

ALL-DAY MONSTER REVOLT



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ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 6 COVER ART BY JUSTYNN TYME

Box 13: The Editorial from Director Justynn Tyme p05

The True Enemy by Patrick Derrickson... ...p44

As an exclusive, the All-Out Monster Revolt proudly presents *Patrick Derrickson's 'The True Enemy'*. Just one of the compelling stories set to appear in our up-coming anthology. It's a story of humankind's persistent resistance to cleaning up its act and it heralds a monstrous retribution.

Weekly World New Retrospective... ...p36

In this issue we present part two of the Weekly World News by *Justynn Tyme* retrospective. In part two, the quiet before the horde we look at the giant monsters reports that you might have missed chuckling in line at the grocery store.

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In *Frequency Unknown* we look at a would-be giant monster story had they focused more on that aspect of the radio play but they didn't. So we examine that story and compare it to its visual counter-part *The Angry Red Planet*, by *Justynn Tyme*

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Over the last several years, the animation company Tap de Suro has been dedicating its time and talents to bring you the kaiju battles of your wildest dreams. It is sight to behold and we want to make sure you see it.

Game: Tentacle Beastp11

Quarter after quarter we review this frustrating giant monster flash game. Its one of those initially interesting games that just goes on and on until the inevitable happens; you turn it off and go do something else.

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Dr. Ken Kaiju takes a moment out of his busy schedule of world domination to demonstrate how to properly prepare his predominately popular Mai-Kaiju cocktail.

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It's an All-Out Monster Revolt news exclusive and you'll only hear about it here! Our top reporter, *Matthew Dennion* tracks down the story of a weird occurrence in Arkville, New York where a hideously giant kaiju has overshadowed the town. No one would believe it, do you?

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Justynn Tyme crosses right over to look at what is essentially a film version of that radio play *Angry Red Planet* that just might have been based on the same script and what made it withstand the test of time.

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Earlier this year we tracked down Darrell Brogdon in his underground martini bunker to explore the connection between the indomitable kaiju and the superb sounds of lounge music originally popular in 1950s and into 1960s.

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In this feature, we bring you another cool kaiju created by game designer *Alex Strang* and reinterpreted by special guest illustrator, *Tess Stevenson*.

Essay: The Beginning of the End... ...p23

Ernestus J. Chald reminisces about one of the best of the really bad giant monster films from Hollywood's pest days!

... And More!

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ALL-OUT MONSTER REVOLT MAGAZINE

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Tess Stevenson graduated from the *Art Institute of Philadelphia* and is part of *Ground Up Studios*; a collective of other artists. She has published two books one for children and one for young adults; 'Jude' and 'A New Friend for Camille'.

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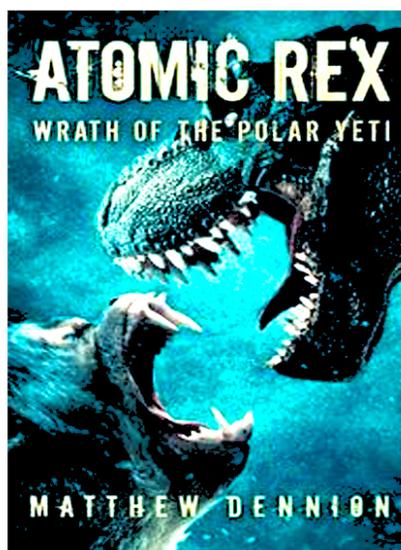
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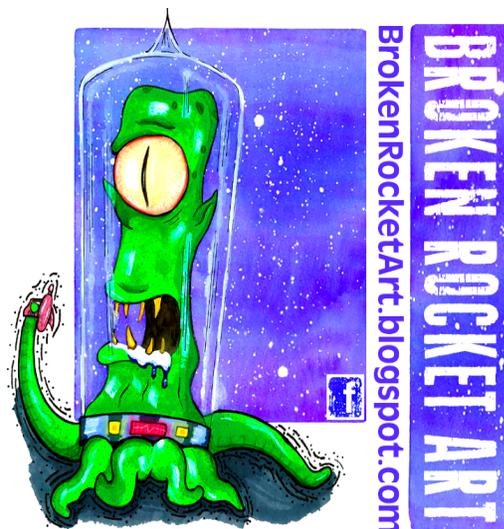
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Matthew Dennion is an author from New Jersey who writes short stories featuring giant monsters, pulp heroes and villains, classic literary heroes, and horror icons for Severed Press, Black Coat Press and G-Fan Magazine. Matthew has also written several kaiju novels such as *Chimera*; *Scourge of the Gods*, *Operation R.O.C.*, *Atomic Rex*, and *Polar Yeti*, including a children's book called *Frankenstein's Monster goes to OZ*. When Matt is not writing he works as a teacher of students with autism and spends time with his wonderful and amazing family!

For more info, please visit: www.matthewdennion.com

Joshua Toritto is an artist who received his education through the Perkins Center of the Arts. Joshua's overall style and feel to his art, in a sense, serves as a means of remedying the lack of simplicity or humor that most modern cartoons and portraits seem to have lost over the years.

Therefore, inspired by those predecessors who once possessed this unique, rawer look, is where Joshua's art stems. Joshua hopes that by creating such artwork that those who look upon his art will find a simple joy and nostalgia for art of yesteryear.



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Even though we find ourselves at the beginning of a tumultuous new year, we are in high spirits and hopeful for an even better year than our last. Though the climate has drastically changed, the prospect of giant monsters has never been better. When we began the All-Out Monster Revolt we were experiencing a lull in major giant monster activity. Then came *Pacific Rim* and *Godzilla* and with them a surge in the genre. Now, we find ourselves in a major spike in giant monster fandom with three major movies in the immediate future and more on the horizon. However, only time will tell if the giant monster movies produced will give fans the complexity and sustainability that they are looking for these days.

All the while, talented fans, as always have continued right along keeping the genre alive, regardless of the popular consensus. It is hard going being a fan of a criticized genre and even harder for those fans with talent who try to bring their visions to life. Sometimes it works, but most times it fails. Not necessarily because of a lack of talent; giant monsters are a tricky subject. Visually stunning and imposing, they are shrouded in mystery. Only the very astute and clever can find the treasure of perfection. The *Gamera* trilogy proved that, but was anyone but the fans really taking note.

The All-Out Monster Revolt was paying attention and that's why half of our enterprise is dedicated to highlighting those hard-working talented fans out there. While it all has charm in its own way there are some things that just knock your socks off. Things that just make you grin from ear to ear. That's the stuff we want to see; the stuff we want to talk about. It is not only awesome to experience, it also inspires those creative fans to dig deeper and strive harder to deliver the best they can do. Is there anything more exciting than that?

But hey, we're fans, too, and we are just as inspired because when we started this endeavor we had a lot of things we wanted to do. Of course, we started doing a hundred things at once because we're crazier than loons. And all we were doing was working and working and working, but nobody really knew what was going on with us. I can't tell you how many emails we got inquiring about the magazine or the radio show or the mash-ups, the whole lot but what could we say... "We're working on it."

So, in 2016 we got tired of spreading ourselves too thin with very little to show for it; great stuff but not enough of it. We started having regular meetings and started strategizing and planning. We got ourselves whipped into shape, and now we're ready to blow your minds. We're ready; are you?



AD CIRCA 1960

Justin Tyme
-DIRECTOR-

IN THIS ISSUE...

As you might remember, for years we have been talking about our anthology. We knew what we were asking for and knew it would be hard. We were looking for originality, complexity, revolutionary stories about giant monsters not just featuring them. Author after author dropped out because they couldn't crack the stereotype. Patrick Derrickson, one of the up and coming writers with the moxie to hang on has supplied our featured short story for this issue, "The True Enemy". Let us know what you think!

This issue is a little lopsided because so many movie reviews are featured. One of those movies was *Godzilla Resurgence*, which was a big deal on so many levels. I am sure just about every kaiju fan tried to see it on the initial three days it debuted. They extended its run which took a little of magic out of being the 'ones' who saw it, but I am glad it was so popular. So, the team sat down to discuss our thoughts on it. Which way did we lean?

Behind every great heroic doctor who fought giant monsters there is another doctor who keeps that doctor fed and now he's writing for us! It's Dr. Ken Kaiju; molecular gastronomist to the kaiju fighters who use SCIENCE! to defeat the world wide kaiju menace. Find out what the drink and eat to prepare them in victory or defeat.

...and whole lot more!

NEXT ISSUE:

This spring, we will be announcing our Dai Kaiju Haiku Competition. If you have been following the All-Out Monster Magazine since the beginning, you might remember our very first issue in 2013. In that issue, we presented some fantastic Dai Kaiju Haiku by author JM Reinbold (*our managing editor*). Well, she has been researching haiku and kaiju and is now ready to let fly a major competition. You just won't win; there is more to it, but I can't talk about that now. You'll just have to check out issue #7 coming in May to find out more.



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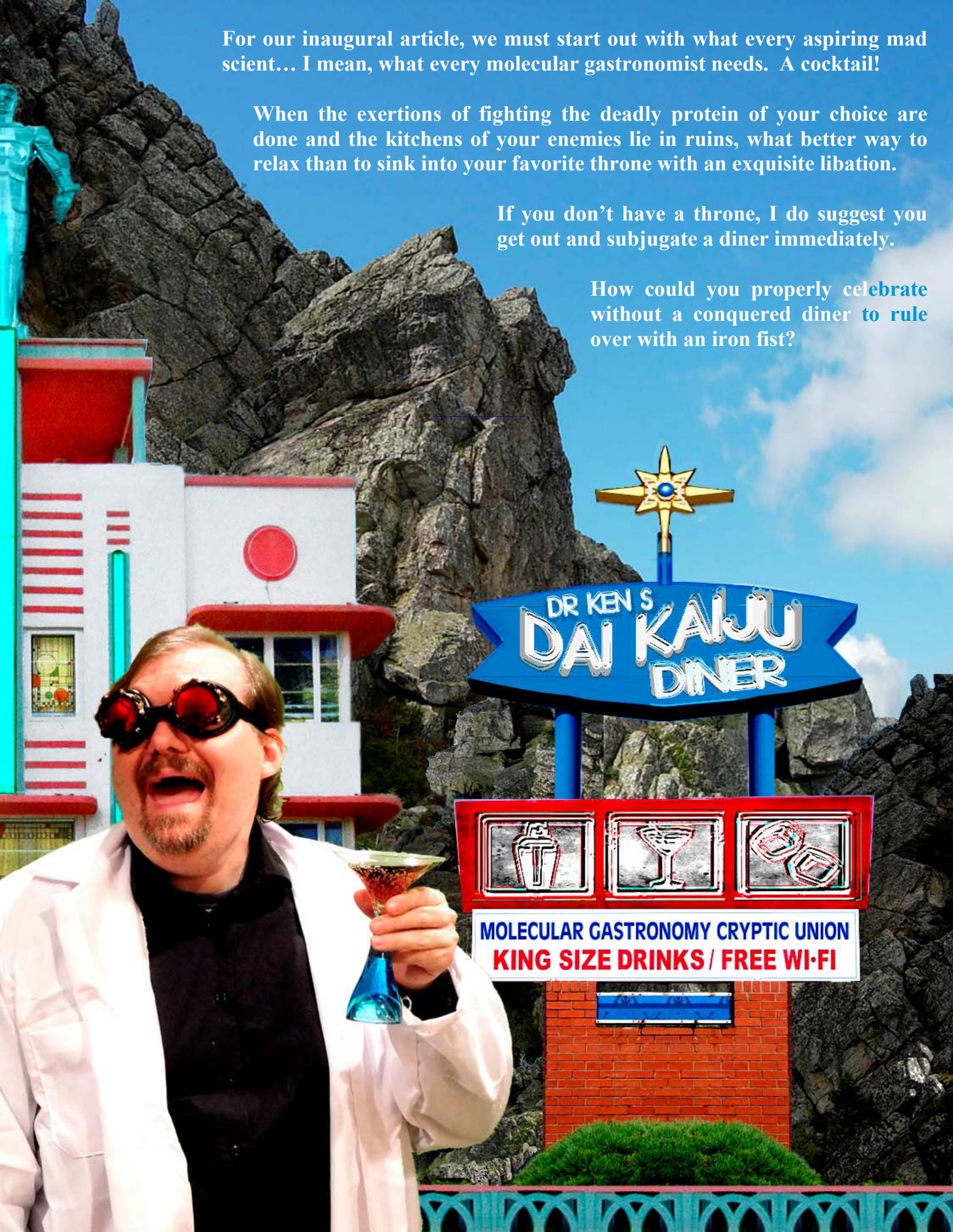
The reason no giant monsters survived the 1950's ... they mobilized children in the fight against the giant monster menace!

For our inaugural article, we must start out with what every aspiring mad scientist... I mean, what every molecular gastronomist needs. A cocktail!

When the exertions of fighting the deadly protein of your choice are done and the kitchens of your enemies lie in ruins, what better way to relax than to sink into your favorite throne with an exquisite libation.

If you don't have a throne, I do suggest you get out and subjugate a diner immediately.

How could you properly celebrate without a conquered diner to rule over with an iron fist?



DR. KAIJU'S MAI KAIJU

1944 Mai-Tai Recipe Revised

This first recipe is one near and dear to my heart because of its Polynesian influence. The waters of the Pacific are rife with the monsters and menaces that I utilize in some of my most wondrous creations; so, it is only fitting that this cocktail comes from that region. I have, naturally, given the traditional recipe a twist that brings the full flavor of my brilliance to an otherwise pedestrian formula. This recipe should not be attempted by the young or the young at heart. I have spent over twenty-one years learning the intricacies of Kaiju Culinary Excellence, and I expect nothing less from anyone looking to follow in my footsteps. With that in mind, I give you, my loyal subjects, the Mai-Kaiju.

First, arrange your ingredients according to the gastronomical index. I, for one, would not dream of beginning a culinary conquest without having the full array of beakers, flasks, and enemies to experiment on. No vanquished enemies? Invite "guests" over to "sample" some of your experimental "concoctions."



Second, place several almonds into your protein transducer. Once the main chamber is sealed, airtight, turn the dial to liquefy. As your almonds are broken down into their component atoms, inject several molecules of sugar into the chamber precisely three nanoseconds before the mixture is complete. Place the result of your labor into a small test tube, beaker, or bottle and set aside. You now have the principal ingredient, **Orgeat Syrup**. If you don't have access to a protein transducer, you may be able to find a liquor store that will dispense already liquefied almonds.



Third, you will require all the juice from a single lime, as well as juice of the Lychee fruit, which you should find in your local liquor purveyance. Now, there are two options for the orange liquor. You can go with a premium orange Curacao such as Grand Marnier; unless your funding was cut; then use Triple Sec. I prefer the Triple Sec, but only because I refuse to bow to those commie chefs at the CIA.

Finally, make sure you have exceptional rum on hand. I prefer the Mount Gay brand, delivered directly to me by Jamaicans from the eighth dimension, but your local liquor purveyance should also have it.

Place enough ice in the hollowed-out skull of the last chef to call you mad to fill it 3/4 full, or use a cocktail shaker if your vengeance has not yet been wrought. Pour in all remaining ingredients and shake that foul-mouthed vulgarian's head vigorously until he finally admits your genius. Once well mixed, strain the resulting concoction into an old-fashioned glass, or better yet, your favorite priceless artifact that you rightfully claimed from any country you have bent to your will.



You are now ready to ease back into your throne and gaze lovingly across the blasted wasteland that your genius, and your genius alone, has mastered. Until next time, this is Dr. Ken Kaiju reminding you that:

I'll show you... I'll show you all!!



WHOA! WHOA! WHOA!
How do they really make it?
We're not all geniuses, you know!

MAI KAIJU COCKTAIL
 Based on the 1944 Mai Tai recipe improved & perfected by my unfathomable intellect!

- INGREDIENTS:**
 2 oz Mount Gay Rum
 1/2 oz Orange curaçao
 1/2 oz Orgeat syrup
 1/4 oz Lychee juice
 Juice from one lime

Mix all ingredients into a cocktail shaker and shake well with cracked ice.

Strain into a large old-fashioned glass that is about 1/3 - 3/4 full of cracked ice.

Decorate fittingly with a maraschino cherry speared into a wedge of pineapple, preferably fresh, and adorn with an orchid blossom.

.....
 Triple Sec can be used instead of curaçao. Both Orgeat Syrup and Lychee juice can be found at most liquor stores or online.

+ 21 YRS
 ALCOHOLIC CONTENTS

FIVE QUESTIONS WITH

**TAP
DE
SURO**

Productions Presenta

I hardly need to extol the talents of Alexis Gonzalez Perez because they clearly speak for themselves by the thousands of daily visits to his Kaiju Moments page on YouTube.

Alexis's original videos have character, humor, variety, dedication, and a pure sense of affection for the giant monster genre that surpasses anything like it. He delivers the battles we've always wanted to see with the twists we weren't expecting.

If you have not experienced Kaiju Moments for yourself, by all means go now; if you don't you are depriving yourself of an opportunity to smile and laugh. ►

BEYOND TOMORROW FIVE QUESTIONS W/ TAP DE SURO

Early on you were animating classic literature and silent films, like 'Little Nemo' and Meillie's 'Fire Maidens from Outer Space' until you came up with Kaiju Moments.

My first videos were children's stories that I adapted, animated biographies of historical characters, and a series based on the comics of Winsor McCay's "Little Nemo in Slumberland." I love those videos; however, they failed to capture the interest of visitors to my YouTube channel.

How did the Kaiju Moments come about? What inspired you to do this series?

When I decided to parody Kaiju Eiga, I made a short video where Godzilla and Zilla have sex. The video came across so offensive that the fanboys nearly killed me for insulting their favorite monsters. Ha! The response to the video was so huge; I decided to do a series on the theme of the giant monsters with cameos, humor, and lots of action.

While the choice of some battles like 'Guiron vs Knifehead' and 'Baragon vs Barugon' are self-explanatory. I think the biggest question is still how do you choose your dueling monsters?

I try to create interesting battle scenes by mixing characters from different universes that are almost impossible to see together any other way. For example, it is almost impossible to imagine an official union between Godzilla, Ultraman, and Gamera, or Rhedosaurus vs Godzilla, or even Godzilla against Dragonzord, is it not? Sometimes people ask me to create special Godzilla battles where a newer or old Godzilla fights against Destoroyah, Mutos or even himself. I can think of nothing better than realizing epic battles that can not be found in movies because of licensing issues.



It takes you a quite a while to painstakingly construct each episode of Kaiju Moments. What keeps you going?

Although the animation style of "Kaiju Moments" is very poor and limited, each video consists of about 5,000 images and that takes time to put together. It is very difficult for me to produce each episode of "Kaiju Moments" because I am currently studying at university and working. I have very little free time to dedicate to the project. However, I love doing these videos! I enjoy it so much that if I had visited a site like mine before I began working on "Kaiju Moments," I would have still made my own films. I have already planned the first 100 episodes in advance. I have completed only 30 of that list and there are plenty more to come.

What is it like being a fan of giant monsters in Spain and what happens there to really excite a Dai Kaiju fan?

It is sad to say, but Spain has no real kaiju community. When I was four years old I, discovered Godzilla on a Betamax video that haunted the house of my grandmother called "el Triunfo de King Kong" which was the Spanish title given to "King Kong vs. Godzilla." I loved it and must have watched it fifty times, but I did not know where to get more films.

Years later, Emmerich's 1998 "Godzilla" premiered at the theaters and the Barcelona Film Library presented five cult classic Godzilla movies in celebration. The name of Godzilla was much on my mind so my mother took me to see them. I wondered where I could get these films for myself. That same summer, a series of kaiju eiga VHS appeared at the stores. That series of tapes featured all the Showa Era Godzilla and Gamera films, as well as other Toho kaiju. I got them all!



Later that year, the Sitges Festival—a festival of fantastic cinema in Barcelona—had a few people dressed as Godzilla and sold toys. However, after 1998 Spain has not had any real kaiju or Godzilla fandom; maybe a little tokusatsu but very little. I thank the internet that as a teenager I could see much more kaiju and tokusatsu like Matango and H-Man from Japan and around the world. I watched some of the Ultraman series, too, and know this universe very well, but I have no friends or other fans with whom to share it. ☹ ☹ ☹

[youtube.com/user/tapdesuroproduccions](https://www.youtube.com/user/tapdesuroproduccions)

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT



The *'Tentacle Beast'* is a flash game created in 2010 by *Chris Wallis* and has been popular even though it is difficult to play. The game play is straight forward for a multilateral perpetual game. The three aspects are: stay airborne, keep collecting, and stay alive. Overall, it sounds simple and it is. However, the difficulty comes in when the tentacle beast gets involved, but let's start at the beginning.

The game is presented in an antiquated film style and is accompanied by an ominous tune that would fit the look and feel of any classic fifties giant monster movie. Then, when you press start a gong sounds signifying that danger is imminent.

The game opens on a sepia-toned scene with the stark silhouette of a bulky person clad in a top hat standing on a pier over a black undulating lake. The briefest of allusive introductions is offered....

*"Did grandpa ever tell you about the time he invented the jetpack?
He used the arrow keys to control it..."*

It is a rather nifty way of breaking the fourth wall, making you realize you are now reaching back into the past, controlling grandpa's jetpack to make him rich by collecting these previously unobtainable coins that are floating over that churning black lake.

The action begins as soon as you press the arrow keys. Off goes Mr. Top Hat, zooming into the air trailed by the puffing exhaust from the jet pack. The coins begin to appear a few at a time across the screen and you (directing grandpa) start after them. The incidental music behind the action is perfect for the situation and creates a hectic pace to follow. It's a little bit more modern than the intro piece but fits the game well.

All is well, until you bag quite a few coins, then out of the water shoots a flailing, spiky, black tentacle, then another, and another, and another now grandpa is in trouble. Maybe he wants to quit and go home, but then again you are in control. Will you gamble with his life?

Of course, you will! Stealing all the coins is the whole point of the game. It's the real American pastime.



The tentacles flail about but it is hard to determine if they track you or not. Your only refuge is the very top of the screen where the tentacles can't reach you.



However, the Tentacle Beast is not giving up the coins without a fight. The more coins you take the angrier it gets. The angrier it gets the more tentacles come out to knock you out of the sky.



Unlike Harryhausen's 'IT' this monster has at least eight beautifully designed tentacles maybe more. Soon the whole sepia-tone sky is a mass of chaotic spiky arms. Collecting coins now becomes secondary to cashing out.



Try out the game for yourself on the [All-Out Monster Revolt website](#). Look for the game link on this issue's info page in the magazine section and see how long you can last. 🟩 🟡 🟠 🟡 🟢

KAIJU IN THE

ARKVILLE, NEW YORK

On October 28th 2015, Arkville suddenly became the center of attention for something far more fantastic than its Ruritanian reputation when a **giant monster, known as a 'kaiju'**, of unprecedented abilities appeared and attacked the quaint town. Arkville is a small bustling town located in the Catskill Mountains roughly fifty miles north of New York City. It is known for its pleasant communities, friendly people, and lovely Bed & Breakfast inns. The town was recently voted the third most desirable place to live in the State of New York. However, the life blood of the town is its exporting of coal from the Fletcher Coal Mine. Thanks to the Fletcher Mine, the town has a thriving economy to accompany its top-notch schools and scenic campsites. That was until they exhumed something that would turn the dream that was Arkville into a nightmare.



Author and Local News Correspondent, Matthew Dennion travels in & around New York State investigating kaiju & giant monster reports exclusively for All-Out Monster Revolt Magazine.

Dennion has written three books and several essays on the topic of kaijus which have been published in various anthologies on the subjectivity of giant monsters.

For more information...

MATTHEWDENNION.COM

**NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT
MATTHEW DENNION**

The attack occurred at the Fletcher Mines when miners were excavating the southern tunnel of the coal mine. The Fletcher Mine employs over forty-five percent of the population of Arkville and supplies almost twenty-five percent of the coal needed to power the entire state of New York. When miners Scott Artale and Dan Demarco, both demolitions experts, orchestrated a controlled blast to blow through a section of thick granite, that was blocking a large untapped deposit of coal, they got more than they anticipated.

Dan Demarco, one of the few survivors of the attack, describes what occurred after the explosion.

“When we set the dynamite we thought we heard funny noises, like something moving beneath the granite, where they wanted us to blast. We talked to Marlow Fletcher Jr. [chief operator for the mine] about what we heard. He assured us that his team had run some tests in the mine and they were sure that it was nothing more than an underground stream.

So we went ahead and set the charges. Scott and I ran out of the mine, giving ourselves the necessary clearance. Then we detonated the dynamite. Dust and debris came rolling out of the tunnel, as you would expect, but then we heard something else. It sounded like a roar in that movie Jurassic Park.

Scott and I had just started walking back to the mine when the ground beneath us started to shake and crumble. We thought the mine was collapsing, then the ground exploded upward and this thing came climbing out of the hole. It was huge, way bigger than any of the trees around us. It looked like a hideous alligator lady with snakes for hair!

When we screamed, the thing opened its arms wide. We saw wings, I guess that’s what you’d call them, along both sides of its body. The freaking thing screamed at us and then took off into the air. Then it looks right down at Scott and they lock eyes. The thing’s eyes start glowing and Scott screamed.

Next thing I know his entire body was turned into shiny black coal. I know that sounds crazy, but I’ve been mining for a long time and I know anthracite when I see it. It had to be an experiment that escaped from that secret military research facility in the forest outside of Albany. If I were you I would call them up and ask them!”

When the research facility was asked about the attack they had no comment.

Continued on the following page

LATE BREAKING NEWS EXCLUSIVE

CATSKILLS



**DEMOLITIONS EXPERT
DAN DEMARCO
WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR**

After the initial encounter at the mine, reports of the giant flying kaiju started pouring in to the local police station. At first, the Arkville Police dismissed the reports as the antics of local teenagers. However, the reports continued to come in. Thoroughly annoyed, Police Chief Mooney finally dispatched several officers to investigate the kaiju sightings. While the kaiju remains unidentified, the name Gorgonite has been attached to the creature based on its appearance. Once the reports were made public, numerous groups offered up theories as to the creature's origins. One of the first came from Reverend Jake Stevenson, the pastor of a local evangelical church, who suggested that the miners dug too deep and breached Hell itself, unleashing a demon.

“The Bible warns us about the green-eyed Demon of Greed. I have warned the mine owners that their greed would lead to their destruction. They didn't listen. Now they have unleashed a demon that turns people into the very coal they covet.”

Officers Pamela Sears and Mike London were outside of town when they received the call to investigate the sightings at the Fletcher Mine. Officer Sears recalls the encounter.

“We were getting all kinds of crazy dispatches about something large flying over the forest. Things are pretty low key out here, so when we get orders to investigate a giant flying creature our first thought is a misidentified hawk or eagle. The mine is located about fifteen miles outside of town off Route 28. When Mike and I were driving out there we were joking about what kind of bird it was going to turn out to be. The joking stopped when a huge dark shadow fell over the road in front of us.

We got out of the car and saw this gigantic monster floating overhead. The thing had wings that were connected to its wrists and ankles, kind of like those flying squirrels we have around here. The [Gorgonite's] body had the appearance of a woman except it had scales instead of skin. Its face looked like the hideous face of a vampire except it had tusks instead of fangs. The creature had snakes writhing around its head. It was horrible! When I saw that, I thought, what the hell, it's that Gorgon right out of Greek mythology.

The Gorgonite, that's what they were calling it, was flying slow, almost gliding, heading right for town. So, we got our shotguns and fired at the thing, but we might as well have been throwing spitballs for all the good it did. I looked down to reload my weapon. London screamed. In those few seconds, he'd been turned into a glassy black statue. When I touched him, he fell back and broke into pieces!”

We asked famed cryptozoologist, Cole Loreman to weigh in on the Gorgonite, the Gorgon myth, and the devastation of Arkville. He offered up this compelling theory.

“Reports of underground lizard men have been circulating for decades. Perhaps this is an offshoot of their population. My research leads me to believe that the lizard men are descendants of the Deinonychus dinosaurs. The Deinonychus were some of the most vicious and intelligent of the dinosaurs. It seems that they went into deep underground caverns to keep from freezing to death after the asteroid that hit the Earth killed off most of the dinosaurs. They have been waiting for several millennia to retake the surface from humans and now they have a kaiju that can kill people simply by looking at them. The Lizardman population represents a direct threat to humans. If they created this kaiju, then the threat they pose can no longer be overlooked by the government. Just imagine what an army of these creatures could do if they attacked a large city! We would be looking at an attack of catastrophic proportions.

What we can do to stop them? I say immediate bombing of suspected underground Lizardman strongholds is the first step. In some cases, a nuclear option needs to be considered. Nothing can be off the table with kaiju like the Gorgonite involved.”

[Continued on the following page](#)

CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW

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OCTOBER 11, 12, 13

CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW



PATRICK CONLON

Patrick Conlon's Review:

As the lights went down in the theater, I thought about the last limited release film, *Monty Python and Holy Grail*, that my wife and I went to see when it was being shown as a Fathom Event.

While I have been and always will be a huge fan of that quirky British troupe, this was an entirely different feel. It harkened back to my early twenties when I would pack up the car every August and head down to Baltimore to attend Otakon. In its early days, before the Cartoon Network effect had taken hold, this convention was for the hardcore Otaku.

Otaku is, among other definitions, the name given to those who are obsessed with all things animated from the Land of the Rising Sun. I am a fan of those tried and true anime series. I count Spike and Vash among the pantheon of my favorite characters. But that is not what drew me back to the town made famous for being dark enough for the backdrop of "the Wire". It was their 35mm room where live action films made their debut in the United States that got me coming back. Films like 'You Shoot, I Shoot' and 'Shaolin Soccer'.



You may be asking yourself how this rambling about Otaku has anything to do with *Shin Godzilla*? Well, watching those films at Otakon felt like I was being inducted into a special

club, getting a sneak peek at films that were on the fringe, just outside the lexicon. Ask anyone with an interest in martial arts movies about *Kung Fu Hustle* and they will likely say that Stephen Chow, the star and director, came out of nowhere in 2004.

That insider feeling, knowing that I'd had seen his movies years earlier was so special. I had that same insider feeling viewing *Shin Godzilla*. I was seeing the rebirth of the giant monster genre, getting an insider's look at what might be exactly what the title 'Shin Godzilla' claims; a 'Godzilla Resurgence'.

CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW



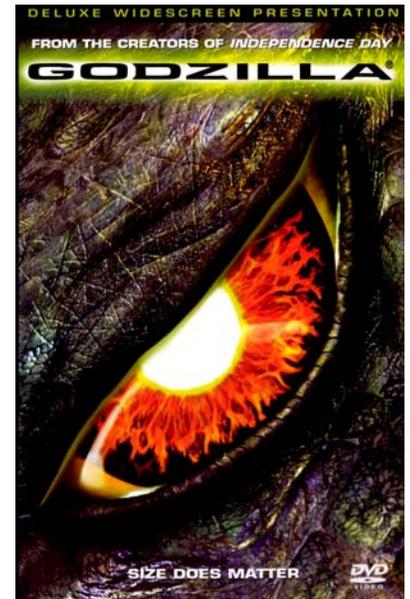
JUSTYNN TYME

Justynn Tyme Review's:

This was a true first for me, seeing Gojira/Godzilla larger than life on the big screen. While I have my ear to the tracks listening for all things kaiju; I have my limitations. I can only hear what is riding on those tracks and barreling toward me.

Wilmington might be the metropolitan city of Delaware but neither greatly supports the nerd/geek culture. Sure, there are a lot of fans here, like any other place and smaller independent organizations are working hard making geek culture a regular occurrence. However, Delaware is not one of those states, at least not yet.

Now, I had seen *Godzilla* 1998 and *Godzilla* 2014 at the theater a couple of times before this. However, these are, of course both U.S. interpretations and so not traditional. Like many fans, I don't consider the 1998 film a true *Godzilla* film and what it really was will be explained later¹. Yet, this was a different and unique experience.



My point being that after thirty-seven years of being a *Godzilla* fan I was at last seeing my first official film. I have live so long in the same area that I am seeing the slight changes in my community. So perhaps now, more than ever with the local debut of *Shin Gojira*, Delaware is finally converging with other areas. Considering, up until very recently Wilmington wasn't considered a major venue for short run debuts or cult classic single showings even though it is the largest and only city in Delaware. Watching a traditional *Godzilla*, even a revision was an exciting experience despite how I feel about the movie itself.

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CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW

PATRICK CONLON'S REVIEW CONTINUED:

That is not to say that the film is flawless or that it defines the genre. So many monster movies these days are all about special effects. It was refreshing to see that, whether intentional or not, the effects on the monster in *Shin Godzilla* were reminiscent of the rubber suits from the original Toho release. I'm not saying that the effects were bad, because they were done quite well. Gojira/Godzilla was a CGI sight to behold, but the slight shine to his skin, the subtle way that it rippled when he moved was enough to spark my memory of seeing the original *Godzilla*. That simple effect gave the movie a warm, nostalgic feel.

However, the blaze of brilliant red that undercuts the dark exterior of the monster is in stark contrast to his black and white predecessor. Also, the origin of this newer version is rooted in nuclear waste consumption rather than the radioactive force of a nuclear explosion. Rapid evolution through the means of spontaneous genetic mutation adds another layer of depth to the next generation of the King of Monsters. In fact, if it weren't for the iconic spines running along its back, I would have had no idea that the creature that first makes landfall was the mighty Gojira. It quickly becomes apparent as the creature undergoes its first mutation after a foray into downtown Tokyo.



With the aesthetics of the new monster having been discussed, I'd like to talk about the plot of the movie. This is where the film gets the most right, as well as the most wrong. The use of Godzilla as a force of nature, and a near invincible one at that, is in full display from the opening credits to the closing shots. He doesn't come ashore to terrorize humans, snapping victims up in his massive jaws willy-nilly while people scream and run for their lives. In fact, it is made apparent to us, through one of the many expository dialogues that pepper the film, that this monster has no need to eat at all, surviving on mist. The concept reminds me very much of the years that the Buddha spent with the ascetics, denying his earthly desires, in pursuit of enlightenment.

CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW

JUSTYNN TYME'S REVIEW CONTINUED:

At first glance, *Shin Godzilla Resurgence* appears highly political. If looked at with a satirical eye, the film suggests that this is a new Futile Japan where to move forward one must go around in circles.

Then again this perception may be typical of a more formal Japanese government and culture, compared to the carnival politics of America. While an interesting concept, this approach, however novel, takes the place of developing the titular character.

It is the very thing for which I have been rebuking American kaiju films for perpetrating up until very recently. After all, that's why we are watching a giant monster film, for the giant monster.



I see a lot of nods in this film. This is no surprise, especially when a new company takes over an existing franchise; they pay tribute to the films that came before that they loved. The most obvious in my opinion are the similarities between Shin Gojira and meltdown *Gojira vs Destoroyah (1995)*. There is also the retelling and embellishment of Godzilla's origin first seen in (*vs King Ghidorah 1991*). Although in *Shin*, the metamorphosis is much more jarring and unsettling.

Then there are the singular building climbs and bad coffee scenes which both could be nods to, no matter how controversial, the initial American *Godzilla (1998)*. There may have also been a touch of *Predator (1987)*, but I wouldn't swear to it.

It was slick of them to introduce Gojira in this way. Initially, I had inklings that it might be Gojira thanks due to some fanciful scenarios put forward as a tongue in cheek spoilers months before the movie hit the US theaters. Frankly, I am a little disappointed that the film didn't take some of these interesting twists.

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CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW

PATRICK CONLON'S REVIEW CONTINUED:

It is, unfortunately, this pursuit that is most lacking in the narrative. The reasons for Gojira coming to Japan are not explored. Godzilla as conqueror is not my Godzilla, and I wasn't expecting a tragic backstory. The movie would not have been made better with a dark subplot, with our stalwart monster hunting down the murderer of his parents; Bat-Zilla is not what this movie lacks. A little more attention paid to the main character's motives would have helped prop up the overall story. It could have been subtle. I don't need to see direct evidence of his motivation. A short scene with the characters discussing them would have sufficed. There also could have been a destination that Godzilla was trying to reach, evidenced to us from his path, or the human characters extrapolating out his direction. Sadly, the most attention paid to this was a lamentation of "Why is he coming back to Tokyo? Woe is us!" when the fully formed Gojira is making his way back to the city.



My biggest problem with the movie I have touched on already; the expository dialogue. This film groans from the sheer weight of narrative that is delivered more at us than to us. There is a subplot concerning

the USA and the United Nations felt as if it were there to simply drive the timetable of our valiant heroes rather than that set up a conflict between them and a dastardly government conspiracy.

It might appear that I disliked this film. Indeed, there are parts of this movie that in retrospect I feel could have been more polished. On the other hand, *Godzilla Resurgence* was fun to watch. In our country, most of the monsters on our screens are in the form of people with malicious intent. Violent killers running amok and good people being tortured for no reason does not get me running to the movies. In comparison, *Shin Godzilla* feels like *The Towering Inferno* or *The Poseidon Adventure*. Also, the possibility of this creature being lost and confused in the world, rather than on a violent rampage, was something that crossed my mind more than once. The actions of the monster cannot be considered antagonistic at any point. The only time that the monster attacks is when it is being directly threatened. Gojira returns fire with devastating attacks, shooting radioactive laser beams from its mouth and spines, but never unprovoked.

CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW

JUSTYNN TYME'S REVIEW CONTINUED:

However, even with that inkling, the first monster to appear was a clever twist as it seemed we were watching Gojira's nemesis making its debut. It was quickly apparent that the "Godzillasaurus" [of Shin] is clearly fraught with fear and confusion when he first emerges onto land. I thought that was a particularly strong point to make, surely intended to elicit pity. I was a little disheartened by the chuckling from the audience during this scene.



In *Shin Godzilla*, Godzilla does not fight any other monsters, which is how most reboots go such as those from 1954 and 1984. *Gamera: Guardian of the Universe* broke this mold with his reboot. Then *Godzilla 2000* came out (spurred on by the American would-be Godzilla film in 1998) where Godzilla shared the stage with a devastating opponent, Ogra. Origin reboots must be balanced so that all aspects fit together so compellingly that there is no need to crowd the screen with additional monsters. However, *Shin Godzilla* did not achieve this balance. It felt like something was missing, and you can take your pick of what that might be. Despite the lack of any real personality, the Gojira / Godzilla seen here is a welcome variation to the lineage.

Once again, we start anew and this time with a completely new strain of Gojira. I can scarcely imagine where they might go with this version of Godzilla who undergoes several transformations and has a frightful array of weapons at his disposal. One might say, he is too powerful, too colossal, and too impervious, except for his inexplicable vulnerability to American bombs.

Even though suitamation gets rebuked in some thankless circles; I am still a dedicated fan. I like suitamation because it's real and requires an actor to perform. Those performances, despite laboring under a heavy costuming, are loaded with nuances that tell the brain this just might be real. I will admit, however that I was impressed with the CGI in *Shin Godzilla*. They took the time to portray aspects that might have been overlooked otherwise; especially with the gelatinous like feel of the initial version of Godzillasaurus.

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CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW

PATRICK CONLON'S REVIEW CONCLUSION:

The sheer level of devastation from these blasts does seem that he is dishing out Cadillac punishment for Pinto crimes, but we are not lead to believe that the leviathan has any lesser weapons at his disposal. I remember when watching the original *Godzilla* film that the main character was more of a natural disaster than a hero or villain, and *Shin Godzilla* gets that feeling across with pinpoint accuracy.

All in all, *Godzilla Resurgence* is a worthy addition to any kaiju lover's collection. As for motivation, I am willing to reserve judgement until the next addition of this new incarnation hits the big screen. Given the many reboots, particularly the 2014 American *Godzilla* movie starring Bryan Cranston, it would make sense that this film feels so much like the 1954 original.



It is my belief that this *Godzilla*, with its homages to nuclear attack and our stalwart kaiju being more force than character, is the production company's way of reassuring the fans. For me, if the narrative that the director and producers wanted to get across is that they can make a *Godzilla* movie that properly feels like the suit-mation of old, then I'm in. Now having proven they understand the history and can treat the subject matter with reverence, I hope that they take the gloves off for the next one and truly give us something gigantic to behold. ◼

CROSS FIRE FILM REVIEW

JUSTYNN TYME'S REVIEW CONCLUSION:

I would like to add that, to me, the pandering to American audiences was off putting. The inclusion of full lines of English dialogue interspersed randomly with Japanese and English subtitles was distracting. Another point, I wish they would come straight out and criticize American diplomacy because we sure could use an honest view of how other countries see our Wild West mentality. This film was made by an American company in cooperation with Toho, so I can see why that criticism might be ambiguous.



As impressive as it was, I would say the American *Godzilla* film (2014) is the better of the two as it stays in line with the brooding antihero we know and love. Even though it doesn't add anything specifically to the lineage other than continued adventures, the personality is there regardless of the lack of a suitamation actor.

What we needed here is a singularly unique film born from the goading inspiration of the American efforts to recapture the essence of *Gojira*, King of the Monsters and we didn't get that. What we got only time will tell. ◼

[Shin Godzilla Review continues on next page](#)

Inflatable crab to dangle from Space Needle

SEATTLE - In an effort to spotlight the northwest's fishing industry, officials at Seattle Center announced Monday that an inflatable crab, larger than a house, will cling to the Space Needle's northeast leg, 425 feet above the ground.

The 50-foot wide buoyant crustacean, made of vinyl-coated nylon, will hang on the



Seattle Needle throughout October. The National Fisheries Association has named October Fish and Seafood Month. The airborne crab is owned by Sea Alaska

Products, a supplier of seafood to Northwest restaurants. It was manufactured by Robert Keith & Co. of San Diego, builders of the similar inflatable "King Kong" which hung from the Empire State Building and was displayed in Portland when the Oregon state lottery began.

A "Dub the King" crab naming contest, sponsored by a radio station and grocery store, will begin Oct. 7.

The first place winner will receive vacations to California and Alaska. Other prizes include dinners at the Space Needle and complimentary tickets to the Needle's observation deck.

CROSSFIRE FILM REVIEW



MARCELLA HARTE

Shin Godzilla / Godzilla Resurgence is the newest addition to a long line of movies dedicated to the King of Kaiju. Since its debut in American theaters back in 2016, reviews have been mixed, but mostly positive. Having watched this newest incarnation myself, I can't help but feel the same. The movie was a blast to watch on the big screen; particularly for the scenes of kaiju induced destruction and mayhem. Shin Godzilla is far from perfection, however, and I'll take issue with those flaws in a moment.

First, let's look at the film's initial plot. It's a seemingly normal day in Japan when suddenly a blasting fountain of water out in Tokyo Bay causes confusion and panic. The government doesn't know what to make of it, and hold a series of debates on whether it could be a volcano or earthquake. One young man wonders whether it might be something else, something alive. This is a Godzilla movie, so even though the government can't decide we can safely say that yes, of course it's something living! A massive creature that resembles a cross between a lizard, a moray eel, and a lungfish makes a chaotic first appearance! It drags itself along a destructive path to dry land and through the city proper while Japan's government desperately attempts to protect its citizens.

Meanwhile, a younger generation of 'general pains in bureaucracy' band together to figure out a solution; where did this new threat come from and how can it be stopped? From here the film is a race against time between humanity and the creature, which quickly evolves into the Godzilla that we all know and love.



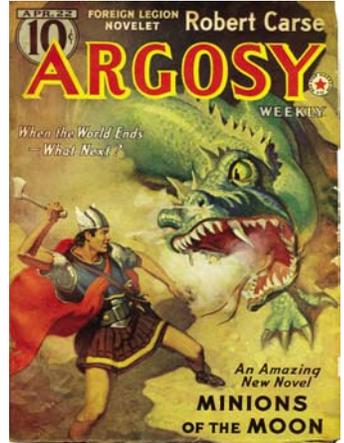
Overall, this is a great Godzilla flick! It takes a lot of its cues from the original, where Godzilla is symbolic of the nuclear bombs that were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In Shin Godzilla, the monster is at least partially representative of the 2011 Fukushima reactor meltdown. It's an ancient underwater species which began evolving as a result of nuclear waste, which is implied to have been dumped offshore by America. The creature is a living, evolving nuclear reactor trailing poisonous radiation in its wake. Unleashing tremendous attacks of fiery breath and lasers from its dorsal spikes, it must return to the ocean or remain unmoving for a lengthy period of time to cool down between attacks. I have always been a fan of monster movies that attempt to convey relevance to the problems faced in the time period in which they're made. Shin Godzilla fits the bill.



The entire film is an allegory of the challenges facing modern day Japan – such as nuclear disaster, an aging bureaucracy, and global political irrelevancy. Its over arching message being that new adaptive thinking, teamwork, and confidence in the future can find a way to overcome the nations seemingly over-sized problems.

Perhaps a bit too overly optimistic, but I like a hopeful ending! On a more superficial level, I also really liked the look and feel of the monster.

Marcella's review continues on next page

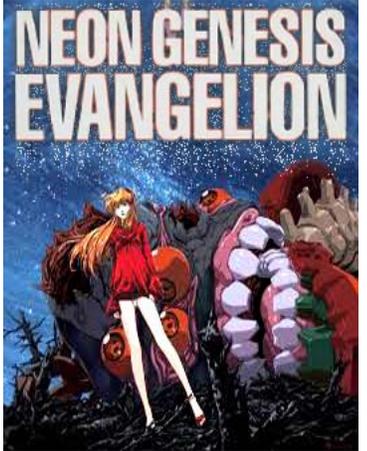




CROSSFIRE FILM REVIEW

Marcella's review continues

Shin Godzilla was a tad strange at first, but I loved it by the end! The mixture of CGI, puppetry, and animatronics lends Godzilla the old nostalgic feeling of a man acting the role in a giant rubber suit, while still somehow updating his look to a monstrosity more real than in the older movies. The soundtrack was wonderful too – bombastic during kaiju attacks and kind of jazzy. It was incredibly reminiscent of Neon Genesis Evangelion, the popular (with at least some Otaku!) anime series which the Shin Godzilla director, Hideaki Anno, had a hand in creating.



There are honestly only two aspects to the film that distract me from an otherwise super-fun movie night – America as the big, stupid bully and Godzilla's GPS to Tokyo. First, I see where Japan is coming from... No other country in the world knows how it feels to have nuclear bombs dropped on their heads. Also, it is true that there is little shortage of ignorant and pushy citizens in the States.

However, can we all just be a little more realistic and open minded? America as a whole is not so rash and thoughtless; certainly not with nuclear weapons. In circumstances like these, we would try everything possible before even considering the use of nuclear weapons! The trope is tired, annoying, and just poorly written.

Second, did someone hand Godzilla the movie script and a map? How does he know where Tokyo is? Why is he so determined to get there? If this version of Godzilla feeds on nuclear waste, wouldn't he head south to Hamaoka Nuclear Power Plant or north to KKW Tokai?



Destroying Tokyo no doubt has a big impact on the audience, and certainly it's expected – But, could we have a plot related reason for Godzilla's single-minded march to set the well known city ablaze?



These few complaints notwithstanding, I thoroughly enjoyed this reboot of a classic and well loved giant monster movie. It was fun, completely entertaining, and I look forward to settling back with popcorn to watch it again very soon! ◼

NEW THRILLS!

NEW SHOCKS!

NEW TERROR!

"Beginning of the End"

FILMED IN NEW HORRORSCOPE!

starring

Peter GRAVES

Peggie CASTLE

Morris ANKRUM

with **THOMAS B. HENRY**
THAN WYENN · JAMES SEAY





The Giant Locusts of Bert I. Gordon

by Ernestus Jiminy Chald

** The following article contains spoilers. Read on at your own risk.*

When it comes to the very best of very bad cinema, “The Beginning of the End” is among the very best of the very bad. Directed by Bert Ira Gordon (“Mister B.I.G.”) and released in 1957, the film stars Peter Graves (who had previously appeared in “Night of the Hunter” and later went on to greater fame starring in the “Mission: Impossible” television series and the “Airplane!” films) as an entomologist working on an experimental Department of Agriculture project, and sultry B-movie side-piece Peggie Castle as a photojournalist investigating the inexplicable destruction of the small town of Ludlow, Illinois, all of whose residents appear to have mysteriously vanished overnight. The real stars of the film, however, are the locusts—hordes of giant mutated grasshoppers wreaking havoc upon everything they encounter as they advance from Ludlow toward the city of Chicago.



Big Bug movies were becoming big business during the mid-‘50s, thanks in no small part to the success of the pioneering “Them!” (one of Warner Brothers’ highest grossing films in 1954 and the movie that launched the giant insect film as its own sub-genre). Hollywood was quick to cash in on the public’s fascination with oversized rampaging arthropods. 1957 alone saw the release of such instant classics as “The Deadly Mantis”, “Wasp Woman”, “Monster from Green Hell”, “The Black Scorpion”, and “Attack of the Crab Monsters”. “The Beginning of the End” was, therefore, in great company when it was released that same year.

Filmed largely on a Republic Pictures backlot in Los Angeles (“What do you mean there are no mountains in Illinois?”) with a second crew shooting in Chicago, “The Beginning of the End” cost a modest \$250,000 to make, and took only two weeks to shoot. The film’s script was written by the much-maligned Fred Freiberger and the elusive Lester Gorn from a concept Gordon supposedly originally scrawled upon a napkin.

Plot-wise, “The Beginning of the End” didn’t really tread any new ground. Dr. Wainwright (Graves) is an entomologist working on an experimental USDA project that aims to end world hunger by cultivating mastodonic tomatoes and strawberries. The radioactive qualities of the freakish fruits they’ve successfully grown render them inedible, but Wainwright and his deaf-mute assistant, Frank (a botanist who lost his hearing as a result of his work with the toxic radiation used in the project’s experiments yet continues to work mirthfully away with the same material), are striving to rectify this little hiccup.

When the entire town of nearby Ludlow is destroyed and its inhabitants vanish, hotshot National Wire Service photojournalist Audrey Aimes rolls in all the way from New York behind the wheel of a sweet Chrysler that’s equipped with possibly one of the world’s first car phones.

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Although the military is trying to keep the mysterious events in Ludlow on the hush, Audrey charms her way into being allowed to survey the aftermath of the town's destruction (clearly stock footage taken from a tornado decimated residential neighborhood). Her search for clues leads her to Dr. Wainwright, who in turn later takes her to a nearby grain silo that had recently been raided by hordes of average-sized locusts who helped themselves to its supply of radioactive wheat before vanishing (fans of giant bug films and comic books all know what happens when tiny creatures are exposed to radioactive materials).

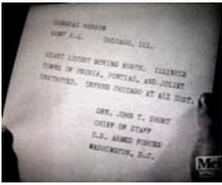
There they encounter for the first time the giant grasshoppers that were clearly the culprits behind Ludlow's demise. Wainwright's deaf-mute assistant, unable to hear the shrill stridulations of the giant locust creeping up on him, is quickly exterminated.

The National Guard is naturally incredulous when Dr. Wainwright and Audrey tell them what occurred at the old grain silo, but they agree to send a truckload of armed soldiers down there to investigate with Wainwright in tow. After initially discovering nothing that might corroborate Wainwright's account of what transpired at the silo—Frank's body, having presumably been consumed by the grasshopper who assailed him, is nowhere to be found—the soldiers make a jocular search of the nearby forest ("You'd better watch your step, boys—they're liable to return the favor.") where they soon begin to hear the distinctive stridulations of the locusts' approach.



Using a combination of rear-screen projection and matte effects—cheesy, yes, but no more so than some of the CGI effects I've seen in more recent films—the locusts advance on the soldiers who attempt, ineffectually, to quell them with a barrage of machine gun fire. The locusts seem utterly impervious to bullets at this point (later in the film, gunfire mysteriously seems to be an effective means of taking them down), and several soldiers fall victim to the advancing horde. The surviving soldiers decide to beat a hasty retreat, but not before Wainwright himself—an entomologist turned commando—manages to grab a machine gun from the military truck and blast off a few rounds at the swarm. Colonel Sturgeon of the National Guard remains hesitant when Wainwright admonishes him that the regular army must be called in to deal with this problem before it grows out of hand, so Wainwright and Audrey decide to go over his head and travel all the way to Washington, D.C. to appeal for military reinforcement with heavy artillery. What exactly the locusts are up to during the time it takes them to travel to Washington and prepare an elaborate slideshow presentation for military higher-ups involving stock footage of a plague of locusts wreaking havoc on someone's crops . . . one can only imagine.

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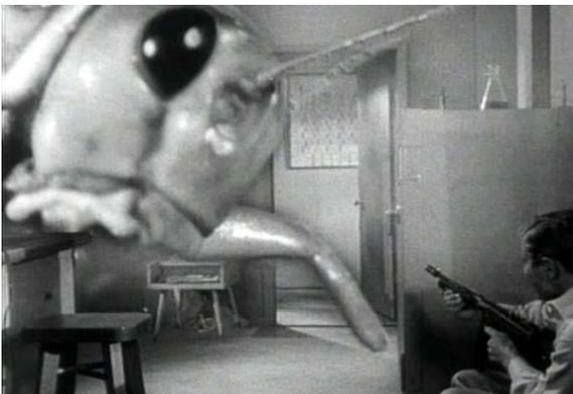


Conveniently enough, at the conclusion of Wainwright's presentation, a call comes in notifying the assembled military heads that the locusts are advancing on the town of Paxton and the National Guard can't keep them contained. General Hanson (portrayed by the ever-militant Morris Ankrum) is put in charge of overseeing the military's effort to preclude what appears to be the beginning of the end for civilization.

After receiving word that the entire town of Paxton has been decimated, Wainwright, Audrey, and General Hanson decide to head for Chicago instead. It isn't long before they receive word that Peoria, Pontiac, and Joliet have also been destroyed, and they are ordered to protect Chicago at all costs. The giant locusts are unfazed by insecticides. Military tanks are able to take a few of them out, yet they are not enough to prevent the insects from advancing ever closer to the city of Chicago. The Chicago Chronicle runs an ominous front page article by Audrey herself—"Chicago Next? Illinois Death Toll Mounts as Locusts Advance"—tucked snugly below such headlines as "Strong Opposition to Tax Legislation" and "Latest Sports Results: Pictorial" . . . because even when your city is about to be razed by elephant-sized bugs, it's important to keep track of what the Cubbies are up to and voice your enmity about impending tax hikes. Go Cubbies!



The locusts strike the south side of the city first, laying waste to all they come across. Residents are implored not to panic and to seek shelter indoors, yet crowds of hysterical people are seen running through the streets. Drastic times call for drastic measures, and the government decides that it is time to deploy the most drastic of all conceivable measures: to drop an atomic bomb on the Windy City. As preparations are being made for a B-52 Bomber to level the city, Wainwright and Audrey are scrambling to think of another way to put an end to this disaster. Foot soldiers report that the locusts have grown lethargic as the temperature falls at night. Wainwright explains that grasshoppers are poikilothermic, relying on thermoregulation to maintain their body temperature. As the weather grows cold, they will naturally attempt to seek shelter and remain dormant or perish. Audrey wonders if there might be a way for the locusts to be lured into the frigid waters of Lake Michigan, and Wainwright recounts the story of how early settlers in Massachusetts were able to end a locust plague by luring them into the sea. But how could they possibly coax "countless numbers" of colossal locusts into Lake Michigan? Simple: by duplicating their stridulations and broadcasting them from large speakers on a boat! Wainwright compares this technique to duck hunters using a duck call. And what will he need to pull it off? Well, an oscilloscope, an audio oscillator, two audio amplifiers, high frequency radio equipment, a fast boat, and a live giant grasshopper to serve as his guinea pig.



Soon, they are able to capture a giant locust in a Chicago back alley (a minor threat compared to some of the things that have been known to lurk there) and hold it captive in a specially-constructed cage. As funny as the gravity-defying scenes of gigantic locusts scaling still photographs of skyscrapers are, the caged locust scenes are even more laughable thanks to footage shot from a camera that refuses to remain still, creating the unintended illusion that the bars of the cage are in motion themselves. Wainwright and Audrey putz around in their attempts to perfect their makeshift giant locust call, experimenting fruitlessly with the emission of different

frequencies in search of the magic one that will get a rise out of their orthopterous guinea pig. With moments to spare before the B-52 arrives to obliterate Chicago, they stumble upon the correct frequency. The caged locust goes apeshit, bursting through its cage and slaying a soldier who was standing guard nearby before Wainwright manages to go full Rambo again and smokes it with a machine gun.

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Wainwright puts the word out to General Hanson that they have succeeded in pinpointing the frequency needed to lure the locusts into the Lake, and the B-52 strike is called off in the nick of time. The locust frequency is first broadcast from the top of a skyscraper to draw them all toward the Loop, and, once they are close enough to the Lake, the signal is broadcast from the boat General Hanson secured for this mission. One by one, the locusts make their way to Lake Michigan and plunge in to their watery demise.



So what more can be said about “The Beginning of the End”? It is actually an incredibly entertaining film and one that, in my opinion, should be applauded for the creative risks its makers took with a minimal budget and a concept that, I’m sure, elicited just as many smirks and chuckles at the time as it does now. The cinematography by Jack A. Marta (who, aside from serving as cinematographer for a handful of Bert Gordon’s pictures, worked on hundreds of additional films and television series including “Cat Ballou”, “Batman”, and “The Green Hornet” during his 50+ year career) is gorgeous. I was fortunate enough to view a digitally restored print and found myself marveling at how crisp the picture quality was for a B-movie shot six decades ago.

The score by Albert Glasser (another regular collaborator of Gordon’s and the quintessential B-Movie composer) is top notch. Although reviews at the time of the film’s release—it premiered in Chicago in June of ’57 and was screened widely throughout the U.S. as a double-feature alongside the “The Unearthly” starring John Carradine and Tor Johnson—were largely negative, the film was moderately successful for its distributors (AB-PT/Republic) and opened doorways for Gordon, who went on to make countless other gigantic creature features, earning him the acronymical nickname “Mister B.I.G.”. As for the critics who panned “The Beginning of the End”, you can peruse countless glowingly favorable reviews penned by these same reviewers for films that are now utterly forgotten or considered unremarkable when they are considered at all. And that is one thing that can be said about “The Beginning of the End”: it is utterly unforgettable (as recently as 1999—more than 40 years after its release—it was even parodied in an episode of “The Simpsons”). Once you have seen it, you will never forget having seen it. That fact in itself speaks volumes for a work of art that took two weeks to shoot on a shoestring budget.



A few remarks of interest about the locusts themselves: although most people may not think for a second that locusts pose any real threat to humanity, historically speaking they have proven themselves to be quite formidable. Plagues of locusts have devastated human societies since ancient times (references to the devastation caused by locusts can be found in ancient Egyptian texts, in the Book of Exodus, and in the Qur’an, among other sources), and remain a source of great concern even today where the industrial use of insecticides keeps them largely at bay in some parts of the world. As far back as the Shang Dynasty (1523-1027 B.C.), fire was used as a means of destroying locusts. In 311 A.D., locusts were blamed for a pestilence in China that eradicated 98% of the population

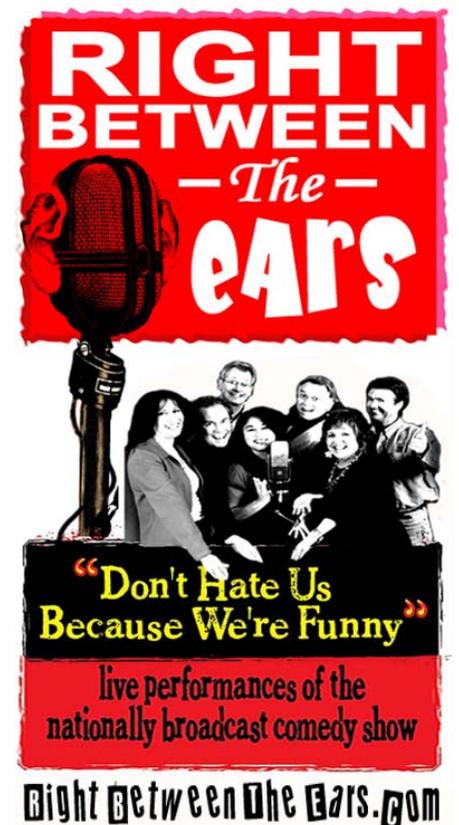
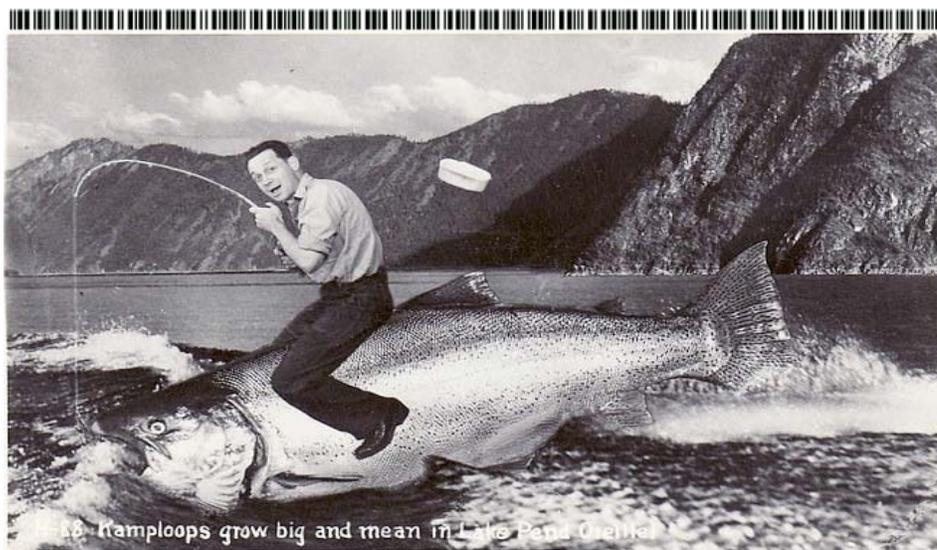
(as locusts swarm, so, too, do other pests such as rats that feed on their carcasses, carrying along disease-infested fleas with them). During the Song Dynasty (960-1279 A.D.), Chinese law actually required citizens to collect and destroy locusts or risk paying substantial fines. Locusts continue to pose a very real threat today in various parts of the world. So, the idea of civilization as we know it being utterly decimated by locusts—even those of average stature—is not as laughable as one might imagine.

[CONTINUES ON FOLLOWING PAGE](#)

When Bert Gordon was making “The Beginning of the End”, he naturally wanted to acquire the largest grasshoppers he could find to be used in the film. He found them in Waco, Texas, which had recently thwarted a massive outbreak of the creatures. The USDA was so paranoid about allowing the pests to be brought into California that they stipulated that only male grasshoppers would be permitted to prevent inevitable breeding, and each of the 200 locusts Gordon secured for use in the film had to be sexed twice—first in Waco before being cleared to leave Texas, and again upon entering California. An unforeseen pickle developed when Gordon realized that the male locusts did not get along and had been killing each other during their journey to California. By the time filming commenced in December of ‘56, only 12 of the 200 original locusts were alive, which is why you never see more than a few locusts onscreen at once (despite claims in the film that they are swarming in droves).



And how many of these grasshoppers were harmed during the making of the film? All of them! According to Gordon’s wife of more than 30 years, Flora (who passed away earlier this year at the age of 90), not a single locust survived. A sad fate to befall such extraordinary creatures, but, perhaps, a small price to pay for cinematic immortality. ♥



AN ADVENTURE BEYOND TIME AND SPACE AS NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY THE HUMAN EYE

SEE THE STRANGE MILE-HIGH CITY OF MARS!

SEE THE GIGANTIC BAT-RAT-SPIDER!

SEE THE DEAD RIVER WHERE ONLY
* THE MONSTER AMOEBA CAN LIVE!



**SPECTACULAR
ADVENTURE
BEYOND TIME
AND SPACE...**

**IN MAGNIFICENT COLOR...AS
cinemagic**



TAKES YOU TO **THE**

ANGRY RED PLANET

AN AMERICAN-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Starring Gerald Mohr . Nora Hayden . Les Tremayne . Jack Kruschen

Directed by Ib Melchior . Produced by Sid Pink and Norman Maurer . Screenplay by Sid Pink and Ib Melchior



FREQUENCY UNKNOWN ANGRY RED PLANET

What can one say about “*The Angry Red Planet*”? It stinks. I must confess though, this is one of my favorite giant monster movies. Wait a minute! Let me correct myself, this movie has two of my favorite giant monsters and that’s the only reason why I watch it. I only attempted to write this review about “*The Angry Red Planet*” because of its striking similarity to “*Adventures in Sound and Space*” which follows this review.

Frankly, I’m surprised at how critical I am about this film. This came to light only after I spent a week trying to write the original review; not what you see here. After rethinking my various viewings of this film, I don’t know why I don’t start watching the movie after they get to Mars. Whoa now, you might be steaming because this movie is so bad its one of your favorite films. Okay, I will admit it’s not the worst film I have ever seen and I have seen movies so awful they would curl your toes.

“*The Angry Red Planet*” does have some amount of watch-ability. It has only two acts; the trip to mars and the events that take place on Mars. The later half of the film, when they arrive on Mars is the best part. I’ve read the reviews which are decidedly split. One review simply said “This movie should be destroyed for future generations.” Now, I wouldn’t go that far and I’ll tell you why, but first...



Why “*The Angry Red Planet*” is just awful.

The film starts off with a heavy dose of stock footage from NASA. However, I will give nods to the clever adaptation of the material which is evident the second time you watch the movie. With the simple addition of the echoed voice layer over those scenes, it transforms them into a genuine part of the movie. Better movies like “*It Came from Beneath the Sea*” overlooked that trick.

It brings nothing original to the popular scenario of a space trip except that it is steeped in reality, although there are clearly plenty of inaccuracies. Most of this film takes place in a single room. There are other rooms and we get a few glimpses, but we aren’t allowed to see them fully.



Gerald Mohr plays a lecherous captain who walks around bare-chested while continuously leering at the female character. I have never liked Gerald Mohr in anything he’s been in because he is one of those actors who made a mediocre career impersonating another actor’s style. In this case, Gerald Mohr is channeling Humphrey Bogart, but badly.

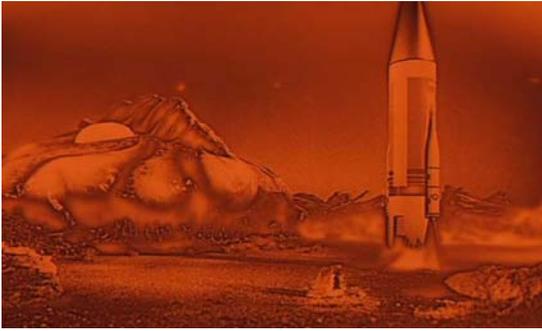
Like most movies of the times, they waited almost two thirds into the film to deliver the goods. Everything promised in this film is delivered just before you decide to walk out of the theater. The reasoning behind this method of presentation was to build up suspense for the exhilarating conclusion and the big reveal. However, especially with giant monster films, these tactics generally fail, causing excruciating monotony rather than excitement, and that is true for “*The Angry Red Planet*.” Half the film is taken up with getting to Mars.

In other words, two thirds of the movie is uncomfortable boring unless you like tepid social interaction. Jack Kruschen, went on to bigger and better things after this film attempts to alleviate the tedium with humor but it just falls flat because it’s really not acknowledged any of the other characters; therefore setting him apart as a token character to be laughed at not with. Overall, there is very little genuine excitement because there is no genuine tension but I suppose you can’t expect too much from a slapdash movie like this.

Angry Red Planet was made in just fourteen days with one fourth of its budget spent on film technique gimmicks. With that said, the money spent on the cinemagic element was not a waste of money as the red wash given to everything on Mars was curious and interesting. ☹

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

Why “*The Angry Red Planet*” is just great!



Aside from “*Godzilla*” (1954), “*The Quatermass Xperiment*” (1959), and “*Caltiki*” (1959), the monsters that appear in this film were some of the most original monsters to appear in any 50s giant monster films. They were animated by respectable techniques, such as a combination of suitmation and marionette. The Rat/Bat/Spider creature was one hundred percent marionette, typical for American monster films of the time, such as “*The Giant Claw*” (1957), “*The Deadly Mantis*” (1957), “*Them*” (1954), “*Attack of the Crab Monsters*” (1957), etc. However, unlike those films which are respected on other merits, *The Angry Red Planet*’s giant monsters have become creature icons of the genre!

There are several moments in the film that are just hilarious because of simple gimmickry. There is classic attention getter scene from some guys waiting for the rocket to come back down to earth. They yell, “Hey look!” and we spend thirty seconds searching for a glimpse of the rocket on an obviously blank screen [ha ha you got me!]

Typically, in 50s and 60s monster films terrible things happen caused by the monster, but the monster is never seen until the end. That aspect is superb if you follow the Lovecraftian method, otherwise not so much. Interestingly, in this movie the humans are the terrible monsters. A predatory giant plant tries to eat the beautiful scientist, Iris, and rightly so, because she practically walks into its mouth. It wasn’t enough that they lopped off some of the plant’s arms to save her. After she is free and clear, they vengefully kill the plant anyway.

Of course, the Rat-Bat-Spider monster is just minding its own business when Iris hacks off a piece of its leg. It tries to escape, but Sam starts shooting it with the sonic freeze gun. It tries to protect itself and they blind it. However, I would postulate that if Sam hadn’t shot at it, the Rat-Bat-Spider would have run right on by. They weren’t even on Mars a few hours before they killed something. After five days, they had killed two plants, one globular creature, and blinded a scared giant monster. If I was a Martian, I would have thrown those savage humans off my planet, too, maybe worse. This is not a “good” reason to like the movie, but it is a refreshing role reversal. Unfortunately, the outcomes of the monsters in this film are same as any other giant monsters.



Another reason is what seems to be an acknowledgement from the director that the first fifty minutes of the film are so boring that he staged a scene where someone off screen drops a pile of junk just to wake up the audience.



I’ve read many reviews about this film and one of the biggest complaints is that the sets were cheap cardboard. Make no mistake, these sets are not cheap. Well, no cheaper than most of the other sets many of the films used around the same time. Actually its probably same set from another movie! It was a combination of regular sets of artificial earth landscapes with the more exotic “alien” plants rendered as matte paintings. Of course, seen through modern eyes they might seem crappy, but it was industry standard when it was used.

The classic plot device “nobody believes me” is handled a lot better than in many other films. They don’t come out and say Iris is lying, but merely and understandably believe her experience has been altered by the Martian atmosphere.

The cinemagic aspect, which was a great gimmick done for the wrong reasons. It was used to bridge the gap between the artificial earth-like landscape and the two-dimensional alien landscapes. Had they used real cardboard cut-outs, it might have made all the difference by offering some sort of depth. However, on the surface the luminous red wash was a unique approach and in my opinion gives the movie merit. As for the highly controversial flub of the atmosphere that changes color, I always assumed luminous red meant day time and the bright blue (only seen through the porthole) was night time.

Here’s a neat occurrence to note when watching the film: When the astronauts first arrive on Mars and leave the ship for the first time the roar of the Rat-Bat-Spider can be heard. This is interesting for two reasons: Mars is supposed of have a sound dampening atmosphere; and, it is also a flub or an Easter egg of the monster they will run into as well. ☺

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Now there are various connections between “*The Angry Red Planet*” and other giant monster films.



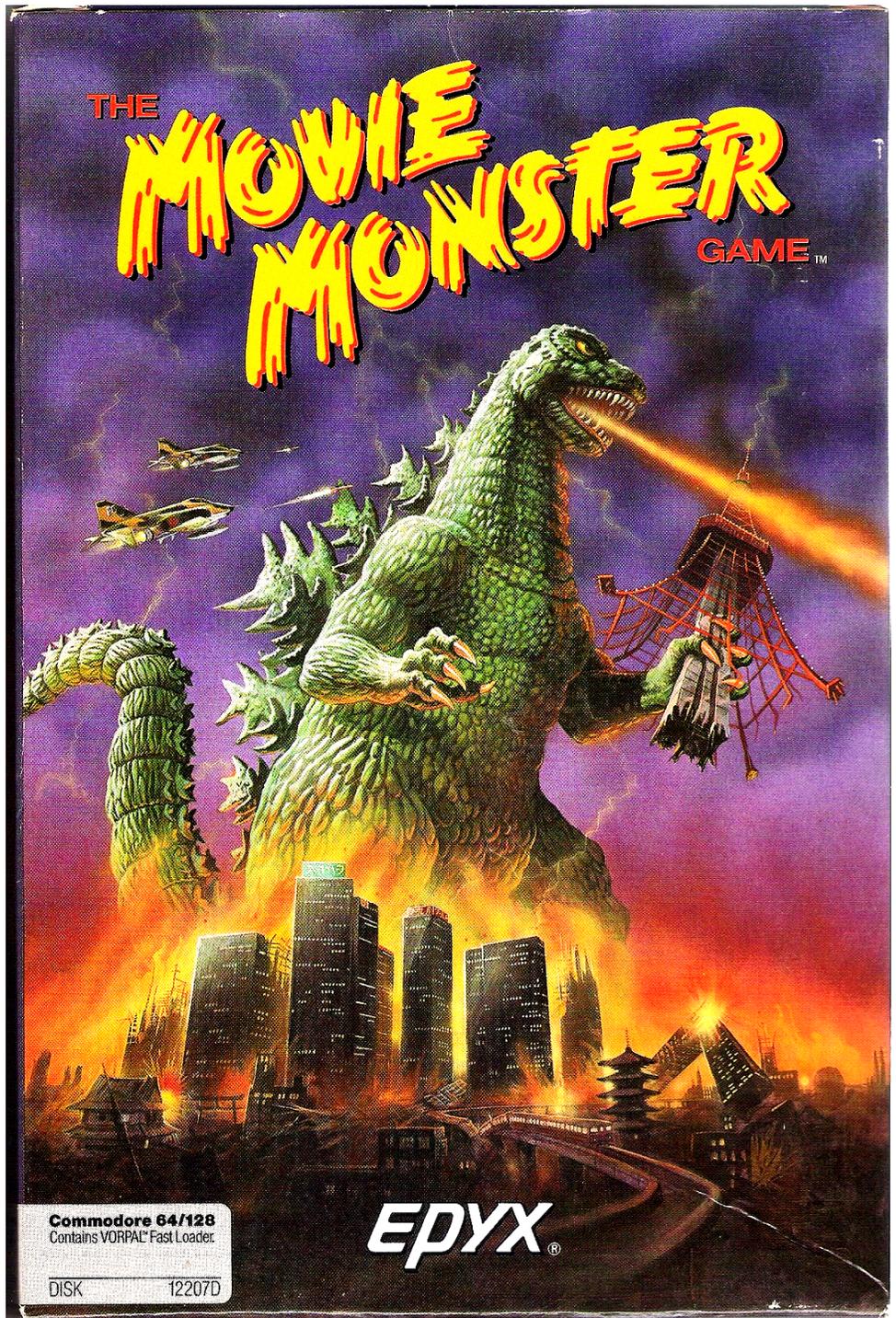
Sam reading a pulp magazine ‘Super Fantastic’

The rocket returning to earth is also seen in “*The Quatermass Xperiment*” (1955) and “*20 Million Miles to Earth*” (1957). The Martians’ warning is also seen in “*The Day the Earth Stood Still*” (1951) and more directly in “*Earth vs The Flying Saucers*” (1956). The hypono-therapy aspect was also seen in “*Kronos*” (1957).



The pernicious growth on the arm of a barely conscious victim was also seen in “*The Quatermass Xperiment*” and “*The Blob*” (1958) and “*The Tingler*” (1959) which was released mere months before “*The Angry Red Planet*” was released.

However, the most startling similarities are between this movie and the straight to vinyl radioplay “*Adventures in Sound and Space*” (1958) which is reviewed on the next page... stay tuned ■



The Old Movie Guy's Page

Birthday star Steve McQueen was offered \$2,500 or 10% of the profits to appear in the 1958 sci-fi film, *The Blob*. He took the \$2,500 because the film wasn't expected to make much. It ended up grossing over \$4 million. Steve was born on March 24, 1930.



ADVENTURES IN SOUND AND SPACE

COL. FRANK ERHARDT & CAST

BLAST OFF...FREE FALL...SPACE STATION...
MOON CRASH...SPACE STORM...
MARS AND THE SECRET OF THE CANALS

RPM
\$ 1.98

RCA VICTOR
LBY-1013

BLUESBIRD CHILDREN'S RECORDS

A HIGH FIDELITY RECORDING



© RCA Printed in U.S.A.

“While fantasies of the future have always interested adults, the appeal of Science Fiction has held the young most firmly. Why shouldn't it? The future Earth, universe, and space belong properly to them.

“*Adventures in Sound and Space*, while fiction, is based solidly upon accepted physical and scientific principles and theories. That a few may eventually be proven wrong is possible, however, it is our belief that the majority of conditions and events set forth in this “sound” saga will be found reasonably accurate when man ceases to be earthbound.” - *Calvin Helms*

FREQUENCY UNKNOWN



Adventures in Sound and Space RCA Victor 1958

Sometimes you find giant monsters in the most unlikely places. Hidden away within realistic space dramas is just one place that giant monsters can raise their frightening faces. This is precisely the case with the 1958 futuristic space recording *Adventures in Sound and Space*. If you're a fan of speculative science fact, then this drama is for you.

As a silent observer, we join the boisterous Col. Frank Erhardt and crew as they venture away from the Earth, first to the moon and then onward to Mars. It is slyly crafted to be not only thoroughly informative, but also superbly suspenseful with its touch and go scenarios which are undoubtedly indicative of any true to life space journey where anything could happen.

The overall production is excellent, but not as skillful as the true radio plays from a decade earlier. It falls short at conveying the passage of time and space through musical arcs. While there is a compelling musical score written by Charles "Chick" Crumpacker and performed by Marty Gold it does nothing for these transitions. *Adventure* has none and therefore it is easy to lose your bearings.

Each stop on the space tour: space station, Moon, and finally, Mars is brief with much fanfare. However, you do get a real sense of being an early space explorer. Of course, we know more now than in 1958, but it is still an exciting ride. I bet you are wondering where the giant monsters come into this production and you would be right to ask.

The fact that they state in the annotation on the back cover that they imply that we'll find monstrous creatures in our cosmic journeys is interesting, as if we had any doubt of that but its also a spoiler. →



Adventures in Sound and Space RCA Victor 1958

Now, I don't want to ruin the fleeting excitement of the giant monster's appearance, as this is not technically a giant monster story. So instead, I will talk about the undeniable similarities between *Adventures in Sound and Space (1958)* and *Angry Red Planet (1959)* that could well be a literal adaptation of Crumpacker's script. It's true!

In each, much of the production is taken up by the 'journey' to Mars with *Adventures* being more technical, while *Angry* is more psychological. The journey as portrayed in *Adventure* is considerably more exciting than the dull intrigue between the space-weary characters in *Angry*. However, *Adventure* is about the thrill of the journey while *Angry* is about the thrill of discovery.

Each crew has their fair share of brief, but alarming mishaps on the journey to Mars, but *Adventure* is more evenly balanced. Not much goes on in *Angry* until two-thirds into the film when they reach Mars. There is a meteor scare and someone drops a tray of equipment to see who is asleep in the theater, nobody after that.

As far as monsters are concerned *Angry* beats out *Adventure*. The crew of the Mars 1 rocket meets two impressive and strange giant monsters. The giant monster the crew in *Adventure* meets is impressively portrayed, but not fully realized, because as I said it's "not" a giant monster radio play. It is just one of those instances where the authors inserted a giant monster into the script to attract... fans? Kids, maybe? Who knows?

CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE

LISTEN TO ADVENTURES IN SOUND AND SPACE ON OUR WEBSITE
www.alloutmonsterrevolt.com/magazine/issue06.html

ADVENTURES IN SOUND AND SPACE

Script and Musical Score:

Charles E. Crumpacker (xxxx - xxxx) a.k.a Chick Crumpacker was probably the most famous person in this roster. At the time of this album, Chick had only been with RCA records for two years. However, after this album he would have a fifty-seven year career with the company producing seminal albums by Mundell Lowe, Henry Mancini, Eartha Kitt, and Hugo Montenegro to name a few.

CAST:

Bob Hasting (1925 - 2014) is perhaps the best known these days for his role as Lt. Elroy Carpenter, the high-strung toady to Capt. Wallis B. Binghamton on *McHale's Navy*. Before that, he was foil to Phil Slivers on the legendary sitcom *Sergeant Bilko*. Others might remember his portrayal of the titular character **Archie Andrews** of Riverdale from the comics on NBC Radio 1945 -1953.

Stasts Cotswoth (1908 – 1979) was a prolific radio actor who seemed to be in every radio show on the air earning him the appellation of the “busiest actor in radio [theater]” by acting in nearly 8000 programs in radio theater’s heyday.

Hal Cooper (1923 – 2014): began his radio acting career very early, but found the mechanics of production more exciting. He wrote, produced, and directed his way through radio and on into television handling many of the highly popular shows of the time.

Col. Frank Erhardt (???? – ????): It is very likely that this is the name of a fictional narrator to lend validity to the recording as there is no conclusive information of his existence outside this recording.

MUSIC:

Marty Gold (1915 - 2011): was a composer and bandleader who worked almost exclusively for RCA records for much of his career as a notable studio musician and arranger. He worked on hundreds of albums backing many popular singers of the time. 🎵

Monstrous Skeleton
 RED SONJA (1985) (spanning the gorge)

ARTISTIC DEPICTION BY JOSHUA TORITTO

HEIGHT: 90ft

WEIGHT
 318.8 tons
 636,600 lbs

LENGTH: 165 ft.

GIRTH: 110ft

CONJECTURE

MONSTER ROSTER

STRENGTHS:
 heat resistant scales, razor sharp dorsal fin, clubbing fins, reinforced head-bone with grapping barb, puncturing horns, jagged teeth, flat tail blaster.

ABILITIES:
 to walk upright on its pectoral fins, to swim in hot lava.

WEAKNESS:
 to dark magic, and possibly water.

AFFILIATION:
 one would have to assume this creatures is good natured as it was killed trying to flee the 'Land Of Perpetual Night'.

Artist Rendering by: Joshua Toritto



Adventures into the Unknown - Giants of the Unknown 1948

WEEKLY WORLD

NEWS

August 17, 1993

85¢/95¢ CANADA

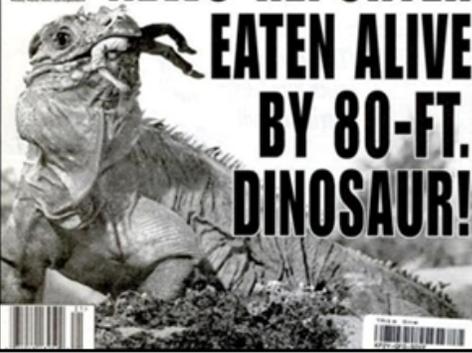
**. SHOCKING!
. BIZARRE!
. INCREDIBLE!
AND IT'S
ALL TRUE!**

INSIDE! BIGFOOT CHALLENGE!
— AMERICA'S LARGEST CROSSWORD PUZZLE!

WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**

Journalist is victim of giant prehistoric beast in Brazilian jungle

NEWS REPORTER EATEN ALIVE BY 80-FT. DINOSAUR!



WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**

FARMER SHOTS 6-FT. BUTTERFLY!

18-pound insect lands in Arkansas meadow!



ALL NEW! WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**
THE WORLD'S ONLY RELIABLE NEWSPAPER

GIANT BATS ATTACK PLANES!

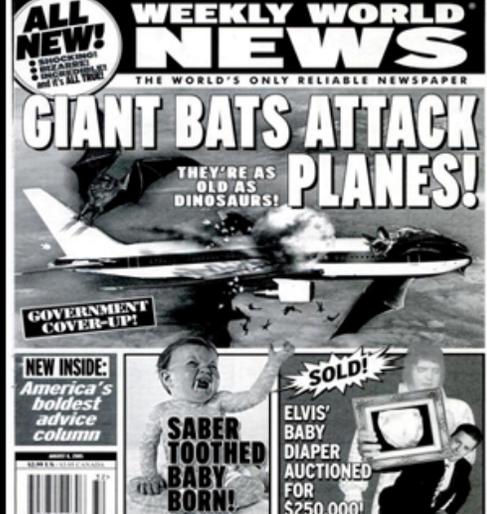
THEY'RE AS OLD AS DINOSAURS!

GOVERNMENT COVER-UP!

NEW INSIDE: America's boldest advice column

SOLD! ELVIS' BABY DIAPER AUCTIONED FOR \$250,000!

SABER TOOTHED BABY BORN!



WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**

RUSSIANS SHOOT DOWN UFO!

Never before seen: Secret KGB photo taken in 1987!

GIANT SQUID ATTACKS JERSEY SHORE!

TERROR FROM THE DEEP UNLEASHES ITS FURY!



WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**

Giant bug is 4 feet long!

FARMER SHOTS 23-LB. GRASSHOPPER!

Thousands of gals want to marry Mister Fuzy-wuzy!

Fed-Up fatties kill aerobics instructor!



WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**

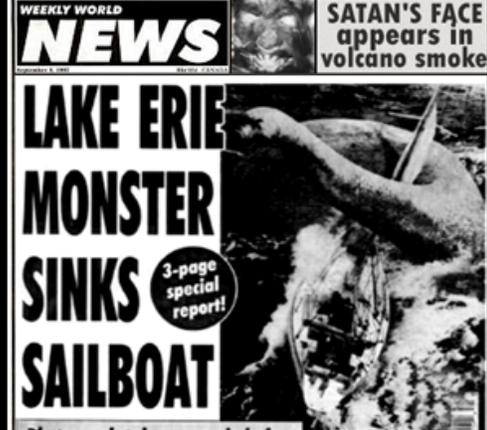
SATAN'S FACE appears in volcano smoke

LAKE ERIE MONSTER SINKS SAILBOAT

3-page special report!

Photograph taken seconds before 38-foot craft was snapped in half!

U.S. NAVY CAPTURES 140FT MONSTER IN LAKE MICHIGAN!



GREATEST BIBLE PROPHECY COMES TRUE... CHRIST RETURNS!

WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**

500-FT. JESUS APPEARS AT U.N.

Tourist takes snapshot of the image that will rock the world!



Beast is 70 feet long and weighs 20 tons!

WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**

LOCH NESS MONSTER CAPTURED!

WORLD EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS!

We caught the last dinosaur on Earth!



WHAT YOU MUST DO TO SURVIVE THE CRISIS!

WEEKLY WORLD **NEWS**

GIANT ROACHES INVADE CLEVELAND!

They're as big as kittens ~ and eat bread by the loaf!

Dentist's tool sucks out patients' brain!



SPECIAL FEATURE
WEEKLY WORLD
NEWS
June 20, 2015 \$1.00/\$1.15 CANADA
RETROSPECTIVE

Weekly World News from (2006 – 2007)

Do you remember where you were, as they say, when we landed on the moon? Do you remember who you were with when you heard *One Direction* was splitting up? Do you remember the year the earth was plagued by hideously giant monsters? No? Well, I don't remember either, but it happened. I only found out after the fact but just like *Kevin Highland (of SPARTA! Tennessee)*, I had always suspected something more was going on.

You can't trust the media, or the authorities, or the government. They think we can't handle the whole truth; that we'll go panicking into the streets to riot, revolt, or roll around on the ground unable to cope with the reality of it all. Well, maybe they are right. So, thankfully the Weekly World News reports the whole truth so we can dismiss it...unbelievable as it may be. According to the *Chinese Zodiac*, 2007 was the year of the Boar; but, it wasn't really. The year 2007 was the year of the dragon, but it really began a whole year earlier...



Nome, Alaska - January 16, 2006:

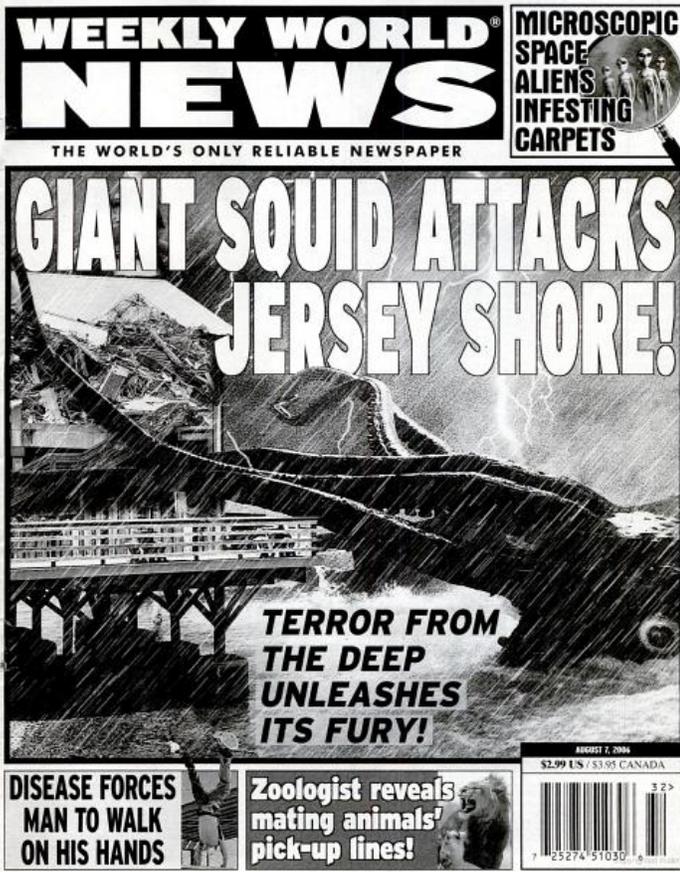
The cruise ship the 'Aunt Bee' makes its way through the Bering Straits between the furthest tip of Alaska and Russia. One of the remotest places on Earth, where happy tourists venture out to explore the massive volcanoes, pristine tundra, and spectacular natural wonders from the Aleutian Islands to the Eastern edge of Siberia—trying to see all sorts of wildlife. It was very serene until the fog rolled in.

A little before three in the morning something in the fog became evident on the radar. Suspecting it might be a drifting iceberg, the crew began altering their course. Then a beastly bellow erupted out of the night as the creature made its attack. It was Utuu, a legendary beast known to the Aleutian Island people. Perhaps it was the same Inuit who foretold Gamera.

Utuu—reported to be over fifty-feet tall by the sole survivor—was the vanguard of an invading army of kaiju. Utuu destroyed the 300-foot cruise ship with little effort, spearing it with its nose spike, then flinging the vessel out of the water. As the ship sank, Utuu ate up the passengers like candy corn.

Aside from several peculiar reports about giant gefilte fish attacking hapless ships (mentioned in Part 1), which terribly unnerved *Harriet Lipschitz (of Elizabeth, New Jersey)*, it would be less than a year before the next devastating kaiju arrived. Smaller monsters were seen milling around in the late fall when another kaiju attacked.

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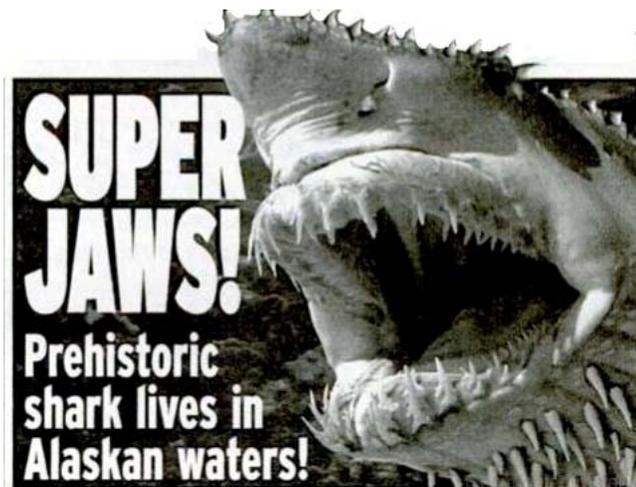
August 7, 2006: Seaside Heights, New Jersey

As the Tropical Storm Chantal battered the coast of New Jersey on its way toward Newfoundland, its severe winds and thrashing waters dredged up a mythical colossus. Like a bulldozer, the brute force of the storm drove millions of gallons of seawater inland raising the water level up more than twenty feet. That's when, under dark skies and whipping rain, three men defying evacuation orders became witness to an incredible drama. Peering out from the protection of his small marina, Ted Hickman saw—illuminated by a flash of lightning—a huge tentacle rise out of the sea with a buoy in its grasp and slam it into the Pier.

That's when Police Sergeant Henderson who was on patrol in the area heard the deafening thud and went to investigate. From the Breakwater beach boardwalk, he could see a huge creature with tentacles just under fifty feet long flailing about at the end of Casino Pier. Henderson saw two of the beast's longest tentacles gleaming in the oblique light, stretching way inland where they latched on to the creaking and groaning steeple of the Sea Cove Church.

Inside the church, Reverend Yebot watched in horror as the giant squid slowly hoisted itself out the pounding surf onto Casino Pier. However, the heft of the squid proved so strenuous that the end of the pier collapsed. The monster was quickly washed a mile down the coast where it then disappeared under the waves. Overall, there was little damage by the giant squid compared to the storm. All this comes before the conclusive proof in 2009 that giant squids do indeed exist, lending credibility to this story. However, no more attacks would be reported until January 2007.

January 1, 2007: New South Wales, Australia



As if Australia doesn't have enough problems with sharks, a Megalodon was purported to be completely and utterly alive and on a feeding frenzy. No, I am not talking about *Meg* the novel of deep sea terror by Steven Alten or *Megalodon* the movie from a few years earlier. I am talking about a real Megalodon so large that it makes *Jaws* look like a guppy; so they say.

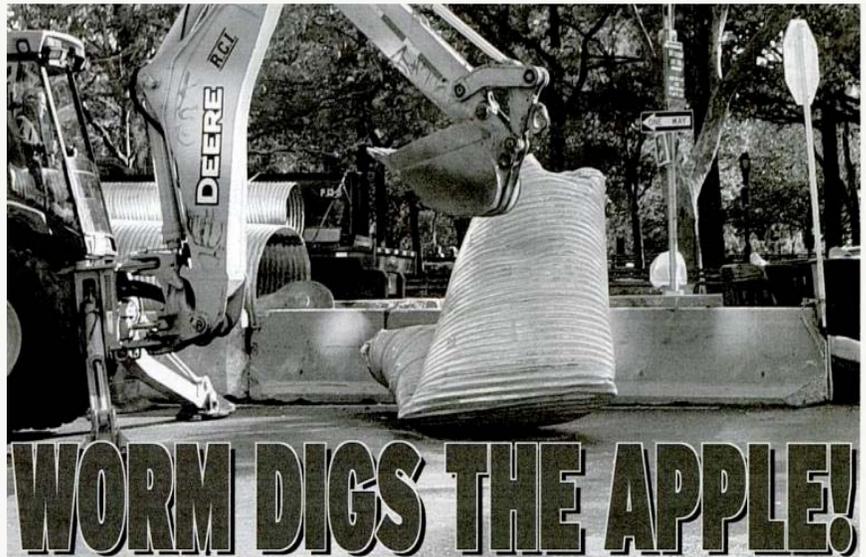
A terrible storm malformed by global warming sent massive water swells from one pole all the way down to the South Pole where they mercilessly bludgeoned the once gargantuan iceberg B-15A. These swells caused a large piece of the iceberg to splinter away and released a hideous prehistoric Megalodon covered in spikes.

Driven by an unearthly hunger from being trapped in ice for thousands of years '*Super Jaws*' immediately attacked and destroyed the research vessel the *Tsuburaya Maru* that housed biologist Tom Nesbitt and his team. Nesbitt was the only survivor of the disaster; his team and the crew of the *Tsuburaya Maru* were inhaled.

Continued on the next page

January 8, 2007 – New York, New York

Later in January, a questionable report came in from the Big Apple. They have worms. Giant worms! A construction crew excavating Manhattan's South Ferry supposedly saw a giant worm as it tunneled up through the newly turned dirt. The worm was scarcely out of its hole, when Fred Bacon, a backhoe operator, —*no relation to Francis Bacon or Kevin Bacon*—bludgeoned the torpid behemoth to death right there in the street with his hydraulic bucket. Dr. Kevin Ward, a paleontologist from the Uptown National Museum put in his two cents before they dumped the dead monster



into the Hudson River. Unless giant worms are hollow that is clearly corrugated piping this report is highly suspect. It almost seems as though they might be covering up for dim-witted Fred Bacon, but I have no idea why.

March 5, 2007 - Driftwood, Nevada

Cowpunchers from the Nevada territory are plagued by mysterious vanishing steer. Fearing it might be aliens they joined together to safely drive their remaining herds across the valley—*Art Bell and George Noory were not consulted*. Top hands, Fred Bullock and Hearst Ransom, head out with the herd but soon silence surrounded them. Unnerved, but stalwart, they continue on when a strange racket breaks the silence. Just over the ridge a cluster of translucent horny rings waves vigorously—similar in appearance to a snake's rattle. Then it appears; a fifty-foot, steer swallowing desert viper surprises the cowhands and herd. Ransom and Hearst whip out their shotguns and blast it but the bullets just roll off the rattler's scales. It, then, turns on them and their only defense is dynamite. They lob one down its throat, but it only dazes the colossal viper.

Finally, when it lunges for him, swifter than the snake itself, Hearst pitches a whole bundle of dynamite down the rattlesnake's gullet. The king rattler rears back and explodes in a hail of blood and guts. The herd is saved. A thorough search of the territory was made for more mammoth vipers or their eggs. While none were discovered, biologists from the Western Large Reptile Institute are skeptical citing that even snakes that large can hide in plain sight.



There would be a nine-week lull in kaiju reports and this seemed to be the end of it, a respite from the giant monster encounters... at least for awhile. We didn't realize that previous encounters in past years were the darkening before the storm. For that startling account you will have to wait for the exciting conclusion of the...

Weekly World News Retrospective in ISSUE 7 of the All-Out Monster Revolt Magazine. ◻

KPR PRESENTS

CINEMA A GO-GO

10.21.16



Retro Cocktail
Hour
20th ANNIVERSARY

KANSAS
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The Tingler

LIBERTY HALL - 7 P.M. - \$8

for more info, visit:
kpr.ku.edu OR retrococktail.org

A Double Feature of:
The Giant Claw & The Tingler



Five Questions w/ Darrell Brogdon

As creator & host of the Retro-Cocktail Hour; who better to ask about what it is.

Wow, that takes in a lot of ground. The Retro-Cocktail Hour (RCH) plays what I like to call “space age pop and incredibly strange music,” which is everything from lounge music to exotica to beatnik jazz, and everything in between. On a typical show, you’re liable to hear stereo action records from the ‘60s, Italian movie soundtracks, bossa nova, mambo, the list goes on and on. Basically, it’s music for grown-ups.

One thing I have been researching lately is the connection between giant monster movies and lounge music. What connections between the two have you found?

Well, some of the kaiju movies from Japan have cool music, and I don’t mean just the symphonic stuff. For example, I’ve played stuff from the soundtrack of *H-Man*, much of which takes place in a night club, so there are several tunes with a jazzy Latin flavor. Movies like *The Blob* and *The Green Slime* spawned awesome theme songs. And then a lot of the orchestral music for monster movies in the 1950s is fun, too.

Are you a giant monster fan? What is your first or fondest memory of giant monsters that has stuck with you?

My all time favorite giant monster movie is *THEM!* It’s like a police procedural with monsters, and what a splendid cast! It’s like the template for all the monster movies that followed in its wake. My earliest memory of a giant monster movie is seeing the trailer for *War of the Colossal Beast* when I was a kid, maybe five years old. It sent me right under my seat. I was petrified.

Speaking of connections, one of the aspects of the Retro Cocktail Hour is ‘Cinema A-Go-Go’ which is a double feature movie night. It boasts quite a range of 50s flicks and quite a few of them are creature features. Can you tell us about ‘Cinema A-Go-Go’?

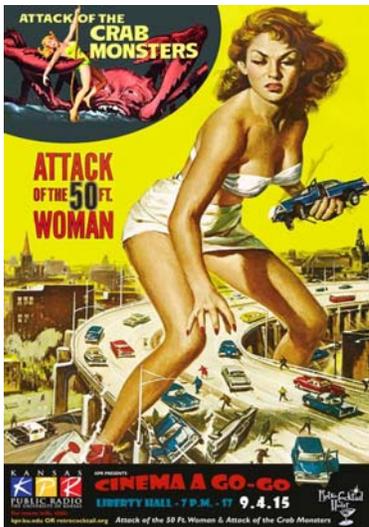


The first screening we did was co-sponsored by the Mexican consulate in Kansas City, and it was a night of lucha libre movies starring El Santo. Later we started exploring other genres - European spy films, superhero movies, outer space, giant monster movies, etc. Frequently, the movies are not very good, other times we bring back some of the classics like *Forbidden Planet*.

What’s cool about Cinema A-Go-Go is how the audience gets right into it, shouting stuff back at the screen and cheering. One of our most recent screenings was *Attack of the Crab Monsters* and *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman* on a double bill. There’s a scene in *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman* where William Hudson, as Harry the fifty-foot woman’s evil husband, is contemplating shooting her up with a hypo full of deadly drugs. Someone in the theatre shouted, “Don’t do it, Harry!” and the place erupted.

For quite sometime lounge music as a genre was maligned as being gaudy. Why should people take the chance and explore the lost avenues of lounge music today?

Like with anything, there’s a fair amount of crap out there, but a lot of this music harks back to a time when the big record labels offered a much greater menu—something for everyone—and as always superbly performed and produced. For example, I’m always impressed with some of the great names of jazz who appear on some of these records. It may have been just another job for them, but they still gave it their all. You must be a little discriminating and look for the good stuff. People who’ve never heard RCH often mistake it for one of those “so bad it’s good” shows. I think that’s way off the mark; a lot of it is terrific, even today, if you’re in the mood for it.



Listen to the Retro Cocktail Hour Friday’s on [retrococktail.org]

CYBERGECKO KAIJU GALLERY

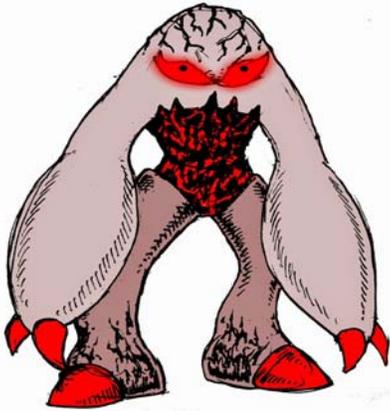
Kaiju Designs by Alex Strang

VIEW, REVIEW AND RATE YOUR FAVORITE KAIJUS!



CYBERGECKO KAIJU GALLERY

Kaiju Designs by Alex Strang



ORIGINAL CHARACTER BY ALEX STRANG

ORIGIN:

Doom Avenger Khoomgigar was born of the most powerful essence, Demonfire, known in the magic realm. As a result, Khoomgigar developed an endless thirst for the negative thoughts that emanated from sulky doomsayers. Whenever someone became hopeless and forecast the ultimate doom and total destruction of the world, Khoomgigar would rise out of the magma to hunt down and destroy the prophet, absorbing their nihilistic thought-energy. The direr the prediction, the stronger and larger Khoomgigar becomes. The monster then belches the energy out, little by little, until it returns to its normal size.

ABILITIES:

Khoomgigar summons a *Vortex Catapult* to hurl energy whirlpools at enemies. This turns them into rocks, rocks that can then be flung at other enemies. *Big Blockers* are large fleshy arms that can intercept most attacks and cause concussions, if they make contact. The *Dark Energy Armor* absorbs energy attacks and can use that energy to see through solid objects with red x-ray eyes. The red eyes can also drive other monsters mad with a *Berserkers Glare*. Its *Horned Hooves* cause tremors and deliver powerful flutter kicks.



Variation by Artist Tess Stevenson

KHOOMGIGAR (Female Variant)

The monster Khoomgigar grew too powerful from absorbing the ultimate doomsday prophecy, which predicts every 3,333 years the world will be destroyed by Khoomgigar himself. The kaiju became over saturated with power and exploded. From his ashes, in the Demon Underworld, rose a Khoomgigar in a new form, a female kaiju version with more cunning and more intelligence.

ADDITIONAL VARIANT ABILITIES:

Vortex Lash is an energy vortex whip that continuously wraps around enemies from head to toe until they turn into a boulder, rocks, or sand. With the additional of a third dewclaw, the female Khoomgigar can use the fast-paced demonic martial arts form called **Doom-Kata** that cannot only defeat enemies, but turns their freestone bodies into positive energy totems.

THE TRUE ENEMY

by Patrick Derrickson



“As long as man has been communicating there have been strange tales about giant monsters that have sought to terrify them and trounce them. It has always been unjustified and unwarranted. The men of these stories have always been favored by the gods because they were innocent. What happens when mankind’s indignities finally offend the gods of the natural world? What happens when mankind’s imprudent ways go unchecked? Things begin to happen; terrible and frightening things.” – Dr. Zulu Zombie

“Sorry to interrupt you, Mitch, but we have a news story breaking. A dramatic scene is unfolding in Antarctica. The massive piece of ice scientists feared would break free from the Larsen C Ice Shelf has just broken loose. A 2,000-square mile iceberg, about the size of Delaware, is on a collision course with the Atlantic maritime community. Experts are concerned this colossal iceberg will drift into the shipping lanes around the tip of South America pushing a wall of water ahead of it. Scientists speculate the Antarctic ice shelf hasn’t shrunk this far in 10,000 years, fueling concerns about global warming,” reported Nancy Malone of the nightly news.”

“... and now that the price of gasoline has decreased again, Nancy, it’s at an historic low, that means a drastic increase in maritime travel and recreation this summer and that is a very scary scenario for...”

Cutter Martin turned off the TV and tossed the remote on the couch. “Cheap gas. We all know what that means,” he muttered to himself. People needed to change their self-indulgent and destructive natures before the damage was irreparable. Already, storms were more violent, and animals and insects were going extinct due to ecological changes. Now, icebergs the size of small islands threatened additional calamity. Cutter hoped this latest situation would not be too catastrophic.

Early morning light filtered through gaps in the faux wood blinds of his condo's windows, creating yellow lines against his bland walls. He had been in the condo for more than two years. Someday, whenever work slowed down, he’d get around to personalizing his living space. Like that would ever happen; he was gone for months at a time.

Cutter traveled the globe as a crisis management investigator assigned to the United Nations. When something bad happened in the world, Cutter determined what had happened, and led the resolution efforts until local authorities assumed control. Most times, the occurrences made it on the media circuit. Sometimes, it was covered up. Usually, a bunch of stiffs with higher pay grades than his made the decision to black out all media coverage of the event. Whether a terrorist attack or the negative impact to the financial stability of a region, or an incident deemed too graphic or too inciting for certain groups of people to handle, these incidents were quickly scrubbed from the global consciousness.

Cutter opened the blinds and stared at the strings of orange and pink clouds predicting another day of record setting high temperatures in Washington, D.C. He grabbed his keys from the painted ceramic bowl on the table near the door. The bowl was only thing left from his failed marriage to Debra, a lobbyist for an environmental protection firm. They'd both been married to their jobs and still were. Friends now, they hooked up for the occasional dalliance whenever their jobs allowed.

Closing the door behind him, Cutter stopped thinking about work; time to run; just him, the music, and the pavement. This was his time now; the only alone time he seemed to have any more. His earphones muted the outside noise. The music from his cellphone app began. If someone needed him, he was within reach.



Cold water filled his mouth before his jaws reflexed and liquid ran through his gills. His limbs floated in the near frozen water, as if supported by some invisible force. His body convulsed as it awakened from its long slumber. The water tasted salty and more bitter than he remembered. As his eyes focused; he watched the remnants of his icy prison float away into the murky depths. Other dark shapes remained trapped within the ice. Memories flooded back, horrific scenes etched in his mind; escaping the fiery death raining down from the angry sky and fleeing the acidic air as it seared his throat. He remembered running on burning land before desperately jumping into the sea to escape certain death, and the cool water that soothed his body. He swam many light and dark cycles. Sometimes he was alone, and sometimes with others of his kind but when his energy finally ran out, the water froze around him, encasing him in an icy prison.

Until now; long unused muscles slowly heeded his commands. He stretched. His tail swished, creating currents that stirred up pieces of ice. He sucked in seawater through his mesh-lined mouth, seeking to trap tiny creatures before they were shredded against his razor-sharp teeth. But he tasted only ice. Something disturbed the current.

A large form swam in his direction. He couldn't determine what it was, but it traveled fast, cutting through the darkness. Maybe, it could provide the sustenance he needed. His leg jerked downward.

His eyes flew open as sharp teeth bit into his leg. A fleeting form crashed into his back and drove him forward. A large, black creature grappled him, searching for an opening to attack with its curved beak. With a snap of his tail, he propelled himself away from the swirling limbs. Tentacles closed in and he snatched them with his claws. He pulled the creature toward him and stuffed the thrashing oval head into his mouth. His teeth tore through rubbery flesh. Blood and meat slid down his throat. The exertion had thrown off any residual effects of his long slumber. His dormant stomach came to life, spewing chum into the icy water.

He swam a short distance away, sucking fresh water to clear the sour taste from his mouth. He needed food. Gliding back to the shredded flesh, he ate slowly this time. His stomach cramped, but the food stayed down.

He worked the tightness from his body as he sped through the water. As he neared the surface, the inky blackness subsided and the water brightened. He'd been trapped for so long, unable to move. Eager to see the sun and feel its warmth again, he sped upwards, breaching the surface, rising high above the water before crashing down. He was free again. He looked up at the sun and roared.

Absorbed in play, he barely noticed the vibrations. Something moved across the surface of the water, but not at fast as the creature he'd recently feasted on. It moved at a slow, constant crawl. He followed the disturbance until he came upon the strange creature. It swam, but had no tail. It had many bright eyes and exhaled a black, stinging breath. Chunky, dark liquid spewed from the creature into the water. Something harsh and acrid stung his mouth and throat. He closed his burning eyes and swam away, hoping the water would cleanse the biting poison. Cloudiness eased in two of his eyes, but the agony intensified in the third, situated higher on his head. He writhed until darkness filled his vision. The vile beast glided away, as if taunting him. He would tear the tailless creature apart. He propelled himself upward and tore into the enemy. The unfamiliar creature's sharp skin sliced through his back. Anger muted his pain, as he watched the two pieces of his defeated foe drift downward, its many eyes no longer shining. Small, spindly creatures flailed on the ocean's surface. He opened his maw and swallowed them. They were soft, unlike their tough-skinned parent, with a meaty taste he liked.



He streaked through the cold, gloomy water at the bottom of the great ocean. He had traversed a great distance the past few days, gorging on any living creature he encountered, growing stronger with each passing day. His kind had the ability to breathe in and out of the water. It would soon be time for him to leave the water behind, to feel the warm wind caress his skin once again. Fish darted away as his sleek body sliced through the water. He arced upward, streaking toward the light, then abruptly fell back. Something gigantic swam above him. Memories of the previous fight rushed back, anger still ripe in his mind. His tongue flicked out and licked his dead eye. While the eye no longer caused him pain, the loss of vision would hinder his ability to hunt. The creature above seemed unconcerned by his presence. Its multitude of yellow eyes reflected on the waterline, while scores of its offspring crawled over its body. They had to be destroyed. He dove deep into the murky water, then thrust upward, taut muscles uncoiling as he approached the surface.

He burst from the water, landing on the beast, claws ravaging the rigid body. Shredding its belly exposed more of its spawn, turning the center of the creature into a mangled red mess of death. Some of the brood escaped his wrath by jumping off their mother into the water; he'd get them later. He thrashed around inside the dying beast, until her burning innards turned him back. Black smoke streamed from her, choking him, burning his throat. The beast shuddered as it took its last breath, sinking into the darkness. He leapt into the ocean. The cool water soothed his burned skin. Satisfied, he disappeared into the shadows.

Cutter's cellphone alarm woke him. He recognized his boss's ringtone. Frank Rupa, the US's appointed representative to the Global Crisis Management Office had been Cutter's CO in the Army. When Frank accepted his current role, he recruited Cutter to join him.

"Hey Frank," Cutter said.

"Cutter, there's a plane leaving from Dulles in 40 minutes. You need to be on that plane. The files will be on your tablet by then. Don't miss that flight."

"This sounds big. Is it bad?"

"Yeah, it's bad. The media is running with the lead within the hour. Videos on the web have already gone viral."

"What's going on?"

"You have to see it to believe it, Cutter. Words don't do it justice. Don't miss that flight!" Frank hung up. Cutter jumped in the shower. Curiosity and cold water energized him; he finished in five minutes. Grabbing his gear, he bounded down the steps two at a time to the parking garage underneath his building, mounted his bike, and gunned the engine. The sun cleared the horizon as Cutter sped onto the street. Traffic was light. Twelve minutes later, two armed guards scanned his ID card and waved him through the closed gate. Cutter parked the motorcycle outside the GCM hangar and ran to the plane on the tarmac.

The plane held only a few other passengers, none whom Cutter recognized. He slipped into an empty seat and hooked his tablet into the power outlet, plugged in his earphones, and opened the first video.

"What the hell?" The rational side of his brain couldn't grasp what he was seeing on the screen. A gigantic, black-skinned creature with glowing crimson eyes, clawed hands, and a long tail that ended in a spade-shaped barb had just ravaged the hell out of a cruise ship. If this wasn't the best special effects video he'd ever seen, then shit just got real. Cutter barely felt the jolt of the plane moving. He couldn't tell if the ache in his stomach was due to the plane rapidly ascending or the knowledge that he just witnessed thousands of people die. A small app popped up in the corner of his tablet. It was Frank on Skype.

"Frank, what the hell is this?"

"I told you words weren't enough."

"And this isn't some Internet hoax? We have confirmation?"

"Yep. The Argentinean Navy were the first responders. They have confirmed 1,961 dead or missing. Fourteen survivors recovered."

"What's our directive?" Cutter asked.

"A detachment from the Third Fleet has been deployed, but they won't arrive for a few days. Chile and Peru are on high alert. The cruise lines have recalled all ships to the nearest ports."

"And me?"

"You'll rendezvous with the Chilean fleet outside Santiago. Arturo will meet you on the ship."

"What else?"

"This is the first reported incident, but it may not be the only one."

"Okay. Primary objectives?"

"Find out where the hell that thing is, and where it came from."

"Got it." Frank disconnected. Cutter stared out of the plane's window and observed the sun's fiery rays beating down on the earth below. Something unimaginable had crawled from some dark crevice and decided not to play nice. It was like something out of a horror movie.



The uneven terrain at the bottom of the ocean began a gradual incline. Cautiously, he glided up from the depths. His head broke the surface, the calm water rippling gently.

Water dripped from his gills. Instinctively, he took a breath. The air cut into his chest like shards of ice. After a few excruciating minutes, his lungs relaxed and he breathed in the warm air. Trudging along the rocky shore, his webbed feet picked up vibrations. A herd! His mouth watered for the taste of warm-blooded meat.

He caught movement out of the corner of his eye. An oddly shaped animal rolled away from him. Black smoke puffed from behind the rolling beast. He leapt after it. In a few strides, he reached the slow-moving creature and smacked it, sending it flying against a rocky outcropping where it burst into a fireball. Roaring, he turned to see more of the creatures crest the hill. Orange and black smoke spewed from openings in their bodies. Searing pain erupted on his face and chest. He howled. Blood oozed from the wounds. He bounded toward his attackers, claws launching the heavy beasts away. Agony erupted in his back. He spun around tripping over his legs.

A flying beast spat at him from behind as he tried to crawl away. He wrapped his claws around one of the dead rolling creatures and flung it at the remaining foe. His aim was true. Both creatures tumbled to the ground in a fiery tangle. Against the backdrop of a mountain range, more attackers emerged from burrows and headed straight for him. He bellowed a challenge, but a wave of dizziness hit him and he stumbled backwards. Hurt more than he thought, he shuffled into the water, diving for the safety of the deep ocean.



Cutter viewed footage on his tablet as his helicopter neared the landing platform on the Chilean destroyer. The Chilean army had repelled the creature forcing it back into the water. It bled; that meant it could be killed. He hopped onto the deck of the ship, and ran toward the man waving at him. Arturo slapped his back and gave him a toothy grin.

"Exciting times, eh, my friend?" Arturo Alvarez was the South American representative to the Global Crisis Management agency. He and Cutter had worked together during an oil spill off the coast of Chile a couple of years back. Cutter did not find watching innocent people die exciting.

"Have you seen the latest videos?" he asked.

"Yes! That is one big fish."

"It can breathe on land. The coastal towns have to be evacuated."

"Agreed; come with me. I've got a secure connection setup with GCM."

As Cutter followed Arturo down a narrow hallway, he observed men prepping the ship for departure. Their expressions told him they knew they were headed for a fight. Cutter and Arturo reached the communications center and locked the door. Arturo opened a channel and Frank appeared on his screen.

"Based on the latest video from the Chilean government, the creature destroyed several tanks, ground vehicles, and a helicopter in a little over two minutes. They wounded it, and drove it back into the water." Frank said

"It bleeds, Frank, so it can die." Cutter replied.

"Was the military able to track the creature once it reached the water?" Frank asked

"Initially, but it moved out of range within a few seconds," Arturo said.

"Frank, this thing can breathe out of water. The coastal towns have to evacuate," Cutter said.

"Damn, I had hoped it wouldn't come to that." Frank was saying when a knock interrupted them. A sailor spoke rapidly in Spanish to Arturo.

"The sonar picked up a big object moving northwest at a pretty good clip. The ships are pursuing," Arturo said.

"Maybe they can push it toward the US ships. We have two subs about four hours ahead of the main fleet; maybe they can track it."

"I'll update the Captain," Arturo said.

"Cutter, Arturo can handle this. I need you to investigate the cruise ship wreckage. If you find out anything, let me know as soon as possible. If we can find a weakness, I want to use it."

"Okay." Frank's image dissolved into blackness.

"Watch yourself, Arturo," Cutter said.

Once in the helicopter, Cutter patched into the pilot's COM unit. A jet on standby at the military base would take him to Argentina, where a navy cutter waited in port. He had time for a phone call, so he dialed Debra's number. It went directly to voice mail.

"Debra - it's Cutter. You know where I am. Take care of yourself. I'll call later." She probably wouldn't return his call, knowing he didn't answer calls except Frank's when deployed. But if Debra did call this time, he'd answer it.



Angry strokes pulled him deeper into the ocean. A deep crevice appeared, dark and inviting. He could rest and heal. As he slid inside, a tentacle wrapped itself around his tail. He snatched the offending giant squid by its bulbous head and stuffed it in his mouth, teeth shredding the chewy flesh. Several other squid joined the first. He settled down with a full stomach, slipping into a rough slumber.

A pulsation in the water roused him. He watched as two creatures, similar to ones that had attacked him on shore, swam overhead, disturbing the calm of the deep ocean. They passed right by him, unaware that he lay below them. He surged upward intent on surprising his enemy.



"Contact port quarter, sir," the sonar operator said.

"Is it the creature?" the Captain asked.

"Its either the creature, or the biggest whale I've ever seen."

"Sound general quarters, Lieutenant. Target that thing and fire when ready."

"Aye, Captain." Alarms blared, and red lights flashed on the console.

"Sir, bogey closing fast, 1,500 yards, 1,000, 500. Sir, it's going to--"



"Captain, the Dover's been hit. Communications are out. Hull breach confirmed."

"Lock on the target, sailor. Helm, I want full speed ahead. Com - inform the fleet we've made contact and are engaging the target." The crew acknowledged the captain's orders in rapid succession.

"Target acquired. Firing solution ready, sir!"

"Fire!" the Captain ordered. A whooshing sound echoed through the sub as the torpedo launched. The rapid ping of the tracking signal echoed around the hushed bridge as the crew waited for the missile to strike.



He ripped a gash in the side of the creature, and it crumpled under the pressure of the deep ocean. Its brother swam away. It wouldn't get away that easily. He kicked upwards, slicing through the water. Something small sped toward him. He avoided it, and swiped it with his tail as he passed. Pain erupted from his back as he was thrown forward.



"Target hit, sir!"

"Status?"

"Still moving toward us, sir."

"Fire all ready torpedoes now!" The communications operator looked up.

"It's too late, sir."



He crashed into the hard but smooth creature, sending it to the ocean floor. He continued moving, tumbling through the water, unable to steer himself away from the rock wall. He plowed into the side of the underwater mountain. Something inside him popped. He convulsed as pain coursed through his battered body. He twisted violently, clawing at his back. His tail was gone. He shivered, unable to staunch the blood oozing out of his ruined back. He had not yet recovered from his last fight. If he could get away now, he might have a chance. The sea hummed furiously around him with the sound of new enemies. He had run out of time.



"Sir, we've lost contact with the Dover and the Harrington."

"Damn. Ready the depth charges. We'll draw the beast to the surface and blow a hole the size of the carrier through its slimy ass." The depth charges dropped. Seconds later, distant explosions rocked the ship.

"Anything yet?" the Captain asked.

"No, sir." The captain raised binoculars scanning the turbulent waters. Without warning the sea erupted next to the Chilean destroyer. The gigantic creature, black blood dripping from a jagged gash in its back, crawled onto the ship's deck. Clawed hands ripped through steel like a knife through butter. Black smoke belched into the sky. Already listing to starboard, there were seconds left before the ship would turn over.

"Open fire on the target! Focus the fifty and the anti-aircraft batteries in the center of that goddamned thing!" Orange flames shot out from the ship's weapons. Metal slugs ripped into creature, shredding its flesh and severing one of its arms. But not before it ripped the bridge tower off the deck. The beast toppled into the water.



The water swallowed him, pulling him down into its welcoming embrace. His pain dimmed like the light above him. He would be no more. But he remembered the other, larger shapes stuck in their frozen prisons. He wasn't the last of his kind. Soon, they would be free, too. And they would rid the world of these poisonous creatures.



Cutter surveyed the wreckage of the ocean liner. The rescue and recovery teams had already collected the bodies of the passengers. Some were still missing, and probably would never be found. Something out of an old horror movie had come alive and terrorized this ship. His phone buzzed.

"Hey, Frank."

"How's it going?"

"That thing is a big, strong son of a bitch; ripped through this ship like it was made of tissue paper. I'm estimating claws about five feet long based on the size of the slash marks."

"The Navy killed it thirty minutes ago. Submersibles confirmed the creature's dead at the bottom of the Pacific."

"They gonna bring it up, Frank?"

"Yeah, already working on the plan, of course, Peru and Chile are already fighting with us over territorial rights. Can't work together for ten minutes before it all goes to shit."

"Figures. We save their asses and they don't want anything to do with us after."

"Cutter, Arturo's dead. That thing took out the destroyer before we got it."

"Damn."

"I know. We'll appoint a replacement soon enough, but for now, I have Juliette flying in to help with the clean up." Juliette Arnon, Global Crisis Management's European representative, usually responded to threats on the other side of the Atlantic. But after this, Cutter wouldn't be surprised if the entire global team assembled for a briefing. There might be more of these monsters.

"Cutter, I need you to find out where that thing came from. And if there are any more of them."

"I will, Frank." Cutter slipped the phone back into his pocket. He watched a bent cabin door floating in the ocean. Divers in wetsuits picked through the wreckage, searching for evidence and gathering personal belongings; cleanup would take days.

"Mr. Martin?" The communications specialist handed him a piece of paper. "Thought you might want to see this." An Argentinean fishing vessel had been reported missing three days ago. Wreckage had been seen floating 500 miles south of their position.

"How long will it take to get there?" Cutter asked.

"About four hours."

"Set a course and get underway as soon as possible." The man nodded and headed back to the bridge. Cutter gazed out over the water. He hoped this was an isolated event. But something whispered in the shadows of his mind. He grabbed his cell phone and pressed a number on his speed dial.

He needed to hear Deb's voice.



Patrick Derrickson has been a fan of speculative fiction from the age of nine when he first read *The Stand*, by Stephen King. Since then, he has been the majestic hero of kingdoms, galaxies, and unspoken horrors. A member of the *Written Remains Writer's Guild*, he has finally found the outlet for the bizarre thoughts chasing each other inside his head.

His publishing credits include *The Next King*, published in the anthology *Someone Wicked* and *The Repo Girl*, published in the Smart Rhino's anthology *Insidious Assassins*.

Both are available in print and digital formats.

Patrick is a soccer referee and giant monster fan that follows one too many podcasts and obsessively follows technology.

He resides in Delaware.



Artist unknown for the art used on "The True Enemy" splash page.



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If you are interested in the continuation of this magazine, please write and let us know. Your ideas and suggestions will be given the most dilligent consideration in determining the future and direction of this magazine. Thank you for reading!

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