

body of a yakuza boss who died of electro-shock while attempting to rape a young woman whose boyfriend betrayed him. When the boss' evil brother comes around demanding answers, Katsutoshi freely admits his role in making the body disappear and he doesn't care who knows it. With its extreme displays of violence and twisted sense of humor, "Tokyo Playboy Club" should remind genre buffs of the early work of Takashi Miike. That's high praise for the newcomer, Okuda.

And, speaking of titles, it would be difficult to beat the one writer/director Jared Masters gave his most recent sleaze epic, "8 Reels of Sewage." Talk about tempting fate, this one takes the cake. New to DVD is Masters' 2011 homage to the pre-"Deep Throat" exploitation era, "**Climb It, Tarzan!**," and, even after watching it, no, I can't recall seeing anyone who looks even remotely like the King of the Apes. Fact is, there aren't any men in the cast of several dozen largely unknown actors. Neither is there a semblance of a plot. There is, however, a lesbian pinup photographer who holds one of the many aspiring actresses who come to her for work hostage and uses her as a sexual plaything. Otherwise, the women spend an inordinate amount of time gabbing on vintage dial telephones and walking around half-dressed. This one's strictly for fanciers of do-it-yourself cinema and other oddities.

I don't know why "**Cherry**," has a period tacked to the end of it, except to distinguish it from the many other unpunctuated movies titled, in part or whole, "Cherry." It refers specifically to Brian Cherry, an overly sensitive young man whose discomfort around women is palpable. Naturally, his best guy pal, Sam (Rey Valentin), is the complete opposite of Brian (co-writer David Crane). One night, at a Los Angeles tavern, Sam spots a brunette, Jules (Lili Bordan) who looks as if she had been hired by Satan to tempt men into selling their souls for a hand job. Sam talks Brian into buying a drink for Jules and following it up with a bit of conversation. He even goes so far as to approach Jules and offering her cash merely to be nice to his timid friend. Even though she pretends to be offended by the offer, Jules surprises everyone – viewers included – by entering into a relationship with Brian. Sam senses trouble in the offing and warns Brian about what happens when opposites stop attracting. As much as Sam tries to keep his prophecy from coming true, by resisting Jules' unexpected advance, he succumbs to her wiles. It leads to a broken heart for Brian, but not because he knows what happened that night. She merely decides that the affair has run out of gas and splits. What doesn't make any sense at all is Jules' insistence on revealing the truth about his best friend's betrayal when they run into each other six months later and she and Sam have entered into a relationship of their own. What happens next is so clumsily handled by director Quinn Saunders that it makes everything that happened earlier in the movie suspect. The only thing I retained from "Cherry." is a lingering image of Bordan, who's real deal, in a Linda Fiorentino sort of way. – *Gary Dretzka*

Circle Jerks: My Career as a Jerk

The production of films documenting the rise and fall of rock bands has grown into something of a cottage industry. It doesn't matter if the subject is a group with the impact of the Rolling Stones and Beatles or, in the case of "SpokAnarchy," a nearly forgotten punk scene in an isolated corner of the American Northwest. The value of each of these rock-docs is determined largely by the passion of the groups' fans. "**Circle Jerks: My Career as a Jerk**" is interesting because it not only describes what made a popular band important, but also how it fit into musical milieu. Here, it's the SoCal hard rock and punk scene, which, in the late-1970s, had blossomed into a viable force everywhere except mainstream radio. Formed in late 1979, the Circle Jerks was comprised of former members of Black Flag and Redd Kross, but would see a revolving door of personnel representing several other Los Angeles bands. It was a hyper-dynamic unit then and has continued that way through its many incarnations and reunions. Filmmaker David Markey ("1991: The Year Punk Broke") has created a blend of in-depth interviews, live footage and historical perspective to illustrate the band's story. It isn't radically different from dozens of other rock-docs, but fans of hardcore punk should enjoy it. – *Gary Dretzka*

Peter Gunn: The Complete Series

Wallander3

Fantasy Island: The Complete Third Season

Ghost Hunters: Season 7: Part 2

The release on DVD of all 114 episodes of the classic TV series, "**Peter Gunn**," is good news for all sorts of reasons, the least of which may be the shows themselves. From 1958-61, Craig Stevens played the hipster private detective, who dug cool jazz, "dated" a sultry cabaret singer (Lola Albright), got referrals from a friendly police detective (Herschel Bernardi) and used a wharf-side gin mill for his office. The show was created, written and occasionally directed by Blake Edwards, who had previously written for "Richard Diamond, Private Detective" and would go on to make such movies as "Breakfast at Tiffany's," "Days of Wine and Roses," the "Pink Panthers" series and "10," among other comedies. Even more memorable is the show's theme song and background music contributed by Henry Mancini. The "Peter Gunn Theme" and two soundtrack albums became huge hits and guitar wizards, ranging from Duane Eddy to Jeff Beck, have covered the trademark song. From a distance of 50 years, the crime-detecting aspect of the show's borders on the ridiculous. Packaged to fit 30 minutes of interrupted air time, the teleplays gave Gunn just enough time to solve complex crimes, hang out with his girlfriend and share wisecracks over corpses with Lieutenant Jacoby. Edwards seems to have enjoyed taking Gunn out of his natural habitat – an unnamed coastal city – and sticking him into situations where he might be required to wear a Howdy Doody cowboy outfit and traipse around in fins and scuba gear. If it lacked all credibility, "Peter Gunn" succeeded at being undeniably entertaining. The Timeless Media Group set also includes a disc of Mancini's soundtrack music.

By now, no introduction should be needed to Henning Mankell's brooding Swedish police detective, Kurt Wallander, whether he's being played by Krister Henriksson or, in the English-language "**Wallander3**," by Kenneth Branagh. Both editions of the series are readily available on DVD, if not all PBS outlets, and both qualify as a must-see television. It does, however, still feel a bit odd to listen to Branagh's unaccented English coming out of the mouth of the same crime-obsessed Swedish cop in the same location, Ystad, where the novels and series are set. Frankly, though, after a half-hour it barely matters and subtitle-phobic Americans can rest assured their brains won't be overly taxed by the experience. The three 90-minute episodes included in this boxed set are "An Event in Autumn," based on "The Grave," a short story published only in the Netherlands; "The Dogs of Riga," which takes Our Hero to the capital of Latvia to assist in a drug case; and "Before the Frost," in which Wallander's semi-estranged daughter plays a key role. Most mystery buffs already appreciate the quality of the works from which these stories have been adapted. These mini-series are just as compelling.

Not much has changed on "**Fantasy Island**" in Season Three. Mr. Roarke (Ricardo Montalban) and Tatoo (Herve Villechaize), are still greeting the planes and resolving problems – romantic and otherwise — that can't be fixed anywhere else in the world. Among the guest stars this time around are Peter Graves, Abe Vigoda, Doris Roberts, Roddy McDowall, Don Adams, Sonny Bono, Dick Sargent, Fred Williamson, John Larroquette, David Cassidy, Leslie Nielsen, Bob Denver, Annette Funicello and Robert Goulet. I wonder what "Fantasy Island" would look like with an A-list cast.

You'd think all of the ghosts worth finding have already been cornered by the TAPS team, by now. Apparently, there are still a few of the boogers left. Hauntings are getting a bit harder to detect, though. The second half of Season Seven found "**Ghost Hunters**" in such places as the Carnegie Library, in Homestead, Pa.; Hawaii's Plantation Village; the Friars' Club, in New York; Missouri State Penitentiary; Buffalo Trace Distillery, in Frankfort, Kentucky; and Hartford's Elk Lodge No. 19. Wouldn't you love to see TAPS take on the ghosts of the White House and Disneyland? – *Gary Dretzka*

Kartemquin: The Last Pullman Car

History: Disasters Deconstructed: A History of Architectural Disasters

Nova: Secrets of the Viking Sword

Long before anyone had heard of Bain Capital, outsourcing, NAFTA and the auto-industry bailout, the closing of a century-old interest in Chicago and Indiana presaged the collapse of America's Rust Belt economy. Kartemquin Films ("Hoop Dreams"), which then focused almost exclusively on labor and other progressive causes, committed its cameras to documenting the impending closure of the plants where Pullman Company's railroad sleeping cars were built. In 1981, Pullman