

'They're creepy and they're crawly ...'

Halloween in Chapel Hill



Boo! This time we got you! The annual (except last year) Mangum Haunted House is back to scare you senseless

Hey, wanna trade a Krackel for a Special Dark? I hate Special Dark

JOHN BLAND

boo!

If anybody even considers dressing up as a California Raisin this year, keep this in mind: I'll be out there on Franklin Street with an ax.

Two years ago, not counting last year's rainout, I saw more damn California Raisins in one square block than I ever care to see again. It was like a nightmare, all those raisins, singing "I Heard It Through the Grapevine," giggling like they thought it was the funniest thing, while in the meantime everybody else was making plans to bake giant oatmeal cookies.

That's the great thing about Halloween on Franklin Street: No matter how ingenious or stupid your costume might be, you should expect to run into three or four people dressed exactly like you between Spanky's and Four Corners. Diseased Reindeer from Hell? Saw four last year. Rande of the Redwoods? Six. California Raisins? I can't count that high.

At least Halloween is still going to happen here. In Greenville, they canceled it altogether because some geeks on the city council were worried about a little vandalism. Hey, people, wake up! It's Halloween, not some church social! So a few windows might get smashed and a couple of cars blown up, or maybe one little old building might happen to accidentally catch fire forcing the National Guard to mow down innocent folks dressed up like California Rai-

sins. Actually, that might not be a bad idea.

Expect many of those who normally would parade through downtown Greenville to make their way northwest and mingle with us. I don't mind — as long as the Raisins stay away.

But time is drawing nigh and I still don't know what I'm going to be for this year's festivities. Last year I wasn't anything (because of the rain), and I felt bad about not engaging in the fun. Two years ago I was Bill Murray from *Caddyshack*, mainly because a golf bag can hold many a beer.

When I was 9, I was a robot, and a mighty fine robot indeed, except I was wearing this huge Whirlpool washing machine box which clearly said "Whirlpool Washing Machine" on it, so I'd go to a door and a half-blind old bat would say, "Oh, how cute! A washing machine! That's very clever!" And then she'd give me ONE lousy Hershey's Miniature (Special Dark, to add insult to injury) and I'd have to go back afterwards and smash her pumpkin.

Then when I was 11, I thought it would be neat to be my favorite char-

acter from 18th-century English literature, so the same half-blind old bat would say, "Oh, how cute! The Artful Dodger! That's very clever!" And then she'd plop a Special Dark in my bag and I'd have to go back and smash her pumpkin because I was Little Nell and not the Artful Dodger.

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But let's get to the good stuff. Let's talk loot. My best overall bag (what I can remember of it) contained 11 single Reeses Cups, nine miniature Mr. Goodbars, four bags of candy corn, seven little packages of SweetTarts, eight miniature Baby Ruths, nine miniature Krackels, at least nine of those Pixy Stix powder straws, at least one regular-size Snickers, 22 Hershey's

Kisses, 14 Smarties and a toothbrush. I suppose you can tell I was not fond of Special Dark miniatures; I considered it a bad night if I got more than two in my bag. Fortunately, I had a weird little brother who traded me his Krackels for my Special Darks, so generally it worked out pretty even.

Then again, nobody irked me more than those moral morons who gave out toothbrushes. This dentist lived up the street from me, and every year he'd hand out Oral-B's and expect us to say, "Thank you sir, how kind of you to give us toothbrushes so our teeth won't rot out." Thinking back now, he probably lost potential business because of that move. If I were a dentist, I'd hand out straight sugar. Of course, every October 31st that dentist would have a beautiful orange grinning pumpkin, and every November 1st his lawn would drip orange blood. But I wouldn't know anything about that.

Times have changed. No more trick-or-treating for us ("Trick-or-Bear" just don't cut it). We'll have to wait until we are parents ourselves, holding our child's nervous hand as he mumbles "Trick-or-treat," leading him from door to door, stealing all his Milky Ways. I can't wait.

By the way, I still have no idea what I'm going to be and time's running out.

Anybody got a garbage bag and some sunglasses?



SCREE!
SCREE!
SCREE!
Michael Myers is back to do the maniacal killing thing all over again one more time in 'Halloween 5: The Revenge of Michael Myers.'

Places to haunt, goblins to see

All dressed up and no place to go? What can you do on Halloween night? Unless staying home and moping, or studying for that exam that's three weeks away sound good, what about partaking in one of the many festive activities that will take place in Chapel Hill? Now, I'm not talking about just parading down Franklin Street in costume like you did last year, or partying in someone's off campus apartment. Instead, dance a little, win a little cash, or rock the night away at one of the following Chapel Hill hang-outs.

HAUNTED HOUSE
Come get spooked out of your skull before Halloween. That traditional favorite, the Mangum Haunted House, will be open Friday and Saturday nights from 5 p.m. to midnight in Mangum Dorm. Tickets are \$2 in advance (available in the Pit Friday and Saturday) or \$3 at the door. Pro-

NANCY PORTLOCK

boo!

ceeds will benefit the JC's Burn Center.

LAMBDA CHI
The Lambda Chi fraternity will be having an all campus Halloween party this Tuesday night, featuring three bands that will play from 7 p.m. till midnight. The first to play will be Who's Dog Is This, then The Three Orange Whips, and later The Big Dogs. The bands will play inside the house, and Domino's will be selling pizza. There is a good chance that there will be a costume contest with monetary prizes, so be sure to wear all your Halloween paraphernalia.

ARTS CENTER
Liquid Sound and Nikki Meets the

Hibachi will be playing at the Arts Center Halloween night. The show starts at 10:00 p.m. and tickets are \$6 for the general public and \$5 for members. If you come dressed in costume, \$1 will be taken off the admission charge.

Although I.D.s are not necessary to get in, a bar that serves imported beer and wine will be present. The Arts Center is also equipped with a large dance floor, so be sure to wear your dancing shoes underneath your costume.

CAT'S CRADLE
Be prepared for some original rock'n'roll at the Cradle Oct. 31; Mud Honey and Fluid will play starting at 10:00 p.m.

The Fluid is a band originally from Denver that has been together for three years. The group is a combination of the ex-members of two Denver punk/hard core outfits, the Frantics and White Trash. John Robinson is the lead vocalist, Rick Kulwicki

plays lead guitar, Garret Slavik plays drums, and Matt Bischoff is on the bass. All the members sing backup vocals. The Fluid is a band with great volume and velocity and is sure to appeal to those who like heavy metal and serious rock.

THE CAVE
"Hot Halloween Jazz" will be The Cave's theme Halloween night. A fast-paced jazz band known as Metro Rhythm will play from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. The Cave will not have a cover charge, but a hat will be passed around for tips. Although there won't be a costume contest, The Cave encourages everyone to come dressed in costume.

HE'S NOT HERE
Unfortunately, He's Not will not be having a band Halloween night; however, they will be having their annual costume contest. Judging will begin at midnight and prizes will be awarded: \$100 for first place, \$50 for second and \$25 for third.



The Fluid has a rather appropriate name for a band playing an All Hallow's Eve gig. They'll be at the Cradle.

Ahh, 'tis the season...

JOE BOB BRIGGS

at the drive-in

Speaking of people that look like they've been rammed through the eyeball with a meat cleaver, our most sensitive maniac mass murderer, Michael Myers, is back for the fifth time in *Halloween 5*, which is notable for being the one where Donald Pleasence totally loses control and decides that maybe Michael will never be cured of his desire to slaughter 9-year-old girls with farm implements.

Donald is great in this one. Half his face is still horribly scarred from *Halloween 4*, and he's rampaging through the children's health clinic, grabbing little Jamie by the nape of his neck, saying "You must help me! Your tears will do you no good! He must be stopped!" There's one scene where you expect Donald to drop-kick the 9-year-old girl into the next county just because she doesn't express the proper enthusiasm for killing and mutilating Michael Myers.

All the other actors in *Five* are eminently killable. They've got that California Yupster aren't-we-all-cute jive, and they all have terminal bubblyness. My only regret is that Michael never gets a chance to scissor off a few more body parts. He's too busy searching for little Jamie, the gal they picked up in *Halloween 4* to be the "niece" of Jamie Lee Curtis. The original Jamie survived both *One* and *Two*, then didn't show up for *Three*.

Five will also be remembered for a few other things: 1) The "bad kids" have safe sex! They still get killed by the maniac while they're having sex, but at least they don't get AIDS right before they die, and, more important, they don't kill any 20-second-old fetuses.

2) The kid who buys all the beer without an I.D. is the first kid to go. This shows you what happens when you don't obey our new juvenile drinking laws. A pasty-face zombie comes to your house and rams a

cleaver through your clavicle. 3) Michael Myers takes off his mask and sheds a tear. Then he remembers those box-office figures on *Halloween 3* and decides to start slashing again.

4) A new maniac, some guy in steel-tipped cowboy boots, comes to Haddonfield and springs Michael out of prison. This guy's obviously the star of *Halloween 6*. I swear I didn't do it.

Twenty-one dead bodies. No nekkid breasts. Bath-tub stabbing. Hacking. Hanging. Cleaving. Gratuitous mutilation of a convertible with a fresh wax job. Packing-crate spike Fu. Pitchfork-through-the-back Fu. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Danielle Harris, as Jamie for having great epileptic fits when Michael Myers bombards her brain with "rage waves"; Ellie Cornell, as Rachel, for threatening to fall out of her dress in every scene; Wendy Kaplan, as Tina, for throwing herself on Michael Myers and not living to tell about it; and, of course, Donald Pleasence, as the crazy Dr. Loomis, for saying, "I prayed that he would burn in hell, but in my heart I knew that hell would not have him" and "Michael, it will destroy you, too, one day, this rage that drives you. You have to fight it in the place where it's strongest. Michael, go home. Go home."

Four stars. Still the best series. Joe Bob says check it out.