



Someone's showing their cock in the bathroom again...

ing in a thong, thigh-high stockings and a crinoline. He actually looks better in that getup than one might expect, and the song is great, too. Kaufman's voice is clear and strong, and his duet with Jason Yachanin (playing Arbie) is funny and catchy.

"It definitely came together in a great way," Walker says. "And with all the fans who contributed and helped with special effects...that's why we're so passionate about getting the movie noticed. It'd be a shame if tons of people from all over the world busted their asses for nothing."

"We're serious about it," Kaufman adds. "We don't take ourselves seriously, but we take the movies very seriously. The Toronto Film Festival was interested [in *Poultrygeist*], but we missed the deadline. Now there are three or four of them that seem to want it, and that might help. But they'll put us in the ghetto of Midnight Madness. Why? Why? Why is Borat on television 24/7, and *Jackass 2*—the *New York Times* wrote a big thing... Where is the article about Troma's 30th anniversary in New York? Not one

Manhattan paper said one thing about it."

If *Poultrygeist* doesn't ruffle a feather, despite the Troma Team's best efforts at promotion at festivals and on-line (including a formidable presence on MySpace and YouTube), what then? Perhaps it's stage musicals. Not only did *Cannibal! The Musical* recently play on stage in Washington, D.C., but *The Toxic Avenger: The Musical* has just been optioned for Broadway by the producers of *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*. Maybe Troma dinner theater? Kaufman is cautious, and emphasizes that while the Toxie show has been discussed, that doesn't mean it will necessarily hit the Great White Way. "I believe my future will be that Kiel and Gabe will be successful filmmakers," he says, "and they'll be getting out of their limos, and they'll see a refrigerator box with some feet sticking out of it—'Is that a bow tie? That's Lloyd in there, let's help him. Let's give the poor old drunken bastard a part.'"

Friedman laughs, "Yes, I do have spare

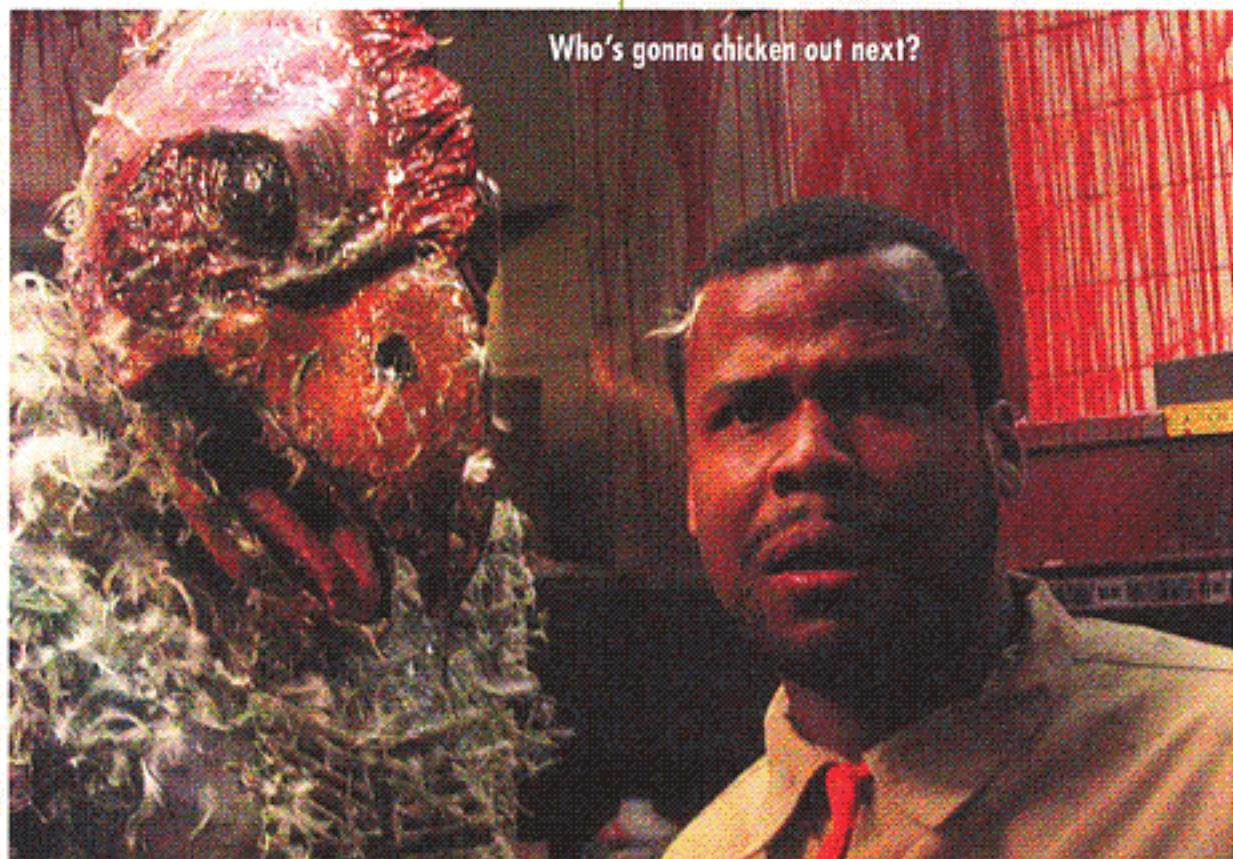
change, thanks for asking."

Kaufman does want to make sure that the public knows he hasn't thrown in the towel quite yet. "I'm not totally discouraged," he says. "I am looking for my next script now. Something in which we can use the better actors we're attracting now; I'm looking for a project where we can actually give people parts where they can perform, instead of being totally dependent on 350 Indian chicken zombies. I mean, the people in *Poultrygeist* are great, but they aren't really given much time to emote. I believe we can really attract a good cast now."

Somehow, through all of Kaufman's humbling himself to make and promote this movie, he's coming out the other side a sort of sleazy folk hero, your funny Uncle Lloyd—a symbol of American DIY, freedom of speech and the independence of the little guy. He's the kind of company executive who cleans up rat droppings in the basement along with his newest hire. The kind



Native American spirits get clucking angry in *Poultrygeist*.



Who's gonna chicken out next?

of filmmaker who insists on shooting on 35mm film, despite its expense, "out of respect for the fans." It's good to see the fans giving back to their funny uncle, making an effort to keep Troma alive, to keep the last bit of the grindhouse in the Big Apple. This spring, it'll be up to the media and consumers. What will be the verdict on *Poultrygeist*? Is it good enough to keep people coming back for more? Will Kaufman's retirement be spent in a refrigerator box? All he asks is that you watch it and give it a chance.

As the gang descends from the Troma building together, into the lights of Hell's Kitchen, Walker gives Kaufman an affectionate pat on the back. What Kaufman doesn't know yet is that Walker has taped a newspaper headline to him, which reads "God Made Me Queer." "It's the little things..." Walker says quietly with a smile, as Fango turns and leaves the Troma Team to their laughter in the face of their uncertain future.

