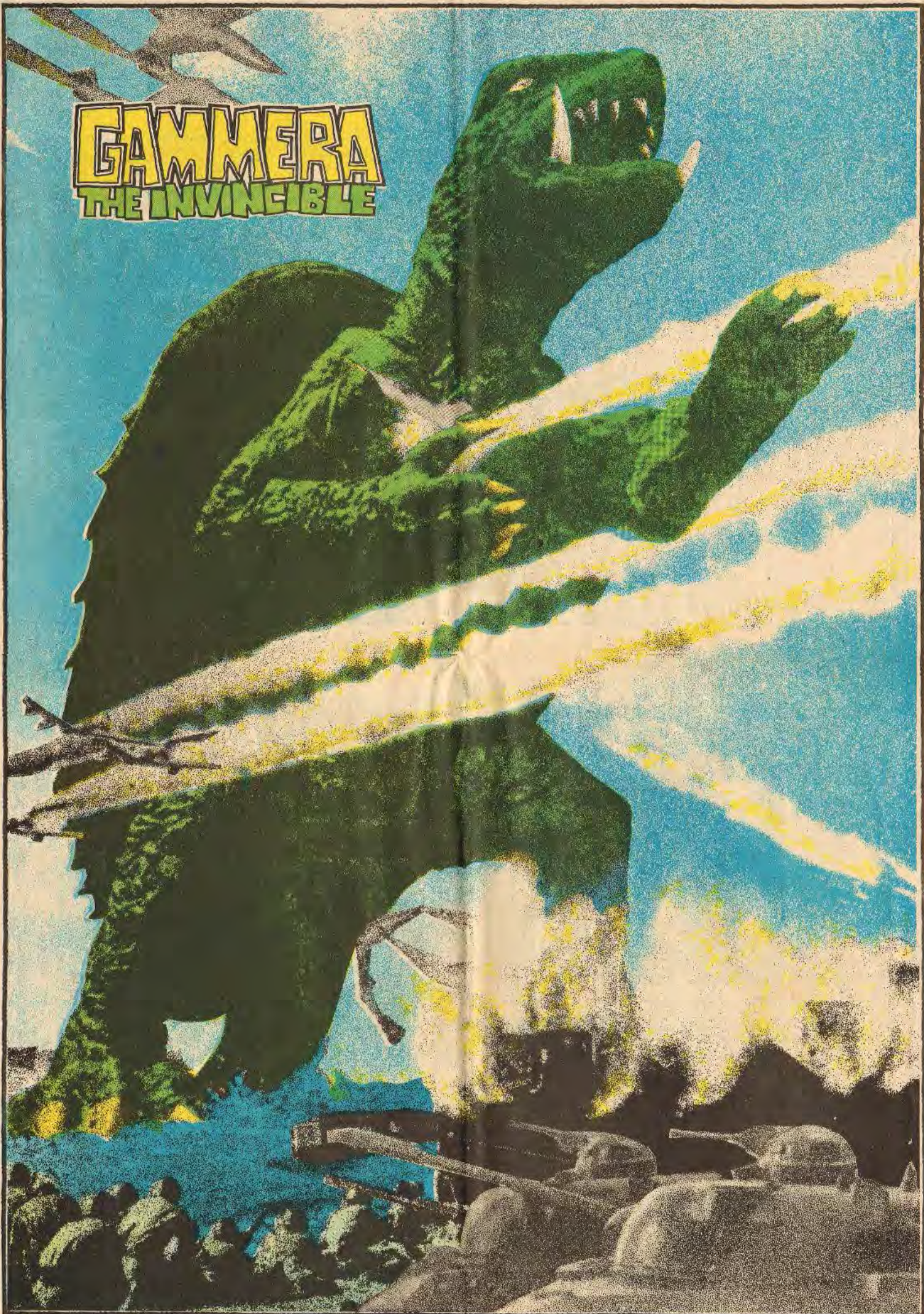


GAMMERA

THE INVINCIBLE



In the past, many people held the unflattering opinion that monsters were a dime a dozen. Today, we know better. I mean, what with ever-spiraling prices and inflation and all, a dozen monsters will probably run you closer to half a buck now. One monster who can't be bought at any price, however, is Gamera, a giant turtle who, after suffering the poverty and desolation of the Ice Age, overcame great obstacles to become one of Daiei Films' greatest stars. Born into a world he didn't even create (although he did manage to destroy a goodly part of it), Gamera was for years denied the warmth and understanding he so poignantly desired, before becoming a proud and highly respected protector of this planet. Rather than take up any more time and space, TMT is proud to turn the telling of this stirring tale to the monster who lived it...

"Earthlings, forgive me, for I knew not what I did..." a contrite turtle pleads. The rest of Gamera's monstrous mea culpa begins below...

THE CONFESSIONS OF
A FLYING TURTLE

BY GAMMERA
(The Invincible)
as told to
Howard Phillips

GAMMERA

THE INVINCIBLE

Once upon a time—long, long ago—there lived a gigantic prehistoric snapping turtle named Gamera (or Gamera, as some people prefer to spell it). I'm in a position to vouch for that fact, since I am none other than the turtle in question. I'm a little ashamed to admit that in those days I was a bit on the heavy side, much larger than a giant Sumo wrestler even. I'm still fairly huge by human standards—nearly 200 feet long—but I have lost quite a bit of weight. That I remain to this day an awful lot of turtle is a contention that is not to be denied.

I was never really a "bad" dinosaur. I was just a lot "different" than my peers. For some reason or other, I was a biological mutant. As such, I had a few rather odd abilities that really shook up my many natural (and unnatural—you should see some of those guys!) enemies. Being a biological mutant is never easy. When I was still in the flora & fauna of my

youth, everybody would pick on me because they thought my appearance strange. Fortunately, I proved to be more than a match for most of them. If I hadn't been, I might not be here to tell my traumatic tale today.

I certainly got into my fair share of fights before the well-known Ice Age came along and put the freeze on a lot of us. I battled some of the big names, too—Godzilla, Kong, Gigantis, Mothra and Varan, to drop a few. As I say, I bested most of my opponents most of the time, but a couple of the real heavyweights managed to send me flying (literally). Of course, that was when I was much younger, a kid really. Since then, most of us have settled down to lead responsible, productive lives. In fact, most of us are now working for the United Nations to protect Earth (especially Japan, since that country gets into so much trouble) and its inhabitants from harm. So far, we've done a pretty decent

job with our "League of Monsters"—but more about that later.

RUDE AWAKENING

I've already mentioned the Ice Age.

When it came along—and rather abruptly at that—I was quick-frozen, or you could say freeze-dried, in an enormous glacier. Since there was nothing else for me to do at that time, I went into hibernation for a

Gamera executes the famous back-flip that has confounded many an unnatural enemy trying to muscle in on this planet. In this case the odd adversary was a monster named Guiron, who battled our indestructible turtle in *GAMMERA VS. GUIRON* in 1969.





"Every time I paused for a snack, a new attack was launched against me... this pattern of eating on the run didn't help my stomach any," Gamera gripes. These instances of aggressive interference from Earthlings were recreated in GAMMERA, the first film tribute to the world's foremost flying turtle, in 1966.

while. Then, one day countless centuries later, American SAC fighters intercepted an unfriendly atomic bomber over the Arctic (which happened to be where I was resting), quickly shot it down, and let it crash right above my head! It was carrying at least one nuclear bomb, too, which exploded as soon as the aircraft hit the ice.

Needless to say, the commotion woke me up. The noise alone was something fierce! As a matter of fact, the blast gave me a fantastic headache for a week! I retreated into my shell for days just to get my head together. I don't know about you, but there's nothing I detest more than being awakened abruptly. Not only did my head ache and stomach hurt, but I couldn't remember a single shred of any of the dreams I must have had. In a single atomic flash, several millennia of intensive dreaming went right down the drain! What I'm trying to say is that it's no fun at all having to get up in the middle of a short nap lasting only a couple of million years—especially in so rude a manner. If you don't believe me, try it sometime and find out for yourself.

Naturally, I was famished when I got up from the puddle (lake, actually) that had once been a natural ice box, so I went looking for food—and lots of it. In no time at all, I found what I thought to be a large fish. It looked really weird, like nothing I'd ever seen before, but I chalked this up to having been asleep so long that I just hadn't been able to keep up with the changing fish fashions. Since I favor well-cooked meals, I opened my mouth, exuded my fiery breath (I understand dragons also cook this way), and roasted the unfamiliar but nonetheless tempting morsel... which proceeded to explode right in my face! There went breakfast and here came an excruciating case of heartburn! (To my regret and embarrassment, I later learned that the "fish" was really a ship.)

I'm not about to try to excuse my early actions. I know that I killed a great number of people in those days, but it was through ignorance, not malice, that I did so. I had never even seen a human being before, and they looked so small and aimless that I thought they were just another form of dumb animal life. Still, I

never ate anybody—let me make that perfectly clear. I adhere to a strict diet of fish and fiery substances, and I had no love for the taste of animal flesh (though I've since acquired a pronounced taste for atomic energy). Homo sapiens were just a strange variety of mindless ants to me and, truthfully, who really cares about

In his later role as one of Earth's protectors, Gamera encountered his first female foe—an unlady-like creature named Jiger—in GAMMERA VS. JIGER (1970). In one of Monsterdom's more bizarre plot twists, the flying female fiend manages to impregnate our male hero, who had to undergo an impromptu abortion performed by a pair of small boys. "Being a biological mutant is never easy."



mindless ants—except other mindless ants, of course. How was I to know that Man had inherited the Earth and was supposed to be respected, not stepped on?

In my overriding obsession for flame-food, I unwittingly destroyed many buildings and vehicles. But what did I know? I thought they were merely odd-looking rock formations and insects. I am, after all, only a turtle, however large and articulate. Mine not to reason why, and like that.

TURTLE TOURS WORLD

I was frankly in awe of the vast cities that seemed to flourish everywhere I roamed. I marveled at their shininess. "Could they be a new type of flower?" I asked myself. I also wondered where my fellow dinosaurs could be hiding. Again you may think these thoughts alarmingly naive, but what can you expect? I was not in the least prepared for all the changes that had taken place in the world during my sleep. At the time, I had no idea how long I had been in hibernation. It was also around this time that the heavy burden of utter loneliness began to weigh me down.

My unwitting destruction of the Arctic research ship made me famous—rather, infamous—overnight. While the world wondered about me, I flew (I've often been mistaken for a flying saucer—even by other flying saucers) to a warmer continent—which happened to be Japan. The Nipponese were not at all glad to see me. They sent squadrons of sleek jet fighters out to shoot me down, but I evaded them with consummate ease. I was, however, beginning to feel unwanted—like a fish out of water or a turtle sans shell.

Within a short time, I espied what I thought were a battery of volcanoes. What they turned out to be were the smokestacks of a large oil refinery. Not knowing that at the time, I began hungrily consuming the edible materials. No sooner had I tasted the stuff than I was struck by the thought, "Wow! Far out! Dynamite! Aw reet! Whatever this is, it's really great stuff!" While I was busy gorging myself on the tangy fires, the enraged ants—sorry, humans—sent tanks and self-propelled weapons to interrupt my enjoyment of a rare hearty meal. This didn't set well with me at all, so I extinguished most of them with my built-in super-flame thrower. I mean, it's a monster-eat-monster world and I wasn't about to have my dinner ruined by such insignificant little creatures. Some of them I stepped on, and confess to having been amused by the funny crunching sound they made. Honestly, I thought they were beetles, officer! Luckily for me, my armor plating protected me from their powerful shells.

The "bugs" kept coming, though, and finally I got really annoyed and decided to leave. I wasn't about to have my picnic ruined by these bothersome ants.

Taking to the air again, I soon sighted another "volcano." This time, I unknowingly landed at a geothermal plant. That provided me with a real feast—a meal fit for a thing! But, again, just as I was really getting into it, more tanks and trucks arrived to plague me. This time they brought jets with them too, and I really had a tough time getting rid of them. It was during moments like these that I really regretted not having my mosquito netting with me. I couldn't help thinking that the monster who could come up with a spray to rid the world of pests like these would really make a fortune. At any rate, after I had eaten my fill, I moved on.

Cruising through the upper stratosphere, I observed much of the greatly changed world in which I found myself living. Every time I paused for a snack a new attack was launched against me. I raided oil refineries, geothermal plants and atomic research institutes around the globe, and this pattern of constantly eating on the run didn't help my stomach any. Every once in a while, though, I was able to partake of a volcano meal—and that's my absolute favorite.

EARTH VS. FLYING TURTLE

Wherever I went, the war machines of my tiny opponents continued to assault me. No one made even the slightest effort to understand me. Artillery and rockets battered me from afar. Tanks and other armored vehicles of violence fought me at close range. Bright cannon shells continually burst to the left of me, the right of me, and even in the center of me. The diminutive defenders tried high voltage electricity also, which gave me a large charge (it tickled), but failed to damage me. They were awfully persistent, these humans—downright desperate, in fact! Despite the heavy losses they suffered, they always came back for more. Brave but dumb, was my estimation of my foolhardy foes, since it was sheer suicide for them to combat me. Again, let me point out that, had I fully understood the situation, I would not have harmed anyone. But I am only a dinosaur, after all,



Another outer space opponent that our candid turtle had to contend with was a squidlike monster named Viras, whom Gammerra bested in a no-holds-barred contest in **GAMMERRA VS. VIRAS** back in 1968.

and we're not noted for our abundance of intelligence (you try figuring things out when you've got a brain the size of a pea—and not a particularly hefty pea, at that—and you'll see what I mean). I've tried to repent for the error of my ways by becoming one of this planet's inhuman protectors, and have often risked life, limb and shell serving in that capacity. And I don't even get paid for this, remember (I'm still not noted for my awesome intelligence!).

Anyhow, a few weeks after my rude awakening, an intricate trap was set for me. I was lured to a specific area where, as soon as I landed, a super-freezing bomb was detonated! Not only that, but



Gammerra assumes frightening fighting stance preparatory to taking on another unseen menace. Included among the giant turtle's repertoire of combat tricks are the back-flip, forward-flip, and half-Nelson. In fact, he's even been known to employ a **FULL-Nelson** when the situation warrants.

Gammerra exudes a blast of fiery breath in an effort to deter an anti-social invader from taking advantage of miniscule Earthlings. "And remember I don't even get PAID for this."



strategically deployed explosive charges were also set off, and I was flipped upside down! At that moment, I was utterly helpless... and my crafty opponents knew it. The little monsters hoped that this had finished me off but I don't give up that easily. Even though I was frozen solid, flat on my back and out for the count, I soon awoke and raised my body temperature in order to melt the ice. Then I expertly drew my head, tail, and legs back into my shell and used my flying ability to escape. Flames shot out of my bodily apertures, and I began revolving rapidly. Then, rotating still faster, I rose into the air and zipped away into the distance, easily outflying the Air Force jets that tried to pursue me. (I've gotten even faster since I lost so much weight.)

Following this failure, the major governments of the human race united to defeat me. They pooled their vast resources and, in record-breaking time, were ready to put their unique "Plan Z" into devious operation.

And I fell for the trap, too—like a ton of turtle wax. I was baited, with a fiery path of burning oil, to Oshima Island (near Japan, of course). Gaily gobbling up the flames, I moved closer and closer to the sneaky set-up, and the humans were no doubt thrilled to see me falling so easily for their cheap ruse. Just before I reached the trap, though, a severe rainstorm began... and the fire was quickly doused. Reacting quickly to this depressing development, I scanned the area in search of more eats, spotted an oil refinery in the

distance and headed straight for it. Without warning, the volcano on Oshima chose that moment to suddenly blow its top, and, without hesitation, I proceeded toward the delicacy at full gallop!

TURTLE TAKEN FOR RUDE RIDE

A funny thing happened on the way to the volcano. An enormous (and previously camouflaged) metal dome closed over me, and I found myself trapped inside the nose cone of a spaceship! Before I was able to even begin to think about breaking out, the underground missile blasted off and headed straight for Mars! I was totally, utterly flabbergasted! When I realized exactly what had happened, I knew at once that the humans were far more intelligent, and devious, than I. At once I regretted my transgressions against them (as Godzilla and other dinosaurs have done) and hoped that I might somehow gain their forgiveness. But here I was stuck in a stupid Mars-bound rocket!

Miraculously, my intergalactic vehicle was struck by a meteor, which caused the rocket to "fall" back to Earth. Boy, was I happy about that! Naturally, nobody else on the planet was, though. Right after I crashlanded, I set out to make amends with mankind. As fate would have it, I made more than one serious faux pas at first, which kind of upset the humans. However, fortune soon smiled on me. It so happened that at the same time a tremendous horned beast named Barugon

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

GAMMERA THE INVINCIBLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

was menacing populated areas. The creature's egg had been mistaken for a giant opal and stolen. Naturally, Barugon wanted it back. It was about as powerful as I, and just as impervious to modern weaponry. After a titanic struggle, I managed to defeat the vile creature. The trouble was, our violent bout destroyed large portions of no less than two Japanese coastal cities. That didn't sit too well with the residents.

My next adventure made me a hero to mankind. I don't like to brag, but I succeeded in singlehandedly (almost, anyway) defeating an alien attack on Earth. A spaceship brought squid-like beings here, and for a while they gained control over me. Thanks to the heroic efforts of two young boys, though, their strange hold on me was eventually broken. As soon as it was, I fought and destroyed Viras, their giant squid-like beast, and put an end to the invasion. With this victory, I was finally dubbed a good guy and nominated for entrance into the "Monster League." I humbly accepted these honors, and went on to combat many more threats to Earth's safety.

A weird chap named Gyaos came along next. He sort of resembled my good friend, Rodan, but he wasn't at all as nice. In addition to his flying ability, he was able to shoot laser beams from his mouth and emit fire repellent from his chest. The latter power gave me a really tough time for a while, but in the end goodness (meaning me) won out.

About a year later, some space women from a planet on the other side of the sun captured a couple of Earth boys. Their enormous protector was Guiron, a knife-shaped creep who had a habit of cutting everything in half. He was a pointy-headed fiend, who ultimately failed to defeat me. Just in time, I saved the children from the brain-eating females.

I got a chance to fight a good old Earth monster next. Her name was Jiger, and she really gave me a tough time. When I first confronted her on Wester Island, she wounded me with her built-in heat ray, and then flew off. Later on, I battled her in Japan, where she jabbed me with her needle-like tail. The poison she injected paralyzed me, and then she laid an egg



A giant turtle's innocent quest for a fish dinner results in death and tragedy as the "fish" turns out to be a ship. "How was I to know that Man had inherited the Earth and was supposed to be respected, not stepped on?" Gamera was later to explain.

inside me. I remained in suspended animation until a pair of brave boys entered my oversized body and destroyed the baby Jiger within it. A super-electric charge revived me, and the ensuing battle with my unlady-like opponent ended with her destruction.

As can be expected, I went on to combat other giant beasts and outer-space invaders. One of the most intriguing of these was Zigra, which was a sort of prehistoric fish. The unfriendly amphib-

an caused a lot of problems with the strange rays he emitted, but I finally succeeded in sending the thing back to Davy Jones' Locker.

Yes, I'm certain that I've atoned for my sins. Earth would probably have been destroyed long ago, had I not intervened. I'm very happy that I've been so successful in my people-saving efforts.

WORLD HEARS TURTLE'S TALE

One day, a Japanese motion picture

company called Daiel approached me. They wanted to film my life story and donate my share of the profits to charity. I agreed to sell them the rights, and they proceeded to make more than half a dozen films about me. These flicks were pretty good, and the producer wisely selected a very handsome young fellow to play my part. Some fine actors appeared in the films, including Brian Donlevy and Albert Dekker (both in the first movie, **GAMMERA THE INVINCIBLE**). I earnestly recommend that you see these classic motion pictures.

Things have been pretty calm for me lately. The League of Monsters has grown considerably, and now we seem to outnumber our many enemies. Most of us reside on Monster Island, where we train and keep in shape. Some of the lazier guys just hibernate there until we're summoned to action. We're always on call to defend our world, whether it's from renegade dinosaurs or alien invaders. Earth may never again require our help, but if we're summoned we'll gladly come running, flying, and stomping to the rescue. Who could ask more from a pack of pea-brained dinosaurs? ■

Now that Gamera has fully mended the former errors of his ways and has become committed to protecting the likes of you and me, TMT wishes him a fond Godzillaspeed, as he and other members of the "Monster League" continue their undying efforts to make the world a safer place for people and monsters alike, amen.



GAMMERA FILMOGRAPHY

GAMMERA THE INVINCIBLE (1966) 88 min. Directed by Noriaki Yuasa. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Starring Gamera, Brian Donlevy, Albert Dekker, John Baragrey, Eiji Funakoshi.

GAMMERA VS. BARUGON (1966) 101 min. Directed by Shigeo Tanaka. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Starring Gamera, Barugon, Kojiro Hongo, Kyoko Enami, Akira Natsuki.

GAMMERA VS. GYAOS (1967) 87 min. Directed by Noriaki Yuasa. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Starring Gamera, Gyaos, Kojiro Hongo, K. Ueda.

GAMMERA VS. VIRAS (1968) 75 min. Directed by Noriaki Yuasa. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Starring Gamera, Viras, Kojiro Hongo, Peter Williams, Carl Clay.

GAMMERA VS. GUIRON (1969) 90 min. Directed by Noriaki Yuasa. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Starring Gamera, Guiron, Nobuhiro Kashima, Christopher Murphy.

GAMMERA VS. JIGER (1970) 83 min. Directed by Noriaki Yuasa. Screenplay by Fumi Takahashi. Starring Gamera, Jiger, Kelly Varis, T. Takakuwa.