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You Think You Know the Story: Novelty, Repetition, and Lovecraft in Whedon and Goddard's *The Cabin in the Woods*

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Adaptation studies has frequently been hamstrung by its own habituated drama of fidelity, where evaluation of each adaptation becomes a game in which the adaptation must be shown to be an insufficiently faithful and thus inevitably inferior copy of a sanctified original. (Puckishly declaring the adaptation to be *superior* to the original is, alas, only the champions' tier of this sport.) Recent developments in adaptation theory, however, have begun to move beyond this impasse, turning to texts that have no clear and privileged source material – either too many, or too few – and inviting us to consider them as adaptations anyway. Such works push us past the bad conscience of fidelity and infidelity towards a new notion of transtextual exchange that networks varied narratives, genres, and media, reframing adaptation not as some marginal practice of quasi-

legitimate textual banditry but as a central component of any creative act.

Transtextuality offers a way out of mere comparativism towards a new understanding of adaptation as a dialogue between texts, *none* of which is truly originary or 'primary.' Taking from Julie Sanders the notion that adaptation and appropriation exist in uneasy and unstable relationship with one another,¹ Deborah Cartmell and Imelda Whelehan suggest a new interpretative frame for adaptation as appropriation (Cartmell and Whelehan, 2010, p. 57), which allows us to retain the spirit of comparison and networks of influence that animate adaptation studies while moving beyond the preoccupation with fidelity that has tended to suffocate such discussions (Cartmell and Whelehan, 2010, p. 73). Adaptation-as-appropriation suggests that all texts are always already 'recycled property,' 'both a theft and a gift' (Cartmell and Whelehan, 2010, p. 58); at the same time, by displacing the romantic glow of 'originality' from the center of critical practice, adaptation-as-appropriation invites us to consider audiences alongside or even above authors,² focusing on what is done with texts rather than on whose visionary genius is ultimately responsible for them. As Whelehan puts it in another work, this new adaptation studies encourages us to see adapted texts not as 'necessarily lacking some of the force and substance of its original' but rather think of them 'in terms of excess rather than lack' (Whelehan, 1999, p. 16).

This chapter explores this interplay between novelty and theft, and between excess and lack, in Joss Whedon and Drew Goddard's *The Cabin in the Woods* (2012), especially with regard to the film's vexed appropriative relationship to a horror genre it simultaneously celebrates and critiques.³ The three layers of plot in *Cabin – upstairs, downstairs, and foundation* – correspond to the three distinct species of source materials Whedon and Goddard put into conversation, with each of the three levels of plot corresponding to a different political critique of the horror genre. From this perspective the crucial scene of the film becomes the final one, which sees characters from both upstairs and downstairs meeting in the sub-basement, wrestling between themselves for narrative control even in the face of human extinction. In this sense the narrative of the film becomes a literalized politics of adaptation: *Cabin's* ultimate nesting of all its narratives

within the terms of the Cthulhu mythos leaves its audience both trapped within H.P. Lovecraft's cosmic pessimism and trapped with a new (and newly tragic) recognition of how completely the habits of adaptation and genre structure our ability to tell stories at all.

Upstairs/downstairs/foundation

Throughout most of *Cabin*, the audience tracks two plots in parallel with one another, described by those working on the film as 'upstairs' and 'downstairs.' In the 'upstairs' plot, five carefree teenagers arrive at the titular 'cabin in the woods' for a weekend away, with shot framing and set -pieces that quickly evoke the creepy atmospherics of such familiar 'cabin' horrors as *The Evil Dead* (1981) – the film Whedon and Goddard most frequently name as their inspiration (Whedon and Goddard, 2012, pp. 10--11). The mood here is simultaneously sinister and exhausted – as the film's enigmatic advertising campaign suggests, 'you think you know the story' precisely because this kind of isolated setting and character templates (the alpha-male, the stoner, the virgin, the nerd, and the slut, though each of these designations is ultimately revealed to be arbitrary) have long been seen as a staple of horror cinema. In this sense the 'upstairs' plot can be said to be doing the appropriative work of the new adaptation studies at a kind of zero-level. Taken purely on its own terms, and putting aside the novelty of quick, Whedonesque dialogue that has itself arguably grown stale after several decades of Mutant Enemy productions, the upstairs plot would appear to be a quintessentially generic slasher movie, replicating horror conventions whose excess and predictability have long been the subject of metatextual critique in such films as *Scream* (1996) and *Funny Games* (1997).

But even before the main title we were confronted with a narrative excess discordant with the banal familiarity of the upstairs plot. The *first* scene in the film actually took place somewhere else entirely: two affable if somewhat conventional men wearing white coats (Bradley Whitford, playing 'Hadley,' and Richard Jenkins, playing 'Sitterson') banter about their families in an office break-room before being confronted by a frustrated coworker (Amy Acker) about the urgency of the weekend's coming efforts and the seeming lack of

seriousness with which they are doing their important jobs. Dismissing her, they then climb into a golf cart, revealing that despite their unremarkable conversation they are in fact in some sort of mysterious, impossibly large facility.

The audience eventually pieces together that Hadley and Sitterson are part of some massive conspiracy that has been tasked to put all the events of the upstairs plot into motion; they are in fact orchestrating everything that happens upstairs, from arranging the rental to manipulating the behavior of the principals through everything from pheromone mists and temperature control to, in the case of the blonde teenager selected to embody the 'Whore,' toxic hair dye to make this monogamous and intelligent college student both sluttier and stupider, as narrative cliché requires. Hadley and Sitterson carefully stage-manage the preparation of the "'cabin'" narrative and the construction of every detail before forcing their unwilling 'actors' to play out their assigned parts. They even refer, as in Hollywood parlance, to an unseen Director (a surprise cameo by Sigourney Weaver) who is overseeing the project from above their paygrade (from a subterranean spatial position, we discover, ultimately beneath even the underground facility).

Throughout the film we see glimpses of similar filmic projects happening in other locations around the globe, operating according to the conventions of the horror genre in those local narrative traditions. At the start of the film, only the United States and Japanese productions remain viable, and the Japanese unit too soon falls away when its 'film' about a ghost terrorizing a room full of schoolchildren unexpectedly turns out to have a happy ending. The adaptative connection to cinematic, 'Hollywood' horror becomes foregrounded in the plot itself as the film enters its hyperbolic third act, during which the facility underneath the cabin is revealed to include a massive prison structure that houses countless monsters, perhaps literally *all* monsters, drawn from any number of cinematic horror fantasies that are all fundamentally the same; while the teenagers in this year's plot are bedeviled by a 'zombie redneck torture family,' it could just as easily have been ghosts, or Aliens, or Hellraiser, or killer clowns, or mermen.

Figure 14.1. The 'upstairs' plot and its metatextual options in *Cabin in the Woods*, copyright 2012, Lionsgate Pictures

The downstairs plot, then, appropriates not from the horror genre but instead generates a strange hybrid science-fiction-workplace-comedy-conspiracy-thriller form to satirize Hollywood's own production practices (including the production and reception of this film itself). The political valence of the two levels are correspondingly orthogonal to one another: the viewers must constantly switch registers as they pass between the scenes in the upstairs plot, where their enjoyment derives from sadistically witnessing the pain of these characters, and the scenes in the downstairs plot, where their enjoyment instead derives from a savvy, world-weary, and completely self-reflexive *rejection* of that very voyeurism.

Because the upstairs plot is nested within the downstairs plot, we are presented with a spatial logic of penetration and excavation: the deeper you go, the closer to the truth you get. As the surviving characters from the upstairs plot begin to realize what is happening to them and finally penetrate the facility, they unleash all the monsters, leading to a grotesque rampage of blood and gore that kills all the whitecoats as our heroes make their way to the lowest sublevel. Here, in a cavern setting that suggests neither a modern scientific laboratory nor a Hollywood studio but rather the site of some obscure ancient ritual, they are confronted by the Director and given an explanation for everything that has happened. The downstairs plot is revealed here to be nested within a third and final level of plot, which I will call the *foundation* plot;⁴ we discover that the upstairs plot is being produced by the downstairs plot for the viewing pleasure of buried godlike creatures. If the upstairs plot is not satisfied according to what the film presents as the essential, mythopoeic conventions of narrative horror – that the young suffer, that the virgin suffers longest and worst⁵ – then these demons will awaken from their millennia-long slumber and destroy the world.

The Director orders the 'virgin' from the upstairs plot, Dana, to kill her last surviving friend, the stoner Marty, in order to satisfy the necessary genre conventions and thereby lull the cosmic horrors back to sleep. Though tempted by the ethical demand implicit in a choice to

save or damn the human race, Dana and Marty ultimately refuse either to harm each other or to harm themselves; they decide they'd rather have *everyone* on Earth die (including themselves) than betray each other as the forced-choice logic of the film insists they must. Leaning back and smoking one of Marty's joints, they admit with no small excitement that they wish they could have *seen* the 'giant, evil gods' who are about to destroy civilization. The satanic temple begins to shake, then it collapses; a giant hand rises up out of the earth, destroying the basement temple, the 'downstairs,' and finally the Cabin, before reaching out towards the viewer – cut to black.

Lovecraft and the ontology of horror

As I have argued in my *Slayage* article on the film, *Cabin* is ultimately structured by an irresolvable interpretative ambiguity. We are asked in the upstairs plot to partake uncritically in a typically exploitative horror film, only to be confronted in the downstairs plot with the clichéd banality and revolting morality of these supposed thrills, with particular approbation directed at those writers and directors (that is, Whedon and Goddard themselves) who would think up such stories, culminating in the foundation plot that literally frames *the film's own viewers* as sadistic monsters. Woofter and Stokes, in their introduction to the *Slayage* special issue, frame their intervention precisely in terms of the film's 'divided' reception among critics and fans:

"Is it a deconstruction of a horror genre in a state of crisis? Is it a fractured film, caught between the auteurist sensibilities of Whedon and the straightforward directorial approach of Goddard? Is it a satire of media excesses and reality TV game shows? Is it a straightforward splatter-comedy?" (Woofter and Stokes, 2014, p. 1)

This tension in the film recurs on every level of analysis; 'despite liberal doses of Whedon and Goddard's typically irreverent humor,' they go on, '*The Cabin in the Woods* is a decidedly bleak and bitter work' (Woofter and Stokes, 2014, p. 3). As Whedon's own afterword to *The Cabin in the Woods: The Official Visual Companion* puts it, the central question left open at the end of the film – the question whose

answer 'can never be known' – is 'Why did we make this movie? Why does anyone tell these stories?' (Whedon and Goddard, 2012, p. 172)

Centering the foundation plot as the core of the film only complicates this further; from the perspective of *Cabin's* foundation, 'horror' is figured neither as mere genre nor as the site for progressive political intervention but instead as ahistorical and eternal, a mythos somehow essential to human nature as such. The result is a film that paradoxically insists on the moral and political *unacceptability* of horror fantasy at the same time as it asserts its timeless *inescapability*, leaving its unsettled audience cursed to hover irresolvably between these two interpretative poles. Is horror a politics, we might ask, or is it an ontology? Is it a tendency in human beings that might be resisted or transcended, or is it the underlying curse guaranteed to twist and corrupt everything noble we attempt? Is a civilization, or indeed a human race, that would make and remake and *revel* in horrors like *The Evil Dead* or *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* (or like *Cabin* itself) even *worth* trying to save?

From this perspective, horror is not fluff or lark or visual junk food but rather the most serious thing there could be; horror bespeaks an existential-theological crisis about the soul of humanity that cries out desperately for some explanation, if not a solution. 'Society needs to crumble,' Marty says near the beginning of the film, before the madness of the upstairs plot has even begun. 'We're all just too chickenshit to let it.' Later in the film he is able to enact a small version of this dream when he and Dana hit a button labeled SYSTEM PURGE that flushes the facility's prison cells and brings about the end of the world. Whedon echoes this sentiment several times in the *Visual Companion*, from his claim that 'we deserve what we get ... I mean, you want a little bit to tear down these basic assumptions and start again' (Whedon and Goddard, 2012, p. 42) to his claim in the afterword that our drive for horror may in the end be 'why we need to be gotten rid of' (Whedon and Goddard, 2012, p. 172). The film's odd ending thus simultaneously suggests the political possibility of some Jameson-style utopian break from history's cycle of horrors⁶ and a nihilistic final judgment on the total impossibility of such a radical break and the ultimate moral unsuitability of humankind. When the Old Ones do rise to destroy the planet, after all, their monstrousness is

ultimately just our own; what finally rises from beneath the Cabin is not some ghastly, otherworldly tentacle but a human fist.

This chapter finds itself paired with essays on two similar works – *Game of Thrones* and *Watchmen* – whose political critiques similarly ask their audience to disidentify from the genre they are normally situated in: stop reading superhero comics, never watch another horror movie, stop fantasizing about a past of 'heroic fantasy' that was in reality predicated on violence, murder, slavery, rape, and boundless brutality. At their most utopian, these texts suggest that we might put these genres behind us forever and move on – even 'grow up,' and 'face reality' as *Watchmen* creator Alan Moore has frequently exhorted superhero fans.⁷ Whedon, for his part, seems to take this attitude towards *Cabin*; while Goddard, still at the start of his career as a director, tends to promote *Cabin* primarily as a great horror film, Whedon, having already established himself, tends to suggest it alternatively as the *last* horror film – the ultimate one, the very last one you will ever need to watch.⁸ What seems most utopian about these films is the idea that we might reject the generic corpus of which they are a part, disidentify, and simply walk away – and what is most anti-utopian about the texts is the seductive appeal of these works *even in the moment of their own self-denunciation*, the almost tragic tendency of fans to adore Rorschach, the Comedian, Westeros, and the Cabin *anyway*, to exult in precisely those ugly power fantasies that seem to be the intended objects of critique.

I have focused up to now on the extent to which *Cabin* is structured by ambivalence about its own status as creative act and as a bought-and-paid-for commodity – and on the possibility that its appropriation of tropes from the larger horror genre may ultimately not be *commentary* so much as mere repetition. What I want to turn my attention to now is the way the use of Lovecraft replicates and potentially solves this ambiguity on the level of epistemology; *Cabin* adapts from Lovecraft not merely a vivid set of narrative gimmicks but a theory of knowledge that structures the way the film is both written and received. The film's adaptation of Lovecraft, I will now suggest, points towards a solution to the otherwise irresolvable tension between identification and disidentification that has dominated the reception of

Cabin – precisely by shifting the locus of our critical inquiry from ethics to epistemology.

As noted above, the primacy of the foundation plot means all of *Cabin's* narrative is ultimately locatable within the logic of the 'Cthulhu mythos': that loose, transgenre set of horror texts concerning the radical monstrosity of the cosmos which originates in the 'weird fiction' of H.P. Lovecraft. The penetrative logic of *Cabin* reproduces Lovecraft's preoccupation with horrible cosmic secrets that are underneath (often literally downstairs from) the world of direct experience; one can trace the iconography of the *Cabin's* foundation level to such mythos stories as 'The Nameless City' or 'At the Mountains of Madness,' in which Lovecraft's narrators literally excavate the hidden substructures of terror running underneath our everyday world.⁹ Similarly, in Lovecraft and Lovecraftian fiction we find repeated suggestions (as in 'The Whisperer in Darkness') that there could be actually 'some actual historicity' for stories about demons and monsters (Lovecraft, 2013, p. 144) – as well as the paranoid Truman-Show-Delusion suggestion in the same story that the demonic alien Old Ones are watching us at all times, with spies among us manipulating our lives. But the central trope at work in *Cabin* and in the larger Lovecraft mythos is the vision of sleeping Old Ones, whose nightmarish awakenings will mean the end of all human values and institutions: 'Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn [*In his house at R'lyeh dread Cthulhu waits dreaming*]' (Lovecraft, 2013, p. 45).¹⁰ As with *Cabin's* approach to horror more generally, though, it would be better to say Whedon and Goddard are adapting a Lovecraftian *mood*, or *ethos*, rather than seeing them as adapting any one particular story.

Graham Harman, for whom Lovecraft is as much co-philosopher as beloved author, argues that the central trick of Lovecraft fiction is a kind of addition by subtraction: one shows the extremity of the Lovecraftian encounter with the incomprehensible and the infinite precisely by refusing to depict it. 'Rather than inventing a monster with an arbitrary number of tentacles and dangerous sucker-mouths and telepathic brains,' Harman writes, 'we must recognize that no such list of arbitrary weird properties is enough to do the trick. There must be some deeper and more malevolent principle at work in our

monsters that escapes all such definition' (Harman, 2013, p. 22). Thus it is, too, in the Director's monologue in *Cabin*:

What's happening to you is part of something bigger, something older. You've seen horror movies, an army of nightmare creatures, but they are nothing compared to what came before, what lies below. It is our task to placate the ancient ones. Forgive us, and let us get it over with.

We see this same refusal of knowledge earlier in the film as well; Brian White's whitecoat 'Truman' – who seems to be in his first day on the job at the facility – is repeatedly in the film admonished that 'being prepped is not the same as being prepared,' that indeed *nothing* can prepare him for what he is about to witness. Likewise, Lin (Amy Acker) resorts to this kind of negative theology when she characterizes the work of facility not as 'something out of nightmares' but 'something nightmares are from' – the unspecified and blank secret from which all our recognizable and cognizable fears emanate, and are but a pale shadow.

As Harman argues, the radical agnosticism of Lovecraftian fiction marks a kind of limit point for language, and for representation as such; he specifically notes that the Cthulhu sequence is almost definitionally unfilmable, because in film one must show the things Lovecraft says cannot be depicted (Harman, 2013, pp. 79--80). In Lovecraftian epistemology, Harman notes, 'no direct contact with the real object is possible' – and even the tiny sliver our brains are able to encounter 'still harbors unfathomed depths' (Harman, 2013, p. 238). The trick in *Cabin* is to show only the hand of one of the unfathomable supercosmic beasts, and that only for an instant.

In Michel Houellebecq's book-length celebration of Lovecraft, the inevitability of cognitive gaps in Lovecraft tokens the sublime immensity of cosmic scale as discovered by science in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (and in whose enormity our attempts to grasp cosmic totality still futilely labor). 'The universe is nothing but a furtive arrangement of elementary particles,' Houellebecq ventriloquizes:

The human race will disappear. Other races in turn will appear and disappear. The skies will be glacial and empty, traversed by the feeble light of half-dead stars. These too will disappear. Everything will disappear. ... As [Lovecraft himself] wrote in 1918, *'all rationalism tends to minimize the value and the importance of life, and to decrease the sum total of human happiness. In some cases the truth may cause suicidal or nearly suicidal depression.'* (Houellebecq, 2005, p. 32).

In a recent blog post, science fiction writer and critic Charles Stross makes a parallel observation: 'Lovecraft,' Stross writes, 'interpreted the expansion of his universe as a thing of horror, a changing cosmic scale factor that ground humanity down into insignificance' (Stross, 2013).¹¹ Cthulhu is enormous and incomprehensible because it stands in for a *cosmos* that we have found to be enormous and incomprehensible; it is monstrous to us because the universe in which humankind has been de-centered is utterly indifferent to our concerns, from whose perspective we can only perceive ourselves as dust. 'This abject universe where fear mounts in concentric circles, layer upon layer, until the unnamable is revealed, this universe where our only conceivable destiny is to be *pulverized* and *devoured*,' Houellebecq writes. 'It's clear why reading Lovecraft is paradoxically comforting to those souls who are weary of life' (Houellebecq, 2005, pp. 33--34). Cosmic time – not human history but evolutionary history, billions upon billions of years – is itself both the ultimate horror and the last remaining pleasure; hence the full title of Houellebecq's ecstatic treatment: *H.P. Lovecraft: Against the World, Against Life*.

Here the amusing proposal from an early focus test, that *Cabin* be renamed *You Never Know!* (Boucher, 2012), gains a new and darker register: it is not that we never know what bad surprises are lurking for us in the shadows, but precisely that we *can* never know, anything, ever. Lovecraft's cosmic horror is the claim that human experience falls radically short of any capacity to 'know' or represent the universe – instead, it re-inscribes for us the radical inadequacy of our cognitive powers in the face of the infinity of time and space. This is the answer to the paradox that both Harman and Houellebecq note, the paradox that has driven scholarship of *Cabin* as well – how is it that Lovecraft can pass so easily between comedy and tragedy (Harman, 2013, p. 49), how is it that 'we prefer this universe, hideous

as it is, to our own reality' (Houellebecq, 2005, p. 32), how is it that *Cabin* can be so bloody and so horrible and yet *fun*? 'I am so beastly tired of mankind and the world that nothing can interest me,' wrote Howard Phillips Lovecraft, 'unless it contains a couple of murders on each page or deals with the horrors unnamable and unaccountable that leer down from the external universe' (quoted. in Houellebecq, 2005, p. 27) – what Lovecraft and Lovecraftian works like *Cabin* seek to theorize is the limit of thought itself, a vertigo we experience as a longed-for self-annihilation: the sublime pleasure of the shiver.

Thus when Jerry Metz in *Slayage* criticizes the film as failing to achieve the 'liberating hipness' it seems to have promised us, because it is 'helplessly inseparable from its hodgepodge of genre formula, lacking even the grubby editorial attentions performed in a work "derivative" of a particular original,' what is one to say but 'yes, exactly?' The film 'spins in a loop ... like an imprisoned ghost' (Metz, 2014, p. 5) precisely because it adapts Lovecraft's radical rejection of human political and ethical concerns as its own epistemic foundation – beyond the play of conventions and clichés is a silent, yawning void which we cannot encounter and of which we cannot speak. Cthulhu names the absolute limit of what can be thought (linguistically, philosophically, narratively) and the absolute limit of what can be achieved (scientifically, ethically, politically, *cinematically*); in Lovecraft's terms Cthulhu is, for better or worse – and in almost all ways for worse – the end. Perhaps this is the secret behind Dana's smile as she says, 'I wish I could have seen them.' Perhaps her *jouissance* at the end of *Cabin* is not the hollow pleasure of postmodern irony, nor the cruel optimism of having chosen love over duty, nor the flash of utopia as it breaks through apocalyptic violence; it is instead the earnest, eager, death-drive pleasure of seeing your hunch that the world is an indescribable, incomprehensible nightmare prove true, the bitter laugh of having your pessimism finally and forever confirmed.

Notes

1. See Julie Sanders's *Adaptation and Appropriation* (2006).
2. 'Adaptation as appropriation is a study of audiences rather than authors, productions as ideologically rather than "artistically" driven' (Cartmell and Whelehan, 2010, p. 24).
3. In this respect the chapter enacts some of this drama of adaptation and appropriation itself, as it extends and reconsiders propositions I recently published in the *Cabin in the Woods* special issue of *Slayage: The Journal of the Whedon Studies Association*. This piece is in conversation with my earlier one, and portions of the analysis overlap; however, while that article focused primarily on the tension between utopian and apocalyptic fantasy in *Cabin*, this chapter is focalized instead on *Cabin's* intertextual practices of adaptation, particularly with respect to its appropriation of Lovecraft's 'Cthulhu mythos.'
4. The short, blood-drenched credit sequence that preceded Hadley and Sitterson's introduction and the scream-accompanied CABIN title suggests this primacy at the level of the film's editing.
5. The horror genre is reduced in this analysis to a multiplicity of facile narrative choices that ultimately make no genuine difference; in the end the same events will still happen at roughly the same time, indeed, hitting their beats in more or less the exact same three-act structure every time: the spooky unheeded warning, then boundless murder of the secondary characters, then the triumph or defeat of the final girl. Indeed, both the upstairs and downstairs plots in *Cabin* follow exactly this pattern.
6. See, especially, Jameson's *Archaeologies of the Future* (2005).
7. See, for instance, Alison Flood, 'Superheroes a "cultural catastrophe," says comics guru Alan Moore' (2014).
8. One moment in the DVD commentary captures this difference between the duo quite well: when Goddard claims that the mission of the film is novelty ('not doing all the same things, but honoring what has come before'), Whedon immediately corrects him: no, it's 'doing *all* the same things, doing every one of the same things we could do, but wrapping it around our own movie.' The first is a vision of reinvigorating a beloved genre; the second speaks instead to postmodern pastiche of a repetitive and predictable narrative form. Versions of this difference in perspective can be found in many of their interviews on *Cabin*.
9. The core Cthulhu stories have recently been collected in H.P. Lovecraft, *The Complete Cthulhu Mythos Tales* (2013).
10. The crucial difference is that in Lovecraft and in most Lovecraft-inspired stories, the cults are typically seeking to *wake* Cthulhu, while in Whedon and Goddard's much more ethically complicated version, our

suited anti-heroes are enacting a kind of preserving magic, trying to *keep Him sleeping*.

11. See also the headline of a recent *Los Angeles Review of Books* review of a Lovecraft anthology: 'To Understand the World Is To Be Destroyed By It: On H.P. Lovecraft.' (Nevins, 2013).

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