

The Blu-ray/DVD set includes a commentary with Milligan fans and film aficionados Sam Deighan, Heather Drain and Kat Ellinger, plus a brief but depressing "then and now" locations featurette.

The idea of cockfighting might be considered downright cruel to many, but in the Philippines, where 1975's **SUPERCOCK [a.k.a. Fowl Play]** (Garagehouse Pictures) was shot, the sport was (and still is) both legal and incredibly popular. Starring and produced by Ross Hagen, on a \$30,000 budget, this was the second feature for director Gus Trikonis (following 1969's Hagen-starring **THE SIDEHACKERS**) — heading overseas for this gig in the aftermath of his failed marriage to Goldie Hawn... As the city prepares for their International Cockfighting Olympics, participants from around the world arrive, including American cowboy Seth Calhoun (Hagen) and his

champion pet-rooster Friendly. Alas, underhanded local promoter Mr. Nono (Subas Herrero, a Paul Smith-look-alike, but without any discernible acting talent) is determined to stop Calhoun from competing in this event. Nono's loyal secretary, Yuki Chan (Nancy Kwan, Hagen's co-star in

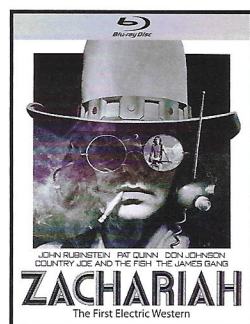
1973's **WONDER WOMEN**), agrees to spy on Calhoun for her boss, but winds up falling for this good-natured, overly-trusting doofus. And when Calhoun refuses to sell Friendly, Nono instead plans to steal the prized bird! It's all pleasantly silly, with Hagen and Tony Lorea (as a drunken US cabbie helping out Calhoun) running from Nono's incompetent goons, while passing Friendly back-and-forth like a pigskin, or when Seth recruits a gaggle of scrappy ragamuffins to find his missing feathered friend in time for the big tournament. Liberally laced with double entendre gags involving Calhoun's "cock" ("He has the largest cock I've ever seen," Kwan boasts), there's lots of talk about the philosophy and sport of cockfighting, but we don't actually witness any fowl combat until the very end. Strictly PG-rated, the raciest this amiable little yarn gets is fully-dressed Kwan massaging a shirtless Hagen. Meanwhile, Trikonis makes good use of local color — from chases through the streets of Manila, to Hagen participating in "Tinikling" bamboo-pole dancing. The Blu-ray includes Mike Malloy's 2007 phone interview with Hagen, plus a commentary with Fred Olen Ray, who knew several of the film's participants.

Nico Mastorakis' directorial career began in his Greek homeland with features like the insanely tasteless **ISLAND OF DEATH**, only to spend the '80s crapping out dreck like **THE ZERO BOYS** and **NIGHTMARE AT NOON**. One of his most ludicrously contrived efforts was the 1990 thriller **IN THE COLD OF THE NIGHT** (**Vinegar Syndrome**), the type of steamy trash that became a staple of '90s late-night pay-cable, before channels like Cinemax realized that their subscribers didn't really care about story, stardom or production values. Originally slapped with an unjustified X-rating by those prudes at the MPAA, its preposterous plot haphazardly lashes together murder, simulated sex scenes, sci-fi twists, and some familiar faces... Jeff Lester stars as photographer Scott Bruin, whose specialty seems to be snapping pics of swimsuited bimboes, and less than three minutes into the film, the guy is dipping his wick into one of his models (Shannon Tweed). But this stud is also suffering from vivid POV nightmares in which he

kills a beautiful woman inside her swanky home. As these unsettling episodes continue, freaked-out Scott eventually tracks down this "murdered" mystery woman, Kimberly (Adrienne Sachs), with the pair falling into bed at her Malibu mansion — which looks *exactly* like his dreams! Is Scott going nuts? Possibly, since he tries to strangle Kimberly in his sleep. That is, until Scott uncovers a moronic conspiracy involving mind-altering technology... This was Jeff Lester's first and (mercifully) only feature lead, marrying Susan Anton two years later, but he's perfectly paired with

Brazilian model-actress Sachs, since she's equally forgettable in front of the camera, with zero heat between these two stultifying stars. Popping up for what was probably an afternoon's work, David Soul plays a shrink, **ROLLERBALL**'s John Beck is a t-shirt artist, **COBRA**-baddie Brian Thompson is Scott's muscle-bound pal, Tippi Hedren appears in a lunch sequence as Kimberly's mom (complete with a lame **THE BIRDS** joke), while ex-BEASTMASTER Marc Singer makes a late entrance as a sociopathic scientist. At its best, this resembles a 5th-rate De Palma homage, with cinematographer Andreas Bellis giving it all a relatively slick veneer. Unfortunately, Mastorakis' direction is so clumsy that he can't even effectively shoot a simple sex scene, while allowing this self-important drivel to ramble on for 113 fuckin' minutes! The Blu-ray includes a brief behind-the-scenes featurette.

An anachronism-packed "electric western" with a bromance at its core, 1971's **ZACHARIAH** (Kino Lorber Studio Classics) boasts loads of raw talent, along with a script — a loose spin on Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha* — by **WONDERWALL**'s Joe Massot and The Firesign Theatre's Phillip Proctor, Peter Bergman, David Ossman, and Phil Austin. But even though this Old West



period piece casually mixes in modern music, go-go-dancing groupies and "far out" slang, its still little more than a misguided curiosity... A year before his Broadway acclaim in Bob Fosse's *Pippin*, John Rubinstein (son of famed pianist Arthur Rubinstein) tackles the title role of a young cowboy who's just gotten his first Colt six-shooter and is determined to be a gunfighter. Accompanied by 21-year-old, baby-faced Don Johnson as his blacksmith buddy Matthew, the pair search for a wanted gang called The Crackers (played by Country Joe and the Fish), a pack of rowdy hairballs who like to ride into town, pull out their instruments and bust out a tune at the local saloon. Zach and Matthew eventually go gunning for badass Job Cain (jazz drummer legend Elvin Jones), who shuffles fast-gun duels with wild drum solos, only to have their close friendship put to a test when conflicted Zach sets off on his own personal quest to find himself. After shacking up with Belle Starr (Pat Quinn) at her gaudy cabaret-whorehouse, our disillusioned protagonist gets a dose of wisdom from a crusty hermit, ditches his ego and

instead takes up farming. Meanwhile, Matthew has followed his own darker course as a black-garbed gunslinger... All of the elements were in place — a heady concept, a committed cast, effective locations, plus this was the perfect era for goofy cinematic pretentiousness. Alas, it never really clicks. George Englund's direction is bland, the overall look is cheap and undernourished, plus everything feels labored instead of spontaneous. Rubinstein is blandly one-note, Johnson is energetic but over-acts, Dick Van Patten pops up as a used-horse salesman, Doug Kershaw showcases his fiddling prowess, and The James Gang rocks out in the middle of the desert. Colorful but empty, this rambling mess takes itself too seriously and never gets strange enough for us to forgive its glaring problems. The Blu-ray includes a recent interview with Rubinstein, recalling how the film was gutted by its skittish producers, plus a commentary with Howard S. Berger and Nathaniel Thompson.

When I was six years old, I had my first visit to an open-air theatre, the Lakeshore Drive-In in Liverpool, New York. I quickly fell asleep in the backseat of my parents' Buick, but my fondness for drive-in theatres continued into adulthood, when I'd pack a bunch of friends into my red Mercury Comet for films like **THE RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD**, **BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA** or **PSYCHO III**. So it's no surprise that I'd be drawn to Alexander Monelli's feature documentary **AT THE DRIVE-IN** (MVDvisual), a truly wonderful celebration of this

quickly-disappearing outdoor film experience, in which the struggling Mahoning Drive-In Theater in rural Pennsylvania — about 50 miles south of Scranton — gets a new lease on life, thanks to a chance encounter between owner/longtime-projectionist Jeff Mattox and two former Temple film students, Matt McClanahan and Virgil Cardamone, who'd end up partnering with him to save the place. Convincing Mattox to stick with retro programming in glorious 35mm, instead of blowing his budget by upgrading to digital projection, the film chronicles the theatre's make-it-or-break-it 2016 season, beginning with Mattox cleaning up his old projectors in preparation of their traditional opening night pairing of **WILLY WONKA** and **THE WIZARD OF OZ**. Throughout this summer, the filmmakers capture the nightly routine of workers and customers, as the Mahoning's eclectic schedule soon attract a community of dedicated film fans. We meet volunteers who help decorate the place for theme nights and a concession stand cook with such a hefty commute that he sleeps on the premises on weekends, customers who get decked out like Jason Voorhees for their **FRIDAY THE 13TH** night or drive a DeLorean to a **BACK TO THE FUTURE** double-bill, and a wedding ceremony is even held on the grounds. Laced with amusing, inspiring and genuinely emotional moments, people reminisce about their own early drive-in adventures; Mattox discusses the soon-to-be-lost art of being a projectionist, and Matt and Virgil even construct their own makeshift digital projection shed. Though only 79 minutes long, the film tends to ramble a bit, but it's still a scrappy and engrossing portrait of a beloved moviegoing ritual. The DVD includes deleted scenes, three commentaries with Monelli and the Mahoning Drive-In gang, plus a Q&A at the Yonkers Alamo Drafthouse.

