

Indie Horror Films

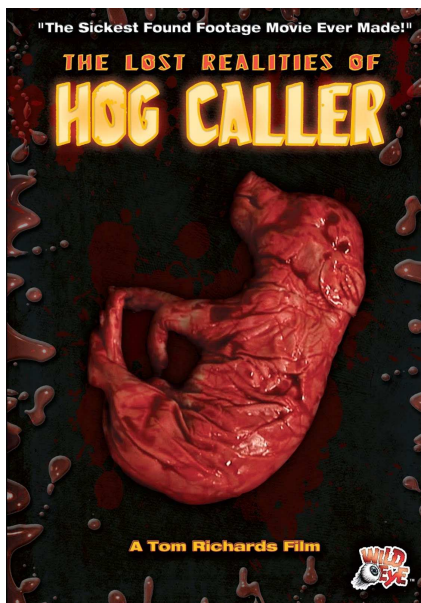
All genres of suspense, terror, and horror will be reviewed by Richard Gary. His address to send preview copies supplied upon request to rbf55@msn.com.

Friday, September 5, 2014

DVD Reviews: Two Mockumentaries: The Lost Realities of Hog Caller, and TIGHT

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Images from the Internet

These exploitations seem to go together for a number of reasons. First of all, they're supposed documentaries about real bands that are not your average run of the mill groups. Second, they both came out around the same time. Third, they are both award winners of dubious prizes. Finally, the odds at success for the bands are a bit farfetched. Other than that, these two groups are worlds apart, as are the styles of the film. And enjoyment levels.



The Lost Realities of Hog Caller

Written, directed and edited by Tom Richards
TPR Productions
Wild Eye Releasing
85 minutes, 2011
www.wildeyereleasing.com
www.mvdvisual.com

This "found footage" mockumentary about a grindcore duo called Hog Caller is a nearly psychedelic ride into the backwoods of Middletown, PA, home of Three Mile Island, and apparently Osama bin Laden. Who knew?

With just a little too much fondness for pig heads and David Lynch's *Eraserhead* (1977), this real (?) band of two lunatics live out in the woods. A local television reporter, Skip Jenkins, is doing a piece on "Where Are Hog Caller," and has apparently bought a box of video (yes, VHS) tape home Hog Caller movies, and we watch them interspersed with Skip, and a whole mess of messed up crap.

Words used to describe this on the box include "Repugnant" and "Sickest," and yeah, it is that. Lots of pig bodies and disembodied heads with flies flying around them are shown in various stages of decay. One little one is dressed in a bonnet and hauled around as if it was a baby, on a playground swing or getting ice cream by one of the Callers.

There is also something about a guy in a bad rubber George W. Bush mask (actually supposed to be Bush) giving money to a way-too-short guy dressed in Arab garb with a

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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