

Bashing Munchkins

Soon it will be All Hallow's Eve, that dread night every October 31st when jolly old St. Nick brings presents to all the good little — wait a sec. That's not right....

Okay, here we go: Soon it will be All Hallow's Eve, that dread night every October 31st when wicked spirits are said to roam the earth. Lo those many years ago, when we were young (and having a lot more fun than we are now), Halloween was a delightful time. Many were the bittersweet hours spent carving jack-o'-lanterns, telling friends spooky ghost stories and performing elaborate pagan blood rituals. Ah, sweet youth.

Of course, Halloween isn't quite what it used to be.

In a world of gang warfare, budget deficits and the probability of a "Dan Quayle in 1996" campaign, witches and goblins just aren't that scary. This year, my 13-year-old sister told me she plans to dress up as a vampire lawyer in the annual quest for treats — "It's the scariest thing I could think of."

The initial purpose of Halloween costumes was to deceive the evil spirits that roam the world. If you wore, say, a ghoul mask, all the real ghouls would leave you alone — figuring you were part of the union or whatever. It's high time to update this strategy. Try these tricks to scare away ghouls of the '90s:

- You need fear no political spectres — The Bill Clinton/Bob Dole reversible mask is guaranteed to anger and frighten the politically active of any affiliation. If you need a little more authority, upgrade to the Hillary Clinton/Rush Limbaugh version. Wear one on either side of your head and scare the hell out of moderates.

- Student finances being what they are, the looming demon of credit card debt may arise for more than a few students. You can't get rid of the 19.8 percent beast, but you can at least placate it by dressing up as your monthly minimum payment check. This one's easy — just wait until you see the student loan ghoul in a few years.

- If you're living in a university dorm, you more than likely have a roommate. To ward off any potential conflict, prepare a latex mask of your R.A. When the night comes, just deliver the traditional speeches on dorm alcohol policies, safe sex and cultural sensitivity. Smile a lot, then threaten to bust everyone for smoking weed.

Illustration by: Jason Birmingham, U. of Nevada, Reno



- Seniors, beware the job search monster — it may make a brief appearance to play on your fears (of course, you'll see a lot more of it in the spring). Dress up as a giant résumé — and remember, spelling and punctuation count. Be sure to lie about your employment history.

- Not only is modern dating a series of bad dreams, it's double the trouble on the night of nightmares. To scare away the shades of potential heartbreak, there's a wide variety of options: dress up as a nun/monk of your choice, wear a fake wedding ring or claim to have burning sensations in all the wrong places.

- Last but hardly least are the ghoulish figures of our parents. Dress up in only your finest and lay on the manners if you happen to run into Mom and Dad. They may not be the most dangerous things you'll meet on Halloween, and you don't want to scare them away — they're probably the only ones who send you money.

■ James Frusetta, *State Press*, Arizona State U.

BlahBlahBlah

What happens when rock bands stop being polite and start getting real? Just ask Love Jones (see story, page 7) vocalist **Jonathan Palmer** and front man **Ben Daugherty**.

U.: Wanna dis some bands?

Daugherty:

Yeah! I f—kin' wanna dis

Candlebox and Collective Soul.

Palmer: I think Candlebox

sounds exactly like Poison. It's like Poison decided to make a career change and be an alternative band. I think it's Bret Michaels in some weird alternative disguise.

Daugherty: Collective Soul sounds like that watered down Boston kind of thing.

Palmer: And, of course, who perfected that watered down Boston kind of thing?

Daugherty and Palmer: Smashing Pumpkins.

Palmer: The Boston of the '90s.

Daugherty: All it is is bad cock rock. You get a big amp, grow your hair long, you pose, it's like, (singing), "I'm never gonna leave you, baby, baby, mama...."

Palmer: Did you see that guy, Billy Corgan, on 120 Minutes? I couldn't believe they let him have a microphone and a camera. He's got no character at all. He actually asked Nick Cave what it's like fighting against the perception of being an esoteric British recording artist.

U.: Nick must've loved that question.

Palmer: Especially being Australian and being in a band with an American, a German and another Australian.

Daugherty: There's nothing even remotely alternative or interesting at all about these bands.

love
Jones

The Monkey Cafe

James Mehsling, *Daily Nebraskan*, U. of Nebraska

