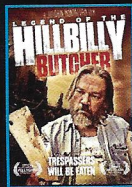




OVERLOOKED, FORGOTTEN AND DISMISSED

THIS ISSUE: LANCE DUCKS DOWN UNDER

CHOP 'TIL YOU DROP



LEGEND OF THE HILLBILLY BUTCHER

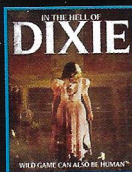
MVD Visual

Maybe it's the nightmares about zombie Colonel Sanders, but here's something about the American South that makes me cringe. Nevertheless, I've decided to face my fears by watching three movies set down yonder. This first one revolves around Carl Jessup, better known locally as the Hillbilly Butcher. It seems that Carl's dad killed his wife and then committed suicide, passing on the family business to Carl who now hunts trespassers on his property to turn into ground round. Sounds promising, so it's a shame the director fucked with *Legend of the Hillbilly Butcher* by giving it a faux retro, faded, scratchy look so distracting and ugly, it'd make a freight train take a dirt road!

BODY COUNT: 12

WORST WAY TO DIE: Whacked while shitting in the woods

THE LONG AND THE FART OF IT



IN THE HELL OF DIXIE

Independent Entertainment

Y'all can't get much further south than Louisiana, where *In The Hell of Dixie* takes place. It features a bunch of guys at their lodge discussing all the shit hunters talk about while pretending they're sportsmen and not cowardly killers. Usually I applaud when the hunters end up being the ones stalked and killed by some psychopath, but there's too much other stuff going on here as the murderer offs everyone from the meandering side stories that permeate this film like farts in an outhouse. Featuring a cast that's better at chewing tobacco than scenery and a murky soundtrack, the worst part about it is that in at 127 minutes, it's about 126 minutes too fucking long!

BODY COUNT: 16

WORST WAY TO DIE: Shot in the head by a guy on the toilet

HAIR RAISIN'



BUBBA THE REDNECK WEREWOLF

MVD Visual

Don't y'all worry because I dun' gone 'n' saved the best for last! In *Bubba the Redneck Werewolf*, Bubba is the local loser – he's lost the town's respect, he lost his best girl and he's even losing his hair – but everything changes when the Devil offers to turn him into a werewolf so he can get his girl back and grow back a full coif. Because he's got a heart of gold he decides to go up against Satan to try to help all the townsfolk swindled out of their souls. Boosted by solid acting, sharp writing, some great gore and a soundtrack that'll have you humming the theme song for days – this one's definitely the pick of the litter. Yee-fucking-haw!

BODY COUNT: 19

WORST WAY TO DIE: Falling off a stepladder

LAST CHANCE LANCE

Kathy will have to kick-start her maternal instincts if there's any hope against the brawny beast. Kazan and Ballentine keep us invested, even when the script needlessly descends into the depths of melodrama towards the climax.

Staying focused on two people trying to survive on a backroad, *The Monster* is an economical film in both its straight-ahead story, and in the way it obscures its titular practical effect in the shadows and rain.

There's nothing new here, but *The Monster* is more exciting than its bland moniker and marketing materials, mainly because the drooling, toothy, *Alien*-inspired critter is frightening. When it comes to creature features, go ahead, judge a movie by its monster.

DAVE ALEXANDER

...IS MURDER

MEAT

Starring Titus Muizelaar, Nellie Benner and Hugo Metsers

Directed by Victor Nieuwenhuijs and Maartje Seyferth

Written by Maartje Seyferth and Stan Lapinski

Artsploitation

The opening shot in 2010's *Meat* is an image of three upside-down, naked, headless female torsos with "MEAT" superimposed over them. Subtle! While the Dutch directorial team of Victor Nieuwenhuijs and Maartje Seyferth aspires to make a statement about the similarities between carnivorous diets and sexual appetites, the film never really achieves that goal.

That said, *Meat* is an aptly titled film; there are so many intense close-ups of raw animal carcasses being sliced that at times it comes across like an advertisement for the Dutch farming industry.

The film follows two non-linear narratives: one is focused on a butcher (Titus Muizelaar), who has sex with a prostitute but lusts after his younger co-worker Roxy (Nellie Benner), while the other follows Inspector Mann (also played by Muizelaar), who breaks up with his suicidal wife and eventually investigates the murder of the butcher.

Does it sound confusing yet? Muizelaar's double role seems to imply that the inspector and the butcher are both involved with the business of dead flesh but because all of the characters in the film are unlikeable and/or inscrutable, it's difficult to care. Roxy is the most sympathetic: she's manipulated by the butcher into a sexual relationship and raped by several men, but the only thing she seems interested in is documenting everything around her on a hand-held video camera.

Despite the confusing plot, *Meat* is a gorgeous film; Nieuwenhuijs' cinematography frames everything in stark lines and angles, an intriguing contrast to the purposefully enigmatic subject matter. Perhaps if the narrative were more engaging, the film's central thesis – that the consumption of human and animal flesh is interchangeable – would have successfully come to life on the screen. As it is, *Meat* is just a good-looking corpse.

LESS LEE MOORE

