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*Guy N. Smith*

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The Welsh coast basks in summer tranquility, then the drownings begin... Not until the monstrous crustaceans crawl ashore, their pincers poised for destruction, does the world understand the threat it faces....

## **Night of the Crabs Details**

Date : Published July 2nd 1976 by New English Library (first published 1976)

ISBN : 9780450029424

Author : Guy N. Smith

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Genre : Horror, Fiction, Science Fiction, Animals

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## From Reader Review Night of the Crabs for online ebook

### Eva says

I've noticed something really special about reading the "Giant Crabs" series by Guy N. Smith out of order... it doesn't matter. It means nothing. Nobody ever learns a fucking thing about these crabs and passes it to the next book. Even the main character in "Night of the Crabs" the first of the crabs books, shows up in the second crabs book and really has no information to offer. Except "guns don't work" and "they come out when the moon is full", but anyone who knows anything about crabs knows that.

The thing I will say about "Night of the Crabs" is that it is both the most titillating Crabs book that I've read so far, and also the most idiotic. Case in point: the lead character, Cliff Davenport, is an expert on undersea botany (he knows about plants AND sea animals). Also, his nephew is coincidentally the first victim of the giant crabs! He flies out to investigate his nephew's disappearance and, lucky for the book, sees giant crab claws everywhere and can identify them!

But that's not the best part. The best part is the weird sex. Because Guy N. Smith writes sex scenes like a twelve year old who's never seen a naked lady before. The first time Davenport has sex with his lovely new girlfriend, Smith writes the following:

"Her fingers were active... Cliff felt that thrilling sensation of his zip being pulled down, her fingers groping inside the open vent and then the coolness of the night air on his warm moistness."

### HIS WARM MOISTNESS?

I can say no more. I have several Giant Crabs books to go.

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### Dreadlocksmile says

First published back in 1976, 'Night Of The Crabs' was the novel that really launched Guy N. Smith as a writer iconic pulp horror writer. Spawning four subsequent sequels and one insightful prequel, the movie production company Amicus later even bought the film rights to the 'Crabs' idea in 1976.

The tale begins when Professor Cliff Davenport, marine biologist and an all round stand-up guy, travels to a small piece of land known as Shell Island on the Welsh coast, to investigate the strange disappearance of his nephew Ian Wright and Wright's fiancée Julie Coles. Alas, the love struck pair had their lives cut short during a romantic night-swimming escapade. A full scale search is put underway in an attempt to locate the missing pair, whilst Davenport begins his own investigations into their disappearance.

After being mistakenly arrested by the conveniently placed military, Davenport relays his suspicions to the leading figure and close personal friend of his - Sir Ronald Bradley of Whitehall. Davenport is subsequently released by the military and quickly meets up with Pat Benson, another guest at the hotel Davenport is currently lodging at. Benson informs Davenport of the mysterious markings left on the beach that she spotted during an early morning walk and together they begin a vigil on the surrounding beaches.

Not before long, Davenport and his Benson (who are now quickly becoming lovers) witness the savage death

of the local deaf and dumb beachcomber known as Bartholomew, at the hands (or should I say claws) of gigantic crabs that have emerged from the waters of Shell Island.

Davenport reports these dramatic findings to the military via another one of Davenport's impressively high ranking contacts – Grisedale of Whitehall, who sends the inept Colonel Goode to take over the 'crab' investigations. Of course, Goode is highly sceptical of the entire story and as such military action is postponed, until the crabs are actually upon the unprepared soldiers and local community.

An all out war ensues, with the monstrous crustaceans now swarming onto the helpless community of Shell Island. The military presence on Shell Island is almost completely annihilated by these seemingly indestructible freaks of nature.

The deadly epidemic is now a full blown reality, and reinforcements are sent in sharp-ish. The military fight back in an all-out battle at Barmouth. Alas, the heavy gauge weaponry of the tanks is still no match for the seemingly impenetrable armour of the crabs. Mankind needs to think fast if they are going to win the war against the crabs. Luckily they have Davenport on their side, whose quick thinking and truly inspired idea might just turn the tide in favour of a human victory...

The novel packs in as much blood spillage as possible, with an array of flamboyant characters each taking out their own independent (and often clichéd) roles within this outrageously over-the-top storyline.

From the outset, Smith delivers a truly original monstrous enemy for mankind to battle against, that due to the hate fuelled nature that Smith has given them, delivers a non-stop tirade of blood spilling action that will get pulp horror fans drooling from the very first attack.

Littered with elaborate twists and turns to the main thrust of the storyline, the tale ultimately concludes with an inspired yet bizarre grand finale. With such a far fetched idea tackled with an even more amusingly unlikely course of defence taken by the military, Smith has managed to produce nothing short of a masterpiece of seventies pulp horror.

The graphically depicted battle scenes between the crabs and the military deliver pages of edge-of-the-seat pulp horror entertainment that is interspersed with further crab carnage and comical character interaction. At no point does Smith take his foot off the accelerator from the very moment the crabs first take to the shore.

Not only are these gigantic enemies of mankind colossal in size and naturally armoured by their huge shells, they also display a surprising level of intelligence. Lead by a briefly glimpsed 'King Crab', these organised crustacean ranks pose a severe threat to the community.

'Night of the Crabs' was the first instalment in Guy's signature 'Crabs' series, but should preferably be read after the later released prequel entitled 'The Origin Of The Crabs'. 'Origin' ends exactly where 'Night' takes off, bringing together a seamless and tight storyline to the crabs series as a whole.

The next crabs book in the series is 'Killer Crabs' released just two years later. 'Night' has set down the groundwork for this next outrageous pulp horror classic, where no time needs to be spent playing with the denial and disbelief of the military. From here on in its non-stop, blood soaked crab action. From the moment the crabs first take to the beach of Shell Island, expect nothing short of one onslaught after another.

'Night of the Crabs' is the true beginning of the all-out crab war. It's a classic pulp horror and splatterpunk novel that is hard to be bettered for such an unashamed far-fetched enemy. An enjoyable read is the

understatement of the century!

The book runs for a total of 144 pages (pretty standard length for one of Guy's novels). Like with the majority of Smith's other novels, an abundance of action and twists to the storyline are somehow crammed into these few pages.

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### **Kirsten says**

I absolutely loved this book! It's not very long but it took me back to my childhood watching great classic American and British monster movies. (I also watched a lot of Japanese ones too, but this book is more in the vein of the American and British ones.)

The giant creatures that start attacking people.

The scientist who is the only one that understands the danger.

The girlfriend who stand by him.

The isolated location (a small island off the coast of Wales).

The stupid military officers who discount the scientific advice. (After all, we have a great military and great weapons. How could we possibly lose?)

This book reminded me of such classics as Earth vs the Spider, It Came From Beneath the Sea, Them!, and even a little of Island of Terror! I will definitely read more from this author. (I can totally see someone like Richard Carlson as the lead.)

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### **Kinksrock says**

Short and fast-moving 1970s-style paperback horror novel featuring giant crabs, gratuitous sex, and outdated sexism. The downside: Poor dialogue, undeveloped characters, and nonsensical action. Even for this genre, this novel is pretty crappy. The upside: It's kind of fun; you know what you're getting into when you pick it up. But I just can't, in good conscience, give it more than one star.

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### **Michael says**

Nachts kommen die Riesenkrabben - „A seafood cocktail for the strongest stomachs“

Badeurlaub? In England? Ich? Bestimmt nicht! Nicht nach Guy Smiths glaubwürdigem Bericht über das SLIME BEAST, und erst recht nicht nach seinen Enthüllungen über unkaputtbare Riesenkrabben an Wales schöner Küste. Wie sang Frank Zappa schon: „Bullets can't stop it, rockets can't stop it, we might have to use nuclear force“. Einstweilen sieht es aber nicht so aus, als ob das Militär die Bewohner und Urlauber (!) auf Shell Island und dem benachbarten Städtchen schützen kann. Ruht also alle unsere Hoffnung auf Rettung der Welt auf dem noch jugendlich wirkenden Professor für Krabbologie Cliff Davenport, dessen Nichte und ihr Verlobter dem Hunger der Krabben zum Opfer gefallen sind. Und Smith wäre nicht Smith, wenn der Krabbologe neben seiner Mission, die Welt vor den riesenhaften Krustentieren zu retten, nicht auch noch Zeit fände, eine neue Ehefrau zu finden:

"What a beautiful night, if only we didn't have to worry about giant crabs."

NIGHT OF THE CRABS liefert einen mit den für Smith typischen Zutaten zubereiteten Pulp-Roman, der nicht so schwer im Magen liegt wie manches Krabbengericht: eindimensionale Charaktere, eine Armee von Riesenkrabben, angeführt von der noch riesenhafteren King Crab, ein Professor, ein paar Sexszenen mit einer jungen, willigen und hübschen Mittzwanzigjährigen, einem überforderten Militär und vielen, vielen Toten.

Ein B-Movie zwischen zwei Buchdeckeln, das an Jack Arnold erinnert. Keine unnötigen Details, keine Erklärungsversuche, keine Charakterstudien, keine Formexperimente... hier knacken die Scheren!

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### **Pamellia says**

Night of the Crabs  
October 18, 2014 to October 19, 2014  
Group Read @ Horror Readers

Review theme: Since when is sex more important than Giant Crabs!

Oh goodness gracious, this is the most fun I'm had reading a book since I don't know when. Sorry Mr. Strand, you're just going to have to bow down to the author of Night of the Crabs.

Written in the 1970s. Wow, was this what horror was like then...no wonder I wasn't into horror back then. This is one of those stories that takes itself just a little too seriously for how bizarre it is. We forget how anti-military everyone was in this post-Vietnam era. I've noticed that in other mid to late twentieth century writing.

I really enjoyed this book, thought it was a lot of fun. Pleased that the happy couple can now go back to London and become man and wife. Wondering if the route the military took to destroy the crabs is just going to turn around and kick them in the arse...that was a lot of pollution there, ole boys.

I give this book 3 stars

Recommended to lovers of 1970s horror

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### **Ben says**

A bunch of giant crabs attack Wales - Shell Island specifically (get it?). Cringeworthy sexism, and a military even more inept than the four guys in a pickup truck in The Creeping Terror, can't kill the vibe. Awful fun.

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### **Mark McLaughlin says**

I usually don't tell people they should get CRABS, but in this case I'll make an exception! ;-) These are crabs you'll be sure to enjoy.

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## Hunter Shea says

The giant killer crab book to end all killer crab books. Guy N. Smith is, I'm afraid to say, a mostly forgotten monster scribbling legend. *Night of the Crabs* is the start of one of the wildest monster series ever written. So much fun. So much death. I loved it.

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## Grady Hendrix says

The first of Guy N. Smith's killer crab books, and still the champion.

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## Stephen says

### **\*\*A FEW PRELIMINARIES FOR THE DISCERNING BIBLIOPHILE\*\***

1. This book is called "*Night of the Crabs*."
2. This book is NOT called "*An Meaningful Exploration into the Depth and Meaning of Classic American Literature*."
3. This book's cover shows a giganto, ill-tempered **CRABosaurus** sporting a stool-dropping "don't come hither" look in its glowing, red eyes.
4. The publishers of this book chose for its marketing tag line to be "*In The Tradition of Rats*"

The above should clue you that we are dealing with a certain quality of plot complexity, intelligent dialogue and deft characterization. The same standard of quality that made the films of **Ed Wood** and **Roger Corman** so famous and gave *Mystery Science Theater 3000* the material to become the greatest show ever.

With that in mind, reading this book was just like watching one of those 1950's monster movies that they used show on Saturday mornings. You know, the ones you used to watch through one bloodshot eye while you tried in vain to reconstruct the previous evening's Tequila-fueled round of misdemeanors. Well, this book would qualify as one of the better quality "bad" movies and I had a TON of FUN with it.

Smith knows the kind of book he is writing and keeps the pace brisk by wasting no time on minutia like plot, character development or dialogue. He does, however, leave room for healthy amounts of hokey, campy and corny and I spent much of the story with an ear to ear grin on my face. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it and plan on reading at least one of the sequels to see if the magic can continue.

Of course, be advised that you will be cheering for the **CRABzillas** in this story as the human inhabitants are so hopelessly inept that by the time they get ripped into gory chunks of stupidity you're just sighing thankfully that they've been flushed out of the human gene pool before they had a chance to breed. That is, of course, except for our intrepid hero, Professor Cliff Davenport, whose genius and MacGyver-like ability to squeeze out of tight situations and develop "on the fly" solutions to seemingly unsolvable problems is a

“groan inducing” joy to behold.

And that man can rap too. Here is a sample of a few of my favorite quotes from old Professor Problem-solver:

- In trying to describe the invulnerability of the Crabs to the inept military leaders, the Prof says, “*You haven’t seen these monsters. If you had, you’d know what I mean. I’d have to see ‘em blown to smithereens with my own eyes before I’d believe they’re not invincible.*” ...This, of course, is a classic restatement of the scientific method.

- Later, upon seeing the leader of the Crabs (oh yes, Crabbies got themselves a head honcho), the Professor curses, “*King Crab!!...See the Devil? Twice as big as the others. He’s more cunning than any human being. Somehow he’s got them out there [hiding]. But how?*” ...Only a brilliant, scientific mind could intuit such sly cunning on the part of King Crab by simply looking at him.

To top off the wonderful, schlocky goodness that is “Night of the Crabs,” I must mention the obligatory love affair between Professor Hero and his beautiful, one dimensional, bubble-headed love interest (when she speaks you can actually hear an echo). This is the kind of torrid, smoky romance that will cause readers to re-examine their own pathetic lives and dream of finding someone who can make them this happy. How often, if ever, in your own life can you honestly say you have felt this much: “*His loins were fully charged with emotion and he would dearly love to have taken her.*” Not only beautifully said, but it really makes you think doesn’t it.

Bottom-line, if the title, the cover and above quotes make you think you would like this, odds are you will. Me, I had a lot of fun with it.

3.0 stars.

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### **Thomas Strömquist says**

Horribly funny mid-70's shocker with all the ingredients; mutated creatures (perhaps due to nuclear testing!) on the rampage, gore, sex, odd dialog and inexplicable actions by the characters.

While in no way great literature, there is no surprise whatsoever that the book and author has a real cult following.

And for me there's really no pity that no-one made this into a microbudget b-horror in the 80's; I've seen it scene-by-scene in my head already!

Recommended to all that know what to expect and are fine with that.

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### **David says**

GIANT, EVIL CRABS INVADE WALES!

This is Guy N. Smith:

I can't tell if he's trying to be serious here, but he's a very ~~serious~~ prolific author who seems to be going gangbusters with the ebook rights to his out-of-print pulp paperbacks.

So, is he a sadly underrated British writer whose work deserves wider literary acclaim? You be the judge!

"I don't, I can't believe it!" Pat Benson was close to hysteria. "It's just not possible! It's a nightmare! Cliff, please tell me it isn't real!"

"It's real enough," he said grimly. "I wish to God it wasn't, though! Just look at the size of that one!"

King Crab! Nobody could have doubted the latest arrival's right to rule. Half as big again as the rest of those nightmarish creatures, this one was the very personification of evil. It waddled slowly to the front of the others, its pincers waving menacingly as though defying any one of them to challenge its authority. Some of them moved back, huddling together.

This is a really dumb book. And apparently it was a best-seller in 1976. Oh, the 70s... the Decade That Taste Forgot.

Oh wait, now we have the Doritos Locos Taco. So never mind... at least *Night of the Crabs* will not give you orange fingers and heart disease.

But really, GIANT EVIL CRABS. They're *intelligent* and they have glowing red eyes. Could you possibly make this book dumber? Yes, yes you could - you could make the goddamn things indestructible - they take direct hits from tank guns and mortars and then *pick up the tanks* and toss them in the ocean. At one point the British Army is talking about using nukes to get rid of GIANT CRABS. And you could add pointless sex scenes that are almost charming in their businesslike fumble-thrust-and-moan details, and you could make everyone kind of stupid so that every time the crabs go back into the ocean, even though they laid waste to the coast last time, everyone just kind of says, "Well, maybe they won't come back." Uh, really?

And yet, I'm giving this cheesy pulp ridiculousness 3 big stars. Why? Well, because it was fun and entertaining, even if ever-so-bad, kind of like a Doritos Locos Taco. *Night of the Crabs* is a B-monster-movie, with an obligatory dose of 70s soft porn (which is really pretty mild compared to porn today — I mean, *50 Shades of Gray*?). GIANT CRABS come out of the ocean and eat people, they rampage about for a bit destroying trains and tanks and bridges (I cannot get over the crabs *picking up a tank...*), until a brainy scientist figures out how to kill them. And you know how in those monster movies there's always a final scene after the monster is "killed" where you see it open its eyes or a claw bursts out of the ground or you see its spawn crawling off to new hunting grounds? Yeah, an ending just like that, which is why apparently these books actually became a series. Hey, it was the 70s, go figure.

"I'm more than glad I let you come with me tonight," he whispered as he zipped himself up

again. "I'm afraid, though, that we must still keep an eye open for those crabs!"

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You know, that is not exactly a line *I'd* want to use immediately after having sex.

### **Char says**

Let me preface this by saying that this book was a blast! So why am I only rating it 3 stars, you ask?

Even though this book was a lot of fun, it's not exactly well written. I wasn't expecting horror literature, so that was okay with me.

I'm not sure if it was an editing issue, or if the original text was messed up, but there are a lot of weird things going on in the Kindle edition with exclamation points, capitalized letters in the middle of sentences and other things like that.

This book was written in the 70's so I had some issues with the views on women, but I understand this book is a product of its time, so that's cool.

Other than those issues this book was a great creature feature. Lots of bloody showdowns between the crabs, especially the KING crab, and mankind. Man usually coming out the loser, again and again. All kinds of bloody disasters and almost non stop action-other than the main characters falling in love within like 3 pages, which made this a quick read.

You know, every once in a while I need me some cheesy horror. Not everything can be *The Haunting of Hill House*. Sometimes, I just want to be entertained without thinking too much. If you're in need or in the mood for the *Sharknado* of books, this is the one for you!

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Recommended for fans of cheesy horror creature feature fun!

### **Karl says**

Forward By J.F. Gonzalez Introduction by Guy N. Smith. This may have started the Crab migration. Today we have "Clickers" and "Crustations" by other authors. This book is as close to a 50's horror movie as you can get. How can you not love a bunch of hungry Crabs out for a quick bite.

I purchased this book from the author at his Black Hill Books bookstore, where, the last time I looked, he had almost fourty of his books for sale (which he will gladly sign if asked).

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