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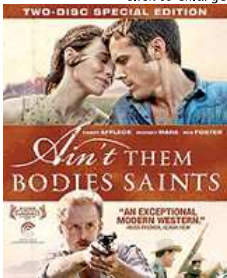
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Ain't Them Bodies Saints, The Canyons, Bronies

Cinefiles

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Ain't Them Bodies Saints (R)
MPI

Writer-director David Lowery's *Ain't Them Bodies Saints* is a deeply felt drama about a Bonnie & Clyde-esque Texas couple with a baby on the way who are divided first by the law and then by time, maturity and divergent paths of responsibility. Casey Affleck and Rooney Mara are Bob and Ruth, whose fiery, crime-focused relationship comes to a head when she shoots and injures a nice-guy cop, played by Ben Foster. He takes the rap and writes her letters from prison that are so suffocating in their earnestness and devotion, they're practically threatening. She concentrates on their daughter and becomes friends with the cop she shot. After many breakout attempts, one works and suddenly no-good Bob is heading back to town. It's a credit to Lowery that we can almost see the different movies playing in each of the players' heads, whether *High Noon* or *Badlands*. They'd be happy to know that the movie they're actually in stands on its own just fine. — Justin Strout

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The Canyons (NR) (Blu-ray)
IFC Films

Paul Schrader, the director of *Taxi Driver*. Bret Easton Ellis, the writer of *American Psycho*. Having these two powerhouses of deviancy come together should have made cinematic history. So how come the results are so terribly unwatchable? Make-believe rehab queen Lindsay Lohan stars with real-life porn king James Deen as Hollywood hotshots who have insatiable cravings for three-ways and the occasional four-way. Infidelity, in the stupidest sense of the word, slimes its way into their relationship and everyone walks around bored and jaded. Deen has the acting talent of, well, a porn star, and Lohan sleepwalks her way through nude scenes that might have been titillating 20 years ago, when these filmmakers were in their prime, but now it's just as empty and vacuous as the land form from which the movie takes its name. — Louis Fowler

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Bronies: The Extremely Unexpected Adult Fans of My Little Pony (NR)
MVDVisual

There is a new subculture that has been infesting our society: grown men who are rabid fans of the cartoon *My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic*. Referring to themselves as "bronies," these guys live and breathe the equine kiddie show and proudly show their faces in this eye-opening and ultimately sobering documentary. The filmmakers go into the secret underground world of dudes who not only watch, collect and dress as these characters, but come together to attend an insanely popular conventions. While the movie does its best to work as a treatise for the tolerance of these fanatics, it is also a very sad commentary on the lengths grown people will go to just to feel like they belong to something, no matter how idiotic. In the '40s, we fought against Hitler. In the '60s, we fought for civil rights. And now? We fight to dress as unicorns. No wonder the rest of the world hates America.— Louis Fowler

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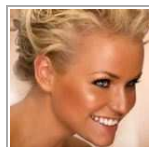
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