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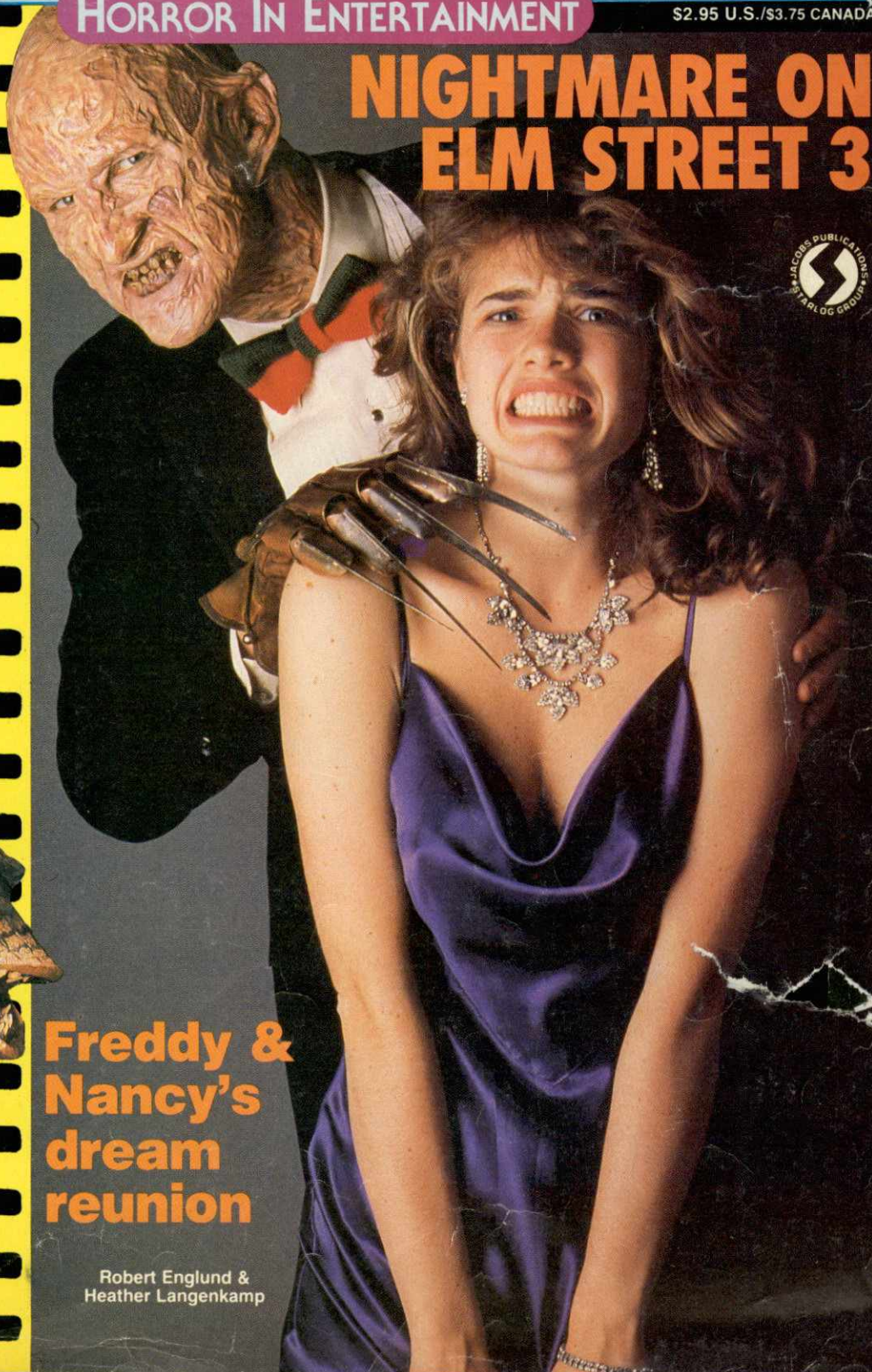
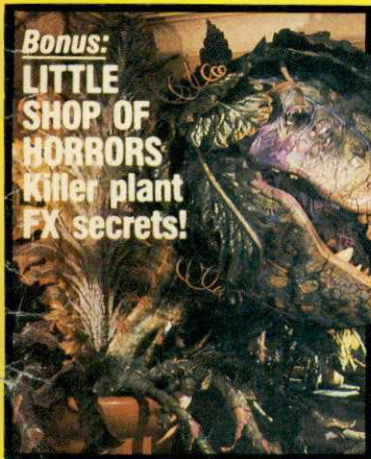
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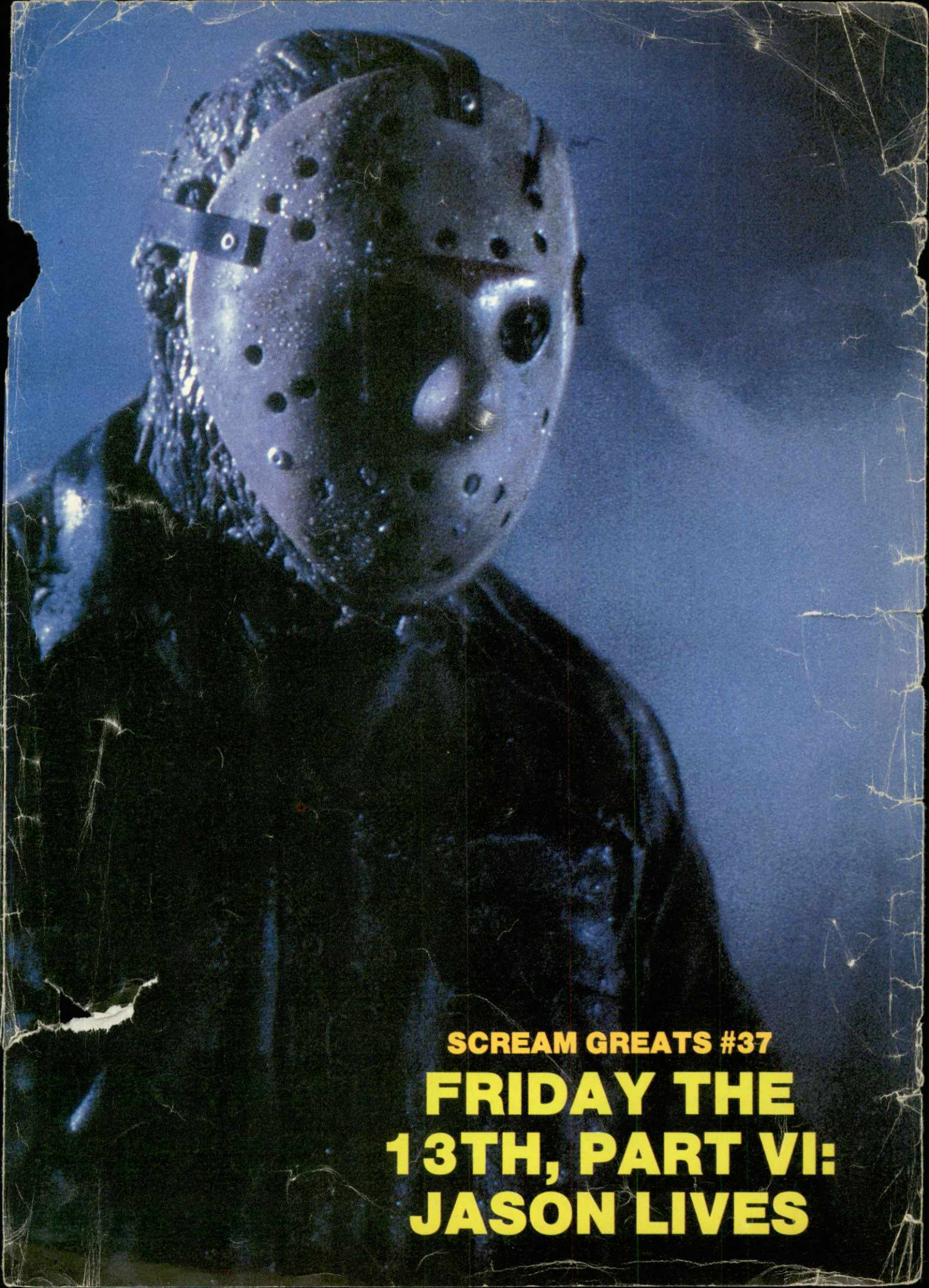
NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 3



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Robert Englund & Heather Langenkamp





SCREAM GREATS #37

**FRIDAY THE
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JASON LIVES**

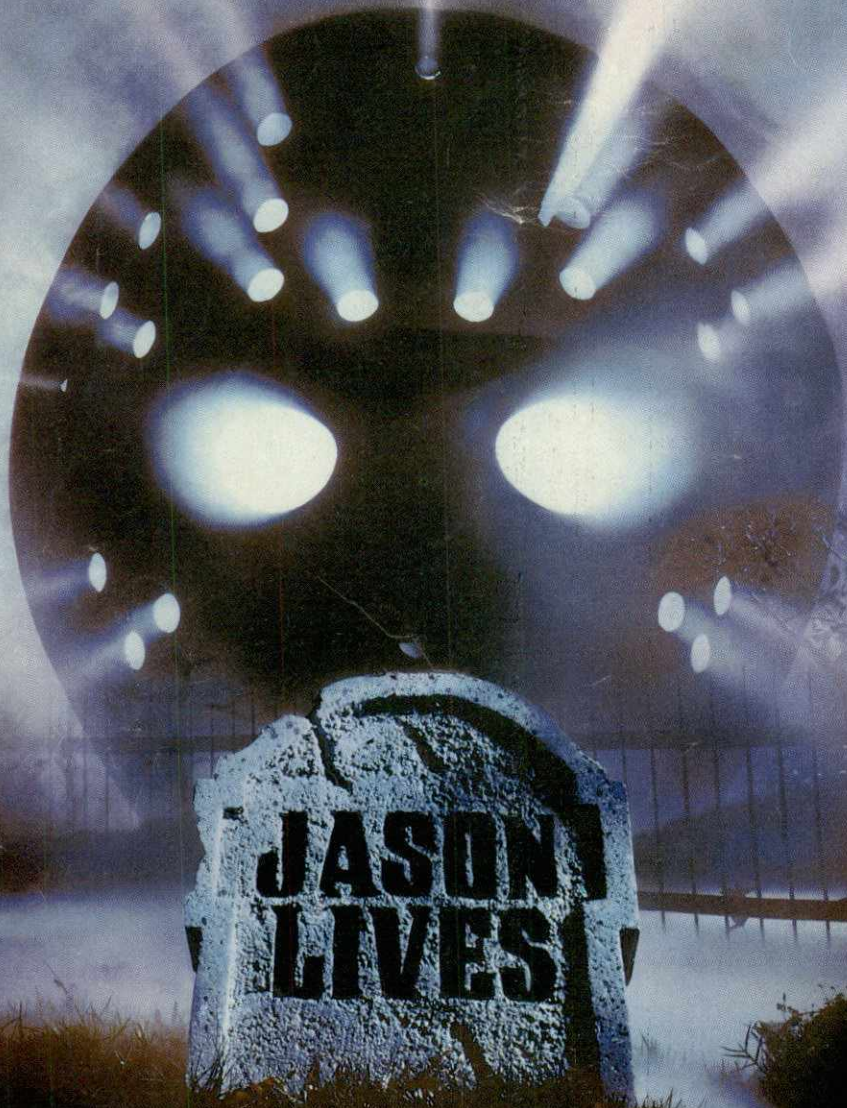


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FRIDAY THE 13TH

PART VI



**DIGGING IN THE CEMETERY
CAN HAVE GRAVE CONSEQUENCES.**



As a child, Tommy Jarvis killed Jason Vorhees, the infamous mass murderer who terrorized the residents of Crystal Lake. And years later, Tommy's still tormented by the fear that maybe Jason isn't really dead. So Tommy and a friend decide to exhume

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FANGORIA

March 1987

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Dedicated to Susan Cabot. She will be missed.

Production Assistants: Maria Damiani, Peter Hernandez, Joe Dunn, Jenny Clemente, R.S. Sean O'Halloran, Robert Reser.

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ELEGY

At Loose Ends at the Top of the World

Many years ago, more than I care to admit, I picked up my first copies of *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, *Modern Monsters* and later, *Castle of Frankenstein*. Ever since then, I've wanted to be part of a monster magazine. Now, I have been.

About a year ago, when I became Editor of FANGORIA (with #51), I noted that it was only an "interim gig." Since then, we've made some gloriously gory gains here in the halls of horror. FANGORIA has increased from nine issues yearly to 10. Our annual BLOODY BEST OF FANGORIA now contains, in addition to reprinted classics, five or six all-new, never-before-published interviews with various Scream Greats (as it will again this year). And I'm proud to announce that we've initiated a brand-new spin-off publication, the FANGORIA POSTER MAGAZINE—coming in March to newsstands, bookstores and butcher shops.

I'm happy about all those facts and just a tad sad to report one further item: This is my last issue of FANGORIA. My temporary duty has ended here, though I continue as Editor of STARLOG. But I'm extremely happy to reveal—drum roll please, Friar Muck—that our own Tony Timpone becomes Editor of FANGORIA (effective next ish) aided by newly-minted Associate Editor J. Peter Orr. Both trained, in part, under former Fango Editor David Everitt (now with *Videography*). The dynasty continues, you see.

For me, it has been a grand (Guignol) year. I've got quite a few folks I want to thank here in public where mothers and fathers and dogs can all watch, snicker and growl furtively. First, a tip of the hat to Dave Everitt for his advice when this unlikely idea (that a STARLOG Editor accustomed to Doctors Who and *Trek* stars might helm Fango) was conceived. A salute to Publisher Norman Jacobs and Assistant Publisher Milburn Smith who took the risk—as well as to Publisher Kerry O'Quinn. A bid of gratitude to Associate Publisher Rita Eisenstein for her latitude in advertising attitudes. An artistic nod to Creative Director Bill Mohalley (a *Famous Monsters* veteran) for his dazzling cover designs. And certainly, a "good show, chaps" to editorial colleagues Carr D'Angelo, David Hutchison, Eddie Berganza, Dan Dickholtz & Richard Gilbert for suffering along with us.

Let me offer a hearty round of applause to our crusading writers—especially Tim Ferrante, Lee Goldberg, Ed Gross, Jessie Horsting, Will Murray, Phil Nutman, Adam Pirani, Bill Rabkin, Marc Shapiro, Steve Swires and Tom Weaver. Their work has been especially outstanding; their efforts to meet impossible deadlines, heroic.

A special thanks also to those full-fledged heroes of horror who made my stay here among the cobwebs so enjoyable: brilliant Clive Barker, soft-spoken Wes Craven, good-natured Robert Englund, great character actor James Karen, beloved idol Dick Miller, Scream Great Tom Savini, the legendary Dick Smith and super-producer Brian Yuzna. And my appreciation and fondest wishes to that most charming of cinema historians, longtime columnist Alex Gordon.

I'm also indebted to a legion of friends—notably DC's Bob Greenberger (a former Fango Managing Editor) and *Cinefantastique's* Dan Scapperotti—for their (unending) support as well as to 20th Century Fox's Terry Erdmann, Paramount's Tom Phillips and Warner Bros.' Jeff Walker for their (mucho) help. Others should probably be mentioned, but you all know who you are. And you know where I live. Come over, meet my furniture.

Penultimately, let me thank the one individual all the shouting's about, whose herculean labors have made my tenure of terror truly a jaunt of joy, whose future at Fango is awesomely bright: Tony Timpone. Thanks, Tony. Hey, readers mark my words, he's going to be an incredibly great editor. Just watch!

Finally, my thanks to all of you. Read on here as FANGORIA rules. . . and listen, come visit me in the pages of STARLOG. So long. It's been real.

—David McDonnell/*Elegeist/Entertainer/Editor*
(October 1985-December 1986)

The Postal Zone

DEADLY FRIEND PHOTO: COPYRIGHT 1986 WARNER BROS.

Bob's "Beetles"

... I am, as you know, a loyal Fangoriatic, and seldom complain about the way you serve up a blood feast.

But in the present issue, #59, there's an item which I think needs correction. In the article on the new *Tales from the Darkside* teleplays is the following statement: " 'Beetles,' another *Darkside* Bloch adaptation, echoes *Creepshow's* 'They're Creeping Up on You.' "

For the record, "Beetles" was published in 1938—some years before the author of *Creepshow* was born.

That hardly makes it an "echo."

Robert Bloch
Los Angeles, CA

We stand corrected. The intention of the phrase in question was to underscore the fact that "Beetles" on *Darkside* could echo the insect FX possibilities previously seen in *Creepshow*. Instead, clumsily, the sentence gives another impression. We regret the error and extend our sincere apologies to Bob Bloch, always a friend to this magazine and its staffers and one of the nicest, most talented men in fear.

"Psycho" Passing

... Last year, I conducted a series of interviews concerning the *Psycho* trilogy, and through them made contact with, among others, actress Virginia Gregg, one of the sweetest women I have ever spoken to, who also happened to be the voice of *Mother* in all three films. Virginia was very receptive to my call, and willingly discussed her involvement in the series.

It's understandable, then, that I gasped and unsuccessfully fought back tears when I read that Virginia had passed away. Just like that, a friend was gone and I felt a little emptier inside. I thought about her often in the ensuing days, and have found some solace in the fact that I had actually known this fine woman, whereas so many others

know her merely as a disembodied voice or just another face on the screen.

Besides the joy of knowing her, I'm grateful that I was (apparently) the first journalist to fully reveal Virginia's contribution to the *Psycho* films, and, subsequently, opened the door for others to speak to her as well. If 1986 was destined to be the last year of her life, then I'm proud to have given her the credit which, I feel, has been long overdue and so richly deserved.

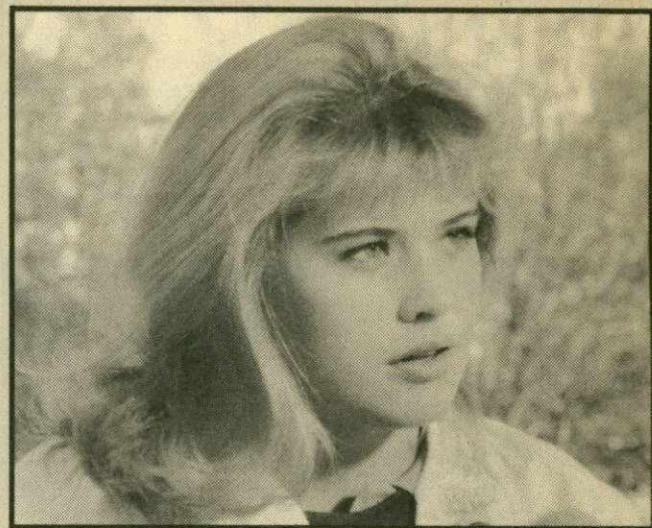
Edward Gross
Valley Stream, New York

Dreadful "Friend"

... I just got back from seeing Wes Craven's *Deadly Friend*, and I was disappointed. What happened to all the Craven intensity we saw in *A Nightmare on Elm Street*? I was waiting for the scares of my life and I barely flinched, though I do give him credit on the head-splattering basketball effect—a classic. We must always give respect to this man for scaring us on *Elm Street*, but *Friend* should have been deadlier.

Steve Harwood
Alameda, CA

... You can't imagine how disappointed I was to learn that Wes Craven's *Deadly Friend* had



A reader wants to see a pre-zombie pose of gorgeous Krysty Swanson from *Deadly Friend*. Gee, what fun is that?

lost its eternal love aspect. Having read Diana Henstell's nightmare love triangle (between Paul, his robot Bee Bee and his girl friend Samantha), I had eagerly anticipated a truly horrific "love story." But instead, I was treated to a rather inferior imitation filled with the same old buckets of blood and non-essential dream sequences expected in all commercially successful (violent) horror films these days. Once the Freddy Krueger routine started, I knew *Deadly Friend* was lost.

This is a total shame because beautiful Krysty Swanson (as Samantha) could have saved

the film. But just when she shows signs of life at the last moment, what does Craven do? He kills her character off with a mindless gunshot wound and cuts to worthless dream footage. If he had any respect for his audience, he could have at least let Samantha and Paul die together—in love. This is the major difference between Henstell's book and Craven's movie. When I read the end of *Friend*, I cried; when I saw the conclusion of *Deadly Friend*, I was in a state of disbelief.

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...I enjoyed your two articles in your August and September issues about Wes Craven's *Deadly Friend*, but there is one problem. There are only eight pictures of Sam (Krysty Swanson). This wouldn't be bad, but they are all (except one) "living dead" shots. I enjoyed the movie a great deal and would appreciate it if you would print one good "un-living dead" shot of this gorgeous actress.

Robbie Levin
5629 Powder Horn Drive
West Bloomfield, MI 48033

to play Frankenstein or Dr. Van Helsing if asked—even if it meant playing the role in a wheelchair—because that's what his fans would want.

I am personally delighted over Peter's decision to concentrate on his early years with his family and his late wife, Helen, because it gave me more insight into this gentle man's devotion to those others who were more important to him than his own life and work. I'm certain Peter would rather leave the story of his on-screen life for others to

MASKS OF DEATH PHOTO: COPYRIGHT 1986 KARL LORIMAR HOME VIDEO



Venerable veteran Peter Cushing's newest film, *Masks of Death*, joined the video shelves last fall courtesy of Karl Lorimar Home Video. Cushing plays Sherlock Holmes once again.

Cushing Comments

...I am writing to hopefully clarify some points made by one of your book reviewers, Philip Nutman, regarding *Peter Cushing—An Autobiography* (Fango #59).

As the former president of the American Peter Cushing Club, I am somewhat familiar with Mr. Cushing and his career, as are many of his other devoted fans and potential book buyers. Therefore, I am not at all surprised at this book's contents. Peter is quite a rarity when it comes to actors in that he doesn't suffer from an overblown ego. Quite the contrary—it's like pulling teeth to get him to talk about himself or his films. Plus, he figured everyone who would want to read it already knew about the films, and decided to give it a more personal feel. Peter has never tried to play down his horror roles. He has stated on numerous occasions that he would continue

write.

As far as the book's filmography, I fail to see the reviewer's dismay by calling it "a disaster" and his mention of "several incorrect film titles." Surely, he must know that several of Cushing's films underwent title changes prior to their U.S. release. The film list is quite accurate from a British filmgoers' viewpoint and since this is a British pressing, it would be ludicrous to list the titles by their American release names.

Debbie Del Vecchio
Westwood, NJ

...I can't believe it. Even after 61 issues, you guys still have the audacity not to dedicate even one measly article to that gentleman of British cinema horror, Peter Cushing. Why such neglect? Thank God you people don't run a chain of nursing homes.

Except for your inexcusable neglect of Mr. Cushing, your

magazine isn't all that bad.

Nick Pisani
Conyngham, PA

Why, thank you. As for our lack of *Cushing* pieces, we've had our Brit correspondent Philip Nutman working on that idea for ages, but *Cushing* is extremely busy due to the awesome European success of his autobiography. Besides, the graceful and talented actor usually avoids interviews. You might want to refer to the in-depth one he granted Steve Swires for STARLOG #96 & 100. That talk only took two-and-a-half years to arrange.

Jason Facts?

...First off, I have to say that I enjoyed *Friday the 13th, Part VI: Jason Lives* and am eagerly awaiting a seventh. Many fans liked the movie, but are angry about the plot holes.

Plug time, folks! All Jason fans, illiterate or otherwise, should put some serious thought to purchasing the Signet paperback novelization of *Jason Lives* by Simon Hawke.

This gory, explicit novelization (yes, a full-length novel) of the movie fills in all the plot holes and compiles, for the first time anywhere, a complete life and times of Jason Voorhees.

For instance, did you know that Jason was born on Friday the 13th? OK, you did. Let's try again. Did you know that it was Jason's father who paid the mortician a wad of money to keep his son from being cremated? No, you didn't. Also, a scene not seen in Part V: A young, brave lass stops Tommy from committing murder and takes him under her wing to "cure" him.

The book also contains scenes that Paramount cut from Tom McLoughlin's original script in which Jason's dad comes to pay homage to his boy's and wife's graves to find his son gone.

Well, I'll just let you excited fans run to your local Waldenbooks, or wherever great American trash is sold.

Andrew Boscardin

"Chainsaw" Panic

...I saw *The Texas Chainsaw*

Massacre, Part 2 on its first showing at a theater in Huntington Beach, California, and something seems to be missing. I read your article on *Chainsaw 2* in Fango #58 and it mentions something about fans for the OU-Texas football weekend being attacked. Also, there's a lovely still of a yuppie getting his head sawed open. In Fango #56, Tom Savini said that someone gets wasted while trying to steal a car, and that lots of yuppies were going to be wiped out. And what happened to Joe Bob Briggs?


I didn't see any of those scenes. We only see one yuppie in the whole picture getting killed. Try as I might, I can't recall any fans of any football game getting knocked off. And I know I didn't see a car thief bite the dust, or the creation of the award-winning chili.

What's going on? Was the editor a yogurt head? Could it be that the censors, whom I know and loathe, got to this film before I did?

Paul Catto
Austin College, Box #1413
Sherman, Texas 75090

...Please answer my question concerning *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Part 2*. Did the hand grenade go off?

Trent Robertson
E. 12819 10th Avenue
Spokane, WA 99216

According to Scot Holton, *Chainsaw 2's* publicist, Cannon Films had final cut on the sequel and insisted that Tobe Hooper edit out the Briggs cameo and massacre plus exposition between Stretch and Lefty. A scene where angry yuppie football fans trash a rival's car in an underground parking lot was shot by the second unit crew, but the footage failed to meet the style of the rest of the movie. Due to the already booked release date, Hooper could not reshoot the slaughter stuff himself. Hooper and company hope to release *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Part 2* on video in its uncensored original form, but nothing's definite. Now, whether or not the hand grenade went off at the end was shot ambiguously on purpose. Could that mean a Texas Chainsaw Massacre, Part 3? 

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NOVEMBER INVASION

Compiled by
ANTHONY
TIMPONE

The FANGORIA Fright File of up-to-the-minute newsbreaks
and other horrible happenings!



"THE LOST BOYS": It wasn't too long ago that everyone was developing a Peter Pan movie. There was the Steven Spielberg remake, written by *WarGames'* Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes and not starring Michael Jackson. There was 20th Century Fox's *Rat Lightning*, by *Equalizer* producer Coleman Luck, about an urban Peter Pan type who leads an army of Lost Boys against a Dr.

No-style villain. There was *Neverland* by Jeff Rothberg, a *Return to Oz*-like sequel in which Peter must recruit unbelieving modern teenagers to rescue Neverland from the deadly clutches of the decrocodiled Captain Hook.

And then there was *The Lost Boys*, which turned the Peter Pan story on its head: Peter and his followers are now evil vampires who lure innocent teenagers from the Santa Cruz

boardwalk into a living death. *Lost Boys* hardly approximates the cheery Neverland of Disney fame.

Of all the Peter Pan projects, only *Lost Boys* has proved it really could fly—it will be released this summer as a Joel (St. Elmo's Fire) Schumacher-directed, Richard (The Omen) Donner-produced, \$20 million horror epic from Warner Bros.

But by the time you see *Lost Boys*, you may not recognize it

Kiefer (*Stand By Me*) Sutherland stars as the leader of the *Lost Boys*, a bizarre twist on the Peter Pan myth, explaining why those kids never grew up. They became vampires. Look for it this summer.

any more. Somewhere along its journey through the Neverland called development—which in this case included at least three sets of writers and three directors—*Lost Boys* lost most of its Peter Pan connections.

"Originally, this was a vampire Peter Pan," says executive producer Harvey Bernhard (Fango #13). "But the script has gone through many metamorphoses. Jeffrey (*The Dead Zone*) Boam did a good job rewriting the original writers, and then Joel rewrote that. What it is now is a very frightening fantasy comedy."

That frightening horror comedy still does have some Peter Pan aspects. The vampire leader, played by Kiefer (*Stand By Me*) Sutherland—who is no longer named Peter—still seduces homeless teens into his subterranean version of Neverland and still never grows up. But his Wendy has been renamed Star (Jamie Gertz of *Crossroads*), and it is she who lures innocent teen Michael (Jason Patric, who co-starred with Gertz in *Solarbabies*) into the demonic clan. Corey (*Silver Bullet*) Haim portrays Patric's younger brother. Barnard (*Sisters*) Hughes plays Patric's eccentric grandfather who—in very unPan-like fashion—gets all the good lines even though he's a grown-up.

—William Rabkin

LOST BOYS PHOTO: COPYRIGHT 1987 WARNER BROS. INC.

"RETURN TO HORROR HIGH"

HIGH": To most teenagers, high school is one horror story after another: pop quizzes, proms, overbearing teachers. So feel sorry for the students of Crippen High, where pimples and broken hearts don't hold a candle to dismemberment at the hands of a crazed killer. He's the kind who makes final exams *final* in New World Pictures' *Return to Horror High*.

Return to Horror High begins as a sleazy movie producer (Alex Rocco) films the story of an unsolved high school massacre—on the actual site. He even hires the former faculty to play themselves. As shooting progresses, the cycle of death begins again, and cast members find themselves being picked off in the school's shadowed, lonely corridors. Only a former student-turned-cop (Brendan Hughes) might ultimately solve the grisly goings-on before the killer gets his hands on the picture's lovely co-star (Lori Lethin).

Making yet another slasher flick in that already-crowded genre presents a problem for director Bill Froelich and producer Mark Lisson: What *hasn't* been done? Part of the answer to that question, the creators insist, is comedy. *Return of the Living Dead* and *House* proved that screams and yucks can be symbiotic, if balanced proper-

ly. *Return to Horror High* spoofs the traditional horror conventions in a film-within-a-film context. The movie packs lots of splatter in-jokes and staged clichés that maniac fans should know well. As with *The Stunt Man* or *The House of Seven Corpses*, the viewer can't be immediately sure whether the murders are real or staged for the camera.

And so, you have Vince (*The Seduction*) Edwards (the former Ben Casey) on the receiving end of a scalpel, or a police officer knoshing a meatball sandwich in the midst of a body-strewn yard, or the handsome young actor (Philip McKeon) becoming ground-round in the wind machine.

To provide the most realistic background, the producers of *Return to Horror High* took over a deserted junior high school outside Los Angeles, and found it to be a perfect film studio. The classrooms and grounds became sets, dressing rooms, prop storage, and production offices. With all this new activity underway, local residents thought that the school had re-opened, until the night they saw a gigantic crane focusing lights on a horrible sight—human remains scattered over the school's front lawn.

Makeup FX for *Return to Horror High* were handled by John Fifer and Doug (Friday



RETURN TO HORROR HIGH PHOTO: COPYRIGHT 1987 NEW WORLD PICTURES

the 13th, Part 3) White, who dressed various victims and corpses in the ladies' restroom as well as creating body parts in abundant numbers. On a given day, seven full arms, four full legs, two hands, one head, and four sets of eyeballs were used. Unlike their counterpart in the film (who brought in real corpses when he ran short of mannequins), Fifer and White (*Fango #22*) made their parts from scratch.

The dead attend a high school reunion in New World's *Return to Horror High*, the latest in educational terror comedies.

In the sequence where Edwards' heart is removed, the organ was made from a gelatin base and cast from a plaster mold of an actual heart. Trivia buffs, take note—80 gallons of blood were used by the production.

—Mike Clark

A bunch of cut ups from *Psychos in Love* promote their new video release.



PSYCHOS IN LOVE PHOTO: KATHY MILANI/COPYRIGHT 1987 GENERIC FILMS



SWAMP THING ART: BISSETTE & TOTLEBEN; COPYRIGHT © 1988 DC COMICS

DC'S NEW & IMPROVED "SWAMP THING": From out of the swamps he came in 1972, walking first into legend and then into oblivion. Miraculously, thanks to the campy 1982 movie of the same name, DC Comics revived *Swamp Thing* in its original comic-book form. However, when the Wes Craven film died at the box office, it looked as though the marsh man would once more vanish under the muck of the Louisiana bayou, never to be heard from again. Until, that is, DC Comics hired award-winning British writer Alan Moore.

Before Moore pitted this unlikely hero against sundry occult nemeses, he revamped

Cover art for "The Curse," drawn by Steve Bissette and John Totleben.

Guy Rolfe and Hilary Mason unleash the killer toys of Stuart Gordon's *Dolls*. Empire planned to release the gory grab bag this winter.



the character. Swamp Thing began as scientist Alec Holland who, when doused with chemical plant growth stimulants and set on fire, merges with swamp stuff. Moore changed the scenario so that the title creature now represents the result of vegetation having fed off Holland's burned remains.

"The original Swamp Thing concept [created by Len Wein, Berni Wrightson & Joe Orlando] was all right when it came out in 1972, but the reality in which it's set changes to a degree," Moore, who discussed his grim *Watchmen* in STARLOG #114, explains. "Stephen King talked about this in *Danse Macabre*. He said that the original version of *Cat People* terrified people when it was made. But these days, you see that the park is just a stage set. All these things aren't frightening in the same way anymore because the standards of what scares people have altered so much, which is also true of the original Swamp Thing. So, we re-created the character, making him a more viable character with which to explore things that would be relevant to a 1980s audience."

Moore, who has been joined in his endeavors by artists John Totleben, Steve Bissette and Rick Veitch, has taken a thinking person's approach to the genre.

"The greatest thing about horror," he feels, "is that it is something which can be used as a good cutting edge to open up your audience's sensibilities. Horror has to say something. It's no good to purely revolt your audience, which is what you've got in many contemporary films. Once you've gotten over the idea of being diced up, all you've got is meat being taken apart with a chainsaw. That's not literal horror. It's no more terrible than what you might see in an average butcher shop. If horror is used skillfully, you can use the reader's shock to open them up to the message you want to get across.

"For example, in *Swamp Thing* #40, we had a werewolf story which has a lot of horror

imagery in it, but the story's main point was an exploration of how women are treated, the repression that they find themselves under."

For his efforts, the series has garnered several awards while comic acolytes have compared Moore to Stephen King. However, Moore doesn't see the connection himself, feeling he has more in common with fellow Britishers Ramsey Campbell and Clive Barker (whose *Books of Blood* had a cameo in one issue).

And while Moore feels comfortable among today's horror writers, it is one of the masters of the past that influenced him the most. "H.P. Lovecraft was the horror writer who made a massive impact on me," he reveals. "Looking back, Lovecraft was far too wordy, but what he did have was this horrific vision that I believe he was actually frightened of...and that's what communicates, rather than his stilted style."

After having Swamp Thing travel across the globe and into hell itself, confronting horrors of both human and occult origin, Alan Moore is sending this unlikely hero out amongst the universe for a while, yet he still plans to do what he has always done.

"I'm not going to achieve it every time, obviously, but this is what I'm trying for: horror that might be outlining some of the problems of the world, giving the reader pause to think."

—Daniel Dickholtz

Issue #48 gives us a good look at the face only a botanist could love.



UNCENSORED LOVECRAFT:

After H.P. Lovecraft died in 1937, one of his greatest fans, August Derleth, created Arkham House publishers to collect Lovecraft's *Weird Tales* stories into book form. Since then, Lovecraftians have treasured the Arkham editions of HPL's Cthulhu Mythos. Now, thanks to another Lovecraft fan, we're going to have to throw them all out! For the first time anywhere, Arkham is issuing the *uncensored* versions of HPL's classic works.

The man responsible for restoring Lovecraft is S.T. ("the name not meant to be pronounced by human vocal chords," he jokes) Joshi. Born in a Lovecraftian-sounding place called Poona (in India), Joshi grew up in unexotic Muncie, Indiana, where at age 13, he discovered an Arkham House edition of *At the Mountains of Madness* in a library.

"I fell in love with the stories—their stately and archaic style of writing, the stupendously cosmic horror, the richness of texture and construction," Joshi recalls. "Like most youngsters, I liked all the monsters in the stories—Cthulhu, Yog-Sothoth, the Whisperer in Darkness, the Great Race, etc. I remember covering my face in horror when I finished *The Whisperer in Darkness*."

It was while attending Brown University in Lovecraft's native Providence, Rhode Island that Joshi's massive Lovecraft restoration project began. At a friend's suggestion, he compared the Arkham editions with the original Lovecraft manuscripts housed at Brown's John Hay Library and discovered *true* horror.

"I started with my favorite Lovecraft story—'*At the Mountains of Madness*'—and was appalled to find literally 1,500 errors in that novel, including the omission of *whole* passages," Joshi reveals. "I realized that, since I had nearly daily access to the Lovecraft manuscripts, I was in the best position to undertake the long and onerous effort to clean up Lovecraft's texts."

Because Lovecraft had written for the pulps, his stories were heavily edited and cut by

insensitive editors. Only by ignoring *all* previous published versions and re-editing them from the original manuscripts, Joshi discovered, could Lovecraft's work be published as the author had intended. Fortunately, almost all of HPL's manuscripts survived. The exceptions were few.

"The manuscripts for 'The Cats of Ulthar' and 'The Haunter of the Dark' were not made available to me," he explains. "The manuscript of 'The Shadow Out of Time' is either lost or destroyed."

When Jim Turner—editor of Arkham House following August Derleth's death in 1971—heard of Joshi's work, he contacted Joshi about re-editing their three-volume set of Lovecraft's fiction, *The Dunwich Horror*, *At the Mountains of Madness* and *Dagon*. The end result of what Joshi calls "seven back-breaking years" of research is the *first* publication of Lovecraft's stories with every tentacle and "Yah Shub-Niggurath!" intact.

Joshi, who in his spare time edits *Lovecraft Studies* for Necronomicon Press, doesn't plan to "wait dreaming" like Cthulhu, even though the third and final restored Arkham House volume, *Dagon*, has just been released. He's planning a 13-volume *Collected Works of H.P. Lovecraft*, which will reprint the remaining collaborations and articles, a definitive biography scheduled for Lovecraft's 100th birthday in 1990, and an expanded version of Lovecraft's five-volume

The unedited works of H.P. Lovecraft debut thanks to the efforts of HPL expert S.T. Joshi.

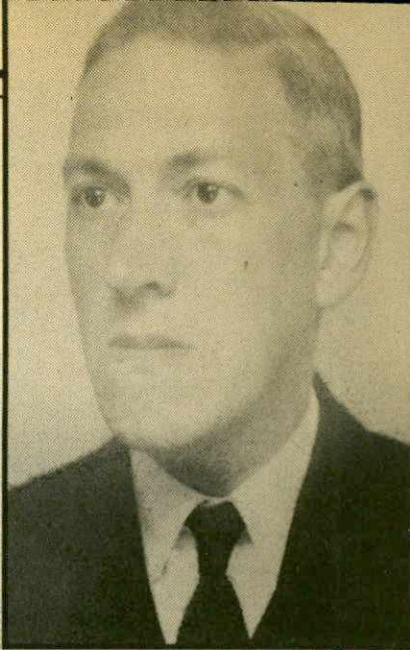
Selected Letters, which Joshi estimates could run as many as 100 volumes!

And what about the old versions of Lovecraft's stories, which have captivated horror fans for more than 50 years? Do they have any value now?

"None," says the 28-year-old Joshi flatly. "They are a curiosity of literary history. I suppose the first editions have a certain monetary value as collector's items, but that's about all."

—Will Murray

LOVECRAFT PHOTO: COURTESY GERRY DE LA REE



THE TERROR TELETYPE: Director Michael (*Tales from the Darkside*) Gornick wrapped *Creepshow 2* in Bangor, Maine last November. Since they were shooting in his hometown, Stephen King couldn't resist a tiny cameo. In the sequel's most offbeat casting bit, Tom Savini appears as the Creep, the host of the terror trilogy. Newcomer Howard Berger replaced Ed French as makeup FX boss, assisted by Mike Tricic, Greg Nicotero and Everett Burrell... Laurel Entertainment hopes to film *Tales from the Darkside — The Movie* for theatrical release... Dick Miller did indeed make it into Joe Dante's upcoming *Innerspace*, as did Fiona (*The Fury*) Lewis (Fango #17) and Vernon (*The Road Warrior*) Wells... Paul Michael Glaser took over the directorial reigns on *The Running Man*... Tri-Star briefly retitled *Night of the Creeps* as *Homecoming Night* during its last legs at regional theaters... New World Pictures bumped *House II: The Second Story* to a July release, the same month they plan to open Jeffrey (*Blood Beach*) Bloom's *Flowers in the Attic* adaptation... Hal (*Creepshow*) Holbrook and Trevor (*The Night Visitor*) Howard star in *The Unholy*, a Florida-lensed supernatural thriller... Tom (*Jason Lives*) McLoughlin will get to make *Date with an Angel*, a fantasy comedy, for DEG... Mel Brooks says he spoke to 20th Century Fox about a sequel to his remake of *The Fly*... *Jaws '87*, yep, that's right, *Jaws '87*. Universal plans on making their fourth killer shark movie for next summer with director Joseph (*Nightmares*) Sargent at the helm.



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JASON THE SULTAN OF SLAUGHTER

The author of "Horror Holocaust" delivers a worm's-eye view of the body count king!

By CHAS. BALUN

It's dark and it's raining, with an occasional lightning flash punctuated by a rumbling thunder-clap. No one is out. It's one of those nights.

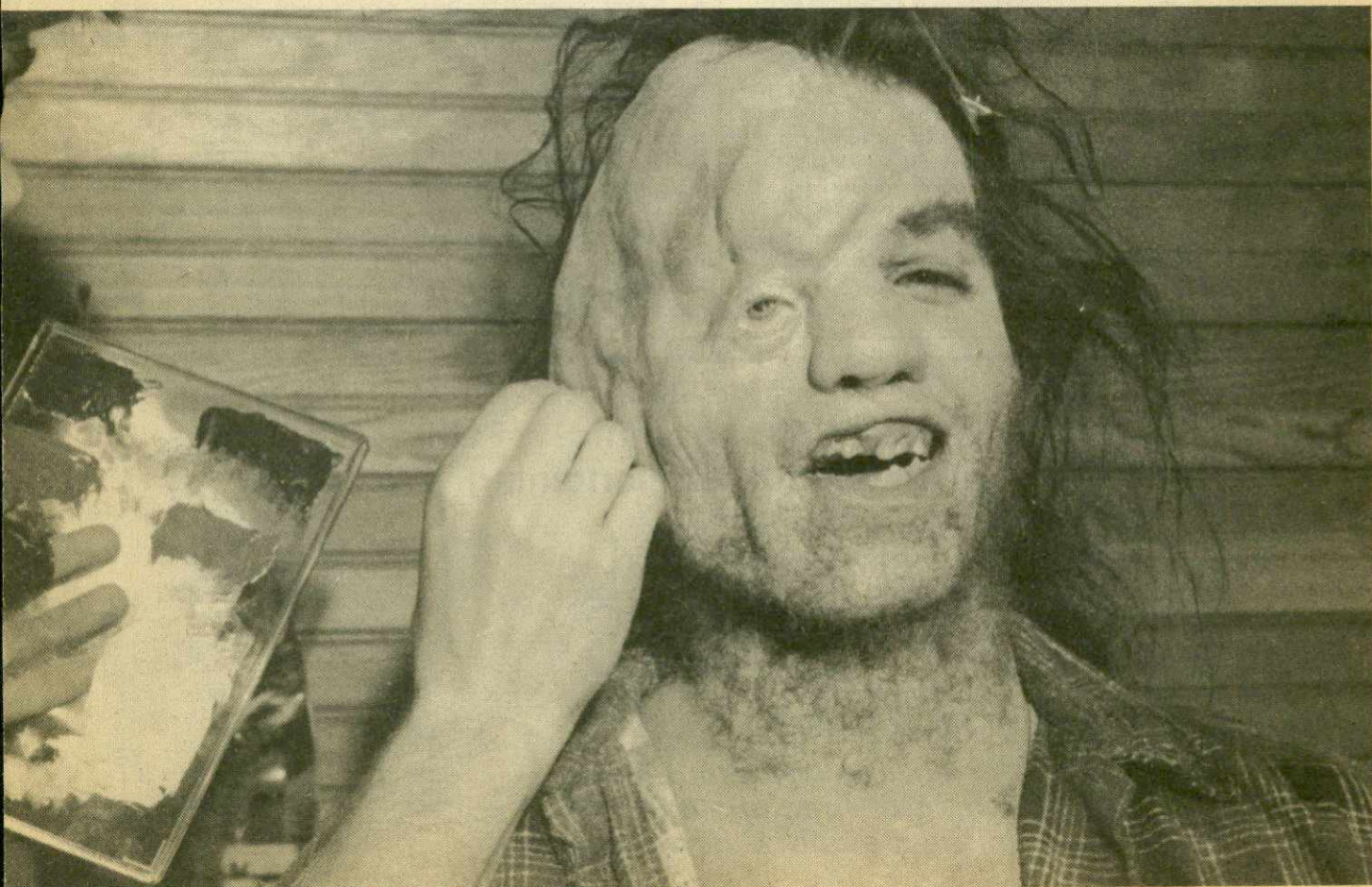
Inside the cabin, illuminated moodily by a blazing fire in the fireplace, lay two naked teenagers

who, by all available visual evidence, are both fornicators and substance abusers. The wisecracking yuppie stud shuffles off to the bathroom. His girl friend is slipping into her robe when she hears something hit the door from the outside. She is startled at first, but soon becomes curious.

She slowly opens the door, tightening her robe about her waist, and calls, "Anybody there? Who's out there? Hey, c'mon . . ."

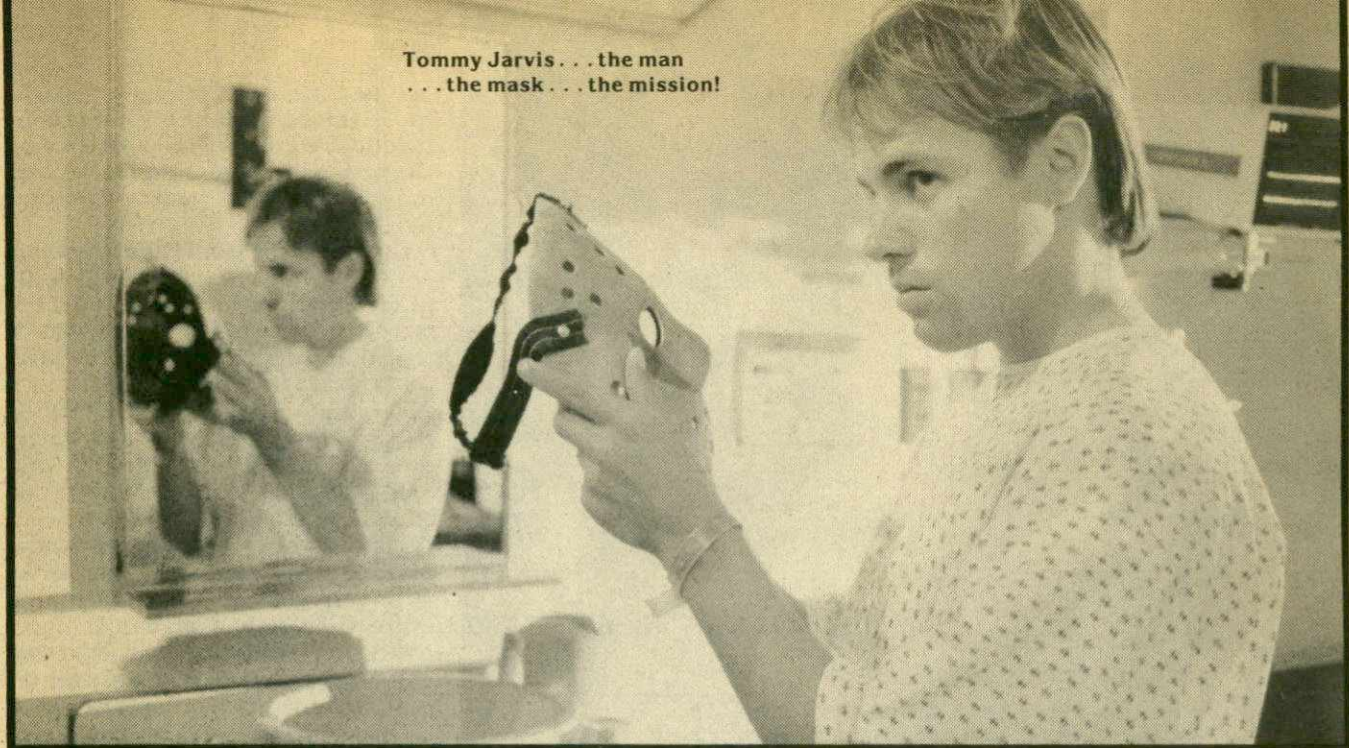
She cautiously slides out on the covered porch, anxiously searching for . . . what? She's not sure. She calls out again, only to be answered by a bellowing clap of thunder. She doesn't have a flashlight. She's without shoes and sense, and tonight's her first night at camp so she doesn't know her way around. But this adventurous teenage pinhead has a destiny to follow . . . Tch . . .

The ever-changing face of Jason Voorhees—King Carnage reflecting upon nearing his golden 50 kill mark. Whatta guy!



ALL FRIDAY THE 13TH PHOTOS: COPYRIGHT 1980, 1981, 1982, 1984, 1985, 1986 PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Tommy Jarvis . . . the man
. . . the mask . . . the mission!



Tch . . . Tch . . . Ha . . . Ha . . .
Ha . . . Tch . . . Tch . . . Tch . . .

She leaves the porch, venturing further from the warmth and safety of the cabin, still calling furtively, "Hey! C'mon! Who's out here? What do you want?" Lightning flashes. She thinks she hears something directly behind her and turns suddenly and . . . You wake up in a frenzied sweat, unable to recognize and place this scene in the *Friday the 13th* series, although you've seen each one of 'em at least five times! You can't even remember if it was a pitchfork, machete, axe, corkscrew, road flare, spear gun, butcher knife, or 70mm armor-piercing shell that eventually wasted our reckless little post-pubescent princess. If this has happened to you, don't fret. It's just the Holiday Teen Camp Massacre Blues that are momentarily clouding your better judgment.

But still, you can't shake the feeling and all your friends rely on *you* to be an absolute authority in matters of this kind. Was it *Part 2* or *3*? Or was it the latest one where Jason returns after a year's sabbatical as an electro-charged Italian cannibal zombie? These slightly blurred periods of recollection are absolutely unforgivable for the conscientious gorehound and *Friday the 13th* aficionado.

You've already committed to memory all the other essential *Friday the 13th* slaughter trivia, including: Highest Body Count (*Part V: A New Beginning* with 18 murders and three dream killings); Most Repeated Murder Method (a tie: big knife, axe, and machete); Most Inventive (Jason's slide down the machete in *The Final Chapter* and the kid whacked

in half while walking on his hands in *Part 3*); and Stupidest Murder Method (Tommy Jarvis trying to chain a big rock to Jason and drown him in Crystal Lake!)

If you still are unable to place this aforementioned scene, relax, bunky, for sometimes life is stranger than you could *ever* imagine. If this scene causes you any difficulty, then you probably don't even know what Jason does between movies (does he fish? hike? arts and crafts?); why he *really* wears a hockey mask; or even why he's still pissed off after slaughtering 40 or 50 people. How about the

real explanation (provided your reviewer by a highly-placed source who must remain nameless) on the focusing-meditational-mind control techniques used by Jason Voorhees to survive multiple axe, knife, and machete wounds, hangings and drownings, not to mention being buried alive for two-and-a-half years?

Jason is, indeed, one puzzling dude! Perhaps we'll never ever really know the truth about the man who

Winner: Most repeated kill method—machete (tied with axe whackin' and big knife nastiness).





She's young . . . attractive, but she axed for it. Thanks, Forry!

has apparently survived through six blood-drenched episodes. Hell, think about it. It only took *three* installments of *The Omen* to kill the anti-Christ!

What does all this mean, then? Is Jason Voorhees a psychoanalytical archetype personifying a remorselessly evil Id, or does he represent a sudden resurgence of right-wing Nixonian reactionary politics where various anti-social, rebellious acts (adolescent sex, foul-mouthedness, alcohol and drug abuse, truancy, disobedience) are severely dealt with? Perhaps teens of today are learning the perils of irresponsible sex, pot smoking and flippancy of attitude not through serious, cautionary lectures and slide shows in Health Ed classes, but from the *Friday the 13th* series! They *know* what happens to luckless teens who are too quick on the zipper or too long on the bong! They don't merely get pregnant, acquire a social disease, go insane, or get a terminal illness. No way! Nothin' *that* easy! They die horribly, suddenly, and preferably painfully at the hands of a hockey-masked avenging angel! Such irony. More queer twists in life's rich, ever-changing pageant. That's the Voorhees legacy for you. That's our Jason, the Sultan of Slaughter.

It's difficult to focus precisely on the enormous appeal that a brain-damaged, misshapen, machete-

wielding Momma's boy can have over a receptive public. But, hell, who knows for sure 'bout anything these days? Jason could be a modern embodiment of some primeval, vengeful spirit that haunts the wicked or he could be simply an agent of catharsis, acting out our deepest, most deranged and violent desires. Through his bloodletting, we are purged and relieved of the homicidal tension building within us. Really—who hasn't thought of corkscrewing their boss/teacher/boy friend/girl friend's hand to a cutting board, burying a meat cleaver in their forehead, or nailgunning their whimpering butt right to the wall?

Jason as myth, hmm . . . let's think a moment here. This guy couldn't possibly survive all the machete mayhem, hatchet-whacking, and other attacks upon his person without *some* sort of supernatural powers. There's much, much more to this lump-headed, gap-toothed King of Carnage than one could ever guess. Maybe Jason is a sort of renaissance man in reverse, a return to the basic primal urges in man while forsaking our techno-modern utopia that negatively reinforces our hotheaded ambitions to pitchfork our neighbors to death, disembowel the cocky creeps and howl in the moonlight over their freshly flayed and gutted corpses? Never thought of it in quite that way, huh?

Maybe you should. Maybe you ought to be mucho thankful that your neighbor's kids see the movies, buy the magazines and 3-D posters, and only *collect* Jason-related slaughter memorabilia.

Or maybe you would like to remember the time you gave the kids some grief about how loud and stupid the music they were listening to was or the other time when . . . Tch . . . Tch . . . Tch . . . Ha . . . Ha . . . Ha . . . It's night and very dark. It's raining hard. You've stepped into a deep puddle. Your shoes, socks, feet and ankles are soaked. Lightning cracks, thunder breaks. You've just been fired from your job, your girl friend is making the beast with two backs with your *former* best buddy, and, quite simply, you've had it up to **HERE!** Grasping the wet, cold machete by the blade suddenly seems quite comforting. You ease along the bushes, quite sure no one could ever see you, let alone recognize you. It's begun to rain even harder . . . Tch . . . Tch . . . Tch . . . Ha . . . Ha . . . Ha . . .

Jason indeed *lives* . . . in all of us. Perhaps we faithfully attend these films in order to exorcise our *own* demons. Or, more likely still, it continues to remain quite gratifying to witness all of the colorful ways in which wise-cracking, sexually active, braindead teens can be slaughtered, too.

The *Friday the 13th* series has been an ever-broadening canvas upon which various talents have left their indelible brushmarks. Through the ever-changing face of our anti-hero, each successive director has attempted to explore, define and coalesce the various elements involved in Jasonmania.

The first *Friday the 13th* showed us the wrathful, vengeful mother, ever cognizant of the fact that irresponsible, careless teen fornicators directly caused the death of her baby boy. This lady, equipped with size 14 hunting boots and husky hands any linebacker would be proud of, really knows how to play exterminator, too.

In *Part 2*, it's Jason standing in for his decapitated mom, not yet wearing his trademark hockey mask. Instead, he's stylishly coiffed with a burlap sack, capitalizing on the then-current *Elephant Man* hysteria that was sweeping the nation. Jason showed us a glimpse of his vulnerable, sensitive side by building a cute little altar with Mom's head as the centerpiece.

Jason knows what those teens are up to in their rooms after hours, too, and he harpoons a couple of twits who are fervently making whoopee.

(continued on page 67)

FRIDAY THE 13th - PART VI

FX: The Censors Live!

By MARC SHAPIRO

Jason may be the king of cut and slash, but the results of his latest bloody escapade, *Friday the 13th, Part VI: Jason Lives*, indicate that he carries a dull butter knife when compared to that granddaddy of mad slashers—the motion picture ratings board.

Gorehounds expecting *Jason Lives* to be a panorama of blood and graphic guts were, undoubtedly, disappointed at the quick cuts, the off-screen kills and an overall feeling that this basically PG-13 plus flick would have been safe viewing for your maiden aunt from Podunk.

"We were definitely disappointed that many of the things we worked on in the movie didn't make it to the screen," complains Jim Gill, mechanical FX coordinator for Reel EFX who worked on *Jason Lives*. "But there's not a lot you can do when the ratings people go quite literally through the movie saying, 'Sorry, you can't do that.'"

Gill and makeup FX coordinator Christopher Swift are performing this roundtable postmortem in a conference room in the Southern California office of Reel EFX. It is several weeks after *Jason Lives*, warts and all, opened to its expected terrible reviews and its equally expected great box office (nearly \$22 million). Even if the group was robbed—FX wise—the Reel EFX guys remain in good spirits, due to a successful summer run and the rumors that at least seven more *Friday the 13th* movies are being planned. Also, an X-rated version of *Jason Lives* may yet get out by way of videocassette.

Swift, however, claims that Reel EFX (Martin Becker's baby) and director Tom McLoughlin (Fango #57) had no illusions about getting something that graphic into the theaters.

"The impact the ratings board was going to have on this movie was weighing on everybody's mind even

Reel EFX supplied Jason's decomposed look for the latest *Friday the 13th*.



The gang at Reel EFX reveals what you didn't see in Jason's last murder marathon and why!

Christopher Swift makes cobwebs with his very own cobweb machine, giving maggot-face Jason the proper undead look.



ALL-JASON LIVES PHOTOS: COPYRIGHT 1986 PARAMOUNT PICTURES

in pre-production," remembers Swift. "Frank Mancuso, Jr., the producer, called a meeting with Tom, Marty and all the effects people and went through the original script, page by page. Things almost immediately started to change.

"In the initial script, people were getting their faces ripped off and

there was some really good gore stuff. Frank took one look and said, 'Forget it.'"

Mancuso wasn't just playing the Grinch to that initial *Jason Lives* script. Mancuso, senior as well as junior, have been doing battle with the ratings board on *Friday the 13th* sequels from the early days. Thanks

to those bloody experiences, Mancuso knew going in what kills would or wouldn't pass muster.

"At that point, the biggest challenge was not so much to see what we could get by the ratings board, but more of giving them something they would accept," explains Gill. "Our goal was to make the effects as big as



Don't expect to see this masked fellow on *Friday the 13th: The Television Series* this fall.

"Friday the 13th: The

Paramount Pictures Television is happily announcing a "new, fresh alternative" for television this fall, and it's called *Friday the 13th: The Television Series*.

You may wonder just how new and fresh a TV show based on a series of six nearly identical movies can be. In this case, it's pretty new—the TV series will have *absolutely nothing* to do with the movies.

Friday the 13th: The Television Series will not feature Jason Voorhees. It won't have a new crop of teenagers brutally slaughtered every week. In fact, it won't have any explicit gore at all. It won't be written or directed by *Friday the 13th* pioneers Sean Cunningham or Steve Miner.

What *Friday the 13th: The*

Television Series will have is an antique store, a *curse*d antique store that three cousins inherit from a mysterious uncle. So, what we have here is an anthology show with a continuing set of characters.

"The cousins have to get back everything that was ever purchased or given away from this store since it's *all curse*d," explains Lucy Salhany, president of Paramount domestic television and video programming and the driving force behind the *Friday the 13th* TV incarnation. "They have a big log listing every item, and each week they go to buy or steal back one of those items. In one episode, the cousins might have to track down a cursed necklace a husband bought for his wife before it strangles her to death."

possible and to have something we could live with when the board ultimately told us that we had to cut back."

With that in mind, director McLoughlin set about shooting *Jason Lives'* massacres three different ways, in degrees ranging from a hard PG-13 to a gore-laden X. Good thinking, Tom, because as audiences learned, most of what was bloody wound up on the cutting room floor.

The graveyard maggot sequence, which made use of a dummy, the notorious CJ (the actor who plays Jason) and Swift's own eye (in all the Jason close-ups), was one of the rare scenes to survive the censor's axe. Beginning with the demise of Tommy's sidekick Allen (Ron Palillo) at Jason's hands, there is much that you missed.

Swift notes that the moment where Jason rips out the actor's insides was accomplished by what he terms "an interesting effect."

"We built a false body on a rig," he reveals. "The front was porous and we filled it with all kinds of guts, arteries and a heart that would be pulled out by Jason."

A heart? Guts and arteries? No, you didn't blink and miss it. Swift catalogues the missing footage.

"What you see is Jason's hand coming out of the body and then it is cut. What you did not see is that he dragged the guts and the heart out and then he drops the heart on the ground where it lays steaming.

"It was one of those scenes that really grabbed you, which is probably why it was snipped. And that's too bad, because people find it hard to



Though Allen (Ron Palillo) surely had a big heart, the MPAA didn't and insisted that his disemboweling be left to the fans' imagination. Don't count on any Christmas cards from us, guys.

grasp that Jason disemboweled Allen because nothing is ever shown."

Something else that's never shown is the graphic bottle-in-the-neck death of the drunk caretaker. "The X-rated version of that had Jason ramming the broken bottle into his neck," offers Swift gleefully. "He goes down and the camera closes in on the bottle as the blood begins to flow out of one end."

Easily the most ambitious effect to go by the wayside is the triple

decapitation of the goofy survivalists. Gill says what made it to the screen of that slashing was not that shocking or gory. But the potential was definitely there.

"That scene was cut the worst," Gill laments. "We had set up three full bodies with detachable heads with trips attached to each one. The machete was set up on a track and, as it rode the track and hit each trip, the body would be blown down and the head would fly off and there was blood everywhere. That scene could have had the most impact but it wound up having the least."

Next on the nix parade was the segment in which the two camp counselors (one played by McLoughlin's wife Nancy) drive down the road and into a deadly confrontation with Jason. The woman being speared in a puddle of water was trimmed of excess blood and wound exposure. The guy, also speared and subsequently tossed through the air and into the bushes, required more doctoring.

"There was a shot where the broken body is lying in the bushes that didn't make it," Gill adds. "We also had a sequence in which the boy is speared and Jason actually appears to throw him through the air (a feat accomplished with an air ramp) that was cut because the ratings people didn't want to actually see the body on the spear.

"Originally, the script called for the guy to be speared, Jason lifting him in the air and having him slide down the spear, leaving guts hanging on the end. But that idea was trashed

Television Series"

In other words, all *Friday the 13th: The Television Series* has is the name. In case you were wondering exactly why this is called *Friday the 13th: The Television Series*, there's one simple reason: money.

"If they called it *Tales of the Revenge of the Nerd People*, they wouldn't be getting all this media attention," says TV consultant Norman Horowitz. "Television is an exploitation medium, and Paramount is exploiting the title."

Even Paramount admits that. "Forget the features," Salhany explains. "There's not any connection between the TV show and the movies. They're completely separate products. This title can mean lots of things. *Friday the 13th* is just a good, generic term. It conjures up a scary atmosphere.

We could have called the series *Halloween*—that's a scary title, too, but we don't own it."

Right now, *Friday the 13th: The Television Series* is just a concept and a product reel. Paramount will be using those tools to sell the series into first-run syndication for broadcast this fall. And since stations are hungry for horror shows—which almost inevitably get good ratings on Saturday nights—the future looks bright for this latest version of *Friday the 13th*.

But Jason fans shouldn't despair that their favorite psycho-killer is being replaced by murderous rocking chairs and vicious jewelry. Paramount promises that the movie series will continue even if the TV show flies.

—William Rabkin



around. It was like somebody had literally exploded in the room. There were brains and guts all over.

"The problem was I got carried away and the room was too gross so, in the finished film, the camera really doesn't focus on the room or linger for very long. The audience missed all kinds of stuff sliding down the walls."

What the audience also lost out on

"You show [the Ratings Board] the film, they ask for changes—and you go back and make them."

—mechanical FX coordinator Jim Gill

was an extreme bit of blood-letting centered around Jason's physical beheading of counselor Sissy (Renee Jones). Swift explains that Sissy was originally an off-camera kill in which she gets yanked out the cabin window and her head turns up later in the police car. But once filming on *Jason Lives* finished and the crew returned to Los Angeles, the status of this unlucky victim changed.

"Tom and Frank saw a rough cut and decided the movie needed more kills, so Sissy suddenly became an on-camera kill that required a quick insert shot. That shot consisted of Sissy lying on the ground after being yanked out the window. Jason picks her up, grabs her head, turns it completely around and rips it off. What made it into the film from that was everything shot from the neck down.

"We knew, even while filming that scene, that we weren't going to get it past the board. So, we decided that we would go all the way with it and make sure it didn't get on."

Gill picks up the slaughter count-down on what Jason fans never witnessed by putting the particulars back into the backbreaking struggle between Jason and the sheriff (David Kagen) near the movie's end. "What you did not see was the sheriff's legs kicking and, in the uncut version, (continued on page 67)

Brian Wade gives Jason (C.J. Graham) a hand with his makeup.



The sheriff soon learns that a fight with Jason can be a real back-breaker, a Reel EFX shot that barely survived the censors' eagle eyes.

early on. Frank took one look at it during the early meetings and said, 'It'll never make it, so don't try.' "

But our determined band of gore-meisters did continue to try and, in the movie's fiery van crash, even managed one small FX step forward.

"We worked up what I believe would have been a screen first," recalls Swift ominously. "We had a retractable knife with retractable blood that goes into the van driver's ear. The scene was shot in reverse so that what you caught was the knife jabbing into the ear and the blood coming out. It was shot in one continuous shot, without cuts, and it really worked well. But it was termed

too graphic and very little of it survived."

Another FX shocker toned down for kiddie consumption was the interior of the cabin that's smeared wall to wall with blood after a Jason kill. Swift jokingly remembers that paint job came about the night he went off his rocker.

"We were getting ready to shoot the scene and Tom told me that he wanted it to be real bloody, like somebody had been mauled. It was at a point in the shooting where everybody was getting tired, and I wanted to have a little fun, so I went in there and sprayed blood everywhere and threw all kinds of bloody wads

MEET

The Dead Next Door

By DAVID KUEHLS

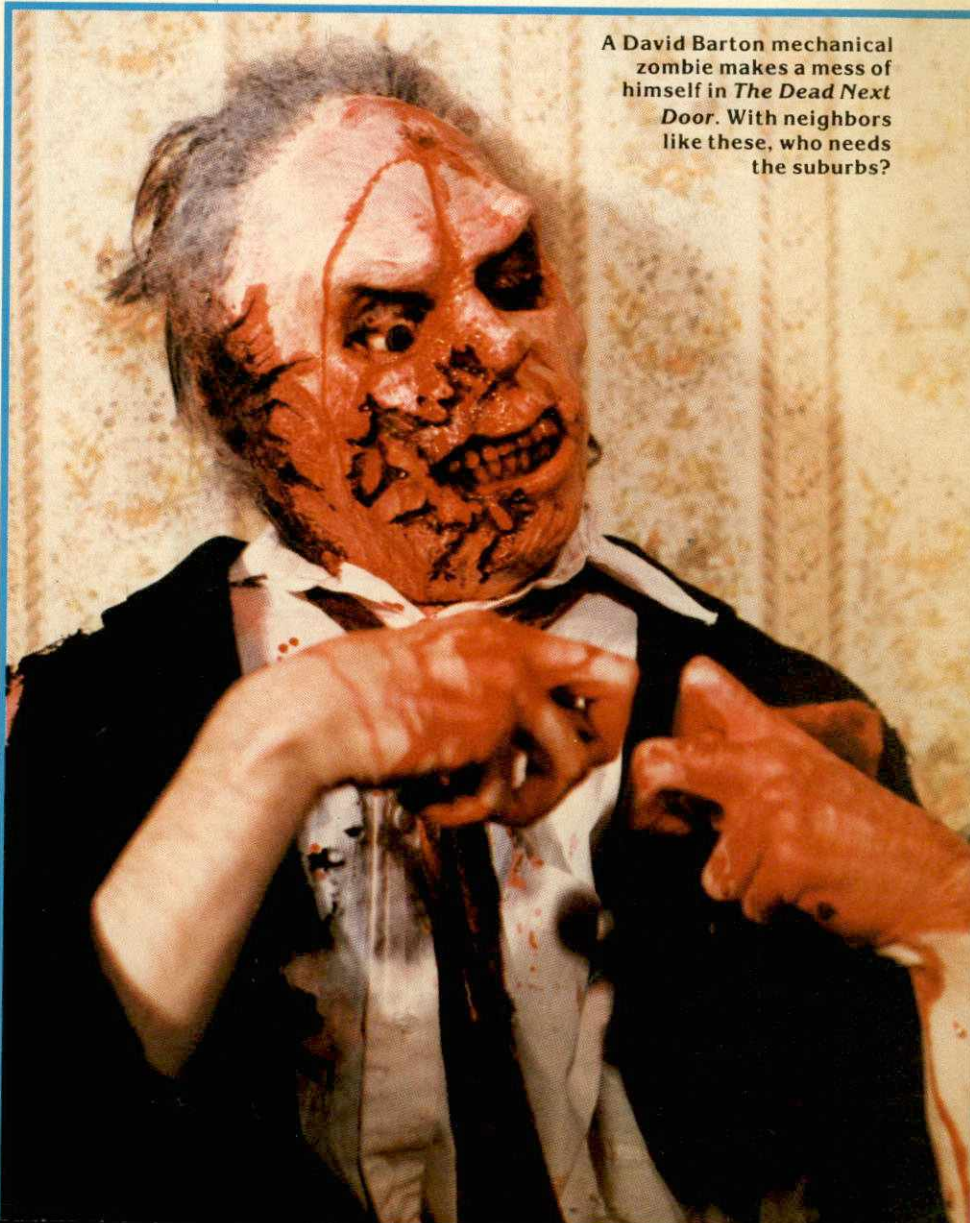
When there's no room left in hell, the Dead show up in Akron, Ohio. Writer/director J.R. Bookwalter and friends explain all.

What I've done with *The Dead Next Door* is widen the scope of the zombie movie," says first-time writer/director J.R. Bookwalter, who in fall 1985 nabbed Sam (*Evil Dead*) Raimi to finance his project on the strength of a few short films and a rough-draft script. "The story is not just a couple of humans trapped in a farmhouse, like in *Night of the Living Dead*, or a mall, like in *Dawn of the Dead*, but the zombies are everywhere and the humans are everywhere." Bookwalter is speaking from his makeshift studio just south of Akron, Ohio.

"My characters are not just in one place—but in Ohio, in Washington, D.C. and in Virginia. And they're not just in one building, but in a farmhouse, in a church, in a laboratory. They even move around in cars."

At its simplest, *The Dead Next Door* could be called *The A-Team vs. the Zombies*, but that would only scratch the surface of Bookwalter's complex story. The zombie menace in this movie is the result of a virus that has infected all of North America. Once bitten by a zombie, a human will soon become "zombified." In retaliation, the United States government has set up a series of commando units ("zombie squads") across the country to protect the remaining human population. One such squad is dispatched from government labs to Ohio in search of an antidote. There, they not only encounter hordes of zombies, but an equally menacing cult led by the Reverend Jones (Robert Kokai), a "religion" which harbors and worships the undead. The three groups clash in what Bookwalter describes as a "violent menagerie of human and inhuman conflict."

ALL DEAD NEXT DOOR PHOTOS: COPYRIGHT 1987 AMSCO STUDIOS



A David Barton mechanical zombie makes a mess of himself in *The Dead Next Door*. With neighbors like these, who needs the suburbs?



Dr. Moulsson discovers the cause of the spazo-head zombie's split personality.



Kline (Floyd Ewing, Jr.) finds a solution to his nagging back pain.

There's certainly enough violence in *The Dead Next Door* for a whole season of *A-Team*, and, to be sure, it's not TV violence. The film, currently in search of a video tape or motion picture distributor, is going the unrated route because Bookwalter is positive that because of a decapitation, a chest that's torn open by zombies, a Clive Barkerish tongue ripping and other incidents best left out of dinner-time conversation, *The Dead Next Door* would get no less than an X rating.

And besides, says Bookwalter, the gore needs to stay for the story's sake. "If we tried for an R and cut the blood and gore, we would be cutting out the story. Every bloody effects scene—and there are many of them—moves the story along or shows what happens to a major character. It's not like in *Dawn of the Dead* where you see a character you've never seen before get a screwdriver through the head. Our effects propel the story."

The minuscule (\$75,000) budget hasn't given Bookwalter much to move the story ahead with. But, along with co-producer Jolie Jackunas, a veteran at 20 of the Detroit film scene, and Scott Plummer, the other co-producer, they're making the best of it during the 10-week shooting schedule. The majority of *The Dead Next Door* is being lensed within a few miles of the studio (a ramshackle Quonset hut they're renting for \$300 a month). Last

Though he only had \$75,000 to make his movie, writer/director J.R. Bookwalter (seen here with star Jennifer Mullen) made sure his zombie extras were well fed.



The Sam Raimi Connection

Back in September 1985, Sam Raimi agreed to finance *The Dead Next Door* based on a set of conditions: that his involvement as executive producer would be kept secret, and that his name would not be used in any ads about the movie and a pseudonym be substituted. His last request, Bookwalter recalls, was: "Don't let FANGORIA find out about this."

Bookwalter agreed, but even he wasn't prepared for Raimi's choice of an alias. When ads about the film were published in the *Los Angeles Times* and *The Hollywood Reporter* last spring, the executive producer of *The Dead Next Door* was listed as "The Master Cylinder," the name of a character in the TV cartoon series *The Transformers*.

By September, Raimi's cover had been blown—his name had appeared in connection with the film in several Akron-area newspapers—and so Fango tried to reach him about *The Dead Next Door*.

We weren't successful. Over the phone, we were told, through his secretary, that "you must have the wrong guy." Obviously, Raimi didn't want to talk about the film until after its release. But we have deadlines. So here are three views on the Raimi connection, minus the Master's voice.

Jolie Jackunas: "To be perfectly honest, I think The Master Cylinder first came about as a joke. One of the reasons Raimi didn't want his name released at first was because of his dealings in other projects. So, he thought it best to keep a low profile—until *Evil Dead II* got off the ground. Basically, he was just producing this from afar, so to

speaking. That's my guess. Actually, I don't know why he chose the incognito approach. It could be he wants to keep a low profile, but also because he wants J.R. to make this film on his own merits, not by riding on the laurels of someone who has a reputation. *The Dead Next Door* is not necessarily a Sam Raimi product. It's a J.R. Bookwalter product that Sam happens to be backing."

Scott Spiegel: "I'm not quite sure why he doesn't just put his name on it. At the same time, if he does, they'll go 'Sam Raimi's *The Dead Next Door*' and maybe there would be confusion on that level. That happened with Dario Argento. Argento produced *Demons* and they kept calling it Dario Argento's *Demons*. Hey, Lamberto Bava directed it."

"Sam wants to avoid all that. But by calling himself The Master Cylinder, he's only creating more mystery, which only makes people more interested. Other than that, I don't really know. He doesn't talk about it."

J.R. Bookwalter: "The Master Cylinder thing was something that Sam requested a long time ago, back in October or September '85, when financing was first brought forth. And because at that time, he was trying to finance *Evil Dead II*, he didn't want to get his name on another project because people—the financiers—might say 'Why are you working on this film, when you're trying to get money for another?' So, that was the main reason."

"And now [with financing for *Evil Dead II* out of the way], the only reason for the secrecy is that he prefers it to be that way. He says: 'When it's done and it's out, I'll answer any questions that people might have.' Plus, Raimi's letting me make my own movie rather



Heroic zombie stomper Pete Ferry finds new machete fodder (zombie Scott Plummer).

than trying to take all the credit for it. He's not holding my hand. That should be obvious. In fact, he has never been in Akron to watch us shoot. When the film first started, we would talk over the phone a couple of times a week. But now, since he has *Evil Dead II* on his hands, we talk about every other week. I've learned a lot from him and he has put forth all the money, so he has a big part in it, too. He's the type of person who would prefer to keep this on a secret level. He has never financed a film before. It's like a hobby, something fun for him."

—David Kuehls

month, they shot on location at an area high school for free, after Bookwalter agreed to guest lecture at a photography class there. An old abandoned farmhouse, scheduled to be torn down, served as the backdrop for many of the outdoor scenes in July. And except for Jackunas, no one in the cast (local talent who've worked in regional theater and TV commercials) and crew (mostly friends and acquaintances) is drawing a salary. Everyone is working on a deferred basis. Everyone is working on hope.

Upstairs at the studio, Bookwalter and the crew prepare to shoot on a set made up to look like the inside of a

farmhouse bedroom. An unkempt bed is the centerpiece. A wooden crucifix and a cracked family portrait hang on the dingy yellow walls. A dusty bureau cluttered with knickknacks, a half-empty Jack Daniels bottle and a couple of dog-eared romance novels lean against one wall. Detail has not been overlooked because of the budget.

In this room, Scott Spiegel, as a member of the zombie squad, will meet his human end.

Spiegel is something of a celebrity on the set. He just returned from North Carolina where *Evil Dead II*, which he co-wrote with Raimi, fin-

ished shooting at Dino De Laurentiis' studios. Through Jackunas and Raimi, he earned an acting job in *The Dead Next Door*.

While Bookwalter figures out the logistics of the next shot, Spiegel talks about the difference between working on a film with a budget in the millions, and working on a film with a budget in the tens of thousands. "Basically, it's just good old money," he laughs. "If you have the money, you can hire a professional crew. It's not that these people aren't professional, of course, but you can get veterans of other feature films which theoretically makes everything go

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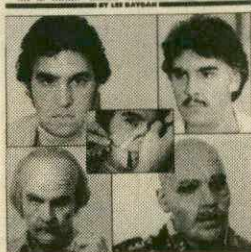
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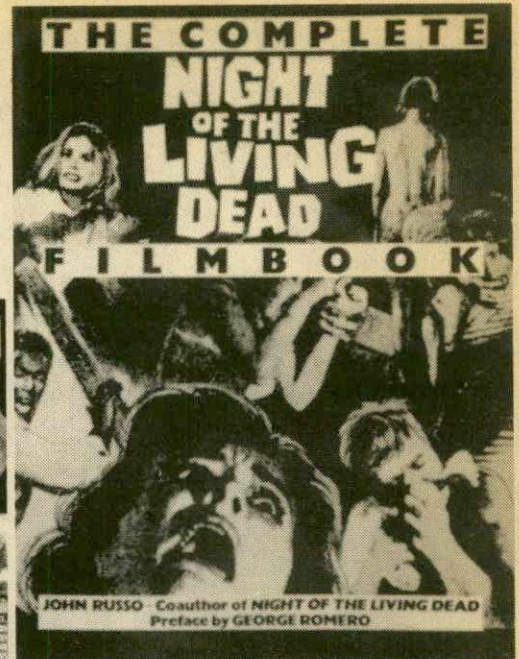
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smoother. But the bottom line is making a movie—for \$50,000 or for \$5 million—as long as you make it. We did *Striker's War*, also called *Thou Shalt Not Kill*. . . Except, for \$300,000. It was very much like this shoot. We grabbed friends, people who haven't done this stuff before and somehow it all gets done."

As Richards, a member of the zombie squad, Spiegel is equipped to the max. A pistol, machete, hand grenades and a night stick hang from his belt. A rifle is slung over his shoulder. But in his case, the firepower won't be enough protection. "I get my fingers bitten off," he reveals, making his hand look like it has only two fingers. "And that's a sure sign that I'll be zombified. I'm one of the ungrateful dead."

"Actually, J.R. wrote a terrific character for me. Richards is a zombie squad guy, but he's on the verge of being psychotic. He's tired and overwrought. And he makes several mistakes—just because he's tired. But he's a valiant guy too. He tells everybody to take a hike after he has been bitten and knows he'll turn into a zombie. It's a very good role. I later make an appearance as zombie 14."

"You mean zombie number 1,400," Bookwalter interrupts from across the room.

"Yeah, you're right," notes Spiegel. "And that's another thing about this film. Even in *Evil Dead II*, there are only about seven or eight cast members. This is a much more ambitious project—for a fraction of the cost. You've got a cast of hundreds. . . thousands!"

"Tell me about it," says Bookwalter, who has yet to film the main title sequence which will feature some 300 undead.

Later that night, a rusty old Chevy pulls up to the studio rear. The FX crew, David Barton, 20, and Bill Morrison, 16, get out with their latest FX creations, made for peanuts. This is the first feature for both, though they've done FX on Bookwalter's short films. Fango readers might remember Barton as a runner-up in 1985's Ghoul Brothers contest.

With an FX crew of two and a budget equal to what Tom Savini spends on cigars in a month, Barton and Morrison are pretty well harnessed. There's no time or money to play around with, and some 60 FX—ranging from simple squibs to face tearings to fully mechanical dummies—must be prepared. Tonight, the shooting will feature a torso that spurts blood, a two-fingered hand and a zombie head that refuses to die.

Barton takes a moment, before the shoot, to talk about this head. "The Crazy Grady head, as we call it, was



Makeup man Bill Morrison doesn't hold back on the red stuff for stuntman Kelly Helmick.

made for about \$300. The sides of his face move up and down," Barton explains as he works the cables to demonstrate. "Its brow moves. The mouth opens and shuts, moves left and right. And it has a full neck wound from a dog attack."

Just then, there's a commotion behind us. Someone shouts, "Quiet on the set!" It's time to shoot an FX scene.

"The bottom line is making a movie—for \$50,000 or for \$5 million—as long as you make it."
—co-star Scott Spiegel


In the farmhouse, Spiegel discovers one of the undead, busily munching on the zombie version of a kid's meal—a small child. Drawing his machete, he prepares to cut off its head.

For the shot, a dummy torso with blood tubes running up to its sheared-off neck is sitting upright in the center of the room. A loose-fitting polyurethane head is fitted on its shoulders. A crew member is on the floor in front of the torso, holding his hands up by the fake head. The camera is positioned behind the torso, just above floor level, looking up at the back of the zombie's head and into Spiegel's eyes.

"Action!" Spiegel steps forward and swings the machete. The head is severed, but the fake blood is too thick. It just gurgles atop the neck and slides down the torso's front. "Cut!" yells Bookwalter.

The blood is thinned with water. This time, it splatters out well. But Spiegel whacks the head clear across the room, a move that's not in the script. (In the next scene, the head puts the bite on Spiegel.) "Cut!" yells Bookwalter again.

Everyone is ready for another go. And the third time is the charm. Spiegel lowers the blade and the head drops off. Bookwalter and two crew members furiously pump the sprayers off-camera and blood spurts out like red water from a partially-blocked drinking fountain. Zombie hands flail across the empty space where its head used to be, and into the red current. Someone yells the Cronenberg credo, "More blood!"

Bookwalter, obviously pleased, states: "It's a geyser." 

Dead Postscript: After Fango initially visited the set of *The Dead Next Door*, some changes were made in the production. David Barton left the film, replaced by Bill Morrison and Michael Todd on the FX crew. Morrison and Todd's additional FX include a rat-eating zombie and the rip-up of Commander Carpenter (Jeff Welch), a military-type aligned with the evil cult. "Zombies will grab Carpenter by the upper and lower jaws and pull in the opposite direction," explains Morrison.

Publisher Norm Jacobs sez:

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The pandemonium that made Raimi's original outing so much fun still reigns in *Evil Dead II*. Note the downstairs tenant, lower left.

All This
and

EVIL DEAD II

Part One

After Fango learned that we had been invited to a night shoot on *Evil Dead II*, the first thing the people from De Laurentiis Entertainment Group announced was: "Bring your boots. We're filming in a swamp." Visions of watching cinematic zombies trudging through a misty marsh under a leering moon flooded our minds.

But when Fango arrived in Wadesboro, North Carolina, we found ourselves on the former set of *The Color Purple*, being drenched in insecti-

What do you do when you're sequelizing a legendary gore flick and shooting for an R rating? A Fango set visit puzzles it out.

By WILL
MURRAY

You can shoot 'em,
stomp 'em,
axe 'em,
remove most
of their heads
—there's just
no stopping
those *Evil Dead*.





Ash (Bruce Campbell) gives himself a big hand in *Evil Dead II*, the long-awaited sequel to *The Evil Dead*. Fans of the first film's no-wounds-barred approach should not be disappointed.

Professor Knowby's wife Henrietta (makeup by Mark Shostrom and crew), who was only a snarl on tape in *The Evil Dead*, comes front and center to share a tender Black & Decker waltz with her leading man in *Evil Dead II*.



Another of creator Raimi's patented *Evil Dead* transformations.

cide. Had we taken a wrong turn somewhere?

"We just happened to end up in Wadesboro," explains producer Robert Tapert. "We didn't know that this was where *The Color Purple* was shot." Tapert has turned Miss Celie's

big white farmhouse into the *Evil Dead II* production office. What a concept!

Then, we were told that they had been mistaken about the swamp, but to wear the boots anyway because the location was crawling with poi-

sonous snakes. "Don't worry," they blandly assured us, "the crew people have guns."

It's less than a mile's drive from the pastoral beauty of the farmhouse to the insect-ridden grove where *Evil Dead II* is being filmed, but the two environments belong to different worlds. A dusty road winds through encroaching woods, ending in a clearing where the crew's campers are drawn in a circle. Against what, one wonders? A dead rattler hangs on the side of a truck—shot the day before. Fortunately, no live reptiles show up.

In a nearby hollow stands the familiar cabin from *The Evil Dead*. Beside it is the scorched-earth graveyard where the *Evil Dead* themselves lie buried. Not seen in the first film are two *Wizard of Oz*-like trees, the Mean Tree and the Gnarly Tree, which stand guard in front of the cabin, woody faces subliminally visible in their bark.

Evil Dead creator Sam Raimi, who returns as director/co-writer of *Evil Dead II*, is standing outside the cabin. Because the original was destroyed by lightning years ago, it had to be carefully rebuilt to match the previous landmark.

"We've taken some artistic liberties with it," Raimi (Fango #23) admits. "We've given a little *Dr. Caligari* tilt to the windows and made the doors a little askew. Sometimes we'll



ALL EVIL DEAD II PHOTOS: COPYRIGHT 1987 DE LAURENTIS ENTERTAINMENT GROUP

be tilting the camera in accordance with the lines of the set, when our characters fall into angles and things start getting real hairy in the cabin, to throw the audience off more."

Raimi, who scripted the sequel with Scott Spiegel, explains what the new film is all about. "*Evil Dead II* starts off with a retelling of the *Evil Dead* story," Raimi, looking impossibly young, reveals. "Then, we pick up from the last shot of *Evil Dead*, which

**"We had to cut our blood flow from 500 gallons to five gallons. I'm positive we'll get an R rating."
—director Sam Raimi**

is this evil racing up on our main character, Ash. The evil force envelops him and rockets him back into the woods. But sunlight drives this evil back into the darker bowers of the woods, and it is dispelled—at least for another 12 hours."

Evil Dead II is not going to be just a recycling of the 16mm cult shocker that Stephen King praised as "the most ferociously original movie of 1982."

"We're going to go into a little more depth with this story," continues Raimi. "What really happened with the discovery of the Book of the Dead, how it got here and what its true origins are. It was written by spirits before mankind existed, when the oceans ran red with blood. We follow it through the ages as different civilizations find it and are destroyed by it. The spirits are awakened every century or so, until it comes to this small cabin where the Professor brought it so he could study it undisturbed."

Although Ash, again played by Bruce Campbell, is the only returning living character, some of the non-survivors from *The Evil Dead* will be back, including his girl friend, Linda, and the Professor himself, only a voiceover in the first film.

"His ghost will make a reappearance to try and warn our lead characters how he thinks they might destroy the evil book," promises Raimi. "The Professor's wife also comes back from the grave. She is actually one of the picture's main monsters."

Asked about the persistent and disturbing rumors that *Evil Dead II* will be relatively bloodless, even—gasp!—"dry," Raimi grows cautious. The first *Evil Dead* went out unrated.

"We had to lessen the gore," he admits. "We had to cut our blood flow from 500 gallons to five gallons. I'm positive we'll get an R rating."

Actor Bruce Campbell, however, insists that gore fans won't be asking, "Where's the blood?"

"You don't see as much spouting from its origin. But it's there, like when the walls of the cabin bleed. The bile and all that stuff is there, although you don't see it oozing from people. There are many reaction shots when you splatter it. You see someone get sliced and you cut away real quick. One of the main creatures spews all over Ash. Everyone spews in this one."

Including, according to Campbell, Ash. "My headless girl fiend bites my hand and won't let go. So, there's a whole sequence of me trying to get her head off my hand. To save himself, Ash valiantly cuts his own hand off so it doesn't get the rest of him. His severed hand then gets free. He's chasing it like a rat, shooting at it. Just call me 'Stumpy,'" Campbell laughs.

But don't get the idea this is a one-man film. Other characters show up and are, in time, besieged along with a tougher Ash.

"The Professor's daughter is now looking for him," Campbell continues. "She comes to the cabin with her boy friend, Ed. They can't get to the cabin because the bridge is out. When

they get there, they run across a couple of Southern folks, Bobby Joe and Jake, who will 'guide' them for a price. So, those four people journey to the cabin and stumble upon Ash. When they find him, they think he obviously killed her father. His hand is gone. The cabin is completely drenched in blood. They think he's a maniac, so they dump him into the cellar."

In addition to the new characters, there are four separate FX teams working to make *Evil Dead II* surpass the original. Tom Sullivan (Fango #27) is the only member present from the first *Evil Dead* team.

"I'm doing a range of things," Sullivan explains. "We have a vortex that's in the film's beginning. It's like looking down a tornado. Some ghosts that I created appear through it. They'll be stop-motion. Bruce goes through what we call 'random extractions of horror.' Those are lapse paintings and backgrounds he'll be moving into. There's the winged Deadite, kind of a Harryhausenish critter—which is always fun to do. It's a reworking of a classical harpy except for some changes so they don't look like the ones from *Jason and the Argonauts*. I'm going for some facial expressions, laughter and whatever. They're foam puppets over a ball-and-socket armature. They'll be human-sized, scary and bizarre. Then, there's the clay animation changing heads. It's a different approach than cutting from several mechanical effect heads."

The changing head belongs to Henrietta, the Professor's wife. She's the primary responsibility of Mark (From Beyond) Shostrom, who is in charge of special makeup FX. Henrietta is a bloated corpse, who will be played by Sam Raimi's brother, Theodore, in a 30-piece polyurethane suit that will be filled with lentil beans to give it that corpsey, corpulent look. Advance word is that

Would you hand this man a chainsaw?





Well, that oughta hold this demon-possessed kid for a while. But who's going to pay to get that green stuff out of his shirt?

(left to right) Sam Raimi, Bruce Campbell and producer Rob Tapert—the *Evil Dead* movers and shakers—take a break on location in Wadesboro, North Carolina.

Henrietta's transformation is the film's showstopper.

"It's kind of a shock effect," explains Shostrom (Fango #52). "The neck grows longer via stop-motion animation. We have our character in the suit rigged with a very long neck and a cable-controlled head with large teeth and Evil Dead eyes."

Although Shostrom's involvement naturally changes some of the sequel's style, the unique Evil Dead look won't be radically altered.

"Sam and I sat down and discussed each character's possession," Shostrom recalls, "and the thing Sam came up with was that whenever a character is possessed, the evil force can do anything it wants. So, we took a little artistic liberty in

designing a different look to each character. Evil Ed has a big mouth and razor teeth, whereas when Linda gets possessed, she has doll-like qualities. They keep going through changes, so we have to keep changing the looks as we go along."

Both Sullivan and Shostrom's crews are based in the nearby J.R. Faison Junior High School, which has been converted into a production site. Shop rooms have been transformed into model shops, and the school's gymnasium is being used as a soundstage, where the Evil Dead cabin interior scenes are being shot.

Doug (*Terminator*) Beswick is in charge of the LA-based animation unit, which will produce a striking stop-motion dance sequence between Ash and his girl friend, Linda. The scene will be set up with a flashback to the first *Evil Dead* showing Ash and Linda entwined in a romantic dance.

"Later," Raimi explains, "after she has fallen to the spirit and he has sliced off her head in an act of self-defense, he buries her headless corpse up on the hillside. She comes back from the grave and the head rolls up

the hill and joins her body. She invites Ash to join in this dance as she did in life and re-creates a nasty version of the dance as a headless rotting corpse. It's very, very scary."

Evil Dead II looks like it will be a winner. It has everything: stop motion, clay animation, animatronics, black bag FX, blue screen FX, hand puppets, rod puppets. It will be shot in 35 mm, instead of the 16 of *The Evil Dead*. And the budget, although relatively small, is much larger (i.e. \$3 million) than that allowed the first film. But unlike the unrated original, there is intense worry over the restrictions imposed by that much-needed R rating, and of alienating the audience which went wild over the slice-and-splatter FX of the original *Evil Dead* (Fango #s 23 & 27).

"I don't think the average filmgoer is going to be aware of that at all," Tom Sullivan maintains, referring to the question of blood loss, "because there's lots of action. It's a much more accessible film. The first film just dwells on goop coming out of eyeballs and being pulled out of bellies; I find that stuff humorous myself. I don't think the intensity is going to be different.

"We've distilled various things out of the first film and amplified them, and that's going to overshadow the lack of blood and violent stuff. This is much more of a horror monster film than a horror splatter film. It's a worthy sequel. When the audience comes out of this film, like the first one, they're going to feel they got more than their money's worth. They're going to want a third *Evil Dead*."

In fact, a script already exists for *Evil Dead III*. Unlike the first two films, the action won't be limited to a cabin in the Tennessee woods, but will explore the nature of the Evil Dead and the Book of the Dead in greater detail. Hints about the next chapter of the saga abound.

"In this picture, we've taken it a bit further," Raimi reveals. "Their goal is not to just wreak chaos but to test the mettle of man, to find out whether he is strong or weak, if he is good or bad, so they will know if it is time to walk and rule the Earth. So, they use Ash as that measuring stick of goodness. How far can they push him until he blows?"

Later, after darkness descends upon the location, Raimi is kneeling over a cherry-red pit, conferring with crew members below. Painstakingly, he has them push up on the boards covering the hole, seeking the best horrific effect of dead hands emerging from the ground. Bathed in the hellish glow, Sam Raimi looks demonic.



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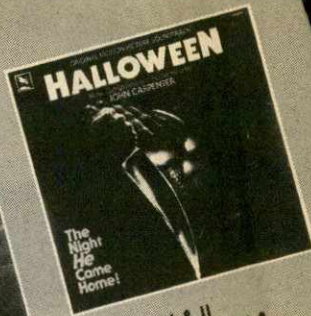
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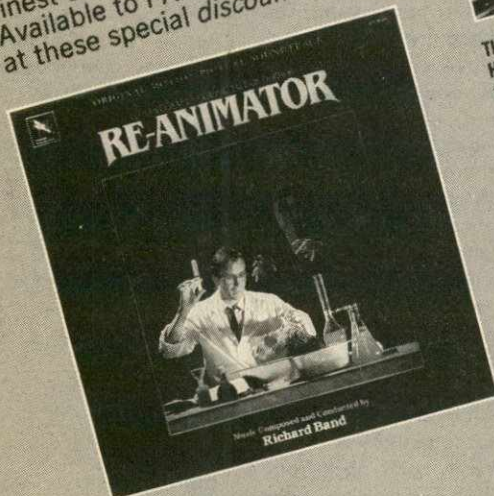
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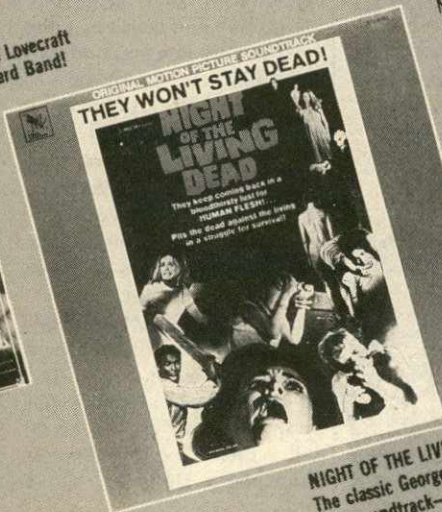
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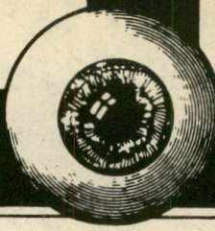
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GOD TOLD ME TO (CHARTER ENTERTAINMENT): Just another typical day in New York City: a sniper climbs up a midtown water tower and guns down a dozen or so pedestrians, a family man butchers his wife and kids, a cop blows away fellow officers during the St. Patrick's Day parade, and a consumer slaughters fellow shoppers in a local supermarket. (What? No one gets pushed in front of a moving subway car?) Detective Peter Nicholas (Tony Lo Bianco) discovers that these random massacres all have something in common: When asked why they did it, each cheerful murderer responds, "God told me to." That's the violent (though not bloody or gory) starting point for Larry Cohen's shocker, which visited theaters sporadically in the mid-70s as *Demon*. Writer/director Cohen's efforts are usually either hit or miss. His hokey *It's Alive* movies and *Q* provided ample cheap thrills, but then something as lousy as *The*

Stiff, uh *Stiff*, comes along and really makes you wonder. *God Told Me To*, however, emerges as one of Cohen's best thrillers, a taught, intriguing and mysterious yarn with science-fiction elements. Discussing the plot further would give away too many of the surprises. The movie contains a top-rung cast. Richard (Vampire) Lynch plays the androgynous "demon" bedeviling modern Manhattan; Sylvia (Omen II) Sydney comes as the cop's weird mom; and in an early appearance, Andy (Taxi) Kaufman turns up as the killer cop at the parade. Now, that's scary! So, pick up this Cohen winner today. Tell 'em Cyclops told you to.



THE TOMB OF LIGEIA (THORN EMI/HBO VIDEO): Vincent Price! Roger Corman! Edgar Allan Poe! Good? These components add up to a *fabulous* movie! Right from the macabre funeral at the beginning, you know a great time's at hand. Verdon (Price) Fell's

wife Ligeia died, but swore that her will would continue to live on after her passing. The moody and mysterious Fell falls in love with and marries Lady Rowena (Elizabeth Shepherd), but from the moment these two get together, weird things happen. The date of death vanishes from Ligeia's gravestone. Rowena's brush has strands of Ligeia's dark hair on it. Things Ligeia spoke of pop out of Rowena's mouth. And, to top it off, there's no death certificate for Fell's first wife! Is somebody trying to drive Fell mad? Perhaps someone's out to get Rowena. Has Ligeia really come back from the grave? The script by Robert Towne, who later gained fame with *Chinatown*, is chock full of twists and turns and throws in enough suspense to drive you to the edge of your seat and off it. The British locations, especially the ruined abbey where most of the film is set, look breathtaking, and the sets are spectacular. The incomparable Vincent Price and Elizabeth (Omen II) Shepherd lead a flawless cast. Last, but far and away not least, Roger Corman's direction fills the air with a disturbing, nightmarish atmosphere. Definitely a must-*rent!*

TWINS OF EVIL (VIDAMERICA): Hammer loved mixing sex and horror, and *Twins of Evil* (1971), the final entry in their Karnstein vampire trilogy, comes as no exception. This one's loaded with incest, lesbianism, sadism, neurotic religious zealotism, and bosom-biting. The titular twins gained notoriety as *Playboy's* first-ever bookend playmates. Actually, only one of the twins becomes evil, but one is more than enough. See, the cute recently-orphaned twosome arrive to live with their Uncle

Gustav (Peter Cushing), who leads the local witch-toasting outfit. Gustav's boys parade around your standard gorgeous Hammer set shouting Monty Pythonisms ("She's a witch! Burn 'er!") and swinging torches at any available



females. Meanwhile, up in the castle, decadent-but-protected Count Karnstein (Damien Thomas) indulges in all sorts of depravity, eventually becoming a vampire through a super-erotic, fully-clothed encounter with his own undead ancestor. Then—wouldn't you know it?—he leads the "bad" twin out of Gustav's house and converts her to Satan's service. Of course, all the townsfolk (especially Gustav's frat brothers) believe that good, gentle, sickeningly innocent twin Maria is committing the unholy deeds. Soon, she's riding a pile of kindling, before someone finally finds out the truth. Tudor Gates' screenplay holds up fairly well, if you'll excuse little things like a schoolteacher calling the witchburners barbarians, then adding, "Besides, you don't burn vampires, you stake or

decapitate them." Oh well, the plot must move along somehow. John Hough, who went on to helm *The Legend of Hell House* and *The Incubus*, turns in a fine directorial job. The Collinson twins, Madeleine and Mary, make the most adorable set of semi-clad Brit virgins ever to make the Doc see double. *Twins of Evil* delivers the Gothic goods in the best possible ways.

THE HOWLING II (THORN/EMI/HBO): The Doc has heard quite a bit about this sequel—people writing to "The Postal Zone" to call it Chris Lee's worst flick ever, outraged fans of the first *Howling* screaming in disgust—but did these folks expect a movie that subtitles itself "Your Sister is a Werewolf" to be *Citizen Kane*? No, this film isn't bad by accident. Director Philippe Mora obviously spent mucho research time to make it this awful, and you werewolf fans had better appreciate it. For one thing, he must have watched *The Hunger* 3,000 times. Remember *Hunger*'s weird disco scene with Brit Batcave band Bauhaus blasting "Bela Lugosi's Dead"? Well, here we have some group called Babel (cutely credited as "Punk Band" in the end roll) playing in some simulated New Wave dive, supposedly the fabled London Batcave



itself. But what are all these ridiculous preppies with the skinny ties doing here? Some costume assistant should be fired for this. Anyway, we eventually find our hero and heroine (Reb Brown and Annie McEnroe) helping Chris Lee rid the world forever of his wretched sister, the

10,000-year-old Queen of the Werewolves. At this point, the Doc's eye got glued to the screen, because the royal lycanthrope is played by none other than Sybil Danning, resplendent in her evil decadent lair. Goodness gracious, Lon Chaney, Jr. never made werewolves *this* much fun! Danning fondles herself, howls, scowls, growls, and hops into bed with some other werewolves, all the while looking as much as possible like Susan Sarandon and Catherine Deneuve. If there is an actual script and story underneath all this, it ends with the "Punk Band" playing over a montage of shots from the film, wherein Danning's silly-but-steamy aura stops being steamy. This one particular shot of Sybil tearing off her leather top is repeated no fewer than 20 times, with ludicrous footage of various leering characters tossed in between. All Danning fans will be ecstatic. Everyone else, be forewarned: movies don't come much worse than this.

7 DOORS OF DEATH (THRILLER-VIDEO): When it comes to ripping off George Romero movies, nobody beats Lucio (Zombie) Fulci. Not only will you find a small troop of undead strutters in Fulci's *7 Doors of Death*, but you'll also notice big borrowings from Dario Argento, especially his *Inferno*. But even with Fulci's cinematic grave-robbing at work, splatter and zombie fans won't want to pass on this gutsy delight. The minimal plot concerns an old Louisiana house (Fulci, billed as "Louis Fuller," actually went on location), the site where angry villagers nailed up and buried alive a warlock. The ancient place just happens to be situated on one of the seven doors to hell, and when the attractive Liza (Katherine MacColl) moves in and opens the basement gateway, it's time for a zombie homecoming. Strange Omenesque things transpire. Liza's home repairmen meet violent deaths, tarantulas sting a friend to death and the mysterious caretaker's head meets a piercing spike. Anyone dumb enough to stand on a ladder in *7 Doors of Death* deserves to die. Later, Liza

teams up with the beefy Dr. John (David Warbeck) as all hell literally breaks loose and the undead begin popping up all over. There's something really neat about Italian zombies. Though some of the dead



fellows look like someone just rubbed dried oatmeal on their faces, they generate a strong supernatural and unsettling quality. Fulci's guys score in the originality department; they're not just a bunch of extras in green greasepaint. Yeah, the plot of *7 Doors of Death* runs more on style than sense, but the buckets of blood and gore keep you wide awake until the ambiguous and creepy conclusion. Someone should adapt this one into a game show!

THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE (MONTEREY): Oh, boy! Super-swell! The Doc's eye widened in excitement when he spotted this little gem out on video. Produced by our own Alex Gordon, *The Atomic Submarine* (Fango #48) should pretty well rack up a nomination for Best Saturday Morning Movie of All Time. Big subs, big spaceships, big one-eyed creature (ahem), big thermonuclear explosion at the end—what more can you ask? We follow the adventures of *Tiger Shark*, the sub assigned to unraveling the mysterious attacks on Naval vessels near the North Pole. The crew, in classic Cold War paranoia tradition, includes all-American Commander Richard "Reef" Holloway (the cranky Arthur Franz) and young, idealistic Carl Nielson (Brett Halsey) who has been some-

how polluted against his military upbringing. Seems like Carl had some nasty things to say to the press about his Dad's work in the Navy and the enormous defense budget, which led his Dad to retire, which explains why "Reef" can't stand the boy. Pacifism? Somebody from "That Other Ideology" must have been talking to this kid. At any rate, they pursue a giant flying saucer they nickname "Cyclops" (again, ahem) under the polar cap and find out that it eats torpedoes with some sort of jelly membrane, so the crew decides to ram it with the sub. That works great, but they get stuck and have to enter the spaceship to pry the *Tiger Shark* free. Naturally, the thing in the saucer is still alive, and turns out to be a humongous one-eyed alien from a place that uses living



matter for machinery—sounds like "That Other Ideology" again—and Mr. One-Eye has come to pave the way for colonization of Earth. Can it be stopped? Will our heroes save the day? You bet your Hayes Office they will, and it's not long before "Reef" and Carl are talking like old buddies back at the base, with Carl saying how glad he is that we have ICBMs and stuff to protect our lifestyle. Kudos to screenwriter Orville Hampton for leaving us with a sterling example of contemporary thought from the '50s, and to director Spencer G. Bennet for making this ultra-low-budget quickie nice and murky. It actually does look like a real submarine for most of the film.

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**Freddy
(Robert Englund)
displays the
aftereffects
of watching
too much TV.**



Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors?

Director Chuck Russell calls a temporary halt to the mayhem. Real life talk show personality Dick Cavett, who, moments before, sat on the set before a mid-interview transformation into Freddy, wanders back onto the set for a brief confab with Russell and Gabor before the inevitable re-takes on this Saturday morning shoot on a crowded Los Angeles soundstage.

Gabor, her dog Macho in tow, is having a great time talking up her

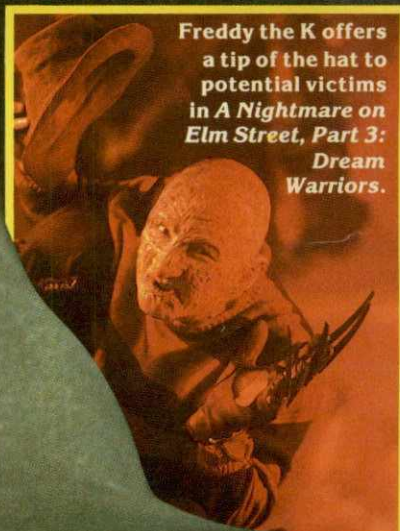
**A dream warrior vein
slinger reaches out.**



In an opening nightmare sequence, the Elm Street house—badly in need of a lawn doctor—summons young playmates for Mr. Krueger.

WELCOME TO FREDDY HELL!

By MARC SHAPIRO



Freddy the K offers a tip of the hat to potential victims in *A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors*.

O! fedora head cackles once more.

Despite script hassles and a new director, the "Elm Street" gang hope to redeem themselves with a dreamy new sequel.

Frankly, Zsa Zsa, I don't give a fuck what you think!" Freddy Krueger rises up out of his seat on a mock talk show set and, with that patented "your-hind-quarters-are-mine" look in his eyes, begins a backhand swipe with his razor-fingered glove that will soon send a terrified Zsa Zsa Gabor to the promised land.

Freddy is about to do what critics have been unsuccessfully trying to do to Zsa Zsa for years. A dream come true? Yes, but were you expecting anything less from *A Nightmare on*



The returning Nancy (Heather Langenkamp) watches in horror as Freddy earns an A plus for penmanship—at the expense of little Joey's chest.

an ashtray on the first two *Nightmares* is present and accounted for, with one collective goal in mind: to smooth out some rough spots in the *Nightmare on Elm Street* odyssey and to make *Dream Warriors* the Cadillac of the series.

Nightmare 3's story, currently credited to Wes Craven, Chuck Russell, Bruce Wagner and Frank (The Woman in the Room) Darabont, appears up to snuff.

It is seven years after the original encounter with Krueger and the teen suicide rate in the United States, thanks to Freddy's latest return, has jumped an alarming 136 percent. En-

When our man Freddy says, "Let's split!" . . . he means it.



ter Nancy Thompson, now a psychiatric social worker, who is called to a mental institution to counsel a particularly deranged group of kids who are suffering the effects of Freddy's latest assault on the real world. With the aid of psychiatrist Craig (*Body Double*) Wasson, Nancy organizes this group of teens (who all happen to have psychic powers) into a fighting force that confronts Freddy in a final showdown which occurs in both the real and dream worlds.

On the day of this Fango set visit, *A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors* is half-way through a 40-day shooting schedule, and—at least according to the grips and cameramen—has gone hitch-free enough to meet its late February release date. There are, however, uncertain vibes that make this less than the perfect family portrait. The biggest cloud looming on the horizon is the spectre of Wes Craven. The creator of the Freddy experience has not been on a *Nightmare 3* set once, mostly due to the script's pending Writer's Guild arbitration hearing and the ever-cooling relations between Craven and New Line Cinema.

There is also some concern being expressed about the final verdict on *Part 2. Freddy's Revenge* made a bundle and was a surprising favorite with mainstream audiences, but genre fans, particularly Fango readers, rated *Nightmare 2* the bumper



In the latest dream warfare battle, Freddy manages to pull ahead.

of the summer. Add to that the persistent word that any *Part 4* would be made without Englund's services and you get the feeling that it is "put up or shut up" time in *Nightmare-land*.

"At one point, I felt that *Part 3* had to be great for the glory of the series," says Englund during a break in filming. "But I don't feel that way anymore. Once I saw the script, I knew we would have no trouble topping the first two."

Englund falls back on his "going on automatic pilot" description to explain what it's like playing Freddy

latest husband and offering that her schlock science-fiction opus, *Queen of Outer Space*, has become a cult hit in Europe. Cavett is equally animated about this cameo in *Nightmare 3*. "I've always had this secret desire to be in a horror film, so when they asked me if I wanted to be in a *Nightmare* movie, I said, 'Let me count the ways.'"

Cavett, Gabor and first-time director Russell are all newcomers to the *Elm Street* scene. But glancing around this soundstage and the pre-

vious day's shoot at a Los Angeles cemetery, it becomes evident that *Dream Warriors* is the film equivalent of old home week.

Heather Langenkamp returns as Nancy. John Saxon is once again on board as her wacko dad. Robert Englund, doing double duty on *Nightmare* and as a regular on the since-cancelled TV series *Downtown*, is forever Freddy. FX good buddies Kevin Yagher and Mark Shostrom have also rejoined the fun. Basically, anybody who emptied

**"I had the attitude of doing *Part 3* just to make some money. But after I read the script, I was sold."
—Robert Englund**



Kristen (Patricia Arquette) ponders the age-old question, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who's the ugliest of them all."

Krueger for a third time.

"It has gotten to the point where I instinctively know where Freddy should be cracking wise and where he should be scary. I had some ideas of my own about playing Freddy this time out. I wanted to play him a little older and a little more like a dirty old man. But there is a line in the script that says Freddy gets stronger by feeding off the souls of his victims. When I read that, I knew the cantankerous stuff would have to go out the window."

Englund (Fango #58) might have noticed that bit of direction if he had read the script before signing for *Dream Warriors*.

"I did not read the script until after all the negotiating was completed," admits the candid actor. "I had the attitude of doing *Part 3* just to make some money. But after I read the script, I was sold. The story is paced well, there's an equal balance between the terror and humor, and the effects (optical, animated and mechanical) are great."

The Freddy thespian claims he did the original *Nightmare on Elm Street* mainly as a lark because he had always wanted to play a monster. Englund agreed to do the next two because "the series is a hit and I would be a fool not to go where I'm wanted." He also changed his tune on whether he will continue in the *Nightmare* series if it goes to *Part 4*.

"I've always thought of the *Nightmare* films as a trilogy, but I would not mind doing a fourth one. But a *Part 4* would necessitate some changes. I would like to see the characters age. Or maybe do a story where we regress the Freddy story to a point where they could finally get me out of this makeup.

"But I'm definitely not interested in doing one a year. Rather than seeing what is the best script we can come up with in six months, I would like to see what is the best script we can come up with in three years."

Englund is interrupted by makeup man Kevin Yagher, who pats on some reinforcement to Krueger's ample layer of scar tissue. The pair exchange some small talk before Freddy returns to offing Gabor. Yagher, fresh off a strenuous workout on *Trick or Treat* (Fango #59), looks at making up Englund on *Dream Warriors* as a walk in the park.

"I can just about do Freddy in my sleep," laughs Yagher. "Between *Nightmare 2* and *3*, I was on the road with Robert for a good part of the year, making him up for video promotions for the first two *Nightmare* films. So it has become pretty easy."

Yagher claims that the current edition of Krueger makeup appears



much the same as that used in the previous film. "There is a little bit more detail, and I have taken the size of the nose down a bit," he reveals. "I've also reduced the basic number of sections from nine to eight and have attempted to make Krueger look a little more like Robert. But the basic differences are not that drastic."

The lack of challenge in making up Englund, however, is more than made up for by Yagher's contributions (in conjunction with Mark Shostrom, Greg Cannom and Image Engineering) in the film's major special FX. One that strikes Yagher as particularly effective is the giant "Freddy Snake," a nightmarish creature that, during one encounter in the dream world, swallows a teenager and pukes her back up.

"I worked on its construction and painting," explains Yagher. "It's this 10-foot-long snake with a head of Freddy the size of four basketballs."

The youthful Yagher is also fond of a scene in which Freddy rips open his sweater to reveal four faces of previous victims screaming in agony on his chest.

"We took a cast of Robert's chest and casts of the actors' faces. Miniature faces were then sculpted and mounted on the chest cast and then mechanized so that they would appear to distort as they screamed. It's a real hoot."

It was an equal hoot the previous morning when a bit of *Nightmare*-style voodoo shared cemetery grounds with a very real funeral in progress. The scene called for Saxon and Wasson to perform a ceremony on Krueger's skeleton. Needless to say, things don't go quite according

No one makes fun of Freddy's wardrobe twice.

to plans and Wasson ends up getting knocked into a freshly dug grave. The scene, watched by curious onlookers on hand for other reasons, wrapped in quick fashion. The real funeral wrapped shortly thereafter. And it might be a career funeral for director Russell if he fails to deliver the *Nightmare* goods.

"Sure, I'm a little nervous," admits Russell of his premiere directing job. "I've been in this business for 12 years and have worked at different stages of film development, but nothing can prepare you for the actual job of directing."

Russell, whose credits include co-writing/associate producer chores on *Dreamscape* and producer on Rodney Dangerfield's recent smash *Back to School*, landed this plum assignment after impressing New Line President Robert Shaye with his critique of *Part 2*.

"When I knew a third *Nightmare* film was being considered, I did a treatment and some storyboards for some ideas I had for the film," Russell relates. "After Wes's script was handed in, New Line brought it to me to discuss some revisions. I did those and they asked me if I wanted to direct it."

Russell is happy that Langenkamp and Saxon are back in the fold. He is equally enthusiastic about the opportunity the script gives to more fully explore Freddy's dream world. "We are dealing more with the actual nightmares from Freddy's point-of-view," he explains. "With the first two films, the nightmares were based

(continued on page 66)



NIGHTMARE LIBRARY



The Cleanup By John Skipp and Craig Spector Bantam Books 400 pp, \$3.95

Remember last year's *The Light at the End*, the vampires vs. New York novel that buried *Dracula*, *'Salem's Lot* and *Interview with the Vampire* all at once? So do these guys, because they wrote it. And they know you're waiting for similar hell to break loose as soon as you pick up *The Cleanup*. And they're gonna keep you waiting—through encounters with angels and rapists, street musicians and militant feminists—until you're totally caught up in these characters and you can't put the book down. Damned clever, these hippies.



First off, we meet a pathetic long-haired folkie-with-a-cause who's about to lose his grip on everything in the world. (Take it from this reviewer, friends, New York's Lower East Side is crawling with them.) He sees

the worst possible murder and is struck by his inability to make the world a better place. His lovely, talented girl friend dumps him for a rock star. It's not a wonderful day.

Then, he meets this angel named Christopher, who informs our hero that he's possessed of powers to change the world incredibly, starting with his horrendously messy apartment. Then, we meet some street trash rapists and some members of the She-woman Man-haters' Club. After that, everything gets weird.

With *The Cleanup*, Skipp and Spector have apparently decided to stretch their muscles in terms of characterization and incorporating fantasy elements into the terror. Works mighty well, once you get past that "What?!" I've read three chapters and no preppies have gotten dismembered yet!" feeling. *Light at the End* fans, take heart: just be patient enough to spend some time with these characters, get to know them like friends, and then you'll get your bloodbath. Trust me, it's worth the wait.

One word of warning—Skipp and Spector are not in the habit of pulling punches, and their portrayal of vicious assaults (particularly a series of savage rapes) receives the bitter realism the subject matter demands.

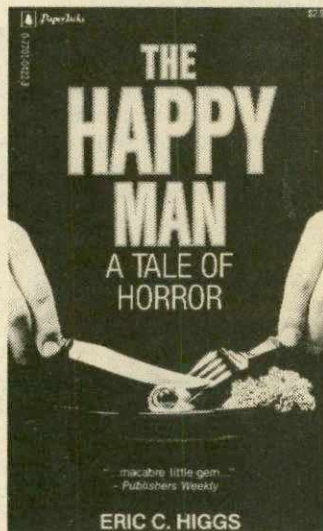
—J. Peter Orr

The Happy Man By Eric C. Higgs PaperJacks Ltd. 166 pp, \$2.95

Ah, suburbia. Sparkling green lawns, two-car garages, backyard barbecues, ritual murder cults.

Hello—what? Ritual murder cults? What kinda neighborhood is this?

It's the type of neighborhood Charles Ripley and his wife Shelly move into in Eric C. Higgs' *The Happy Man*. Sure, Mesa Vista, California, seems like your ordinary upper-middle class development. That's until the strange goings-on start to get stranger and



stranger. And most of them seem to revolve around the Ripleys' next-door neighbors, the Marshes.

Ruskin and Sybil Marsh are a picturebook couple. Young, attractive, successful. Especially that Ruskin. What a guy. Former fighter pilot, top-notch exec. Grabs for all the gusto he can get. It's hardly surprising that a low-key, basically conservative homesteader like Charles would take a shine to a live wire like Ruskin. He teaches Charles how to maximize his quality leisure time. They swap hand tools. They chug cold beers. They kick back in the Jacuzzi together. They go to a local singles bar

together, where they pick up a couple of desperate divorcees, and then run the hapless women off the road in a gratuitous chickie race. Charles and Ruskin watch the car plunge down an embankment and explode into a fireball together. Hey, hey, hey. We're really havin' fun now.

The Marshes may, in fact, not be your garden-variety people next door.

Every time the Ripleys and Marshes attend a neighborhood function, it has a way of becoming a tad unusual. Cocktail parties end up as brawls. Cookouts degenerate into orgies. People go nuts, desert their spouses, disappear into the night. Maybe it's the ginger ale. Then again, maybe not.

There's also those darn murders. Mesa Vista is a suburb of San Diego, and San Diego is a suburb of Mexico (or the other way around). Lots of illegal aliens sneaking across the border at night. Well, someone is waylaying them in the scrub out behind Mesa Vista. Not just robbing them and killing them, but grinding them into puppy chow. It's enough to make a cop vomit. As matter of fact, one does, on page 99. (Not on the page; on his shoes.)

The Happy Man is the first novel by Eric Higgs, and an enthusiastically warped debut it is. Related through the first-person narration of Charles Ripley, you're carried along on his descent from Barco-Lounger complacency to fiendish fervor. He finds himself developing an irresistible attraction to a secret society that revels in degradation, sadism and generally naughty behavior. He should have stuck with the Publishers' Clearing

House Sweepstakes. The shocking conclusion will really jump up and bite you.

On a personal note, your humble reviewer—a former San Diego resident—found it particularly interesting that many of *The Happy Man's* most perverted activities took place in the Hillcrest section, only a few blocks from where I used to live. I never saw anything like that in Hillcrest. How come I always miss the good stuff?

—David Sherman

It
By Stephen King
Viking Penguin Inc.
1138 pp, \$22.95

One day, not too long ago, I looked out my window and saw a forklift coming up the



street, driven by Fango Managing Editor Tony Timponi. "New King book!" Tony shouted, tipping his yellow hard hat. He lowered the hydraulic fork blades, and with a resounding thump, *It* was dropped off. Exactly 1,138 pages. Whew. Inside the dust jacket was a coupon, entitling the bearer to 30 percent off on a trip to the renowned Canadian Hernia Clinic, plus a free videocassette of *Maximum Overdrive* for every operation.

Yes, *It* is a man-sized read. What's it about? Kids and their fears.

Now, you may well wonder how an 1,138-page novel can be compressed into a one-sentence capsule. The answer: complex plot, simple theme.

The story begins in May 1985, when six people receive ominous phone calls. The six—five men and one woman—are all in their 30s, secure, suc-

cessful, their childhoods seemingly a dim memory. The calls summon them to their common hometown. They are asked to keep a promise made more than a quarter of a century earlier. The hometown is Derry, Maine. The promise may cost them their lives.

Derry seems like a nice enough town. (Don't these places always seem nice enough?) But there's something rotten beneath the surface. Something unspeakably evil that manifests itself every 27 years. Something that kills kids.

Flash back to 1958; the summer before the six are to enter junior high. Each is a misfit in his own way. There's Ben, the lonely fat boy. Eddie, the hypochondriac. Richie, who hides behind funny voices. Stan, a Jewish boy in the anti-Semitic backwoods. Beverly, who comes from the wrong side of the tracks. And "Stuttering Bill" Denbrough, the uncrowned leader of the pack, whose affliction is summed up by his cruel nickname. The murders have begun. "It" has returned.

The six outcasts are chosen to stop *It*. Why they are chosen, how they will stop *It*, and what they must sacrifice... well, King tells it a whole lot better than I could.

Youthful alienation, youthful fears. King has examined and re-examined these themes in virtually every one of his works. Not to get literary on you, gang, but the monsters are always a metaphor. Doesn't matter what form they take. Stephen King writes about the same thing, over and over: the inner turmoil of a sensitive, imaginative kid who is somehow *different*. These are the kids who are afraid to look under the bed at night. From out of that darkness come the vampires, werewolves, mad dogs, homicidal autos, and *Its* that make cash registers jingle every time King's name is mentioned. You may say Stephen King is the greatest horror writer around. I say he's the greatest childhood writer around. No adult is in closer touch with the way kids think, the way they talk, or the way they are than King. Take Mark Twain, raise him in the cultural chaos of postwar America, and see if Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn

don't wind up in Derry, Maine.

In spirit, *It* most closely resembles King's novella *The Body*. Like *The Body*, *It* focuses on that short, bittersweet period of transition from childhood to adolescence, when a kid realizes that his life is changing, and that things will never again be quite the same. Maybe—just maybe, if he's perceptive enough—that kid will savor the last vestiges of the things that were, and that can never be again. Particularly friendships.

Perhaps the behemoth *It* is King's way of getting it off his chest once and for all, making his definitive statement on the agonies of growing up. Should that be the case, what's next for this remarkable author?

As always, we'll look forward to finding out.

—David Sherman



The Inhuman Condition
By Clive Barker
Poseidon Books
220 pp, \$12.95

Thank you, oh Powers That Be, for sending us Clive Barker. Any reader who has not encountered Barker's *Books of Blood* collections must have his head lodged in some mighty thick quicksand. It's worth repeating: This guy Barker is what we've been waiting for, the long-awaited Next Big Thing.

So, with that introduction taken care of, let us turn our attention to *The Inhuman Condition*, which is actually the American edition of *Books of Blood, Volume Four*. Probably due to be re-issued under its true title after Barkermania infects Yankeeedom on a mass scale, this work represents the first time Clive has found

himself between mass market hardcovers on these shores.

The volume's title comes from the lead story, and a fine tale it is, showing the new maestro's ability to add in copious amounts of that sense of wonder usually associated with fantasy tales without lessening the humid climate of terror one iota. "Down, Satan!" likewise deals with a theme unusual to the territory, but this time it's the bleak murkiness of philosophy, as one man's personal quest for evil teaches him that Hell is where the heart is.

On the night Barker penned "Revelations," his Liverpudlian soul was obviously possessed by the late William Faulkner. The gritty, dirty, Deepinahearta Texas characters are so seedy, so bizarre, so *real*, that Barker probably had to get a Working Visa to create them. American readers should be outraged—who does this Brit think he is, chronicling Americans better than our own guys can do it? Harumph!

Every short story anthology has its strong point, one great tale that stands head and shoulders above the others. *The Inhuman Condition*, however, defies tradition by having two. "The Age of Desire" portrays the result of a mishap in aphrodisiacal research. The test subject, as one might expect, takes off on a rampage... but it's a *love* rampage. (This is as good a place as any to mention another outstanding Barker trait: he doesn't seem fond of leaving the dark Freudian sexual implications of horror to the imagination. Thus, *Inhuman Condition* might not be your best gift choice for Moral Majority officials or other kids on your shopping list.)

"The Body Politic," on the other hand, concerns a *Dawn of the Dead*-like takeover scenario, with a new twist, and that's all you should know before you read it.

No doubt about it, this guy Barker is the most exciting thing to cruise down the pike since that tall fella from Maine had that idea about Carrie What's-her-name some years back. Uninitiated readers are advised to proceed to bookstores at once. Keep spreading the word.

—J. Peter Orr

LITTLE SHOP OF LYLE CONWAY

A rising creature creator brings an all-singing, all-dancing giant killer plant to life. Here's how!

By PHILIP NITMAN

It's the biggest job I've ever done. Audrey II required literally hundreds of pieces of mechanical stuff to make her work, and the whole film turned out to be much more demanding than I thought it would be," admits

Chicago-born creature creator and designer Lyle Conway. His carnivorous plant stars in Frank Oz's big screen version of the highly successful off-Broadway musical, *Little Shop of Horrors*.

"This film certainly stretched my

creative abilities," the genial, bearded giant of cinematic illusions explains. "Frank and I talked about the concept at the beginning and decided that the plant should be very Warner Bros. cartoonish, but in real life terms. And that's where I'm a little disappointed in the outcome, because we were aiming for a Tex Avery style, yet that's very difficult to achieve in three dimensions. We were almost there. Given what we were working with, we've succeeded very well in surpassing what was done in the original film and the stage musical. We had to do something much more realistic. The look had to start cartoony, yet be something that wouldn't be at odds with the realistic sets. It was a challenge."

Conway is no newcomer to the field, having worked continuously for the last eight years on most of the major fantasy films shot in Britain: *The Dark Crystal*, *Return to Oz*, *Dreamchild*, *Link* (Fango #52), and now *Little Shop of Horrors*. As a former member of Jim Henson's organization, Conway is first and foremost a puppet expert in terms of his experience as a designer, sculptor and operator. When it comes to prosthetic work and animatronics, he knows the essentials for imaginative and convincing FX.

Despite some astounding work in the past, Conway's creations for the musical are clearly his most exciting to date. "Getting the voice track right helped a lot," he notes. "That was done by Levi Stubbs of The Four Tops and aided us in fixing the character of Audrey II, as we couldn't visually stray too far from it being a venus fly trap."

When it came to the initial concept for the man-eating plant that grows



Lyle Conway, the FX wizard responsible for *Little Shop's* cuddly man-eating plant, touches up one of the seven different-sized puppets. This sprout required four to five assistants to operate.

Seymour (Rick Moranis) pleads with the egg-sized Audrey II.

ALL LITTLE SHOP PHOTOS: MURRAY CLOSE/COPYRIGHT 1986 THE GEFEN COMPANY



enormously, Conway and director Oz had different ideas. "Frank wanted something similar to the stage play, more muppetty, softer; I wanted to go more towards Paul Blaisdell, '50s monster movie-ish looking things. We compromised on a combination of cartoon qualities with realistic elements.

"It required quite a lot of research. There had to be biological grounding to make Audrey convincing, so I spent some time in Kew Gardens [a botanical beauty spot on the outskirts of western London] sketching orchids, succulents and cacti. Then, I worked up a couple of clay models for Frank's approval, and it was fairly straightforward from then on.

"In performance terms, Frank was adamant about what he wanted from the plant, particularly vine movement: using them like arms, touching, slapping, picking things up. We made many articulated vines. They're super, things I don't think have been seen before."

Conway and his crew were the first people to work on the Roger Corman update. "Only Rick Moranis had been cast, so Frank was still involved with all the other aspects of pre-production—auditioning actors, working with the production designer—while I was finishing up my research and sculpting the final concept. We worked out the sizes of the plant's different stages by using big polystyrene mock-ups, then modified

those, enlarging or reducing according to what Frank wanted."

The evolution of Audrey II from seed to huge marauding monster required seven separate stages. "We started with something the size of a walnut and had to make it grow to the size of a Volkswagen—a very mean Volkswagen, a very hungry Volkswagen," Conway emphasizes.

"The walnut-sized puppet doesn't have too much movement; the size up from that was egg-like, and required four to five people operating it for the first song. The next size up was a big watermelon-type that needed 12 people to control it. And the largest one needed 50 people because there was so much vine movement.

"I knew the main plant sequences would be the most difficult to make work, but I had never worked on a musical before. Everything is difficult! The timing of music and comedy elements is very hard. In that sense, we really broke some new ground on this film."

In eight years of non-stop labor, Conway has accumulated a body of sophisticated work. As a youngster growing up on Chicago's southwest side, he first fell in love with the medium through the influence of a highly famous individual: King Kong. "He was the one who really got me interested in stop-motion animation, which is still my first love. Kong was definitely the most significant person to come into my life as a kid,"



A watermelon-shaped Audrey II seems hungry, though Seymour remains oblivious. At this stage, the plant puppet took 12 operators to coordinate movement.

Conway recalls. "Then, *Kukla, Fran & Ollie* got me into puppets. Finally, I'm combining the two these days, puppets and movies."

Conway always wanted to be in the business, but was prepared to wait until he felt he had something specific to offer. He studied for four years at Chicago's Art Institute, refining his skills as a sculptor, then, surprisingly, became a social worker. He later decided to go into toy design, working for one of the world's biggest independent companies.

While Conway was making toys, he worked with *Re-Animator* director Stuart Gordon (*Fango* #59) and his Organic Theater ensemble on their superhero play *Warp*. "They needed



Seymour listens to reason.

someone to do some prosthetic work for one of the characters," Conway notes, "and cod-pieces for others, which I made. Then, the Organic took *Warp* to Broadway, where it undeservedly got shot down in flames."

Conway next aimed for the movies and headed West. "I got off the plane and went immediately to Gene Warren's Excelsior studio, and he hired me that afternoon, before I even had a place to stay," he recalls. "Warren was George Pal's regular effects expert and worked on *War of the Worlds*. The job: a Pillsbury commercial. We had to sculpt hundreds of letters that puffed up and turned brown. Warren's regulars were thoroughly bored, but I thought, 'Wow! I'm in show biz.' "

Mr. Mushnik (Vincent Gardenia) has to learn to watch what he says around Audrey II.



While on the West Coast, he palled with stop-motion animators Jim Danforth and David Allen. Within a short space of time, word reached Conway that Jim Henson, the Muppet creator, was looking for technicians to work on *The Dark Crystal*, his ambitious fantasy epic featuring an entire cast of non-humans. After passing the interview, Conway relocated to New York for several months of pre-production. When Associated Communications Corp, headed by Britain's Lord Lew Grade, agreed to finance Henson's dream project, the production moved to London. Conway eventually spent three years working on *The Dark Crystal*, receiving a substantial credit for making Aughra, the Keeper of Secrets, in addition to his work

Audrey II contemplates a delicious Seymour filet.



sculpting several of the evil Skeksis. During his time on *The Dark Crystal*, Conway met *Star Wars* producer Gary Kurtz, who was about to begin *Return to Oz* for Disney, and

been involved with up to that point, yet also one of the most enjoyable."

Despite the requisite time and budgetary limitations, *Dreamchild* was also a considerable challenge for

"Stop-motion animation has always been my real interest. When I grow up, that's what I want to do."

consequently asked him to supervise the design and construction of the various Oz characters. Leaving Henson, Conway spent the next year-and-a-half on the ill-fated Disney project. Before *Return to Oz* was completed, Conway rejoined Henson for a brief period in which he was responsible for setting up a small, economical FX and puppetry unit compiled to bring to life several *Alice in Wonderland* creatures for *Dreamchild* (STARLOG #101).

On *Dreamchild*, Conway and his small crew were responsible for building seven characters, including the March Hare, Mock Turtle, and the menacing Gryphon.

"There was a big difference in budget between the two films; on *Dreamchild*, our total budget was that of Tik-Tok, the robot from *Return to Oz*. And we had to do it in a fraction of the time. I had eight people working full time, often 18-20 hour days. It was certainly one of the hardest jobs I had

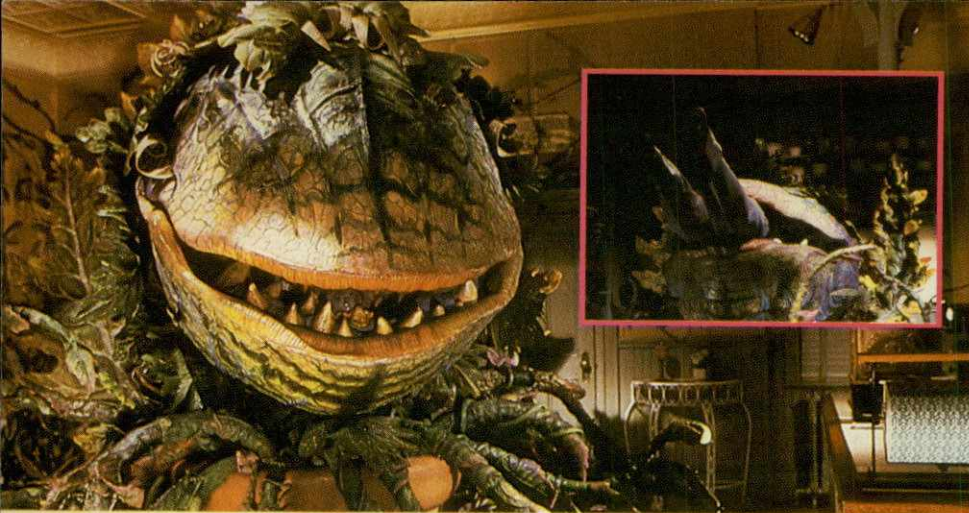
Conway's demented March Hare hopped about in *Dreamchild*.



DREAMCHILD PHOTO: COPYRIGHT 1985 THORN EMI SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT

Audrey II meets her namesake.





Full-scale Audrey II sits resplendent in her glory. The final stage, Conway's crowning achievement, needed 50 people to work the creature's mouth and vines.

Conway due to the source material. "As we were working from the original John Tenniel illustrations, we couldn't make concessions to puppetry, we just had to interpret what was there. I found it an interesting experience and learned a lot more about design. Working from someone else's designs can broaden your horizons, though many people in the business don't like it."

After *Dreamchild*, Conway went on to create a manic monkey in *Link*, a movie that disappointed him. "We did a chimp costume in record time for *Link*, then the producers got clearance to bring a chimp and orangutan over from the States, which they had been having problems with. That's why they had been considering a man in a monkey suit."

The ever-versatile Conway spent 12 weeks making a radio-controlled head so the performer—Peter Elliott, who played Silverbeard in *Greystoke* and most recently starred as the latest incarnation of King Kong in the Dino De Laurentiis sequel—could move around with full eyebrow, lip and tongue movement. Conway also built a second screaming head (cable-controlled), plus two suits made from yak hair. Additionally, Conway made arms for walking (with articulated finger extensions) and two pairs of different posed feet.

"We made the suit in sections so it could be changed quickly," he explains. "Within certain scenes, we needed to replace the normal walking arms with the running arms. We really worked at creating a small ape as opposed to the larger, more gorilla-like apes in *Greystoke*. But they used an orangutan in makeup.

"*Link* was supposed to be a chimp—I was asked to turn an orangutan into a chimp! So, we gave it a haircut. The makeup girls dyed the hair black, and we made dentures to give it canine teeth. I made these rubber ears to fit over the real ones, a sort of earmuff device. Then, they

stuck it in this tuxedo," Conway shrugs. "In the end, I thought it just looked like a trendy orangutan with a great smile. It never really looked like a chimp; it was very sweet and too docile. The film suffers because of it."

From the studio-built confines of a scientist's house-laboratory, Conway moved on to a huge studio recreation of Skid Row for *Little Shop of Horrors*. After two small pictures, the biggest logistical problems of his career now confronted him. "We just didn't stop building," reveals Conway. "We had 42 people working continually in the shop, plus 50 performers at peak times. Fortunately, Frank Oz and David Geffen, the producer, realized early on what the problem was going to be, that the plant was a big part of the show, so we had total cooperation from the front office."

But *Little Shop* did run into several problems due to its incredible ambition. The original 30-week schedule ran over by many weeks, and the \$17 million budget went way over. Conway lost count at \$23 million.

"We used nearly four-and-a-half tons of latex to build Audrey II," adds Conway. "We had specially designed cables made which have no delay in them and don't stretch. You name it, we used it: fiberglass, urethanes, silks. It had 15,000 leaves; just a huge undertaking that required every material used before, plus several innovative things that got put into service."

Conway prefers puppetry to bring his creations to life, finding animatronic FX less than satisfactory. "Audrey II is almost all cable and performer activated. I don't like radio control because there's an unevenness, and you can almost hear the buzz when it's moving. You can't get the fluidity of motion a performer can achieve. When you're working 50-50, cable and performer, you get the best results," he opines.

Undoubtedly the most difficult sequence was the last song, "Mean Green Mother from Outer Space," an experience Conway refers to as "a nightmare."

"Originally, there was a song called 'Bad,' a blues number we could foresee no problems with. Then, Frank played 'Mother' to me and I thought it was a joke, it moved so fast. It's like 'Purple People Eater,' it just moves so fast. When I took the tape back to the shop, everyone walked out. Seriously, it worked out OK in the end. That final sequence took two to three weeks to shoot, but there were many explosions and physical effects happening at the same time.

"Part of the overall success of the plant sequences came from Mike Ploog, who did great storyboards," Conway praises. "They were terrific and were a big help as everything was set before filming. We built according to the storyboards. Mike made many suggestions which aided us, made the character even better. Mike's invaluable; he has done all the films I've worked on except *Link*."

Not surprisingly, Audrey II was built in sections. "We not only had sections, we also had four shop sections so we could shoot some second unit while the main unit was handling the major material. We had three complete sets and one or two corners around stages so we could shoot little bits and pieces, and could make changeovers from one size to another. Sometimes, we did two or three days moving from one side of the set to another with all the vines, while the main unit was filming another version of the plant."

Conway admits that his *Little Shop* job would have been impossible without solid support from his crew. "Neal Scanlon and Chris Ostwald, my regular assistants, who have worked with me for years, deserve a mention, as do Sherry Amott, who handled the fabrication, and David White who was responsible for cosmetics and paint; a very talented guy. John Blakely and Stuart Smith, the chief modeler and his assistant. Barbara Griffiths, my production coordinator, took all the blows I missed. Those were the key people. The whole crew was a pleasure to work with."

Next on Lyle Conway's agenda was a short job in Paris providing an ape costume in the TV movie remake of Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*. A well-earned rest should follow, but Conway knows what he wants to aim for in the future.

"Stop-motion animation has always been my real interest," he says. "When I grow up, that's what I want to do."



THE WILLOW DRISSE D DREAM STALKER REALS FANGORIA

Check out any of these pulse-pounding, blood dripping, incredibly informative and educationally enlightening back issues to find out why!



PHOTO: JOHN CLAYTON

1: The first Tom Savini interview; Chris Lee; Godzilla; *Prophecy*.
 2: *Phantasm*; *Nosferatu*; *Frankenstein*; Matheson; Bloch.
 3: Cronenberg on *The Brood*; King & *The Shining*; *Kolchak The Night Stalker*; *Dracula & Frankenstein*; Matheson; director Jack Arnold.
 4: *Salem's Lot*; H.G. Lewis; Caroline Munro; Don Siegel; *ALIEN*; *King Kong*.
 5: Carpenter's *The Fog*; *Village of the Damned*; *Them!*; Bert I. Gordon; Apes.
 6: Bottin & Savini shock FX; King & Romero team-up; *Friday the 13th*; Sean Cunningham; Vincent Price; *Quatermass*; Hammer history.
 7: Munro & Savini on *Maniac*; Chris Walas; *The Shining*; *Curse of Frankenstein*; Price; Hitchcock.
 8: Carpenter; *Zombie* gore; Danforth & Allen; *Horror of Dracula*; AIP monsters.
 10: Available again! The rarest issue! Cronenberg on *Scanners*; *Mother's Day*; Plus Carpenter, Craven, Cunningham, Coscarelli & *The Outer Limits*. A limited supply!

Ghost Story; Baker FX; Harryhausen; Adrienne Barbeau.
 17: Craven; Smith & *Ghost Story* FX; Sexy Fiona & gory H.G. Lewis; Alan Ormsby's *Cat People*; *Halloween II*; *Dark Shadows*.
 18: Burman FX for *Cat People & Beast Within*; set visits to *The Thing & Creepshow*; *One Dark Night*; splatter video; Allison Hayes; Herman Cohen.
 19: *The Road Warrior*; Cronenberg, Carpenter & Landis meet; Greg Cannon; *Poltergeist*; Dick Miller!
 20: Joe Dante talks; Paul Bartel; Carpenter on *The Thing*; more with Landis & Cronenberg; Savini, King & *Creepshow*; *American Werewolf* star; Craig Reardon.
 21: Reardon & *Poltergeist*; Bottin & *The Thing*; F13—Pt. 3; Zacherle; Cannon FX; more with Carpenter, Landis & Cronenberg.
 22: Romero & *Creepshow*; *Halloween III*; F13—Pt. 3 FX; Tor Johnson; Elvira; Ingrid Pitt.
 23: Hooper on *Poltergeist & Texas Chainsaw*; *Evil Dead*; *Halloween III* FX; *Incubus*.
 24: *Poltergeist ILM* FX; Q; XTR0; *The Sender*; *Bloodfargers*; Klaus Kinski.
 25: Cronenberg on *Videodrome*; Savini after *Creepshow*; *Alone in the Dark*; Whitley Streiber & *The Hunger*; *Poltergeist* FX; Darren McGavin on *Kolchak*.
 26: Smith & *The Hunger*; H.G. Lewis; FX of Caglione, Munns, Beswick, Michael (*Mark of the Devil*) Armstrong; Ted (*Corpse Grinders*) Mikels; Ed French FX.
 27: Savini book excerpt; Tony Perkins; *Evil Dead* FX; Peter Walker slasher movies; Bradbury on horror.
 28: *Psycho II*; FX of Smith, Fullerton & Buechler; *Dead Zone*; AIP days; Veronica Carlson.
 29: Cronenberg on *Dead Zone*; George (*Mad Max*) & Dick Miller; *Twilight Zone* movie; H.G. Lewis; Lucio Fulci; *American Werewolf*; *Dead of Night*.
 30: Joe Dante speaks; Reardon *Twilight Zone* monster FX; *Cujo*;

Carpenter; Freddie Francis; Vincent Price; James Herbert
 31: *Dead Zone*; *Amityville 3D* FX; *Exorcist* mechanical FX; *Pieces*; Matheson.
 32: Carpenter's *Christine*; Scorsese on Cronenberg; *Cujo* FX; Subotsky; John (*Living Dead*) Russo; *C.H.U.D.*; Herbert; Stan Winston.
 33: Maley's *Keep monster*; *Splatter*; *Strange Invaders* FX; Italian zombies; Ed French FX.
 34: The early Rick Baker; *Chainsaw's* Ed Neal; *Mutant (Night Shadows)*; Argento; Berryman on *Hills Have Eyes 2*; Reardon & *Dreamscape*; *Firestarter*.
 35: Cannon/Shostrom/Lazarini rock video makeup; King interview; *Children of the Corn*; Baker; Argento; *Firestarter* burnings.
 36: Savini and F13—*Final Chapter* FX; King; Baker; *Ghostbusters*; Karloff; *Firestarter*; Hammer's Roy Ward Baker.
 37: Dante on *Gremlins*; Dick Miller; Baker's best; Gene Simmons; John Amplas; *Hills Have Eyes 2*; Mark Shostrom FX; Suart Freeborn.
 38: Dante; Walas *Gremlins* FX; Craven speaks; *F13* retrospective; *The Mutilator* gore; Freeborn; *Splatter University*; Jonathan (LSOH) Haze.
 39: The Shape vs. *Leatherface* & Jason; *Gremlins* FX; *Ghostbusters*; "v" FX; Freeborn; *Dreamscape*.
 40: *Nightmare on Elm St.*; *Return of the Living Dead*; *Night of Comet*; Schwarzenegger on *Terminator*; Hammer vamps; Michael McDowell.
 41: Jim Cameron on *Terminator*; Chris Lee; *Ghostbusters* FX; *Darkside*; *C.H.U.D.* FX; *Creature*; Larry Buchanan.
 42: *Blood Simple*; King & Straub; Tucker's *Company of Wolves* FX; Mario Bava story; De Palma on *Body Double*; Chris Lee 2; Buechler.
 43: *Day of the Dead* set visit; King & Straub; *Cat's Eye & Silver Bullet*; John (*Brides of Blood*) Ashley; Rambaldi

FX; Bava story 2.
 44: *F13—A New Beginning*; creating Freddy Krueger; O'Bannon on *Return of the Living Dead*; *Company of Wolves*; Slodmak story; Jonathan Frid; John Saxon.
 45: *Elm Street's* Heather Langenkamp; *F13—Part 5* FX; *Fright Night*; Elvira; Dick Miller; F13 writer; Dean R. Koontz.
 46: Hooper on *Lifeforce*; *Day of the Dead's* Bub; *Night of the Living Dead* book excerpt; *Re-Animator* gore; Caroline Munro; zombies!
 47: *Day of the Dead* FX with Savini; *Fright Night*; *Lifeforce* FX; *Neon Maniacs*; Weaver retrospective with giant snails.
 48: King revisited; more *Fright Night* FX; Romero; *Supernatural's* zombies; *Silver Bullet* werewolves; ultimate *Day of the Dead* pix.
 49: Argento's *Creepers*; more *Silver Bullet & Howling II* werewolves; *Toxic Avenger*; *Nightmare on Elm St. 2*; *Fright Night's* Chris Sarandon & FX; Bloch.
 50: Special 50th issue! *Elm Street* sequel; *Re-Animator's* bloody pix; Timpone Interviews Angelo (*Freaks*) Rossitto; Savini as the Ripper.
 51: Steve Miner on *House*; *Darkside* FX; *Critters*; *Psycho III*; *Living Dead FX*; mutants and aliens; Clive Barker; Craven; Mary Woronov.
 52: John Carradine; *Demons*; Tony Perkins on *Psycho III*; Dennis Etchison; Savini in Fango video; *FX's* skeleton crew; *Elm Street 2's* FX.
 53: *The Hitcher's* hell highway; *Underworld FX*; the other *April Fool's Day*; Jack Harris on *The Blob*; Romero's *Living Dead* remembered; Jason poster.
 54: *Poltergeist II*; *Maximum Overdrive*; *Creeps*; Ramsey Campbell; John Agar; *Critters* FX; Empire screenwriter; Freddie Francis.
 55: *Fly* set preview; *ALIENS*; *From Beyond*—first pix; *Psycho III*; Hooper on *Invaders from Mars & Chainsaw 2*; Buechler; Barker; Bates & Beswick.
 56: *From Beyond*

set visit; King on *Maximum Overdrive*; *Vamp*; Chris Lee; Savini on *Chainsaw 2*; *ALIENS*; Winston; Craven's *Deadly Friend*; Cronenberg on *The Fly*.
 57: Cronenberg's *The Fly*; *Texas Chainsaw 2* set visit; Craven on *Deadly Friend*; *F13—Part 6*; *Overdrive & ALIENS* FX.
 58: Exclusive photos from *The Fly* and *Texas Chainsaw 2*; Chris Walas FX; David Lynch's *Blue Velvet*; Ken Foree on *Dawn & From Beyond*; Robert Englund on being Freddy; Stephen King retires!
 59: Stuart Gordon on *From Beyond*; *Darkside* preview; Thom Mathews (a.k.a. Tommy Jarvis) of *Jason Lives*; *Demons* FX; *Trick or Treat*; David Carradine; *Fly* poster.
 60: *The Exorcist* remembered with Dick Smith, Linda Blair, William Blatty and others interviewed; Scream Queens Barbara (*Re-Animator*) Crampton, Linda (Ter-

minator) Hamilton and Krysty (*Deadly Friend*) Swanson. Plus new *Little Shop of Horrors*.
 61: Exclusive *Rawhead Rex* preview; Dick Smith, teacher; Jeffrey

Combs on *Re-Animator & From Beyond*; Sam Arkoff recalls his AIP days & Michael Carreras relives Hammer; Dick Miller update; more *Fly* stuff and *Leatherface* poster!

62: *Nightmare on Elm St. 3*; *Evil Dead II*; special Friday the 13th salute; more Arkoff & Carreras; the zombies march in *The Dead Next Door*; new Jason Poster.

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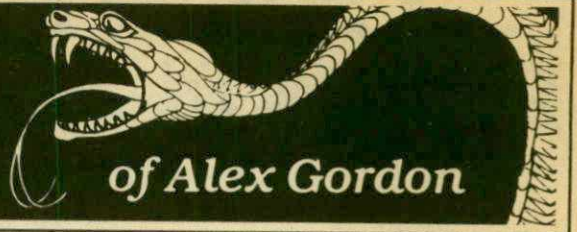
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PIT AND PEN



of Alex Gordon

THE SCREEN VOYAGES OF LIONEL BARRYMORE AND CAPTAIN NEMO

Moviegoers familiar with Lionel Barrymore most likely think of him as gruff Dr. Gillespie lurching around in a wheelchair in MGM's World War II *Doctor Kildare* film series starring Lew (Donovan's Brain) Ayres. Yes, there was a Dr. Kildare before TV's Richard Chamberlain.

But Barrymore (brother of John, who loved weird roles like *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Svengali* and *The Mad Genius*) also ventured into melodrama and horror, including such forays as *West of Zanzibar* with Lon Chaney, *Mark of the Vampire* with Bela Lugosi, and *Devil Doll* (MGM version, not to be confused with Richard Gordon's 1964 production).

First off, there's Lionel Barrymore's *Body and Soul* (1927), a title used later for two boxing movies. I saw this picture recently at UCLA's Melnitz Hall and it is a rip-roaring MGM melodrama directed by Reginald Barker. Nick Grinde, later an action director of many B pictures, was its assistant director. Barrymore plays Dr. Leyden, a brilliant surgeon driven to drink and disgrace, who has retired to an Alpine village in Switzerland. When he encounters Hilda (Aileen Pringle), a young servant girl from the village who has been found unconscious in the snow, he becomes infatuated with her.

Hilda falls deeply in love with Ruffo (Norman Kerry), a dashing ski jumper—the love-'em-and-leave-'em type—who is merely interested in her as a new conquest. When Ruffo leaves the village for his skiing destination, Hilda is heartbroken, and Ruffo soon realizes he is truly in love with her. His letters are intercepted by Dr. Leyden and eventually Hilda, feeling betrayed and deserted, marries the doctor.

When Ruffo returns, Leyden, re-

morseful and also intensely jealous, takes serious Ruffo's suggestion, made in jest over drinks in the village bar, that Leyden brand his wife, Ruffo's beloved Hilda. In a shocking scene, he rips her dress and brands her, as Ruffo, now thoroughly filled with anxiety, tries to come to her. Badly injured in a struggle with Leyden, Ruffo is sure to die and Hilda appeals to the doctor to save him. He agrees only when she swears to stay

with him if her lover lives. Leyden saves Ruffo's life but, realizing the girl's true feelings, leaves the two in the cabin and exits into the snow to die.

The interesting *Body and Soul* cast has Aileen Pringle in a strong dramatic role—this fine actress was famous for her light and comedic roles, often opposite silent star Lew Cody who specialized in lounge lizard parts. Soon after the advent of talkies, she was reduced to playing in low-budget independent films or taking small roles in movies like *The Women* at MGM, the studio where for years she had been a star. Norman Kerry had been the leading man in Universal's *The Phantom of the Opera* with Lon Chaney and Mary Philbin and was for a while in the French Foreign Legion. He too ended up playing supporting roles in small

Actor Lionel Barrymore loved bizarre roles. Here, years before his *Dr. Kildare* movies, Barrymore practices medicine without a license in *Body and Soul*. Norman Kerry is the lucky patient on the table.



ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY ALEX GORDON

independent films of the early '30s.

Lionel Barrymore was a director as well as a star and character actor. He had a brief brush with a then-unknown Boris Karloff in Chadwick Pictures' *The Bells* in 1926. He played Mathias, an Alsatian innkeeper, who murders a wealthy traveler and robs him of his gold. Though Mathias is not suspected of the crime, his conscience torments him and he hears the bells that tolled as his victim lay dying. He also has visions of a courtroom trial, the bloody hands of the dead man, and eventually sees the ghost of the traveler and dies in spiritual agony, his secret unconfessed. James Young directed this film with Karloff playing a mesmerist and the sinister looking character actor Gustav von Seyffertitz (Professor Moriarty to John Barrymore's Sherlock Holmes in another movie) also in the cast as Frantz. *The Bells* is available on videocassette.

Last month, I saw MGM's 1929 production of *The Mysterious Island*, based on Jules Verne's famous story. In this early version, later remade by Charles Schneer for Columbia Pictures with a completely different storyline, Lionel Barrymore plays the sympathetic role of Dakkar who, in the mythical kingdom of Hetvia in 1850, devotes his life and fortune to probing the mysteries of the ocean depths by constructing two submarines on his private island off the mainland. Falon, a nobleman, played by that expert movie villain Montagu Love (who menaced Rudolph Valentino in *The Son of the Sheik* and John Barrymore in *Don Juan*) is anxious to overthrow the throne by revolution and seeks the inventor's aid. Failing, he captures Dakkar and his crew while his assistant, Nikolai

(leading man Lloyd Hughes of *The Lost World* and *Blake of Scotland Yard*), is testing one of the sea craft. Dakkar's men rescue him from torture but Falon's men damage the submarine, which descends to the ocean floor. There, Dakkar and his party observe an underground city populated by strange creatures whose gratitude they win by slaying a dragon with submarine torpedoes.

Sonja (Jane Daly), Dakkar's sister, wrecks the other submarine in a battle with Falon's men, and Falon's blood incites the underwater creatures to divert a slug creature (a giant octopus) that mortally wounds Dakkar when it coils its tentacles around him. After the island is recaptured, Dakkar blows up his laboratory, realizing his experiment could bring only aggression and wars. He then unites the lovers, Sonja and Nikolai, enters his submarine, and heads for the ocean bottom to die.

This troubled film had several directors. It was started as a silent picture in 1927 and was eventually completed in 1929 with Lucien Hubbard getting screenplay and director credit. Maurice Tourneur and Benjamin Christiansen shot earlier footage—both these men had prominent credits in silent films. *The Mysterious Island* had some talking sequences among the silent scenes with background music and titles and there were several early Technicolor scenes among the black and white. Gibson Gowland, star of Erich von Stroheim's famous film *Greed* and seen later in *The Secret of the Loch* (a movie about the possible existence of the Loch Ness Monster), had a sympathetic supporting role. Unfortunately, the miniatures are very poor and the model shots of the

submarines (*obvious* models) are not very good. The slug creature is an unconvincing octopus and another undersea monster is simply a large crocodile with some gear attached to its head and body to make it look more like a dragon, similar to the ineffectual attempt to create prehistoric monsters in Hal Roach's *One Million B.C.*, and unlike the wonderfully accurate creatures in the original *King Kong*.

Ray Harryhausen created a carnivorous giant bird and a deadly crab


In another scene from *Body and Soul*, Barrymore enjoys some frivolous small talk with Aileen Pringle.



Quick! Which one is Barrymore? Yes, that's Lionel in the little old lady outfit, handing a CARE package to Maureen O'Sullivan in Tod Browning's *Devil Doll*.



for the 1961 *Mysterious Island* produced by Columbia Pictures in England and directed by Cy Endfield. Herbert (*Phantom of the Opera*) Lom received special billing as Captain Nemo who, with his elaborate submarine, lurked beneath the island's waters in a hidden cave. Michael Callan and Michael Craig were also in the cast, which had the principals escaping from a Southern Confederate prison during the American Civil War in a balloon and eventually finding themselves on the island with two female survivors of a shipwreck. Same source material, different plot!

In 1974, French and Italian co-producers attempted yet another version of the Jules Verne classic, this time called *The Mysterious Island of Captain Nemo*. Omar Sharif is the only name familiar to me in the cast of this rarely seen epic which, to my knowledge, had no regular theatrical release in the United States. 



Opening "THE GATE"

By SHARON SINGER

Knock! Knock! Some kids discover a mystic portal in this new Canadian chiller. It's only the doorway . . . to Hell!

This leg came too long," complains an actor trying to climb into a polyurethane rubber suit. "Cut it below his little midget knee," instructs special effects supervisor Randall William Cook with a laugh.

Cook, who is directing second unit special FX on *The Gate*, a new supernatural/fantasy/thriller being lensed in Canada at Toronto International Studios, is hard at work preparing one of his most difficult shots. The effect he is creating will make the complaining actor look only one to two feet high in the finished film. This same studio housed David Cronenberg's *The Fly*.

The Gate, by first-time screenwriter Michael Nankin, is the story of 12 year-olds, Glen and Terry, played by Stephen Dorff and Louis Tripp, who discover a hole in Glen's backyard. Unaware that this hole is a door to the underworld ("the Gate" of the film's title), they explore its contents and find a round crystalline geode.

Fascinated by horror, fantasy and science, Terry brings his favorite record album over to Glen's house— heavy metal music by a group who all died in a plane crash. In a *Trick or Treat*-like development, the boys are, at first, oblivious to the fact that the lyrics, inspired by satanic lore, describe how to invoke the Demon Lord. While listening to the music, they crack open the geode. By inadvertently performing these rites, the boys succeed in opening "the Gate." Minions of the Demon Lord creep forth to prepare the way for him. By the time the boys realize that his intent is to destroy the world, he may be too powerful to stop. But they must try.

The scene is one of bustling activity as Cook dashes about trying to get the performers and the set ready for the shot. A bevy of actors struggle into the suits that will transform them into repulsive "minions," the little grotesque rodent-like creatures which Cook created and designed.

One part of the set representing the landscaped backyard garden of Terry's house has been built on a scaffold six or seven feet above the ground. The other is at ground level.

Why is the set split in two? Because 35-year-old Cook has revived a technique used extensively in the '30s called forced perspective, which was employed before matting was developed. Looking through the camera which sits high up on an adjacent scaffold, the two sets match up exactly—one leading fluidly into the other. Both appear the same size although the ground level set is four to five times larger than the other. Through the lens, the creatures ap-

pear only one to two feet high on the larger set as they skitter across giant boulders, through huge blades of grass and across the engorged green garden hose which snakes along the ground.

It was the script that attracted Cook to *The Gate*. "I relished the opportunity to do a monster film with some humanity to it," Cook explains. One of his challenges was creating the tiny monsters. "The minions are a combination of people in costumes and remote-controlled puppets—the people are reduced by the forced perspective optical process and the puppets are enlarged so that the creatures appear to be about 18 inches high in the film."

It is painstaking work to precisely align the two separate parts of the set to the camera's eye, but Cook's background has prepared him well. During a stint as a cartoonist at Disney, he met Dave (*Laserblast*) Allen who trained him in special FX. After working together on a number of genre movies, he eventually went out on his own. "I'm basically a caricaturist—anything that deals with character and exaggeration and that lends itself to creatures. I tend to be most interested in special effects that act and perform, rather than special effects used as scenery."

Cook, who created the stoned tyrannosaurus in *Caveman* and the terror dogs in *Ghostbusters* (Fango #39), starts work on the minion suits. Cook conceals the shoulder, hip, elbow and knee joints with flesh colored tape and paint. The minion actors hold their gruesome fleshy heads under their arms in a macabre display.

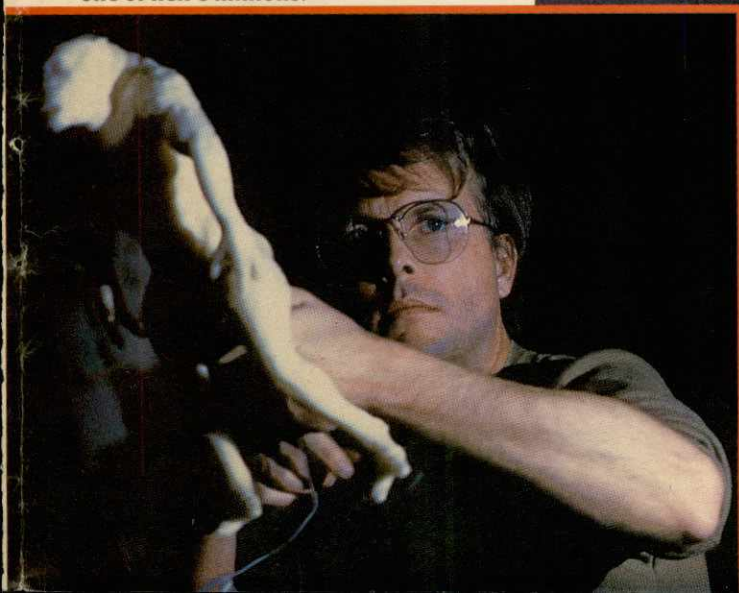
By late afternoon, Cook is ready to shoot, announcing, "This is the fastest a shot like this one has ever come together!"

Speaking of fast, Alliance Entertainment Corporation, formed in

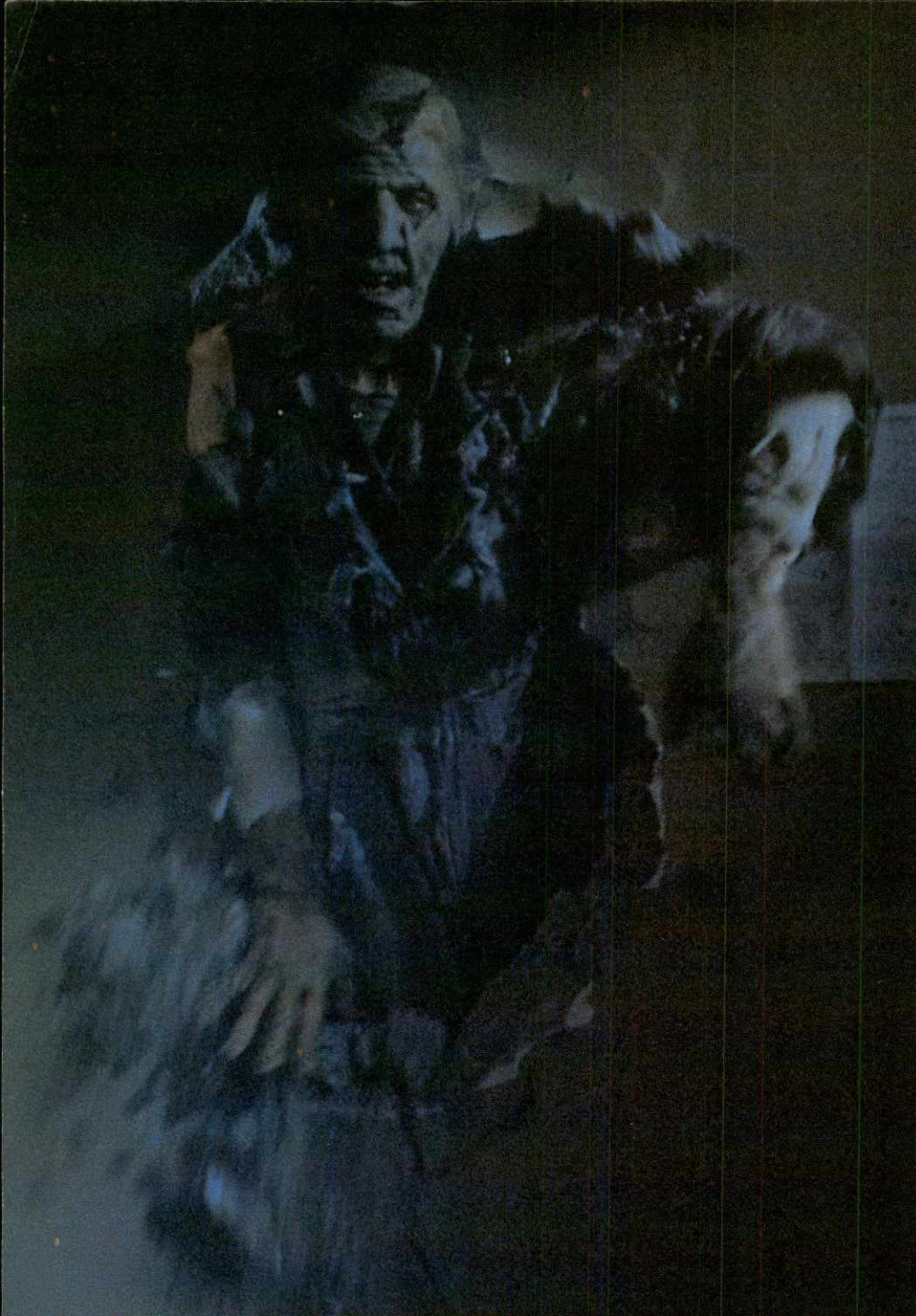
FX supervisor Randall Cook animates one of hell's minions.

Glen's sister Al (Christa Dent) has a dreadful vision from the netherworld superimposed over her adorable face.

1985, has already become Canada's leading film and television production company with \$51 million in production completed within its first year. This includes the CBS-CTV TV series *Night Heat*, *The Wraith* (Fango #57), and the HBO-CTV-Radio-Canada mini-series *Venge-*



The Demon Lord arrives to save the day for the forces of evil, courtesy of model animator Dave (*Caveman*) Allen.



turnaround from Disney which Kemeny finds amusing since, "The Gate is anything but a PG movie." The Gate's director, Tibor Takacs, had come to Kemeny to discuss some other projects he was developing.

Takacs had already established himself in Canada as a creator of fantasy and science-fiction fare. He produced and directed the futuristic TV thriller *The Tomorrow Man* which won the 1980 Canadian Film and Television Award for Best Television Drama. He also directed and co-produced *Metal Messiah*, a cult-oriented, surrealistic space rock feature in 1977.

The Gate began pre-production in June '85. Due to the unique special FX requirements, Takacs beat the pavement looking for the talents who could produce the goods for \$6 million, which means low budget these days in LA.

"I spent weeks and weeks going around to all the different special effects companies," Takacs recalls, "talking to different people. It's a strange thing, because as soon as I saw Randy Cook, I knew I would work with him. It was one of those kind of meetings. Randy brought Craig Reardon in and Bill Taylor and Sid Dutton from Illusion Arts, to do the matte paintings and optical effects. Illusion Arts is the old company of Albert Whitlock [STARLOG #60]—the matte painter who did Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* and *Earthquake* among others. He's retired now and they run his company."

On the main set—a house built oversized to make the kids look smaller—director Takacs is polishing a scene's timing. "The structure of *The Gate* is like a rollercoaster ride," he maintains. "It's like going to the amusement park. It's a difficult structure. Much of it has to do with the editing."

Confident that *The Gate* will keep his audience on the edge of their seats, Takacs focuses his full attention on his young actors: 16-year-old Christa (*Mickey and Maude*) Denton plays Al, the protagonist's elder sister; Stephen (*Different Strokes*) Dorff portrays Glen, the central character and 13-year-old Louis Tripp makes his debut as Glen's friend Terry.

Dorff and director Takacs have since become a mutual admiration society. "Stephen can give me what I want almost every time," states Takacs. Dorff reveals that he and Takacs made a deal up front. "Whatever I had to do, he had to do, too. I had to wear moths in one scene. Their claws were stuck in my sweater and hair. It was fun. Tibor was ready to do it, too."

Doing his bit for home improvement month, the Workman tries some carpentry on an unnecessary wall.

ance. Producer John Kemeny, one of the Alliance partners, originally learned of the script for *The Gate* through Los Angeles-based New Century/SLM, a financing/production organization with which Alliance is now affiliated. SLM will release the film in the United States through its own distribution arm.

Kemeny was drawn to *The Gate* because it wasn't like anything he had done before. The script was in

The Workman (makeup by Craig Reardon) cometh.



Sometimes, a youthful admiration can spark a career. When 33-year-old Craig Reardon (Fango #20-21) who does special makeup FX on *The Gate*, was 14, he wrote to the legendary makeup wizard Dick Smith, telling him how much he admired his work. They continued corresponding. In 1980, Smith asked Reardon to work with him on *Altered States*.

Reardon had trained in makeup but had quickly moved into special FX. "I was always interested more in the prosthetic end of things," ex-

plains Reardon, "in sculpture, painting, mechanical design—building puppets. You can always get on the phone to a specialist or you can reach inside yourself and try to make yourself your own first and last resource.

FX man Reardon performed several four-hour makeup sessions with actor Carl Kraines for the right effect. A plaster cast was made of Kraines' face. The actual mask part was fabricated of dental alginate. Reardon applied flesh colors on the grey-green dental material which showed all the folds and features of the actor's face, plus some additional ones for a nightmarish look.

Accustomed to working on expensive SF epics, Reardon didn't feel limited by the financial constraints.


**"I relished the opportunity to do a monster film with some humanity to it."
—FX expert Randy Cook**

"If you know where you're going and you know how to make the most of the money, the budget is not that important. If you're less resourceful, you need a ton of money."

Producer Kemeny perhaps inspired the atmosphere of resourcefulness and creativity on the set with his amazingly varied, award-winning credits that range from *White Line Fever* to *Atlantic City* to *Quest for Fire*. One of those rare producers who gets involved in every aspect of a film, he is always on the set, and has little regard for the "too many packager-lawyer-accountant-agent producers." Kemeny is equally at home discussing script changes or marketing concepts. "I usually work way in advance on the campaign," he notes. "If you don't care about the marketing of your film, then you

really bury it in advance. Usually, the marketing costs of a film in Los Angeles equals the negative cost. It's the only way to do it."

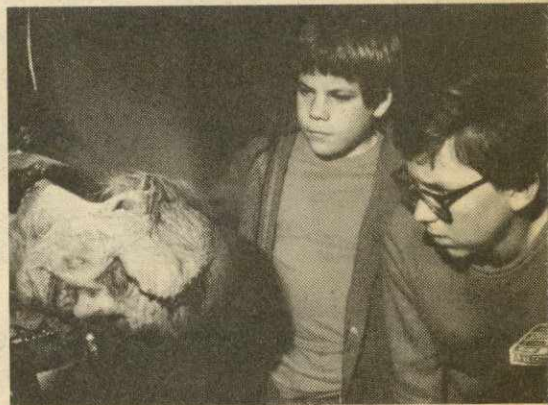
Kemeny doesn't know what the ad campaign for *The Gate* will look like at this point. "It's tricky to figure out the campaign's tone," he adds. "We usually do a great variety of posters and test them and see the various reactions of different age groups. If the film is going to fulfill its potential, then there should be a crossover audience from the ready-made audience for this kind of film, in which case the campaign has to be more sophisticated and more intelligent, not just going on the fright level."

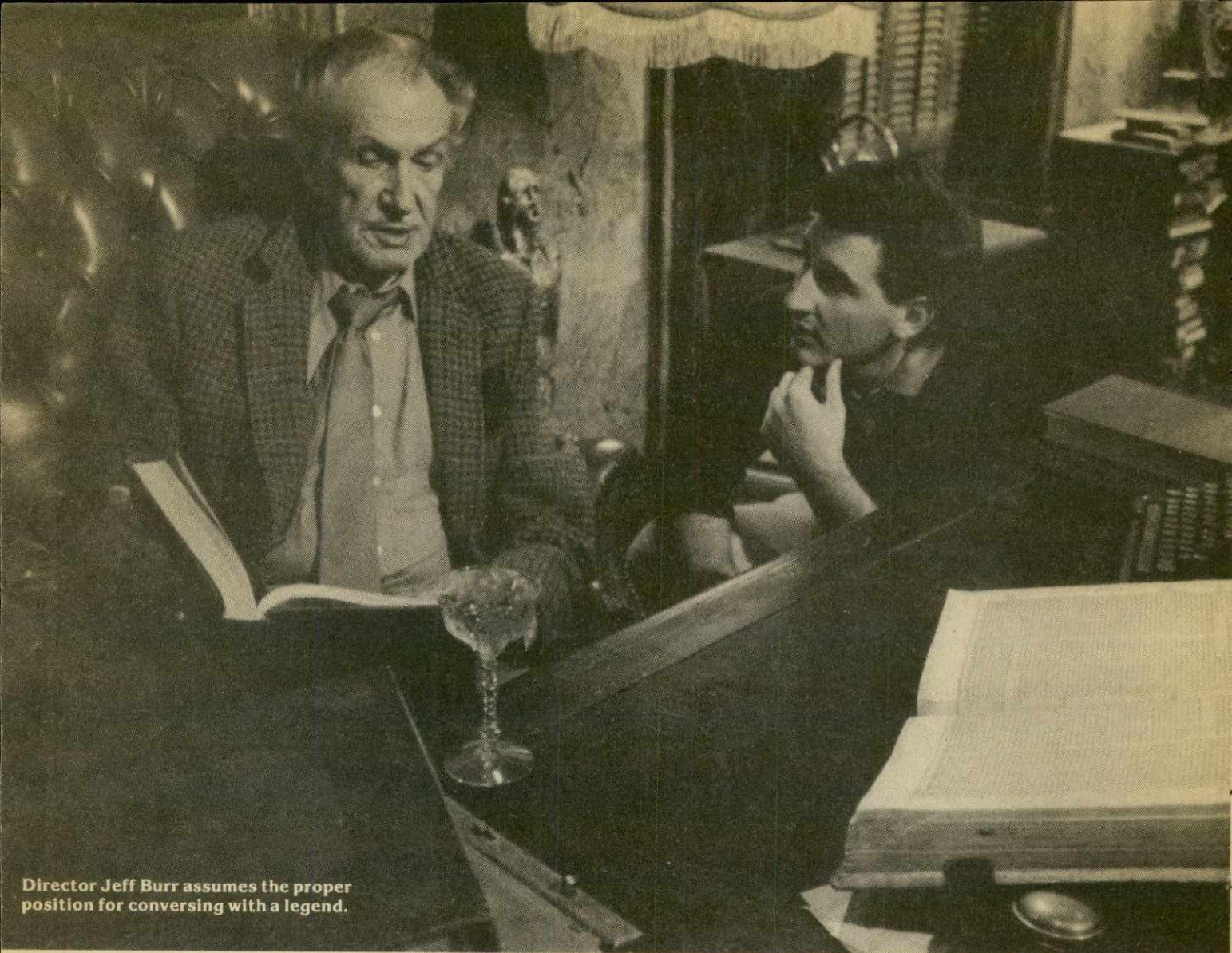
Takacs finds working with Kemeny stimulating. *The Gate* is his biggest budget project to date and represents a major opportunity to break through into theatrical success. Did Kemeny allow him his head with so much at stake? "Sometimes, John gives me words of wisdom," Tibor Takacs laughs, "but we're on schedule and on time." And for now, that's the bottom line. 

Glen and Terry (Louis Tripp) suggest a toupee fitting for their dead co-star.

Reardon who has worked on *Poltergeist* and *An American Werewolf in London*, took on *The Gate* because of the film's "classic fairy-tale quality" and his intense respect for Randall Cook. "For the first time since I've been working in movies [nine years], I found myself in a situation where I'm working with an intelligent person with a good imagination, who is also a good practical artist. I knew that if I did something, it would be used properly and in a satisfying context."

Gate director Tibor Takacs prepares "Workman" actor Carl Kraines for his undead debut.





Director Jeff Burr assumes the proper position for conversing with a legend.

THE LITTLE HORROR FILM THAT COULD

A bunch of movie newcomers put several genre pros through the paces for "From a Whisper to a Scream."

By MARC SHAPIRO

The history of this town is written in blood on pages of human skin."

Great line, right? And a line that only somebody like Vincent Price could get away with speaking. Well, the people behind *From a Whisper to a Scream* are not about to settle for second best, which is why it is Vincent Price—leering wickedly over the shoulder of actress Susan Tyrrell on an old library set—who is uttering this chestnut. And Price is being greeted with respectful silence

rather than laughter at the line's inherent corniness.

Today, *From a Whisper to a Scream*, a four-part anthology horror film which is wrapping up on a semi-soundproof soundstage in a Santa Monica, California lumber yard, is turning into an event of sorts. Price, doing two days' work on the film's connecting story, has made it clear that this will be his *last* horror film.

There is also a "thrill of victory" element attached to the completion

of this first effort by 24-year-old director Jeff Burr (Fango #52). Money problems caused the film to shut down last summer, and one could have safely bet the farm that it would *never* be finished. But *Whisper* has since become the little horror film that could, attracting the likes of Clu Gulager, Rosalind Cash and Martine Beswicke (who finished their work on the film months ago) to the set to observe the last day of shooting and what is turning out to be Price's final horror death.

Also on hand for the occasion is the godfather of this kind of film, Roger Corman, who jokingly remarks, "Those lines sound familiar. I think I directed this film 20 years ago."

It seems only natural for Corman to be present for the conclusion of something that, logistically, is so very much his style.

From a *Whisper to a Scream*, which also stars such Fango faves as Cameron Mitchell and Angelo Rossitto, was filmed in 28 days on a shoestring budget of \$1.1 million. None of the actors involved worked longer than a week. The storyline follows a reporter (Tyrrell) who has been covering the story of a female mass murderer (Beswicke). Following the killer's execution, the reporter is drawn to the murderess' hometown where she meets the woman's uncle (Price) who proceeds to reveal the community's inherent evil in four stories that begin during the Civil War and end in the '80s. The tales feature such horror tidbits as necrophilia and cannibalism.

"Sure, it's like a Corman movie," chuckles director Burr, "but with one difference. If Corman had Vincent for two days, he would get two films out of him."

Burr and co-writer Courtney Joyner (Darin Scott also contributed to writing chores) are taking a five-minute break in an offstage dressing room and talking over old times. Old times, for Burr, which began after leaving USC in 1983.

"I worked on some independent

"When we decided on the concept of *Whisper*, we knew that all the stories, including the connecting bit, had to be of equally high quality."

—director Jeff Burr

features and rock videos," Burr recalls, "and basically spent a lot of time hanging out and making contacts."

Nightcrawlers, Burr's first directorial attempt, ran afoul of money problems and was stillborn. Money, at first, wasn't a consideration when Burr and Joyner joined forces on *From a Whisper to a Scream* in 1985. Making something more than

just the run-of-the-mill horror anthology was the challenge.

"Most horror anthologies are dull as hell," observes Joyner, "and movies like *Torture Garden* are really bad. There is usually one, maybe two stories you remember and the others are just filler. When we decided on the concept for *Whisper*, we knew all the stories, including the connecting bit, had to be of equally high quality."

The initial script for *From a Whisper to a Scream* raised the necessary cash, but, with a budget of well under a million, casting was going to be a problem. Burr solved it by cutting out the middle man.

"I don't like going through agents, so I used my contacts and friends to get to the people I wanted to use," he says. "And when I tracked them down, I was honest with them. I said, 'Look, here's the script. I really want you to be in it, we can't pay you much money, but it will be a lot of fun and allow you to stretch and play a character unlike what you normally do.'"

Burr's approach worked and *Whisper's* four main stories were filmed in a hectic 24-day summer shooting schedule in Georgia. Gulager (Fango #50), always the diplomat, did concede that the production was far from trouble free.

"I won't be specific, but just about anything can go wrong on a low budget film," notes Gulager. "But the fact that the film allowed me to stretch as an actor made the less-

than-ideal conditions worth the trouble."

Filming was completed on schedule and, while continuing their search for actors to star in the pivotal joining segment, the *Whisper* production hit a mighty big snag.

"We ran out of money during editing," Burr reveals, "and we didn't want to go to distributors at that point because we weren't interested in bargaining with them until the film was finished. We needed the additional money, but had nothing for collateral except the unfinished film."

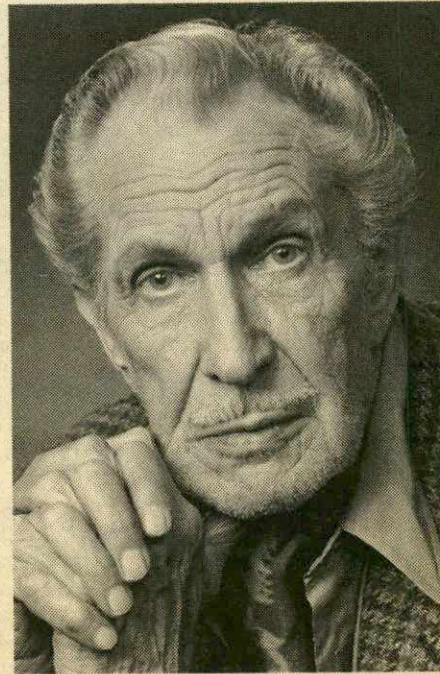
Burr and company spent the next eight months showing *Whisper* to private investors. The needed funds were raised and, during the hiatus, a number of rewrites of the connecting story finally convinced Price to return to the genre.

Back on the set, Price gets a good take on the "written in blood" line, makes a joke with co-star Tyrrell and ambles off the set as technicians and cameramen jockey for position for the next scene.

"I'm like a kid again," the actor confesses as he settles his tall frame into a chair in a darkened corner of the soundstage. "To read a line like the one I just read is kind of silly and wonderful. I read it like a kid would read it and, because of that, I believe people will go along with it. The fun in a movie like this one is trying to make melodramatic lines believable and, sometimes, the only way to do that is by kidding people."



Rosalind (*The Omega Man*) Cash, as the Snake Woman, holds a voodoo figurine in the anthology's most bizarre segment. Can she predict the fate of this recently completed film?



Vincent Price looks pensive as he contemplates *From a Whisper to a Scream*, an anthology which still needs a theatrical distributor.

ALL WHISPER TO A SCREAM PHOTOS: DAN GOLDEN



During *Whisper's* shooting, elder horror statesman Price received a visit from former co-star Hazel (*Masque of Red Death*) Court.

But this love match, explains Price, was not without a few premarital spats.

"I had a big sort of fit at one point because rewrites that I was not being made aware of were being done on my storyline. The rewrites were turning my part into something totally fantastic and totally unacceptable to me. But I threw my weight around and the situation got better," the actor laughs.

"I'm busier now than I've ever been," Price announces as he rises in response to a call back to the set, "which is why if I never do another horror film, I won't be at a loss for something to do. But if a quality script came along and it was a horror film, well, who knows, I might be a fool to turn it down."

Rosalind Cash, however, can't even watch horror films. They drive her quite literally under her seat. So, you can imagine the talented actress' reaction when she was asked by Burr to star in *Whisper's* most bizarre segment.

"Especially when I found out some of the effects I would have to play off," laughs Cash as she steps away from mugging with Price for the production's photographer. "I work with a character who has an eye in the middle of his chest, and there is this scene where I put a curse on a glass eater. The glass comes out of his body, and there are bloody arms and legs all over the place."

Cash is no stranger to horror FX. She was transformed into a post-plague zombie in *The Omega Man*. *Whisper* is Cash's first fantastic film since then, and she now admits to being horror happy.

"I've got the bug," Cash adds. "I wouldn't mind making a career out of doing these kinds of films. I don't care what the critics say; it is a legitimate art form and the people, if

this film is any indication, are really committed to what they're doing."

Rob Burman, a special FX specialist/assistant whose credits include *Ghostbusters*, *The Thing* and *The Fly* remake, was sitting around his father Tom Burman's studio one day, when fate and his mother landed him his first "in charge" job.

"The phone rang and my mother, who often works at the studio, answered. It was Jeff and he was looking for a referral for somebody to handle the effects on *From a Whisper to a Scream*. Without missing a beat, she turned to me and said 'here.'"

Burman landed the job and with the aid of brother Barney, Chris Biggs and Brent Baker, created a puppet mutant baby, a cable-controlled human eye that moves and looks in different directions, and a mechanical dummy, complete with breathing and eye movement, that is axed and burned in the film. Burman, currently working on Cannon Films' fairy tale movie projects, says that his favorite effect, the glass eater scene, was quite literally a blast.

"The scene called for this body to rupture and spit out chunks of stuff. We accomplished the effect by putting a gelatin skin over a fiberglass torso, attaching dynamite caps inside and then blowing huge holes in it that spit out goo and slime."

Burman says that what was required of him was pretty standard stuff. At first, logistics and a tight budget and shooting schedule seemed the biggest obstacles. However, another problem—the relative inexperience of the film people—manifested itself in Georgia.

"I got down there and found that none of the film had been storyboarded, which is almost a must for a low-budget film like this," Burman reveals. "That made getting things

organized for the effects a bit difficult and, by the time we were nearing the film's end, I was really burned out on the whole thing which may be the cause of the rumors that Jeff and I didn't get along. But I feel we parted on good terms, and I'm quite happy the way things turned out."

Another FX pro, Anthony Showe, had an equally notable *Whisper* assignment. Forty-eight hours earlier, Showe had no idea he was about to become a footnote in horror movie history as the FX man who killed off Vincent Price in his "last film."

"But the phone rang and here I am," says Showe as he busies himself with an appliance and blood bags in a makeshift workshop in another part of the lot. "You get used to not having much time to do things."


Showe, whose credits include *The Mutilator*, *Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2*, *Videodrome* and *Killbots* is putting together a Dick Smith *Scanners* kind of death FX for Price, an effect that is considered pretty simple.

"Pretty simple, but pretty effective," adds Showe. "When the time comes, a lot of blood will come pumping out."

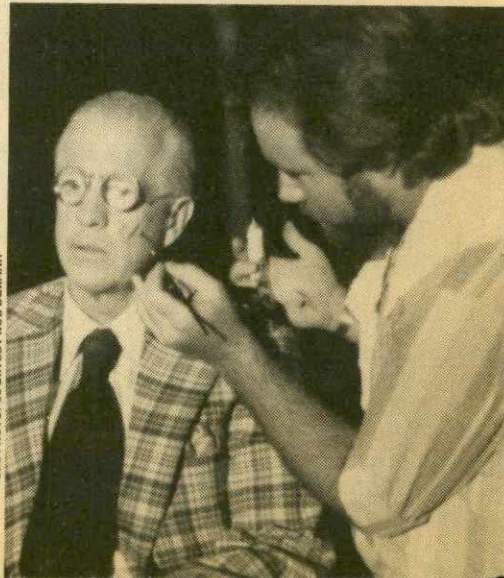
It is a couple of hours later and the time has come.

A soundman, who describes himself as a perfectionist, curses softly to himself as a low flying plane temporarily halts the scene. Tyrrell, already on the set, reads through her lines one more time. Price, who has been resting, appears on the soundstage; he's all smiles as he walks onto the set, perhaps a bit of ironic gallows humor.

For, as *From a Whisper to a Scream* begins its final act, so, perhaps, does the horror film career of Vincent Price.

Jeff Burr yells action. It is time for Vincent Price to die again. 

Rob Burman scars up Clu Gulager during the location shooting.

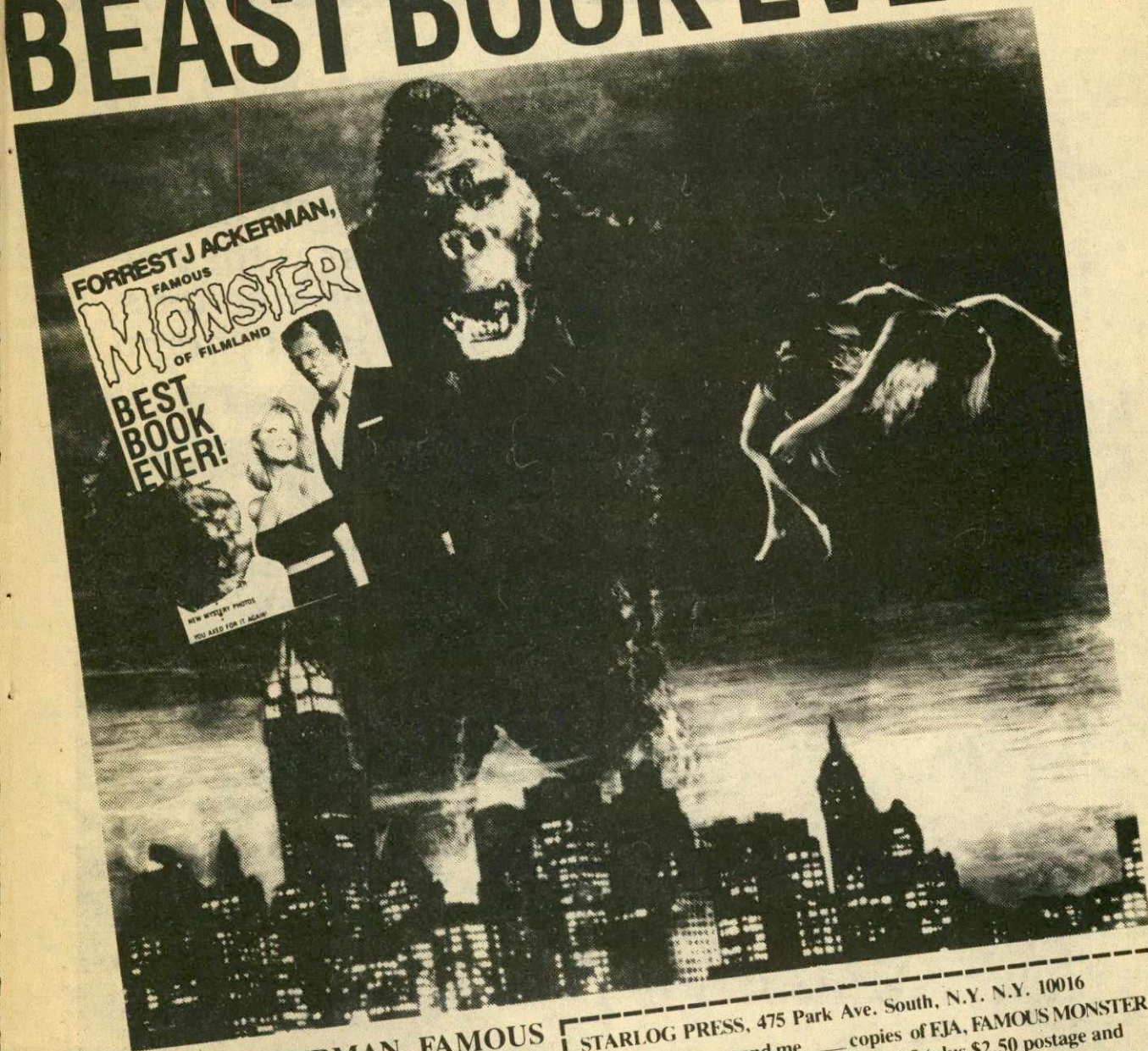


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Part Two **M**ONSTER MOGULS

AIP founders Samuel Z. Arkoff and James Nicholson proved that they were businessmen before filmmakers.



The House of Arkoff

Fango continues its exclusive talk with the co-founder of AIP, Samuel Z. Arkoff, who discusses the Poe years, his overseas productions and the future of the independent.

By TOM WEAVER



Adolescent monster Gary Conway contributes a cultural interlude in Herbert Strock's *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*. Arkoff says that this one holds up today just as well as the Roger Corman AIP entries.

Under the aegis of co-founders James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff, American International Pictures flourished in an era of diminishing box-office returns by tailoring their product to the teenage trade. In Part One of Fango's exclu-

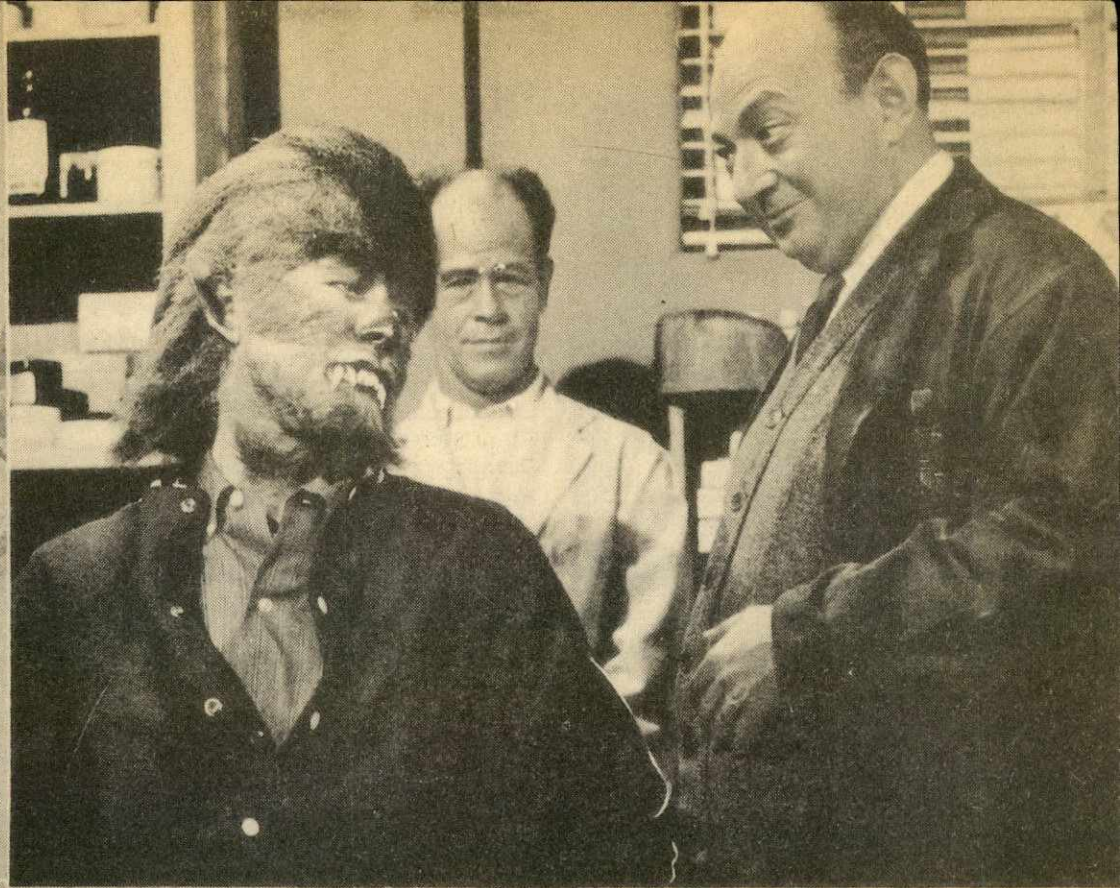
sive interview last issue, Sam Arkoff recounted tales of the early days of AIP: from its shaky beginnings through its amazing rise to become Hollywood's foremost exploitation film factory.

Part Two follows the AIP saga through the '60s and '70s as the vet-

eran movie mogul relives the days of beach blankets, conqueror worms, corporate mergers, the fall of the house of Arkoff and his plans for the brand-spanking-new Arkoff International Pictures.

FANGORIA: What sort of arrangement did you have after the initial

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HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER

Starring ROBERT H. HARRIS • PAUL BRINEGAR • GARY CONWAY • GARY CLARKE • ^{and guest star} JOHN ASHLEY

Produced by HERMAN COHEN • Directed by HERBERT L. STROCK • Screenplay by KENNETH LANGSTAY and HERMAN COHEN • A JAMES H. NICHOLSON and SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF Production • An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL Picture

SEE
THE GHASTLY CHOU
IN FLAMING COLOR

MONSTER PHOTO: COPYRIGHT 1958 AIP

In an attempt to mine further "veins," Arkoff mixed creatures and teens again in *How to Make a Monster*.

four pictures with Roger Corman?
Samuel Z. Arkoff: Our relationship was just a working arrangement that was never really in writing. In fact, Roger formed a distribution company before New World called Filmgroup. During those days when he was making pictures for Filmgroup, he would make cheaper ones for himself and Filmgroup, but the minute he went above a certain amount, he would come to us and we would do it. And then when he decided to get out of Filmgroup, he brought over those pictures, and we released them for a time. We had a very informal arrangement and it was a wonderful relationship—still is a wonderful relationship, although we haven't done any pictures together recently. The last one was *Boxcar Bertha* (1972).
Fang: After what happened on *Gas-s-s*, Corman said he would never do a movie for AIP again.

Arkoff: I don't even think Roger was too fond of *Gas-s-s*. That title was about what the picture was. But, look—I'm very fond of Roger, I'm not going to pillory him for the press or for anybody else. We had our differences from time to time—very few differences, considering how easy it

is to have them on something as highly charged as making a picture. We did many pictures together, we have a great relationship now. He's a terrific guy and I'm proud to call him a longtime friend.

Fang: Were you impressed with his ability to grind out product quickly and inexpensively?

Arkoff: Of course! There was *nobody* better than Roger! He produced and directed four and five pictures a year, he was a hard worker, he always brought them in on budget—which is more than I can say for practically anybody else. To tell the truth, there were times when he could've spent a little *more* money—and, *boy*, you don't hear anybody ever say that about pictures, especially me! But I thought there were a couple of pictures where he could have used a few more people in 'em—you know, to sort of fill up the scene (*laughs*)!

Fang: Would you agree that some of Corman's early films have stood the test of time better than many of the other older AIPs?

Arkoff: That's not necessarily true. I like Roger's, but what about *I Was a Teenager Werewolf*? Herman Cohen did some very nice pictures—*Teen-*

age Werewolf, *Teenage Frankenstein*, *Horrors of the Black Museum*. Those stand up very well. But Roger did more of the black-and-whites than any other single director. I'm not taking anything away from Roger, but we had other directors.

Fang: Tell us about your brief cameo appearance in Corman's Hawaiian-made *Naked Paradise* (1957).

Arkoff: We went over to Hawaii—me, my two kids and my wife, Jim Nicholson with his wife and three kids. Roger told me to come over to where he was shooting, and he gave me this one line to read to Richard Denning: "It's been a good harvest, and the money is in the safe." Now *that's* a key line (*laughs*)! That was my first and last role; I've never been asked back into any of 'em since!

Fang: Did you enjoy visiting the sets or meeting the stars?

Arkoff: What stars? Look, I have nothing against actors—although I wouldn't say that some of my best friends are actors—but we would meet 'em in the normal course of business. Actors are people—I'm not awed by them, certainly not overawed or anything like that. That's for fans—I'm not a fan.



RAVEN PHOTO: COURTESY JOHN COCCHI

Arkoff favorite Peter Lorre swings a poker in *The Raven*.

Fang: Alex Gordon says that AIP really didn't care to have veteran actors in their early films.

Arkoff: Well, for Christ's sake, Alex loved old actors—he used to drag these old actors around, and I sometimes thought he went out to the graveyards to find 'em (laughs)! He idolized old actors, he really did—that was Alex's bag. I wasn't against them, I just was against building a picture around 'em. Let me give you an example: When he brought around Anna Sten and used her in *Runaway Daughters* (1956), he thought that was a great coup. I thought it was a coup de grace! She meant nothing (laughs)—nobody in the audience had the slightest idea of who Anna Sten was! She was never successful—Sam Goldwyn tried to build her up, brought her over from Europe, used her in three or four pictures, spent a lot of money on her. None of her pictures ever crashed through—and she had played opposite some very good stars. She was a nice lady and I had nothing against her, but when Alex wanted to give her top-billing and all...! He also used to bring Raymond Hatton around a lot. Well, I re-

membered Raymond Hatton, he used to play in movies with Wallace Beery. But at that point, the young audience didn't even know who Wallace Beery was, and he was the big star!

I had nothing against old-time actors; if Alex wanted to put an older actor into a role, fine, but don't try to base your pictures on 'em, particularly when you're trying to go for a young audience. I am not ashamed to say that I didn't want to play to empty theaters. And therefore, you had to cast people who would bring audiences in. We didn't have stars but we created them, and they had a market. Like Annette Funicello: Annette did the Mouseketeer kiddietime bit for Disney, and we turned her into a completely different kind of personality. But fundamentally, I appreciate what Alex was doing; he loves old actors.

Fang: What prompted his decision to leave AIP?

Arkoff: It was a completely voluntary act on Alex's part—he wanted to be bigger himself. We considered him a part of an organization, that he had certain functions and that he did them well. He really wanted to be

Mogul Sam Arkoff preferred to call director Sidney Pink's *Reptilicus* "Ridiculous" when first screening the Danish monster movie.



REPTILICUS PHOTOS: COURTESY CARL DEL VECCHIO



Basil Rathbone talks with a decaying Vincent Price in *Tales of Terror*. Sam Arkoff loved hiring the "old horror stars."

kind of a sole star. So when he asked to get out, I told him, "Don't do it—you're making a mistake." But he wanted to do it, and so we bought him out. I still see Alex every now and then, I like Alex—but I don't think he should have left AIP.

Fang: Because there was a sequel to *The Amazing Colossal Man* (1957), people assume that movie was one of your biggest early moneymakers. Was it?

Arkoff: Let me tell you our theory. The majors today make sequels, but they never plan for sequels, as a rule. A picture goes out and does very well—they make a sequel. Basically, they're looking for a follow-up to a successful picture. We were looking to establish a vein of ore that we could mine. A sequel didn't necessarily mean that the first picture was particularly successful; just as long as it was successful enough, then we would make a second. While *The Amazing Colossal Man* made

money, it wasn't that it made so much money we had to do it—we were trying to open up a vein.

Fang: So, what were some of your better-grossing early double-bills?

"Peter Lorre gave us a little bit of trouble; he would have liked to have gotten more standard, 'non-horror' roles toward the end."

Arkoff: You have to remember that satisfaction is a matter of what your needs are, and what you're accustomed to. I can remember when I was kicked out of college and went bum-

ming for a year, riding freights; it didn't take a hell of a lot to satisfy me—just a full meal! Now, later on, when I was eating very well—and showing the evidences of it (*laughs*)—it would take a hell-of-a-lot better meal to make me think it was a good meal! Since the background keeps shifting, you cannot establish an absolute. Take the gross on a picture: As pictures began to cost more, you had to gross more. So, some of the earlier pictures which were breakthroughs, like *Day the World Ended*, you always remembered as being very important to you. Now we surpassed the gross of *Day the World Ended* relatively soon afterwards—but even in that short amount of time, our pictures had already started costing more.

Fang: Doesn't the double-bill of *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* and *Blood of Dracula* have an interesting story behind it?

Arkoff: There was a famous ex-

hibitor in the Southwest named Bob O'Donnell—he was the head of Interstate, which was the big company at the time. He was having an argument with some major companies about film rentals, and so he told us—on Labor Day—that if we could make a couple of pictures by Thanksgiving, he would play us in his Flagship Theater. We had never played that theater before, so we made those two pictures for him by Thanksgiving!

Fang: Made them from scratch?

Arkoff: Oh, no—the scripts for those two were already in the works before he asked. Look, we made *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, which was successful—were we not going to do *Teenage Frankenstein*?

Fang: Why weren't other studios able to fully duplicate your success with exploitation films?

Arkoff: Because many producers like to be dignified. They're basically narcissistic, they want to be considered cultured people. Fundamentally, many of 'em didn't want to do exploitation pictures. In fact, for years, one of the great problems was that, even after the TV era came in and it was known that it was primarily the youth going to theaters, these producers were still doing remakes of pictures like *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. That's what producers want to make—it gives 'em dignity.

Fang: But many smaller studios, Allied Artists in particular, were churning out their own horror/SF films at that same time.

Arkoff: That's right, and by spring 1959, we knew we were in trouble. We had been making these combinations and being successful with them, but suddenly the market was inundated with copies. And many of these other pictures didn't have any

originality—they were more or less copies of ours. What we did then was one of the most important things we ever did—we said, "Look, the combinations aren't working any more. This is the way to go broke." So, at that time, we made two steps: We first said goodbye to the combinations. Then, we decided to put the money that we used to put into two pictures into just one, and then we would go out with it plus an older picture as the second feature. In other words, in June, we would come out with a new picture, and March's top-of-the-bill would become June's second. And then June's top-of-the-bill would later become September's bottom-of-the-bill.

“Alex Gordon loves old actors . . . I sometimes thought he went to the graveyards to find 'em.”

Fang: That was also about the time AIP started picking up a number of foreign-made films.

Arkoff: Oh, sure. For instance, Joe Levine had picked up a Hercules picture and did well with it. There were many Hercules pictures being made, so we also got a Steve Reeves Hercules picture. But we didn't want to make ours Hercules, so in the dubbing, we changed it to Goliath, and the picture became *Goliath & the Barbarians*. We also picked up *The Sign of Rome*, which had no gladiator, but in the dubbing, we had the guy in it talk about the days when

he was a gladiator, and we called it *The Sign of the Gladiator* (laughs)!

Fang: Was *Black Sunday* a pick-up, or was AIP involved early?

Arkoff: That was a pick-up. I remember seeing it on a deadly cold morning in Rome. At that time, the Italians couldn't have both air conditioning and heat; when they turned off the heat in the spring, they'd never turn it on again until late fall. So they turned off the heat and there was a cold spell. I can remember sitting in this damned screening room at 8:00 a.m.—shivering, our overcoats on and everything else—and then *Black Sunday* came on. It was really one hell of a picture. Mario Bava was really a master; if he had been an American or British director, he would have made it big. He had a real feel for this stuff.

Fang: How did you enjoy working with Vincent Price on Roger Corman's Poe films?

Arkoff: He was really quite a bright man—very educated, very cultured. We had a long relationship with Vincent, and I really think he's a spectacular man in every respect. The same goes for many of the other horror people, but Vincent is in a class by himself.

It's very interesting that some of our best horror stars have really been very good actors in another milieu. Vincent started out doing serious stuff—he played on Broadway opposite Helen Hayes, playing Prince Albert to her Victoria in *Victoria Regina*. Bela Lugosi had been a serious dramatic actor in Europe, and Basil Rathbone had been a stage actor. Rathbone had no humor—he was in a couple of our pictures. Vincent had a lot of humor, and so did Peter Lorre—he was really my favorite. We brought back almost all the great stars—Vincent, Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney, Jr., Peter Lorre. The only one alive today is Vincent, and the odd part is that all the others died after making our pictures (laughs)! I don't know whether there's any direct connection.

Fang: Can you tell us a little more about Karloff?

Arkoff: A very dignified, very warm man. Naturally, I didn't know him at the start of his career—I met him for the first time in the late 1950s, when he was already up in years. But he had a wife who took good care of him—a very sweet lady. And, again, like Vincent, he was a cultured man. It's really amazing about the horror stars, that so many of them were miles above the average actor. Vincent certainly is, and Boris was. They were dignified men and you treated them like dignified men. Those were good relationships, and I have very

Scalpel master Vincent Price went to England to make audiences *Scream and Scream Again*.



fond memories of them.

Fang: No trouble with any of them?

Arkoff: Peter Lorre gave us a little bit of trouble; he would have liked to have gotten some more standard, "non-horror" roles toward the end—although his first big hit was as the child murderer in *M*. And although I knew Rathbone less than I knew the others, I felt that he was still playing other kinds of roles. My guess is that he was doing horror more for the money than because he really loved it; I always had the feeling about Basil that he would just as soon have been in a different type of picture. Vincent genuinely relishes it, and Boris did, too.

Fang: Critics complain that Price camped it up in the Poe films. Do you agree?

Arkoff: Well, I think that became a little truer as the years went by—and that's a natural kind of thing. If you do anything for a long time, ultimately you have to satirize or spoof yourself. As the world gets more involved and intricate, that's a natural tendency. If an actor is really a good actor, he doesn't really want to play everything the same way.

Fang: There's a funny story you tell about *Conqueror Worm*.

Arkoff: A very bright young director, Michael Reeves, wrote a script which he sent to us. It was based on a best selling book in the U.K., *Witchfinder General*, a story about a witch-burner in Oliver Cromwell's era. Reeves sent it to us with the intent of getting some financing. The book had never been published in this country, and I didn't think anybody in the U.S. gave a damn about Cromwell and such. By this time, Jim Nicholson and I were fairly expert on Poe, so we looked at the poems and found one called *Conqueror Worm*, which fit pretty well in a way—although I guess a title like that one could've fit a hell of a lot of things (laughs)! So, we went in on it, and it was released in the U.K. and such as *Witchfinder General*—the book had a substantial audience over there—and in America as *Conqueror Worm*.

Nat Cohen, with whom we had made a number of pictures, had distribution rights in the U.K. and in various military installations. The picture played on bases and ships as *Witchfinder General* and this group of sailors saw it under the title. And then a few weeks later, they're in Hong Kong and they go into a theater to see *Conqueror Worm*—the same picture—and they damn near tore the theater up (laughs)!

Fang: Which were the bigger grossers, the Poe films or the Beach movies?



PHOTOS: COPYRIGHT 1979 AIP

AIP's biggest year at the box office was 1979 due to the release of *The Amityville Horror* and *Love at First Bite* (inset).

Arkoff: I think the Beach pictures domestically and the Poe pictures internationally.

Fang: In what way did Sidney Pink's *Reptilicus* (1962) initially fail to meet AIP's standards?

Arkoff: Because it was shot in Danish English. Scandinavians have a particular kind of accent when they speak English—like a singsong. Sidney Pink made this picture in Copenhagen, and on one of my trips to Europe, I made a stop there, and Sidney, very proud of *Reptilicus*, ran it for me. And I said, "Sidney—we'll never get by with this!" He had been over there—where everybody talked like that—and he didn't realize that any American audience would have broken up immediately, particularly in that kind of movie. Sid didn't want to change it, and he sued us for not taking the picture. I told him, "Sidney, I'm not going to accept it—it says right in your contract that this

English has to be English. This isn't English!" He was so clearly wrong, but he sued us. On the courthouse steps—or almost—he decided in favor of the better part of valor (laughs)!

Fang: Did it bother you when people used to say you made irresponsible and inflammatory films?

Arkoff: That was ridiculous. It used to irk the shit out of me that we actually had at one time spinster-types who used to picket the theaters which played our monster pictures. These damned pictures now play on Saturday morning TV and afternoon matinees—and are even thought of as camp by the kids (laughs)! What the spinsters would do is, they would read the SEEs—SEE!-this and SEE!-that. Those ad phrases used to be kind of lurid, and these spinsters would believe that shit.

Fang: Why did Jim Nicholson leave (continued on page 68)

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Best: *Videodrome*, *Evil Dead*. All my love to Debbie.

Laurie, 4 run 4 to ones, buns please. (Ruth)

...so then she grabs my hot throbbing—hey, wait a sec! This ain't *Forum!* Where am I? Yow, look at this stuff! Geesh, what sickos!

Steve Shannon is not a jerk. Brian De Palma, talk to Laura Racek about your next movie. Tell her Ben sent you.

In 1987, the amounts of hazardous waste from local refineries increased 138%...now 1992! Get ready. (Toxic Waste)

Halloween, Fango and Chrissy are #1. Michael Meyers is my father. Thanks for the subscription, Mom.

Michael J. Fox, Stephen King & Fango rule. (Creepy Kevin)

Run-DMC & LL Cool J chill in NYC (Cool "B")

Scott: Merry Christmas from Barb and Rufus. Go nuts, get bloody!!

BEST MOVIE: *Day of the Dead*.

Chris E. & Tammy Z. can't stand anything bloody, even if they scream "yuk" & run in disgust, I love 'em cos they ain't fuddydudgies.

Hang yourself from a X-mas tree! Hardcore punk, King, gore, Fango, Freddy K., and death rule #1. (Steve S.)

Billy, now you can glut yourself on gore! Enjoy it. Love always, George Patty & Diane.

Budda Force #1, Freddy Krueger rules. Kill 'em all.

Ubu sends love & destruction to Gena boys.

I want to kill Kadafi.

The Dust, a Kip Hanks film, is coming... watch for it!

I wrote the last time and you didn't print my ad.

Krueger, Voorhees, Miner, Fango & Pee-wee Herman rule! (Phil "Pee Wee" in Elmer, NJ)

Hi to Elec. 1: Steve, Joe, Ray, Kevin, Bill, Tim, Dave. Ken & Pam, Bill! Mark & Laurie. L.K. Jen. Freddy Krueger lives! Hi JF! (SKI)

Fango is great, keep up the good work. (Brian K.)

Fango, King & Dead trilogy #1. Romero, watch out, Mars is coming.

TKS. Mombo for the sub. Steve King is the greatest and Clive Barker knows his gore. (Jimbo Seath)

All-in-all, it's just another day. (J. W. Mc.)

Mark B. (aka Jason) & Mike McE. (aka Freddy) are trouble when together.

Re-Animator, *Evil Dead*, *Scream Greats*, more gore!!!

I want a *Rocky Horror* article in Fango, not STARLOG! Read #53, Postal Zone, write Fango for a *RHPS* article, NOW! (David N.)

Happy birthday, Jonathan C. from Lafayette, IND.

Happy birthday, Susie. Another year of gory goodies. Love, Bob & Janice.

From the darker corners of a demented mind, hello to: Reed, Darrell, Greg, Bryan & Butler. (Greg P. of Smithville)

"Primitive things stir the hearts of everyone." Keep watching the skies for Voyons. (Zaphod)

Happy anniversary to my little Vamp-pire, Lyn.

Onus, Lord of the Undead, will rise from his tomb, turn into Mr. Goodwrench & give your '63 Plymouth a complete overhaul. (E-ASCH)

Steve K. & Jim will be Waupun's Krueger.

Fango, Freddy, Jason, Ra & *Re-Animator* #1. Hi Jason & Burke. Gore lives!

King, Romero, Savini & Baker rule gore forever! Hi Donna. (Dave M.)

Tom Savini: Best of Fango; A.M. to M.C.

Slayer, Celtic Frost, Exodus, Maiden, Black Sabbath & Metallica rule always. (Nerdon Eric)

Hi Yoders, Bidy & Norman Bates! Surprised? *Jam ich weiss ihr seid!* Miss you guys already. Mad Max for you, Sting for me. (Dracula's Daughter)

Boy George: still beautiful & still the best. From his #1 fan in the universe. (Mary N.)

Kurt Russell, Peter Cushing, Tom Skerritt are film-dom's greatest heroes.

Bub rules! You slay me, Jason Voorhees! (MWM)

Long live the master, Vincent Price! After 16 years, I finally get around to a subscription. Hurray! (TSF)

Ryan Anthony O. #1 Jason & Freddy fan. DB Vice: Chris O, Chad L, Bill W, Mike O, Mark F & me.

Patrick K. is coming with hordes of monsters, hideous demons, bizarre aliens & other horrible things.

F-13, *Day of the Dead*, *Return of the Living Dead*, *Nightmare on Elm St.* & *Bergenfield* rule. Jason is awesome!!!!

For Sam Peckinpah, 1925-1984. "Why not?" (Frank)

For all the airheads who attack Fango before I can get a copy: scream in hell forever. Baby Jane.

Susan, Brock, Julian: Thanks for putting up with my "hobbies"... Jason, Norman, Alice #1. Love, James & Daddy.

Fright Night, *F-13 I-V*, *Evil Dead* and *Julie T.* are #1.

Ah, to die, to be really dead—that must be glorious! (TC)

Tim loves Mary & Romero & Savini. Richard S., you will never win. Long live Fango in Deutschland.

Uncle Jim B.: Happy birthday with lots of love from Stephen E.

Heard the latest? Nancy is the greatest! (Even better than gore!)

UTEC all the way! Zoom! #1 (Mott)

Berlin, *Evil Dead*, *Friday the 13th I-V*, *Late Night with Letterman*, Fango are the best! Thanx Mom & Dad. (Bob in Alpena MI)

Merry Christmas! The alien has arrived on the scene to help you through the world.

Friday the 13th Part VI, the Final Beginning of a New Chapter.

Prince is King, S. King is cool, Fango is my friend and gore is, too. (FJ)

I did it! Catch Tammy V. on the cover of *Sacramento Magazine*, July issue.

For Sale: ugly brother with hair spiked, wears earrings & could kill me. (Ron E.)

Happy birthday, Tanya, I love you. (Richard)

Nightmare on Elm Street and *Re-Animator* are #1. Steve King and Clive Barker are #1 horror writers. Nothing else matters.

Tony Blue Eyes, this is an extra B-day present 'cos I love you. (Donna Marie Banana)

Friday the 13th rules. Beware of Tommy & the spirit of Jason. (EG)

As a subscriber from issue #1, I'm compelled, nay, driven to say, "Moo moo, moo." You would, too.

Hey Spike! What do you like?

Morticia has Gomez, Lily has Herman, Mary have me. (Your ghoulish Ex)

Voorhees a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny... (Dan T.)

To the main man of makeup, Tom Savini: you're the best they come. (Thomas E.)

From the Gore Corp.: *The Hunted*. Ten minutes of true terror and fear. Quite a bit of blood, too. (Linc)

Jason's back. No one can stop him!! (VT)

Day of the Dead & John Cusack are Super Dooper. (Mikey)

Louisville's hot rock station, LRS-102 #1!

Freddy Krueger rules forever. Freddy, Jason & Fango #1. Hi, Franken Cheryl & Melgore. From PS.

Savini's the best in the West. Put his terrors to the test.

"It's a funny world—a man's lucky to get out of it alive." (WCF, MAX, Tony, ZVBRPL, Beserkeley)

July 5, 1986. One year anniversary of Janette H. & Mark McF., a nightmare Freddy would be proud of. (Ha-ha, MAM)

Long live the memories of the astronauts of shuttle mission 51-L, Heroes all!

Space-Age couple, why doncha flex your magic muscle?

Happy birthday, Peter & Jamie. (Ed T.)

Metallica & Motley Crue rule the metal world. *Evil Dead* & *Dawn of the Dead* #. *Company of Wolves* & *Day of Dead* totally rot. (MS)

Demons; Savini; *Day of the Dead*; Fred Krueger... all great! Merry Xmas, FANGO!

Centerville, Iowa is a dump, Pancake Day stinks. Hi Shaun, Barb, Liz, Jon. (JTW)

Fri-13 is life. Carl H. (Jason)

To all the bloody flicks we saw! (Ruddy, Vick, Chess)

Sean Tiam, Don Cory, Da Boyz... Scotty say lates... Sherri Finch/Caroline Munro/Jamie Lee C/ Delicia/Prince/Fango (Don)

Hi Middletown, MD. (Mitch W)

Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Freddy vs. the Smurfs. He finally does the little dwarves in. (Ryan S.)

Hello, Thomas Roland Johnson. (The Terminator)

FREDDY

(continued from page 39)

in the real world. People would fall asleep and Freddy would appear. In this picture, we go deeper into Freddy's territory. The characters are lured into the dream world where Freddy forces them to confront their deepest fears."

Russell says that gore is, as always, an integral element of the third movie. "There has been some real excitement at the dailies," he laughs, "and the producers have told me that we may already be in trouble with the ratings board because of at least two scenes."

The director, however, doesn't dwell on the sequel's blood and guts, making no bones about the fact that *Nightmare 3* is a definite move away from the desires of hardcore horror audiences.

"We have gone to great lengths to make the fantasy deaths much more interesting than the literal slasher deaths. We have also done more with the characterization than has been done in previous *Nightmare* films. But the bottom line for me is that the magic of Freddy is there. I felt that he lost some of that in the last film because he chose to come into the real world so often. There were times in *Part 2* where Freddy was just another mad slasher. I don't feel that way here."

Neither does producer Robert Shaye (Fango #60). While holding court outside the soundstage on the back of an equipment truck, he is obviously thinking far enough into the future to be willing to speculate on a fourth *Nightmare* and Englund's rumored lack of interest.

"If there is a fourth one," Shaye notes, "I would hope Robert would consider doing it. But, if not, actors have to go on and so do filmmakers."

The producer is well aware that *Freddy's Revenge* didn't totally satisfy hardcore audiences. "With all due respect to your readers, FANGORIA doesn't have the circulation of *People* magazine," Shaye says. "The last film caught on in a big way with the non-gross-out teen and young adult audience. We're not out to alienate the horror audience, but we do want to broaden this film's potential audience."

Shaye is not willing to part with many script particulars and does a good job of dancing around the script credit issue. He does concede that the end of *Part 3* does not necessarily bring down the curtain.

"This film's end doesn't leave the door open the way the first two did, but this ending does suggest that, if anybody has a good idea, Freddy may

be just around the corner."

Oddly enough, Shaye shouldn't hold his breath waiting for one of those ideas to come from Wes Craven (Fango #57). Craven, during a recent telephone interview between story meetings on his latest project, *The Serpent and the Rainbow*, gave the impression of being the man in the middle regarding *Nightmare 3*.

"I'm not at the point of not giving a shit," explains Craven, "and I obviously want this film to do well. I am mainly concerned that the series' quality stays high."

But Craven, despite sharing a writing credit on *Dream Warriors*, has obviously cooled his involvement and he explains that the chill basically has its roots in the first *Elm Street* experience.

"In the original, New Line put a lot of pressure on me to have an ending that would lend itself to a sequel, and

"Nightmare 3 will do a good job of expanding the boundaries of Freddy and the dream world. It opens things up . . . that can be explored in future films."

—Wes Craven

I didn't particularly want to do that," Craven says. "I felt the first film was complete in itself and, if they wanted a sequel, they could always invent a way for things to go on. That's part of the reason for having an ending I always felt funny about. In my version, the first film ended with Nancy turning her back on Freddy and telling him he was nothing."

Though Craven passed on directing the subsequent sequel, he seemed destined to return to *Elm Street*. "I did have an idea for the third film and told New Line about it," he recalls. "They were interested in having my name on another *Nightmare* film, and so I was able to negotiate some box office points that I did not have before."

Craven and writing partner Bruce Wagner began working on *Nightmare 3*. Craven's original idea, to go back to Freddy's birthplace, was rejected, but New Line *did* like the idea of bringing Nancy back and having her lead the squad of dream warriors. Craven turned in three versions of the script and assumed there would ultimately be some polishing by

other hands.

"But then, a copy of the script started going around town without our names on it," Craven says. "I notified New Line that they were in violation of guild rules, so they put our names back on it."

Craven, who did not know the script was going to arbitration until notified by Fango, is not surprised. He says that this procedure is routine when a director writes on a script by another writer. But he does offer that, in this case, the extensive rewrite is in the eye of the beholder.

"What they did was change a lot of names," says Craven, whose recent *Deadly Friend* failed at movie turnstiles. "They did change a lot of things that they felt were too expensive to attempt, and they added some things I felt were not as good."

The filmmaker goes on to cite his reasons for not being present during any of *Nightmare 3*'s shooting. "I had this idea that New Line and I could patch up old differences with this film," Craven says. "But they didn't inform me when they had rewritten the script, and it wasn't until I made a stink that I got to see the final version. I was not even informed when filming was supposed to start. It's clear to me that all they wanted was to have my name on the script."

In a surprise about-face, Craven is quick to join the side of those, including New Line, who would not like to see the series end. "I would definitely like to see a fourth one," he announces. "I feel, overall, that *Nightmare 3* will do a good job of expanding the boundaries of Freddy and the dream world. It opens things up to new areas that can be explored in future films. There is a certain sense of fun in trying to think up new twists, and it should be done, as long as the quality is good."

Back on the set, Russell has Cavett and Gabor once again repeat the trivial interview banter that leads to the transformation. So far, Cavett has played things fairly straight. But the comic in him comes into play when, in mid-sentence, he yells out—

"And frankly, Zsa Zsa, I don't give a fuck what you think!"

Cavett's theft of Freddy's line is greeted with good-natured hoots and applause. He does the next take by the numbers. Russell calls cut and Freddy is brought back to complete the scene.

Englund settles into his seat. Cameras roll and Freddy screams out the same threatening line. There are no hoots this time. The applause is downright respectful, and with good reason.

Nobody strikes terror like Freddy Krueger does.



JASON

(continued from page 16)

Jason sort of dies in 3-D at the climax of *Part 3*, but revives in the morgue in *The Final Chapter* before greasing the edge of a machete with his brain pan at the film's conclusion, not to mention receiving a good half dozen machete blows after he's down.


Jason played worm food in *Part V: A New Beginning*, as an impostor played designated hitter and aced a bunch of deserving little brats.

Jason returned in *Part VI: Jason Lives* as a zombie, but George Romero and Lucio Fulci have little to worry about. The people in this latest installment are painfully hip to all the hooley.

The *Friday the 13th* series may be near its ultimate end as *Part VI* began a conscious slide toward self-parody with the grave-digging guy directly eyeing the camera and spouting oh-so-hiply, "Some people call this stuff entertainment." Where was Jason when you *really* needed the guy, huh? That smirking, condescending bravado allows too much unneeded commentary and not enough carnage. Give us our daily blood and forgive us our trust in splatter cinema.

We all know Jason could never have succumbed to the bogus drowning and outboard motor evisceration at the climax of *Part VI*, so now what? Rumor has it the series will continue through 1993, and then there's a weekly non-Jason television series. Oh, boy, can't wait. Can you imagine if Jason had made it on prime time, wasting teens while Bill Cosby is *nurturing* them on another channel? Would they even stoop to using Jason as some commercial dupe selling God knows what? "This Sears battery has just been cut, chopped, broken, and burned beyond recognition, but there's not a car it can't start!" Oh, Lord, no! Spare us! Give us our rightful Jason! Give him back to us, you wanton blasphemers. You mocking, scornful philistines! Give him back to—

It's dark and raining. (That's better.) The new, pretty camp counselor slips into her negligee as she hears a sudden thump coming from the shower room. (Ah, now you've got it.) She buttons up the remaining two clasps on her robe, tightens her belt, and . . . Tch . . . Tch . . . Tch . . . Ha . . . Ha . . . Ha . . . Something is moving very quickly down the hall towards her as she . . . Whoaaa boy! It's the Man! Lookout missy! He's gonna getcha!

Jason lives. He's here to stay and slay. We really wouldn't have it any other way now, would we? 

FRIDAY

(continued from page 20)

Jason bends the sheriff back so far that he ends up kissing his toes. There was also a lot of screams and bone crushing that were cut out."

Knowing that the ratings board was already sharpening their cutters, Mancuso and McLoughlin basically said, "What the hell," and brought the uncut, X-rated version to the first ratings screening. Gill remembers that version of *Jason Lives* had everything in it.

"And, after that first meeting, almost everything went," Swift notes. "The guts in the graveyard had to go. Sissy's head ripping, the bottle in the neck, the spear stunt. It all had to go. They didn't kill the backbreak completely, but they did claim it was a bit raw and strongly suggested that it be toned down."

McLoughlin, however, planned for this and dutifully doctored *Jason Lives* with less graphic scenes.

"Tom went back a second time," elaborates Swift, "and they were still telling him to tone things down and cut things. By now, Tom was getting a little disappointed."


As were the FX people connected with the film. "We knew a lot of our work was going right out the door," comments a philosophical Gill, "but what could we do? We knew what we were up against going in and we knew we would have trouble with the ratings board. Not so much because the film was so gory, but because it was a *Friday the 13th* that already had a built-in following."

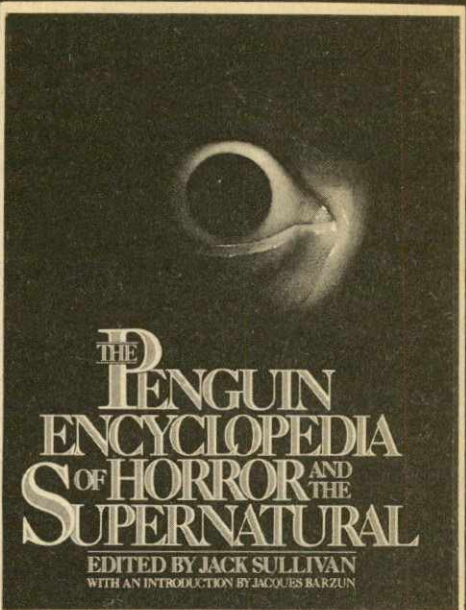
McLoughlin made still more changes and returned once again to the board. At this point, *Jason Lives* was an estimated six weeks away from its scheduled premiere and still without a rating. But the third time turned out to be the charm.

"Everything was fine," says Swift, "and Tom was about to go out the door with his R rating when the board said, 'Oh, by the way, the heart's gotta go.' It is almost like they had to get that last jab in."

Ratings slices and dices aside, both Swift and Gill feel that *Friday the 13th, Part VI: Jason Lives* is a good movie whose storyline and basic entertainment value weren't dampened by the troublemaking censors.

"The ratings board hurt the film only by cutting or toning down the kills," concludes Gill with a sigh of relief, "which, to be perfectly honest, is the *Friday the 13th* series' main attraction. But it's not like you can argue with them. You show them the film, they ask for changes—

"And you go back and make them." 



THE PENGUIN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF HORROR AND THE SUPERNATURAL

EDITED BY JACK SULLIVAN
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JACQUES BARZUN

INNER SANCTUM
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THINGS TO COME

What's more fun than a dead rat? Why, an issue of FANGORIA, natch—chockful of blood, gore and a whole lot more!

Like **Boris and Bela—Karloff** and **Lugosi**, of course. They're saluted with *Pit & Pen* by **Alex Gordon** as he examines their non-monstrous roles from sheiks to hoods.

Over in Italy, it's time for spaghetti terror. Through desolate swamps, dark corridors and frog showers, **David Warbeck** battles the supernatural. He's the New Zealander who has emerged as an international genre star just about everywhere except (so far) America. Meet **Lucio Fulci's** two-fisted hero next time.

Then, a cartoonist of the macabre takes a ghastly look at the horrors around us. He's **Gahan Wilson**—and that's reason to (choke) beware. He paints what he sees!

All this—and even more of **Evil Dead II**—puts the dead-rat fun into FANGORIA #63.

ON SALE MARCH 17

ARKOFF

(continued from page 63)

AIP, and how did the company change for you after he left?

Arkoff: Basically, I believe Jim left because it was getting bigger than he really wanted. He wanted to go off and do some pictures himself, and he *did* make a few successful pictures for Fox before he died. Of course, the company *did* change for me after he left because he and I were practically interchangeable in some ways—although there were certain things that we did by ourselves. Jim certainly was without peer when it came to devising titles and that stuff, and also for heading up the merchandising, artwork, etc. He didn't do the actual artwork—most of it was done by a fellow named Al Kaylis, who was very good—but Jim was really the key behind that. Do you remember the *Beach Blanket Bingo* campaign—"10,000 kids meet on 5,000 beach blankets" (*laughs*)? Well, that was terrific, and that was Jim. At the beginning, I did the legal work, but by *this* time, we had our own legal department. I was really in charge of all of those areas, and of course, I handled the problems, which were daily. That was not Jim's forte, he didn't like to be involved in problems.

We had our respective divisions, but, basically, I would say we spent two, three, four hours of every day together and made joint decisions. In fact, AIP was the only company I know that had Joint Chief Executive Officers. We continued on being very friendly after he left; I delivered the eulogy at Jim's funeral, which unfortunately came much too early.

Fang: Why did you resign from AIP after the merger with Filmways?

Arkoff: Because I couldn't get along with one of the asses who was heading Filmways. Being an independent to the end, I resigned.

Fang: What percentage of AIP films have you personally seen?

Arkoff: Oh, I've seen 'em all. Every one of 'em, sure. Now, I can't say that I necessarily always enjoyed 'em (*laughs*)!

Fang: Which were your favorites?

Arkoff: Well, I had a few favorites—I thought *Pit & the Pendulum* was really very good, the best of the Poes. *Dressed to Kill* was a hell of a picture, and so was *The Amityville Horror*, which was the biggest picture we ever had—in fact, the largest picture any independently produced, independently distributed company ever had in this country. One that *really* gave me a kick—because we didn't expect it to be that good or that successful—was *Love at First Bite* with George Hamilton as Dracula. It's

tough to mix genres; lots of people have tried to meld horror with comedy, and it doesn't work very often. A horror picture really should have moments where you rest up and laugh—even if it's a nervous laugh—and then go on to another horror. Some of these pictures which have been made in the last decade or so are simply one blood-drenched corpse after another. That's not really suspense, that's just bloody gore. They're unleavened—they need a little yeast. *Friday the 13th* started a whole inundation of that kind of piece, and there's still a market for it, although the market isn't as big as it was. Basically, those are over the hill.

Fang: What can you tell us about Arkoff International Pictures' initial production, *Nightcrawlers*?

Arkoff: We're doing that film for Cannon, a company that Golan and Globus say was based on American International. I'm willing to take the credit as long as they're doing well; if they don't (*laughs*), I'm going to deny any resemblance! By the way, before he ever made a picture in Israel, I put Menahem Golan on *The Young Racers* (1963). Roger Corman directed; first assistant was Francis Coppola; and Menahem was in there, really, as kind of a water boy—gradually, I think, he got a little more dignified status. His wife was also script girl. And the lead was Mark Damon, who later headed up PSO [Producers' Sales Organization]. Can you top that bunch?

Fang: Is it a tough game today for independent producers?

Arkoff: It always goes up and down for the independent. But there's room for him, in one sense, that there isn't in American industry. Now, you take big American industry—take the automobile business. There's no room for the little guy. The thing about the independent in the movie business is that there's no way that a major can cut him off. An independent may have trouble, but there's always an independent picture coming down the pike that can get into the theaters or home video. So no matter how difficult it is, there's room in a game like this because there's no way that anybody can spread-eagle the whole field. There's always a place for an independent, because there's always somebody who's going to come out of the woods with a picture that's a little different. Sure, it's a tough game; the damned amount of money that you put into these things, plus the prints and ads, is really ridiculous. If we had any sense, we could make more money with parking lots! It's just that there's something about this picture game that we like.