

シチニキイユ DANGER

CAN TOTALLY HAPPEN

Forget the stories you've heard (or the DVDs you've watched) about Boston-area indie rockers and art students hosting wrestling matches in full B-movie monster regalia: **KAIJU BIG BATTEL** is real. J. Bennett risks life, limb and literary license for an exclusive look inside the Kaiju compound that takes him all the way to the top of the monster heap.

ART ONE DRAWING BATTEL LINES

If you've never seen a giant space slug balanced precariously atop a 15-foot steel cage flop unceremoniously off its perch to flatten a living, breathing, foil-wrapped potato or a mustachioed, freedom-fighting plantain—much to the delight of 1,000 giddy human onlookers—you obviously haven't witnessed the triumphant spectacle that is Kaiju Big Battel.

Kaiju is a universe beyond the reaches of time and space, where 10-foot-tall cans of Asian chicken soup wield meat cleavers to dispatch equally humongous Martian serial killers. It is a place where an Austrian chocolate-magnate-cum-humanitarian has organized the Kaiju Regulatory Commission (KRC) and its primary combat arena, the Danger Cage, to ensure the safety of the ossified citizenry of planet Earth and keep a gaggle of smelly garbage mutants, space vegetables and massive Japanese insects from laying waste to our urban landscape.

Most published accounts of the Battel include spurious references to "foam costumes," "wrestling" and "art students," in defiant ignorance of one obvious fact:

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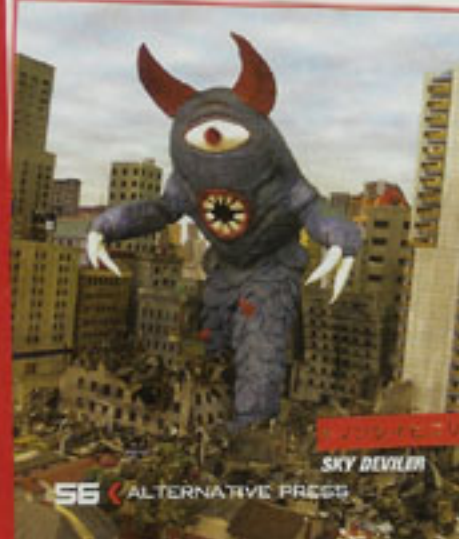
Kaiju Big Battel is real. There are no costumes; it is most definitely not wrestling; and any art student that may or may not be tangentially involved in Kaiju events has almost certainly been eaten for lunch or, at the very least, generously covered in the various slimes these intergalactic horrors often exude.

It is a phenomenon currently taking the nation by (shit)storm. Thousands of indie-rock hipsters and college students have crammed themselves into women's jeans, packed up their girlfriends and descended upon various East Coast clubs, galleries and warehouses to catch a glimpse of Kaiju's unpredictable clashes between good and evil—where heroes like the American Beetle and Los Plantance take on villains such as Hell Monkey and the nefarious Dr. Cube. To feed the public's bloodlust, a vast Kaiju merchandising empire has sprung forth, hawk-ing T-shirts, buttons, magnets and stickers bearing the likenesses of the Kaiju fighters, doing a brisk online business (kaiju.com) to sustain the primary function of the KRC: saving our fair planet from almost certain destruction. This savvy—nay, cut-throat—commercial arm of the Kaiju Commission has even gone so far as to package the hacked-up remains of fallen Kaiju fighters and sell them as "Monster Meat."

Speaking in a thick Austrian accent via telephone from an undisclosed location in the Jamaica Plain neighborhood of Boston, the elusive Kaiju Commissioner explains the motivation behind items such as Kaiju's recent *Tenchi Sento* DVD and a 192-page book titled *Kaiju Big Battel: A Practical Guide To Giant City-Crushing Monsters*. "Every Minion of Dr. Cube that waits around their town in a Cube T-shirt or thong is a walking billboard for evil," spits the Commissioner. "In response, I have helped heroes such as Los Plantance, Silver Potato and American Beetle create their own branded merchandise. While it may seem crass to fight this Battel on T-shirts and hooded sweatshirts, the stakes are too high to ignore this front." >>>



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If what the Commissioner says is true, then Dr. Cube seems to be the primary threat to the Big Battle's stability. Through a computer glitch at Cube HQ, I am miraculously granted admittance to the evil doctor's secret laboratory, a veritable compound of chronic ungoodness where he reportedly constructs the hideous mouth-breathing genetic disasters that wreak havoc upon Earth's thoroughfares and in Kaiju's Danger Cage.

I'm in Boston, standing at the predetermined corner at the pre-arranged time, when the crappy white abduction van screeches to a halt. Three ski-masked mercenaries exit and toss me roughly into the backseat before blindfolding me with a used oil rag for "security purposes."



PART TWO: ENTER THE CUBE

Our first—and last—
interview with the
nefarious **DR. CUBE**.

You walk around in a blue hospital nightie with a cardboard box on your head. How evil could you be? I can see that you are not a professional journalist. You obviously have not done your

research, and your aggressive questioning is not conducive to informational interviews. Are you an intern in training?

Generally speaking, evil doesn't have a particularly successful history versus good. We have only to cite the long list of once-great, since-defeated classic arch-nemesis types like Skeletor, Gargamel and, uh, Wile E. Coyote. Let's face it—your own record in the ring is pretty piss-poor. You think I'm a cartoon character? Your sense of reality is pretty poor. Stop smoking drugs before coming to work. I certainly wouldn't follow in the footsteps of any of the "evil" beings you speak of,

because they all failed miserably. One of my goals is to give the human race a proper evil role model by redefining the term evil. I am the new evil! I do evil right!

I think you're really the Kaiju Commissioner in disguise.

Well, I think you're an idiot. How could you mistake me for a do-gooding, chocolate-loving Austrian? The Commissioner and I are as different as Bach and REO Speedwagon, or whatever pathetic, over-hyped band you people cover these days.

Who's on top of your shit list right now? I mean, besides me.

I recently took out Kaiju's leading hero, Silver Potato, so I've shifted my focus to the Plantain Twins and that poor excuse for a hero known as American Beetle. When these meddling heroes are out of the picture, control of the Big Battle and, subsequently, the entire planet will be mine. You hardly qualify for my action-item list. You're merely a germ-snot on the dung fly known as humanity. Good luck with your career. —J. Bennett

Plebeian bleeds through the speakers, assuring me that I am, in fact, "part of it," and no one speaks for the duration of the trip. An hour later, my blindfold is removed, and I'm standing in what appears to be an abandoned missile silo. The setup is more like a training facility for 10-foot-tall sewer monsters than the secret lab I'd imagined. A regulation-size boxing ring occupies the center of the floor; a group of almost identical greenish-blue reptiles tosses around medicine balls, trains on Nautilus equipment and does calisthenics to Phil Collins' "Sussudio." Three more foul-smelling space goons loiter in a corner smoking, ripping farts and complaining about the inedible contents of the local dumpster. I clearly overhear a pair of particularly arrogant beasts discussing the pros and cons of growing a Hitler mustache.

Before I can get my bearings, I'm ushered into a dimly lit backroom thick with the high stench of megalomania and embalming fluid. A lone figure with a boxy head glides noiselessly toward me. "Greetings," Dr. Cube hisses. "You have 10 minutes." **alt**

Danger Can Totally Happen

By J. Bennett

Alternative Press, December 2003

Forget the stories you've heard (or the DVDs you've watched) about Boston-area indie rockers and art students hosting wrestling matches in full B-movie monster regalia: KAIJU BIG BATTEL is real. J Bennett risks life, limb and literary license for an exclusive look inside the Kaiju compound that takes him all the way to the top of the monster heap.

Part One: Drawing Battel Lines

If you've never seen a giant space slug balanced precariously atop a 15-foot steel cage flop unceremoniously off its perch to flatten a living, breathing, foil-wrapped potato or a mustachioed, freedom-fighting plantain- much to the delight of 1,000 giddy human onlookers- you obviously haven't witnessed the triumphant spectacle that is Kaiju Big Battel.

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