



## OVERLOOKED, FORGOTTEN AND DISMISSED

### THIS ISSUE: LANCE IS PLACED UNDER ARREST

#### MEANEST STREETS



#### DOBERMAN COP

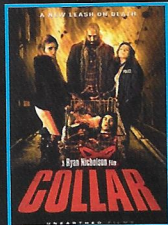
Arrow Films

My girlfriend has been a cop for over twenty years. I've got a lot of respect for her profession, but just like with every other trade, there are always a couple of idiots who make the rest look bad. That's exactly the case in this Japanese film by director Kinji (*Battle Royale*) Fukasaku, which stars Shin'ichi 'Sonny' Chiba (*Kill Bill* Vol. 1 & 2) as a cop working the mean streets of Tokyo investigating some prostitute murders. Filled with wicked martial arts fights, high octane shoot-outs, spurting geysers of blood, and some strange scenes of supernatural soothsaying and striptease, this 1977 throwback is finally available for you to watch, gasp and gag over. And say what you will about my girlfriend – at least she's not a dog!

**BODY COUNT:** 13

**BEST DEATH:** Head explodes from a gunshot

#### IN VIOLATION



#### COLLAR

MVD Visual

Cops have bad days just like the rest of us, but hopefully never as bad as the copper in this sick Canadian flick who gets abducted by a homeless psychopath. Not only is she tortured and raped by the mute brute in his decrepit back-alley shack, but her entire ordeal is filmed by a couple of delinquents who plan to profit from her predicament on the internet. Director Ryan Nicholson, who's responsible for such cinematic "gems" as *Dead Nude Girls* and *More Dead Nude Girls*, presents this relentless stream of sadomasochism and perversion disguised as a horror film; the end result is a brutal mess that's as hard to follow as it is to watch. If you manage to get through to the end and feel good about yourself, you might want to seek professional help.

**BODY COUNT:** 12

**BEST DEATH:** Prostitute snapped in half

#### ZOMBIE COP



#### HOMICYCLE

Bloody Earth Films

I've had a personal APB out for Canuck film director Brett Kelly, having enjoyed his campy, kitschy horror output over the past two decades, including *The Bonesetter* and *Raiders of the Lost Shark*, but this one has got to be my favourite! After a gang of thugs kill a venerated police officer, they go on a crime spree and terrorize the city. Little do they know, the dead cop has returned from the grave as a motorcycle-riding vigilante to hunt them down with an array of weaponry, including a nailgun, a plunger and even a severed leg! Made to look like a retro exploitation film with washed-out, scratchy film stock and over-the-top kills, this is a great, fun film that'll have you yearning for the heyday of schlocky horror hits. Brett Kelly, I find you guilty – of blowing my mind!

**BODY COUNT:** 15

**BEST DEATH:** Thug's head is ripped off

#### LAST CHANCE LANCE

makes a lot of sense until it becomes clear that he is willing to hurt people badly in order to prove his point.

Through improvised dialogue, the actors have created three-dimensional characters that their relationship with social media perceptibly reduces: it is to the actors' credit that "slips" in their camera chats reveal deeper and more interesting lives than we are ever given the chance to see. These glimpses of depth juxtaposed with the characters' complete disregard for each other's humanity is what keeps *Followers* compelling through its moments of lunacy. This one is scary for all the right reasons.

CLAIRE HORSNELL

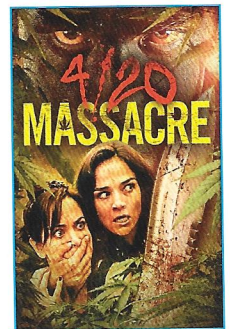
## BUZZKILL

### THE 4/20 MASSACRE

Starring Jamie Bernadette, Vanessa Rose Parker and Stacey Danger

Written and directed by Dylan Reynolds  
Film Chest

I haven't actually smoked weed for over four years now and don't plan to take it up again any time soon, but like any halfway reasonable person, I'm delighted and relieved that marijuana laws in both Canada and the U.S. are gradually being dragged into the 21st century. Sadly, with such a paucity of highs in *The 4/20 Massacre*, the film gives us little to celebrate.



A by-the-numbers slasher film isn't the tallest of orders in 2018; in fact, most fans are happy to revel in the predictability of it all. Give us an isolated setting,

a lurking psycho killer (or several), a decent selection of victims, some gory kills and gratuitous T&A, and we're good, right? So how does *The 4/20 Massacre* manage to fail us so grievously?

The problem doesn't lie in the set-up, which doesn't reinvent any wheels but certainly shows plenty of nostalgic stalk 'n' slash potential: five women celebrating a birthday (on unofficial pothead holiday April 20th, no less) take off for a weed-and-booze-fuelled camping trip in the boonies, unaware that they've stumbled into a murderous nut job's grow-op and find themselves stalked and slashed by said nut job, who's clad head-to-toe in one of those creepy-ass Ghillie camo suits.

There's some genuinely impressive acting talent among our five leads and while the budget is clearly tight, it's generally a good-looking production. Unfortunately, the film's problems appear to have started well before the cameras rolled, as there simply isn't enough story or wit in this script to sustain us through even an 85-minute runtime; an issue exacerbated by long, talky stretches between uninspired kills and a complete absence (horrors!) of nudity. Worse, attempts to imbue the proceedings with human drama fall painfully flat and stop the already turgid storyline dead in its tracks.

I hate having to poop on a spirited indie effort, but