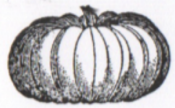
HALLOWZINE

II



Japanese Horror Pops
(Stephanie Berger)

Makes 12 Servings

Ingredients
12 Baby Octopuses (Cleaned, Gutted, and Debeaked)
1 Dozen Quail Eggs
1 Cup Teriyaki Marinade
2/3 Cup Brown Sugar (Packed)
1/4 Cup Soy Sauce
1/2 Cup Black Sesame Oil
2 Tablespoons Black Bean Paste
2 Tablespoons Mirin
1 Tablespoon Sake
1 Tablespoon Rice Wine Vinegar
1 Tablespoon Chili-Garlic sauce
1 Teaspoon Ginger (Grated)
2 Green Onions (Chopped)
1 Garlic Clove (Minced)
15 Drops Red Food Coloring (NOT Optional)
12 Skewers

Recently I went to Kyoto and encountered these terrifyingly delicious octopus pops in the Nishiki Food Market. Apparently they are a favorite among the kiddos. I have never seen groups of children eat octopus with such enthusiasm before! I've done my best to replicate both the flavor and the horror of these Japanese street food delicacies.

In Japan, both mature and baby octopus (or *tako*) are enjoyed both cooked and raw. Live octopus often is sliced and eaten with tentacles still

writhing around chopsticks. Sometimes, there are choking deaths when suction cups adhere to the back of diners' throats!
We'll be dealing with dead octopus, of course. If your little babies happen to be alive (or if they are freshly dead), put them in the freezer until they freeze to death! Freezing anything with liquid-filled cells causes the cells to expand and burst the cell walls. Upon thawing, the cells lose rigidity. The flesh of all cephalopods is chewy, and this is a good way to tenderize it.

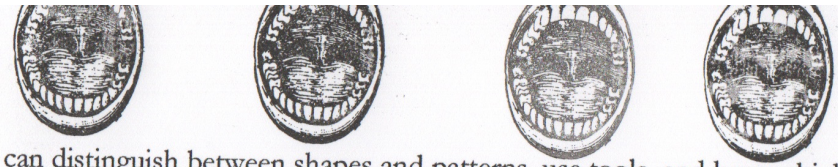
Prepare the marinade while your octopus is thawing out. The marinade is easy: simply combine the rest of the ingredients (except for the quail eggs) in a large bowl and mix thoroughly.

Once they have thawed, you will want to clean, gut, and debeak your octopuses one at a time. First, wash one octopus thoroughly under running water. Turn the octopus inside out by stuffing its head out through the beak. The beak is the slightly bony, vaguely erotic orifice modestly located in between its many legs of course. Discard the entrails. Using a sharp kitchen knife or shears, clip off the beak without fear or malice. Rinse the octopus again and turn it right side out. Repeat twelve times.

Now it is time for you to beat your baby octopi with a wooden mallet. Again, you just want to make sure that they are nice and tender even before marinating them! I warn you to be extra careful so that you don't puncture the flesh of the head. This is important. We need that head intact for later.

Next you want to marinade the octopus in that sweet, salty bath that you have made for them. Marinate for 4 to 6 hours.

While we wait for all those delicate flavors to combine, let us not forget that octopi are considered to be the most intelligent of all invertebrates. Recent research has shown they have both long and short-term memory,



can distinguish between shapes and patterns, use tools, and have a highly developed central nervous system. In Japan, *tako* has long been a being both revered and feared by human. The octopus has been a been a common figure in Japanese art and folklore for centuries.

The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife, a Japanese woodcut carved by the artist Hokusai in 1814, is probably the most famous octopus image ever created. It depicts a young, female pearl diver entwined sexually with a pair of octopuses. The larger of the two mollusks performs cunnilingus on her, while the smaller one, his son, assists on the left by fondling her mouth and left nipple. In the text above the image, the woman and the creatures express their mutual sexual pleasure from the encounter. It may be incest and bestiality, but at least it's not rape!

Not yet. *The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife* is often cited as an early forerunner of tentacle erotica, a motif that has become common in modern Japanese fantasy and science fiction. Similarly, tentacle rape is found in many horror and fetish films, with tentacled creatures forcing sexual intercourse upon the female characters. While most tentacle rape is animated, there are also a few live-action movies.

Having considered all this at length, it is now probably time to start cooking.

First, hard boil your quail eggs, peel them, and let them cool.

Next, strain out the octopuses from the marinade and set them aside, reserving the marinade. Notice the blood-red color of your little guys now! Heat the remaining liquid in a medium pot until just simmering. Add a little water if necessary; you want enough liquid in the pot to cover the octopus completely. Steam/simmer the octopus for just a couple minutes until the tentacles curl back, like those around the body of the fisherman's wife.

In the early 19th Century in Japan, *The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife* would have recalled to the minds of contemporary viewers the folktale of Princess Tamatori, highly popular in the Edo period. In this story, Tamatori is a modest shell diver who marries a man who is searching for a pearl stolen from his family by a dragon sea god. Vowing to help, Tamatori dives down to the dragon's undersea palace and is pursued by the god and his army of sea creatures, including octopuses. She cuts open her own breast and places the jewel inside; this allows her to swim faster and escape, but she dies from her wound soon after reaching the surface.

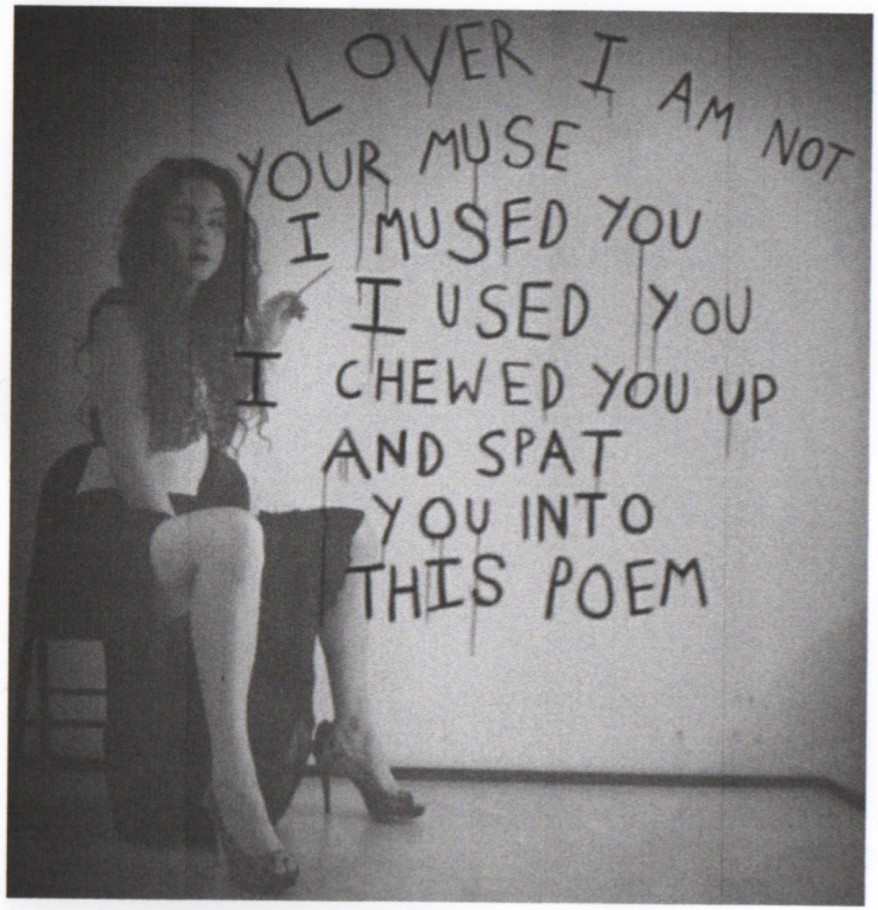
Allow this imagery to marinate inside you while you complete the next step. Once the quail eggs and octopuses are cool enough to handle, stuff one quail egg into the head of each octopus through the hole between its legs where the beak once was. Stick a skewer through the hole into the meat of the egg and you're basically done.

If you feel like being extra bratty and you decide to actually make this recipe for a Halloween party, I recommend cutting jack-o-lantern eyes and mouths into the head of each octopus. If you cut through the flesh of the head and the white of the egg, a bright orange yolk will shine through like fire.

Enjoy! Or don't.

Happy Halloween!

(Gabriel Don
-Photo and make up by MJ Chisala)



Spirits taunt me and they have your eyes
(Gabriel Moreno)

Spirits taunt me and they have your eyes;
Popping out of cereal bowls and coffee mugs,
hiding in parking lots and cigarette dispensers,
squatting in the old wind mills of my illusions.

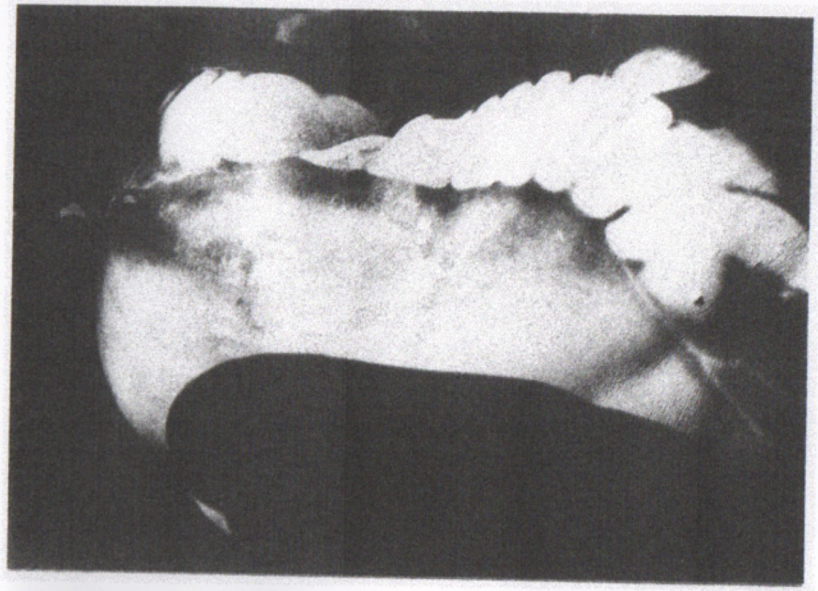
Spirits everywhere, dark spirits of your absence,
underneath the pebbles, beneath church altars,
inside the Burkas of my will and righteousness,
Spirits, spirits armed with your optical systems.

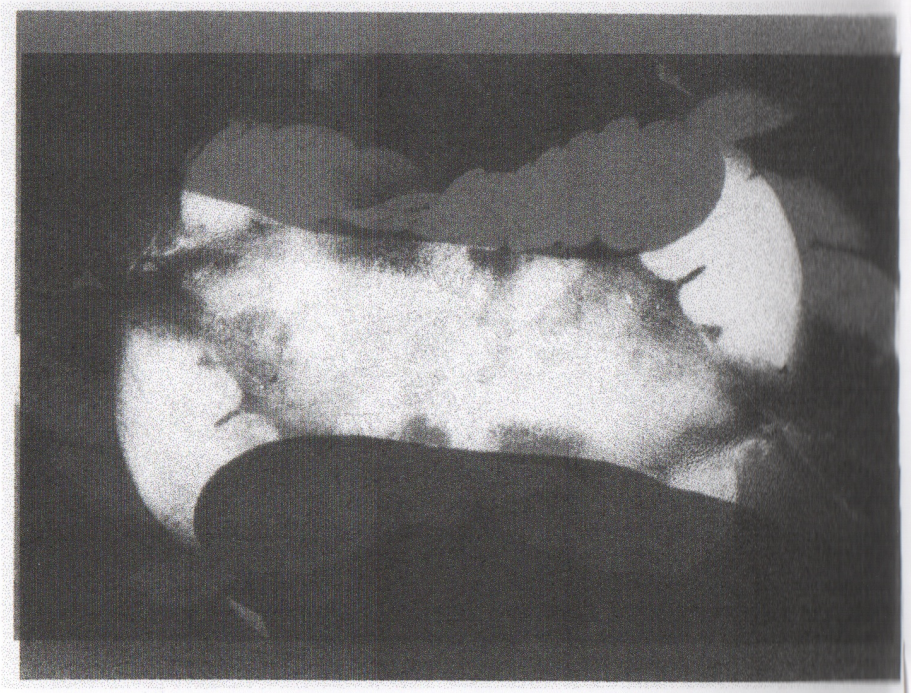
Spirits that perch on my bedroom window,
spirits in the night, spirits in empty hallways,
clinging to the ashes of my foulest thoughts,
spirits hidden in the wild fires of romance.

Spirits, spirits that remind me of your killing,
of the old gypsy knife I wedged in your groin
of the thick blood that inundated the kitchen,
of the way you screamed like a tortured cat.

Spirits taunt me and they have your eyes,
spirits, no way to escape the ruins of plenitude,
they are everywhere, they infiltrate my writing,
spirits of dead love; who keep my death intact.

GetInLine
(Veronica Bruce)





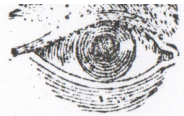
Originally taken with an analogue camera,

Exposed with another photo,

Then sent through a risograph printer,

Some with the twice on top of the old.

The prints are now all a bit different due to the riso machine and the different exposures.



MONSTER INVASION – DIRECTOR RICHARD BATES JR. ON 'SUBURBAN GOTHIC'

(For Fangoria, by Vivienne Vaughn)

Richard Bates Jr. shocked audiences with his directorial debut EXCISION, a movie destined for cult status that brought much delight and disgust to horror fans. His second feature film SUBURBAN GOTHIC sounds as tantalizing and unconventional as his last, and like EXCISION, it combines multiple genres. However, in as many ways as it is similar to its predecessor, SUBURBAN GOTHIC is a very different film. And this was no accident; Bates made a conscious effort to achieve this, striving to push his directorial abilities in an entirely different direction.

"I pretty much consciously went through a list of things I did with EXCISION and found a way to not repeat myself in any way. This one's going to throw everyone through a loop," Bates says excitedly. "It's a completely different take on a coming-of-age story than EXCISION. It's the same subgenre I love, just completely reversed." The film is a drastic tonal shift from his last: "A lot of it was inspired by stuff like ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL and THE WANDERERS," he says. "It's inspired by all the sh*t I watched as a kid, from EERIE, INDIANA and ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE DARK? to GOOSEBUMPS. I took elements of all these things and intended to create an elevated platform to show them on."

"When I was pitching the movie, I went back and read a bunch of THE HARDY BOYS books. Structurally, this whole film is very much a riff on those. It's also very much inspired by boardwalk amusement park rides and has a William Castle sort of showmanship – I'm trying to get my audience to go 'ooh' and 'aah,'" he says. "I'm not above anything with this movie; there are gross-out gags and juvenile humor, but also touching, moving moments," he says. "This movie revels in being non-pretentious; there is not a pretentious bone in SUBURBAN GOTHIC's body," a resolute change from his last film, which was inspired by the likes of Alejandro Jodorowsky.

"The films that influenced EXCISION are arthouse films; the films that inspired this one are not," Bates continues. "After EXCISION I got super f*cking depressed. I couldn't get jobs; I got no offers – nothing. That movie didn't necessarily get agents or studios banging on my door. I don't think that most people [in Los Angeles] knew what to do with it, quite frankly," he states. "It's one thing to get festival buzz, but after that ended I was sort of dead in the water.

"I couldn't watch any of the films that inspired EXCISION. I had to get back to my youth – what made me happy. SUBURBAN GOTHIC is sort of a gift to making myself happy again, and I changed the initial script to reflect this. I hope this movie makes some kids happy," he continues. But he's quick to add, "I'll f*cking ruin your life with the next movie! There's plenty of time for me to steal your soul." Carrying on with his initial sentiment, he continues, "I want this movie to be a communal experience – it's made specifically for an audience. I really want some teen kid to come up to me afterwards and be

like, "This really made me smile.' I want groups of weirdoes to come see this and meet each other and be weird little friends. It's important to me. The film exists for that reason."

Similarly to EXCISION, SUBURBAN GOTHIC boasts an all-star cast – from cult horror favorites John Waters, Jeffrey Combs and Ray Wise to stars Kat Dennings and Matthew Grey Gubler, with the likes of Sally Kirkland and Muse Watson thrown into the mix. "I had so much fun with the actors," Bates says. "I made this movie with f*cking weirdos! Gubler is one of my best friends; Kat is awesome. She's a horror weirdo," he notes. "Ray is the godfather of weird. Sally Kirkland, who [in the film] secretly runs a sort of séance operation, used to be in f*cking Warhol movies back in NY. She's seen everything!" he says excitedly. "And then I had Jeffrey Combs and John Waters come in and ham it up. I told them what I wanted and I let them f*cking fly. EXCISION has subdued performances. I wrote everything in EXCISION as melodrama so that I could bring it down, and it would continuously be this strange combination of deadpan and theatrical, whereas with SUBURBAN GOTHIC, everyone is on a cartoon high."

EXCISION was a notably polarizing film among audiences, as oft misunderstood as its angst-ridden protagonist, and Bates has no doubts that this film will have a similar effect. "I anticipate SUBURBAN GOTHIC will be more subversively polarizing because it's such a genre-hybrid film, and everybody wants to put everything in a box," he states. "People that hated EXCISION might really enjoy it. We'll see what people think... I like it." He goes on, saying, "I think both movies are reflections of sides of my personality, for better or worse." He takes a pause before adding the concluding note to our interview: "And like my personality, I'm sure it will alienate certain groups of people."

(Emily Tat)

Spooky
(Elsa Court)

"I don't really understand where periods are supposed to come from."
About certain things and for your age you were quite strikingly innocent. Having grown up in France, your denomination of Christianity naturally fell into Roman Catholicism, and I suppose so did mine but people in your family simply took these things more seriously than was customary in our days. For this reason your body was a bigger mystery to you than it was even to me. I explained to you, sitting on the flowery quilt that covered my bed, and with help of the two points of anatomical reference that naturally came to mind, where your vagina was. You looked startled. I told you it was quite tricky, really, to "see" any of this without the help of a pocket mirror. You looked even more confused.

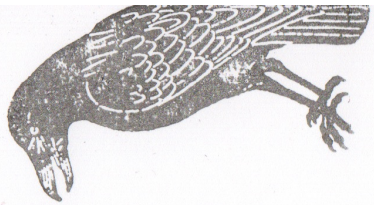
My friendship with you had reached its fourth anniversary. It had begun at this exact time of year, near the end of October, and quite romantically, from a spontaneous exchange of formal written correspondence. As my distant cousin, you were a familiar fixture of my social life, but recent family events had made Christmas reunions redundant, and we had not really spoken since the years of our childhood.

The devil knows what kind of boredom possessed you to write to me one day. I picture this. A draughty country house, and the raspberry season quite over; each one of your four sisters busy with some indoor Sunday activity, or maybe had your entire family gone for a walk and you had decided to stay home by yourself as you were in no mood to go mushroom picking.

Dear E.,

I deplore that we rely on the company of adults to spend time with each other. Last time I saw you we were at Barbie doll stage, how odd to think of this. I came upon a picture of us the other day among my mother's things ¾ Christmas 1994, I believe, everyone still looks reasonably happy, divorces not yet on the cards. Would you like to attend a Halloween tea at my house in a couple of weeks? Of course you would have to take the train but you could stay over for the weekend. They have renovated the train station outside my house: trains are now stopping again at St. Brie.

A toi pour toujours,



F.

p.s. I think everybody apart from you is a fool, so you shall be my only Halloween guest this year.

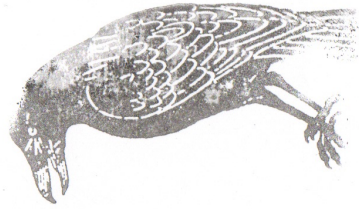
I had found the letter on my little desk as I came home from school one dark windy evening. There had been few events in my life this far that had matched your letter in lightness, excitement and promise. I told my father about your invitation and he consented to let me take the train alone, for the first time. You must have at least partly realised the incongruity of celebrating Halloween in Northern France, and in fact I'm not

surprised you didn't have any other guests than me. I had gone to great efforts to make my very own witch hat from scratch and take it on the train to your house, and to my surprise you welcomed me ingenuously disguised as a fox.

Perhaps because we looked quite alike and were the same age, you often checked with me that Nature was affecting our changing bodies in more or less the same way. Having been told so little about the facts of life until the school nurse gave you a puberty leaflet without much formality, you would have felt a little betrayed had I not been, like you, slow in my physical development.

"I wonder which one of us," you finally said dramatically, "is going to get their period first."

Years had passed. Our additional life experience could be measured by the number of books we had read, the number of times we had been allowed to go to the cinema alone, and whether or not we had kissed a boy (one of us had). Technically speaking, neither of us had turned into a woman yet. Most girls our age had started having their periods for a while now, and with a regularity that, to the novice, seemed almost suspicious. Among the few other girls who were still one or two steps away from hormonal maturity, most seemed quite naturally eager for their first period to come. I had seen a girl once at school hugging one of her girl friends at recess so that their bellies were conspicuously rubbing against each other through the layers of their winter clothes. "Pass it on to me!" had said the girl to her friend, and I'd realised that she had meant "your period," laughing wholeheartedly like there was nothing to worry about.



That year your eldest sister sent you Halloween candies and decorations from America, and you had decided that exceptionally, we could invite a few more girls to the party. Together, we installed the American decorations a few hours before the party was meant to begin. We knew some English, but not a lot. Words like "pumpkin" and "witch" adorned the invitation cards you had sent a week earlier. "I wonder what 'spooky' means," you said, staring now at a paper garland whose coloured discs advertised friendly-looking ghosts and feminine black cats. A look in the English dictionary confirmed my first intuition ('scary'), not quite yours ('evil').

In spite of the October temperature of your large and poorly heated house, in spite of the draft that gushed here and there between ever swinging doors, you had had in mind that your formal black dress, buttoned up to your neck, would look nicer on you if you could do away with the black tights. You were running around in bare legs, that night, waiting for your guests to arrive, lighting up candles here and there, high-heeled, woman-like, getting up on high stools to hang decorations on top of the decorations of the regular days: hanging from the ceiling lamps and around the corners of picture frames, that brand of fake spider web, for instance, that stuck to your hair, apparel, and fingers.

It arrived without so much of a warning, and had it not been for me and the passing look of panic that you must have noticed, you might not have realised immediately that a streak of blood was running down the inside of your left thigh.

Your guests were late – would they ever come? A "ding" sound from the kitchen indicated that your underdone apple tart was getting dangerously brown around the edges. I caught from where I was standing the distant buzz of the TV in the adjacent room, the voice of princess Leia: "Aren't you a little short for a stormtrooper?" Incidental nothings. You looked a little scared. And no one at home but us.

Darkwave Playlist II
(Nico Amarca)

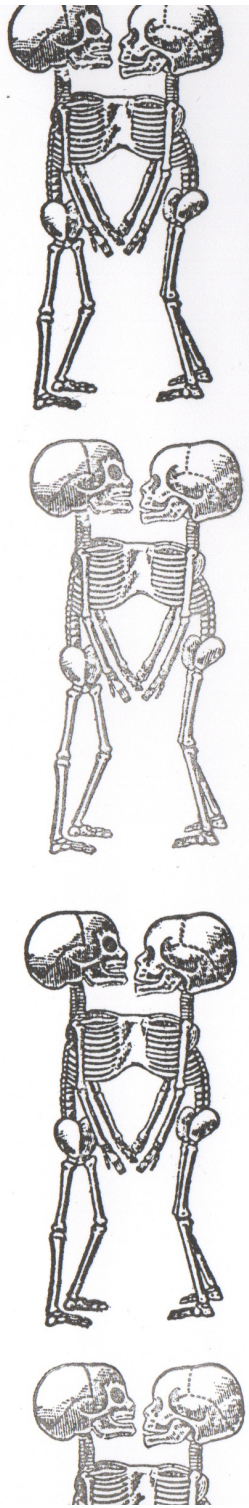
1. Labyrinth Ear - Amethyst Days
2. Skinny Puppy - Smothered Hope
3. Xeno & Oaklander – Sheen
4. Static Movement- Radio Station
5. Shatoo - Dangertown
6. Clan of Xymox - Blue Monday
7. Gene Loves Jezebel - Immigrant
8. Trust - Icabod
9. Ministry - Revenge
10. Gatekeeper - Chains
11. Cocteau Twins - In Our Angelhood
12. Depeche Mode - My Little Universe (Boys Noize Mix)
13. Xander Harris - Red Dawn Sky
14. Dead Can Dance - The Trial
15. Siouxsie and the Banshees - Israel
16. Light Asylum - Pope Will Roll
17. Sisters of Mercy - Blood Money
18. Kontravoid - Cut To Cleanse
19. Bauhaus - Third Uncle
20. The Soft Moon - Tiny Spiders

Float
(@carinafinn)

Float

But I like
the feeling like
I'm shopping
in the bedroom
when the false
parts go in&out
of me so lyric
romantic
or Taylor Swift
at the park over
cigarettes when
it's over.

I surface through
the umbra of a
thought bubble
twenty minutes
away on the train
my trashed
loafers with socks
on cuz it's
autumn and I'm
the pinnacle
of grace
with my practical
detachment
& just want
to have fun or
karaoke in
the nightlight how
I used to look
deep in the eyes
of beautiful
monsters

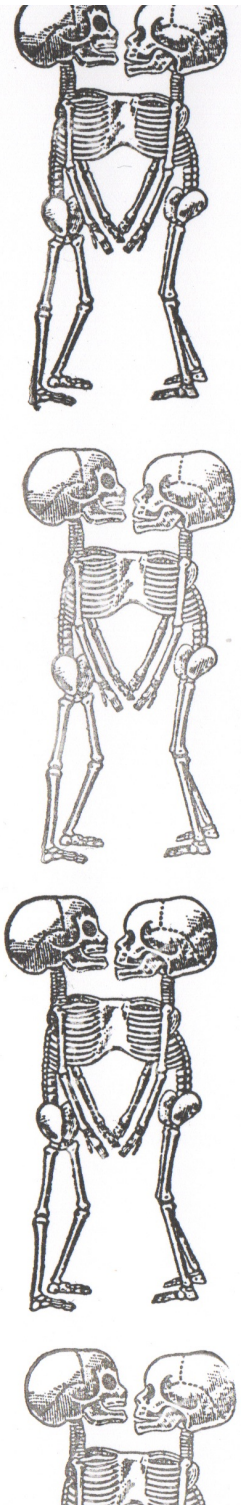


all it took to make
my heart go.

A leaf
dipped in gold
on the neck
of a man
you will never
forget
being held
by the neck
skin's just skin
and his freckles
sweetly softening
upon his back.

Maybe one day
if I grow into
a lady
it won't matter
that I've never
walked away from
something terrible.
It's October.
The sunglass'd women
in their sweaters.
Cobble together
a vision of a street co
parenting another
nation's baby
the whole time a poet
and never showing.

Maybe it's true
that the best part
is after the end
when the time
before
having gone to Paris



will always be
only the time before.
However now
in my faux riding outfit
all I feel is feeling and
the face meant to
comfort me just
makes me go to sleep.
The radio in my
mind tunes in to the
one channel I used to
like the drug store
in the actual is filled
with drugs.
Delivery in this
neighborhood
is so bad.

But the city at night.
The trains behind it.
I could be an anthropologist
of breakfast regimes.
Having Moses for a
sister often I come home &
often home is burning.
In another present,
a birch tree bends,
bows at me,
and the boy I loved,
and the actual pink
petals fall
from the tree.

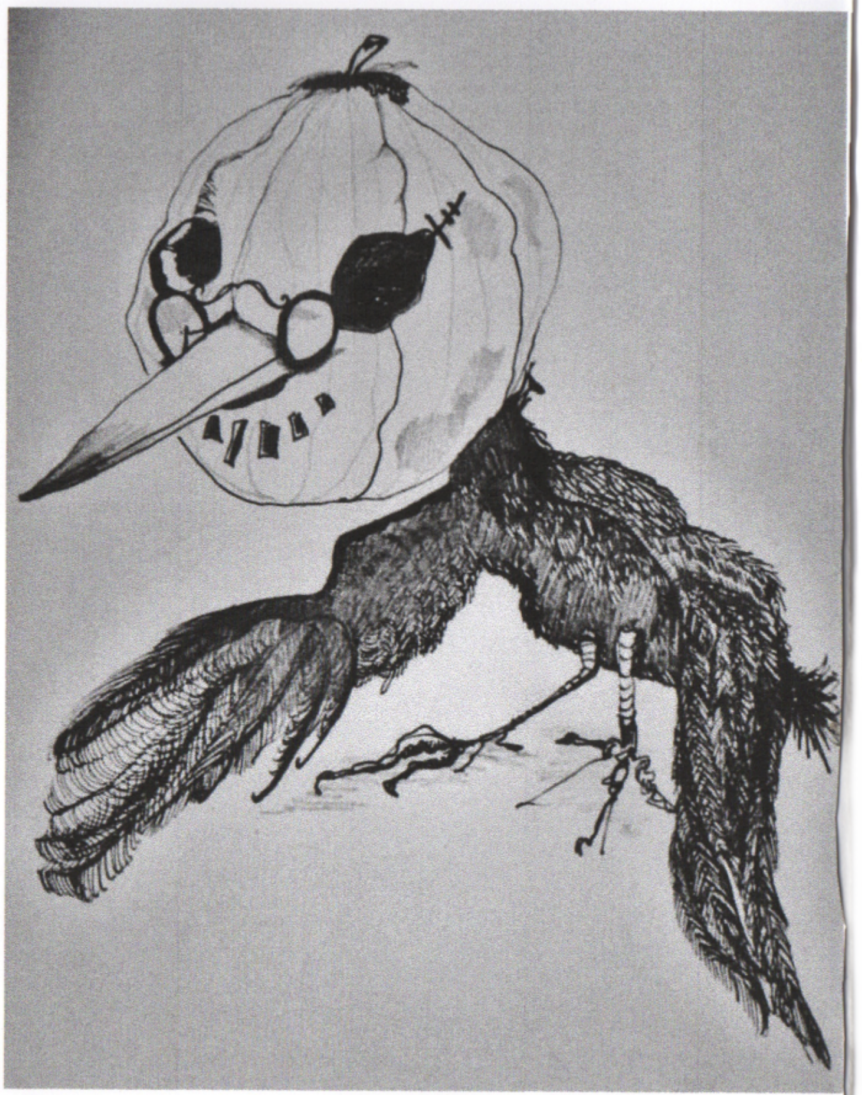
This is the worst example.
In measuring my
body I'm a
child
a girl child
and it matters

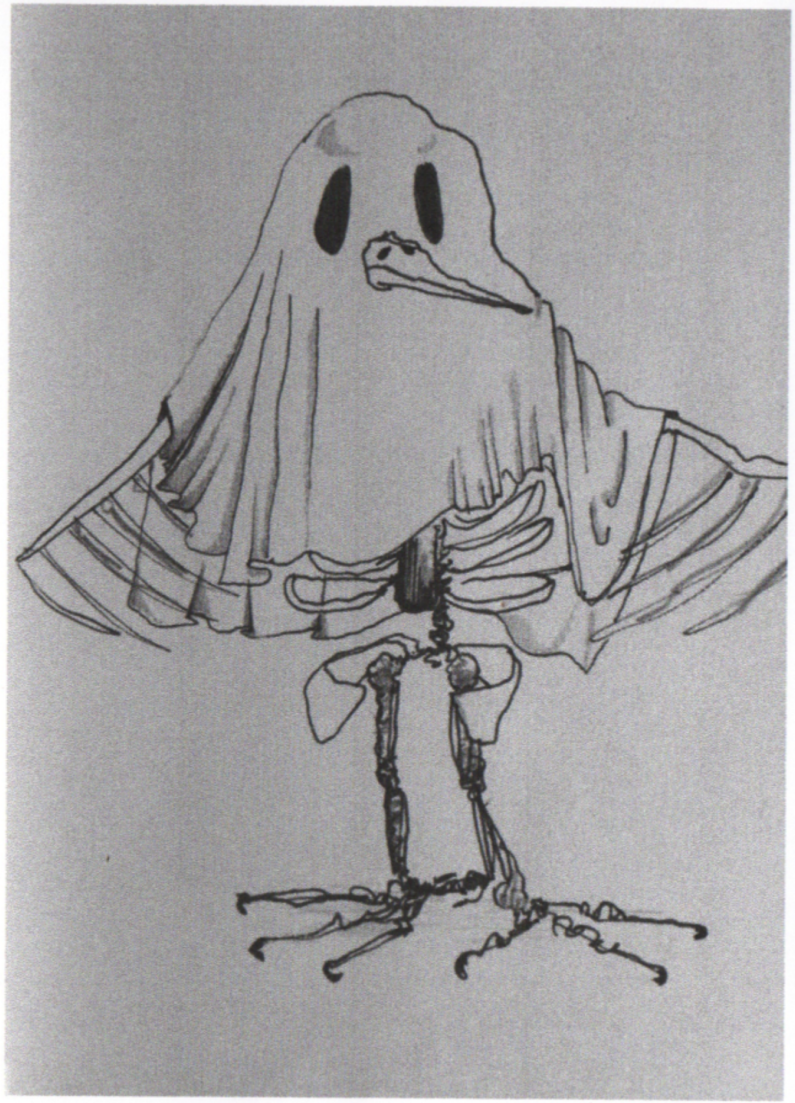
whether or not I am pretty.

So when I'm curled
in the chair
I am actually curled in the
chair, sleeping.

Not tying a ribbon on
solidarity. But the chimes
go and go. All
the voices filtered into a
system of repetitions
and intensities.
Make me the bland thing,
please,
the one that just goes in
you. The different
parts of my head are
scored with a
knife.
Have you heard of
comfort? Lives
are built on it. Whole
tiny solar systems.
Peace-as-God. Yes, I
have heard of it.
But I believe in magic.

(Jennifer Gregory)





(Mary Wang)

What if I don't make it on time?

What if I don't make it?

What if I don't know what to make?

What if I'm not smart enough?

What if I'm not smart enough to see that I'm not smart enough?

What if this is all I see?

What if I don't look good?

What if the mirror is lying?

What if the inside looks different than the outside?

What if the world outside collapses?

What if the world collapses before I die?

What if I die before seeing the world?

What if the world collapses and no one is there to see it?

What if I'm not seeing what you're seeing?

What if you don't want to know what I'm seeing?

What if you are just you and I'm no one else but me?

What is me without you?

What if this is all a dream?

What if this is my only dream?

What if we share a bed but not our dreams?

What if you're sharing a bed with someone else than me?

What if the mirror is lying?

What if this is all you're sharing?

What is caring if not sharing?

What if I care too much and share too little?

What if there's too little of me?

What if I was little again?

What if I could go back?

What if I went back and look back and all I see is blackness?

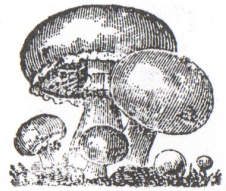
What if I'm a black heart wrapped in a pink dress?

What if the pink dress doesn't fit me anymore?

What if I never wore a dress again?

If I would never wear a dress again

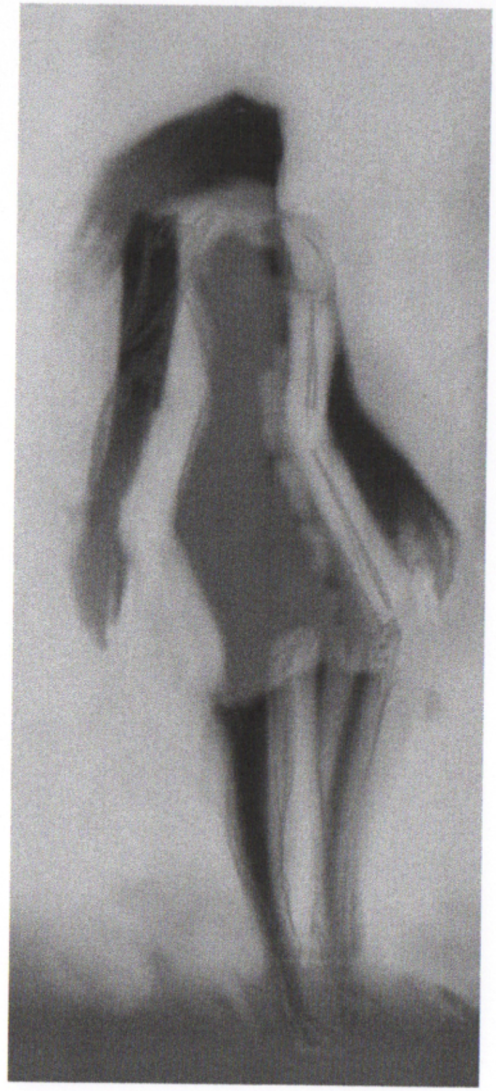
Would you still love me?



(Sophie Dayan)

Darklord

Witch's Dance



Creature

The Last Skeptik's Top 5 Horror Rap Songs

1. Big L - Devil's Son

The chorus is a repeated sample of Nas saying 'When I was 12, I went to hell for snuffing Jesus', and the rest of the song follows suit with L basically discussing how is the spawn of Satan. No big deal.

2. DMX - Damien

X is a crazy bastard at the best of times, but this, taken from his debut album saw him going back and forth with the devil himself whilst the big guy instructed X on who to murder. Standard Saturday night behaviour, then.

3. Necro - You're Dead

Necro is the king of horror rap. He's pretty much described every single form of mutilation somehow in his music. You're Dead is beautifully horrific in his typical style, but the real crowning glory is its complex, deep chorus: 'You're dead. Youre dead dead. You're so dead.'

4. Necro - Dead Body Disposal

At this point, you could probably include any of Necro's songs in this list. This one makes my list due to the wonderful poetics of this lyric: 'dont rush either, cut each piece like Pizza Hut pizza, with a rusty cleaver, then put each piece up in the freezer'. Culinary bawse.

5.Jazzy Jeff and The Fresh Prince -

I accept this ones a lil bit more jovial than the others. But seriously though, Jeff gets murkalized by Freddie Kruger at the end of the video in what some might call the biggest career change of all time: Fred moves from fucker of all dreams to Will Smith's replacement DJ. Dope.

Food is Scary
(Helena Goodrich)

Every year, around Halloween, I find all my news feeds are suddenly overloaded with Halloween recipes usually themed around pumpkin, sugar or large quantities of food colouring. When trying to decide what to write I thought yes, I love pumpkin, whether in a sweet creamy pie, a soup, roasted into crispy wedges, mashed with lots of butter or baked into cookies. You should definitely try pumpkin in all these forms and eat lots of candy and cakes with blood red icing and for advice on this, please read any number of online magazines or blog recipes, there is very little that hasn't been covered and is anyone ever scared by being given a cupcake with a ghost on it? No. For all sorts of reasons food freaks us all out anyway. I have come up with a list of genuinely scary ideas for this Halloween and you will be terrified and possibly never be able to eat ANYTHING ever again. You have been warned.

What is Food made of? It's not made of plastic right because processed cheese definitely looks like it is. Lots of supermarket products contain ingredients with names like 'xanthum gum' and 'mono sodium glutinate', what the hell are these things, they sound scary and like they should stay in the laboratory and never find their way into my stomach. The media loves scaring us with stories about diseased salads, contaminated meat, GM EVERYTHING and it is terrifying! Have some friends over and watch Food Inc whilst eating a Big Mac meal for a genuinely horrifying Halloween experience, particularly if you live in America because wow your food system is messed up!

2. Health Food. Everyone is now really confused about what we should actually eat. Additives are definitely bad and fat is bad right and sugar and ready meals and soy or wait is soy good again? I got confused. There are always annoying people around preaching that they only shop at wholefoods or have replaced the sugar in their diet with agave syrup and are therefore definitely eating healthily. That or they drink slimming shakes. Try shopping at your local health food store at peak hour and get in the way of the tofu crazed ladies crushing you in search of the last packet of quinoa and you will be VERY SCARED (and possibly get kicked in the face by a yoga toned leg.) You could also try all the health foods like hemp powder and maca root. You will definitely be scared of health food after.

3. Allergies. I always say I'm allergic to crab. I'm not, I just hate it, one tiny bite makes me gag. Sound familiar? Everyone is 'allergic' to something or just gets freaked out by one particular food. An ex-boyfriend of mine used to throw up if he ate mayo or vinegar, which lead to many anxious conversations with sandwich shop

owners. These things make no sense but some foods just make us panic and we don't know why. Intolerances are very trendy now, wheat and dairy in particular. I would just like to point out that wheat and dairy are not actually bad for us and soy and the ingredients they are replaced with are definitely much worse. Rants aside, you should read The Man Who Ate Everything by Jeffrey Steingarten. This guy forced himself to eat all foods, including the ones he didn't like. As a Halloween experiment, you try all the foods you don't like Scared yet? To anyone with genuine intolerances or allergies do not do this, anaphylactic shock syndrome is definitely too far.

4. Psychosis and Food. There are so many psychological conditions attached to food, take anorexia or bulimia as examples. Often children have traumatic experiences involving food, usually just being forced to eat things or getting really bad food poisoning but sometimes worse. I recently watched Stoker, it isn't a very good film, but there's a fantastic scene involving the lead character, a young girl, going to the freezer to get some ice cream her uncle has bought her only to discover the frozen body parts of her grandmother hidden underneath. Unsure what to do this girl sits down and eats ALL the ice cream. Wouldn't that ruin ice cream for you? The Hunger Games and Delicatessen are also good films about food systems that themselves become psychotic. Food makes people crazy, they starve one another and eat one another and argh it's just really bad!!! Maybe you could invite friends round for dinner, ask someone to get you some ice cream then hide some fake body parts in your basement freezer. Wouldn't that be hilarious/ horrible and traumatic for your friend?

5. Scary food symbols. This is really an extension of the above point but I think that it is good anyway. Often in books of films pieces of food themselves become transformed into something more disturbing. This is a common theme for children's books so no wonder we are now all scared of food. In one of my childhood books Chinese Cinderella the lead character is forced to eat her pet duck for dinner. I cried and became a vegetarian soon after. There's also the poisoned apple in Snow White, the pigs head on the totem pole in The Lord of the Flies, the list continues. As a party theme, maybe you could fill the house with these scary food symbols or you could even do a themed dinner: Dickensian gruel from Oliver, a giant chocolate cake inspired by the disgusting scene in Matilda, I am sure there are heaps more. The dinner could be called 'My childhood trauma.'

In summary, food is really scary and just making something with pumpkin or putting scary faces on a cookie is a massive cop out. Think big everybody and eat really freaky food!

COSTUMES
(TiffanyVasquez)

Daria

Daria Morgendorffer; Goddess of Grunge and Sarcasm. I have loved her since way before I realized that I partly am her, and I decided to dress up as Daria for Halloween 2012. This look is fairly easy to put together. Grunge combat boots have been in season for the last few years, so I already owned them (but they were purchased at Urban Outfitters). Wear the boots with long black socks so you can slouch them down a bit. I bought the pleated black skirt from Ideeli.com, but that's also quite easy to find. Here's where it became more of a challenge: Daria's shirt isn't quite mustard and isn't quite brown either; it lies somewhere in the middle. Well, the Halloween Gods bestowed favor on me because I happened to already own a shirt that exact color. It was purchased at Forever 21. Daria's signature green jacket is also tricky if you are going for complete authenticity; otherwise, any green blazer will do. But her jacket has the wide collar of a blazer, except it has a zipper, which is

hard to find. I searched for the perfect jacket for months, and finally found a velour forest green zip jacket from a seller on eBay. The round glasses were purchased from a vendor on St. Mark's Place, and the frizzy hair came courtesy of my DNA. This costume is great for many reasons. First, it's comfortable. You get to wear a jacket and flat boots, so you can go anywhere to celebrate. Also, the backpack is part of the costume, so you can easily carry your belongings!

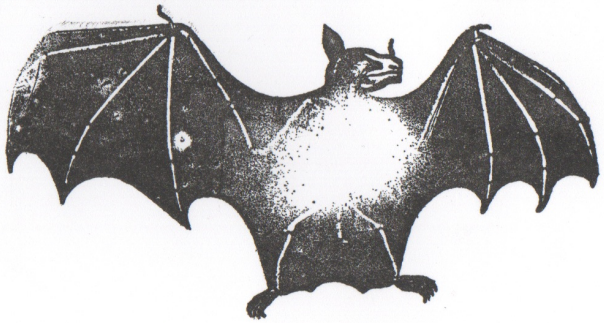
2. Gogo Yubari

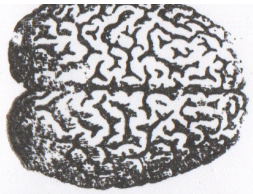
Last year, I decided to assemble a costume of Gogo Yubari, master assassin in Kill Bill, Vol.1. This costume is a standard Japanese schoolgirl outfit, which was easy. I already had plain white sneakers, I purchased all white knee-high socks from American Apparel, plaid school girl skirt from Cookies (a children's store, but there must be some gargantuan children now because the sizes fit many adults). I already owned a plain white buttoned shirt from Express, and a navy blue blazer from H&M. I purchased a gold crest iron-on patch from eBay, as well as 2 feet of red ribbon from Etsy for Gogo's necktie.

But this costume isn't nearly complete until you have Gogo's signature weapon, a meteor chain. Don't even try finding this at a store; you won't. I had to make this one. I started with a small styrofoam ball from Michael's, about the size of a weight ball. I drilled a hole in it, and in that hole, I twisted in a key hole screw (screw purchased at Home Depot).

I also bought three packs of Fimo oven hardening clay (in color gray) from Michael's. I made a 16-inch x 2 inch strip of clay, and hand formed small spikes to lay across the strip. I used clay glue to attach the spikes to the strip. Since the clay is oven-hardening, I put the strip with spikes in the oven for the time alotted. After the clay was done and cooled down, I used styrofoam-safe glue to put the strip around the circumference of the ball (obviously not blocking the screw that is already in the ball). Once the glue is hardened, you must spraypaint the whole ball silver (spray paint also from Michael's). After that has dried, attach a 5-foot chain link to the keyhole opening of the screw. You now have a medieval weapon.

The fun thing about being Gogo Yubari for Halloween is that you can walk the streets in a fetish costume without any worries of a creep harassing you, because your weapon is very intimidating, even if the bulk of it is made of styrofoam.





(Sam Branman)

real vs perceived ghost sightings
(excerpts from a letter by giulianna reiley)

i. I'm at home for the weekend, visiting the remainder of my family that lives here: my mom, dad, brother, and sister. for many years (although it feels too short in retrospect; like no time at all) we had a german shepherd, Max. he passed away this time last year. I was an absolute mess. my dog was very much my best friend and I held him in my arms when he passed. when I sit at our kitchen table late at night, like right now, sometimes I look up and for a split second I can see him across the room, in the spot where he'd always be stretched out sleeping or standing, trying to get my attention.

ii. today i took my brother and sister to the "spooky walk" -- this yearly halloween event out in our neck of the woods on Long Island. it's like a haunted walk with people who pop out of the trees to try and scare you, among other attractions that would be impossible to explain to anyone unfamiliar with american customs around this time of year. the last time I came out of the city for spooky walk it was with my ex, my brother, and my sister. this year it was as if I could feel his presence at every turn, lingering. how I'd love to experience the relief and release from his memory. any repeated experience is ripe with rotten nostalgia -- it's tempting trickery. I'd like to think of us together, happy, last year, but it's a waste of feeling, really. a daydream.

iii. whenever I come home, my parents try to "act normal" -- as if things have changed since when I left here years ago. sitting at the kitchen table in our cavernous home I can hear them arguing in their bedroom. ghosts live on long after we leave them and they refuse to stay hidden.

iv. the actual anecdote you asked for: I was about eleven years old. my brothers, all three of them, and I decided we wanted to build a blanket fort and sleep in the basement one rainy evening, so we did. around two in the morning I woke up because I needed to pee. upon sitting up and starting, I was startled to see a big white translucent blob, human sized but without distinct features, glowing across the room from me. it was almost as if it were

standing, or maybe even hovering there, silently. it never moved but - undulated a little bit in a wavy, foggy way. it was just this big blur. I stared at it in awe for about an hour until I absolutely had to take a piss, at which point I ran to flip the light switch on and the being disappeared from sight. after that night my brothers reported seeing weird things around the house (one of them swore he saw a ghost but grew up to deny it) and I would hear super strange noises beyond typical creepy inexplicable door slamming. at one point I woke up to hear what sounded like a glass vase shattering but when I went downstairs nothing had happened. weird shit like that lasted for about a week, but then again I've also had trippy meditative experiences that defy description so there is so much more to this human living thing than I barely understand.

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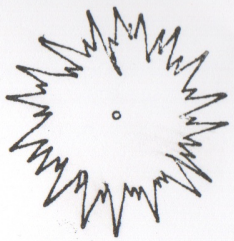
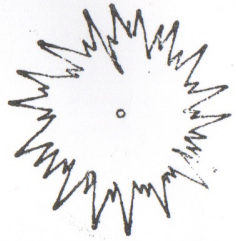
in other news, I went hiking with my nine year old sister today: my family lives on the border of protected land (the pine barrens) so it wasn't an intentional excursion so much as it was a matter of going outside. that said, i was without my glasses and left my phone at home. of course, it was on this day of days that I trusted my little sister to handle our navigation, at which point an hour or two in we found ourselves utterly lost, without any means of communication, and myself half blind. it was literally by the grace of god that I somehow kept myself from panicking and took the lead; magically finding our way out of the thicket we'd lost ourselves in and back through the hole in the fence from whence we'd came. craziness. I thought we were about to be a missing persons case. what a funny (although not at the time) fiasco. during this journey through the middle of nowhere I also found a little skull. I have yet to identify what animal's brain it must have kept safe.





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