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**NUDE AEROBICS 3** - Girls, girls, and even more girls keeping their bodies lean and mean in this nude workout!
WE LAUNCH A COMPANION MAGAZINE

by John Russo

If you buy SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED to read the articles about movies and movie making as well as the articles and pictorials on aspiring and established Scream Queens, you'll be happy to learn about our new magazine, MAKING MOVIES. This is truly a magazine for people who are interested in the entire movie making process, and it evolved naturally from my series of filmmaking books and from my thirty-year career as a writer and filmmaker. I have a degree in education, and I used to be a teacher. The desire to teach has always been in my blood, so that's why I've written the nonfiction books and why I give lectures and seminars.

My COMPLETE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD FILMBOOK is really a book for filmmakers, not just fans. It tells the complete story of how we made our first feature movie, in such a way that anyone wanting to make his first movie can learn a lot about how to do so.

My next nonfiction book MAKING MOVIES, has been called "the film school in a book" and "the bible of independent filmmaking." The follow-up book, SCARE TACTICS, about writing, producing and directing chillers and thrillers, won an Outstanding Achievement Award from the Horror Writers of America. And my most recent book, HOW TO MAKE AND MARKET YOUR OWN FEATURE MOVIE ON $10,000 OR LESS, explored the opportunities offered young filmmakers by the VCR Revolution.

MAKING MOVIES — The Film School in a Magazine! — Is our way of filling a need that can't be met in book format because it takes too long to get books published and marketed. Books lack the immediacy that a magazine can offer. A magazine can give you lots of current information, and can give you MAKING MOVIES is for serious film lovers and makers. It's the right magazine for you, whether you want to make your own feature movie on home video or learn what goes on behind the scenes of major productions. Each bi-monthly issue contains sixty-eight pages filled with interesting articles, interviews, how-to's and photos. The articles are written by people who actually make movies, not by hangers-on and wannabes.

Samuel M. Sherman, president of Independent-International Pictures and a regular contributor to MAKING MOVIES, told me that he wanted to be part of this magazine because of his desire to "give something back" to society and to help others, just as he was helped, when he was beginning his own career in the industry. I feel the same way. It's rewarding to be able to teach and help others. We hope that you'll delve into an issue of MAKING MOVIES and see how it can help you build your career.

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO QUALIFY AS ONE OF SQI'S SCREAM QUEEN OR FANTASY GIRL DISCOVERIES?

If you've acted in any B-movie, then you may qualify as a SCREAM QUEEN DISCOVERY. If you're a model or just plain sexy, then you may qualify as one of our FANTASY GIRL DISCOVERIES. Send us your best photos (nude and semi-nude/topless required) along with a release from both the model/actress and photographer. If we select your photos, you may end up in an upcoming issue of SQI. Please include bio info and statistics.

Mail your info to: SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED DISCOVERY Market Square Prods., Inc. 20 Market Square Pittsburgh, PA 15222
(Sorry, photos can not be returned)
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Dear SQI,

Just wanted to praise you for your best issue yet (#8). The Alex Taylor pictorial was eye-opening, to say the least. The Marilyn Chambers interview was very interesting and insightful. But best of all was Debbie Rochon's pictorial and article. As my brain slowly recovers some of the blood it had lost, all I can say is her beauty is matched only by her sense of humor and writing ability (the absence of which has been sorely missed from another genre magazine). Congratulations to SQI and your readers for having Ms. Rochon aboard.

Sincerely wishing I was JB,
Barry Martin
New York, NY

*****

Dear Mr. Russo:

I wish to commend you on your fine publication. Having just obtained and thoroughly enjoyed issue #7 of SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED I thought that I would share a few thoughts with you.

First, I notice on page one of your magazine a photograph of Miss Terri Lewandowski and cannot help but notice a startling resemblance to that very fine Hollywood actress of the thirties and forties, Miss Veronica Lake. I would be most grateful to know whether or not this is coincidence, or if perhaps the actresses are related in any way.

Secondly, in the Scream Scene section at the back of the magazine, you note that Miss Michelle Bauer is retiring. If I read the caption correctly, it would appear that Ms. Bauer is merely retiring from the Scream Queen Convention circuit but has not as yet given up her acting career. I would like to know if we shall still be treated to future cinematic efforts from Ms. Bauer, for if she retires from acting the world is surely a bit poorer for it.

Lastly, I note that in your magazine (as sadly in many others) when you print a photo of an actress you frequently crop her at the knees or even higher. As a dedicated leg-man I find this to be disappointing and urge you to treat us to more full-length shots of your models. Again, thank you for a fine publication and keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,
Fred Tuttle
Astoria, NY

Editor's Note: Terri is not related to Veronica Lake. Michelle Bauer, alas, says she is retiring completely. And we will print good full-length shots more often.

Dear Mr. Russo:

Enclosed is my manuscript of a short horror story. Thank you for your kind words at the Chiller Theater con in April, as well as your gracious invitation for me to send in my stories.

Since I am writing, let me take the opportunity to comment on your fine magazine. Given the explicit nature of the photos, the sophisticated and often humorous nature of the articles provides a nice counterpoint to the nudity. Too many times this is the missing ingredient in publications of this ilk. There is a good balance in the prose, combining bios, fiction, essays and news in an entertaining package. The quality of the cover and interior paper stock is also top notch. One of your competitors (need I mention the name?) has such a thin cover it is next to impossible to keep from damaging it, which is irritating to a collector. Why, even the ink can come off on your fingers if you hold it too long in one spot! Thanks for the extra touch of class. SCREAM QUEENS magazine is an honest tribute to the actresses, actors, producers, directors and writers of horror movies, those folks who provide so many hours of movie-watching enjoyment. If you keep on the course you have set, I have no doubts that your publication will be on the scene for a long, long time.

Sincerely,
T. H. Pine
Colonia, NJ

*****

We would like to have your feedback. Send your letters to SQI MAILBOX c/o Market Square Productions, Inc., 20 Market Square, Pgh., PA 15222.
Rhonda!

Photos courtesy Purrfect Productions
The name Rhonda Shear is synonymous with blonde, buxom and bubbly, but she's so much more. USA's UP ALL NIGHT hostess with the most-ess and late night Queen of Quips holds a degree in communications and marketing from Loyola University. But her communication skills started at the age of fourteen when she entered her first beauty pageant. She went on to win over forty major city and state-wide pageants, including Miss Louisiana, USA. But it was her "Queen of the Floral Trail Society" title that brought her notoriety. When she appeared in a PLAYBOY magazine campus article called "Girls of the New South", the Trail Society members stripped her of her crown, even though she appeared fully clothed in the magazine. It was her legal battle to restore her crown, that brought out Rhonda's humor and thrust it into the national spotlight.

She left her hometown of New Orleans when she was summoned to Hollywood for a Bob Hope television special. Then she began to rack up a list of credits, including BASIC TRAINING and Mel Brook's SPACEBALLS plus television credits from appearing on shows such as FULL HOUSE, MARRIED WITH CHILDREN, SILK STALKINGS and CHEERS. She also appeared on "The Tonight Show" as Scarlet O'Hara for the Mighty Carson Players. Other movie credits include ASSAULT OF THE PARTY NERDS II, DOIN' TIME, GALAXINA and HELL COMES TO FROGTOWN II.

In between her television and movie appearances she started working on a stand-up comedy act. She began touring comedy clubs across the country, where she honed her "smart, dumb blonde" act into a fine art.

This led to her "Rhonda" character on USA's UP ALL NIGHT. She's the buxom blonde with the big hair and quirky dialogue. Now in her sixth season on the show, Rhonda has a following that tunes in every Friday night to catch her hilarious antics.

Most of the movies shown are cheesy "B" movies, so Rhonda developed a lot of material to get the show rolling. Obviously just showing these movies was not drawing the desired rating marks. But add in one part "babe with eternal cleavage" and one part "outrageously campy comedy" - now that's
the recipe for a winning combination!

This winning combination has caught the eye of nearly all the day-time talk show hosts, prompting them to feature Rhonda on their shows. She's also appeared in over two hundred magazines, everything from tabloids like the ENQUIRER to PEOPLE magazine to appearing in three PLAYBOY pictorials. Prime time shows ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT, HARDCOPY and EXTRA are just a few that have featured Rhonda more than once.

All this publicity has caused a demand for "Rhonda" merchandise, prompting her to now offer more than just the usual fan club fare. Last year Rhonda hooked up with a band of desperados called the "Sex Symbol Dynasty" which is run by Purrfect Productions owner Monique Gabrielle and partner Tony Angove. Purrfect Productions is a merchandising and video production company and actually there are no desperados involved in this story. The "Sex Symbol Dynasty" is comprised of lovelies Rhonda Shear, Monique Gabrielle, Dian Parkinson, Linnea Quigley and Julie Strain. Since teaming up with Purrfect Productions, Rhonda has produced three videos with them so far, has been painted by the incredible pin-up artist OLIVIA (with the paintings being included in Olivia's "One Woman" show in Los Angeles) and will be in a new glamour photo book with the Sex Symbol Dynasty. Also for those surfing the internet, be on the lookout for cyborspace Rhonda. You can download Rhonda through Olivia's pin-up mall address http://pinupmall.com/Olivia.

Always on the go, Rhonda Shear is one of the hardest working women in Hollywood. In between taping UP ALL NIGHT, she still is in demand as a stand-up artist, including appearing at Harrah's in Las Vegas, and participating at celebrity golf tournaments such as the one in Hawaii last November. Rhonda has an "advice to the lovelorn" column in AXCESS magazine called HELP ME, RHONDA. And she also manages to find the time to participate in benefits for AIDS, the Starlight Foundation, the March of Dimes and the Jerry Lewis Labor Day Telethon.
Rhonda Facts: Rhonda's favorites are the color pink, singers Barbara Streisand and Madonna, actors Harrison Ford and Susan Sarandon and the movie SUNSET BOULEVARD, but first and foremost Rhonda loves to shop!

To find out more about Rhonda's videos and other merchandise, such as photos, t-shirts, panties, bras, etc. and more about the Sex Symbol Dynasty you can order their catalogs by sending $5.00 and a self-addressed envelope with four stamps to:

Purrfect Productions
P.O. Box 430
Newbury Park, CA 91320
Cat Woman
FANTASY PICTORIAL
By Mike Manikowski
Michael John Manikowski, born in 1961, began his creative efforts in a slightly different direction than where he is now headed. Initially this photographer was schooled in graphic arts in general and cartooning in particular. Some time during the course of these chaotic events, his college required him to take a photo class, and nothing was ever the same again. For the next couple of years, Mike began to pick up the pencil less and less, and the camera more and more. By '85 he started a job as a wedding photographer, and the final nail was driven into the graphic art coffin.

Mike's favorite subjects have never changed, for either the pencil or the camera:

First Place: Women.
Second: Monsters.
And his favorite eventual goal:
The two combined!

Although right off the bat Mike goofed around with limited photo sessions of women, his real start with erotic photography began with his assisting at the studio of Michigan Calendar Girl, a combined contest and calendar shoot each summer, under the leadership of Michael Coluzzi. Many of Mike's models for later sessions (as well as scorched eyeballs) would come from his work(?) at this studio.

It was FANGORIA's Weekend of Horrors 1989, in Los Angeles, where he came to discover the opportunity to combine the usually diverse elements of horror, fame, make-up, gore, women, the bizarre, and of course, the erotic! Since that time, he has become a devoted convention goer, and some people have commented that for those weekends, his camera looks connected to his hand permanently.

In '93/'94 he teamed with Video Void International and Chris Harris to be their staff photographer, and despite their lunatic schedule, believes it has opened up a world of opportunities, not the least of which includes other parties being interested in his coverage of their own movie projects.

Mike lists his photographic and creative influences as Greg Gorman, Jack Kirby, Richard Corben and Suze Randal, and his emotional influences as The Ghoul, Godzilla, and Dr. Phibes.

Currently Mike is polishing up his lenses for an assault on RED LIPS 2, and struggling the eternal battle between paying his bills, and keeping up with his robot collection. His dream photo session would be Bridgitte Neilson and Grace Jones, (with Ms. Neilson in black stiletto heels, and Ms. Jones in white!) and he would like to thank every woman who ever...
CHECK OUT THESE BAD GIRLS!

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An erotic suspense tale that features Alyssa Milano as a sensuous young woman forced to choose between true love and eternal passion. This one's hot. UNRATED. Just Reduced! $19.95

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If you liked Alyssa Milano in EMBRACE OF THE VAMPIRE, you'll absolutely love her in this film! She's the new innocent girl in town, until she finds Ivy's diary, and starts going wild! UNRATED $89.95

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willingly stood in front of the camera for him, and to all those who wouldn't; he would like to say "Poo!"

Mr. Manikowski's works have appeared in: FANGORIA, ALTERNATIVE FILM CINEMA, FEMME FATALES, RAZOR, DARK MUSE, DRACULINA, and of course, SCREAM QUEENS ILLUSTRATED. □

Cat Woman model: Aimee
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Two beautiful anchorwomen competing for it all! It's television with abang at WSEX! And when a mad bomber threatens to blow up the station, this sexy behind-the-scenes romp kicks into high gear! Stars Amy Lynn Baxter and Debbie Rochon. Unrated $89.95

Attack of the 60 Foot Centerfold
Three gorgeous women will stop at nothing for a chance to become a famous magazine's Centerfold of the Year. For Angel Grace, this opportunity is too good to pass up... And she enlists the help of a doctor who promises her great endowments with a secret beauty enhancement program. But something goes wrong... and Angel finds herselffilling out in the most unusual ways! A wild and sexy comedy that shows that beauty is not just skin deep, but sixty feet tall!!! Stars J.J. North, Russ Tamblyn, Michelle Bauer, and Tammy Parks. $49.95

Bad Girls From Mars
When the fourth leading lady in a row is murdered by a mysterious masked man, the director of this space epic doesn't know what to do. His producer hires chesty Emmanuelle, then all hell breaks loose! Eddy Williams, Brinke Stevens, Oliver Darrow, Jay Richardson, Dana Bently & Jasae star! $14.95

Bikini Drive-In
Beautiful coed Kim unexpectedly inherits her grandparents drive-in. Excited at the idea of having her own business, she and her best friend check out the place but find that a greedy land developer wants to turn it into a shopping mall! Kim enlists the help of her friends to put on a "Grand Opening" party with lots of B-movies, popcorn, and a new dress code...bikinis! Stars Playboy video stars Ashlie Rhey, Sarah Bellomo, and Michelle Bauer. UNRATED with five additional Hot minutes. $49.95

Vampire Vixens From Venus
Hideous in their original form, these alien drug smugglers transform into beautiful women on Earth. Their drug is derived from the life essence of men and they're on a mission to drain every drop! Stars International Penthouse Pet of the Year Leslie Glass, J.J. North, Theresa Lynn, and Michelle Bauer $39.95

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3000 Years! 2000 Women. 1000 ways to punish them! Stars Playboy model Cassandra Leigh! $89.95
EMBRACE OF THE VAMPIRE
Erotic Horror, 93 min.
New Line Cinema

This lavishly sensual, top selling movie marks the directorial debut of Anne Goursaud, who previously worked as an editor on high-profile pictures such as Francis Ford Coppola's ONE FROM THE HEART and BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA.

EMBRACE OF THE VAMPIRE stars Alyssa Milano (WHO'S THE BOSS?), Matin Kemp (THE KRAYS), Charlotte Lewis (EXCESSIVE FORCE) and Jennifer Tilly, who received an Oscar Nomination as Best Supporting Actress for BULLETS OVER BROADWAY.

"... a well directed, beautifully photographed and edited movie with plenty of payoff..."

Alyssa Milano plays a sensuous but innocent young woman who has entered the forbidden world of the vampire. Now it's time for her to make a choice, between her college boyfriend and her nighttime lover, between sweet romance and uncontrollable lust, between the power of dark and the forces of light, between true love... and eternal passion.

Director Anne Goursaud says that

Continued on page 20
Coppola made her realize that most vampire stories are really about female sexuality — and there is plenty of it in EMBRACE OF THE VAMPIRE. It is a well directed, beautifully photographed and edited movie, with plenty of payoff for all fans of erotic horror. It was shot in fourteen days on a budget of $800,000 — and looked so good that it was sold to New Line before it was even finished.

The explicit sex scenes (both male-female and female-female) represent quite a departure for Milano, who wanted to do something to

Continued on page 22
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- FANTASY GIRLS 2 _Reg. ed. $9.95 _Sign.$20.00
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You won't want to miss out on any of our upcoming exciting issues for 1996! Coming up in future issues are Julie Strain (SMOKIN' with Olivia), VAMPIRE'S LUST (Exclusive NUDE Pictorial!), EMBRACE OF THE VAMPIRE, Amy Lynn Baxter, Julia Hayes, Mike Manikowski's CAT WOMAN (Pictorial), Rhonda Shear (Exclusive ALL NEW photos), The Girls of Falcon Home Video, Barbara Leigh, VAMPIRE CONSPIRACY, Image 2000's EXOTICA, Kathy Willets (America's Naughty Nympho), The Girls of Edde Entertainment and many more surprises! The only B-Movie starlet magazine to offer you a fold-out centerfold in every issue!

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SCREAM QUEEN!
Fiction by Robert Freese
What about Brinke?" Danny asked, holding a black and white 8 x 10 of Brinke Stevens between his greasy fingers.

"Not a chance," I answered around a bite of ham and provolone on rye. "She's too high priced. She's an actress now."

"An actress?" Danny said, replacing the photo into its proper file then attending to the last bite of his meatball sandwich. I watched as he stuffed the last of the sandwich in his too small mouth. The sauce ran down his chin, a little on his puffy cheeks, and Danny gave it a quick backhanded swipe.

"She got the cable deal," I continued. "Thirteen shows guaranteed plus a cut of the tie-in merchandise. Posters, T-shirts, comic books. She probably wouldn't do it for scale let alone as a favor. Forget it." I made for my diet soda.

"I'll be damned." Danny wasn't talking to anyone in particular. He was just talking. His fat fingers flipped through another stack of 8 x 10's, then moved across the desk top where even more were scattered. From time to time he would stop at one, but mostly he kept searching.

"Linnea?" he finally asked.

"I think she's still mad at me." I finished the last bite of my sandwich, drank the last of my soda then crossed the small office to grab another can. Danny had a little refrigerator set up under the one window for snacks and stuff. The window didn't offer much of a view. Technically, it wasn't much of an office either. But they both served their purpose.


New Hollywood Films. Nothing new about our films and, truth be told, Hollywood wouldn't have a thing to do with any of them.

That's not the point, though. Two offices, of which Danny has the bigger of the two, a dressing room, two bathrooms, an equipment room that doubles as an editing room and two stages full of reversible sets and cheap props. We might not be set up like Universal or Paramount, but we serve our purpose.

"How about Debbie Dutch?" I asked, returning to my seat at the front of Danny's desk. I cracked open the can of soda.

"No. She's funny. Got a great sense of humor. I like to put her in there for comedy relief and a little..." Danny wiggled his flabby body to help finish his thought. "The piece we're doing here is serious."

She was a petite blonde — maybe natural — with big breasts — probably not natural. She was attractive and wore a nice smile.

Serious? I would have laughed but I was afraid of diet soda squirting out my nose. Did I hear him right? Serious? Five college kids spend the night in a haunted sorority house, smoke dope, have sex, and get killed off in a half dozen different ways, each more disgusting than the last, by a vengeful sorority spirit. Serious? Hell, it took me a weekend to write.

"Robyn Harris?" His eyes made over a picture of Robyn as he spoke.

"A husband and two kids. She's got a real life now so she doesn't need this crap any more." I sipped my soda and kept looking through the photos on my side of the desk.

"Monique?"

I didn't bother to reply.

"What about some of the new girls?" I pulled the file with all the new 8 x 10's and took half the stack as Danny took the other.

Wendy McClain. Suzy Downs. Allison Haven. Jenny Stryker. Cathy Dees. All of them were the same. Pretty faces, newly constructed bodies, and no talent. Most, more than likely, were paying the bills with the money earned by exotic dancing or topless waitressing. All of them hoping that some producer would run across them and see their next big star. Most would get a chance at New Hollywood Films. As long as they could memorize their lines and show up on the set on time, they would find some steady work at New Hollywood Films. We make about twelve pictures a year, shooting mostly on no budgets in a week or two and going directly to tape with them. They are legit films, the films that people rent or stay up late to watch on cable, but no one is going to become a star playing in them. It's good work for whoever wants it but, honestly, a pretty face and a boob job don't hurt.

When I was a little kid I used to go to the movies every weekend and all summer when school was out. I dreamed that one day I was going to be a big Hollywood writer, writing the big blockbusters that everyone and their brother would want to stand in line to see. Instead, I write throw-away screenplays for movies that show on late night cable and are the last thing people see before they fall asleep. But that's not really the point. The point is, I serve my purpose.

"I found her," Danny roared. I thought he was in love. He passed the photo over to me.

She was a petite blonde — maybe natural — with big breasts — probably not natural. She was attractive and wore a nice smile. There was no mystique in her eyes but they weren't cloudy or glazed over with a drug abuse residue,
and that was certainly another plus.

The name on the back of the photo was Annette Cage and followed by that another name, Herbert Slayton, her manager and personal make-up consultant. Underneath that a phone number and a sentence that read: Now that you've seen my two big talents, call and ask about my third.

"Third?" I asked Danny and looked up and saw the smile sitting on his double chin. I wanted to suggest one of the other girls but none of them caught the eye quite like Ms. Cage. Besides, I could tell by the look on Danny's fat face that a decision had already been made.

Betty, our receptionist slash film editor slash bookkeeper and sometime actress and one of the few people pulling a regular staff paycheck from New Hollywood Films, called Herbert Slayton and set up a reading with Ms. Cage for the upcoming Friday. After setting up the appointment Betty proceeded to check the film schools for a crew for the new picture then did a rough cut on the last half of BLOODY SCREAMERS, New Hollywood Films' latest atrocity. Betty's a real trouper. I think I saw her resume on her desk the other day.

Friday rolled around and by twelve noon we were chatting with Ms. Cage and Mr. Slayton in Danny's office.

Ms. Cage surprised us by showing up dressed as if she were applying for a job at a law firm and not for a cheesy T&A slasher film. She wore a button-down blouse and a skirt that showed enough leg but not too much. As smartly dressed as she was, there was still no way not to notice her breasts and Danny kept an eye on them, especially where the slight outline of the nipple stood.

The second surprise came when she parted her bowed lips to speak. From the 8 x 10 we were expecting the typical squeaky dumb-blond banter. Instead it was a deeper, richer voice that commanded our attention. As she told us about herself, I started to feel uncomfortable. As if I were applying for a job for her. Weird, I know. Danny was just as mesmerized.

Herbert Slayton, on the other hand, was dressed in typical "young Hollywood" attire. Black shirt, black pants, black shoes. Long hair and goatee. Slightly withdrawn but I think he was just allowing Ms. Cage to do all the talking.

She was a dancer, of course, and had done a couple of magazine spreads. I know Danny considered that a plus but what's the advantage of attracting the readers of PETHOUSE and PLAYPEN to a horror movie?

We finally came to her reading, and with a sly wink she said she and Mr. Slayton had worked up a scenario that would definitely showcase her third talent. Danny looked over at me with childlike glee and I almost wanted to remind them that New Hollywood Films didn't do porno but then I saw what Herbert Slayton pulled from the bag he had brought to the meeting and knew they had no misconceptions.

Ms. Cage situated her chair directly in front of me and Danny and positioned the prop phone to her ear as Herbert Slayton went to the door to wait for his cue with the prop he had taken from the bag. A two-foot-long machete.

She talked to nobody for a few minutes, reciting lines that I myself had written a dozen different times. It was all cliche. A mad killer on the loose. Police say he's in the area. Lock your doors, bolt your windows. Wait, what's that noise?

Herbert Slayton slowly crept behind her and I looked over at Danny and we both tried not to laugh. It was all so silly.

Then he grabbed her from behind, knocking the phone from her hands. A look of stark terror in her eyes.

Not bad, I thought. She really looked scared.

Then the blade swung around and she bit down on Herbert Slayton's hand, causing him to yank it away from her mouth. She screamed. It wasn't just any scream but probably the greatest scream I had ever heard. Just the right pitch, the right amount of horror. I knew that if Danny wouldn't hire her I would. It's hard to find actresses who can scream right.

But she didn't stop. Neither did Herbert Slayton.

The machete blade cut deep into her throat. The crimson blood gushed in a spray that caught both me and Danny by surprise.

"Hey!" Danny blurted out as he jumped back, the redness spraying across his desk.

I wanted to stop them. We had make-up people who did this but if Herbert Slayton was part of the package it was no big deal. There was just something in her eyes that kept me glued to my seat watching.

She struggled, tried to get out of the grasp Herbert Slayton held her

Continued on page 68
We've assembled the very best shots that we have in our files for this special issue. Most of these shots have never been published...we just didn't have the room in our regular issues. You'll also see some of your favorite photos from our popular series of SCREAM QUEENS Trading Cards reproduced for the first time as FULL PAGE photos! Sorry, you'll find very little reading material in this exciting Pin-Up mag, but you won't have enough wall space in your home to hang all of the great FULL PAGE PIN-UP PHOTOS of all of your favorites including Brinke Stevens, Debbie Rochon, Debbie Dutch, Julie Strain, Monique Gabrielle, Jasae, Stacy Warfel, Jasmin St. James, Melissa Silver, Terri Lewandowski & Christine Cavalier and many, many more! Most of the Pin-Up photos CONTAIN NUDITY so you MUST BE 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER TO ORDER. **Cover Price: $6.95**

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VAMPIRES LUST
by Mark J. Abeni
VAMPIRES LUST is one of many trading card ideas that was in the back of my mind for a long time. I started collecting trading cards in the late 60s. My sister brought me some cards from Topps Chewing Gum Inc. while she was working there. That’s when the hook was taken. I called myself a pack rat because I never wanted to display or even stick the stickers unless I had a few dozen of the same kind of card. Then and only then I would use the card or sticker. This in turn led me to collect to this very day. I always wanted to produce my very own trading card line, and now is the time for the dreams to become real and to make the fantasy become reality. Studio E was thought of by a friend who suggested that it would be a great name for our new company, with new ideas and open to different exciting, exotic, erotic projects.

So keeping that in mind, Studio E was born, and with this came VAMPIRES LUST Series 1 & Series 2. A whole storybook behind the pictures is also an important part of Studio E’s new concept in trading cards. I wanted more than just pictures with names and a great look. I wanted a whole world that you can then enter and into which you can disappear. It’s like a feeling you get when you go into a movie theater and the whole world around you disappears and you become part of the movie. This is the concept for Studio E, to totally slip into another world. And this world is one of many that Studio E will try to take you to and back again!

Studio E’s location is throughout the studios of Hollywood and southern California. There is a certain night life that is alive with mysticism and astonishment in Los Angeles. You can almost feel the rush of Vampires roaming the night as we did this first shoot of our first card set. I wanted to combine the Horror world with the Adult world to get a bloody Lust for the cards. So the name came: VAMPIRES LUST that combines them with a thirst.
While trying to direct this whole project and write up a story that is as close to realism as possible, along with myself on the project team, I have Mark Richardson working on the background scenes. Mark acted and worked on NUKE 'EM HIGH I, II, III & VICE ACADEMY I,II,III,IV, SHOCK 'EM DEAD and in many more. VAMPIRES LUST is the first time he had control over the look of the project, without a director who has no concept of eroticism or horror. Mark Richardson knows how to place the gore into the whole concept of VAMPIRES LUST along with more blood. Mark's theory is that if the cards don’t Splatter, it just don’t Matter.

Photo #1 (Right): Bob is shown here positioning the fan getting the set all ready for the sacrifice shot

Photo #2 (Below): Here the knife is being driven into the victim
About our centerfold...

Her name is Cassandra... Cassandra holds the cup and toasts to all men alive. "For I have men's blood in this cup, and next time it might be your blood I hold in this cup. For men we will indulge our lust. Watch not the day but the night. I will come for ye or you to me. Be one step before me, to do otherwise is to surely die. For we all have been bitten with revenge. And Lust is in our dead hearts. So watch onto the night because there are many sorrows in the moonlight. For we have the power to overcome what has brought us to this damnation. It's all a matter of time and blood"; as she tastes the blood and pours it onto her body.

What was needed was a photographer who was open minded and has successfully worked in the Hollywood scene. Bruce Heinsius was more than qualified. He has worked on many movie projects and knows how to light studio backdrops for various photographic layouts. Bruce liked the idea of controlling the lighting and preparing the shots, as he is able to bring a flat picture into an almost 3D reality. He wanted to lure you into the picture. As you will see, VAMPIRES LUST will make you crave for more!!! And as for the props, I have Bob Mendicki. He is right there as far as props are concerned. He can build a set that looks so life-like you would think you are in some new dimension. And VAMPIRES LUST is just a taste of what is yet to come!!!

There will be two different series explaining the Vampires, and each series will be limited to 3500 complete sets of twenty-four cards plus one random chase card of three. Making the set a total of twenty-seven cards. Series 1 & 2 will complete a total of 54 cards.

Studio E can be reached at:
Box 3601,Torrance, CA  90510
As I write this, I'm getting ready to make a movie called **HELL'S CREATION**, to be distributed by Arrow Entertainment. The novel tie-in is going to be published for Halloween release by Commonwealth Publications under their Ravenmor imprint. I'm very excited to have this project off and running in such fine style, but I must point out to those of you who are "fighting the good fight" — struggling to succeed in the entertainment business — that it took me *eight years* to get things to this point.

Of course it's not at all unusual for projects to be in "development hell" for years and years. Wes Craven told me that his **NIGHTMARE ON
ELM STREET script sat in his desk for a decade, nobody thinking it was any good, until New Line finally took it on — and lightning struck and the rest is history. I'm often amused, on Oscar Night, when producers and directors go up to get their Academy Awards, most of them saying how their projects went from studio to studio for five or ten years before determination and persistence finally paid off. Anyone who wants to build a career in the business has to learn these kinds of sad but true lessons.

My book and movie, HELL'S CREATION, got started back in 1987, and originally it was conceived as a sequel to my low-budget hit, MIDNIGHT. Producer Sam Sherman, of Independent-International Pictures, got me on the phone, his voice all fired up and excited. "Everybody in the business is looking for good projects to sequelize," he said, "and we already have one right in front of our noses — MIDNIGHT! It has the audience-recognition factor going for it, and that's why everybody is doing sequels, because they're all looking for some kind of hedge against making back their costs. The way things are today, it's the perfect thing for us to do also."

I said, "Yeah, but MIDNIGHT wasn't a blockbuster hit."

"Doesn't make any difference," Sam countered. "It has a big cult following. We can tell everybody that the sequel will be even bigger and better. The reason I'm calling is to ask you to write me a treatment, something I can use to raise production money."

"Do you have any ideas?"

"I sure do! Have you been following the news lately? The guy in Philadelphia who's been capturing girls and chaining them in his basement? It's a perfect premise for MIDNIGHT II. I think we should play it up as a story taken right from the pages of today's news headlines! I've already started writing some blurbs."

Sam is extremely persuasive when he latches onto something, and besides I'm always hot to try to get a new movie off the ground, so I agreed to write the treatment. The main obstacle, however, was that all the "bad guys" in MIDNIGHT had been killed off. I thought I would have a pretty weak story if I couldn't find a way to bring back at least one member of the evil Barnes family who carried out human sacrifices because of their belief in witchcraft.

I remembered that although Cynthia, the head witch, had gotten her throat sliced with a sickle, all the camera had seen was a beginning trickle of blood before we cut away to another piece of action. At the time we made the movie, the sickle shot was a detriment, because all our best takes had been lost by the lab, and we were forced to use the one where the blood came out in a mere trickle. Now, however, that little trickle of blood could be a saving grace. I could bring Cynthia back to life for the sequel, with a scar on her throat that she always tries to hide.

There is nothing supernatural about MIDNIGHT or about HELL'S CREATION. The main point of these stories is that the villains are warped by their own superstitious beliefs. So, even though I wrote the first treatment in 1987, I didn't find a way to put a "movie monster" into the script and the novel until seven years later. All this time, the project had languished. Sam Sherman had not succeeded in raising any money for it.

However, in the meantime I had collected several articles about
unicorns that were being “created” for display in circuses and carnivals. An April 22, 1985, article in NEWSWEEK, entitled “A UNICORN — OR A GOAT,” stated that “the Greatest Show on Earth’s newest marvel has a goat’s cootish beard, knobby knees and an appetite for alfalfa. But it also has a horn in the middle of its forehead. . . . Department of Agriculture inspectors went backstage to examine the circus’s four one-homed creatures. The verdict: they were billy goats, all right — goats whose twin horn buds had been moved in infancy to the center of their skulls to grow into single lustrous horns.”

I began wondering how something similar could be done to a human being (not in real life, but in a novel or screenplay). What could be used to make horns? I thought of fingers. And Clayton, the “monster” in HELL’S CREATION, was born. With young Cynthia in a coma from her sickle wound, the crazy plastic surgeon who is manipulating her arranges for her to be artificially inseminated, then operates on her baby to convince her he is the son of Satan. He sculpts the ears into a pointed shape. He gives the baby fang implants. And he removes the baby’s fingers and transplants them to make “horns.”

When special effects expert Vincent Guastini read my screenplay, he said, “This is the most unique creature I’ve come across in any movie lately. I want to do this! In fact, I want to do it so badly that I’ve already started making a model of what the character should look like.” I was flattered to have Vince so committed to my project, as he had previously done effects for many excellent movies, including METAMORPHOSIS: THE ALIEN FACTOR and THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. When Don Phelan of Commonwealth Publications saw photos of Vince’s model, he immediately liked it and used it as the basis for the cover art for the novel.

When Dennis Friedland of Arrow Entertainment read the screenplay, he said, “This is the first script I’ve ever seen where I wouldn’t want to change one word. This can be an extremely effective and frightening movie.” So now it’s our job to make HELL’S CREATION live up to his expectations.

MIDNIGHT II back in 1987 there is no such character. But now that he has been created, we have the unique combination of a reality-based action/horror film with a monster that has a logic to it and should be every bit as impressive as the monsters portrayed in films with supernatural premises.
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There! It was done! Another masterpiece! Caz stepped back to survey his work on the tunnel wall. His spray can was poised at shoulder level in his right hand, ready for a stylistic afterthought. His message, STOP THE KILLING IN RWANDA! stared back in glowing red, superimposed over an outline map of Africa in neon blue. Underneath were the words "The Graffiti Master" in vivid day-glo orange. Graffiti was spelled correctly, with two f's and one i. So was Rwanda.

Caz always made sure his stuff was spelled correctly. After all, he was an artist. He hated those jerks who misspelled their words. They were too stupid to even get the four-letter ones right! That was another thing. He never used profanity in his work, nor in his speech. He was adamant about that. In his mind, artists, people with talent, didn't resort to that.

Satisfied that his work was up to par, he turned and bopped out of the tunnel. He had that certain way of walking that made him look as if he'd break into a dance routine at any moment.

Caz was a good student in school, pulling down top grades in all his subjects, in spite of the voices that prompted him to do otherwise. He was very bright, charting high in all the tests devised to measure up intelligence. He also had an artistic bent. In short, he was talented.

Caz's artistic abilities came out in the graffiti he did. He had picked up the habit from watching a kid with a spray can and thinking that he could do so much better. He started small, using an array of permanent markers, but soon graduated to spray paint when his look needed to expand. His work was all over the city, some in prominent places (done at night), some in more secretive spots, like the tunnel. Caz especially liked to hit new construction, for he would be the first to get his "art" in before those other dorks screwed up the place. No one in his family or school knew he was The Graffiti Master, nor did they even suspect. Caz was very close-mouthed about his work, and got his satisfaction from seeing it around the city.

Some of the guys he ran into on his nocturnal travels got off on the danger, but not Caz. He considered his work to be his artistic statement about life. He especially enjoyed hearing other kids in school remark about his latest bold creation.

The only flaw in Caz's thinking was that he totally overlooked his lack of respect for the property of others, whether of individuals or the collective whole. He did not consider that he was defacing property. Nor did he consider the
fact that his art might not be appreciated where he chose to put it. Caz was without conscience in this area.

***

Tonight would be a major turning-point for Caz, although he had no idea it was coming. As he walked back home, reflecting on his most recent artistic triumph, he did not notice the small, scurrying forms following him down the two-a.m.-deserted streets. Caz finally turned into an alley, a well used shortcut to a parallel street. It proved his undoing. No sooner had he turned in, than he was pounced on by several small figures. One of them produced a blackjack, brought it down on Caz’s skull, and the job was done.

Caz’s eyelids fluttered, and he saw a flickering light through the haze of his blurred vision. His head felt like an overripe melon, about to split. The pain nauseated him. He realized he was standing against a wall, or rather half-standing, for his wrists were held by iron shackles pinned to the wall and he hung from them. His ankles were held fast in the same manner. The stone of the wall felt very cold against his back. It was then he realized he was totally naked.

This realization snapped Caz out of the stupor he was in, and he looked around him. He was in a stone walled room, with a rounded stone ceiling, lit by two torches mounted low on the wall. It was very dank, like a dungeon right out of a Dumas novel, and smelled of wet earth and corruption. A rude, rough wood table was the only piece of furniture present. On it were some implements. Caz recognized an indelible marker, and a can of spray-paint. The other things made Caz uneasy. There was a scalpel-like instrument, and something that looked like an old-fashioned soldering iron. A hammer completed the grisly collection. He suspected it was used to fasten the shackles to the wall.

Caz then noticed that the wall at his back, and the floor beneath him, were sticky with some dark substance. The dim light made it nearly impossible to tell what it could be. Caz had some ideas, but preferred not to explore them.

His grim reflections were interrupted by the arrival of what he suspected were his captors. Four of the creatures entered the chamber. They were about three feet tall, and wore hooded cowls like monks, making it impossible to make out what their faces looked like. From what he could already see, Caz wasn’t sure he wanted to know. One of them walked over to Caz and spoke to him.

The dim light made it nearly impossible to tell what it could be. Caz had some ideas, but preferred not to explore them.

“You Graf’ee Masser?” it said in such broken English and with such a guttural, rasping voice, that Caz at first did not understand. The creature poked Caz in the stomach, its hand hidden by the too-long sleeve of its robe. “You Graf’ee Masser?” it said impatiently.

Wincing from the poke in his navel, Caz realized what it had said and answered, “Yeah man. Who wants to know?” He thrust out his chin in a gesture of defiance. He didn’t feel defiant, however, just scared. The chill of the room conspired with his fear to make him shiver spasmodically.

“Good!” the creature said and rejoined its companions. One of the others walked over to Caz.

“I be talker, us. Like ‘write-on-wall.’ Us same. Want talk Graf’ee Masser. Show.”

With that, the creature scurried to the table and brought over the can of spray paint. It shook a gnarled, wart-encrusted hand free of the enfolding sleeve of its robe, snatched the cap from the can and began to spray silver paint on Caz’s abdomen.

“Hey! What you think you’re doin’, man!” Caz screamed, wincing from the sting of the paint on the sensitive skin of his genital.

“Do good. Us. You see.” The creature, having finished spraying, put the can on the table and left the room, followed by its companions, leaving Caz alone with his racing thoughts.

Caz was terrified. He didn’t like the way things were turning out at all. He was beginning to draw some conclusions, and those conclusions only intensified his terror. From what the creature had said, they knew he was the perpetrator of the graffiti he had signed. They admired his work and had obviously kidnapped him for the purpose of “showing their stuff.” How they did this, was what made Caz so uneasy.

After sufficient time had elapsed for the paint to dry, the foursome reentered the chamber. Without a word, one took the marker from the table, walked over to Caz, and began to write on his stomach. Caz, relieved by this, relaxed somewhat and tried to decipher the works. It was very difficult, trying to read it upside down and with the terrible spelling, but he thought he could make out something that looked like “RWANDA.” They were obviously mimicking him. Each, in turn, walked over and followed suit. Before long, Caz’s silvered abdomen was covered with their scrawls. Although relieved that the efforts of these creatures were limited to paint and markers, he began to get angry at the insult to his person. They had no right to do what they were doing! His own body! The thought made him even angrier. How could they be so unfeeling? They obviously thought nothing of what they were doing, other than the love of graffiti. But it was still wrong!

One of the creatures scurried from the room, returning with a jagged piece of mirror. It held it up so
Caz could see. He saw the humiliating scene of a naked man, with a silvered stomach and genitals, the skin all pucked from the dried paint, covered in hastily scrawled letters.

"Like? Good-good, huh?"

Caz sucked in breath to launch a tirade at his tormentors but saw no gain in pissing them off. "Yeah, just great," was his unenthusiastic response.

"Good! Us do good-good-good!"

The speaker gestured to its companions, and two went to the table, one grabbing the scalpel-like instrument, the other the "iron." The creature with the iron thrust it into one of the torch flames, the other approached Caz.

Realizing what was to come, Caz screamed. "No! No! Don't do it! Noooooo...!" He strained against the shackles.

The creature with the "scalpel" cocked its head to one side, as if studying a canvas, then approached the screaming Caz. At almost the same time, the creature with the "iron" left the torch and went to join its companion. The tip of the "iron" glowed dull red.

Caz, his fear-distended eyes locked on the instruments in his captors' hands, continued screaming, awaiting the inevitable. His wrists and ankles were bleeding from his struggles, but the shackles remained firm. He felt a searing pain on his abdomen, followed by another in a different spot. His words degenerated into a garbled, agonized scream as a warm wetness began to seep over his groin and legs. He knew his screams would not be heard, his struggles availed him nothing. He was trapped in this stinking nightmare-torture chamber, and would die here. A thought occurred to him, amidst the searing, paralyzing pain emanating from his abdomen. He now knew what the stickiness on the wall and floor was.

Caz sat bolt upright, his forehead beaded with sweat. He looked around, trying to orient himself in the darkened room. His dark-acclimated eyes soon saw the familiar shape of the bureau, squares of light on the wall from the street light outside. He was home in his own room! Snapping on the light, he threw back the covers, revealing the smooth, brown skin of his abdomen. No silver paint, no wounds, no burns. Caz's sigh was huge, and audible. Man, what a nightmare! Did that ever seem real? He had thought he was done for.

***

A pre-teen boy, spray can in hand, stood before a newly finished bit of obscenity. Just before he dashed off, he was noticed by a solitary figure. The figure sneaked up behind him, grabbing him by the arm.

"Hey man! What's wrong with you! Your mama know what you're up to?" he said angrily, snatching the can from the boy's grasp. He let the boy go, watching him run into the night. "If you know what's good for you, you'd better not steal any more spray paint!"

He walked over to a trash can, dropped the spray can in, then walked to a bench, stooped to retrieve his sketch pad and equipment and continued on his way. He looked at his watch. "Better get a move on," he muttered under his breath, "or I'll be late to my art class." He hopped off into the night with a peculiar way of walking that made him look as if he'd break into a dance routine at any moment. ☮
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BROADCAST BOMBSHELLS:
Babes in Boyland

by Debbie Rochon

A fter four weeks of rehearsal, THE SECRET WARHOL RITUALS was ready to open. It’s always exciting for me to work on stage, and this time was no exception, largely due to my talented co-star Raymond DeMarco. It was an hour before the curtain call when the message came in; call Gary Connor at Private Screenings right away. About a week earlier I had auditioned for the co-starring role opposite PENTHOUSE Pet Amy Lynn Baxter for their upcoming feature BROADCAST BOMBSHELLS. In the script her character is the sweet sympathetic blonde, and I read for the cunning covert brunette. Up until now my movie roles have been based on needy and dependent women; even my stage personas have bordered on weeping wall flowers. This could he a wickedly fun chance to exercise another side of my scheming scorpion nature. I picked up the phone and called Gary. He said the words that every actor loves to hear: “You’ve got the part!” After a brief pause he added, “I want you to know that your character Amanda has a pretty hot love scene. Do you think you can handle it?” I quickly retorted, “I have very good sense memory!” To which he replied with a chuckle, “Arrow will be pleased, they’re distributing the film.” Arrow Entertainment co-produced and distributed another movie I starred in last year called ABDUCTED II. Now, the job offer was good, but the timing was bad. How was I going to finish the run of the play and shoot the film during the same time frame? Answer: Get an understudy. Quick. I picked up the phone: “Lisa, I know you’re the assistant director of the show... But have you ever considered acting?”

April 4th, 1995
Writer Joe Dinki passed out the revised script and we all sat down in a circle for a read through. Scott Baker who plays Frank Friendly, a neurotic spiritual con man, started chanting and reminiscing about his days touring with the show OH! CALCUTTA! The director Ernie Sauer managed to bring him back into his body (and clothes) long enough to read his part. Amy Lynn Baxter walked into the room and gracefully placed herself directly opposite me. Was she going to be another B-movie airhead? Would she have 50% looks and 50% attitude? It was hard to tell. We have to shoot this feature in seven days. Under that kind of pressure I’m sure we’ll all display our true colors...

April 6th
Day one. Lucky for us the story takes place inside a television station so the inclement weather conditions won’t effect the shoot. In my first scene I have to stand behind a screen and impersonate Amy’s character, Kendall, so I can entice top secret information from Scott’s character, Frank. Power hungry Amanda (my character) wants to take over Kendall’s news show, and the station. We shot the scenes without a hitch. The only thing that worried me was Scott’s impaired behavior; he was rapidly becoming indistinguishable from his role.

April 7th
Today we shoot the big power meeting with all the station brass. During rehearsal the crew was constantly getting held up by numerous pieces of gooey gum which were strategically planted on the floor, under tables and in the equipment. It seems that we have guerrilla-war gum on our hands. Once the crew managed to peel the Double Mint off the equipment, Sauer announced, “There will be no gum allowed on
the set! The next person caught chewing will be asked to leave.” In response a grip inquired, “Are Tic-Tacs OK?”

April 8th
Amy and I have the bulk of our scenes today. She asked me to rehearse during every break and over lunch, which showed me how conscientious and hard working she is. She may be without training and a theatrical background, but her dedication is what really impressed me. We performed a number of Amanda-manipulating-vital-information-out-of-Kendall scenes, which I delivered somewhat on the campy side. In most cases we would shoot without rehearsal and as long as we said the lines right, they only shot one take. No safety shots, minimal scene coverage. You better get it right the first time.

April 9th
Now I know how Michelle Pfeiffer felt playing Catwoman. I have to spend the entire day laced up in a rubber dominatrix outfit which
heats up to about 120 degrees in thirty seconds. Under the lights, 150 degrees. Amanda found out that Kendall’s co-anchor, Brian, secretly likes to be humiliated and uses a dial-a-mistress service on his time off. I show up in his dressing room in disguise and torture him for a hidden camera. Of course, I will use the footage to blackmail him and ensure my rise to power!!! Ha! Ha! Ha! Oh brother. Actually, Brian is a very annoying character, which the actor plays a little too convincingly, so this might not be difficult. One of my tormenting devices: Listerine mouthwash.

April 10th
This is the moment I’ve been nervous about since I was cast: performing my love-making scene. Amanda seduces a coconspirator to keep him under her hypnotic spell. We have to get passionate on the console in the station’s editing room. Boy, that’s really comfortable — not! But by the time we finished simulating our mutual affection I felt satisfied. I thought we really pulled it off — so to speak. When I came back down to earth, I got up and reached for my robe and the make-up artist started laughing uncontrollably. I asked her, “What could you possibly be laughing at?!” She said, “Nothing, it’s just that you have a perfect imprint of the console on your ass!” I whipped the robe around my body and stated, “I knew that.”

April 11th
Mr. Sauer called me at home: “We’re not shooting any of your scenes today.” Devilishly he added, “Just be sure the imprint is off your ass by tomorrow!” To which I replied, “The rolling pin idea really worked.”

April 12th
Last day! I’m just getting into the swing of my character and it’s over already. Now I know how Roger Corman’s actresses must have felt. We’re finishing up the big finale scene which takes place during the station’s annual telethon. I’m going to pop in my extortion tape of Brian in a dog collar and briefs, which will interrupt the broadcast and air in millions of homes! Arrow execs and a Scarlet Street contributor are among the impressive cast of extras for the telethon sequence. This is the day Amanda has been waiting for! Key personnel at the station will be going down, or up as it were! Bombs, blackmail and babes are the three B’s driving this scene. The director instructs me to embellish my close-up with a few maniacal laughs, a couple of pleased looks... and I’m done. “You can pick up your check in three weeks.”

Aftermath
The film will be on pay-per-view in September 1995, and on video after that. It was a very different character for me, and the quickest shooting I’ve ever seen, but I truly enjoyed working with Amy, Ernie and everyone. (By the way, Amy’s
2-year-old brunette daughter is absolutely angelic!) What's next? I just wrapped my scenes for the film NEXXUS, I'm finishing up two other pictures: SHRIEK OF THE LYCANTHROPE and TROMEO AND JULIET in which I play Ness, based on the nurse character from Shakespeare's classic tale. □
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Hi guys,

My name is Julia Hayes. I am an adult magazine model and a feature entertainer at gentlemen's clubs around the country. I have appeared in all of your favorite men's magazines, but before we get into that let me tell you a little about myself.

I was born in Montana, and at the age of seventeen I moved to Seattle to attend the University of Washington to pursue a degree in zoology. Like most people, I needed to work to help put myself through school. I first started working as a daycare assistant, but soon realized the money was just not sufficient to put myself through college. A friend mentioned the kind of money she was making dancing at the Deja Vu Lake City Club in Seattle so I decided I would go in and see for myself.

This was the first time I had ever been inside a club like this, and what I saw impressed me. It was really nice inside and very clean. The girls and the management were very nice and helpful but, most of all, the money was there. The very next day my name was on the schedule. I was both excited and nervous at the same time. I couldn't wait to take the stage, and once I got over the butterflies I noticed that I really enjoyed being the center of attention.

I had been working a few nights a week for about three months, and a photographer approached me, wanting to send some pictures of me to PLAYBOY to see what they thought. Three weeks later I was on a plane to L.A., and I was staying at the PLAYBOY Mansion.

I had my first big break in my career. It was almost overwhelming thinking that I, as an 18 year old, was there in that lifestyle. After a couple of weeks of extensive photo shoots, the staff approached and asked if I was a dancer. I told them that I had been a dancer, PLAYBOY will not club, saying that I should go back to L.A. to meet some of the other photographers. I did, and several of the magazines approved me.

My first photo shoot was for PENTHOUSE. The next one was for CLUB INTERNATIONAL. Doing my first photo shoot was really exciting; the thought of taking all of my clothes off for the camera really turned me on. I had to be in for make-up at 7 a.m. It is very nice having so many people pampering you: the make-up artist, the hair professional and the stylist who selects all the clothes and jewelry for the shoot.

Once make-up and the set are ready, then it is time to get started. A day of modeling is very demanding, but it can also be very exciting. I enjoy the feel of the sexy lingerie underneath my clothes, the fan blowing my hair. Soon the camera starts clicking, the flashes are going off and it is time for me to start doing my thing.

Most of the time I get to look right in the camera and the best way for me to get into it is to think about all of the guys who are going to be looking at my pictures. Slowly the clothes start coming off little by little, just teasing the camera as I go, and before I know it all my clothes are on the floor and I'm doing all my favorite poses. The next thing I know, it's 5 o'clock and we have finished. This goes on sometimes up to three or four days for a really good layout, going through several outfits and different locations. I think the most exciting sets are the ones out of doors. Just being outside and being naked is really a turn-on.

Talking about photo shoots that are
a turn-on, I must mention the ones with another girl or even two other girls. In the business it's called a girl/girl or a triple girl. Those can be very exciting. When the camera starts, you hold each other close, then it's time to slowly take each other's clothes off piece by piece, caressing her ever so softly. Sometimes it gets really wild. They may have you get each other really wet. (I mean with water or something.) You may do a cooking scene where you end up rolling around on the table coated in flour. Whatever the set may be, I find that I enjoy doing shoots with other girls. It's not that I'm actually gay. I just think the female body is a beautiful thing.

It only took about three months for the first layout to hit the stands. It was for CLUB INTERNATIONAL. Soon a feature entertainer agency, Continental, contacted me and wanted to put me on the road as a feature. I started working clubs all over the country as a feature. About a year into my feature career, CLUB INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE contacted me again. They wanted me to be their featured girl of the year where they did a full layout of me every month. This continued for the next three years. Some of you guys may recognize me as "Nancy."

Well, now I've been on the road for three years now, working almost every week. Last year it was forty-nine weeks out of the year. I really enjoy traveling all over the country and dancing at all the different clubs. It gives me a chance to meet a lot of the guys that have seen my pictures in their magazines. Most of the guys are really nice. It's fun to watch the look on their faces when they get to meet me in person. It gives them a chance to see what I'm really like

I go to a different club every week. I usually do twenty-four shows a week. There are four shows a day. My sets are really exciting, a lot of high-energy dancing combined with some pyrotechnics to get things started with a bang. Costumes are an important part of the show. I like mine to be very flashy, a lot of sequins and stones, designed with a lot of layers: plenty of things to take off. You better pay close attention, because it doesn't take me long to take them all off. Don't worry guys there is plenty of hot sexy stuff included. I give everyone a chance to go home with something from my stage performances. I really enjoy performing on stage. I'm the center of attention, sometimes for up to two or three hundred guys. I find it really erotic dancing around, taking control of all the guys one by one. I use eye-to-eye contact to really get the attention of each and every guy close enough to look into my deep green eyes.
After each show I set up all my memorabilia somewhere in the club. Everyone has a chance to come over, and I will autograph any of their pictures I’ve given away on stage, or they can just say, “Hi.” That is also the chance for you to buy any of the things I brought with me. I have personalized Polaroids, posters, tee-shirts, magazines, hats and of course my fan club information.

I’ve been fortunate to appear in or on over fifteen PENTHOUSE publications. The most recent is the June 1995 issue of PENTHOUSE LINGERIE. They also featured me in the October 1991 edition of their magazine. I am the featured girl of the year in CLUB INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE for 1992, ’93 and ’94. I had a write-and-response column and a full layout each month as “Nancy.” I’ve appeared in over one hundred men’s magazines, all the major ones and the little ones as well. You may have seen me on the PLAYBOY channel, and on Pay-Per-View in Becky LeBeau’s SOFT BODY video, “Party Favors.”

I plan to continue to feature for about another three or four years. Then I would like to settle down a little and do something I enjoy, like working in a zoo. I really love animals. I bet I’ve been to almost every zoo in the country. If you guys really want to know the way to my heart, it’s through a zoo. The elephants and the penguins are my favorites. Any of my loyal fans may know that I have a tattoo of a little pink elephant on the inside of my right ankle.

Well, I guess I’ve told you quite a lot about myself. I guess the only thing left is for you guys to come in and visit me at one of the clubs across the country. You can find my fan club address at the end of this article. You can write to find out more about me and my schedule and how to become a member yourself. Remember, I answer all of my fan club members personally, and you will receive a personal phone number to leave messages and to keep up with my itinerary.

Julia Hayes Fan Club
7227 Winchester #266
Memphis TN 38125

Keep an eye out for new layouts of me. I just returned from L.A., where I shot for CLUB INTERNATIONAL, HIGH SOCIETY and another one for PENTHOUSE that might make a centerfold.

Bye for now, keep in touch and see you in the clubs.

Love,
Julia Hayes
A Short History Of Erotic Horror

by Jean Elliott
Jean Elliott, a magazine writer and long-time fan of horror, science fiction and fantasy films, was inspired by our editorial, HATS OFF TO OUR "RIVALS," to write this long letter, which was so knowledgeable and incisive that we decided to print it as an article.

Part of our motivation was that it gives us a wonderful excuse to print more of the kinds of photos that our critics complain about and our fans can't get enough of. And it's also a great opportunity to feature some marvelous Scream Queens of the past, present and future.

Dear Mr. Russo:

Your editorial in issue #7 made me question why SQI's rivals are concerned about the propriety of using the term Scream Queen and publishing nude or partially nude pictures of them. I have to wonder if they have any sense of what horror stories and horror movies are really about. Unless they are being prudish, it certainly sounds like they are recent arrivals to the horror scene.

Sex, fantasy, and horror have been tied together in the horror literature for a long, long time. One of the first horror novels written, THE MONK, had a scene where a nun wakes up naked on a stone coffin lid with a skull on her chest. There are a number of references to what horrors the monks of this particular monastery are doing. This was written in an 18th century novel. DRACULA is filled with eroticism and it was published in the 19th century. The most recent film version of DRACULA is a good example of what Stoker was hinting at within his book, and might actually have written if the literature of his day was not heavily censored. CAMILLA, by Sheridan LeFanu, is another example of horror and the erotic being tied together. Today, there is a very close connection between sex and horror. You only need to read the four-volume HOT BLOOD series of horror short stories or glance at the covers of horror novels with their scantily clad women to see how closely the two are intertwined.

I wonder how many readers of SQI and the "rival" mags grew up with the horror films of the 50s? I seem to recall that many had a scene where the female lead put on a filmy white nightgown before going to bed. Later she stood or walked by a moonlit window so that the light could shine through her gown and give us a tantalizing view of her charms. In CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, Faith Domergue wore a white bathing suit which was very intriguing when wet. In I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF, Michael

Photo: Universal Studios
Landon confronts a teenage girl in tight black leotards. In HORROR OF PARTY BEACH the girls wore the smallest bikinis allowable and shorty nightgowns that we could almost see through. Let's not forget the ballistic missile nose cone bras that many horror movie heroines wore.

Hammer films always managed to have actresses with low-cut blouses, semi-transparent gowns, or, as in the case of VAMPIRE CIRCUS, cleverly painted nude female bodies. In FRANKENSTEIN CREATED WOMAN, Peter Cushing brought to life a scantily clad beautiful blonde. Kinda strange that up to the release date of FCW that Frankenstein had only been able to create monsters and then he was able to create women. Perhaps somebody at Hammer Films bad learned something about the selling power of sex. I could list any number of movies to prove my point. Sex and horror were put together intentionally, and the press release photos and movie posters showed what the times allowed. The amount of cleavage, tiny bikini underwear, and nudity increased as times changed. In early films, nude heroines remained beneath the covers or just below the surface of the water. As times changed, they came out of hiding and showed what up till then we had only been imagining. If SQI's rivals think that sexy women weren't intentional in these films, they need to sit down and read DARK ROMANCE: A HISTORY OF SEXUALITY IN HORROR MOVIES or EROTICISM IN THE FANTASY CINEMA, and then watch the movies again.

While the 60s magazines may not have been permitted to show full frontal nudity, they showed what they could. Even FAMOUS MONSTERS had a picture of Jane Asher wearing a transparent nightgown. I suspect that they would have showed more if they could. If magazines couldn't show nudity, they could and did show women with low-cut gowns, skimpy bathing suits, and towels placed strategically to reveal and conceal at the same time. Scream Queens is just a label. It serves the purpose of letting us know what we can expect to see. You might not recognize the names of Linnea, Brinke and Michelle if you are not a dyed in the wool horror fan, but if you see the label Scream Queens you know you are not going to a Disney picture. While Scream Queens may be a relatively new title, the female horror stars of the 50s, 60s, 70s and 80s, had their fans and I'm sure that they had fan clubs. Think about Veronica Carlson, Barbara Steele, and other B-movies heroines. The admiration was there. We just called them something different.

I am always amazed by people who complain about the magazines that they read, but never stop reading them. If they are offended by nudity, they should not pick up the magazine. The cover usually
provides a clue to the contents of the magazine, so they can’t say that they didn’t know what was inside. Plus, if the back cover features ads for videotapes of Nude Vampires, BBQ, Nurses, Housewives, Students, and Prisoners, and come hither pictures of Terri Lewandowski and Chris Cavaller, people ought to be smart enough to realize that they are not getting a magazine like BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS. If people don’t like the content of a magazine, they should stop buying it. When enough people stop buying the magazine, the editor will get the hint and change the format. As SQI is still being bought by many people, I suspect that nudity is acceptable to them and they don’t want the format of the magazine to change.

If SQI’s rivals don’t want to publish nude or partially nude pictures of women in horror films, that is their choice. There are certainly lots of films where the female leads never show any skin. Alternatively, they can write about films that do show nudity and use promotional photos where the people are dressed. I disagree with their attitude and their attempt to make everyone conform with their views.

They are mistaken if they don’t think sex and nudity aren’t part of horror, modern or otherwise. Writing about horror and leaving out all the sex and nudity is akin to the drama critic reviewing a horror movie and complaining that the acting is bad. The writer and the critic are missing the point: the sex and nudity set you up for the blood and gore. Just when you think it’s safe to look at the women, the monster strikes.
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Hart D. Fisher of Boneyard Press has launched a new comic book called BABYLON CRUSH, featuring a heroine inspired by the latex and leather designs of Varla Vortex. Hart talks about how the character "Babylon" was born: "I was hanging out at Varla Vortex's pad flipping through her portfolio of bondage designs when Babylon kicked me in the face...my eyes wouldn't look at anything else...she wanted her own book, her own stories...I couldn't stop thinking about her...Babylon is not a victim. She was never raped by a group of thugs or on a quest for revenge. She's got her own life and her own agenda...Babylon Crush is a woman, a dangerous woman. It would do you good to remember that."

To order this comic book send $10.95 plus $2.50 P&H to:
Boneyard Press, 17175 Simonds Street, Granada Hills, CA 91344.

Dark Muse Publications has released THE ELECTRIC WITCH, a book of American gothic short stories by SQI fiction contributor Al Ryan. Mr. Ryan is shown here at a book signing at the Webster Hall Hotel in New York City. To order THE ELECTRIC WITCH, send $5.00 plus $1.00 P&H to:
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Heavy Metal Books has published a lavishly beautiful hardcover portfolio of Julie Strain, with the tongue-in-cheek title, IT'S ONLY ART IF IT'S WELL HUNG! The stunning full-page photos and artwork of Julie will knock your eyes out! To order send $24.95 plus $5.00 P&H to:
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in, screamed more, coughed up blood, but Slayton kept the machete blade sawing back and forth across her throat. Her screams came out gurgled, she was choking on the blood, and Slayton kept on sawing. Back and forth, the blade going deeper. And deeper.

Obviously a rigged machete blade with a retractable portion to simulate the blade going deeper. I'd seen Savini do the same trick one night on Letterman. Then Slayton hit bone.

Annette Cage continued to scream and struggle, her eyes bulged and her legs kicked until her shoes were kicked off. Then just her bare feet kicked the floor and into the side of Danny's desk.

Danny hadn't said a word since his initial outburst, which seemed like an hour ago but was less than a minute, and he sat down heavily when the loud crack of Ms. Cage's neck bone being broken in two filled the office. He was terribly pale, in shock.

Herbert Slayton stepped back and the head of Ms. Cage lolled to one side, then the other, then fell from the neck. It was still attached to the bloody sinews of muscles, but the weight of the head broke it free. The head rolled across the floor, almost as if it knew where it wanted to go, and stopped, face up.

I felt my face flush and the bile rise in the back of my throat but I could not move. Danny was ghost white and I feared that he had had a stroke. It didn't look like he was breathing. My own breath was pushing out fast, a little too fast, and I started to realize I was hyperventilating.

"What did you think?" It was Herbert Slayton. He was smiling. He had pulled a handkerchief from his back pocket and was cleaning the bloody machete blade.

Then I looked to the head on the floor before me. A face so pretty, so nicely shaped. Eyes so . . .

They opened then and so did the bowed lips, and from the eyes a reflection of stark terror and from the lips that perfect scream.

I nearly made it to the bathroom. Missed it by just a couple of feet. Instead I emptied my stomach in front of the door leading to Studio One.

Numb, I returned to Danny's office, the 9mm I kept in my desk aimed in front of me on a shaky hand. I don't know if it was loaded or not but I grabbed it on my way back and I just hoped it would serve its purpose and hold off the psycho until the cops would arrive. Never mind that I didn't think of calling them while I was in my office. That's not the point. In the movies I write, the cops always show up at the end. Maybe I've written so many crappy movies that now I act like a character from one of them. I couldn't hear anything as I entered Danny's office, with the exception of my own heartbeat pounding a dangerous beat.

Herbert Slayton was straddling Danny, practically sitting on his great gut, trying to revive him with smelling salts. Herbert occasion-ally slapped Danny's cheek with a bloodied hand.

Annette Cage was sitting in the chair I had just seen her murdered in putting her shoes back on. Then she massaged the back of her neck as if she had suddenly just gotten a slight pain.

The fingers worked around the nape of her neck, gently rubbing out any pain and I saw no telltale signs of what had just gone on here. No sign other than a thin scab-like ring where the machete had cut through. Then, after a little more rubbing, it too was gone.

When she noticed me in the office she jumped up with a smile and came over to me. I dropped the gun to my side but tried to keep a distance.

"How did I do?" she asked, obviously proud of her reading.

Danny stirred awake and screamed when he saw Herbert Slayton before him.

"Sorry about that," Annette Cage said in that cool voice. "I guess I got a little messier than I wanted to get. I just really got into the part. So do I get the part or not?"

I couldn't speak. Reality had suddenly been yanked out from under me. I had too much proof around me to rule it all out as a dream. I felt too much proof, as if I had just been punched in the gut. Finally she spoke again.

"I get it. You guys still don't think I'm right for the part. The only other thing I know to do is to pull out my other two talents."

I took another small step back, like a child cringing in fear, as she began to unbutton her bloodied blouse.
It's in the Cards
Terry Weston looks at entertainment trading cards

Scream Queens Illustrated Mini Binder Set #2 is available now, and it features Monique Gabrielle, Debbie Dutch and Michelle Bauer. This attractive binder contains the complete twenty-card mini sets of the aforementioned ladies, and also comes with a nine-card subset in which each card has a gold foil replica signature stamped across the front. The numbers on these cards pick up from where the first binder's subset left off, therefore completing the collection.

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Above are two of the Bonus Cards from the SQI Deluxe Binder Set #2.
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