



## Creature Feature

You may not recognize Doug Jones, but his movies have banked more than a billion dollars. As the *Fantastic Four*'s new nemesis, the Silver Surfer, he heralds earth's destruction. It's time to know thy enemy. By Kara Wahlgren

It took Doug Jones six hours to transform into the title character in *Pan's Labyrinth*—six long, boring, thirsty hours. "I went all day without peeing," he says. "When you've got a very small opening and fingers that are glued on, it makes for a dangerous mess." But it paid off last February, when *Pan's Labyrinth* earned three Academy Awards, including one for Achievement in Makeup. "I was making a jackass of myself at the Oscars," he says. "Everybody sitting around me was like, 'Who's that, and why is he screaming so much?'"

That's the downside to being one of the most popular creature actors in the biz—no one knows who the hell you are. But when a director

needs someone to, say, crawl inside a cockroach costume and terrorize a subway system, Jones is the go-to guy. During his three-day stint on 1997's creepy-crawly thriller *Mimic*, the actor bonded with director Guillermo del Toro over a love of creature effects. "First and foremost, Guillermo's a fanboy," Jones says. "But he's a visionary. If he asked me to take a crap on film, I would take that crap with full confidence that he will make a piece of art out of it."

Jones has his work cut out for him in del Toro's *Hellboy 2: The Golden Army*, which started filming in May.

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Besides returning as Abe Sapien, he'll play a dark angel, a chamber keeper, and possibly a befuddled wizard.

But first comes the *Fantastic Four* sequel on June 15, in which Jones gets his superhero on as the Silver Surfer, former scientist Norrin Radd, who was minding his own business on his home planet of Zenn-La when globe-eater Galactus paid a visit. To save his planet—and his girl—Radd offers his eternal services to Galactus. "Right then and there I'm in love with the Surfer, because that was a very sacrificial move on his part," Jones says. "He has a sense of duty like no other superhero. He's very regal, valiant, stoic, heroic—everything I'm not—and I think that's why I loved crawling into his skin so much.

"If you see pictures of me in real life, you know I ain't no Surfer," Jones adds. "The costumes gave me an absolutely stunning silhouette. That's the nice thing about a tall skinny guy—you can make him any shape and size you want. They built up my chest, shoulders, and buttocks. I have never seen an ass that pretty in my life." The Surfer has already caused controversy among hard-core fans, who have been dissecting the movie's trailer frame by frame to analyze ... his balls. Indeed, for a second, there does seem to be some mercurial junk hanging loose. "I think someone had a little digital fun," Jones says. "I never walked out of the makeup trailer with my business hanging out."

While Jones and his *cojones* await reaction to the Surfer's big-screen debut, he has a long-shelved remake of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and a midlife-crisis dramedy called *Knock Knock* (he plays a fortysomething goth wannabe) in the works. But he won't be giving up creature work. "As long as the phone keeps ringing, I'll keep doing it," he says—and chances are, the phone will keep ringing. "Guillermo introduced me recently as 'the Fred Astaire of monsters,'" Jones adds. "That was the hugest compliment I'd ever heard." **OT**