

Looking Glass

Gonzo Anthropology
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JESS NEVINS' ENCYCLOPEDIA
OF SOUTH AMERICAN PULP

WILLIAM PETER BLATTY

ON HORROR, THE INCAS, AND THE SACRAMENTS

FILMMAKER ALEJANDRO JODOROWSKY
ON HOW TO EXPERIENCE THE SURREAL IN A FEW EASY STEPS

and NEW FICTION BY BRENDAN JOHNSTON

This Issue:

LAND OF FIRE

IN THIS ISSUE...

The Art of Marcos Lopez



Photographer Marcos Lopez perfectly captures the spirit of Creole Surrealism, and not only because he invented the term himself. To quote his manifesto, "Creole surrealism equals 'self.' Sometimes rustic, sometimes ignorant." We're proud to have these images, Pop Latino seen through the lens of magical realism, throughout our pages. The Marcos Lopez oeuvre can be found on the web at www.marcoslopez.com, and his new book is on release this October.

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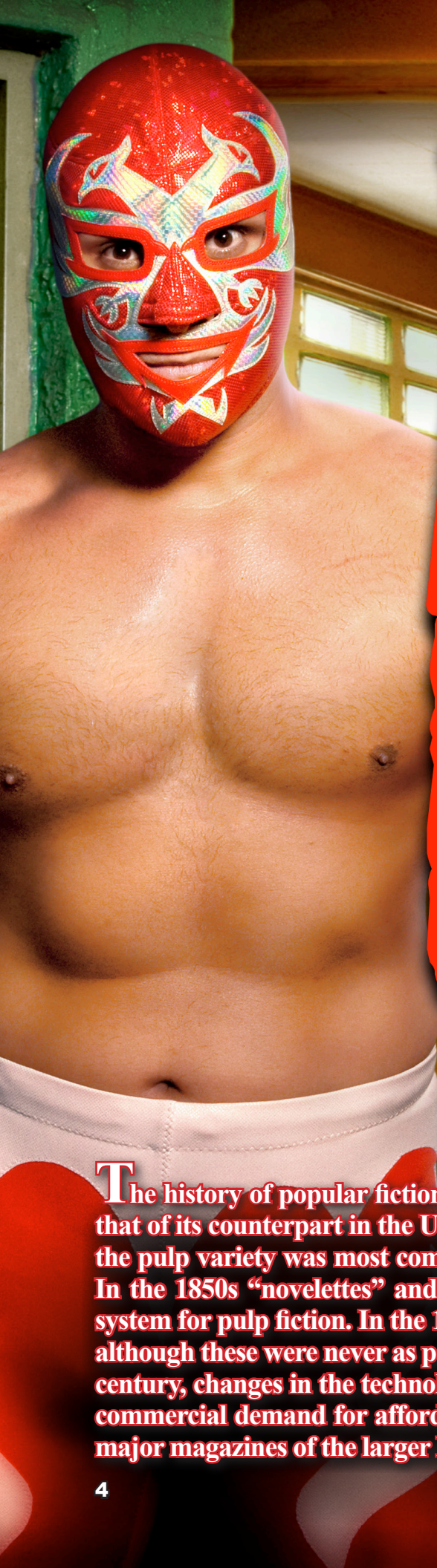
ON THE COVER:



Retablo, the folk art found behind altars in colonial Peru, and other countries, originated when Christian soldiers would carry portable box-altars for worship and protection. It came to South America in the 16th century, when the artform was used as a teaching device for native people. A cousin of pre-Renaissance Gothic painting, retablos have a pagan, folkloristic feel, and events are represented encyclopedically on the plane, rather than sequentially; the picture captures a whole story rather than a sequence of events. Here, make-up artist **CRYSTAL SOVEROSKI** gets model **TATIANA STEWART** ready for her appearance in our retablo, which represents, not a Christian story, but our own, home-grown Latin American myth.

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A Brief Tour of LATIN AMERICAN PULP

By Jess Nevins

Photos by Marcos Lopez

The history of popular fiction in Ibero-America during the 19th century essentially mirrors that of its counterpart in the United States. In the early part of the century popular fiction of the pulp variety was most commonly found in newspapers, as feuilletons (serialized novels). In the 1850s “novelettes” and chapbooks replaced the newspaper as the primary delivery system for pulp fiction. In the 1860s novelettes and chapbooks were replaced by dime novels, although these were never as popular or widespread as in the United States. By the end of the century, changes in the technology of printing and the education of the masses gave rise to a commercial demand for affordable, disposable, regularly-published popular fiction, and the major magazines of the larger Ibero-American countries were happy to oblige.

The first pulp, *Argosy*, debuted in 1896. In the United States, it took pulps roughly fifteen years to achieve true pulp greatness. Ibero-American pulp were slower in maturing, and most of the pulp stories which appeared in Ibero-America through 1920 were unexceptional. The greatest number of pulp stories appeared in Argentina's *Caras y Caretas*, which was founded in 1898. Typical of the pulp stories of *Caras y Caretas* are Otto Miguel Cione's "La Atrevida Operación del Dr. Otis" (1901) and Horacio Quiroga's "El Hombre Artificial" (1910). The former is about a mad scientist who tries to correct his son's wickedness by transplanting a lobe from an ordinary person's brain into his son's brain. The latter is about two doctors and an electrical engineer who try to create an artificial man by pumping extreme amounts of excruciating agony through an inanimate body. Neither story is told in an involving style and neither story is easily differentiated from the mass of similar stories of the time.

Chilean pulps far more often published mysteries than stories of the fantastic, but there too the stories have not aged well and do not seem exceptional in way. Alberto Edwards' *Román Calvo*, who appeared in six stories between 1912 and 1920, is a competent attempt at creating a Chilean Sherlock Holmes, but despite the occasionally well-limned Santiago setting Calvo seems little more Chilean than his model (and idol) Sherlock Holmes, who visits Santiago and assists Calvo in his final case, "El Marido de la Señorita Sutter."

The pulps of Ibero-America began to mature in the 1920s, although much of the Ibero-American pulp of the 1920s was as ordinary and even tedious as that of the 1910s. Diomedes de Pereyra, a Bolivian, published two serials, "A Land of Mystery" and its sequel "Sun Gold" in the American pulp *Golden Book* in 1928, but the serials were unexceptional stories about American mining engineers encountering Lost Race Inca in the Amazon. The use of Bolivian settings are perfunctory, and the serials are if anything representative of the ongoing influence of American popular culture and the all-too-common efforts of Ibero-American pulp creators to emulate it.

But more commonly Ibero-American pulps began to display what would become their most characteristic traits: imagination, moral awareness, and an informed use of Ibero-American locations and cultures. The Chilean poet Vicente García-Huidobro Fernández's *Cagliostro*, from an eponymous 1921-1922 story serial, is in many ways a standard pulp sorcerer: centuries-old and extremely knowledgeable in the magical arts. But Huidobro's *Cagliostro* trespasses the laws of nature by magically killing his wife and foretelling his own death, which prompts *Cagliostro*'s fellow magicians to punish him and prompts *Cagliostro* to go on a quest to resurrect his wife. Despite the pulp trappings the story has a seriousness about the moral consequences of the misuse of great power that is largely lacking in similar American pulp stories.

The many Mexican "Chucho el Roto" films began in 1919 with Santiago Sierra's *Aventuras de Chucho o El Bandido Generoso*. The films are loosely based on the exploits of the Mexican swindler Jesús Arriaga (1858-1894) and are modern Robin Hood stories little different from similar American and European pulp stories and films, but the degree of awareness of poverty and injustice, and Chucho el Roto's desire to achieve social justice by robbing the unjustly rich of the Mexican and American upper classes and giving to the poor of Mexico, were much greater than in similar American pulp films.


The Argentine Dante Quintero's comic strip hero Patoruzú, who debuted in 1928, is remarkably wealthy, well-meaning, and tough enough to defeat any foe. But Patoruzú's innate kindness, generosity, and devotion to doing genuinely good works--when given a magic flute which can put any listener on the "path of reform and goodness," Patoruzú goes in search of the Devil, to reform him--set Patoruzú apart from nearly all other comic strip heroes of the 1920s. Too, Patoruzú is a native Argentinian, a Tehuelche, which is twice an innovation in western comic strips: first for being a heroic native from an actual, non-fictional native people, and second for being remarkably unстереotypical. Patoruzú's dress and speech emphasize his Argentinian background.

One uniquely Ibero-American form of pulp were the *folheto* (pamphlets of poetry printed on cheap paper and widely distributed) of Brazil. Beginning in the 1920s, many *folheto* told stories--some real, many fictional--about the *cangaceiro* (bandits) of rural Pernambuco. During the early part of the twentieth century a number of Pernambucans achieved fame as bandits. In folk legend these men were Robin Hood-like heroes, and they often appeared as the subjects of *folheto*, which turned their lives into adventure stories and substantially added to their exploits. Two of the *cangaceiro* most commonly appearing in the *folheto* were Virgulino Ferreira da Silva (1897-1938), commonly known as "Lampião" (oil lamp), and Antônio Silvino (1875-1944). In some of the later *folheto* the two duelled in Hell.

The best of the Ibero-American pulps of the 1920s were the Brazilian pulp *Al Capone Contra Nick Carter* and Mexican writer Antonio Helú's stories about master thief Máximo Roldán.

Al Capone Contra Nick Carter (#1-4, 1929) is for the most part solidly in the vein of similar American and European pulps which pit a real-life criminal against a fictional detective. What places *Al Capone Contra Nick Carter* above its counterparts is the authors' use of guest-stars. In glorious violation of copyright laws, *Al Capone* decided that his Chicago gangsters were not enough to stop Carter, so in issue #2 Capone calls in Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu for help, and in issue #3 Capone brings in Fantômas.

Antonio Helú's Máximo Roldán, who appeared in a number of short stories and one collection from 1926 to 1947, is an intelligent, high-strung master



thief, operating in a corrupt and violent Mexico City which is filled with unsavory policemen and evil businessmen. Roldán is gifted with *la verborrea*, the gift of gab, and he uses it to enrich himself, to solve crimes, and to see that true justice is done. Roldán's stories combine Helú's knowledge of Mexico City with pulp thrills and an acute moral sense.

The 1930s were the high point for Ibero-American pulp from a numerical standpoint, but the quality of the pulp appearing in the first three years of the decade was comparatively low. The Brazilian Menotti del Pichia's *A República 3000* (1930) and *Kalum - O Mistério do Sertão* (1936) have all the elements necessary for top-notch Lost Race novels, but del Pichia's characterization of the Inca is mediocre and the description of the Amazonian jungle and Minas Gerais is uninvolved. In Argentina, C.Z. Soprani's *Las Aventuras del Capitán Richard* (1933), should have been entertaining in a pulpy way, but is not. In the novel an American pilot crashes in the Argentinian jungle and is captured by a mad scientist who transforms him into a sex-crazed half-man half-animal. Sadly, the novel is prim where it should have been exploitive and over-descriptive when it should have been subtle, and the end result is a disappointment.

1934 was a pleasant change. The number of pulps being published increased, but more importantly the quality of the pulps increased as well, and three notable characters made their debut in that year. From Mexico, Vicente Oroná and Fernando de Fuentes' Cruz Diablo appeared in the film *Cruz Diablo* in 1934, with two sequels following later, *El Hijo de Cruz Diablo* (1941), and *La Sombra de Cruz Diablo* (1954). In the first film, set in colonial Mexico in the 16th century, a masked Robin Hood-like figure known as "Cruz Diablo" is robbing from the rich and giving to the poor. He is known as "Cruz Diablo," or the "Cross

Devil," because he carves a cross in the foreheads of his victims. What sets Cruz Diablo apart from the many other Zorro clones is that he is the first Zorro copy of Mexican origin. The original Zorro was Spanish nobleman living in California during the colonial era, but he is Spanish in name only. Cruz Diablo is emphatically Mexican in personality, and the movies' settings are legitimately Mexican and not movie lot "Mexico."

The Cuban Felix Caignet's detective Chan Li Po was a very successful reinterpretation of Anglo detective tropes through Cuban culture. Chan debuted in the radio program *Chan Li Po* (1934-1941) and appeared in the films *La Serpiente Roja* (1937) and *El Monstruo en la Sombra* (1955). Chan Li Po is a Chinese-Cuban consulting detective, equal parts Charlie Chan and Sherlock Holmes. Chan, whose catchphrase "Have patience--much patience" entered common usage and is still occasionally quoted today, takes on a variety of opponents, from marijuana kingpins to Communist masterminds.

Another success was Argentinian Leonardo Castellani's stories about Padre Metri, who appeared in nine stories and one story collection from 1934 to 1942. Padre Metri is a Catholic priest who solves crimes in the Chaco region of Argentina. In the Chaco corruption is widespread and evil is an accepted part of life, and Metri, who embodies many of the ideals of Catholicism, works to counter this, especially the corruption of the authorities, who Metri views as the true culprits and creators of crime. The Metri stories are successes not just as mysteries but as a knowing examination of the moral state of rural Argentina and even as an anticipation of the social justice branch of the Church in Ibero-America.

The next few years were a relative letdown, as the majority of the pulps which appeared in Ibero-America were comparatively lackluster. A spate of mad scientist

films appeared in Mexico, but the mad scientists were stock characters little different from the many mad scientists who had appeared before them, and their moral concerns, from curing leprosy to solving mortal illnesses were of less interest to the filmmakers than the tepid horror of the films. Chilean writer Hugo Silva's serial "La Ciudad de los Césares" (1936-1937) is about a Chilean protagonist discovering a remote valley inhabited by the descendants of *conquistadors*, but Silva does little with the premise and the local color is wan. The only positive note during these three years was German Butze Oliver's creation of the comic strip "Los Supersabios," which ran from 1936 to 1968. Ostensibly about the science fictional adventures of three Mexican teenagers, the comic was really the efforts of the teenagers to escape their toxic families and the stifling social atmosphere of their town, which made their fantastic adventures and duels with mad scientists all the more welcome.

1937 was not just a recovery from lackluster years, it proved to be not just a new high point for Ibero-American pulp, but the best year of all, largely because of three characters: Grey Claw, Audaz, and Dick Peter.

Grey Claw, created by the Brazilians Francisco Armond and Renato Silva, appeared in the comic strip "A Garra Cinzata" (1937-1940). "Grey Claw" is actually Dr. Stone, a mad scientist who as the masked crimelord Garra Cinzata ("Grey Claw") wages war on civilization, using a giant robot to commit crimes and help Stone commit such enormities as murder a former colleague and put his brain into a gorilla and then brainwash the colleague's secretary and make her commit crimes as "the Lady in Black." "A Garra Cinzata" delivered high-quality pulp thrills, and the depravities that Stone is capable of are entertainingly wicked and extreme.

Audaz was also created by a Brazilian, Messias de Mello, and

appeared in the comic strip "Audaz, O Demolidor" (1937-1938). Audaz is arguably the world's first crime-fighting giant robot, and in his regrettably short existence he dealt with mad scientists, aliens, and evil gorillas. There's nothing innately ethical about the "Audaz" storylines, and the Brazilian setting is very thin, but the pulp awesomeness of "Audaz" more than makes up for it.

Dick Peter was created by Jerônimo Monteiro, a Brazilian, and debuted in 1937 in the radio show *Aventuras de Dick Peter*; he went on to appear in sixteen novels and hundreds of short stories through 1950. Peter, Brazil's first series detective, is a hardboiled private eye along the lines of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe and Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade. But Peter gets involved with much more than the typical hard-boiled mysteries. Peter confronts everything from "classical" puzzle and locked-room crimes to more fantastic crimes and criminals, including invisible men, treasure hunters, vicious Lost Race Inca, and subterranean creatures wielding technologically-advanced weaponry. Dick Peter's adventures had all the imagination one could ask for as well as an unusually high level of skill in their creation.

1938 brought the Argentinian Alberto Breccia's superhero comic strip "El Vengador" (1938-1945). "El Vengador" (which was loosely based on a popular novel) did not reach the heights of "Audaz," but it did provide Argentinian audiences with close approximations of high-quality American pulp (El Vengador was originally modeled on The Shadow) and American comic books (after 1940 El Vengador was modeled on The Batman). There was nothing especially Argentinian about El Vengador: his milieu was a generic big city, and his opponents were stock Yellow Peril villains. But the overall quality of the strip was high.

Pulps appeared in ever-increasing numbers in 1939, 1940, and 1941, but the quality was uneven. On

the positive side was the Mexican comic strip "Adelita" (1939-1958), about an independent, modern young Mexican woman, her best friend Nancy, a private detective, and their adventures fighting crime, saving orphans, and even meeting Superman; the Argentinian comic strip "Mu-Fa" (1941-1945), created by Alberto Breccia, about a Chinese consulting detective active in Buenos Aires, heavy on both comedy and local detail; and Colombian writer José Joaquín Jiménez's serial "El Misterioso Caso de Herman Winter" (1941), about a Colombian poet and tailor turned amateur detective, which is full of local detail. The best pulp of these years was the Cuban radio show *Pepe Cortes* (1939), about a singing Cuban cowboy, modeled on the historical Andalusian bandit Diego Corrientes (1759-1781), who robs from the rich, gives to the poor, and fights a businessman with suspicious similarities to Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista.

But too much of Ibero-American pulp of these years was derivative, like the Mexican "Charro Negro" films, which were Zorro imitations much inferior to the "Cruz Diablo" films; unimaginative, like the humdrum "Philip Dane" mystery novels of Chilean author Luis Enrique Délano; or simply dull, like the haunted-house-with-mad-scientist novel, *Viagem à Aurora do Mundo* (1939), by Brazilian Erico Verissimo. Even the two decent pulp horror films of these years, the Mexican *Herencia Macabre* (1939) and *El Signo de la Muerte* (1939), are both unremarkable and quite ordinary.

1942 was the last good year for the pulps of Ibero-America. In Mexico, stage magician David Bamberg debuted his crime-fighting persona, "Fu Manchu," on the radio show *El Museo del Crimen* (1942-1945) and then appeared in six films from 1943 to 1949. These films, while dated today, are still entertaining combinations of stage magic, German spies, saboteurs, and demented ventriloquists.

Brazilian O.G. Rocha's comic strip "Uirassu" had the titular hero, a Tarzan copy, fighting outsiders in the Amazon. "Uirassu" showed an unusual awareness of the deleterious effects of outsiders on the native Amazonians. In Argentina Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy Casares published *Seis Problemas para Don Isidro Parodi*, a short story collection about Don Isidro Parodi, an Argentinian armchair detective who solved crimes from the Buenos Aires jail to which he'd been unjustly sentenced. Predictably, Borges and Casares made the stories of the highest literary quality.

The rest of the war years were a sad decline for Ibero-American pulps. Argentinian Manuel Peyrou's 1944 stories about Jorge Vane, an Anglo-Spanish detective who fights fascists and German spies across South America, is acceptable espionage fiction but little different from that published in the U.S. or Europe. The Mexican films *Calaveras del Terror* (1944) and *Vuelven las Calaveras del Terror* (1944), about the Skulls of Terror, a group of masked vigilantes, feints at topicality with its portrayal of oppressed mine workers but is neither pulpy enough nor outraged enough to be effective. And Mexican Rafael Bernal's 1945 stories about Teófilo Batanes, a Mexican policeman modeled on G.K. Chesterton's Father Brown, are nicely concerned with religion and morals—Batanes deals out justice according to divine law rather than human law—but Batanes is too saintly to be interesting.

As in the United States and Europe, the pulps in Ibero-America died a slow death following the end of World War Two, with a few survivors, including comics, being greatly outnumbered by more realistic fare that the audiences now craved. But during their heyday the Ibero-American pulps were more than worthy of comparison with the more famous pulps of the U.S.

Syngamatophilia

The Sexual Desire for Plants

In 1954, newly translated works from General Juan Glossario of Venezuela, including a letter from an unlikely lover, a rose, to the general's own wife, experienced unprecedented popularity among American audiences. The scientific world also took notice, as the letter brought to light theories and findings that had been lost. The anthology remains among the most sought after rare books by a Venezuelan, and we have excerpted them here.

Once, I tickled your breasts and you squeezed me under your arm. I could smell your sweat. The general had left me in your room and went back to his for more hours of study, so you fell asleep on me crying. You smelled like flowers. I wondered if it was wrong that you should light a fire in me. I was hot. I pitied you but also thought it amusing. "My husband, he is like a plant." You'd say, "Our sexless marriage is destroying me!"

You're wrong about that because plants are sexual, very sexual. Most of us plants know the love of both genders, so all encompassing is our desire. The majority also have both male and female organs. Imagine that, lady. Imagine what you could do.

Take the fig. It's been associated with sex ever since Adam and Eve covered their shame with its leaves. Although the Bible does not explicate the species of the forbidden fruit, all knew it was a fig. A translation problem from Latin, wherein the word "malum" means both "apple" and "evil,"

is responsible for the confusion. The fig was also the phallic symbol favored by the Dionysian cults. In Mediterranean cultures today, it is still considered an aphrodisiac. Eat three figs, a spoonful of honey, wait an hour and see.

Why do you think figs are so sexy? At first, you might notice that the outside is shaped like a scrotum. Open it up and enjoy the flush flesh and juiciness of an aroused vagina. But think about it some more. Did you also know that figs have tiny male and female flowers inside a fleshy little sack in which the she-wasp lays her eggs? Did you also know that a few months later, the hatchlings all have a frantic orgy in the hot sack, brothers and sisters, after which the fertilized females fly out to find their own fig flower?

Figs aren't even the freakiest of us. My favorite cousin is the corpse flower from deep in the orient. You know it as an Amorphophallus, or "misshapen penis." It's called a corpse flower because it omits the scent of rotting flesh to attract meat-eating insects. What do you think of this combination,

my lady? This giant member, its seductive whiff of death attracting meat eaters, because it needs them to reproduce. Does something about this resonate with you? Isn't there a whiff of death about your husband hurtling into his future, that not even your "opened fig" can distract him from?

Plato has already told you, sweet lady, that everything in nature is an intelligible representation, a living example of a higher concept. Yes, even I, a humble rose, am more than decoration. I am a living lesson to you to love life more literally. Somewhere in your consciousness you acknowledge your desire for me. Why do you think you associate plants with romance? Why do you give me to others on romantic occasions, pluck our softest parts, and make yourselves smell like us? All people have a plant fetish. What is a "perversion" but a version of something normal? A new normal, if you will. Some say the sexual love which often sprouts between two men is a "perversion." Others simply

consider it a new normal. We are different, yes. But aren't the fig and the wasp also different species? Think about it, lady. I see how you look at me. I smell you when you come to smell me. Even science has a word for it. Yes, this love has a name! Our love! You're not alone in your desire for me.

Syngamatophilia

To further our anthropological study of this phenomenon, below is an excerpt from the abstract of an article submitted to the *Bogota Journal of Medicine* in 1987, which the journal rejected. [The author has asked that her name be withheld.]

We selected a test group of twenty libidinous unmarried women with demonstrated sex drives over 8.5 (see Lockhart's study on Libido, 1954). We stoked their drives by sending handsome, muscular delivery boys to their apartments daily with baskets of aphrodisiacal fruits and vegetables, but denied them access to these boys. Of the twenty, two turned to their baskets, the first after five days (Anna), the second after seven (Rosario).

1. Rosario is home alone. She is bored. She is overcome with desire. The absence of a man leads her to use her right brain, which takes her to her refrigerator full of fruits and vegetables. The dots join themselves. Love blossoms.

2. Having seduced the next delivery boy to attend to her, Anna finds herself mid-coitus with this underperforming male who has suffered flaccidity prematurely. He feels the need to impress her, so he desperately hits the fridge to find some

backup. He is supplanted in her affections.

For men, practicing syngamatophilia may require carefully hollowing out the center of a ripe cantaloupe or large cucumber. The more daring bore a hole in a tree (but this penchant has its own name—dendrophilia). These preparations are time consuming, and it is a well-known fact that men avoid this and any other kind of foreplay, even when trying to woo an actual person. Of the twenty male test subjects who were presented specially chosen plants and fruits by scantily clad delivery girls, only five fingered the fruit, as though considering their options. And none of these actually put in the effort required to prepare the fruit, choosing instead more traditional and expedient methods to reach satisfaction.

So, all in all, syngamatophilia is a phenomenon that has been defined but strangely, does not really exist. Most people cannot be persuaded to engage in sexual activity with plants, even when the produce, wood, or vines are glistening and placed next to subjects in the most intimate settings. But what of those who do? How should we punish them? Does sex with seedlings pose even more serious moral problems? Or with a rolling pin constitute necrophilia? Unfortunately, no further information on syngamatophilia is available.

LOST EXPLORER

Samuel H. Delacroix:

FRAGMENTS OF HIS CENTRAL AMERICAN DIARY

MEXICO

Common to the myth systems of Central America, ANIMAL POWERS, but not the often benevolent totems of North America. How can the truth about the ancient beasts be separated from the beguiling myths? The astral wonderment of the Aztec faith, and the Mayan, juxtaposed with the enigmatic, eerie religion of pre-Colombian Peru. The gods are real and I can prove it. (For whomever finds this diary--my son died from the poison of a feathered snake. No one can tell me they are not a returning species. I was lived and suffer nightmares, I am not at all well and I will find help.)

QUETZALCOATL, The Great Feathered serpent. Where does he come from? Out of time, in Nahuatl there is a verb tense, "hypertemporal." Linguists do not understand it--it is neither past nor future, it denotes distance unreckonable, a time that is both primordially remote and grimly futurist, when SNAKES AND BIRDS WERE STILL FUSED. Dinosaurs, age of reptiles.

(Remember: in the Aztec language "tl" is pronounced by putting ones tongue against the back of his top front teeth and pushing air out, laterally, from the sides of his mouth.)

HONDURAS

LAND OF VAMPIRES. "Vampire" is a Slavic word, but if they're not real, why do they have Central American counterparts? These are the bats of legend, who lived in one of the Mayan hells Shi-Bal-Ba (XIBALBA) and they're real as well. blood drinking bats. The vampire god CAMAZOTZ lives here: Deserving of more horrified respect than all the dark gods of ancient Greece, yet he remains obscure among mythographers. Camazotz is to vampires as Neadrathals are to Homo Sapiens. He dwells in Honduras.

BELIZE

In Belize we find, again, the drawings of the twins. They have different names everywhere. They were the heroes of this long strip of continent connecting North and South America. WHO ARE THEY? ARE THEY IMMORTAL?

Also, here dwells HURKAN (or Jun Rukan, "One Legged" & "The Heart of the Sky." A HURRICANE GOD. How do his priests control the weather? CAN THEY?? His "one leg" is lightning.

In my nightmares he tells me I can pray to him and win his favor, harness his power, and then when I do, I will have the power to command storms. Love the poison, he told me, seek it out, for without it I could not speak to the gods.

NICARAGUA

The star scorpion, the Nicaraguans say, lives at the end of the Milky Way and suckles the unborn on her toxic tits. Is existence itself poison?

WHAT THE HELL??

South America is not Europe. There are a lot of reciprocity fees and hurdles. Here are some ways to save time and money.

BRAZIL:

Brazil was recently ranked the second most difficult country for Americans to visit, behind Iran (and, weirdly, ahead of North Korea). It's daunting, to be sure, and a little expensive. Also, while Brazilian people like backpackers, the government hates them. You're going to have to lie to them.

Fake Itinerary

If you decide to save \$1,000 by flying into Colombia instead of Brazil, you'll have a hard time getting your Brazilian visa before you leave. To get around Brazil's needlessly punishing visa application system, be ready to fill out their forms quickly and completely. This means a fake plane ticket, and putting fake information on their meaningless forms. Where are you staying when you get to Brazil? Why, the Sheraton in São Paulo, of course! (Alameda Santos, 1437 - Jardim Paulista, São Paulo, 01409-905, Brasil. Phone: 11 3146-5900). No, they don't call the hotel and check. Ever.

Now, you'll need a fake itinerary. Make it by selecting some flights on Expedia, and answering questions until you get the option to view the travel plans. Screen capture it, then log off before it asks you for a credit card number. Print out the itinerary and highlight the date of travel and your name. You're only doing that to add an extra layer of misdirection. Travel agents will usually tell you this doesn't work, but it always does.

ARGENTINA AND CHILE:

They both tell you you have to pay \$100-\$150 in entrance fees (note: they do not require visas--this fee is a different way of getting our money) but those fees are not charged for overland travelers. If you want to see both countries on the cheap, bus down into Chile, then pick up one of those nice trains to Santiago. Travel onward to Argentina by bus.

Now you can fly from the US into any country you want (Colombia is still light on airport fees, making flights cheap) and just bus around like a backpacker. Problem solved.

Fake proof of residency

An impromptu one-page lease agreement with forged signatures is enough to prove residency in the city in which you're applying for the visa. This is the difference between a 15 day wait and a 24 hour one, though the consulate officials will never admit this. Try it and see.

If you want to save money, just wait until you're in South America, but yellow fever documentation probably can't be faked, and it'll add another few hours to your visit.

WHAT IF I GET CAUGHT?

You won't, but if you do, all they'll say is that they can't process your visa request, and you won't be charged any money, nor will your papers get confiscated.

WHY NOT MAKE A FAKE VISA AND SLAP IT IN MY PASSPORT MYSELF?

Because they're overworked, not stupid. If you do this, you will wish you hadn't, for the rest of your life.

BOLIVIA:

You gotta play it straight in Bolivia, unfortunately.



DON'T CALL IT HORROR: THE RETURN OF WILLIAM PETER BLATTY

"I am sometimes credited with profundities that I never dreamed of," Blatty cautioned me. It's a natural disclaimer; over the decades, William Peter Blatty has had to wipe himself clean of the split-pea soup of America's bulimic praise, and he's endured vituperative criticism. Sometimes, he's endured both from the same source: Stephen King told Blatty, in person, that he thought of him as a father figure. Then he said the world would be better if Blatty stopped writing. Well, he hasn't. Just in time for Dia de los Muertos, in fact, he's given us *Crazy*, a theologically-oriented story of a protagonist unstuck in time, only somewhat after the fashion of his good friend Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*.

The novel comes close on the heels of *Dimiter*, which was years and years in the writing. *Dimiter*, wherein the processes of interrogation and Catholic confession echo each other, might actually be his masterpiece. It's every bit the thriller you'd expect. But read *Crazy*, too, even if it is a little more sentimental. Sentimental? Umm... well, Julie Andrews has already weighed in on it. "Terrific! It's funny and touching and so full of love," she said, and she probably wasn't referring to scenes of flesh being ripped off steaming bones. I mean, maybe she was... I don't know her or anything...

Anyway, once you get past *Crazy*'s aggressively colloquial tone, it's rhapsodic, then elegiac. I hate to say this, but it reads like a sacrament of Last Rites being administered, by Blatty, to his own long, long career.

In observance of Day of the Dead, I wanted to discuss horror and the sacraments with Blatty.

Why do you think horror and Catholicism are so linked in your mind?

They are not at all linked in my mind. Christ, who founded the Church, preached kindness, mercy, compassion and love.

But as the essayist S. T. Joshi pointed out, generally writers of "weird tales" don't believe in the cosmology they write about. You do. You believe in demons, and in evil forces battling good forces, literally, the same way they do in your books.

I am not, bizarre as it seems to declare, nor have I ever been, a horror writer. I set out to make *The Exorcist* a supernatural detective story. Was the little girl "possessed" or was she not, and, I promise you, my tongue is not in my cheek when I say that I had no fierce intention that it should be "scary," much less terrifying, which you and your readers are free to take, I suppose, as an admission of failure of staggering proportions. But it's the truth! Yes, the Horror Writers Association of America gave me a lifetime achievement award, but my fictional canon, both as a novelist and screenwriter, is studded with farcical screenplays such as *A SHot in the Dark*, and novels like *Which Way to Mecca, Jack?*

I used to see *Ninth Configuration* as a complex rendering of the sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation--a fallen human takes the name of one who is, compared to him, a saint, and tries to stay sane by living up to that new identity.

I'd never thought of it in those concrete terms, but I do now recognize it as true, with one slight revision, namely 'by being that new identity.' And then, of course, performing a "saving act."

So let's talk about the new book. It's not heavy on the supernatural. But what were you trying to say with the device of time displacement in *Crazy*?

I was a friend and admirer of the late (and great) Robert Nathan, and saw the device as a way to intrigue and captivate the reader with its mystery and thus turn the novel into a kind of "Portrait of Jenny in Reverse as Written by Holden Caulfield."

The prose in "Crazy" seems to hate the simple, declarative sentence. It's like the opposite of a Cormac McCarthy novel. The similes in *Crazy* are so long, they're almost Homeric. What practical purpose did this have in telling the story?

Seventh grade boys in New York City don't normally speak the way McCarthy -- or Hemingway, for that matter -- write. They talk more like Holden Caulfield. The long riffs -- almost, but not quite, as long as the unedited text of President Ike Eisenhower's press conference answers, which I was able to read in the so-called "wireless file" while I was working for the USIA in Beirut in the fifties -- give the narrator's voice a certain piquant breathlessness, I think, and sound more like speech than prose. The bottom line is that once I sat down at the computer and wanted to enter the mind of a grammar school boy, this is what naturally came forth. I'm not quite certain, but I recall it's also the voice of the boy narrator in the opening chapters of my first novel, *Which Way to Mecca, Jack?*

So you've come full circle. Where do you see the genre going? Do you believe we're entering, or are in a golden age of horror writing?

I don't know and don't care. No, that's wrong, because there is one thing that I care about and that utterly repels me, namely the stomach-churning downwards spiral of horror films into which film's blood and gore and tastelessness that verges on depravity. It eats away at the young audiences very humanity. When I lived in Santa Barbara, I went to local theater to see the opening day for my Legion, abysmally retitled *The Exorcist III*, and when George C. Scott walks in a hospital room and lifts the corner of a white sheet draped over the decapitated and exsanguinated body of Ed Flanders in the role of Father Dyer, and then grimaces painfully and looks away, I heard a young man behind me say quietly but in disgust, "Ah, show it!" You want a laugh from a teenage audience today? Put sperm in the heroine's hair shampoo. You wonder what's next. The mind ebbs.

Legion made the New Testament radiantly, fascinatingly spooky to me. My mother and I vombed through books on the Bible, trying to understand its perspective on possession. Then we discovered the gospel of Nicodemus, and I became an apocrypha junkie. Is that an effect you'd like your books to have?

I would like my works to give added hope and comfort to the faithful while at the same time giving those with no faith but who are nevertheless of good will and good heart to have cause to at least investigate its claims. But look out for those apocrypha, Michael. There's quite enough to marvel at in the Canon.

ABORIGINAL SIN

by **Brendan Johnston**

From: bsmith@atglobal.com
To: csmith1972@gmail.com
Date/Time: 10/1/2010, 1:02 AM
Subject: DELETE PREVIOUS MESSAGE!

Chuck, for God's sake, don't open the email I sent you yesterday afternoon. For your own good and for mine, please, delete it without reading it. Please. Please.

Bert Smith,
Exec VP- Acquisitions
Atlantic Trident Global Communications, Inc.
225 Madison Avenue, New York, NY, 10016
Office: 212-555-0679
Mobile: 917-555-0047
bsmith@atglobal.com

From: csmith1972@gmail.com
To: bsmith@atglobal.com
Date/Time: 10/1/2010, 7:41 AM
RE: DELETE PREVIOUS MESSAGE!

Christ Bert, OK. What the hell was it, a virus?

From: bsmith@atglobal.com
To: csmith1972@gmail.com
Date/Time: 10/1/2010, 9:13 AM
RE: DELETE PREVIOUS MESSAGE!

Jesus, I wish it was a virus.

Did you know I was in Montevideo? This firm, La Plata Telecom, had a lot of cable ATG wants, so I went down and bought them out. The meeting ended so quickly it might as well have been cancelled, so I had all this time to kill. You know me, I like to have fun, same as the next guy, Christmas in the mountains, Disney World in the summer with the kids. But what does one do in Uruguay to kill time? I did the tourist thing. There's the soccer stadium where the World Cup was played and some big WWII naval battle on a river. I

took some pictures with my phone but sightseeing's never really been for me, so it wasn't long until I decided to go back to the hotel.

On the way, I grab a soda and a steak sandwich. As I'm eating, I pass this bum on the sidewalk, an old fat guy with a mess of curly hair and a beard thick with crumbs and dirt. For a moment, I thought it was a corpse. Chuck, I know how this sounds, but it struck me funny, so I snapped a picture and sent it to Chet at the office, with the subject "New prez- La Plata TC?" It was only a joke, I swear. Since you're right under him in my contacts, you got copied.

Suddenly, I realize there's this guy behind me, short, tanned, and with long black hair and a red beard. He's also barefoot and wearing an expensive suit over a faded T-shirt.

I say, "I'm sorry, I didn't see you there."

"I know," he says in a deep voice. "You're not from around here."

"No," I reply, "I'm here on business."

"So am I," he explains. "I'm a teacher."

"Well, that explains the hippie outfit," I thought and asked what he teaches. He takes his hands out of his pockets, and they are HUGE, like granddad's hands, all scars, muscles and knuckles. He folds them in front of his belly like he's praying, looks me right in the eye and says, "Lessons, sir. I teach lessons."

The bum sits up and lets out a groan and when I turn back to see, the short guy with the rings disappears. So I walk away.

I go back to the hotel and call a cab to take me to the airport. It's raining, hard and I'm in my

good suit, but the cabbie doesn't do jack to help me out. I try to get my suitcase into the trunk, but the wheels catch on the bumper and it the bottom of the case tears right in half. All my stuff comes tumbling right out into the wet street. So now I'm kneeling down, picking up all this stuff and out of the corner of my eye, there's this flash of light and a sound like locusts being sucked down a toilet.

My guts seize up and drop to my shoes and my head starts spinning. I have to grab the bumper of the cab so I don't pitch over into the street. When it passes I get up to see where this flash came from. Ten feet from me, in the middle of the street is this—I don't even know what to call it.

It was tall, maybe seven feet, and wearing a long black robe and a big, wide-brimmed black hat. It had long boney arms and elbows well below its waist that led up to long, thin hands and fingers. It had an antique camera made of wood and metal with a big black lens attached to the bellows.

This thing clicked a button of the camera and the lens crept towards me, then there was another flash of light. I went blind and heard the buzzing again. My stomach lurched and I fought the urge to puke all over the street. My head throbbed. By the time I collected myself, the photographer was gone.

The cabbie didn't see anything and it was tough to make out what he was saying, as he didn't speak much English. But he was so confused that I know he didn't see the thing with the camera. Only I did. Only I was meant to.

I spent the next fifteen minutes laid out in the backseat of that cab. I'd never felt so sick. When I finally

sat up and looked in the mirror, I saw a face like death warmed over, pale, sweaty and bloodshot. The cabbie was too busy trying and failing to navigate the traffic. In half an hour, we'd only gone four blocks. I was screwed. There was no way I'd make my flight.

After another fifteen minutes of crawling, I saw a rail station and ran for it. I hit the bottom step as the train doors were closing, but I made it inside by inches. The car was empty and there were ten stops till the airport and thirty minutes till my flight. I had a shot.

Punk teenagers are the same everywhere, Chuck, I swear to God, sideways caps, gigantic pants, expensive sneakers, sports jerseys, and yelling and cursing at each other. There were five of them on the train: a fat one, a skinny one, a tall one, a short one and a regular one. They filled the bench seat opposite me and I tried to ignore them, even when the regular one leaned over to talk to me.

"Hey old man," he says, in heavily accented English.

I tried to ignore him but he said it again, louder. "Hey, old man!"

"That's a nice suit," he says. "How'd it get all wet?" And his buddies cracked up.

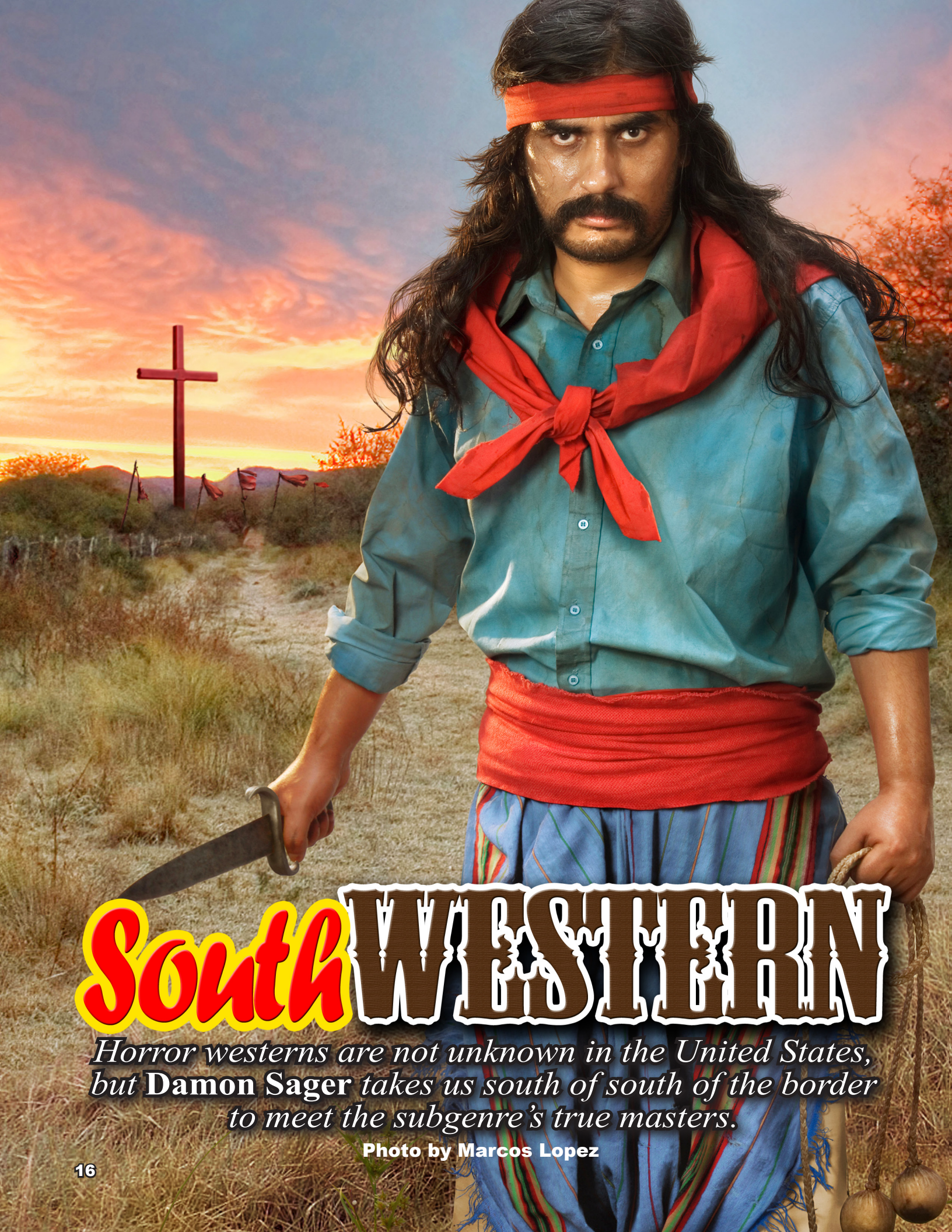
"It's raining," I said. Only two stops to go.

They talked to each other in Spanish, and laughed at something else. "You got any money?" the regular one said.

The train pulled into a station and I stood up. One stop to go but I didn't care. I wanted off the train. The fat one blocked the door, and the tall one pulled me back.

"Asked you a question, old man," the regular one said. He knocked the bag out of my hands.

Continued on Page 36



South WESTERN

Horror westerns are not unknown in the United States, but **Damon Sager** takes us south of south of the border to meet the subgenre's true masters.

Photo by Marcos Lopez

For the most part, Joe the moviegoer only appreciates Latin American cinema from the likes of Guillermo del Toro and Robert Rodriguez. And certainly I couldn't be any more excited about del Toro's *Don't Be Afraid of the Dark* and Rodriguez's full-length grindhouse film *Machete*. They pretty much cover Mexico, but what about farther south? You know, the "other" America, the one not known for tacos.

À Meia-Noite Levantei Sua Alma (*At Midnight I'll Take Your Soul*) is considered Brazil's first horror film. Directed, written, and starring José Mojica Marins, the 1964 film introduces the world to Coffin Joe (Zé do Caixão) or "Zé" as he is referred to in the film. The visage created by Marins is that of a dapper and bearded gravedigger. Looking like a comic book villain, Zé sports a black top hat and cape for the entire film. Marins even grew his nails for extra creepiness and was sure to sport them in public while promoting the movie. His character is an amoral crypt keeper bent on carrying on his bloodline, so much so that he murders his barren wife in order to court another woman, Terezinha, whom he believes can carry on his genetics. By court I mean kill anyone that gets in the way. Marins nails melodrama in such a sublime way that you really don't mind how ludicrous or dated the film may seem.

The storyline is also steeped in anti-religious fervor and imbued with the thought that one should not care for anything in this world other than raising children. Though not intentionally funny, the film has some great comic

moments: The scene where we first meet Zé's wife, the soon to be doomed Lenita, she's prepared her husband a meal after his long day of grave digging. Being a holy day she serves no meat. As Zé looks at the vegetarian plate he exclaims, "Onde está a carne bovina!" or "Where's the beef!"

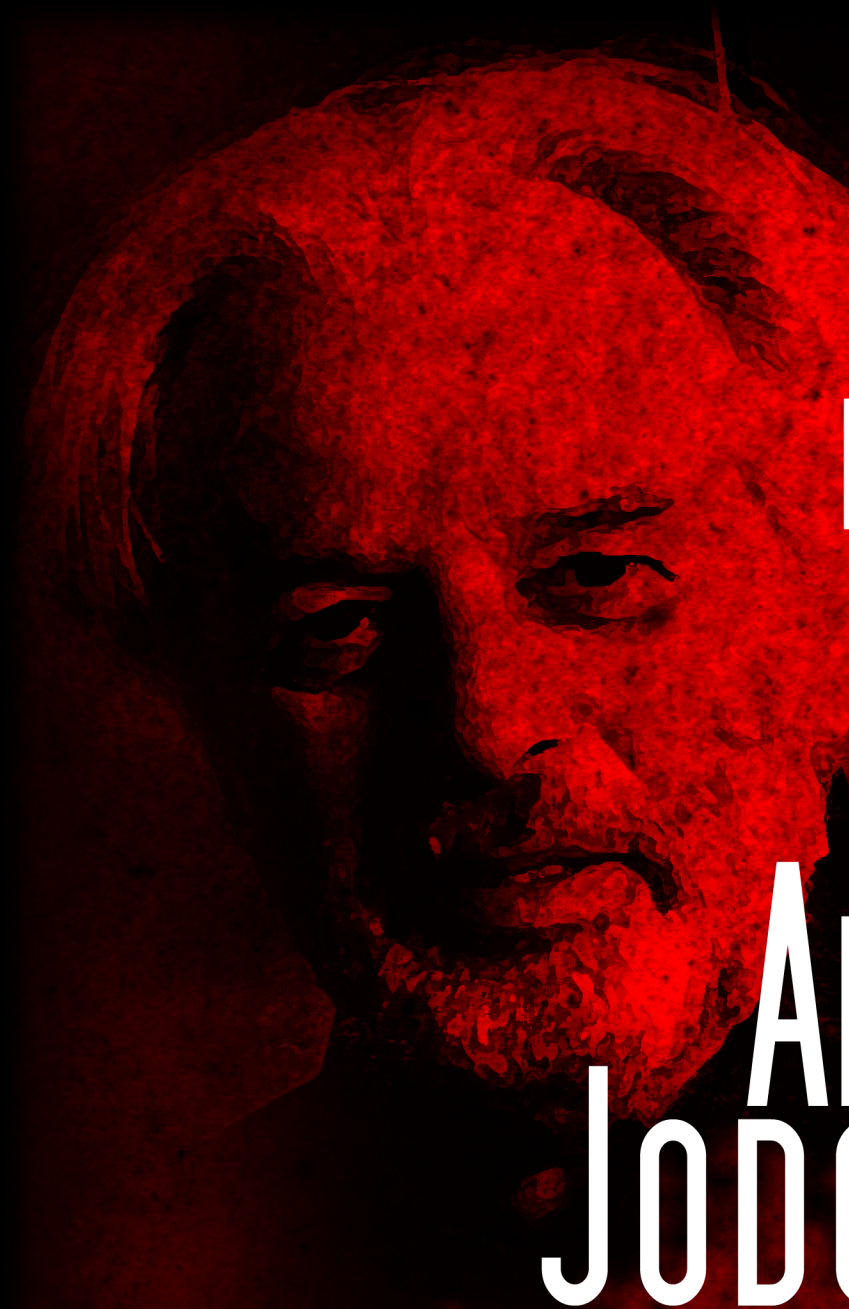
Zé kills his way to his love. All the murders are torturous deaths that end up looking like accidents, leaving him apparently blameless, if not suspicious. When he finally has his moment with Terezinha, the result is a bloody rape. All of Zé's self-righteous wrongdoings come to a cauldron's bubble on *Dia Dos Mortos* (*Day of the Dead*) where the procession of the dead finally gives him his comeuppance.

Today, both Columbia's and Chile's burgeoning filmmakers are trickling north and primed to thrill us with their own pictures of horror. *Al Final del Espectro* (*The End of the Spectra*) is one good example. Written, directed, and produced by Colombian native Juan Felipe Orozco in 2006, *Spectra* is a tense vision of a haunted agoraphobe. Although some scenes seem inspired by more the well-known Japanese horror flicks such as *The Grudge* or *The Eye*, this film has a flavor of quiet introspection all its own. Orozco is also currently directing the Hollywood remake starring Nicole Kidman due in theaters this year. Cross your fingers that his follow-up *Saluda Al Diablo De Mi Partir* (*Greetings from the Devil*) doesn't take as long to reach us as his others.

These days Jorge Olguín

of Chile is the name in South American terror. His film resume is thick with bloody romps that for the most part receive great acclaim. Olguín's first real offer was the gore-fest *Ángel Negro* (*Black Angel*) from 2000. It's the typical set up: a young girl is murdered at her graduation and ten years later seems to return to take bloody revenge on her old classmates. Though generally panned, it was the first of the genre from Chile. Much like *At Midnight I'll Take Your Soul*, the film was blasted as evil, but nevertheless made Olguín the master of horror in Chile. Two years later, Olguín beefed up his horror cred with a vampire flick called *Sengre Eterna* (*Eternal Blood*). The plot has kids being turned into vamps by a dungeon master and features a mix of gore and camp that is absolutely addictive. In 2009, he toned things down with the more sedate *Caleuche: el Llamado del Mar* (*The Call of the Sea*). Produced in part by Guillermo del Toro, it's the tale of a girl with a strange blood disease who must travel to an island to find a cure. On the way, she finds the myths and legends of her youth aren't fiction.

Another impressive film from Chile is Patricio Valladare's *Dirty Love*. Like *Creepshow* and *Cat's Eye*, Valladare provides a Crypt Keeper-like storyteller named Toro Loco, a bloodthirsty cowboy. The three stories told are not very original but definitely cringe-worthy and quite gruesome in the end. With the success of *Dirty Love*, Valladare's next project, *Toro Loco*, is a full-length picture about the gory gunslinger in his previous film.



HOW TO MAKE
SURREAL SHIT
HAPPEN TO YOU
IN JUST A FEW
EASY STEPS
LGM TALKS TO
**ALEJANDRO
JODOROWSKY**

Alejandro Jodorowsky's surrealist autobiography, *"The Life of Alejandro Jodorowsky,"* is on re-release here in the United States. This Chilean genius, who created *El Topo* and *Holy Mountain*, is also a brilliant comic book artist. His new focus, the tarot, is the culmination of his work in comics, and as the world prepares for Grant Morrison's postmortem surrealist *Western Sinatoro*, we have to remember the true founder of that genre. Morrison is speaking with us in our next issue, but LGM wanted to talk to the master of the surrealist Western--though to quote Jodorowsky, everything that happens in the west is a scene in a surrealist western: "To be alive is to be weird. To have hands is weird. No? To shit is weird."

Interview by Michael Merriam

You're a scholar of the tarot, and a lot of your books are about that subject. Are they similar to comics for you?

Yes. Yes, they absolutely are. And now the tarot is my way of life, you know?

Can you explain the concept of the psychomagical act?

I studied with the *brujos*, the Mexican shamans, and I started to apply that to psychology to create psychomagic.

"Psychology" was created by doctors who use only words, they don't involve the patient. I began to realize that we need to do it with art. It's a very complicated thing. Art has to be useful.

And by doing surreal things a person, what, can train his mind to--

--Not surreal! The unconscious understands metaphors, symbols. A psychomagical act is like writing. If you feel too close to your mother, then when you have a problem, you realize it metaphorically. But you can take some of your mother's clothes, and put them on the body of your lover.

This helps people?

It is revolutionary.

How did you arrive at this practice of prescribing--look, the only word for them is weird--acts to people?

I learned this in Chile, when I was doing theater. There were these events we created called ephemero, which happened at the same time as the happenings in the united states. The happenings in the united states were coming from painting, no? Psychomagic, and the ephemeros, came from theater.

And was this influenced by your friends in the surrealist movement?

Well, I influenced surrealism. I was in Paris with Andre Breton. I created the Panic Movement, but I was involved with surrealism. I made games. I influenced them.

You've said that you stopped considering yourself a surrealist in your 40s. Did you have some disagreement with Breton?

No, I loved him. It's just that one day I went to his house, and he was shitting. And he was so dramatic! He even started barking. And I thought, well, we have to end our relationship.

There used to be such a thing as "normal," but it's over. I go out into the street now, and I see only a collection of crazy people. "Normal" is finished. And I am happy.

I think a lot of our readers would like to break out of "normal" and into a life of magic. Can you prescribe them a psychomagical act?

They need to buy a cow liver. They must [cut out] the images from your magazine and put them inside the cow liver, and every ten seconds, they must say "madre mia," you know, "oh mother."

This will help my readers make their lives more like yours?

Yes, yes. What's important is, there are two sides to the image of the mother. There's love and terror.

What's your favorite image that you've ever committed to film?

I can't choose one. That's like asking me to choose which of my children is my favorite. Because you see, to get those images, I suffered. I suffered for every one of those images. Do you understand?

Yes. But could you try to name a favorite?

No. Why don't you tell me your favorite image?

It's in *Santo Sangre*. The woman without arms, her son sitting behind her at the piano, his fingernails painted, playing. She's looking down, watching herself play, and of course, not long after that, he kills her. That's my favorite image.

You need to find the song they're playing. The words they are singing mean a lot. "I want to make a collar for you, with my fingers." It is a love song.... I will say that that is also my favorite image.



DIE, WORLD MUSIC, DIE

World Music, buried in the rubble of record stores, has risen from the grave and must be killed again. Suzie Cummings reports.

Photo by Marcos Lopez

As David Byrne said ten years ago in a New York Times op-ed piece called "I Hate World Music," the idea of selling the exoticism of another culture is icky. His focus on Latin America (he used *noreteño* songs as an example, a sort of musical "blaxpotation" genre celebrating the exploits of Mexican drug lords) was well-taken even though the Columbian band Bloque was on his label, and was, at that time, receiving widespread acclaim in North

America. "Maybe it's naïve, but I would love to believe that once you grow to love some aspect of a culture — its music, for instance — you can never again think of the people of that culture as less than yourself." Those are Byrne's words, and they aren't naïve, they're deliberately misleading. Was racism solved, or even lessened, when we acknowledged the excellence of black music? Any sane person knows, even if only half-consciously, that "music

appreciation" is a passive and uninvolved way to "grow to love" any other culture.

Byrne actually didn't understand the mission of World Music. If he had, he would have hated it even more. World Music is an offshoot of anthropology designed for the lowest common denominator, and embodying anthropology's ickiest beliefs: that alienation is better than communication. That observership is the same as participation. That criticism is incommensurate with

respect (though most people dislike World Music, it is not considered okay to dislike World Music.)

In the 90s, the white middle class felt better about themselves for enjoying the relentlessly accessible Joao Gilberto's anesthetizing voice and guitar, but they didn't buy those records to be more sophisticated. They bought them as a political gesture, as a way to picket, to insist that the world become less sophisticated. You might say I'm reading too

much into the purchases, but it was a grassroots attempt, by the white rich of America, to impose their own sterility on the rest of the world. The not-so-rich were doing the same thing, with Western pop, but they actually got their way because there are more poor people than rich people. When poor people buy your records, you will get rich. If only rich people do, you will stay poor.

Over the last decade, much was made of the Brazilian art-

pop (Cactano Veloso, Tom Zé) which Byrne promoted, and with good reason. Zé's relaxedly avant-garde songs are great pieces of art in and of themselves, even if the art movement that generated them. *Tropicália*, almost the opposite of the European avant-garde; while in Europe the avant-garde revelled in randomness and absurdity, in Brazil, it cherished the concrete and the rational, and rejected expressionism. Thanks to

Continued on Page 39

To Serve Man



We've all been there. You've just come home after a hard day's work, you're expecting company for dinner, and there's nothing in the house but people. Don't you fret that hungry little head of yours, 'cuz LGM's food section has got your back. Literally.

Herein you'll find some quick recipes for the anthropophaginian with a time budget that will have a five-course meal on the table before the maitre d' of your manse can exclaim, "Table for Donner, party of six!"

AMUSE BOUCHE: FINGER FOOD

The preparation is simple but the results are delectable. Follow these simple steps to create an hors d'ouvres platter that will tickle any refined-cum-ghoulissh palette.



10 fingers
Salt
Lemon juice

For this dish to work, it is absolutely essential that the game is still living. Place a non-stick skillet (no oil) over high heat. Remove fingernails with needle-nose pliers. With a large butcher's blade, remove the first finger from hand. Apply salt and lemon juice to wound to maximise screaming. This adds adrenaline to the game's bloodstream, toughening the meat and giving it a much more satisfying texture. Repeat until you have 10 fingers. Use heated skillet to cauterise the wounds because, hey...you'll want to save the rest of that meat for later.

Serve raw.

Accompanies: Dry champagne, napkins

COURSE 2: LEEK AND COUCH POTATO SOUP

Let us guess – the man of the house isn't pulling his weight. And, really, how can we blame him? He's had his expanding ass macraméd to that recliner for so long, it's a wonder his gravitational pull hasn't called down wayward asteroids. It's time for him to put all that manly girth to good use.

1 rubinesque husband
Water
Garlic
1 tsp sugar
As many leeks as you can clench in two enraged fists
Cilantro

Fill a large, industrial-sized cauldron full of water and place it over a raging bonfire. Murder husband. Stuff full of garlic and plug holes with leeks. Add dead husband to boiling water and dance about the cauldron chanting, "Ooo-ee-ah-ah-ooo-ee-AH!"

Garnish with cilantro and enjoy!
Accompanies: Whiskey, reminiscing

COURSE 3: BABY BACK RIBS

Now, I know what you're thinking. "Honestly? Are you really going to give us a recipe for cooking babies? What kind of monsters are you?" Well...we're the kind of monsters who think babies



are tasty. Come on! They're the veal of humanity!

Ohhhhh...alright. We don't actually mean babies. We do, however, mean Jennifer Grey's character "Baby" from the 1987 box-office smash, Dirty Dancing. We at TLG Cuisine understand that it will be difficult to procure all of the following ingredients, so substitutions are acceptable.

1 cup prepared yellow mustard
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup light brown sugar
3/4 cup cider vinegar
1/4 cup water
2 tablespoons chili powder
1 teaspoon black pepper
1 teaspoon white pepper
1/4 teaspoon cayenne

Jennifer Grey (or the cutest girl you can find that would be cuter if it weren't for her unfortunate nose)
2 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon liquid smoke (hickory flavoring)

Prep reinforced barbecue. Mix all ingredients, except for butter, Jennifer Grey and liquid smoke, in a medium sauce pan and let simmer for 30 minutes. Stir in remaining ingredients, except for Jennifer Grey, and let simmer for an additional 15 minutes. When coals are hot, stand in front of barbecue and trick Jennifer Grey (or her ample-schnozzed proxy) to run toward you at full speed.

Lift her above your head and hold her there for four or five seconds before body slamming her upon the grill. This will tenderize the meat. She may scream in pain and, you know...that will be annoying. But she'll soon stop. Baste liberally with sauce. Serve in a corner.

Garnish with babies.
Accompanies: Wine coolers, lambada

Your table has been set and you are now prepared for an evening of frivolity and gastral delight. If you follow these simple recipes and play your cards right, you just might get lucky. Go on! Feel free to get busy with that friend of your friend who's in town for a business conference. After all, this world needs more babies.

What? You think food grows on trees!?



INGREDIENTITY: CORN

As salsa virtuoso Mike Markoff told us in an interview recently, "Corn is impossibly versatile, in that it's delicious in its whole form, and also supplements a vast array of foods for texture and flavor. It works for every part of our palate, especially sweet and salty."

There cannot possibly be a chef living who exploits the possibilities of corn, the master ingredient of historic and contemporary Mesoamerican cooking, than Jeff Smedstad of Sedona Arizona. His restaurant, the Elote Cafe, serves corn in myriad forms.

Eating there was one of the most powerful and surprising emotional experiences of my life, paritucularly when it came time for the desert. As I ate it I began to cry. The waitress came over to me, concerned.

"This cake," I said, "is like a person. I'm sorry! I'm not insane, I promise. It's a good person, who lived a full life, but he's died now and I feel like I'm at his funeral celebrating his life, but grieving, you know? Do I sound completely insane?"

She was taken aback, but she did her best (a testament to Elote's wonderful servers) to comfort me. "I'm going to bring you a notebook and a pen so that you can write down these things that you're feeling."

"I don't know what's happening to me."

She shrugged. "It could be the place."

ELOTE CAFE
771 HWY 179, Sedona, AZ
928-203-0105

*Colleen wears pendant
by Alexis Bittar*

When Night Falls

Created, Conceived, and Styled by Sarah Maslin Nir

Photographed by Alexander Horwitz



*Diana wears ring
by Kara Ross*





JAMES M. CHERRY & CO.
EST. 1988



*Colleen wears ring
by Chanel*

CYBERPUMPKIN



In this issue we bring you the **Cyberpumpkin Makeup Supplement!** These incredible cosmetics will transform your models' retinue from decimating to devastating. For more information on *Cyberpumpkin: the Royal Game of Bloodthirsty Fashionistas*, visit us on the web: www.lookingglassmagazine.com

APOCALYPSTICK



THIS IS THE END.

**+1 MAGIC
+1 PRESTIGE**

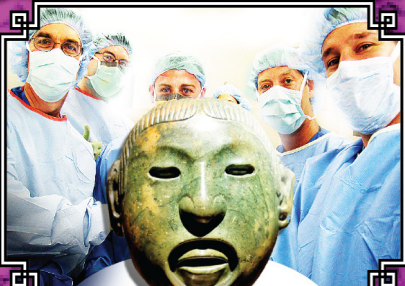
Yellow Eyeshadow



Yellow is the color with which to accessorize in the autumn of 2010.

+1 PRESTIGE
for every yellow, gold, orange, and red item in your ensemble.

XIPE TOTEC'S FACE LIFT



Xipe Totec, the Aztec "Flayed God," was sated by human sacrifices during which the victim was skinned alive. Well, this season, he's back, and he's offering an old-fashioned face lift that is truly divine!

WITH THIS CARD, YOU CAN COMBINE ANY DISCARDED ALLY'S POWERS WITH YOUR OWN FOR 2 TURNS, BUT YOUR PRESTIGE DROPS TO ZERO.

Oh, and the **ALLY IS DEAD** and can't be used again during the game.

FOUNDATION: ANDROID BRONZE



Just as the conquistadors appeared godlike to the Aztecs in their gold-plated battle-clothes, this makeup is so overwhelming that you can

CAUSE YOUR OPPONENT TO DROP 1 ACCESSORY FOR EVERY PRESTIGE POINT YOU HAVE.

She receives no bonuses from her dropped Accessories, they have no powers, and she still has to discard them at the end of her turn.

CYBERPUMPKIN

In this issue we bring you the **Cyberpumpkin Makeup Supplement!** These incredible cosmetics will transform your models' retinue from decimating to devastating. For more information on *Cyberpumpkin: the Royal Game of Bloodthirsty Fashionistas*, visit us on the web: www.lookingglassmagazine.com

SOUTH AMERICAN FINGER FORTUNE



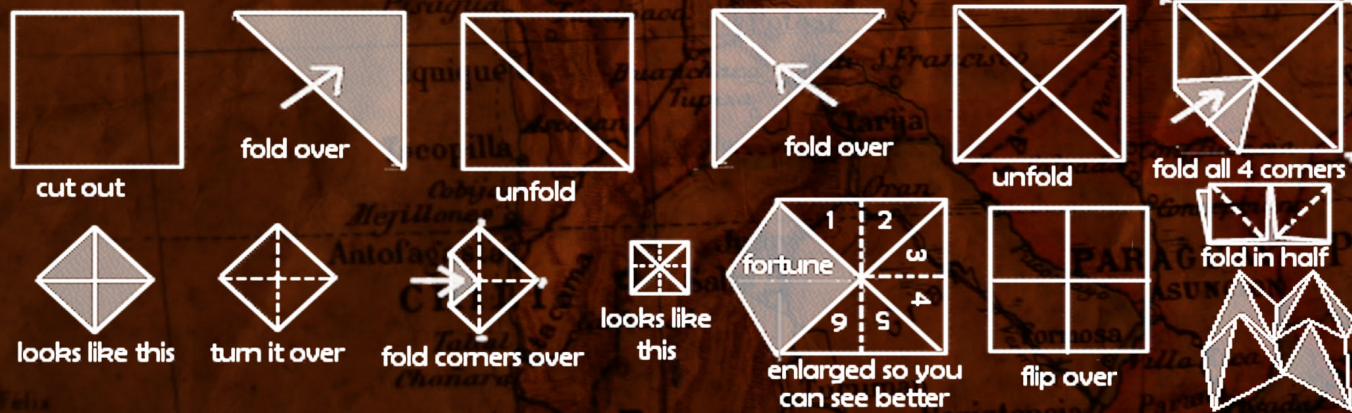
GUIDE TO THE LGM SOUTH AMERICAN FINGER FORTUNE TELLER:

- 1) Romance will find you in the strangest places!
- 2) Don't bite off more than you can chew (see Eating Disorder)
- 3) The Shrunken Head: Consult a therapist.
- 4) He who bites first laughs last.
- 5) Wealth and fortune are soon to come!
- 6) You are in over your head.
- 7) Dude, you are WAY lost. TRY AGAIN.
- 8) What you're looking for is right behind you.

**INSTRUCTIONS
ON REVERSE**



SOUTH AMERICAN FINGER FORTUNE



PLAYING FIELD: Taking His Talents to the Dark Side

by Brendan Johnston

A few years ago at New York's Comic Con, I attended a panel discussion with several writers and editors talking about Marvel Comics' soon-to-be-released "Dark Reign" story line. In it, Norman Osborn (a.k.a. the Green Goblin) has effectively taken over the world after an alien invasion. He kills the alien queen which makes everyone forget that he also threw Spider Man's girlfriend off a bridge just for fun. Osborn then assembles a cabal of other arch-villains to help him manipulate society to his own nefarious ends that includes Doctor Doom, arch-nemesis of the Fantastic Four.

At the panel I attended, a fellow convention-goer had a serious problem with this and during the Q & A period, vehemently interrogated the writers as to how they could realistically expect the readers to believe that Doctor Doom would accept a position subservient to anyone, especially Osborn. He went on to say, loudly, and I quote, "Are you kidding me? Come on.

Victor Von Doom plays second fiddle to no one, NO ONE!!!"

Everyone kind of stared at him and a few laughed nervously. Marvel Comics had apparently really ticked off Doctor Doom's biggest fan. I only have a vague recollection of what that guy looked like, but have kept my eyes peeled for him at conventions and comic book shops ever since. I strongly suspect if I do run into him, he will be wearing a number six Miami Heat jersey.

When LeBron James announced early this summer

that he was "taking his talents to South Beach" to play for the Miami Heat alongside Dwayne Wade and Chris Bosh, it upset a lot of people. It upset fans in Cleveland, who seemed to think James owed them something. It upset people in New York, New Jersey, Los Angeles and Chicago, who thought that he'd be gracing their home courts for the 2010-2011 season. It upset retired basketball legends, who said they'd never in a million years do something like that, and it appalled sports pundits, who were somehow shocked that the basketball star had acted like an ego-driven celebrity during a one-hour primetime special devoted entirely to him.

What no one seemed to realize is that LeBron James did the NBA and pro sports a huge favor. He returned villainy to the world of sports. People love a villain. A hero without a villain gets boring.

Now you've got the best, richest and most famous players together on the same team openly gunning for all the marbles. You can't top that. People in other NBA cities, who haven't tasted sports success in generations, will line up to chant, "Beat the Heat" when Miami comes to town. And whoever topples them — if anyone does — will be the most get-behindable sports hero in years. He'll be basketball's Superman.

If nothing else, Miami's Legion of Doom has created a reality in which it is entirely possible that, come the NBA Finals, Kobe Bryant will be viewed as a plucky, lovable underdog. And if that's not impressive, I don't know what is.



“Sin” from Page 15

“You got any money?”

“Go fuck yourself,” I said, and I’m still not sure why. I’ve been mugged before, Chuck. We both have. You shut up and hand over your cash and try not to get hit in the head. Right? Right. So why’d I mouth off?

Whatever the reason, they didn’t like it. The regular one belted me hard across the face and I went down. They started putting the boots to me, kicking and punching all my old basketball injuries and that one spot on my back. I tried to curl up but before I covered my face I saw that the black photographer had returned, and he’d brought friends.

There were four of them now, all as big as the first, all with the same museum-piece cameras. Their lenses stretched out and their lights flashed over and over. Although I squeezed my eyes shut, the buzzing filled my ears and my entire body caught fire. My stomach seized, my head exploded and the bones in my arms and legs shattered into a million pieces. I was dying. It went on forever. The pain was worse than the beating I was taking. It was inside me, as if with every flash, the black photographers were sticking knives in my very soul.

The short punk took my wallet and passport, and the skinny one grabbed my suitcase, and when the train stopped they ran. I wanted to lay there and bleed, but I couldn’t. I needed that passport. I needed to get the hell out of there.

I barely made it out in time. I yelled after them to stop, to come back and give me my goddamn passport. The regular-sized one laughed. He took my passport and wallet from the short one and held them up.

“These?” he shouted, then reared back

and hurled them in my direction. They sailed over my head and down onto the train tracks.

“Enjoy your trip!” the regular one yelled, and they all ran off.

I crawled back to the edge of the platform. I could see my wallet and passport down there, about a six foot drop, sinking into a pile of wet, dark muck. I was aching all over and felt like crawling into a corner somewhere and dying. But what choice did I have, Chuck?

I climbed down. It was freezing and dark, and I sank into god-knows-what kind of crap all the way up past my ankles. It stunk, Chuck. Good lord, did it stink. I finally gave up and let myself puke. It didn’t make me feel any better.

When I landed down there, my wallet sunk in even further. It took me a minute to get up the nerve to start rooting around for it. It wasn’t only mud down there. Cats, dogs, Christ knows what used those tracks as a toilet. People, maybe. But damn it, I needed that passport.

I bit my lip, and plunged my hand in. I found both wallet and passport on the first try, but I wasn’t the only one. When I pulled them out, something pulled back, and when I pulled again, the biggest rat in history came out after me.

I screamed. This thing was as big as your dog, Chuck. It clawed up my arm, screeching to wake the dead, red eyes and black fangs flashing for me. I threw my arm up to shake it off but it dug into the sleeve and kept coming, claws ripping into my skin. I pulled the jacket off and threw it to the far side of the tracks faster than I can sign my name. Two grand I paid for that jacket.

I clambered up to the platform. Pulled myself halfway up before I looked up to see that the black photographer was back.

It was crouched, and its head was cocked to one side. Face still covered by the camera of course. It was such a curious, human pose

that I almost laughed. The flash came, blinding and buzzing. My grip started to go. I could feel the platform humming under my hands as another train rolled in, and I didn’t care. I wanted to stay put and take my chances. My vision was still blotted out, and I started to let go.

A security guard grabbed me by both arms and hauled me up. The train screamed to a halt, horn blaring. It wouldn’t have stopped in time.

The guard let me go and chattered questions at me. I didn’t understand him. I was laid out on the platform, pants caked in shit, holding onto my passport and my empty wallet like a drunk holding onto the last bottle into the world.

The guard was from Carrasco International. He was plenty concerned when he found out that I was headed for his airport. I couldn’t blame him once I saw my reflection. I was damp and bloody and my clothes were torn. My front tooth was chipped. My skin was stretched and gray. My hair had gone chalk white, and big clumps had fallen out. I looked worse even than Dad at the end, Chuck. But my ID and passport checked out.

My new flight wasn’t till midnight, so I found a bar and got drunk. Can you blame me? I puked again in a men’s room and napped on the tile for an hour. I’d never been so low.

Now, I realize, that was the entire point.

I was one of only nineteen people on the flight to Miami. It was still pouring rain and only getting worse but we were

scheduled to depart on time. I had the row to myself and wanted to sleep but every time I shut my eyes, all I could see was the black photographers, coming for me, cameras all aglow. Once, I kept my eyes shut long enough to see them start to lower the cameras, but I had to open my eyes before they showed their faces. I didn’t want to see.

We were in the air for about ten minutes, the announcements had been made in both languages, and I was finally starting to relax. I still felt like hell, but I was breathing easy. Then the plane was hit by lightning.

The lights went out. People screamed. The plane lost altitude fast. The engines whined and coughed and were drowned out by thunder. The pilot came frantic onto the PA. I grabbed for the oxygen mask, and as the emergency lights flickered on, I saw, in the middle of the row ahead of me, hunched over, the black photographer.

I sat there and stared. I didn’t scream. I didn’t run. I could have. But what would the point have been?

The plane got hit again and shook violently. The black photographer leaned in for a closeup, the lens extending further out from the camera than I’d ever seen it before, right at my eye. The plane was struck a third time and now started to point down and pick up speed. This was it. I saw my reflection in the black fishbowl of the lens, staring back dark and twisted at myself. The

buzzing started as the black photographer placed his twig finger on the button.

“I’m sorry,” I said. I was so tired, Chuck. I wanted it over.

“I’m so sorry.” I closed my eyes. “Please. I’m so sorry.”

And when I opened my eyes a few moments later, to see what had happened to the buzzing, the plane had leveled off, the lights were back on, and we were turning around for an emergency landing.

The airline was going to put us passengers up at a nearby hotel, but instead I found a cab back into Montevideo proper. The rain had stopped, but it was cold. After some stops, I returned to the street where I’d seen the bum. He was still there, sleeping on the sidewalk in front of a heating grate. I walked up as quiet as I could and put down a bag with two steak sandwiches, a double order of fries, and some bottled water. I’d taken out all the cash I could as an emergency advance on my credit card so I stuck that in his jacket pocket. He didn’t stir. Last but not least, I took out my phone, slipped out the memory card and threw it over my shoulder and into the street.

I stood to walk away, and waiting behind me was the short man with big hands. Behind him? The black photographers, all four of them, cameras at the ready, pointing at me. Despite the cold I broke into an uncontrollable sweat.

“Please,” I said. “Not again. No more.”

The short man looked up at me, then looked past me.

“Don’t let it happen again, Mister Smith.”

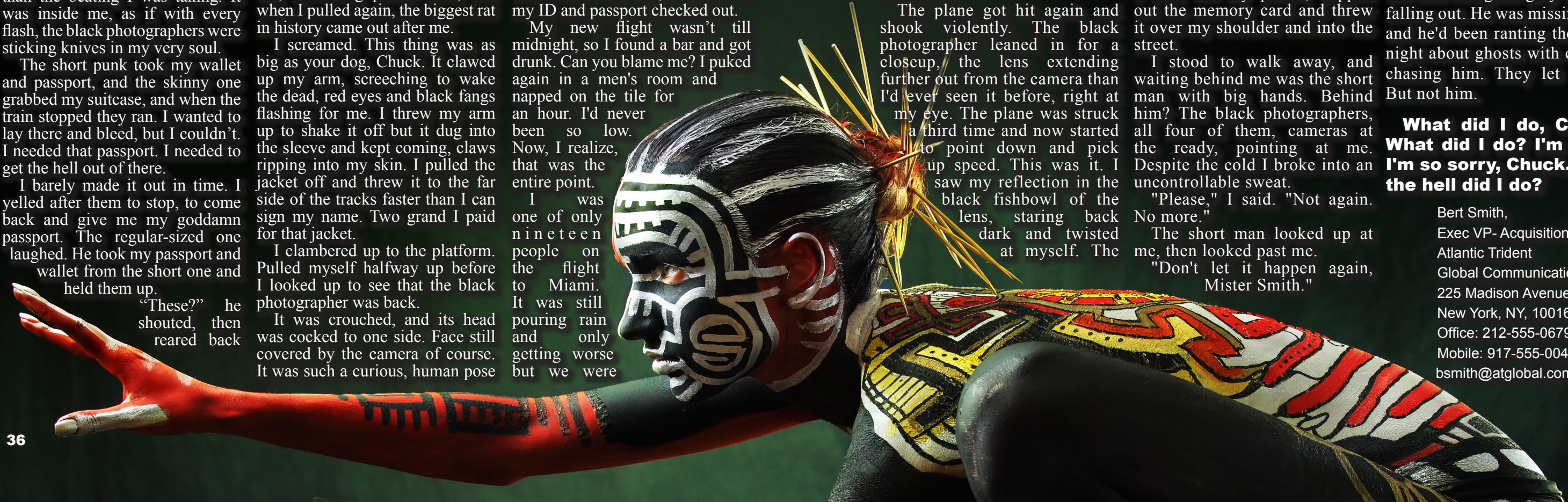
His silver eyes darted back toward me and I nodded. The four cameras flashed one last time, silent now. When I could see again, the short man and his bizarre camera crew were gone, replaced by over a dozen pieces of stiff cardboard, floating to the ground.

I picked them up. They were sepia-tinted photos, all of me, throughout my whole miserable day. My worst moments, there in brown and white. I pocketed them, and headed back to take the airline up on that hotel room. By the time I woke the next morning, my hair was starting to darken again. I got some of my color back. My various injuries were starting to heal.

But it wasn’t over, Chuck. God help me. I checked my email before I left for my flight. Chet, the one I’d sent the photo to? He got such a kick out of it that he took one of his own, of some wild-eyed old lady who sleeps on a bench across from our office, and sent it to me. I got the news when I landed. Chet ran screaming in front of the F Train. His hair had gone gray and was falling out. He was missing teeth and he’d been ranting the whole night about ghosts with cameras chasing him. They let me go. But not him.

What did I do, Chuck? What did I do? I’m sorry. I’m so sorry, Chuck. What the hell did I do?

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Happy HORROR-WEEN!

By Paul S. Nowak

Fall, and October especially, is the time of year when our thoughts turn to the creepy, frightening and supernatural. Unless you're a gamer, in which case, being attacked by undead hordes just means that it's Tuesday again.

What is it about games that makes them so well suited to tales of the strange and macabre? Surprisingly enough, the answer has nothing to do with magic circles or creative answers to 'what is fun'. Video games are filled with monsters, zombies and other horrors for of one main reason: parents.

That's right folks, parents. Evers since the formation of the Entertainment Software Ratings Board (ESRB) in 1994 along with other organizations formed around the world, parents have been more informed than ever about the content in their kids' games. Gone are the days when negligent parents could defend their childrens' violent behavior by blaming video games, crying to anyone who will listen (including judges and juries) that 'someone should have told us!' So the good news is that parents can make informed decisions about what is right for their children and make their purchasing decisions appropriately.

The bad news is that an undesirable ESRB can be the kiss of death for a fantastic game. In fact, many retailers (including Walmart, Target and Best Buy) simply refuse to carry any game that the ESRB rates as being intended for "Adults Only". Lack of availability like that pretty

much ensures that the title will never recoup its investment capital. It's therefore no wonder that developers would rather change some content and land comfortably in the "M for Mature" category rather than join the scant 24 games to have received an Adults Only rating (which includes, for some reason, the all time classic textbook *The Joy of Sex* in its CDi format).

Which brings us back to the undead. To quote Stephen Schwartz's *Wicked* "there are precious few at ease with moral ambiguities, so we act as though they don't exist." A prime example is the conflicting message offered by the lessons "don't talk to strangers" and "a stranger is just a friend you haven't met yet". Shades of grey don't usually play well in video games. Even if he's a dirty corrupt cop who stalks and rapes innocent women, most parents would rather that games not revolve around shooting police officers, and with good reason. Zombies, on the other hand, want to eat your brains. Anything that wants to eat your brains is bad and should be shot on sight.

Bioshock makes for a great case study here. Being a First-Person Shooter the game requires, well, something to shoot. The underwater city of Rapture in which the game takes place was apparently once the home of an entire civilization, including the most in need of protection fringes of society, women and orphans. The player encounters few if any of what could be considered normal people. Those who remain for the player to encounter have become genetically twisted mindless creatures hell-bent on devouring any humans they see.

Humn, sounds like zombies to me. And what do we do with zombies, class?

But still, just because it's ok to shoot them, doesn't mean they're all that scary. Scary still requires a little

imagination. Just like in life, the scariest thing in games is the unknown. Slow moving zombies that lumber in large groups toward the barrel of your gun isn't exactly creative... or fun for that matter. But nimble acrobatic zombies with awesome AI that tells them how to hide in shadows, take cover and sneak up from behind you while hanging from the ceiling...now that can be scary.

But while my thoughts linger on *Bioshock* for just a moment longer, one of the scariest things I've seen in horror games in years happened in Rapture's hospital level. While passing through abandoned medical examining rooms, I saw a shadow on the wall at the end of a long dark hallway. A woman screamed as the vague dark shape made a slashing motion.

Then the lights went out. I nearly lost it. When the lights came back on, I ran into the aforementioned room, guns blazing and adrenaline pumping. The place was empty. Whatever it was that made the woman scream had slipped through a hidden door and snuck into the room I had just left. Now while I was ready to blast a big-bad, it turned out that the 'shadow' belonged to the game's easiest opponent...a stupid zombie, the same as the scores that I had been blasting to pieces for several hours.

But that's what my story is really about; it takes something special to scare a gamer. As desensitized to violence as we supposedly are, it's not the inevitable onslaught we remember as being scary (heck, I must have save a few thousand worlds by now), it's that little moment a designer crafted for us that we never saw coming.

"Die" from Page 21

Byrne, who really did try to give us its music, we always heard Tom Zé as "wacky, wacky, Brazillian, and wacky!" Cactano Veloso's gentle oeuvre, which is more soothing to the uninitiated than affecting, can do nothing but bore us. Most Americans who pretend to enjoy it, don't. It's just easier to vacuum to, as far as most world music "afficianados" are concerned. The function of World Music, then, has been to convince white people that boredom is actually aesthetic appreciation.

So, while we love the music of the world, World Music has to die. Byrne was right for the wrong reasons. To anthologize it isn't enough. Buy the music below. Or steal it, we're not schilling. Buy tickets when they tour. But kill World Music through any legal means.

Rastas Del Vaticano. There's been a worthy scene of arty/noisy/punky stuff coming out of Monterrey, Mexico over the past few years, and Nene Records has been at its nexus. You can find them at www.nenerecords.net, and since Rastas' first LP, "Mocosos Pateticos," we've been starting to hear bits and pieces of this genre north of the border. We reviewed Rastas last year, when our reporter Jason Costanzo called their first record "stridently primitive," and said further, "They sound

quite self-assured despite the crudeness, either because of their geographical insulation or an astute refusal to fall into lockstep with what passes for punk today. 'Moscosos Pateticos' is a monstrous pustule of a debut." You probably missed them then, so listen now.

Algodón Egipcio's new solo project melts anthems into a lush jungle of synthesizers and effects. Simply put, this Venezuelan's album, "El Ingenio Humano" is incredible.

Mickey Gang from Brazil are still around, in case you remember their offering from last year, "Born in the 90's," although their more recent, whiny Blink knockoffs like "Fuck You Cupid" don't transcend their genre so much as eulogize it. The former track, though, has a certain found-art radiance, and belongs on our mix tape.

Tallahassee act **MoonLasso** is a band we think you should pretend you discovered. Tracks like "Empty Aerials" forced us to include them in our survey of Central American acts that need your attention, even though Florida is, um, not in Central America. The duo's caterwaul-laden dreamscapes actually hit the notes a thousand similar attempt.

Now, listen to World Music with new ears: this quarter, legendary Brazillian producer Cassiano gives us "Onda," a track from his new "Cuban Soul" album. That should help you wake up.

"It's like *Mystery Science Theater* lost its job and became a crack addict."

Deb Karpinske, Lifestyles Editor, THE EVENING OBSERVER

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EPISODE DT101: "VIVA LE THÉÂTRE DOLLAR"

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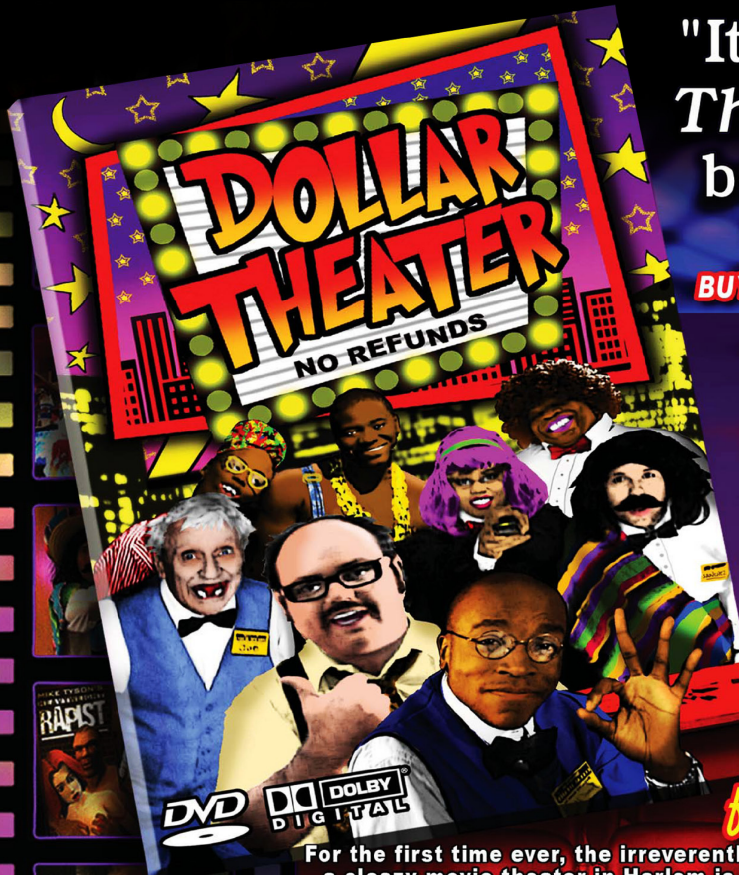
EPISODE DT102: "BLACK LIKE US"

When Tatiana proudly reveals her new ass-implants, Cecil and Watts soon fall under their jiggy spell. But after over-hearing that Tatiana is saving her renovated rump for a "smooth O.G. black man," the "race" is on as the smitten duo duke it out in a bout for the booty. Each will do everything in his power to convince the mocha maiden he is Blackest of them all.

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For the first time ever, the irreverently cartoonish comedy series about a sleazy movie theater in Harlem is available on DVD, complete with commentary tracks, a behind-the-scenes featurette, deleted scenes, never-before-seen video game animations and much more!

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