



Pumpkin Patch Preview

Halloween History Rooted in Harvest

Though it may be hard to imagine, Halloween has its origins way back in the pre-medieval times, when parties like PC's had a religious background, and involved human sacrifices and analysis of entrails. So the next time someone asks for a return to a natural ceremony, don't bring up Halloween.

The Celts (of England, pronounced Kelts) were the originators of the festival of Halloween. They would celebrate the good harvest, the end of summer, and would toast the new year, along with several people.

Sacrifices were performed to placate supernatural powers, and it was a favorable time for receiving divinations for luck, health, death and marriage (the final two often being synonymous). During sacrifice,

the twitchings of the victim and the flow of the blood were supposed to be omens foretelling the future.

The primeval rituals were usually done by people called Druids, who were the high priests of Celtic culture. They got the opportunity to light bonfires (thus scaring evil spirits away), bring souls back from the dead, and call the animals back from pasture. They had really thrilling lives.

These festivals were also the holy official times when evil spirits, including a version of the Christian devil, were invoked for beneficial purposes. There are no reliable accounts of the devil being summoned for extra-curricular activities.

But these religious jubilees were replaced by the growing tendency of Man to take religion

out of ceremony but keep the ritual.

Christians took the idea of a holi-holy day at the end of October, and placed two holy days after that to form the triple feature of All Hallow's Eve, All Saints Day, and All Souls Day. The middle day is still very important, while the latter is only moderately important. Halloween is ignored.

The Scotch and Irish weren't going to let that happen. The Scotch invented the jack o' lantern by carving a turnip and putting a face on it. That glamorous vegetable was replaced in America by an equally glamorous pumpkin, which, in case you didn't know, is still used.

The purpose of the jack o' lantern was to serve as some symbol of a night watchman, since the origins of the word say that's what it means. Its symbolic use today dates from the efforts to scare away all evil spirits.

The Irish are credited with starting the destructive element

Cowl Photo by Isabelle Taft; Pumpkin by Ellen White



Ghouls to Make Merry Mischief

By Steve Maurano

It's almost October 31, and that means it's time for all you giggling ghouls to resurrect yourselves for another night of mischief, malarky, and miracles.

Parties are a common and popular occurrence at this fiendish time of year. Oscar Zamforsky is chairman of the fifth and one-half annual Moosehunters Halloween Party.

Oscar, what is it that makes your party different from the other 4,000 parties that will take place that night?

"Nothin', absolutely nothin'."

Well then, why should people come to your party instead of another one?

"They don't need costumes for my party. I figger that most of you rejects are funny-looking enough without one. Take you for instance; you look like a package of salami that was fried in marshmallows."

Thanks a lot, you ugly schmuck. You won't see me at your stupid party.

"So who cares, and who said anything about a party anyway? Us Moosehunters are all work and no play, ya know. We're gonna use that night to practice our mating calls."

May you mate with an alligator that develops lockjaw and gives itself whiplash with its own tail. So much for Oscar Zamforsky.

Actually, real, honest-to-goodness, genuine Halloween parties can be lots of fun. But after a while, they can become verry borrring. (Any allusion to a PC mixer is purely incidental.)

Soooo, just in case you develop this syndrome, and begin to play solitaire with a half-deck of cards for excitement, here's a list of things to do that will help break you out of that sickening situation:

- 1.) If someone is playing Duck for Apples, either quietly slip a snapping turtle in the tub or accidentally lean on his neck. (This will turn the game into a rousing contest of How-Long-Can-He-Hold-His-Breath-Before-He-Turns-Green.)
- 2.) Light the feathers of someone's chicken costume on fire. If no one comes dressed as a chicken, select a victim at random. Just use your discretion, dumba.
- 3.) Slip trick candy bars into the candy dish. You know, the ones that taste like Kaopectate a la mode.
- 4.) Buy a can of Mace, bring it to the party, and use it on all those who are dressed like animals. (I'm sorry Father, I didn't recognize you as a gopher.)

5.) When midnight comes, remove your mask and proclaim to the populus: "Hi, I'm Sly Williams." Just be careful that you're not standing next to Soup Campbell and Bill Eason dressed as skyscrapers.

Well, now that you've attempted all these fun things, you probably have had a great time. Never mind the fact that you have a broken arm, burnt fingers, three black eyes (You are weird, aren't you?) and no hair left; you've been the life of the party. You've beaten the system. You've broken the spell of the syndrome.

Of course, for those of you who enjoy the Halloween party scene (How tacky!), there will be plenty of sane activities on hand at the Board of Governors annual Halloween Extravaganza on Saturday, October 30 from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

There will be two bands, the entire union will be used, and naturally everyone is encouraged to come in costume. Admission is \$1.50 or \$1.00 if you come in costume, thus allowing you a 50 cent discount for making a fool of yourself.

Someone dressed as Whistler's mother will probably do a strip tease, Snoopy will contract rabies, and Little Orphan Annie will reveal herself as retired Los Angeles Rams end, Deacon Jones.

Enjoy yourselves, and don't come home too late. After 2 a.m., everyone turns into a life-sized copy of Mack's World Masterpieces (either volume, take your pick).

Encounter at Alumni

All-Star Con At Alumni

By Frank Fortin

The gym was smelling pretty bad that day. I guess that's the day the maintenance people were taking off. But for me, it was one of those rare occasions to play a little basketball on a weekday. So I pulled on my shorts, my brown, smelly, white socks, and the 1969-model high-top sneakers (George Mikan Specials) and walked on to the court.

There was somebody else in the locker room, but I didn't pay too much attention to him. He was a little pale for the time of year (early fall), and wore some newer equipment. He moved about very quietly and smoothly. In fact, the time I didn't even notice him.

The courts were pretty crowded, as usual. I eventually elbowed my way into a court where I could just shoot around; I wasn't necessarily looking for a game, but to get a shooting eye back.

Pretty soon the pale-skinned guy showed up. He looked around the gym rather apprehensively. He hadn't gotten a ball from the Trainer's Room yet. He was just standing there, hands at his side, motionless. For a few minutes,

he did nothing but look. Soon he retreated to a corner near the light switches, and sat down, knees gathered close to his body. He rested his head on the wall, and watched.

"Hey! You going to play or not?"

I turned around quickly. It was someone at my basket who always missed when he shot.

"Yeah. What's the game?"

"Up to 20. You're on my side."

I just sort of walked over to one end of the court, performing the customary arm limbering exercises designed to psyche the opponents and ward off my nervousness.

I glanced across the gym to the corner. He was watching.

On the top, my team controlled. I forgot to ask what my position was, so I just ran around like a decapitated chicken. Finding an open spot, I waved my hand. I got the pass. An easy five footer - and it was way off. The ball never touched anything, and shot out of bounds before anybody could touch it.

My teammates looked at me. I shook my head and mumbled

"sorry." I jogged to the other end of the court, and stood at some open spot with my arms up.

The pale-skinned guy was gone.

The play came to my side, probably because they figured I must play defense as well as I shoot five-footers. But I played defense like Don Chaney.

The guy tried a bounce pass to my right towards the corner, but I got a hand on it, dribbled up a bit, arched a beautiful pass to my teammate, who only had to redirect the pass for the two points.

I got approving looks from my team. The play came to my side again. Testing me, I guess: Was I lucky?

The pale guy returned, with an old ball in his hand. He sat in the same place.

I was challenged on a drive around me. I lunged for the ball. I missed. He went right around me. What a bone-head play. I had a marvelous view of the two points, being on my back and out of bounds.

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Cowl photo by Isabelle Taft

**B.O.G. PRESENTS
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**Treat Your
Guests Well**

By Mary Dodge

Ah, yes; it's Halloween again. It seems to come once every year, usually on the last day of October. But, since PC is such a liberal and progressive school, it is being celebrated on October 30. Maybe in years to come, it will be celebrated on May 26... everybody could get dressed in black and wear funny hats, and then some old people could dress up like Count Richieu or Henry VIII....

Halloween presents several problems. One of which (pardon the pun, devoted) is What-To-Give-The-Little-Devils-When-They-Ring-The-Doorbell. This is WTGTLDWTRTD.

In our omnipotence, we shall deal with this in a Western-Fields philosophy. Fields said, "Anyone who hates kids and dogs can't be all that bad." West said, "Goodness had nothing to do with it." Stephen Stills said, "Love the one you're with," which has nothing to do with anything.

Moving along, let us now put our collective mind(s) together and decide what the little darlings would like. And then it can be decided what they will get on Halloween.

Hershey bars are a favorite, especially on a warm night. The fact that the candy bends in half doesn't seem to make much difference to the kids. The chocolate always did melt in their hands without waiting until it hit their mouths. Anyway, whatever they don't eat can be used to grease windows. Isn't Halloween fun?

Another favorite is gum. Huge wads of it can be found in the streets. When bloodhounds, Saint Bernards, Elery Queen, Sherlock Holmes, the Providence Police Department and the meter maids of West Warwick have failed, many a lost child has been traced by their trail of gum with individual teeth marks.

Dentists, who aid in the above, are also kept busy the week after Halloween. It seems that children like the chewy taffy that pulls their fillings out of their mouths. Fruit is not well liked at all. Apples are the worst received,

The Cow!, Halloween, 1976 especially on top of cookies or crumb cake. They also do not like raisins, and tend to abhor dried fruit, especially old grapes or bananas.

Ice cream places used to give out free ice cream, but it was thought it might have helped if a cone was given with each scoop. The tendency died when the flavors became too disgusting even for children: Banana Pumpkin Fudge Swirl with licorice pieces attached to pieces of string.

Potato chips, pretzels, and popcorn (cigars, cigarettes, Tiparillos) are also not received in the spirit with which they are given.

But by the time potato chips, pretzels, and popcorn are distributed, not even the spirit is willing. This is usually at the end of the night. A favorite line seems to be: "I just sent my daughter out for some candy," or "Why don't you come back later?" or "Haven't I seen you here earlier?"

By far the most appreciated treat is found in the little paper "grab bags." Moth balls and marbles could be put in there, and it would be well-received. Maybe not eaten, but definitely well-received.

The strangest gift of all is money. Many children have found ingenious ways to get more than just a quarter, by changing costumes. The costume change goes from bum to rural poor, to merchant, to nouveau riche, to one of a well-established family of Newport. Who says kids are innocent?

A quick review: Halloween, PC, liberal, doorbells, children, apples, peaches, pumpkin, pie, prunes, alfalfa, chocolate, grease and windows.

Maybe that's why Halloween comes only once a year. Can't be - doesn't everyone like children?

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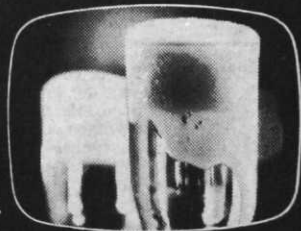
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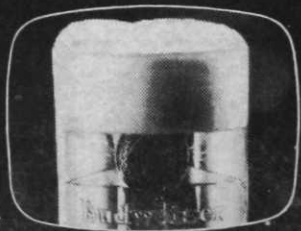
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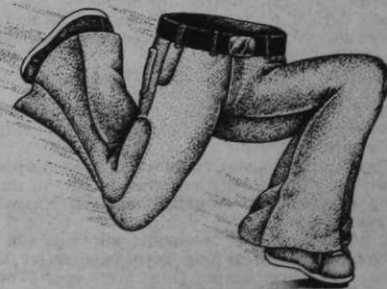
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The Vile Vial:

An Alchemist's Nightmare

By Rosemary Lynch

It was a dark and stormy night. A rasping wind whipped through the creaking branches as rain pelted the window panes.

Actually, it was a beautiful morning, clear and still. But these stories aren't supposed to start that way.

Trembling slightly, I collected the necessary equipment. With a beaker of water, a tall vial and the jar holding the magical potion, arranged on the table, I began preparing the miraculous solution.

Filling the vial with water, I measured out the precise dosage of chemicals. Numbly, I sat watching the mysterious concoction ferment.

Sizzling and crackling, the sparkling liquid turned my ordinary kitchen into something resembling an alchemist's workshop. The sound of hissing gases escaped from the container.

Overanxiously, I leaned over the rim of the glass. I pulled back quickly, as the acidic brew bubbled forth into my face.

Soon the bursting liquid calmed and a chalky sediment floated to the bottom. Counting the seconds, I drained the glass.

I returned to bed, waiting for the transformation to take place. Within minutes, the solution would infiltrate my entire being.

The metamorphosis began with my mouth. An odd, tingling feeling was being diffused from the center of my tongue. Mere seconds passed before my mouth was afire.

As I gasped for breath, the effervescent drink dripped down my esophagus. Just when I thought my throat would split in

half, my churning stomach received the brew. The acidic solution was now bouncing off the walls of my stomach lining. Rumbling noises were audible proof of the warfare going on inside.

When the battle in the abdomen ceased I braced myself for its final effect. What didn't attack my stomach was on the way to my brain.

Within seconds, bubbles were exploding between my neural cells with the force of a .44 Magnum. The antidote was working once more.

Once again, I had pulled through the weird experience of a personality change. I wasn't the same person who woke up 10 minutes ago.

Gone was the blank stare from my bloodshot eyes. Color was seeping back into the pale skin on my face. The cotton-like feeling in my mouth had almost disappeared.

With my head in my hands, I realized the enormity of the situation. "When is it going to stop? I can't go on like this much longer," I thought. "How am I ever going to learn to control the conflicting spirits within me?"

Hops and barley had hit my system pretty hard. As I was just beginning to feel remorseful, the final fog was swept away by the last traces of the effervescent. "Plop, plop! Fizz, Fizz! Oh what a relief it is!" I sang to myself as I replaced the bottle of Alka Seltzer in its place of honor in the medicine cabinet.

Who's going to the package store?

Player Stages Sneak-Up

(Continued from Page 1)

I stood up, ignoring any possible stares from the team. KA-BOOM! I fell again, having tripped on my shoe-lace. Now I really felt bad.

The pale guy was shooting baskets. What a shot! He never moved the net when he shot. Everything was a swish!

I went back to my game, now realizing I was a dead weight on the team. Play on offense avoided me like I was the swine flu; it revolved around me on defense.

That jerk really had a great shot. All alone at the basket, too. I ran up and down the court a few times. Someone then called time out and we rested a bit. It was tough on the players. All run and gun, with little slowing down.

He stopped. The ball was cradled between his armpit and his side, and he was motionless. He was watching. "You playing?" asked a teammate. "Yeah."

I ran to the end of the court. No, wait. I had to be at the other end. I stood there. But, wait. I had to be moving. We had the ball.

I later got the ball. Oh, Christ! The gym was quiet. The ball hit the backboard and bounded way out. I got the rebound, and passed...right to an opponent. A few snorts from the guy who invited me to play told me that was a poor move.

He had moved over. He was standing at our court. He had the ball in his pale hands. No noise from him. No motion from him.

The game was over. I let someone dribble right through me for the twentieth point. We lost, 20-9.

"Good game." It was the pale guy. I whirled around. He was standing there, smiling. I just turned around, and walked to the showers. He followed me. Who the hell is that creep?

The showers felt great. They were nice and warm, wrapping me in a warm curtain all my own. Suddenly the water was scorching hot. He was right next to me, turning on the cold water of his shower full blast. He was just a jerk now. A real jerk.

I walked away. He walked away. I towelled myself dry. He towelled himself dry. I dressed. So did he.

I had to go eat. I walked away quickly. "Hey, wait!" I walked faster. "Where are you going?"

I pretended I didn't hear him. But other than his voice, I didn't hear him. The only noise was my corduroy pants legs scraping

against each other. And my laborious breathing. He was still there.

"Can I ask you something?" I walked faster. "Can I ask you something?"

I ran. Forget about being cool. I was scared. Really scared. I ran for the door - he was right behind me!

I was tired. I couldn't run in the dark too far. Oh, hell! I played ball and tired myself out. He reached me! I didn't turn around. My breathing was very hard. Very hard. And scared. He had no hard breathing. No noise. But I barely felt his hand.

"Can I ask you something?" I did nothing. "Can I?"

I hesitated. It was dark outside. No one was around. Not even a squirrel. It was an extortion. OK. He wants my money. "Where did you get those sneakers?"

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The Campus Council Backs AED Blood Drive In Hopes of Increasing Donations

On Wednesday, November 3, the AED Council will be conducting their annual blood drive in Room 203 Slavin Center. The drive will begin at 9 a.m.

Charles Reichart, O.P., the faculty advisor for the AED Council, is enthusiastic about the possibility for increasing the amount of blood donated. "Most people do not realize the tremendous benefits of giving blood," said Father Reichart. "By donating blood, a person and their entire family, is fully covered for a period of one year for any blood they might need.

There is an added incentive here, though. The Campus Council will give every donor a free pitcher of beer that night at the Wooden Naval.

Bob Lalkin, president of AED, stated, "Our two last blood drives last year needed 229 pints of blood. Our goal is to double that in this drive."

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Eighty Years of Horror:

From 'I Bid You Welcome' to Damien

By David St. Germain

The hour is midnight. Flashes of lightning pierce the sky. Angry villagers with "thousands of lights" surround a tower laboratory. Inside, a man with shoe-polished hair, eyes in need of visine, and nervous, waving hands stands over a table with a body on it.

His crazed assistant, a man no taller than three feet, opens a ceiling panel. The inevitable switch is flicked. Machinery begins crackling and sizzling, and lo and behold, another monster moans into existence. "What is this?" one might ask. This is the standard plot of a classic horror film.

After the Western, the horror film is the oldest movie genre. The horror film was officially born on Christmas Eve, 1896 in Paris, with the screening of George Melies' *The Devil's Castle*. The film ran less than three minutes, and viewers wanted more.

The genre caught on, and in 1908 the first of over 20 versions of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was filmed.

The Germans, cinema leaders of the day, took up the trend and produced three major contributions: *Der Golem* (1914), the story of a Jewish stone monster; *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919); and the first version of *Dracula*, entitled *Nosferatu* (1922).

In America the major horror figure was Lon Chaney, the "man of a thousand faces." Chaney advanced the horror movie with his grotesque and often painful makeup. In *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* (1923), for example, he attached a 40-pound hump to his back. While in *The Phantom of the Opera* (1925), he used wires to pull back his eye lids.

Chaney's death in 1930

prevented him from appearing in a tailor-made role: Count Dracula. The immortal words "I am Dracula. I bid you welcome," uttered by Bela Lugosi in *Dracula* (1931) gave the world a new horror star.

Although he only played Dracula once more on the screen, Lugosi was splendid as other vampires in *Mark of the Vampire* (1935) and *Return of the Vampire* (1943). He did, however, make a fatal career mistake by turning down the role of the Frankenstein monster, because he complained it had no dialogue.

The part was played by a British actor, who in his over 50-year career, became the greatest horror film artist of all time: Boris Karloff.

In *Frankenstein* (1931), Karloff wore a 48-pound costume during the summer while the film was made. The monster make-up required three and one-half hours to apply and an hour and one-half to be removed. To insure that no one saw the monster before the film's release, Karloff was led around the studio with a cloth over his head.

All the pain and precaution paid off, and *Frankenstein* was a great success. The golden age of horror films had begun.

During this period films such as *The Mummy* (1932), *The Raven* (1935), *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935), and *The Son of Frankenstein* were made.

By the end of (1939) the 1930's, the horror film fell on hard times and empty graves. A shortage of cadavers and cash required that Grade B films be churned out.

Monsters began making house calls in such films as *House of Frankenstein* (1944) and *House of Dracula* (1945). The popularity of Karloff and Lugosi had waned slightly, and a new monster was needed.

Lon Chaney's son Ceighton was renamed Lon Chaney, Jr., and

The Wolfman was born in 1941. Budgets were still small and the genre declined with the final indignation of *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* (1948).

The 1950s was one of the worst decades in the horror film's history.

Lugosi had died, Karloff did stage and TV work, and Chaney was seen in Grade Z films. Yet another monster swam to life. This time it was *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* (1954). Two sequels followed before the final burial at sea.

During the 1960s the horror film enjoyed a renaissance not seen since the '30s. Three forces were responsible: Vincent Price, Roger Corman, and Edgar Allen Poe.

Price and Corman teamed to create such tasteful products as *House of Usher* (1960), *The Pit and the Pendulum* (1961), *Tales*

of *Terror* (1962), and *The Tomb of Ligeia* (1964).

Although these films were a welcome change from the trash of the '50s, many of them were made quickly. Just how quickly can be seen in *The Terror* (1963), a film made in three days.

Combining no script and the talents of Boris Karloff and Jack Nicholson, along with the about-to-be-destroyed set the *The Raven* (1963). Director Corman won the crown of "King of the Quickies."

Throughout these proceedings the mild voice of the venerable Karloff could be heard uttering the sage line "But you haven't got a story."

With the death of Karloff in 1969 came the death of the classic horror film. A new trend was developing, that of psychological horror. Now viewers were required to think about the nature of evil.

Films such as *Rosemary's Baby* (1968) and *The Mephisto Waltz* (1971) were typical of the new movement. Running parallel to this was the blood and gore horror of such "works" as *Mark of the Devil* (1971), a film which required that theatre owners provide "barf bags" for patrons.

Happily for lovers of classic horror, the situation was alleviated when Vincent Price

made his one-hundredth film: *The Abominable Dr. Phibes* (1971). This film bridged all three trends of the classic horror, the blood and gore, and the modern spoofing. Price played an articulate villain who provided sadism with style.

Spoofing of horror reached a peak when Mel Brooks made *Young Frankenstein* (1974). Brooks' take-off of *The Bride of Frankenstein* (1935) in which Hermit meets the monster, is one of absolute hilarity.

A new wave of interest in serious horror began with *The Exorcist* (1973). This has been followed by *The Omen* (1976), and the soon to be released *The Heretic: Exorcist Part II*.

In this, the eightieth anniversary of the horror film, the genre is as popular and as exciting as ever. This Halloween, horror movies will be shown at theatres, on TV, and at campuses all across the country.

As long as man is still curious about his own dark side, about the nature of good and evil, and about the nature of the unknown, the horror film will continue to thrill and chill viewers.

This Halloween, while watching a horror film, take a cut of bread and use a toast from *The Bride of Frankenstein*: "to a new age of gods and monsters."

Celtic Rituals

(Continued from Page 1)

of today's holiday celebration. During the nineteenth century, punks who immigrated from Ireland were fond of placing carriages on tops of barns, knocking over sheds, and greasing windows in retaliation for the refusal of a treat.

Their excuse was that "little people" and fairies did the work, but no one was fooled. However, since the pranks weren't always that destructive, no one really tried to throw them into the slammer.

Now, the "trick" in "trick-or-treat" is more harmless, usually. And the ritual-ignoring cretins who roam the earth today ignore the first part of the threat, and walk away in silence.

But for the most part, that's not too bad. It's better than sacrifices.

THE COWL

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PROVIDENCE, R.I. -- At a forum sponsored by the Providence College Democrats, Ramsey Clark, former U.S. Attorney General, voiced his support for the Jimmy Carter-Walter Mondale presidential ticket last week.

He said before about 150 people, "I found a tone of moral purpose in Jimmy Carter which will be manifested in his administration."

He said, "we've paid a fearful price" for the last few years of Republican presidency, and added, "In Jimmy Carter we will have somebody who will seek the best in us."

Anthony Solomon, Democratic candidate for general treasurer in Rhode Island, also spoke. He reminded the audience, made up mostly of PC students, "You have the all-important vote, you can make the difference ... Unless we have a Democratic governor, it will be very difficult to get things done."

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