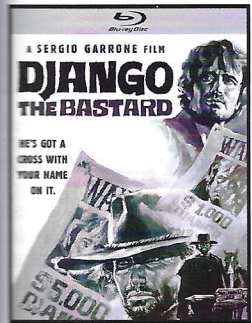


mentia

more and more cut-throats
at, while resilient Django
moment they show their
Murdok's men go so far as
nsfolk, so that his army of
the whole place to them-
something distinctly eerie
steriously appears out of



s younger "idiot" brother, a
ball who comes off like a
ski. Co-star Rada Rassimov
vely Alida, a greedy tramp
job brother for his money,
whenever possible. Often
for Clint Eastwood's HIGH
at with only surface similar-
up in US theatres until '74,
ERS GUNDOWN. In addi-
anned from a 35mm nega-
uage audio — the Blu-ray
y by author Troy Howarth.
d as a potential television
RRY (Kino Lorber Studio
st ABC network theatrical
orman signing on as director
able Vic Morrow (in his first
ear stint on TV's COMBAT!)
starring as Harry
Black, a jaded mercen-
ary-pilot with an
amphibious plane
and distinct moral
code. Shot in Monte
Carlo, Turkey and
the Greek Islands in
1967, this interna-
tional adventure
was (barely) releas-
ed theatrically in
1969 as HOW TO
MAKE IT, with Cor-
man credited as
his name replaced with the
"by the time the film reap-
1979 under its current title...
d assassination attempt,
e (Stanley Holloway) springs
hammer and hires him to fly
er a mysterious briefcase.
Diane Reed is awaiting this
also desired by local under-
Rashi (Victor Buono), with
middle of a mess involving
Morrow's innate charisma
ge together and brings a
rd-boiled anti-hero, as Harry
ese scheming scoundrels.

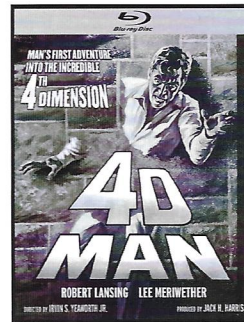
Although it's difficult to buy whitebread Pleshette as a manipulative seductress, Buono revels in his broad Middle Eastern schtick (it's particularly amusing to see him waddling through a 'thrilling' outdoor foot chase) and there's no shortage of supporting star-power. Cesar Romero is a Police Lieutenant, Michael Ansara plays Rashi's duplicitous right-hand stooge, Ahna Capri seduces Morrow in the opening minutes, plus 21-year-old Charlotte Rampling is completely wasted in only two brief scenes as Carlyle's concerned daughter. Corman keeps Bob Barbash's clichéd script barreling along, punctuated with chases, shoot-outs, murders, and collateral-damage tourists, while milking his picturesque locations — nightclubs, markets, Greek ruins — aided by film editor Monte Hellman (and I'll assume that the future TWO-LANE BLACKTOP director was in no way responsible for those inept nude-inserts, featuring body doubles that look absolutely nothing like Capri and Rampling). The Blu-ray includes a commentary with Howard S. Berger and Steve Mitchell.

A screwed-up young woman with daddy issues struggles with love and desire in 1972's **TOYS ARE NOT FOR CHILDREN** (Arrow Video), the second directorial feature from Stanley H. Brassloff, following his 1968 roughie TWO GIRLS FOR A MADMAN. Originally advertised like standard swill, it's technically crude and laughably low budget, yet far more psychologically ambitious than most sexploitation from that era. The screenplay certainly doesn't waste any time in establishing its themes, opening with our 20-year-old protagonist, Jamie (Marcia Forbes), writhing in bed, clutching a doll and moaning for "daddy," only to be harangued about "unnatural" behavior by her shrewish mother (Fran Warren). The trouble *really* begins after Jamie marries Charlie (Harlan Cary Poe), her blandly handsome toy-store co-worker. Our sexually dysfunctional bride prefers to cuddle musty old plushes given to her by Jamie's long-absent father than make love to her new hubbie, with understandably-frustrated Charlie eventually picking up one-nights-stands at a groovy local nightclub instead. In flashbacks, we see how she first met Charlie, childhood memories of Jamie's antagonistic parents, as well as the roots of her skewed sexuality. Jamie also befriends Pearl (Evelyn Kingsley), a mature high-end prostitute with a Manhattan pad and a slimy pimp (Luis Arroyo) who takes advantage of Jamie's fixation by whoring her out to horny, middle-aged johns, when all this troubled girl really desires is a reunion with her father. There's only a smattering of nudity throughout, but what the film lacks in bare skin, it makes up for in casual kinkiness (Jamie playfully chased around hotel rooms in her underwear by older tricks who get off on being called "daddy"). In her only screen appearance, Forbes is more convincingly clueless than emotionally broken, with ex-Big Band singer Warren far more effective as Jamie's man-hating mom. Brassloff's direction is blunt and the script lacks depth, but the



overall result remains crudely fascinating and effectively uncomfortable, along with tons of legitimately seedy '70s set decoration. The Blu-ray includes Stephen Thrower's featurette on Brassloff's showbiz career; a video essay by Alexandra Heller-Nicholas; and a commentary from *Hell's Belles* podcasters Heather Drain and Kat Ellinger.

Another well-intentioned scientist screws about with the unknown, with predictably disastrous results in the colorful 1959 sci-fi thriller **4D MAN** (Kino Lorber Studio Classics). A "Monster Movie Matinee" staple back when I was a kid, the film's opening act is plodding and ridiculously contrived, but picks up substantially in its second half. Tony Nelson (James Congdon) is obsessed with creating a new-fangled force field that will allow a person to move through solid matter, but is such a bonehead that he only ends up burning down his

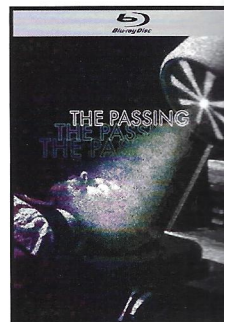


workplace and getting fired. Luckily, his far more serious older brother Scott (Broadway veteran Robert Lansing, in his feature debut) heads up a high-tech experimental research facility and gets Tony a job. Melodrama quickly ensues when Scott's assistant and long-time-girlfriend Linda (20-year-old, 1955 Miss America, Lee Meriwether) finds herself more attracted to cocky loser Tony, who's totally fine with stealing big bro's women. But when Scott secretly fiddles around with Tony's force field, it amplifies his unique brain impulses and allows his body to move through inanimate objects, with the guy quickly testing out these new powers (e.g., reaching through a jewelry store window, slipping into Linda's bedroom as she sleeps). Unfortunately, this fourth-dimensional power also make Scott age prematurely, and the only way to reverse it is to shove his hand *through* another human being and siphon off their life force. Directed by Irvin S. Yeaworth, Jr. (*THE BLOB*), the characters' dramatic interactions are hokey, but the film eventually kicks into gear as Scott's deadly powers become more difficult to control, aided by amusing visual effects and a cool jazz score. Lansing is terrific as our increasingly deranged and egomaniacal '4D Man', but both Congdon and Meriwether are painfully green, while co-stars include Oscar-nominee Robert Strauss (*STALAG 17*) as a sketchy co-worker who takes credit for Tony's work, 12-year-old Patty Duke turns up as a pushy little brat belonging to Linda's landlady, and 1960s TV-fixture Guy Raymond plays a security guard. The Blu-ray includes 2011 interviews with Meriwether and producer Jack H. Harris, plus two commentaries — one with the director's son, Kris Yeaworth, and another with film historian Richard Harland Smith.

Directed, written and produced by 23-year-old Indiana University senior Robert Berry, 1963's **HOUSE OF DREAMS** (Alpha Video) is an ambitious yet dopey dollop of bargain-basement regional horror. Filmed in and around his Decker, Indiana hometown using second-hand 16mm equipment, this 69-minute, black-and-white project utilized a vacant, dilapidated building owned by Berry's family, with this wannabe filmmaker convincing local townsfolk to appear in small roles or as background extras, while casting himself in the lead... Unable to concentrate on his work or sleep, successful fiction writer Lee Hansen (Berry) is a wreck, and his behavior is making wife Elaine (I.U. art major Charlene Bradley, performing double

duty as actress and set
One night, Lee suddenly
mansion, which is also
story. Once there, he e-
brother Ted, dead and
well. This just turns out
afterward, Lee learns th
drowning in the aftermat
dent. Each night, as
he sleeps, Lee re-
turns to this crum-
bling manor, with his
obsession taking a
toll on his marriage
and sanity... Littered
with faux-artsy flour-
ishes, the end result
is raw but also in-
triguingly half-baked.
The house itself is a
terrific location for a
horror film, since the
place looks like shit,
inside and out. Un-
fortunately, Berry isn't r
plus his acting is exp
dazed character passiv
the performances are s
ingly cryptic, absolutely
stretches, and any ge
feel downright acciden
commitment to this do
obvious throughout, an
endearing about its na
self-importance... The f
pleted late-'60s shorts
stars Anne Lewis and
untitled second effort
Atmospheric and haun
a moody nun and un-
while effectively avant-
both are too disjointed

Delightfully strang
founding, **THE PASSING**
a remarkable 1984 ind
ector/co-writer/editor J
over seven years tollin



named 'Rose' (Welton
two hang out, chatting
married couple, with the
turn on the gas and pe
story thread, Huckert
Wade Carney. Amidst
white-trash past — a lo
den tragedy, and some
— the guy is jumped by
in prison for murder. It
point that its sci-fi age
Ernie volunteers at an
institute working with
desperate Wade agree
place's test subjects,
events become tripple
consciousness transfer