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III



**Dracula's Dentures Recipe**  
(Lori Filmore)



**Ingredients**

- o 1 package (18.25 ounces) refrigerated chocolate chip cookie dough or your favorite cookie recipe
- o  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup prepared vanilla frosting, tinted red
- o  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups miniature marshmallows
- o 48 slivered almonds

**Instructions**

1. Prepare cookies as directed on package or according to your favorite recipe. Cool on baking sheets for 2 minutes; remove to wire rack to cool completely. Cut each cookie in half for a total of 48 halves.
2. Frost the bottoms of all cookie halves with frosting. Place 6 marshmallow teeth around curved perimeter of 24 halves. For additional support, an additional marshmallow can be placed behind the teeth. Top with remaining 24 halves. Insert two almond slivers in between teeth for fangs. If fangs do not adhere, dip tips into frosting.

**DRACULA'S DENTURES**



X

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X

(CARRIAGE  
TUESDAY  
GATES)

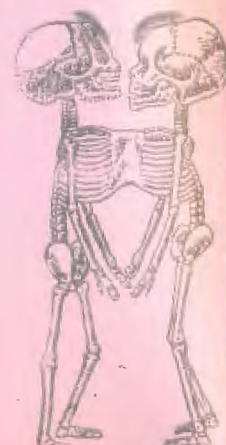
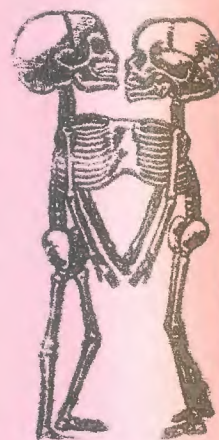


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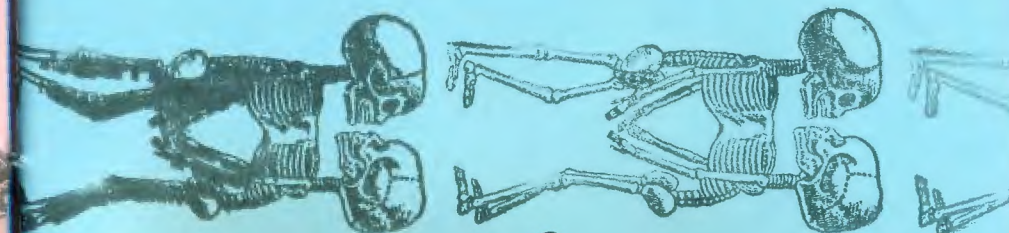
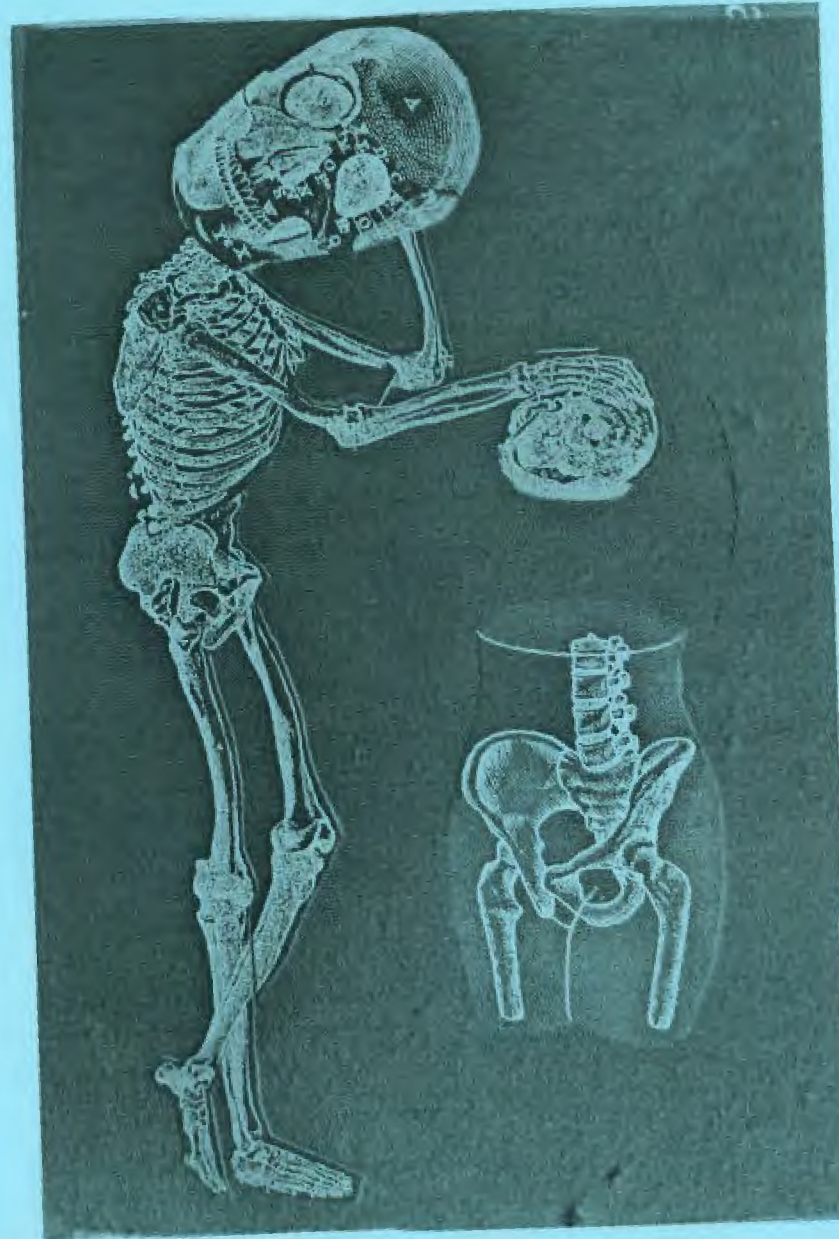
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### Seriously Scary

When I was asked to write something for Hallowzine my mind went into overdrive over the possible subject, films, genre's, sub-genres, themes and icons that I could tap. And then as quickly as it revved up it shut down. Horror is too wide and varied a topic for me to suddenly drop anchor in one particular area. So I had to think. What about horror is it that I love? The stories, the characters, the effects, the gore, the directing, the acting? But the answer was obvious. It's scary. Or at least it's meant to be. It hit me that I couldn't remember the last time I was truly scared by a horror film. That's not to say I haven't enjoyed many. 'Sinister,' 'The Purge,' 'Cabin in the Woods,' 'The Guest,' 'The Babadook.' All solid films. But not a single one lingered in my psyche for much longer than the credits. I didn't go home and find myself looking over my shoulder after turning of the lights to go to bed. Or avoiding the small window that leads to the garden. And these are the good films. I'm not going to waste words on the hundreds of bad ones that spill out into the world like the guts of human sacrifice on the alter of a satanic despot. And so I came to the conclusion that whilst I love horror not a lot of it is done very well. Horror should change the way you see the world. You should wander around feeling the razors edge a little more. Going to bed should have a frisson of terror. A walk in the countryside should feel just a little bit like it could be your last walk ever. Going in the water should make you at least wonder about the lurking terrors slithering beneath the surface. And this brings me to the first film that caused me to question the safety of the world in which we live. 'JAWS.' An obvious and commonly referenced film. But that only goes to show the power of it. As many of you will also know, going in the water after seeing 'Jaws' (and 'Jaws 2,' which is also great) became a much more terror filled prospect. Such was the impact of 'Jaws' on my imagination that the older I get the worse I



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I

get. So much so that I can now no longer go into any natural body of water past my knees.

I had a similarly visceral reaction to what has been called the Australian 'Jaws.' 'Razorback.' 'Razorback' is the tale of a small town in the Australian outback that is being terrorised by a giant and seemingly indestructible wild boar. As a youngster is scared the hell out of me and for a time all I could see in the dark were huge boar tusks. Fortunately since I have no desire to go to the Australian outback the film hasn't impinged on my ability to have fun in the same way as 'Jaws' did. But the memory of my first watch has stayed with me since. And after revisiting it not so long ago I saw that it was a wonderfully made film. Stunning cinematography, an iconic beast kept in the shadows by director Russell Mulcahy until the tension was appropriately ramped up and characters you could root for and care about. So a lot like 'Jaws.' And this commonality of quality filmmaking transferred to many other of the films that I would call classic horrors. A select few are 'An American Werewolf in London,' 'The Descent,' 'The Omen,' 'Martyrs' and 'Eden Lake.' All of those films in there own individual way have there their claw marks in my psyche. And all without exception are excellent examples of cinema in any genre. Unlike so many horror films they have memorable characters, good and evil, that are three dimensional. And these parts are played by great actors. The list is a who's who of old greats, future stars and amazing character actors such as Gregory Peck, Griffin Dunne, Jack O'Connell, Michael Fassbender, Roy Scheider too name but a few. And the perhaps most importantly they have directors who are at the top of their game but in the majority of cases not predominantly horror directors. Spielberg has thrown his genius at every genre going. Landis' heart seemed to lie in comedy, Donner is a premiere action director. Only Neil Marshall could be classed as a true horror director. Pascal Vaugier may end up on that list but Martyrs was so unique that it is



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hard to tell where his career might go. But if his debut American film 'The Tall Man' is anything to go by he should stay in Europe where he clearly has more creative freedom. And Mulcahy peaked with 'Highlander' and has been jobbing in low end genre pieces since (someone give the man a great script and budget please).

So what point am I making? I think it is that horror needn't be the trashy, exploitative and unimaginative money making machine that studios seem to think it is. It is a serious business that has attracted the likes of Kubrick, Rob Reiner, Coppola and more. 'Jaws' was nominated for Best Picture. 'Razorback' won the Aussie Oscar for Best Cinematography. The Omen has Oscar, BAFTA and Grammy nominations coming out of its satanic behind but we'll go for Billie 'Whitelaws' BAFTA nom for Best Supporting Actress. An American Werewolf had a whole new award category invented for it for God's sake. You can't imagine 'Saw 9,' another remake of 'Texas Chainsaw' or any one of the hundreds of Mega-Cockney's vs Zombiestrippersaurus' getting anything more than a Razzie or worse, an MTV award. People say horror is in good health but good box office does not mean good films. I say horror is falling into laziness again. There is hope in some of the new wave such as 'It Follows' (pure Carpenter although I do agree with Tarantino that it breaks it's own rules too much) and 'Borderlands' (one of the best endings in years). But as most of these films are made by first time directors who's to say that they will continue in the genre at all. Horror is still the best way to break into the industry for a new filmmaker as it always sells. It is a well trodden path walked by many a legend but most of them step on it once and then veer off to make more heavy weight dramatic fayre. But horror can be heavy weight. It can be dramatic. It just needs to be taken seriously.

Mark Brown



(JACK HOPKINS)







°NOT NOW °

°

Suspicious Mind.  
Mindless thought.  
Words - wired boundries.

Vibrations of silence.  
Trapped in patterns of loneliness.  
Messing around with concepts. How it should ...  
BE. Curious . Impressed by the simplicity of being.

°

(Miss MOON)



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**ONEOFUS interviewed CYNTH ICORN- International fetish model, performer, slave girl and Rubber Cult leader based in London, England.**

**ONEOFUS: WHAT ATTRACTED YOU TO THE FETISH SCENE?**

SYNTH: I came to the fetish scene to find the other fetishists, the find a community where my sexual deviancies were sexual norms, where my twisted ideas of romance weren't ostracised.

**ONEOFUS: WHAT ARE SOME OF YOUR INFLUENCES? WE REALLY LIKE YOUR MERMAID TAIL.**

SYNTH: I draw together inspiration from many fields, fine art, myths and legends fairytales, queer politics and so on. Bringing these narratives together gives me the opportunity to juxtapose them within my performances.

**ONEOFUS: WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE HORROR MOVIE?**

SYNTH: I think my favourite horror film would be Martyrs, its a divinely beautiful piece of film which is a challenging watch. I constantly spent the first time I watched it trying to work out, was it a paranormal horror, a revenge film or something else- I'm happy to put it under an art house banner and love it for the way it weaves brutality with beauty in such a captivating way- but make sure you're ready for some retinal scars afterwards!

**ONEOFUS: YOU'RE SOMETHING OF AN ARTISTPRENEUR, NOT ONLY BEING INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED BUT ALSO RUNNING 2 PREMIERE NIGHTS IN THE LATEX SCENE 'RUBBER CULT AND PSYCHO WARD. DO YOU THINK THAT'S AN IMPORTANT QUALITY FOR AN ARTIST?**

SYNTH: I think to be able to remain dedicated to the creative arts and survive within London its important to be able to monetize what you do, to be self sufficient and self financing- you either work a job you love or a job which enables you to do what you love. this is particularly true within the creative professions. You have to be able to go and get what you want done yourself, find and create your own opportunities, sitting on your

hands won't get your work out there and as a performance artist- with out a venue and a crowd I can't create so finding opportunities to perform is even more vital.

**ONEOFUS: WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE WAY TO USE COLOUR IN YOUR WORK?**

SYNTH: As an arts graduate I assess how each element of my aesthetic is read- and colour can be very symbolic, so I often harness those visual keys within my work.

**ONEOFUS: WHAT PERFORMANCE ARE YOU MOST PROUD OF TO DATE?**

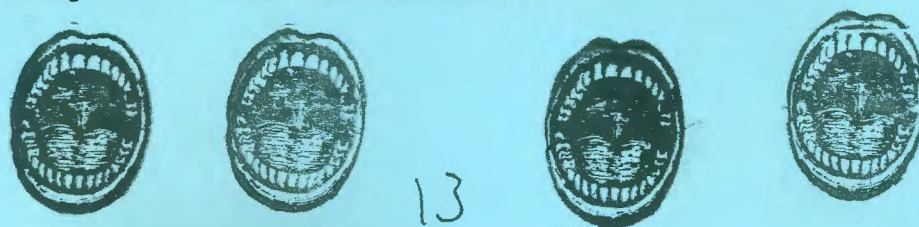
SYNTH: I take great pride within my work, each aspect is heavily tailored and considered- its very hard to select just one performance. My Seabirth hook suspension is my most recent performance which I've been honoured to perform at Wasteland and Torture Garden, within which I have my face pierced with a bar. Its fantastic to combine theatre with ritual, myth and reality in this very literal way.

**ONEOFUS: How does fetish feed into your art?**

SYNTH: My fetishism can be very inspiring, I believe many fetishists are driven by a similar creativity to artists. So it could be that a doll fetish might inspire a living doll performance or a piece of erotica I've written might inspire another performance. Its not that the performances are erotic for me to perform- there's too much performance involved to make them erotic acts any more but- that view point has driven how I present the idea and how it develops into a performance piece.

**ONEOFUS: WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR HALLOWEEN?**

SYNTH: For Halloween week I will be performing at Cirque Le Soir in their secret Halloween special revamp- the whole club will be decorated on theme and there will be installations and performances going on throughout! Time to show le freak c'est chic!

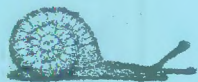




How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavoured to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun-white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion and straight black lips.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then; but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

**Mary Shelley, FRANKENSTEIN**



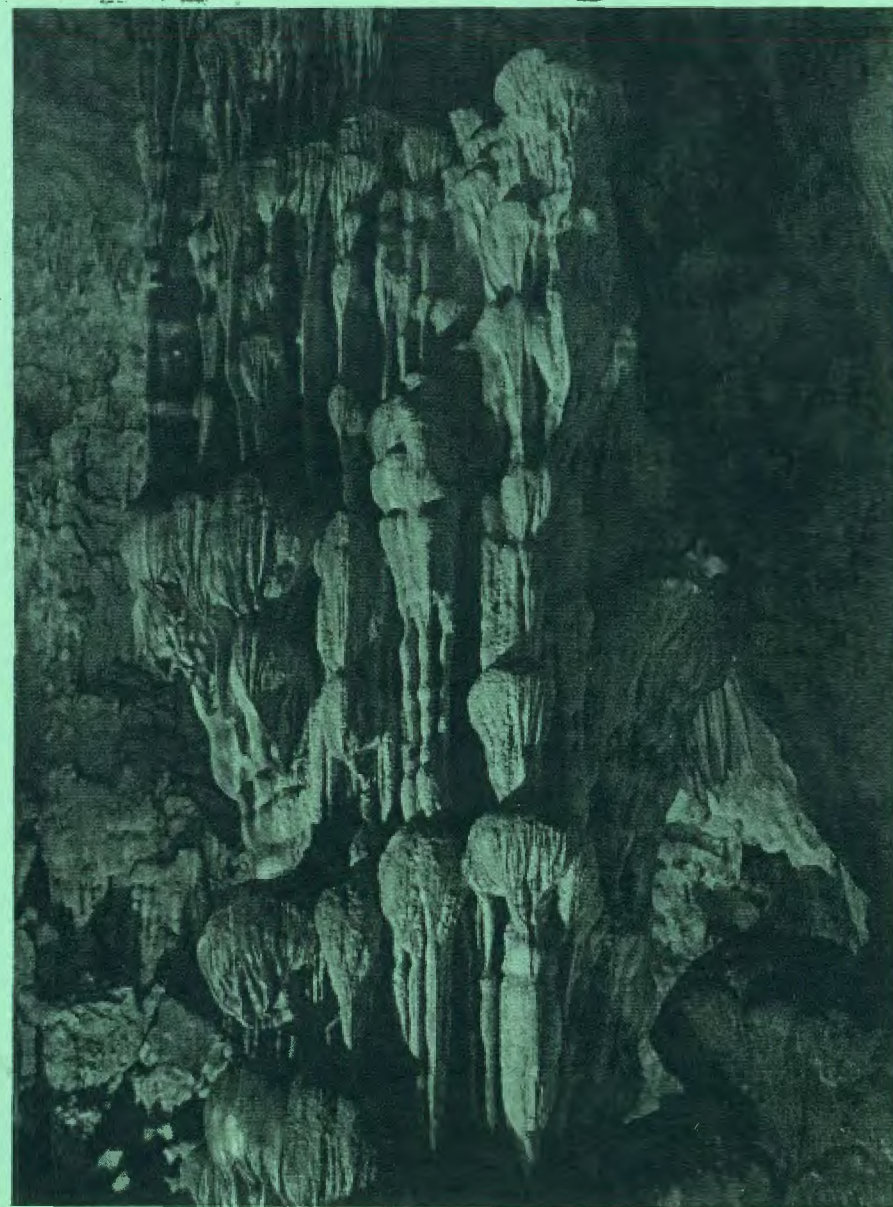
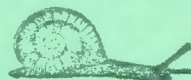
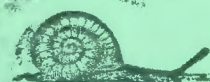
*His face was a strong, a very strong, aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils, with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the temples but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose, and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as I could see it under the heavy moustache, was fixed and rather cruel-looking, with peculiarly sharp white teeth.*

*These protruded over the lips, whose remarkable ruddiness showed astonishing vitality in a man of his years. For the rest, his ears were pale, and at the tops extremely pointed. The chin was broad and strong, and the cheeks firm though thin. The general effect was one of extraordinary pallor.*

*Hitherto I had noticed the backs of his hands as they lay on his knees in the firelight, and they had seemed rather white and fine. But seeing them now close to me, I could not but notice that they were rather coarse, broad, with squat fingers. Strange to say, there were hairs in the centre of the palm. The nails were long and fine, and cut to a sharp point. As the Count leaned over me and his hands touched me, I could not repress a shudder. It may have been that his breath was rank, but a horrible feeling of nausea came over me, which, do what I would, I could not conceal.*

## **Bram Stoker, Dracula**

**(Rachel Brook)**





# October 32<sup>nd</sup>

By Ryan Craver

Octavia Honberrier can buy steak for her baby, but tonight, the dinner dries up in her mouth. She's sweating through her work shirt.

Her boy Devon chews at her across the table, his limbs too long for fifteen, she thinks: kitchen-length feet. He won't meet her eyes. Tonight he's chosen to go as some lady superhero, all pink leather and high-heeled boots and sparkling loud as a Biltmore crystal chandelier. A white wig hangs off the back of his chair.

Octavia places her fork down. She pyramids her hands and cracks every knuckle.

Devon offers her the Texas Pete. Octavia shakes no, she doesn't want the Texas Pete, she's sick of it. Devon slams down the bottle. Neighborhood kids are screaming. What idiot takes an infant out trick-or-treating?

Devon pulls a chewed wad of steak out of his mouth and plops it on the corner of his plate. "Gristle."

"Ain't a' ounce of gristle," Octavia says.

Devon ducks his head down and slurps up the steak wad. His lipstick is smudged and greasy looking.

Headlights pour in, gravel crunches, the doorbell rings. Devon scrapes back his chair.

"Sit. I got it," Octavia says. She grabs the orange pumpkin bucket beside the mail.

"That's them," Devon says.

"Who's them?"

"Alicia and all them, I told you."

"And that Jay boy?"

"Yeah."

"That's his name, Jay?"

"Yeah."

Devon stands and plops the wig on his head, looking down at his big feet.

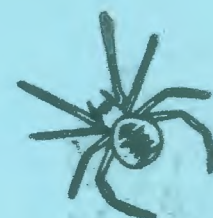
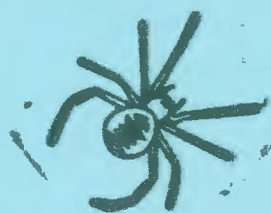
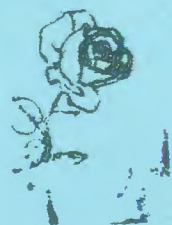
Octavia meets him at the door. He's much taller than her in heels. She lifts his face looks at her baby boy right in his Cleopatra eyes, right through them and into a future of pain and loneliness and heartache, she knows, yet all she can do is straighten the white fibers of his wig. "Damn rat's nest."

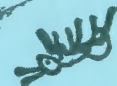
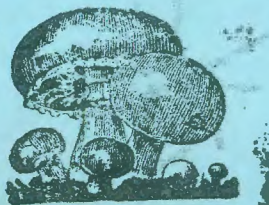
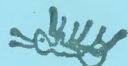
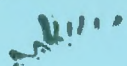
Devon gives a grin, oblivious and already out the door.

Octavia returns to the table. She eats a mini-Snickers from the pumpkin bucket in two bites. She gets out her bill book and cotton candy-colored highlighters and calculator, all scattered in the mail.

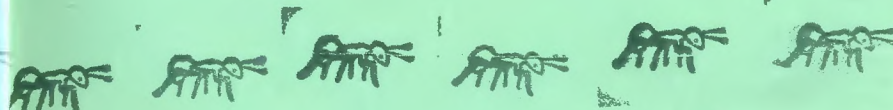
She flips past "PAID" to a new page and—without realizing—writes at the top, "October 32," because one more day would be nice.







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My love of cemeteries started when I was 7 or so. My grandfather and best friend passed away within a few months of one another which led to my extremely religious catholic family spending hours each day sitting in front of his grave. I'm not sure what they did all that time but I would go off and wander through Green Wood Cemetery making "friends" with the dead children who were buried in close vicinity to either grave. I would spend my time picking flowers to place in front of their tombstones and conjure stories of who they must have been based on their name or grave photos, or the types of decorations that were laid around them. In high school I started going to visit my family and friend by myself, walking across the vast cemetery to reach them on the far side. I loved the feeling of being completely alone while also being surrounded by so many - like a thousand eyes were silently watching me from behind the small monoliths erected in their memory.

(Amanda Singer)

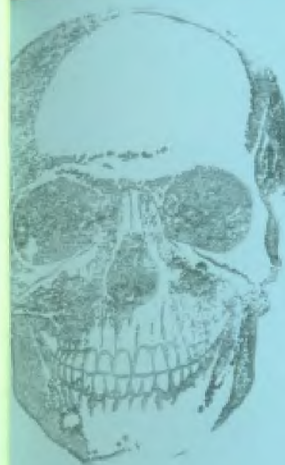
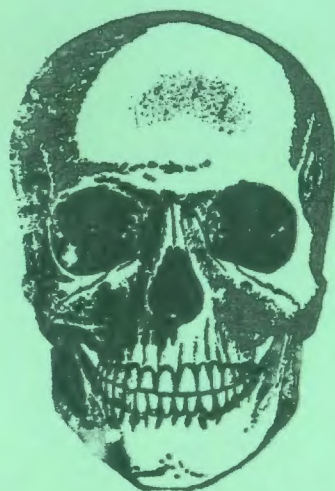
23



## DARKWAVE PLAYLIST III

1. trust - "slug"
2. arca - "xen"
3. clan of xymox - "masquerade"
4. pictureplane - "technomancer"
5. skinny puppy - "smothered hope"
6. gatekeeper - "bog"
7. rob zombie - "dragula"
8. little simz - "dead body"
9. sonic youth - "halloween"
10. chelsea wolfe - "color of blood"
11. htrk - "poison"
12. health - "new coke"
13. the soft moon - "feel"
14. the sisters of mercy - "amphetamine logic"
15. bauhaus - "third uncle"
16. christian death - "venus in furs"
17. gravegiggaz - "burn in hell"
18. nico - "all tomorrow's parties"
19. teeel - "dark passenger"
20. shlohmo - "buried"

(NICO AMARCA)



## HOLLOW LITTLE THING

don't stumble, you'll shatter.  
bone-form, plain are the cacophony of your creaks  
but decorated: the jack-o-lantern waif.  
scraping, scraping, scraped out  
tri-windows to peer in  
crooked smile for jeering  
your head is cracked so they can replace the fire  
a flickering apparition that once roamed bright hallways  
inky surroundings and soft stars now, owl-friend.  
you are at the mercy of the wind's kiss

(KATIE MCKINNEY)



✕



'HOLY MONSTER'

✕

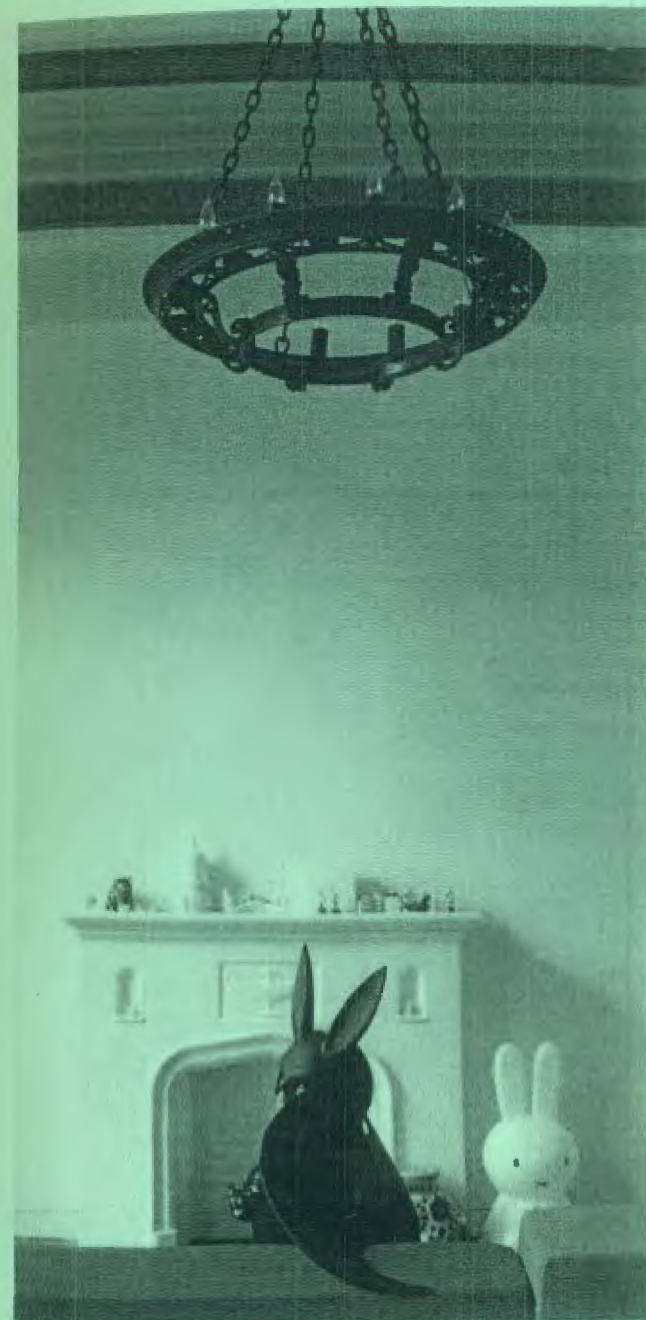
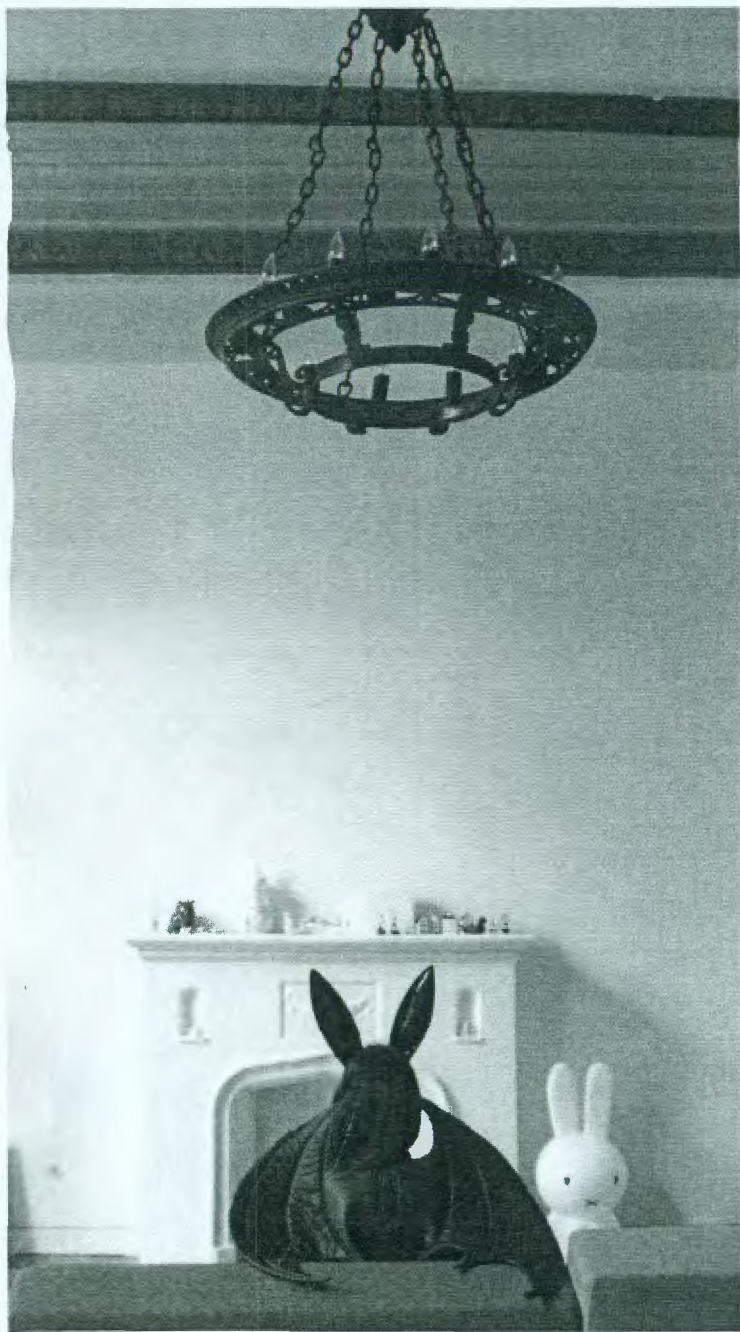


LES CITROUILLES CHANTENT ET LES CHAUVES SOURIENT'



(AMANDA SINGER) BY (MAYA KORN)







x



x



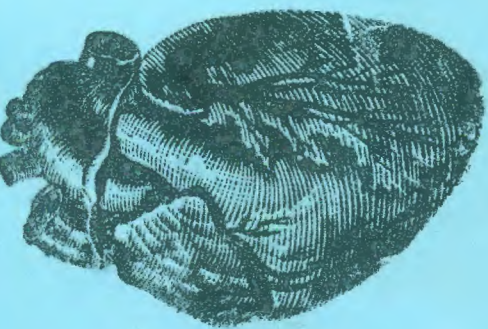


(Anneli Strassler)

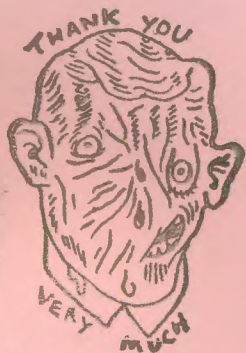
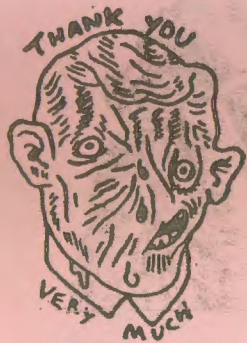




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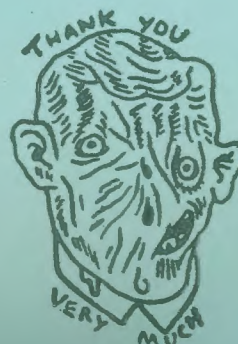
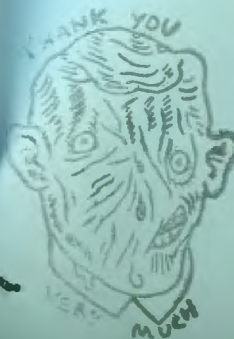
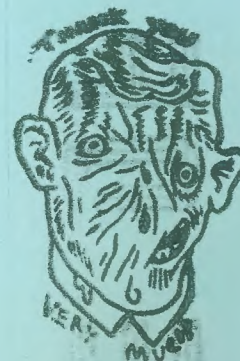
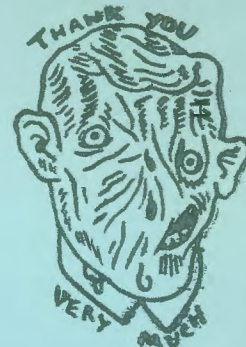
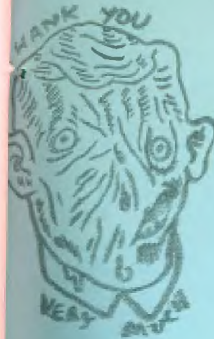
ONE OF US is a collective formed in order to promote the up and coming creative in strange and unusual ways. IT was conceived of by MAYA KORN, a 20-something-year-old-CINEPHILIC-HALLOWEENISTA.

WE started life as immersive experience builders with a touch of the macabre based out of a Georgian townhouse in WHITECHAPEL.

Previous events include: ONE OF US: WHITECHAPEL (2013, London), an immersive macabre theater festival and ONE OF US: THE CHAPEL; an immersive arts festival in a church (2014, Williamsburg New York) & ONE OF US: HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL (2015, London). WE also have a website where we publish up and coming creatives with a trusty analogue camera and stylized shoots.

FOLLOW US and our coming projects including: supper clubs, interactive film festivals and more ([oneofuswchapel.com](http://oneofuswchapel.com)).

BE "ONEOFUS" (Tod Browning, Freaks 1932)



UNION