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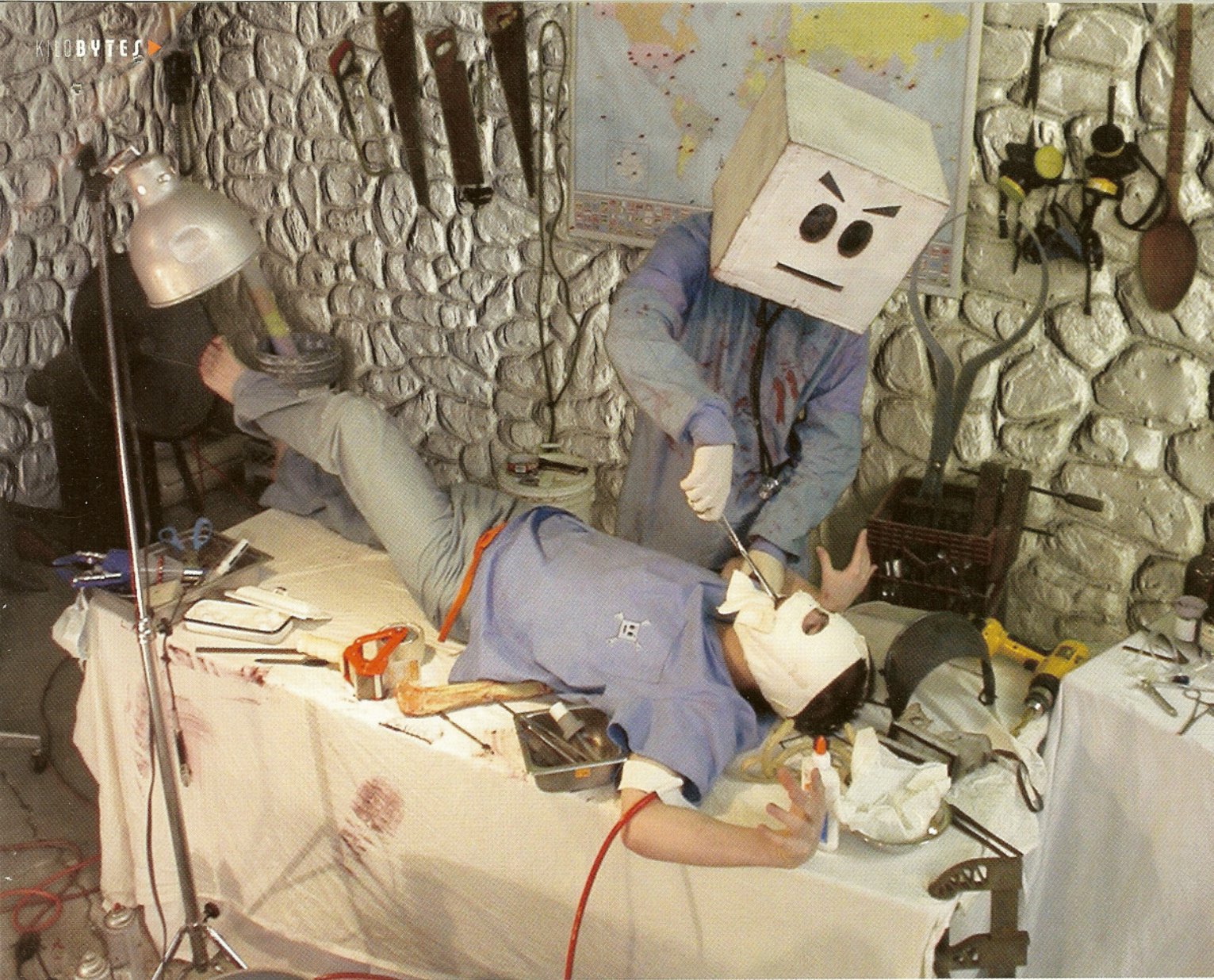
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NEW AGE RAWPAGE

Real life or science fiction? The monsters of **KAIJU BIG BATTLE** reign supreme.

BY MARK VON PFEIFFER

(Discordant cymbals peal with quickening pace against a low, bowel-rumbling didgeridoo. Fade in to slideshow of creatures.)

THEIR ANCESTRY can be traced back though the eons. Cerberus and the Hydra of Greek lore. Fenris Wolf and the Midgard Serpent of Norse legend. *Kaiju*, or "fantastic monsters," lumbered their way into contemporary consciousness during the late 1950s via legendary Japanese director Inoshiro Honda's documentaries. Masterfully disguised as "Sci-Fi" thrillers, these films etched in our minds the skyscraper-dwarfing figures of Godzilla, Mothra, Rodan, Megalon, and King Kong to name but a few. At times sacrificing their own flesh to defend the

earth from attack, at times wrecking entire cities with savage bloodlust, their ever-changing allegiances made them all the more terrifying. Very recently, however, such behemoths have breached the long-maintained facade of fiction, declaring their existence before a transfixed humanity...Enter **KAIJU BIG BATTLE!** [sic.]

The enigmatic "Commissioner" of KBB, sometimes known as the "Austrian Prince of Dark Chocolate," has devised a method—the magical or scientific root of which is shrouded in secrecy—to shrink the newest wave of Kaiju down to humanoid size. Thus, they are able to take up arms against one another in East

Coast venues such as New York's Roxy and Philadelphia's Electric Factory, circumventing the widespread destruction of old.

Recently, the Commissioner agreed to meet with me at Studio Kaiju's block-dominating compound in the heart of Boston. Upon my arrival he informed me in a bizarre, unidentifiable accent that I would be the first outsider allowed into the subterranean catacombs deep below the studio. Whether I should be flattered or fearful I did not know. Noting his turn-of-the-century German cavalry uniform and cryptic platinum-rimmed monocle, I began to wonder if he might have his own, sinister agenda.

As we moved through the earth's mantle in a swank penthouse-style elevator he set forth his plans for a national tour, or as he put it—"blitzkrieg." Attempting to marshal the warring contingents of Silver Potato's *Heroes*, Dr. Cube's malevolent *Posse* and the mysterious *Team Space Bug* seemed an impossible task. One, that if facilitated would surely shock and destroy organized religion. After twenty minutes a great burst of steam rose up and our progress ground to a halt. Numberless tunnels, hewn from the rough rock itself snaked out in all directions, their smooth surfaces textured with glittering gemstones and precious gold! Miles above people went



怪獸大戰



about their lives, cursing Oprah Winfrey, eating fat free snacks—completely unaware that far beneath their feet a clandestine society was determining the fate of the universe itself!

"Be cawful vile yew ah hare Mesta vohn Fifa." The Commissioner advised in his peculiar accent. "Ve veouldn't vant anything nesstie to appen tu yew. Vuld ve?"

"Anything what?" I replied.

"Nesstiel!" he screeched waving his riding crop crazily.

"Huh?"

"Du yew vant me tew speel it out fer yew? N A S T Y! Bed, awful, armfull!"

"Ah. Nasty. No we wouldn't," I said nervously.

At this point I was blindfolded and lead to the first of my appointments. We arrived into a massive hall, bulwarked on each side by redwood-sized timbers and lined with the mounted heads of alien predators. Two gigantic, eight-limbed staghounds slept peacefully in front of a churning fire. Upon a granite throne of Olympian proportions sat the benevolent Silver Potato, his jumpsuit shimmering in the warm light. The mighty warrior king seemed to slumber until he bade me speak with an almost imperceptible nod of his shock-helmet.

Why do you hate Dr.Cube? Dr. Cube Tried to murder dogs with poison dog food, hurt my girlfriend, kidnapped the Kaiju Commissioner, creates giant city-crushing monsters to aid his plans for world domination.

Describe your bitterest defeat.

This past April, at Philly Factory Fighto in Philadelphia, I was beat mercilessly into submission by Dr. Cube's Posse, robbing me of the KBB Championship Belt I had defended numerous times.

Please tell me about your home

planet. I am not from outer space, but I do spend a lot of time there on my Spudnik space station. It is the hip-hoppiest ride in the galaxy, featuring such after-market features as solar-powered thrusters, protective starch skin and a trash compactor.

What one thing do you hate most in the universe? One thing you love? I hate lack of soul. It is evident by Dr. Cube's posture and walk that he lacks soul. Soul can't be bought or sold; you have to find the soul within yourself. I love old-school hip-hop on vinyl. It's the best for loungin', workin', battlin', and best of all breakin'.

How do you see events playing out in the world of KBB as 2003



draws to a close? I see myself back on top, ready to defend another reign as Kaiju Big Battel Champion.

I was again blindfolded and lead

along the undulating passageways. When removed, I beheld a vast laboratory. Forests of diodes, buttons, monitors, oscillators, holographic charts and graphs, operating tables, and chemical vats of all manner spanned



beyond my sight line. Momentarily, a figure glided out from a dark corner that had escaped my observation. Tall and slender with a giant white cube for a head, it was the wicked doctor himself—author of the soulless army of golems against which Silver Potato and his peers wage constant battle. "Greetings... human," he said with a mincing sneer. "I grant you five minutes."

Why should people worship your powers? The infallible need give no reason. People should worship my power over all things, from the biggest giant city-crushing monster to the smallest genetic cell.

What is the end goal of your diabolical schemes? Money is of no importance to those with superior intellect, and I already have the Kaiju Championship belt. What is my ultimate object of desire? The whole world will soon find out.

How can your female fans best

appease you? What magazine is this? I don't share pages with scantily clad women and Neanderthal jokes.

How would you stack up against a swashbuckling Pirate? You call yourself a journalist? Did you go to school for this?

What was your childhood like?

Like a Harvard graduate stuck in preschool.

Name one dark secret in your past that drives you towards victory. I am adopted.

What message would you offer the youth of today? If you let me, I will show you everything you've ever dreamed of, give you everything you ever wanted and introduce you to all that is good and right in this world.

