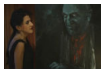

Lit like a Skinemax homage to colorful Eurohorror and Sam Raimi, MEMORY OF THE DEAD ends up an inept, juvenile sub-Tommy Wirkola bit of occult horror that only manages to confirm its filmmakers have—much like you—also seen EVIL DEAD 2.

Somehow conceived by four(!) writers, MEMORY OF THE DEAD sees newly widowed Alicia, reunite the closest friends of her late husband for a night of fond remembrance; one that will guide the dead Jorge back from the underworld. Of course, it won't be the positive energy that does it. Alicia is enacting an occult ritual predetermined by Jorge that sees the house under siege from a vast array of spirits of the dead that mean to intimately visit the attendees.

As the film meanders along—mistaking the immature for a reckless energy and utilizing a color palette meant to invoke the bizarre, but instead conjuring thoughts of French hookerdom—each of the night's guests find themselves isolated with only the ghosts of their loved ones for company. MEMORY OF THE DEAD crosscuts throughout these vignettes for much of the time, giving director Valentin Javier Diment and his cohorts an opportunity to uninterestingly splatter every warped idea they've wanted to execute without any finesse or think-through. This mainly encompasses, but is not limited to, ghost incest.

One such vignette actually borders on inventive (much of the DIY FX, do) as a gay character confronts his past. Even as the film reaches its final act, it finally begins to look like a real movie. Still, they're tiny flourishes in an endurance test of tonal failure and a smearing of goofy, ham-fisted occult symbols and expository dialogue.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD is a mess. It will certainly find its audience in those who enjoy empty cheapie pseudo-gonzo, but its only real lasting impression is a ridiculous bit of dialogue about

the origins of a character's sexual orientation. It's sure to be a communal inside joke for all who've suffered through.