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## BIKINI BLOODBATH

reviewed by Sean Collier

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**Brightly Entertainment/Blood Bath Pictures**

**Dir. by Jon Gorman and Thomas Edward Seymour with Debbie Rochon, Russ Russo, and Olja Hrustic**

Let's take a moment, dear reader, to reflect on what's going on here.

You are reading a critical review of a straight-to-video horror/porn movie on the internet-only wing of an independent arts magazine. I believe we have arrived at the absolute end of all media. That being said, let's dive right in: *Bikini Bloodbath* is the sorriest excuse for filmmaking I have ever seen. To say that this movie is about as good as poorly-made student films is a horrid insult to poorly-made student films.

The “plot,” if that term can be applied, consists of a woman waking up (topless, of course) to a vaguely worded radio bulletin about a psychotic chef running loose throughout the town. Then, things proceed with no semblance of reason or even basic storytelling towards a bland crisis at a party and some dull murders. On the way, we run into an utterly moronic subplot involving some pseudo-homosexual football players having a smores and board games party, about eight stupid montages designed to pad the film’s runtime up to something resembling full length (including such highlights as the shopping montage, the drinking montage, the gym class montage, and a second drinking montage), and every basic Filmmaking 101 mistake that can possibly be made, all the way to cameramen being visible in several shots.

The sum total is what happens when you take 60 of the stupidest people around, give them about half of the necessary film equipment, and free reign to be homophobic, inane, and preposterously self indulgent.

The biggest insult: the film isn’t all that gory or sexually explicit. There is no violence in this film that couldn’t be recreated by spending about 18 bucks at a Halloween store, and no sex whatsoever — just about half an hour of topless shots that are gratuitous to the point of being utterly uninteresting. The acting would make porn stars cringe, the script sounds like it was written by underachieving 12-year-olds, and the direction is solidly worse than most wedding videos. I actually feel like a worse person for having watched this movie. Every single person involved with making this film should be court ordered to never approach a camera again. Every single executive involved with this film being put on DVD, marketed, and sold should be fired. Anyone who likes this film should be shot.

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