



THE GRAIL

VOL. XV

October 30, 2020

ISSUE III

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SPOOKY SIGHTS

IT'S NOT FOR EVERYONE

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HORROR MOVIE CLASSICS

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www.reedthegrail.org

FROM THE EDITORS

Dear Readers,

Boo!

Spooky Season has descended upon us, and we couldn't be more frightfully excited! To start off with, Allison W. spooks us with paranormal happenings and an unsolved mystery (1-3), and Priya N. invites us to enter (if you dare) into the haunted mansion of the spooky yet glamorous Tamil horror classic *Chandramukhi* (4). If you're brave enough, don't miss out on Ross T.'s illustrated horror film suggestions (5), and plot your route to the graveyard alongside hiking historian Lauren M. (CW: Death, Corpses) (6). Aislin L.S. takes her advice and strolls along the shoreline in a poem contemplating the living dead. (7). We also present Nerissa W.'s poem, inspired by the Soucouyant, a Caribbean folklore character (8). Betsy reviews the ever-relevant, decade-old cult classic *Jennifer's Body* and revisits it with a modern feminist retrospect (9). Sienna closes the issue with an illustrated commentary on catcalling (CW: Sexual Harassment).

Although Halloween this year will not include the usual festivities, we hope this issue of the *Grail* frightens you to the bone. For the next issue, my, my, Miss American Pie! It's the

Americana issue! Submit your work relating to American history, culture, and nostalgia by November 11. Yeehaw!

In honor of NaNoWriMo, we are calling all writers of prose and creators of fiction to submit to the *Grail* Short Story Contest. Admissions will be accepted until November 9th. All submissions will be published in the issue following the Americana Issue. Visit **reedthegrail.org** for more information on voting for your favorite works and to check out our full web content!

Warmly,

Sophie, most likely to request *Toxic* by Britney Spears as a Halloween bop

Nerissa, most likely to have her lantern smashed by mean neighbors

Lauren, most likely to hold ur hand in a haunted house

Erik, most likely to dress up as a cowboy and let out a stray "Yeehaw" in a meeting

Dan, most likely to die first in a horror flick
and Aislin, most likely to be rescuing a creepy crawly by throwing it out their window

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Front cover drawing: *Two Faced* by Ross Tidwell

It's Not for Everyone

By ALLISON WALLACE

Sent October 31st, 20XX to: *FThorburn@ACS.org*

To Supervisor Thorburn of the Physical Hauntings and Manifestations Department,

Investigation #7389 Status Report: Upon arriving, I made a connection board of all extant information and, with the amount of data, it grew to three walls of my motel room. Please see the attached files. To seek out new leads, I made and distributed posters at the town center for information surrounding the last known victim, a Mister Ichabod Crane.

After an hour several residents approached, one I later learned was the off-duty Sheriff of Westchester county, and they expressed confusion at the investigation. When I explained, in the simplest of terms, the goals of the Aspen Chalice Society and the mission of René Fabron, its eminent founder, their demurral subsided, and they all took a flyer, securing them in their pockets folded into the smallest possible lump for safekeeping. With this victory in community outreach, I returned to my motel room for more flyers but found all my luggage, equipment, and the information web in the dumpster. My Negotiation and Mediation skills came in handy as I questioned the front desk. I am happy to report the incident was just a miscommunication with the cleaning staff, and I rebooked my room after its abrupt cancellation. If IT could renew my GhostWeb access, I will send my expense report to the Accounting Department on Thursday. See Information Web Ver.2 Photos in the attached files.

Despite this setback in my investigation, I utilized the tools from your excellent seminar on the Reassessment of Evidence from the Society's 2013 convention and started investigating the oldest parts of the Pocantico Forest to the north of the Sleepy Hollow and Tarrytown area. I've unearthed some *very* promising leads. Please see the attached evidence report entitled "Ethereal Equestrian Evidence." I will fill out the storage reports on my new desk when I return. I have questioned all the farmers in the surrounding countryside confirmed to have grown pumpkins and gourds these last few months. Several individuals could not accurately account for the whereabouts of their *cucurbita* crops for hours at a time almost every day this growing season.

The specimens sold were neither itemized nor barcoded, *conveniently* precluding any chance to track down the purchasers. While I could not set up surveillance equipment in their fields, there being too great a risk from pigs and tractors rambling around, I did obtain several camouflaged game cameras which I set up by the four fields that had held the most promising pumpkins. My expense spreadsheet is already formatted for the Accounting Department, so I'm sure the reimbursement will be expedient. I'll make sure to start all paperwork early, as I need to learn the new office after our "department-wide reorganization" while I was wrapping up the Moore case.

Signing off,

Junior Agent Hollis Fabron

p.s. Did you receive my email from the 13th? It has my transfer application specifying my official request to move from administration to fieldwork. Also attached is Mrs. Moore's personal testimony of my field capability. I think you'll remember her; she was *very* grateful after I rid her of the possessed-spinach incident in her store. While I understand my knowledge of vegetables and hauntings, combined with aforesaid experience with haunted vegetables, is an invaluable asset to this investigation, I conclude that this case needs a fresh set of eyes, and possibly an Agent more comfortable around horses.

Hollis sends the email with the last two bars of service in this godforsaken forest. His standard issue rubber boots, soaked with rain, bite into his heels. The icy moisture hangs around the back of his neck. A broad avenue surrounds him; the distance dissolving into the early night's darkness before and behind him. The small walking path from his rental car is invisible, lost in the murky trees that stretched up and over the lane. *The nature reserve map is in one of my pockets*, I think. He realizes too late, *It's not in my cargo pants pocket*, as the Velcro makes a hideous sound in the dull mist that surrounds him. There's a rustle to the right. He sees the collapsed side of the pumpkin first, staring from between the bars of the trees.

Two triangle eyes stare at him, their desiccated edges curling in towards the sputtering flame they hold, and the smile hangs lopsided into a smirk, brown glop hanging out. The wet compost heap smell curls Hollis' toes, and he almost stumbles away, but he can only watch. Its horse continues to walk forward onto the avenue, until the ghost yanks the reins back. The dark stallion balks listlessly, letting out a harsh cry between a frustrated horse and splintering bones striking together. Hollis blinks and grabs his standard issue pepper spray out of his jacket pocket. The steed dances in place on the forest floor, barely held by a creaking grip on the reins, when the taut leather snaps with a loud, earthy *bang*. The beast's head thrashes uncontrolled. Its eyes rove wildly but see nothing. Rocking from its place, the pumpkin head lurches forward. The rider drops the ruined reins to catch it, its gloves slipping on the squishy vegetable skin. Brown pumpkin seed guts fall onto the horse's mane, startling it and sending it charging past Hollis, who dives out of the way, and towards the trees behind him. Its saddle falls off in two lifeless pieces like a second skin and the "ghost" falls to the dank forest floor with what sounded like a blast of air. The horse disappears into the trees beyond. Its flight is silent. *But that's probably from the cushion of the forest floor*, Hollis concludes.

He glances away from the fleeing horse to the figure on the ground. *I must have blinked when he hit the ground*. The rider is laying there, "headless" and dazed. If he concentrates, staring through the rider's chest, Hollis can see the watery image of the rocks and mud that make up the ground of the avenue. *But that's easily a reflective optical illusion with this vapour surrounding us*, Hollis thinks. In the grey light of fog, dark splatter stains radiate from the collar of its ragged cavalry uniform, the horizontal gold trimming a dull bronze or torn away entirely, and two bandoliers lay disheveled and brown across it. Beyond the body, the mushy pumpkin disintegrates into a soup of viscous ash that blows away in a sudden wind, leaving a small nub of tallow with a dull fleck of light left neglected in the rotting leaves. Hollis frowns.

"Alright, where's the camera?" He scans both lines of trees and considers breaking out his night vision binoculars. He raises his voice towards the forest, "I'm gonna start swear-

ing and mess up your algorithm placement if you don't come out." The forest does not answer, and neither does the body on the ground.

Hollis can't see anything in the fog, not even the horse, which should be hanging around. "I am a representative of an official paranormal society and we do not appreciate interference in our investigations." Hollis approaches and looks down at the body as one looks at red carpet crashers. "This is a public park, don't make me perform a citizen's arrest."

"This is no place for *civilians* sir—" wind, like a passing train, sears through his windbreaker and camera vest, and throws his hat into the bushes. The dot of flame on the ground blinks and the body shutters. Overhead a branch cracks. Hollis throws himself back as a reflex. He slips on the frosty mud but stays on his feet, looking up at the canopy. Several other, smaller limbs fall but far enough to ignore. He finally looks at the prone body of the "prankster," thinking about calling 911.

A huge antique tree limb, hairy with dark moss, is splayed on the ground, perpendicular to the "prankster." It's literally right in the middle of the body, where the legs join the torso, and there is no blood. Hollis quickly jumpstarts his eyes again. There are no organs, no cries of confused agony. Where the branch interrupts the horseman, there is no solidity at all, but wisps that rise like silent smoke.

Hollis whips around on his heel, making to run, and finds himself on the ground.

His fingers swiftly find his standard issue banisher's set in his camera bag, but just as suddenly, his digits feel like gummy worms, unable to struggle against even the smallest plastic buckles. He slides back, his legs pushing away more and more until a shoulder hits a sharp tree trunk, and he screams in his mouth a little. The figure laying there does not move aside from letting its heels, clad in dark riding boots, slide out from under its bent knees until they splay out like a dead snow angel with ugly branch wings.

The dampness of the ground seeps into Hollis' skin through his clothes. When he raises a hand to rub his eyes, there is a bit of moss stuck to it, which stings. The pain brings his thoughts to the surface, and his pocket-size edition of banisher's incantations finds its way into his hand faster than previously possible. Hollis slowly, silently, stands up against the tree. The figure on the ground stays still. One foot, two foot, three, closer to the ghost. Hollis trips on a root, sending his pocket edition page-first into the frozen mud. As he scrambles to dust it off, some corner in the back of his mind laughs a little deliriously at how he'll ever consider the soiled book desk reference-worthy again, but maybe with a new desk come new references.

In the loud declarative voice cultivated by people staring into bathroom mirrors or panicking at aggressive spelling-bees, Hollis stands proudly and begins reciting the Latin. "Mi audi verbum—"

Flashes of the report's manifestation-profile burst into his mind's eye, "...massive and powerful, and consistently appearing at intervals every eight and a half months for the last two hundred years, it has reached an unprecedented age for a fully embodied physical manifestation. Manifestation Twenty-three has eluded banishment since before the inception of the ACS. It has caused countless (see spreadsheet on page 17 below) works of property damage, crises of emotional trauma, and incidents of general mischief; it has been implicated in at least one unsolved missing persons case (see page 37, "Mr. Ichabod Crane")."

Hollis' voice breaks, and he looks down. "No way... You're not..."

The gloved hand closest to Hollis slowly curls up and waves him over in invitation as the universal sign of "*Get it over with or I'll do it myself.*"

Hollis turns back to his booklet, "—exspiravit; ab hoc mundo—" he loses it again. "You're not the..." Hollis sputters, his tongue floundering.

The bedraggled creature on the ground slouches upwards, with wide arms and open palms in a question, "*Oh I'm sorry, are there any other ghosts on horseback here?*"

Hollis' eyes go entirely unseeing for a long five minutes. He sees Supervisor Thorburn's face as she explains how incredibly dangerous this spirit is. He is to use all of his *expert skills* to chase it down and banish it from this mortal plane. He'll be out in the field for the good of the Society and all it protects, and they'll restructure until he gets back. And Hollis is, in fact, an expert... *he was.*

He *was.*

Hollis Helmut Fabron was the grandchild of the great René Fabron, that immortal oil portrait on the wall of every childhood home, his likeness watching over every new town, on the way to every new school, as the family left for every investigation, and later as Hollis' parents and sister left, and later still as the expert teams left Aspen's headquarters. *He saw me out of the grand doors of the Society for this investigation.* The picture's oily eyes always had a yellow twinkle, and this time it had been for Hollis as he walked out those double doors, just not in the way Hollis had thought, apparently.

The ghost lets its shoulders fall back to the ground. It disturbs no air, nestling down into the dirt like a sigh.

Hollis had helped the crew of the informational lunch he attended three weeks ago by supplying plenty of additional data. He remembered the last simulation he had signed up for. He arrived early and armed with a plan as always, and although his plan proved *ineffective* for the plastic banshee they faced, he had been instrumental in making sure the team's flashlight batteries stayed charged, a request from the team's leader himself.

The Board knows best, oh yes, and it seems they were correct again. Hollis' voice crawls up his throat, sinking claws into his chest the whole way up, and sounding small in the tall cavern of trees. "Horseman, Ghost Rider, *whatever* you call yourself,"

Hollis nudges through its intangible leg with his boot. It swirls and reforms in a moment.

"I have a proposal."

Chandramukhi

A look into Tamil Cinema

By PRIYA NARAIN

Tamil (a South Indian language native to Tamil Nadu) cinema is a true relic. The dramatization of every action illustrates the very essence of Tamil cinema. With the exception of other South Indian language films, there is nothing like it. *Chandramukhi* (2005) is a comedy horror film starring Rajnikanth and Jyothika. The film draws on classic Tamil cinematic elements (e.g. actions fueled by intense special effects) while using traits of traditional South Indian culture.

The plot centers around Chandramukhi, a ghost who is a Bharatanatyam (classical South Indian dance form) dancer. Two characters in the film, Senthil and Ganga, get married and move into a haunted mansion. This marriage is deemed to be unworthy of Senthil's family, and stirs up more trouble because Swetha, who was supposed to marry Senthil, lives in the mansion next door to the one they purchased. The odd, creepy happenings that ensue are blamed on Swetha, who is believed to be seeking revenge on Senthil and Ganga. A psychiatrist who arrives to evaluate these strange events concludes that they are in fact fueled by Ganga, whose body has been inhabited by Chandramukhi's ghost. The characters represent two time periods—the monarchist era of Tamil politics and the present day Tamil Nadu, in which conservative familial values persist, as shown by the reaction to Senthil and Ganga's elopement.

150 years ago, a king fell in love with the courtesan Chandramukhi. Chandramukhi did not reciprocate his love, as she herself was in love with a fellow dancer. This upset the king, who dragged her back to his place of residence. Unbeknownst to the king, Chandramukhi would secretly visit her lover. Once he found out, he killed both Chandramukhi and her lover. Chandramukhi's goal was to seek revenge on the king, who locked her spirit up in the mansion.

Historically, courtesans or dancers catered to the wealthy upper class. Under the British colonial rule of India, Devadasis, or temple dancers, were viewed as prostitutes, who were seen as a social evil. Labeled as prostitutes, Devadasis were required to register with the government and wrongly accused of spreading sexually transmitted infections to the British. (These infections were spread via brothels).

This is one of the constant struggles Devadasis faced. While this film is not a historical representation of Indian culture and events, it is representative of the societal views on and hierarchical devaluation of Devadasis.

In the film, the king takes advantage of his status and power, and feels as though Chandramukhi is obligated to reciprocate his feelings. Ganga hears about this tale and decides to do some exploring by entering Chandramukhi's alleged former room, where Chandramukhi's soul enters her body and controls her actions. She is then ultimately responsible for all the unfortunate events that occur within the house, be it planned murder or vengeance.

It is revealed that Ganga has split personality disorder, and in order to relieve her of Chandramukhi's spirit, the family allows Chandramukhi to burn the psychiatrist alive. I imagine that Chandramukhi views the psychiatrist as the king who once captured and burned her alive; in burning the psychiatrist, she achieves a justice of sorts. However, the family lets the psychiatrist escape, and a sculpture of the king is burned instead.

An intriguing twist to the film is that the psychiatrist and king are played by the same actor, and Ganga and Chandramukhi by the same actress. Jyothika, the actress that plays Ganga and Chandramukhi, does a phenomenal job of representing both a newlywed who eloped with a man whose family disapproves, and the spirit of Chandramukhi who has been wronged and demonized by a man with power and status.

Growing up, this movie terrified me to no end. I would scream whenever Chandramukhi's face would appear on screen. I am a Bharatanatyam dancer, and going to dance practice after watching this film shook me to my core. Bharatanatyam makeup is incredibly intense and bright, and when smudged all over one's face, it can look a little frightening. Chandramukhi's ghost wears messy Bharatanatyam makeup, which terrified me as a child. It is an excellent film that I recommend to native Tamil Speakers and non-Tamil speakers alike. It will scare you and may keep you from sleeping for a few days, but it's worth it for a taste of the South Indian film industry.

Horror Movie Recommendations: Classics

By ROSS TIDWELL

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD



1968

NOSFERATU



1922

Dying to Get Outside?

A Grave History of Hiking and Cemeteries

By LAUREN MONDROSKI

CW: Mention of death and corpses

One of the biggest draws of living in Portland is how easy it can be to get out and go hiking. There's so many iconic, breathtaking places: Mt. Hood, the Gorge, the Coast, and of course, the cemetery. *The cemetery?* You read that right. For an activity that can make us feel so alive, the sport actually owes a lot to the history of the body's final resting place.

Hiking emerged as a popular American pastime primarily among white, urban, upper-middle class folks in the mid-nineteenth century. Public transportation meant traveling by foot was less of a daily necessity. Meanwhile, the Transcendentalist and Romantic movements endowed the natural world with new religious and aesthetic values that could best be experienced by the act of walking. This newly-born hiker could go to experience the beauty of nature in the mountains or go traipsing along in the forest, but it was indeed the spooky, scary cemetery that helped foster Americans' love for walking in the natural world.

Let me ~plot~ out the history for you.

The cemetery, as well as ideas about public health and death itself, were undergoing transformation during the nineteenth century, resulting in what is known as the rural cemetery movement. Cities like Boston, New York, and Philadelphia were experiencing rapid industrialization, making them crowded, polluted, and downright deadly. The same went for their graveyards—a city cemetery was likely completely full of graves stacked upon each other, or teeming with the sights and smells of corpses dug up by graverobbers. Citizens weren't content with this nightmare anymore; in addition to not wanting to vibe around dead bodies, people wanted to grieve in peace. High mortality rates during the Victorian Era meant that anyone mourning a loved one was keenly aware they could be next on the Grim Reaper's list, so naturally folks wanted

to imagine death with hope for the afterlife and not as eternal damnation. Citizen groups and city officials began constructing cemeteries only a few miles outside of town, complete with English-style gardens and rolling hills modeled after picturesque and pastoral landscapes.

The other major issue of urban overcrowding was alleviated by making these cemeteries open to the public for outdoor recreation, giving residents an escape from the polluted urban center for a short time. This was before the establishment of large public parks, meaning that if you were a Victorian-era urban American, you most likely spent your time outdoors strolling and picnicking with family, friends, and lovers, all amidst the dead. The practice of walking in cemeteries could be controversial; some considered it highly disrespectful, yet its accessibility and popularity amongst middle-class Americans led to the formation of a distinct culture centered around the love of walking outdoors. This, in turn, led to the establishment of the nation's very first walking and hiking clubs, which sponsored the rise of the backcountry escapades, trail-blazing, and conservation efforts we associate with hiking today.

Portland's very own River View Cemetery was established in 1882 in the style of the rural cemetery, and it too has been a recreational destination for urban citizens since its inception.

While I've never been, I've seen bikers and walkers pour out of there on a regular basis, showing that even today people still harbor a deep appreciation for the wonder of the urban outdoors. The fact that it's within the confines of a glorified boneyard doesn't change a damn thing.

Do you think the Reed Outdoor Program would ever sponsor a trip?

Sources and Further Reading:

On The Trail: A History of American Hiking by Silas Chamberlin

Rest in Peace: A History of American Cemeteries by Meg Greene

Stone Gardens

By Aislin Lighter Steill

Living guest, I dig my sand-crusted toes
 into the shivering heaps
 that glimmer like sugared opal,
 Like white moss
dipped in the frothing parade

of little once-shells,
 the unstitched fabric which once housed
 the minute, brilliant creature-lives
 skimming the tideline.

The shining intelligence
of the water inundated the wee beasts,
 choirs right drowned for it,
 and now the calcite ornaments lie nameless,
percussing the knowledge

we visitors seek exhaustively in the
 humming chambers of a conch,
 sheltering faithfully in its resonant heart
 some unvocabularied wisdom

of the scytheswing waves,
 chilled and prayerful in their duties
 as graveyard groundskeepers,
 escorts to the dead and
gardeners to the remains.



Historic St. Luke's courtesy of St. Luke's Museum

Soucouyant

By Nerissa Wright

An amorphous black blob sits.
Just at the corner of my eye, it
moves and breathes.

Occasional jerk and
eerie gait;
I wonder whose life it'll take.

By day, a woman
bent over her sink
inspecting the holes in her skin.
A thorough bath,
a black sheet to dry herself,
and here we are again.

At night, again,
the amorphous blob sits.
And at the corner of my eye, it
moves and breathes.

Jennifer's Body: *Eleven years and one Tumblr phase later*

By BETSY WIGHT

In the ultimate act of unmonitored internet access, I made my first Tumblr account at the tender age of 11. I remember stumbling upon One Direction fan blogs and thinking “yes, this is a site full of people who know what’s hip and cool!” For better or for worse, I grew up in the so-called golden age of Tumblr and saw many trends come and go. I first came across Karyn Kusama’s 2009 movie *Jennifer’s Body* in the form of a GIF on my dashboard. I still remember it vividly: Megan Fox flicks a lighter against her tongue and burns the tip of it to a crisp. Her beauty mesmerized me. Who was this beautiful and totally badass woman? In the years that followed, I absorbed more and more of *Jennifer’s Body* via osmosis. Despite never watching it, I reblogged quotes, GIFs, and stills as if I had. The movie perfectly fit my middle school teen-angst-meets-girl-power aesthetic, and lots of bloggers who I thought were cool loved the movie, so I went with the crowd.

I finally decided to watch the movie this past weekend and was almost nervous, because I had heard two different narratives about the movie: I knew it was a universally critically panned box office failure, but every single person who I spoke to about it had nothing but praise for the film. Was *Jennifer’s Body* really as good as my peers said it was?

Short answer: yes. Long answer: fuck yes.

Jennifer’s Body follows the story of Jennifer Check (Megan Fox) and Anita “Needy” Lesnicki (Amanda Seyfried). Jennifer is the high school mean girl turned boy-eating demon, and Needy is her nerdy best friend. As Jennifer works her way through their high school’s male population, Needy vows to put an end to the bloodbath.

Jennifer’s Body’s biggest strength is its whip-smart script penned by Diablo Cody (writer of beloved indie hit *Juno*). Cody’s dialogue is clever without being too clever; even though all of the characters say many witty things off the cuff, they still totally sound like regular teenagers. One of my favorite lines really encapsulates this cleverness: Jennifer threatens to kill Anita, and Anita says that she thought Jennifer only killed boys. Jennifer cracks her neck and replies, “I go both ways.”

Cody’s script allows her female characters to be smart without it being unrealistic, and she shows off all of the layers that make up these women. Although some aspects of the script didn’t age very well—it was 2009, after all—it still remains one of the funniest and smartest horror movies ever made.

While the script is a huge part of what makes *Jennifer’s Body* so great, so are the performances by the two leads, Megan Fox and Amanda Seyfried.

Fox’s performance as high-school-bitch-turned-boy-eating-demon Jennifer Check is just the right balance of icy and humorous. Even handed the role of the typical high school mean girl, she plays it well.

While Fox portrays the titular Jennifer, it’s Seyfried’s performance as Anita “Needy” Lesnicki, Jennifer’s childhood best friend, that really shines. Needy is the polar opposite of Jennifer; she’s a mousy, nerdy girl who doesn’t attract much attention from boys. Seyfried plays the role of Jennifer’s scared best friend with the kind of teenage earnestness that feels uncommon in most teen movies, especially teen horror movies. While Fox and Seyfried are stellar on their own, they’re electric together. The chemistry between Jennifer and Needy makes for a captivating story about female friendship—and queerness—that sucks you in and keeps you rooting for these girls to make it out of this hellish situation with their friendship unscathed.

So, why did a movie this great completely flop at the box office? Many people smarter than I have talked at length about this, but it seems to have come down to marketing. In a retrospective for *Entertainment Tonight*, Diablo Cody and Megan Fox sat down to discuss the movie. Cody recalled studio execs wanting to market *Jennifer’s Body* as a horror sex comedy for a male audience without touching on the true focus of the film—female friendship. Fox noted that her image in Hollywood must have contributed to that, and Cody confirmed this with an anecdote. When she asked a studio executive what exactly he saw the point of the movie being, he replied with a succinct three-word email: “Megan Fox hot.” From the jump, none of the people responsible for faithfully representing this movie to audiences took it seriously, and silenced several brilliant women in the name of what they perceived as the focus of the movie.

Their negligence didn’t come without consequences: Diablo Cody was never given the same degree of creative freedom on a project again, and Megan Fox continued to be mercilessly bullied by the press in a sexist tirade that was already bad enough without a box office flop under her belt. Despite the hardship they both endured, Cody and Fox both look back on *Jennifer’s Body* fondly. Cody says it’s the project she’s asked about the most, and Fox has said in multiple interviews that Jennifer Check remains her favorite role. Even though I grew up hearing nothing but praise for *Jennifer’s Body*, I’m still saddened whenever I hear about all the backlash it faced upon its initial release. However, I’m grateful that it’s found the audience it was always intended for and finally got the following and praise it deserves.

- *You’re eating people?*

- *No, I’m eating boys.*

Smile by Sienna Otero

CW: Sexual Harassment

SMILE · IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL · DAY · SMILE · IT'S · A ·
 BEA · UTIFUL · DAY · SMILE · IT'S · A ·
 BG · AV · TIFUL · DAY ·
 HO · · SMILE! · CVNT · SMILE ·
 IT' · IT'S · A ·
 BE · AV · IT'S · A ·
 I · WILL · TIFUL · DAY ·
 IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL · DAY · SMILE ·
 SLUT · YOU · LOOK · OLD · ENOUGH · SMILE ·
 IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL · DAY · AREN'T · YOU · A · CUTIE ·
 SMILE · IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL · DAY · LOOK · AT ·
 THAT · ASS · SMILE · SUCK · MY · COCK · BITCH ·
 SMILE · FOR · ME · SMILE · FOR · ME · IT'S ·
 A · BEAUTIFUL · DAY · MEEGODOOWWW · SMILE ·
 IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL · DAY · TEASE · AGE · IS ·
 JUST · A · NUMBER · AYE · BABY · SMILE ·
 IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL · DAY · UGLY · CVNT · I ·
 WILL · FUCK · YOU · SMILE · IT'S · A ·
 BEAUTIFUL · DAY · I · CAN · SHOW · YOU ·
 A · GOOD · TIME · SMILE · WHERE ·
 ARE · YOU · GOING · HO · IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL ·
 DAY · I · LOVE · YOU · SMILE · IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL ·
 DAY · SLUT · YOU'RE · A · SLUT · AREN'T · YOU ·
 A · CUTE · THING · SMILE · IT'S · A · BEAUTIFUL ·
 DAY · BITCH · SMILE · FOR · ME · WHY · DON'T ·
 YOU · HANG · WITH · ME · SWEETIE · SMILE ·
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 LOOK · DOWN · a · crowbar · up · my · spine · LOOK ·
 DOWN · LOOK · DOWN · AND ·
 SMILE · SMILE · tangle · up · more · space · LE · SMILE ·
 LOOK · AWAY · LOOK · AWAY · AND ·
 SMILE · SMILE · than · you · SMILE · SMILE · SMILE

