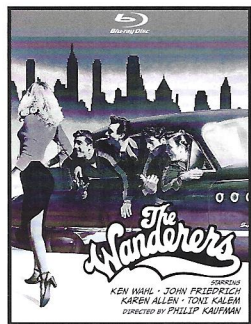


release wound up lost amongst a wave of recent gang movies like **THE WARRIORS**, **BOULEVARD NIGHTS** and **WALK PROUD**, receiving only a cursory theatrical run but developing a sizeable cult following over the years... The Wanderers' leader, Richie (Ken Wahl) is torn between neighborhood girl Despie (Toni Kalem) and beatnik chick Nina (Karen Allen); wannabe-artist Joey (John Friedrich) befriends brawny new kid Perry (Tony Ganios); Turkey (future Screen Actors Guild President Alan Rosenberg) is determined to join the area's most imposing gang, the Fordham Baldies, led by the mountainous Terror (Erland van Lidth de Jeude); plus The Wanderers' antagonism with their high school's "colored" gang, The Del-Bombers, builds to a potential rumble. The script by Kaufman and his wife Rose is filled with larger-than-life characters, such as Joey's abusive, muscle-bound dad; the Hawaiian-shirted Galasso brothers (led by Dolph Sweet); and Baldies mascot Peewee

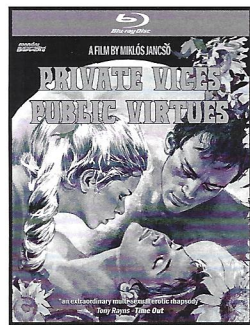


(Linda Manz); as they wrestle with race, sex, identity, death, drunken bad decisions, strained friendships, and the end of an era. Impossible to pigeonhole, the film's tone shifts wildly within the same set-piece, such as a football showdown between rival gangs abruptly transforming into a

feverish gridiron melee. Meanwhile, cinematographer Michael Chapman (**TAXI DRIVER**) brings this sub-culture to vivid life and laces the film with surreal touches (e.g., when a simple wrong turn lands The Wanderers in Ducky Boys territory). Fueled by an amazing soundtrack of '50s pop hits, it's a small but potent masterpiece. The two-disc Blu-ray set contains the film's 117-minute theatrical cut, as well as a 124-minute "preview cut" (which includes a pivotal sequence about offering a blowjob to the wrong guy); director's commentary; a screening Q&A at New York City's Film Forum with Allen, Kalem and Ganios, and another with Kaufman and Rosenberg at LA's The Cinefamily; plus Price takes us on a rambling trip back to his Bronx roots.

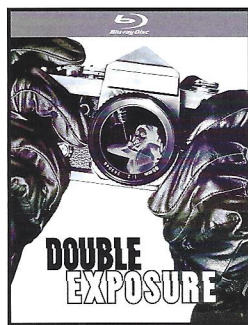
Sensual, hypnotic and understandably controversial, Hungarian director Miklós Jancsó's 1976 feature **PRIVATE VICES, PUBLIC VIRTUES (Mondo Macabro)** was a startling change of pace for a filmmaker who'd won the Best Director prize at the Cannes Film Festival just four years earlier. Best known for his powerful '60s historical wartime allegories **THE ROUND-UP** and **THE RED AND THE WHITE**, this stunning Italian/Yugoslavian production is a colorful explosion of sexual games and wall-to-wall nudity, as well as a revisionist spin on the 1889 murder/suicide pact demises of Crown Prince Rudolf, Archduke of Austria, and his mistress Baroness Mary Vetsera. Set entirely at a palatial country estate, the young and handsome Rudolf (Lajos Balázsovits) lounges about the grounds in the buff, serenaded with live music and continually waited on by servants and his loyal nanny (Laura Betti). This pampered, uninhibited man-child is soon joined for the weekend by an incestuous brother/sister pair, the Duke (Franco Branciaroli) and Sofia (Pamela Villoresi), as well as Baroness Mary (**CALIGULA**'s Teresa Ann Savoy) and the "Circus of Truth." They're all hosting a party for the Empire's most powerful young aristocrats, complete with fireworks, chimpanzees, traditional dancers, and champagne dosed with "yellow powder" that obliterates inhibitions and transforms the festivities

into a massive, dizzying orgy. Rudolf's shortsighted plan is to cause a spectacular scandal and humiliate his father, the tyrannical Emperor. When one General objects, the rowdy guests strip him of his uniform and shower him with animal dung, with Mary — revealed to be a hermaphrodite! —



buggering him. But once this bacchanal has concluded, the consequences of Rudolf's actions are dire... Though overflowing with sex and nudity, none of it's overly exploitative or explicitly hardcore, with this celebration's growing "fever" instead given a sumptuously haunting quality by cinematographer Tomislav Pinter. Peppered with Jancsó's characteristically lengthy, elaborately choreographed sequences, this is both an intoxicating vision of unchecked decadence and a scathing indictment of the privileged ruling class. The disc includes three interviews: scriptwriter Giovanna Gagliardo, actress Villoresi and critic Michael Brooke discussing Jancsó's acclaimed career.

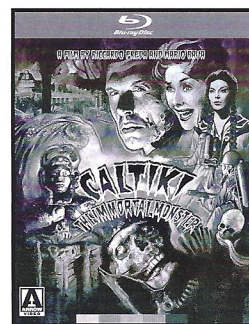
Writer/director William Byron Hillman's sleazy 1982 psycho-thriller **DOUBLE EXPOSURE (Vinegar Syndrome)** provided dependable character actor Michael Callan (**CAT BALLOU**, **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**) with a rare starring role, eight years after the two had teamed up for a curiously similar-sounding feature entitled **THE PHOTOGRAPHER**. In fact, Callan plays the exact same character, though he's now saddled with plot twists so ludicrous that even Brian De Palma would've dismissed them as too farfetched. A serial killer has been targeting LA streetwalkers and one potential suspect is low-rent photographer and slimy womanizer Adrian Wilde (Callan). The latest lovely to fall for his stalkerish schtick is Mindy (Joanna Pettet), who's inexplicably charmed by Adrian's itinerant motor home lifestyle and romantic dates that consist of chugging wine in a parking lot. But Adrian also suffers from vivid nightmares about sadistically murdering tempting females. Coincidentally, these same women are soon turning up dead —



offed by some gloved maniac we only observe via his slut-killing POV. The impressive supporting cast includes James Stacy (star of the TV western **LANCER**, who lost his left arm and leg in 1973 after a drunk driver sideswiped his motorcycle) as Adrian's handicapped stuntman brother B.J.; Seymour Cassel pops in as Adrian's shrink; Pamela Hensley is an implausibly hot LAPD detective, with Cleavon Little as her grumpy boss; chrome-domed Robert Tessier tends bar at Encino's Le Hot Club; as well as Victoria Jackson (long before she went totally bat-shit crazy), Misty Rowe, Jeana Tomasina (**THE BEACH GIRLS**), and Sally Kirkland (four years before her **ANNA** Oscar nomination) flashing her tits as a disposable hooker. The story is a disjointed mishmash, but Callan (who also produced the film) fully commits to his unraveling role — freaking out, ranting to his own reflection and about to pop a blood vessel — but while he might've convinced

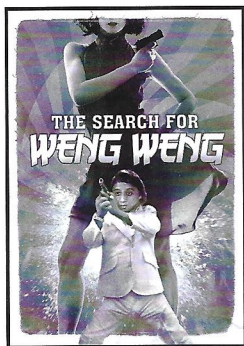
himself that this was his own personal **TAXI DRIVER**, he's actually closer to channeling Bill Shatner on a weeklong bender. Callan and Stacy do have a believable, brotherly rapport though, probably because both characters are complete assholes, with B.J. particularly cruel to Adrian's gay assistant. Along with its slick photography and interesting locales, Hillman litters the film with a fair amount of female nudity and enjoyably ridiculous sequences (such as a model getting her head shoved into a rattlesnake-filled trash bag), which makes for perfect drunk late-night viewing. This Blu-ray/DVD set includes a Hillman commentary, interviews with cinematographer R. Michael Stringer and script supervisor Sally Stringer, plus an isolated score by former Motown songwriter Jack Goga (who was arrested in 1994 for a pair of murders and died in prison two years later).

Humanity once again fiddles with unknown forces and ends up royally screwed in the atmospheric 1959 Italian sci-fi/horror outing **CALTIKI, THE IMMORTAL MONSTER (Arrow Video)**. Based on an ancient Mexican legend (according to its undeniably trustworthy opening credits), directed by Riccardo Freda (along with cinematography, special effects and uncredited direction courtesy of Mario Bava) and originally double-billed by Allied Artists with Bert I. Gordon's tepid **TORMENTED**, it's the type of silly, schlocky, un-



expectedly nightmarish monster movie that I loved to watch as a little kid... In a section of Mayan ruins, an archaeological expedition (led by John Merivale's Professor Fielding) ignores warnings about an ancient divinity known as Caltiki, investigates a long-sealed cave reopened by volcanic activity, discovers a sacrificial pond full of treasure, and pisses off a throbbing, Quatermassesque blob that can strip the flesh off a human in seconds. Just barely escaping — though the expedition's resident asshole, Max (Gérard Herter), gets his arm picked clean by it — Fielding returns to Mexico City with a piece of the creature. Naturally, this brainiac also keeps a chunk of this all-consuming, million-year-old, unicellular organism at his home, so it can eventually get loose and chase his wife (Didi [Perago] Sullivan) and little kid about their house. Alas, unlike the skyscraper-sized threat shown in its US publicity artwork, it's only in the final couple minutes that Caltiki ever gets much bigger than a minivan... The acting is either overwrought (infected Herter, who goes on his own mini-rampage) or wooden (*everyone* else), while the script by Filippo Sanjust (credited as "Philip Just," and referred to in US press materials as a doctor and "science researcher") often wastes its scant 76 minutes on marital melodrama, Max hitting on Fielding's sexy missus or an overlong native dance best utilized as a bathroom break. Still, it's definitely worth it whenever Caltiki oozes onto the screen, with the ingenious effects and spooky black-and-white camerawork providing maximum ickiness for that era's impressionable matinee viewers... In addition to the beautifully restored feature (with both Italian and English soundtracks), the Blu-ray/DVD includes separate commentaries by Bava aficionados Tim Lucas and Troy Howarth, as well as a featurette discussion with Kim Newman, archival interviews with filmmaker Luigi Cozzi and critic Stefano Della Casa, plus a PDF of the film's cool French photocomic!

It would be hard to imagine a documentary more simpatico with this magazine than 2013's **THE SEARCH FOR WENG WENG (Wild Eye)**, a feature-length labor of love and madness from director Andrew Leavold. Owner/operator of Australia's premiere cult-film store Trash Video, Leavold's fascination with 2-foot, 9-inch Filipino actor Weng Weng began over twenty years earlier, after first seeing him play diminutive super-spy Agent 00 in 1981's certifiably insane **FOR Y'UR HEIGHT ONLY**. Embarking on a personal mission to weed through hazy urban legends and dig up the truth about the amazing Weng Weng, Leavold and co-producer/co-writer Daniel Palisa haul their camera to The Philippines, with good fortune definitely on their side — accidentally stumbling upon the editor of Weng Weng's films in a Manila parking lot, unearthing additional Weng Weng movies in a Quezon City TV station's archives, tracking down Y'UR HEIGHT director Eddie Nicart, and in-



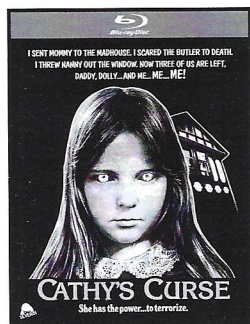
gratiating themselves with local film industry veterans who offer firsthand recollections about Weng Weng. Many of these anecdotes are amusing, like how the l'il guy bragged about his sexual exploits and having multiple girlfriends; others are much more troubling, because while Weng Weng's work made a fortune for producer

Pete Cabelles and his wife Cora (who "adopted" the tiny actor), he was also maltreated by the pair and never paid a real salary. Leavold even tracks down Weng Weng's only surviving relative, his brother, who discloses previously unknown facts about his sibling. Plus it doesn't get any more mindblowingly bizarre than when Andrew's quest lands him and his crew an invitation to the home of ex-First Lady Imelda Marcos! Interspersed with clips from Weng Weng's films, such as **THE IMPOSSIBLE KID** and **D'WILD, WILD WENG**, as well as insights from Filipino film historians, Marrie Lee (**CLEOPATRA WONG**), Franco Guerrero (**THE ONE-ARMED EXECUTIONER**), and comedian Rodolfo "Dolph" Quizon, this absolutely fascinating film once again proves that fact is stranger than fiction. The DVD includes a director's commentary, extended interview footage with Weng Weng's brother and Nicart, plus Leavold's Q&A from the Sydney Underground Film Festival.

Fueled by a wonderfully contemptuous view of authority, wall-to-wall character actors and several memorably brutal moments, 1975's **FRAMED (Kino Lorber Studio Classics)** was the final feature by director Phil Karlson, who'd hit the jackpot two years earlier with Joe Don Baker in **WALKING TALL**. Adapted from a novel by Art Powers and Mike Misenheimer (both longtime inmates at the Indiana State Prison), this throwback to Karlson's gritty early efforts like **KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL** and **99 RIVER STREET** once again casts Joe Don as a morally-complex protagonist fighting a corrupt system by any means necessary. At first glance, Ron Lewis (Baker) has a sweet life. He owns a Tennessee nightclub where his girlfriend (Conny Van Dyke, **W.W. AND THE DIXIE DANCE-KINGS**) sings, tools about in a red Corvette and just won a sackful of cash at a high stakes poker game. Unfortunately, after stumbling across the wrong crime scene and killing a dirty cop, his money is stolen by the sheriff and he's railroaded into the slammer by the end of the first reel. Lewis doesn't take shit from anyone though, which gets

him gassed and beaten by guards, but also earns him a friend in convicted mobster Sal Vaccarone (John Marley), who springs him after only four years. Determined to root out the bastards who put him away, Lewis is aided by the town's *only* honest cop (Brook Peters) and reunited with a lockup pal (Gabriel Dell) who's been contracted to kill Lewis, while uncovering shady political secrets. Baker is amazing as this ridiculously short-fused force of vengeance; Marley and Dell are standouts amongst an impressive supporting cast that includes Warren J. Kemmerling, Red West, H.G. Haggerty, and Hoke Howell as various asshole cops and guards; while two of Karlson's nastiest sequences belong to Roy Jenson (in an unflinchingly ugly brawl with Baker) and Paul Mantee (who gets his ear graphically blown off). In fact, the only weak link is bland Van Dyke (who won "Miss Teen of 1960" at age 14 and recorded under Andy Williams' country-western Barnaby Records label) and her whiny, disposable character. Though often heavyhanded, this is no-bullshit, revenge-fueled, B-movie fun. The Blu-ray has a commentary by Howard S. Berger and Nathaniel Thompson, who both display a deep appreciation of this genre.

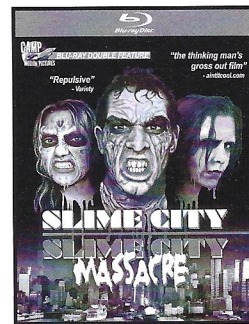
Finally available in a beautifully restored print, director/co-writer Eddy Matalon's 1977 Canadian schlockfest **CATHY'S CURSE (Severin)** is spectacularly dopey horror hokum that doesn't even try to be coherent. The Gimble family — father George (Alan Scarfe), mother Vivian (Beverly Murray) and young daughter Cathy (Randi Allen, thankfully, in her only film role) — has moved back to George's old childhood home, where his dad and sister perished in a freak auto accident when he was just a boy. As if that wasn't bad enough, Vivian is a basketcase, while Cathy becomes unusually possessive of a filthy old dolly found in the attic. Soon Cathy is creeping out the neighbor kids with her weird behavior and having random visions of another girl, which is just the tip of the film's arbitrarily mysterious occurrences: the child destroys cheap knick-knacks with her mind, her doll awkwardly flies across the room on its own, food rots before our eyes, and Cathy literally vanishes and reappears (using the same simple old in-camera



trick that every kid with a Super 8 camera has attempted). Supporting stereotypes include a drunken old handyman, a spiritual medium and a nosy, short-lived housekeeper. Meanwhile, when amusingly snotty Cathy isn't swearing at adults or violently lashing out, she's catatonically wandering into a nearby pond. So what exactly is to blame for this supernatural shitstorm? Is it the doll? The glowing-eyed portrait of Cathy's dead aunt? The film's obviously plastered scriptwriters? With its horrendous excuse for special effects, painfully awkward acting, altogether misguided approach, and unintentional hilarity at every turn, this is a clusterfuck of BadFilm riches! The disc contains both the 82-minute US release and a 90-minute

director's cut (containing additional early, non-horrific character interaction); an interview with Matalon; a talk with Randi Allen and her mom, costume designer Joyce Allen; plus a fan commentary by BirthMoviesDeath critic Brian Collins and YOU'RE NEXT scriptwriter Simon Barrett.

The freshman feature from writer/director Greg Lamberson (**KILLER RACK**) and its belated sequel both ooze their way onto Blu-ray in a cool **SLIME CITY / SLIME CITY MASSACRE (Camp Motion Pictures)** double-bill set. 1988's **SLIME CITY** is the perfect example of a New York City '80s-underground feature — from its sick humor and fearless intent to shock, to its quaintly crude practical make-up effects, to its insanely ambitious do-it-yourself agenda. Robert C. Sabin stars as struggling-artist/video-store-clerk Alex Carmichael, who moves into an apartment building filled with more-eccentric-than-usual residents. And although he has a cute, blonde girlfriend (Mary Huner), the guy is instantly tempted by the slut across the hall (also Huner, sporting a black wig and punk-pleather). Most unsettling, after ingesting a neighbor's unusual food and drink, Alex experiences strange visions and awakens with his face dripping in slime! The only thing that reverts him back to normal is



murder, with increasingly twitchy Alex wrapping his head in bandages, roaming the streets and slaughtering innocents. Could all of this goeyness be somehow connected to Zachary, an alchemist who committed suicide in this building, along with his followers? Lamberson sprinkles Alex's tragic tale with hilariously cheesy mayhem and makes excellent use of his seedy locations (with much of it shot in his own Bay Ridge apartment, in addition to Queens and the South Bronx), while both Sabin and Huner are winningly amenable to every nutty notion thrown at them, right down to its deliriously excessive, brain-creeping climax. Extras include a brief behind-the-scenes documentary; a 2009 conversation with Sabin and Huner; and two commentaries — a 2002 one with Lamberson and Sabin, plus a new track with Greg solo... In 2010's **SLIME CITY MASSACRE**, Lamberson returns to his roots with a Buffalo-lensed sequel, and while better acted and more polished, with a broader canvas and deeper subtext, it lacks the original's inspired craziness and streetwise charm. Seven years after a dirty bomb turned the city onto a radioactive urban wasteland, fugitive couple Alexa (Jennifer Bihl) and Cory (Kealan Patrick Burke) stumble upon squatters Alice (Debbie Rochon) and Mason (Lee Perkins). While scavenging for food, the quartet uncover alchemist Zachary's old cache of elixir and "Himalayan Yogurt" ectoplasm. After chowing down on this slop, the possessed foursome ooze multi-colored, fluorescent goo and are off to find worthy victims, such as shithead real estate mogul Ronald Crump (Lamberson's old teacher, Roy Frumkes), who wants to redevelop Slime City after killing all of its residents. Meanwhile, the original **SLIME CITY**'s Sabin pops up in black-and-white flashbacks as Zachary and his old co-star Mary Bogle [Huner] plays a refugee. Though weird and sporadically amusing, the film's dependence on silly digital effects and outlandish characters makes it all feel somewhat generic, with Lamberson unable to recapture his debut's raw