

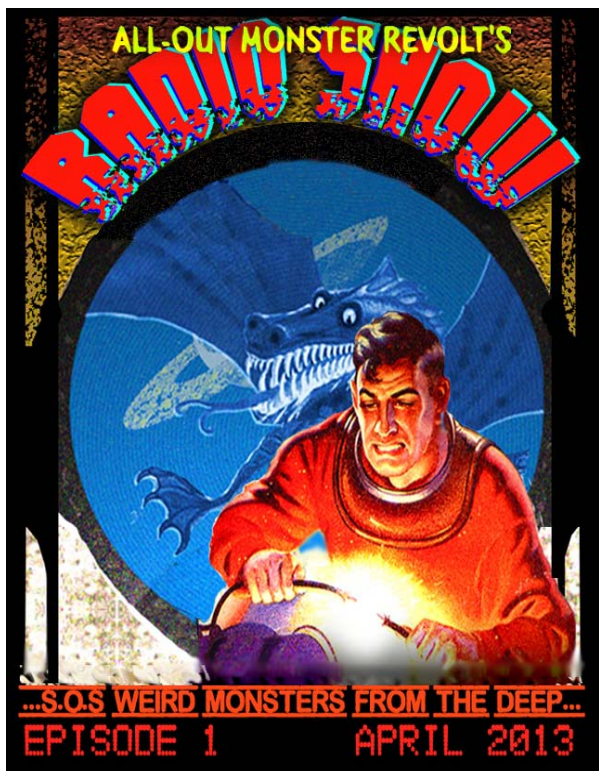
ALL-OUT

MONSTER REVOLT!

MAGAZINE

ISSUE 1





S.O.S Weird Monsters from the Deep!

AOMR FM

EPISODE 1

APRIL 2013

Running Time: 90 minutes



Hosted by Justynn Tyme & Super-Computer X

S.O.S Frightening Monsters → *Ginger-Bot*

It Came From Red Alert → *Monsters from Mars*

Monsters → *Muz*

Monsters for Dawn → *Heather Frasch*

Lair of the Dragon King → *Will J. Godfrey*

Weird Monsters → *Mushroom's Patience*

King of All Monsters → *Big Ticket*

Giant Squid → *RJD2*

Other Gods → *R.A. Blum*

The Crawling Chaos → *R.A. Blum*

In the Mouth of Cthulu → *Monsterbrau*

King Kong Died For Our Sins → *Bahlasti Ompehda*

Arise Oh Deep One → *Frater Hater*

Kong of the Jungle → *Unknown*

Super Robot Red Baron Theme → *Senkosha Productions*

Crab (He Came In Peace) → *My Woshin Mashin*

Mare Anguis (Serpent Sea) → *Eque, The Art of Listening*

Shoggoth → *Khymeras*

Creatures from the Deep → *Will J Godfrey*



Greetings and welcome denizens of the dai kaiju and giant monster fans to the premiere of the new All-Out Monster Revolt Radio Show! I am Justynn Tyme, your dedicated host for the next ninety minutes as we venture into the sky wave for a one of kind auditory experience.

We have combed the world over to bring you a kaleidoscope of giant monster themed audio artistry including but not limited to music, noise, soundscapes, and spoken word from every genre and of any number of styles. If we like it, we play it; it's that simple.

We take pride in bringing you a catalogue of aural oddities that you've never heard before. Delving in the rich and untamed regions of the independent musicians and sound artist where that magic happens, and then we blend in the more commercial work to create interesting show. You might not like everything we play but if you don't listen. You might miss the next big sound that turns your world upside down.

Listen or download it free at:

www.AllOutMonsterRevolt.com

ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 1 AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 2013

FEATURES:

1 AOMR Spotlight: An interview series focused on those working with AOMR as well as news, updates and release notices from the All-Out Monster Revolt project

2 Point Of Origin: An eclectic collection of monster movies and monsters with similarities to other media

3 Interviews: An interview series with those exclusively working on original or homage giant monster projects

4 Frequency Unknown: A review and synopsis of fully dramatized radio theater and television productions from the past and present

5 Destination X: In-depth profiles of a giant monster communities, entertainment and forums

6 Information Please: In-depth profiles, reviews, and interviews with podcasters from giant monster genre

7 Appointment with Fear: Synopses, reviews, and excerpts from original pulp stories from the golden days of pulp magazines (1920s - 1950s)

8 Beyond Tomorrow: News and interviews and w/ upcoming giant monster productions

9 Mysterious Traveler: Spotlight on attractions from around the world for the dai kaiju tourist

o Origin of Superstition: A re-examining of articles and reports about real giant monster encounters, discoveries, theories and mythology

S Special Features: Articles that examine subjects that don't quite fit into other categories

X Extras: Nifty little tidbits that fill in the cracks such as games, puzzles, profiles, trivia, and facts

H High Adventure: Highlighting comics old and new that feature giant monster stories

13 Box 13: Letters and editorials.

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Greetings denizens of daikaiju! Welcome to the first issue of the All-Out Monster Revolt Magazine. It is amazing to me that even though this project is not quite a year old, we have a website, a radio show, and a podcast, with a radio play and an anthology on the way, and now a magazine. When I first began this project, one of the main things I wanted to do was a magazine. It was, and still is, my goal that this magazine series become a tome for all things concerning the giant monsters old and new, large and small, real and fictitious. This magazine was created especially for the insatiably curious with an unquenchable interest in exploring all avenues of the giant monster genre, with a focus on the groundbreakers and the esoteric, more so than the frequently discussed projects.

I am a firm believer that it is very important that those outside the mainstream be acknowledged and know they are being acknowledged, so they will continue on creating their essential projects with the satisfaction that their work is being enjoyed by someone somewhere. Many are, more or less content to create without the expectation of notoriety. This is why most of us do what we do, not so much for monetary gain or fame, as is the popular misconception, but for that transitory moment of enjoyment that we can give someone. After all, all we really want at most is that little bit of financing to continue working on these projects and offer them up to receptive audience.

Personally, I have been a writer and artist since childhood, seeking to entertain but never chasing fame. It became very important to me early on to be friends with other creative people and experience the thrill of collaboration. In this way, fortunately, I stumble on to all kinds of interesting projects that are going on under the radar. I have always been more inspired by my contemporaries rather than famous artists. That is because my contemporaries, like me, are working with shoestring budgets, overwhelming limitations, yet still creating exciting projects. It gives me that spark of motivation to see artists create great things under severe limitations. If they can do it, so can I. It does not take much to arouse me to start my own project or work with someone else on theirs, usually embarking on collaborations with nothing more than a handshake and a smile. I think the best work comes from working within limitations, although there are cliques and conflicts in ideology which isolate projects from the wandering artist, and rightly so I guess. Not everything can be open to the artistic public.

I, myself, prefer to work with others, so I seek as many collaborators as possible because I am constantly inspired by their multiple voices, views, and visions. Therefore, I usually start projects with this understanding in mind, and the generosity of my friends and colleagues has been overwhelming. It is not easy to find artists and writers who will donate their talents, especially today, when artists need and should get compensation, but do not. They are forced to be very selective about where they apply their efforts. Yet being paid to do so is not only a way of thanking someone for creating something enjoyable, but it is an investment in allowing them to do it again. That is why the first issue is free, to show what we're capable of and to entice others into sharing their talents. So, if you think this magazine is good now just imagine what it would be like if you were writing for it.

The most important part you can have in this magazine is that YOU enjoy it! If you like it, share it! Talk about it! Create something for us! If you don't like it, tell us why; constructive criticism is always welcome. Go now, read it cover to cover because there just might be an unannounced contest concerning the 'Best comment or Review.'

Justin Tyme
-DIRECTOR-

**FOR
GOOD LISTENING**

**Dial 910
KALL**

FOR



Mutual Broadcasting System's

"2000 PLUS"
A Science Fiction Fantasy
9 P.M.

PROGRAM: 2000 PLUS

Mutual Broadcasting System's **2000 Plus** was a science fiction anthology radio series that aired live on the Mutual Broadcasting System between March 1950 and January 1952. It was the first adult science fiction series on radio and used all new material rather than adapting published stories. The series was the creation of Sherman H. Dryer who wrote, produced, and directed the series with Robert Weenolsen.

Joan Shea as *Betty Martin*, Ralph Bell as *George Martin*, Larry Robinson as *Bill*, Bill Griffis as *Dean of Science*, Music composed and played by **Milton Kaye**, Sound Effects by **Al April** and **George Cooney**, Engineer was **Bob Albreck** and **Ken Marvin** was the shows *announcer*.

EPISODE: THE INSECT (5/17/1950)

SYNOPSIS: A scientist creates a growth ray to increase the size of everyday animals. His first subjects are a spider, wasp, and fly. Oh my! He's off to a conference to promote his new invention and leaves the care of his laboratory to his wife who is unnerved by his collection of abnormally large insects. While the scientist is away things quickly go terribly wrong and unexpected creatures fall prey to the growth ray that has somehow become operational. His wife and a curious delivery boy become trapped by one of these new creatures, a six-foot high giant moth who in its blundering about releases the enormous spider, a tarantula which was purposely affected by the ray. Pushed over the edge by fear, the two spend days trapped in the laboratory with these seemingly unearthly creatures as they go about their normal habits.

REVIEW: The story is a little formulaic and the plot transparent. Yet, strangely, these flaws do not detract from the story; they actually make it more enjoyable. The story alternates between the nightmare in the laboratory and the husband's conference at the university. This aspect elevates the suspense to an almost uncomfortable level. Then, just when you think its over, there is one more spike of terror and the delivery boy is finally overtaken. Then it ends with a twist that makes one feel as foolish as the characters in the story.

POSSIBLE INSPIRATION FOR:

Them (1954), **Tarantula** (1955), **Deadly Mantis** (1957), **Beginning Of the End** (1957), and **The Black Scorpion** (1957)

PROGRAM: FANGORIA'S DREADTIME STORIES

Dreadtime Stories is an anthology series that presents bone-chilling tales to give you nightmares. Modern tales penned by many notable horror authors writing in the genre today.

EPISODE: HERE COME THE SLUDGE (4/20/12)

Written by Steve Nubie | Cast: Jamie Baron, Jim McCance, Christian Stolte, Tim Dadabo, Jeff Morrow, JoBe Cerny, Ilyssa Fraden, Lexxie Stiefel, Roger Mueller, Carl Amari, Steve Nubie.

SYNOPSIS: An unusual comet is coming from deep within interstellar space and is heading directly for planet Earth. However, it's not the comet we should fear, but what is inside. Out of the vastness of space, the ultimate predator has found the Earth. Made of black, viscous fluid it spews out after impact and it begins to absorb every form of organic life. As it grows larger and larger, it starts advancing to the West Coast. Chemicals, poisons, weapons have no effect on it and wherever it goes death follows. In desperation, authorities struggle to find a counter measure. But is there one?

REVIEW: There is nothing as scary as an unstoppable force that seems to exhibit a malevolent intelligence and fear mounts when you realize there is no way to communicate with this 'Sludge', as is the case in '*Here Come The Sludge*' by Steve Nubie.

The sound effects and the simplicity of the story work well together and the cast does a first-rate job in bringing the situation to life. However, the over-all emotional content seems somewhat subdued for a '*Fangoria*' production, but this was one of the earlier shows and it takes time to build horror and suspense.

The '*Dreadtime Stories*' format is a bit odd because the host pops in at regular intervals to push story along, which, I think, diminishes its impact and reality for the listener. However, this was the free version so that might account for the choice in formatting in order to make room for the commercials.

Producer Carl Amari¹ is no stranger to radio theater and he does a fine job transcribing Steve Nubie's story into audible reality. Malcolm McDowell is exceptional as the narrator, but is spread too thick in the free version.



DREADTIME STORIES
are Produced by Carl Amari and
Hosted by Malcolm McDowell

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

THE SEEDS OF DOOM



AVAILABLE WHEREVER BBC VIDEO DVDS ARE SOLD

FREQUENCY UNKNOWN

PART 3

For those not in the know, Doctor Who is a science fiction television series produced in England by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Doctor Who is a Time Lord, one of the oldest races in the universe. They are capable of regeneration after death, but their appearance changes with each regeneration. Over the course of eons, the Time Lords developed time travel to its fullest application but have become dispassionate observers of the cosmos; content to let great factions of evil move malevolently across the universe without resistance. When the Doctor defects, he leaves his home world and diplomatic responsibilities in a stolen time traveling machine called the 'TARDIS' to adventure through time and space and help those in peril without disrupting the cosmic balance. The Doctor Who series began fifty years ago in 1963, and is still in production today.

THE SEEDS OF DOOM (1976)¹

Produced by **Phillip Hinchcliffe**
Written by **Robert Banks Stewart**
Directed by **Douglas Camfield**
Special Effects by **Richard Conway**
Music by **Geoffrey Burgon**
Costumes by **Barbara Lane**
Tom Baker as the Doctor
Elizabeth Sladen as Sara Jane Smith
Tony Beckley as Harrison Chase
John Challis as Scorby
Mark Jones as Arnold Keeler
Sylvia Coleridge as Amelia Ducat
Kenneth Gilbert as Richard Dunbar



Synopsis: A research team at the South Pole discovers, quite by accident, an unfamiliar seedpod. After examination, it is believed to be at least twenty million years old. The danger and intrigue mount as news of the find travels along a tangled path of duplicity. An unscrupulous representative working for the World Ecology Bureau sells the classified information to radical billionaire, Harrison Chase who wants the seedpod for his own illicit private botanical collection. At the same time, another representative of the World Ecology Bureau insists that the Doctor—still considered U.N.I.T.'s preeminent scientific advisor—be brought in to speculate. The Doctor recognizes the seedpod as a hostile alien plant entity called a Krynoid. The Doctor, with his companion Sara Jane Smith, rushes to intercept the seedpod. In the meantime, a scientist working with the pod has become infected and murderous. However, Scorby and Keeler, Chase's minions, arrive on the scene over taking the Doctor and the research team but don't quite grasp the implication of danger concerning the 'maniac.'



Completely off his nut... Tony Beckley as Harrison Chase in his green 'cathedral' aka a botanical greenhouse full of rare and exotic (and most likely unlawfully owned) plants.²

Scorby and Keeler return with the seedpod and report that two pods were found and that one sprouted and infected someone. Unfazed, Harrison Chase begins to recreate the conditions in order to observe the infection. The Doctor and Sara Jane deduce the seedpod location, which leads them to Harrison's botanical estate. Failing to subvert Harrison's diabolical plan, Sara Jane is chosen as the unwitting victim to be infected by the Krynoid. But, she makes her escape with the help of the Doctor and a befuddled Keeler is inadvertently infected by the seedpod. As Keeler is transformed from a human into a Krynoid by the infection, he menaces friends and enemies alike.

FREQUENCY UNKNOWN

PART 4

Harrison subdues Keeler and imprisons him in an isolated room to observe the transformation. Soon it becomes quite clear that the Keeler-Krynoid, after being fed by Harrison, is not going to stop growing. Faced with a phenomenal new plant creature, Harrison is driven mad with aspirations of ushering in a new world order under a tyrannical botanical force. Fearing the Doctor and Sara Jane will thwart his plans, he tries to grind them up and feed them to the Krynoid. Alas, Harrison is thwarted and he is the one mulched. The Doctor and Sara Jane escape back into the mansion, which the Krynoid has besieged in order to destroy it. U.N.I.T arrives just in time and destroys the Krynoid in a great fiery explosion before it has a chance to germinate and spread more seed pods across the world.

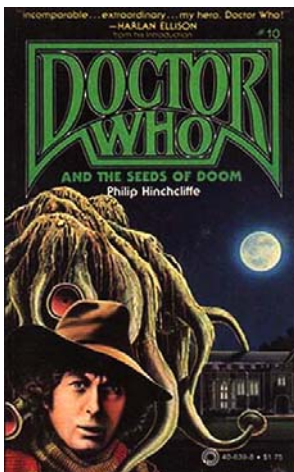


The full-grown Krynoid demolishing Harrison Chase's manor house as it tries to get at the juicy humans inside ³.

Review: This is one of my favorite episodes because it is essentially a giant monster story with Doctor Who. Steeped in gothic-horror tradition, it breaks away from the standard mold of the Doctor Who style and introduces a secret agent aspect. Tony Beckley's excellent portrayal of Harrison Chase, whose cool and detached demeanor is slowly stripped away when his greatest desire becomes reality, is both intriguing and unnerving. Tom Baker as the fourth incarnation of the Doctor always manages to out shine any flaws in the production.

'The Seeds of Doom' owes its concept to such predecessors as 'The Blob', 'The Quatermass Experiment', 'Day Of The Triffids', 'Little Shop Of Horrors', 'The Thing From Another World', 'The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms', 'The Deadly Mantis', and even 'Invasion of The Body Snatchers'. Robert Banks Stewart presents a well-crafted combination of all these elements into one story line.

The Krynoid itself is a believable creature both in concept and realization. The Krynoid suit is an accomplished design with no visible seams even though the suit was recycled from 'The Claws Of Axos,' a prior Doctor Who story featuring Jon Pertwee as the third Doctor. Independent costume creator Jules Baker originally designed the suit in 1971 as a red-orange-yellow colored Axos monster. It was repainted green in 1976 to become the Krynoid with amazing effectiveness. The final stage giant Krynoid was an equally good design although its menace was diminished by its lack of movement and lack of any visual destruction. The miniature work, though it appeared only briefly, was excellently rendered.



Overall, it is a great storyline, but the actual depictions as good as they were are not quite enough for this giant monster fan. However, the monsters-perspective camera angle that was used briefly was a nice touch, but it still did not make up for the lack of a real giant monster rampage.

NOTE: A novelization of the episode 'The Seeds Of Doom' by Phillip Hinchcliffe was published in 1977 by Target Books and again in 1980 by Pinnacle Books.⁴ Also, out there somewhere is the original score by Geoffrey Burgon⁵ released in 2000 by BBC Music coupled with the score from '*Terror Of The Zygons.*'



RADIOACTIVE MANGO RECORDINGS PRESENTS

ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT ANTHOLOGY



EDITED BY JUSTYNN TYME AND JM REINBOLD

COMING IN 2014

ALL OUT MONSTER REVOLT SPOTLIGHT

As you may or may not know the All-Out Monster Revolt project is working on an anthology, the first in a series. This anthology will feature unique and unusual giant monster stories— in the pulp tradition— where the monsters are always the main characters. The writers are working on their strange sagas with vigor and fervor but whom, you might ask are these writers, who are boldly embarking on these terrifying tales.

WELDON BURGE

Weldon Burge, a native of Delaware, is a full-time editor, freelance writer, and creator of web content. His fiction has appeared in *Suspense Magazine*, *Futures Mysterious Anthology Magazine*, *Grim Graffiti*, and *The Edge: Tales of Suspense*. His stories appeared in the anthologies *Pellucid Lunacy: An Anthology of Psychological Horror*, *Ghosts and Demons*, and *Something at the Door: A Haunted Anthology*. Weldon recently released a collection of his own short fiction **'BROKEN: Stories of Damaged Psyches'** which is available from Smart Rhino Publications and Amazon.

Why did you decide to write a giant monster story?

I've always been a Lovecraft fan, and I love the idea of enormous, cosmic, otherworldly monsters (rather than massive spiders, turtles, or Gila monsters). Although the story I'm writing has nothing to do with the Cthulhu Mythos, I'm hoping there are some Lovecraftian "flavors" that readers can savor. So, Justynn gave me an excuse to write something I've wanted to attempt for some time now. Just hope it suffices!

What were the chief inspirations for your story and why did these things inspire you?

I like the idea of trapping an individual in dire circumstances beyond his/her control, and then enhancing a sense of terror and claustrophobia. Throwing a giant monster into the mix is just the cherry on top! Lovecraft mentioned the Great Old Ones, a pantheon of cosmic deities that once ruled the Earth and now eagerly await return (and August Derleth expanded on that theme). My story is loosely based on that idea. Loosely. Very loosely.

How much research and what kind of research did you need to do to write your story?

I'm still researching! I've been reading quite a bit about giant slugs and invertebrates. Let's just leave it at that.

www.weldonburge.com

ERNESTUS J. CHALD

Ernestus Jiminy Chald was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, but has spent the bulk of his existence in Chicago. His published works include "The Rubbish Bin" (a polymorphic novel in the form of an actual trashcan that is brimful with crumpled pages of narrative prose and various forms of garbage) and "Black Carnations" (a collection of elegiac poetry). He is the founder of Peisithanatos Press, an underground publishing enterprise devoted to the resurrection of forgotten or underappreciated literary oddities. In conjunction with, the releasing of contemporary works of groundbreaking prose and poetry that more traditional publishing houses might condemn as unmarketable. A true polymath, Chald spends his free time away from writing pursuing a diverse assortment of other crafts including daguerreotypy, stone carving, and orchestral composition. Chald rarely sleeps and is sustained largely by strong coffee steadily delivered to his bloodstream via intravenous drip.

Why did you decide to write a giant monster story?

When the offer was presented, I immediately jumped on the idea of writing a giant monster piece, specifically because it was something that I'd never attempted—or even contemplated attempting—before. I like to challenge myself with my work, and I saw this as a great challenge. The minute any writer develops a "comfort zone" or "niche", he/she is doomed! Comfort zones are breeding grounds for stagnancy and mundanity. Truly great writers can write in any genre and make it captivating. Perhaps I shall write a romance novel next or a cookbook? My pen is at home in any climate . . . but the minute any place begins to feel too much like home, I abandon it and venture in the opposite direction in search of untrodden ground.

My biggest actual inspiration to write a Giant Monster piece was the old "Rampage" arcade machine from the '80s. That was one of my favorite games growing up, and I wanted to portray that—what it might be like to be a giant monster in the midst of decimating everything in its path—in a literary manner.

[Continued on Next Page](#)

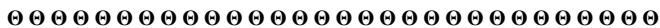
In other words, I thought it'd be awfully fun to destroy the entire world with a giant monster as my battering ram/vehicle.

Is there any one giant monster that left an impression on you? And why do you think it did?

EJC: As a boy, I was completely obsessed with dinosaurs, of course . . . but my father was a huge fan of Mighty Joe Young, King Kong, etc. So I was exposed to those sorts of films at a very early age. I liked how those films elicited sympathy from the audience toward the "monster". I think that is what made me relate to them. I was always a bit of a lone wolf myself, a misunderstood outsider who was constantly mistreated and ridiculed for being "different". I related to those monsters an awful lot.

How much research and what kind of research did you need to do to write your story?

EJC: I did quite a bit of research into Native American "monster" legends/mythology, and, from that, was able to combine different elements that appealed to me from various legends in order to create the original monster featured in my story. So, although my monster is not a literal monster of legend, it is definitely an amalgam of different elements from different legends I stumbled upon in my research. Writing this story also necessitated research into other facets of Native American history, culture, language, and lore. I am very fortunate to have a few Native American friends who were able to point me in the right direction and offer their suggestions on certain aspects of this piece. ☐

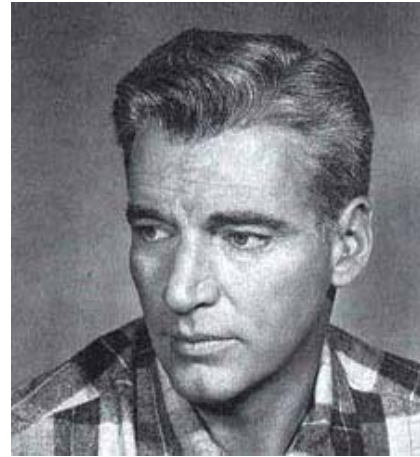


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ACTOR PROFILE: WILLIAM HOPPER



As an infant, William Hopper began his career in films, but began his acting career in his teens on Broadway. Hopper was best known for his nine year stint as the keen and clever private detective, Paul Drake on the wildly popular 'Perry Mason' television show. Besides working with *Raymond Burr, Barbara Hale, and Ray Collins*, Hopper worked with some of the silver screens leading talents such as... *Natalie Wood, Humphrey Bogart, Claire Trevor, John Wayne, Pat O'Brien, Ronald Reagan, James Cagne, James Best*, and many more.

William Hopper had both minor and major roles in many cult classics like *Dick Tracy, Nancy Drew, The Maltese Falcon, Rebel Without a Cause, Conquest of Space, Gunsmoke, Track of The Cat, Dead End Kids, Knute Rockne*, and *The Bad Seed* and over a hundred other movies and serials.

GIANT MONSTER FILMOGRAPHY

20 Million Miles to Earth (1957)

Starring as astronaut, Colonel Robert Calder

The Deadly Mantis (1957)

Starring as paleontologist, Dr. Ned Jackson

William Hopper's relaxed and candid style of acting lent credibility to the roles he undertook and created memorable characters even out of the smallest roles. His style was probably due to his down-to-earth view of the business and those in it. Another factor could have been that in 1942 he was an enlisted Navy 'Frogman' and received a Bronze Star for bravery and heroic action during operations in the Pacific.

He was in only two giant monster films during his career, both made around the end of 1956 shortly before he took up the recurring, iconic role of Paul Drake on "Perry Mason." Hopper would make only two more cinematic appearances before he died of cardiac induced pneumonia at the age of 55.

December, 1926

WRNY

25 Cents

AMAZING STORIES

HUGO GERNSBACK
EDITOR



Stories by
H. G. WELLS
GARRETT P. SERVISS
A. HYATT VERRILL

EXPERIMENTER PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK, PUBLISHERS OF
RADIO NEWS - SCIENCE & INVENTION - RADIO REVIEW - AMAZING STORIES - MONEY MAKING - RADIO INTERNACIONAL

THROUGH *the* CRATER'S RIM

By A. Hyatt Verrill

'*Through The Crater's Rim*' is not quite a giant monster story because while it does have giant monsters they are not the subject of the story. And yet, I thought it would be a good introduction to 'Appointment With Fear', a feature which, recalls from the past giant monsters stories from the days of the pulp fiction in the 1920s and 30s. This story comes from one of the earliest issues of 'Amazing Stories' when Hugo Gernsbeck was still at the helm. I chose this story because I read it only once and I still remember almost everything about it. Which is what one expects from a short story, but is not often the case. Now, this was only about year ago that I read it and not the eighty-seven years since it was first published—I am not quite that old. So, if you can find this story somewhere I suggest you not pass up the opportunity to read it.

Through The Crater's Rim begins with a reconnaissance pilot, Hazen, excitedly telling of flying over the mountains high above the Panamanian jungles of Darien and seeing a city of stone and its occupants. This chance encounter could lead to a great archeological discovery—the unearthing of the lost city—but as is the case, most people assumed it was an optical illusion or a dubious outcropping of stone. However, of the two men the pilot was talking to only one was keenly interested in following up this potential lead.

This is where our nameless narrator and adventurer becomes the central figure. I would suspect the reasoning behind this tactic was that the author, A. Hyatt Verrill, was writing about himself. Writing teachers have always said to 'write what you know' and that is exactly what Verrill did. For, Alpheus Hyatt Verrill was an American zoologist, explorer, inventor, illustrator, and a prolific author. He was also the son of Addison Emery Verrill (1839-1926), the first professor of zoology at Yale University. A. Hyatt Verrill wrote numerous accounts about his real life adventures and so when it came to writing fictionalized tales his stories retained the same amount of realism for he experienced it time and time again.

The narrator, Verrill, is making his way down the Cañaza River heading for dangerous jungles guarded by the Kunas Indians against brazen white men and other outsiders. Hazen, now out of the picture vows to fly over the city at pre-arranged times to check up on our narrator. Verrill and the two local men he was able to enlist—Jose and Carlos—swiftly but cautiously penetrate the tropical forest, always aware the Kunas might very well be watching them. With high expectations, they battle their way through the tropical jungle with machetes and rugged determination.

Suddenly, the Kunas were upon them; barbed arrows and poison darts whiz through the trees. Jose is killed instantly. Driven by fear, Carlos and Verrill flee obliviously into the dense jungle. They barrel through dangling vegetation, evading enormous trees and fallen trunks, scrambling over rocks and debris through the thick forest. After what seems like hours, they stumble into a clearing. Through the sparse foliage, light penetrates the canopy and reveals the fractured vision of the mountain above.

Then, howls of fear come from behind them as they scramble out of the jungle and up the slope of the mountain. The Kunas Indians halt at the edge of the forest; some withdraw and disappear back into the safety of the dense foliage. Before Verrill—watching the usually fearless Indians retreat—has time contemplate this turn of fortune a scream rings out. It is Carlos and he is being attacked, not by the Kunas but by strange, fleshy tentacles.

It is here that we are introduced to the giant monsters of the story and for the time-period, they were a most fearsome concoction of the imagination. Then again, maybe they were not. The author had done extensive traveling and exploring in many parts of the world and perhaps such monstrous things do exist in strange untraveled corners of the world.

Toiling up the slope, breathing heavily, utterly exhausted, I kept on. Then, as a loud shout sounded from the rear, I turned to see five hideously painted Kunas break from the jungle. But they did not follow. To my utter amazement they halted, gave a quick glance about, and, with a chorus of frightened yells, turned and dashed back into the shelter of the jungle.

But I had scant time to give heed to this. The Kunas' cries were still ringing in my ears when a scream from Carlos drew my attention. Thinking him attacked by savages I rushed towards him, drawing my revolver as I ran.

With bulging, rolling eyes, blanched face and ghastly, terror stricken features he was struggling, fighting madly, with a writhing, coiling gray object which I took for a gigantic snake. Already his body and legs were bound and helpless in the coils. With his machete he was raining blows upon the quivering awful thing which slowly, menacingly wavered back and forth before him, striving to throw another coil about his body.

And then, as I drew near, my senses reeled, I felt that I was in some awful nightmare. The object, so surely, relentlessly, silently encircling and crushing him was no serpent but a huge liana drooping from the lofty branches of a great tree!

LIANA [lēän', lēän'lē ä'nə, lēän'ə] - *n.* [[NormFr *liane* < Fr *lierne, liorne*, altered (by assoc. with *lier*, to bind) < *viorne* > L *viburnum*, **VIBURNUM**] any luxuriantly growing, woody, tropical vine that roots in the ground and climbs, as around tree trunks: also *liane* [lēän', lēän']

While the monster trees are not a major part of the tale, they are imbued with such horror that they become a pivotal point in the story. It comes so unexpectedly that it doubles the impact of the encounter with the demon trees, so much so that, although they never reappear again in the story both you and Verrill continue to think about them, by returning to that scene and reliving it.

Verrill does an excellent job of taking what could be an easily dismissed scene and transforming into a compelling moment in the story. An untraveled reader might easily confuse the tropical liana with typical dangling vines common to North America. Verrill's apt initial description adds weight to the experience making it stand out as alarmingly abnormal. The briefness of the encounter does not detract from the terror these demon trees represent. After all, they killed his only remaining companion. He is alone now with no one to rely on or even to distract death from him, as Jose and Carlos did before him.

Verrill, standing paralyzed watches as Carlos is easily destroyed by the vines. The situation is perilous and Verrill now realizes the same fate awaits for him. He has to regain his composure, embrace the fear, and start to think clearly or he will die.

As you will read in the following excerpt, these monstrosities—creating an impossible situation—they have trapped Verrill between a rock and hard place, literally. If he retreats—back to the jungle—the Kunas Indians will surely kill him. Whether he flees or fights, he will certainly be broken and succumb to strangulation among the deadly lianas. The choice is a dismal one.



It seemed absolutely incredible, impossible, unbelievable. But even as I gazed, transfixed with horror, paralyzed by the sight, the vine threw its last coil about the dying man and before my eyes drew the quivering body into the trees above.

Then something touched my leg. With a wild yell of terror I leaped aside. A second vine was writhing and twisting over the ground towards me!

Crazed with unspeakable fear I struck at the thing with my machete. At the blow the vine drew sharply back while from the gash a thick, yellowish, stinking juice oozed forth. Turning, I started to rush from the accursed spot but as I passed the first tree another liana writhed forward in my path.

Utterly bereft of my senses, slashing madly as I ran, yelling like a madman, I dodged from tree to tree, seeking the open spaces, evading by a hair's breadth the fearful, menacing, serpent-like vines, until half-crazy, torn, panting and utterly spent I dashed forth into a clear grassy space.

Before me, rising like a sheer wall against the sky was a huge precipitous cliff of red rock.

Now I knew why the Kunas had not followed us beyond the jungle. They were aware of the man-killing lianas and had left us to a worse death than any they could inflict. I was safe from them I felt sure. But was I any better off? Before me was an impassable mountain side. On either hand and in the rear those awful, blood-thirsty, sinister vines and, lurking in the jungles, were the savage Kunas with their fatal poisoned darts and powerful bows. I was beset on every side by deadly peril, for I was without food, I had cast aside my gun and even my revolver in my blind, terror-crazed escape from those ghastly living vines, and to remain where I was meant death by starvation or thirst.

But anything was better than this nightmare-like forest. At the thought I glanced with a shudder at the trees and my blood seemed to freeze in my veins.

The forest was approaching me! I could not believe my eyes. Now I felt I must be mad, and fascinated; hypnotized, I gazed, striving my utmost to clear my brain, to make common sense contradict the evidence of my eyes. But it was no delusion. Ponderously, slowly, but steadily the trees were gliding noiselessly up the slope! Their great gnarled roots were creeping and undulating over the ground while the pendant vines writhed and swayed and darted forth in all directions as if feeling their way. And then I saw what had before escaped me. The things were not lianas as I had thought. They were parts of the trees themselves—huge, lithe, flexible tentacles springing from a thick, fleshy livid-hued crown of branches armed with stupendous thorns and which slowly opened and closed like hungry jaws above the huge trunks.

It was monstrous, uncanny, supernatural. A hundred yards and more of open ground had stretched between me and the forest when I had flung myself down, but now a scant fifty paces remained. In a few brief moments the fearsome things would be upon me. But I was petrified, incapable of moving hand or foot, too terrified and overwhelmed even to cry out.

Nearer and nearer the ghastly things came. I could hear the pounding of my heart. A cold sweat broke out on my body. I shivered as with ague. Then a long, warty, tentacle darted towards me and as the loathsome stinking thing touched my hand the spell was broken. With a wild scream I turned and dashed blindly towards the precipice, seeking only to delay, only to avoid for a time the certain awful death to which I was doomed, for the cliff barred all escape and I could go no farther.

AGUE [ā'gyōō] *n.* [ME < OFr *ague* < ML (*febris*) *acuta*, violent (fever): see **ACUTE**] **1.** a fever, usually malarial, marked by regularly recurring chills **2.** a chill; fit of shivering. *agueish* [ā'gyōō ish]

Verrill, now in command of his faculties escapes to the temporary safety of the jagged base of the mountain. But, except for a narrow ascending ledge, there is nowhere to go. He can go high enough so the demon trees cannot reach him, but he'll be a prisoner of the mountain hiding like a bug in a bush. One's cling to life is like a vice grip, and so he ascends as far as he can go always keeping a watchful eye on the demon trees below making sure they don't possess the ability to climb up the face of the mountain. Verrill begins to inch his way along the path. The craggy passageway, which curves toward the mountain, in between towering partitions, disappears into darkness. Still following the path, Verrill finds that it abruptly ends in a wide, tunnel-like conduit with water trickling downward. Only two options now, withdraw back down to certain death or the equally perilous climb up through the tunnel over wet, jagged rocks.

After Verrill's long, perilous, and exhausting journey up the mountain from within, he arrives somewhat unexpectedly at his destination. After much of his adventure set on just trying to stay alive, the fact that his journey was at an end comes more as a relief than a thrill. This is where the story twists into a Wellian-esque story of discovering a lost civilization. As Verrill stands on the crater's rim overlooking the stone village in the valley as described by Hazen—like in the 'Time Machine' or 'Journey to the Center of The Earth'—but there is something not quite right about the inhabitants of the town that has been isolated for countless centuries.

I have said he was a man. But even in that brief second that I glimpsed him, before I bowled him over, I realized that he was unlike any man I or anyone else had ever seen. Barely three feet in height, squat, with enormous head and shoulders, he stood shakily upon the tiniest of bandy legs and half supported his weight by his enormously long muscular arms. Had it not been that he was partly clothed and that his face was hairless, I should have thought him an ape. And now, as I picked myself up and stared at him, my jaws gaped in utter amazement. The fellow was running from me at top speed upon his hands, his feet waving and swaying in the air! The strange being vanished behind a clump of bushes and I hurried after him.

A narrow trail led through the brush and running along this I burst from the shrubbery and came to an abrupt halt, utterly astounded at the sight which met my eyes. I was standing at the verge of a little rise beyond which stretched an almost circular, level plain several miles in diameter. Massed upon this in long rows, compact groups and huge squares, were hundreds of low, flat-roofed, stone buildings, while upon a smooth green plot at a little distance, stood a massive truncated pyramid.

Unwittingly I had reached my goal. Before me was the lost city of Darien. Hazen had been right!

But it was not this thought nor the strange city and its buildings that held my fascinated gaze, but the people. Everywhere they swarmed. Upon the streets, the housetops, even on the open land of the plain, they crowded and each and every one an exact counterpart of the one with whom I had collided at the mouth of the tunnel. And, like him too, all were walking or running upon their hands with their feet in air!

All this I saw in the space of a few seconds. Then, to add to my astonishment, I saw that many of the impossible beings actually were carrying burdens in their upraised feet! Some bore baskets, others jars or pots, others bundles, while one group that was approaching in my direction, held bows and arrows in their toes, and held them most menacingly at that!

It was evident that I had been seen. The excitement of the beings, their gestures and the manner in which they peered towards me from between

their arms, left no doubt of it, while the threatening defensive attitude of the bowmen proved that they were ready to attack or defend at a moment's notice.

No doubt, to them, my appearance was as remarkable, as inexplicable and as amazing as they were to me. The greater portion were evidently filled with terror and scurried into their houses, yet many still stood their ground, while a few were so overcome with curiosity and surprise that they dropped feet to earth and rested right side up in order to stare at me more intently.

I realized that it behooved me to do something. To stand there motionless and speechless, gazing at the strange folk while they stared back, would accomplish nothing. But what to do, what move to make? That was a serious question. If I attempted to approach them a shower of arrows might well end my career and my investigations of the place then and there. It was equally useless to retrace my steps, even had I been so minded, for only certain death lay back of me. By some means I must win the confidence or friendship of these outlandish beings if only temporarily. A thousand ideas flashed through my mind.

If only Hazen would appear the creatures of the city might think I had dropped from the sky and so look upon me as a supernatural being. But it was hopeless to expect such a coincidence or to look for him. I had told him to fly over on the tenth day and this was only the seventh. If only I had retained my revolver the discharge of the weapon might frighten them into thinking me a god. But my firearms lay somewhere in the demon forest. I had heard no sounds of voices, no shouting, and I wondered if the beings were dumb. Maybe, I thought, if I should speak—should yell—I might impress them. But, on the other hand, the sound of my voice might break the spell and cause them to attack me. A single mistake, the slightest false move, might seal my doom. I was in a terrible quandary. All my former experiences with savage unknown tribes passed through my mind, and I strove to think of some incident, some little event, which had saved the day in the past and might be put to good use now.

To each other, they are a hideous, fearsome wonder to behold. The question of how to bond with these strange people safely is still uncertain. While pondering this dilemma, Verrill unconsciously retrieves his pipe and tobacco and then begins to smoke. He stands on the rim above the village issuing billowing clouds of white smoke. Verrill's smoking causes an extreme reaction in the populous; they prostrate themselves on the ground trembling in fear.

Here the bulk of the story begins and of all the aspects of this story, this might be the most outlandish. The Neanderthals were working with fire tens of thousands of years ago, all the way back in the Mousterian period. Scientists have also discovered that, as far back as the Toltec empire humans were smoking for pleasure. In conjunction, Verrill, as narrator makes a conjecture about the [lost city] culture as being reminiscent of Mayan and Aztec societies. Both empires succeeded the Toltecs, so this mode of induction into their community strikes me as a bit contrivance, but the rest of the story hinges on this reaction.

After a magnanimous gesture toward the chief archer of the clan, a confidence between Verrill and the liaison is formed. This is acknowledged by the hissing like language from the liaison to the rest of the community, and the word of a friendly stranger quickly spreads throughout the village. Soon Verrill is taken to see the King of this monarchy. While the King seems shrewder than his subjects but the Vizier has the distinction of being cool and calculating, albeit acquiescent to the King. Seemingly, impressed by his ability to "smoke," Verrill is treated as a guest a fair amount of solicitude. He is given simple lodgings and a banquet of fruits, vegetables, and fricasseed meats.

Verrill is allowed to walk around the village accompanied by the chief archer, who he calls 'Zip,' is now his constant companion. Verrill walks around the grounds day after day observing and investigating the daily routines of these odd people. He soon ascertains there is nowhere in the village he can be clearly identified by Hazen as he flies over. The best possible vantage point is on top of the pyramid. But, the one place he cannot go is the sacred sun pyramid in the far valley.

While Verrill is allowed much freedom—barring the pyramid—the hospitality is paired with continuous invitations to return to the throne room. The King and Vizier wish to be entertained with more "smoking." Each trip becomes increasingly worrisome as Verrill is low on tobacco and the novelty is wearing thin. That and the roles are reversing, as the King seems to be losing influence over the Vizier.

Much of Chapters III and IV read like a lengthy article in an anthropological journal. Verrill blends this element into the more dramatic and fictitious aspects quite nicely. This style also lulls the reader into a false sense of safety and study. The little things don't seem to amount to much, until our narrator puts everything together and cultivates a sense of impending doom albeit largely indefinable. On baited breath, readers find themselves trying to anticipate what will happen. The Vizier becomes the nemesis and that fact is kept from the reader until the last possible moment when the Vizier seizes the moment and usurps the King. By then, even though Verrill suspects something, he is captured and imprisoned in total darkness. Things remain questionable as he is clearly a prisoner but they continue to feed him. Then, after an undeterminable amount of time, he is pushed through tunnel after tunnel toward some unknown destination. Here the reader is very much in the dark along with Verrill, and when he steps into the light again he now realizes just how much in common this lost civilization has with the Aztec and Mayan cultures. The temperament of the populous changes quite abruptly, from affable, even reverent, to irrational animosity and contempt.

And now the priest was again towering over me. Once more he raised his knife. I could feel the warm sun beating upon my throat and shoulders. I could feel it creeping slowly but surely downward. The knife quivered in the impatient hand of the priest, I saw his muscles tense themselves for the blow, I caught the grim smile that flitted across his face as he prepared to strike.

An instant more and my palpitating heart would be held aloft for all to see.

But the blow never fell. With a deafening roar, that drowned the mighty shout of terror from the people, the airplane swooped like an eagle from the sky and clove the air within a hundred feet of the altar. With a gurgling cry the priest flung himself face down, and his knife fell clattering with the sound of broken glass upon the stones.

Was it Hazen? Would he see me? Would he alight? Was I saved?

The answer was a thunderous, fear maddened cry from below, a swishing whirr as of a gale of wind and a dark shadow sweeping over me.

And then my overwrought senses, my frazzled nerves could stand no more and all went black before my eyes.

Dimly consciousness came back. I heard the sounds of rushing feet, the panting labored breaths of men, sharp, half uttered exclamations and grunting noises. Then a shrill scream of mortal terror and a deep drawn sigh of relief. Above my wondering eyes a figure suddenly loomed. A weird uncanny figure with strangely smooth and rounded head and great goggling, glassy eyes. With a jerk the stone collar was lifted from my strained neck and as full consciousness came back I gasped. It was Hazen! By some miracle he was ahead of time!

From somewhere, muffled behind that grotesque mask, came a hoarse: "My God, are you hurt?"

Before I could speak the bonds were slashed from my ankles and wrists. A strong arm raised me and pulled me from the slab.

"For God's sake, hurry!" cried Hazen, as half supporting me he rushed toward the altar stairs. "I've got 'em buffaloeed for a minute, but the Lord alone knows how long it'll hold 'em."

Rapidly as my numbed limbs would permit I rushed down the sloping, spiral way. Half carried by Hazen I raced across the few yards of grass between the base of the pyramid and the plane, and as I did so I caught a fleeting glimpse of a huddled, shapeless, bloody bundle of green and white. It was all that remained of the priest whom Hazen had hurled from the altar top!

The next moment I was in the plane and Hazen was twirling the propeller. There was a roar as the motor started. Hazen leaped like an acrobat to his seat and slowly the machine moved across the plain.

Everywhere the people were prostrate, but as the machine started forward one after another glanced up. Ere we had traveled a score of yards the creatures were rising and with frightful screams were scattering from our pathway. It was impossible to avoid them. With sickening shocks the whirring propeller struck one after another. Blood spattered our faces and becrimsoned the windshield and the wings. But uninjured the plane gathered headway; the uneven bumping over the ground ceased; we were traveling smoothly, lifting from the earth.

Then with a strange wild roar the people rushed for us. Racing on their hands they came. Rocks and missiles whizzed about us. An arrow whirred by my head and struck quivering in a strut. But now we were rising rapidly. We were looking down upon the maddened hosts, their arrows and sling-flung stones were striking the under surface of the fuselage and wings. We were safe at last. A moment more and we would be above the crater rim.

❖ ❖

WANTED: Daring, Fearless Youth 20-25 (who does not mind being turned into a giant monster) for use in Hideous Experiments! Interest in science & biology a MUST! Good Pay! Some Medical Benefits Offered! Apply at once! Denton Laboratory, UTAH



Published By: DC COMICS **Series Title:** BATMAN
Volume: 1 | **Number:** 104 | **Year:** 1956

STORY 1:

THE MAN WHO KNEW BATMAN'S SECRET

Writer - Edmond Hamilton | Penciler - Dick Sprang
 Inker - Charles Paris

This story features a gigantic camera in the adventure.

STORY 2:

ROBIN'S 50 BATMAN PARTNERS

Writer - Bill Finger | Penciler - Dick Sprang
 Inker - Charles Paris

This story also contains several giant batmen. There is a gigantic Batman robot, a giant Batman balloon, and a giant Batman statue. All of these giant batmen are under the control of a dastardly criminal type who uses them to snuff out the boy wonder on this solo mission.

Story 3:

THE CREATURE FROM 20,000 FATHOMS

Writer - Bill Finger | Penciler - Sheldon Moldoff
 Inker - Charles Paris

SYNOPSIS: After saving the president of the Fifty Fathoms Club, a group of underwater specialists, Batman and Robin are made honorary members. Attending their first meeting, Batman and Robin, along with other members of the club, watch an awe-inspiring presentation.

Devoe, a deep-sea diver, presents photos of Babonga, a giant saurian monster that appears periodically at a Pacific island that Devoe recently visited. The Caped Crusaders and the members vote unanimously to put up the money for an expedition to bring Babonga to Gotham for exhibition. Most of the members, together with Batman and Robin, travel to the island with the intent of capturing Babonga alive.

Secretly one member of the party wishes to kill Babonga rather than bring it back alive. At every turn, this unknown member sabotages each attempt to capture the creature. Luckily, Batman discovers and thwarts all attempts to kill the beast and the attempt upon on his own life by this treacherous member whose identity is still unknown.

However, when the dynamic duo goes underwater in a bathysphere, the chain connecting them to ship is cut by the suspected member as they had anticipated. The caped crime-fighters flee the bathysphere. They tussle with Babonga in its lair, finally injecting it with paralyzing serum. The heroes surface with the evidence to condemn the guilty party.

NOTE: Some odd inconsistencies in this story make me think they were borrowing traits from Godzilla* on the sly. The 'Beast*' did not breathe fire nor was he depicted in the movie as shown on the cover; both traits were indicative only of Godzilla and at the same time they borrowed scenes directly from 'The Beast' movie. In addition, there was the fact that Babonga was able shoot fiery plumes underwater. Godzilla could not do that until he obtained atomic breath.

* The Beast was released in America in 1953.

* Gojira was released in America in April 1956.

FANTASTIC!

WEIRD!



**THE GIGANTIC
WAR
WHEEL!**

**A HORRIBLE MENACE
THAT THREATENS
TO DESTROY
THE WORLD!**

**THIS AND OTHER
BLACKHAWK
THRILLERS IN THE
SEPTEMBER ISSUE-
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ON NEWSSTANDS IN JUNE FOR 1952



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Paul
CHRISTIAN
Paula
RAYMOND
Cecil
KELLAWAY

DIRECTOR
EUGENE LOURIE

APTA PARA MENORES



**EL MONSTRUO DE
TIEMPOS REMOTOS**



WHO: Toho Kaiju Union

WHERE: Facebook Groups

ADDRESS:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/tohokaijuunion>

Destination X is where I point a finger toward a nexus on the internet and say go there to be amazed, informed, enticed and entertained; A place that should be recognized for its dedication to the genre. These destinations can vary from one another, as do the reasons for being singled-out but they all have one thing in common. They are chosen on merit.

Since the internet went mainstream in the nineties, I have traveled all around it quite extensively, searching and researching. Always on the lookout for those rare communities, that immediately welcomes a weary traveler. Rare community that allows one to be oneself and express themselves, with members who champion each other's talents. A group that is receptive to your level of nerdy enthusiasm for whatever churns your fanatic passions. As I said, it is a rare thing to find one that 'blossoms' instantly the moment you find it. Many communities have you jump through hoops before they condescend to talk to you like a person. They have you log in religiously and post and post and post just to prove yourself worthy of their attentions, consideration, or respect whether or not that is in your nature. Then it fails epically and you are left with sour taste. So, when a group is effortlessly inclusive and receptive one takes notice.

Of course, it is easy to be critical but not so easy to achieve that which you seek. I should know, because all I ever wanted to do was to share my passion for those things I love and enjoy as well as provide an outlet to those who share my passions. Although my intentions are true and my desire for that perfect community pure, I have only achieved it twice and I have started many a projects with that goal in mind. I am a fanboy but a fan who is inspired by the stuff I am fanatical about to create original works. Therefore, it is not that easy for me to find a community I feel comfortable in where I can share my own work more than what inspires me. Every now and then, I do find one that is open, receptive, and just full interesting people and ideas.

Toho Kaiju Union is such a place, with its weekly themes chosen by the majority. Multiple projects are pitched with great gusto and received with much enthusiasm. Artists of all skill levels strut their stuff and are rewarded with praise or constructive advice. Fond childhood memories are rekindled. New avenues of enjoyment open daily and knowledge abounds. Friendships are quickly made and bonds are not easily broken. Its inspiration! It is one of Alice's impossibilities but it is real that is the incredible part.

Now let's talk with the five administrations of this exemplary group to find out who they are and what makes them tick. We'll explore how they see the Toho Kaiju Union and why it all comes together so nicely.



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF

My name is Josh Jorenby. I'm a classic movie fan who happens to still love giant monster movies, namely Godzilla, King of The Monsters.

ARE YOU THE ULTIMATE FAN OR SOMETHING MORE?

I've got all the movies on DVD. I've got as many collectible figurines as possible, and I've created a safe place for Godzilla fans to gather and discuss our obsession. I'd count that as a fan.



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF.

I'm Jacob Lyngle. I'm nearly fifteen. I have a strong love for kaiju, filmmaking, and retro gaming. I want to pursue a career as a film director, and I work under my small independent studio, BlackTip Films.

ARE YOU THE ULTIMATE FAN OR SOMETHING MORE?

I consider myself an above-average fan, but not enough to be called a "Super-Fan". My collection is decently sized, so that seems about right.



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF

My name is Josef Meditz and I am 5' foot 7". I have hazel eyes, and I like girls who don't say "no" Oh, that isn't what you were asking? I live in Nevada and recently turned 44. I'm originally from Kansas City, which was my home until I was 9 years old.

Then I moved to Nevada, where I have lived in Las Vegas for over 31 years. I went to school and was one of the first to get a B.A. in the Film Program at the University of Nevada in 1992. I helped write, edit and produce a few documentaries with my fellow film graduates during the 1990s.

I stopped working in film shortly before I met my beautiful fiancée. I now work as a Media Director and I.T. Advisor for a few companies in Reno. I hope to return to film making in a few years.

It will be a surprise to all members of the TKU to learn that I was born with mild cerebral palsy. I haven't brought it up because it doesn't affect my job as one of the administrators or how I interact with people in the group whom I consider to be friends. I grew up with family members and friends giving me no special help, so I learned to do what everyone else did and bounce up after a fall.

Being a fan of a genre [giant monster] isn't affected by a handicap, by the country you live in, by your religion, or anything like that. Passion comes from the heart and from the creativity in your mind. Nothing can change the fan inside you.



TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF

My name is Sam Messerly. I'm a kaiju nerd happily married to another kaiju nerd (hard to find them of the feminine persuasion). Drawing comics for family and friends is my leisure activity, along with actively avoiding all that silly stuff like the party scene and sport events (ok that sounds pathetic, but it's true). I'm working at getting myself out of school after 5 decades at it, or at least it feels that way. My favorite monster is Anguirus. What a pal.

ARE YOU THE ULTIMATE FAN OR SOMETHING MORE?

Ultimate fan to me implies that guy who knows the name of the gaffer on the original 1954 Godzilla movie and looks down on you for not knowing the same.

I'm a dedicated fan and a fan that enjoys what he enjoys as deeply as he cares to enjoy it. Just because I can't name off the director of "Son of Godzilla" or episode 10 of "Ultra Q" doesn't make me any less of a fan than the pimply nerd who can. So I'm sorta my own kind of ultimate fan.



SCROOGE JONES

The fifth administrator of the Toho Kaiju Union was not available for the interview.

Tell me about the Toho Kaiju Union.

JL - The Toho Kaiju Union (TKU) is a group on Facebook created to provide a safe, family-friendly haven for Monster fans everywhere to share their common interests and hobbies within the genre.

JM – Basically, the TKU is a growing group of friends; some have met in person at the previous G-Fests, but there is always someone new that you haven't met yet. The five administrators try to keep it like something between a big family and just a place where you can come to post photos or ideas or thoughts on anything that is related to the group. Sure, there are times when a discussion can turn sour, but almost everyone knows not to take what is said too personally. All of the members have opinions on whether a film was good or not or if that kaiju could beat this other one. No one is 100% is right, except for Scrooge (well, that is what we let him think most of the time anyway.)

SM - The Toho Kaiju Union was lovingly founded by a solid man named Josh who wanted it to be a safe place, neither too childish nor too adult, where all fans could happily mingle together. Aside from a few minor bumps from those who didn't understand that concept, the community has been maintained very, very well and deep friendships established. Under the banner of rubber-suited monsters, it is a great place where friends assemble for the sake of appreciating each other and an epic genre.

JJ - TKU is a place for all fans of Toho monster flicks, as well as fans of classic Hollywood monster films, such as Gamera, Daimajin, Gorgo, etc. Fans can join for free and discuss any kaiju related topic that their heart desires, so long as they are respectful of others and keep their posts clean.

When did the idea of the union come about and why?

JJ - TKU was born one day when I was fed up with being made fun of for expressing my love of Godzilla in my own way. I won't name the group that allowed this, but it was humiliating. Many people supported me...people who I didn't even know! At that moment, I knew that we needed a Union, some sort of strength that we can form together to overcome all odds. I invited a few friends to the new group Toho Kaiju Union, and they invited a few friends, until finally it was too busy for just me to take care of. Since then, we've acquired some amazing fans of the Godzilla series, and there isn't anyone in the group who hasn't learned something from someone else. It really is a place for Godzilla fans to safely organize and express their love for the Big Green Guy in their own way...

What inspiration did the idea of the union give you and why?

JM - As for inspiration, we all try to inspire each other because we do have many very creative members in the group. Members love to challenge Sam to do some new artwork or for me to come up with something using Photoshop or just push each other to do drawings, films, story ideas, or anything else that comes to mind at that moment.

JL - The TKU gives me an inspiration that it is possible to create the "Best" group for fans of the kaiju genre on the internet. It is free of any internet trolls and anything that would upset users. This inspiration was a result of all of these fantastic members and friends contributing to it.

SM - It allowed me to finally find an online kaiju fan base that I could enjoy and support, and in a manner, protect. The internet is notorious for its trolls and its drive-by shooting stupidity, but the idea of the Union to me was finding a sort of fan base home that was worth standing up for, because it is always stronger when the dedicated fans maintain it rather than letting it go to the dogs.

What about the union could entice new members to join, and what can they expect?

JJ - If someone is a fan of any kind of giant monster movies, they will most likely want to join TKU. We don't limit our group to any particular thing. Some groups don't allow you to post pictures from the films, only of toys... Some are the opposite. Some groups have regular members who go out of their way to make themselves sound, what we like to call, "elite", meaning better than someone else. No matter how big of a collection of movies, collectibles, or figures, no matter how vast or small your knowledge of Godzilla, you are welcome at TKU.

SM - Right off the bat we tell them the deal; this is a place where you can have a lot of fun but we expect you to play your part in keeping it that way. Don't pick fights. Don't instigate nonsense. And, be civil. Respect our rules on language and conduct. With all that in mind, interact, because with nearly 600 fellow fans there's somebody here who is as passionate about the genre as you are, and maybe even on the same particulars. There's someone and something at TKU for everyone to enjoy, except those with the wrong idea of how to interact in a large community

JM - A new member can be from anywhere and of any age. She/he just has to have the passion and understanding that we all grew up with Godzilla and other kaiju. We all love to hear or see what that passion has done for that member.

Are there any union dues? Do we have a representative?

SM - Dues? Man we should do that, gas is getting expensive...but the representatives are the admins and the people who are embraced for being fun and inviting to everyone. Most members don't regularly participate, but when they do they see who the popular regulars are because they speak for a lot of others and aim to be pleasing. Issues are easily handled by doing nothing more complicated than taking it to the right parties. We are here to be of service, and members can always be confident of that.

JL - Anyone is free to join, but must follow the guidelines within the group.

JJ - There are no union dues of course, and for representatives, we have five: Scrooge Jones, Sam Messerly, Josef Meditz, Jacob Lyngle, and myself are all here for anyone who needs help. We are the heads of our kaiju family.

How long have you been a giant monster fan, and what was it that turned you into a fan?

JJ - I remember when I was four years old being terribly sick with pneumonia. Nothing made me feel better. Later that day, my mom came home with a VHS tape of "Godzilla: King of the Monsters". Never do I recall such awe and such joy in watching a movie. Godzilla is still my cure-all...

SM - Since I was old enough to remember watching Godzilla vs. Gigan at my grandma's house, I've been a hooked addict with no intention of quitting. Nothing inspires a kid more than seeing your dinosaur hero rising up to the challenge of fighting back the bad guys no matter how hard it is, and Godzilla was that epic hero my young eyes first glimpsed with awe.

JL - I have been a fan since 2004, ironically, around the release of Godzilla: Final Wars. Seeing some of the larger-than-life creations coming from Willis O'Brien, Ray Harryhausen, and even Eiji Tsuburaya made me fascinated with the whole genre.

JM – Well, I think I'm no different than 90% of the other members when I say, that I have been a giant monster fan all my life. I can still remember when I was 3 and my mother had Ultraman on the TV (which came right after Speed Racer) while I ate my breakfast before pre-school. Shortly after that, a local Kansas City channel began to have a week of just monster films in the afternoon that came on every other month. So while the others came home after school to watch re-runs of the Mickey Mouse Club or Tom and Jerry, I was watching Godzilla burning up Tokyo or fighting Kong. So that is why I can't really tell which was my first kaiju film that I saw because I saw all of them up to Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster and Godzilla vs. Gigan. Watching those films is what turned me in a fan at that early age.

What was it about that experience that created such a passion in you for the genre?

JL - The whole overall "Larger-Than-Life" experience fascinated me to the point of having a love for any monster film, good or bad, sparking my interest into the Kaiju genre.

JJ - Whether I'm feeling down or just feeling a bit under the weather, Godzilla is a form of comfort. It may have something to do with the fact that it is a direct stem from childhood, which I believe a lot of fans can relate to... Who doesn't love to relive moments from childhood?

SM - Godzilla was simple enough for kids to get, but deep enough to allow the child growing up to keep enjoying the idea of a character that could play villain and hero both, depending on the need of the story, but no matter what, also be likeable. Sometimes we don't always feel so heroic, but we still strive. For me, Godzilla was a beacon, an idea adapted to my own needs, of what it looked like to never surrender to your foes or to the circumstances.

JM - What was weird for my family, I grew into a geek for anything Japanese - the cartoons/films, the country, and the culture. This must have been hard on my step father who was a marine in World War 2. But, he was cool about things. He took me to Japanese restaurants, to the toy shop in Little Tokyo in Los Angeles, and he even took me to see my first Godzilla film in the theaters - Godzilla vs. Mechagodzilla, when it came out in America.

Growing up in the late 70s/early 80s when anime was still unknown except for Battle of the Planets, and all the kaiju films died out and Star Wars ruled everything, I was the only one of my friends that still loved Godzilla. I had both of the Shoguns figures of Godzilla and Rodan, plus Raideen and had fun pitting them against each other. So I was very excited about Giant Robots fighting Kaiju, like Del Toro was as a kid.) The only other thing on TV was the Hanna Barbara Godzilla so we were forced to like it. I even had to drag my closest friend to go see Godzilla 1985, which he hated, but we are still friends.

During high school and college, I got into other film genres such as German Expressionism and I also got into Akira Kurosawa. In 1997, while I was a film/TV teacher to kids, I found out that the local library had the subtitled versions of the Heisei films up to Space Godzilla on video tape, so I got them and suddenly my childhood came flooding back in a second.

Who would win in a fight between gamakujira or magma?

SM - Gonna have to flip a coin on that one.....

JL - I'm going to have to go with Magma on this one, but that'd be an interesting fight!

JJ - Magma...cause he's awesome!!!

JM - Neither, because just before the fight, UltraSeven would show up and take out both of them with the eyeslugger.

So is this union like Buckaroo Banzai's Blue Blazer Irregulars? Will you call upon us one day to fight giant monsters with tazers, lasers, and maser beams?

JM - Well, If you think of Josh as Buckaroo, then the Admins are like his Hong Kong Cavaliers. Scrooge as Perfect Tommy in his nicely dressed suits; Jacob as Rawhide, always keeping everything going smoothly; Sam is New Jersey, who is very talented and full of smiles and jokes, and finally that makes me Reno, Nevada (for the obvious reasons.) But the others, like the 2 Nicks, Jake, Bean and others keep a watch out for anything that is going on in the group as the Irregulars did.

JJ – and if the need should arise, we will all rise to defend our home against the powers of evil. Of course, it would be great if we had Godzilla fighting alongside us....

SM - Only if you're sober and your license is up to date.

JL - I don't really know who that group is, but I'd love to join forces and fire tazers! Haha!

What are some of your personal favorite giant monsters, maybe ones that are not so popular and why them of all monsters?

JL - My all-time favorite monster has to be Baragon. He's one of the "underdogs" of the Toho kaiju line-up who doesn't really appear in movies that much. This seems to be the group of monsters that I like the most. Some other monsters I like are Gorosaurus, Varan, and Jet Jaguar.

SM - I already mentioned Anguirus, but one I always loved that is NOT popular by any stretch is LittleGodzilla. It is so funny, he's hated and despised by much of the fandom, but for me he's always been like those Youtube cat videos...you watch him squealing and being cute and you just wanna rub his belly or give him a treat. I can't hate that little guy.

JM - Being someone who watched all the popular Showa films in the 70s, besides Big G being an easy favorite, I guess the one that is up high for me is Rodan (no pun intended). The suit design of the 1956 film had a very prehistoric look. It was one of the best and it did remind us of a dinosaur, which was all the craze for any kid growing up. I share Sam's affection for ol' Anguirus. Being a kid in Las Vegas, you had the privilege to have some crazy pets. For me, it was my 2 horned lizards (Great Horny Toads!) Which to my mind were as closest you could get to having mini versions of Anguirus or any four-legged kaiju.

JJ - My absolute favorite monsters of the Godzilla genre are Manda, Varan, and Titanosaurus. I'm absolutely fascinated with Manda. I still can't figure out why this amazing creation was only used in a handful of films. As for Varan, I think it's a pity that Toho held such high hopes for the creature, but just never seemed to throw it into more films. The original script for "The Return of King Ghidorah", what later became "Godzilla VS Gigan", would have featured King Ghidorah, Gigan, and a new creation, Mogu, against Godzilla, Rodan, and Varan. That definitely would have been an entertaining film! Titanosaurus was one of those childhood moments when you first learn the meaning of awesome.

Now that the union has aged what are some of the most memorable experiences for you.

JL - There are too many memories to list. One example that continues to this day is the featured "Weeks" we have, where we showcase an actor, monster, director, comic books, movies, video games, and more!

SM - The best positive experiences have been the sharing of art and videos, contests, and other activities that allow members to interact and build each other up in support of personal talents. Those are always uplifting and fun. The less desired experiences have been unbelievable acts of written cruelty, mean-spiritedness, and ignorance that have hurt and insulted a lot of decent people, inspiring many to leave. With time, thankfully, the latter has become less and less frequent, and the "guardians" of the group have worked to see it stays that way.

JJ - Reaching 500 members was amazing. All of my life, I've seemed to be alone in my love of Godzilla. To find so many fellow fans and to collect them all in one happy place is quite astounding. Our peace-keeping abilities are second-to-none. We won't tolerate people feeling uncomfortable here. Our most important accomplishment as a group has been creating a welcoming environment. It isn't easy or even pleasant to be a peace keeper, but we've assembled a great team of admins and we are always ready to defend our members!

What are some of your upcoming plans for the union?

SM - I like starting new contests that can draw out personal creativity, such as art contests, other creative expressions, and thinking up new things for people to vote on. It's not always easy, especially when regular members get annoyed by what the majority may vote for that doesn't mesh with their interests, but keeping people interacting is always the aim.

JL - As for upcoming plans, I just want us to continue to grow as one big and happy family. We might also create a mascot for the group one day, too!

JM - Personally, I would like to start up again an idea I tried to bring to the group last year - a film award ceremony that I nicknamed "The Anguies" (complete with a golden x-plus Anguirus.) Originally, I thought we should keep it simple, with just these categories - Best Comedic Film * Best Action Film * Best SFX * Best Short (3 min or less) - with the winners voted for by all of the members. And the Ishirō Honda Award judged by the 5 Admins. But soon after the announcement, it never got to happen because I had to focus on my work that was getting very busy. But I'd love to have that happen in the near future, maybe after the G-Fest and everything calms down again.

JJ - 1,500+ members! Oh, and we're working on an official t-shirt! Message one of our admins for details!

Where do you see the union in a couple of years?

JJ - I think we'll be even more successful with a wider, more diverse array of talented members...

JM - One thing that a person might wonder about a genre is if it has a long future. I think, with the mixture of members who grew up on the Showa era, others on the Heisei era, and the Millennium Era it has longevity. We have a great group and the younger members like Jacob, Jake, Thomas, and all the others that have the same zeal that we had to keep the love of Godzilla going back in the 70s and 80s. We have artists like Matt Frank that are making new stories in comics. Now that Godzilla is coming back, along with Pacific Rim, kaiju are being brought back in the spotlight for the next generation of fans. I am sure that there will be a group, if not TKU, than something like the Toho Kaiju Union to be a part of and carry on that passion. Some genres can't die with fans like every member of the TKU.

JL - ... more great people contributing fantastic things. Who knows? We might even add another admin to the roster!

Is there anything you would like to add that we might have overlooked?

SM - Nothing I can think of, other than if one browses the union for a good stretch they'll basically see a theme of young fans, older fans, and some who just love their genre so much they look for excuses to share a thought, an image or some insight. These are the ones that give the Union its heart and soul. Especially for me the younger fans who remind us what these silly, wonderful monsters mean to the imagination and the spirit. That's more than just a casual fan, that's a fanatic, and we love our fanatics.

JJ - Most people think 'kaiju' means monster... It actually means 'strange beast', because, not all kaiju are monsters...

JL - Nope, I think we covered just about everything. Thank you for your time!

“Thank you all for taking the time out of your busy schedules and allowing me to interview you about the Tokyo Kaiju Union. I am very glad I stumbled across the group because it is rare to find a place that immediately welcomes fans from all corners of the world and of varying enthusiasm. I hope this spotlight will have you overrun with new members. You have a great group and I wish you the best of luck and continued success.”



MONSTER STATS

HEIGHT: 50ft Tall
WEIGHT: 2,105.3 tons
POWERS: Rage, Brutal Strength, Gnarly Sharp Teeth, Clubbing Blows.

DESCRIPTION: The King Clown is a giant among clowns and as overlord, he hides away in the bowels of his spaceship dictating over the other clowns but will vacant his chambers at the challenge for dominance. A fearsome looking fellow but his weakness is as plain as the nose on his face.

KING KLOWN
 Killer Clowns From Outer Space 1988

King Clown © Chiodo Brothers and Trans World Entertainment

!!WARNING!!

SHARKS
 IN VENICE

TRICKERY & DECEIT

this movie contains no giant sharks of any kind!

Sharks in Venice © Nu Image and First Look Studios

‘**Marathon of the Monsters**’ is an original monster radio play that uses clips and samples from other giant monster movies, television shows, radio plays. Stitched together to create an entirely new story, a story about the day all the giant monsters arose and revolted against the people of earth. Listen for all your favorite giant monsters as they reveal themselves one by one. Listen as they rebel and try to stamp out the human race.

The first three episodes of ‘**Marathon of the Monsters**’ were created for Mischief Night and Halloween 2012 and also for the 74th anniversary of ‘*War Of The Worlds*’.

They can be heard and downloaded free on the *All-Out Monster Revolt website*. Tune in for nearly an hour of utter suspense and panic as rampaging monsters over take the world.



AVAILABLE NOW FROM ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT



AVAILABLE TO BE HEARD OR DOWNLOADED FOR FREE
ON THE ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT WEBSITE

The All-Out Monster Revolt Radio Show took to the digital airwaves earlier this year. The show features giant monster music by musicians and sound artists from the four corners of the world.

You have never heard of this genre of music, because it is only mentioned in hushed tones. Passed from hand to hand by dark figures from the future where hideously giant monsters rule the landscape. Hell bent on stamping out humankind.

Some of this music was created to appease and subdue these dangerous overlords. But be warned, there are also those who create music and sounds to defy or agitate these monsters, so be vigilant!

AOMR FM broadcasts nearly 90 minutes of music and more only three times a year, so don't miss it!

If you want your giant monster music to be heard on AOMR FM in future shows, then please send links or queries to info@alloutmonsterrevolt.com

G IS FOR GIANT MONSTER

PUZZLE PAGE 1

G Z I X C W P O D A Q K Y R Q Q O B D Q K D E Z I A W Z U P N V A P S
O I B P K K J D U X M F G H Z D V D F J J W X V R W C K Z K T W L U S
R Z B S W G R O W T O V S E G O H G R O O T L D K A P P A G W R R S R
A E S R X A Q S T X I A W Q Z S G M S W Y I A O I L E B L E G A T L G
T F O Q F K L B Z D G G A M E R A S A G L H T B O J W P T Q L N J N D
H U M V V H H K D L A V I V H H M W Y F G I X J O P I T X I N Z R J O
A G X N R Y A R P E P L G X U Y O M G R O H A X C P U B G T P C L B M
A A E U O M G T M A L L I Z D O G K O I K T F C U E F L Y J B Z G V R
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Y N Y P S F H P Z R N X Y S A O M G T A Q X P G L P C Y R J S S Z V J
N O D U K A W O G O N V K L L X C L K R G Q G N Q X A I G R X D M L V
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S E R X B J N A S D Z I Z M U I W L V J Z Z C G J W X S I Q V R T Y N
C L J A H S L Z A A V E D O G T N S Y N Z B S W A A Z Z I M T E E P O
G E H T K A M L G H U Q L U N N H L J H L V U M C O X N Y F M P Q W R
R U G C U R X V Y X A G N A T M W A T J T Z F F X S R E L G C A G M I
E G I G O T E K X Y Q X C H P J Y S H S G R O T O G A U R O S O V O L
A S G R E A F N N U I E Z L K X B P D O U J A I G X X S N I S H T U G
T E N O R G E Q K B Y P T M H S E C D N D F A P A P D S O U T M E T N
O I A E K G Q F Y E H S N O C U C T H U L U Z W S Z K G T M Y X F Z X
Z N C Y J Y P L W N U L M F M N D R W A C N O M Q Y I O H H V K D S Z
W G F E A N X H T W X L C X R R E R D T P G Z F F L N M S C C Y L T Q
M T V C J U S C N T Z G L V J J L N H Z V K K T I V V Q M X B W K W K
H A E U S A L Y A D E M D U J R E O P A X P S H G I Z M O A I B R F Q
Q R G O Y F V P N P L U E L B R V S W V K I E M Y U Y X T B D S Q B T
K E T O O F O A Q E C Q B C G W A H N O E K Y J Y T D J J L N W V G S
V X Q B O L G A B B Z I A R X M Y A B Y D C B I Z V B W C U T T O R G
X Y R F Z G R O R N A B F E G J K I N L X P O D T W U T H H R P H U R
H N Q C O E O G P I J D M R A A Z A M U K V Y Q B H E G N F W I I D F
Y O F A Q M G X A A A O C I K P O N B G C L D R C T P O C I N D L E P
Y A Q Y G I J B D J I G B S G I I S K T E D A C C U F H E T D L G G Q
Y O Q G P Y Y G Y Z G H I D O R A H V X H C B A L R O G E Q S K H S G

GAIRA, GAMERA, GANGAR, GAOS, GAPP, GARNIZON-ACE, GELBELIO, GHIDORAH, GIGAN, GILARUS, GODZILLA, GOOGAM, GORATH, GORGHADRA, GORGO, GOSUTON, GOWAKUDON, THE GREAT ONE, GRENDAL, GROOT, GROTOGAUROS, GROTTU, GUALAGON, GUILALA, GUIRON

Bonus: Once you have found all the giant monster 'G' names. If you can identify where each name comes from you will receive an exclusive All-Out Monster Revolt Postcard that is not part of the up-coming series. Email your answers along with your mailing address to info@alloutmonsterrevolt.com. If you have correctly deduced the source of each name, you will receive an exclusive All-Out Monster Revolt Postcard in the mail.

Sam Messerly's

KAIJU

DOUBLE FEATURE

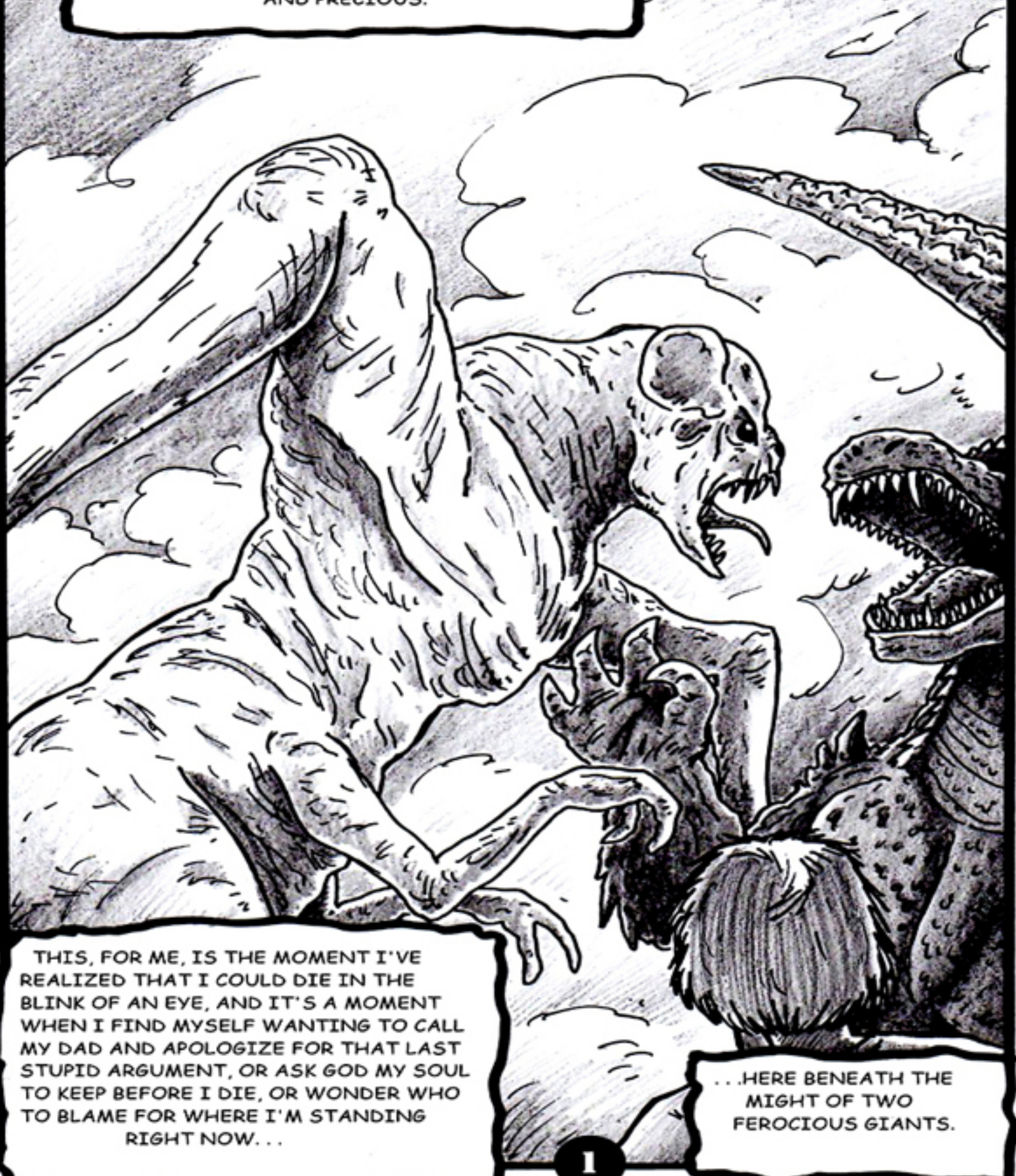
PART

2



GODZILLA vs CLOVERFIELD

IT'S HUMBLING WHEN YOU SUDDENLY REALIZE HOW SMALL YOU ARE AS A HUMAN BEING. YOU MIGHT GET CAUGHT IN A STORM, OR SEE A TERRORIST DESTROY HUNDREDS OF LIVES. THAT'S WHEN YOU REALIZE THAT YOUR LIFE IS FRAGILE AND PRECIOUS.



THIS, FOR ME, IS THE MOMENT I'VE REALIZED THAT I COULD DIE IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, AND IT'S A MOMENT WHEN I FIND MYSELF WANTING TO CALL MY DAD AND APOLOGIZE FOR THAT LAST STUPID ARGUMENT, OR ASK GOD MY SOUL TO KEEP BEFORE I DIE, OR WONDER WHO TO BLAME FOR WHERE I'M STANDING RIGHT NOW...

...HERE BENEATH THE MIGHT OF TWO FEROCIOUS GIANTS.

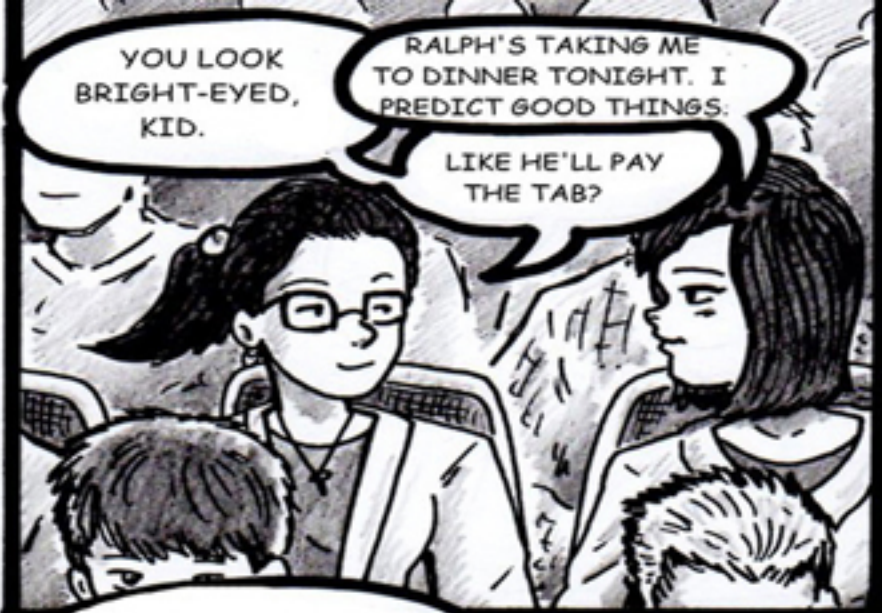
EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT GODZILLA; GIANT DINOSAUR MUTATED BY H-BOMB TESTS BACK IN THE 50s, THOUGHT DEAD BUT HE PUNKED US ALL WHEN HE CAME BACK YEARS LATER AND STARTED SCREWING UP THE FAR EAST. THEN THE FREAK DECIDED TO TAKE A VACATION TO THE STATES, STARTING IN CALIFORNIA AND GOING EAST ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST ON A SIGHTSEEING TOUR.



WHERE DO I FIT INTO THE PICTURE? MY NAME'S TESS BIGHAM, GRADUATE STUDENT IN MIAMI. I WAS ON MY WAY TO CLASS, AND THE HAPPIEST GIRL ON EARTH. THAT NIGHT WAS GONNA BE THE BEST. MY EPIC BF, RALPH, HAD BEEN ACTING NERVOUS...LIKE, PROPOSAL NERVOUS. I ASSUMED OUR NEXT DATE WOULD END WITH BLING ON MY FINGER, OR SO MY FEMININE INTUITION WAS TELLING ME.

AS FOR THE OTHER ONE, TECHNICALLY IT DOESN'T HAVE A NAME, SO THE MEDIA TOOK TO CALLING IT "CLOVER" AFTER IT TRASHED NYC, LEAVING FOOTPRINTS THAT FROM THE SKY LOOKED LIKE "A FIELD OF CLOVERS". DESPITE HEAVY BOMBING THE THING SURVIVED AND WENT BACK TO THE SEA, HEADING SOUTH WHERE IT REAPPEARED ALONG THE COAST OF GEORGIA, HEADING FOR FLORIDA. THE GOVERNMENT ACTUALLY WANTED THE TWO MONSTERS TO INTERSECT AND TAKE CARE OF EACH OTHER.







YOU LOOK BRIGHT-EYED, KID.

RALPH'S TAKING ME TO DINNER TONIGHT. I PREDICT GOOD THINGS.


LIKE HE'LL PAY THE TAB?



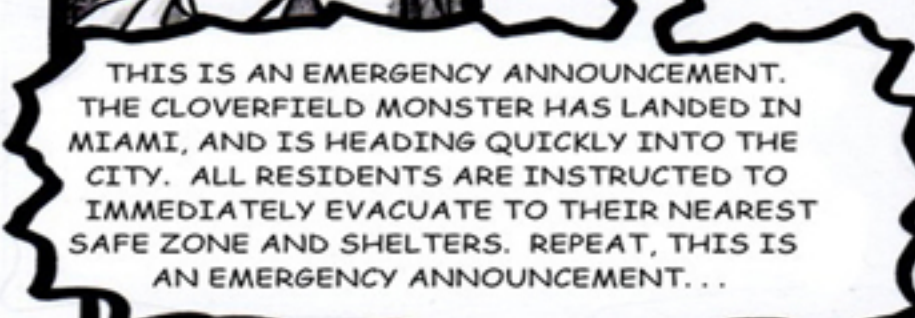
YOU HAVE NO IMAGINATION. I'M GONNA BE PICKING OUT BRIDESMAIDS BY THE END OF THE WEEK, JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE.




YOU MENTION MARRIAGE AND HE'S GOING TO SUDDENLY DISCOVER HE NEEDS TO MOVE TO VERMONT FOR HEALTH REASONS.



NOW LISTEN, YOU...



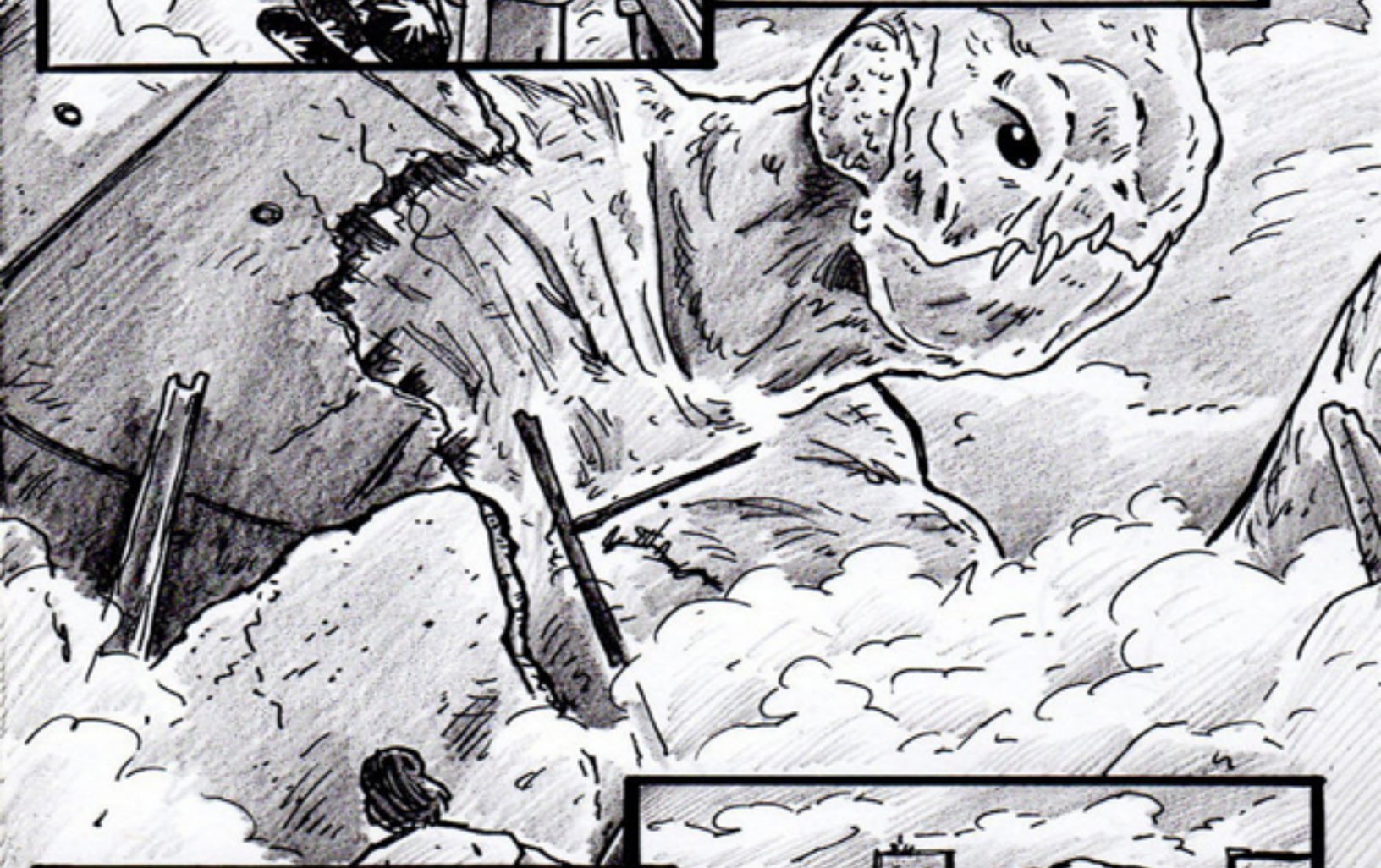
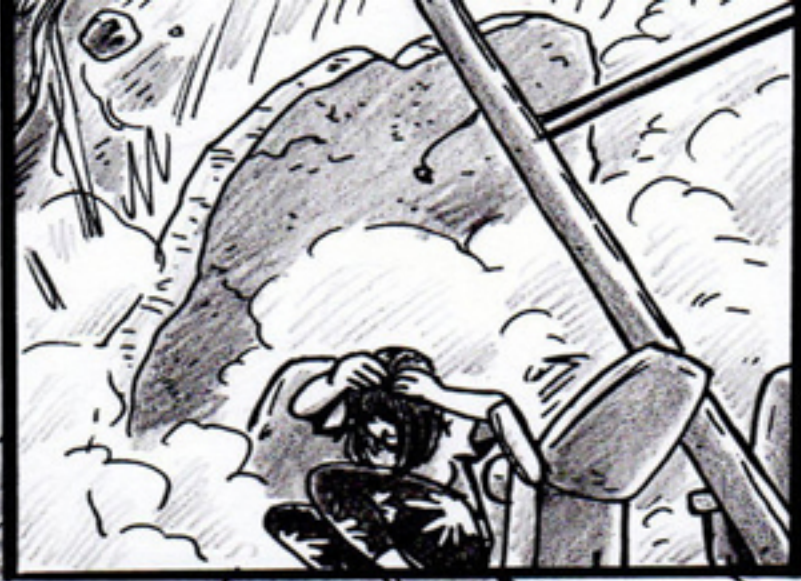
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT. THE CLOVERFIELD MONSTER HAS LANDED IN MIAMI, AND IS HEADING QUICKLY INTO THE CITY. ALL RESIDENTS ARE INSTRUCTED TO IMMEDIATELY EVACUATE TO THEIR NEAREST SAFE ZONE AND SHELTERS. REPEAT, THIS IS AN EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT...



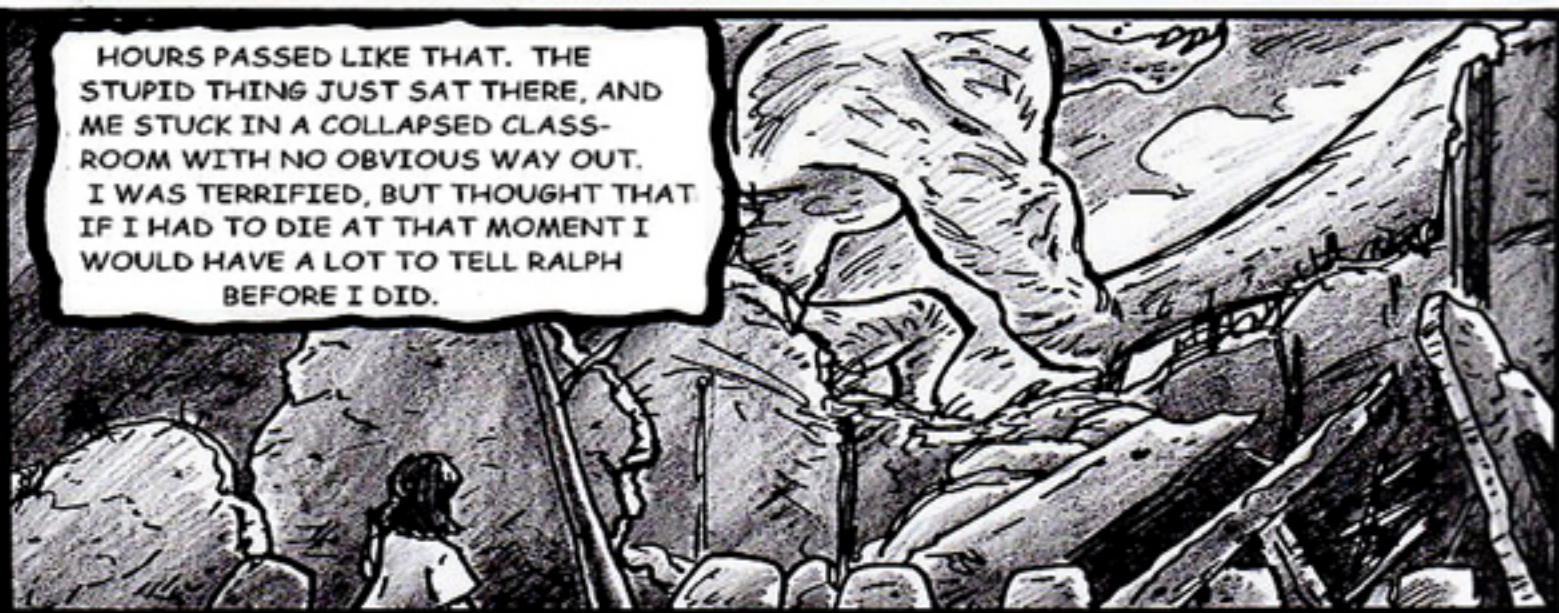
THIS ISN'T THE WAY I WANTED TO GET OUT OF CLASS TODAY, BUT IT WORKS!







HOURS PASSED LIKE THAT. THE STUPID THING JUST SAT THERE, AND ME STUCK IN A COLLAPSED CLASSROOM WITH NO OBVIOUS WAY OUT. I WAS TERRIFIED, BUT THOUGHT THAT IF I HAD TO DIE AT THAT MOMENT I WOULD HAVE A LOT TO TELL RALPH BEFORE I DID.

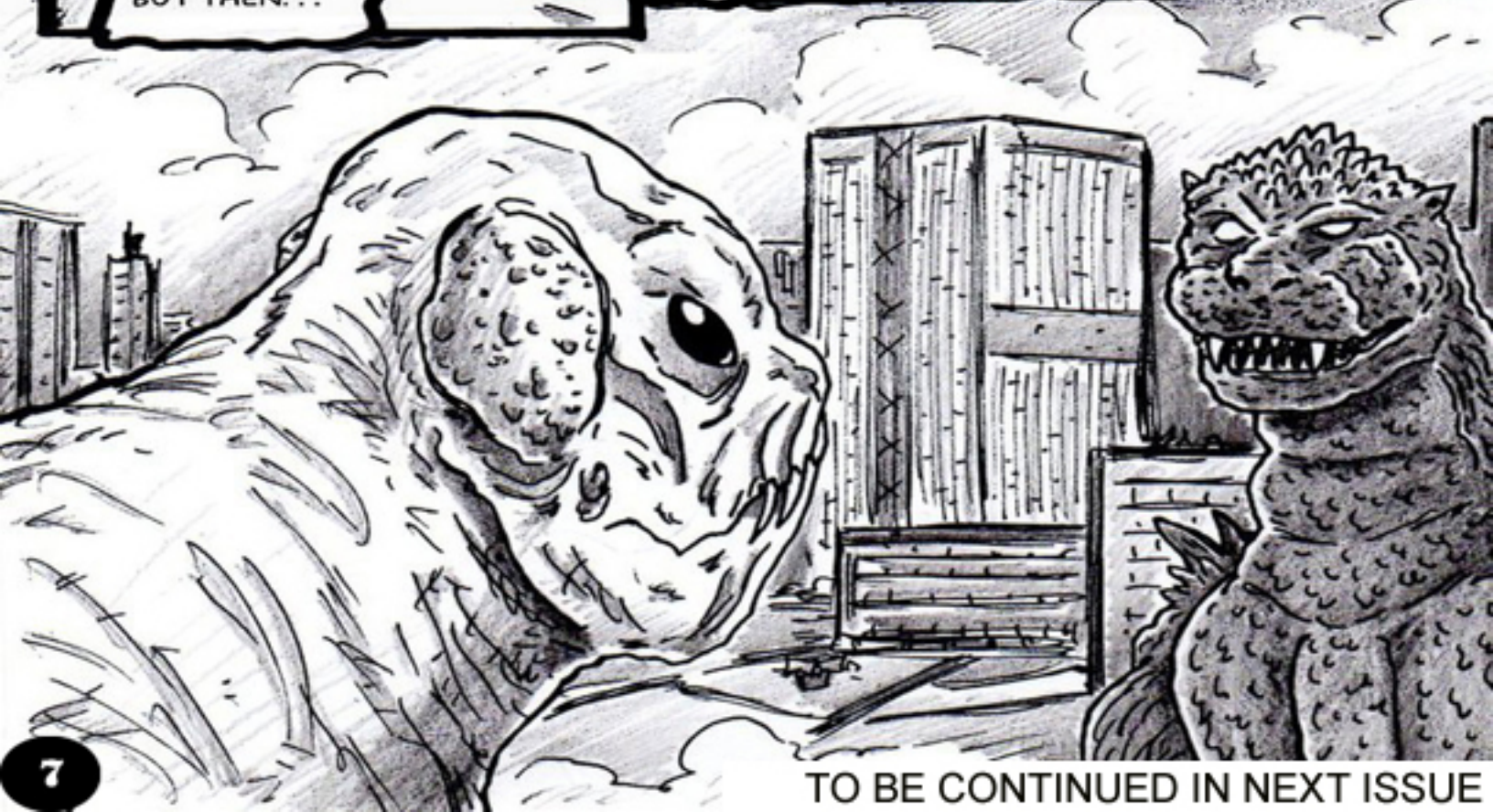


**BOOM
BOOM
BOOM**

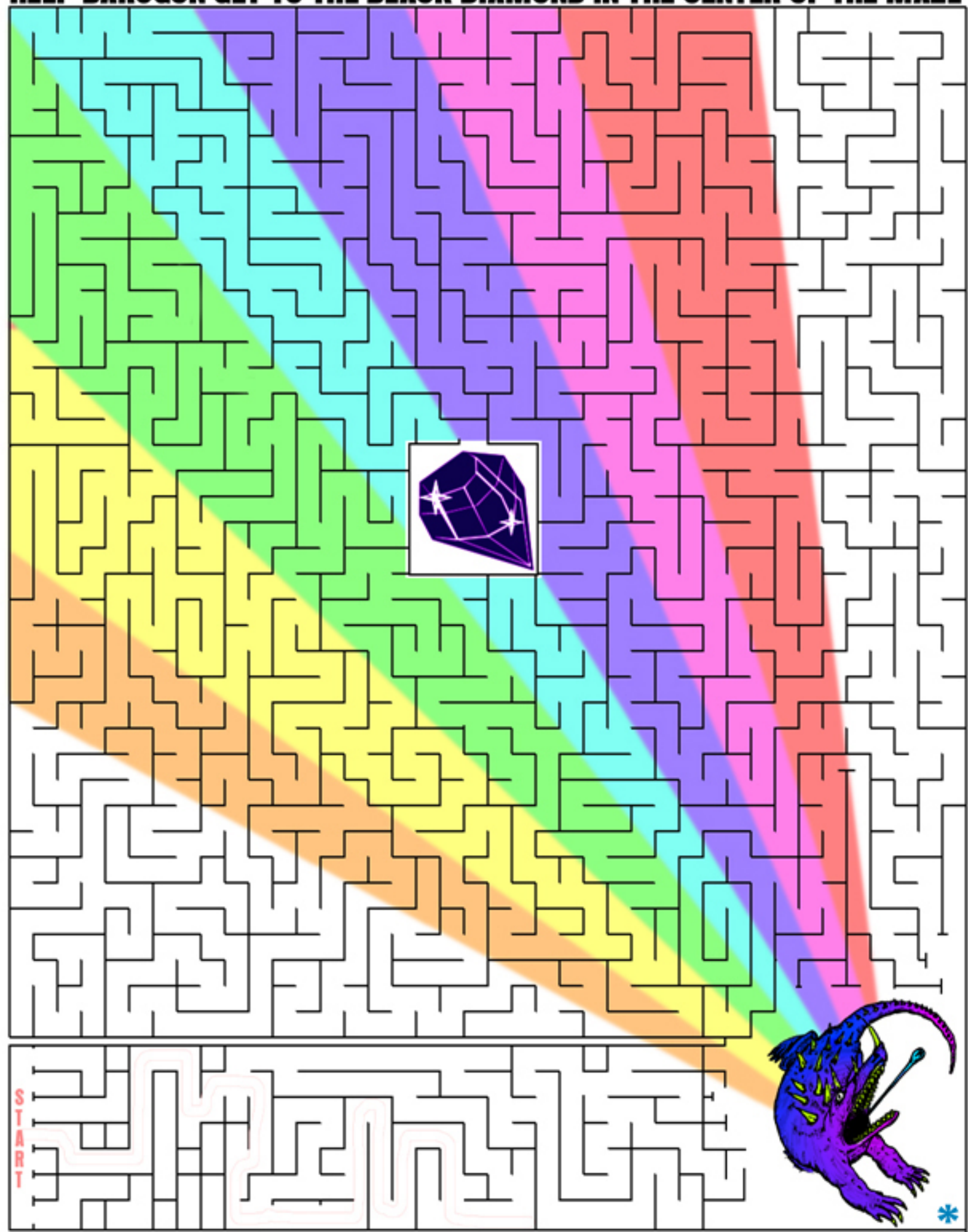


...EVERYTHING WENT FROM BAD TO TERRIBLE.

BUT THEN...



HELP BARUGON GET TO THE BLACK DIAMOND IN THE CENTER OF THE MAZE



START



Do you know someone wicked?

They hide in plain sight.

A co-worker?

A relative?

A friend?

or is it

that stranger

who catches your eye?

SOMEONE

WICKED

is coming for you...

WINTER of 2013

from Smart Rhino Publications.



JM Reinbold is a versatile writer and artist, as well as the Director of the Written Remains Writers Guild in Wilmington, Delaware. She is the author of the novelette *Transfusions*, which was nominated for a Washington Science Fiction Association Small Press Award. Her piece, *Cernunnos: Ancient Celtic God* has been translated into six languages and reprinted dozens of times. In 2009, her work-in-progress *Summer's End* was a finalist in the Magic Carpet Ride Magical Realism Mentorship competition. In 2011, she received an honorable mention her work-in-progress *Prince of the Piedmont* from the DDOA's Individual Artist Fellowships. *The Future of Flesh*—a readers' favorite—was published in Smart Rhino's *'Zippered Flesh 2'*. Many of JM Reinbold's collage pieces have been selected for exhibit by both the Newark Art Alliance and the Newark Art Loop. She is currently working on a number of short stories, haiku, and a mystery/crime novel.

Tell me about the cover.

My cover is an attempt to portray the giant monster that appears in the story I'm writing for the All-Out Monster Revolt Anthology, and to give the viewer a hint of what happens in the story. On my cover, you see a giant green moth in a world overgrown with brilliant green vegetation. The red phone box in the midst of it all will surely alert any anglophiles in your audience that this giant monster story takes place in Britain.

How long have you been an artist?

I've been an artist since childhood. However, there was quite a long period in my life where I favored the artistry of the written word over visual arts. In recent years, I've returned to working in the visual arts. Now I do both.

How would you describe your style?

At the present time, I work primarily with collage. I like to work with collage because it is similar to what often happens in dreams when images are taken out of context and re-combined to create completely different "realities." I find this endlessly fascinating!

Why did you decide to enter the cover contest?

The contest sounded like fun. Also, I wasn't sure if I could make a giant monster picture, so I challenged myself to try.

How much of your work is giant monster related?

Only a small amount at present, as this was my first foray into the giant monster genre. In addition to my giant monster collage, I'm working on a giant monster story and some giant monster poems.

Why do you work with giant monsters?

At the moment, my best answer would have to be because I like to try new things and because I became intrigued by giant monsters through Justynn Tyme's All-Out Monster Revolt Project. He has such passionate enthusiasm for the giant monsters that one simply becomes infected by association!

What do you consider your best piece and why?

This is my one and only giant monster art work so far, but I have to say I'm quite attached to it!

What is the best résumé moment you have?

I guess it would have to be this one. My giant monster is on the cover of your magazine. Woo hoo!

Do you have any giant monster projects in the works? If not, what's next for you?

I do, actually. I'm working on a giant monster story for the All-Out Monster Revolt Anthology. Mothra is my favorite Kaiju, but I didn't want to write about Mothra. So, while I'll be writing about a "giant" moth, the story will take place in a different culture with its own unique "moth mythology."


Tell me about the pieces you have chosen for your in-issue gallery.

Unfortunately, I don't have a gallery of giant monster art. I'm primarily a writer and so I have contributed three giant monster haiku. The set of three haiku is called "Earth, Wind, Fire." They are tiny "pictures" of three giant monsters: Gojira, Mosura, and Gamera.

If you had to choose a giant monster from any medium, which one would you say had the most influence over your art? And why?

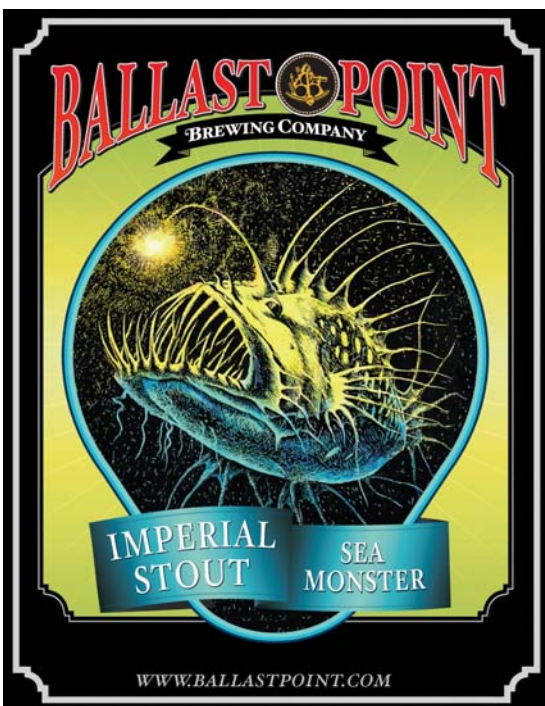
Mosura has had the most influence on me. Why exactly is hard to say, but I suppose because, at least to me, Mosura seems to have the greatest connection to Nature and appears to be a protector of the natural world. Mosura also appears to have both Otherworldly and/or Divine origins and is unique among the Kaiju in that she has a spiritual/religious following.

Where can people find your other works?

My work, both visual art and written work, can be found on my website The Many Worlds of JM Reinbold. Link: www.jmreinbold.com 

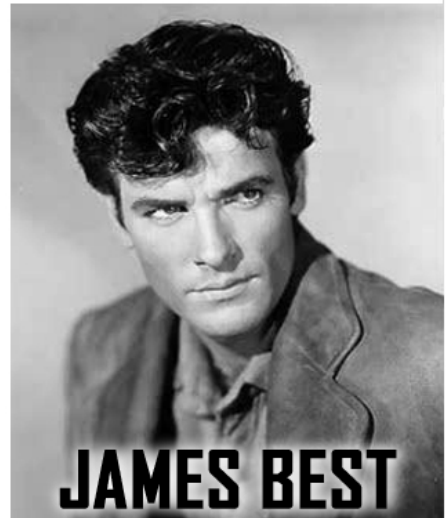


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Actor Profile: James Best



James Best is a celebrated actor whose earnest and sincere style of acting is cherished by audiences and critics alike. An actor in high demand, James has had rolls in 80 feature films, over 600 television shows, and guest starred in many seminal series' such as...

The Lone Ranger, Have Gun Will Travel, Rawhide, Bonanza, The Rifleman, Cheyenne, Gunsmoke, Shenandoah, Daniel Boone, I Spy, Perry Mason, Alfred Hitchcock Presents, The Twilight Zone, The Green Hornet, The Andy Griffith Show, and the Dukes Of Hazzard – for which James is fondly remembered as the bumbling local sheriff of Hazzard County, Roscoe P. Coltrane.

GIANT MONSTER FILMOGRAPHY

The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms (1953)

Forbidden Planet (1956)

The Killer Shrews (1959) Thorne Sherman

The Savage Bees (1976) Pelligrino

Return Of The Killer Shrews (2012) - Not only did James Best reprise his roll as Thorne Sherman from the original 'Killer Shrews,' but he also wrote the screenplay for the sequel 'Return Of The Killer Shrews.'

James Best has built an impressive career on both stage and screen. He has taught and guided the careers of some of the film industry's biggest stars such as: Clint Eastwood, Teri Garr, Burt Reynolds, Gary Busey, Lindsay Wagner, Farrah Fawcett, and many more.



Hai! Gamera ma
Shaking earth, churning oceans -
Dreaming children wake

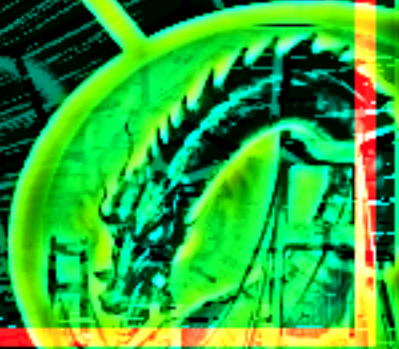
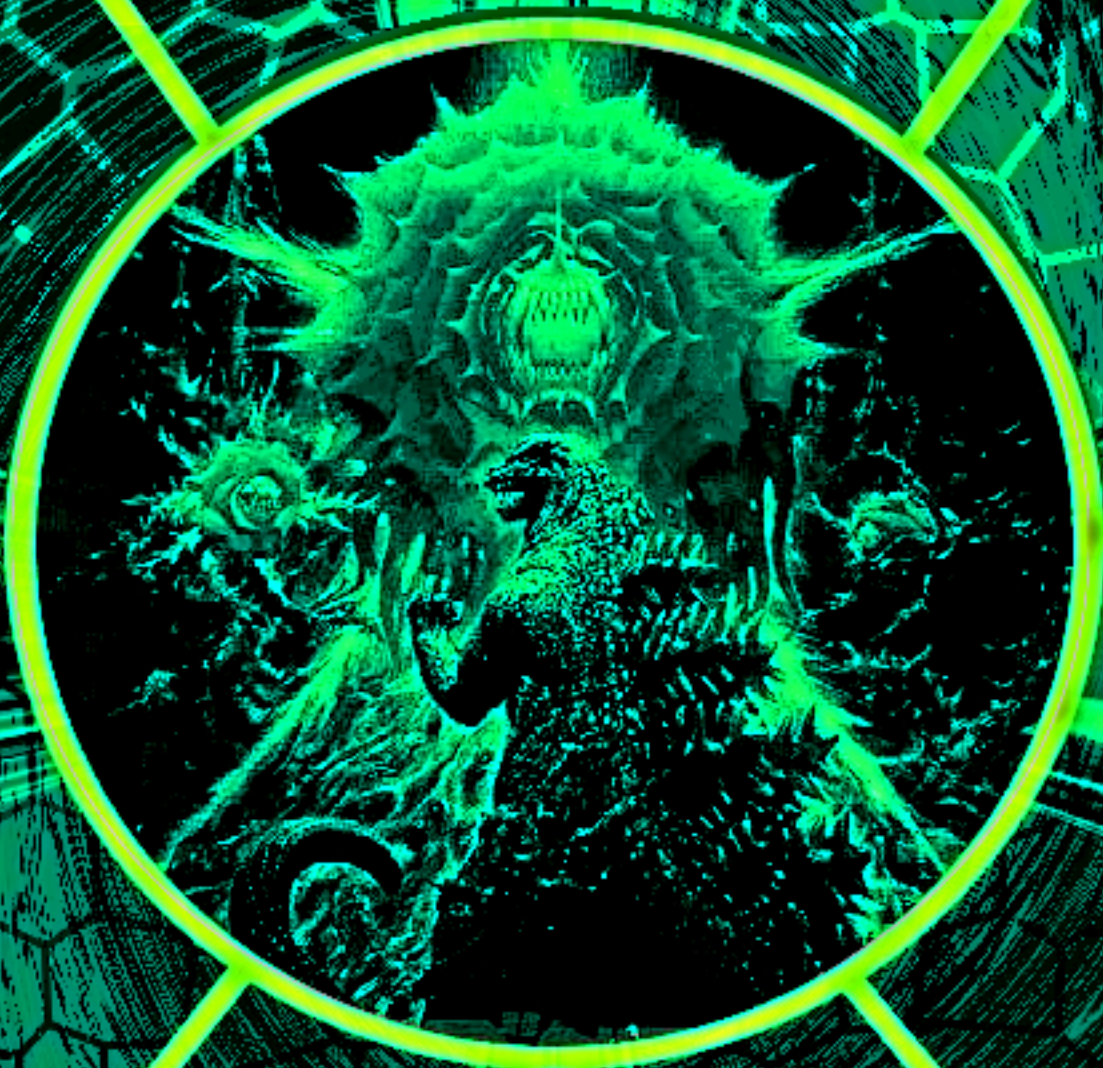


Hai! Mosura ma
A thousand samurai wind -
In the bamboo forest



Hai! Gojira ma
Smoking ruins in winter chill-
Cherry blossom snow

POINT OF ORIGIN



POINT OF ORIGIN

POINT OF ORIGIN: GODZILLA VS BIOLLANTE

Point Of Origin: an exploration in free association where a giant monster movie serves as the catalyst to detail the similarities between a particular movie and other works in other genres.

In this movie, a piece of Godzilla skin becomes the target of various unscrupulous agencies from around the world who seek to own it and use it for their own means. Now in the hands of the Japan Science Agency, they hope to use it themselves for the benefit of all humanity. They enlist a renowned geneticist to examine the g-cells. While examining the cells—with assistance from his daughter— international spies attack the laboratory. In the resulting explosion the daughter is killed. The distraught geneticist hatches a strange scheme to immortalize his deceased daughter by splicing the DNA of a rose plant that belonged to his daughter, which has become highly sentimental to him with g-cells from Godzilla. The rose quickly succumbs to the irrepressible g-cells and transforms from a stalwart rose plant into a gruesome, carnivorous plant/monster hybrid, Biollante. Its presence attracts Godzilla and a strange struggle for primacy begins.

The original story idea came from a dentist, Shinichiro Kobayashi, in response to a story contest sponsored by Toho Film Studio. The movie director, Kazuki Omori, ultimately rewrote the script for the movie.

While watching this movie, I started seeing many (intentional or unintentional) similarities in Biollante to other giant monsters and other cult classic monsters to which I will explore even the slightest similarities.

DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS (1962)

Written by John Wyndham

Godzilla vs. Biollante is very suggestive of ‘*Day of the Triffids.*’ “The Triffids” were tall plants with an indefinable intelligence, capable of aggressive behavior. They were able to move about by “walking” on their roots, communicate with others of their kind, and they possessed a deadly whip-like poisonous sting that enabled them to kill and feed on the rotting carcasses of their victims.

A glowing green meteor shower that rendered most of the world’s population blind seemed to be the instigation for the Triffid assault. The main character, Bill Masen develops a radical theory after working with the dormant Triffids prior to the meteor shower. He theorized that the Triffids were bio-engineered in the USSR. True or not, this film relates to the Biollante film in two ways. First, Biollante was engineered in a laboratory by splicing rose plant DNA with Godzilla DNA and secondly Biollante was an aggressive, sentient plant.

While the actual origins of the Triffids remain unknown, the fact that Biollante moves across land and through water on its root mass reaffirms the similarities between the Triffids and Biollante. The Triffids also had “whip-like tendrils” with some sort of poisonous venom as did Biollante, though the Triffids injected this venom through a sting while Biollante spits its poison.

John Wyndham frequently acknowledged another giant monster story, H. G. Wells’ “The War of the Worlds,” as the chief influence for “*The Day of the Triffids.*” John Wyndham also wrote the giant monster story called ‘*The Kraken Wakes*’ in 1953.



First, I was going to talk about ‘Doctor Who: Meglos’, then I wasn’t, and then I decided I would. There is more than a slight reference but it took awhile for me to see it. Although ‘Star Trek’ and ‘Hitch Hiker’s Guide to the Galaxy’ are cited as inspirations for this episode, I see others. Meglos is a plant that takes over a human body similar to ‘Invasion of the Body Snatchers’ and is sentient like Audrey II from ‘The Little Shop Of Horrors,’ but sentient plant life in nothing new in science-fiction and certainly not in the Doctor Who universe.

‘Meglos’ was a sentient, alien, cactus-like plant-form called a ‘xerophyte’ that was able to transfer/clone himself into any number of forms by infusing himself with another base life form, in this case a humanoid, much like Biollante, the rose plant, was supposedly possessed by the spirit of the geneticist’s daughter who died in the explosion.

A slim comparison but the fact that Meglos, like Biollante, used the genetic structure of another life form to transform into something different is a better one. The fact that he uses this foreign DNA to transform into a doppelganger of the Doctor has even more in common with the Biollante monster who wanted to be the only Godzilla and not clone, as well as the body snatcher pods who wanted to be the only version of their human hosts.

REPTILICUS (1962)

Written By Ib Melchior and Sidney Pink



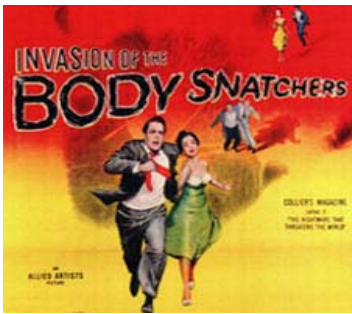
The Japanese release title of this movie was ‘The Frozen Evil Beast’s Onslaught.’ So, Reptilicus was seen in Japan at some point prior to the writing of ‘Godzilla vs. Biollante’ in 1989. Therefore, a possible association can be made to Biollante no matter how slim.

‘Reptilicus’ is a giant monster film about a fictional prehistoric reptile regenerating back to life. This was a Danish-American co-production produced by American International Pictures and Saga Studios, and was directed by two different directors.

I believe ‘Reptilicus’ was Denmark’s only foray into the giant monster genre and ‘Godzilla vs. Biollante’ was Tohos’ only foray into the worldwide Godzilla story contest.

This movie’s association is slight for another reason. In the original Danish version there is no fluorescent green slime. The slime was applied in post production by American International Pictures for the American release. It’s a serious flaw in the movie because it’s so out of place and two-dimensional. However, when I saw Biollante spewing greenish/yellowish slime I thought of ‘Reptilicus’.

Sidney Pink was also the producer of another giant monster movie ‘Angry Red Planet,’ as well as ‘Bwana Devil’—the first 3D movie ever—and the ‘Twonky’, both written by Arch Oboler—the radio theater wunderkind—who penned several giant monster stories himself and is a personal favorite of mine.



I originally wrote this piece about the connection between Biollante and 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers'. I had to remove it because I had a distinct, but false memory about Biollante's head from when I first saw the movie back in the early 90's on HBO. The memory goes like this: After the first attack by either the self-defense force or Godzilla, the rose petals fall off in a hail of sparks and fire as Biollante transforms from a rose into monster. A smooth, flower bulb-like head appears that looks eerie similar to the pod from 'Invasion of the Body Snatchers.'

Well, I bought the movie on eBay back around the millennium, probably for an exorbitant price. And, if that were not bad enough it is likely a bad dub of the movie I originally watched on HBO, ha! After watching the movie specifically for that scene in order to write this piece, I discovered there is no such scene in the movie. Where did that memory come from? Is it in the original Japanese version? I don't know at this time.

Yet, not all is lost with this association because there is a passing similarity. When Biollante bites Godzilla, it starts absorbing his genetic make-up in order to transform itself into more of a Godzilla clone; much like the pods absorbing the genetic material from their human hosts then dispensing with the human husk. Biollante absorbs Godzilla's essence to transform into a Godzilla-like clone of a different nature. It would be interesting to have seen what would have happened if Biollante had won the ultimate battle.

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS - (1960/1986)**Written By: Charles B. Griffith / Howard Ashman**

Now back to a more plausible connection. One of the most striking similarities is between Biollante and Audrey II from 'The Little Shop of Horrors.' It is not so much in the original version by Roger Corman, but more so with the remake directed by Frank Oz in 1986. It is a story about an extraterrestrial plant-creature that thrives and grows on the blood and flesh of humans while in the sanctuary of a flower shop on Skid Row.

Except for the more savage appearance of Biollante, the two could be of the same species had Audrey II found an endless supply of juicy people to eat which would have allowed her to grow to gigantic proportions. The similarities are staggering. Both had an elongated maw with a face full of sharp teeth, though Biollante looks more like an archaic crocodile. They both had long tendrils with smaller gaping jaws with many, many teeth. Both were unnatural plants; one from outer space, the other out of science. They both moved around autonomously by using their root mass and both grew to gigantic proportions.

This once little known fact is now a reality, the original ending to the 'The Little Shops Of Horrors' remake has been released. On the newest DVD release the original ending of the movie is restored (sound and color) where Audrey II, growing to an enormous size and with a horde of other Audrey II's, takes over the city ... then the world? Originally, test audiences disapproved of this ending wanting a happy ending. Phooey!

Charles B. Griffith, who wrote the original 'Little Shop Of Horrors' also wrote the giant monster classic 'Attack of the Crab Monsters', as well as 'Up from the Depths' and 'It Conquered the World.'

ANTI-GOOD

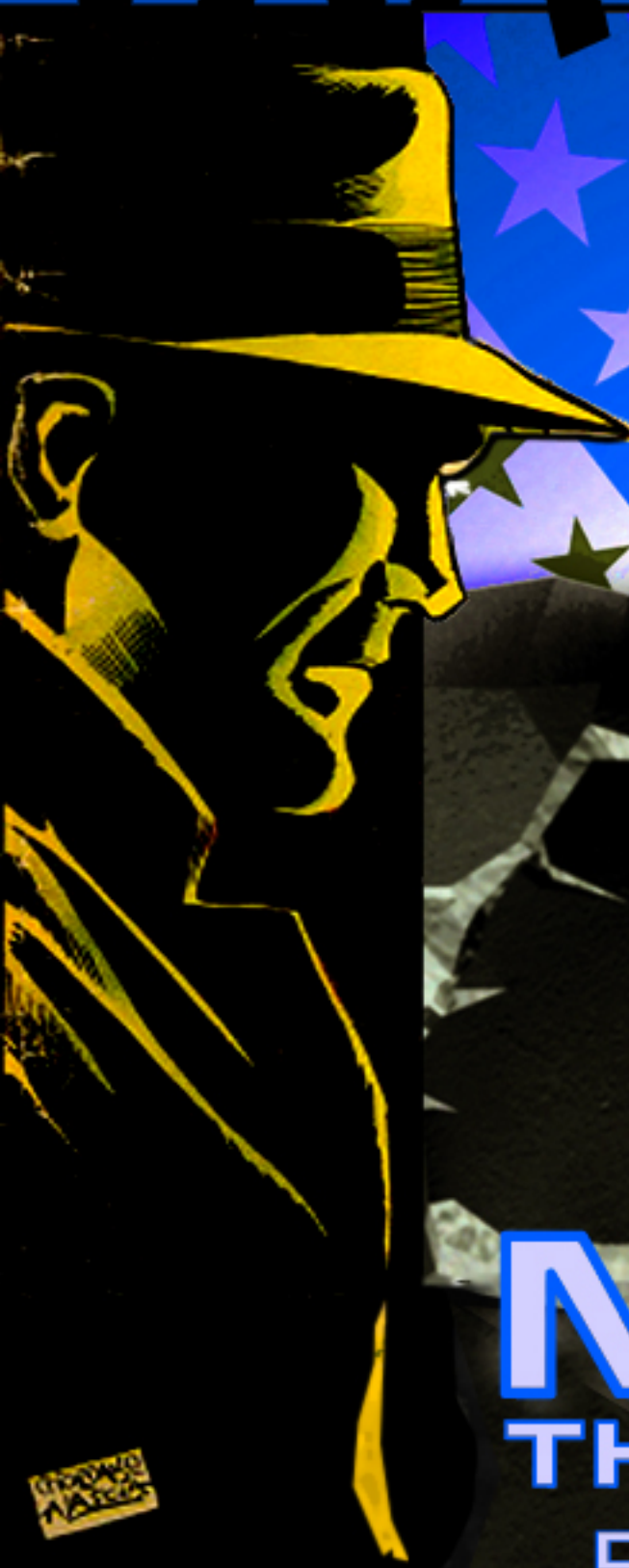
WRITTEN BY JUSTYNN TYME



On the Hook of Holland, there is an archaic, little harbor as old as man's memory. Nothing ever happens there, not until a salvage crew hauls home a dying hulk, a wreck that should have been allowed to sink into the dark depths of the sea never to be remembered again. Impossibly, it refused to sink, it refused to die, and so they brought it home. When it is all over and the smoke clears, they will wonder just what it was they brought back with them. Well, those who survived

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MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER

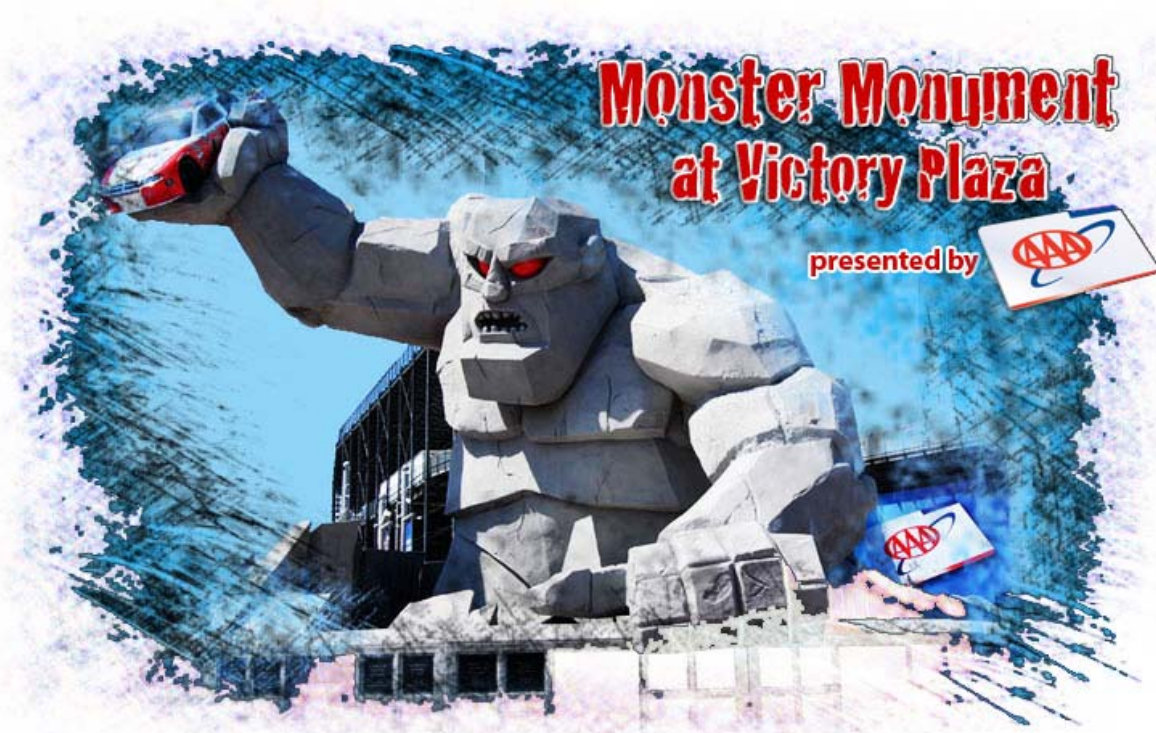


MILES
THE MONSTER

DOVER, DELAWARE

WINDY
MAY

What better way to start off ‘Mysterious Traveler’ then to highlight the monster from the Diamond State that just so happens to be in my backyard. Not literally, of course, but can you imagine? No, you couldn’t, because I haven’t told you anything about ‘Miles’ yet. First, you might sense a bit of criticism coming from me about Delaware but that is not because I dislike the place. I just want it to be more alternative and less conservative. A lot of work has gone into improving Delaware’s image and strengthening its personality, but it is still struggling to find its identity in the land of the giants. I think that’s why I like living here—flawed as it is—so much fertile ground for cultural expansion. I have always believed in building up where you live, making it a more exciting to live. However, outside of business pursuits, and of course the beaches—beaches that I can never get to—there is little to attract the wandering tourist. Delaware home of the ‘tax-free shopping’ is the only real main attraction.



Alas, Mysterious Traveler is not to talk about the small wonder that is Delaware. It’s about the giant monster that lives here and I’m sure that’s what you want to know about. Well, it began like this: the *Dover International Speedway* started to flex its prowess. Since the speedway is recognized by NASCAR but not sanctioned by them, they had to carve out an identity for themselves. Which they did about five years ago in what they called ‘The Monster Makeover’ and for the giant monster fan what came about was quite a nice surprise, even after the fact. *

For those who follow NASCAR and motor rallies you will undoubtedly know or have heard about ‘The Monster Mile.’ This is the nickname for the racetrack at the *Dover International Speedway*. The ‘Monster Mile’ is an impressive track for several reasons. One is the fact that it is exactly one mile in length. However, the main reason is that it is made entirely of concrete instead of asphalt. This allows cars to go faster around the ‘Monster Mile’ than on other tracks. But it’s also a lot harder on the drivers because the consistency of concrete is denser than asphalt. Asphalt has rubber in it, which gives it more shock absorbency. Concrete doesn’t and all that shock has to go somewhere.

Again, you are probably wondering why I am telling you this when what you want to hear about is giant monsters. I don’t blame you, I am not a NASCAR fan, but I find the nature of the track interesting. Especially since this unique track gave birth to a giant monster.

While this racetrack is a unique feature that the *Dover International Speedway* is famous for, it is not the only reason the speedway is famous. For giant monster fans, the draw is now 'Miles!' 'Miles the Monster' was created in 2008 as the iconic, physical representation of the racetrack's personality and he has now become "the face" of the Speedway. He is a looming concrete behemoth that towers over the fanzone. Miles is depicted bursting out of the concrete, and poised in his menacingly out stretched arm is a real race car; a race car suspended in the moment of anticipation before being slammed into the pavement on the fourth turn. Now that I have given you a teaser of how big the 'Miles the Monster' statue might be, let's dive right into specifics.

'Miles the Monster' is the worlds largest monster monument. From midriff to taillight he is a whopping 40ft tall and that's just the top half. If they had built him full-sized, he would have been about 88ft tall. That is taller then the original King Kong who was only 50ft tall. 'Miles the Monster' weighs in at a modest 40,000 lbs. That's about the weight of the original Godzilla. I hear he is at least partially hollow inside. So imagine if he was solid, he would weigh close to 100,000 lbs. and that would be about as heavy as the original Gamera.

Before he was erected at the *Dover International Speedway*, 'Miles' was carried from *ACI Composites* in Lancaster, Pennsylvania—where he was designed—to Dover, Delaware on four flatbed trucks each carrying about 10,000 lbs. of him. It took roughly five months to construct Miles but only a day to assemble him. Unfortunately, you can only get to experience 'Miles' up close and personal twice a year on race weekends. The rest of the time Miles is kept under constant surveillance and surrounded by nearly 180 feet of fence. That's for your protection not his.

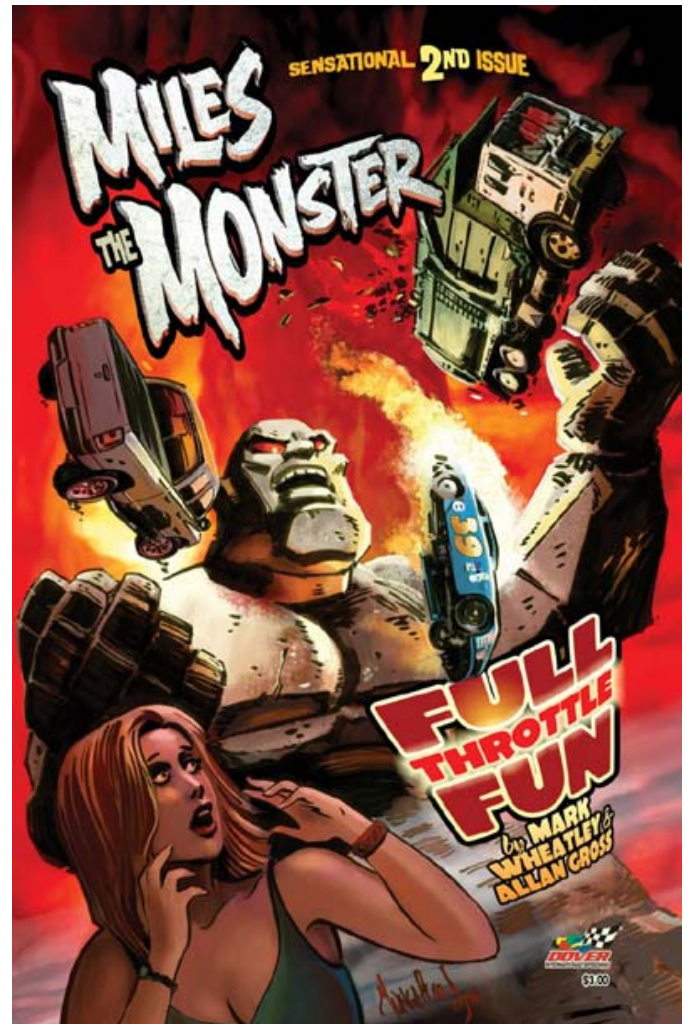
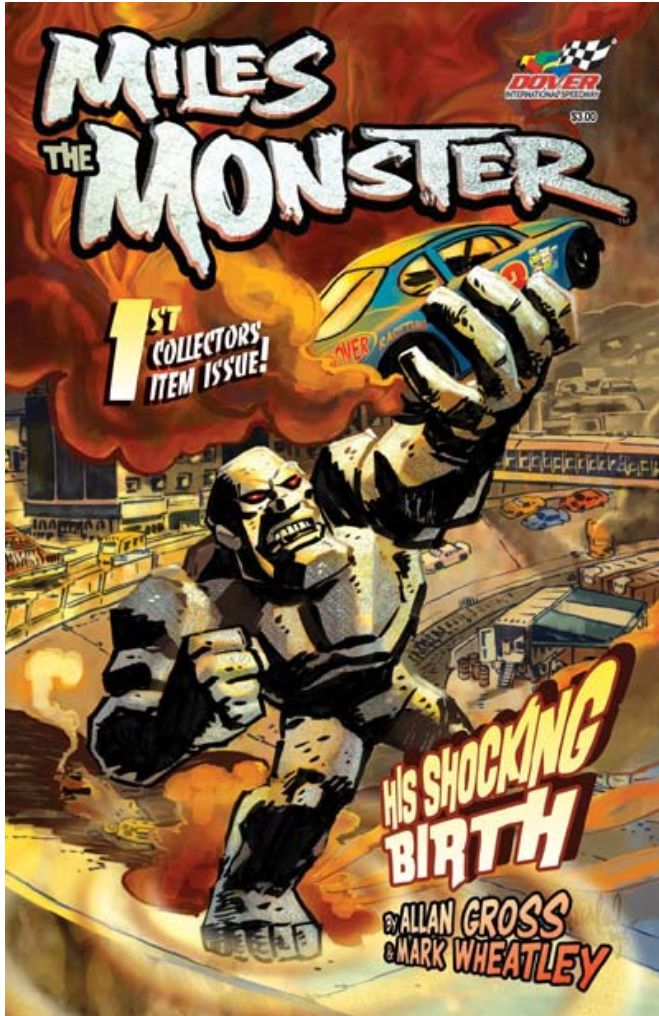


'Miles is kept under constant surveillance and surrounded by nearly 180 feet of encircling fence' because it's for your protection not his. Assuming that he has some kind of issue with cars maybe?

Further details offered up by the *Dover International Speedway* are that his biceps are 27 feet in circumference, his fingers are 9 feet around, and his chest is 67 feet across. It's not hard to see why he's the worlds biggest monster. As day wanes, Miles does not go softly into that good night. His fiery eyes blaze red through the darkness. If you are lucky (or unlucky) enough to be driving down southbound Route 1 in the wee hours of the night, look for his glowing red eyes as you cruise through Dover, Delaware and make sure they are not coming closer and closer toward the road.

** I don't follow NASCAR racing at all. I do not usually get the newspaper and Delaware does not have its own local television news channel. Although Delaware's local news does piggy back on WHYI's feed at about five in the afternoon from Philadelphia but I don't often watch. Therefore, it came as a complete surprise to me when I saw 'Miles the Monster' for the first time driving down the highway. I saw those glowing red eyes and nearly ran off the road. At the time, I didn't know what it was but on the return trip—during the day—I found out. I could hardly believe my eyes when I finally saw the huge dominating figure that is 'Miles' hovering over the parking lot. Since then, whenever I went by I always look for Miles and a way to get to him.*

The 'Miles The Monster' story does not end there. He also has his own comic in which he wages battle against the seedy underbelly of the racing world. Under the close watch of the Dover International Speedway Executive Vice President Jerry Miraglia, Insight Studio's Mark Wheatley (co-writer and artist) and Allan Gross (co-writer) are trying to develop 'Miles' as a character. Centering him in Dover around the *Dover International Speedway* where he foils those race car drivers who want to steal victories instead of earning them. This comic is fertile ground in which 'Miles' is being transformed from menacing monster icon into a dai kaiju hero, which, if speculation is to be believed might just lead to his own movie. Something of an amalgamation of 'Speed Racer' and 'Super Robot Red Baron,' I imagine, and if done right it just might be one hell of a film!



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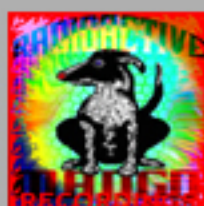
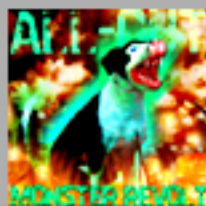
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Justynn Tyme – Director, Publisher, Writer, Artist
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PUBLICATION NOTES:

Frequency Unknown Part 2:

1 CARL AMARI (Producer) is a producer of Film, TV and Radio. As founder of Radio Spirits, Inc. he licensed more than 60,000 original radio broadcasts from the owners and estates for worldwide sale and broadcast. His producing credits include *Madison*, *Eden Court*, *When Radio Was*, *The Twilight Zone Radio Dramas*, *The New Adventures Of Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer* And Now *Fangoria's Dreadtime Stories*.

‘Sludge Ad’ art by Justynn Tyme

Frequency Unknown Part 3-4:

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2/3 Images from Doctor Who series are copyright the British Broadcasting Corporation and are used in this reference work for illustrative purposes.

4 While both target and pinnacle books can be found in America. The Pinnacle Books series feature americanized versions and some first editions have an introduction by cult author Harlan Ellison. ISBN: 0-523-40639-8

5 Doctor Who: Terror Of The Zygons by Geoffrey Burgon BBC Music Production. WMSF 6020-2 © 2000

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Godzilla is the property of Toho Co. Ltd.

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Invasion of the Body Snatchers 1956 – a Allied Artist Corp. Film

Invasion of the Body Snatchers 1978 – a United Artists Film

Little Shop Of Horrors 1986– a Warner Brothers Film

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Appointment with Fear:

Amazing Stories - December 1926 – cover art by Frank R. Paul
Part 3 Illustration of ‘Through The Craters Rim’ by Frank R. Paul

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Monster Stats: King Klown information estimated by rudimentary mathematics and comparative dai kaiju statistics. Art by Justynn Tyme

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Art and Story by Sam Messerly (see more on the Toho Kaiju Union)

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Collectors Corner:

Batman #104 Cover Art by Bob Kane

AOMR ADS:

The Ads and the Art there within on pages 9, 31, 43, 49, 52 by Justynn Tyme.

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Frequency Unknown Part 3/4:

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Miles The Monster entry on Roadside America

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Delaware Today - Speedway Mascot and NASCAR Superstar Miles the

Monster – Interview with Miles The Monster - September © 2011

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