



DRIVE DIFFERENT

ON THE MILE OF CARS IN NORMAN

TUESDAY 13 NOV

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Horror



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Comedy Night

live comedy ...

Parker Millsap/Zanzibar

live singer/songwriter ...

The Clique

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Educational Master Class

will be held in the Visual and Performing Arts Center, Room 132 ...

"Crumbo Spirit Talk"

Featuring artwork of Woody Crumbo and his children. A Citizen Potawatomi tribal member, he dedicated his life and talent to the sincere portrayal of American Indian thought and culture through his art ...

"GEOMETRIX Geometry in Art"

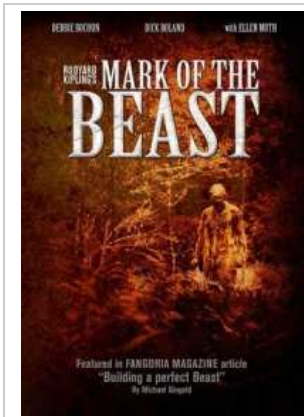
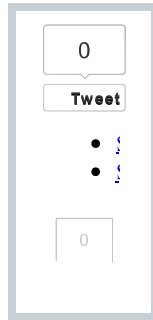
Featuring six Oklahoma artists; Bryan Boone, Dan Garrett, Klint Schor, Noel Torrey, Eric Wright and David Bizzaro. This exhibition of geometric art examines the artist's personal relationship with sha ...

Rudyard Kipling's Mark of the Beast

It's no beauty.

Rod Lott
November 13th, 2012

Rudyard Kipling's Mark of the Beast is unlike any film I've ever seen. Before that works you into frenzied anticipation, please note that's only because it has the most convoluted DVD menu in history.



Not only is the title superimposed over an image from the indie effort, but two clickable options, two URLs and *four* review blurbs, as if to convince you upfront that you are about to witness brilliance. To further complicate the eyesore, the blurbs are not presented in consistent typeface, color or size. In other words, it overdoes it.

Then again, so does the narration, which is an immediate sign that the 70 minutes or so to come will be less than stellar. Following Kipling's short story faithfully, it recounts a New Year's Eve party in a cabin that the celebrants will never forget — mostly because one of them gets bitten by a boil-ridden leper. This is what happens when you dare amble through a forest in which shrines to "the monkey god" are constructed and in plain view.

After surviving the bite, Fleete (Phil Hall of the *Bikini Bloodbath* trilogy — yes, there exists such a thing) just can't eat enough chops. Soon thereafter, he's snarling. This makes Sheriff Strickland (Dick Boland, also of the *Bikini Bloodbath* trilogy) and Debbie (DTV scream queen Debbie Rochon) wonder if he's in need of a rabies shot or an exorcism. As the title suggests, 'tis the latter.

I like that directors Jonathan Gorman and Thomas Edward Seymour (the guys behind, yep, that *Bikini Bloodbath* thingie) are drawing inspiration from the literary classics, because the works are classic for a reason. (Bonus for DIY filmmakers: They're in the public domain, so you don't have to pay for rights.) In their adaptation, however, they fail to strike a balance between reverence and relevance.

For example, they should have updated the narration to match the modern times in which they've updated the story to exist, because in using Kipling's prose almost word for word, she simply doesn't speak like we speak, nor sound like every other character: "And his body shone like silver, and his disease was heavy upon it." There's nothing wrong with hewing that closely to the source material ... if it's done across the board.

As is, the constant back-and-forth switch is jarring — especially since we know Kipling didn't write sentences like "Are you fucking with me?" and "Shit or get off the pot here, c'mon." But what really keeps *Mark of the Beast* from matching its ambition is the amateurish acting, Rochon excepted. To borrow another line of dialogue from the film, "This shit ain't workin'." —*Rod Lott*