

**Enter an age of unknown terrors,
pagan worship and virgin sacrifice...**

Hallowe'en '93

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XENORAMA

THE JOURNAL of HEROES and MONSTERS



DINOSAURS!



DAVID
MCROBIE



IN-TAKES

And the fourth issue is a go! This issue we take a look at one of my favorite movie subjects... the DINOSAURS! These creatures have been a part of my life for as long as I can remember (Thanks Mom!) and so have a lot of these movies.

But first, a quick course in paleontology. Everyone knows what dinosaurs ARE, but not everyone is familiar with the terms. OK, the word "dinosaur" means "terrible lizard". It's latin or greek, I forget which. In fact, most dinosaur names are latin or greek. They were the most successful species to ever live on the earth. The dinosaurs and their kin reigned for over one hundred sixty million years, if not more on this planet. Not too bad for a species that didn't invent cars, guns, bombs or even digital wristwatches.

I am dedicating this issue of XENORAMA to Hal E. Roache Sr., who passed away late last year. Aside from being responsible for the Little Rascals, he produced the original ONE MILLION B.C., and had a hand in it's infinitely superior remake, ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C. He was responsible for a lot of good times when I was young.

This issue will only be dealing with "true" dinosaurs, the ones that actually existed. I'll save the irradiated beasties and their brethren for a later issue. This includes all of Toho's fake dinosaurs (Angilas, Varan, even Gorosaurus), the Rhedosaurus and the giant behemoth, and don't even think to see Gamera and his playmates. There are plenty of prehistoric potboilers with regular 'saurs out there. I've already got lined up ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (66), RETURN OF THE DINOSAURS, THE LOST CONTINENT (51), THE MIGHTY MIGHTOR, WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH and much more, plus the usual columns.

A lot of these movies have used stop-motion animation to breathe life into theses creatures. With the advent of the "morphing" and computer technology, a lot of people have said stop-motion is passe'. I hope not. Stop-motion, or dimensional animation gives a movie an unique look, and it would be sad indeed to think that this form of movie magic was gone. Besides, why ask for special effects if they aren't special? I don't dislike computer effects, but they shouldn't be the only type out there. It's a very

impersonal type of effect. One can always tell a Tsuburaya effect, or an O'Brien effect. But who does the Terminator stuff? How many did the JURASSIC PARK effects? It would be interesting to see a computer animated Godzilla, but not every time. Bleah. And bland.

DINOSAURS ARE popular movie sources. People wonder why. I think it's because they actually existed. We know they were here, on this planet. They were the most successful species ever, ruling well over 160 million years. There was also quite a variety of them. A lot. They looked cool, and we don't hardly know a thing about them. It's all subjective (the information, that is). Anyway, here's a smattering of what it's all about. Turn the page and enter....

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NOTE: The management reserves the right to end up the rights on this production because the audience is disturbed.

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2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 3168, 3169, 3170, 3171, 3172, 3173, 3174, 3175, 3176, 3177, 3178, 3179, 3180, 3181, 3182, 3183, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198, 3199, 3200, 3201, 3202, 3203, 3204, 3205, 3206, 3207, 3208, 3209, 3210, 3211, 3212, 3213, 3214, 3215, 3216, 3217, 3218, 3219, 3220, 3221, 3222, 3223, 3224, 3225, 3226, 3227, 3228, 3229, 3230, 3231, 3232, 3233, 3234, 3235, 3236, 3237, 3238, 3239, 3240, 3241, 3242, 3243, 3244, 3245, 3246, 3247, 3248, 3249, 3250, 3251, 3252, 3253, 3254, 3255, 3256, 3257, 3258, 3259, 3260, 3261, 3262, 3263, 3264, 3265, 3266, 3267, 3268, 3269, 3270, 3271, 3272, 3273, 3274, 3275, 3276, 3277, 3278, 3279, 3280, 3281, 3282, 3283, 3284, 3285, 3286, 3287, 3288, 3289, 3290, 3291, 3292, 3293, 3294, 3295, 3296, 3297, 3298, 3299, 3300, 3301, 3302, 3303, 3304, 3305, 3306, 3307, 3308, 3309, 3310, 3311, 3312, 3313, 3314, 3315, 3316, 3317, 3318, 3319, 3320, 3321, 3322, 3323, 3324, 3325, 3326, 3327, 3328, 3329, 3330, 3331, 3332, 3333, 3334, 3335, 3336, 3337, 3338, 3339, 3340, 3341, 3342, 3343, 3344, 3345, 3346, 3347, 3348, 3349, 3350, 3351, 3352, 3353, 3354, 3355, 3356, 3357, 3358, 3359, 3360, 3361, 3362, 3363, 3364, 3365, 3366, 3367, 3368, 3369, 3370, 3371, 3372, 3373, 3374, 3375, 3376, 3377, 3378, 3379, 3380, 3381, 3382, 3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 3549, 3550, 3551, 3552, 3553, 3554, 3555, 3556, 3557, 3558, 3559, 3560, 3561, 3562, 3563, 3564, 3565, 3566, 3567, 3568, 3569, 3570, 3571, 3572, 3573, 3574, 3575, 3576, 3577, 3578, 3579, 3580, 3581, 3582, 3583, 3584, 3585, 3586, 3587, 3588, 3589, 3590, 3591, 3592, 3593, 3594, 3595, 3596, 3597, 3598, 3599, 3600, 3601, 3602, 3603, 3604, 3605, 3606, 3607, 3608, 3609, 3610, 3611, 3612, 3613, 3614, 3615, 3616, 3617, 3618, 3619, 3620, 3621, 3622, 3623, 3624, 3625, 3626, 3627, 3628, 3629, 3630, 3631, 3632, 3633, 3634, 3635, 3636, 3637, 3638, 3639, 3640, 3641, 3642, 3643, 3644, 3645, 3646, 3647, 3648, 3649, 3650, 3651, 3652, 3653, 3654, 3655, 3656, 3657, 3658, 3659, 3660, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3665, 3666, 3667, 3668, 3669, 3670, 3671, 3672, 3673, 3674, 3675, 3676, 3677, 3678, 3679, 3680, 3681, 3682, 3683, 3684, 3685, 3686, 3687, 3688, 3689, 3690, 3691, 3692, 3693, 3694, 3695, 3696, 3697, 3698, 3699, 3700, 3701, 3702, 3703, 3704, 3705, 3706, 3707, 3708, 3709, 3710,

THE LOST CONTINENT of 1951 REVISITED

by David McRobie, lost reporter

"No Country can survive when it loses the respect of its own people or the world." Mike Rustoff

This is your basic scientist finding a lost plateau movie, but instead of having wonderfully inept effects, it has some neat stop-motion dinosaurs. This is rare, because it was NOT done by either Willis O'Brien or Ray Harryhausen. For a long time I never thought I'd see this movie, then it popped up on cable on night, around three in the morning. Brock and I stayed up and watched it, and talked all the way through it. I then again never thought I'd see it again, but I found it available on home video, and very inexpensive, too. It's very important to look through all those videos at your local K-Mart.

This is a wonderful little movie, starring Caesar Romero [TV Batman's Joker, as if none of you knew!] as the hero, and Beaver's dad Hugh Beaumont, John Hoyt, and Aquanetta. Fortunately, there isn't one of the [usually] useless romantic triangle subplots to clutter up the story. This is a welcome relief.

This team is sent after a lost rocket [courtesy of ROCKET SHIP X-M] which has crashed with some special equipment. Fearing the "other side" may get to it first, our government wastes no time in sending our heroes after the rocket. Unfortunately, the plane goes out of control and crashes on the same island! What a break for the guys.

After finding the rocket has crashed on the natives taboo island, our intrepid band sets off to climb the plateau, and they should prepare to run into some dinosaurs.

The first animal they run into is NOT a dinosaur, but an enlarged lizard. Now I don't mind this, because none of these scientists say it's a dinosaur. And it just kinda' wanders through the set.

The next creature to make an appearance is our favorite, the Apatosaurus [here called Brontosaurus], who is shown quite accurately eating the tops of trees, instead of being in the bottom of a swamp, which was the current belief at the time. This particular critter has a rather nasty disposition, as it attacks the group. Maybe it was having a bad day.

A spike fringed Triceratops then shows up, and has a bloody [AND HOW!] battle with another Triceratops. Then, at the climax of the movie, it kills the annoying comic relief. YAY!!

Our final prehistoric animal is a vastly oversized pterodactyl. These were no larger than a chicken, but most movies have them huge. At least it doesn't have bat wings.

I find that this movie is quite accurate in its portrayal

of the dinosaurs. The animation is, of course, not O'Brien or Harryhausen level, but it's very nice. The production values are quite nice, the music [by Paul Dunlap] is well done and the sets are great. I would love to visit this "plateau", properly prepared, of course.

I just want to know one thing... how do the survivors get rescued? What with Aquanetta there, I'm not sure that I would want to be.

THE LOST CONTINENT A 1951 Lippert Production

producer: Sigmund Neufeld

director: Sam Newfeld

writer: Richard H. Landau

music: Paul Dunlap

starring:

Caesar Romero

John Hoyt

Hugh Beaumont

Whit Bissell

Hilary Brooke

Aquanetta

THE MIGHTY MIGHTOR, prehistoric superhero

by David McRobie, tribe scribe

The MIGHTY MIGHTOR made his debut on CBS as part of the MOBY DICK AND THE MIGHTY MIGHTOR cartoon show. It was part of the great superhero explosion of the mid sixties where the heroes were everywhere, even in cave man times, which was fortunate, because this tribe sure needed Mightor!

Mightor was actually Tor, a teenaged caveboy who was given a magic club from an ancient hermit to use to give himself and his pet "dinosaur" [I use quotes because this animal was far closer to a dragon than a dinosaur] Toq superhuman powers when needed. And as I said, these were needed frequently, in these wild prehistoric times.

Because not only were there many dinosaurs to protect the tribe from, but also the likes of the Serpent Queen, Brutor the Barbarian, the Giant Hunters, Tyrannor, Korg and many more invaders, would be conquerors and worst of all, some annoying small children. Most annoying of all was Li'l Rok, the son of Chief Pondo. He got in the worst trouble, and needed a paddling in the worst way. I don't know if this ever happened, but I sure wish I could've seen it. Li'l Rok was accompanied by his pet bird, Ork, who had more sense than the brat. These two, in times of trouble would don Mightor masks and run straight at danger. Of course, Mightor would show up, and save the kid, but only after the masks fell over his eyes, so Rok thought he did the daring deed. I remembered Mightor, but this kid was eminently forgettable. I would've dumped this kid into a live volcano when no one was looking.

Li'l Rok had a sister, Sheera, who was also Tor's girlfriend, even though she preferred Mightor. But then, she couldn't figure out who Mightor was, even



though he ran around with Toq, and CALLED HIM BY THAT NAME. Hello? SHEERA? Anyone home? I didn't think so. Tor would've been better off without her. SHE TREATED him like dirt.

As for Mightor himself, he was pretty neat. A no nonsense kind of guy, he did his job and left. He had a vast array of powers, including flight with or without the magic club. I think he had a little dimensional pocket to keep his club in, too, as it disappeared occasionally. It also returned to him when he through it at an enemy. Pretty handy. His transformation sequence was well done. He would hold the club up and yell "M-I-I-I-CHTOR!" and he and Toq would be transformed. Indeed, this sequence was so well done that Filmation Studios completely ripped it off for their insipid HE-MAN series. In fact, they stole the entire idea, even turning SHEERA into SHE-RA. Too bad none of the sense of adventure was stolen.

Incidentally, the club must have given Mightor the ability to converse with people from the future, as he had no problem talking to Space Ghost when S.G. was thrown back in time.

Mightor was created by Alex Toth, the genius behind most of the Hanna-Barbara super creations. The show ran on CBS from 9/6/67 to 9/6/69 before entering syndication heaven. Now it can be seen on the Cartoon Network.



THE RETURN OF THE DINOSAURS
A glimpse of a hidden Tsuburaya TREASURE
by David McRobie, viewable TREASURE

As habit, I always check out the children's section of any video store that I venture into, looking for hidden gems and treasures. More often than not, I can find something interesting, and this time I found this tape, a compilation of BORN FREE DINOSAUR EXPEDITION. This was a series I'd heard about for years, and had always wanted to see it because it didn't use men in suits, but actual dimensional or stop-motion animation. I understand that production costs forced Tsuburaya Pros. back to men in suits later on in the series, but this cassette is all animation. However, all the human characters were done in cartoon animation. Therefore, it is an experiment in live action effects [explosions, vehicles and such], stop motion dinosaurs and animated humans. Unfortunately, due to the American handling of the series, it's mostly an interesting failure.

The story is somewhat similar to ATTACK OF THE SUPERMONSTER [aka DINOSAUR HUNTER AIZENBORG also a compilation tape released in English], except there the dinosaurs are controlled by an evil entity. Here they are just dinosaurs, probably sorry they got woken up by that blasted comet that wandered too close to the Earth. It caused catastrophic changes and brought long dormant plants and animals back to life. The Dinosaur Patrol is sent to relieve any stray dinosaurs and relocate them to an island [Dinosaur Island?] where they can be studied without harming themselves or so-called civilization.

The bulk of this tape deals with the Patrol trying to rescue an Apatosaurus [again called Brontosaurus] and her adorable little baby. This small creature has the only real personality in the entire tape. These two sauropods are threatened by first an Allosaurus and then of course a Tyrannosaurus Rex. Just once I'd like to see a movie where the Rex is a hero. Comics did it with Jack Kirby's DEVIL DINOSAUR, why not movies? Movies are notoriously behind comics, though, by and large.

Anyway, the dubbing is atrocious. It rivals even LEGEND OF THE DINOSAURS for ineptness. It ruins what would otherwise be a fun tape. The alleged "actors" don't seem to be interested in giving the characters any semblance of emotion, or intelligence [that could be the writers fault, though.] and so we as viewers don't ever care what happens to them. I found myself hoping that either of the theropods would eat these humans. At least they weren't out to kill the animals. Since the original series was released in 76-77, this attitude seems to be ahead of it's time. I do applaud them for that. But that is minimal, considering how poorly this taped is handled. And it's not the fault of the source. I'm starting to think there's a conspiracy to prevent any Japanese live action fantasy from reaching a larger audience. Somebody tell me how to contact Oliver Stone, quick!

All in all, it's a pretty interesting tape, and definitely worth a look. Rent this if you are looking for something decidedly different from Tsuburaya Studios. It's not ULTRAMAN, but what is?

RETURN OF THE DINOSAURS
A Tsuburaya Production released
by Associates Entertainment Int. in 1983
directed by Larry Smith
animation by: Haruyuki Kawshina
special effects by: Koichi Takano



JOURNEY
TO THE BEGINNING OF TIME



YEAR'S SUPER-TERROR SHOW!
THE FANTASTIC WAR OF THE GIANT FIRE MONSTERS!



GIGANTIS
THE FIRE MONSTER
A CAST OF THOUSANDS!
Headlums From
Another World on a
Rag-Tan Rampage
"Teenagers from Outer Space"

THE LAND UNKNOWN

A SAFE HAVEN FOR DINOSAURS

AS SEEN BY David McRobie

Again, blessings be to the Sci-Fi Channel for bringing this movie back to the masses. I never saw this but for pictures in various late, lamented monster mags of the seventies. Now that I have it on tape, it's a great little pulp-type movie, worthy of addition to anyone's dino-video library. Let's watch!

The movie has all the requirements of a pulp novel, the two macho heroes, the requisite beautiful women, an extra scientist or two and a mysterious menace when they get to ...THE LAND UNKNOWN!

Of course, the women in pulps were usually no more than devices to get the heroes in and out of danger, and also to fight over who "gets" her at the conclusion of the story. However, this movie avoids that, plus the cliché of the weak woman who abounds in most of the fifties' monster efforts. As portrayed by Shawn Smith, Margaret Hathaway is a strong vibrant woman who faces the dinosaurs with unusual calm, at least at the start. She even takes matters into her own hands when a sacrifice is needed to repair the helicopter. Course, her boyfriend Cmdr. Harold Roberts [Jock Mahoney] has something to say about that. But she is no shrinking violet. But enough about the people! Let's get to the real stars of the movie!

As our heroes fly along over the South Pole, a pterosaur swoops down and nearly collides with the 'copter. This causes stress on, well, some engine part [I couldn't hear what broke] and down they go. I call it by the family name of pterosaur because it's one of the flying lizards movies put together out of several different reptiles. It's the size of a Pteranodon [about 27' across] but looks like a Dimorphodon [about 3' across]. But it could have evolved that big.

Anyway, they next encounter some footage of two real lizards fighting. This is cruel and very unpleasant to watch. I believe it was from ONE MILLION BC, and yuk. I hated this part. Animals should never be put in pain for our amusement. Then one of the lizards sees our intrepid little band and sets off after them. However, when it gets close enough to be excellently matted into the set, it turns into another lizard. Ah, the perils of stock footage.

Then, the most dangerous dinosaur they encounter shows up... the dreaded Stiffasaurus Rex! I mean Tyrannosaurus Rex! Actually, the costume is quite decent [I must say], it's eyes move, the mouth drools and opens, but it's so immovable! I can't imagine being really scared by this. But it's the representation of an unstoppable force of nature. OK. I can work with that. Anyway, the beast is afraid of the whirling copter blades and doesn't ever get too close.

The actual true menace of the picture is the plesiosaur, which some have dubbed 'flippersaurus' because only the front two flippers appear. The rear flippers are obviously underwater, making this animal most probably an Elasmosaurus. It is far more dangerous looking than the Rex. In fact, in its brief screen time it is scarier and more effective than the star of LEGEND OF THE DINOSAURS, another alleged plesiosaur [who I hesitate to call it that].

One of the neatest things about this movie is that the Land Unknown does NOT sink, blow up or in any other way get destroyed at the end of the movie. I don't know if the producers were as sequel-minded in those days as they are now, but this one was definitely ready for it. There are plans made to go back at the end. Plus, there's no comedy relief in the form of a mechanic from "da Bronx."

The sets are all well done, very atmospheric. This is a place I would love to visit. All the mattes and miniatures are also well done. I was almost convinced that the helicopter was real, a tribute to the model maker. The one thing that would make this movie truly superior viewing would be if it was shown in its original theater screen ratio. AND if the Rex had been just a little more limber...

OH! I almost forgot. During their stay in the Land Unknown, our intrepid explorers find a cute little furry creature, who is proclaimed to be one of our ancestors. He was supposed to be more advanced than the dinosaurs because he had stereoscopic vision. Well, most of the theropods of the Cretaceous period had stereoscopic vision, too. But, later, when little cute fuzzy runs away from the first Rex attack, it gets eaten by a huge carnivorous plant! YES! So much for the superiority of stereoscopic vision.

Hey, I've talked enough about THE LAND UNKNOWN. Go visit it.

THE LAND UNKNOWN produced by Universal-International in 1957

producer: William Alland

director: Virgel Vogel

screenplay: Laslo Gorog

music supervision: Joseph Gershenson

SPFX: Fred Knott

Orien Ernest

Jack Kevan

starring:

Jock Mahoney

Shawn Smith

William Reynolds

William Brandon

This Tyrannosaurus obviously didn't stay in the Antarctic. He swam out and to the Virgin Islands for our next feature...

[Editor's note: due to space limitations, the next review, DINOSAURUS had to be cut. Sorry. It'll be in the next dino issue.]

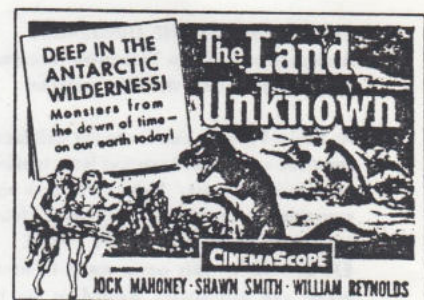
LIVING SKYSCRAPERS OF
STONE THUNDERING
ACROSS THE
EARTH!



GRANT WILLIAMS - LOLA ALBRIGHT

LES TREMAYNE - PHIL HARVEY - TREVOR BARDETTE

UFA A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



THE CINEMATIC VOYEUR

D is for Deinos

By the time you read this we will have a new president.

How do I know? I have no proof, nothing that can guarantee this statement. But I do have common sense and an uninfluenced sense of perception.

Common sense tells me it won't be Bush.

My sense of perception toward the bias of the allegedly objective news media in general tells me it will be the man from the state known for its chicken plucking gang-bangs, toxic waste dumping, boiled peanuts and possibly the origin of the saying 'this is what happens when cousins marry.'

Something else tells me I'm right.

Incidentally, does anyone who can pry themselves from the one-eyed wonder know which way is up on the liberal totem pole of politics? And is there any way to stop all that wailing and whining? THEY will in control and THEY are unhappy? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Regardless of who is president, a monstrous task lies ahead. And speaking of monsters, that brings me in a vague manner to the subject du jour.

Before I do, a few things that piled up since last time:

- * Hal Roach passed away at the age of one hundred. Next time you laugh, think of him, the mirth master of movies, present and past.
- * For reasons my pea-size lint-attracting brain fails to fathom, I have been receiving catalogs of movies now available on videotape and laser disc. A few of them are:
 - * Laserdisc Fan Club: 1-800-322-2285 for a free (yes, free) catalog;
 - * Facets Video Catalog #12: 1-800-331-6197;
 - * Pacific Arts: 1-800-538-5856.
- * I know. I said I would talk about George Lucas this time. Hang on. It's coming. Eventually. Maybe. Possibly. Probably.

Now, having covered that, are you ready? Good. Then stop being a Cimierian*, pull up a crate, hunker down here with me beneath the sickly yellow glow of the forty-watt humming overhead, crack open a six-pack of some health-endangering overpriced refreshment you picked up at the Squeeze-N-Screw, shove a handful of some preservative-laden junk into the orifice you call a mouth, and let's begin.

Reel time, as Sagan says, is millyuns and millyuns of years ago.

The sun is just beginning to rise. Mist covers the peat-like ground as something big and nasty in the distance breaks wind.

As a gentle breeze laced with the odor of sulfur wafts over us and our eyes water uncontrollably, we find ourselves in the year--oh, well, forget that, since the measurement of time is a concept as foreign as deodorant.

The big and nasty has the vapors again. We turn and run blindly, trying to escape the spreading odor, tripping over molding logs, falling in bogs, getting our faces caught in the thick webs of prehistoric arachnoids, their heavy shapes defined by the morning dew that sends chills down our spines as we come face to face with carrion trapped within.

We break free, continue running, falling, as strange noises like staggering heartbeats are heard. You trip. Blood pours forth as volcano erupts, it gray ash turning the yellow orange sky a blood red.

The strange noises become coherent, become a rhythm, become the sound of tympani drums, matching the steps of big and nasty.

Birds the size of small airplanes fly by, ripping at us with long talons, missing, their screams ghost-like in the shrouded treetops filled with creatures undefined. One turns, riding the wind from the sea, coming back.

You slip, cracking your head against a tree extinct in modern times thanks to the efforts of a politically correct political collective called Wise Use Movement (WUM) as I leap a fresh crevice in the ground, the growl of an earthquake reaching, steam obscuring the hole.

Then, as we find our backs to rock, big and nasty lumbers forth. Big? Yes. Nasty? If size is a factor along with our respective soiled undies, yes.

Big and nasty stops several yards away, a fissure appearing in the ground with each step, its tail swinging slowly back and forth, decimating small creatures.

Certain death is upon us, that there is no escape from this hideous mouth reeking of fresh carrion, we pause as the ever annoying Energizer rabbit--

WAIT A MINUTE!

Energizer rabbit?

By the time you read this the beast we believe extinct--the dinosaur--will have returned.

Before he died, Jim Henson, the creator of Kermit The Frog, laid the groundwork for a program called DINOSAURS; simple and self-explanatory.

Or is it?

Dinosaur. Strange word. It comes from the Greek 'Deinos' meaning terrible and 'saurus' meaning lizard.

Deinossaurus. Over time, and as is the practice in English, we bastardized it to 'dinosaur.'

Reel time, 60 million B.C. And the towel, if you please.

DINOSAURS, the tee-vee show, as anyone who watches the boob-tube ritualistically knows, is about an extended somewhat dysfunctional family consisting of a mother, a father, 2.0 children, an unexpected second family (The Baby 'gotta love me') and a wheelchair bound antagonistic pseudo-Jewish grandmother who escaped certain doom in the prehistoric sludge, and how they deal with the day-to-day problems of life.

Or is it?

Look closer. A little more. A little more.

What do you see?

The Sinclair Family, a humble clan of middle-of-the-road reptilians, believe themselves to be at the top of the prehistoric food chain. They believe themselves to be superior to all other life forms on this, the single continent.

Sound familiar? (For the slow of thought, look in the mirror. Get it? Got it? Good.)

And, in their quest for domination, they are systematically destroying the world on which they live, courtesy of The WeSaySo Corporation, a faceless Machiavellian** monopoly whose only concern is the financial bottom line.

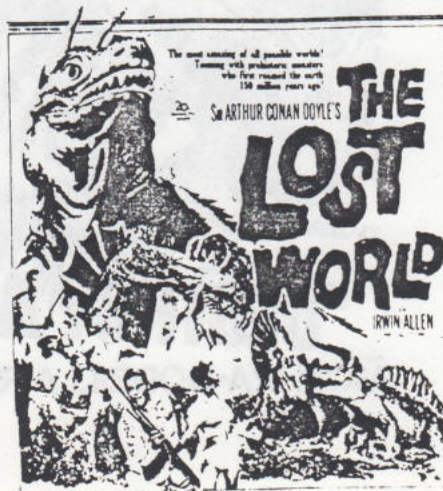
Is this art reflecting life or life reflecting art?

When I first heard that Jim Henson was creating a prime-time show I let out a groan so loud it scared the dog next door. After all, SESAME STREET aired twice a day on, as they say, another network, and I can take only so much of its Pollyannish programs before I puke. ('It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood. The neighborhood, the neighborhood. Won't you be my neighbor? Please, won't you be...my neighbor? Hey, neighbor, can you say sociologicalpsychoparalysis? How about biogenetic warfare?')

But, being the good-natured noodle I am, I watched the first show without much of a fight.

It's good for the soul to be wrong now and again.

On the surface, DINOSAURS, in its first season, was a show for the entire family. No sex, violence, heads exploding, whores being butchered, or colorful metaphors. No heavy-handed messages forced down my throat like dated castor oil. No mindless tits and ass wiggling in my face or obligatory beaver shots.



CREATURE
FEATURE

Now go past the surface. Open your mind's eye and look beyond the obvious.

What do you see? That, my couch potatoians, is beyond scary. Beyond terrifying.

Contrary to what you may initially believe, this was not comedy. This was not a weekly docu-drama. This was not even dramedy. This, my Medicean*** mammals, was reelity (not reality) with a capital R.

This was life, wrapped up with a pink bow and deposited weekly on your video doorstep for, as a certain fellow named Serling once said, your consideration in the form of the nuclear family of the early '90s:

Earl, the overweight working-class plaid shirt dullard of a father who tries to do his best in raising and providing for a family of once two children, now three in a constantly changing world;

Fran, the always stable common sense mother who represents the sandwich generation of souls. On the one hand she has her mother, Ethel, the curmudgeonous old bat whose sole purpose in life it seems is to find fault with everyone and everything. On the other, three children, two of one generation, one of another, who demand everything and give little in return;

Robbie, the rebellious would-be politically correct teen-age son who wants the world to be rose-colored perfect, and who fails to realize it will never be so;

Charlene, the just-becoming-a-teen-age daughter who thinks life is nothing more than pretty earrings and expensive clothes, who wants more than she deserves and who, with assumably only two brain cells, thinks she is the center of the known world;

Baby 'gotta love me' Sinclair (does this kid have a name?) whose purpose in life is to beat his father Earl 'not the Mamma' with a frying pan, crying in his high voice 'gotta love me, I'm da baby' all the while terrorizing and frustrating those around him--the symbol of Yuppies;

Roy 'the playboy' Hess, Earl's best friend and fellow tree pusher. Like Earl, he seems to lack in the areas of intellect and finesse. Yet, in the times of crisis, provides the needed sage advice to make things right once more;

Mr. Richfield, Earl and Roy's boss, the terror of the working world and Ethel's alter-ego, who represents the WeSaySo Corporation, the beast of financial beasts that revels in holding Earl, Roy, and their cohorts under its corporate thumb.

Unfortunately, as tee-vee shows tend to go, DINOSAURS evolved yes, evolved). By its second season, DINOSAURS had found an audience. One large enough it was a sure thing this once enjoyable show would not be cancelled by the living, breathing WeSaySo Network

called ABC. Consequently, DINOSAURS became more than just a show with a subtle message for the viewing masses; it became more than just--pardon my language--bubble gum for brain. It became, like so many others before and so many others to come, a soapbox from which its creator (now Brian Henson, the son of the late great Jim Henson) could espouse his ever PC views. It became everything a family show should not be.

Heavy-handed. Serious. And no longer fun.

Don't misunderstand. Please, in these hyper-sensitive times when even a misplaced punctuation mark can send a special-interest group screaming into the ever-darkening night hands a'wringing, don't misunderstand. Everyone is entitled to their opinions, beliefs, values, morals, ethics and standards. The Constitution assures that. But when a show like DINOSAURS begins as fun, it should remain fun.

Maybe we, as a race, could learn something from this as well.

Maybe we, the Deinossaurus--the terrible lizards--of our times, should take note of our errors, our evolution. Our seriousness. Before it's too late. Before we become, like the Sinclair family, extinct.

As essayist Bruno Bettelheim wrote: Any vision about the future is really based on visions of the past, because that is all we can know for certain.

Think about it.

Until next time, with towel in hand, my feet on the ground, and my head in the clouds.

James P. Hess

* Cimmerian. One of a mythical people described by Homer as dwelling in a realm of mist and gloom. SEE ALSO: People of the United States of America, late 20th century.

** Machiavellian. Of or pertaining to the Florentine statesman Niccolo Machiavelli (1469-1527), or relating to his political theories, esp. to the doctrine that any means, however unscrupulous or immoral, may be justifiably employed by a ruler or head of state in order to maintain a central government body of a given political slant. SEE ALSO: The Clinton Administration (1993-?).

***Medicean. Of or pertaining to a Florentine family, the Medici, of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries who believed themselves to be the bravest, the most intellectual, the most invincible of their time. They were eventually disposed for this arrogance. SEE ALSO: The Clinton Administration (1993-?)

[NOTE: Although Hess will not reveal who he voted for, he does admit that from time to time when the moon is full, the night sky is clear, and he has had one grape nehi too many, he hunts bleeding-heart liberals, wacking them soundly on the nose with a rolled-up copy of William F. Buckley's National Review and reading passages from Rush Limbaugh's book The Way Things Ought To Be to those who claim this as cruel and unusual punishment for their life styles.]

10 DINOSAURS (CC) 59061

Feeling a need to have a job outside the home, Fran goes to work at a halfway house for amphibians, leaving Earl to take over the household day shift. (Repeat)

GODZILLA attacks New York!
 RODAN devastates Moscow!
 MANDA obliterates London!
 and MOTHRA smashes Peking!

Is this the war-cry that will save the world...

"DESTROY ALL MONSTERS"

COLOR. BERKEY-PATHÉ

MOTHRA GODZILLA RODAN MANDA

AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

When Dinosaurs Ruled My Earth
by Brock McDaniel

"The planes of their lives interlocked at oblique angles,
fragments of personal myths fusing with the dictates
of the commercial cosmologies."
-J.G. Ballard, 1966

In the world I lived in as a five-year-old, dinosaurs were far from extinct. On the outskirts of my neighborhood, hidden from adults and bullies, there wound a dark green creek. Towering god-like over that damp abode, I would unleash, from a paper bag, my prized pets: brontosaurus, struthiomimus, ankylosaurus, iguanodon, et al. - a whole stampede of prehistoric animals!

Seen through more cynical eyes, I would've been viewed as a muddy little kid floppin' around in a drainage ditch full of plastic toys. But sitting there by myself, soaked clothes and all, I saw myself as host to a holy revival... the resurrection of a wondrous species that deserved a better end than it got. Dinosaurs, you see, were more than a hobby to me. They were my friends. Moreover, they were a reflection of myself: an eager, if somewhat imperiled young creature, wandering awestruck through an ever expanding and hostile world.

It was, therefore, an occasion of great excitement when my parents announced, one cooling sun summer evening, that we'd be going to the drive-in to see a dinosaur movie! The film was called *When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth* (1970) - a title which thrilled me to no end - and it was co-billed with an extinction flick of an altogether different sort called *The Omega Man* (1970).

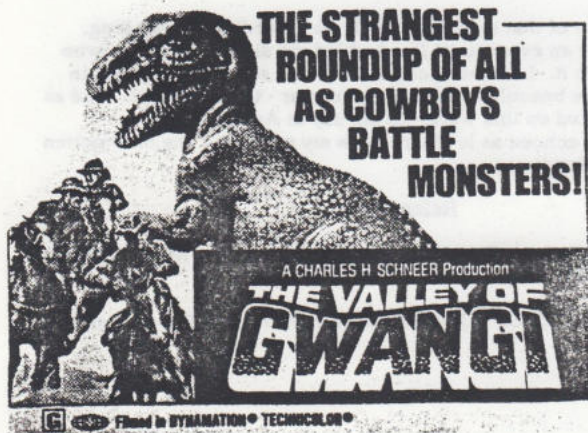
We popped our own corn, filled the car with gas, and set out for what promised to be an evening of non-stop prehistoric excitement. The projectionist, alas, had other ideas. For some rotten reason, he/she decided to show *The Omega Man* first. So, while Charlton Heston clenched his teeth, and civilization screeched to a halt, I fell - dreaming of dinosaurs - fast asleep in the back of our old Volkswagen.

Through the years, growing up, *When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth* haunted me. I read every magazine article and book passage concerning its production that I could find, and even purchased (for \$2.95 - no small sum for a 12 year old in 1978) the three-minute, Super8 condensation of the movie from Ken Films. Yet, somehow, the full feature eluded me. A two-decade search through every weekly *TV Guide* proved to no avail, and there seemed little hope of a theatrical re-release.



Fortunately, the home video revolution came thundering (if a bit slowly) to my emotional rescue. In 1991, Warner Brothers excavated the movie from their vaults and deposited an excellent print of it on both videotape and laserdisc. Finally, more than twenty years after my ill-fated trip to the drive-in, I saw *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*. It was, sweetly, well worth the wait.

Produced by England's Hammer Films Studios as a follow-up to their successful *One Million Years B.C.* (1966; featuring deliciously demonic creatures by Dynamator Ray Harryhausen), *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* is - at once - both similar to, and an extension of, its predecessor. The basic premise, designed by writer J. G. Ballard (his name is misspelled in the credits) is virtually the same as that of the Harryhausen film (albeit with the gender roles reversed): beautiful blonde Sanna (Victoria Vetri) is unfortunate enough to belong to the overly superstitious Rock Tribe. As she is about to be sacrificed to a Sun-God by self-righteous male elders (Question: have men always been like this? Answer: sadly, it seems, yes), a giant fiery fragment breaks away from the star and Mother Moon is born. Amidst the chaos, Sanna escapes, and eventually finds her way to the seaside encampment of the Sand Tribe. It is there that she meets and falls in love with Tara (Robin Hawdon), a rugged, yet sensitive, fisherman. Their courtship is short-lived, however, as warriors from the Rock Tribe soon arrive. These soldiers convince the leaders of the Sand Tribe that Sanna is responsible for the recent bad weather. Thus, with a joint posse of Rock/Sand tribesman in close pursuit, the young lovers go on the run. Along the way, Sanna and Tara encounter a multitude of primeval monsters. Finally, after much struggle and strife, our heroes escape to a peaceful new life on their own.



Despite its parallels to *One Million Years B.C.*, the story for *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* is not as well constructed. The film, though only 98 minutes, contains such an unrelenting amount of action and plot twists that it sometimes becomes confusing. Having said that, a great deal of effort was obviously put into the film (it took over two years to complete), and production shines in all departments.

Director Val Guest (who has been very critical of the movie in interviews) moves the plot along nicely (though, as mentioned before, a little too quickly at times) and makes effective use of exotic Canary Island locations. His lead actors, both quite young when the picture was made, are sincere and compelling in their performances as the Stone Age couple. Victoria Vetri's Sanna is a spicy blend of sweetness and defiance, while Robin Hawdon brings a gentle strength to his role as Tara. Often dismissed by critics of the film, these two thespians nonetheless succeed in gaining audience empathy for what are basically inarticulate characters (no English dialogue is spoken by the cavepeople in the film).



PAUL CHRISTIAN • PAULA RAYMOND • CECIL KELLANWAY
KENNETH TOBEY • JACK PERRINCK • LOU MONROE and FRED FREDERICKS
Sponsored by G.F. BROADBENT
SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mario Nascimbene, who also composed the music for *One Million Years B.C.*, underlines *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* with a most unusual score. Initially, his romantic main theme seems ill-suited for a caveman flick. As the picture unfolds into a sort of prehistoric *Romeo and Juliet*, however, Nascimbene's work reveals itself as clear and thoughtful. Less primitive-sounding than the music in *One Million Years B.C.*, the leitmotif here reflects the screenplay's suggestion of social and cultural evolution - the inevitable byproducts of the need for compassion and communication (indeed, the film is full of scenes involving sex, art, and incunabular language). Love, this story confirms, outlasts even the harshest obstacles, be they colossal reptiles, religious fanatics or, well, pick your favorite menace.



My faves, of course, have always been dinosaurs, and - as the title promises - this movie is full of 'em. Created by effects artist Jim Danforth (with help from sculptor Roger Dicken and assistant animator David Allen), the behemoths in *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* are among the most astonishing to ever emerge from cinematic prehistory. Ranging from cute (a baby dinosaur befriended by Sanna), to horrific (a cave-dwelling Chasmasaur) and sublime (the amazing stop-motion animated mother of the aforementioned baby), Danforth's critters infuse the film with a sense of awe and mystery. Whether it be a flying reptile, an angry sea serpent, or a slew of bull-sized crabs, the viewer is never more than a few minutes away from another fiendish surprise. There are, in fact, so many monsters in this movie, that it is amazing to learn that the producers actually wanted more. A scene involving giant ants, among other ideas, was scrapped due to time and budget considerations. As is, the final film is a brilliant display of Danforth's work. In fact, his visual effects were nominated for a 1971 Academy Award (the '71 Disney fantasy *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* went home with the Oscar).

Since then, *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth* has fallen into obscurity, although the success of this year's overrated *Jurassic Park* (an effort which is, in my opinion, inferior to either of the Hammer dinosaur pictures) may lead to a much-deserved rebirth. In the meantime, both the film and Jim Danforth can claim a delighted and devoted cult of admirers. Indeed, at last May's "Famous Monsters of Filmland Convention" in Arlington, Virginia, I joined several hundred other fans in an auditorium to hear Mr. Danforth talk about the making of this very special movie.

The wonderful irony of that situation struck me immediately. My long, frustrating quest for an evanescent film had led me directly to a man who had helped to create it. Like me, Jim Danforth had sought to repopulate the world with those beautiful beasts of yesteryear - the dinosaurs. And as he spoke to the crowd on that warm Spring day in Arlington, his impassioned words echoed as lovely roars in my memory... the unforgotten voices of age-old friends.

References:

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AN EASY-TO-USE REFERENCE

AN EASY-TO-USE REFERENCE of prehistoric words and phrases designed for traveling back into time WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH.

It was a time plagued by fear; both of natural forces and inner motivations. It was an all-consuming drive for the skin-clad women and savage men to stay alive, so only a small vocabulary developed. But, as you will see in the writer-director, Val Guest's film, a word means much more than a single thought. Like today, the passions of life needed little verbal interpretation WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH.

Drawings were found on the walls of ancient caves which symbolize the limited vocabulary. They indicate that touch and other physical contact played a most important part in personal communications. So, please keep this in mind when grunting to your mate the following phrases from WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH.

CAVEMAN'S VOCABULARY

Negative	The same
No	Do this
Nothing	Copy me
Nowhere	Here
Positive	There
Yes	Look
Something	See
To make amends	T'ammo
To repair	Help
To do penance	Mercy
N'dino	Please
Come on!	Forgive me
They're coming	Greetings
Coming!	So be it
Quickly	Go there
Fast	Go
Continue	Tomorrow
Go on	In the future
Krasta	M'dana
Stop!	Thank you
Come back!	Thanks
Neecha!	Bad
M'kan	Evil
Mata	Moon
Dead	Sun
Stand by	Monster
On guard	Dinosaur
Take care	Osor
Us	Pterodactyl
Me	Flying Monster
Mine	Tedak
Them	Lift up
You	Raise
Yours	Higher up
All of you	Up
Udala	Boats
Gone	Craft
Left	Where?
Disappeared	What?
Zak	Where are you?
Sea	Wandi?
Water	
Salta	



T'ammo! (Something)



Tedak m'kan (Kill flying monster)



Kayera (On guard)

Meanwhile, at the newsstand on the corner of Main and Xenia in downtown Xenoville...

XENOVILLE'S KORNER

I had originally meant to review a variety of dinosaur related magazines and comics, but there are SO MANY of them out now that it is a pointless exercise. So now I have some other stuff to review. Beauty.

ADVENTURES OF A-GIRL is by Elizabeth Watasin and costs a dollar. The "A" stands for "a-sexual" and other things, we are told, that will be revealed later. Issue two is out, but I haven't seen it. I thoroughly enjoyed #1. The humor is gentle, and funny. Her adverts look as though she has progressed as an artist and I look forward to issue two, where A-Girl will be continuing her adventure in Japan. Order it from Elizabeth Watasin, 137 So. San Fernando Blvd. #231, Burbank, CA, 91502.

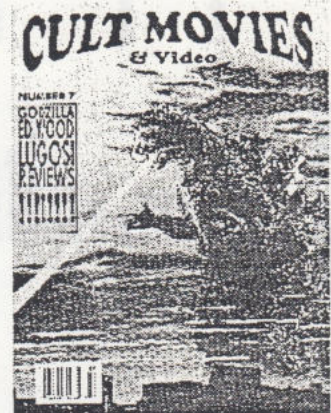
THE AGE OF SUPER-HEROES #6 of 100 is out, and you have to order these quickly as publisher Dan O'Keefe sells out quickly. This is a magazine of prose super-hero stories, with a few illustrations. The stories vary widely in content, some being well written and some a little crude. These are stories done by fans, and a lot of them fall into the "vengeful dark superhero" mold, which is OK, if they are done right. I don't care much for them, but it is interesting to see how others view this stuff. Each issue is \$1, until #10, then the price will double. He does accept submissions and payments at 1423 E. John, Apt. 2, Seattle, WA 98112.

SKAM (lucky) #13 is **THE** zine for Hong Kong movie enthusiasts. It has an incredible amount of info and reviews on a huge amount of movies. I was not even aware of the variety of styles martial arts now come in, from super-heroic to supernatural to historical. I am amazed that these people can find so much information out about these movies. This issue is \$4 and can be acquired from Richard Akiyama, PO Box 240226, Honolulu, HI, 96824-0226. Like I said, if kung fu is your thing, this is **THE** zine for you.

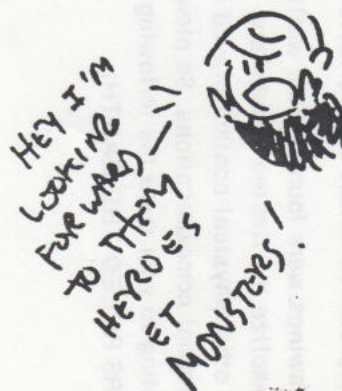
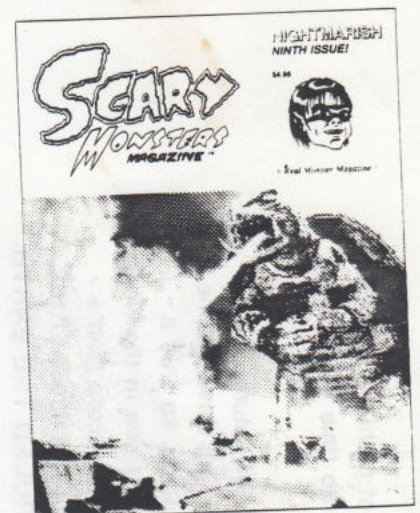
Hey, did any of you see my review in **PSYCHOTRONIC**? I was happy about that. At this years San Diego Comic Con I met Michael Copner, the editor of **CULT MOVIES** magazine, and gave him an issue of **XENO** to review. He traded me for one of his. So here's the review. It's just a general one, as I don't have the latest issue (#8) which is out. But it is a good magazine. I would probably say that about any magazine that has Godzilla, Bela Lugosi, Camera, El Santo and Ed Wood in it. These are in-depth articles, plus there are lots of reviews of movies. There are a few mistakes in the Toho section, but no major ones. You can order this zine by sending \$4.95 to **VIDEOSONIC ARTS**, 11225 Magnolia Blvd. Suite 200, N. Hollywood, CA 91601. It's worth it. Just like **Psychotronic**, incidently.

SCARY MONSTERS MAGAZINE just continues to improve. Issue 7 has been the best issue yet. Number eight should be out by the time you read this. It is a very nostalgic tribute to the great monster mags of the 60s. Every issue is full of great monster photos and ad mats which are reproduced really nicely. The text was on the skimpy side in the beginning, but as more people contribute, it has really improved. It is a lot of fun. Issues are available either at specialty stores, book stores or they can be ordered from Dennis Druktenis Publishing and Mail Order, Inc. 348 Jocelyn Pl., Highwood, IL. 60040. I think the issue price is \$6 now, plus postage and handling.

Speaking of Godzilla (as we did earlier) I would also like to dedicate this issue of **XENORAMA** to the late Inoshiro Honda, who passed away recently. He was responsible for at least 20 of Toho's greatest movies, including my favorite movie of all time, **DESTROY ALL MONSTERS**. The world is at a loss for the passing of this great film maker. And just recently, Raymond Burr passed away. I'm almost afraid to ask who's next, so I won't.



#7 — Turban Bey interview; Godzilla vs Mothra; Karloff's Mondo Balordo; Mexican Trash Cinema; more.



ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C.

by David McRobie

I HAVE A FEW CONFESSIONS TO MAKE BEFORE I START THIS ARTICLE: I HAVE, SINCE AT LEAST THE SECOND ISSUE OF XENO, TRIED TO AVOID MOVIES THAT HAVE ALREADY HAD EXCESSIVE AMOUNTS OF WORDS WRITTEN ABOUT THEM. THEREFORE, NOT A LOT OF HARRYHAUSEN'S MATERIAL HAS BEEN PRESENTED IN THESE PAGES. I MEAN, HIS FILMS ARE ACKNOWLEDGED CLASSICS THAT DON'T NEED COVERAGE. BUT, [AND THIS IS THE SECOND CONFESSION] THIS IS **THE BEST** dinosaur movie ever made [SORRY STEVE] AND AS THE BEST, PLUS BEING IN MY TOP TEN FAVORITE MOVIES OF ALL TIME, IT ALSO HAS TO BE IN THIS ISSUE. OK, ON WITH THE REVIEW.

IN 1966 HAMMER FILMS DECIDED TO REMAKE ONE MILLION B.C. THEY HAD HAD GREAT SUCCESS UPDATING THE UNIVERSAL MONSTERS, SO THIS WAS THE LOGICAL NEXT STEP. I FIND IT IRONIC THAT IN ALL THE UNIVERSAL/HAMMER DEBATES THIS OBVIOUSLY SUPERIOR MOVIE IS NEVER MENTIONED. FORTUNATELY, HAMMER ALSO DECIDED TO USE HARRYHAUSEN'S MASTERFUL STOP-MOTION ANIMATION EFFECTS, INSTEAD OF LIZARDS BLOWN UP TO -AHEM- LOOK LIKE DINOSAURS. THIS, COMBINED WITH EXCELLENT ACTORS, A GOOD DIRECTOR AND A WONDERFUL SOUNDTRACK MAKE AN INCREDIBLE VIEWING EXPERIENCE.

RAY HARRYHAUSEN HAS STATED THAT HE OFTEN USED THE TAILS OF DINOSAURS TO BALANCE THEM OUT. IN 1966, COMMON PERCEPTION OF DINOSAURS WAS THAT THEY WERE SLOW MOVING, LETHARGIC BRUTES. THIS WAS STILL THREE YEARS BEFORE DR. BAKKER PUBLISHED HIS VIEW-SHATTERING THEORY THAT DINOSAURS WERE FAST, SMART AND EVEN INTELLIGENT. RAY WAS AHEAD OF HIS TIME.

ABOUT DINOSAURS NEVER SEEING PEOPLE... WELL, I'LL AGREE THAT THERE WERE NEVER ANY HUMANS IN DINOSAUR TIMES. BUT I'M NOT CONVINCED THAT THERE WEREN'T DINOSAURS AROUND IN HUMAN TIMES. EVEN TO THIS DAY I'M STILL NOT SURE. IT'S NOT A MATTER OF PUSHING PEOPLE BACK TO THE DINOSAUR AGE, BUT BRINGING THAT DINOSAURS FORWARD.

THERE ARE FOUR ACTUAL DINOSAURS THAT APPEAR IN ONE MILLION YEARS B.C., ALONG WITH THE TWO PTEROSAURS AND THE MASSIVE ARCHELON. ALSO MAKING CAMEOS ARE A GIANT IGUANA AND A HUGE TARANTULA. WHAT A GREAT MOVIE!

THE FIRST DINOSAUR TUMAK [JOHN RICHARDSON] ENCOUNTERS IS THE APATOSAURUS, WHO JUST YELLS AT HIM AS IT PASSES BY. IT HAD BEEN PLANNED AS THE FINALE IN THE MOVIE, AN ATTACK BY THIS CREATURE, BUT IT WAS CUT DUE TO MONETARY RESTRICTIONS. TOO BAD. WHEN THE ARCHELON APPEARS, IT IS OBVIOUS TO THE SCURRYING LITTLE CREATURES IT ALMOST TRAMPLES ON. ONE OF THE WOMEN DOES INDEED SAY "ARCHELON!" WHEN IT APPEARS. SURE, IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED. PRIMITIVE MAN MAY HAVE HAD THE SAME NAME FOR THIS MASSIVE TURTLE. MAYBE.

THE NEXT APPEARANCE OF PREHISTORIC LIFE IS PERHAPS THE MOST EFFECTIVE, SCARIEST DINOSAUR VS. MAN BATTLE EVER FILMED. A RAMPAGING [AND HUNGRY] ALLOSAURUS ATTACKS THE VILLAGE OF THE SHELL PEOPLE AND TUMAK SINGLE-HANDEDLY KILLS IT AFTER A FIERCE BATTLE. THERE IS NO WAY TO ADEQUATELY DESCRIBE HOW POWERFUL THIS SEQUENCE IS. IT HAS TO BE SEEN TO BE FELT. HARRYHAUSEN LIKED THIS SEQUENCE SO MUCH HE REPEATED IT IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN SINBAD AND THE SABER-TOOTHED TIGER AT THE END OF 1977'S SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER, ALTHOUGH NOT AS EFFECTIVELY.

THE NEXT BATTLE HAPPENS BETWEEN A CERATOSAURUS AND A TRICERATOPS. THE TWO HUMANS AREN'T REALLY INVOLVED, SO IT IS LESS AN IMMEDIATE THREAT. BUT THIS IS A RELATIVELY OBSCURE THEROPOD, AND THE TRICERATOPS IS AN ALL TIME FAVORITE. ACTS A LITTLE LIKE THE WHITE RHINO DOES, KINDA CRANKY. I ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THESE AS A PET.

THE LAST BATTLE INVOLVES THE TWO PTEROSAURS, AND IT IS MASTERFULLY DONE. THEY LOOK EXACTLY RIGHT, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING. I HATE TO BRING IT UP, BUT NO PTEROSAUR, NO MATTER HOW BIG OR LITTLE, EVER HAD BAT-WINGS. I UNDERSTAND HARRYHAUSEN'S REASONS FOR DOING THIS, BUT ALL THE OTHER PREHISTORICALS WERE

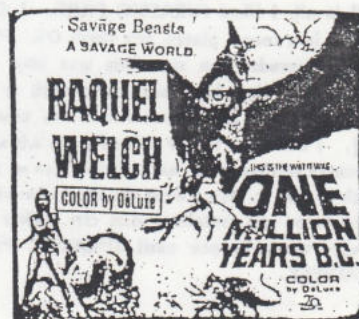
VERY ACCURATE. WHY NOT THE PTERANODON AND THE RHAMPHORINCUS? I KNOW. GEE, WHAT A NIT-PICKER. BUT THESE ARE MY FAVORITE PREHISTORIC ANIMALS, IT'S A MATTER OF PRIDE, I GUESS. ANYWAY, THE VERSION CURRENTLY IN SYNDICATION IS MISSING ABOUT TWO MINUTES OF THE PTERANODON ATTACK ON THE ROCK TRIBE. OF ALL THE PIECES IN THIS MOVIE TO CUT, WHY THE EFFECTS?

THERE SEEM TO BE TWO CAMPS OF PEOPLE OUT THERE WHO THINK THE SUCCESS OF THIS MOVIE WAS DUE TO DIFFERENT FACTORS. ONE SAYS IT WAS DUE TO THE MASSIVE PROMOTION OF STAR RAQUEL WELCH AND THE OTHER SAYS IT WAS DUE TO THE SUPERB EFFECTS. THIS IS A LOAD OF HOOEY ON BOTH PARTS. IF THE ACTORS ARE BAD, NO ONE WILL SEE THE PICTURE, MUCH LESS MAKE IT A SUCCESS [HI, SLY!], JUST AS IF THE EFFECTS ARE WONDERFUL AND THE STORY AND CHARACTERS ARE ATROCIOUS WON'T MAKE A HIT [HI GEORGE!]. THERE ARE A LOT OF EXAMPLES OF BOTH OF THESE SITUATIONS AROUND, LOOK FOR YOURSELF.

THE ACTORS IN THIS MOVIE ARE ALL WELL ACCOMPLISHED AND PLAY THEIR PARTS ACCORDINGLY. RAQUEL WELCH IS WONDERFUL AS LOANA, AND CONVEYS SYMPATHY, CURIOSITY AND RAGE QUITE WELL. IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT SHE WAS, ER, DIFFICULT TO WORK WITH, BUT HARRYHAUSEN HIMSELF HAS SAID THIS WAS NOT THE CASE. SHE SHINES THROUGHOUT THE MOVIE.

JOHN RICHARDSON IS ALSO VERY GOOD IN HIS ROLE. HE GETS TO BE SAVAGE, NOBLE, HUMOROUS AND EVEN KIND, AND ALL THESE CHARACTERISTICS COME ACROSS CLEARLY. HE ALSO REACTS WELL TO THE DINOSAURS, AS DOES RAQUEL. DIFFICULT THING, AS THE STOP-MOTION WASN'T DONE UNTIL MONTHS LATER. MARTINE BESWICKE WAS ALSO QUITE GOOD AS NUPONDI, WHOM TUMAK DUMPS AFTER MEETING LOANA. HMMM, THIS COULD POSSIBLY BE THE FIRST BRUNETTE TO GET DUMPED FOR A BLOND?

IT SEEMS THERE ARE SEVERAL CRITICS WHO CONSIDER THE ORIGINAL ONE MILLION B.C. SUPERIOR TO THIS MOVIE. THE REASONS FOR THIS ARE UNKNOWN. ONE PERSON TOLD ME THAT HE LIKED THE LIZARDS BECAUSE THEY HAD "REALISM." YEAH, IT'S JUST GREAT TO WATCH THESE LIZARDS BLEED TO DEATH ON THE SCREEN. HE ALSO CALLED THIS MOVIE A "POP-ART" FILM, AND I WAS SURPRISED HE GOT OUT OF THERE ALIVE. [HI BROCK!] WHILE IT IS TRUE THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN THE ORIGINAL IN QUITE SOME TIME, I ALSO HAVE NO GREAT DESIRE TO EVER SUBJECT MYSELF TO THAT CREAKY OLD MOVIE AGAIN. 'SPECIALLY SINCE THERE IS AN EXCITING, ALIVE, WONDERFUL MOVIE SUCH AS THIS TO WATCH.



I almost forgot to mention the wonderful musical score by Mario Nascimbene. It successfully evokes a long ago era, with both majesty and pathos. It is a haunting, elegant and primitive score, the like of which has never been duplicated for any prehistoric monster movie.

This movie benefitted from a talented crew, a sincere director, excellent special effects and a wonderful musical score. Strangely enough, this is the only Harryhausen film NOT released on video. And a lot of Ray's fans rarely mention it when talking about his films. Is this because he had less to do with it than his collaborations with Charles Schneer? I don't know. It's not that important. This movie shows how effective dinosaurs can be, when done right.

ONE MILLION YEARS, B.C. [HAMMER Films, 1966]

producer: Michael Carreras
director: Don Chaffey
spfx: Ray Harryhausen
music: Mario Nascimbene
starring: Raquel Welch
John Richardson
Martine Beswick

JURASSIC PARK [1993] as finally seen by D. McRobie

Yes, I finally went and saw it. And, I actually liked it. A lot. I had heard so much about the effects, the lack of characterization and even the music I thought I'd seen it before I saw it. I hadn't. This isn't going to be any great in depth review, as I don't have any notes in front of me. It still doesn't top ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. as the best dinosaur film, but it was a lot of fun.

OK, we'll start with the main stars of the movie: the DINOSAURS. They were pretty awesome. I loved the T. Rex, and actually cheered him on, but he didn't get to chomp enough people [or critters]. All of the dinosaurs were as accurate as possible, with a few liberties taken. Fair enough. Name one dinosaur film that hasn't taken creative liberties. My only complaint is that there weren't enough variety. No pterosaurs. No plesiosaurs. Not enough of the Triceratops [one of my favorites]. But maybe the sequel...

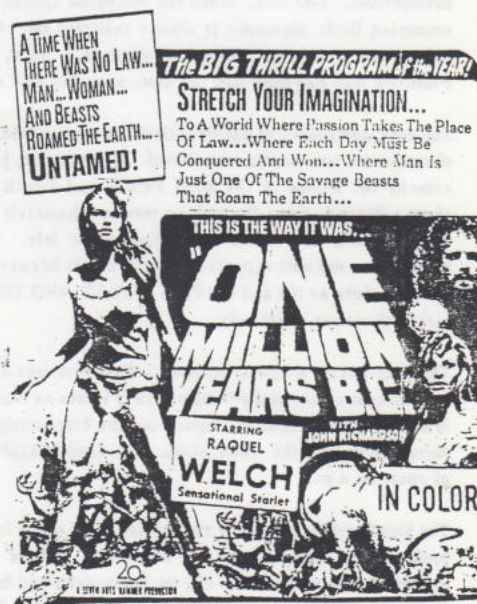
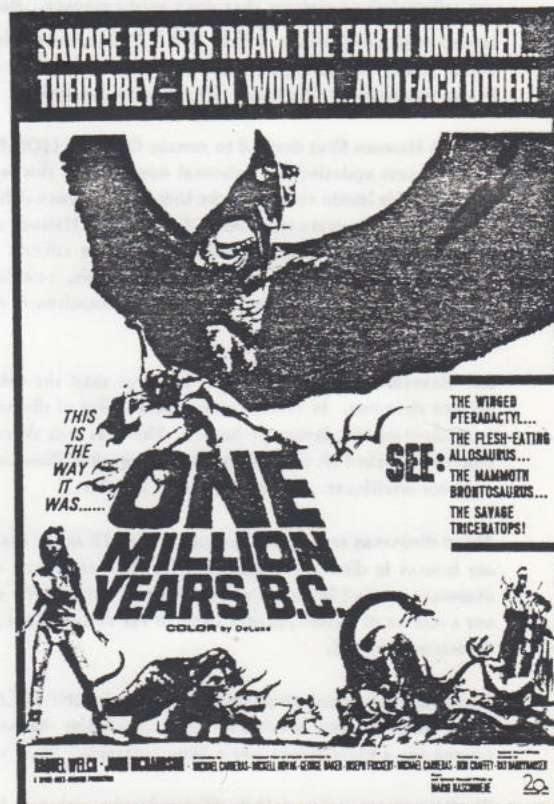
The effects were excellent, no question. But stop-motion dinosaurs would have been excellent also. I don't see computer effects taking over. Besides, with only six and a half minutes, there must have been a lot more full sized dinos than I could see. Those were also impressive, I must say. Too bad BABY wasn't done with those.

About the overall film... we have all been spoiled by this sort of Spielberg movie. If this would have been made ten years ago instead of his rather overrated story of a boy and his dog from outer-space, this would be the film everyone says that one is. And it would have had stop-motion in it.

So all in all, I liked JURASSIC PARK. I did think it got a little too technical in a couple places, but that's OK. Plus the fact that it ended so obviously intended for sequelitis was kind of a bummer, and all the merchandising that has gone along with it is also less than pleasing [although in there is a rather interesting comment about this in the movie itself]. I will want to get this on video when it comes out, hopefully in a widescreen edition. And that's always been my true test of a movie, do I like enough to own it. Yes. I hope the sequel has the dinosaurs [the BIG ones!] getting loose and attacking some city. That would be great. But that probably won't happen until JURASSIC PARK 8: DINOSAURS ON BROADWAY.

JURASSIC PARK

Ah, you all know who starred in it, made it, did the effects, directed it, produced it and all that stuff. I don't. Read about it in all those other magazines that are praising this film. Buh.



OUT-TAKES

Wow! I can't believe how long it actually took me to get this issue out. When I started this about a year ago, dinosaurs were nowhere near as trendy as they are now. It would have been quite a neat thing to be on top of the dinosaur explosion. But life had other ideas in mind for me. No real disasters, but lots of little ones contributed to this issue taking a year to get out. And just now, a computer glitch has pushed it back even two more hours. [*~\$#%_*>?@!!]. But everything is fine now, and I promise to do my best to see it never takes this long to get the xine out on time.

The aforementioned glitch also erased several comments about the best thing about JURASSIC PARK, so I will redo them here.

THE best thing about JURASSIC PARK is not the up to the minute, state of the art special effects. It is the fact that hundreds, if not thousands of kids will get interested in some form of science after viewing this movie. It doesn't matter if it's paleontology, geology or even botany. American kids need this sort of push, the kind that says science is NOT dull. I got it from Dr. Benton Quest. He had great adventures, too. I look forward to seeing what the kids of tomorrow turn out to be. Maybe, someday, there really will be a Jurassic Park.

I watched a lot of movies that did not get reviewed in this issue. Which, quite assuredly, lets me know that there will be more dinosaurs in future issues. Maybe not whole xines dedicated to the creatures, but more of those movies, and TV shows will be reviewed. 'Specially since Sci-Fi is showing lots of great old shows like the original LAND OF THE LOST, which completely blows away that travesty now currently airing on Saturday mornings. I would love to have included that in here, but it just won't fit.

CREDIT DEPT: THE LAND BEFORE TIME on page two was done by six year old Danielle Balakir for me, but she didn't know it was going to be published (and still doesn't), which is why my name is on it. I hope she is surprised. The baby "dinosaur" [I use quotes only because the creature never existed on this planet, not because of the quality] from WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH was done by Dave Pierpont [I hope I spelled his last name right!]. I love publishing artwork like this, I wish I would get more.

NEW LOOK DEPT: Yes, this is the first magazine sized XENO. But fear not! I love the digest size, and want to do most of the issues that way. This is just a little variety. And as we all know, variety is the spice of life. There are more pages and everything. The cost did go up, proportionately, though. You readers who ordered your copies in advance at the two buck price really lucked out, eh. Hopefully, when I learn to use pagemaker I will be able to always do the digest size. But then we wouldn't have the neat cavebook article.

SPECIAL THANKS DEPT: these go to Trevor Hanes for letting me use his computer endlessly and also use up his storage bytes. I have my own disc now, and he's really happy. Also many, many thanks go to MR. David Meyer for overall general support in this and many other activities. Thanks, eh.

Useless Trivia:

My top 5 prehistoric animals [in no particular order]:

5. T. Rex
4. Pteranodon
3. Ankylosaurus
2. Triceratops
1. Elasmosaurus

My least 5 favorites:

5. Stegosaurus [except George]
4. Rhamphorhynchus
3. Stegosaurus
2. "Brontosaurus"
1. Stegosaurus

I do like all dinosaurs, just some more than others.

I do want to mention that dinosaurs were THE most successful life forms that ever existed on this planet. They ruled the Earth for one hundred sixty five MILLION years. That's quite a long time, eh. Men hasn't been on the planet a tenth as long as that, yet we refer to something that's old

and obsolete as a "dinosaur". When mankind creates something that lasts half as long as the dinosaurs, then maybe he can call them old and obsolete. They ruled the earth WITHOUT guns and bombs and cars and... OK, OK, I'm getting preachy. Dinosaurs are cool. Until next issue, stay tuned...

[Signature]

-David

NEXT ISSUE: mythological women such as mermaids, superheroes, amazons, catwomen and even world dictators, get the xenoramic treatment. Should be interesting. Look for it around Christmas.

BACK ISSUES: Yes, there are back issues available of 1-3. They are two dollars a piece.

#1 is a very eclectic issue containing GIANT ROBO, THE MAGIC SERPENT and the History of Ultra.

#2 has Babes and Beasts. In it is Hammer's PREHISTORIC WOMEN, STARCRAH and GODZILLA'S REVENGE.

#3 is the Superhero issue featuring SPACE GHOST, INFRAMAN and CAPTAIN AMERICA.

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