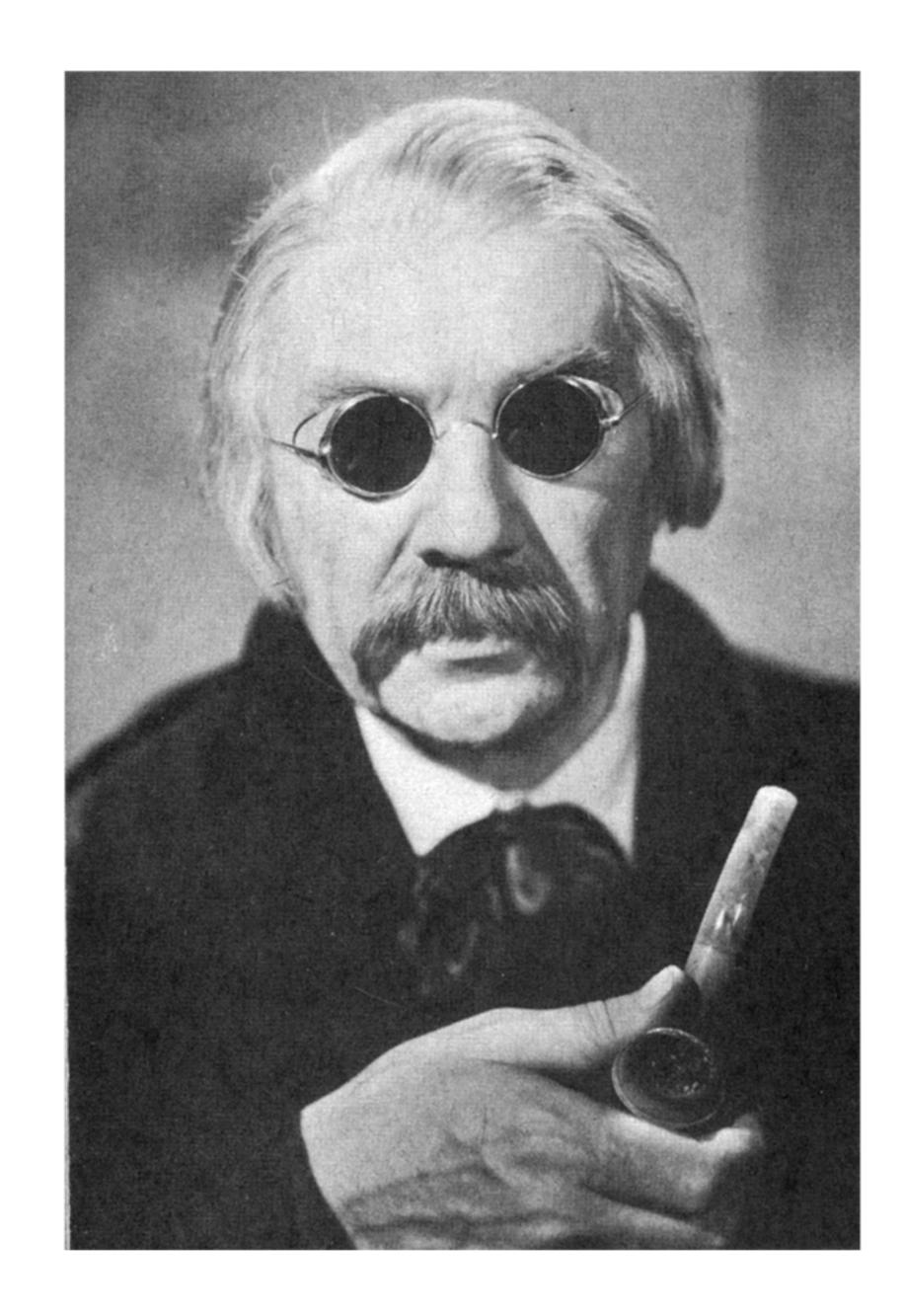
### HI THERE

The pumpkin spins and reveals its empty leering face, its vulgar parody of a heart. Smiling but without regard, both illuminating and casting shadows. It's the haunting hour on the yearclock, the sun has set but light still remains: awareness of death. It's a time known in solar terms as the crepescule. Somehow the color is simultaneously dull orange and grey-blue, like looking at a campfire with sunglasses on, or standing in the shadows, looking at the sun with your eyes closed. It's natural to see phantoms at this time of year, just like it's natural to see and hear things just before you go to sleep, as different parts of your consciousness program click off, disengage, and temporarily re-engage. You see a statue wearing high heels, now it's a wolf's curved back. Wait it's just a shirt on a chair. It's the shirt you wore that day you met... what was their name? ...And when was that? Oh yeah, you wore that shirt five months from now, the day you meet... there they are... a statue with a curved back... No, it's a wolf wearing high heels... What time it is? Why is this knife so comfortable in my hand? It's my hand... it's me... Hi there... Shhh... Go to sleep... It's me...



### DFATH

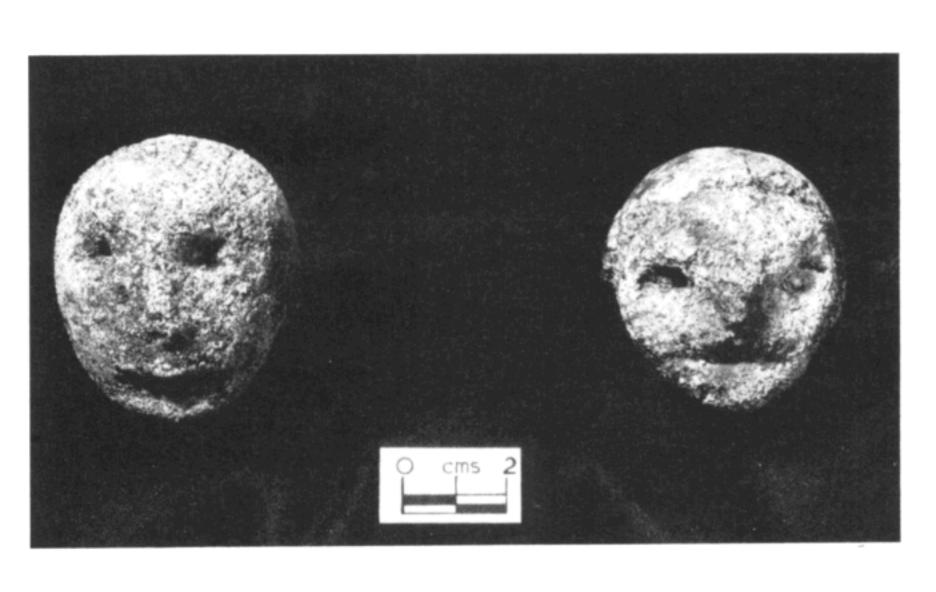
Will our yearly death be a temporary and neccessary managed downtime or a full and immediate (and still neccessary) slide into measureless oblivion? The hag wills, but no one really knows... In October all animals overhunt and overeat in a frenzied bid to survive a deep and prolonged consciouslessness, it's a surprisingly sober and reasoned mayhem. Humanity engages this time period slightly differently, or bn a spiritual/ emotional line but still basically yes: children terrorize a neighborhood, demanding candy. Larger children bully them. Teenagers beat up the bullies and break windows, knock over gravestones and throw up. The teenagers are the ones closest to what I would call true terror- the terror of the insomniac, denied of dreams and wakefullness, denied oblivion... The unsleep of unreason...



### WHO IS IT? It's me...

### THE THRESHOLD PEOPLE

The word threshold is a compound word consisting of the words "thresh" meaning to tear apart or beat up or separate into parts and "hold" meaning to not do those things. It is commonly used to describe the area of a doorway that is not the door, or technically, the space that would be occupied by the door if the door was closed. Fiends, ghouls, demons, monsters, agents of persuasion, goblins, creeps, lurks, boglins, and so forth are all threshold people- they linger around the cusp of an area, at a zone of transition and say (by various means, most of which aren't nice) "Hey, come hang out in this area". Rather than wanting you dead (or alive), the threshold people delight in getting you to wobble inbetween, or just wake up and see that that's where you are all the time. In other words, they like to scare you. Some of these transition zones include edges of the woods, graveyards, houses fallen into such disrepair that you're still outside when you go inside, new apartment complexes that encroach on ancient burial grounds, crossroads, the psychic space you're in when you watch TV or listen to a good story, the 3rd shift, the middle of the ocean, where you are when you're lost, the part of the forest floor where you don't know if it's stuff on the ground or if it's actually just the ground, and the aforementioned Autumn / magic hour. I have no advice for dealing with the threshold peopleno advice. None. I have no advice. They're fun sometimes, they have a useful function, they present a major league PITA (Pain In The Ass / Puzzle Intrinsic To Awareness) so what do you do? Hi!: No. Advice.





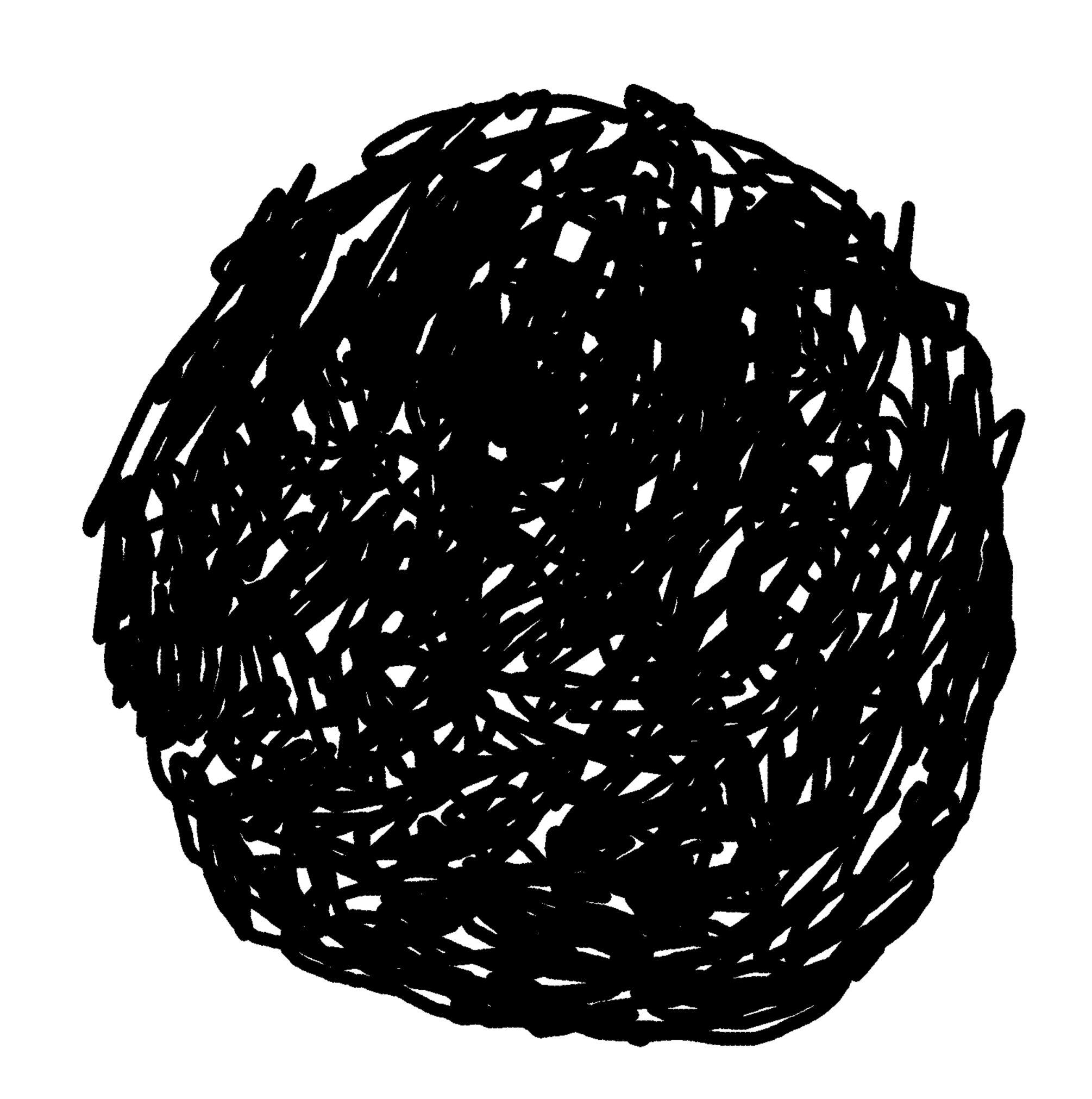
### HOUDAYS IN OCTOBER

Columbus day is on October 8th. Halloween (aka "all Hallows eve") is on October 31st (a Wednesday), the day before All Saints Day (November 1st). In some communities they will try and tell you that they moved Halloween, but you dan't move Halloween, sorry! There's no such thing as a time machine. Or to put it another way, there is nothing on Earth that isn't a time machine.

### WHAT IS HALLOWEEN?

As we said back in December, Christmas and Halloween are basically the same thingcelebrations of the dead that briefly come back to life then have a bizarre existence for the rest of eternity. At both holidays you go house to house being loud and demanding snacks-- the main differences are that at Halloween the songs are better, the color scheme is more handsome, and the movies are better. At Christmas time celebrants engage in a ritual eating of human flesh, whereas at Halloween you eat candied apples. You get drunk at both holidays, but at Christmas you're more likely to get drunk because you're miserable- at Halloween you get drunk because you're at a cool party, dancing and having fun. In other words: Halloween rules.

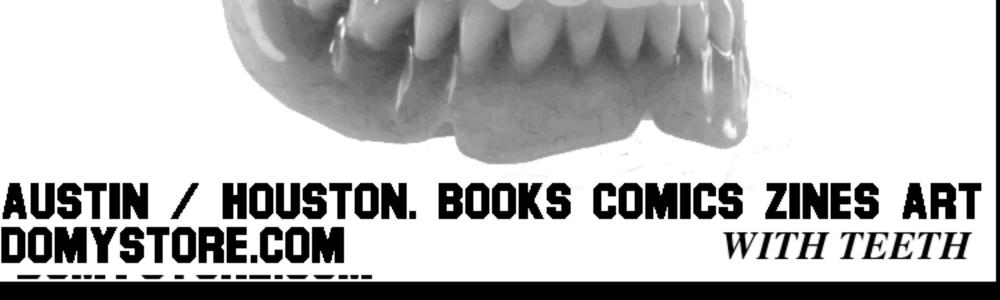
Oh, and it's important to note that not only is Halloween a specific (unmoveable) day, it is also a season, and that season is NOW- commence haunting, spooking, lurking, plotting, feasting, oozing, creening, dripping, reading Dante on a public bus, and having blood on you.



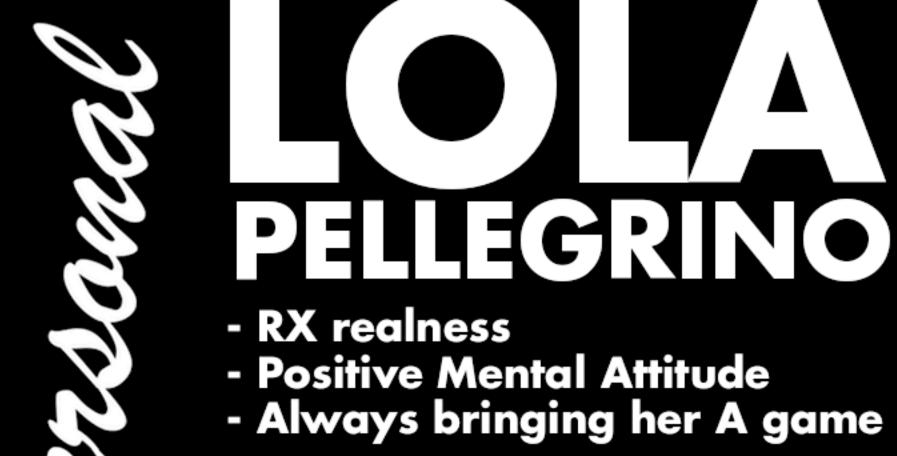


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## LANGUAGE LAB! MONSTER ALPHABET

Destroy yourself. Change your energy, become unrecognizable to yourself. Be a shadow without a body, be a stain on the air. Turn yourself and your experience inside out-observe the world by digesting it. Be a mole in the ground. Be wet and warm and dry and cold. Gain power (to act, to move, to will) by destroying something beautiful- your own name. Use the following chart:



Replace every letter with its correspondent. Remove unneccessary letters if desired. Use this name for however purpose.

Please note that this is a one-way system- some letters are redundant, some are destroyedit's impossible to resurrect the exact original name from only the transformed. Although information can't truly be destroyed, only transformed, the energy released in the name transformaion (E=mc^2) will be effectively impossible to recover.

### MONSTER'S TOP TEN

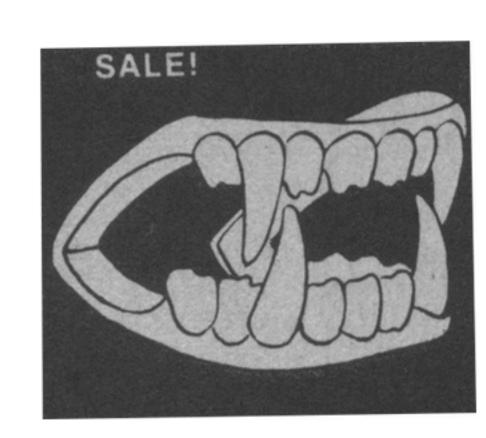
by a horrible villain for Monsters News

In No Order

1. HEAVY CREAM - Great thing to put in your coffee. Why put anything else in coffee? You know how half and half is better than milk? So do the knowledge- heavy cream. Why are you messing with anything else? Sure you could extrapolate out and say well why not just put butter in your coffee, but butter in the coffee is so decadent that the polarity flops and it's mega austere- for legendary heros only, sorry. You would think that villains would prefer black coffee, because of western culture morality color associations, but no- black coffee is for tough guys and ballerinas. Heavy cream is what you want. Oh wait, espresso is OK

2. CHOCOLATE MILK - If you buy chocolate milk premade, it's going to be rich and chocolatey and give you the protein and sugars you require for maximum expression. But if you make it at home from whole milk and syrup, it's going to be weak at first, but stick with it, learn to make it good. The amount of syrup you need to put in to make it right is really going to be surprising- it's a lot, like 3 times more than you think. So if you want good chocolate milk, your two options are to buy the premade stuff and call it regular, or to fight the part of your psyche that governs how much syrup to put in things. Your course is clear. Fight the governor. NB: A maximum chocolate milk is called a "Gary". When you're out of steam, you're out of Gary.

3. CRACKERS - It's nice to have something complicated and homemade where the unit is the bite. And when I say crackers, I mean crackers with cheese and jam, or crackers with peanut butter and hot sauce- crackers with at least two things. Crackers with only one thing is amateur hour, and just crackers is strictly for depressed adults.



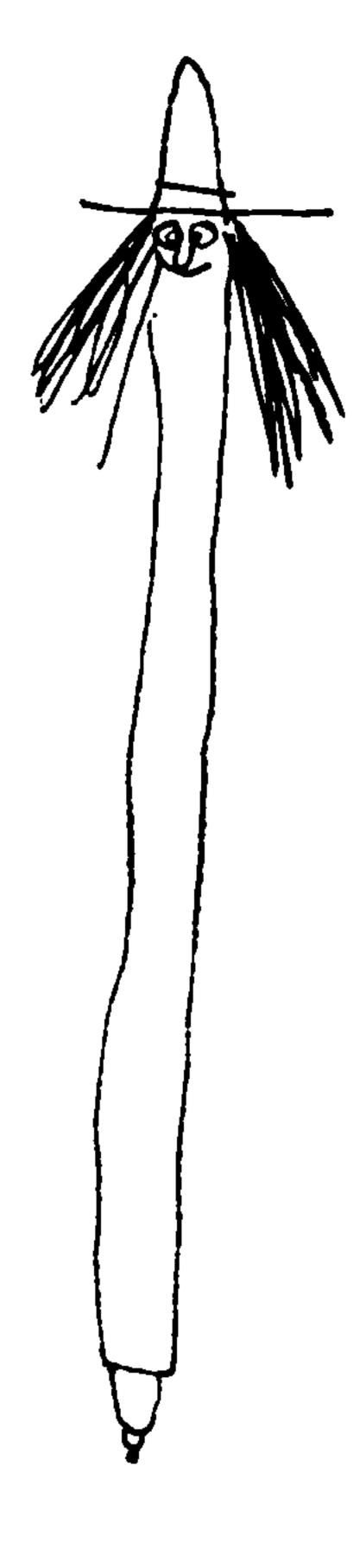
4. PIZZERIA FLAVORED COMBOS - Ok, first of all I want to say that I don't eat junk food- my body is a temple. That said, all temples are desecrated periodically. Somehow Combos are the most monstruous snack, almost a Lovecraft feeling of delighted misery and incoherent geometry, with a flavor that can't be located in a savory / salty / sweet flavormap. Also calling it "Pizzeria Flavor" is horridly accurate- they don't taste like pizza, they taste like pizza plus floor wax, cardboard, human arm, greased glass, formica, landlord, carbon paper, and occasional insured robbery. 4 stars.

5. PROUST - Ahhhhhhhhh ha ha la know that Proust came up last issue but soooooo what? Anne Rice and Twilight can go fuck, because our greatest vampire writer is Marcel Proust. As an individual he had dark weird eyes, wore floor-length fur coats inside, lived in a cork-lined room, made people faint, slept all day and worked at night, left restaurants mid-meal for a variety of reasons, was sickly, and took a great death-bed photo. As a writer he made the best vampire book ever- In Search of Lost Time. "Leave the pretty people to those with no imagination" -Proust said that, and it's probably the best line in literature about contemporary monsterdom, though divisive. Famously parodied by smokey-eyed vampire factionalist Elvis Presely's passive and ignoble line "If you can't find a partner use a wooden chair" (Heartbreak Hotel, 1956), it nonetheless inspired monsters throughout the metaverse to explore their own agendas, unchained from humanity's complicated desire for mutilation and adversity. As a direct result we can point to the celebrated werewolf Jackson Pollack, famous fiend Igor Stravinsky, and for good or bad, Liberace.

6. CONNIE FRANCIS - As someone who has been alive for countless aeons, slaughtered / decimated this that and the other, pillaged whatever, and just basically DONE IT, I have to go with Connie Francis, best. That's a personal opinion, sure, but come on, Connie Francis really is the best. Actually, no she's not the best, saying she's the best is like saying she's the queen, which is stupid and meaningless- she's something else. Connie Francis I love you!

7. STRAIGHT GIN - I know that for the season people like darker beverages, and maybe more than anyone I know that if you want to get things done you need to drink a lot of extremely dark beverages, but a nice glass (meaning an actual glass, not a cup) of good gin, straight, with nothing in it, I like that.

8. WRONG STUFF - Sometimes you do something wrong, and it's like "whoops, that's wrong". but sometimes you get up in the evening and you think "let's go out and do things wrong", and you get like a warm chill, a nice evil little chuckle, you hunch your back a little, that's when you're in atrocity territory. I'm not saying do everything wrong all the time, but some days, I don't know, you just need to put mustard on eggs, wear clothes in the shower, sleep in the kitchen, eat hair... you know, wrong stuff! That's why we're here!



THE AMBROSE BIERCE MEMORIAL WORD JUMBLE by Ambrose Bierce before he died

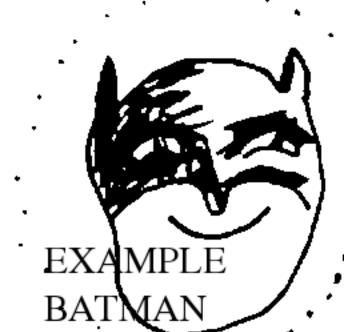


AVERETO Thy great invention, the unfatal feast / Shows Man's superiority to the Beast

SODORUTO Chiefly to inspire poets.

MOISTTIP a proponent of the doctrine that each thing is its opposite

last month's answers:PARDON PAINTING OVERWORK

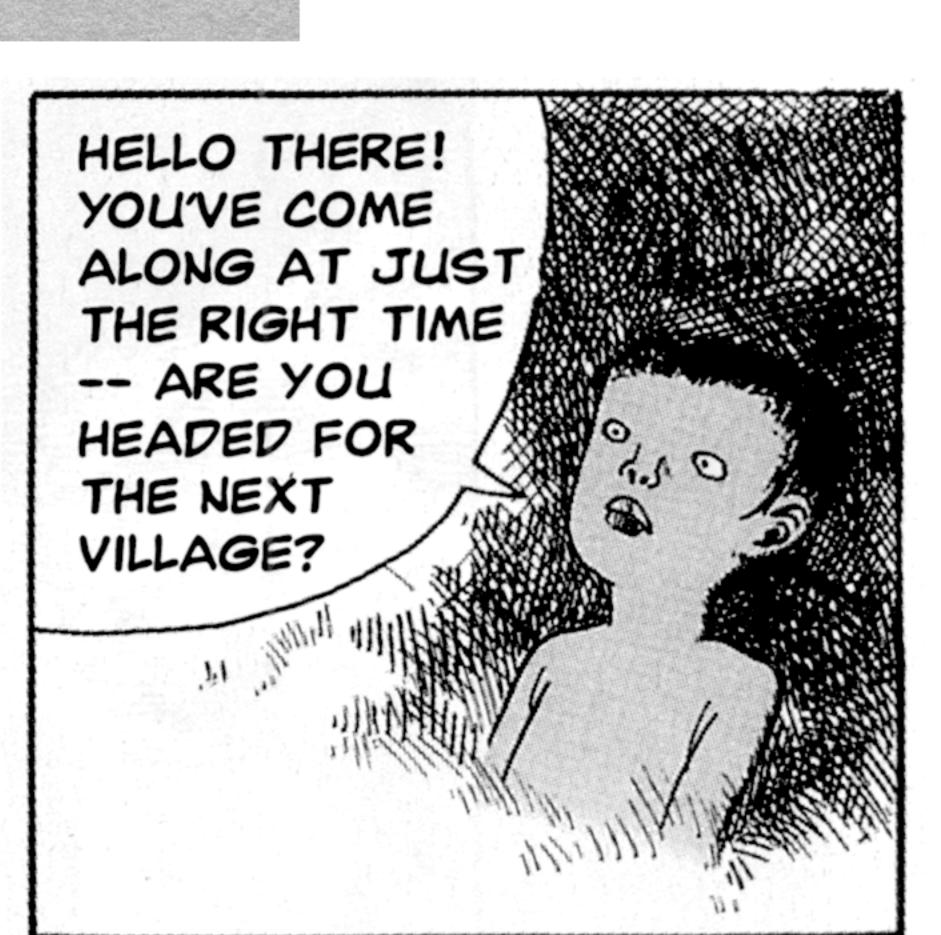


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Everyone always wants to know more information about how we print it so here's how we print it: we email files to a place, then we go to the place and hand the guy some money the end. This is the most boring part of the newspaper, it's great so many people are interested in this totally commonplace arrangement (I'm joking). We didn't need special permission to start the newspaper (real question someone asked us), and we don't use "a newspaper app" (?). How did we find the printer?- we looked it up in the phone book. PEACE!

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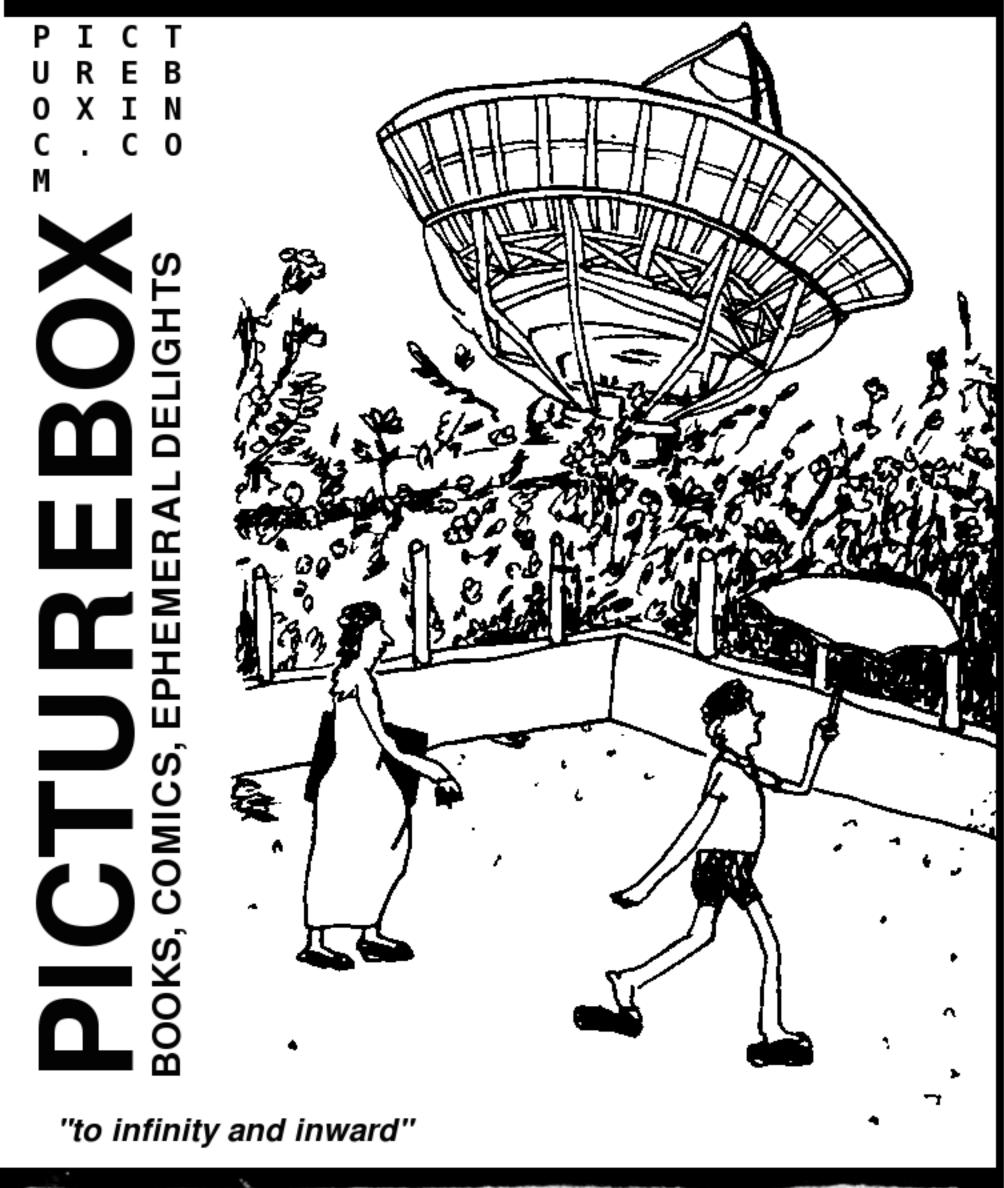
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WHEN YOU HEAR THE BUZZER BUZZ BACK.











# How TO CARE FOR YOUR VENUS FLYTRAP

A venus flytrap is a wonderful plant because it eats what you eat: creatures of the air. There are a lot of misconceptions about the venus flytrap, but with proper care and the right conditions, it will live a nice long time, slowly asphyxiating a small selection of God's creatures.

The first thing to know about a venus flytrap is that regardless of what they tell you at the nursery, you can't feed it hamburger, or your own blood. It doesn't want this. In fact, don't feed it anything, just let it catch flies, let it hunt in its own indifferent manner. The venus flytrap is a silent and passive hunter, and has a delicate system for determining if a fly is: the right size, still alive, and in the right place. When these three criteria are met, snap. DON'T worry about if it's eating enough, but DO put it near a good natural source of flies, like a drain, banana, or corpse.

Secondly, and this is very important, don't water it with tap water! The VFT needs either distilled water or rain water, nothing else. Why is this? It evolved to live in an area very low in ground nutrients, and it's to the point where if it gets any vitamins or minerals from water it won't be able to process them and will sort of "clog up" and die. Did you ever know a person who never ate vegetables, only beef jerky and off-brand spice chips and mountain dew, and then they lost the ability to process vegetables and have to live close to a gas station the rest of their life? Similar. It's sort of like the hamburger thing- the venus flytrap needs food from the air, and water from the air. Anything else- no good. Anything sanctified by the earth (animal, vegetable, or liquid) is no good.

Third, DO NOT repot it or give it fertilizer! It needs to grow in and around this weird parasitic moss, which serves as an intermediary between the earth and it. Again- no earth shit.

Fourth, it can't get enough sun and humidity, so put it in the seriousest window in your house. While it stands to reason that something which eats only flies would live only in a dank cavernous asylum (like Dracula's Renfield), the air thing takes precedent in this situation- it needs hot pissy sunlight in obnoxious quantities. While nighttime, basements, darkness, and cold are the dominant emotional location for horror, extreme sun and humidity are not without their misery as well-think of pitiable Nosferatu, on fire in a bedroom when the shade is pulled back. Sunlight, caustic yellow smoke, a pitiable cloud of what was once a mighty predator that dared to challenge God directly- this is the ideal environment.

Oh yeah, and being a plant, the VFT operates on a totally other time scale than you. You probably won't be there to see it actually snap shut on a bug, but if you're attentive you will probably be able to see it while the bug is still alive in the trap, wriggling to escape (which only serves to tighten the trap). Nice!

"The Lovers"

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

SOURCE WALL

taken as a result.

### FUN FACTS

- The venus flytrap seems wild and exotic and it is- it's native to only one environment: a shitty swamp in North Carolina. That's right! You probably think of weird scary chimerical beings as being only from strange jungles and hanging from ancient balustrades in far-away castles, but actually they are all from the same location: a weird shitty little place that basically no one cares about (no offense North Carolinians). This is the nexus of all realities. Remember: HLSBT- Horror Lurks in the Spaces Between Things.

- The venus flytrap is named after Venus, the god of love, that much should be obvious. But not because it exudes animal pheremones- because its gaping maw is altogether reminiscent of the clamshell stage upon which Venus stands in the famous painting by Botticelli. So it's not a [venus][flytrap], it's a [venus fly] [trap]. Or anyway it's at least both. Identify with that!

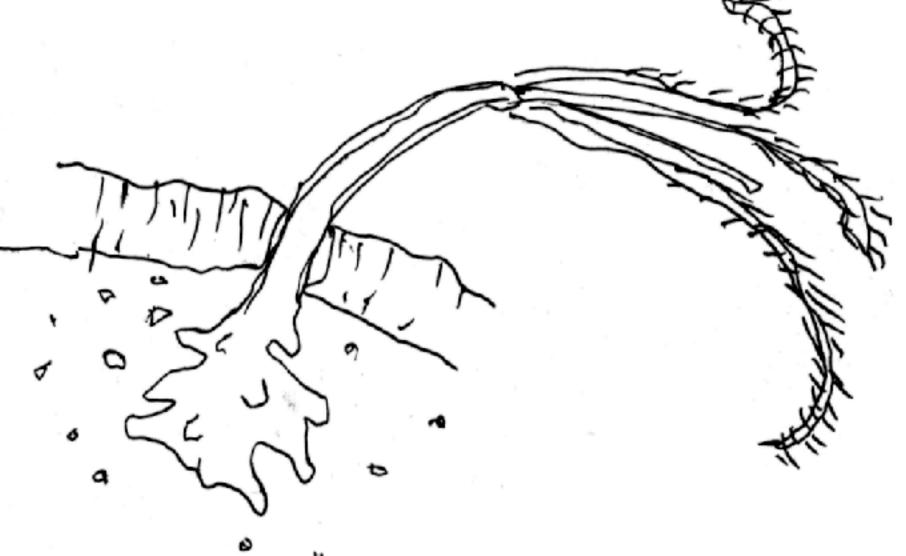
- Parts of it will turn black and dry, No Big Deal. The advice I got was to cut these parts off "if a date is coming



Picture of the author's venus flytrap, named "Shea'la Pinch" after the adult human "Shea'la Finch", who is currently filming Mothersthe News documentary. Like it's namesake, this plant eats nearly 2 pounds of flying

# INVERTEBRATE OF THE MONTH

(Latin: "Osedax mucofloris") aka zombie worm

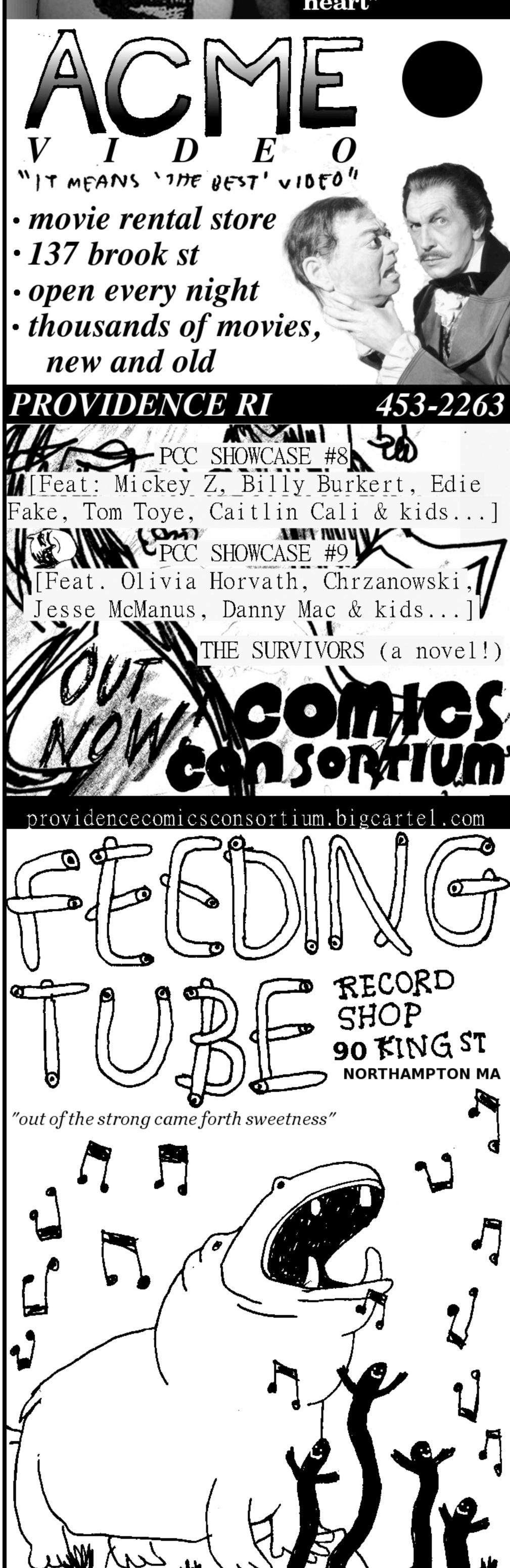


this worm:

- finds whale carcasses to feed off of on the ocean floor
- secretes acid to burn a hole into the whale carcass bone
- puts its roots into the bone hole, and lets its symbiotic bacteria suck up all the inner-bone juices and oils (the italians call this osso buco, though they get at it with a long skinny spoon)
- is very pretty
- generally minds its own business



TINTO is a professional scientist and amateur



"I will find your

earthen box

and drive a

wooden stake

through your



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meanings derived, and the ramifications of actions resurrectionst, currently living in North Carolina. mothersnews.net/M2 G4 C6 J6



Happy Halloween







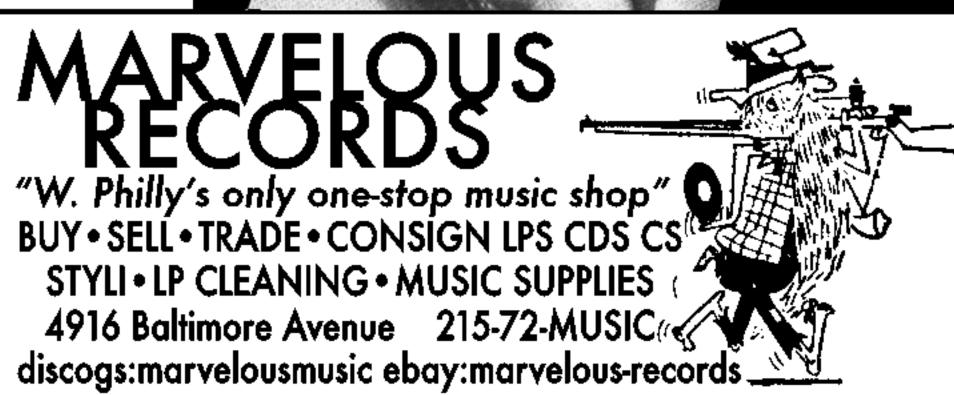


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hey friends, I more-or-less internet addiction; or somethy. like that, so, email me or call me,

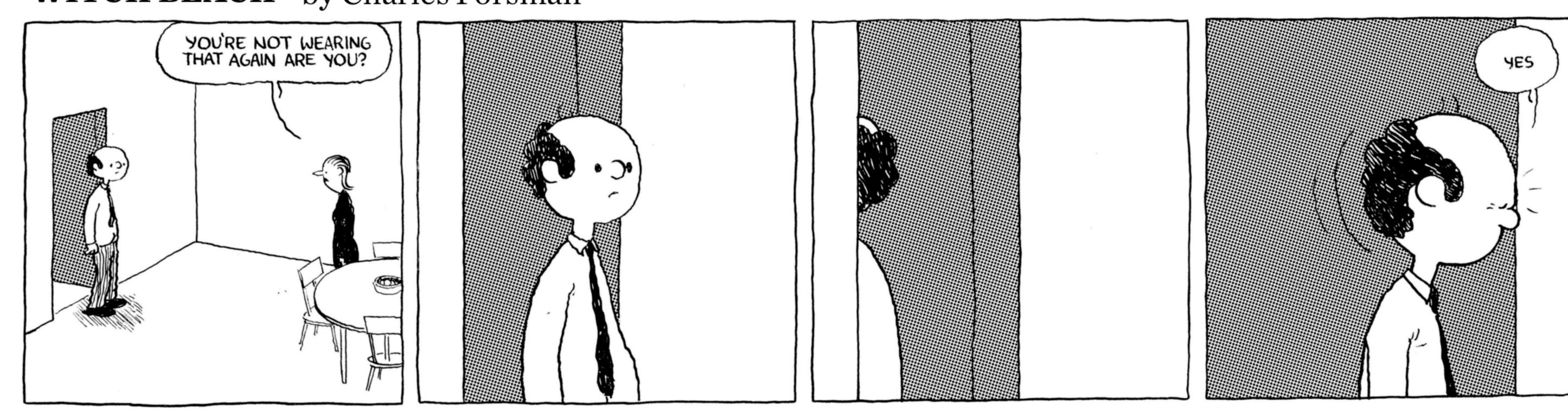








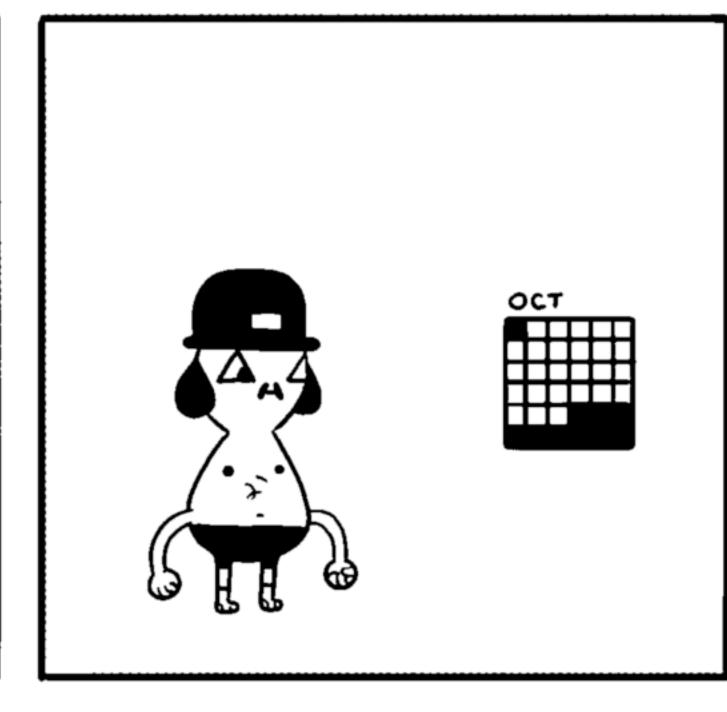
WITCH BEACH by Charles Forsman

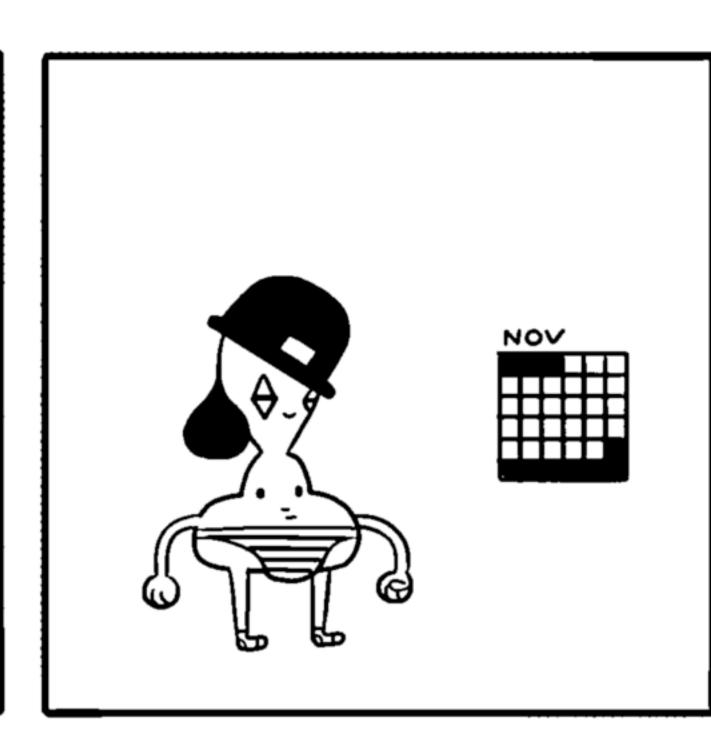


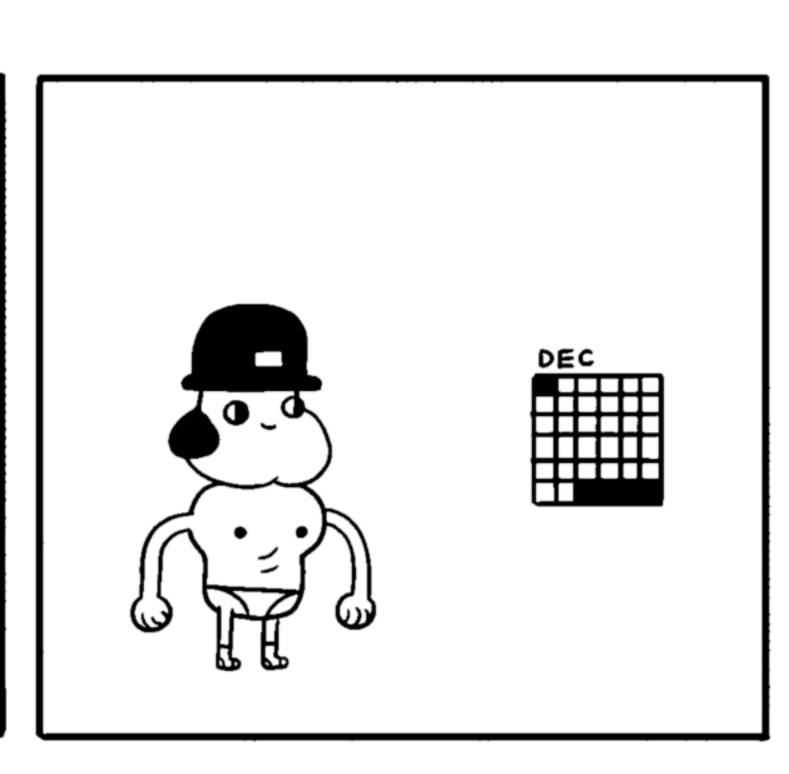






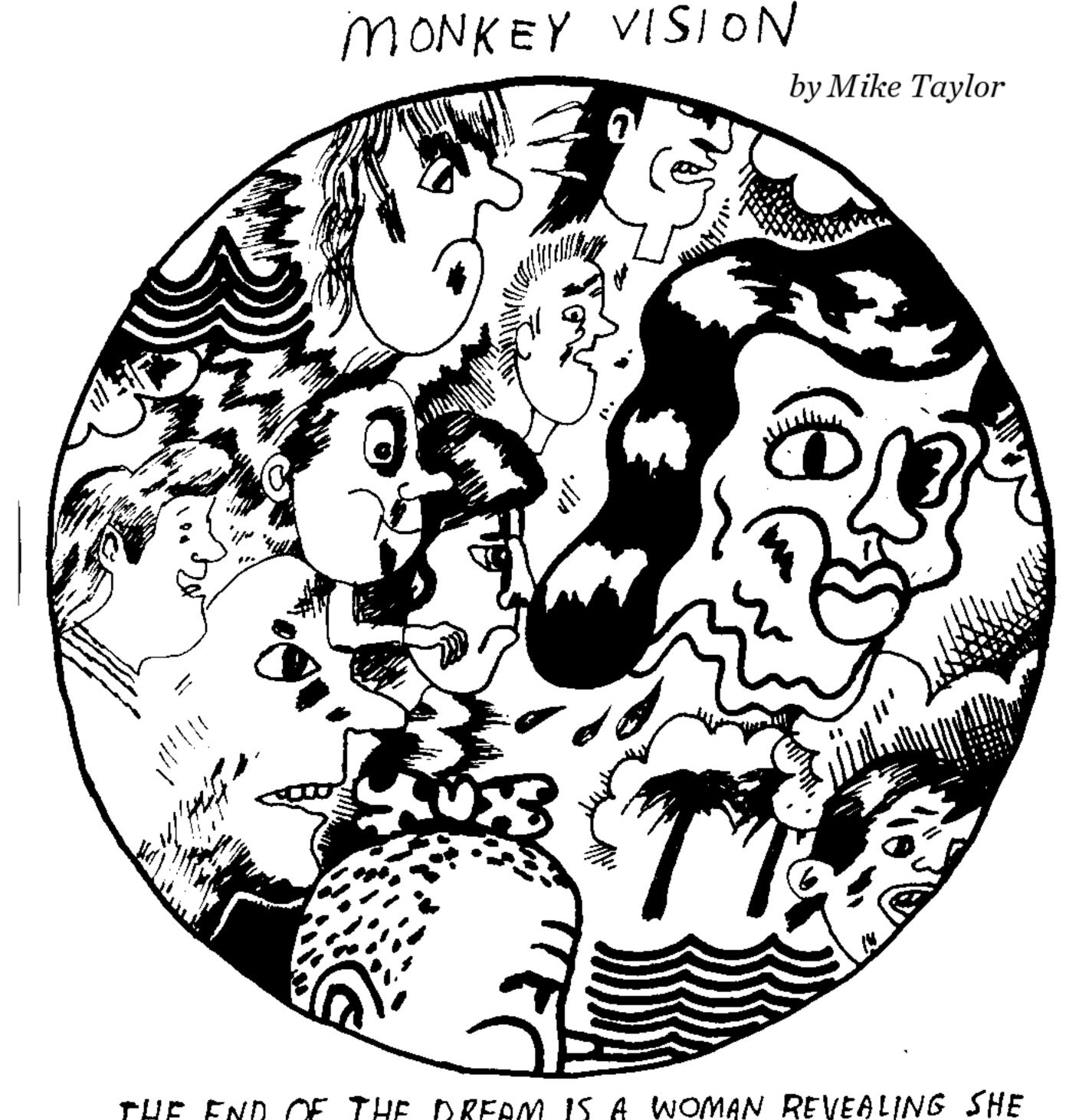












...THE END OF THE DREAM IS A WOMAN REVEALING SHE WEARS A MASK OF HER OWN FACE, AND WE'RE ALL RUNNING ASHORE, BUT THERE ARE CARS AND TRUCKS AND BUSSES CARENING ALONG THE BEACH. THERE IS A COLLISION AND FIRE AND IT SEEMS WE ALL ESCAPE AS A VOICEOVER SAYS, "AFTER ALL, THIS MOVIE IS ABOUT GOING PLACES."



THE SAINT by Kate Schapira

Now this was at first a

Very Good Thing, but

in the end it turned

into Anybody's Fight.

A boy knowing better about the state of the

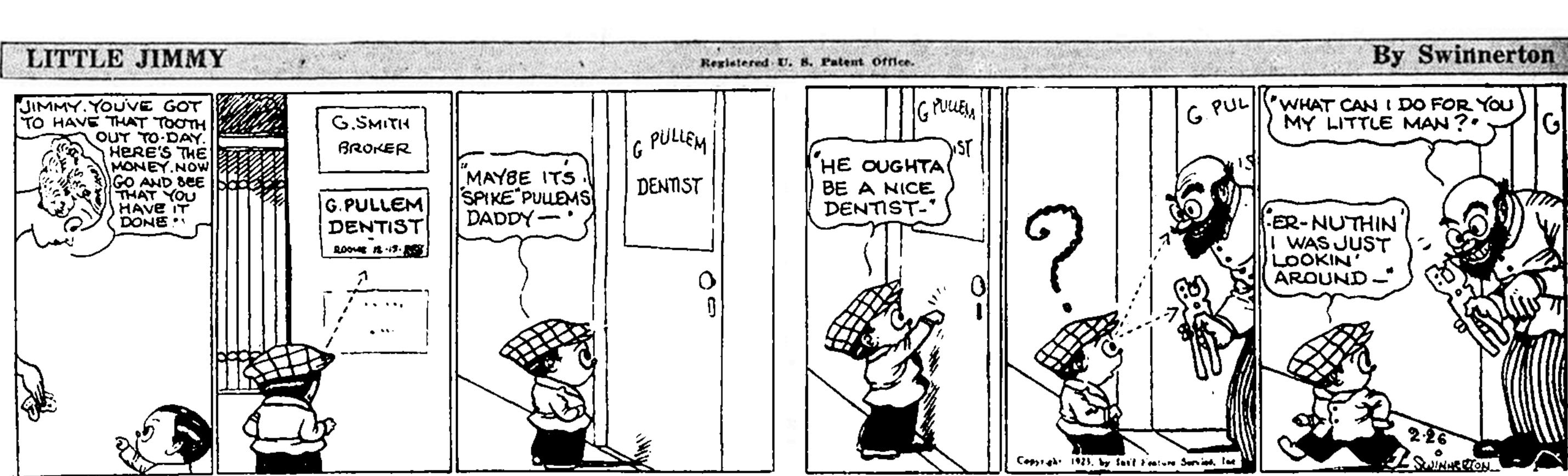
world looks for echoing voices.

Where he finds them, the winds blow.
Assurance sinks into a deep hold.

THE SAINT OF CONVICTIONS

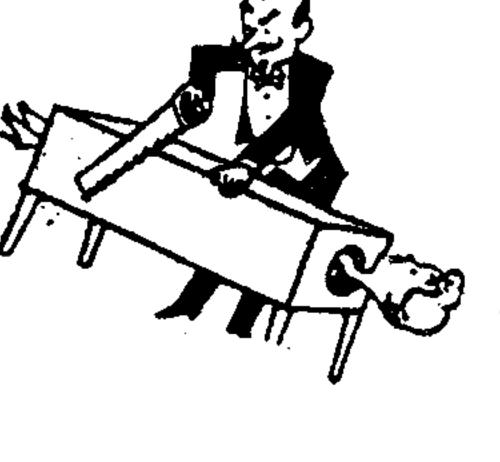
The dogma of control, the conspiracy bowl, the mesh of voices ringing with such conviction you'd say they were changing.



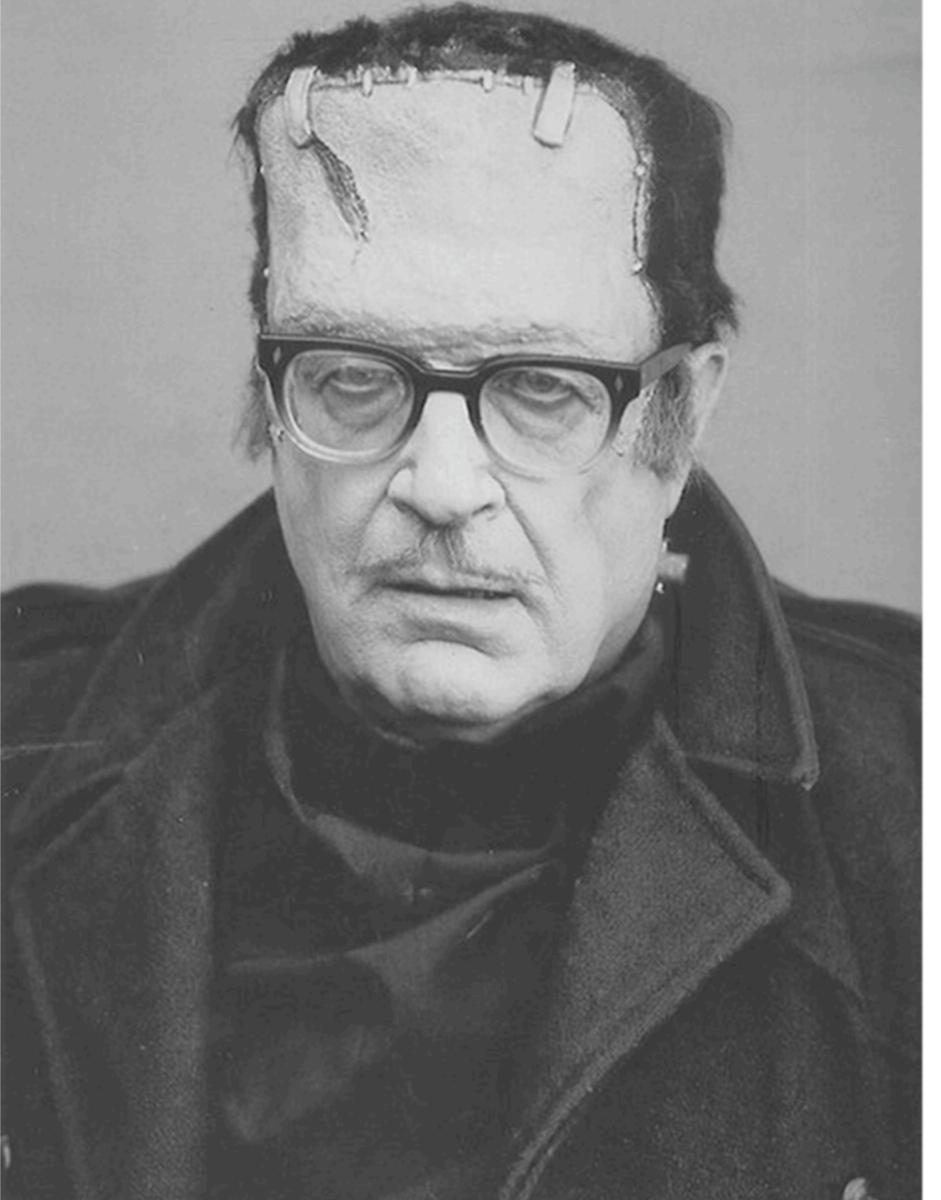








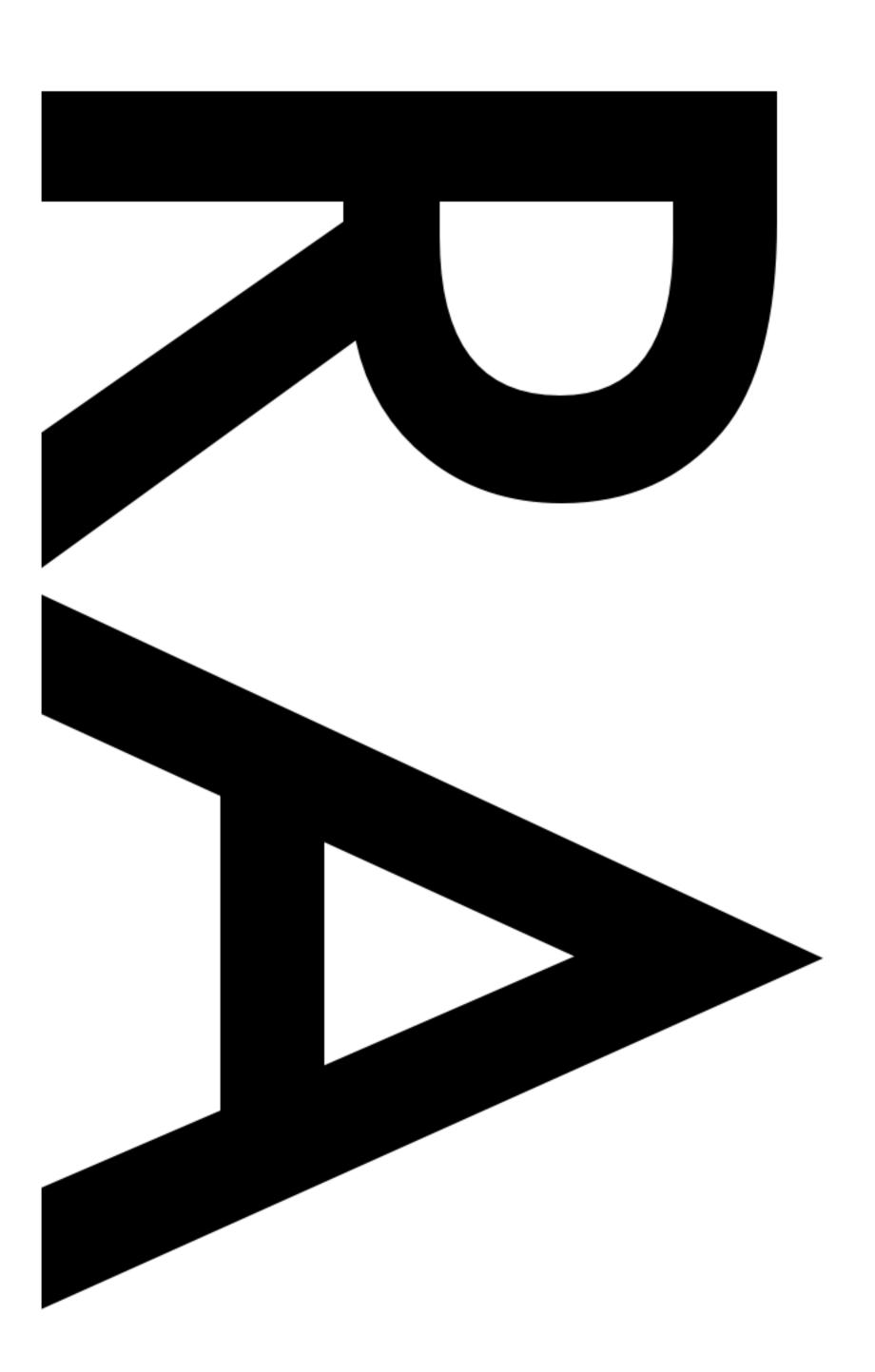


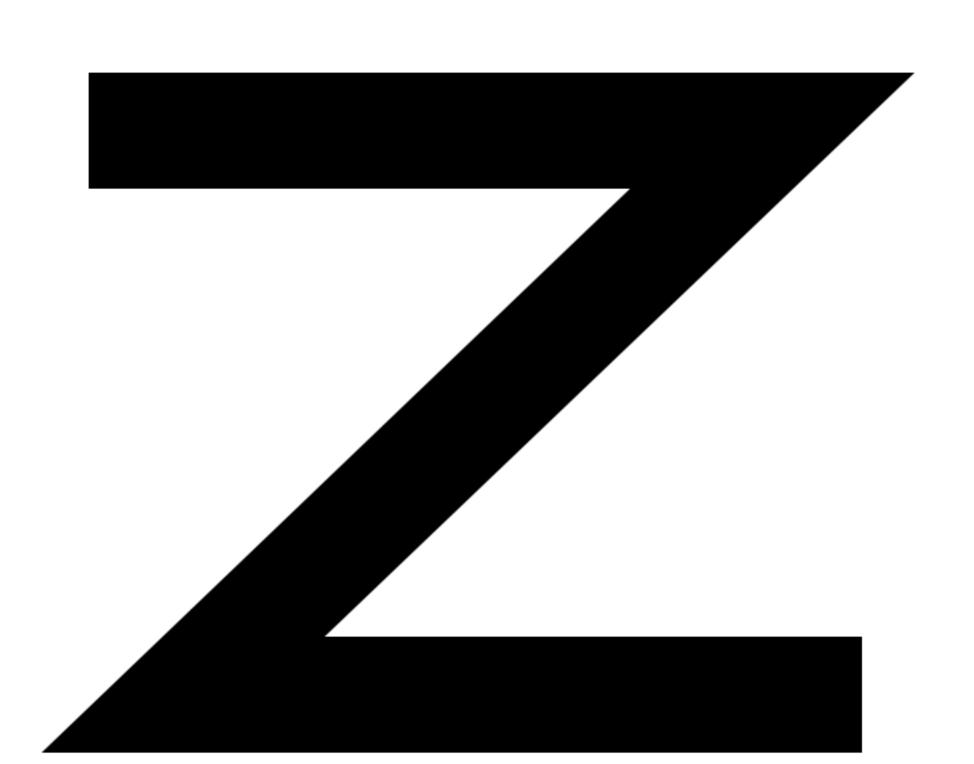


Forrest J Ackerman shall not die!

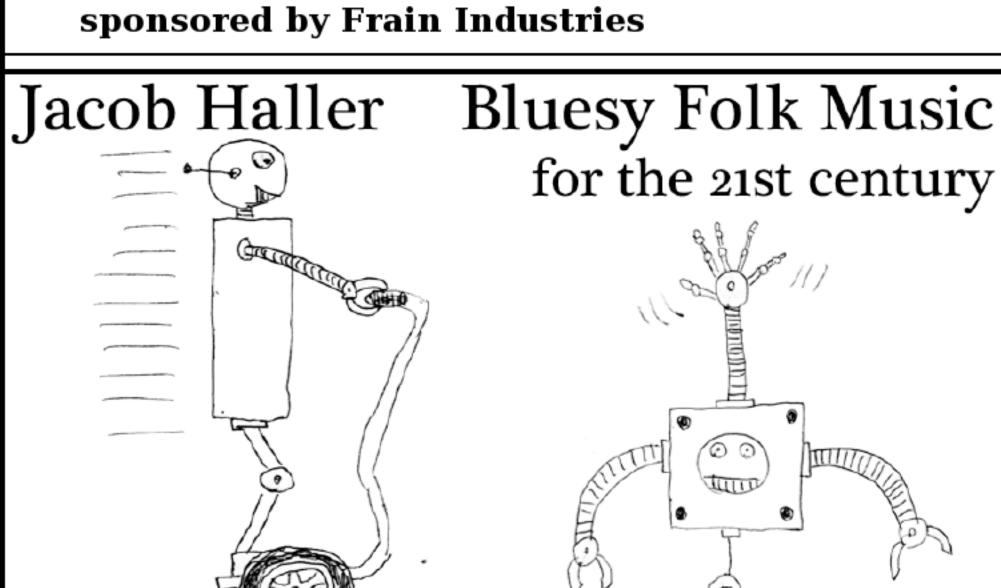








When it matters... FRAIN

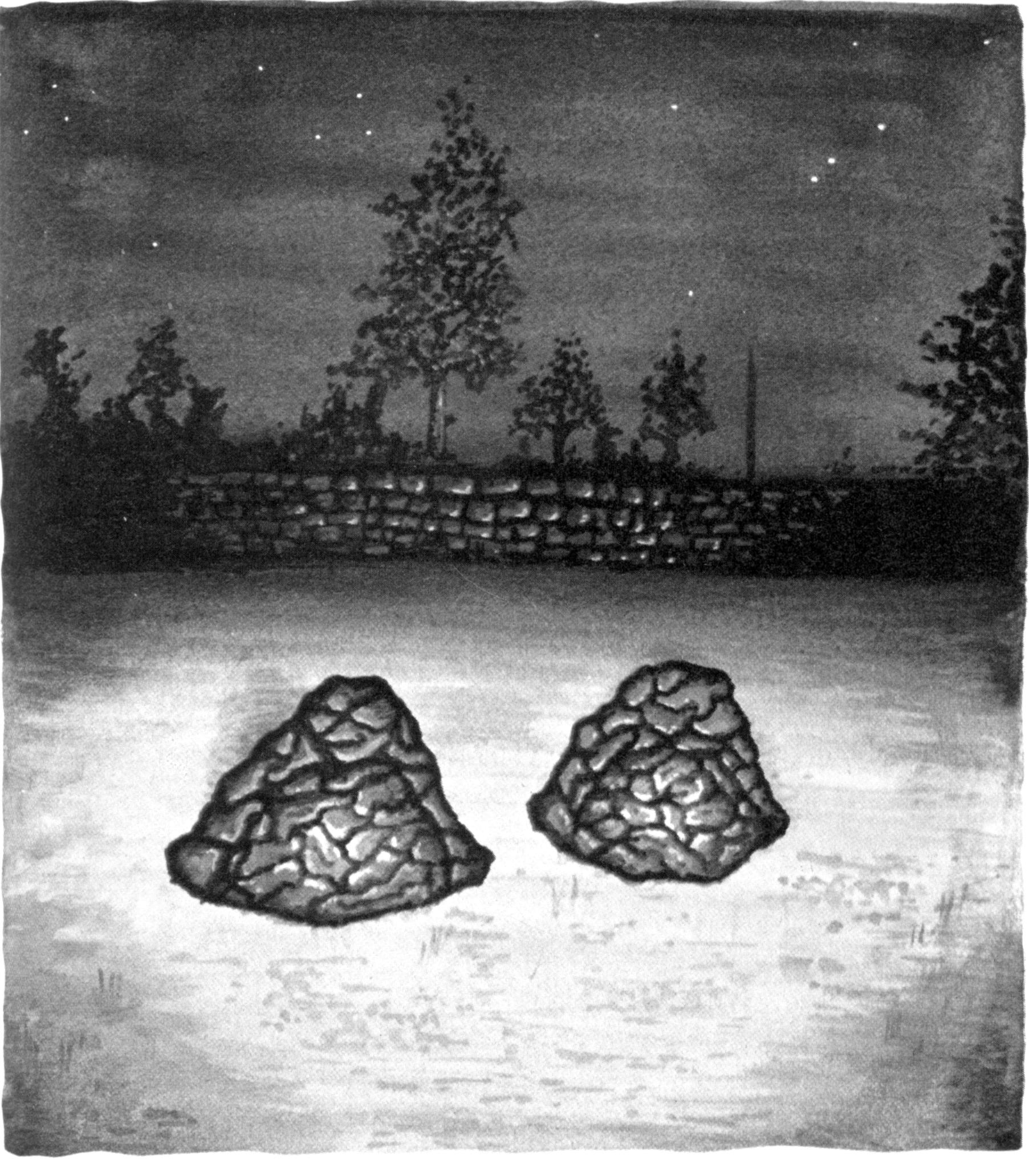


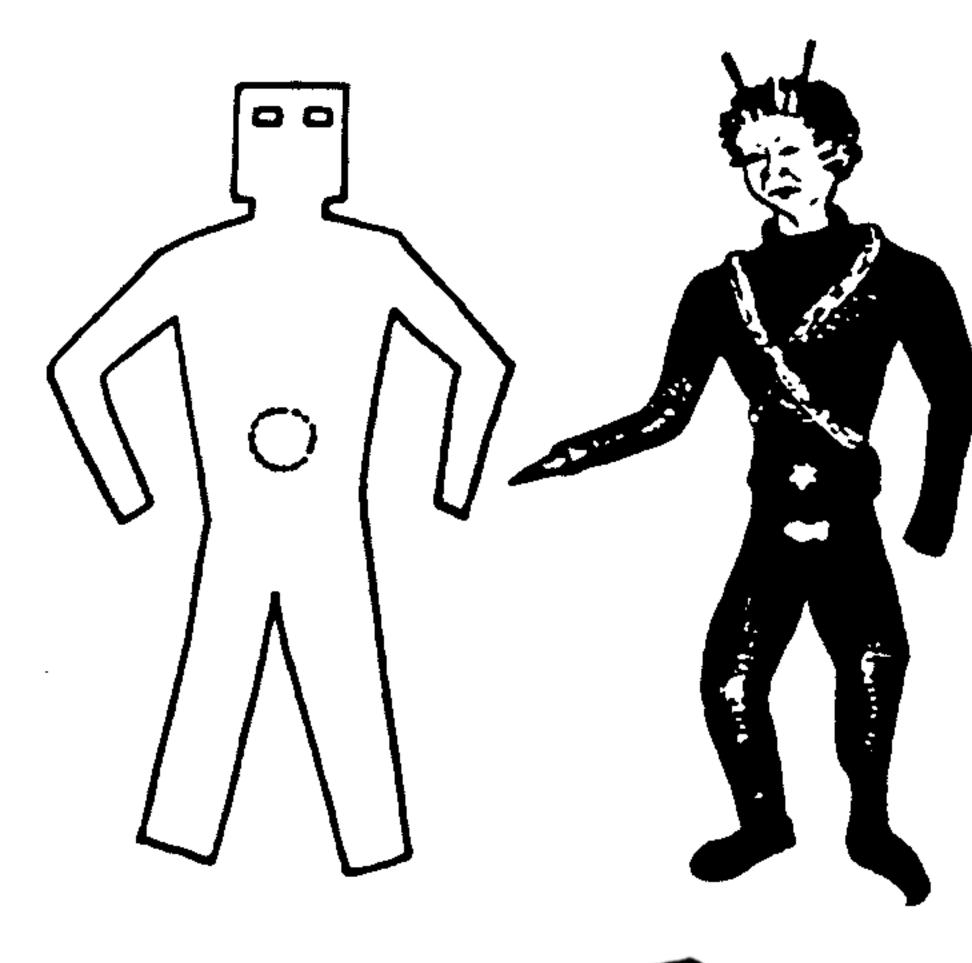
songs about kittens, drugs, relationships, and robots listen & learn more at music.jwgh.org

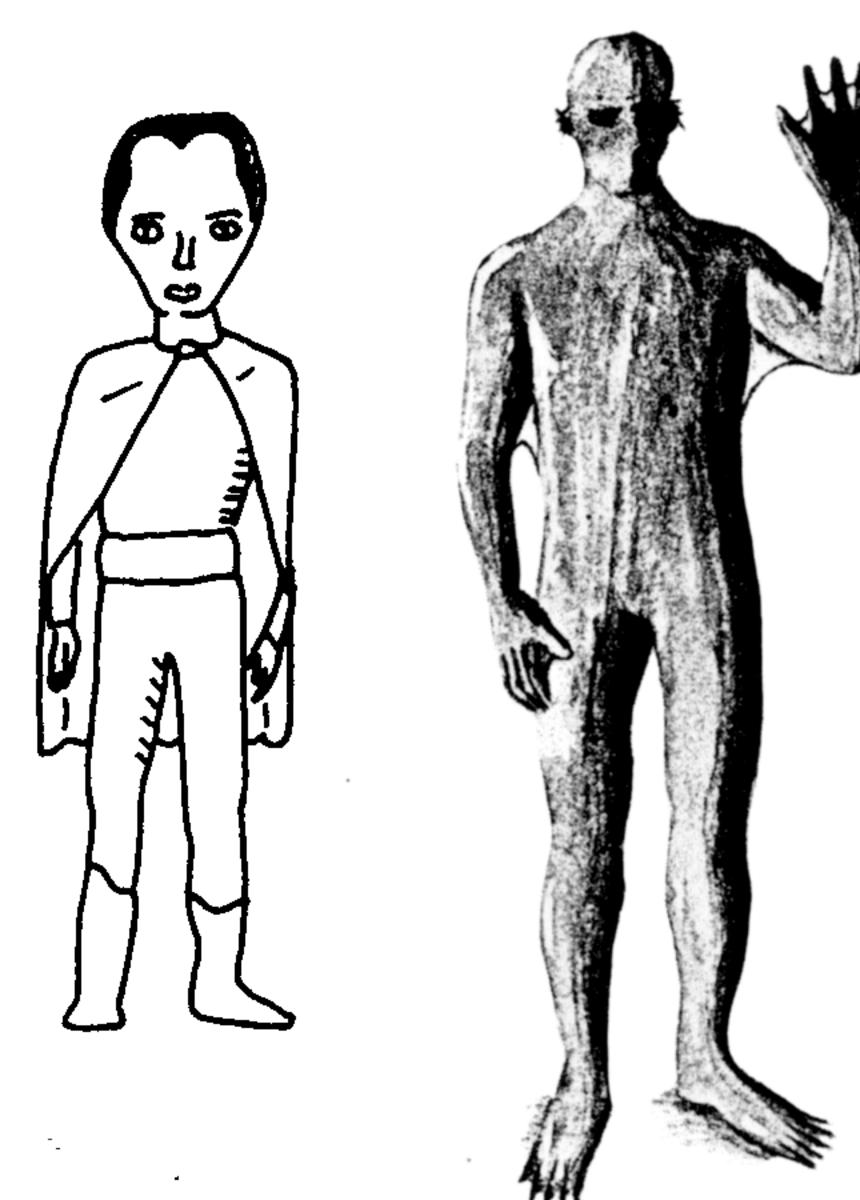
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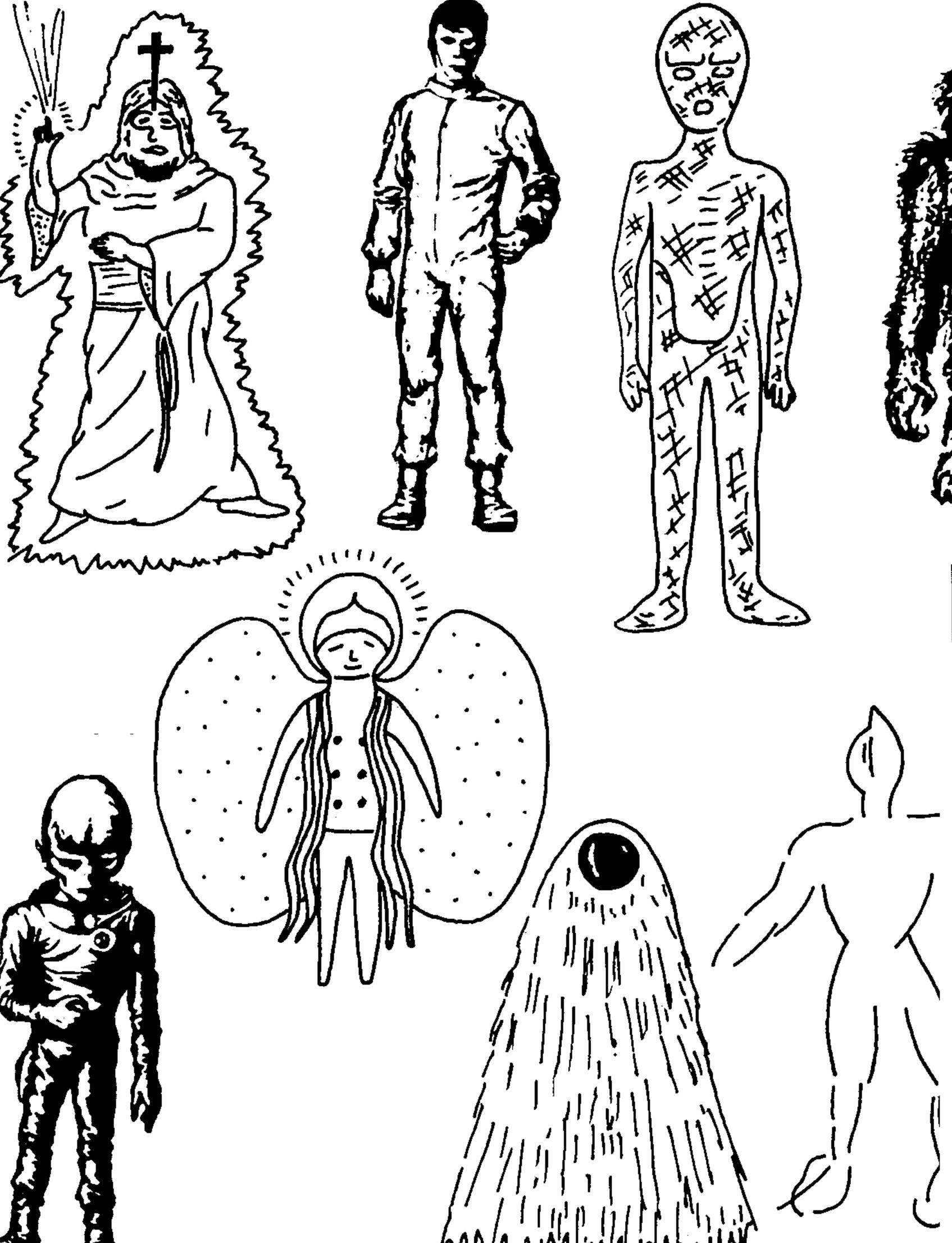


as drawn or described by contactees City Sketchbook: SPACE











## SHOUTOUTS

plz send coca-colas to Evelyn PO Box 333 Babetown OH she needs to stay up late to finish midterms

Yo SNOWGHOST- if you don't finish your record "Remember- The Next Scream You Hear May Be Your Own" by December, I'm going to jack the title- fair warning!!! love Hi Hat

from Cozz to all SCORPIOS ... Violethiss, JxxM, AO, Joanne, Little Andrew, Richy, Beth B, Jung, Max McK, S. Brownell, Satchmo, Annapurna... you too, if you're a scorpio. SCORPIOS! IT'S OUR TIME...!

to DRACULA from WOLFMAN: knife

ETERNAL GRATITUDE AND  $RESPECT\ TO\ FORREST\ J$ ACKERMAN FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF THIS NEWSPAPER!

TO GET YOUR SHOUTOUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE GO TO MOTHERSNEWS.NET \$3 POSITIVITY ONLY

# SCENE REPORT: RICHPEOPLE FOOD

by a professional chef to remain nameless

Desmond Tutu: asked for Coke Zero- "Diet Coke alright?" "It's okay, water will be fine".

Gorbachev: two and a half dishes of salmon caviar, osso buco. The entire crowd of 70 (for red carpet premiere of "The Cold War: The DVD") was forced to take shots of vodka between every course and speech. Gorby took shots constantly.

Bill Clinton: eats nothing, too busy saying hi to every single person in the building.

Air Force general: beef short rib during talk with navy general on how to really make his Twitter account "electric".

Netanyahu: frightfully cautious of poison, ate at McDonald's on the way to speech.

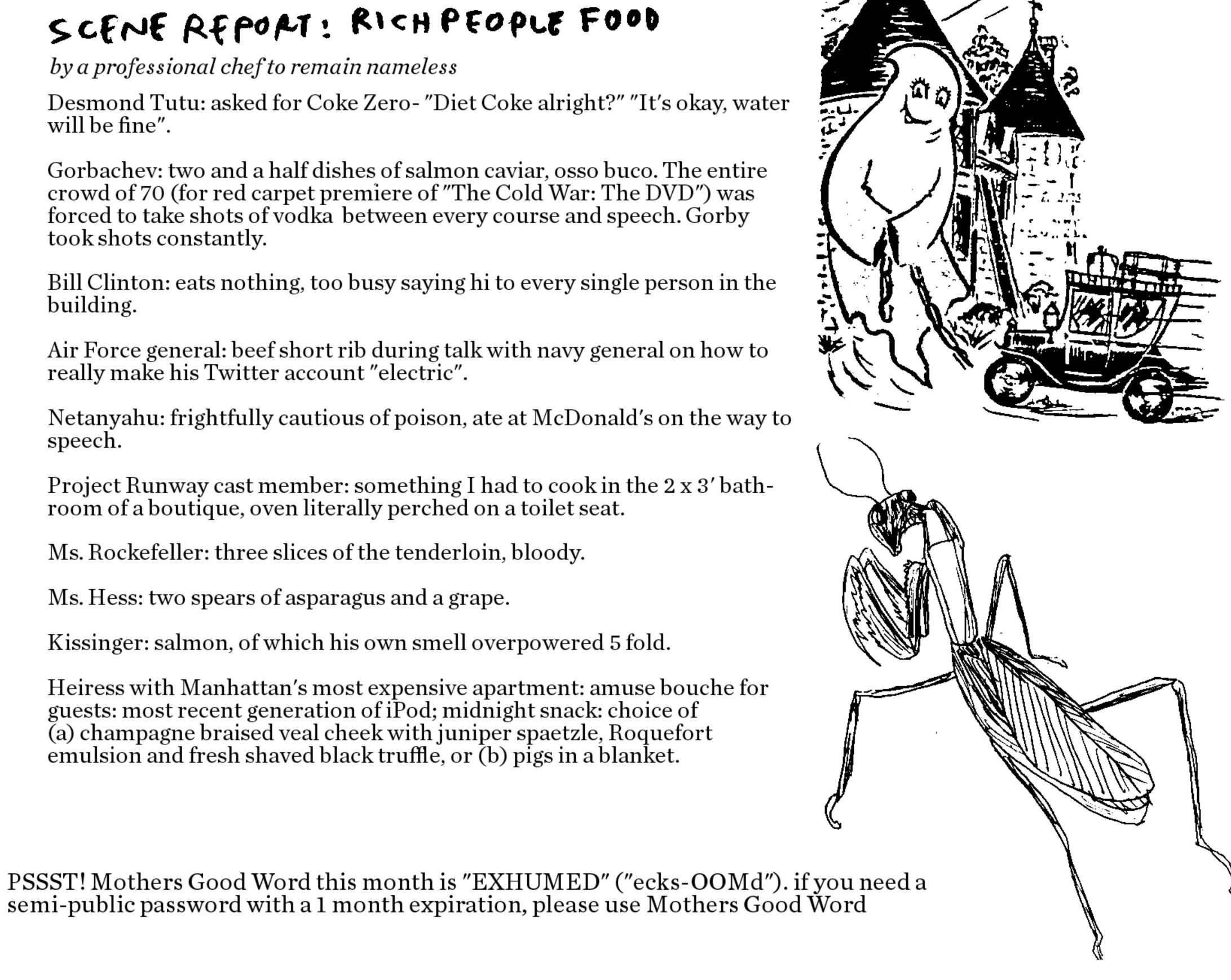
Project Runway cast member: something I had to cook in the 2 x 3' bathroom of a boutique, oven literally perched on a toilet seat.

Ms. Rockefeller: three slices of the tenderloin, bloody.

Ms. Hess: two spears of asparagus and a grape.

Kissinger: salmon, of which his own smell overpowered 5 fold.

Heiress with Manhattan's most expensive apartment: amuse bouche for guests: most recent generation of iPod; midnight snack: choice of (a) champagne braised veal cheek with juniper spaetzle, Roquefort emulsion and fresh shaved black truffle, or (b) pigs in a blanket.



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