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## Savage Weekend

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## DVD Review



Savage Weekend is a molluxed up movie unsure of itself but with enough confidence to do whatever the hell it is it thinks its doing (if it knew what it was doing), whether or not stuff gets pulled off the way the filmmakers intended. What they intended is sort of unclear, at least in terms of exactly what kind of movie this is supposed to be.

Populated with weirdos and assholes, Savage Weekend wades into Deliverance country with a story of city folks venturing into rural regions (to stay in a nice big house - so much for roughing it). We're also in titty territory, as the biggest level of exploitation material comes from the fairly generous portions of breast meat. A tinge of waxing philosophical (the source being the most wooden actress on board) sees Savage Weekend dipping its toe (mostly unwittingly, I think) in arthouse potential, though nothing else in the film suggests that was remotely in mind. There are about two bits of dialogue here around which French exploito-art film perpetrator Jean Rollin could have built a whole movie. Redneck-sploitation comes courtesy of Newhart's William Sanderson (Larry of Larry, Darryl and Darryl fame). Naturally, horror is afoot and, given the era, that also includes a whodunit element - an aspect of horror forgotten with the rise of Jason, Michael and Freddy but later revived via the Scream franchise and its lesser successors.

All this adds up to - well, I'm not sure. The only category this into which this fits neatly is the WTF drive-in oddity realm, though basically this is a backwoods horror film at heart. The thing is, though, that nothing ever quite takes off in the film - even the overarching weirdness.

List of cinematic crimes/good deeds (as measured on a bad flick curve):

- Onscreen boom mic offenses (multiple)
- Continuity errors (pay attention to female footwear in the climactic scenes)
- Meandering plot that moves like a dog through a wooded trail, not trotting forward in a straight line but instead poking here and there yet failing to fully explore side trails (subplot potential)
- The killer turns to be (semi-spoiler) one of the obvious red herrings (normally the perp would be somebody forgotten about and seemingly insignificant, though, admittedly, this is a surprisingly forgettable red herring ... but still, it's a backhanded surprise that, once revealed, seems bloody obvious)
- Violence that is sparse yet creative but underwhelming thanks to failure to live up to potential
- Sheer awkwardness in unfolding events, like a flower that doesn't bloom evenly but instead pops up a petal here and there to finally reveal an admittedly odd but not particularly compelling plant - as weird as this movie is, it should be fascinating in its peculiarity. Instead, Savage Weekend makes its strangeness mundane
- Cabaret-esque attempted seduction of a GAY CHARACTER
- Just enough gore to wish there was more (of course that makes it somewhat startling when it does pop up)

I could go on. Savage Weekend dribbles all over itself. The end result is that it's kind of developmentally disabled. All the parts are there but a maniac or genius is more interesting than someone retarded ... yet the "special" person has got his own mild form of fascination.

Such a cruel metaphor, I know, but it fits.

In the end, this is a weird film and its ineffectual weirdness may give it a new level of weirdness to be worthwhile to fans of fucked up 70s drive-in cinema.



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Upchuck Undergrind listens to a little bit of a lot of things - just note the eclecticism of his reviews. He also reads voraciously and loves movies. He is a very open-minded Episcopalian (and student of Buddhism and Hinduism) who thinks Slayer is one of the greatest metal bands. Ever. In addition to his work with Corazine - for which he has written since its inception (he is a Fishcomcollective veteran) - he also writes for DJFix.com.

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