



It's a "Bloody Valentine" for Alf Humphreys as he falls into the arms of Larry Reynolds.

Bloody bad 'Valentine'

By ARCHER WINSTEN

THE CANADIAN film industry is not immune to the current craze for gore, horror and goose-pimples. It must want some of that box-office money, too. So it is with *My Bloody Valentine*, which brings to Loews State I and the Bay Cinema, murders in which a human heart enclosed in a heart-shaped gift box is sent to Mayor Hanniger (Larry Reynolds) or Police Chief Newby (Don Francks).

There's an explanation. Twenty years earlier an entombed miner, blaming negligent supervisors, had gone mad but emerged from the asylum and killed the supervisors, extracting their hearts.

Now he seems to have returned again, and is busily executing locals who are merely trying to have a Valentine's Day party.

Most of the killings take place in the mine where the original victims worked.

There is also a romance

triangle preparing conflict and also an alternate solution to the film's on-going mystery of the gas-masked, goggled perpetrator who doesn't seem to have aged as much as the original killer should have.

The eventual solution is a bit of a surprise, and really hard to believe, too. Not that it makes much difference. The picture's main reason for being is its series of brutal, bloody murders, the chill-thrill of the event, and the looming suspense of the next murder to come. The chase through the corridors of the deep mine is extended through female hysteria, unidentified noises, darkness and a couple of new murders when one couple got off by themselves for some romance.

The picture doesn't make much sense, and if you had a police chief as useless as this one, you'd be justified in carrying your own machine-gun, but the simple excitement is constant. Obviously the public eats up this kind of nonsense.