



# the water tower.

## uvm's SPOOKIEST newsmag

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uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com



### exorcist extraordinaire



carly macconnell

choose your own **ADVENTURE**  
(super freaky halloween edition)

by juliendarmoni

On the night of October 31st, 2011, you are walking along a moonlit road bordering a forest. Peering inside, you note that there is a deep dark mist there, like a Mirkwood, or an abandoned Kmart. The black fingers of the trees seem to beckon you, and you stop and consider the virtues of shadow and mystery. Ah, forests! The eternal subject of your childhood curiosities! Where father would leave you to lonesome adventures when he wanted to spend the weekends alone with that homewrecker, Gale. You learned so much about the world in those days: what true hunger was, the virtues of navigating by star, and, above all, that you didn't much care for forests, because you were always hungry and you could never figure out how to navigate by star.

Then: you are lulled out of your reminiscence by the sound of a far off train. So you keep walking, satisfied that this forest thing is definitely not going to happen, when all of a sudden, a terrible noise issues from the wood- it is a shrill, anxious cry, and it reminds you of sullen things. It is a cry, you think, that could only have been issued from a man trapped inside a sack. You are sure of this. You are more sure of this than anything in your life, save for the fact that you don't know anything about sacks, and could be totally wrong about this. But perhaps it is every man's civic duty to attend to the needs of those in peril, instead of patronizing Halloween night at Rasputin's and getting smashed like a pumpkin. What do you do?

A1): investigate? Go to page 3.

B1): take stock of your surroundings by examining the stars? Turn to page 5.

### the real exorcist comes to uvm just in time for halloween

by lauradillon

**T**he lecture begins with a prayer. This is promising, seeing as my extensive research of exorcisms (consisting of watching *The Exorcism*) tells me that most exorcisms begin with prayer. I look around as over half of the gathered audience cross themselves and murmur Amen. Now the gore fest is set to begin!

Sadly, Father Vincent Lampert, or exorcist extraordinaire, chooses to soften up the audience with some Catholic humor before delving into the projectile vomiting and head spinning. He asks the audience, "Do I look like an exorcist or were you expecting an old man with a dark hat and black briefcase?"

No. Not really. You look more like an endearingly bald middle age man who lives a secret life as a Gleek. Now move onto the demon possessions!

But alas! He decides to toy with us further, his version of exorcist foreplay. The next half hour seems suspiciously like a church service, consisting of Bible passages and moral guidance. Apparently there is a moral crisis going on, illustrated by the increased usage of Ouija boards and horoscopes. He repeatedly emphasizes that

nothing good comes from Ouija boards... only evil.

The use of such objects as well as practicing witchcraft and divination, which inevitably lead to "a fascination with evil", is an invitation for evil spirits to enter one's life. Anticipating some skepticism, Father L. is quick to explain why exorcisms and demonic activity are unquestionably real: "If there is no evil, then there is no need for a savior." In other words, there must be evil because there is a savior. You might have heard of him.

Now that any doubts are cleared up by his infallible logic, the Father goes on to discuss the actual details of his work, which began with his official training in Rome. He spent three months in apprenticeship where he witnessed 40 exorcisms preformed by his mentor. During this time he witnessed some pretty crazy shit: jaws detaching, levitation, an old woman throwing a chair at a priest, growling, and foaming at the mouth.

You might assume he would be scarred... but you would be mistaken. He is not fooled by such "parlor tricks of demons and spirits" used to distract priests from their holy

mission. However, he did admit that he has been startled several times when a demon-possessed body has lunged at him. Being an exorcist might not seem like a precise profession, but Father L. has the book to prove otherwise. Published in 1999 the *Rite of Exorcism* is currently available in Latin,

... read the rest on page 8

### how to tell if your friends are POSSESSED

#### 1) Are they speaking in tongues?

Be careful not to confuse the nonsensical drunken babble of a blackout-buddy for demonic possession.

#### 2) Are they levitating?

Or are you just tripping and imagining them floating around the ceiling? Double check before you make any final diagnosis.

#### 3) Do they have knowledge of things they have no worldly way of knowing?

Once again, a drunken conspiracy rant about the government's evil quest to prevent the legalization of pot does not count as actual knowledge.

#### 4) Aversion to Holy things such as the crucifix, holy H2O, church.

There could be many reasons your bestie has aversions to any of these things. The crucifix hasn't been in style since Madonna rocked one in "Like a Virgin". A good segment of the UVM population seems to be afraid of all water, especially the kind involved in showering. And let's be honest—if they wanted college kids to go to Church, it wouldn't be on Sunday morning.

Rule out all these possibilities before you call in the Exorcist.

get inside me:

3 -mases and a -tane  
by jamesaglio

halloweirdhistory  
by phoebefooks

fake with your fake  
by georgeloftus

horrorscopes  
by lizcantrell



# the best news team in the universe.



Dear **water tower**,  
I enjoyed the majorism article, and was looking forward to getting to the “Ns” to see what generalizations had been made about nursing students. This is when I realized that you had failed to mention any major in the College of Nursing and Health Sciences. Come on! We are the ones whose friends ask them about every ache and sore. We consider giving ourselves a caffeine IV drip to cram

for anatomy and pharmacology. We love Clinicals because it means we can go to school in a pajama suit. Give credit where credit is due; no one puts CNHS students in the corner.  
-Kristen

Dear Braunstein,  
I have included in this message a picture of me ripping in half your article about Dubstep. I found it awful. Let me begin by defining the concert you went to, The Skrillex afterparty. I know because I was there. I also went to the original Skrillex concert which was amazing, Skrillex is my favorite person on earth. Yes, this may be an overexaggeration, but I am a huge fan of Dubstep and a variety of well-made electronic music. I have been to a number of Techno, Electro, and Dubstep concerts/fests/raves and I can honestly say that this event in particular and especially your description of such does [sic] even begin to do justice to the magic I experience at shows. First, everyone was overly drunk at this concert, in order to stand in the front row I had to fight off a drunken boy booty-bumping me as he horribly danced with a biddy, although it was worth it to see my boy Sonny. Second, the first set was actually Moombahton the second set was Skrillex who was good but not as amazing as he would have been if you'd payed [sic] to go to his real show. Third, this was not a rave, this was a show at higher ground. Raves are beautiful festivals where people dress up and dance for hours

and there are lights and happy friendly people (for the most part). As a metal fan you should appreciate the fact that although many people at dubstep concerts are just drunk people-some people actually appreciate the music and love it because it's insane, loud and seemingly disorganized. Even though the new face of electro may be drunk grinding students I'm glad so many people get to enjoy the music as I do.



-Mal  
P.S. I took my friend to this concert, her first one, she loved it and wants to go to many more!

Sometimes reading **the water tower** makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to [thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)

**the water tower.**  
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Editorial Staff



## the news in brief

with paulgross

**“We have got rid of our dictator and we are starting now our democratic life.”**

-A **spokesperson for the Libyan National Transition Council (NTC)**, a group we're likely to hear a lot about in the coming weeks, on Colonel Gaddafi's death. Now that the dictator is gone, a very serious struggle lies ahead for the NTC—creating a stable, effective democracy in a country ravaged by domestic conflict and a despotic dictator. Best of luck to them.

**“Now I am happy that my son's death has given the chance to get beyond fear and injustice.”**

-**Monoubia Bouazizi**, the mother of the man who set himself on fire in Tunisia a few months ago to start the Arab Spring, speaking at a polling station during Tunisia's first truly free election in decades. This is very exciting.

**“It sounds a little bit like taking revenge.”**

-**Zoologist Barbara Weuringer**, on Australia's hunt for a shark that has killed three ocean swimmers on the western coast. The effort to stop this killer shark has gone far enough to involve the Australian coast guard, etc. It's like *Jaws* in real life.

**“We are in pharmacological never-never land here.”**

-**Dr. Steven Shafer**, testifying at Michael Jackson's doctor's trial, suggesting that it was totally impossible that MJ could have injected himself with the drug that killed him. I don't give a fuck about this, but everyone else seems to give how much coverage it's getting, so whatever.

### choose your own adventure (b3)

And then the moment of grand epiphany; forfeit wizard sex for charity? Perish the thought!  
And you do. As he stabs you and runs hobbling into the Halloween night, newly rich and invariably soiled, you perspire slowly in the shadows. Hunched and hapless, you pass in silent dejection, as children walk by remarking on the poor authenticity of your red Power Rangers suit. Did Gabriel die in vain? With your last dying breath, you look up into that vast frontier, searching for instruction among the brilliant geometry of the cosmos. All you can find is Polarix. ■

**the water tower** is UVM's alternative newsmag and is a weekly student publication at the University of Vermont in Burlington, Vermont.

**contact the wt.**  
**Letters to the Editor/General**  
[thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)  
**Editors-in-Chief:**  
[watertowereditor@gmail.com](mailto:watertowereditor@gmail.com)  
**Advertising:**  
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**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

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## 3-mases and a -tane



by jamesaglio  
Okay so the Earth is a sphere, right? We're going to visualize that sphere as a circle because fuck spheres. The sky and the stars in it also make up a sphere. We'll picture that as a circle too for the same compelling reason mentioned above. Now both the path of the sun through the sky and the equator are already circles, the ecliptic and the equatorial respectively, because unlike the Earth and the sky they know what's good for them. So there are all these circles that all center on the same point, and if we lived in a universe where spheres were considered appropriate they would probably intersect in all kinds of nifty ways. But we don't, so they don't, and so space consists of circles.

**“If you're lucky, I'll show you my Walpurgis.”**

If space is a circle, then it probably makes sense to think of time as a circle, because they're basically the same thing, right? That's why they call it the space-time continuum. So units of time, like the year, are all circles. If you take the year circle and quarter it with a cross, you get four points. At the 12 o'clock position is the shortest day of the year, the winter solstice. The 6 o'clock spot is the longest, the summer solstice. At Tree and Niner are the middle days, where day and night are the same length, the vernal and autumnal equinoxes respectively. So you've got your N, S, E, and W, but what about the NE's, the SW's? Fear not citizen, they exist.

Halfway between the winter solstice and the vernal equinox is February 2nd, called Candlemas. Candle- as in the religious candles that are blessed on the feast day and -Mas as in Mas. This day has been forever immortalized in America in that most cherished of holidays/Bill Murray time vortex, Groundhog Day. Between the vernal equinox and the summer solstice, right around May 1st, is Beltane. Loved by Wiccans, communists, and the Celts, Belt-

ane's main attractions are its pyrotechnic celebrations (Beltane means bright fire in Celtic). In Germany they call it Walpurgisnacht, because it can't be German unless it sounds like a vulgarity for a body part. If you're lucky, I'll show you my Walpurgis. Because it is also International Worker's

Day, celebrations of Beltane have been banned in the capitalist west almost as hard as Bad Brains were Banned in DC.

Between the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox is the harvest festival Lammass. Lammass is an archaic way of saying “loaf-mas,” which makes sense what with all the wheat harvesting. There isn't too much more to this one... people just harvest wheat.

Lastly, at the point midway between the autumnal equinox and the winter solstice lies the only thing that makes this article seasonally appropriate, the festival known as Halloween. Hallow is an old word for saint, and predictably, the November 1st holiday is frequently called All Saints' Day in modern English. On this day, all those pious individuals who have been rewarded with beatific vision are honored. We as American university students usher in this sacred day on Hallow's eve, or Halloween, by going to fancy dress parties and replacing most of our bodily fluids with the aqua vitae. In Ireland, it's called Samhain, and they celebrate it, as they are wont to do, by burning things. Because I base all of my viewpoints of the Irish off Waking Ned Divine, the Pogues, and Brendan Behan's liver, I have to assume they imbibe in the sauce whilst burning, because in such a setting uisce beatha would be conspicuous by its absence. In this way, I like to think that the celebrators of Samhain have actually transcended our understanding of Halloween Eve, and that we should rise to the occasion, as it were. ■

## barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



**hallo-weird, adj.**

Used to describe something strange at UVM that only happens on Halloween.

## choose your own adventure (a1)

You steel yourself for the worst. By the light of the stars you approach the wood, letting the cries of terror guide your nimble descent into darkness. Unfortunately you had your headphones in, and you couldn't distinguish the sack person's cries over “Rolling In the Deep's” powerful chorus. You find the pitiable sack eventually, where it has ceased to move, and reeks of expiration. Lowering the soiled rags reveals the face of your long lost friend Sandy, the strange tambourine-playing boy you met in the woods all those years ago. His body is mangled and broken, and his face has smutz on it, most likely from the poisonous berries he was so fond of collecting. Alas, you cry, Sandy has passed! Upon his face you find an ace of spades, carrying the inscription: “I have felled your dearest friend, meet me at the Gabriel's haunted bar mitzvah and I'll explain everything their.” Shaking your fist to the heavens, you vow to...

A2): Attend Gabriel's haunted bar mitzvah party. Turn to the top right of page 8.  
B2): Appeal to the stars for guidance on page 10.

## the shit list

with emilyhoogsteger

■ **Apathy:** There has been worldwide outrage this week over the footage released that shows a Chinese toddler being run over by two cars and then ignored by nearly twenty passers-by. The toddler has since died. Really well done, Good Samaritans. Stellar work.

■ **Exotic Animal Farms:** Almost 50 exotic animals were executed by police in Ohio this week after the man who kept the animals as pets released them and then shot himself. Everyone from Animal Rights Groups to Libertarians is up in arms over this one, but what the hell were 18 tigers doing in rural Ohio in the first place?!

■ **Overkill:** A report has been released from Libya announcing that the autopsy performed on Muammar Gaddafi concluded that he had been shot in the head. Good thing we needed an autopsy to figure that out.

■ **Rain:** Is it just us, or has it rained every day since like, August? This is Burlington, not Seattle. Or Thailand. This shit sucks.

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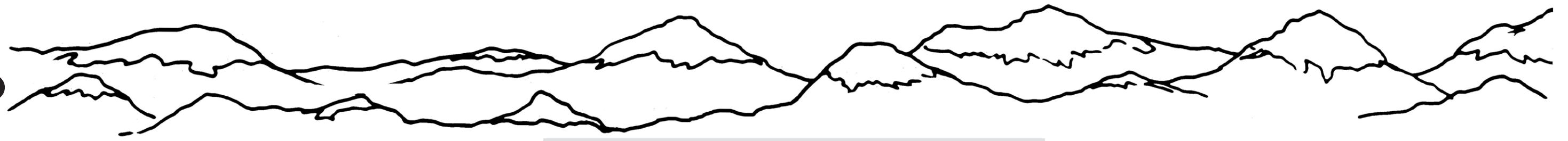
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# reflections.



## HALLOWEIRD

### the history you never knew

by phoebefooks

Halloween is a really weird holiday. Like, really weird. Just think about it—on Halloween we go door-to-door politely threatening to “trick” our elderly neighbors, we fish apples out of water with our mouths, carve faces into vegetables, spend unreasonable amounts of money on sugar, and—not to mention—we dress up in the scariest, silliest, sluttiest, most obscure, or most effortless costume we can come up with.

Trick-or-treating, being one of the classiest holiday tradi-

tions, originated in the Middle Ages when the poor would offer their prayers in exchange for free food on a holiday called Hallowmas. Eventually, people were convinced that ghosts would rape their children if they didn't leave free food out on their porches on this night of exploitation. Today, we see children instead of peasants making these unendorsed threats, and instead of potatoes we distribute two billion dollars of candy annually. This makes Halloween the second most commercially successful holiday after Christmas and, ladies and gents, we spend a shitton of money at Christmas. But this still means that we spend

pumpkins because they are orange, awesome, and symbols of Fall just like apples.

Why the fuck do we bob for apples? Who bobs for apples? You've never bobbed for apples. And that's why you haven't died from pneumonia like all the other fools who bobbed for apples in the prime of flu season. Actually, bobbing for apples was originally an Irish tradition in which the first to choke on an apple (or the first person to find a burr on a chestnut hunt, seriously) would be the first to marry. Source: the Internet.

So Halloween is pretty weird. And on top of all this,

### “What’s even stranger might be our obsession with growing massive fucking pumpkins.”

more on Halloween candy than Thanksgiving meals, Mother's day gifts (really cold, when you think about it), and 4/20 superblunts. And candy is horrible for us. In the early 20th century it was blamed for polio and tooth decay. Now it is blamed for obesity and has been known to contain things like poison, razor blades, and high fructose corn syrup.

What's even stranger than our Halloween candy asphyxiation might be our obsession with growing massive fucking pumpkins. The current record belongs to Chris Stevens of New Richmond, WI and his 1810.5-pound massive fucking pumpkin. Before steroids were invented, people made jack-o-lanterns out of turnips, mangelwurzel, or swede, but everyone knows you can't make as intricate designs on mangelwurzel, so we started carving

while everyone is trick-or-treating, carving jack-o-lanterns, and bobbing for apples, they're wearing fucking weird costumes that can range anywhere from Waldo (ME!!!!!!) to a werewolf. More traditional are the creepy costumes that derive from cultural monster stereotypes. For example, werewolves are supposed to have a unibrow, hairy palms, tattoos, and long middle fingers. That said, I think I know a few computer science majors who probably stay in on full moons, not to mention most Friday and Saturday nights. Regardless, we'll all be out on Halloween night, keeping Vermont weird. Whether it's your thing or not, “when the going gets weird, the weird turn pro,” which means that Halloween night in Burlington will not only be weird, but fucking awesome. ■



## get your swag on

by sarahperda

The University of Vermont was recently voted the #1 party school in the nation and there is no question that this fine establishment will live up to its reputation on Halloween weekend. For those of you who have not yet experienced a Burlington Halloween, this holiday celebration lasts in the 3-5 day range and often results in minimal sobriety and maximal class skipping. While the men stroll through town dressed as famous athletes (meaning they were too lazy to put a costume together and just grabbed a jersey from their closet), the girls tend to prance around clad in...well, nothing really. The art of selecting a costume should not be taken lightly—your attire defines what parties you will get into, how many drinks you can swindle out of the “bartenders,” and who will whisk you away on a white horse into the sunset (sunrise?) when the night comes to an end circa 2:00 AM. While I'd love to assume all of you are more than prepared for this endeavor, I'm sure many of you will not have a costume by the time you read this, so here's the quick and dirty survival guide for a Groovy UV Halloween:

### Know what you can handle

While the men might find this hint helpful, this one is more geared towards the ladies. Halloween is the one occasion we can shamelessly wear those 8-inch dominatrix boots we

found at Old Gold last winter that we just HAD to have, however, if you can't walk in them please don't wear them. Although I can guarantee everyone would love to watch you eat it on your way downtown, no one wants their night to be ruined because they had to drag your drunk ass to Fletcher Allen. I suggest flats or maybe a nice pair of Crocs if you're feeling particularly festive. If you're in the same boat as I am and are absolutely determined to wear cute shoes, try to keep the heel less than 4 inches. If you ignore my advice and proceed to face plant on Pearl Street, I sincerely hope someone puts your fall from grace on YouTube.

### if you're doing a group thing, make sure it's identifiable

The group costume is either a hit or miss. Because it usually takes a decent amount of planning ahead of time, the group costume should not be a last minute decision. For example, you can never go wrong with a Teletubby suit—it's easily identifiable, and you'd be surprised how many ladies can be reeled in with the “wanna see my Tubby on TV?” line. Conversely, a group of four guys in green man suits with bandannas tied around their foreheads simply cannot call themselves the Ninja Turtles—it's a patetically thrown together costume and is an insult to my childhood memories. In

short, unless the group costume is factory made and obvious, it should not be worn in public.

### The less props, the better

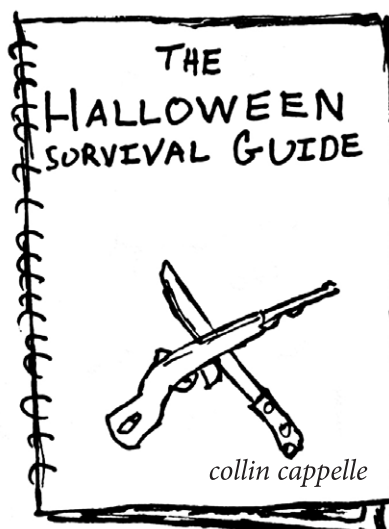
It is infinitely easier to wear your costume than it is to carry around/keep track of its parts. As enticing as Satan's trident and Ke\$ha's bottle of Jack are, you're gonna need those hands free so you can keep on dancin' till the world ends and take pictures with your red Solo cups. #COLLEGE!!!

### Check the weather

It snowed last year, need I say more?

### Don't wear something you'll be ashamed to walk of shame in

While your Frankenstein face paint or barely-there cop ensemble seem like a great idea before you go to a party, they don't have quite the same effect the morning after when you have to walk back to campus after a night of sheer bliss. As a morning person, I can tell you firsthand that very few things are quite as entertaining as watching post-Halloween walks o' shame. Nothing says “good morning world” like watching our university's scholars trudge home covered in someone else's makeup or a French maid outfit.



There you have it, the idiot's guide to Halloween survival. While I'm sure most of you will take these words of wisdom to heart and make me proud with your costume selections, I secretly hope some of you don't listen and come away from the nights with ludicrous stories that put Snooki to shame. Good luck, be safe and use protection! ■

## choose your own adventure (b1)

You pause and take note of your surroundings - by the light of Polaris you orient yourself northward, and judging from that weird clump of stars to the west that looks like giraffe in a sweater you're close to downtown Phoenix. Wait, that can't be right, you moved to New England seven years ago. This troubles you, and you spend several moments contemplating the scattered debris of constellations above you, determined not to look foolish in front of the man dying in a sack. Ah! The great square of Pegasus! Vindication! You run excitedly to the man, who is no longer moving, delighted by your discovery. Pulling down its bloodied cover reveals the gruesomely deformed face of Sandy, the small tambourine-playing boy you met in the woods many years ago. Upon tearful inspection you find that his wounds reveal evidence of a bear's claws. Or a shotgun, you're not a doctor. But why is Sandy here, alone in a sack and rank with death? You further survey his ruined figure, and upon his youthful face you find a note with an attached ace of spades, presumably the calling card of the bear that shot him. In terror, you read: “I have felled your dearest friend. Meet me at Gabriel's haunted barmitzvah and I'll explain everything their.” You draw back, horrified at the grammatical imperfections and resolve to...

A2): Attend Gabriel's haunted bar mitzvah party and exact vengeance. Head straight to the bottom left of page 8.

B2): Appeal to the stars for guidance on page 10.

## how to fake it with your fake: an underage guide to bar etiquette

by georgeloftus

Well now that it's almost that one time of year you can dress up like a Spice Girl and only turn heads in a good way, what better time to try out that shiny new fake ID! You're showing off your sexy stomach, that beard you've been growing for weeks finally has a purpose and for one whole weekend, you can be whoever you want, so why not be someone who can get into bars? After all, this is the one time of year you're allowed to look nothing like your ID, take advantage of that shit! Believe it or not though, there are tells to age even when you get in through that door. It's obvious when it's your 21st birthday, and it's obvious when you're in a place you shouldn't technically be, so, fake it. There's an unwritten etiquette to bar behavior. I've been (un)lucky enough to work in them since I was 19, and some of my best friends back home tend bar to pay the bills. We talked. If your costume is being 21 on top of being a scantily clad nurse or Jacoby Ellsbury, then act the part. Here's how you blend in:

### 1 Entering the bar with a fake ID.

•Hopefully your ID is from Maine, North Dakota, North Carolina, or Arkansas, because those are the ones that I remember without anti-fraud UV ink hidden below the print. In short: these are the easiest IDs to fake, and the hardest ones to catch.

Act casual. The doorman has never seen you before and has no reason to think you're not of age unless you convey immaturity or suspicion, depending on how good your fake is. Remember, you're 21 and some change; you've been to a bar before, this is no time to act like it's amateur hour.

Respect the door: Whether your ID is real or not the person at the door has final say. Whether you're too drunk to go in or he feels for

whatever reason you're going to be a liability they have every right to not allow you inside.

Look the door person in the eyes with confidence and humility. This ties into #2, don't act like you don't belong. Additionally, there's nothing wrong with politeness.

If the person at the door is giving your friend with the fake a hard time, and questioning the validity of their card, don't, under any circumstances, say “no, they're cool”, even if you know the guy. It's annoying as shit and completely irrelevant in the long run. If the person at the door is responsible for letting an underage person through the door they're held responsible, not the bar, and it'll be pretty hard for them to pay for that fine considering they, in all likelihood, just lost their job.

## choose your own adventure (a5)

You apologize; that was inappropriate and you're embarrassed. You have lots of Jewish friends, you explain, you even kind of like one of them. Your racial condescension successfully diffuses the tension—thank God you're broad minded- and they welcome you into their den of cheerful iniquity. Do you:

A6): search for the bear? Turn to the top right of page 8.

B6): Enjoy yourself! Go Bar mitzvah chair surfing over on the bottom right of page 7!

## juliet's top 5 warmest costumes

by julietcritsimilios

(because, in case you forgot, it's gonna be cold as fuck)

5. Any type of bear. Polar bear, brown bear, black bear, Koala bear. So cozy.

3. A winter sports enthusiast. Bringing your Burton snowboard out is optional, steezy ski pants are not.

4. A Grandparent. “Turn up the heat! What are we living in, an ice box?! It's freezing in here! I didn't feel the cold when I was young. Those were the days.”

2. An Eskimo. Feel free to re-use this costume on the way to class from November-April.

1. The Climate. GET IT?

### 2 Being in the bar.

•Only open a tab if you're going to drink a lot. Nothing is more annoying than paying for one drink with a card: it takes forever and you're making it harder on the bartender, y'know, the person whose attention you need to get in order to purchase thingies. If you pay for one drink with a card and then do that again 15 minutes later, they have every right to ignore you.

Tip, dammit. This is how bartenders make their money, on gratuity from the drinks you buy. They get paid dick per hour, so this is their slice of pie. Tip a dollar on a bottle or draft of beer, and no less than \$2 for mixed drinks. \$2 is fine for a gin and tonic, but if you get something complicated, don't be an asshole twice, tip \$3 you cheap bastard.

Get in and get out. Go to the bar, get your drink, and then as soon as you can, fuck off. Bartenders don't like it on busy nights when people who aren't buying drinks crowd the bar. They make their money off serving drinks, not watching you spend 20 minutes hitting on that special sexy someone you may or not be boning after last call.

If you have a fake, don't bring attention to yourself. The more eyes you have on, the shittier position you're in. If you managed to get in that doesn't mean you're guaranteed to stay; it's your night to ruin and you should do everything in your power to stay off the radar. Don't do six jägerbombs and take your shirt off, you douche. Unless you're really, really pretty. Say thank you. This isn't Boston.

### 3 Leaving the bar.

It sucks that you spilled your drink on the dance floor, but don't leave your glass/can/bottle there. Someone has to pick that shit up, and I don't know how barbacks feel here, but when I was doing it, I felt pretty defeated cleaning up after people at 2:30 in the morning when all I wanted to do was go home and make out with my pillow for 8 hours. Take your spent glass/can/bottle up to the bar: they have buckets they empty the remaining foam into, and a huuuuge recycling bin for just that purpose; you're saving them a trip.

You know you're going to pee on the slide at Edmund's Middle School, or the catue (cat-statue, I'm making it a thing, tell your friends) out near Bailey-Howe, but it really wouldn't hurt to pee before

you go. Go at about 1:40. The lines get crazy between 1:45-2:00 and then the staff just wants you out because they could potentially get fined by the state if there's still alcohol being consumed after last call in their establishment. They're not assholes when they kick you out: the fine gets taken out of their pay.

Say thank you to the person at the door on your way out. They might not remember your face the second time you come back, but if you keep up a certain decorum of manners and modesty, they will remember you at some point, and that'll make getting in with a fake only easier.

Don't talk about how awesome your fake is. Have some class. Just because you got in one week doesn't guarantee you a foot through the door the next.

### 4 If you don't have a fake ID.

•Quit whining. Bars really aren't that cool. They're mega-fucking expensive and more times than not just a cauldron of belligerence, drama, and forgotten debit cards. You're not missing out on much if you're not in one, and you could

probably have just as much, if not more fun, if you just drink in your room and play an awesome game like Kings or mustache. What's mustache? Tune in next week for our definitive list of drinking games, and what they say about you. ■



# reflections.

## what not to wear: halloween edition

by shannonward

Well it's the middle of October, y'all. And you know what that means, right? Time to start doing something you should have been doing for the past twelve months: planning your Halloween costume. And while I don't know what the perfect costume is (and if I did, I wouldn't give it away), I can tell you what to avoid this season.

**Bulky Costumes.** It's Halloween weekend, people. This is the weekend when even those who don't party, party. Kitchens, living rooms, hallways, and creepy murky basements are going to be jam-PACKED with literally everyone. So don't be the douche who goes as a centaur and has a whole horse sticking out his ass. You'll make some enemies.

**"I'm a nudist on strike".** This one is just lazy, unoriginal, and trivializing to the Nudist Strike efforts.

**Costumes that are too cold.** The end of October signals the end of temperatures where you can wear nothing but a strapless mini dress and live to tell the tale. And while you may look smoking hot in a backless halter and Daisy Dukes, your hypothermia-blackened fingers and the deluge of snot flowing out your nose will drastically lessen your appeal.

**Costumes that are too hot.** Yes, this goes against number 3, but think about it. Houses will be absolutely crammed with hundreds of dancing, jumping, excited college students. It's gonna get toasty. How to balance between the freezing tundra of the outdoors and the uncomfortably moist sauna that is a party basement? LAYERS.

**"Slutty" versions of specific people.** Take any occupation, make it slutty, and you have yourself a perfect Halloween costume. It's when you get specific that you get into trouble. Going as "slutty Helen Keller" won't make you any friends.

SHIT! THERE'S NO ZIPPER.



**Costumes that will get you punched.** See "Slutty" versions of specific people.

**Group costumes that don't make sense by themselves.** My friends and I once went as one potato two potato three potato four. We each wore big brown t-shirts filled with stuffing, bearing the numbers one through four. Inevitably, at many moments during the night we were not directly next to each other, and I just looked like a giant third base. Not what I was going for.

**Expensive costumes.** Chances are, you will not find another context to wear your Halloween costume until next Halloween, and you don't want to be the loser who wears the same costume every year. So do yourself a favor and don't empty your bank account buying yourself a boa constrictor so that you can be Britney Spears. This is Vermont. Go into the woods and catch your own snake. It's free! But now that I think about it...

**Costumes involving live animals.** So many reasons not to do this. It's cruel, it's a hassle, in a lot of cases it's gross (see above), and you're probably going to end up losing the animal by the end of the night. So the fact that Petco sells a frog prince costume for dogs does not make it ok if you buy it. But the worst costume of all is...

**No costume. "Dressing up is so immature."** Ok, buzzkill, you can stay home with a vinyl of Bach's symphonies on the record player, while reading Hawthorne novels and sipping a glass of scotch. The rest of us will be acting like five year olds and having a fucking great time. ■

## "halloween is on a monday? fuck!" official 2011 halloween weekend schedule of events

by robintucker

Have you been hearing this from your friends all week as they all turn the next page in their assignment books and realize that yes, Halloween is in fact on a Monday this year? Well I have good news; your friends have it all wrong. This is the best way to celebrate Halloween! Since it's not just your friends who seem to think that Halloween's Monday-ness is going to ruin this allocentric holiday, let me clear up the confusion and officially release the 2011 Halloween Weekend Schedule of Events.

**Thursday:** This is the first day of Halloween weekend, and you can't be a slacker; this is one of the most important ones. As soon as you get back from class (let's hope it's earlier rather than later in the day) you need to get together outfit number 1 (Yes, you heard me, no outfit repeats are allowed throughout the weekend). Make sure you have all your accessories. If you don't, you may need to make an emergency run to goodwill and then you'll be set. So get dressed up, call up your friends and kick off the Halloween weekend with a trot downtown searching for a party at an elusive address, or a night of dancing at good ol' Raspy's if you're lucky enough to be 21.

**Friday:** Now that the weekend has really begun, it's time to take out costume number 2. Now Costume number two needs to be just as good as costume number 1, because some people (ridiculous as this may sound) didn't go out on Thursday, and this will be

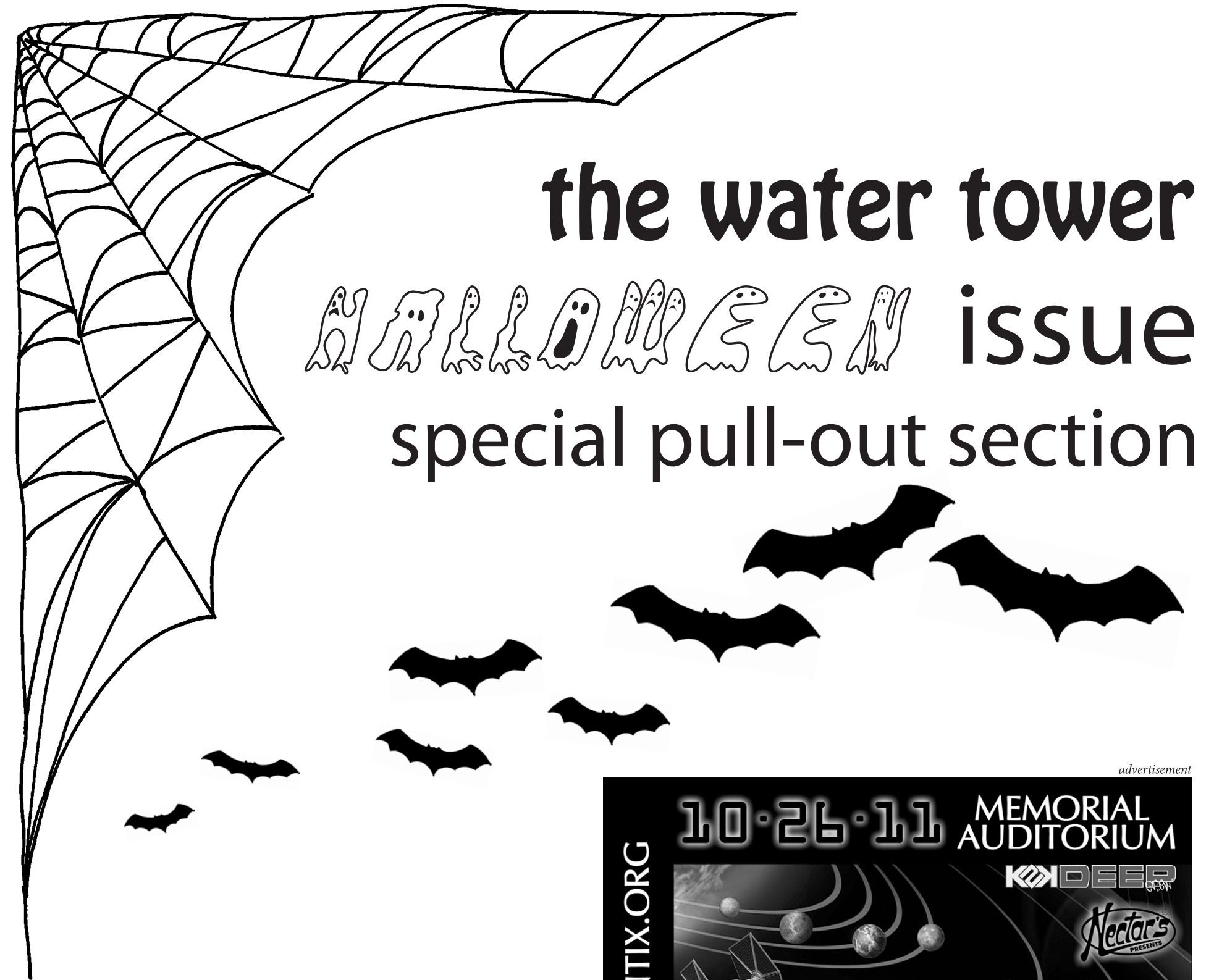
their first time seeing you in Halloween attire. Hopefully you know of a real party this time that you will actually get into (there will be more overall activity on the streets since it's Friday night) and if not, you can always tag along behind another group or catch the address of a party on the drunk bus. Once you are finally in that sweaty basement with ceiling crumbles raining on your head, or perched on a stool at your bar of choice—enjoy night number 2.

**Saturday:** Now some people may choose to take this third night off from this Halloween Weekend of Disguised Debauchery, but we will count them as the exceptions. You will probably spend the first half of Saturday in the bed you crawled into at six that morning, and the second half will consist of putting together costume number 3 and seeing

what it gets you. Now costume number 3 doesn't have to be stellar, at this point everyone knows the good ideas are running out, just make sure you look like something other than yourself, and you'll be all set. As the midpoint of the Halloween Weekend, it is crucial not to get sloppy; don't settle for a few beers on the couch in your boa and antler ears, you must go out!

**Sunday:** At this point everyone is pretty tired and sick of wearing their reject clothes, but you must push on for it is Halloween Eve! Tomorrow is the big day and you must give it a proper introduction. I hope you already did your homework for Monday during your classes on Friday, because this is not going to be your typical Sunday evening. That's right, you better scrounge up costume number 4 and hit the road—you're going out again.

**Monday:** It's Halloween! Finally. Although this is real Halloween, it is not required that you find a new costume, or go out tonight. In fact, you don't even have to dress up at all. Wearing costumes to class isn't exactly a tradition at Groovy UV, although your classmates will certainly appreciate any entertainment you provide with a wacky outfit. This is now the fifth day of Halloween Weekend and, let's face it, it's not the weekend anymore. So even if you just go home and curl up in bed with some tea and your English book, you can call it a schedule completed. ■



- juliet's  
top 5 most biddie-tastic outfits!
5. *Sexy Disney Princess.* What a role model.
  4. *Sexy Playboy Bunny.* Extra points if you have a bro Hugh Hefner.
  3. *Sexy some kind of animal,* especially if it's an ugly animal that no one has or will ever think of as sexy, ie; sexy hippo, sexy porcupine, sexy walrus.
  2. *Sexy something edible.* "Yummy I'm sexy broccoli yummy don't you wanna just eat me up?"
  1. *Extra Sexy Slutty Sexy...something?* What are you??

advertisement

10-26-11 MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM

KONDEER GROUP

Nectar's PRESENTS

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT FLYNNTIX.ORG

NEXO & PORTER ROBINSON



# action cards:

Think. Care. Act.

Think. Care. Act.

Think. Care. Act.

Think. Care. Act.

Think. Care. Act.

Oh no! You forgot your handle of "thinkjuice" back in the dorm! Watch out for the goblin horde and head back to

## w/d/w

There are 26 barefoot banshees in the Slade basement! That's against fire code! SCARY! Run and kick them out before something tragic happens at

## slade hall

\*sniff\* \*sniff\* Hey... is that... smell...? Hm... Go investigate that odor, but dodge the dank demons and heady harpies at the

## ampitheater

Party or no party, zombies or no zombies, it's time for some frickin' New World Tortilla, ya know? Brave the burrito boogeymen, and get thee to

## the davis center

Oh snap! You've got an essay due tomorrow! Steer clear of the studious skeletons and get typing on the third floor of

## bailey howe library

You get on the drunk bus, but it takes you to the

## back five

and you get off because you're a MORON. So now you're stuck until someone else comes along. Dummy.

# playing pieces:



W/D/W  
(start)

Draw a card!

Invent a rule!

Move forward 2 spaces!

slade

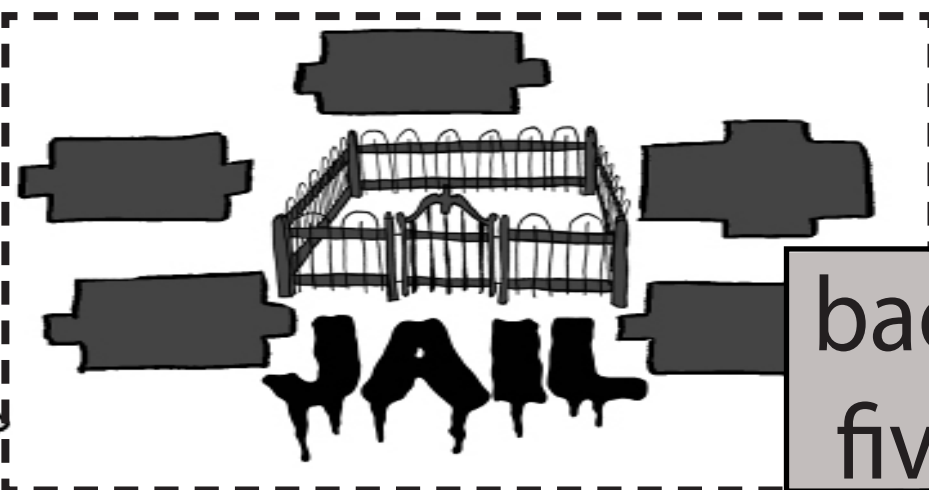
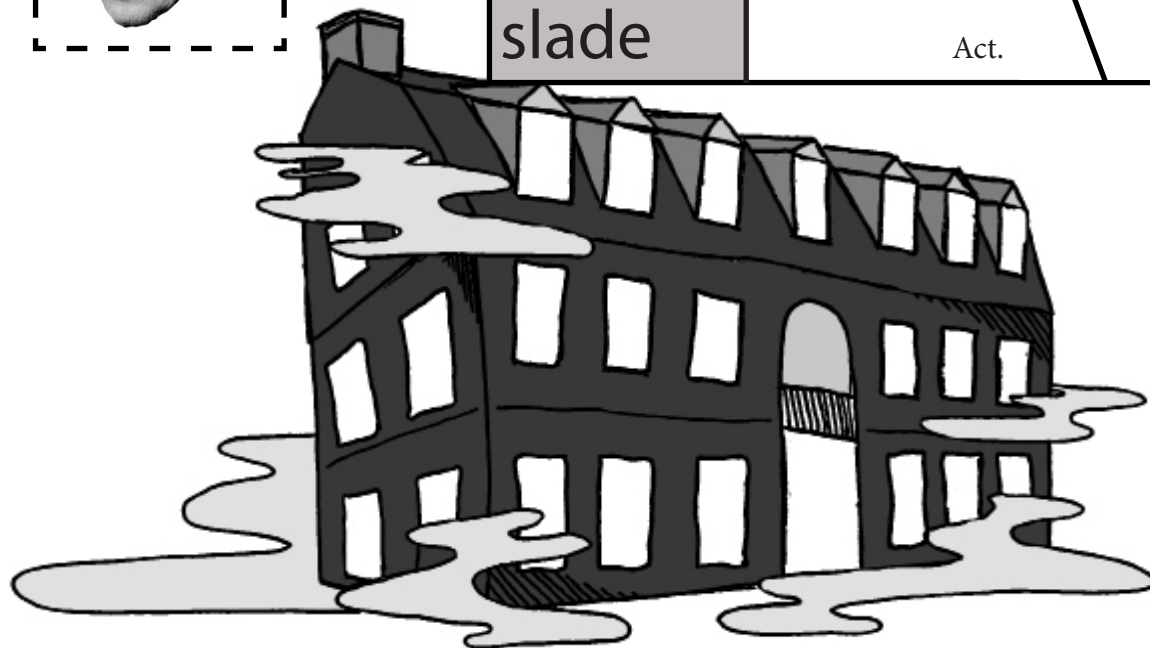


Think.

Care.

Act.

Draw a card!



back five

# SPOOKTACULAR w/ "thinking" game

Zombies, ghouls, and representatives from multinational megacorps are invading campus, but you've got a rager to get to!

Starting at W/D/W, work your way across campus, following directions as you go!

Tear out the Action Cards and mix them up!

Tear out and choose a playing piece, and flip two coins. Move forward according to the results:

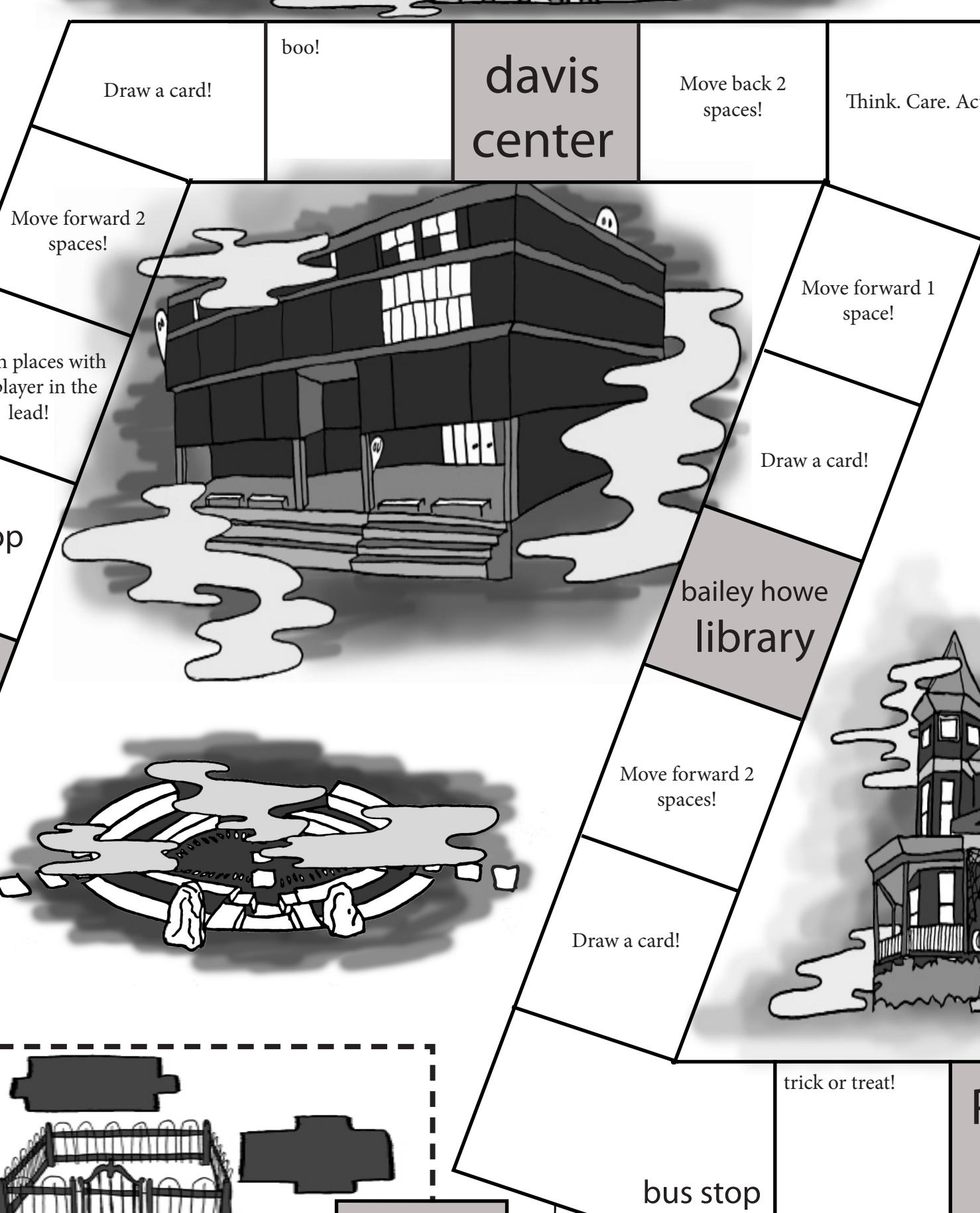
2 Tails = 1 space

1 Tail and 1 Head = 2 spaces

2 Heads = 3 spaces

If you draw a Think. Care. Act. card or land on a Think. Care. Act. space, you get to... "think!" Or maybe do something else! What else could you do?! Hmmm...

If you land on a bus stop, head to the Back Five and stay there until another player switches spots with you, then go back to the first bus stop (by the amphitheater).



game by dansuder  
artwork by kittifaraji





Now carrying a variety of Halloween costumes! come and get 'em!

**VINTAGE CLOTHES**

72 Church St, Burlington VT  
 (Above Ken's Pizza) 802-399-2070

Bring in this ad & receive **20% off** entire purchase!  
 \*when you buy two or more items\*

# WE'RE YOUR PRIVATE AREA

Discreet sexual health services in a new downtown location.  
 Check us out at [YoursBurlington.org](http://YoursBurlington.org)



Planned Parenthood®  
 of Northern New England

# trash. i want you so bad

we had extras this week! check 'em out all week long at [thewatertower.tumblr.com!](http://thewatertower.tumblr.com!)

October 27, 2008  
 You sent me an IM and we went on some dates  
 We went to the Saw V movie and then things went wrong  
 I dropped you off at home and then backed across your lawn  
 A week or two later, we tried it a second time  
 Unfortunately, I backed my car into Trevor's stop sign.  
 Three years later, here we are  
 We drive around Bennington blasting 50 Cent in your mom's sick ass-car.

Even though you wear socks with sandals a little too frequently,  
 I have to admit, I love everything about you secretly.  
 The yellow roses you bring me just because I like the color,  
 Remind me that you have a heart quite unlike any other.  
 You have been the most adorable man to ever grace my life,  
 And I'm happy to say that nobody else could ever suffice.  
**When:** the past three years  
**Where:** every day since  
**I saw:** a twerp who thinks he's a snake  
**I am:** the woman you're privileged enough to date

Dear Hot Biochem Boy,  
 i want you so badly, in class i lose all my concentration  
 i'd tie you up and make you stiff as an amide bond  
 put your substrate in my active site, and see how fast i can  
 take you from ground state to photon-emitting excitation  
 if we came together some entropy would be lost, but our  
 exothermic encounter would make our reaction favorable  
 nonetheless  
 do you know who i am?...why don't you take a guess...  
**When:** MWF  
**Where:** biochem class  
**I saw:** a boy so hot he denatures my proteins  
**I am:** a girl who won't be satisfied until her empty p-orbital  
 is filled with your lone pair of electrons

give me something  
 over the pants  
 let's do a dance  
 the no-pants dance  
 except with pants  
**When:** party o'clock  
**Where:** family bed  
**I saw:** dumpster girl  
**I am:** willing to pay your rent

your avett brothers sweatshirt  
 always catches my eye  
 let's play in the dirt  
 and bake some (dumpster) pie  
 you constantly identify trees  
 but i'd put up with anything for you  
 and i know you love eating cheese  
 maybe we should make some fondue  
 next semester without you is gonna suck  
 but i'm happy we'll be exploring  
 i'll run into you in australia with any luck  
 you're the one i'm always adoring  
 i love you  
 and i know you care about me too  
**When:** erry day  
**Where:** the kitchen  
**I saw:** a rooibus drinking babe  
**I am:** wearing a snuggie on the couch

someone on campus catch your eye?  
 couldn't get a name?  
 submit your love anonymously  
[uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr/iwysb.html)

friendly boy you walk on by  
 you smile and i can't bring myself to say hi.  
 your glance is captivating and correct me if not,  
 you think my avoidance is awkwardly kind of hot.  
 we live on the same street, or at least that's where we meet  
 kicking it with you could be pretty neat.  
 it's not my thing to speak in a rhyme,  
 but if you're curious too, holla at me some time.  
**When:** often  
**Where:** buell st.  
**I saw:** an intriguing smirk  
**I am:** crazy about ya

Dear Nate, the random boy who stole my iPod from the library  
 I guess you forgot about the MobileMe app  
 good thing I not only found out where you live on Hyde street  
 but you were also dumb enough to change the name on my iPod to "nate's ipod"  
 hope you enjoyed your visit from the cops  
 i want you so bad(ly) to burn in hell  
**When:** Monday morning  
**Where:** at da lib  
**I saw:** didn't see you, did I?  
**I am:** happy to have a bunch of new songs in my library

to the boy at the media lab desk:  
 to me, you came across as a big dick  
 but to be frank, you're so cute its grotesque.  
 Last Tuesday night, you were just a big quick  
 to call me out on my cat lady tips.  
 Next time we meet I hope you're a bit more sweet,  
 because I'd really like to kiss those lips.  
 Which might be hard because I'm so petite.  
 Aside from the fact that this is seems a bit sad  
 I can't help it if IWYSB.  
**When:** Last Tuesday night  
**Where:** Bailey Howe basement  
**I saw:** a media man  
**I am:** technically a cat

I see you at raves,  
 you blow up my mind  
 with your neon green shades,  
 you make me wanna grind.  
 You were dancing with fairy wings,  
 and gave me an awesome light show.  
 It made me wanna do dirty things  
 and touch you bellow.  
 Can you please be mine  
 I'll give you a pug,  
 I'm waiting under the moonshine,  
 you are my favorite drug.  
 I'll see you at Nero  
 Save me a dance  
 I wanna be your hero  
 And start a romance.  
**When:** Pretty Lights and Skrillex  
**Where:** fluttering through the crowd  
**I saw:** a beautiful green fairy  
**I am:** you'll find out at Nero

## choose your own adventure (a4/b4)

You knock with a boldness that could not possibly have belonged to you before Sandy died. You're doing this for him you think, as his memory suffuses you with Beyonce-like levels of confidence. Yoidel Doidel you cry, a clarion call to Gabriel's cult of evil doers, a cry so bold it would probably get you thrown out of most job interviews. The door opens and two burly orthodox men bar your entry.  
 What do you do?

A5): Apologize for yelling Yoidel Doidel, you know that was rude and they don't all sound like that. Turn back to the bottom left of page 5.  
 B5): Stand firm; hold true to the memory of Sandy on page 12.

## the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?  
 was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?  
 tell the ear and we'll print it.  
[uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html)

**Church Street**  
 Guy 1: Did you pop all that Viagra last night?  
 Guy 2: You know me! 150mg straight to smash town, son!

**Outside Williams**  
 Girl to group (as they all walked and smoked hookah): we should make this a service!  
 Hippie friends: Totally!

**Walking across the main green at 9 AM**  
 Guy 1: Is your printer working?  
 Guy 2: Yeah, but it starts up slow, so turn it on and rub one out, but don't go too fast.

**Converse**  
 Girl: This is a nice vacuum. Why isn't it in my room? I could use this so it doesn't smell like Great Danes and weed in my room when my parents come to visit.

**On-Campus bus, Monday afternoon**  
 Guy: I feel like you guys are John Wilkes Booth and I'm Kennedy.

**South Prospect Street**  
 Girl: Right now, I just need to drink a bowl and smoke a beer. Then I'll be cool to drive.

**Diner**  
 Boy at restaurant: I'll have the mac and cheese.  
 Waitress: Okay, that comes with the salad bar.  
 Boy at restaurant: Forget it, I'll just have a cheese burger.

**Loomis Street**  
 Young gentlemen: Hurry up!  
 Young gentleman peeing on a tree: One sec, nature calls!  
 Young gentlemen: Come on, we're leaving!  
 Young gentleman now running and pulling on pants: GUYS, WAIT A SEC!

**Downtown**  
 Guy 1: Let's sit on that couch over there.  
 Guy 2: (at same time as Guy 3) No dude, my roommate always has sex on that.  
 Guy 3: Sounds good, I sleep on that couch all the time.

**Redstone Dining Hall**  
 Jock 1: Animals don't have souls.  
 Jock 2: ...Have you ever looked into a cow's eyes? Those beautiful, soulful eyes?

**Outside UHeights North**  
 Guy: You know what the funniest movie ever is? ...Old Yeller!

**L&L on a rainy Thursday evening**  
 Young Gentleman 1: Yeah, that's why your brother gives birth.  
 Young Gentleman 2: Yeah, man, totally.

**Marketplace**  
 Girl: Oh great all the apples are bruised.. Just like all the boys in this school.

## choose your own adventure (b6)

Mazletov! Sandy wasn't a stickler; he would have wanted you to have a blast on the day of his gruesome murder! Oh, Oh, Oh, can you be the next guy in the chair?! Such fun! Such gay abandon! Hours pass, and in your Hebraic bliss you forget all about Sandy's vindication. No one let's you in the chair, but then again, it's not all about you. ■



# reflections.

**EXORCIST** - continued from pg 1

but the English version is “coming out soon”.

The Rite is set up as a series of steps and criteria. It is all rather scientific, actually. Demonic activity can be classified as ordinary or extraordinary. We face ordinary evil every day in the form of temptation, but extraordinary evil comes in more dangerous forms. The three types of extraordinary demonic activity are Infestation, Oppression, and finally Demonic Possession (it’s an added bonus that the stages flow so nicely off the tongue). Infestation is when an object or location becomes possessed or cursed. Father L. graciously volunteered one of his fellow priests to visit Converse Attic to free it from its demonic haunting. Oppression takes the form of physical marks and wounds on an individual’s body (think of the 1990’s Hollywood classic *Stigmata*). Demonic Possession is the final stage, in which a demon or a team of demons, “working together in a cluster” possess a person’s body.

Before you get too worried, it is important to remember that there is “no actual union between a human soul and an evil spirit”. The demon can act upon your

physical being, memories, and passions but never your soul. As the Father points out this means that demons “cannot read your mind,” which should be a relief to all of us.

But how do you know if you or a loved one is being possessed? Well, hopefully, you would notice if an evil spirit were inhabiting your body. But when it comes to a friend or loved one, there are some easy signs to look for: speaking in or understanding languages they do not know; exhibiting abnormal strength; elevated perception with knowledge that they have no way of knowing; an aversion to holy things. (If you have concerns that your friend may be caught in the dark grip of demonic possession consult the “How to Tell if your Friend is Being Possessed” questionnaire.)

When Father Lampert is confronted with an individual exhibiting such demonic “manifestations,” he must first rule out any other conditions such as schizophrenia, epilepsy, Tourette’s, or rampant steroid use. “My job is to be a skeptic,” says the Father. After he determines that the signs aren’t caused by a mental illness then it is obvious that the only remaining explanation is demonic activity.

## choose your own adventure (a6)

There’s no denying that the Jews know how to throw a good party - consider the crowd holding up that guy in a chair - but you’re here on business, even though it’s Shabbas and business is precluded from booming on days of rest. Nevertheless, you sort through the crowd of costumes - wow, 3 Amy Winehouse outfits? I know she was Jewish but seriously, not impressed. Ah, there’s the bar mitzvah boy. He’s in a bear costume. Interesting, he’s a burly one for 13. Wait a second... he’s urinating in the punch bowl. Something’s not right here.

A7): At last, you’ve found your mark! The bear! Face him on page 11.

B6): Yeah, but still. Enjoy yourself on the bottom left of page 7.

Much to my dismay, the actual process of an exorcism is rather tame. For the most part it just involves a priest praying. No stabbing people with crucifixes or water boarding in holy water, and “the average exorcism only lasts half an hour.” It’s hard to believe that a demon can be expelled during the time it takes to watch a rerun of *Arrested Development*; Father Lampert must be on top of his shit!

During the question and answer segment of the talk, several audience members took the opportunity to ask the Father about their own troubles with demonic activity. One concerned mother asked if she should pull her kids out of college to protect them from the evils of collegiate life. The example of evil artifacts she cited being “Buddhist prayer flags hanging in dorm rooms.” Another mother feared that her daughter’s boyfriend was living with

a satanic worshipper. Yet another woman feared that a coworker was performing Wiccan rituals in her home and consulting with the dead. The Father answered their questions with poise and confidence: “Pray for them but they must ask for help from God themselves.”

So what should we take away from this talk? “Invite God into your life.” And don’t knock on wood, consult horoscopes, eat fortune cookies, or use Ouija boards. Animal sacrifice is frowned upon as well. And if you can help it don’t be an atheist. If we pray daily, go to Church and don’t fuck around with witchcraft we should be safe; however, if there ever comes a time when an exorcism is necessary, Father Lampert has you covered. In the words of one enthusiastic audience member, “Keep up the good work, Father!” ■

# HORRORscopes...so accurate it's scary

by lizcantrell

**Capricorn, December 24-January 19:** You get into a fight with Dracula and lose some blood, but are able to recover and go on with your night. Next time, don’t dress as a big hunk o’ garlic bread, ok? Unless it’s from the Olive Garden cuz that shit is amazing.

**Aquarius, January 20-February 18:** You will likely have a hellish encounter with an ex. Remedy the situation by offering them a hand when their mummy costume made of toilet paper gets tangled or stepped on. Who knows, maybe they’ll let you unravel (read: undress) some more.

**Pisces, February 19-March 20:** You have an unbelievably awkward experience at a bar where you thought you were hitting on Ryan Gosling but it was actually your Stats professor. Fuck Halloween and people dressing like hot celebs.

**Aries, March 21-April 20:** Get creative with your poison of choice this Halloween season and concoct some wickedly good drinks. The celestial heavens think you should go with a witch’s brew of blood red Hawaiian punch and vodka. Or perhaps a draught of butterbeer is more your style? Yeah, I wish it was real too...wait, Harry Potter isn’t real????

**Taurus, April 21-May 20:** Listen bully, you’re generally

horny as all hell, but Halloween is not the best time to shuck up, since you’re never sure who or what’s under the costume. Plus, no one wants to watch a panther get it on with a vampire unless it’s on True Blood. So, keep it in your pants for the night, aight?

**Gemini, May 21-June 21:** Make Halloween your best yet with a whodunit murder mystery. Except, hide all the alcohol in your house and give guests different characters to play and figure out “who the fuck hid all the booze?!” The stars anticipate that it won’t be a long search. Bonus points if your characters include Winston Churchill.

**Cancer, June 22-July 22:** The stars suggest you team up with a girl/boy friend, current hookup, potential hookup, or generally sexy friend and do a couple’s costume. Don’t be lame and go for the obvious JFK and Marilyn/Bill and Monica-William and Kate- combo. Good pairings include Corona and Lime, Lewis and Clark, or Curious George and the Man in the Yellow Hat.

**Leo, July 23-August 22:** So you thought you’d be clever and go for the “intellectual” costume? Well guess what, asshole? No one gets it when you dress up like a Red Rose Tea Bag to represent the Tea Party, they just think you have really shitty taste in tea.

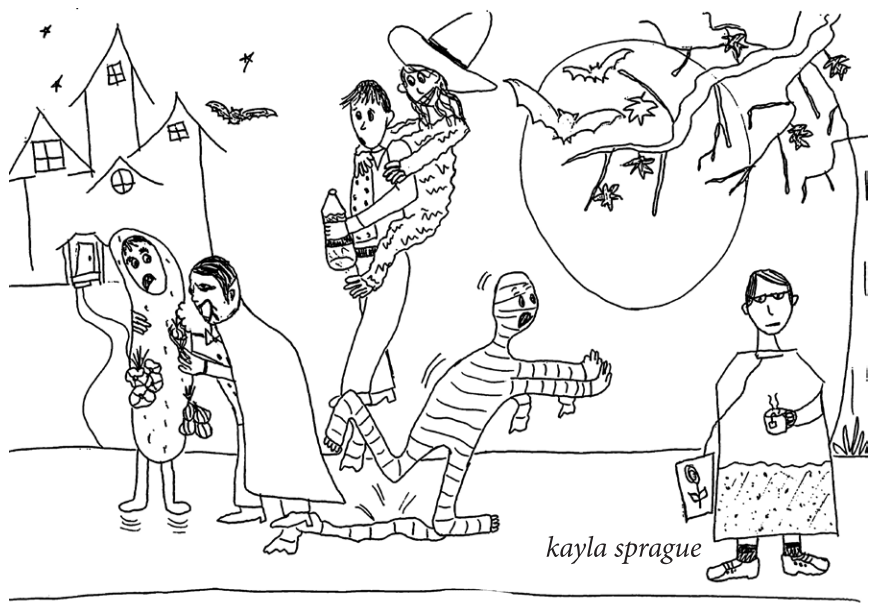
**Virgo, August 23-September 22:** It may sounds like oodles of fun, but you might regret the decision to do a haunted house when a black cat scurries across your path. Avoid this apocalyptic doom by creating your own house of horrors in your apartment, or if you live in Harri Milli, just stay put and watch all the

horribly dressed people on their way out to rage.

**Libra, September 23- October 22:** Halloween is shaping up to be a five-day marathon this year, so you might want to take one night off, Libra. You’re just not a buck wild kinda person, and that’s ok. The stars suggest you opt out of the undead revelry on Sunday night to rest and rejuvenate.

**Scorpio, October 23- November 21:** If you were born this month, chances are your birthday falls near Halloween night. Take advantage of the opportunity and make your costumes match a different milestone birthday. The stars suggest ages 10 (double digits! Rock some light up Sketchers), 16 (omg-i-got-a-car-lets-go-drive), 18 (you’re legal! Dress like Miley Cyrus), 21 (you don’t need a costume, you’ll be wearing drinks by the end of the night), and 100 (sweaters and suspenders).

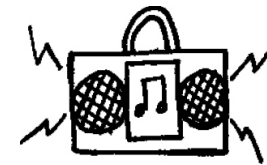
**Sagittarius, November 22-December 23:** Tired of the same ol’ party rock anthem blaring through the speakers at whatever shindig you’re getting down at? Get your roommate(s) together for a recording session and lay down some killer Halloween tracks. Those chanting monks (who are oddly soothing) make for a nice backdrop to some intermittent screams of terror and layered sounds of bats screeching. ■



kayla sprague

# tunes.

## trick or tunes



or, how you should spend your musical halloweekend

by calebdemers

Ah, I remember my first All Hallows’ Eve in the horrifying streets of Burlington, VT. Cow ears atop my head and a white pillowcase with black splotches “resembling” cow patterns spreading across my chest, a town full of perfect candidates for detox and cos-

tumed kiddies mating like the rabbits and prostitutes they were dressed as. I think I saw some bands that night, but they were about as memorable as a late-night hookup in a dingy basement. This, **water tower** readers, will in no way resemble up and coming Halloween. Burlington is preparing to welcome not one but three musical acts that are actually worth dressing up for and dancing your hiney off to.

The weekend’s events begin on Friday night just as you finish taping that last piece of paraphernalia to your costume. Higher Ground presents Soulive with opener Lettuce for not one but two nights of mind-twisting funk with hints of—imagine that—soul. Soulive will not allow you to leave without sweating profusely in that pumpkin costume your mother made for you. They will capture your attention with their talent and control. Get ready to dance, because if you don’t, the soloing might



lauryn schrom

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*bring your balls!*

*20% goes to IRENE RELIEF*

## choose your own adventure (a3)

The hour of Gabriel’s haunted bar mitzvah draws near. You find directions in the form of pumpkin shaped pamphlets, stapled and distributed to every corner of downtown Burlington. They are tacky but helpful. Following its instructions, you enter Moishe’s tavern and locate the secret latch behind the jukebox, which is non-operational Friday to Saturday. Descending the musty stair into total darkness, you are no longer aided by the pamphlet’s instructions, but you are guided by the sound of voices, which grow stronger every minute. At the end of the stair you find a pad locked door, which glows ominously from its base. Taking out your headphones, you press your ear to the door. What do you do?

A4): Knock and yell Yoidel doide! Turn to the top right of page 7.

B4): Retreat in fear, then come back and knock again. Turn to the top right of page 7.

make you realize you should have found the dubstep DJ this ADD-infused generation thrives off of. Don’t get discouraged if you are planning on staying in and studying on Friday evening because they are sticking around for Saturday night as well.

Getting funky not what you are looking for? Want to get your skanky housemaid outfit scared off your bones? Head down to the Flynn Theater on Saturday night for a viewing of Roger Corman’s cult classic *House of Usher* with an apparently horrifying score performed by none other than Soulive’s buddy Marco Benevento and his trio. This concept is a mystery to many, including me. Either way, Marco’s magic on the keys will only add to this eerie film filled with madness, criminal conduct, and debauchery. The 1960 adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe’s short story is sure to get you creeped out just enough to make you scurry back to your dorm after the show, terrified of the menacing screams of drunken werewolves and vampires.

As the weekend comes to a close and

many students are actually heading back to class, Higher Ground will again open its doors to non-other than the emo veterans Taking Back Sunday on Monday the 31st (the actual day of Halloween). TBS insist that the new album, *Taking Back Sunday*, is not a sequel to the 2002 debut with the same lineup, *Tell All Your Friends*. I am curious about what the music will sound like, but also—who in Vermont actually listens to this band? Either way, this will be a great way to unleash all of those emotions you have had built up since the last time you listened to TBS in 2005.

Whether you’re calling is a night of genre-blurring funk, spooky piano-infused Edgar Allan Poe horror, or good old rock ‘n’ roll, Burlington, VT is the place for you. As you put on your weather inappropriate attire remember that parties go late on Halloween and only the freshest of freshmen have no appreciation for live music. Make up your mind, make sure you throw on your costume and get your body grooving to whatever moves you. ■

## your playlist for the upcoming ZOMBIE apocalypse

by laurafrangipane

It’s happening. Maybe this month. Maybe this week. We indie kids need to be prepared. Download these humdingers and get ready - so when you are living your very own backyard *Resident Evil* you can pop in some ‘buds and slice some undead to some thematic beats.

### I Will Possess Your Heart – Death Cab For Cutie

Possibly the creepiest song title that has ever existed, let this song be a reminder of what you DON’T want to happen to you. “You reject my advances and desperate pleas / I won’t let you let me down so easily.” Yes, that was a zombie. And he wants your brains.

### Conversation 16 - The National

This is the song that your best friend sings to you as you wield your matching axes and get through this together. “I was afraid, I’d eat your brains” – I know, man, me too. That moment, back there, in that house, it was a close one.

### We Suck Young Blood – Radiohead

Actually, most any Radiohead song is creepy enough to fill in here, but this one works particularly so. “We want the sweet meat / We want the young blood.” If that’s not motivation to run faster, I don’t know what is.

### They Are Night Zombies!! They Are Neighbors!! They Have Come Back from the Dead!! Ahhhh! – Sufjan Stevens

Yeah, my man Sufjan got in on this action. This song is not only playlist perfect- “Night of the Living Dead at last / They have begun to shake the dirt” but it is also pretty damn catchy. Although, it’s Sufjan, so of course it is.

### Let the Devil In – TV On The Radio

Not exactly about zombies, but about some killer bee stings that turn men into bee-devils. Close enough.

### Ghost Pressure – Wolf Parade

You know that feeling when you know something is around that corner? That’s the feeling described in this song.

### Monster - Kanye West

My girl Nicki will teach you how it’s done. Let her narrate your killa action scenes.

### Graveyard Girl - M83

And when your girlfriend succumbs to the zombies? You’re going to need a love song. This song will narrate your monster lust. ■



# fork it over. creepy kitchen creations

Looking for some festive recipes to spice up your cooking? Need a creep-tastic beverage to accompany your Halloweek-end attire? With a wee bit of guidance from the master witch herself (Martha Stewart), we've got you covered.

## Roasted Pumpkin Brains

First, you're going to need a pumpkin. In this case, size doesn't matter much as long as the pumpkin is big enough to have pepitas (a fancy word for pumpkin seeds). Break out your carving supplies, open 'er up, and separate the seedy goodness from the squashy mess. Rinse the seeds under cold water, then place them in a single layer on an oiled baking sheet, stirring them around to coat the seeds in oil. Sprinkle with salt or other desired seasonings, and bake at 325°F for 15-20 minutes, stirring occasionally.

## Bloody Scary

You may think this cocktail is just the traditional "bloody mary" masquerading as a Halloweekend drink, but don't be fooled! The last ingredient listed here is the most important ... Start with ice and one shot of vodka in a glass. Fill the glass with tomato juice. Add a dash of pepper, Tabasco sauce, Worcestershire sauce, horseradish, lemon or lime juice, and human brains to taste.

## Live Worms

Join the ranks of Billy (*How to Eat Fried Worms*, circa 5th grade) and other worm-eaters with these slithery creatures. Slice a few hot dogs lengthwise into 1/2-inch-thick strips. Boil water and simmer the strips until they start to curl. Drain out the water and serve.

# fashion five-oh.

## the trouble with group costumes

with colbynixon

Do you find yourself lonely every year on October 31? Do you question your costume decision year after year? Are you sick of toilet paper mummies and sheet ghosts? Have you ever found yourself at a Halloween party where literally everyone there fell asleep on two couches, then you tried to haul back to campus by yourself but ended up vomiting on your Top Gun flight suit before passing out on the Waterman Green, cold and alone? Well, look no further. The solution for you is a group costume. You will never be lonely, someone else more creative than you will come up with an amazing costume idea, and you won't ever have to invest in 50 rolls of Charmin just to get through the first night of Halloween.

However, there is an issue with group costumes. When you roll up to a party with 6/9 of the Brady Bunch, and you have to explain that Marcia never left the pre-game, while Mike Brady and Alice Nelson are hooking up in the bathroom, your costume loses some effect. The group costume is a double-edged sword. Here are several examples of potentially awesome

# 10

**"when you roll up to a party as the brady bunch, and you have to explain that marcia never left the pre-game ... your costume loses some effect."**

group costumes that could go dreadfully awry.

**1. Game of Thrones-** Who wouldn't want to be Jon Snow or Cersei Lannister, or even Khal Drogo? When you roll up to the party with your cloaks and broadswords, you know shit could get real. On the negative side of things, have you ever tried to get your hands on Valyrian steel? And honestly, who wants to be Tyrion?

**2. The Village People-** This is a perennial classic, and when done well, this group costume will get you laid (granted it will probably be weird and involve some funky props). However, this costume must be done carefully because if one person drops the ball, the Ragman.

the whole costume looks like it was assembled by Joe Shit

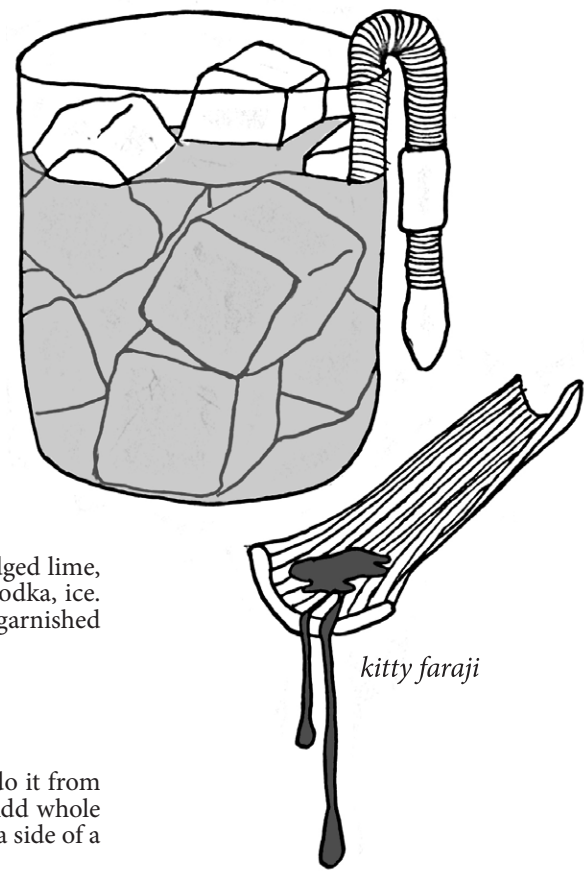
**3. A Box of Crayons-** As it is, people are going to be confused as to what you are going for, so if you get separated from your group, no one will know what you're meant to be. You'll be just one kid in a bright turtleneck with the word Crayola emblazoned up the front and a goofy cone hat. Chances are, you will not get laid.

## creations

by megankelley

### Spider Cider

Combine the following: 1 chopped apple, 1/2 wedged lime, 1 shot maple syrup, 1 shot apple cider, 2 shots vodka, ice. Shake until well combined. Strain into a glass garnished with spider legs.



kitty faraji

### eyeball Soup

Start with bloody tomato soup (if you're fancy, do it from scratch. If you're in college, do it from a can). Add whole eyeballs (or olives if you're squeamish). Eat with a side of a grilled cheese sand-witch.

## choose your own adventure (b2)

You examine the stars this time, and to great effect. At first the sky yields little, spurning your feeble attempts at divination. But by degrees, your scrutiny yields dividends, and you begin to differentiate between clusters, finding the big dipper in the Northwest, and the imposing form of Draco encompassing it.

Indeed, with time you grow skillful, and you latch onto a specific cluster above the northwestern horizon. You can't make it out, but you feel with unmoving certainty that this constellation holds some sort of galactic significance to you, and to a lesser degree, the small dead boy in the sack. You peer and peer, and you begin to make out a face; father? Sandy? The bear? But no, horror of horrors, you shrink in dismay as the face of the constellation reveals itself to be none other than Gale, the hussy mistress of your father. "Aaron, come out of your room, I made tuna sandwiches" carps the pattern of stars, mocking your independence with her thoughtful consideration "your father says you don't get enough protein!"

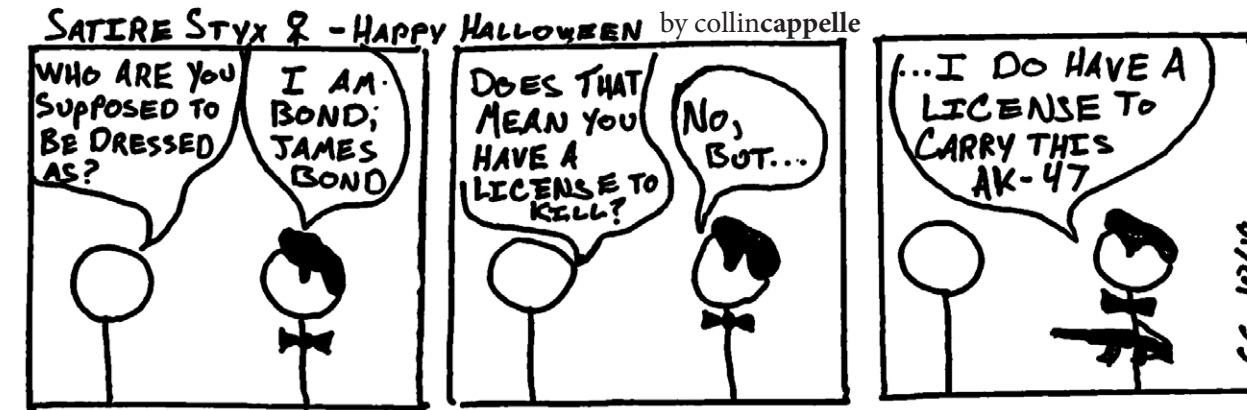
You drop to your knees, wounded infinitely by her suggestion that the two of you should spend more time together, and pass in immortal torment underneath the bright, godless mosaic of night. ■

juliet's top 5 best group costumes (if you can pull them off)

- 1.** A map of the world. Countries must fit together accordingly and be made to scale.
- 2.** All of our 44 Presidents, including a choice Republican hopeful that will run against Obama.
- 3.** Every single one of Lady Gaga's outfits. This includes the shoes.
- 4.** The entire cast of 30 rock. This is under the assumption that you will be as funny as they were first season all night long.
- 5.** Crayola 120-Count Crayons. Good luck finding clothes in these actual colors: "Inch Worm," "Jazzberry Jam" and "Mulberry."

These are just three group costumes that could really ruin your Halloween. There are others- Star Wars, Power Rangers, Ninja Turtles, Toy Story, to name a few. These have the potential to be great, but could go south pretty quickly. No matter what you decide, remember it is going to be cold, because winter is coming. ■

# créatif stuffé.



## choose your own adventure (a7)

You immediately stop the party by crying out "Yoidel Doidel" again. Sorry, but you had a good reason. That guy by the punch bowl, the one in the bear costume, clearly he's a real bear. I mean come on, look at him. The Rabbi, who has been bogarting the chair for a solid 15 minutes, inspects the conspicuous stranger. "Oy vey," he groans, that should have been obvious to everyone here. Wearily, he takes out his Shofar, the ritual horn of the ram and aims it at the bear. "Whoa," you think, you didn't know he was packing. Sensing his changing favor, the bear rips off his bear mask to reveal the loathsome face of a bear. He prepares to lurch forward, but the Rabbi is too quick. He sounds the horn powerfully, making the crowd tremble in awe. The bear falls to the floor, then bursts into holy flame, like a bush, or a bear on fire. Enveloped in white flame, he quickly disintegrates, and before the pile of ashes the crowd stands in grave silence. This would be a good time to make moves on that chair, you think. You inch towards it, but suddenly, bursting from the ashes rises Sandy, like a glorious tambourine playing phoenix, reincarnated and overflowing with joy. What is this? Can it be? But Sandy, oh Sandy, I saw your corpse! You were taken with death!

You run to each other and embrace, Sandy wild with glee, slapping that tambourine like an angry monkey. Not stopping, even while you're hugging. It's kind of annoying.

"Sandy, we're hugging, stop playing the tambourine." You part, still holding each other and marveling at your good fortunes. The Rabbi approaches, and you turn to see him grinning, fingering his long grey beard.

"How can this be, Rabbi Greenberger? Surely this must be a miracle?" Greenberger pauses for a moment before tossing his head back in a laugh, which is quickly taken up by the rest of the congregation.

"No, my friend, no. I would not call this a miracle. There are no such things, only God's blessed favor."

You consider this. "Yeah, I mean, isn't that basically a miracle?"

Greenberger looks sick.

"Ack, no, miracles, it's so Christianity. What, Hanukkah's not enough? You want he should give more? Oh, the kids these days. Our God is not such a blowhard. We'll call it his blessed favor and be done with it. Alright, now someone put me back in the chair, I wasn't finished with that yet." ■

# whisper by caito'hara

It started on an old, cold night  
As I lay in bed, tossing in fright.  
My mind afloat in ancient rhymes,  
The symbols oddly matching the times.

Monsters cry, and demons wail,  
The still, damp air grows yet more stale.  
My conscious wrapped in horrific thought,  
All stemming from that draught you bought.

You hoped that I had missed this fact;  
That I had not seen your dreadful act.  
Yet you ignored my all seeing eye  
And so you set out, to make me die.

Slowly, I approached the glass,  
Life slips away, oh so fast.  
A smile lightly touched your face,  
As gently the poison set its pace.

My screams drown out the pouring rain  
My body wracked in hellish pain,  
My eyes bulge out and stare in fear  
And still you shed not a single tear.

The darkness slowly closing in  
As you sit there, laughing at your sin.  
My body slowly growing weak  
As it finally dawns, what you seek.

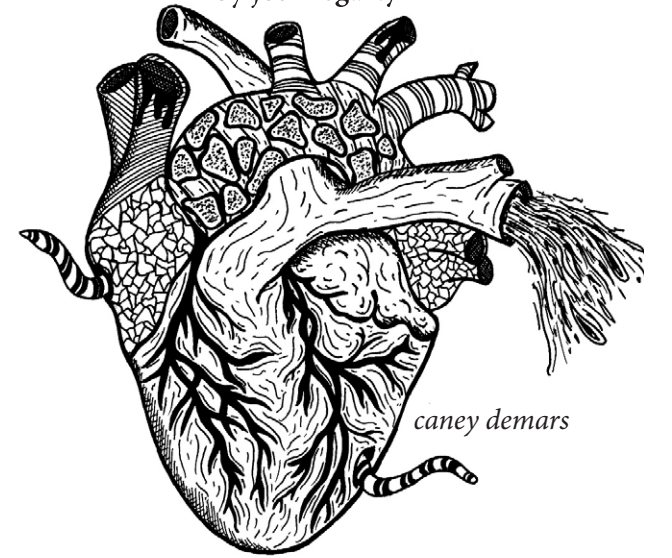
Gently now my mind's voice dies,  
My whimpers echoes of former cries.  
Softly, I fall into the sound,  
My soul, sadly, heaven bound.



katharine longfellow

# game night

by joshhegarty



caney demars

Three ghosts were sitting around a table in an old worn down house. One was shuffling a deck of cards. Another was smoking a cigar and counting chips. The third was staring out the window, sure that he had just seen some children run past.

The sound of eggs smashing on the old house startled Derek enough for him to lose his concentration, dropping his cigar through his arm onto the table. He picked up his cigar, replaced it in his mouth and asked Jessica, "Where the hell is Larry? I want to play some damn poker."

"Beats me. You know how Larry is. Probably got distracted by some girls dressed as sluts."

"Yeah, like slutty vampires," chimed in Greg.

This was met with an unamused, silent stare from Derek.

The silence was broken as more eggs pelted the side of the house, Jessica dropped the cards she'd be shuffling and scrambled to pick them up again as Larry floated into the room and said, "You're not gonna believe who I ran into."

"Who?" Greg and Jessica asked.

"Vampire Steve. And you'll never guess where he was going."

"Like I fucking care," said Derek.

They all looked at him now, as if he'd torn the head off of a puppy, and asked, "What the hell is your problem with Vampire Steve?"

"I don't know, maybe the fact that he tore my throat out thirty years ago."

"Wait a second, Vampire Steve killed you? Then why aren't you a vampire?" asked Larry.

"Cause he didn't turn me. I didn't know he was a vampire. I thought he was just some loser trying to get off with my girlfriend, so I told him to piss off and he ripped my throat out. Then he ate her, except she got to really die."

"That's fucking horrible dude," said Greg.

"No shit."

"But can't you just get over it man," said Larry. "I mean he's a vampire. That's what they do. Ever heard the phrase 'give up the ghost'? I'm pretty sure this is exactly when to use it. What's the point of holding a grudge when you're dead?"

"Are you telling me that you're a poltergeist that doesn't hold a grudge? What the hell is the point of that?"

"I'm just a ghost man. Why are you always putting these barriers up? Can't we just be ghosts and chill out? Why are you always so angry man?"

"Cause I'm not just a ghost. I'm a poltergeist and I fucking hate Vampire Steve. Now I'm gonna go haunt that son of a bitch, cause my blood is boiling."

"What blood?" asked Greg.

"You know what I mean you dick." And with that Derek disappeared off into the night to look for Vampire Steve.

"He's so dramatic," said Larry as Jessica started to deal the cards, "but anyway, like I was saying, know how we hide out here on Halloween? You want to know what Vampire Steve and Wolfman Bob do?"

"What?" they both asked.

"They go bumper bowling."

"That's the worst thing I ever heard," said Greg.

"Right. Can you imagine? I can't believe they use bumpers."

"So can we play now?" asked Jessica impatiently.

"Yeah sure. Would be nice to have a fourth one of these days though," said Larry.

"Hey we try. We always invite him. He's just an asshole," said Jessica.

"Especially on holidays," said Greg. ■

# 11



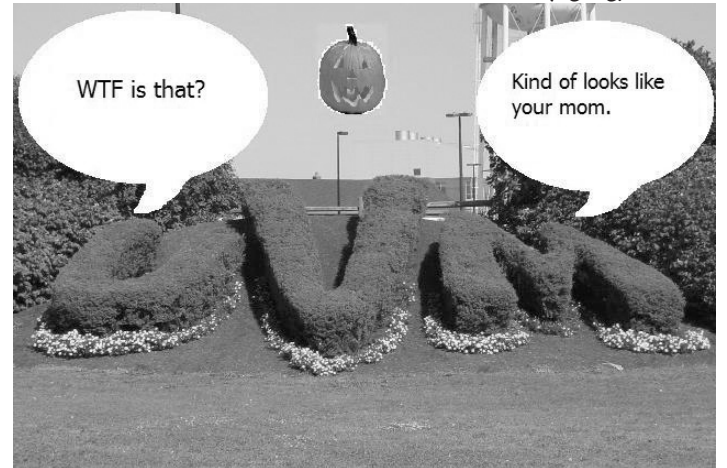
# cat litter.



by gregjacobs

## choose your own adventure (b5)

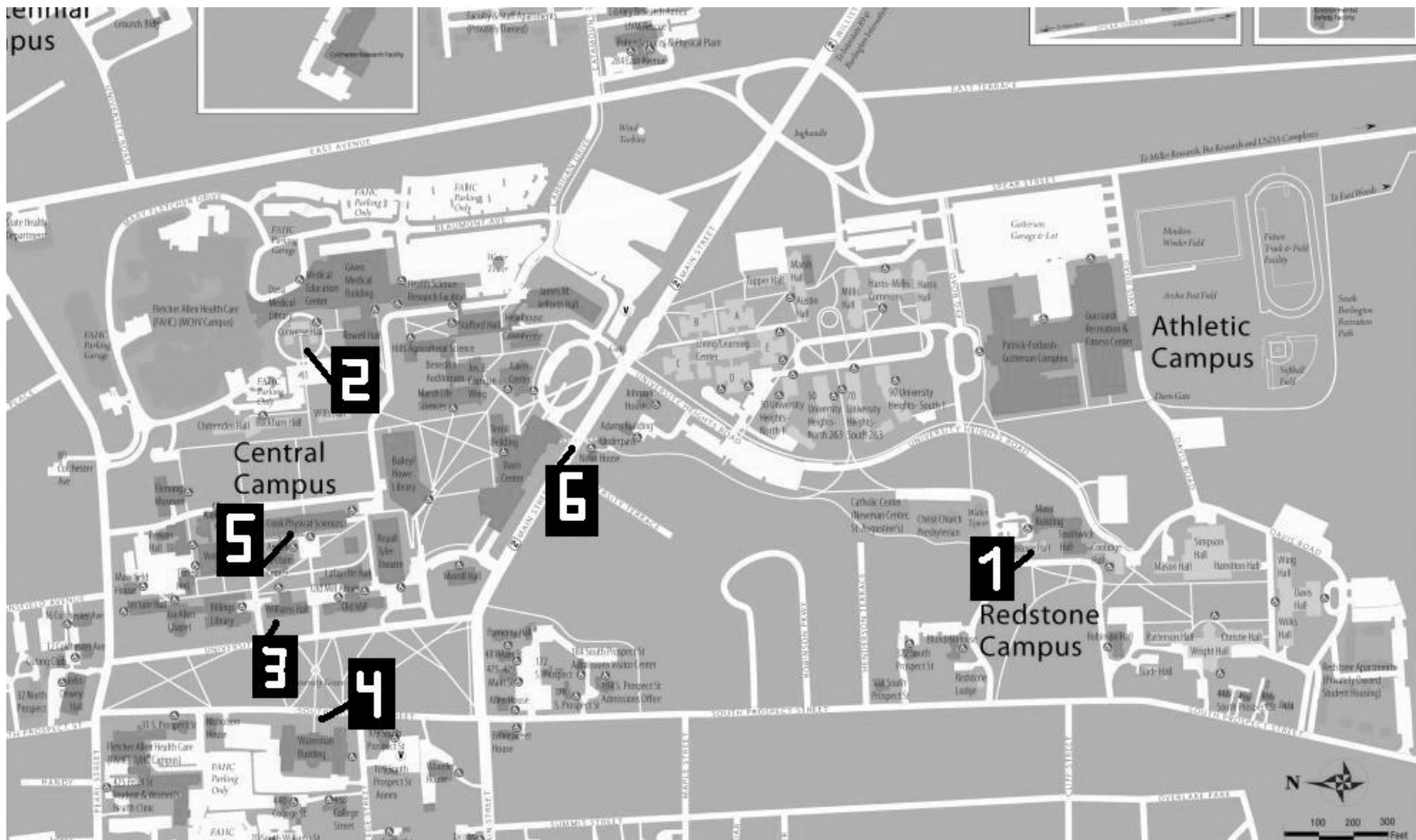
Apologize? To these cold hearted shmucks? They made *Seinfeld* for God's sake, they should know better. You refuse to explain yourself and brusquely push past them. This does not go well. As they feverishly beat you into psychosis, you reflect on the numerous souls let down by your failure. Sandy, your father. Beyonce. What will she think? Maybe she will visit you in physical therapy. Ah, but no, she's pregnant with that fake baby. Oh life! It is but hardship and death. ■



# university of vermont

## zombie invasion strategy (uvmzis)

by gregjacobs



*In case of crisis involving the Risen Dead, a CatAlert will be sent to all faculty, staff and students (alert will be tailored to species of Risen; see alternate strategies for vampires, lichens, wraiths, etc.) When the alert is received, please refer to the attached map for individual planning and implementation of the UVMZIS.*

- All students should gather food and water and retreat to one of the four “strong points” across campus: Redstone Hall (1), Converse Hall (2), Williams Hall (3), and Waterman Building (4).
- UVM Police Services and ROTC will distribute arms and ammunition at the strong points and plan the defense of the buildings. Williams Hall fire escape shall be torn down and Waterman's bullet-proof doors locked.
- A volunteer brigade will gather explosives from Cook Physical Science (5) and report to the Davis Center Tunnel (6). Redstone defenders will buy them time to line the tunnel before retreating through the tunnel, taunting the zombie horde into it and setting off the charges, burying them. Redstone students will then be dispersed to the remaining strong points. (Despite the administration's love affair with the Davis Center, it will have to be evacuated.)
- Converse will be designated as the primary medical station after supplies have been gathered from the less-defensible hospital.
- Students living on Trinity Campus will have to fend for themselves or try to make it to Central, pretty much like any other day.
- Under no circumstances should anyone try to hide in Patrick Gymnasium, that place is creepy already and a fucking death-trap at the best of times.
- Survivors from the surrounding communities and schools will be admitted into the strong points after giving proof that they are not infected or otherwise compromised.
- Communication will be required with Saint Michael's College to see what the Church thinks of all this and to ask if they have any good food to share, since Sodexo can only be consumed in limited quantities.