

RAIDERS RELOOK! INDYSTYLE! CROSSOVER!

“He knew me well and that I was a huge fan of Harrison Ford and Indiana Jones.” Wolfgang Hohlbein

● Issue 15

THE MAGAZINE FOR INDYFANS

indymag

ÜBERSETZT AUS DEM DEUTSCHEN!!

HOHLBEIN ISSUE

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

JULY 2018

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Is there anything you wish to share or do you feel like contributing to the mag? Then visit our website. www.indymag.org



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Scene it is taking a different turn as we invite Jerry Saravia to look at individual scenes from the movies and gives it his writerly spin. We've also asked him to do this within 500 words. Better him than us!

editorial

I'M GOING to state something that, to me, is obvious. Kathleen Kennedy is the right person to lead Lucasfilm. It shouldn't really be a statement that needs to be said however there appears to be a vocal section of fandom actively looking for Kennedy to fail. Perhaps these are the same people that weren't happy with the way Lucas was leading his own company.

I'm quite embarrassed for these people when they make their comments as I am not clear as what their expectations are.

This isn't the same Lucasfilm of old where one man held all the strings and took all the risks. It's now a company that is behold to shareholders and as President, Kennedy, has to balance the need to make money and deliver high quality movie experiences.

Kennedy will never meet the expectation of all fans, however since taking over nobody can deny that the films released under her tutelage are made with a care and attention that pervades throughout her career.

Relaunching the Star Wars series was a major risk and it is testament to Kennedy that they have become part of the cultural fabric of Star Wars. Rogue One, another major risk bringing a darker, more adult appeal to Star Wars that not only paid off with critical acclaim but box office receipts. Finally, we now have Solo that is more Star Wars than Star Wars itself!

I really don't see where people are finding issue with her leadership. What is the alternative that people are expecting? God only knows.

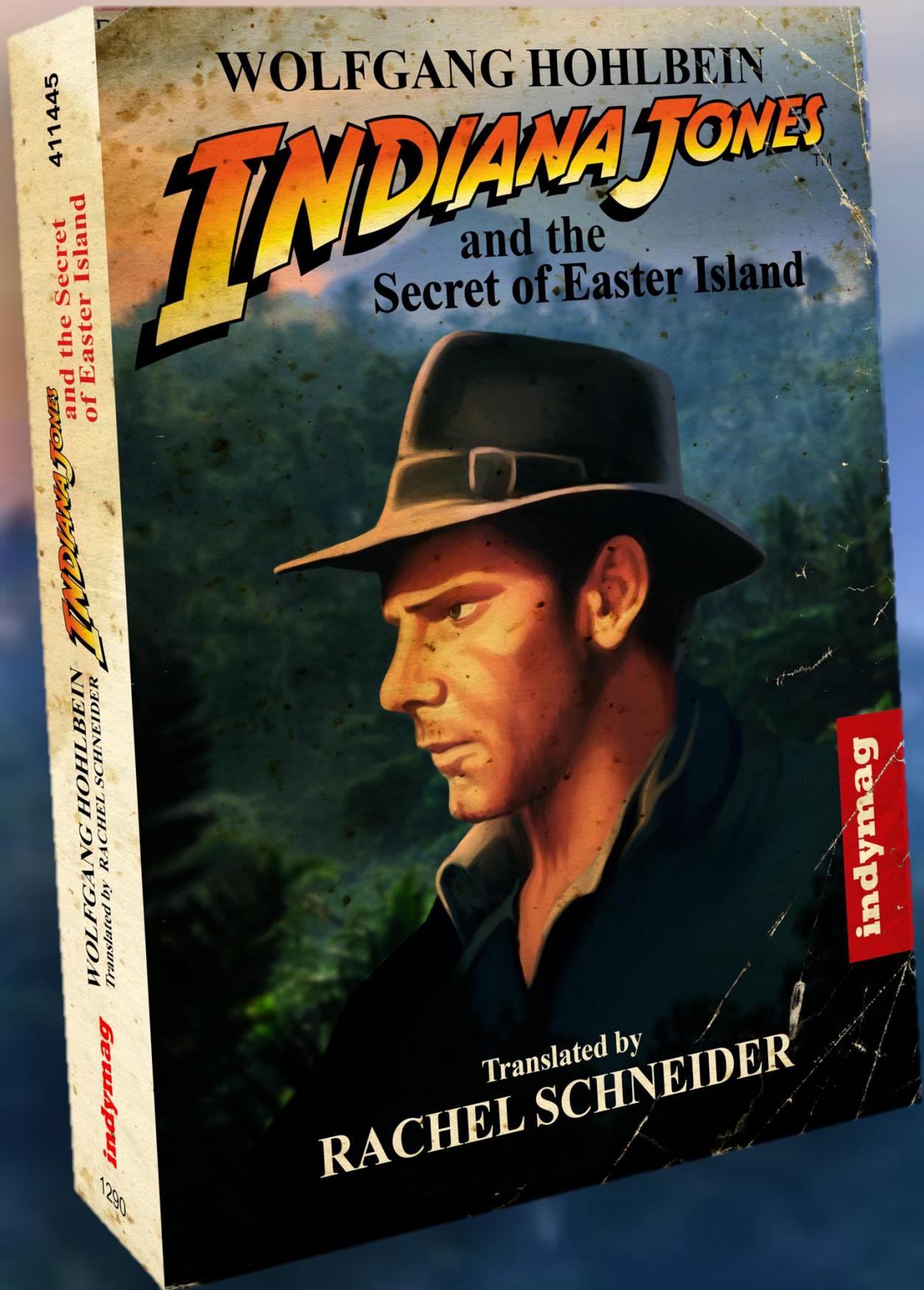
With Indy V on the cards I can only be thankful that we have the former OBI WAN dancer in our corner who is a producer with a formidable reputation and understands Indy like we do.

JUNIOR ED

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indynews



HOHLBEIN REVEALED

For over 25 years the German Indiana Jones novels have remained a mystery for many Indyfans. That is until now...

You'd think a country that produced the bad guys in two Indiana Jones films would be somewhat aggrieved especially since the films offered no positive alternative to juxtapose the German villainy. (Well, unless you thought the Germans were the good guys, then that's a completely different kettle of fish!)

Despite this Germans took to Indy as Americans took to Albert Einstein and made him their own. So much so that once the original trilogy was completed they wanted more. With no more films on the horizon it was German publisher Goldmann who took the proverbial Black Eagle by the wings and commissioned a new set of Indiana Jones books in German.

Goldmann was founded in 1922 in Leipzig by Wilhelm Goldmann and first published art books and adventure novels along with detective novels of Edgar Wallace in the mid-1920s to great success.

Many of the covers were designed by Heinrich Hussmann who gave them a modern minimalist look and they developed an early form of pocket books by publishing an inexpensive "brochure edition".

In the era of Nazi Germany, Goldmann also published popular science books on environmental and economic issues along with popular authors such as Anton Zischka, Walter Pahl, Paul August Schmitz and Ferdinand Fried. During the war, Goldmann produced special editions for the support of troops and benefited from preferred paper allocations. The publishing house at the Leipzig Rossmarkt was destroyed in an air raid in December 1943. Goldmann rejoined the war as a soldier and was arrested by the Soviet secret police and detained for four years without a trial

in the special camps Mühlberg and Buchenwald.

After his release in January Goldmann moved to West Germany and devoted himself increasingly to the production of cheaper paperbacks.

By 1970 Goldmann published over 2,900 titles with a total circulation of over 110 million copies. Goldmann died in 1974 which led to a period of stagnation until the sale to Bertelsmann in 1977.

Today Goldmann Publishing, prints a wide range of fiction as well as non-fiction with known authors including Bill Bryson, Joy Fielding, Elizabeth George, Wladimir Kammer, Richard David Precht, Lucinda Riley, Michael Robotham and Donna Tartt & British author E. L. James.

From 1990 to 1994 Goldmann published eight original Indiana Jones novels by Wolfgang Hohlbein – (see our ace interview for the scoop.)

Indiana Jones und die Gefiederte Schlange (1990), Indiana Jones und das Schiff der Götter (1990), Indiana Jones und das Gold von El Dorado (1991), Indiana Jones und das verschwundene Volk (1991), Indiana Jones und das Schwert des Dschingis Khan (1991), Indiana Jones und das Geheimnis der Osterinsel (1992), Indiana Jones und das Labyrinth des Horus (1993) & Indiana Jones und das Erbe von Avalon (1994)

Frustratingly these books were not published in English and the only other translation is in Dutch. Many fans have tried to translate these books with varying success however they all still remain a bit of a mystery.

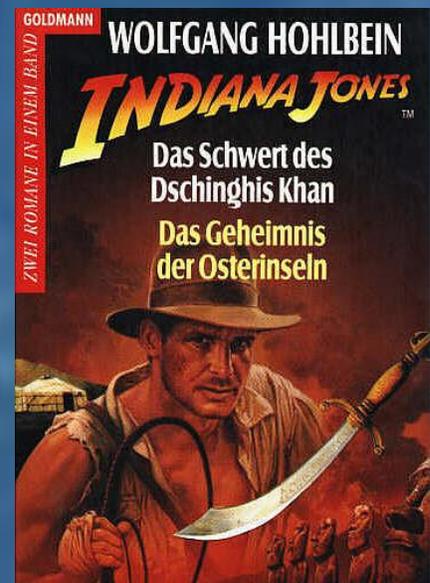
This injustice needs to be righted so indymag took up the challenge of translating all the books, and when we say 'indymag' we really mean Rachel

Schneider. Without the hard work and dedication from Rachel these books would still remain a mystery and thanks to that work indymag now has all the books translated.

Rather than just sticking them out we've decided to do something special and commissioned a fabulous new cover from Eugene Shin and present them as books starting with the Secret of Easter Island.

A pdf copy can be obtained on subscription to the magazine, so make sure to go visit indymag.org and sign up and like our Facebook page.

Depending on demand, we are looking to do a small print run, at cost, so if you are interested please email – theindianajonesarchive@gmail.com



BYTES MICHAEL D FORD DIES

It is with great sadness that we report that Oscar-winning set decorator Michael Ford, who worked on franchises including *Star Wars*, *Bond* and *Indiana Jones*, has died aged 90.



Ford's career began in the 1960s. Early movie credits in the 1970s included comedies *Up The Front* and *The Alf Garnett Saga* while popular TV shows from the same decade included *Space: 1999* and *The New Avengers*. In the 1980s he worked on movies such as *The Living Daylights*, six-time Oscar-winner *Empire Of The Sun* and *Licence To Kill* while in 1995 Ford worked on his third Bond title, *GoldenEye*. His final film was adventure sci-fi *Wing Commander* in 1999.

Peter Walpole (Jason Bourne) of the British Film Designers Guild added, "Sad news to hear the passing of Michael Ford. As a production buyer and an aspiring set decorator, I looked up to Michael with respect and awe. In addition to the productions he worked on with Peter Lamont, there was also, two of the first *Star Wars* films and of course *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. I concur with Peter, he was a true gentlemen. He will be sadly missed."

He originally studied Book Illustration at Goldsmith's College in London, and painted as a hobby in his retirement. His quirky and witty works juxtapose animals and humans in amusing and unexpected relationships. Visit - www.michaelpaintings.com to view his illustrations.

NEW MAG!

Brazil forgoes the soccer to bring a new magazine!



Don't get too excited as the first Brazilian magazine exclusively dedicated to Indiana Jones is in Portuguese, well, at least we think it is!

The publishers state that the magazine is done with 'great pride', a 'realization of a dream' and is 'done by fans for fans'.

The magazine is 48 pages of adventure, curiosities, history and everything that is Indiana Jones.

This is a pilot issue and its continuation will depend on reader numbers and whether people feel it has relevance.

It's no mean feat to produce a magazine so we applaud this endeavour and hope that all Indy fans find the time to checkout the magazine.

Although we have absolutely no idea what is said in the magazine it looks good and expect the Brazilian readers to be shouting "GOOOOOOAAAAL!". Find out more at <https://indianajonesarquivos.blogspot.com/2018/06/jones-jr-magazine.html>

SOLO SEA

Why bother watching a movie when you can play

ANYONE who knows anything about either *Star Wars* or *Indiana Jones* knows that they are both intrinsically linked through the japes of production staff.

It goes all the way back to *Raiders of the Lost Ark* with Jock Lindsey's plane using the letters OB-CPO on its nose, a reference to Obi-Wan Kenobi and C-3PO along with sound magician Ben Burtt's use of the Millennium Falcon's failing hyperdrive for the Jock plane. The japery appears to have continued into the latest *Star Wars* 'flop', *Solo*.

Solo contains a lot of production japes (we refuse to call them Easter eggs as they are the preserve of the Easter Bunny) and references many different elements of the *Star Wars* universe, which is something that you would expect being a *Star Wars* film. However *Indiana Jones* gets a few nods as Ron Howard confirmed in a recent interview with the *Radio Times*. Neither he nor Lawrence Kasdan are admitting inserting the references however we list those that have been confirmed or allegedly seen.

(Okay, for those of you who haven't seen *Solo* yet stop reading now and get yourself down to your local flea-pit and spend a bit of time being entertained by the crew of the Millennium Falcon as you'll come away

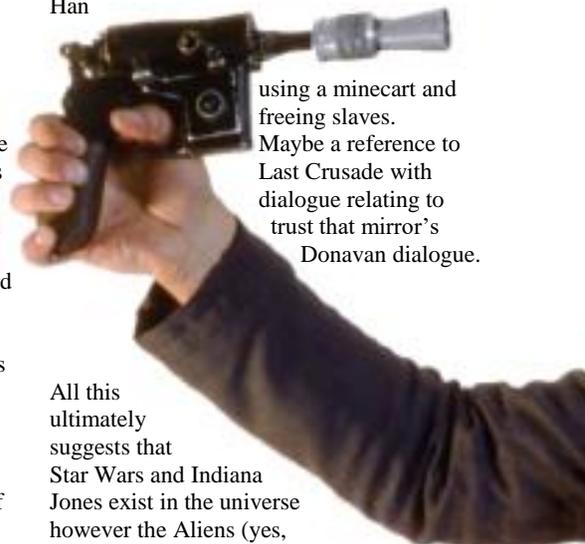
without any bad feelings.)

- Toht Ra, (yes, really!) a member of Dryden Vos's security force.

- Allegedly, Crystal Skull, Grail, Sankara Stones and the Golden Idol appear. Only the Golden idol has been confirmed

- The death of the tentacle space monster is supposed to resemble the death of Toht. (Really? Ed)

There are other, more tenuous links such as Han



using a minecart and freeing slaves.

Maybe a reference to *Last Crusade* with dialogue relating to trust that mirror's

Donovan dialogue.

All this ultimately suggests that *Star Wars* and *Indiana Jones* exist in the universe however the Aliens (yes,

MARA PIN

Amazing new pin released!



Ron Phelps has released a new pin that was inspired by The Eye of Mara at the Temple of the Forbidden Eye.

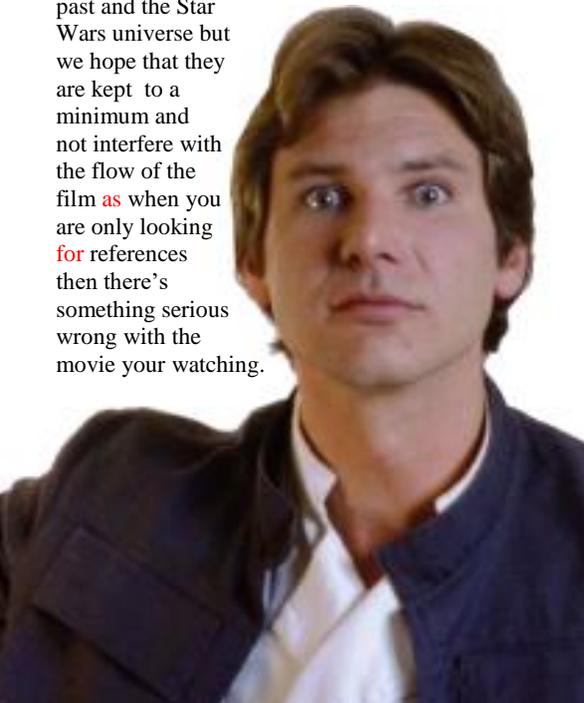
It is based on an illustration by Trevor Waldroup and manufactured by James Farrand. Available from Ron on Facebook. But hurry as there is limited supply.

RCH!

spot the reference.

they were aliens!) in Indiana Jones should take a visit to the Star Wars universe and disappear in the Kessel system.

I'm sure that when Indy V hits the big screen there will be plenty of nods to its own past and the Star Wars universe but we hope that they are kept to a minimum and not interfere with the flow of the film as when you are only looking for references then there's something serious wrong with the movie your watching.



Whatcha Doin? Updates

Gossip and title-tattle from the acceptable face of stalking!



Steven Spielberg

One is beginning to wonder if Steven Spielberg is a special effect as the man seems to be doing the impossible with his workload. Not only has he overseen the latest Jurassic Park sequel but has a host of projects lined up from Bumblebee (why?), 'Men In Black' Spin-Off (why?), Animaniacs (Ooooooh!), West Side Story (hmmmm!), Halo (Why?), Real Steel 2 (Really?), somewhere in that mix a couple of Tintin (Ho-hum!) and the next Indiana Jones film (Jooooones!).

Obviously, Spielberg will not have his eye glued to the lens on all these projects and is most likely to have a sage role in deciding what color the curtains will be however one must wonder how the 71 year old keeps his energy going. The coffers at the Bank of Spielberg must be spilling over as we all know he built a Scrooge McDuck slide to drop in to. The only motivation must be the love of film that Spielberg felt when he picked up his first camera. The man is a real inspiration to us all and one day perhaps we will all have our own Scrooge McDuck slide!



Harrison Ford

We shouldn't be asking you this but what is Harrison Ford actually doing these days? He's certainly not making any films and we're not counting a voice over in The Secret Life of Pets 2. He appears to be either caught saving people on highways or thanking people via internet videos especially those who like to fly planes. Has Ford secretly retired and is only coming out to play for his final Indiana Jones film? We've not seen him playing any shuffle board or cards with other pensioners so that may not be the case but it's a shame that we don't get to see his presence in more

movies* as he is so damn watchable. *Expendables and Hollywood Homicide excluded.



Shia LaBeouf

Contrition is a funny old thing and in the March edition of Esquire magazine, Shia (formerly known as Pepe) is experiencing a bit of it. At only 31, Shia has led a rather privileged up and down life.

Referring to himself as a "buffoon" with no method to his madness, he told the magazine, "I've got to look at my failures in the face for a while. I need to take ownership of my shit and clean up my side of the street a bit before I can go out there and work again, so I'm trying to stay creative and learn from my mistakes. I've been falling forward for a long time. Most of my life.

The truth is, in my desperation, I lost the plot." He most certainly did and this revelation has coincided with the realization that he has almost made himself unemployable. "For a long time, I thought that life was secondary to art," LaBeouf admitted. "And then you realize you can't have this art thing without the life thing. I'm just trying to deal with my life right now, 'cause I don't have f--k-all to offer the world until I do." Never a truer word spoken and in that vein, as tribute to now dead Pepe we are going to consign "Whatcha Doin" to bin unless we can't think of anything better!

indyfocus

Indystuff



We try to find the latest
Indy goodies to waste
your cash on!

1

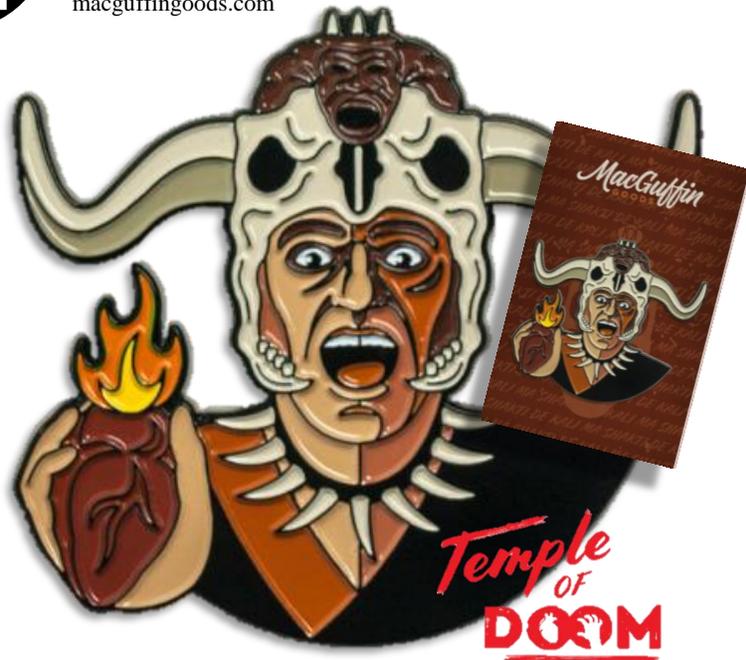
"Indy, cover your heart...with this rather tasty Mola Ram enamel pin!" This is the brainchild of Dave Barton, a veteran Graphic Designer/Art Director based in Salt Lake City. When he's not writing about himself in the third person, his obsessions include movies, photography, pizza, 90s alternative, and timely sarcastic quips. Find out more at macguffingoods.com

2



Our mate and Richard Amsel obsessive, Adam McDaniel, has been knocking out a fine array of Indiana Jones art items over the years. Above is one of his best pieces based on the iconic Obama designed poster by artist Shepard Fairey 'Hope'.

Adam has now made the art for the 'ROPE' spoof available as a pin at <http://www.adammcdaniel.com/> which is iron stamped with poly enamel and printing on one side that is 3D and that looks pretty cool and always raises a chuckle amongst the staff.



3

NEW DISNEY PRODUCT ALERT! Jock Lindsey's Hangar Bar is finally getting merchandise out with this cool Headed Monkey Tiki Glass. The glass is painted with stylish geometric shapes! Perfect for any Tiki bar! Perhaps even for serving Willie Scott's favorite drink.... chilled monkey brains!



Insane Purchase

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Indy Smells, Mola Ram ran away. Oh, what fun it is to ride on Mine Cart...(Enough, Ed!). Are we that desperate that by plonking a Christmas hat on Indy's head will part us from our cash? Well, the answer is Yes but that's beside the point. Nice illustration but only worth getting out once a year to kiss under the mistletoe!

4

Locoape (Toynk Toys LLC) have produced their own non-licensed fertility idol. As idols have existed throughout history all Indy-loving fan will instantly recognize this replica for what it is – a half descent knock off based on the Bonhams idol. The 7” idol is made of a hefty solid polyresin that gives it weight and fits nicely in your palm for running away from large boulders. Retailing at \$78, even at Walmart, this is the value priced idol for everyday cosplaying and looking very much the adventurer!



100 TOP Collectables

#99



Uncle Milton Lost City Archaeological Treasure Dig

I bet you're wondering why this has made it into the top 100 collectables. Well, out of all the Indiana Jones toys this is the only one that actually gives you the mind-numbingly boring sensation of being an actual archaeologist!

Not to do down archaeologists but when you sign up for the real thing there's usually no punching, shooting or rescuing but a lot of scrapping and then more scrapping.

We all know that Indiana Jones is as much an archaeologist as Milli Vanilli are singers.

However, there is a real sting in the tail as this toy is really good fun as you get the satisfaction of uncovering all the alcoves and artefacts that are hidden within the sand.

So, you'll quickly learn that as boring as digging is you'll understand the giant payoff for archaeologists for discovering secrets of ancient civilizations.

That's why it's in the top 100.

“WHY INDY?”

JARED FEINSTEIN

What was your first Indy memory?

This isn't just my earliest Indiana Jones memory, it's my earliest memory. Period. When I was three years old, my father was away at work and my mother was home with myself and my two sisters, my younger sister being only a few months old. I was rooting through the VHS cabinet when I came upon my dad's copy of *Last Crusade*. I remember this as if it were yesterday, asking my mother if I could watch it. Upon her approval I slid the tape into the VCR and climbed into my parent's bed. I remember less the actual experience of watching it other than being truly amazed. And I haven't been the same since. My mother has questioned my recollection on this, but I have proof in the form of a Young Indiana Jones book given to me on my fourth birthday, dated on the inside cover in her handwriting.

By 4, I was already in well over my head. I remember not long after that finding an Indiana Jones comic book at an antique store with my mother, *Further Adventures #12*. I remember vividly first seeing *Raiders* with my aunt and cousins. I remember another aunt buying me a licensed hat and jacket, the pocket of which is still tacky to this day, 25 years later, after I hastily stashed a peanut butter and jelly sandwich while adventuring outside.

All of these things I still have as testament to just how deeply this series has moved me.

Do you have a life outside of Indy?

Outside of Indiana Jones, I'm a huge film fanatic. I have a degree in film, and I now work in the periphery of the industry in the Washington DC area. I spend much of my spare time with my patient and understanding girlfriend and my cat, Leeloo.

Marry, snog or avoid Marion, Willie or Elsa?

Well Marion was my first childhood crush, but I already have my own feisty lady. Besides, I managed not to propose to Karen Allen when I met her recently. As for Willie, only if it wouldn't prejudice my experiment. And I'd avoid Elsa because I don't like fast women. Or nazis, for that matter...

Kingdom of the Crystal Skull - Love or hate?

Kingdom of the... what now? Not sure what you're talking about. But *Fate of Atlantis* is a fantastic sequel!

Can you match any of Indy's skills?

I can handle a bullwhip, though I'm pretty out of practice since moving to the city. And like Indy, I have no doubt I've picked up some people who resent me strongly enough to want to cut off my... misunderstanding... For work, I meet a lot of very famous people. One of my Instagram followers suggested that I was a lot like Young Indiana Jones in that regard. I'm often a fly on the wall in important places.

Your most embarrassing Indy moments?

Before going all in on an accurate pair of Alden 405s (with the generous assistance of my girlfriend), I wore a number of different look-alikes and close enough boots. I was at AwesomeCon in DC several years ago when the sole on one of those look-alikes peeled off from the front. I had to hobble a couple of blocks around the convention center to the CVS in order to get super glue. All the while, the sole was slapping comically up and down. On top of that I got a spot of super glue on my pants. A pretty auspicious start to the day. But then I met John Rhys Davies and that made the whole silly affair but a footnote.

Favorite Indy quote?

"It's not the years, honey. It's the mileage."
"You stood to be counted with the enemy of everything that the grail stands for. Who gives a damn what you think!"

I have often had people tell me I misquoted *Raiders of the Lost Ark* when I chose my user name. I'm well aware of this, and the story behind it is actually pretty funny.

I first used the name on a dating site about five years ago. I wanted something that reflected my Indiana Jones obsession. I originally went with "throw me the idol" just like fellow Indy collector, Les David, but the user name was already in use on the site, for the best really. After much hemming and hawing, I considered the other half of that equation, "give me the whip." Only I thought that sounded a little wrong considering the particular venue. So I met in the middle and combined the two. Even then I still had women who thought the user name was inappropriate. Fortunately my girlfriend actually took the time to read my profile and knew about my love for the character and my enjoyment of whip cracking. And so, we are merely passing through history, but the rest, as they say, IS history...

What does your partner or family think of your Indy obsession?

My girlfriend has the patience of a saint. No doubt we've had our disagreements on my collecting, but she supports what makes me happy and she is kind enough to join me in cosplay. I think her favorite Indy character to dress up as is Mola Ram— We have put together a fun, sexy version of the character that's always a favorite at conventions! My father has also joined me in cosplay, and he does a fantastic Henry Jones Sr. That was something I had long wanted to do with him, and I was ecstatic when I casually pitched the idea and he was enthusiastic at the prospect. We have since taken a number of photos together that I absolutely love. They are pieces I can always cherish. My family has supported my Indy obsession since my youth. It's no different now, and they eagerly follow my Instagram page.

Your house is burning down. What item in your collection would you take?

Indy is no stranger to escaping burning infernos... I think he'd linger back a moment longer to grab a few extra things. Certainly my Herbert Johnson and one of my jackets would make it out. As for memorabilia, I'd probably save the rare computer game, *Indiana Jones in Revenge of the Ancients*. It took me too long to find a copy and it's long been one of my holy grail pieces. Truly a rare relic. Also, I'll probably grab my replica grail diary by Serenity

You're on the psychiatrists couch. He asks "Why Indy?"

Sometimes a snake is just a snake... Indy inspires a wonder and a desire for discovery. The character, despite his sometimes questionable ethics, always comes around to do the right thing, often at great personal cost. I find that admirable, and something to aspire to. He never shrugs and walks away, he is persistent, to the point of giving mercenaries a bad name... All traits I hope to reflect. Simply put, he's a positive role model. He was a positive role model for me growing up, and I delight in seeing how the younger generations still are inspired as I have been.

Why Indy?





Alessandro Trambaioli

Alessandro Trambaioli was born in a small town in the province of Rovigo. His knowledge and experiences have defined him as a person by being carved out from personal study, a genuine passion for art and strong belief in this creativity.

He started working on sculptural reproductions of historical objects and film props, integrating his work with numerous artistic collaborations such as Murano glass masters laboratories and acquiring a specialization in this field.

During that time he has made several works, but his biggest passion is the movies and the props seen in them. His favourite set of movies is the Indiana Jones saga and he loves every relic seen in this series.

He decided to make Francisco de Orellana's Death Mask because he had never seen a replica of the prop that would meet his expectations. The prop Alessandro has created was handmade from his own original sculpt all the way to the final gold plated finish complete with an aging effect. The plating process was made in pure gold glass with 7 tonnes of pigment color and other secret techniques. Overall the mask took 6 months.

Find out more about Alessandro and his work at <https://www.facebook.com/Theartofalessandro>



WHAT'S THE SECRET?

We've already blown the secret so now the horse has bolted John Brueggen gives us a handy overview of *Indiana Jones and the Secret of Easter Island*.

During a heavy storm a plane crashes on a remote small South Pacific island which leaves only a small group of survivors: the mysterious Jonas who seems to have something to hide, an old German lady by the name of Adele Sandstein, the dutch businessman Bell Stothem, the Australian twins Anthony and Steve van Lees, Stan Barlowe and his wife, the pilot Tressler as well as the engineer Perkins. In the following days Tressler and Perkins try to repair the damaged aircraft, while the others explore the island.

One evening Adele Sandstein tells the stranded group that she saw a giant person walking out into the ocean early in the morning. Everyone reacts with disbelief except the pilot Tressler, who admits that he saw something odd while they were crash landing, too, but could not make any sense of it.

During that conversation Tressler announces that he is ready with the repairs and that he will try to fly the plane, but that he couldn't risk taking anyone with him. In the following night Tressler asks Jonas to follow him into the jungle as he has something to show Jonas. Soon after that they reach a different part of the beach and are able to watch from a safe distance a group of natives that are talking and gesticulating towards the plane and their camp. And that is not all as Tressler turns Jonas' attention to something even more surprising...

Eight months later: Washington DC.

Two government agents, Mr. Franklin and Mr. Delano gather in a meeting with Indiana Jones and Mr. Grisswald, the dean of the university. The government agents ask for Indy's help, but Grisswald and Indy are arguing that Indy needs to stay and complete the lectures that the students come to the university to hear. However, when the agents bring up Easter Island, Indy's curiosity is peeked, and Grisswald agrees to send Indy, making sure that the university gets to publish its findings.

72 hours later Indy and Grisswald, Franklin, and Delano arrive in Sydney, Australia to catch a ship, called the Henderson. Indy has to address a mob of reporters before boarding.

Later on Indy and Grisswald awake, realizing that they had been drugged. They find Commander Delano and General Franklin in full uniform aboard the "research vessel", which Indy now realizes is a warship. General Franklin finally comes clean about the mission. The Germans have U-boats and U-boat stations throughout Polynesia. Their spy, Jonas, has plans that can help them destroy the U-boat bases in Polynesia, but he has gone missing.

The plane he was on was missing, but recently showed up, crash landing near the atoll of Pau-Pau. On board were only two men: the pilot Tressler, who died shortly afterwards as well as the passenger Perkins who drowned

during the crash landing. But they also found a notebook on the plane with illegible writing and an excellent sketch of one of the giant stone heads, like the one found on Easter Island. Delano and Franklin know however that Jonas never made it to Easter Island, so he must be on another island with the same type of giant carvings.

The recovered aircraft had also a drawing on the instrument panel that was made of blood. It showed three things: one of the large god statues, the airplane- and a jagged bolt of lightning coming from the stone figure's eyes and hitting the airplane.

"There have been rumors for several years that the Nazis are working on a new secret weapon, Professor Grisswald," says Franklin as he points at a photo showing the airplane nearly burned beyond recognition. "It looks like they may have finished it."

Later on Delano and Indy take a pontoon plane to Paupau, somewhere in Polynesia, to meet a man named Ganty who is known for telling stories about an island populated with giants.

Indy and Delano find Ganty in a bar and ask him if he had seen any of the Easter Island type statues before. His face says Yes, but he replies he wouldn't discuss it any further until the next morning. That following night, unable to sleep Indy is looking for Delano, who has left his quarters and is nowhere to be found. After searching for him all over the small island he finally finds him at the far end of the island staring at the sea. When both return to the small harbor town they spot Ganty on his boat speaking with a very tall native with extremely long earlobes.

Indy swims to the boat in order to find out what they are talking about, but they are speaking a language Indy has never heard. Something grabs Indy while he is in the water and throws him a great distance. When Indy recovers from the surprise attack the tall man is gone and Ganty has a gun pointed at him. After being questioned Indy admits to seeing the tall native and suggests that they are "long ears". Ganty, who wants this to keep a secret, shoots Indy without hesitation in the stomach twice.

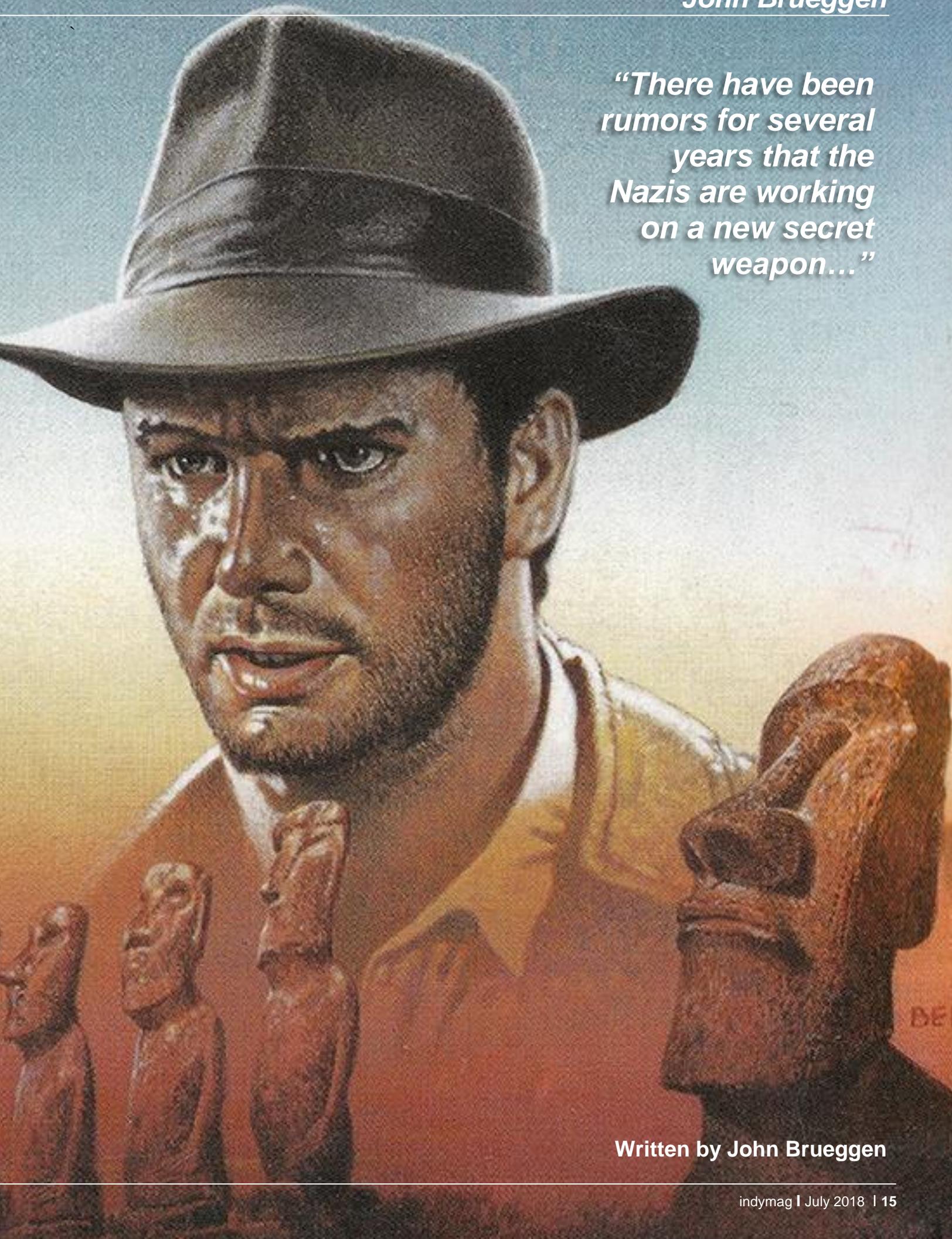
Indy wakes up in the bottom bunk on Ganty's ship. Apparently he was shot with homemade non-lethal bullets. Indy is badly bruised but nothing that time will not heal. Ganty admits to Jones that he knew who he was all along. He continues to tell Indy that there still is an undisturbed island with the Easter Island type statues and culture and that they are actually on the way to that island right now. Ganty felt it was necessary to fake Indy's death in front of Delano, so they wouldn't follow them or look for Indy.

While sailing, Ganty tells Indy that he used to be an archeologist as well. He also implies that the storm that was following them was something created to keep them



John Brueggen

“There have been rumors for several years that the Nazis are working on a new secret weapon...”



Written by John Brueggen

from being followed.

They arrive at the island and are eventually greeted by two "Long Ears", very tall natives that speak the same language Indy had heard earlier. They follow the natives when suddenly they get ambushed. During the ambush Indy is knocked out and when he recovers he finds himself being held prisoner by Bell, one of the van Lees brothers, and Barlowe. They tell Indy that they are the survivors of the plane crash and that the other van Lees brother, Barlowe's wife, Adele, and Jonas have been taken prisoner by the "long ears". They continue to explain that the Giants are too dangerous and a rescue attempt would mean risking their lives so they need to escape the island as long as there is still time. For this, they want to use Ganty's boat.

They force Indy and Ganty to Ganty's ship and once they are all aboard, set sail. But shortly after the boat is being attacked by the Long Ears. The attack is strong and brutal and it seems that it is a one-sided battle. During the attack Indy is in the grasp of one of the Long Ears, his life being choked out of him, when suddenly a gunshot kills his attacker.

All of a sudden there is much more machine gun fire and the Long Ears die left and right. A ship comes out of the fog into view. Shortly afterwards Delano jumps on board Ganty's boat expecting thanks, but Indiana is none too pleased about the massacre. Indy and Ganty are the only two that survived without major injuries. It turns out that Delano is German and that he brought a German frigate with 30 SS soldiers and heavy weaponry. Indy begins to question everything about Delano and Franklin but Delano assures Indy that Franklin is a good American who does not know anything about the real identity of Delano. They plan to wait for the fog to clear and then go back to the island to attempt to rescue the others, but Ganty tells Indy that as soon as the fog lifts they will all be dead.

The German boat itself is a leftover from WWI and is made of very thick steel. It creeps along the shore, through the coral reef as finally the fog retreats. Delano sends a team of soldiers to shore in rubber dinghies. Once they get to the beach the soldiers set up a three tired defense facing the forest.

Suddenly three dozen Long Ear warriors, painted in camouflage, emerge. One of the Long Ears attacks and is immediately cut down by machine gun fire. Delano hopes that this warning would be enough for the natives, but it is not! All the Long Ears attack and Indy and Ganty watch in horror from the boat how the natives are all cut down at the beach by the German soldiers. Just when it seems that all is over some powerful and destructible red glowing burning force emerges from the forest. It sweeps across the beach annihilating the soldiers on the beach and continues to head for the German warship.

Ganty grabs Indy by the shirt and drags him off the back of the boat and under the water. Even underneath the water Indy can feel an unbearable heat passing the surface of the

water, reaching down to them, going deeper and deeper. While Ganty is trying to pull him further down, he manages to escape Ganty's grip as he needs to surface to get air, no matter how hot it will be. When he reaches the surface all he can see is a blur and the heat is numbing his mind. He tries to make it to the beach and only there he realizes that all bodies and machinery around him are burnt and that even the German frigate is damaged beyond recognition due to the glowing red heat force that seems to come from a 5 meter tall statue that seems to have emerged from the forest. The statue was similar to the ones on Easter Island but with different proportions. And this one had strikingly red glowing eyes. The last thing that Indy notices before losing his consciousness is how the statue turns around with a sound of grinding stone and those red glowing eyes looking straight at him.

Once he wakes up Ganty is there by his side, but his face looks raw from the heat wave and lots of his hair is missing, presumably burned off. Indy realizes that he is in the same condition. He finds himself in a stone prison together with Ganty, a blonde woman, the missing von Lees brother, and Jonas. There are also some surviving SS men, as well as Delano, Barlowe, and the other von Lees brother. Delano is severely injured, having burned his arms and face. His eyes are so badly burned that he can no longer see anything. Ganty tells Indy that the natives want to see Indy and Delano. Delano has to be helped along due to his injuries. There are four Long Ears waiting for them at the exit. One of them wears a feathered cloak and mask, making him look like a large and dangerous bird. Ganty exchanges a few words with him and the Polynesian with the feathered cloak makes a commanding gesture for them to follow. Indy, Ganty and their four guards are put into a giant wicker basket that is being lifted up with some sort of crane arm. They are taken across the mouth of the volcano where Indy realizes that there is an entire city, within the volcano.

The heat gets unbearable again and Ganty passes out from the gasses as they pass over the volcano, while the four Long Ears don't even show a single drop of sweat.

The basket is set down and they begin to see more Bird People, dressed in feathered cloaks and large 3' red hats. Indy, Ganty, and Delano are taken to a very well lit, giant auditorium within the volcano. There are several giant statues here including one that is bent over in a kneeling position and functioning as a throne.

On the throne sits a creature that is covered with many different colored feathers, crystals, and corals. Even Indy can not make out if it is man or woman until a voice from the throne calls for them to be brought closer. As Indy's eyes adjust, he realizes that he is staring into the face of an older woman. The woman informs him that her name is Mi-Pao-Lo, but that Indy may call her Baroness von Sandstein, one of the survivors of the crash eight months ago. And good friends can even address her by

by Miss Adele!

She produces a fist sized dark red, glowing crystal from under her feathered attire. Indy somehow realizes that this crystal was the cause of the destruction earlier and that Adele wielded it. Indy realizes that with Adele's growing temper the crystal gets brighter and brighter, pulsating from the inside and barely keeping the dangerous force inside.

Even the Long Ears seem concerned about being too close to her. Adele tells them that she was not the cause of the destruction, but rather Make-Make, the god of this place.

Back in their prison, Ganty explains that the Long Ears revere Adele because she wears very long, heavy diamond earrings and therefore the Long Ears consider her not just being one of them... but a goddess. He continues that the Long Ears are not born with long ears, they had to wear heavy earrings from the time they are children. He further explains that there are very few women left in the Long Ear society. Only three in ten children are born female.

The females are so important that they hide them away and only go to mate with them once a year. Their history is that they had to leave their home when one of their women showed their enemies how to get through the fire pits that protected their kingdom. They believe that a woman will bring their exile to an end once their trials are over.

Several days pass and Indy is called back to speak to Adele. This time she seems much calmer, without the look of madness in her eyes. She tells Indy that she needs his help. The island is slowly sinking, and the Long Ears believe that Adele is there to rescue them. She is to perform some sort of ritual to get them back on their way back home, but Adele doesn't know what the ritual is. The ritual is carved into the wall of the room where Adele and Indy are meeting, but Adele admits she cannot read it and asks for Indy to translate it. They have just three days until the ritual has to be performed. Ganty tells Indy that he does not know how to read the lines on the wall, but he had heard that if the ritual was done incorrectly, if the gods were to be called wrongly or not at all Make-Make's anger would fall on all non-believers and on the rest of this world... and the end of the living world would be near.

Just before dying, Delano tells Indy that Franklin is on the way to the island with a ship and more men and that he will arrive within a few days. However, Franklin will only approach and try to rescue if he receives a proper Morse code light signal: three times short, four times long and one time short. Indy is once again summoned to the throne room. But this time there is very little of Adele present. Now the old lady has turned into Mi-Pao-Lo, the dark, undying goddess of the Bird People. She asks Indy in a demanding tone, if he has found out how the ritual has to be performed. He replies that he is working on it and that he has a good chance of figuring it out in time. Of course, this is just a lie as Indy tries to buy some more time. Adele, or Mi-Pao-Lo

can sense that Indy is just pretending and demonstrates her power by killing two unfaithful Long Ears in the most horrible way in front of him with the power of her red glowing crystal.

Indy works feverishly for three days, but he seems to only be making things up for the Bird People to do, while he bides his time. At the end of three days, he still has no idea how to translate the writing on the walls. Finally the time of the ceremony has come and it seems that Adele no longer exists as her body is taken over completely by the demon inside her. Indy and the other prisoners watch in amazement as the Bird People use the same cranes that were normally being used for moving the large baskets for transporting the natives from place to place, as bungee platforms. Dressed as Bird People, wearing feathered costumes they jump from the top of the cranes down into the volcano. They are tethered to the cranes and once they get close to the hot lava, they throw open their wings, catching the hot thermals, and soar around the crater. The hordes of Long Ear Bird People are fanning the volcano, making it glow in a particular rhythmic pattern that Indy tells them is part of the ceremony.

While Mi-Pao-Lo (Adele Sandstein) is mesmerized by the gliding Bird People Indy jumps at her and removes the red crystal from her hands. However, he feels an icy cold running through him and while he knows that he could destroy everyone there with one thought, he also realizes that he would be utterly lost to the demon. Mi-Pao-Lo easily takes the crystal back and commands the Long Ears to prepare the prisoners for a sacrifice.

Two miles off shore, at the same time, Captain Franklin is watching an unbelievable sight. The sky above the island is not just growing red, but is pulsating... always with the same pattern: three times short, four times long and one time short, and repeated all over again after one minute.

Meanwhile, Indy is forced to put on a feathered Bird Man costume, and is being attached to a tether. He too has to be part of the ritual and has to jump down the volcano to join the ceremony. Dangling helpless at the end of the rope he realizes that above him three more Bird People prepare to jump down to him, also being attached to the ropes. What follows is a fight to the death between Indy and the three Bird People just above the volcano lava.

While in the fight of his life, shots are fired from the warship. The first shot just scares the Bird People, but the next hits reach deep into the volcano. The side of the volcano begins to collapse. After Indy is able to fight off his aggressors he is climbing for his life to reach the top ledge, where his rope is tied. Once he reaches the top he passes out.

When he awakes, Jonas is there, but all the Bird People have scattered, and even Sandstein and her red crystal are missing. Jonas surmises that Delano had actually double crossed them, giving Indy the code for attack rather than rescue. They have bigger problems however, as the volcano is becoming more and more unstable.

Indy grabs a rope and puts on more time a Bird Man costume and with the help of the glowing storm wind that fills the volcano crater he is able to make it to the top of the volcano so he and the others can escape the crater. Once out, Ganty leads them to the opposite side of the island, from the beach they arrived on. They see all the Long Ears in reed boats fleeing from the sinking island. As they watch, a German U-boat arrives. The signal they gave earlier must have been meant to call in the Germans. The Germans start to inflate rafts for a rescue, but the volcano eruption accelerates, causing Ganty and some of the team to leap into the water and swim to the submarine. Indy looks back over his shoulder and sees Sandstein and a line of Long Ears on the ridge right above them. They must have been following them. Just as Sandstein starts to raise the crystal in her hand a grenade from the submarine hits her and several of the Long Ears, tearing them apart.

The crystal falls to the ground, which Jonas runs for and picks up, but the rest of the Long Ears attack him. He goes down with an arrow in his shoulder, but still holding the crystal. The crystal erupts with blinding light taking out the surrounding Long Ears.

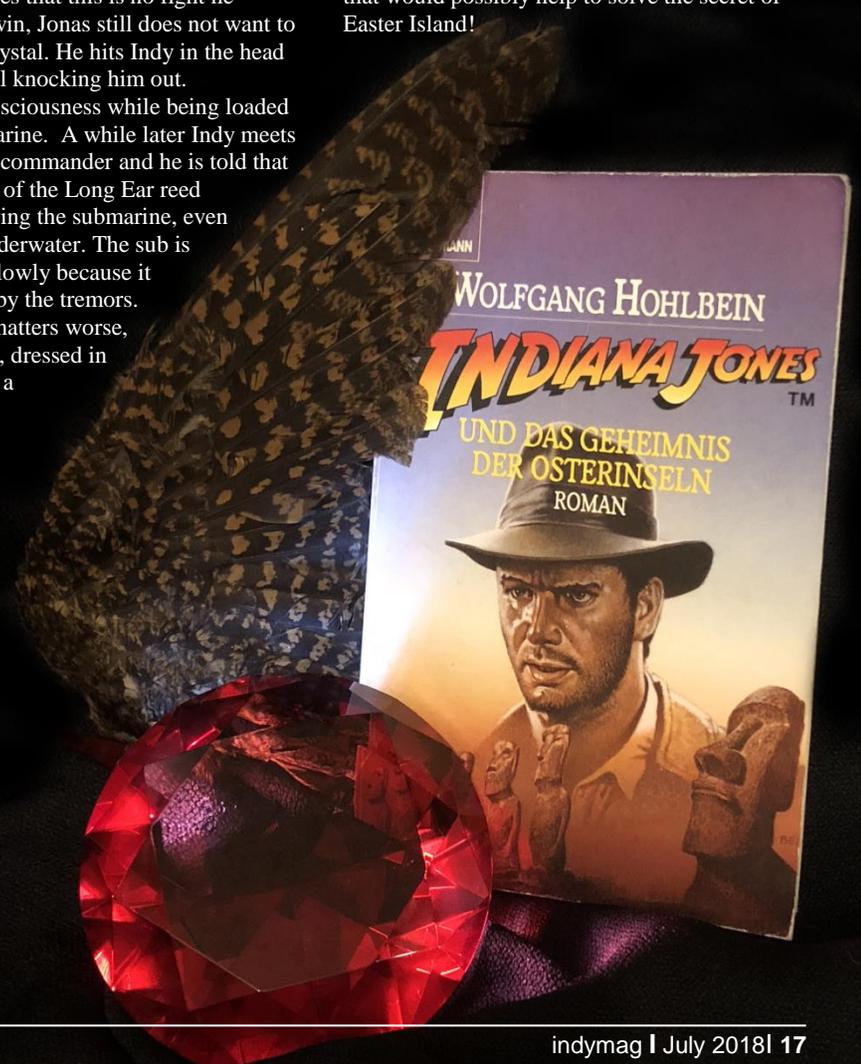
Indy yells at Jonas to throw the crystal in the sea, but ends up running towards him for trying to help him drop it, but Jonas is getting more and more possessed by the crystal. He is literally being consumed by its power and while he realizes that this is no fight he probably can win, Jonas still does not want to let go of the crystal. He hits Indy in the head with the crystal knocking him out. Indy gains consciousness while being loaded onto the submarine. A while later Indy meets the submarine commander and he is told that the entire fleet of the Long Ear reed boats is following the submarine, even though it is underwater. The sub is moving very slowly because it was damaged by the tremors. And to make matters worse, Jonas walks in, dressed in the uniform of a German Obersturmbannführer.

He is Heinrich, a commander for the Germans, a double agent that never was going to give up the top secret location of all the German U-boats, and now he has the crystal. Indy realizes that Heinrich/Jonas has been taken over by the dark power of Mi-Pao-Lo. There is nothing human about him anymore. And this evil has taken command of the submarine.

But Captain Franklin onboard the Henderson seems to have found the sub and the floating armada of Long Ears.

During the following battle the Henderson fires at the German U-boat but Jonas protects it, and even fires back with the crystal. But the Henderson is too strong and the crystal does little damage. Indy manages to get hold of a gun and shoots Jonas a couple of times, and even though he is wounded Jonas continues to burn up people and attempts to inflict damage to the Henderson. Eventually, Jonas, who is just a vessel for evil, burns up himself and the crystal falls into the ocean.

Back on Easter Island, Franklin drops Indy off, telling him that everything he experienced is top secret. Ganty on the other hand has somehow regained the trust of the Long Ears and is taking them to an uninhabited island. Later on Indy finds Grisswald working with the Easter Island natives on an excavation. Grisswald chastises Indy for being gone so long on a useless adventure while he was finding an important scientific discovery, a skeleton...one that would possibly help to solve the secret of Easter Island!





WOLFE WORDS

Wolfgang Hohlbein sees himself as an entertainment author. He writes books people love to read. With over 200 published novels selling over 35 million issues, no other German author born after 1950, has got even close to those numbers. He also is the only living author to have an award named after him, the Wolfgang-Hohlbein-Award.

Somewhere in the middle of that he had time to knock out eight Indiana Jones novels.

In German.

Unless you were prepared to learn a whole new language those novels would remain a mystery. Roll on 30 years we speak with Wolfgang and find out more about his career and those Indiana Jones books.

Interview by Jürgen Mathy

indyinterview

Interview conducted by Jürgen Mathy in summer 2017.

indymag: How did you start as a writer?

HOHLBEIN: I didn't start out as a writer. For a time I worked as an industrial clerk. When I started to write novels I found out that the best time for me to work was at night – so I worked as a night watchman for a time while writing my first stories. It's now been some time since success allowed me to be "just" a writer!

indymag: Your bibliography is enormous! Could you tell us how you approach writing a book?

HOHLBEIN: There are over 200 books that bear my name and some with an alias from earlier days. There is a number of ways I start a book. Sometimes it's a meeting with friends where we start a plot out of nowhere. Then again the idea comes from a conversation with my wife and co-writer Heike. It happens during the holidays abroad or while I'm driving somewhere. I drove by an old monastery in the Taunus (mid Germany) – and while I was driving on, a story formed in my head. Most of the time I do not know what the next chapter will bring and I often am surprised of the outcome. I do not write a storyline before writing the book because I feel it narrows the ways a story can develop.

indymag: Which form of story do you prefer writing, i.e. Fantasy, Adventure, etc., and why?

HOHLBEIN: Most of all I like the fantastic. It happens everywhere, in far away lands or right in front of our eyes. Sure, the "heroes" in my books always manage to get into really weird situations but I like it when people say about my novels that it "just could have happened to everyone". Fantasy is an interesting genre, too, but there is so much really good fantasy in the stores right now, I don't think my stories are in any way special. During the last years I have written more and more mystery, "real fantasy", historic novels and a bit of horror. All of it fantastic and sometimes far out – that's what I like.

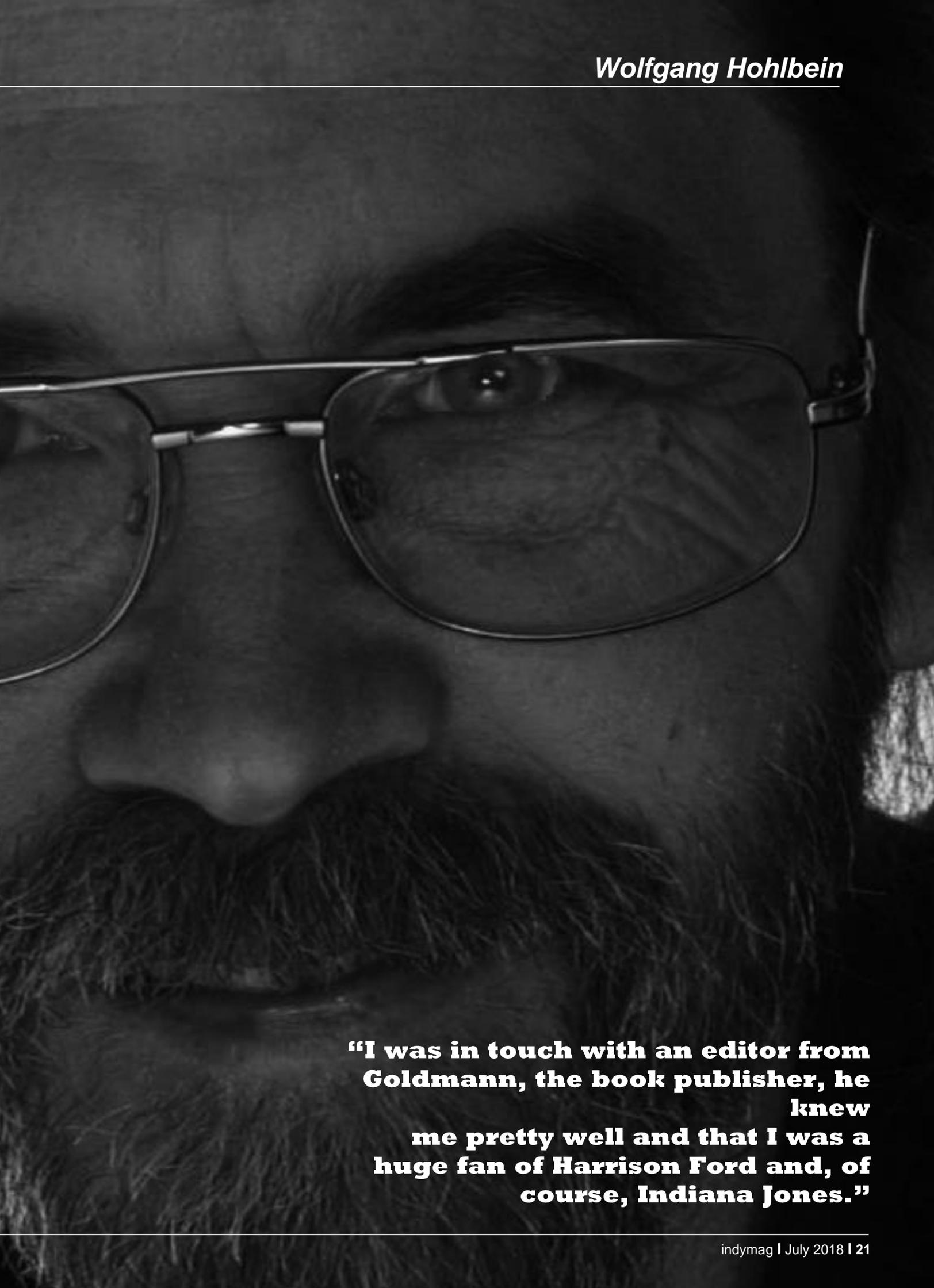
indymag: Why do you only write fantasy tales rather than 'reality' books?

HOHLBEIN: Honestly, because I do not care for them and I do not read any. Those books are based in the real world with their exciting or boring little stories and the worries already in real life. When I read a book for entertainment, it is for me in the best form of escapism. I want to escape for a few hours, or at best a few days or weeks into another world, into another life. A life that I will never meet and would never live - probably did not want to. I admire people who get reality exciting and captivating. I cannot do that. Probably because I'm not really interested. That's why I read books that are a bit oblique: Kafka and Heinrich Böll. I would never read reality books. That's something that just does not grab me.

indymag: How did you become a writer for Indiana Jones novels?

HOHLBEIN: It was very exciting. To be honest, I did that because I just needed the money, and it was the smartest thing I ever did. As a result, many people in America got to know my work, which would otherwise have never done. Back then I was in touch with an editor from Goldmann, the book publisher, he knew me pretty well and that I was a huge fan of Harrison Ford and, of course, Indiana Jones. They had the name – and needed some stories. The editor simply asked me and I enthusiastically said "Yes". But as soon as I had started writing I was caught up in the action and world of Indy. I remember they simply wanted to have more than the three existing movie novels. There were only the three movie novels and no other stories back then. I'm very proud that my novels existed prior to the American novels coming on to the market.





**“I was in touch with an editor from
Goldmann, the book publisher, he
knew
me pretty well and that I was a
huge fan of Harrison Ford and, of
course, Indiana Jones.”**

indymag: *There was no "timeline" in which to follow. What was the timeline you set the books in?*

HOHLBEIN: The timeframe for the stories, the 1920's - 1940's, have already been set by the movies which show Indiana as a grown archaeologist. So I moved within this time. One of my novels plays a little out of line, as "Indiana Jones und die Gefiederte Schlange" is set in 1929. As for the rest of my novels, 8 altogether, play between 1938 and 1944.

indymag: *How was it to work with people in charge of Lucasfilm?*

HOHLBEIN: The interaction was tricky. We had to send the manuscripts to each other. This was a time before e-mails and the internet. It was a time-consuming process. In regards to the writing I was told to make sure that the stories were politically correct. Back then the expression - Political Correctness - didn't exist but Lucasfilm was already looking for it. I remember a funny anecdote where I had Indiana Jones consistently using the word "chinks" for Japanese people. This was not my personal view, but I thought it matched the Zeitgeist (Spirit of the Age). No way! That was unacceptable to Lucasfilm and it had to be removed. I changed it to rice-eaters and that was somehow accepted. But anyway, in general, cooperation between Lucasfilm and myself was fine. Back then working was much easier than nowadays.

indymag: *Were you given any requirements from Lucasfilm or were you free to develop your own ideas?*

HOHLBEIN: In general, I didn't get to hear about such things. The publisher handled them. They only told me I had to look at this and that. Overall, Lucasfilm didn't interfere however there was one, two or three ideas for stories but they denied directly. Not because they were bad but perhaps they wanted to do something similar. Ultimately, this is why it ended. Not because the novels didn't sell, they were really successful and sold in high numbers but I think after the third movie there was such a long break that a stop was put on by the rightsholder in America. Perhaps they feared a situation where after five years I suddenly decided to say: This story was originally my idea, please send me \$5 million for that! So they completely stopped the series. Later, when it continued with American writers, I felt that my time was over because I was too far away from the project.

indymag: *Do you know how many copies of your Indiana Jones books were sold?*

HOHLBEIN: I never heard any numbers. I know that they sold a lot, much more than the movie novels. But I don't know any exact numbers. Also, I never received any statements. Back then I got an agreed fixed sum no matter if they reached a break even or not. That was not my problem anymore, which is very comfortable. But that's the reason I never received a statement, and this is the only way to get exact numbers.

indymag: *Were the Indiana Jones novels translated into other languages?*

HOHLBEIN: I received some Dutch issues and I think also some Spanish and Italian issues. So the novels existed in some neighboring countries, but there was no English translation. But anyway, they got some translations in Europe.

indymag: *How important was it to use the character name Indiana Jones?*

HOHLBEIN: Once we tried to convert the texts by taking out the name Indiana Jones especially for permission issues. We were not allowed to use it without permission. Maybe I will be shot because I'm using the name here in the interview. Anyway it didn't work out. Obviously these are the kind of adventure stories that only work with a big name as an identification figure. If I would take the same content but call the hero Hans Mueller or some such, it wouldn't work. We tried it because we really had fun creating those adventure stories but the relation to the fans seems to be a very huge factor.

indymag: *Do you still have any scripts of story ideas that were never published?*

HOHLBEIN: There were ideas but they never were developed further. We sat together with a bottle of wine and thought about what to do next, but we never wrote anything down in particular. Unfortunately, if the project had continued, back then I would have been happy to write more, but after the break of 5,6 or 7 years I didn't want to continue anymore.

indymag: *What was the feedback from the people from Lucasfilm back then?*

HOHLBEIN: As I said, for me there was no direct connection to the United States. I talked to the publisher and the publisher probably talked to the agent of the agent of the agent-assistant. That's the way how it worked. Personally what I really liked was the fact that there was an Indiana Jones Fanclub in the United States. I'm not sure if it still exists, but they existed back then and I was in touch with them via my agency. It seems they had read the books in German language. This is something I really appreciated.

indymag: *Thanks for taking time to do the interview and if fans want to contact or follow you how do they do this?*

HOHLBEIN: They can via my official website www.hohlbein.de with all the information about all my books and other stuff. However, like my Indiana Jones books it's all in German!

<https://www.facebook.com/WolfgangHohlbeinOfficial/>

THE HOHLBEINS! Behind every great man there is usually a great woman and with Wolfgang Hohlbein it is no different. The woman in question is Heike Hohlbein who is credited as co-author in many of Hohlbein's books". She acts as a principal provider of idea and inspiration for him, especially in the fantasy genre. Heike was instrumental in getting young Wolfgang recognized as an author after sending in a manuscript they both had written at a fantasy and science fiction writing contest in 1982. They won and their book, Märchenmond started the avalanche of books they were both to write. In a rather bizarre TV moment German TV channel RTL II launched a reality show called The Hohlbein's, a fantastic family, which didn't turn out to be that fantastic as it was cancelled within a few episodes. The programme also featured Wolfgang and Heike's daughter Rebecca who is a writer in her own right.

Wolfgang und Heike Hohlbein
MÄRCHENMOND



THE HOHLBEINS! Wolfgang, Heike and Rebecca Hohlbein relax in their lair guarded by two rather small dogs and a knight. Not the Grail knight, a different knight.

**Stella Nobrega -
Garcia takes a
personal, non-objective,
look into the eternal
question as to why
Raiders has no equal
and why Harrison
is the most beautiful
man in the world!**

**WHY IS RAI
SPECIA**



What is it about Raiders that makes it so special and why it is considered by die-hard fans to be the best of the four films or even the greatest action/adventure movie ever made.

I have always agreed with those fans that Raiders has no equal however I am basing that on my own personal view.

Over the next few pages I will give you the reasons as to why I think this however I make no secret of my bias view but at least we can all agree that Harrison Ford, as the adventuring archaeologist hero, is nothing short of magnificent!

THE BEGINNING

We all know the story of what happened in late May 1977 when George Lucas and Steven Spielberg took a vacation to Hawaii to build sandcastles on the beach at the Mauna Kea Beach Hotel.

Spielberg told Lucas that he would like to direct a James Bond movie. Lucas told his friend to forget Bond. He had something better. He described a story he had created that involved an archaeology professor who travelled the globe looking for ancient artefacts and someone who puts himself at great personal risk.

This was the moment that brought the two filmmakers together and the rest is history.

So, how does one go about analyzing a movie with a pedigree like Raiders of the Lost Ark especially if you're one of its biggest fans! Objectivity is a bit of an issue but as I've stated before I take no shame in my bias towards the film. So, rather than taking the movie on as a whole I thought it would be interesting to look at different elements from the movie and why I love them so much.

OPENING SEQUENCE

When Raiders begins, Indy appears as a very mysterious character who, at this time, we know nothing about. When I've watched the film, even though I know the character, these scenes make me feel as if I am seeing him for the first time. In particular the scene where Indy is at the lake and his face turns to the camera it always sends shivers down my spine.

As a child, I remember Indy being this almost mysterious type of figure. This is one of the reasons that makes Raiders so interesting as these scenes establish an air of mystery around Indy giving him a darker edge and it is only softened when he returns to Marshall College. Still, that mystery around Indy pervades throughout the film with an almost 'film-noir' feel to it.

The beginning is an exhilarating thrill ride but when we meet Indy next we learn that he is Professor Jones, teaching archaeology and the object of desire for many young women at Marshall College!

The juxtaposition of Indy as an heroic adventurer who braves hospitable lands in search of ancient artefacts and a professor and a scholar makes me think that Indy is almost like two different people.

This begs the question, is Indiana Jones, Dr. Jones' alter ego? Many people say that heroes do not exist as such, but instead some people act heroically when placed in certain situations. Personally I disagree as I believe that Indy is a true hero all the time.

ACTING

Let's get something out of the way first. Tom Selleck. Although he was unable to play Indy due to being under contract by Universal there are those who still believe that Selleck would have made a better Indy.

Sorry, but that is pure nonsense!

Who is to know how Selleck would have shaped his performance? Other than High Road to China there are no real indicators however High Road showed he was more than capable of playing an adventure hero.

So, what makes Harrison Ford's performance as Indiana Jones in Raiders that is so special?

To this day, I honestly cannot think of another actor who could have played Indy as well as Harrison. I am sure that without Harrison Ford's personality and charisma Indy wouldn't have been as successful or three dimensional.

I raise a smile every time I read a review of Raiders as all reviewers are very enthusiastic about Harrison's performance in that movie. Harrison has a very real, down-to-earth quality and he brings this to Indy. In illustrating this Harrison's acting comes across as very natural, as in the Bantu Wind scene with Karen Allen, Harrison is able to convey the pain of his adventures and softness to Marion. It makes the audience realise that Indy is just human like the rest of us.

One of the elements that may have helped Harrison performance is Indy's costume. Deborah Nadoolman described it as being 'earthy' and 'organic'. I feel that the gear was very well chosen, not only for the character but also for Harrison. I think Indy should get the No. 1 award for the greatest film costume as worn by a main character in a film! You just have to look at Harrison wearing Indy gear and you can see he was born to play Indy!

I feel that something that definitely contributes to Harrison's performance is the energy that he projects on screen. Harrison had a pretty hard job of keeping in character, doing most of the physical scenes and keeping his hat on the whole time. A lot of actors these days do not do their own stunts, and I have a great deal of respect for Harrison when he made those films.

Excuse me for being biased, but for us ladies, Harrison as Indy was incredibly handsome. If I had been taken to see Raiders when it originally came out (when I was at the tender age of 8), I think I would have been totally struck by his presence. I know women who nearly fell off their chair when they saw that first shot of Indy after he whips the gun away from Barranca in that opening scene. Wow! The look that he gives is amazing and it says so many things. I have been lucky enough to see Raiders on the big screen three times now, and every time I see it, I am floored by that look. Yes, I can definitely say Harrison Ford is the only actor who could have pulled it off this successfully, and I feel that much of the success of Raiders is due to Harrison Ford's stellar performance.

DIRECTION

Sometimes, I can hardly believe that Spielberg was not originally going to direct the second Indy movie, Temple of Doom. After a four day brainstorming session with George Lucas, he then changed his mind. Interestingly enough, he once said "I won't be involved in the third or fourth one".

Spielberg is an incredibly inventive director. His direction on Raiders is definitely one of the greatest that I have ever seen on a film. Sometimes it feels as if Spielberg came up with the idea of Indy and not George Lucas. All in all, the direction is flawless.

Spielberg was quite flexible regarding suggestions from his actors, Harrison especially. It gave Harrison as an actor the opportunity to suggest changes in certain scenes, the most obvious being the scene with a certain Arab swordsman, and it turned out to be probably the funniest scene in the movie!

I sometimes wonder what other directors would have done with this movie. Perhaps it would have leant more towards film noir, or it would have been more of a comedy. I don't think that Raiders would have been as successful if it was directed by someone else. Spielberg directed Raiders with an incredible amount of energy, passion and just that feeling that he, like George Lucas, was fulfilling a dream.

SCRIPT

I consider the Raiders script to be one of the best I've ever seen in a movie. I know that when Lawrence Kasdan wrote the screenplay, it was gradually changed in places, which is now the script we all know and love. Indy, of course, being the hero has some of the best lines, but sometimes it's not the lines, but in the way that they are said. I think that some of Indy's best lines (and I'm sure that many people out there would agree with me) are:

- "Besides, you know what a cautious fellow I am..."
- "You wanna talk to God? Let's go see him together. I've got nothing better to do."
- "Snakes! Why'd it have to be snakes?!"
- "Ha ha ha ha. Son of a *****"
- "Where'd you get this, from him?!"
- "I don't know, I'm making this up as I go."
- "It's not the years honey, it's the mileage."

I have some favourite lines of Marion:

- "Listen, Herr Mac. I don't know what kind of people you're used to dealing with, but nobody tells me what to do in my place!"
- "Well Jones, at least you haven't forgotten how to show a lady a good time!"
- "How about a drink. Y'know, a drink?"

And from other characters as well:

- Eaton: "Professor of Archaeology, expert on the occult, and how does one say it, obtainer of rare antiquities..."
- Sallah: "The Ark. If it is there at Tanis, it was something that man was not meant to disturb. Death has always surrounded it. It is not of this earth."

There seems to be many possible subplots in Raiders, for instance, Indy's and Marion's relationship years before. There are some lines that I find very interesting that I feel tell another story. For example, during the scene at Indy's house and the conversation that takes place between Indy and Marcus Brody.

- Indy: "That thing [the Ark] represents everything we got into archaeology for in the first place."

Hmm. I've often wondered what is meant by that. Maybe the Ark is more significant to Indy and Marcus in more ways than one. Also:

- Marcus: "You know, five year ago, I would have gone after it myself. I'm really rather envious."

Does this mean that Marcus was once like Indy? Perhaps both of these ideas are something that could be developed in a future story perhaps.

MUSIC

Ever since I heard John Williams' orchestral score from Last Crusade, he has become my favourite film composer. I am in awe of the way in which he wrote the scores for the trilogy and to this day, his music feels fresh and original.

To me, John Williams gave the trilogy, especially Raiders, that brave and adventurous score that is very well suited to Indy on his adventures. Sometimes, when I am listening to the Indy soundtracks, I close my eyes and I can picture the exact part of a scene and see it playing in my head, just like in the movies. John Williams has managed to capture the situations in which our favourite archaeologist finds himself in. Hearing the score when you are watching the movies in the cinema, is a sheer delight.

So, how do I feel about Raiders of the Lost Ark as a movie?

Despite Last Crusade being a very personal film for me, because it is the movie that made me become an Indy fan, Raiders is my favourite movie because in my opinion, it's the greatest film ever made. From the moment that our hero enters the Chachapoyan temple, the events that lead on from this are in a word, fantastic. I feel that the acting is second to none, the set pieces and locations are stunning, and there is a great sense of fun and adventure throughout the whole film and I think that most people will agree with me when I say that the role was made for Harrison. I feel that this movie deserves to be in the top ten greatest movies of all time and is a movie that is still influencing other movies out there today. When I saw Raiders at the Diet Coke film festival last year, the cinema was packed, and the audience was extremely enthusiastic. This proves that Indy's first screen adventure, Raiders of the Lost Ark still goes on to be a movie that is remembered with fondness by many generations.

INCOGNITO JONES

How To Get Away With Dr. Jones' Style EVERYDAY, Right Underneath Everyone's Nose!



Changing The Mindset

Here's a question I've been asking since 1981; how can I "Dress like Jones" every day? Or, how do I make everything I own go with a fedora?

Whenever taking on any task or challenge you need to get your head straight and your thoughts in the right direction. What are we trying to do, are we trying to look exactly like Harrison Ford in "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" in that one specific iconic costume? Are we trying to look exactly like the character Indiana Jones in any specific scene in that one movie with costume replicas from the first motion picture in the series? If that's your aim, this article isn't for you.

The aim of this article is to create variations of the theme and to wear Dr. Jones Style clothes every single day while still remaining socially acceptable. My purpose is to teach you how I try to capture the essence of that All-American, 1930's and 1940's swashbuckler style.

More succinctly – how I found a way to wear a fedora with everything.



Shifting The Spectrum

The very first step is to wrap your head around the fact that we're not going for screen accuracy, but the essence of screen accuracy. What would an action hero of that era look like if he had a much broader pallet to work with? What would you, as a fedora-wearing scoundrel, dress for success in both the first half of the 21st Century, and the first two decades of the new millennium?

We're also going to look at some items of clothing that you can either buy today or already have in your wardrobe and repurpose them to get that prohibition-era, pre-World War II fortune hunter appearance and retro-vibe down cold.

The easiest way to go 'Full Dr. Jones Wear' and the incognito mode is to simply shift the color palette in a different part of the spectrum. For example, you could simply do Dr. Jones Wear (DJW) in shades of blue, green, rust, or any other color you can think of.

A perfect example is to do a version of Dr. Jones Wear with the Dark Mariner Cotton Poplin Field Shirt, Navy Blue pants with matching color socks, and finish it off with a pair of black boots or shoes and your outfit is done.

This can be duplicated with the same style of shirt from L.L. Bean in dusty Olive, combined with dark olive drab pants, etcetera... Take any color of slacks, and do a search for a lighter color of safari shirt to match. If you have a pair of British Khaki (also known to some as Coyote Brown) trousers, pair it with a light British Khaki safari shirt...

The idea is to match a pair of any slacks with a safari/bush shirt that's a lighter tint. Since there are about three different color variations of safari/bush via L.L. Bean and six color variations on Cabela's website, you have the opportunity to have enough Jones Wear variations to last you an entire week from those outfitters alone.

There's also the option of moving to different types of fabric altogether. I've worn the entire Jones Wear ensemble with the difference of wearing a denim shirt instead of a traditional safari shirt. That made for a great image for a family photograph from a couple of years back.

There's no "Indy Cosplay," in that picture; it's just me wearing my favorite fedora (from Steve Delk) and leather jacket (from Wested) and a shirt from Beans.

Wearing Jones Wear with all black and white or all gray clothes and the black variation of leather products, it would be pretty hard for people in public to see what you're trying to do and accomplishes the 'Incognito Jones' style we're going for. The other people in the crowd will see you as just another guy in classic attire, regardless if it's with a safari shirt and fedora.

A word of warning: Were you to go the whole route with the navy blue safari shirt with darker navy or black pants with black leather products it would be understandable if someone mistakes you for a police officer or military personnel. It's a sharp look but might not get the results you're looking for if you're looking to 'fly under the radar' and stay anonymous.

Merely getting "Indy Wear" items that are of the different color scheme is one easy way to do it.

Web Belts - The Ultimate Incognito Jones Accessory

Web Belts are also referred to "Boy Scout" belts or "Military Belts." The web belt is the under-appreciated hero of Jones Wear, it takes any outfit and gives it that special look we're going for instantly. When people are trying to get the Indiana Jones costume together but it doesn't look 'just right,' even though all the other parts are screen accurate, it's not 'just right' because they're missing the web belts. They're also the least expensive or most affordable items in your wardrobe, costing between \$6 and \$15. Simply buy one of each color that match the pants you have and you get quick results in your appearance. Even if your pants aren't screen-accurate, especially if your pants aren't screen accurate, web belts give you that Indy Wear look instantly and inexpensively.

When It Suits You; The Holifield Effect

The Facebook profile picture of fellow Indy fan Frank Holifield shows him wearing a Raiders screen accurate seaplane gray fedora and a suit. Does he actually look like he's cosplaying as Indiana Jones? No. Does he look like he's cosplaying as anyone? No.

Could he be doing just that? Maybe someone should ask him. This is what I call "The Holifield Effect," when a fellow fan puts a screen accurate fedora on with a suit and becomes his own person or character of his own. When you put on your fedora and a suit, you are your own hero and your style is timeless and you're not doing "Indy Cosplay".

Suits might be out of some fans price range – especially when you're budgeting for your next Indy-Wear item, prop replica or trip to an exotic location – but suits work when trying to establish that specific style. [It's also amazing how people treat you differently when you dress professionally, but that's another topic.]

... And Speaking Of Suits; Ties!

Anyone can get a really good Incognito Jones look with a fedora, mere dress shoes, slacks (don't forget the web belt!), Oxford shirt and a tie that brings everything together.

Ties are easy to do and almost as inexpensive as web belts; simply find ties that have the same color scheme or share the same palette of colors with your fedora and the rest of the outfit. Or, go full "Last Crusade" look and just wear a monochromatic (single color) tie.

Most Importantly: It's Not What You Wear, It's How You Wear it. The most important aspect of this is your attitude. You can wear anything you like as long as you're not self-conscious. If you're self-conscious and wondering, "is everyone looking at me funny," then you won't be able to pull it off. Because, why yes – everyone is looking at you because you're calling attention to yourself.

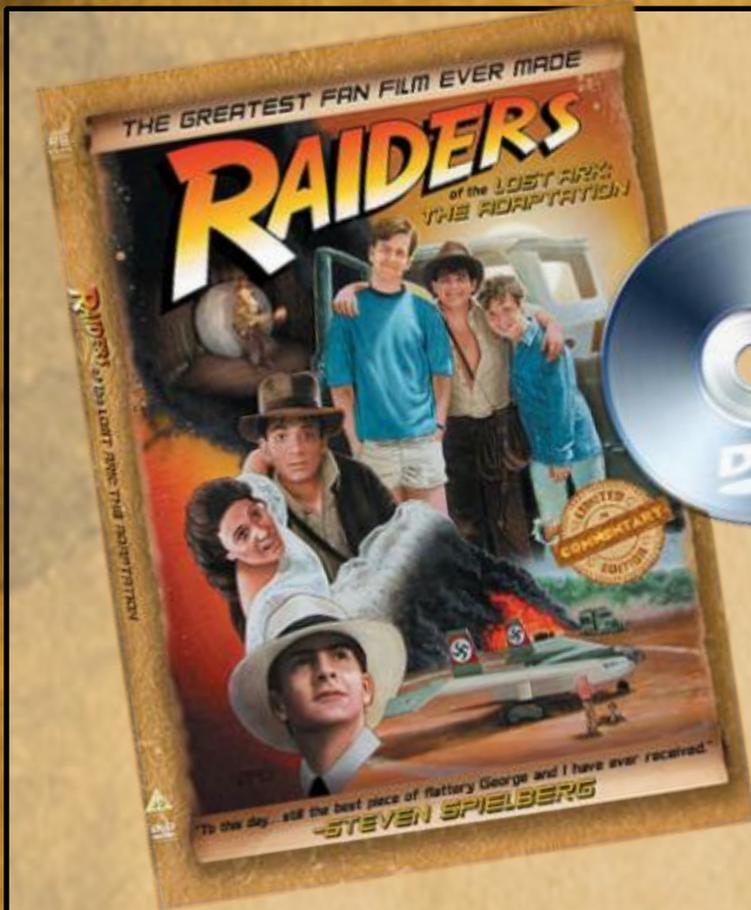
If you act as if you're wearing the right thing, at the right time, at the right place you'll be golden. Act as if you're supposed to be wearing a fedora with whatever your wearing and everyone will not only think it's practically normal, but it's pretty awesome and they'll want to wear one of their own, too.

The best way to live your life to your greatest potential is to wear your fedora and other items from the Indy-Wear set; if you know this like I do then there is nothing to it. I have said this countless times on numerous forums and my own website, there's only one of you and you only have one life, it's up to you to live it to the fullest.

RAIDERS GUYS

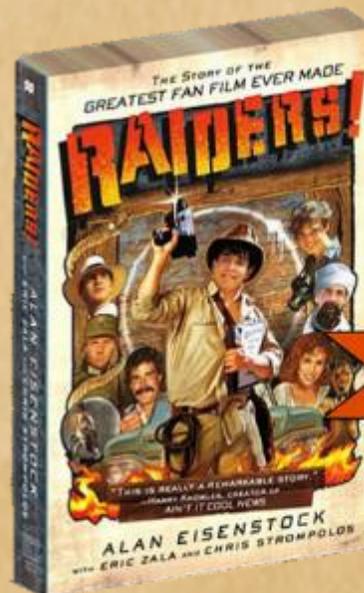


and the **NEW**
TRADING POST!



For the first time ever, a special "BACKSTAGE PASS" to the making of **RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK: THE ADAPTATION** as told by co-creators Eric Zala (Director & Belloq) and Chris Strompolos (Producer, Indy). Learn about the famous boulder scene. Where did those snakes come from anyway? How did the kids get hold of a truck? And all that fire? How did they do it? Now you can find out!

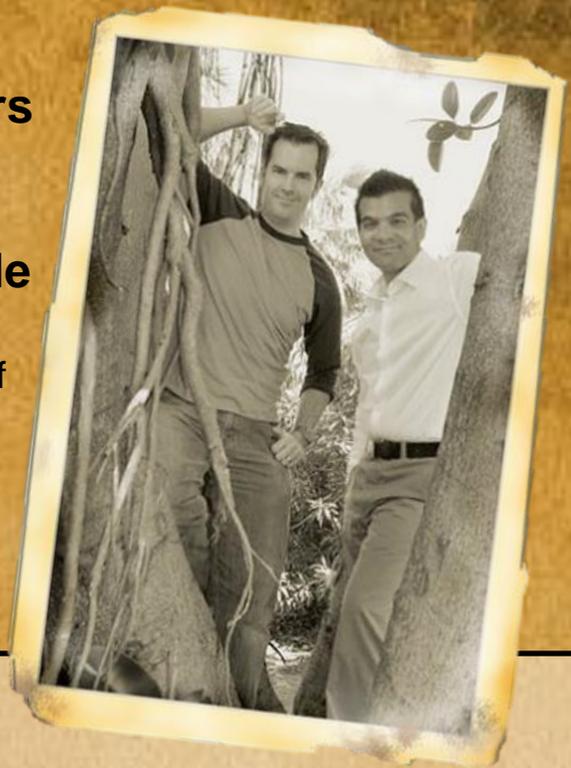
Your own copy of the critically-acclaimed book, **RAIDERS! The Story of the Greatest Fan Film Ever Made** by Alan Eisenstock (film rights optioned by NAPOLEON DYNAMITE producer Jeremy Coon). In hardcover and signed by Chris (Indy/Producer) and Eric (Belloq/Director).



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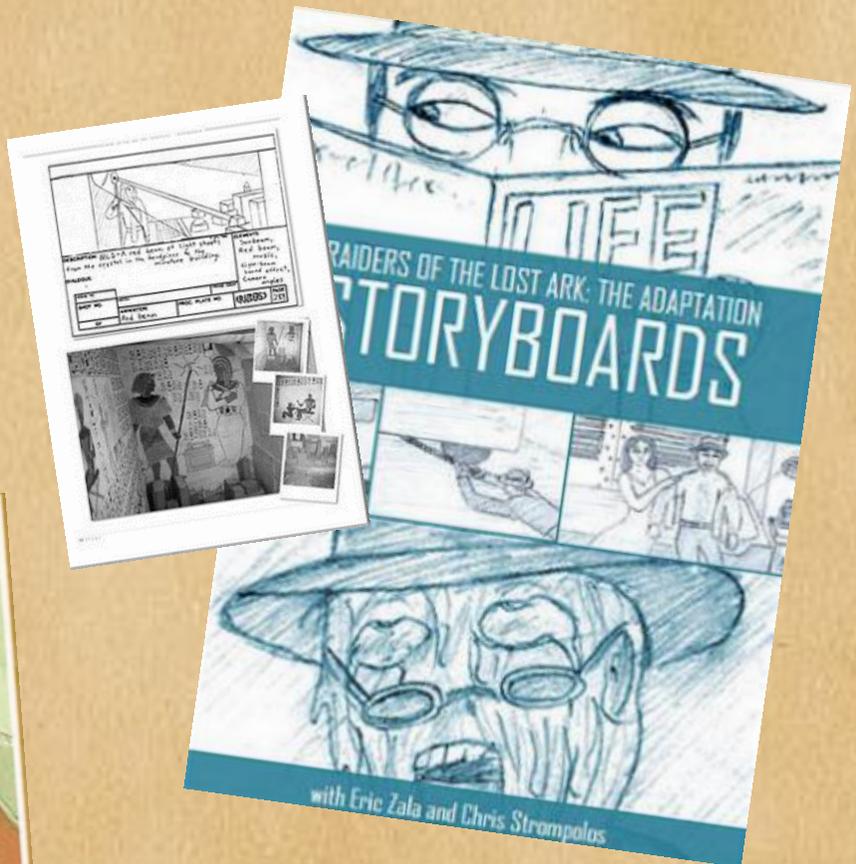
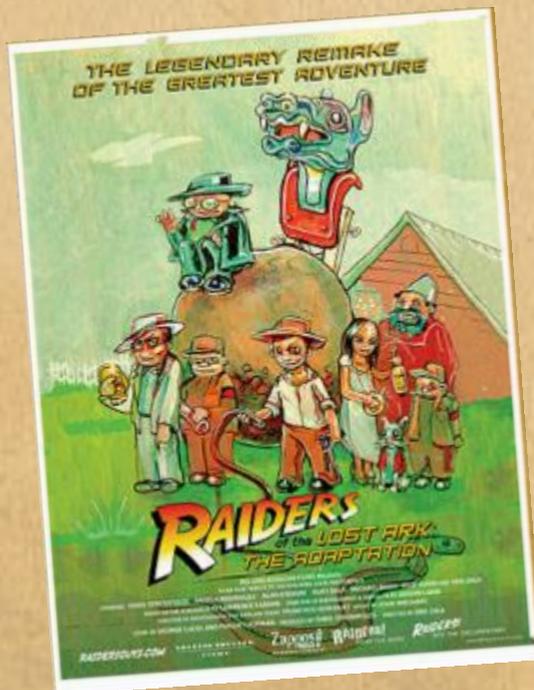
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indymag is proud to present the serialisation of *DALE DASSEL'S Indiana Jones and the Fate of Atlantis* as originally envisioned by the author. The book based on the *Lucasarts* computer game by Hal Barwood and Noah Falstein will be presented over 22 instalments. So get comfortable and indulge in a quest for a legendary civilisation as Indy continues into his deepest adventure...

TOMB OF AN ATLANTEAN KING

Footsteps rustled the dry ground foliage: frantic, desperate, and surprisingly swift. Indy aimed his gun over the stone banister. He scanned the plaza, tense and ready to return fire. Huddled in the crook of the ancient staircase beside him, Sophia listened in wide-eyed fear as the frenzied pattering marked the approach of the unseen enemy.

He tightened his grip on the Webley just as a lithe orange shape burst into view and streaked across the clearing in a flash. The animal vanished into the jungle with a feral growl before he could shoot. More footsteps quickly followed. Then a tall man in khakis dashed around the corner of the pyramid with a long rifle. He dropped to one knee, aimed, and fired into the underbrush where the big cat had fled. The shot echoed through the green canyon and faded away in the balmy air.

"Bloody jaguars!"

Sophia jumped up from her hiding spot. "Did you get it?"

"Good lord, man!" The rifleman wheeled in surprise, startled by the unexpected voice. He stared at the disheveled redhead in her dirty, sweat-soaked clothing. A broad grin spread across his tanned features. "I say... fancy meeting you here!"

Indy stood up beside her and holstered his gun. "Likewise."

The Briton's smile evaporated at the sight of Sophia's companion. "Oh. Hello, Jones," he said in a tone flatly devoid of enthusiasm.

"Have we met before?" Indy's gruff voice matched his displeasure.

"No, but I recognize you from the journals." He gave Indy the once-over.

"And I must say that you certainly write better than you photograph," he added with a distasteful sniff.

Sophia giggled at the jeer. "I'm sorry, but we haven't been introduced. I'm Sophia Hapgood."

The hunter shifted his rifle in the crook of his lanky arm, and kissed her hand with a gallant flourish. "Charles Sternhart, Ph.D., independent thinker, researcher, and merchant."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Sternhart," she replied, blushing lightly.

"The pleasure is all mine, darling. And please, call me Charles."

Indy checked the snaps on his satchel to conceal his sardonic expression. Anyone who would cite a list of credentials to bolster their over-inflated ego didn't deserve to be taken seriously. Sophia was clearly charmed by the British archaeologist, but Indy thought he was a pompous ass, and opted to treat him like one.

"Why are you hunting jaguars?" he asked sarcastically.

"I'm not hunting them, you blithering idiot. Those damnable creatures keep getting into my food supply."

Tall, handsome, and lean, Charles Sternhart was cut from the same cloth as every turn-of-the-century British explorer. He cultivated the image in his choice of attire: An impeccably crisp safari outfit, sturdy leather boots with tall knee socks, and the customary white pith helmet to shield his eyes from the harsh sun. Even his neatly waxed moustache echoed the tradition of his Victorian forebears, though it looked painfully outdated in the present decade.

Sophia offered her sympathies for all his troubles.

"Oh, it's nothing I can't handle without my trusty Winchester." He patted his gun affectionately. "So, what brings you all the way out here, Jonesy? Decided to take a holiday from teaching?"

"Not exactly." Indy threw a furtive glance at his partner. Sophia nodded encouragingly. "Actually, we're hoping to find some evidence of Atlantis."

No reputable archaeologist would ever admit such a thing, but Indy didn't give a damn what Sternhart thought about him one way or the other.

"Evidence is easy, you're surrounded by it. Proof? Now that's hard."

The response immediately pegged him as another zealot on the quest for the lost city, just like Heimdall and Costa. Indy dispensed with his academic pride and got down to business.

"What can you tell us about Plato's lost dialogue?"

Suspicion clouded Sternhart's face. "Why do you want to know about it?"

"One of our colleagues said you were an expert on the subject, and that's why we came to ask about it."

"I'm the one who translated it, I can tell you that. I'd worry that you were here to steal my last copy, but someone called Mr. Smith beat you to it."

Sophia looked flabbergasted. "Who's Mr. Smith?"

Sternhart took some fresh ammunition from his pocket and proceeded to reload his rifle. "He showed up last week, a tall man with a German accent and a pistol. He could have taken all my souvenirs, but he only wanted the book."

"That was Kerner, using his customary alias," surmised Indy.

Sophia kicked the ground in frustration and cursed the Nazi general.

"I found him a rather unlikeable chap, myself," Sternhart replied, as if that were some consolation for their misfortune.

That confirmed it, Indy thought. The Nazis had the horned idol and a copy of the Hermocrates manuscript.

They couldn't afford to waste anymore time. But there was still the matter of Sophia's vision about the 'keeper of the first key'. If the SS colonel was in a hurry to leave after obtaining the book, then he probably missed it altogether. The information would be useless without a way to enter Atlantis. Finding the key would give them a critical advantage, but first they had to get inside the pyramid.

"What can you tell us about the temple?" Indy asked in an effort to further the cause.

"The locals claimed Mayan Indians built it. Now I ask you, does this look like the work of primitive savages, or does it seem much too civilized?"

"Exactly," Sophia agreed. "It would be impossible to produce such monumental architecture without the technology of the Atlanteans. By the way, do you know Sylvanus Morley? I recently read that he was searching for clues about the original inhabitants of this area."

"That publicity-seeking twit doesn't know a funerary crypt from a bathtub," Sternhart snorted with contempt. "He has this ridiculous notion that inscriptions have more value than the artifacts of a civilization. Well, I'll be hanged the day he carts a stone mural off to the British Museum. He's digging at Chichen Itza, if you must know, but I am the one in charge here."

The list of archaeologists who had worked at Tikal was brief, but distinguished. Frederick Catherwood and John Lloyd Stephens had surveyed and mapped the city in the 17th century, while Alfred P. Maudslay literally wrote the book on Mayan history in his definitive 5-volume *Biologia Centrali-Americana*. However, his most visible contribution to Mesoamerican archaeology was the stunning vistas he'd cleared around Tikal's main plaza during his 1881 expedition. Sternhart, for all of his pomp and pride, had barely excavated a single pyramid, Indy thought smugly. Unless he uncovered a massive treasure trove, he would be lucky if history gave him a passing glance.

"My work is truly significant," he boasted to Sophia. "I made a thorough survey of the outer casing when we began to uncover it, and there were no tunnels penetrating the interior. I was the first one to set foot inside of the temple since antiquity."

In spite of his dislike for the British scholar, Indy was grudgingly impressed. Most of the well-known Mayan sites had been ravaged by greedy looters searching for gold artifacts that could be sold for quick profit. A virgin temple

By **DALE DASSEL**

INDIANA JONES

and the
FATE OF ATLANTIS

Chapter VIII

was one in a million. Sternhart was a lucky man indeed.

Indy gestured to the forested mound looming above them. "How long did it take to clear off the overgrowth?"

"Nearly four months. We've been at it since March, and I say it's progressing quite nicely. I had hoped to have it entirely uncovered by the end of summer, but a hurricane passed through recently and brought the excavation to a complete halt. My workers deserted me and returned to the city to aid the repair effort. Rotten bit of luck, I'm afraid," he lamented. "Who knows when the dig will resume?"

"That's too bad. It's a beautiful temple." Sophia remarked.

"Oh, don't worry. There's plenty here to keep me busy for quite awhile."

Indy imagined that Sternhart's spirited optimism concerned Sophia more than his archaeological agenda. "I'm sure there is."

"Say, I don't suppose we can take a look inside?" she asked capriciously.

"But of course, my dear! I would be delighted to show you. Please follow me."

Fawning like a schoolgirl, she took his arm and threw Indy a playful wink as Sternhart led them around the forested pyramid. A network of splayed roots clung to the mossy base stones like pale spider webs, anchoring the lowermost trees to the artificial ridge. The campsite was set up on the lawn beside the temple. It consisted of a tent village and some work tables clustered around a large central mess tent. Boxes of food and supplies were strewn across the grass where the foraging jaguar had been interrupted. There was also a crude souvenir stand brimming with Mayan paraphernalia.

Sophia picked up a scale miniature pyramid. "How remarkable! Did you make these?"

"Yes, actually. I sell them to help finance my workers' salary. I also have souvenir postcards and mugs, if you're interested."

Indy examined one of the replicas and saw a price scrawled on the bottom. "Jungle tourism," he marveled. Some people would do anything to make a buck.

"I foresee the day when Tikal will be a thriving tourist destination like Cairo. I am simply capitalizing on the trend."

Indy regarded the dense wilderness around them. "I wouldn't bank on it anytime soon, that's for sure."

"Let's get on with it, then." Sternhart grabbed a lantern and escorted them towards the pyramid.

Darkness closed around them as they passed through the corbeled entrance into the main hall, a long corridor with angled walls that narrowed to a point overhead.

The temperature was noticeably cooler inside the temple, where ancient stone

leached the moisture from the air. The pungent odor of moss filled their nostrils

The trio followed the passage to a bend which culminated in an empty chamber. From there, daylight reached them as a faint blue halo in the outer doorway.

The room had the appearance of a burial crypt from what Indy could see, but there was no sarcophagus or painted murals that commonly adorned most royal Mayan tombs. It was completely barren. The only decoration was a pair of wave-like designs that ran from floor-to-ceiling in a vertical band, framing a section of blank wall at the end of the passage.

"Engraved symbols of water and life," he noted, tracing a finger along the interlocking chain.

Sophia looked around the featureless corridor in acute disappointment. "This is it?" she balked. "There's nothing here!"

"Well, there is one thing." Sternhart beckoned them over to the far corner, where a large sculpture was hidden in the shadows. His lantern revealed a stylized elephant head with large ears and stunted tusks. There was a slot in the wall between the tusks, indicating the place where the animal's trunk had once been.

"What do you think, Dr. Jones?"

"It could be a representation of Ganesh, the Hindu elephant god," Indy mused. "He was known as the Remover of Obstacles."

"But of course there are no elephants on this side of the ocean," Sternhart pointed out.

"There were elephants in Atlantis! Plato wrote about them in the *Critias*!" Sophia chimed in excitement.

"By jove, you're right! I never made the connection!" Sternhart puzzled at the significance of this new information. "I've been here all year, and I couldn't make heads nor tails of this room. It does seem rather strange that a temple of this grandeur would serve no apparent purpose, don't you agree?"

"I do." Indy peered into the cavity between the tusks. He put his hand inside and felt a smooth, round socket. It wobbled slightly when he pushed down, but he didn't have the leverage to move it any further.

He withdrew his arm and went over to the sculpted wave design for another look. Its shape gave him an idea. Moving from top to bottom, he traced the carving with his fingertips and noticed how the incised motif grew noticeably deeper as the spirals intertwined near the middle of the wall. "Hmm..."

"What is it, Indy?"

"Give me that lantern." Sternhart obliged. Indy took a rag out of his satchel, unscrewed the fuel reservoir

cap and doused the rag in kerosene.

Then he rubbed it into the crevice to dissolve the centuries of grime accumulated around the wave.

The British archaeologist watched him nervously. "I hope you know what you're doing."

"Trust me." Indy unfolded his pocketknife and deftly inserted the blade into the crevice at the edge of the spiral, much to Sternhart's horror.

"Now hold on a moment, old bean. You can't possibly—"

Before he could finish, Indy wedged the knife back and forth around the curve of the wave, which lifted a fraction of an inch out of the wall. "Aha!"

Sophia clapped him on the shoulder. "It's coming loose!"

Indy methodically traced the wave, chipping away grit until the frieze was defined as a separate piece fitted into the wall. Sternhart quickly added his own knife to the effort. Together they carefully pried the heavy stone free and lowered it to the floor.

Carved from a single piece of limestone, the twisted sculpture measured nearly three feet long, and over four inches thick. Moreover, it seemed to resemble a curved elephant trunk as Indy had suspected.

Sternhart slapped him on the back. "Brilliant thinking, lad!"

"I bet Ganesh will be happy to have his nose back," Sophia said.

"Then let's not keep him waiting," Indy replied.

She helped them pick up the spiral and maneuver it over to the elephant head, wrestling one end into the hollow niche between the tusks. Indy pushed with his shoulder and felt the nub of the stone wave settle into the socket. They stood back to admire the completed sculpture.

"Well, that's all very nice, but what purpose does it serve?" Sternhart wondered.

Sophia stepped forward confidently. "I know." She crouched under the elephant head and pushed up to raise the trunk, moving it to a horizontal position.

They heard the muted click of a hidden mechanism, followed by an ominous grinding sound. A section of the wall rumbled open directly across the passage, sliding upward to reveal a hidden chamber within. Lying prone on its back was a robed skeleton wearing an elaborate silver crown engraved with the same running spiral design that adorned the outer walls of the crypt.

"Bless my soul, the tomb of an Atlantean king!" Sternhart cried in triumph.

"Oh my God!" Sophia leaned into the tomb eagerly. Her green eyes sparkled with wonder at the discovery.

But her delight quickly shifted to revulsion at the skeleton's appearance. The remains featured knobby protrusions on the wrists, misshapen teeth, and stunted horns growing from its forehead; a hideously deformed parody of a human being. Strips of reddish leather were tightly wrapped around the malformed appendages. The exposed bones were covered in a furry moss-like texture.

Sternhart grimaced in disgust. "How positively revolting."

"Look, it's holding something." Sophia pointed at an object clenched in the corpse's bony hand.

"Let me see that." Sternhart carefully pried open the skeletal fingers to retrieve a flat, circular stone.

Indy used the lantern to illuminate the artifact. "What is it?"

"It's a small stone disk with images of land and sea engraved on it. I do believe it's a worldstone!"

Sophia clapped her hands. "The key to Atlantis! We found it! Nur-Ab-Sal was right!"

Indy reached into the alcove and touched the skeletal femur bone, rubbing his fingers together as cinnamon ash trickled between them. "Calcium. This guy must be at least five thousand years old."

"Impossible. This is a Pre-Classic tomb, Dr. Jones, and therefore cannot be any older than 1,800 B.C.," declared Sternhart adamantly.

"Gosh, it gives me the creeps." Sophia prodded the crusty leg and then quickly wiped her hands on her pants. "Why are the bones red, Indy?"

"Paleolithic tribes used red paint to confer immortality on an important person, such as a king or chieftain. It was essentially a primitive mummification ritual."

"You mean like reincarnation?" she asked.

He gave her a wry glance. "Don't tell me that you think this is Nur-Ab-Sal."

"No, he perished in Atlantis long ago. These are the remains of another survivor." She gazed over the entombed skeleton, studying it for clues. "He must have been an important dignitary or an Atlantean high priest, if he was buried with that keystone," she reasoned.

"Wait. There's something else," Sternhart said, pointing to the back of the tomb. Indy raised the lantern.

Its orange glow spilled over the wall to reveal an elaborately carved frieze etched into the stone behind the grotesque skeleton. The scene depicted a Mayan in a canoe, paddling across a watery expanse. In the background was the crude image of a mountain spewing tendrils of curling smoke—a volcano. On the left side of the panel, a stepped pyramid crumbled into the sea.

Indy pushed back the crown of his hat for a better view. Then he noticed the image of a drowning figure and a dead fish on the water's surface. The scene moved under the wavering flame, dancing in the lantern light. The carved waves seemed to ripple and flow. The volcanic smoke glowed red.

An expression of worry flickered on the rower's face as he fled the destruction. Sophia stumbled back, swooning. "I don't believe it... This was the first Atlantean king to reach the New World. The carving commemorates his journey."

The panel was fascinating, but Indy had a more logical interpretation. "It could be the Mayan flood myth from the Popol Vuh."

But Sophia was insistent. "Don't you see? It's the story of Atlantis!" She jabbed a finger at the engraving. "There's your proof, Mr. Sternhart—right in front of your eyes!"

"Sorry, but I'm afraid I'll need a little more." He pulled a gun on them with an expression cold as the stone walls of the crypt.

Indy felt like he'd been punched in the stomach. "What are you doing?"

"I know some chaps who are rather keen to get their hands on this piece." He pocketed the worldstone, then aimed the gun at Sophia. "And I'll have your necklace, as well."

A wave of anger surged through Indy as he noticed the Walther P-38 in Sternhart's grip. His hand flew to his holster. The Englishman primed his pistol with a sharp click.

"Not so fast. Be a good chap and don't try anything foolish. Now put your gun down."

Smarting from the betrayal, Indy placed the Webley on the floor and backed away several steps. "How much are the Nazis paying you?"

"You can't put a price on self-preservation, Jonesy, but it's a substantial amount I can assure you." He twitched his fingers in Sophia's direction. "Now my dear, if you would be so kind."

She covered her pendant protectively. "No..."

"Give it to him," Indy ordered.

"But Indy!"

"Now."

She reluctantly lifted the chain from her neck with the pouty expression of a child relinquishing her doll to a scolding parent. Her visible anguish stoked Indy's outrage to the limit. Sternhart stepped forward, anxious to claim his prize. Indy unfurled the bullwhip and cast it in a fluid arc. The leather hissed through the ancient gloom, slashing a livid red stripe across the Briton's face. Sternhart dropped his pistol with a howl of pain, and covered his bleeding face. Indy kicked the gun away into the shadows.

"Give me the stone."

Suddenly the temple began to shake. The floor rumbled below their feet. Dust rained from the ceiling. An ominous grinding emanated deep within the core of the pyramid. The swath of pale daylight flickered in the doorway as a stone panel began to descend over it. Charles Sternhart stared at the necklace dangling from Sophia's hand, caught between the goal of his mission and the desire to escape with his life.

Then everything happened at once. He made a frantic dash for the corridor and nearly collided with the parrot that

winged its way into the room, squawking in alarm.

Startled by the bird, Sternhart stumbled back and tripped over his own feet, landing on the floor. He dove towards the opening and hastily scrambled under the trap with only inches to spare.

Indy arrived just as the slab closed against the floor, sealing them inside the chamber. He pounded his fist on the wall. "Damn it!"

All at once, the tremor stopped. Everything was silent. The only light came from the lamp which had been abandoned by the duplicitous archaeologist. Now perched on the head of the elephant statue, the parrot flapped its wings restlessly in the dark. Sophia rubbed her face in agitation. "This is not happening."

"Unfortunately, it is." Indy said, coiling his whip. He snapped it to his belt and retrieved his gun.

He raised the lantern and scanned the walls of the darkened chamber. Moving from one corner to another, he ran his hands over the damp stone, searching every surface with keen attention.

"What are you looking for?"

"Temples like this were generally built with a series of hidden passageways to confuse grave robbers, and the builders always left themselves a way out in case a jealous king wanted to keep his tomb a secret."

"You mean they were buried alive?" Sophia said, appalled.

Indy shrugged. "It happened more often than you think. Now, we just have to find the exit."

"Exit!" repeated the parrot.

"Then why not start with the most obvious place?" Sophia swatted the bird from the statue. It flapped noisily around the room, bumping off the ceiling. She pushed the elephant nose back to its original position and the crypt rumbled closed. Then she forced it against the wall.

There was a muffled ratcheting sound and another door opened adjacent to the sealed exit where Sternhart had escaped. The parrot winged for the new opening and vanished through it.

Indy tipped his hat to her ingenuity. "I knew there was a reason I liked you."

"Play your cards right and I might give you a few more," she said suggestively.

Indy smiled, intrigued. "Is that a promise?"

"We'll see."

They moved towards the passage when Sophia stopped. She knelt down to pick up something on the floor.

"What did you find?"

She held up a tiny jewel. Its fiery gleam burned in the lantern light. "Orichalcum. It must have fallen out of the tomb. We may need it later." She put it in her pocket and they moved deeper into the pyramid.

TO BE CONTINUED!

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"REMEMBER THE ADVENTURE!"



ARK
THE
DEVIL'S
TRIANGLE

INDIANA JONES
and the
BRIDGE TO YESTERDAY

indyregulars

eyecandy

THIS FORMER Obi Wan Club dancer from Berkeley, California managed to escape the clutches of Lao Che and with a little help of the force became the most powerful women in Hollywood and the known imperial galaxy. The fact that it seems to be always mentioned that she is a women should be irrelevant as her producer credits stand above many within her industry.

Kennedy has a reputation of guiding top quality productions to the screen and with a husband who likes to go out and play with Jimmy Buffet one begins to understand what a miracle worker she truly is.

Kennedy's work has included over 60 films, 8 Academy Award nominations and over \$11 billion worldwide including three of the highest-grossing films in motion picture history.

From John Milus' assistant to associate to Spielberg on Raiders of the Lost Ark, to producer on E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial, to co-founder of Amblin Entertainment, to The Kennedy/Marshall Company, to co-chair of Lucasfilm Ltd to finally the Emperors throne.

Not bad for someone that Spielberg agreed was not a good typist. So there is hope for us all.



Indyreviews

CRYSTAL DEATH!

Jimmy Hayes looks at the second part of 'Africa Screams' where Indy and Marion travel through Cameroon and the Congo in search of the "Piute" Summoning Stone.

Welcome back, Indyfans!! It seems we're always running into each other here. But hey, there's nothing that I love more than comic books...well, except for Indiana Jones.

So as you can imagine, Indiana Jones comics are pretty much the perfect form of entertainment for me.

Anyway, let's talk about issue 9! Writers Archie Goodwin & David Michelinie, along with artist Dan Reed take us back to Marrakesh. Remember that place? Turns out Rene Belloq DID sell the fertility idol that he stole from Indy in Raiders of the Lost Ark. Now, it's up to Indy and Sallah to take...I mean...acquire it back from the person that bought it from Belloq.

The issue begins with Sallah lowering Indy into a building where the fertility idol is being kept. Once on the ground Indy realizes that someone has been here before as a dead body is on the floor. Unfortunately also the killers in the room stealing the idol.

The killers see Indy and look to make their escape. Indy grabs his whip and wraps it around at giant cat statue behind them, he pulls it down and it falls right on top of them knocking them out.

Without hesitation, Indy grabs the fertility idol and throws it up to Sallah as he looks to get that sucker back to the states and into the museum. But things never go quite as planned. As Indy makes his escape the two killers have recovered and give chase to Indy and Sallah. They evade their pursuers by getting up to the rooftops of Marrakesh.

This is an exciting, charming and downright funny chase. When Sallah and Indy eventually run out of buildings it is by sheer coincidence that Sallah's truck was conveniently parked beneath where they are guaranteed a soft landing. Why? Well, it's filled with...you guessed it...straw for camels!

They take off with the Idol to New York City leaving the two villains behind who reveal themselves to be...well, nobody really knows yet.

Back in US Marcus and Marion are hosting a benefit for Connecticut's National Museum in the exclusive Diamond Eye club awaiting Indy's arrival with the idol. With the press in attendance nerves are being frayed as Indy is late and the press are looking to leave.

Indy arrives in his tux and surprises the waiting reporters and photographers announcing "Sorry, I'm late. Bow ties always did give me trouble!" Indy is then welcomed by flashing bulbs and shouting reporters. Indy hands the idol to Marcus who goes to put it in a safe

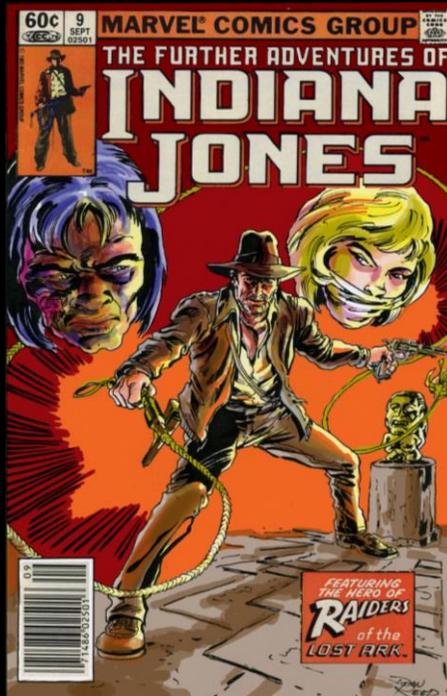
room but on the way he notices that there is no guard standing by the safe room door.

Marcus enters the room only to find the guard dead on the floor. A dart from a blowgun slams the door shut. Marcus whips around and finds three Hovitos warriors



really, REALLY want that idol back!!

One of them announces himself as Xomec, a descendant of the the mighty Chachapoyan Warriors and wants the idol back as it is sacred to his people as it is their goddess of fertility along with a symbol of great power. He also says that the men with him are Hovitos and worship the idol and would do anything to restore it to its rightful guardian. Which is a little strange of the Hovitos as they helped Belloq steal it from the temple in Raiders. Wisley, Marcus gives the idol to Xomec.



Alternative cover done for The Further Adventures podcast by Dan Reed.

In the ballroom of the Diamond Eye, Marion and Indy are sharing a dance and a moment where they are able to have a passionate kiss. They are disturbed by the press pack who are agitated that Marcus has not returned with the idol.

Without warning Xomec starts shooting from inside the room hitting two reporters. Indy decides that he needs to get into the display room and takes Marion to the roof as this is the only option. Indy climbs down to a paper thin ledge and he realises that he is 23 floors above the crowded streets of Manhattan.

He is followed by the two Hovitos Warriors who attack him with blow guns. He is able to deal with one Hovitos warrior by using his jacket as makeshift whip however this unbalances Indy and he begins to fall off the ledge.

What happens next? Grab this comic and find out!! This issue is VERY much worth the time to go digging through back issue boxes in order to get it. While Dan Reed isn't my favorite artist of all time, he definitely gets the job done and doesn't take anything away from this extremely well written issue. Go get it!



TAD

And...why bother!

Oh and dear! What was it that Oscar Wilde wrote? "To make one Tad Jones may be regarded as a misfortune; to make two looks like carelessness!"

As much as we are bereft of Indiana Jones the release of *Tad the Lost Explorer and the Secret of King Midas* does nothing other than make us miss the old codger even more.

Produced in Spain, this excruciatingly unoriginal second parody of Indiana Jones is aimed at younger (almost nappy end of the market) children. As we are not in that age bracket we may not be the best people to express an opinion however we will summit a "thhhhhfffffftttttt" (Raspberry noise) on their behalf.

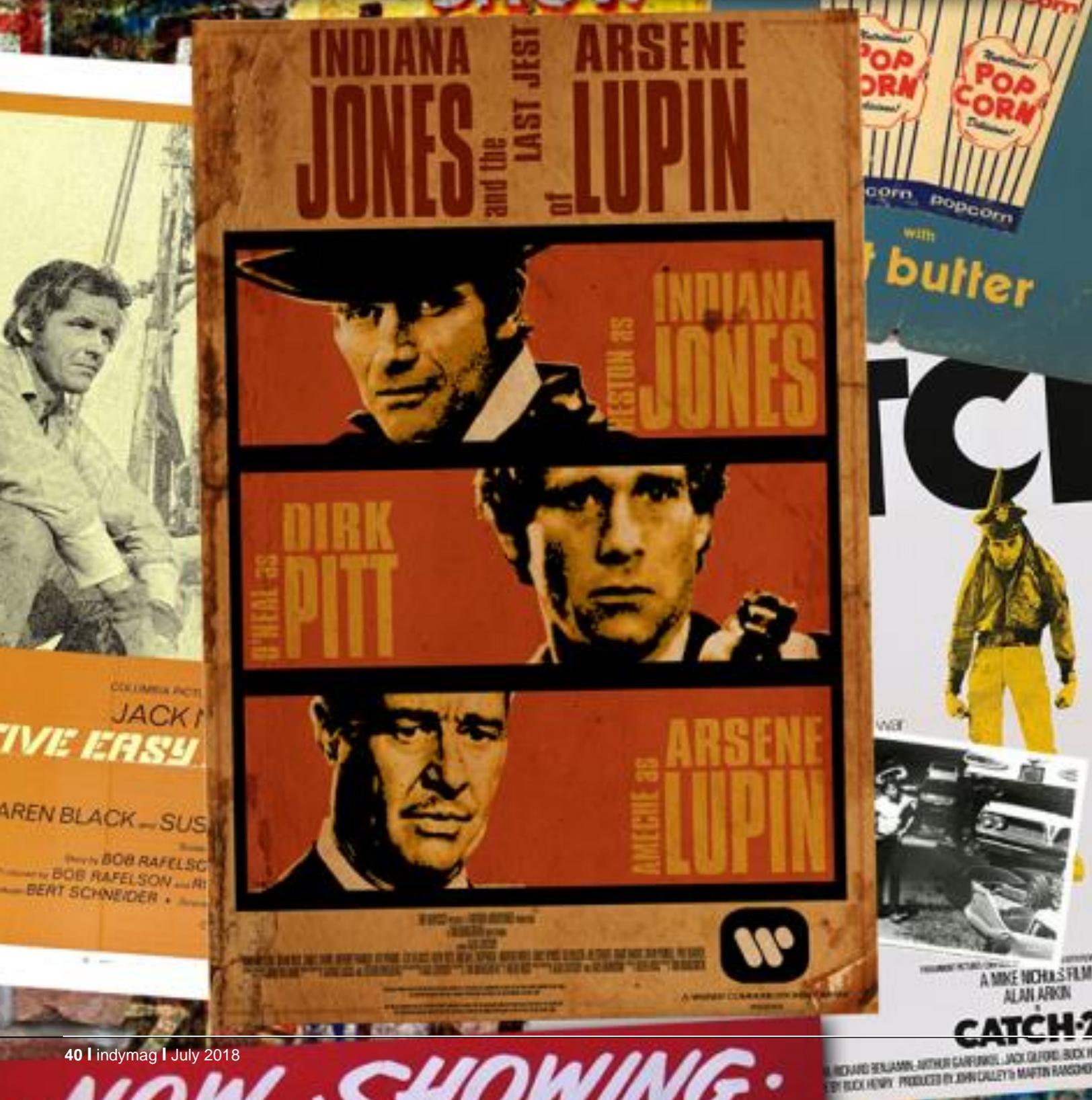
Director Enrique Gato is somewhat known as the Spanish John Lassiter however that is the equivalent of saying a tin of beans is comparable to Steven Spielberg. He's no Lassiter regardless of how many hugs he is prepared to splash out. Go view it on whatever platform but be mindful you will only be encouraging them to do more.

indyfeature

INDIANA JONES

and the Crossover Cornucopia

1.00pm 3.30pm 7.30pm



INDIANA JONES and the LAST CRUSADE of ARSENE LUPIN



WESTON AS INDIANA JONES



WESTON AS DIRK PITT



AMELIE AS ARSENE LUPIN



with butter

CATCH-22



A MIKE NICHA-SYLM ALAN ARKON

CATCH-22

IN ISSUE 5 and 9 of indymag, I described several “Wold Newton” short stories in which Indy crosses paths with fictional characters from other franchises, such as Bruce Wayne, Elliot Spencer (Pinhead), and Hercule Poirot. Since Wold Newton stories continue to be published, I have tried to watch out for further publications in which Indy appears, figuring authors who write crossover fiction couldn’t resist continuing to feature Indy or his supporting cast in their stories. My hunch has paid off.

In 2012, Black Coat Press published *Night of the Nyctalope*, a collection of short stories featuring Leo Saint-Clair, the Nyctalope, a creation of the French author Jean de La Hire in the first half of the 20th century. In issue 5 of indymag, I have already described a story in which Indy met the Nyctalope in 1929. *Night of the Nyctalope* contains two further crossover stories. “First Steps,” by Travis Hiltz, covers an early period in the Nyctalope’s superhero career in which he exposes fraudulent mediums. Eventually he encounters Simon Orne, from H.P. Lovecraft’s *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*, who attempts to summon the demon Baal, from Renée Dunan’s novel of the same name. Saint-Clair is assisted by Sâr Dubnotal, a mystic created by an anonymous French author in the early 20th century (and who met Henry Jones, Sr. in another story I described back in issue 5), as well as Inspector Milffroid, from Gaston Leroux’s *The Phantom of the Opera*. Among the many attendees of the séances is a pregnant Anna Jones (although she goes by “Anne” in this story), placing these events in the first half of 1899.

The second story of interest in *Night of the Nyctalope* is Chris Nigro’s “Justice and Power,” set in July of 1917. Having lost his colony on Mars, the Nyctalope has returned to Earth and nearly loses his mind due to grief. The hero Judex (who met Indy in a story I described in issue 9) is able to use a memory-purging technique he learned from Sâr Dubnotal to calm Saint-Clair.



What is important for our purposes is that in one scene the Nyctalope is treated by a Dr. Cerral, from Maurice Renard’s novel *The Hands of Orlac*, and his bunkmate is Remy Baudoin, young Indy’s best friend.

The Nyctalope meets another Indy character in Emmanuel Gorlier’s “Once More, the Nyctalope,” published in volume 11 of *Tales of the Shadowmen*, subtitled *Force Majeure*. Set in January of 1936, Saint-Clair sets out to rescue several kidnapped children, eventually learning that their kidnapping was arranged by René Belloq, Indy’s arch-nemesis from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

Along the way, Saint-Clair attends a lecture delivered by Belloq on the idea of the master race, and thus crosses paths with the other attendees, including Aristide Clairembart, from Henri Vernes’ *Bob Morane* novels, Tryphon

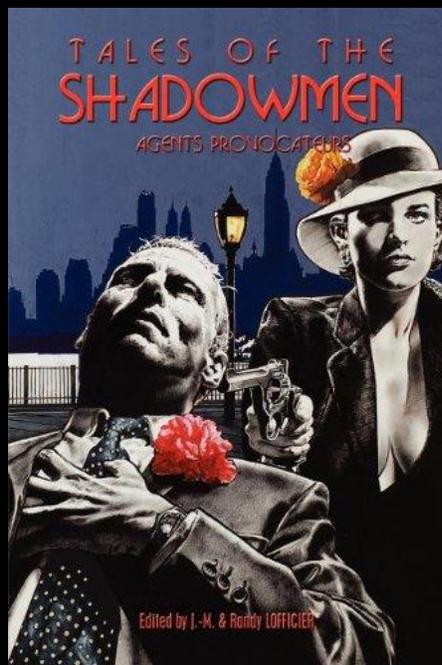
Tournesol/Cuthbert Calculus, from the Tintin comics, and Jérôme Fandor, foe of Fantômas.

An extremely obscure Indy character appears in Pete Rawlik’s “Professor Peaslee Plays Paris,” set during 1910-11 and published in volume 9 of *Tales of the Shadowmen*, subtitled *La Vie en Noir*.



The story revolves around a jewel theft in Paris during the midst of a crime wave. Making appearances are Professor Peaslee, from H.P. Lovecraft’s “*The Shadow Out of Time*”; Count Ferency, from Lovecraft’s *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*; Flambeau, from G.K. Chesterton’s *Father Brown* stories; Inspector Romaine, from the film *Charlie Chan in City in Darkness*; the criminal gang known as the Black Coats, from novels written by Paul Féval; and Nardi, from the film *Charlie Chan in Paris*. Intriguingly, the leader of the Black Coats at this time is the Iron King, a character from Les Martin’s novel *Young Indiana Jones and the Gypsy Revenge*.

Indy himself is a principle character in Olivier Legrand’s “*Lost in Averoine*,” published in volume 8 of *Tales of the Shadowmen*, subtitled *Agents Provocateurs*.



The story revolves around Indy participating in an archaeological dig in Averoine, a fictional location in France appearing in several old pulp stories by Clark Ashton Smith. He is assisted by Jules de Grandin, a pulp occult detective created by Seabury Quinn. The dig site turns out to be the crypt of an evil medieval sorcerer named Azederac, also a Clark Ashton Smith creation. Indy and de Grandin are shocked when Azederac appears in the crypt, having used magic to travel to the future (1925) in an attempt to escape his death at the hands of the medieval warrior heroine, Jirel of Joiry, from several stories published in the pulp *Weird Tales* by Catherine L. Moore. Indy also appears in David L. Vineyard’s “*The Last Jest of Arsène Lupin*,” published in *The Many Faces of Arsène Lupin* by Black Coat Press in 2012. Lupin, created in 1905 by Maurice Leblanc, is a French thief who has often squared off with Sherlock Holmes.



In this story, set in the 1970s, an aged Lupin considers turning over his vast collection of stolen treasures before it is lost due to his death. He devises a series of riddles and clues as a sort of treasure hunt and then invites two men to attempt locating the goods. Indy, an old man at this point but still spry enough to be tempted by treasure, is one of the men. The other is Dirk Pitt, Clive Cussler’s famous adventurer, at an early point in his career.

Several of these stories are quite fun (I particularly enjoyed “*Lost in Averoine*”) and are recommended for the Indy fan who has read everything else available. Black Coat Press is still publishing material (a new volume of *Tales of the Shadowmen* is released each year), so I will continue to be on the lookout for further crossovers. Hopefully soon we will see Indy meet James Bond, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, or even the Justice Society of America!

TOP IDOL!

The Golden Idol from 'Raiders' – Is it more than just a forbidden treasure?

There is no question that the thrilling, action-packed opening sequence of 1981's "Raiders of the Lost Ark" is among the finest in the action-adventure genre.

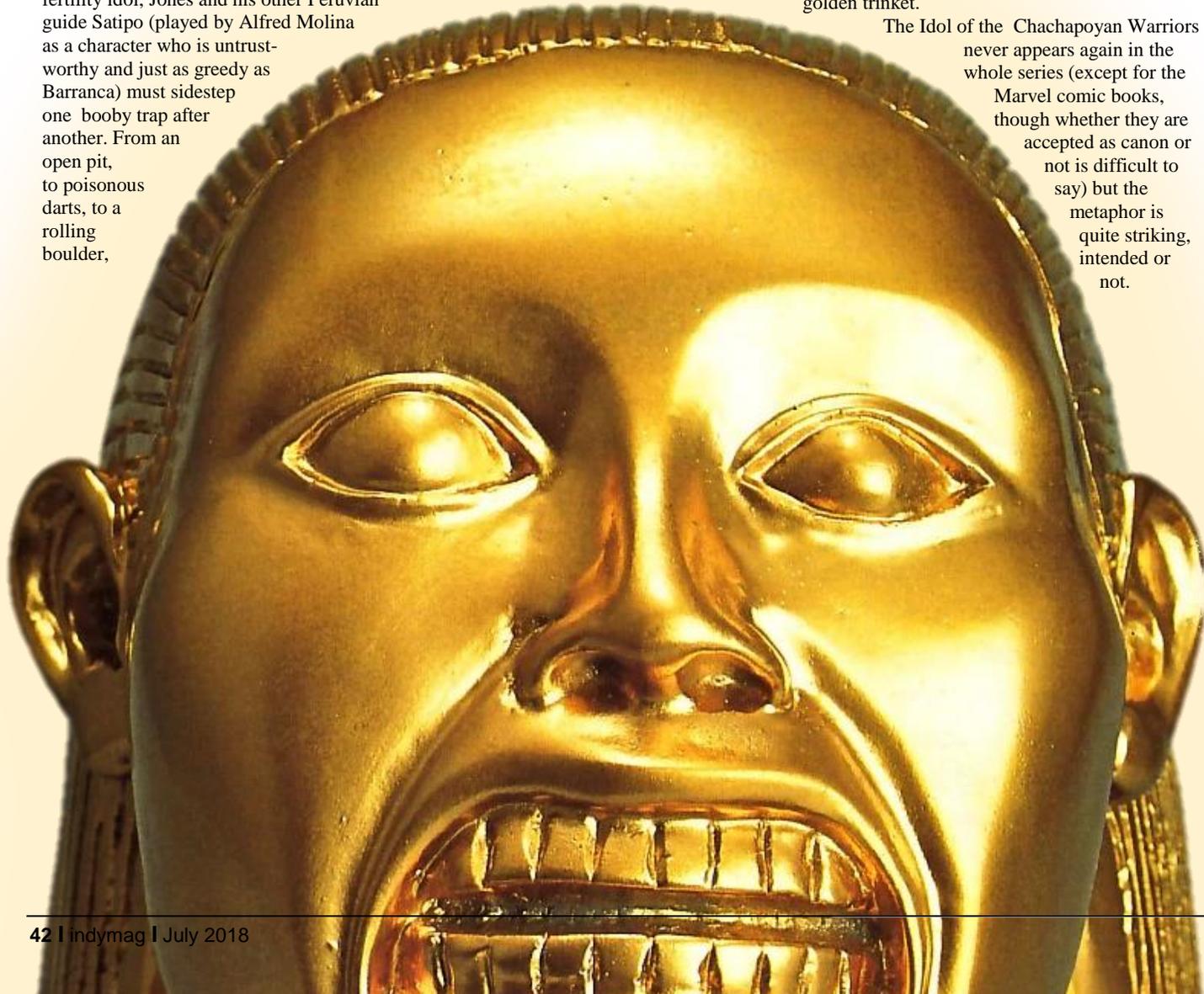
Part of the secret of the opening is that it not only establishes the iconic archaeologist hero Indiana Jones, it also establishes the tone and pacing for the three sequels that followed. The undeniable impact is derived from the swiftness and escapist nature of these scenes in the Jungles of Peru. Before Barranca (Vic Tablian), a Peruvian guide who craves that Idol, can empty his pistol into Indiana Jones (presented in a startling silhouette), the man with the fedora unleashes his bullwhip with such ferocity and skill that you know Indy is not a man that is easily disposed. Once Indy enters the forbidden temple of the Chachapoyan Warriors to locate a treasured golden fertility idol, Jones and his other Peruvian guide Satipo (played by Alfred Molina as a character who is untrustworthy and just as greedy as Barranca) must sidestep one booby trap after another. From an open pit, to poisonous darts, to a rolling boulder,

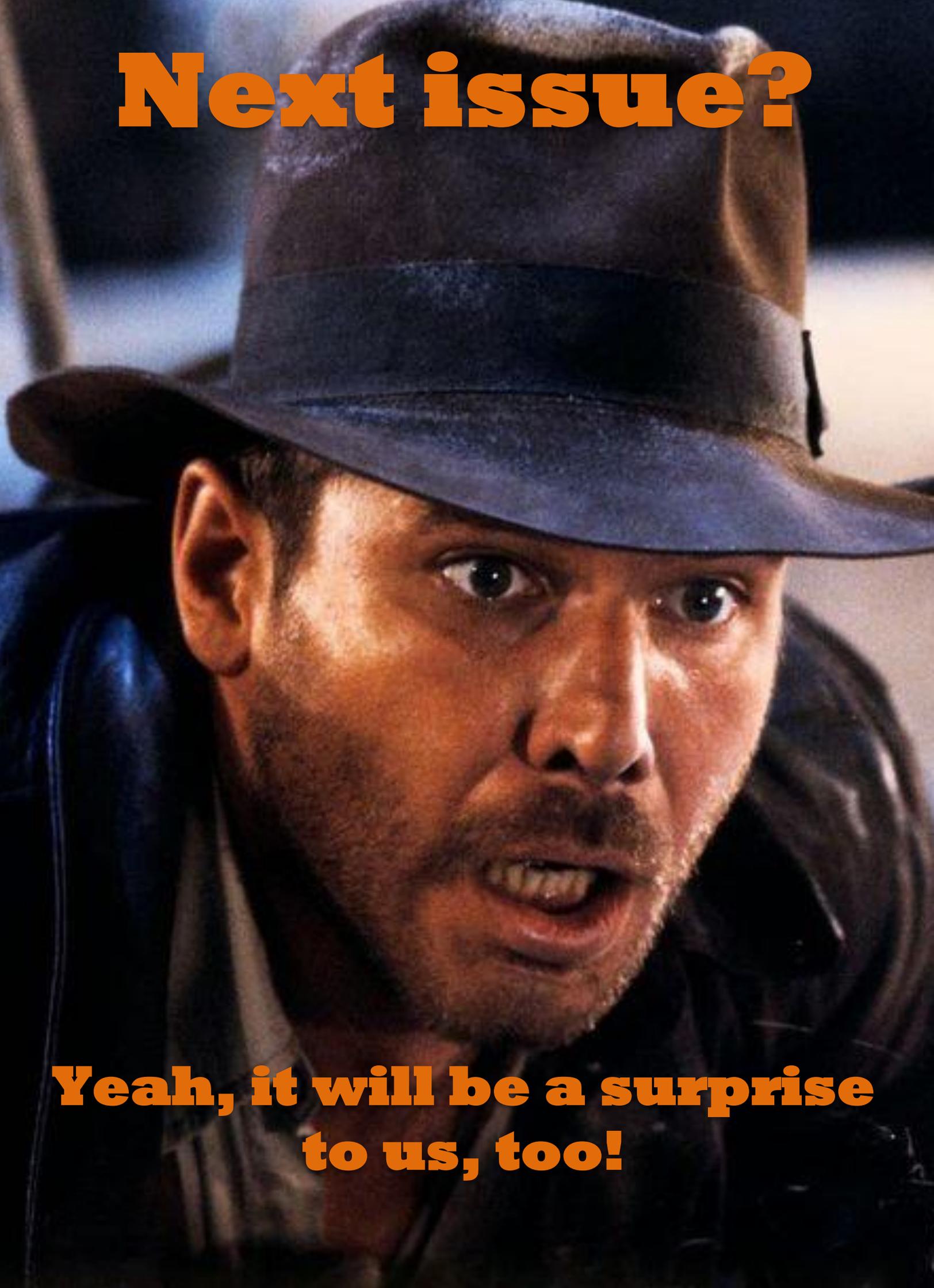
to a light-sensitive trap with skewering spikes and collapsing sectional walls, this is not exactly a walk in the park. Betrayal follows, not to mention a competitive French archaeologist named Belloq (Paul Freeman) who merely swipes the Idol without the benefit of Jones' blood, sweat and tears to retrieve it. In addition, the Hovito Indians, a tribe that protects the idol from greedy grave robbers, chase Jones through the thick of the forest while he swings conveniently from a loose vine to a plane waiting for him, conveniently of course.

What is most striking about the opening sequence is the introduction of that forbidden fertility idol. It is both ugly and beautiful with a frozen grimace, something that inspires awe and dread at the same time. According to the Indiana Jones wiki page, the Idol is the Earth Mother and one

of the holiest of all deities worshipped by the Hovitos. That is why in retrospect, one can see how the Fertility Idol is a metaphor for Marion Ravenwood (Karen Allen), the on/off again girlfriend of Indiana Jones. They are meant to be together and she is, naturally, fertile yet Indy is unsure of whether he can have a life with her (further established in "Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull" where they ultimately have a son). Indy craves Marion, loves her deeply yet also keeps her at bay, afraid of taking chances or making her believe they are having more than a love affair fraught with complications and some history going back a decade. When it comes to adventure, Marion is one prize Indy lost and regained, then lost again and regained again in "Crystal Skull," eventually settling down. Indiana Jones has always maintained relationships with people he could trust, be it an old flame or his tweedy father or a nightclub singer. He learns, through the course of four movies, that family matters more than some golden trinket.

The Idol of the Chachapoyan Warriors never appears again in the whole series (except for the Marvel comic books, though whether they are accepted as canon or not is difficult to say) but the metaphor is quite striking, intended or not.





Next issue?

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