

L.A. REVIEW

INTERLUDE 0 — WINTER 2025

of the Moving Image

We drift, tinted by undue desire (*Fallen Angels*^①,
Punch-Drunk Love^②),

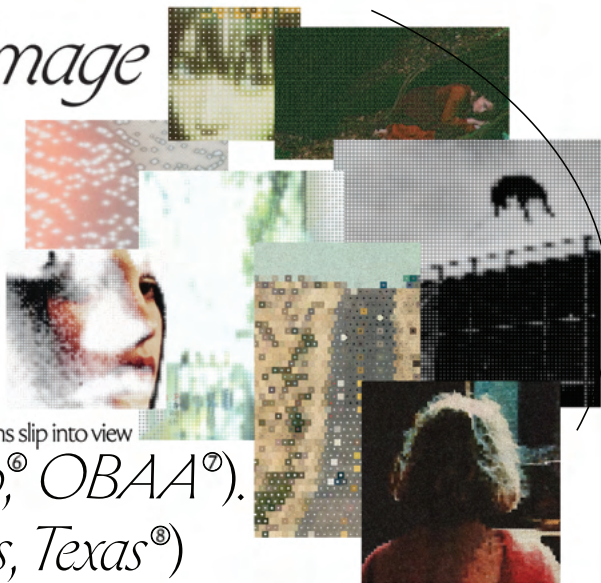
because our youth was priced out and pressed in
by capital (*Christiane F.*^③,
Love & Pop^④),

—an order which cannot hold once the seams slip into view

(*Bugonia*^⑤, *Irma Vep*^⑥, *OBAA*^⑦).

Only then can we quietly recenter (*Paris, Texas*^⑧)

and turn that grief into sentimental value—art (*Hamnet*^⑨, *The Souvenir*^⑩).



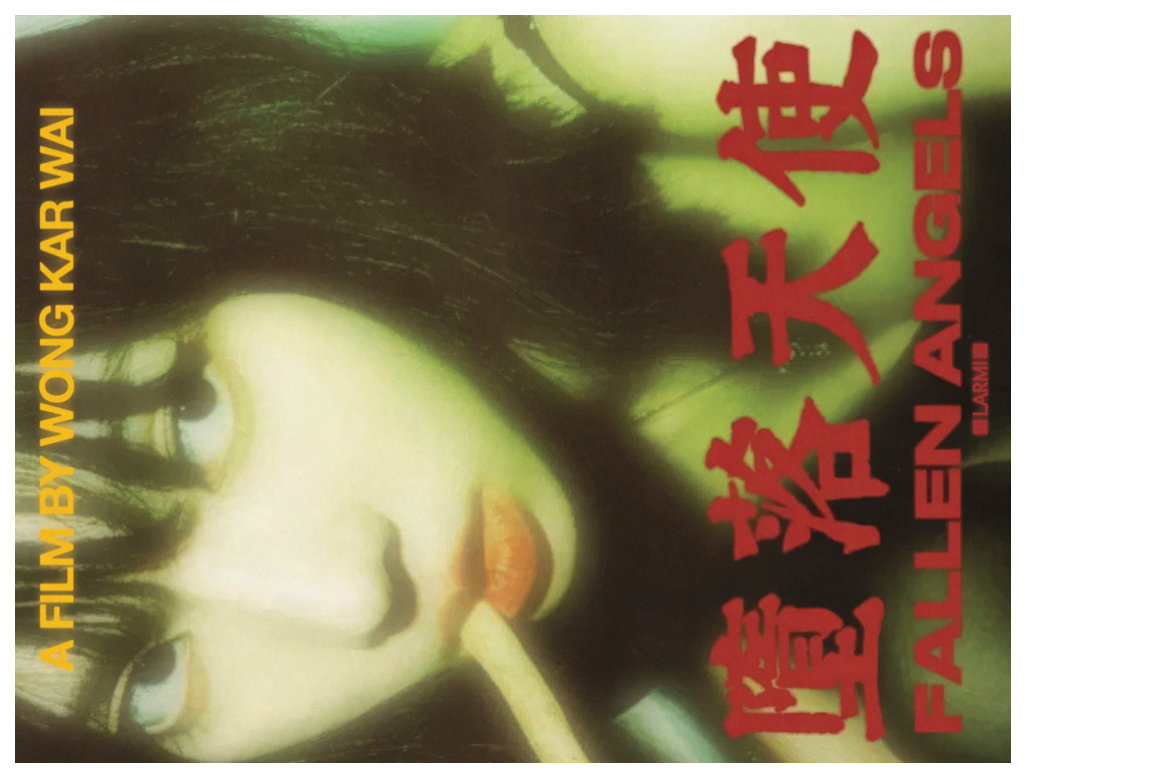
EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue, INTERLUDE 0, gathers the forms a film takes—restoration, adaptation, merch—and how each alters the myth of the original: its feeling as it moves between formats and the terms that frame meaning.

Bound with a ring, there is no fixed beginning or end.
The order resists linearity: Origin Story⁹ appears toward the back,
The End⁵ sits in the middle, And Another⁷ after. This sequence may be
followed, rearranged, or ignored. Published around the holidays,
the postcards are meant to circulate.

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A FILM BY WONG KAR WAI

墮落天使
FALLEN ANGELS
■ LARMIE ■

Fallen Angels (1995)

Rereleased 2020 in a 4K restoration

In the wet, nocturnal Hong Kong, condensation and cigarette smoke fog the glass, blurring the neon lights. In the recent 4K restoration Wong Kar-wai supervised, the new color grade and aspect-ratio shift from 1.85:1 to 2.39:1 create a new, uglier kind of distortion, proving that what is static to the fan is fluid to the artist—it's his beautiful memory to erase. © Sarah Fensom

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パンチドランク・ラブ

A P.T. ANDERSON PICTURE PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE

ADAM SANDLER

EMILY WATSON

PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN

LUIS GUZMAN

Punch-Drunk Love (2002)

Rereleased 2025 in a 4K restoration

♪ He needs me, he needs me...

He needs me, he needs me...

He needs me, he needs me. ☹

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PLACE
STAMP
HERE

A SHOCKING FILM!

The image of
a generation

At 12
it was Angel Dust.

At 13
it was heroin.

Then she took
to the streets.

With DAVID BOWIE



Christiane F.

"CHRISTIANE F."

Starring NATJA BRUNKHORST
THOMAS HAUSTEIN
With JENS KUPHAL · RAINER WOLK · JAN GOERGE EFFLER
CHRISTIANE REICHEL · DANIELA JAEGER · KERSTIN RICHTER
Special Guest Appearance: DAVID BOWIE

Produced by BERND EICHINGER and HANS WETH Winner of the Golden Bear at the Berlin Film Festival
Directed by ULRICH EDL Distributed by NEW WORLD PICTURES Original Score by ULRICH EDL

L'ARMI

R

Christiane F. (1981)

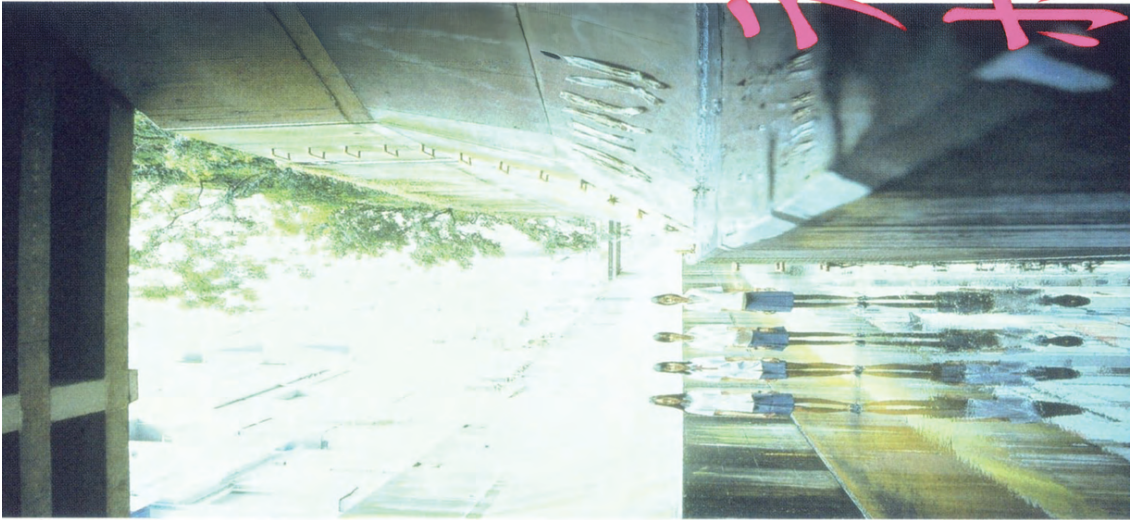
Rereleased 2025 in a 4K restoration

What it feels like to want so much more that it destroys you. Waiting for you at the film theater inside the club. I'm not in the mood; I just don't feel like it. Took a pill in the bathroom to show you I was down. Are you coming back in? You can sleep when you're dead. The ritual takes hold. Just for one day. Watched the sun come up and your mom took you home. David Bowie in concert. Your tattoo on my palm. Take something before you flip out. Stay cool, kid. Valium hit and AC/DC turned into him. Fell asleep halfway: this is what me and the captions read. © Jay Are

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PLACE
STAMP
HERE

フ&ポ



一九九七年 夏。

デジタルカメラを駆使して切り取られた、現在・渋谷・女子高生。
それら時空間を、切なく紡ぐ、ドキュメンタルハイブリッド・ムービー。

LOVE&POP 特別版



Love & Pop (1998)

Rereleased 2025 in a 2K restoration

A violent rejection of nostalgia in the on-ramp to the digital age, where childhood is lost early and memory is desperate to delete. Anno's camera is often attached to tracks, giving fleeting glimpses of teenagers frozen in time. ☾ *ellie sunlight moon*

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The

End



Lantimos set himself a genre trap. The question of whether the aliens are real determines what genre the story will be. Is it realism where aliens are metaphors, or is it [other genre] where aliens are aliens? [...]

Teddy initially passes the faulty-perception tests [...] but as Michelle acts more and more suspicious—praising mindless worker bees [...] providing questionable confessions [...] looking soooooo alien [...] we must ask whether Teddy is actually a sweaty male Cassandra of sorts.

The fun of the first two-thirds of *Bugonia* (2025) is that, due to the heavy crime-conspiracy genre signals, you can anticipate most of what's going to happen [...]. The joy of anticipation is what genre is for: once you recognize the setups, you want to see how this story iterates on the deliveries [...]. The first clue/signal that the movie is gonna swerve comes from a few magical-realism flashbacks, shot in black and white [...] puncturing the reality-wall and signaling bigger swerves to come.

What happens is that Michelle manipulates the cousin into shooting himself [...] and the movie switches to serial-killer genre for like four minutes total.

And then [...] two minutes in the *X-Files* genre.

The next ending [...] Core genre.

The next ending [...] *Star Trek* genre.

The next ending [...] *Spaceballs* genre.

But don't get up from your seat—there is yet another ending.

Most of the movie wavers between genres [...] The story basically stabilizes the lib position. [...]

In any good genre story, the story still matters—actually, when you switch genre, you have to work extra hard to carry the story—but Lanthimos seemed to think that if you add aliens, you can drop the plot. ☹ An excerpt from Elvia Wilk's "Bugonia Won't Pick a Species"

If this remake swerves, its source commits. *Save the Green Planet* (2003) refuses satire or allegory and ends by destroying the planet. No hedge, no delay, no irony. Bugonia can't follow. Its ending zaps human consciousness instead, turning extinction into immaculate tableaux—bodies arranged in space, the planet (and its pets) preserved. There is an almost infinite gap between the global and the planetary. In the Anthropocene, ecological collapse is no longer speculative. What resists representation now is not destruction, but an ending that ends. ☹

"maggie
cheung

...is
phant-
asmic."
-LARP

A LATEX COMEDY

a film by
olivier
assayas

RIEVED



Irma Vep (1996)

Rereleased 2021 in a 2K restoration

A film circles itself through a remake—echoes itself with egos, gossip, endless takes, total burnout. Like slipping into Maggie's latex suit: between jet lag and sleeping pills, unsure if seeing is believing—or cinema in metatextual collapse. © Alex Rajabi

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After

Another



What monastic orders of lady ninjas, the afterlife, and an organized labor movement in the US have in common is that they don't exist. In *Vineland* they do, in fluctuating states of nascence and decline. It's the latter half of the 20th century, the global village, and in a Pynchon book that means anything that happens on TV can happen off TV. Boob-tube logic not only informs the country's cultural fabric, but seeps into the governing principles of the universe.

One Battle After Another's (2025) America is heightened along a subtler tack, its absurdity held deep in the pocket, tongue tucked into the cheeks of the mean mugs of Taylor & Penn's characters. Their hyperbolically Pynchonish names cue that this revolution is hypothetical. As the French 75 perform setpieces of a pseudo-early 21st c. urban war, it's clear their rebellion is unanchored from history. Their platoon is multiethnic and timeless, a Platonic ideal of revolution, 'the Revolution' in the definite. They're even unmoored from their book counterparts: a radical film collective more concerned with what a camera does ethically than with what a gun does to the Man.

The credits note that *OBAA* is "inspired by" *Vineland*. The movie takes a smattering of running threads and impulses from the novel and surfaces them into its own narrative lattice. The rapid-fire pop-culture name-drops build toward something aesthetically Pynchon, but thematically divergent. Cill Scott-Heron's gloss of *The Beverly Hillsbillies* expanded universe becomes the film's keystone meta-reference for this spli.

Published in 1990 and set, cheekily, in 1984, *Vineland* traces the arc between then and the '60s counterculture powderkeg. A lot has changed: the hippies domesticated, Panthers dismantled, the state's monopoly on violence and coke and rock & roll shored up. Neoliberal Reaganomics posed a threat so existential it flushed federal spookery out of its hidey holes, to settle scores before funding dried up and the private sector took hold of social control apparatuses.

You and I live in the aftermath of that bad ending. *OBAA*, meanwhile, takes place in an ambiguous now, a wide, shallow present where no-iPhones is as unfeasible sixteen years ago as it is today. The Obama/Trump eras blend into one long contiguous time. *OBAA* avoids even the opportune specifics. Sixteen years ago, W. bailed out the banks, Citizens United loomed, and the grey goo of Ubers, Airbnbs, and socials spilled out of Silicon Valley to financialize every moment of life. In the systematic smothering of Occupy into today's anxieties around wealth inequality, there was a vector parallel to the 1960s → 1980s throughline of *Vineland*. What would a militant arm of Occupy have looked like? In what world would that even have been possible?

OBAA doesn't follow the money. Instead, it shifts *Vineland's* mother-daughter core from White to Black and from campus protests and reeducation camps to immigrant detention centers. Anderson identifies race as the most legible battleground for life in America. This feels both obvious and disorienting at once. It treats race more directly, and more abstrusely, than the MSM's epithet peddling. Critics haven't figured out what to make of this, defaulting toward calling the movie 'timely' because it's 'political,' without engaging the specifics. What, that's what our times are, 'political'?

In practice, its cosmology is almost anachronistically pre-post-racial. Race in *OBAA* is totemic, a never-washed jersey emblazoned on each of its characters. The text sidesteps timeliness, sacrificing urgent contemporary resonances for a swipe at universality.

Anderson cuts away the vast orbits of capital and power, wagering that viewers will digest it as encoded in the racialized affects of his cast. The race-swap cuts the knot in two, imposing a blunt logic on the Wild West of latter-day modernity like the road imposes order on a desert. White, Black, and Brown become nuff-said avatars for American personhood, quantum packets of political and economic status. This pulls motivations and moral lessons out of Pynchon's materialist morass, carried by the narrative's propulsive beats. The biracial heroine uses the training of her eastern martial art, imparted by her Latino sensei, to speed through the painted tunnel; the white supremacists on her tail slam into the wall. She and pop reunite and meep-meep into the sunset.

This is not timeliness. It's a myth. *OBAA* uses every tool in its kit—race, reference, Pynchon, westerns, political thrillers, California cars—to lay out a flat plane of archetypes. It constructs an American epic that plugs in anywhere: three presidents ago, now, and—presumably—three presidents from now. Offscreen, things will probably continue to change. © Frankie Horne

INTERLUDE 0 — WINTER 2025 — CARD 07/10

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PARIS, TEXAS

Rancho
MOTEL



LARMI

Paris, Texas (1984)

Rereleased 2024 in a 4K restoration

With fifteen years lapsed between viewings, the film in my memory had narrowed to its peepshow stalls—no sense of footage between their monologues, any intervening time collapsed into the glass. Only Kinski's pink mohair (incandescent in the 4K restoration) and the spectral superimposition of faces in the partition, haunted and haunting. © Veronica Fitzpatrick

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Origin Story



Hamnet (2025) is, at its core, a drama about love, loss, and anguish, centered around the tragic death of William and Agnes Shakespeare's son. Chloé Zhao's latest adapts Maggie O'Farrell's novelization of the loss that inspired Shakespeare's greatest tragedy, *Hamlet*.

Even this far down the chain of reimagination, the playwright's legacy looms large. Zhao and O'Farrell tackle this by differentiating Shakespeare the man from Shakespeare the giant. Paul Mescal as William is a restless tutor, a man in love, a working husband, and finally a grieving father. But contact is inevitable between the man and the Bard. "What light through yonder window breaks?" he utters and writes while falling in love, a moment that teeters on trite self-reference. When the line "To be or not to be" is first spoken, its fame precedes his delicate delivery, nearly yanking us out of the carefully crafted world of *Hamnet*.

The only way then is through. The film culminates onstage with the debut performance of Hamlet. "To be or not to be," a young actor begins the famous speech as William watches from the wings. If this moment evokes any past film adaptation, whether it be Laurence Olivier in black and white (1948), Kenneth Branagh in peroxide blonde (1996), Ethan Hawke in a Blockbuster (2000), or any of the countless stage productions from the last four centuries, they somehow fall by the wayside. The camera turns to Agnes, portrayed astonishingly by Jessie Buckley, who finds a vessel for her unbearable pain in her husband's work. She reaches out from the crowd to a dying Hamlet, the gesture a beautiful, devastating coalescence of art and grief. Our journey through the palimpsest ends at the beginning, with a return to the emotional origins of Hamlet.

One might bemoan this sentimental treatment of Shakespeare's most famous work. A harsh critic may quickly dismiss it as overwrought before their own tears have finished rolling down their face. But it is antithetical to be precious about *Hamlet* the play and, in the same breath, deride the emotional roots we imagine shaped its very existence.

Hamnet extends an invitation, open and tender, to look into the grassy abyss. It asks us to consider the foundational truths laid beneath the stories we tell and then tell again. That is the point, isn't it? Art in all its adaptations and reimaginations is made, absorbed, and revisited to make sense of our lived experiences, heartache and all. © Rachel Kim

Framed



Devotion

If the origin of the souvenir is the religious relic, AMC's sandworm/fleshlight popcorn bucket might mark us a long way from grace. Sold for \$24.99 to promote Villeneuve's *Dune* sequel, the product went viral—a recent phenomenon that underscores feedback loops between objects, images, and hype. As Julius Miller posed for *Los Angeles Magazine*, "Is it marketing genius when a guy wears a shirt that reads, 'I'm just here to f*ck the popcorn bucket' at a showing of your movie?"

If AMC, as an exhibitor, uses merch to lure mass audiences, studio A24 uses it to manufacture a specific brand of cinephilia—a natural extension of 'film Twitter,'" wrote Chloe Mac Donnell for *The Guardian*, where "wearing its merch is a simple method of showcasing one's onscreen interest offline." In 2021, A24 published a book cataloging objects from the supposed 1975–2005 "boom era of the movie promo." In creating this archive, which included items such as:

- a portable radio for *Enemy of the State* (1998),
- a shrink-wrapped *21 Grams* (2003) T-shirt in the shape of a heart,
- an etched champagne flute for *Osgood Park* (2001).

They staked their claim as the authority on commercial film ephemera, while making an implicit argument for its value.

This is merchandising (about) merchandising, post-internet commodification that capitalizes on nostalgia. In recent years, a new promotional souvenir has emerged: the commemorative 35mm film strip, given away at movie screenings of *Once Upon A Time In Hollywood* (2019), *Anora* (2024), *After the Hunt* (2025), and *Bugonia* (2025). More than just swag, these are troubled objects. Dispensed as if snipped from a reel, they are material shorthand for authenticity, importance, and quality, i.e., taste. However, their frames are non-sequential, a disjointed set of stills that do more to evoke a press release than... anything else. Meant as symbols of vibrant moviegoing culture and the fetishization of film as a medium, they are artifacts whose fabrication is obvious. It's unclear if this is supposed to go unnoticed or simply not to matter, but the gnarly contradiction seems to give away the game, pointing not toward resuscitation but—dually—the enshrouding of a soul-sucked museum object and the hawking of its cheap gift-store counterpart.

If male mega-directors are codified as important because they shoot on film, and conspicuously marketed as such, are we even supposed to pay attention to what we see? Inside this self-referential funhouse of commercialization and cinephile signaling, maybe we get a chance to do something radical: not fuck the popcorn bucket or forge a personality from devotion to celluloid, but simply watch the movie. © Rachel Elizabeth Jones