

Lincroft-Holmdel Science Fiction Club  
Club Notice - 4/16/86 -- Vol. 4, No. 38

MEETINGS UPCOMING:

Unless otherwise stated, all meetings are on Wednesdays at noon.

LZ meetings are in LZ 3A-206; HO meetings are in HO 2N-523.

\_D\_A\_T\_E                    \_T\_O\_P\_I\_C

- 04/23 LZ: ORION SHALL RISE by Poul Anderson (Societal Reconstruction)  
04/30 HO: Discussion of the films QUATERMASS AND THE PIT (a.k.a.  
FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH) and THE QUATERMASS CONCLUSION  
05/14 LZ: THE WEREWOLF PRINCIPLE by Clifford Simak (Biological Constructs)  
05/21 HO: Is DR. WHO science fiction? (Specific discussion of  
THE CLAWS OF AXOS)  
06/04 LZ: THIS PERFECT DAY by Ira Levin ("Utopias")  
06/11 HO: ?  
06/25 LZ: STAR GUARD by Andre Norton (Humans as underdogs)  
07/16 LZ: SHADRACH IN THE FURNACE by Robert Silverberg (Ethics)  
08/06 LZ: TUNNEL IN THE SKY by Robert Heinlein (Faster-Than-Light Travel)

HO Chair is John Jetzt, HO 4F-528A (834-1563). LZ Chair is Rob Mitchell, LZ 1B-306 (576-6106). MT Chair is Mark Leeper, MT 3G-434 (957-5619). HO Librarian is Tim Schroeder, HO 2G-427A (949-5866). LZ Librarian is Lance Larsen, LZ 3C-219 (576-2668). Jill-of-all-trades is Evelyn Leeper, MT 1F-329 (957-2070).

1. Once again, the Tin Lizzies haven't sent in a blurb, so I haven't the slightest idea what aspect of societal reconstruction in ORION SHALL RISE will be discussed, but I'm sure it will be a real whiz-bang discussion. [-ecl]

2. This is embarrassing. I am not sure I want to tell you this. Well, I guess you have a right to know. Last notice I told you about Satchel Campbell, whom I pretty much said was the greatest Moonwalker of them all. Moonwalk is the local game where you explore Middletown stepping only in potholes in the road. Satchel had made it all the way to Dino's Fishery stepping only in potholes. I talked about what a great sportsman Satchel was and how his mailbag was retired to the Moonwalk Hall of Fame, a file cabinet in the 2E4 aisle. Well, one of the night crew found a drawer of the Hall of Fame open and slammed it shut. The Hall of Fame is no more. When the drawer slammed shut, a whole side of the

cabinet blew out. Luckily nobody was hurt. It seems the inside of Satchel's mailbag had hidden some little vials of what is now suspected to be some explosive fluid, perhaps nitro-glycerin. It is now strongly suspected that when Campbell could not find potholes that led where he wanted to go, he made a few of his own.

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The town council of Middletown now claims that most of the potholes in the area were created by Campbell in order to cheat at Moonwalk. While many of the local potholes are clustered into paths, I am sure this could not account for the vast majority of the potholes around Middletown, but who knows? This makes Campbell's feat of dodging cars at midnight all the more impressive. However, now instead of being called "The King of Potholes" people seem intent on calling Satchel the "Rosie Ruiz of Middletown. Ah, fame is fleeting.

Mark Leeper  
MT 3G-434 957-5619  
...mtgzz!leeper

## THE BRIDE

A film review by Mark R. Leeper

Capsule review: Two decidedly unusual people have some surprisingly usual adventures. This continuation of B\_r\_i\_d\_e\_o\_f\_F\_r\_a\_n\_k\_e\_n\_s\_t\_e\_i\_n has a visual beauty but desperately needs an infusion of imagination.

I missed T\_h\_e\_B\_r\_i\_d\_e when it was originally released in the theaters so I had to wait for it to come out on cassette. I have loved horror films all my life and from about seven or eight years old I have been a Frankenstein film fan. So it pretty much goes without saying that I was looking forward to seeing T\_h\_e\_B\_r\_i\_d\_e and seeing what a modern filmmaker would do with a story derived from the old Universal horror films. The premise of T\_h\_e\_B\_r\_i\_d\_e was that it was something between a remake and a sequel to B\_r\_i\_d\_e\_o\_f\_F\_r\_a\_n\_k\_e\_n\_s\_t\_e\_i\_n (1935).

The first sequence of T\_h\_e\_B\_r\_i\_d\_e is, in fact, a remake of the last sequence of B\_r\_i\_d\_e\_o\_f\_F\_r\_a\_n\_k\_e\_n\_s\_t\_e\_i\_n. The bride is brought to life only to be repulsed by her intended mate. The Monster, rejected even by another

monstrosity, destroys the laboratory with a pyrotechnic flare. But this time around the monster, the bride, and the creator all live. That is the end of the first film, but just the first sequence of T\_h\_e\_B\_r\_i\_d\_e. It is, however, the end of the Frankenstein movie in T\_h\_e\_B\_r\_i\_d\_e. What remains is a bit of regency romance, a bit of melodrama, and a disappointingly dull film. The story flashes back and forth from the bride's story to the monster's. There is little in the film from that point on that requires the monster to be anything but a large victim of mental retardation, not unlike Lenny from O\_f\_M\_i\_c\_e\_a\_n\_d\_M\_e\_n. The bride's unusual origins are little more relevant to her story, that of her guardian (Dr. Frankenstein) who secretly lusts for his beautiful ward (the bride).

Sting is actually a good choice for playing Dr. Frankenstein, who should have youth and a touch of insanity. He is well cast as Charles Frankenstein (Charles???). Now I bet you thought his name was Victor (or, if one followed the Universal horror films, Henry). Actually, in this film Victor is the monster's name! In the book, of course, the monster's name was Adam. He isn't called Adam here, but the bride is called Eva. In the book she was not around long enough to have a name. That's a pity. If her name had been Charles or maybe Charlotte there would have been a nice symmetry with the film.

Anyway, the first sequence is worth seeing. beyond that the film's lack of imagination will make you hanker for the old Boris Karloff days. T\_h\_e\_B\_r\_i\_d\_e shows that with the means to make more imaginative films, some filmmakers are still making less imaginative films. Rate it a 0 on the -4 to +4 scale.

## THE STUFF

A film review by Mark R. Leeper

Capsule review: We all know junk food doesn't do you much good. In T\_h\_e\_S\_t\_u\_f\_f it proves downright dangerous. Larry Cohen does a horror film with a light touch and several good characters. Don't expect too much, but do try to see it.

My brother's dog is afraid of his water dish. He goes near it only when driven by thirst. Now that seems funny at first brush, but it is and on an effective sort of paranoia that makes one afraid of the innocent things around us. You get no sympathy--it is hard to believe the fear yourself. Filmmaker Larry Cohen likes to turn innocent things into monsters. His I\_t's\_A\_l\_i\_v\_e was about a deadly mutated baby who does things like attacking milk trucks. Well, Mr. Cohen has apparently been listening to those ads where the yogurt company tells you its product has live yogurt cultures. he has invented for this film a delightful new food product that tastes terrific and has more than just live cultures.

The Stuff is sold everywhere and is more popular than ice cream. What's in T\_h\_e\_S\_t\_u\_f\_f? Well, it has a little I\_n\_v\_a\_s\_i\_o\_n\_o\_f\_t\_h\_e\_B\_o\_d\_y\_S\_n\_a\_t\_c\_h\_e\_r\_s, a bit of T\_h\_e\_B\_l\_o\_b, a dollop of Q\_u\_a\_t\_e\_r\_m\_a\_s\_s\_I\_I, and a smidge of F\_o\_o\_d\_o\_f\_t\_h\_e\_G\_o\_d\_s. The story has the ice cream interests hiring industrial saboteur Michael Moriarty to investigate the new product replacing ice cream as America's favorite. Moriarty discovers the new food has a more sinister side than just pushing down ice cream sales. Along the way he runs into a fictional version of Famous Amos and a Lyndon-LaRouche-like megalomaniac with his own private army.

What makes T\_h\_e\_S\_t\_u\_f\_f work is not so much the plot but its off-beat view of American society. Cohen has supplied his film with a complete ad campaign for his junk food including celebrity testimonials much like Jack Shea did for T\_h\_e\_M\_o\_n\_i\_t\_o\_r\_s. In fact, there are a surprising number of familiar faces in the film. Besides main characters Michael Moriarty and Andrea Marcovicci, the film also features Paul Scorvino, Garrett Morris, Danny Aielho, Alexander Scourby, and Patrick O'Neil.

The special effects, mostly from T\_h\_e\_B\_l\_o\_b school, are done by a number of people including two apprentices of Ray Harryhausen: David Allen (whose best-known creation to date has been the Pillsbury Doughboy, but who has occasionally done film work) and Jim Danforth (who did effects for films like W\_h\_e\_n\_D\_i\_n\_o\_s\_a\_u\_r\_s\_R\_u\_l\_e\_d\_t\_h\_e\_E\_a\_r\_t\_h and some of the effects of F\_l\_e\_s\_h\_G\_o\_r\_d\_o\_n.

I don't tend to like tongue-in-cheek films, but this film provided at least three characters I enjoyed and had a light enjoyable touch. Rate it a +2 on the -4 to +4 scale.

# \_N\_O\_T\_E\_S\_F\_R\_O\_M\_T\_H\_E\_N\_E\_T

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Subject: Those who believe in courtesy...

Path: mtuxo!houxm!mhuxt!mhuxr!ulysses!burl!clyde!watmath!jagardner

Date: Mon, 7-Apr-86 12:00:20 EST

[Question about t "courtesy to living authors" quote.]he copyright status

This is related to an interesting quirk in American law that has had significant but invisible repercussions over the past few decades. Forgive me if I get some of the details wrong; the general gist is true.

Many years ago, the U.S. signed an agreement which effectively allowed for free trade on books. Any country could export books to the U.S. and sell them there, provided there was no reason prohibiting sale of the books (e.g. obscenity). Later on, the federal government became more protectionist (either because times got harder or because they were being flooded with foreign books) so they passed an odd little law. If more than 10,000 copies of a particular book were imported, that book would lose its copyright in the U.S. Yes, foreign book companies could send their stuff to the states, but if they sent too many copies, they paid a big penalty.

This happened to Lord of the Rings.

That's right. The U.S. government does not recognize the copyright on Lord of the Rings. Anyone can go out and print their own editions.

Now the Ballantine editions were \*authorized\* by Tolkien and presumably paid him appropriate royalties, which is why Tolkien wrote that message "Anyone who believes in courtesy to living authors..." Presumably there were other editions that did not pay Tolkien royalties, although I've never seen anything.

This law seems to have been virtually invisible to the American public, though it was well-known in Canada. It meant, for example, that Canadian publishers who wanted to sell in the States had to find American printers to print the books so the books wouldn't have to go across the U.S. border. This was a long-time pain to our publishing industry, since it usually meant two print runs (one in Canada and one in the U.S.). It often forced Canadian publishers to sell U.S. rights to a U.S. company, just because it was too much trouble to find a U.S. printer.

It also meant that a lot of good quality books never made it to the U.S. For example, most books published in England (e.g. Penguin paperbacks) have a little notice on them reading "Not for sale in the U.S.A." (Has

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anyone out there ever wondered why this is? Now you know.)

The law was repealed (or modified) in the late 70's when the U.S. overhauled its whole copyright system. This had some interesting repercussions too. For example, Canada's big romance publisher, Harlequin, could print their books in Canada instead of the U.S. so they dumped all their U.S. holdings. The U.S. people who were dumped figured they knew enough about the romance market to start on their own so they formed Silhouette, thereby introducing competition to the romance market that Harlequin had monopolized for years. Ever wondered why romance books suddenly started having explicit sex scenes after years of pristine purity? Competition drives people to great lengths...but that's hardly a topic for SF lovers.

Jim Gardner, University of Waterloo

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Subject: THE MAN WHO MELTED by Jack Dann  
Path: mtuxo!houxm!whuxl!whuxlm!akgua!gatech!seismo!ll-xn!caip!daemon  
Date: Tue, 8-Apr-86 04:56:28 EST

THE MAN WHO MELTED came out in paperback recently; this novel got some very good reviews by some respectable people, but I hesitated to read it, and now I know why...

Ray Mantle is a free-lance illustrator with severe psychological problems. His sister Josiane, a beautiful woman with severe psychological problems, has fallen prey to a psychic disease called Screaming, which causes vast numbers of people to behave like rabid animals and sparks riots which have at times drawn civilization to the verge of collapse. Josiane has disappeared into the mobs and now Raymond is obsessed with finding her, even if it means recovering only a drooling monster. Raymond's old friend Pfeiffer, a balding man with severe psychological problems, has come to join Raymond in France; he seems to have a secret he wants to tell but he can't bring himself to reveal it. Raymond's English girlfriend Joan, a beautiful woman with severe psychological problems, is a member of the Church of the Christian Criers, a group which worships Screaming as a transcendental experience, and she joins Raymond and Pfeiffer in a neurotic triangle as

they search for Josiane and the meaning of the Scream.

I suppose this will make me sound insensitive... Have you ever been trapped in a social situation where you've been forced to listen to an acquaintance describe in excruciating detail each and every neurosis which has ever afflicted them (plus capsule evaluations of all their analysts and sundry other features)? I always wish I could say, I usually just suffer. I felt this way about the characters in this book. I didn't want to know them and I still don't.

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Apart from the characterizations... There are some scenes that do work in the novel -- one is a scene from a gambling game, reminiscent of strip poker, which requires losers to forfeit organs of their body -- but my overall feeling is that everything was overdone; too much flash, not enough style, and not the smallest trace of charm. Perhaps you'll feel differently, but be warned.

Donn Seeley University of Utah CS Dept donn@utah-cs.arpa

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Subject: Re: Diane Duane ...the list of short stories and upcoming stuff.  
Path: mtuxo!houxm!whuxl!whuxlm!akgua!gatech!hplabs!ucbvax!brahms!m128a3aw  
Date: Wed, 9-Apr-86 17:42:53 EST

Since no one's put down a list of her short stories:

Part of the "door"-word continuity:

"Parting Gifts" (in Flashing Swords #5 ed. Lin Carter)  
"The Mdhaha" (earlier version of SEgnbora meeeting Hasai in Fantasy Book  
I think, #6)  
"Lior and the Sea" (in Moonsinger's Friends)

Thieves World:

"The Hand that Feeds You" (6th book, Wings of Omen)  
"Down By the Riverside" (7th book, Dead of Winter)



"Midnight Snack" (in Sixteen Short Stories by Outstanding Authors for Young People..unicorns in the subways)

and no one mentioned the Amber map! (you'll notice all the maps in her books are done by Diane herself)

Upcoming

Door Into Sunset and Door Into Starlight

Third Wizard book

Third Thieves World story (in 9th book of the series)

A Wizard-story with an adult protagonist

paperback editions of So You Want to Be a Wizard and Deep Wizardry

Another Star Trek computer game

possible!!(but undecided) Romulan Culture Guide

UUCP: ucbvax!cory!cc-30

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Subject: JHEREG by Steven Brust (mild spoiler)

Path: decwrl!glacier!oliveb!hplabs!hao!noao!terak!mot!anasazi!duane

Date: Tue, 8-Apr-86 10:50:38 EST

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The jacket reads:

"There are many ways for a young man with quick wits and a quick sword to advance in the world. Vlad Taltos chose the route of the assassin. To his other qualifications he added two things: the first was a smattering of witchcraft--badly thought of on Dragaera, but only a fool refuses such a weapon...

The second was his constant companion, a young jhereg, its leathery wings and poisonous teeth always at Vlad's command, its alien mind psionically linked with his own. Vlad has never regretted the sorcerous bargain he made with his jhereg's mother: "I offer your egg long life and fresh, red meat without struggle, and I offer it my friendship. I ask for aid in my endeavors. I ask for its wisdom,

and I ask for its friendship."

From reading the above, one would think (1) that the jhereg plays a major role in the book, and (2) that the jhereg is probably an interesting alien. Both assumptions are false. How alien can a creature be when it's main contribution in a dialogue is of the order of "Jeez, boss!"?

The story starts out very uneven. In the first few pages we meet Vlad as a boy and learn how he "imprinted" the jhereg. Then, with no explanation, he is an adult, head of a successful assassin's syndicate. I presume that a previous book by the author covers the intervening years, but there's no mention of this in the story.

The setting is interesting, though the author never makes clear the relationship between the cultures on the planet those off-planet. The story has to do with a particular assassination requested of Vlad and its planet-wide implications. The action, particularly in the first half of the book, is not well paced: many authors have difficulty finding the right combination of action and philosophy, and this one has one or two stretches of the latter than run on too long.

I give this book 2.5 stars (good, but I'll trade it in next time around).

Duane Morse ...!noao!terak!anasazi!duane

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Subject: Clifford Simak (long)  
Path: mtuxo!drutx!ihnp4!stolaf!mmm!umn-cs!umnstat!roy  
Date: Tue, 8-Apr-86 13:45:20 EST

I tried posting this on March 18 -- apparently without success.

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The following article appeared in the Minneapolis Star and Tribune on Monday, March 17:

Clifford Simak's a real spellbinder

by Jim Fuller

It is fitting that Clifford Simak can work a certain kind of magic.

A grand master of science fiction and fantasy, one of perhaps a dozen world-acclaimed writers who lifted the genre from comic book simplicity into the realms of art and philosophy, he has written more than 40 books about wondrous things -- intelligent beings from other star systems, sensitive robots, creatures to whom magic is an everyday tool.

His own magic lies in his ability to turn a visitor's attention from his physical infirmities to subjects of greater significance. He can lead the listener effortlessly to important matters too often forgotten. So engaging is his conversation that it displaces awareness of age and other physical facts of the moment.

Simak -- "Cliff" to everyone who knows him -- is 81 and rather frail. Age got a grip on him a few years ago, and it has squeezed him hard during the past four or five years. For much of that time he has suffered from leukemia. He's "holding it at arm's length," and his doctors say it will not shorten his life, but it has gnawed some of the meat from his bones and sapped his energy. Climbing stairs takes considerable effort, and winter locks him inside his home because "old bones break easily, and knit very badly." In December, Agnes (known to friends and family as Kay), his wife of 56 years, died after a long illness.

While the death of his wife was profoundly painful, Simak presents the other details of his recent life simply as facts. He talks about age and illness only because he is asked, because as one who spent 47 years as a newspaper reporter, he knows that the questions must be asked, and it is his way to be open and honest. He talks, too, about friends he's not seen for several years, voicing concern and asking questions.

But with minimal prompting, he'll guide a listener into the kind of mental probing that has been his habit since, as a youth in southwestern Wisconsin, he was inspired by unfettered writers such as Edgar Allan Poe and H.G. Wells.

He attended the University of Wisconsin briefly, but left to become a reporter, and educated himself through his work and voracious reading, which he did "because I was extremely interested" in science, philosophy and much more.

He thinks not only about what the future may hold, but also about how we live now, how we interact with our environment, what makes us happy and unhappy.

For instance, Simak's most successful novel, "City," published in 1952, suggests that cities, as such, will have no place in the world of the future and in fact already are outmoded. Some of his characters -- highly evolved dogs -- can scarcely believe that such a thing ever could have existed.

He said he believes now more than ever that "Cities are outmoded, have outlived their usefulness. With the development of shopping centers, the excuse for the existence of cities disappeared," he said firmly, and the advent of personal computers has made them even less useful. "There is no sense now to rushing into the city en masse, using up gas, fraying nerves. If we didn't have a city now, we certainly wouldn't build one."

On other questions he is less certain. He sometimes has been called a religious writer, although he said he doesn't see himself as one. Several of his books have dealt with the frequent conflict between faith and science and/or technology. The 1972 novel "A Choice of Gods" chronicles several groups of characters, each of which has in effect chosen its own god or set of gods. The book suggests that the only group to make the wrong choice was the one that put its faith in technology.

"I have always thought of myself as a Christian, but I couldn't prove it," he said. "I have always wondered about the birth of the universe."

As one who has spent much of his life writing about science, as reporter and author of fiction, he has given much thought to the Big Bang theory, which suggests that a mass of energy became more and more compressed until it exploded, sending out bits of matter and energy that evolved into the universe as we now know it.

"Supposedly there was nothing before," Simak said, tilting his head and staring thoughtfully at a point in the upper air of the room. "Before the explosion there was no time, just this egg of energy getting tighter and tighter, hotter and hotter -- but where did it come from? The idea that there was no time before the bang is awfully hard to swallow...."

"If somebody pointed me in the right direction, I'd probably be a very religious person, but I haven't found that right direction. I doubt if the human race will ever know why we're here or how the universe started."

But he noted, "There are all those questions: Where do we come from? What's our purpose? Are we watched over by some supreme being? Are we owned?"

A writer, he said, can do almost anything starting with such profound unknowns.

In fact, it is just such a question that lies at the core of a new Simak novel, to be published in June. He started the book about four years

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ago, and completed it last June.

Called "Highway of Eternity," it is a novel with a big theme, that there is intelligent life elsewhere in the universe, an approach for which Simak is famous. More, it assumes that "Life was a matrix on which intelligence could be built." It deals with the question of whether this is a closed or open universe -- that is, a universe that will remain basically what and where it is, or one that is spreading out, dissipating.

"If it is dissipating, then eventually it will cease to exist, and so why should we have that intelligence to begin with, if it is just going to end?" he asked.

Obviously, he said, the book is "very philosophical." But, he quickly added, "I tried to write it in terms people can understand. The big concept is not unusual in science fiction. The secret is to fill it with good characters, then, when you have good characters, don't hold them to a set pattern. The characters will take the story and run with it. That sounds silly as hell, but it happens."

It has been happening nicely for Simak since 1931 -- excepting the one bad year in the early 1940s when he suffered from the only writer's block of his career. Rather than "sitting and raging within myself," he turned during that year to churning out formula Western stories for pulp magazines.

He produced more than 20 novels, hundreds of short stories and four nonfiction science books for teenagers before he retired in 1976, at 72, from the Minneapolis Tribune. He had spent 37 years on the Tribune and The Minneapolis Star, and 10 years before that on small Midwestern newspapers. He wrote the books, he told co-workers, by going home each evening and writing "a sentence, a paragraph, a page at a time."

Since retiring he has written about a dozen books, making a total of about 40, many of them published in several countries. All but one, "a horrible book" he will not allow anyone to publish, are still in print. "You count the first dozen books, and then it doesn't matter anymore," he said.

While his science fiction pieces deal with the so-called big themes, his fantasy stories often are light, sometimes slyly funny. His central characters, however, inevitably are ordinary, even simple, people -- or creatures.

The characters are ordinary people, he said, "because I know them best. All the people I write about have prototypes somewhere. I can understand them, I know them and I like them. They are simple people who, when they say something, are sincere, and when they say something they say it in language everyone can understand."

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That basic approach to writing no longer is unusual in science fiction, but it was almost unheard of when Simak entered the field. Science fiction meant mad scientists, and frequent battles with fantastic weapons and lots of planet hopping.

From the start, Simak violated the rules, writing about real people, rather than pure science. He and two contemporaries, Jack Williamson and Edmund Hamilton, began about the same time to show, as Simak said, the effects of science on common people. They were joined by others, writers like Robert Heinlein, Gordon Dickson, Fred Pohl, Isaac Asimov, Damon Knight and Ray Bradbury. Together, they changed the face and form of science fiction.

Simak's awards are on the mantel in a room that isn't used much. There are three Hugo awards, regarded as the Oscar of science fiction writing. There is the International Fantasy award, for "City." There is the Grand Master award from the Science Fiction Writers of America for a short story, "Grotto of the Dancing Deer," which was named the best short story of 1980 by the same group. There is a plaque commemorating his induction into the Science Fiction Hall of Fame.

Simak was more interested in talking about "Highway of Eternity," the

book to be published in June.

"It just might be the best work I've ever done," he said. Then, after a pause, he added, "I have a horrible feeling it will be my last book."

He has not been writing of late. Most of his time now is spent in reading -- Proust, Thoreau, Washington Irving and other great writers -- and in sorting, filing and generally ordering notes, letters and other papers accumulated through the years.

There is one more book he wants to write, he said, if he can regain some strength. If not, he figures he can use the same concept to produce a series of short stories.

"I'd like a few more years, but if it doesn't happen, I won't do any moaning about it. I'll be content to be slipped into the crypt next to Kay. I've been able to do much more in my life than I ever thought I would."

As he talked through a long afternoon, though, and spoke of the writing he still wants to do, Simak's energy seemed to increase. His voice strengthened, and even climbing a set of stairs seemed easier.

"My preference is to continue to write," he said. "I will, if I can."

- - - end of article

-- Roy St. Laurent ...ihnp4!umn-cs!umnstat!roy

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Subject: Starting Production This Week

Path: mtuxo!houxm!mhuxt!mhuxr!ulysses!ucbvax!nike!caip!daemon

Date: Thu, 3-Apr-86 06:20:12 EST

From last Sunday's L.A. Times:

ANGEL HEART (Carolco Production Service). Shooting in NYC and New Orleans. Drama, based on William Hjortsberg's novel "Falling Angel",

ranging from Harlem to the back streets of New Orleans. Producers Alan Marshall and Elliot Kastner. Director/screenwriter Alan Parker. Stars Mickey Rourke and yet-to-be-revealed "megastar". Distributor undetermined. Spring '87 release.

(A truly fascinating combination of detective and occult stories. Well worth reading, by the way, even if the film turns out to be a turkey.)

KING KONG LIVES (De Laurentiis Productions). Shooting in Tennessee and N.C. Life after death exists only in theory -- except when there's a potential for big box-office. The oft-offed Kong returns in the continuing saga of the most powerful primate. Producer Martha Schumacher. Director John Guillermin. Screenwriter Ronald Shusett. Stars Brian Kerwin. Christmas release.



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