

The Halloween Special

The kids of America on the march

By LEE SIEGEL

Halloween is the time of year when the established order of society resists and survives a quasilegal onslaught of roving mobs of pre-pubescent door-to-door shake-down artists. Having sounded their battle cry of "trick or treat" in softly threatening tones, the kiddies retreat into their hideouts to ravenously gorge themselves on the delights that the overwhelming power of nutritionists, dentists, and mothers of America attempts to deny them the other 364 days of the year. Indeed, the sensitive observer soon comes to the realization that the function of Halloween, as practiced by the mothered-to-death children of the great middle class, is primarily to seek justice by mercilessly swooping down on the forces that daily bombard them with the mindless wonders of "brushing after meals," "eating what's good for you," and "look ma, no cavities!"

The association of Halloween with witchcraft is a direct frontal assault on

society's almost pathological preoccupation with the values of the Christianity-Godliness-Cleanliness ethic. The modern day celebration of Halloween in America becomes a symbol of resistance to the arrayed might of the moguls of toothpaste, vitamins, and general well being. The change from a simple, sweet-tooth motivated quest for goodies, to a full scale war where eight-year-old extortionists, vandals, burglars, and thugs commit all acts short of murder, reflects a growing willingness among the pre-adolescent multitudes to strike back at the system that continuously attempts to manipulate them into uniform, sweet-breathed, shiny-faced, polished-tooth, well groomed little robots.

The police patrol the night, confiscating huge piles of shaving cream cans, raw eggs, toilet paper, toothpaste tubes, aerosol sprays, soap, and water balloons. There seems to be an ironic sense of justice in the fact that the children use these instruments of their own oppression in their annual crusade for retribution against the purveyors of

hygienic living, proper eating, and Colgate mentality. The use of water balloons by these young revolutionaries represents a desire to use water for evil and dastardly purposes, rather than as an implement to aid in the cleaning of dirty faces and scummy, bacteria-infested teeth. Similarly, eggs, which are perhaps the greatest symbol of the well balanced, properly digested breakfast, are used as a weapon aimed at a society which has forced helplessly gagging children to swallow the most nauseating and slimy conglomerations in the name of good health and wholesome nutrition.

Halloween is the one night of the year where kids can leave the over-protective shelter called home without explanation to mom and dad, and freely roam the streets to savagely and ruthlessly attack the symbols of the society which keeps them clean, healthy, and pure. Face it, kids love dirt, candy, and anything that is not good for them. To put it more simply, kids want to be happy, and the guilt-ridden society tries to push upon them its Puritan derived hatred of anything

that makes anyone happy. Thus, dirt, candy, and other good things are bad and are to be relentlessly and self-righteously regulated or eliminated. Consistent with this is the observation that the people who receive the greatest abuse from the young gangsters on Halloween are those cold-hearted monsters who cannot, even for one crummy night, forget the cleanliness-health ethic, and foolishly attempt to pander carrots, celery, and other unsweet and ungood things to the fuming masses of frustrated small fry. These callous and insensitive beasts undoubtedly deserve every ounce of toothpaste, every roll of toilet paper, every glob of shaving cream, and every glommed-up egg that gets smeared on, draped over, squashed into, or thrown at their houses. The kids of America are getting fed up with a bunch of overweight, diseased adults trying to force upon them the ideals of scrubbed bodies, properly working gastrointestinal tracts, and fresh-as-a-spring-day spray can sanitized minds.

Siegel is an Emerald staff writer.

Poly-horror satire

A simple tale: Blows against the vampire

By OWEN MASCOTT

This macabre political tale opens with a camera shot of the Black House at 1600 Transylvania Avenue on a turbid, misty night as the fog oozes in and around the grilled bars of the main gate. The cameras of the three national networks then cut from this eerie scene to the more ghoulish presentation about to be delivered inside the famous Oval Coffin. This will be President Dracula's annual Halloween night message and as the bewitching hour of midnight is heard being ominously tolled in the background, a sober, somber voice, that of commentator Alice Cooper, introduces our beloved leader.

"Ladies and gentlemen, boys and ghouls, Richard M. Dracula, the President of the Transylvanian States."

A hushed silence falls as the black-caped figure strides into the chamber and moves to the podium. From a far-off room we hear a wolf-like howling, then a door creaks. Dracula is scowling and now the President speaks:

"My fellow Transylvanians, I come to you with a bleeding heart. In this time of world crises, only days after my vice-president, Spiro T. Frankenstein, has resigned, in the wake of the return of the Egyptian Mummy to scourge the Middle East once more and in light of the continuing Hellsgate scandal, I have come with a plea up my cape."

Here President Dracula is interrupted by batcalls from the gallery—"Dracula, you suck!!!" "You've got bats in your belfry!!!" "Let it bleed!!!"

The President mumbles an inaudible insult in reply, then clears his throat and

continues: "I stand accused of scandals, dirty tricks and assorted sordid activities. What can I say? The dream is over. Perhaps I did err on some key decisions, but then I'm only inhuman, right?" (Mixed cheers and boos emanate from the gallery.)

"But now is the time for compromise, a just and lasting compromise is at hand. Therefore, I submit the following plan. Rather than subject the people of this country to a painful and enduring horror show, I will resign—(crowd goes ape for a full minute)—but on one necessary condition!" (At this point Dracula's face contorts into an uglier jowl-squint than usual and incisors sprout miraculously on his Lugosi-like face.)

"I humbly request that each man and woman send one pint of their blood to me, addressed via air mail to this same building." (There is a shocked gasp from the gallery along with occasional moans and groans.) "Upon receipt of some 200 million pints of this lovely, precious fluid my resignation will be submitted to the Senate floor. Then (a thoughtful pause ensues) I will retire to my San Clemente home with Pat and Bebe and the rest of the gang and we will reflectively and collectively suck off the remainder of our days. All our work must not be in vein."

A hand is abruptly raised in the audience amid a clamor of angry hubbub and Dracula calls upon his questioner, a bespectacled, crew-cut former Harvard law professor.

"Mister President, I have with me here a copy of the Constitution of the Transylvanian States—"

Dracula blanches, goes pale and

hurriedly tosses his cape up over his terrified, bloodshot eyes.

"Mister President, if I may continue, I can find nothing in this great document to substantiate your odd request in return for your much warranted resignation. I have therefore dispatched my aides to investigate the possibility—"

The President amazingly transforms into a bat on the spot and screeching streaks down from the podium to attack his accuser: "A pox on you Cox, you inquisitive ingrate!!!"

Suddenly the television transmission blacks out amid the chaos and we hear Alice Cooper solemnly intone: "Due to conditions beyond our control the President has just freaked out—yes, government's out!!!" Then static....

As millions of Transylvanians sit in stunned silence gaping at their static-plagued television sets for what seem like hours, the picture finally returns, and again the scene is the Oval Coffin.

The President, still in his Batman outfit, has been apprehended by the Black House security officers and is deafeningly screeching orders. Meanwhile, a terrified Cox can be seen anxiously inspecting two reddish fang marks imprinted on his neck. A guard calls for some batnip and when it arrives soon after, the winged rodent is doused with it. Lo and behold, the President returns to human form!

"He is still putting up a mighty struggle," Cooper relates breathlessly, "but the 'embattled' man must surely realize that now the end is at hand! Dracula now appears ready to make a

statement for our waiting microphones—let's listen!"

"My fellow Transylvanians, this is all a terrible smear! I was put up to this by the damn Communists!!" (Guards silence the salivating world leader.)

An alger hiss goes up in the gallery as the now-aroused mob demands Dracula's death. In response to their cry, a large, portly southern senator is seen pushing through the crowd, a Constitution-covered silver spike in one hand and a hammer in the other.

"It's Senator Ervin of the Hellsgate committee!" Cooper cries.

"No, no, anything but that!!!" screams the restrained Dracula, begging for mercy. "I'll do anything, anything—I'll leave Washington forever and return to my law practice in New York. Please, please, I promise to jump off the Vampire State Building even, but not that, no, not that....spike....AGGGH!!!" he yelps.

"But Ervin will finally have his way!" gloats the ubiquitous voice of Alice Cooper gleefully. "It's all over for Richard Dracula, folks! The people will not be sucked on any more! Sic semper vampiris tyrannis!!!" he screams in joy.

Ervin hammers to a conclusion and Dracula dies a bloody death on TV sets in living rooms across the nation. His last words, as Gerald Ford joins in on "the better idea": "Et tu, Ford?!"

A calmed-down Cooper can now be seen bending down over the late president's body, reading from the paper taped onto the spike: "We the people, in order to form a more perfect union...."

Mascott is a Journalism major.

Letters

Disgustingly sexist

I found your article "Science report: I am Joe's penis" (the Emerald, Friday, October 26) disgustingly sexist and appallingly inaccurate. I realize the article was meant to be humorous, but I have had as much as I can take of women being maligned, debased, or totally ignored in articles or books written by men. Regardless of the topic the same boring pattern is repeated:

men inevitably style themselves the aggressive achievers and the final authorities on any subject (even with regard to the sexual responses of women—a subject which I will happily discuss with any man who has been fortunate enough to experience a female orgasm). They are, moreover, so completely obsessed with their own bodies and excrement that they find it impossible (in fact unthinkable) that a person without a penis to spur them on (a woman) could achieve greatness (or, for that

matter, anything at all).

Now, as should be clear, my argument is not with the main point of the article which is that a man is only as big as his dick (rhymes with sick); but rather, I take exception to the assumption that women, solely because of their sex and physical attributes, possess less potential for success and distinction than men. Statements like, "Without me, (meaning, of course, a penis) there would be no tall buildings, no cars, no great books" and "Without me Joe

would be a very dull boy indeed!!!" are simply blatant sexist insinuations that women are dull and incapable of accomplishment. I don't think it necessary that I enumerate all the authors who have written great books without the aid of a penis; or list all the interesting women I have known. It is enough to say that I'm greatly disappointed and disturbed that an article as insulting and demeaning to women as "Joe's penis" was allowed to be printed.

Peggy L. McCormick