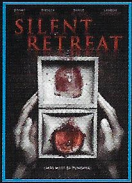




OVERLOOKED, FORGOTTEN AND DISMISSED

THIS ISSUE: LANCE SURRENDERS HIS RETREAT

DEADLY DOWNSIZING



SILENT RETREAT

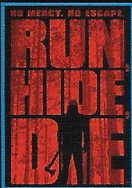
Midnight Releasing

If you ever have a friend suggest a weekend retreat at a cabin in the woods — look him squarely in the face and tell him to go fuck himself. For as fun as it might sound, cabins are magnets for serial killers, chainsaw-wielding maniacs and mutated hillbillies waiting to slice and dice you all for dinner. In *Silent Retreat*, a media company takes its employees to the woods to brainstorm whatever it is that media companies brainstorm when — lo and behold — they're attacked by somebody who likes tearing out tongues. 'Nuff said. Plagued by horrific acting and a confusing back story that should've been cut out completely, this film is best watched after consuming a fistful of s'mores and an entire bottle of mosquito repellent.

BODY COUNT: 2

BEST WEAPON: Bear trap

DOWN 'N' TURDY



RUN, HIDE, DIE

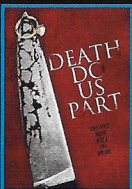
Image

Okay, first off — I love the title! Unfortunately, my praise of *Run, Hide, Die* pretty much ends there. A year after her husband was murdered, Allison accepts a mysterious offer to go on a weekend retreat at her in-laws' cabin. She takes a handful of annoying friends whose only redeeming qualities appear to be an endless supply of poop jokes. But on their first night the group is attacked by a vengeful psychopath who blames Allison for her husband's murder. Normally I love a movie about five girls in the woods, but after the millionth poop reference and an unnecessary slo-mo food fight, I was ready to send this sucker to the bottomless pit beneath the delete bin of damnation. Watch, regret, repent.

BODY COUNT: 6

BEST WEAPON: Frying pan

STABBIN' CABIN



DEATH DO US PART

Anchor Bay

I kinda wish my friends invited my ex-wife and I on a weekend retreat where some lunatic could've done the deadly deed before I lost half of my stuff. Okay, that's harsh, but not as harsh as this sick offering in which a wedding party goes out to — you guessed it — a cabin in the woods to party before the big day. Problem is, they're all dicks who seem to hate each other even though they sleep with each other, so when they start getting killed it's actually a good thing. The acting sucks somewhat, but *Death Do Us Part* is competently made and has a double twist ending you don't wanna miss! Now, somebody get me to this cottage before I marry again!

BODY COUNT: 7

BEST WEAPON: Ballpoint pen

LAST CHANCE LANCE

There's an entire disc full of extras, and most are either repeated information from the doc or superfluous, such as fake trailers for the Peter Vincent movies shown in *Fright Night*, starring the annoying impersonator. Come to think of it, the only thing that doesn't get mentioned is the Now Comics series from the late '80s. Other than that, *You're So Cool*, *Brewster* should be the final word on this beloved classic.

AARON VON LUPTON

CHEW ON THIS

WE ARE THE FLESH

Starring Noé Hernández, María Evoli and Diego Gamaliel

Written and directed by Emiliano Rocha Minter

Arrow Films

A black screen and panting noises. Then, a demented-looking man (Noé Hernández) in an abandoned warehouse. This disorienting intro to *We Are the Flesh* sets the tone for the rest of the film.

We never learn the man's name or where he came from; nor do we find out much about homeless siblings, Lucio (Diego Gamaliel) and Fauna (María Evoli), who seek shelter inside the building with him. If you haven't already guessed, there isn't much narrative structure in Mexican writer/director Emiliano Rocha Minter's debut feature about this unlikely "family" creating a giant womblike structure out of discarded wood, cardboard, and a seemingly endless supply of packing tape inside the building for some never-revealed reason.

Despite its seemingly nonexistent plot and a main cast of just three actors, *We Are the Flesh* is riveting. The nameless man convinces the siblings to have sex with each other. Watching their coupling, he masturbates and seemingly dies. Fauna then has sex with his corpse and he appears to be "reborn," tumbling naked and slime-covered through an opening in the trio's now-completed nest. This is just a sampling of the transgressive, explicit behaviour on display here, which also includes murder and cannibalism. The nameless man orchestrates it, telling Fauna that solitude is an enlightening mode of existence because it "forces you to come face to face with your darkest fantasies... you stop being afraid of your most grotesque thoughts."

As the taboos stack up, *We Are the Flesh* becomes more hallucinatory, seeming to exist in a nebulous realm between fantasy and nightmare. Are these characters just figments of each other's imaginations? Is what we are seeing supposed to be a dream?

Despite such ambiguity, the movie seems to speak directly to the despair of the victims of poverty in a drug-cartel-ravaged Mexico, perhaps suggesting that only by succumbing to one's darkest fantasies can people transcend the grim reality of their surroundings. It's a remarkable debut and essential for fans of challenging cinema.

LESS LEE MOORE

