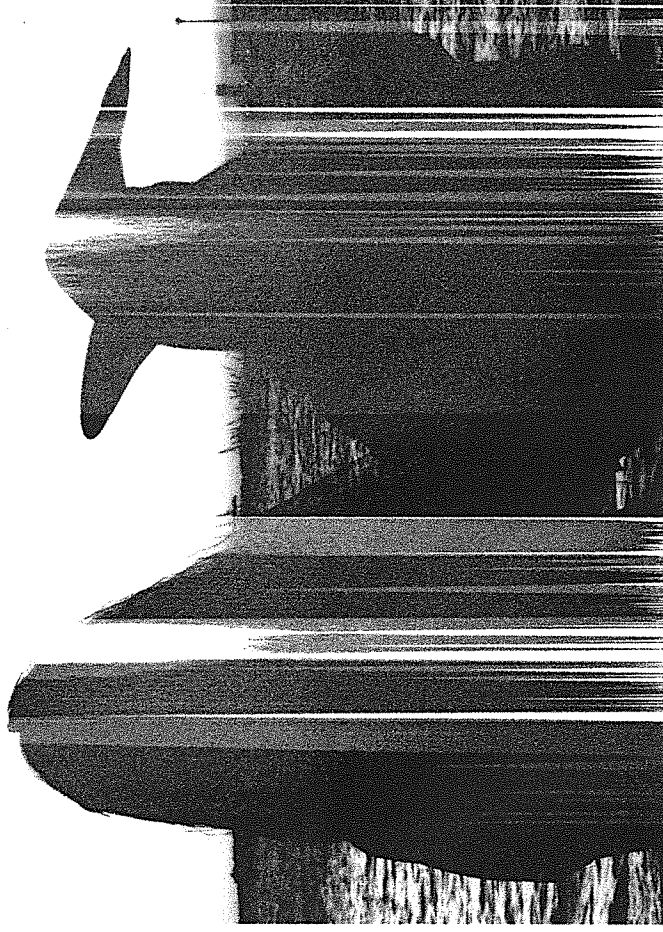


H. A. P. P. Y



H. A. L. L. O. W.
E. E. N

Stella

By Nina Francis Ellis

The Grim Reaper was ready for a change. And why not? Everyone was doing it these days, the second career thing. Trades had died and gone with feudalism and good riddance, said Grim. They hadn't been much fun, those ruts you'd been stuck in for life... That is, until Grim came along with Stella-the-Scythe to extinguish the whole damn business, and you along with it. Bit harsh, some would say. But he was just following orders. It was a raw deal his end, too. The work-life balance and corporate social life were grim indeed, given that life itself was banned on the job.

And so Grim felt like a change. He and Stella had been working that death gig since the literal dawn of time: no wonder he was ready to move on... Or, more specifically, to move to Brooklyn which he did, one September morning in the early twenty-tens. And he liked it right away. He fit right in, what with his cheekbones, deathly pallor and smoke-ashened breath. His twelfth-century cloak was the epitome of vintage. He'd never felt more loved and accepted in all his afterlife even though he was going incognito, as Graham Ripeur. Hello-how-are-you-my-name-is-Graham made a nice change from prepare-thyself-they-death-is-upon-thee. It had a nice ring to it, like the swing of a scythe through the air.

But oh Stella, oh sweet, sweet scythe! Ay, there was the rub. Grim thought of her often as he walked the streets of Greenpoint, robes flapping around his fibulae. He missed her, his darling Stella, with her sharp wit and irresistible curve. He was pretty damn sad. Until Halloween, when something wonderful happened: Grim fell in love again, and with a bicycle this time. He knew she was the one when he saw her kick-standing there, so thin and delicate with her husky handlebars and stubbornly fixed gears. What a woman. He could hardly wait to ride her. He unlocked her chain with his finger-bone, and took her for his own. He named her Stella, after the scythe. They were so alike in the graceful way they sliced through the air.

The next week was the happiest Grim had ever known. He and Stella-the-Bike zipped around the city together, hand-in-handlebar. Often they rode so fast and hard that Grim's femurs were still shaking hours later. He loved Stella for her speed and stamina, and for the way she gleamed silver in the moonlight. Oh Stella, oh sweet, sweet bike! She'd wiped the Stella-the-Scythe from his mind completely until they sped through the intersection of Union and Metropolitan one night. The car hit Stella in the frame, and sent Grim tumbling after her, skull over heels. The next thing he knew, he was lying on a cold, stone floor, a hooded figure looming over him. Prepare thyself, thy death is upon thee! It said, brandishing a familiar-looking scythe.

From Houston Street, Left Turn On Elm

By Danielle Lanzet

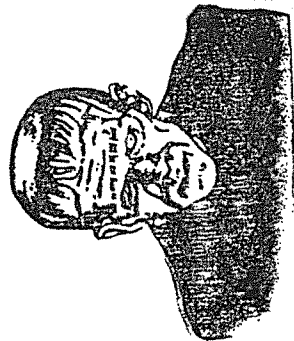
Behind the wheel of a midnight 1961 Lincoln Continental convertible, I dreamt in black & white of automatic toasters burning on a lush grassy knoll, but JFK isn't there, & soon enough, neither am I. Playing sidewalk chicken with Bridgette Bardot, or maybe her doppelgänger, as firefighters extinguish burnt waffles & teased cherry hair, I count myself luckier than Kennedy -

Joe, Jack, Bobby - oh wait, Rosie & John John too. Use the payphone on NE corner but signal is dead, dum dum, recycled sound heard by the hipster with red ribbed condom-like beanie - he's extra thin &

probably super sensitive too. Nod in his direction in acknowledgment of this shared moment but I still feel invisibly present, skull blown off, identifiable only by Texan twang & Bourbon breath.

I dreamt in black & white, Kodak Tri-X Reversal Film 16 millimeter, camerawork shoddier than JFK's moral principles, but we're facing a moral crisis, Boehner & Bachmann, government shutdown,

& we can't stop. It's November & standing inside this election booth, I'm worse than JFK, platform of bait, hook, release, repeat. Hand on lever of this mint-green like refrigerator, I abstain, from choosing you.



Darkwave Halloween Playlist

By Nico aMarca

From the darkest corners of the dance floor to beyond the grave, this list guarantees to revive any dormant pulse.

1. Bauhaus - Dancing
2. Clan of Xymox - A Day
3. Skinny Puppy - Assimilate
4. Xmal Deutschland - Incubus Succubus
5. Siouxsie and the Banshees - Spellbound
6. Cocteau Twins - In Our Angelhood
7. Dead Can Dance - The Trial
8. Sisters of Mercy - Marian
9. Siouxsie and the Banshees - Candyman
10. Joy Division - Shadowplay
11. Trust - Bulbform
12. This Mortal Coil - Sixteen Days
13. Crystal Castles - Not in Love
14. Light Asylum - Dark Allies
15. The Knife - Silent Shout
16. Static Movement- The Waveshaper
17. Sisters of Mercy - Blood Money
18. The Cure - The Hanging Garden
19. Cold Cave - Underworld USA
20. Depeche Mode - Black Celebration



EL
BATS

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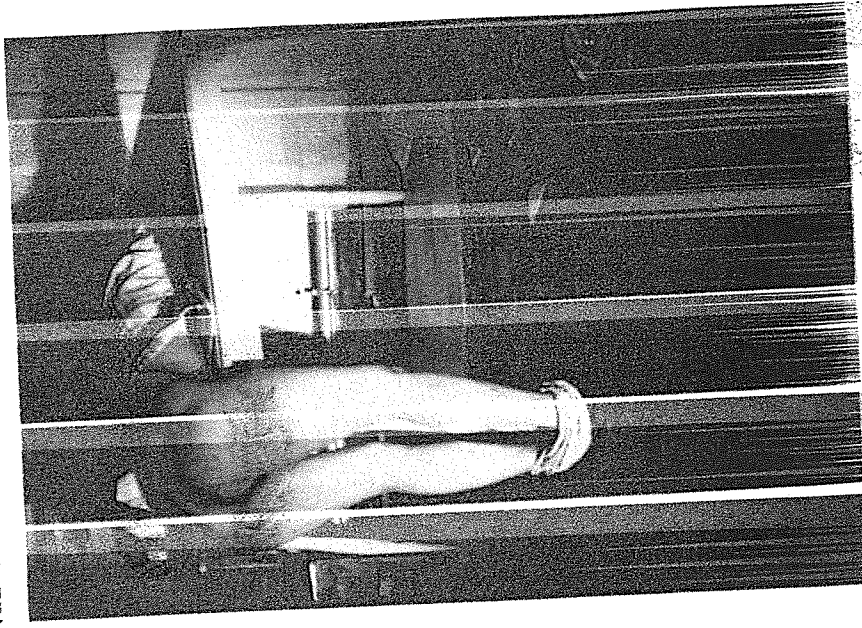
Ana Mendieta at the Hayward Gallery

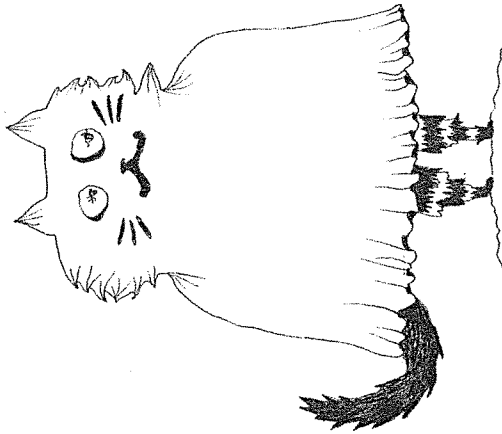
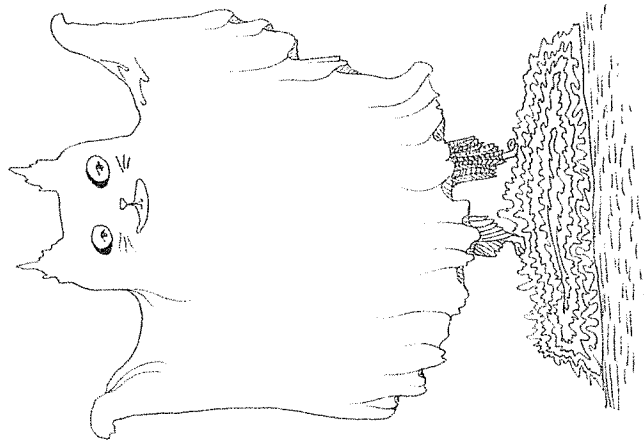
By Ed Dodson

This Halloween, the Hayward Gallery's current exhibition - dedicated to the Cuban-American artist Ana Mendieta - demonstrates that horror can adopt various guises for various aesthetic and political ends.¹ In the early 1970s Mendieta was a student on the innovative Intermedia art course at the University of Iowa and it was here that she developed a highly-politicized and markedly feminist artistic practice, one which utilized the horrific to raise awareness of domestic abuse and misogynistic violence. In 'Untitled (Rape Scene)' (1973), for instance, the viewer is presented with Mendieta's bare legs and buttocks smeared in blood, her pants down to her ankles and her head slumped across a white table. This gruesome photograph takes on a transgressively performative aspect once one reads the caption: Mendieta invited a group of male student friends round for dinner, [] left the front-door open and let them come through to the kitchen to find her posed in this way. Initially unaware that this was a performance, the men were led into a direct encounter with the horrific reality of life for many women in the U.S. and across the world. Indeed, the scene was an exact recreation of a rape and murder which had recently occurred on their campus. Like much of her early work, this is art as political shock tactic; an instance of horror which is not merely superfluous or titillating, but disturbing and urgent.

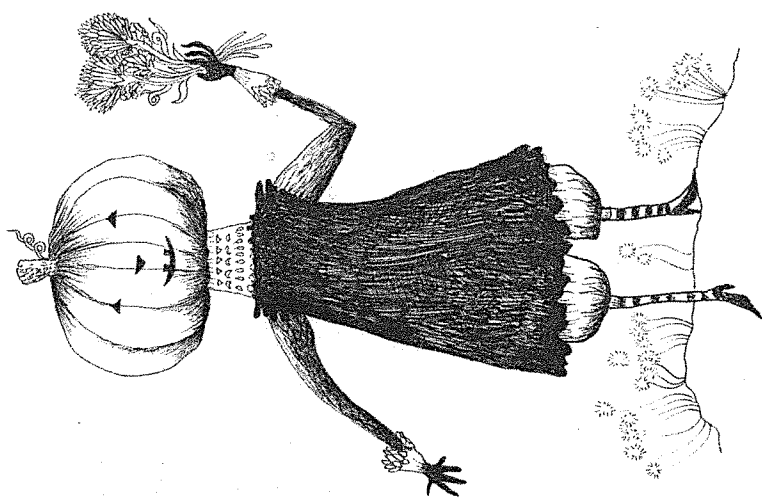
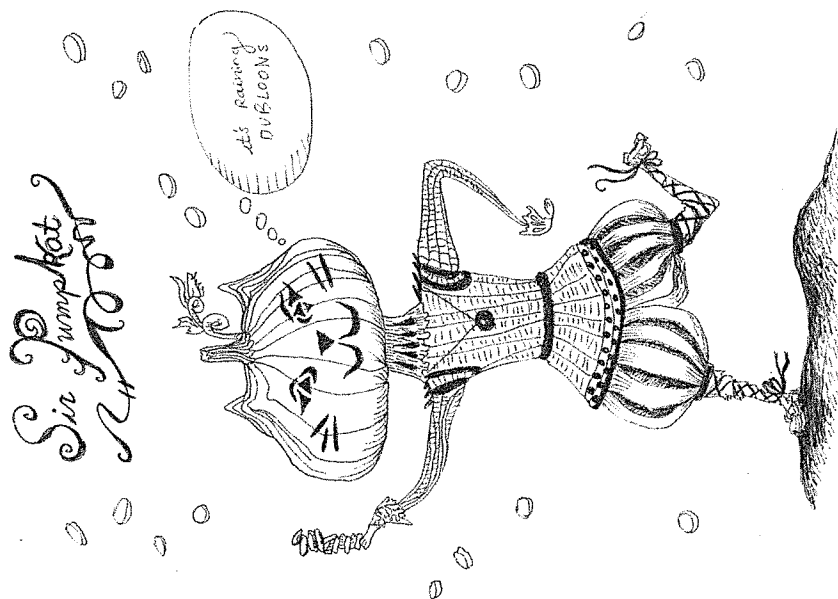
It is in this context that the exhibition progresses onto Mendieta's most famous "earth-body" works, known as the 'Silueta Series' (1973-1980). These interventions in the landscape (and the photographic documentation of them) are concerned primarily with ecological and environmental concerns, namely, challenging the distinction between the human and the natural. Consequently, they initially appear peaceful rather than horrific; beautiful rather than brutal. However, a different kind of horror persists in these enigmatic works. Many of the photographs present a shape in the landscape - whether that be a desert, mountain range, field, forest, or beach. - which demarcates the (former)

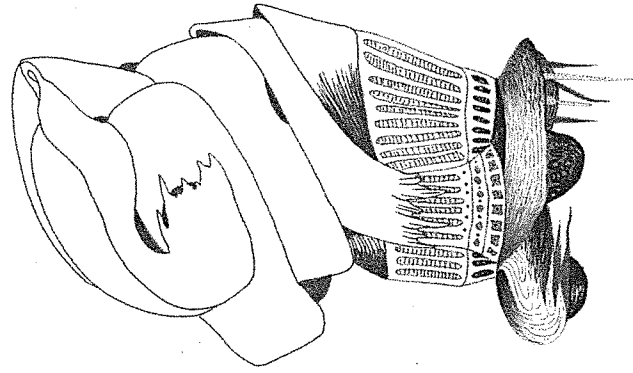
presence of Mendieta's body'. She has been here and changed the natural order: but now she is gone. This ritualistic aesthetic produces an unnerving sensation as the viewer is forced to confront, like the male students above, the striking absence of Mendieta's body, now signalled only by a lingering trace. This is not an image of Mendieta's death, to be sure, but it is hard to convince one's vision otherwise.² It feels as though one has intimate access to her passing away, to the simultaneously peaceful and harrowing termination of life.





BY JOCELYN
SPAAR





THOUGHTS OF A LOBSTER DOG

BY LINDA WU

I AM RED HOT WITH EMBARRASSMENT.
INSTEAD OF SOMETHING REASONABLE, I AM
WEARING A LOBSTER COSTUME.

I HOPE I AM NOT MISTAKENLY BOILED
TONIGHT.

I HAVE SO MANY PLACES LEFT TO SEE, THINGS
TO SMELL.

SO MANY HOT SAUSAGES I WANT TO SINK MY
TEETH INTO.

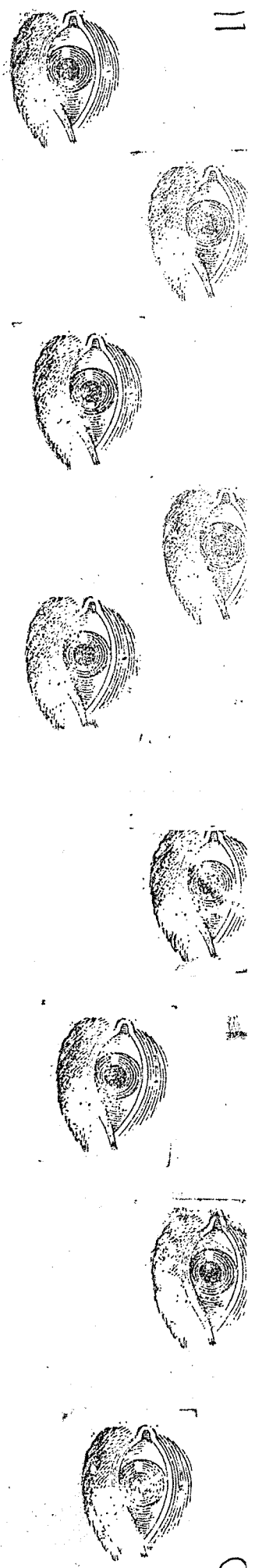
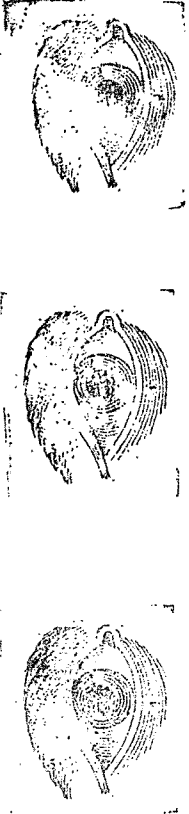
BUT HAPPINESS ELUDES ME AND I DON'T
KNOW WHY.

MY LIFE IS A GODARD FILM, BLACK AND
WHITE AND DUBIOUSLY EVENTFUL.

PERHAPS IF I COULD STOP RUNNING,
EVERYTHING WOULD COME INTO FOCUS
PERHAPS IF I SIMPLY WASN'T DRESSED LIKE A
LOBSTER.

ONE DAY I WISH TO WAKE UP AND KNOW ALL
THE ANSWERS:

WHY I CHASE THE UNOBTAINABLE, AND WHY I
SALIVATE OVER THE FORGETTABLE.
AND WHY, ABOVE ALL ELSE, I MUST WEAR A
LOBSTER COSTUME.



Halloween Curse

[Austin Haight]

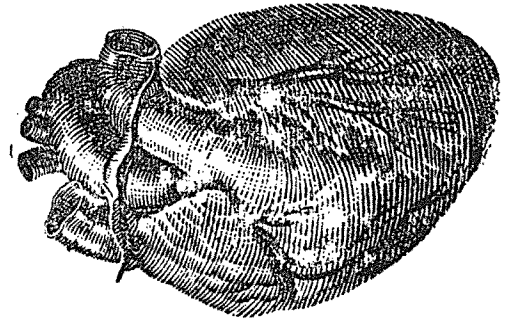
Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

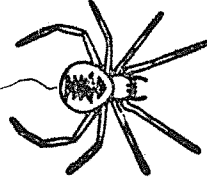
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.



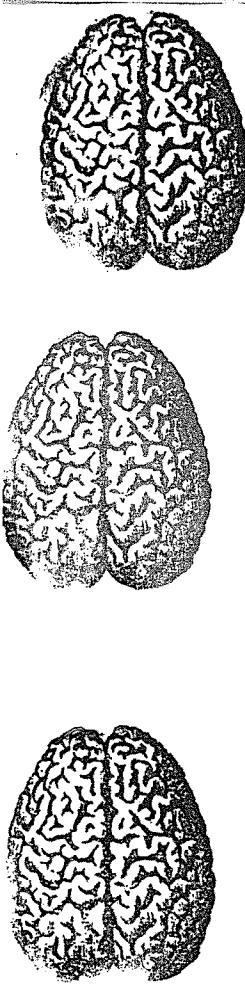
Paleo Pumpkin Cranberry Banana Bread

By Keyanna Ehsani

4 bananas (the more ripe the better)
4 eggs (free range and organic)
3 tablespoons coconut oil
½ cup coconut flour
¼ cup nut butter (I used sunflower – if no nut allergies, substitute as you wish)
½ cup pumpkin puree
1 tablespoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
sprinkle nutmeg
dried cranberries (as many as you want)



1. Peel and mash the bananas.
2. Add eggs and coconut oil. Mix by hand.
3. Add the rest of the ingredients (except cranberries) and mix until well combined.
 4. Add the cranberries.
5. Lightly oil a loaf pan (9" x 5") and pour the mix. Spread it evenly.
6. Bake for 50 minutes at 350F or until a toothpick comes out clean.



TRACI LORDS TALKS *EXCISION*

By Vivienne Vaughn

[Interview conducted for Fangoria Issue #318]

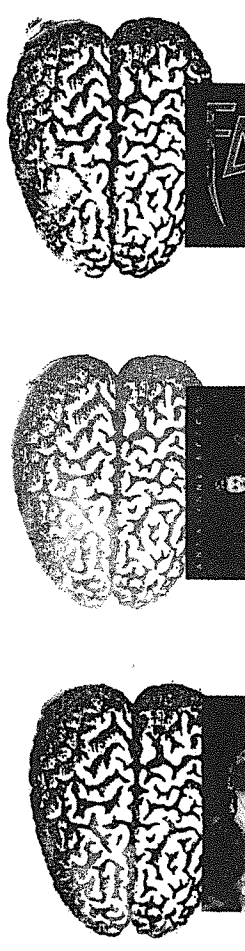
Excision is a very strange movie — perfectly odd and twisted in all of the right ways. The film is a feature-length adaptation of a short from the same name and director, and stars AnnaLynne McCord as the protagonist, Pauline: an egocentric, socially awkward high school outcast with aspirations of becoming a surgeon. The movie largely centers on the stress of her familial life and her estranged relationship with her conservative religious mother, Phyllis (played by the infamous Traci Lords). Her mother wants her to be as sweet and charming as her younger sister, Grace (Ariel Winter), who suffers from cystic fibrosis. Pauline wants to be accepted by her mother, and her mother wants the same, but the two bring out the worst in each other.

We spoke with Traci Lords about her role in *EXCISION* in an interview conducted for Fangoria Issue #318 about her role as an uptight, hyper-religious mother. Lords was launched into a mainstream film career after gaining notoriety from being an underage star of porn films and is perhaps best known for her roles in John Waters' 1990 cult classic *CRY-BABY*.

VV: How did you come to be a part of *EXCISION*?

TL: I got the script from my agent. We're always looking for interesting films; this was an indie and I'm very supportive of independent filmmakers and I liked Ricky Bates' story. He asked me to be in the film and all the pieces fell together.

VV: Was this role dissimilar from other characters you've played in the past?

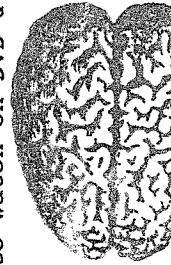
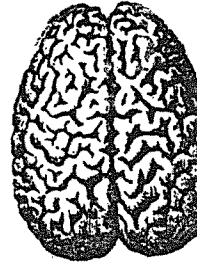
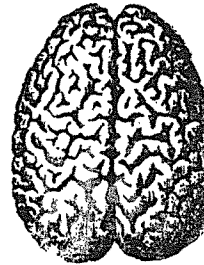
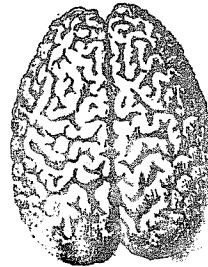


TL: Yes — the extent of the character is what attracted me to the project. Everyone describes Phyllis as an "uptight, religious mom," but I never really saw her that way when I was playing her; I really worked hard not to judge her and just to really try to put my head into why she was acting the way she's acting.

[The emotions of] teen angst and not fitting in, and some of those emotions that Pauline actually feels in the film I certainly felt as a teenager growing up. It's an interesting world that we live in, and it's really an insightful study to see what can happen to kids when they're not guided and they're just out of control and trying to figure out who they are and where they fit in. It's an incredibly timely message just with everything that's going on currently.

It's unfortunate *EXCISION* failed to see a wider theatrical release, because it's truly a breath of fresh air for any horror fan. It's an interesting concept carried out in the best way, striking a perfect balance of horror, teen angst, and dark comedy. Bates has cited Alejandro Jodorowsky, David Cronenberg, and Dario Argento as his inspiration, and *Excision* draws the right amount from these influences. The film successfully combines this with a very unique storyline, and the result solid horror flick. *Excision* will leave you reeling and saying, "What the f*ck did I just watch?" in the best way. You'll be unsure of the exact journey it's taking you on, but I assure you, it's a thoroughly enjoyable ride.

Excision is available to watch on DVD & VOD.



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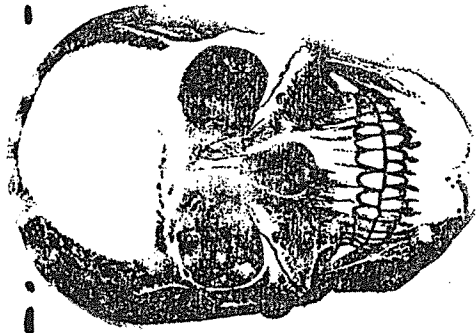
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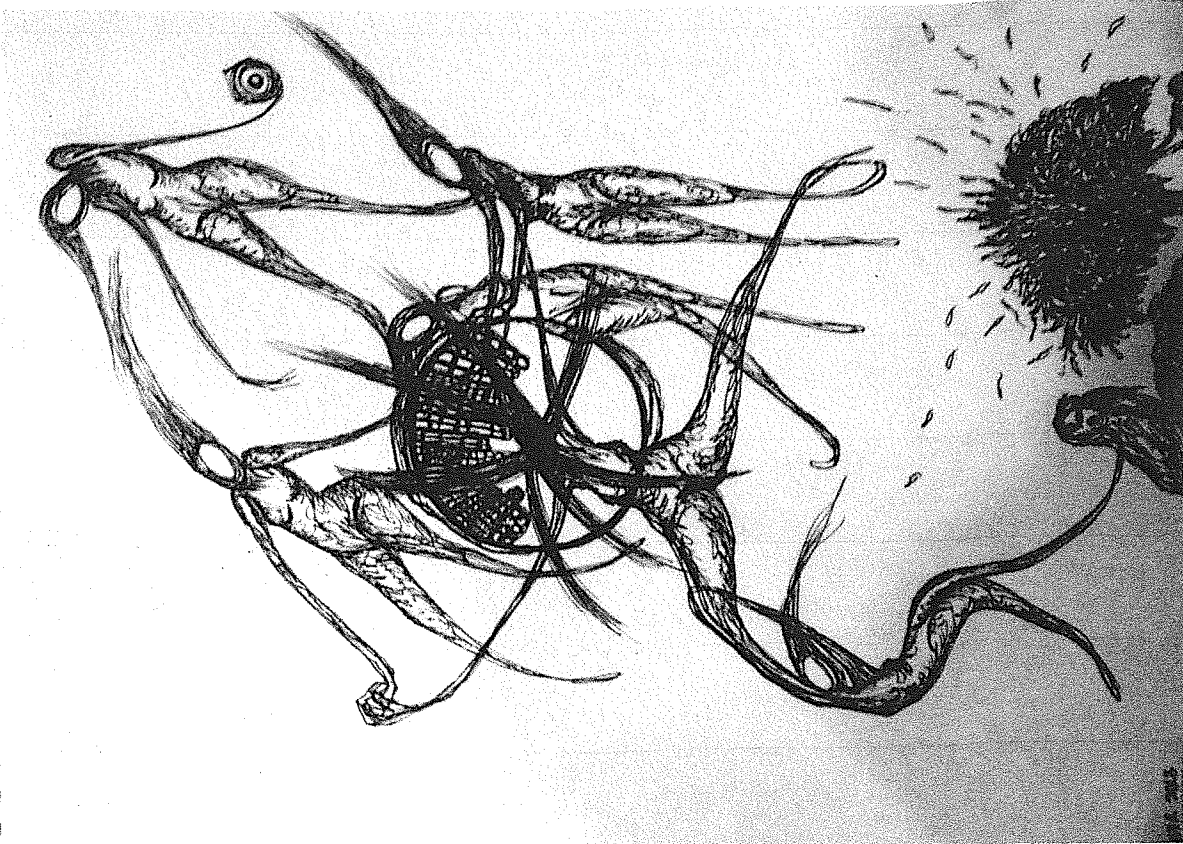
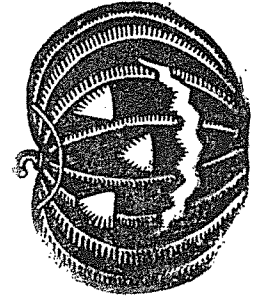


Apple Pie Shake

[Vivienne Vaughn]

- 2 frozen bananas
- 2 large & sweet apples
- 1 tablespoon maple syrup
- 1 teaspoon vanilla bean powder
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- Almond milk (to your preference)

Run all the ingredients in a blender
/ add almond milk to adjust
thickness



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Maya Korn

is a lover of the strange and unusual.
When she's not putting DIY zines together she can be found embroiled in
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