her patented ear piercing scream). When the fingerprint-less body is discovered, feeling weary, drained, and suffering from a nose bleed Jack rests in the same frame near his double. Quickly cutting between Bellicec falling asleep and the copy gaining consciousness supplements the transformation with a sense of visceral ambience.

Another application of visual effects that add a previously unseen component in the struggle for personal autonomy is shown when Matthew begins to doze off on the roof of his flat. Witnessing the conversion in full detail, the scene depicts a haunting, unsentimental birth of Bennell and his friends' clones. When faced with a decision to abort one of the nearly completed doubles, Matthew hesitates before killing the copy of Elizabeth. Instead opting to pulverize the skull of his alien duplicate. Maybe brought on by a feeling of personal violation or perhaps a deep self-loathing, this instance of choice summarizes the gut wrenching attack on individual identity this concept was built around perfectly.

Through use of camera movement and a mature examination of cyclical social problems, the 1978 *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* is the finest in its genre (although Edgar Wright's *The World's End* is a damn close second). If we should learn anything from these warnings of a bourgeois lifestyle it's this; Play it safe and maybe you'll last longer. But if we always end up shrieking, fingers pointed outward at reflections of ourselves, we might as well find a hot ass Brooke Adams and live a little.

“He can't stay awake forever.” These are the last words Donald Sutherland hears while still human in the 1978 remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. In each cinematic iteration of Jack Finney's novel of the same name, the alien metamorphosis is always triggered by sleep. It has been used as an example of the how post American society can be undone. How human we can be in our minds.



Multiple Maniacs

(JOHN WATERS, 1972)

by MARA NORMAN

Watching John Waters second film *Multiple Maniacs* is like going to a good rock show. It is in your face with energy, excitement, bits of humor and flashes of terror. This pre-*Pink Flamingos* (1972) feature length film made on a budget of \$5,000, shot on 16mm black and white film, moves along with an unrelenting pace. Just when you think you've seen it all, it keeps pushing through, pounding and surging along, aspects shocking even for 2016 standards. What is so refreshing about watching it now is a kind of purity that comes through. It has a freshness to it that is highlighted by the ramshackle use of the camera, locations and acting.

I don't think a filmmaker today could make a film this pure; this film has a kind of innocence and straightforwardness that is evident in its visual approach. It is not self-conscious or overly self-aware, it is just a straight on assault like a good rock riff in your face. And the rock star of the show is Divine; demanding all the respect she deserves. She holds her rock star status even when the environment she exists in disrespects and violates her on many levels. She is a wild killer on the loose fighting back with all the glory she has to give. The story takes on conventions of the times and annihilates them leading us on a wild ride. The refreshing aspect of the film is the humor underneath, humor and horror mirror one another pushing conventions of the day. No one is off the hook



from wild hippies, conventional straight laced citizens, the police, the church, the National Guard and the city streets themselves.

In an interview with John Waters by Nigel Smith in the guardian Aug 3, 2016, Waters talks about a recent screening of the newly restored film, "Maybe it works better now than it did then . . . People seemed startled by it, and it was an audience that had seen *everything*." That is an interesting thing I noticed while watching the film with an audience on the big screen (thank you Alamo once again!). That this 'dated' film has a freshness to it that works beyond the fun of watching old b-movies. To me this film as art holds up with flashes of insight cutting through with a freshness that our done-it-all seen-it-all post digital landscape often leaves behind.

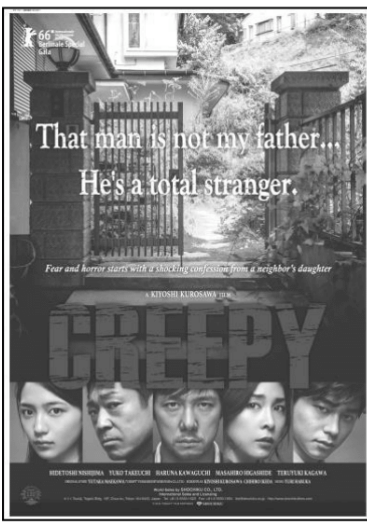
This newly restored print was released by Janus Films and will eventually be available on Blu-ray from the Criterion Collection.

Review by Mara Norman (co-editor of *Cinema Adrift*) suggests a double feature of *Multiple Maniacs* and *The Lobster*.



Creepy (Kiyoshi Kurosawa)

by JASON SUZUKI



After a criminal psych-evaluation/hostage situation that goes wrong, detective Takakura (*CUT's* Hidetoshi Nishijima) now lives a quiet life in the suburbs with his wife Yasuko (Yuko Takeuchi). He works as a criminal psychology professor at a university but his boredom leads him back into investigating an unsolved case for fun. Meanwhile Yasuko's stay-at-home boredom has her wanting to get to know her new neighbors on the left and right of the house. After being told flat out by one homeowner to keep to herself she starts to fixate on the alternating charm/odd behavior of other neighbor Nishino (recent Kurosawa regular Teruyuki Kagawa). Both storylines will converge when Takakura's suspicions mount about Nishino. This is Kiyoshi Kurosawa's *The Burbs* and apart from the title it is fantastic, combining his recent experiments with the masterfully controlled long takes of dread found in *Cure*. What remains, despite his consistently high quality output, is his greatest use of genre for the exploration of social concerns.

Based upon the novel by Yutaka Maekawa, this follows in the footsteps of other Kurosawa works based on popular novels *Real* and the closer in tone *Penance*. Judging from a plot synopsis of the book, Kurosawa has stripped it down and taken out most of the coincidental, interconnected elements in favor of a focus on tone and the small cast of characters. Kagawa gets to shine as the neighbor, both a testament to his abilities and the meaty deviousness of the character. But the real focus here is on husband and wife Takakura and Yasuko. Even though it comes off as yet another example of a poorly borrowed English word, it directs us to the central concern of the film: how does intuition interact with social courtesies, especially when the suspicion becomes increasingly believable. Why attempt to interact with your neighbors and build a community when you might be right about their ulterior motives? Or is this suspicion without grounds and potentially positive

connections will be left unsought? Kurosawa weaves these questions expertly and maintains the fun of the thriller genre at his own pacing.

There is a sense of humor to how Takakura reinserts himself back into the world of killers and investigations. Sitting at his university desk with nothing to do he asks a colleague what professors do when not in class – "Work on research projects" is the answer. Instead of starting his own Takakura gets up and leans over his colleague's shoulder, asking what he is doing on his computer. This is how he is introduced to the unsolved case of a little girl's missing family. What begins as a hobby to get the adrenaline going again from a safe distance catches the attention of an old detective friend Nogami (Masahiro Higashide) that gets Takakura access to the girl whose family had disappeared.

In what should be considered the film's minimalist centerpiece, Takakura conducts an evaluation of the girl, now six years older from the disappearance of her family and approaching the twilight of her teens. All done in a single, roaming take from a distance, this is Kurosawa one upping the interrogation/hypnosis sections of *Cure*. He ups the complicated staging and blocking of actors and introduces the element of unrealistic lighting to produce probably the only time in the film where the title could refer to fright rather than intuition. If Kagawa can't stop shining as weird neighbor Nishino then this is when the rest of the film gets to steal the attention.

Creepy feels the most like Kurosawa's J-horror titles that made him famous but it retains the cold distance and abstraction of his recent work. It is both a return to previous form but more of the same for the director. This combination makes it his best film since *Tokyo Sonata* and his most surface level entertaining since *Seventh Code* or even further back with the goofy *Doppelganger*. Fans should enjoy this one

A year ago...
Cinema Adrift October 2015
Cure review

Cure (Kiyoshi Kurosawa, 1997)
by Jason Suzuki

An almost ninety year old Shinji Kurosawa emerged with his first feature, *Witch*. It did hold a special place in my heart for *The Endowment of the De-Be-Mo-Fu Girl* (1985). *Cure* is a more cerebral piece than the previous of his genre, a masterpiece in every single sense. Even his two 3-screen films made in the same year of 1997 are just at the same level, which is the spirit of his own production conditions of 3-screen films are as close as you can get to being a feature. From here Kurosawa has had quite a few other equally well-regarded masterpieces for his already short career that began in the 80s: *Thru the Paper* (1981), *Christina* (1986), and *Tokyo Sonata* (2008) as well as his favorite, his *Doppelganger* and *Real* (2000). *Cure* is a masterpiece that director at *Cure* for his film *Witch* on the *Shimada* (1983) distribution... many long-time fans were made his recent film *Real* (2000) *Penance* and *Witch* (1985) "one of the same." This description usually applied to a great deal of *Cure*'s work, but also to his best. And something a distance with such a consistent of *Cure* is Kurosawa, most of the time might as he such a hard-thing. Some he's not as naturally gifted, as *Witch* or *Witch*, his analysis have the greatest interest in what he's trying to achieve.

Back to *Cure* and in a depiction of a detective working for a team in a bizarre setting of ritual murder. Detective Takakura is joined by Kei Takakura who you might recognize as the shy salary man who takes up his father's name in *Real* (2000) or perhaps in the role of a detective on the government side in *Real* (2000). *Witch* Takakura plays a character type, the deconstructionist and the hard-boiled detective. This character type has his own internal and external as seen in Kurosawa's *Christina* and the more recent *World of Kanako* respectively. Detective Takakura is the only one capable of figuring out the case of the murder, and at the same time is the one most responsible in bringing the case to its end. It is not by the death because his personal life and his work, he must now make it with each other. *Witch* is a film that is the most cerebral as to how the case is solved and they are defined by their occupation, through their choice. The person who makes it to a great job of investigation. For the most *Witch* seems to be the best of his work. For the public effort in the film he looks good. For the director it's more in general, who have looked down upon his detective fan production. For *Witch* when he will analyze, it's not his analysis, when he will analyze the case when he paper one on. And for Takakura, we get the most obvious case as he will reach the end of his career during his time in the series.

There is no lack in the film, such as when writing the script for the film's setting or as further the director's narrative construction. The two cases taking place in a tandem: one of a prime suspect, more than most used to realize these series include the idea of ritual murder, and when Kurosawa suggests to the case for the case in the most haunting theme of the film, much more than the last that we have seen the knowledge of the case to see any the things, but in a moment there, and with much greater ability than *Witch* had.

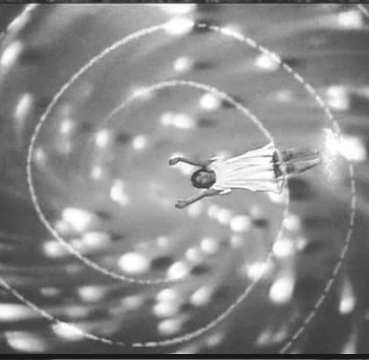
There is no much more than the same comparison to *Witch* and *Witch* of the *Witch* is the case we will see get to seeing a feature film by Takakura as *Witch* (1985) in terms of Kurosawa's consistency of structure and the subtle blocking of his work there. It is the type of something more, something that both as it follows we can only see *Witch* takes hold of his career, and give the film to the point of disposition in the series.

According to "The *Witch* Film" Facebook page, the material for *Cure* was not in the end. And the *Witch* film was not the film of the film is nothing to write home about (2) instead focus on personal life more. *Witch* had the right to the film, but it was *Cure* that was the most haunting theme in what had the example of the use of prime DVD DVD. So in this moment the *Witch* film is not a case, it is a proper edition in *Christina*, since *Witch* has no more pictures. But each October from the *Cure* anniversary film *Christina*.

Cure (1997) October 13 at 2pm and 7pm at the Landmark Cine Arts.

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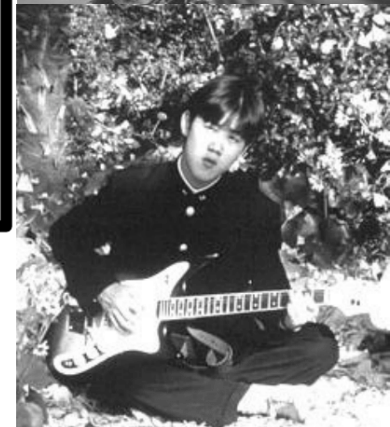


DRIFTING CLASSROOMS/
TELEKINETIC IDOLS:
THE OTHER FILMS
of
NOBUHIKO OBAYASHI

Despite the cult status afforded to his first feature film *Hausu*, barely anything of Nobuhiko Obayashi's other work has been given stateside release, or any non-Japanese speaking part of the world for that matter. If you lacked internet search capabilities it would seem *Hausu* was the only film he ever made, or the only film of note – two separate theatres in Denver are playing it this October at the time of this writing. Criterion's release of *Hausu* includes a major experimental work of his entitled "Emotion." And Janus Films also has the rights to Obayashi's 1998 version of the Sada Abe story but who knows if that was an intended extra on the release of Oshima's more well-known version. Regardless, the lack of distribution for his work speaks less to the interest in the man behind this gloriously playful cult-film and more to the fetishizing of oddities from the far-East, almost a hipster version of Edward Said's concept of orientalism – tunnel vision towards a specific type of content. And this is a shame as there is not a better example of the intersection of commercial filmmaking and experimental techniques than Obayashi's oeuvre.

If a good portion of experimental, non-narrative film is concerned with the actual form and construction of a film, having a filmmaker start out in both that world of DIY, low-budget formal experiments and then later the world of commercial advertisements will make for narrative features which are products of this unusually specific case study. A recent example, though not quite as extreme, is that of Derek Cianfrance who studied under Brakhage and would go on to make movies with Ryan Gosling.

The amount of fan-translated Obayashi films to be found online and the 2015 retrospective of his work with New York's Japan Society signify an interest in his work beyond the idol-ready girls, the haunted pianos, and the integrations of stop-motion and surreal backdrops, all of which can be found throughout his career. Obayashi has found himself in a strange niche within the already niche world of imported Japanese film but it's one that could easily be marketed to an audience who had no interest in considering him more than a one-hit wonder. And what's easier than slapping some text onto the DVD/Blu-ray cover stating: From the director of *Hausu*?



Obayashi: A Brief Timeline



Furimukeba Ai
ふりむけば愛
1978



Seen as a test run for *The Girl Who Leapt Through Time*, this showcase for Hiroko Yakushimaru (*Sailor Suit and Machine Gun*) is a tale of adolescence and the increasing academic pressures placed on Japan's youth wrapped up in the story of a schoolgirl becoming familiar with her newfound psychic powers. Highly recommended.

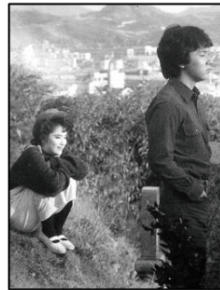
School in the Crosshairs
ねらわれた学園
1981



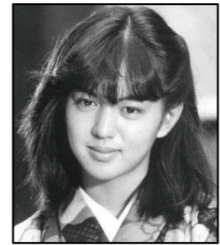
Kenya Boy
少年ケニヤ
1984



The Deserted City
廃市
1984



Four Sisters
姉妹坂
1985



**Bound for the Fields,
the Mountains,
and the Seacoast**
野ゆき山ゆき海べゆき
1986



The Discarnates
異人たちの夏
1988

The Island Closest to Heaven
天国にいちばん近い島
1984



Beijing Watermelon
北京的西瓜
1989



The Drifting Classroom
漂流教室
1987



His Motorbike, Her Island
彼のオートバイ、彼女の島
1986

The Eye's Visitor
瞳の中の訪問者
1977

Also known as *Black Jack* after the titular skin-grafted rogue doctor of Osamu Tezuka's creation, Obayashi first post-*Hausu* film and ostensibly his first truly commercial feature is worth noting for the above reasons. Also Jo Shishido plays Black Jack. Obayashi motifs such as pianos and eyeballs, established in his previous work, will only continue on from here.



Exchange Students
転校生
1982



**The Girl Who Leapt
Through Time**
時をかける少女
1983



The Adventures of Kosuke Kindaichi
金田一耕助の冒険
1979

The prospect of Obayashi taking on Japan's pre-eminent dandruff challenged private eye, probably most well-known for Kon Ichikawa's 1976 film, should be as enticing as *The Eye's Visitor*. The final product is a blending of many Kindaichi stories and features a cameo from Toshiro Mifune as the silent film version of Kindaichi.

Miss Lonely
さびしんぼう
1985

Starting in the 60s there became a trend in pop culture to feature cute, adolescent starlets, or rather *idols*, in film and TV. The 80s and 90s saw the heyday of this trend and Obayashi was most certainly a part of it. *Miss Lonely*, a vehicle for Yasuko Tomita, features Obayashi regular Toshinori Omi as a schoolboy who keeps encountering the eponymous white-faced, prank prone girl.



Chizuko's Younger Sister ふたり

1991



The Rocking Horsemen 青春デンデケデケデケ

1992



Samurai Kids 水の旅人 -侍 KIDS-

1993



The Reason She Doesn't Get Married 彼女が結婚し ない理 由

1992



Haruka, Nostalgia はるか、ノスタルジィ

1993



A Mature Woman 女ざかり

1994

Goodbye for Tomorrow あした

1995



Tom Cat Holmes' Deduction 三毛猫ホームズの推理

1998



Interestingly, the only other Obayashi film to receive home video distribution in the States. This is his take on the story depicted most infamously in Oshima's *In The Real of the Senses*.

Sada SADA~戯作・阿 部定の生涯

1998

I Want to Hear the Winds' Song 風の歌が聴きたい

1998



One Summer's Day あの、夏の日～ とんでろ じいち ゃん～

1999



The Last Snow なごり雪

2002



The Motive aka Reason

理由

2004



Exchange Students - Goodbye to You 転校生 -さよなら

あなた-

2007



Before that Day その日のまえに

2008



Seven Weeks 野のななののか

2014

Originally broadcast on WOWOW satellite channel before being released in theaters, this adaptation of a work by Miyuki Miyabe, *The Motive*, is a socially conscious blending of perspectives making for an excellent murder mystery. A late masterpiece for the director.

Casting Blossoms to the Sky この空の花 -長岡花火物語

2012



Hanakatami 花筐

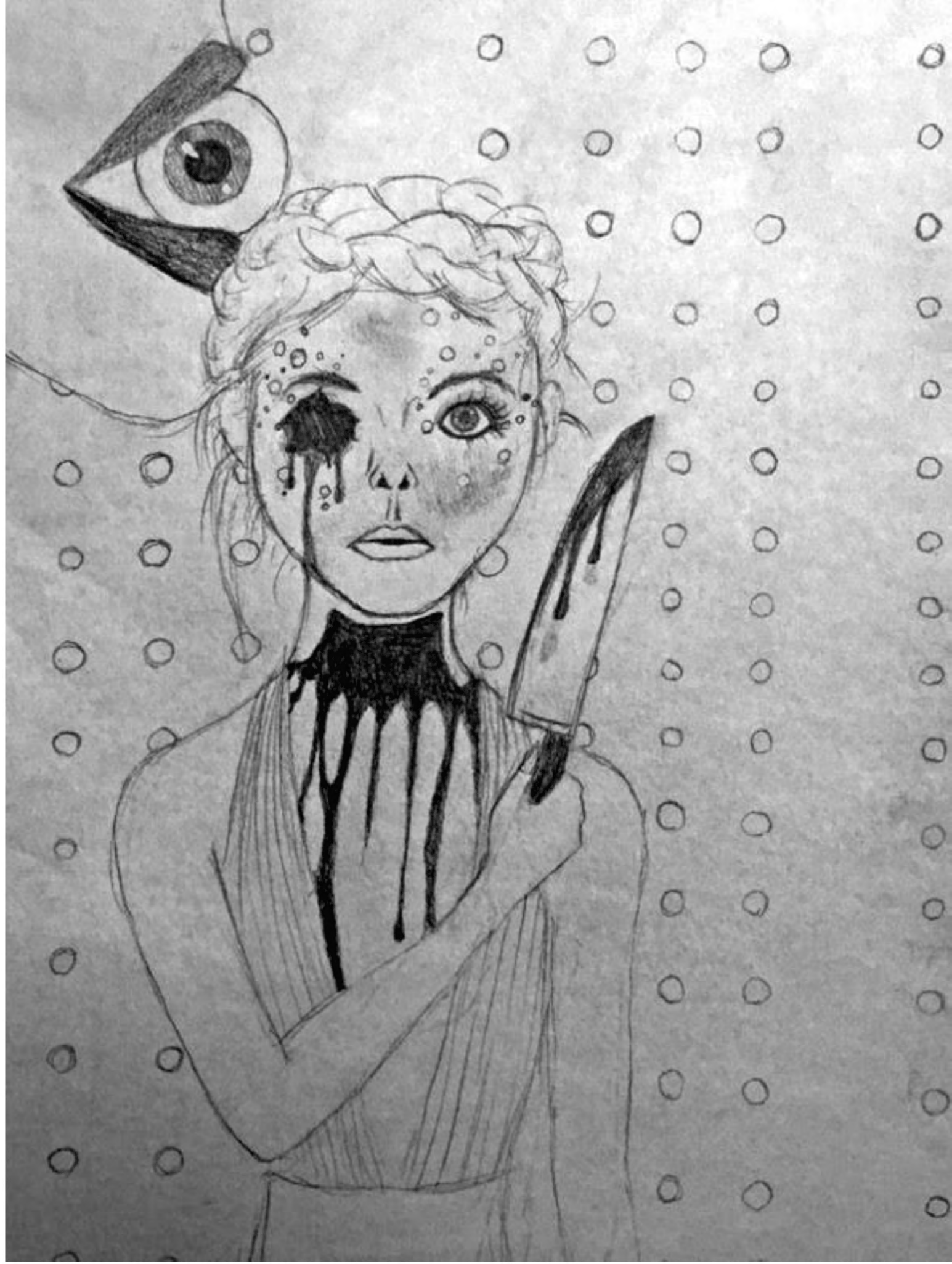
2017

Even into his seventies Obayashi is still making films. Good luck seeing any of them though unless you visit what's becoming the premiere festival to see contemporary Japanese film in North America: New York's Japan Cuts.

Recurring Faces

If you keep a close eye on the proceedings of his films you'll see recurring people including Sister Street Fighter herself Etsuko Shihomi and perhaps more interestingly used is actor Toru Minegishi whose appearances in Obayashi films always seem to have something to do with eyeballs and pianos.







THE GIRL IN THE IRIS: TWO HORROR MUSICALS STARRING JESSICA HARPER

by JASON SUZUKI

*After two unsuccessful attempts to interview Jessica Harper, Jason instead pressed on, unceasingly without desisting, to write about his love for the actress who debuted in De Palma's '74 musical *Phantom of the Paradise*. Continue at your own risk and save your judgements for the comments section below.*

Before she became the face of ballet student Suzy in *Suspiria*, Jessica Harper quietly stole the show from De Palma, William Finley, and Paul Williams as aspiring singer Phoenix in De Palma's *Phantom of the Paradise*. The only person she doesn't upstage is Gerrit Graham's Beef but then again not even Tim Curry's Frank N. Furter could accomplish that a year later.

Due to her musical gifts Harper had found success on the stage prior to and concurrently

with her budding film career. '74/'75 was her debut year starring not only as the female lead in *Phantom of the Paradise* but featuring alongside Richard Dreyfuss in the sexually frank *Inserts*. But now that the heights of her film career have passed – she now runs a successful website featuring her cooking recipes and a number of albums of children's music she writes and performs – her name does not appear among the scream queens of the 70s. Despite the starring role in Argento's most popular film, Harper's name does not come up with Curtis, Blair, Langenkamp, Quigley, and others. For a few, sometimes it only takes one iconic film to reach that cult recognition. But it's her unique presence which accounts for this inability to pigeonhole her: equal parts fragile or cool on the outside yet strong and sometimes sinister on the inside is a combination that makes her a joy to watch and could account for why so few directors were able to utilize her properly. As far as genre films go she would play in 1979's *The Evictors* (included as a bonus feature on Scream! Factory's release of *The Town that Dreaded Sundown*) as well as Spielberg's *The Minority Report* and an episode of *Tales from the Darkside*. But the musical has also reoccurred throughout her career; she was an understudy in the 1979 Broadway production of *Hair*,

was featured alongside Steve Martin in *Pennies From Heaven*. But the best showcase of her talents are the two films where these two worlds would collide: the horror musicals *Phantom of the Paradise* and *Shock Treatment*, the sequel to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

In *Shock Treatment* (1981) she replaces Susan Sarandon as Janet Weiss and is able to convey Janet's sexual awakening more convincingly than Sarandon's "Toucha-Toucha-Touche Me." And yes, Janet has to have this awakening again after her initial one in the previous film. Early on in the film though she isn't having any of Brad's bullshit. In their opening duet "Bitchin' in the Kitchen" you can tell that this is a more mature Janet Weiss who is teetering on the divide between wide-eyed innocent and world weary impatience as only Harper could bring to the part, but like Phoenix she is drawn to the rush of a live audience cheering her on. These TV elements make *Shock Treatment* almost a continuation of *Phantom* and a precursor to David Byrne's television obsessed, consumer culture focused *True Stories* (1986).

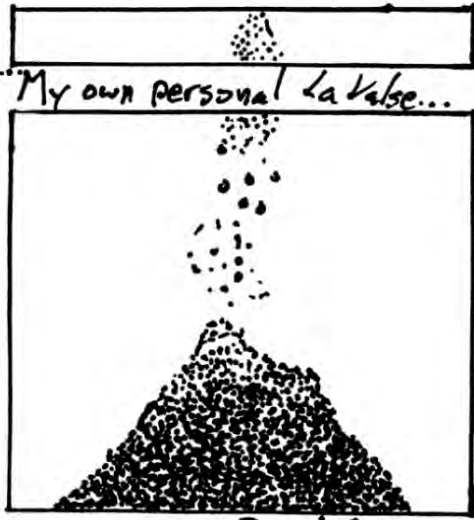
While *Shock Treatment* may never get the love it deserves thanks to the midnight staple its predecessor has remained, let us not forget Harper has two numbers in De Palma's masterpiece where we all stop reveling in the madness and just listen.





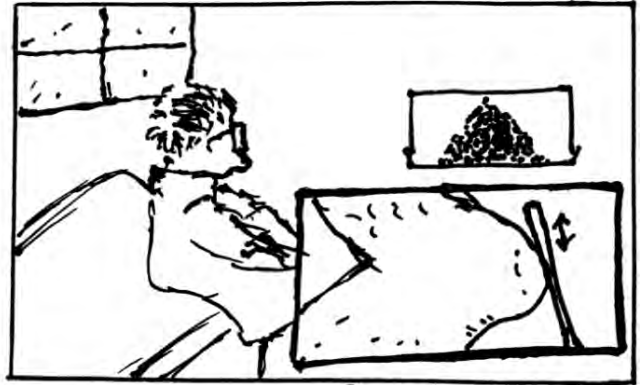
Girl or Die

2.1 Callus Heart



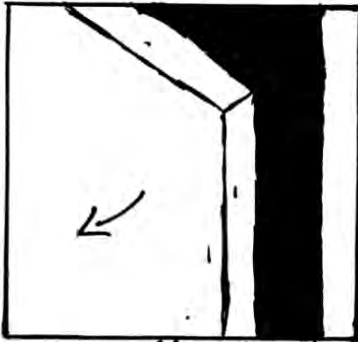
Pan & Scan

Abel
Grance's
Napolean



CinemaScope

...Me, collected on the floor...
...Is there a draft?...

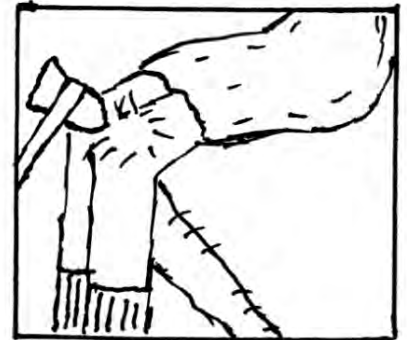


Movietone

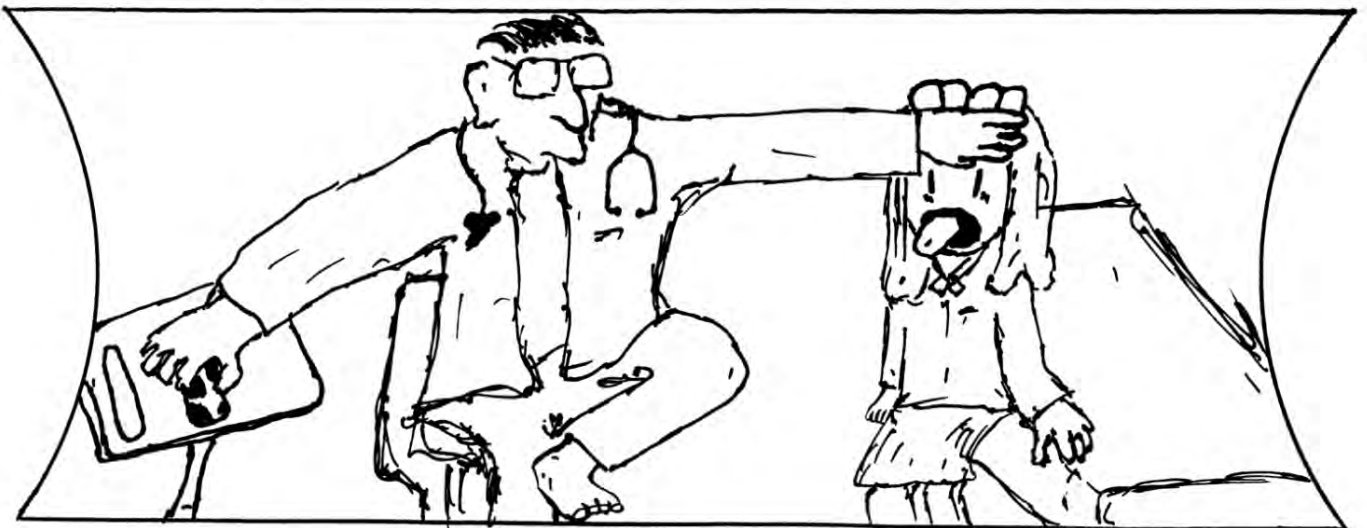


Vitaphone

[Hey doc, I waited
the requisite 40min]



Academy



[Say an extended sound]

Cinerama

You've travelled very far from home...

Do you remember how your long and winding journey began with someone pounding at your door? It was Pokey, the worst person in your neighborhood, who knocked on the door that fateful night.



When you have finished this cup of coffee your adventure will begin again. Next, you must pass through a vast desert and proceed to the big city of

Fourside

I wish you luck...

END
VistaVision

HIKIKOMORI YEAH!

home video and digital recommendations

BLU-RAY REVIEW: RAISING CAIN

BRIAN DE PALMA, 1992, USA, 91MIN

SCREAM! FACTORY BLU-RAY, 2XBD50 1080P, REGION A

HOW A FAN-EDIT BECAME A DIRECTOR'S CUT

Released in '92, *Raising Cain* has since become regarded as one of Brian De Palma's lesser efforts. Released in a post-*Dressed to Kill* world and in between *The Untouchables* and *Mission: Impossible* when he needed another hit, this tale of split personality gone wrong was not the success wanted despite a performance from John Lithgow where he goes all in (after show stealing turns in *Obsession* and *Blow Out* it was only deserved that Lithgow got the chance to be a De



Palma protagonist/antagonist simultaneously). But the director himself will be among the first to admit the film's shortcomings due to his own last minute decision to rework the film from its originally written structure. Instead of the intended non-linear narrative, De Palma recut the film so that events play out chronologically. That means immediately we are in the throes of Lithgow's split personality and when it comes time to follow Lolita Davidovich, her romantic melodrama done in a dizzying fashion akin to the first third of *Dressed to Kill*, it interrupts the high-action kidnapping which already lost tension by appearing so early in the film.



Super fan/professional film editor Peet Gelderbloom knew about the way the film got a last minute reworking and decided to create his own fan-edit which would attempt to recreate De Palma's original intentions. Ripping his DVD Pete began work on this project and would eventually upload it for the world to see the truly great film laying hidden within the theatrical cut. Years before a "retired" Soderbergh would post his private experiments in editing the works of others, Gelderbloom was doing this with an equally academically minded purpose but also operating on the other level of trying to undo a respected director's regrets to the best of his abilities.



Years later De Palma would see this fan-edit and love it to the point where he deemed it the official director's cut and requested Scream! Factory to include it on their collector's edition of *Raising Cain*. With just a minor delay Scream! Factory respected his wishes and released what would in turn become the definitive release of a film also getting the Arrow Video treatment overseas. For once, Scream! Factory managed to outdo the company that consistently released better editions of the same films in both the a/v and supplemental department (some can argue cover art too but let's not), See: their respective releases of *Phantom of the Paradise* to name one related example. The inclusion of this new cut was followed by news of Arrow's delay of their release. It's not too hard to infer the reasons behind the delay.

Scream! Factory include the director's cut on its own disc in HD as seamless branching would have been an impossibility. Also included are many new interviews (one w/ Lithgow) as well as an intro to the director's cut by Gelderbloom.

The Being (Jackie Kong, 1983) is not by any means a film of exquisite dialogue or what you would call a "life changing" movie but you have to give this one some credit for the monster itself and the visually intriguing effects. Originally this film was made in 1980 as *Easter Sunday* though sat on the shelf for three years till it finally received a short theatrical release as *The Being* in 1983. A small town filled with religious folk blame a new massage parlor and evil doers for the events happening in their community. The mayor denies everything for the sake of his potato cash crop. One cop and a scientist team up to figure out what's really happening and soon discover the creature responsible. You get your fill of mysterious slime seeping through car radios, drive-in theater scream sequences, laughable chase scenes and a monster that convincingly comes off as creep worthy despite your usual toxic waste regimen.

There's a few goofs in this film that you can spot pretty easily. The continuity; in the opening scene a young boy is running during day light to escape the creature and moments shortly turns to night time when he reaches a junkyard and steals a car for a quick getaway. You also can see some crew members and equipment popping up during some of the scenes. If you are forgiving and able to get through these shortcomings then you can appreciate the monster itself-or are in need of background noise at your spring equinox get-together.



The Suckling (Francis Teri, 1990)

The plot and the tone of this film are both absurd and disturbing-two properties that I love in artworks. You can't help but admire and enjoy this film. Though with a very low budget; it has its cuts and bruises.

The opening is scrolling text implying this film is based on a true story. It tells of the account of the sole survivor of the massacre; a woman whom the authorities believed to be insane. From there, we cut to a surreal sequence where a grotesque hospital complete with a topless nurse walking down the corridor with a bloody axe. A disappointing, "this was just a dream" openings – Then it switches over to a young, expecting couple arguing outside an illegal abortion clinic operating in a house; that we later find out is also a brothel as well. The tale unravels; the nonconsensual abortion is performed with a wire hanger, as protocol; the fetus is flushed down a toilet. It lands in toxic waste mutating into a creature ready for revenge. The employees and customers find they are stuck inside the house; which has been sealed shut by a heart-pulsating placenta. One by one they are picked off, though most of the deaths are non-related to the mutated fetus's doings; rather by shots of a handgun. The overall tones of: roe vs. wade, pro-choice, embryology, feminism and sexuality are strong throughout this film. Though are poorly delivered through character performances and the pace of this film. If you have a taste for independent, "grindhouse"-styled horror flicks that happen to be campy and disturbing-this one is for your viewing pleasure.

Splice (VINCENZO NATALI, 2009)

by BRITTANY DRINNON

In Vincenzo Natali's *Splice* (2010) genetic scientists Elsa (Sarah Polley) and Clive (Adrien Brody) are given funding by a pharmaceutical biomedical research company to pursue their animal hybrid experiment thought to revolutionize science and medicine. They are denied the use of human DNA but Elsa behaves on her own and proceeds by adding her own genetic material. Thus the animal/human hybrid "Dren" is created.

Throughout the film themes of identity, sexuality, and feminism are displayed. Elsa, at surface value, states that continuing the experiment could find a cure for diseases and bring hope to "people's pain." Although the underlying reason is established by her need to be a mother, a human's emotional deprivation for identity surface.

Elsa initially takes over bonding with Dren "after-birth." Clive remains harsh and indifferent towards fathering Dren. The roles are reversed when Dren disobeys Elsa and lashes back by threat of her stinger. Elsa reinforces her authority and is portrayed as cruel when she removes Dren's clothing followed by the surgical removal of her stinger. Dren's identity is taken in this important moment. Clive then becomes affectionate of Dren.

Sexuality is presented when Dren sees Elsa and Clive having intercourse. The desire and envy that evolves between Dren and Clive is her first experience of her own sexuality as a female. She is liberated after intercourse with Clive. Dominance is the closing tone throughout the rest of the film. The attitudes of Elsa over Clive; both took the risk in creating Dren despite Clive's anxiety. Clive is aware of his own ineffectiveness over Elsa. When he sees parts of Elsa surface from Dren he becomes entitled to his male dominance. Shortly after Dren's sexuality becomes male, Elsa is attacked in the forest and raped by the transformed Dren. One's fragmented self is brought forward with the overall message of the invasive and domineering role of technology. Usually the horror/sci-fi genre gets a bad rep for



representing women in degrading ways but conversely you see this in all other film genres. *Splice* does not thrive off of fear but rather into a more complex emotional response. It successfully pools social issues on all ends of the spectrum. *Splice* features female characters who are intelligent, emotionally complex, and in control. The major themes of feminism and the biology of reproduction, women's roles in society, poses questions about social construction of gender roles and critiques sexism in society.





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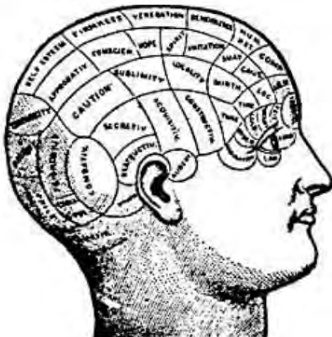
GRAMS

@cinemaadrift

WIRE TRANSFERS

2046-13-740

NEXT TIME



LETTER FROM THE CO-EDITOR

This issue of Cinema Adrift is meant to coincide with a modest film series of four 70s horror/thrillers I programmed to be shown this month at the Mayan Theatre. But due to me pursuing the health benefits of not working there, I no longer work there and thus would be away from my baby. This issue of the 'zine then became the only proper way I could be close to these four films which might as well not exist to the theatre supposed to be playing them. When an R-rated custom trailer for this series couldn't even be shown before R-rated films, and when the censored version of that trailer couldn't be shown for reasons both mysterious but within compliance, it's best to move on with your life and finish the 'zine you set out to do (to add further insult I have seen AMC regularly show red-band trailers before R-rated films). Especially when shown on screens of a certain size, these films are bigger than all of us. They deserve to be respected and given love, to be allowed outside the kennel on an airplane, and most importantly t h e y d e s e r v e t o b e s e e n .

This also marks the end of an era for Cinema Adrift. If the past two years and six issues were our 8-bit and 16-bit eras, moving forward will be our transition into 32-bit.

Thanks for reading, there's a website, and enjoy this picture of Meiko Kaji swinging around a dismembered arm handcuffed to her own.
-Jason Suzuki



