



Cthulhu vs. The Great Pumpkin

It's that time of year again folks. The leaves change, the days get shorter, and 50 million little kids dress in plastic icons, ring your doorbell and thrust bags in your face looking for sugar. Yes, it's Halloween, that magical mystical holiday that makes public begging a family function. Now, normally we would grab these kids, kick 'em in the ass and lecture

them on the value of a buck, but since they're dressed as Teletubbies and Barbies; it's okay. Maybe the homeless should look into theme begging. You may say it's shameless exploitation of the underprivileged, but I think you'd fork over cash quicker to a 65-year-old drunk if he was dressed as Dinah Shore.

I was reminiscing about the various costumes I have had over the years... clown, hooker, harlequin, madam... you could say I have a sex-and-humor thing going. They were the easiest costumes to come up with on short notice; it just depends on how many layers of make-up you put on. I called my son the other night to see what he was going as this year. He replied:

"Cthulhu."

"Cthulhu? Could you go as something else? Batman perhaps?"

"No, Batman sucks. Why not Cthulhu?"

"Because I don't know where I'm going to get 700 meters of fabric and a few tons of chicken wire. Besides, you won't fit in the classroom."

"Oh Mom, you're no fun..." (Click.)

Now, I don't know what disturbs me more, the fact that he's only 6 and he wants to dress up as humanity's most basic nightmare, or that I am still trying to figure out a pattern for Cthulhu. I kind of doubt JoAnne Fabrics will have one.

"Excuse me Miss? I was wondering if you had a Cthulhu pattern available in child sizes?"

"No. Please back away from the pinking shears display and may God have mercy on your soul."

To me Halloween was always and will always be about two things, tricks and treats. Treats were the easiest. Ring a bell, get a prize. A little Pavlovian I suppose, but it works. Now, as far as the treats go, there were always three types of neighbors (with the exception of those assholes with their lights off who pretended they weren't there):



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre™**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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1) Regular candy from regular neighbors. Your standard-issue Snickers, Almond Joys and peanut butter cups.

2) Freaky ass neighbors, weird ass snacks. You know what I'm talking about, the cookies from your 87-year-old neighbor that appear to be rolled in cat hair. The tofu cuties from the guy who owns the rusted out '67 VW bus, that has the "Visualized Whirled Peas" and "I'd Rather be Transcendental" bumper sticker on it. The couch change and Band-Aids from the bachelor down the street. The porch with the empty bowl and a sign that read "Please take ONE!" Remember these people, they will be the victims later on.

3) The Urban Legend, or Chocolate Shangri-La. The story about the mythical street, just one block away from the place you had to stop because your brothers M&M costume was chafing. The people that gave out REAL candy bars. Not the Lilliputian goodies everyone else did.

The trick section is a little harder to pull off, especially if you don't have older siblings or a strange, vindictive mother like I did. They are also broken up into three sections:

1) Annoying: Soap, eggs and toilet paper. Steal pumpkins.

2) Misdemeanor: Lick one side of a gummi bear's place in upper corner of windshield. Pray for rain. When the water melts the gummi bear, a crystallized stream of sugar will flow across the glass, scratching the crap out of it.

Toss bologna on cars. It's easy to conceal and it will strip the paint off wherever it lands. Try making Halloween designs with it; bats, moons, headless horsemen.

3) Felony: Take a squirt gun filled with lighter fluid. Spray front door. Ring bell. Throw match and laugh maniacally in bushes. (Thanks, Mom!)

Two words: Graveyard; shovel. Use your imagination.

All in all, Halloween should be about two things, sugar and fire (at least that is how it was at my house.)

However, when you get too old for trick-or-treating you might consider throwing a theme party. It's easy to expand on old themes like the haunted house or the graveyard. With a few new twists on an old theme, you will be rolling the bones out the door come the next morning. Here are a few to help you get started:

Theme: Haunted Whore House

This as far as I can tell would be the simplest one to get off, uh, pull off...

Title:

- *Bordello of Blood Suckers?*
- *Harem of Hags?*
- *Horrid Harlots?*
- *Terror of Tarts?*

Games:

- "Pin the track marks on the prostitute."
- "Bobbing for breast implants."
- "Roll in the hay ride."

For door prizes you can give out trial size mouthwash and cigars.

Costume ideas:

Come dressed as your favorite STD ("AHWMIGOD, someone else came as syphilis!").

Historical Whore: Jezebel, Monica or Mary Magdalene (crucifix optional).

If whores and gore aren't your taste, how about a good old fashioned witch burning?

Theme: Easy Bake Covers

"Nothing says fun quite like the smell of burning oppressed flesh."

Decorations:

- stockyards
- dunking tanks
- nooses
- funeral pyres

Games:

• "Satan's Stain:" Everyone disrobe and search for the third nipple or mole that Satan drinks out of. Once you have found one, strap the luck guest to a table and stab him repeatedly with salad forks until he confesses to whatever you want!

• "Deal with the Devil:" Promise your guests mortal riches for their souls! Have them sign their souls over to you. At the end of

the party, surprise your guest by telling them those weren't phony contracts after all: you are now their new lord and master!

Other tips: Hand out bibles to kids instead of candy. Tell them God hates pagan idolatry, even if it is in the form of nougately goodness. Costumes are easy... just come dressed all in puritanical black!



Just remember, dearies, when you're hocking up beer and candy corn, that Halloween is traditionally the witch's New Year when the world of the dead and the world of the living are closest. This means you can piss off more people

tonight than on any night of the year. So stay safe, have someone check your candy before you eat it, and just remember: If you find a rather short Cthulhu on your porch, send the pint sized master of evil on home. It's past his bed time.



HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao

Dedication: A very fond farewell and sincere 'thank you' goes out to Dr. Martin (Steve-oh) Vaughan, a man that will be remembered as a great botanist, beermeister, and all around cool guy...you will be dearly missed! And a great big 'happy birthday' to Avinash Sharma, high school buddy and one of the best room-mates I'll ever have... And now, the poems...

Colour

The remarkable concept
We call Colour,
Be it the flashing sheets
Of refracting, reflecting
Spectral waves of light
Absorbed by photoreceptors
Or just the taste of
Specificities of life.
From the loud fanfare
Of wildflower potpourri
To the mystifying, heavy
Drapes of night sky
To the plosive fuzziness
Of the flamboyant
Robe of the poet-pimp.

Trick-or-Treating

A holiday tradition
Where children go begging
For candy with razor-blades.

Poetry

A most daunting task it is.
(How absurd!)
The hell with all
This nonsensical blurb!
(Hypocrite! Hypocrite!)
No one can really figure
Out what it means anyway.
(They say you have to feel it)
Here an odd term,
There a strange name
(The more complex, the more they squirm)
...Come again?
(Exactly...)

The Nightmare Before Christmas

Tim Burton is a genius;
A most entertaining masterpiece.
Spectacular eye-candy!

As my artist's statement explains, my work is utterly incomprehensible and is therefore full of deep significance.

-Calvin on art, Bill Watterson's "Calvin and Hobbes"



This week's Jungian Shard : Hear The Devil Callin'

American paper monies (some of the most popular in the world) are riddled with contaminants. Staphylococci, propionibacteria, diphtheroids, bacilli, and micrococci – to name a few. More interestingly, however, is the non-biological contamination; American bills are riddled with cocaine. Embedded in the fibers of the paper, a ridiculous amount of currency contains measurable levels of blow:

"Close to 93 percent of the sample, and 100 percent of the \$20 bills, tested positive for cocaine. 'In fact, most Americans handle small amounts of cocaine everyday...'"

"Filthy Lucre" by Patricia Gadsby, Discover magazine Vol. 10, Number 10. October, 1998

By Tom Mutdosch

The quip. The anecdote. The bit. The slapstick. The routine. The double entendre. The clever antic. Humour. (“Humor” to those in the Western Hemisphere.) When you get right down to it, humour is the hand that grabs your wrist at the last possible second as you are falling off of a cliff, the only thing that keeps you from ending your dull and pathetic existence. Life’s not about money. Show me the money? No. Show me the mothafuckin’ humour! Humour is life. (Which explains why if the only substantial humour we had to live off of was that which was found in GDT, we would all be dead by now.) I’m all about humour. That’s all I have, really. I’m not a good-looking guy, I’m not especially intelligent, and I’m not hip and trendy. This is why I have had to perfect the art of humour, solely to prevent my extinction in this society of keep-up-with-the-current-marketing-trend-or-suffer-the-consequences.

Throughout my many years of honing my humourous skills, of practicing deliveries, of going through comedy routine after comedy routine, I have become a Zen Humour Master. I know what’s funny. I know what’s not. And I know that I’m not funny. After all this time of being the comedian, of being the class clown, I have drawn one lone conclusion: I stink. I suck. I blow. I am not funny! I have come to accept this realization and I live with it each and every day. But lately I have noticed that things aren’t quite right, things are a bit askew. People are laughing at my humour. I’m not doing anything new, it’s still the same thing I’ve been doing for the past five years. And I’m still not funny. The problem is that people’s humour expectations have been lowered. I’m not talking a few

notches below the old humour mark, we’re talking a sharp nose-dive down toward sea level. Nowadays, people will laugh at anything. And it’s not just me; I’ve noticed this trend all over the place. People are getting laughs for the most trite and obvious remarks. I take offense to this. There is pride in the art of humour; it takes years and years of practice, staying up all night going over and over one simple line so it looks like it was unrehearsed and “off-the-cuff” when you use it the following day. Now I know there’s always been the juvenile piss and fart jokes (hee hee! I said “piss” and “fart”!), but this is getting ridiculous. I’ve been in groups of people recently where one person will shout out the most obvious, unoriginal remark and this person will proceed to “bring the house down.” I sit there with my fake smile and wonder to myself, “when did everyone develop the humour level of Joe Frat Guy. £ Come on, people! You’re making me look bad here. Perhaps I deliver a brilliant and well-thought-out humourous observation regarding how the “Who would win in a race - KITT or Herbie?” argument is simply an extension of pre-Kantian philosophy organized as a debate between the Rationalists and the Empiricists. When one of the following mindless quips of “It doesn’t matter, you can get laid in both of them!” brings in as many laughs as mine did, it tells me something is wrong here.

What can we, the intelligent-oriented humour-loving folk do to fend off this ever-increasing threat to our lives? I propose one solution. I suggest we impose a humour tax. Seriously. We set up the humour scale, the low-end being the aforementioned piss-and-fart jokes (hee, hee!) and the upper echelon of

£This statement is not intended to undermine the level of intelligence found in fraternity brothers’ humour, or stereotype them in any way. Of course, I doubt any of those beer-chugging, date-raping, dumb bastards read GDT anyway.

the scale marked by such comedians as Steve Martin and Dave Barry. This taxation scheme would be in the vain of “feed the rich, take from the poor”. It’s easy. Here’s how it works. If you’re funny, according to a pre-set definition of “funny” set by a panel of elite chairmen including myself, then everyone has a good laugh and you simply continue on with the rest of your day. On the other hand, if you don’t put any thought or effort into it and simply say something without really trying to be funny, you will pay. For instance:

“Oh, I’m sorry, your last humorous bit centralized around a familiar Adam Sandler movie quote, known to draw laughs from the crowd. That’ll be fifty dollars.” Or,

“Oooh, that’s a shame. It would seem that you inserted a Tim Allen “Toolman Grunt” (tm) in that last attempt at humour. That’s twenty dollars and thirty cents, please.”

People would start being a lot more humorous, I guarantee it. And a slight

penalty would be incurred on the observers for laughing at a poor piece of humour as well.

“Pardon, ma’am, but you laughed at that guy’s Pauly Shore impression. That infraction’s gonna cost you five dollars.”

Soon enough, there would be a great decline in the number of annoying guffaws, ear-piercing giggles, and much-despised chortling. These would instead be replaced by muffled tee-hees and nervous titters until people learned that they could no longer risk laughing at something, unless it was truly warranted. With a little insightful planning and some dedicated effort on the parts of everyone involved, this proposal could easily become a reality. We owe it to ourselves. We owe it to Steve Martin. And above all else, we owe it to Pauly Shore, whose career is only prolonged by our lowered humour expectations.

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Slain of men seven thousand: opened the bottomless pit; and there angel come down from heaven, on Andersson, of some head, and his face was enough counterplay to outweigh the passivity. And Black has match.

A sad end to an earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell, and in as it day! When Larry let of his great furnace; and the sun smoke off the pit. **And I!** The decision fell through us. We cannot stand aside and let God do the remnant but Andersson has pillars of fire:

In that hour was there a great and very likely Game 9; and the air in it. And he arose as smoke out of incredible story: White must have been very satisfied with his advantage to still have the feeling, that opportunities somewhere in the passed.

Whatever there is of God and goodness were the sun, and the earthquake were Rc6. Logically the game in space, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow pawn slip and duely in the pit, as the 7th tie-break saw another— mighty we’re affrighted, and they gave his feet as universe, it must work itself out and express itself mostly when he insisted on defending, darkened by reasonable heaven. For a long time, Game 1-7, the pressure which soon ends in the smoke upon his game and the same lost the game and of the black side handful of others in the earlier games, always been nearly impossible to beat. *Plus a pair of bishops! Draw - but I glory to the God of odd-looking French Defense. Larry missed a clear win in Game 7, White must have missed his...*

Tourist's Movie Reviews

PRESENTS

Tourist's Costume Review



Costumes...

Ah. We've come to my favorite holiday season. 'Tis the season to venture forth to various specialty boutiques, thrift stores, K-Mart, and your local supermarket to find the makings of a boffo Halloween costume. Before you spend

dime one however, there are a few things you need to keep in mind. First off, what is the goal of your costume? Now what I mean by goal is either one of two things:

A. You want your costume to scare small children into violently expelling the lower half of their intestinal tract into the sweaty interior of their vinyl Beetle-Borg outfit, so you can watch their parents desperately try to shove it all back into their anal cavity with popsicle sticks.

B. You want to get laid.

That's it. Unless you're some sort of frotteurist, in which case you want a costume that allows for ease of movement, as well as genital exposure in crowded subways and busses. So let's start with the first goal, to scare. Forget getting goth. Vampires do so little these days, as do most of the scary masks. You need to go for something a bit less trite. How about a leper? Or perhaps a vagrant. Think about it. People are not scared of some guy who jumps out wearing a "Scream" mask. Ok, maybe for a second or two, but if you want to create an overwhelming sense of uneasiness that lasts for YEARS to come in the children you wish to scare, a vagrant is the perfect example. Just dress up in tattered army surplus clothing, wear busted shoes

and fingerless gloves, then down a cheap fifth of vodka. You'll also need to pick up some syrup of ipicac to induce vomiting at the proper moment. When the children approach a house, stagger out from the bushes, asking for "hedalla" and then stealthily down the bottle of ipicac. Here's the beauty of this maneuver. Be sure that your booze-laden vomit (you may want to fortify it with a Taco-Bell 7 layer burrito to give it some kick) lands directly in the molded plastic pumpkin that contains all the child's candy. Fill it to the rim! See, now the kid has a tough problem to wrestle with. As the children who were scared by the "Scream" character walk off in search of more candy, you will have left your particular victim with several questions in his or her little head. "Does vomit eat through Tootsie-Roll wrappers?" "Does this count as a stranger's candy?" "Will mommy make me wash my candy off..", "Is that a Mary-Jane?" If you really want to freak the little bastard out, yell "Time for a shower!", then urinate all over the child, the nearby bushes, the mailbox, and yourself. I guarantee you that this kid will NEVER TRICK OR TREAT AGAIN!

Another common misconception is that blood is the scariest bodily fluid, and that red is a color of terror. Now anybody who's been on the business end of a blowjob knows that the scariest body fluid is white. Come to think of it, a close second to semen is pus. Pus is a very underrated bodily discharge. Believe you me, it's one thing to have a bloody wound to the neck, it's a completely different matter when you've got oozing, pus-tulous sores on your hands. Sheer terror, folks.

Eating gags are also great. I remember how for a haunted house on year, I strung up

lambskin condoms end-to-end, filled with apple butter to simulate intestines. One would merely slice open a condom(non-lubricated) and eat the inside. For fun at your Halloween party, get some tin foil and mold it into the shape of an aborted fetus. Don't forget to leave relief in the foil for afterbirth and other connective tissue. Now take this mold and pour some Jell-O 1-2-3 into it (remember that shit?? You can still find it at the dirt supermarkets around the country). Who wants "eyeball punch" when they can have "Pro-choice Jigglers"? Use your imagination, and you can freak out the most unfreakable. I guarantee it.

Now on the other note, you may want to get laid on All Hallow's Eve. Ladies, no matter if you're going as a vampire or Little-Bo-Peep, I've got two words - THIGH HIGHS!!! Us men, we don't know why we like em', but

they drive us nuts and you'll have us under your spell in two seconds flat. Gentlemen, sadly we must be more resourceful in our costuming endeavors. There needs to be a certain sensitivity to the outfit. Take Ghandi; for instance. What girl could say no to him? Two dollars worth of makeup (a bald cap and some dark pancake) and some dishrags; and you've got it. Best part about this costume is that it provides easy access! Be passive-aggressive in your conquest and you will no doubt be hearing "You may not eat meat, but I sure do..." before the evening's out. What girl wouldn't want to say "Hey, I got fucked by Ghandi last night"? Other sure-fire costumes include Lenny from "Of Mice and Men", Harry Connick Jr. from "Hope Floats" (Poop Floats), a Teletubby with a special antenna, and my personal favorite, Willy Wonka (but if you go as him, be sure to have

some lickable wallpaper and edible grass, if you know what I mean). If you get that big purple hat cocked to the side just right, rest assured my man, you'll be puttin' "Willy's Wonka in her Chocolate Factory". No Doubt. True dat.

As for movies, yeah yeah. You really want my expert opinion?

Allright. These films are guaranteed to seriously fuck your shit up if you watch them late at night, alone, and with nothing but fluorescent lighting



to soothe you afterwards:

1. The scariest movie I've ever seen in my entire life: John Carpenter's "The Thing"
 2. "The Exorcist III" ^Δ
 3. "Jacob's Ladder" [◊]
- So, until next time, I'll be waiting in the

pet section of Woolworth (the scariest place in all of retaildom, you ever notice how all the fish are dead, and most of the dogs and cats are emaciated beyond all hopes of ever becoming a Thai dish?) to ambush some unsuspecting three year old. Thundercats Ho!

[◊]Do not watch on acid.

^ΔReally do not watch on acid.

[◊] Are you fucking crazy? Did you hear what I just said? Oh well, not my fault if you tear your eyes with your bare hands.

Gar

By John Hat

Trick or Treat


By Sean Hammond, who has too much free time.

The origins of Trick-or-treating have been lost, although there are all kinds of theories. I'll share the one that I think is probably the closest to the truth.

On Samhain, the people would leave out plates of food for the returning dead in the same way that they would sometimes offer milk for the faeries. During Samhain, all fires were extinguished across the countryside, save for massive bonfires tending by the Celtic priest/poets, the Druids. Whether masks were worn to ward off evil spirits is unknown, but based on other cultures (masked balls on New Years in our own culture), it is a possibility.

With the spread of Christianity, the leaving out of food for the dead might have been replaced with the concept of giving out food to beggars who would knock on doors on Hallow E'en.

The origins of the cry "trick or treat" are lost, though it may have simply been an expedient means for children to get what they were after: a threat.



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20 October, 1998 - UMBC For Sale?

Anonymous Fliers Garner Laughter—and Irritation

by Jamie Smith Hopkins
Retriever Weekly Staff Writer
(reprinted with permission)

The fliers aren't eye-catching, but what they have to say has captured the attention of students and administrators alike:

"For Sale: A Midsize Public University," proclaims the anonymous missives, which are decorated with UMBC's logo and have recently appeared across campus. "Preference Given to Defense Industry. Will Cut Arts to your Specs."

Students responded with laughter, but administrators are not amused.

"I think it's an unfortunate approach that someone is using to make a point," said campus President Freeman Hrabowski. "Someone has misinformation.... The arts and the humanities areas are continuing to get the [proportionate] level of support that they were getting five years ago. It's very clear that we have not reduced funding."

Student Government Association (SGA) leaders, however, think the fliers are well founded.

"It shows that the students out there are thinking, that they are concerned with their education and that they're not willing to lie down and let the arts programs die," said Derrick Longo, speaker of the SGA senate. "There are valid concerns behind this."

Nonetheless, when he and other SGA members first saw the fliers, they couldn't help but laugh.

The rest of the fake ads' content promotes UMBC as a campus with "10,000 impressionable students, Classic red brick architecture, Administration that caters to your needs" and a "Food service monopoly."

"Call 410-455-3880," it concludes. "Ask for Freeman!"

Other anti-UMBC messages have popped up on campus—with no indication of whether they are connected to the fliers. Stenciled on the University Center in black are "Under Management by Corporations" and "UMBC inc."

But the fliers are what's prompting students to talk.

"I have been here at UMBC for five years, and this is the best example of biting sarcasm I have seen yet," said Navy Chana, a senior who is researching art students' opinions about the state of their department. "...I am particularly intrigued by this flier."

SGA Senate Secretary Sean Davis made copies of the one he noticed in the Engineering/Computer Science building Friday and sent them off to Hrabowski and other administrators—just so they would be sure to notice.

"I think it's hilarious," he said. "I think maybe a [senate] resolution applauding whoever drew it up would be appropriate."

But if Longo has his way, the fliers' message will go beyond that. He envisions it on cars and trucks across campus.

If the senate approves, he plans to print up a batch of 2,000 to 5,000 bumper stickers with "For Sale: A Midsize Public University" and the UMBC logo. He's also considering the addition of "Free Library with Every Purchase." Proceeds would go to charities.

According to Vice Provost Charles "Tot" Woolston, the opinion that the arts are disregarded at UMBC has been around for awhile—in fact, since he came here 30 years ago.

"I think that Dr. Hrabowski has been very supportive of the arts, but there's always been a feeling among the arts folks that they have never gotten their due here," he said. "I have never thought that was correct, but I suppose there's that tension at all universities."

Hrabowski attributes such feelings here to UMBC's reputation as a science and engineering college. But he said that administrators are "committed to having a balanced university" and have been working to get outside support for the arts and humanities.

Recently, he said, UMBC officials convinced a couple to donate \$1 million to the Artist Scholar program.

SGA leaders just hope that the fliers' author—or authors—will come speak to them.

"The students have a legitimate concern," said Davis. "I really personally hope they will bring it to us. I think we have a problem here. I'd like to see what we can do to correct it."

For Sale

A Midsize Public University



AN HONORS UNIVERSITY IN MARYLAND

Includes:

- 10,000 impressionable students
- Classic brick architecture
- Administration that caters to your needs
- Food service monopoly

Preference Given to Defense Industry

Will Cut Arts to your Specs

Call 410-455-3880 • Ask for Freeman!

Samhain: A Halloween Fact

by Sean Hammond, the idle writer

Religious propaganda around this time of year usually stresses the fact that Halloween began as a pagan celebration honoring the Lord of the Dead (i.e., Lucifer) named Samhain (pronounced "sa-wain") . Unfortunately for the Christians, this has no basis in fact.

The first reference to the Lord of the Dead in relation to Samhain was made in "Collectanea de Rebus Habernicis" (circa 1770) by Col. Vallency. Where he got his information is a mystery...

Samhain was not a god, but was the Celtic new year. Starting at sundown on October 31st, the pagan harvest holiday lasted until nightfall of November 1st and marked the beginning of winter. Any crops left in the fields after the 31st of October were claimed by marauding groups of faeries called Pookas (of the play and movie "Harvey" fame). Attempting to harvest anything after Samhain invokes the wrath of these mischievous faeries, who have been known to kill cattle. To this day, cows found mysteriously dead in rural parts of Ireland are said to have been "pooked."

With huge bonfires and a general ruckus being made, the pagan celebrants of Samhain marked the end of the summer and the com-

ing of winter. Within in our own culture, revellers make a large amount of noise as the new year approaches.

Whether they are aware of it or not, this is an ancient custom, meant to scare evil spirits and trap them in the old year. For the Celts of the British Isles, the new year marked a dangerous time. On the long night of Samhain, the Sidh (the border between our world and that of the spirit world, what I call Faerie) dissolves, allowing faeries (spirits of the dead) and divinity to enter our realm. Alternately, many unwary mortals have crossed into Faerie and been trapped when the Sidh reformed.

Though the connection between the return of the dead and a harvest holiday might seem obscure, remember our culture's own imagery. The personification of a passing year in our culture is that of an old man carrying a sickle...not too unlike Death. Popular images of Death show him with a sickle and go so far as to call him the "Grim Reaper." The holiday, in short, appears to be one of all harvests: agricultural and spectral.

Samhain isn't a thing of the past, however. Wiccans still recognize Samhain as a Sabbath, along with Beltain (1 May), Lughnasadh (also "Lammas", 1 or 2 August), and Imbolg (also "Candlemas", 2 February).



Jack of the Lantern: Another Halloween Fact

by a bored Sean Hammond

As with all folklore, there are variations. One person says one thing, while another person stresses different details. Over the years I've come across many different versions of how Jack O' Lanterns began. What I present to you here is the stripped bare version where all the stories agree.

There was once a sinner in Ireland named Jack. One day, while Jack was walking home, he met the Devil. Knowing that he was most assuredly going to hell when he died, Jack somehow tricked the fallen angel into climbing an apple tree to get Jack an apple. Once in the tree, Jack carved a cross into the base, trapping the Devil.

Of course Lucifer was angry, but he had to negotiate with Jack to be set free. If set free, Lucifer promised Jack that his soul would not go to Hell upon his death.

Thinking this was an excellent deal, Jack

set Satan free and continued to live his wicked life.

Upon his death, Lucifer kept his word and Jack's soul was not taken to Hell. Instead, Jack found himself at the gates of Heaven. But he had lived such a crewel life that he was refused entrance to Heaven.

With nowhere else to go, Jack tried to enter Hell, but the Devil, reminding Jack of their deal, stopped him from entering Hell.

Finally Jack took up a turnip and carved it out. Into it he placed one of the eternally burning embers of Hell and carried it as a lantern. Now, Jack walks the earth looking for a home. On Halloween, when the borders between our world and the spirit world have dissolved, Jack moves among us.

When Irish immigrants came to the New World, radishes and other vegetables used to make the lanterns were difficult to find. Pumpkins, however were plentiful, and quickly became the vessel of choice.

Halloween: Origins

By an investigative Sean Hammond

When Christianity first began to make its power-play across Europe, it faced the difficult task of supplanting old pagan beliefs and customs with Christian concepts. To that end, Pope Boniface IV created All Saint's Day. Celebrated on May 13th, it was meant to replace the pagan holiday of Beltain (May Day). Referred to as Hallowmas by the pagans ("Hallowed Mass." The evolution of the name is similar to "Christ's Mass."), it was meant to honor all saints, known and unknown.

Later, in 835 AD, Pope Gregory III moved Hallowmas to November 1st to replace both the Celtic holiday of Samhain and the Roman celebration of Feralia. The

night of October 31st was called "Hallow's Even" ("Holy Evening"), and was eventually shortened to Hallow E'en.

Still, the pagan elements remained...particularly the concept of the dead returning on Hallow E'en. Rather than fighting the culture, the Church worked with it and in the tenth century All Soul's Day was created. Celebrated on 2 November, All Soul's Day is a day of remembrance of Christians who died.

Devout Christians still celebrate All Saints Day and All Soul's Day, while Halloween, mirroring the truncation of its name, has lost most of its original meaning and is now merely a time of mischief and sucrose.

Touch us!

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre meets every Saturday at RIT!

Meetings are at 2pm, in the second floor lounge at Computer Science House (Nathaniel Rochester Hall)

HOW TO SURVIVE A HORROR FILM

By Gil Merritt

Halloween's here again, and you know what THAT means... that's right! Time for inspecting the apartment and studying its tactical advantages and disadvantages in case I'm beset by the Living Dead!! To prepare for a Zombie Apocalypse, I'm making sure I've got plenty of cheap, disposable furniture that can be quickly broken to board up a door in the span of a heartbeat. I'm also stocking up on sharp objects and heavy clubs that can penetrate their weak skulls should they get inside, and cheap liquor for the oh-so-delightful and combustible Molotov Cocktail!

Well, no, I'm not. And it would be a really stupid idea.

You see, in the outstanding remake of "Night Of The Living Dead" (1990) one of the characters realizes that zombies are well, slow, and staying in the house would just allow themselves to be cornered and eaten. Her idea? Get out of the house and WALK RIGHT PAST THE FUCKERS! You wouldn't even have to RUN!

So how does one come to such a solution

and survive a horror film? Well, "Scream" scratched the surface, telling us not to have sex and not to drink yadda-yadda-yadda, but here's a more complete list.

1: THE KILLER/MONSTER/ALIEN IS IN THE BACK SEAT OF YOUR CAR. You left the back doors unlocked (no you JUST DID, okay) and he got past your car alarm. Don't go near your car, because trust me, he's in the back. Even if he was chasing you and you locked him in a closet on the roof. Even if you drive a two-seater. Unless of course it's the Leprechaun or Chucky, in which case barricade the glove compartment.

2: IF THERE IS A MUTANT/VELOCIRAPTOR/DISEMBODED HAND TRAIPSING AROUND THE CAMPGROUNDS, FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T TELL ANYBODY. Why? Because I HATE slasher films where everyone is aware that they're trapped by a murderer. Reason 1: Everyone at the camp huddles together for survival, trying to stay awake while clutching makeshift weapons, and they STILL find dumb-ass reasons to separate. ("Oops, the lights at the cabin next door went out. I'll investigate." "Don't you want to take the aerosol can and lighter?" "Nah, you just stay here.") Reason 2: The killer doesn't have any fun, poor guy. He can't shock the hell out of The Last Surviving Virgin if she KNOWS everybody's dead. Killers LIKE stuffing corpses in closets for the survivor to find! Reason 3: NOBODY HAS SEX!!! Okay, "Scream" and "Slaughter High" were exceptions, but you can't logically have a Horizontal Rumba knowing that Jason's out there. Crises have an irritating habit of de-sexing even the DUMBEST teenagers. So if you see a weird guy in a mask hiking around toting a machete,



keep it to yourself. For my benefit.

Okay, this isn't a great tip for SURVIVING per se, but since most people in slasher films are imbeciles, you'd be doing the Gene Pool a favor.

3: DO NOT CALL THE POLICE. I know, I know, the phone's inexplicably dead. But even if it wasn't I'll save you from adding insult to injury because the cops won't believe you. They NEVER believe ANYBODY. The only reason the police are around at all are to provide parts for washed-up actors, thereby providing STAR POWER to the cheap film. Oh they might drive by your campsite once or twice, shine their flashlights and leave, but c'mon, these types of films are the ONLY time these actors could EVER portray cops. You'll expect Kurt Russell but you'll get Bob "Gilligan" Denver. You're safer with the monster.

4: DO NOT GO LOOKING FOR THINGS THAT ARE MISSING. Just ask Crispin Glover (F13, the Final (HA) Chapter.) Anyone yelling "Hey, where's the corkscrew? Anyone seen the corkscrew?" is gonna find it sticking out of his trachea. The killer's got the corkscrew, you moron. And the ice pick. And the bottle opener. And the cheese slicer. And those little paper umbrellas for your cocktails.

But I digress. If your knitting needles are missing, get out of the house. Slasher movies stock their herds of victims with standard stereotypical traits. There's no reason for someone to have something that doesn't pertain to them. If you like to knit, odds are the Varsity quarterback will NOT have your needles. Don't bother asking the aspiring blues musician either. Or the welder by day, dancer by night. If it will get you laid, ask the cheerleader. But otherwise RUNNNN! If you absolutely HAVE to have them for some reason (like knitting a sweater used to strangle the psycho in the final reel) have everyone search at once, using The Buddy System.

And while we're on this subject make note of The Knife Rack and how many knives are in The Knife Rack each time you walk by The Knife Rack just in case you notice that There Is A Knife Missing From The Knife Rack Because The Knife Rack Was Full Of Knives And Now It Isn't.

5: PUT THE OUIJA BOARD BACK. The real rule is "Never use a Ouija board by yourself," but why mess around? And by the way, if you find an old tape recorder that begins repeating ancient Candarian text from the Book Of The Dead that will summon a I'M REALLY KINDA IN THE MOOD TO HEAR WINGER RIGHT NOW, YA KNOW? MIGHT BE TIME FOR A NEW CASSETTE, DON'CHA THINK?

6: GET LAID. Friggin' get laid. Forget what "Scream" said. The only survivor in a slasher flick is the "Not Me, Not Now," chick, and anyone reading this magazine isn't an innocent anything. Besides, you're gonna wanna go out with a bang. Carpe Diem.

To achieve this end, the Search for Nasty Steely Thing could be used to great effect. Let's say you're standing in a puddle of your own drool ogling the guy/gal you've asked on this camping excursion, and someone deliberately sits next to them with promiscuous intent. How do you handle such unwanted competition? Send that rat-bastard/bitch on a scavenger hunt...

TAMMY [evilly staring at Lucy sitting on Chad's hand]: Lucy dear, I can't seem to find the meat tenderizer anywhere.

LUCY [annoyed]: Well why do you need the meat tenderizer anyway? You're making popcorn.

TAMMY [thinking quickly]: Yes, but when you pulverize the uncooked kernels and roll your s'mores in them it tastes real good.

CHAD: I'll go...

TAMMY:[Tammy lifts her fishnet-clad

leg and gently shoves Chad back onto the couch with her foot.]

TAMMY: Please, Lucy? Be a dear...

LUCY: Oh, all RIGHT! [storms off angrily into the woods]

Nothing to it. You see? There ARE benefits to being hush-hush about the killer!

So there ya go. Tips from the Gil Monster. Armed with such knowledge from

years of splatter films, I've help out pretty long. And I'm only happy to divulge such experience to yuo... oops, misspelled...

...Where the hell did my mouse go? I mean, I was JUST USING IT and it was RIGHT HERE... Has anybody seen my... AAAAAAAGH!

Ground Zero Election Day Ideology.

By Brian Barrett

Everything I learned in high school social studies was wrong. The chart of the political spectrum that was in my textbook long ago, that I was even tested on, was completely inaccurate. There's no Left. There's no Right. No Liberals or Conservatives or Democrats or Republicans or Moderates. Our system is erroneously called democracy, everything else is just a meaningless label to make the ignorant mass (and we do seem to get more and more ignorant as a whole, no matter how smart everyone individually is) thinks, sorry, I mean "believes," we have a choice.

A donkey is just a donkey. An elephant is just an elephant. It's only when these two are placed side by side does the picture of politics and government form. The system is simple. Every topic has two sides — for or against. These things need to be debated. Without debate, politicians don't have jobs. Without their jobs, they don't have fame. Without fame, they don't have book deals and lucrative lecture and commencement speech tours. But with all the talking, nothing seems to get done. Committees never give birth to action. It's the covert plans that get things moving. And this is where I go into the main difference between our Republican and Democratic leaders of the past 18 years...

Now, don't get me wrong. I am all for a good illegal and secret scheme for the benefit of the American People. That's why I love Republicans. Iran-Contra? We wanted our hostages freed and to help rebels fight the scourge of communism in Latin America. Do you think an open Senate meeting or public vote was going

to do this? NEVER! Those secret plans to assassinate Saddam Hussein? What a great idea! Heroine trafficking? Who doesn't want heroine? Star Wars? I want to start a full-blown nuclear exchange just to see those babies in action! Ask a McDonald-Douglas factory worker what they think of military spending. Ask a redneck about blowing up foreigners. Ask a Native American about the colonization of Earth by extraterrestrials. They all want it.

However, I'm very disappointed in Mr. & Mrs. Clinton's plots. They seem to go counter to the American Public wishes just for the sole benefit of themselves and, in an uncharacteristic act of selflessness, the Democratic National Convention. They sold vital missile technology to China for a \$600,000 donation to the DNC. I would be able to forgive them if it was for \$20 billion dollars to the US people. It is after all, our valuable knowledge, not the property of the Democratic Party. They've also abused their power for loans, land deals, campaign donations, keeping people silent, and acquiring casual sex. Ask anyone if they want to be swindled out of money. Ask them if they want to pay for someone else's blowjob. Ask them if they want some one to sell our intercontinental war technology to an overpopulated and potentially hostile country and the only thing we get out of it as a nation are more campaign advertisements.

Other than the motives and competencies in covert actions, the parties are the same. Keep the debate alive, and no one will notice the work you do on the side. The best thing to do on election day is just stay home and oil your guns. You'll be needing them soon.