



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

“Mocking the Reporter in postive manner since 1995.”

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The Magic Wondershow Presents:

Halloween on a Budget

A citizen's guide.

Howdy Sweethearts, just thought I'd drop a line and let you in on the best-kept secrets of the Halloween tradition. Save for the missing intermediary step in the LSD recipe found in the Anarchist's Cookbook, I'm more than willing to show all and tell all about how you can make this year's Samhain-All-Saints-Devils-Night-Halloween a fun-filled adventure, no matter the amount of coins in the coffer. Let's start with costumes. As stated in previous Halloween guides, the costume is the first step to having a good time. Your costume should be simple in design, yet elegant in effect. Going as a shower like the Karate Kid will only get you pummeled, and in most cases barred from whatever party you choose to attend due to ceiling height constraints (besides, not everyone has a withered old Japanese guy to beat up our bullies for us). Think simple. Walk the Eight-Fold Path. Be the costume, don't just wear it.

Costume suggestions:

A Junkie:

Tight blue jeans and faded Velvet Underground tee shirt, with surgical tubing around your arm and a needle in your mouth. Start wearing your costume two weeks prior to the

Halloween event you're attending to get the authentic junkie smell. Shoot junk if possible, but prescription painkillers like Percocet or Vicodin work in a pinch. Stagger into the dance floor and waver a bit before deciding to sit on the sofa and void out. Cheap, effective, and well tested by Adam Fletcher (documents available upon request).

A child molester:

Tight fitting corduroy pants. V-neck sweater. Faded US Army surplus jacket. Long fingernails. Hentai Manga and AOL email printouts. The most important part of the costume however is the ubiquitous "Child Molester Moustache". Use your imagination. Look at some of the fine examples on campus. Big, thick, and bushy in some. Thin, squiggly, barely there in others. Mullets help. Slap a Pokemon bumper sticker onto your car (preferably a rusty blue panel van or brown seventies model Chevy sedan) and you're good to go. Drive around groups of children (especially if their parents are around) and ask if they want to come into your "Halloween Candy Fire hose Mobile" Explain that you've got a big ol' candy fire hose that they're free to suck on if they like. Parents will get a kick out of this! Make sure you alter your appearance enough to be passed over in a police lineup, though. You won't worry about them getting your license tags because you will have



already taken the liberty of swapping them with your ultra-conservative Christian neighbors the day before.

A battered co-dependent:

It's hard to achieve the effect that some achieve naturally on a day-to-day basis, but we've learned via Joe Blasco Cosmetics and Stan Winston's Creature Effects House just how to do it. First, get all gussied up in your best housecoat or Sunday dress. Slap on a little too much makeup, making sure to smear the lipstick about in a haphazard fashion. Now, most people will tell you that shoe polish can approximate a black eye, but that is just not so. There is nothing that compares to the real deal. Have a trusted friend or parent take a shoe or other such blunt object with a surface area that approximates the average belligerent male's fist, and have them whack your peepers a few times smartly. Get a good red sheen going. If no shoe is available, go to the nearest fraternity house and put up a fight. The goal is to get it puffy and distended without any splitting or swelling shut. You'll need two good eyes for the party. Arrive at the party late and don't talk or make eye contact with anyone, except to say, "I deserved it. He really loves me." Spend the evening picking up crushed beer cans, cigarette butts, and empty bottles. Shake your head and scream every once and a while and you'll be the smash of the party. Couples could attend with the gentleman in question going as the Wife Beater™ (acid washed jeans, tank top, Kool Menthols, sixer of Pabst Tallboys) and steal the show. Watch lots of Cops to get the movements down.

Activities:

Given the need for better, cheaper, faster party games and pranks, going to Party City or other such establishment is not the most frugal course of action. You won't find anything new or exciting there. Instead you should rely on your noggin and available surroundings to produce the activities you need. Why pay for apples when you can bob for fetuses just as easily? Last time I checked, a bushel of fresh fetuses cost less than a bushel of fresh Granny Smiths. Living in today's society, you should be able to recognize the telltale biohazard insignia. If not, shame on you! In addition to fetuses, you could find fingers, toes, goiters, boils, broken needles, just go to the back of the nearest hospital and poke around in the medical waste

until you find something interesting. Maybe you could superglue various discarded body parts onto your face and go as a Mad Ball (remember those?) or a leper. How about a "dizzy bat" relay after eating fifteen tablets of Dramamine. A cousin of scopolamine and a severe anti-cholinergic if taken in large enough doses, Dramamine would ensure that although players might not get sick by putting their head on a baseball bat and spinning around 40 times, they would most assuredly experience the temporary dementia associated with encephalitis. You should choose your corpse carefully. The decision should be made on the following:

1. Location and type of Grave
2. Gender and age at time of entombing
3. Tensile strength of remaining sinew and bone mass
4. Color, Clarity, and Carat

Most people are under the misguided impression that an old lady corpse is the most effective in getting the desired reaction, but I've found over the years that a vintage child corpse, in good working condition and preferably dead before the age of ten is the best for these types of situations. Take extra care in connecting the electrodes and be sure to use a deep cycle marine battery. Granted, any large wet-plate battery will make em twitch, but we're interested in a *Weekend at Bernie's II* sort of thing. Deep cycle is a must. Practice the walk cycle in the mirror before going out—you don't want to be embarrassed by the corpses inability to move its left leg past its forehead at the party. Work out the kinks in the privacy of your own home beforehand. When dressing the corpse, care must be taken not to block out any of the inherent spooky quality of the child. For example, if the child blew the back of his head off with Daddy's .45, you don't want him wearing a vacuum-molded PVC mask or anything (most PVC masks are dangerous anyway; if you must utilize them, widen the eyes and breathing holes before wearing). Take your corpse to McDonald's and order it a "Spooky Shake" and a Happy Meal. Stick the toy in its mouth and let it flail around on the floor for a while. When Darnell or Dewaine (Assistant Managers) come over to inspect, scream "You killed my baby with your toys of Satan. A curse upon you and all your golden arches!"

Another fun way to enjoy your rotting, bloated cadaver is to take it to the local elementary school on your lunch break. Most schools offer a Halloween parade in which the children walk around the playground or gym and observe one another's costumes. This is a perfect time to introduce the living children to concepts like rigor mortis, necrosis, and anabolic respiration. For added effect, pre-score the arm and leg sockets of the corpse and insert blasting caps (you're on your own there, pal) along the crease. With any luck,

after the dust clears, diphtheria and other septic diseases will provide a ready crop of corpses for next year! The possibilities are limitless.

All in all, I think people take holidays like Christmas, Hanukkah, and Ramadan far too seriously, and dismiss Halloween as something for the kids only. How sad. Let me just say that you can change anyone's tune with enough ether, a metal lathe, and fifteen feet of wrought-iron fence. Happy Hunting. Blood.

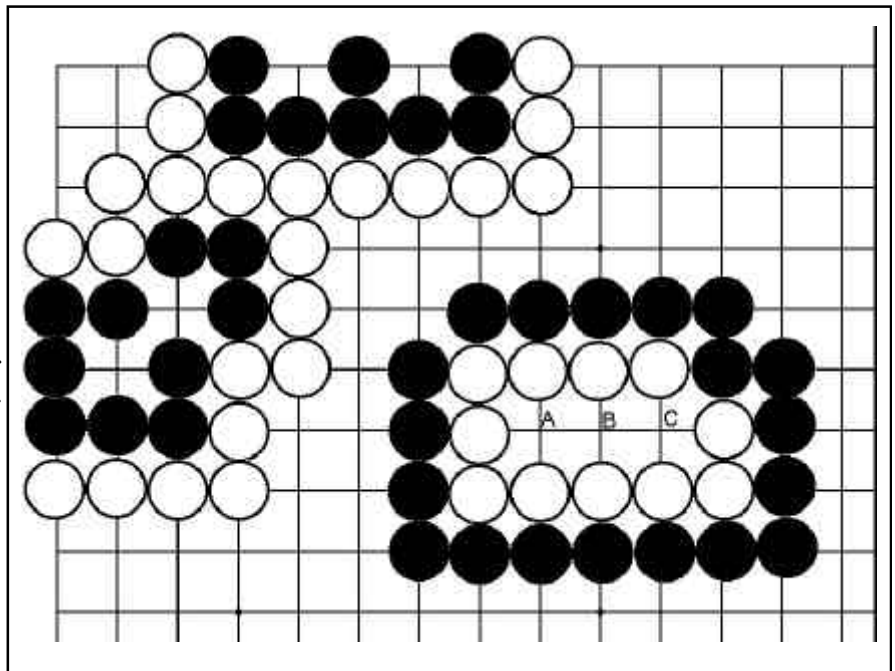
Go, Lesson 2

Tom O'Dachi

Last week we learned that if a group has at least one adjacent intersection, or 'liberty', it isn't dead. However, as having just one liberty means impending death, or 'atari', healthy groups normally have many liberties available to them. In the heat of the battle, when it's not always possible to have a large base of liberties, and when groups can get cut off from each other or completely surrounded, it's very useful to be able to make your groups invincible and to keep your opponent's groups killable.

A group which has two or more separate, completely surrounded liberties cannot be killed: if an opposing stone takes one liberty, the group still has a liberty left, whereas the opposing stone doesn't, and simply dies. The black group at the top of the diagram is an example of this; it has two separate, surrounded liberties. We call these 'eyes', because it's easier to say, the Japanese is 'me' (may), which also means eye. Restated: if a group has two separate eyes, it cannot be killed. This may take a little bit of time, feel free to cut up this issue and try it for yourself.

Take a look at the black group on the left edge of the board. Although it has two liberties, there is only one true eye. The other liberty is known as a false eye, as it can be taken by white. In fact, referring to the black stones on the edge of the board here, as one group is wrong, there are two black groups: one has an eye, the other, comprising three stones, is in atari. Because black can do nothing to save either group



short of killing the white group, the stones are considered dead where they stand, and if the white group is still alive at the end of game, are removed from the board as prisoners. If white is especially paranoid, he might kill the groups, but this is generally considered poor play, as it decreases captured territory and allows black to make better moves elsewhere on the board.

The problem this week is pretty simple, in the bottom right of the diagram: black to play and kill white.

The Go Club meets Tuesdays from 7 to 11 p.m. in the SAU in a poster-specified location.

All are welcome.

I fought the Man (and all I got was this free T-shirt!)

by Mookie Harrington

Well, the big day came and went. Let's look at the instant replay...

Dateline: October 13th, 2000. 5 pm, Eastern Standard Time. President of the MPAA (Motion Pictures Association of America) attends University of Rochester Sesquicentennial (150) Anniversary Celebration at an event entitled "UR at Hollywood".

Yeah, I was there too.

We had been planning for weeks, mostly through our email mailing list (see instructions at the end of the article for how to join.) A group of peeved computer nerds tend not to be the most violent of sorts, but the words "mass riot" did come up a few times. Enough so that Security (motto: "U R Secure.") entered the picture. Apparently, free speech is encouraged and accepted here graciously provided that it meets university standard approval and can be regulated with proper enforceable powers. So, before the big day hit, our fearless leaders (Eric and Seth) went and had a "meeting."

Surprisingly, this turned out to be quite fruitful. It was decided, in order to minimize confusion, and because we'd been so sweet, they would provide us with a table and electricity in front of the gym where the event was going on. (!) This meant we could run a little DeCSS demonstration.

We also got in touch with a few sources that were definitely on our side. In fact, through the benevolence of CopyLeft (www.copyleft.net), we were provided with a ton of FREE DVD DeCSS T-SHIRTS with very minor defects. (32 to be exact, all which were worn and distributed during the protest for free!) That was really cool of them.

So we organized a game plan which was threefold and in three pieces. First, protestors would don the T-Shirts and additionally offer free ones to anyone who agreed to go into the event and wear them. Second, we would approach each person entering the event and give them a pamphlet entitled "STOP THE MPAA!" which explained our views. Lastly, we would have a Linux-based system with a 19" monitor playing a DVD.

The T-Shirt idea was to publicize our idea and to make us a recognizable force at the event. Next, we made sure everyone knew that the MPAA was bending their rights and ignoring what "fair use" meant, just in the names of profits. Finally, we wanted to give a very real, basic demonstration of how harmless DeCSS was, and how greedy the MPAA was trying to be.

Our main dilemma was funding for the production of pamphlets. In the end we printed several thousand for a nominal cost of about \$35. (Theoretically, everyone pitched five bucks towards Eric to reimburse him, but I don't know how that turned out beyond the fact that I paid.) The night before, Eric and Seth wrote up the text. The cover was an altered photograph from the *Matrix* where Valenti and two Agents wore "MPAA" armbands. Inside was a simple explanation of DeCSS, how DVD code fell under the "Fair Use" laws, and a description of the irrationality of the DMCA (Digital Millennium Copyright Act). You can read the pamphlet at: <http://cube.macperspectives.com/decss/MPAA2.pdf>

So I got there a little late, and quickly put on my "Anti-CCA" shirt (Content Control Authority is the organization which developed the DVD encoding scheme) and began passing out pamphlets. Humorously, many people thought we were passing out programs for the event, so with only a few exceptions, everyone received one. Many people were interested enough to stop and discuss why were there.

The table had Seth's Debian GNU/Linux machine with Tori's monitor. It was playing a DVD of *Armageddon* with a sign, "We bought this computer. We Bought this DVD. However, the MPAA wants to make it illegal for us to play this in our own homes!"

Top Five Points of Confusion:

1. We were ushers for the event.
2. Our protest was about Napster. (!)
3. The reason our DVD presentation was illegal was because it was a public showing.
4. We were protesting the MPAA recent testimony before Congress.
5. We were hackers and/or pirates and/or promoting piracy, etc.

I stayed outside the entire event and continued to pass literature out. With the engrossing task of guard-



Jack, supporting DeCSS and being a very short man.

ing hardware and trying to ignore how bad *Armageddon* is, the highlight of the early afternoon was when I approached and successfully gave pamphlets to several men in suits:

Me: “This is some information about the UR in Hollywood speech going on today!”

Them: “I know, we’re giving it!”

Normally, one would be embarrassed; but not I. Rather, I was proud to know that we were really reaching everyone. An inside source (i.e., someone inside the building) told me that almost everyone read our stuff while waiting for the event to begin. In the end, we passed out about 700 brochures, which was not bad at all! We had printed too many, so the extras were distributed around campus where many remain to this very day. (The idea of mailing each of them one by one to Valenti did come up, but then that whole “money” issue seemed to interfere.)

In an ideal world, this event would have shaken some things up. Formula: Important speakers + captivated audience + protesting students = sparks. Instead, there were a few videos about special effects, a couple lengthy stories about “the good ol’ days” from some actors, and our friend, moderator, president, oppressor

Jack Valenti called it quits. Q&A was cut due to time—constraints (truly a travesty, since we had hoped that would be our big moment to put Jack in the box, and on the spot).

HOWEVER, the day did not end there. Captain Seth went up to introduce himself to Mr. Valenti. The President of the MPAA looked over, smiled, and used his forefinger to signal the guards to squash the menacing presence. Well, not actually.

Instead, Valenti invited the group to meet with him in private to discuss our concerns. A memorable experience. Brother-in-arms Samuel Hathaway wrote, “That was pretty flattering, but I don’t think we were really ready to have a long discussion with him. We talked for about an hour, and our conversation reminded me of Jack’s debate with Lawrence Lessig (<http://cyber.law.harvard.edu/futureofip/>) at Harvard: us debating the constitutionality of the DMCA, and him using the fact that the DMCA is ‘the law of the land’ as a defense.”

And we even have the pictures to prove it! For more, please visit: http://www.lodestone.org/hoss/photos/2000.10-DMCA_protest/ [see our Linux DVD player, us talking with people, even Valenti posing with us!] In the end, Valenti and our group basically “agreed



Jack, asking, “So you can get me that DiVX of *The Rock*?”

to disagree”.

Our efforts did not go unnoticed by the world outside the Rochester community. *Yahoo! News* featured an article about the protest in their “Hollywood Reporter”. You can read that at: http://dailynews.yahoo.com/h/bpihw/20001012/en/collegians_plan_protest_during_valenti_s_visit_1.html In addition, the Mecca of geek news, *Slashdot*, finally printed a short blurb about our encounter. You can view that little ditty at: <http://www.slashdot.com/yro/>

And now, a short aside. (*ahem*) Several news organizations came to the UR to film the glitter and the glitz. (FOX News, Channel 13, and the rest of the crowd.) However, despite the interest garnered on the Internet over the DVD controversy, why weren’t we featured? Do “newsworthy protests” only count those that go against wars or protesting conditions of workers in developing nations? If the Secretary of Defense was speaking, and people wanted to protest the involvement of US troops overseas, the media would be all over it. However, he didn’t come. Instead, the President of the MPAA was here, and some people, university students

in fact, had the guts to speak up and remind people that what’s being spoonfed to them by the major corporations just might not be in their best interest. (A few weeks ago, Jack Valenti testified in front of Congress and admitted on behalf of the MPAA that they ‘had not been as careful as they should be’ in regards to marketing violence and sex-laced R-rated films to children, often under the age of thirteen.) Granted, our protest wasn’t on the level of Anti-Vietnam at Kent State or Racial Integration in Civil Rights Movement. We readily accept that. However, maybe it was time that someone looked away from the 7.5 million dollars¹ spent on entertaining the alumni (see also: cash filled piggy banks for pork-barrel university spending), and really listened to what some of the students of the University had to say. Maybe not everyone is “fantastically overwhelmed by the spectacle,” but rather “worried and concerned that the government will continue to deprive us of our rights.”

I think that the story of how Valenti went back and spoke with us privately for over an hour would have been fascinating piece for the media. Their loss, I guess.

¹ With no surprise, it’s painstakingly difficult to get numbers for the amount of money spent towards Sesquicentennial and the amount of cash the University hoped to rake in through new pledges. I pulled some strings on campus and finally got an estimate from a fairly “reliable source”. These numbers allegedly were said by our invisible president Thomas Jackson. Sesqui Cost: \$7,500,000. Expected New Donations: \$50,000,000. And I will give anyone a 10–1 bet that next year tuition will continue to rise. Sigh.

In the latest issue of University of Rochester's Campus Times, a short article about the protest and a wonderful picture of smiling Valenti and DeCSS crew is published. The article ends with a quote from Jack,

"I love talking to young people."

Well, at least he recognized we were a force worth dealing with. Better luck next time, I hope.

So, what can you do? For starters, sign up and peruse the DeCSS mailing list:

Send a message to minimalist@cube.macperspectives.com with "subscribe decss" in the subject line. To post to the list, send your message to decss@cube.macperspectives.com

List archives are also available <http://cube.macperspectives.com/decss/archive/>

Check out our web page: <http://mail.rochester.edu/~sh002i/> There is also a very good list of important DVD/DeCSS resources, which I strongly recommend everyone checking out.

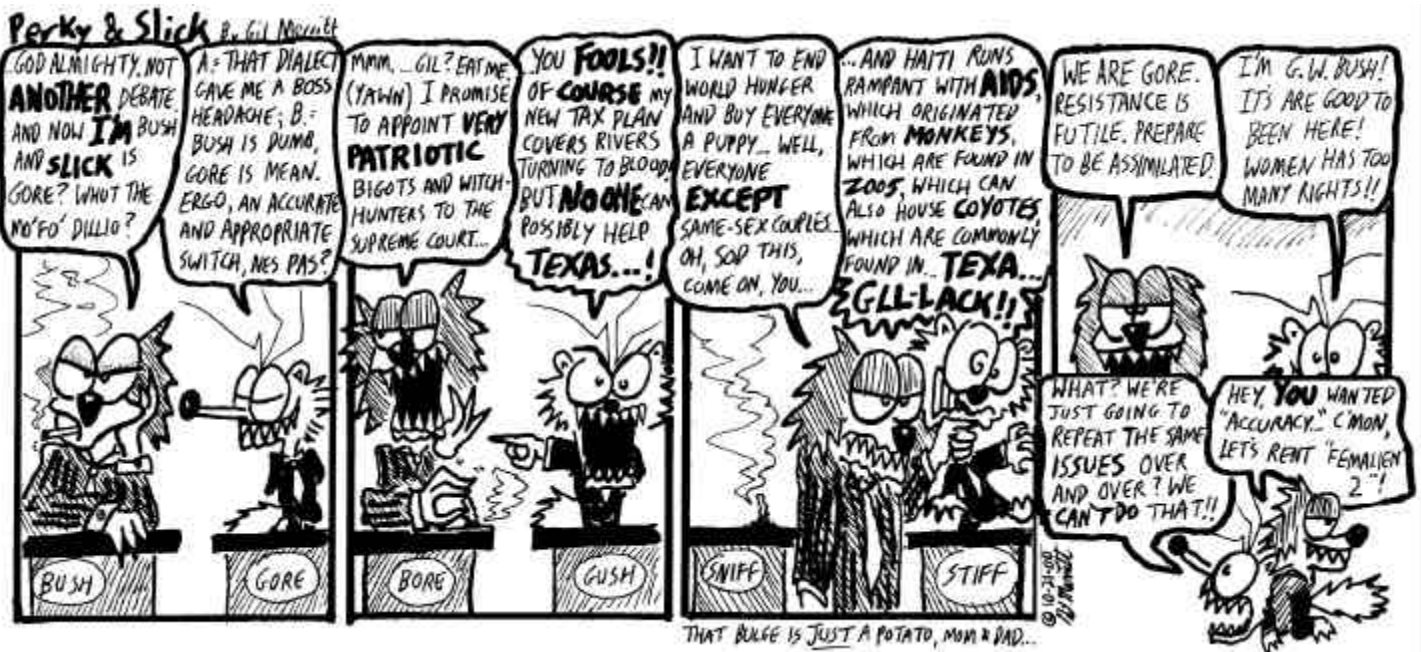


Halloween Story Contest!

1st Prize is \$50, 2nd \$25, 3rd \$0

Submit your stories to gdt@hellskitchen.org. Stories will be printed in a Halloween issue of GDT. Stories must be received by October 27.

Rules and regulations: Deadline for submissions is midnight, October 27th. Material may be emailed to gdt@hellskitchen.org. Include your name, age, address, telephone number, and email. Please limit yourself to around 7500 words. Submissions without proper identification will not be accepted. Material cannot be returned. All material remains the intellectual property of the creator, but Hell's Kitchen and its member organization reserve the right to reproduce it. Winners will be determined by a panel of judges. The decision of the judges is final. This contest is open to all literate individuals of all ages. Winners will be informed on the 30th of October.



Cult Corner



by the most righteous Scan T.
Hammond

Hey you coveting bastards! Welcome back to another week of divine deviants, medieval madness, and silly simony. I've a lot to say, so let's get right into it:

This week's column is dedicated to the hammer-head Christians that always scuttle out and complain about the demonic origins of Halloween.

Common knowledge is that Halloween began as a pagan Celtic (pronounced "kel-tik", not "sel-tik" you dumb jock) celebration honoring the Lord of the Dead, Samhain (pronounced "sa-wain") also known as our good friend Lucifer, the Energizer Bunny. Unfortunately, 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's. I doubt you'll be able to find a copy at Amazon.com) by Col. Vallency. Where he got his information is a mystery...

The long and short of it is that Samhain was the Celtic New Year and harvest ritual. Starting at sundown on October 31st, the pagan feast 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 Phooka (pl. phookae, I think), which were apparently six-foot tall, invisible rabbits. Attempting to harvest anything after Samhain invokes the wrath of these spiteful faeries, who have been known to kill cattle. Even today, cows found mysteriously dead in rural parts of Ireland are said to have been "pooked."

For the Celts of the British Isles, the New Year was a dangerous time. On the long night of Samhain, the Sidh—the border between our world and that of the

spirit world—dissolves, allowing faeries, spirits of the dead, and divinity to enter our realm. Alternately, many unwary mortals have crossed into the spirit world and been trapped when the Sidh reformed. To help keep evil spirits from entering our world, or to trap them in the old year, various cultures—including our own—often shout, sing, set off fireworks, and generally create a ruckus. It's unknown whether masks were also used to scare the spirits back into their own world, but as other cultures hold masked balls on New Year's, the concept is not unbelievable.

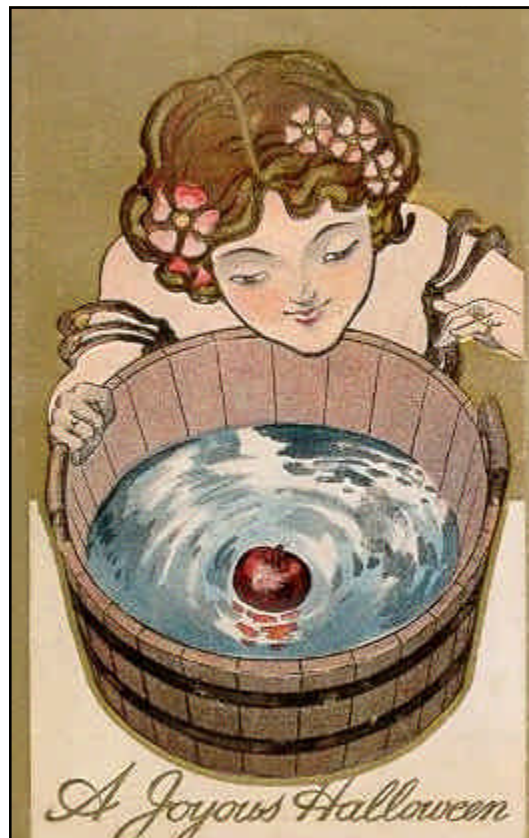
For the returning ancestors, it is believed that the Celts of the British Isles would leave food out in a fashion similar to their offerings to faeries. A family that failed to offer food would risk displeasing the dead, which would then torment the family.

When the Romans invaded England in 43 A.D., bringing with them their beliefs, customs, and lots of weaponry, they introduced the celebration of Feralia. Celebrated on the first of November, Feralia was in honor of Pomona, the Goddess of fruit trees. With their celebration dates being so close and their intent being similar, eventually Feralia and Samhain became intertwined. Customs associated with Feralia were transplanted to Samhain. While I haven't seen any literature specifically saying that the Romans would bob for apples during Feralia, it is telling to note

that "pomo" is Latin for apple.

In time, the Romans were overthrown by the followers of a carpenter that was nailed to a tree. After a bit of confusion, the dominant Christian faction managed to suppress the sweet, sweet heresies that popped up like dandelions in the centuries after Jesus' death, and they really started to think about how to supplant pagan beliefs and customs with Christian concepts.

The problem was that the pagans were quite happy with their current beliefs, thank you very much. As the Inquisition was still a few centuries in the future, fire wasn't really an effective option. The



Christians needed a way of repackaging their product to make it more appealing.

To overcome resistance, the Church began to actively institute various policies that would allow for a blending and dilution of customs. 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 moved Hallowmas to November 1st to replace both Samhain and Ferialia. The night of October 31st was called

"Hallow's Even" ("Holy Evening"), and was eventually shortened to Hallowe'en.

Still, the pagan elements remained...particularly the concept of the dead returning on Hallowe'en. Rather than fighting the culture, the Church worked with it; and in the tenth century All Soul's Day was created. Celebrated on November second, 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.

POETRY

Substantial

by Randall Good

Talk talk talk
 Listen wait wait
 Wait interrupt wait
 Apologize wait wait
 Wait talk talk
 Talk talk concede
 Wait wait talk
 Talk talk wait
 Wait wait wait
 Confused ask talk
 Listen listen confused
 Wait wait wait
 Interrupt talk talk
 Ask ask interrupt
 Talk ask listen
 Wait interrupt ask
 Talk listen wait
 Wait wait wait
 Talk goodbye gone.

Listen listen listen
 Listen listen listen
 Listen listen listen
 Speak.



Sitting in the Rain

by Erik Heath

AHH, Rochester
 How I love thee...

Sitting on my bench
 Talking with my friends

Rain falling on our bodies
 Our laughter bouncing around

The steady drizzle
 Keeping us from having fun

Suddenly more people
 Appear on the quad

Damn
 Time for class



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Pantene

“When I come back from the battle-
field, I’ve got to look my best for the
mead hall. That’s why I use Pantene
Pro-V, because in the heat of battle,
you can’t worry about the damage
blood and gore have on your hair.”
– Othrok, of Clan Mithril



Pantene PRO-V Viking Formula
It Gets the Gore Out!

SUBMIT.

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