

## Hellraiser III : Hell on Film

by Rick Kastan  
*The Collegian*

"I have seen the future of horror, and it's name is Clive Barker"- Steven King

I can still remember first hearing this quote about five years ago. It was promoting the release of Brit horror author/god Clive Barker's directional debut, *Hellraiser*. And, being young and impressionable in those days, I took those words to heart.

I mean, *Hellraiser* wasn't just your standard run-of-the-mill cheesy horror flick, it had raw power and a decidedly perverse sexuality about it that made it oh so attractive to frustrated young'uns looking for something new to gross-out their girlfriends with. *Hellraiser* had balls. It was severe. It was cool, man. And if this was the future of horror then maybe we all had something to look forward to after all.

So here we are, five years and three movies later. I'm older, wiser, a bit better looking (if

you ask me - and you don't have to), and more than just a little heartbroken.

First came *Hellraiser II: Hellbound*, Tony Randal's quick-paced if dim-witted continuation of Barker's ideas. Then there was *Nightbreed*, Barker's ambitious but tiresome monster mash. By 1990 it began to look like old Steve'o was talking about some other guy named Clive.

sold to yet another unsuspecting soul. The customer is J.P. Morgan, owner of *The Boiler Room*, a swank if not a bit macabre after-hours nite-club.

Of course, you know it won't be long before some nebbly minor character mistakes the box for a Rubiks Cube and plays with it, opening the doorway to Hell getting himself blowed-up for good measure - and this is exactly what happens

injuries. The only person who saw anything is a young and expendable nite-club floozie named Traci, and she's not talking.

But, after using some sound journalistic techniques (and a little bit of bribery) Miss Joey gets some information out of her and traces the carnage to Morgan's Boiler Room where another plot-line has been taking place.

have to force out. Writers Randal and Barker should be ashamed of themselves for giving us such stupid characters. I mean, our three leads throw themselves into so many dangerous situations that it's near impossible to shake that shit-like-this-just-doesn't-happen feeling.

Other than the aforementioned script problems, *Hell on Earth* is a fairly professional piece of filmmaking. Direction, from Anthony Hickox (*Waxwork*, *Sundown*) is workmanlike and shows quite a bit of flair and acting is generally good especially from Doug Bradley (who always gives his all) as Pinhead and the very beautiful woman who plays Joey (she reminds me of Kim Catrall with talent).

In fact, it seems like the whole crew put their all into the film despite it's obviously defective script. This is sad too, because even with the extra-good intentions this flick is unsalvageable. Too bad. Strike up another loss for Clive Barker in film history and add another dark cloud looming over horror's future. Somebody better tell Steve.

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"...Hellraiser III : Hell on Earth and if this is the future of horror you better sedate me and let me watch Patrick Swayze dance dance dance."

Now we have *Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth* and if this is the future of horror you better sedate me and let me watch Patrick Swayze dance dance dance.

*Hellraiser III* begins in New York City where the Lament Configuration box (a.k.a. doorway to hell, this time contained in a pillar of lost souls last seen at the end of *Hellbound*) is once again being

(I for one was surprised). Enter Joey, a repressed female newspaper reporter, who hangs around the city hospital ERs looking for something she can get on film and make into her big break (future journalists take note!).

Her big chance comes when said minor character (pre-ruption) is wheeled into said ER with said unexplainable

It seems ol' J.P. has been up to no-good, seducing girls, taking them back to his pad and sacrificing them to his little soul totem-pole after a bit of pre-homicide sex - feeling if he does this he can achieve Hell and accomplish the ultimate pleasure through ultimate pain.

As it turns out, he's not too far off. Yes, it's not long before everybody's favorite leather-clad sado, Pinhead (leader of the otherworldly Cenobites) is released again, this time into the real world where 'the innocents are no longer free from pain.' Soon, you know that all Hell's gonna break loose and old nail-noggin is going to create some carnage to rival his complexion.

O.K., so you think the story sounds a bit lame-brained. Well, you ain't heard nothin' 'til you've caught some of the idiotic dialog that the actors



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