

"Sight"



The Glassy Eye By Dave Meile

Prehistoric-women night! Paleozoic dames running around in woolly mammoth-skin sarongs! Hollywood sexism at it finest! Watch for the subtle nuances politely known here as phallic symbols (spears, tusks, rhino horns, trains going through tunnels . . . oops! wrong movie). Remember, we slimy men probably fantasize more than we should, and that's why there are prehistoric women films. I hope your fantasies aren't as wretched as these flicks.

Prehistoric Women Night — WGN, ch. 2
"Prehistoric Women" (1967) Martine Beswick, 11:30 p.m. *"Women of the Prehistoric Planet" (1965) John Agar, 3 a.m.*

Whatever you do, don't confuse either of these films with "Voyage to the Planet of Prehistoric Women" (1968) because that's a completely different film. "Prehistoric Women," by the Hammer studios, stars Martine Beswick as the leader of a tribe of sexy cavewomen. I think they have British accents. Most of your lascivious friends will say stuff like "Gee, that would be great to have lived back then when men were men and the Cro-Magnon women were scared." Except in this one the women kick the tar out of the guys and make 'em slaves.

Generally I like my cafe films to be so crappy it's almost unbearable, which brings us to "Women of the Prehistoric Planet" (1965) which is one of the last films made by Realart, a tawdry independent studio that made lots of junk. Executive producer Jack Broder had a thing for gorillas; he made the

hilarious "Bela Lugosi Meets a Brooklyn Gorilla!" (1952) and the boring "Bride of the Gorilla" (1951) with Raymond Burr.

In this one, Wendall Corey and John Agar star as astronauts who battle it out to see who looks the most embarrassed about the film. They land on said planet, which looks very "Gilliganish," "Gilliganesque?"

Agar and Corey find humankind's first couple — Linda and Tang . . . dramatic pause. Doesn't reall roll off the tongue like Adam and Eve does. This mindless film also features Carol Burnett regular Lyle Waggoner and, for bad comedy relief, Stuart Margolin of "The Rockford Files" and "Love American Style." Agar is a real trooper, but no actor has been in bad sci-fi classics like "Attack of the Puppet People," "The Mole People" and "zontar, Thing from Venus" as well as good stuff like "Tarantula." Wendall Corey, who *could* act, was a leading man in the '40s but ended up doing this and fodder like "Cybord 2087." It's about time for WWT to dredge up the incredible "Astro Zombies" again, so watch for Wendall in that.

Saturday, 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. USA ch. 17

"Hitler - Dead or Alive" Ward Bond, Paul Fix

Despite what some obscure businessman from Columbus may tell you, in 1942 there was a war, and, yes, lots of people (including Jewish people) were killed. This film, made by one of the cheapest studios in the business, PRC, is one of the few PRC flicks on TV that borders on significance. Sure, it's wacky and implausible, but in its own little low-

budget way, it probably kept America's spirits going.

Ward Bond (famous right-wing friend of John Wayne, star of "Wagon Train") is an ex-con who is offered a million smackers to go the Germany and kidnap Hitler. He brings along his pals Paul Fix (Sheriff Micah on "The Rifleman") and Warren Hymer (dumb guy/comedian). They reach Deutschland, kidnap the big lunatic, and shave off his mustache! Later the nasties apprehend Ward, who makes a stirring patriotic speech before they shoot him.

Saturday, 11 p.m. USA, ch. 17

"Sex Madness" (1937)

Saturday, midnight. USA, ch. 17

"Cocaine Fiends" (1937)

A bunch of lilly-white, big-eared American males go to a burlesque show and watch visions of pulchritude do fan dances. After they nudge and wink for a while, they all go out and contract syphilis. Tormented with shame, one guy tells his dad, who leads him to the Rexall penicillin dispensary and a life of normalcy. At the end, Junior tells of his bout with sex madness to the Rotary Club. Rotary Club meetings were a lot more interesting back then.

"Cocaine Fiends" is dreary, grainy and unfunny. People take nose candy, wallow in self-pity, and call each other "hopheads." Neither of these films is as histrionic as other drug-exploitation films of the period like "Marijuana: Weed with Roots in Hell," "Assassin of Youth" or "She Shoulda Said No." I can't really recommend either one of these films.

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