

very fake beard (an obviously blond dude), who has a shooting camp just outside of town where the targets have pictures of Jesus and Mary in the middle of them. Yep, it's designed to offend more than succeeds in being funny. I wasn't offended, and didn't find it funny, either. Just too obvious. Osama is taken out by one of the Callers who is out huntin'.

Everyone here has only this film to their credit, but I'm pretty sure that's because most people use fake names that one could call Moe's Bar with, such as Phil Morehole, Stinky Puscadero, Brenda Paxil, Emily Zoloft, Sandy Seroplex, and Suzy Jihad.

Lots of drug mention/use, lots of alcohol, lots of fast editing, many dead animals, and little of anything else, such as story (again, the *Eraserhead* homage). But the problem with the film isn't that it's "repugnant" and gross, which it is at times, the biggest issue I have with it is actually the same one I had with *Eraserhead*: it's pointless. I don't mind weirdness, and I don't mind psychotropic filmmaking, but at least keep it interesting.

I'm not sure if Hog Caller is an actual group, but for the purposes of this film, they are the duo of Tom Richards (bass and vocals, aka the Dirtfarmer, aka the director of this film) and Steve O'Donnell (guitar, aka Vomitrocious). The instruments and vocals are fed through a synthesizer to make it into noise. They call it grindcore. Okay. There are also a lot of real animal carcasses (mostly pigs). The gore that is shown as bodies are chopped up toward the end, are obviously some of the animal parts from the animal butcher shop where the rest of the carcasses are bought.

Extras are the trailer and a making of documentary.

All in all, I found this more annoying than disturbing, and equally boring as gross. I am annoyed because I feel like I just watched two guys masturbating for 84 minutes in their own ego.



Tight

Written and directed by Shaun Donnelly

Mind Engine Productions

Wild Eye Releasing

114 minutes, 201X

www.wildeyereleasing.com

www.mvdvisual.com

The band (left to right in picture above):

Tuesday Cross: bass

Alicia Andrews: drum

Monica Mayhem: vox

Bree Olson: manager

Layla Labelle: guitar

I have seen this described as both a documentary and a mockumentary, and that's just on the same DVD cover! And yet, they both feel accurate.

Porn actress Bree Olson tries her hand in "reality" filming. Mixing the biz she knows and

the idea first fomented through the Monkees, she enlists four of her colleagues to form an all-girl pornstar rock band. Most of the women knew their craft musical before (albeit somewhat limited), and in Micky Dolenz fashion, Alicia Andrews learned to play the drums just before joining in the group.

From there, it starts to feel like most other reality shows. The four women are put up in a house together so tension can both build through familiarity (remember, pornstars tend to be grown on body image and ego) and induced situations. Here, they have five days from forming to their first performance. The first piece of armor scratching comes when Monica Mayhem wants to rehearse (i.e., sing) no more than three hours a day to save her voice. This is actually not far off standard, but it causes a supposed ruffle in the band while the other three bond without her. What I would have done is sing the three hours, but stay with the band while they rehearse to form a collective, rather than stay home. We don't see where the decision not to be there comes from, be it from Monica or the producer(s) (Olson).

During that first gig, where Tight are told they are going on first rather than headlining (well, duh, they've only been together for five days, and the now-headliner is fellow pornstar and more established awful pop singer, Brittaney Starr), it feels like a planned set-up to see their reactions. During the gig, Monica tells the bassist, Tuesday Cross, to flash her ass, which she does. They then show an insert of an interview with guitarist Layla Labelle (and her lovely Montreal accent) rightfully saying, when up on stage they should separate the band from the porn. This is thrown out the window as by the second show Monica is shown singing topless.

There is a lot of nudity and sex (sometimes from porn shoots especially, and a supposedly spontaneous scenes that seem way too...convenient with a camera going a foot in front of the action) from everyone involved. The sex is all hard softcore, i.e., no male body parts shown, but does not shy away from it or give any indication that is it faked). Which brings me to this topic: this is not a horror film, so why is it on this blog? Well, for a number of reasons, but specifically because this is not limited only to blood and gore, but also to exploitation and sexploitation as well, and this definitely fits into those two categories, especially since it is an indie production. True, I had to look just about everybody up to find information on them, but hey, it's all in the line of duty, right?

So, speaking of formulated situations to get reaction, Olson brings her sex-obsessed and Ichabod Crane-like cousin Joel as Assistant Manager. He's a creepy guy who likes to see Olson on-location filming sex scenes while eating sardines from a can with his fingers, who is brought into the producing of Tight's first music video. Naturally, Olson goes and leaves the guy (real or a written character, I'm not sure) there to foster more angst among the group. This just feels too fabricated and planned, but at the same time it's like an accident where you can't avert your eyes. If you decide to see this, I guarantee you will utter, out loud, "ewwww."

Brittaney Starr, in a totally see through top and looking a bit worn, shows up at a rehearsal tells Tight they sound "rusty." Again, this feels like Starr and Olson planned this to rattle the women for the camera.

An ill-fated tour to Denver strands the ladies with lots of misadventures and a solo bubble rub in a tub (again, does not feel spontaneous). To make some money, of course there's some porn filming. Shouldn't Bree, as their manager, send them some cash? I'm beginning to wonder if there is a more hardcore version of this planned? Will I see it? Nah, but I'm curious to know if I'm right. For me, that's one of the biggest issues about the video is that all the sex is so unspontaneous, and most of the situations they are put in feel scripted. There are some moments that feel real, like Layla being mad at Tuesday for whipping her with her studded belt buckle when Tuesday is wasted. It is almost like she doesn't know how to express her anger because it feels real. A lot of the other anger that is expressed, though, I don't know if it's normal band-on-tour-tight quarters kind of stuff, or triggered by things that we don't see, or there is someone off-camera saying, "Okay, you and you fight this time." The line between real and script is sometimes easy to see, and sometimes not as much.

Lots of mayhem (pun unintended) as the ladies drink and slug it out both figuratively and literally, leading up to a record producer hearing them play on day 37. What happens then, you'll have to see, but it's pretty clear.

But, you are probably asking, this is about an all-woman pornstar rock band. How are they? Well, I have certainly seen a lot – and I mean a *lot* worse over the years. The playing is rudimentary, the songs are kinda repetitive, the vocals are okay, and, well, they're not bad though not great. Considering we follow them together for the mere 37 days of this shoot, and they have their first live gig within the first week, it's actually pretty impressive. I don't think they could go anywhere on *just* being a rock band, without the gimmick of their other life, but yeah, they're decent.

The closest I have come to the reality of this is seeing Penthouse Pet of the Year Cheryl Rixon front a band in the early 1980s or so. That was pretty good, but she was helped along by her co-Australian bandmate, who used to be in the Easybeats ("Friday on My Mind"). Tight don't have that option (that we see).

There are lots of cool extras including *many* deleted scenes which are enjoyable, a couple of music videos, photo shoots, multiple trailers for both this film and the wonderful Wild Eye Releasing, and so much more.

So, this m/d/ocumentary smacks of reality TV, including the incidental music and pacing, but it sure beats out some of the other fakes, such as *Honey Crap Crap* and *Duck Shit*, whatever they're called.

Posted by Robert Barry Francos at 12:01 PM

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