

K·E·Y·E·S to the town

You say you wanna make a movie?

Well, lemme tell you how to make a movie. What you do is follow Larry Cohen around for about a year or two, do every single thing L Cohen does, and at the end of that time, you'll have yourself a movie. Maybe even two.

So who, you ask, is Larry Cohen?

My Dears, if you don't know yet, you will. You will.

Larry Cohen is this guy who leaves no stone unturned to accomplish what he wants, this one-person whirlwind who writes the scripts, hustles up the money (as hard to do as write the script, I might add), after which he produces and directs, himself. I don't know how many movies Larry has made. I do know he started making 8mm ones when he was a mere lad (he's in his forties now), and while I was in New York a couple of weeks ago, a retrospective of eleven of his grown-up ones were showing down at Joseph Papp's Public Theatre. They are of the horror-fantasy-comedy genre with a dash of biting social critique thrown in for good measure, and he's got quite a nifty following for them.

One thing Larry seems allergic to, however, is making his flicks in a studio. He much prefers to make them... out *there*, somewhere. Out where it's hard to do. Studios, Larry says, where everything is ready and waiting for you, easy to come by, takes the fun out of picture-making. To face the challenge of the unexpected, to deal with surprise and have to invent, have to create something out of nothing, that's what's the fun. That's the thrill of making a film

Once you've taken a course, I've always believed, you gotta have faith. And sure enough, true to his word, every so often, he'd hand me some new dialogue to say. "You learn lines fast," said he.

"Because you write them right," said I. Kiss, kiss. Hug, hug. We got along smashingly. Of course I might be doing a scene in an ancient Georgian mansion up in Harlem (New York City) that was built in 1765 and therefore devoid of any air-conditioning on a stifling, muggy August day or plunked down in the middle of a grassy pasture up in rural Vermont with a zonked-out cow in the middle of the night when he did it. Like he said, I wouldn't want to miss the excitement of the unknown, the improvisation of the moment. Besides, I had never acted with a cow, before. Dogs, yes, horses, children, a monkey once, even an elephant. But a cow? Never. (They are very big and not too chatty.)

The fact that it started to rain didn't stop anybody, they simply put umbrellas over the camera and sound equipment and left the cow and me to our own devices.

love interest having to do with makeup and Who cares where, oh marvelous and not having your damn playing a Larry Cohen doing our zonked-out making sense have to go

Another thing in this position is how all improved easier to be so all-fitted the dropping paces. It's haven't am see. They long hours sometime noon to six ing (vampire come out rize lines