



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 14 - issue 9 - tuesday, october 29, 2013 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

extend a *friendly* hand: the *ghost* of converse exposed

by nickpatyk

julianna roen



Moral souls do not end their own earthly lives unless they face unjust and unconquerable circumstances.

This is the story of a kind and lonely young man, and the injustice that drove him toward his end.

November 25th, 1923, 11:37 p.m.

Left. Right. Left. Right. Wood creaks, weight sags. The rope is still taut, loaded with a calmly swinging and eerily silent one hundred forty-three pounds. Not heavy, but the wood grows weaker with each passing year. Converse Hall was built in 1894.

The Background Story...

To say 1923 was a challenge for the med students would be an understatement. Dr. Burns was notoriously stringent and

exceptionally cruel. But even the cold Dr. Burns would feel something after the first semester of that deeply depressing year.

Henry Rochfort, nineteen years old. Sophomore. Diligent worker and loyal friend to anyone who would give him the chance. As a child, the boy had always been a quiet soul. His mother called him a deep thinker. His father preferred the term pushover. But he wasn't weak. He was strong enough to stand among some of the state's most brilliant and promising medical students. And he too was very promising. But promise alone is not enough, and without happiness, a person's potential can become his destruction.

"Rochfort, pick up your exam."

Sweaty palms. Nervous glances. Circular, sweat coated spectacles turned to-

ward the ground.

One more loud and piercing mark—"F"—made on the chalkboard, where everyone can see. Blood rushes toward his cheeks. Classmates gossip and murmur, too afraid to speak clearly, too fearful to insult the boy with open eyes and clarity.

He walks slowly up the dormitory stairs, straining with each step. He fumbles with the key. Turns the lock.

There's a letter on the bed.

It's from Mother and Father, and will no doubt be filled with questions about the young man's educational progress. They expect excellence, and never tolerate anything less. But there is only backward academic progress. Dr. Burns is known for his unrelenting rigor. And somehow, they know. Burns, the old bastard.

... read the rest on page 11

raccoon city: *a community* in crisis

by leonardbartenstein

RACCOON CITY (AP)—This weekend, reports and rumors have been coming in from Raccoon City about some sort of mysterious viral outbreak. The details have been hazy and unconfirmed, but a large amount of the reports speak of an increase in aggression and reportedly, cannibalism, in the victims of this virus.

This outbreak may or may not be related to the incident at the Spencer family mansion on the outskirts of town about two months ago, when the Special Tactics and Rescue Service (S.T.A.R.S.) division of the Raccoon City Police Department's Bravo and Alpha teams investigated reports of cannibalism. There were only a few survivors, including Officer Chris Redfield, who left for Europe to back up allegations against the Umbrella Corporation for creating a viral bioweapon in the form of what he referred to as the "T-Virus." The Spencer estate was later destroyed in a mysterious explosion. Survivor of the incident Jill Valentine was approached about the event, but except for reinforcing allegations against the Umbrella Corporation, she offered no comment.

When the Umbrella Corporation was contacted for comment, they only repeated previous statements, maintaining that they had no connection with the events at the Spencer estate. Their statement, out this morning, stated "The recent outbreak in Raccoon City does not have any connection to Umbrella's operations in the city or the previous tragic event at the Spencer estate." That incident is still under investigation by the Raccoon City Police Department. "Umbrella is using its full capacities as a pharmaceutical entity to support the city and its citizens during this confusing time." They would not comment on what the virus might be, or what its effects could constitute.

The virus seems to be transmitted through bodily fluid contact, most notably when a person is attacked by someone already infected with the virus. This is perpetuated because victims of the virus become aggressive and irate, often senselessly attacking others around them, and attempting to eat their flesh. The victims are reportedly seemingly deceased, are very resistant to pain and do not seem to notice damage to their bodies, and yet they do have the ability to move and attack other people. They are considered

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me:

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by marilynora

costumes
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childhood revisited
by benhakim

halloween tunes
by leonardbartenstein

the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **cat lady**,

I have been reading your column in this newspaper during my lucid hours, and you are the unfortunate recipient of my particular...distaste. It is not often that I hunt prey as unchallenging as you, having tired of such facile exploits earlier in the century. However, in this case, I have deemed you to be worth my time and effort. I write this so that the **water tower** readers may know that this particular cat lady may soon fail to continue her presence in this newspaper, and even this world, as it were. The night of this letter's publication, Cat Lady, you shall hear a tapping at your door. Or perhaps on your upstairs window. Your feline masses will betray you in your hour of greatest need. I will feast upon your flesh.

Love,
Wolf Man

Oh, fuck, not you again...

Kittens, allow me to take this as an opportunity to bestow some wisdom. If you're in a club after a hard week, accompanied by the least-responsible sector of your lady friends, the booze is free-flowing, and you've had some fun with catnip, it's not always the best move to go for the dark, brooding stranger in the corner (even if bringing a wolf home would *totally* relieve some tension and give your ex a coronary). Dude, we had a fun night (if your idea of fun is waking up covered in hickeys and dander), but get a grip. It was not my finest hour, kittens, so take it from me: Halloween's all about fun, just try and end the weekend sans creepy-ass stalker from the bar.

You're barking up the wrong tree,
Cat Lady

*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*

thewatertownnews@gmail.com

the shit list

with **jamiebeckett**

Old Games: I write to tragically inform you that my old Pika version for Gameboy Color is broken, and past saving. I brought this game to college a little over two years ago and I will now never be able to see Dragonair fully evolve. Training to be a Pokemon master is what originally engaged me with the natural world, yet it also left me with some confusing ideas about evolution and the morality of dog fighting.

Marriage: UVM is a public institution that legally can not marry a corporate entity such as Blackrock, even if a large dowry is present. This didn't stop Student Climate Culture this Tuesday from having a wedding ceremony between the two parties to protest the coming Board of Trustees meeting. SCC ringleader, Sam Ghazey, was *this close* to consummating the union when one student spoke out in protest. "Don't put your dick in crazy!" the student proclaimed, explaining that a selfish, soulless creature such as the fossil fuel industry could never learn to love.

Sobriety: Time to do all the drugs! It's Halloween, people, and this means no schoolwork, trippy shit and lots of drinking. Yes, "drunk" counts as a costume, but you must also attempt an outfit that allows the rest of us to laugh at you with impunity. During your week-long binge to celebrate the dead, please do your best to not hurt yourself or others, because I, for one, do not know if my liver could take an Irish wake in addition to this week's festivities. Wear what you want, do what you want, screw who you want, but just don't die doing it! ■

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UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief

with **dannissim**

"As you can imagine, the best description is chaos...It's too early to say whether he was targeting people or going on an indiscriminate shooting spree."

- **Tom Robinson**, deputy chief of the Reno Police Department, reflects after a 12-year old student at Sparks Middle School fatally shot one teacher and injured two other students. This was one of three underage gun incidents this week and one of two student killings at a school.

"It's a matter of life and death [for city retirees]... You're talking about people who are in their 60s, 70s, 80s, 90s, and some are even over one hundred years old. You're talking about cutting off their healthcare, reducing their pensions."

- **Abayomi Azikwe**, a protest organizer in Detroit, speaks out against the city of Detroit filing for bankruptcy. Currently a trial is underway to determine the legality of such an occurrence, but if a ruling allowing bankruptcy to be filed went through, it would have major implications for other struggling cities in the United States.

"There is no tradition that's been set aside in favor of the emphasis on candy, no requirement that we 'remember the reason for the season,' no need for bemoaning the horrible commercialization of the whole thing."

- **KJ Dell'Antonia**, a mother and blogger for the New York Times, reflects on whether candy is necessary on Halloween. Many parents choose alternatives for prospective trick-or-treaters such as granola bars and stickers. Fuck that, I'll take candy with a healthy chance of diabetes every time.

"Every day, new questions about the president's health care law arise, but candid explanations are nowhere to be found... This decision continues a troubling pattern of this administration seeking to avoid accountability and stonewall the public."

- Speaker of the House **John Boehner** reacts to last Monday's press conference held by President Barack Obama regarding the issues plaguing the Healthcare.gov website. While the government may have spent upwards of \$300 million on the site, we may not see the site fully functioning until the end of November—WTF.

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

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New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
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Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. 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.**

a haunting *investment*: the cost of today's *happy halloween*

by katelynpine

It's that time of year again: aisles of candy and costumes appear in Walmart, grandma sends you the card with twenty dollars in it, and toddlers put you on their kill list when you tell them you don't have anything to give them for trick-or-treat. For most, Halloween is a time for ghouls and goblins, but for retailers, it's all about the money.

According to a survey conducted by the National Retail Foundation, roughly 158 million people will participate in a variety of Halloween-themed festivities this year alone, and about a third of these people will have done their shopping, for the most part, before the end of September. Despite a decrease in Halloween spending per person, this yearly holiday is not going to be a consumer flop, with an estimated whopping \$6.9 billion spent on the holiday in total. So what's the breakdown of this number? About \$2.6 billion will be spent on adult and child costumes, combined.

Certain costumes will cost more than others due to licensing restrictions, but the average costume will still cost almost \$30. And don't forget to dress up your dogs for this celebration; about 30% of Americans will dress their pets this Halloween, and spend about \$330 million doing so.

Candy, the Halloween highlight for kids, will run celebrators a cool \$2.1 billion. It seems like a hefty price tag, but the average price of a five-pound bag of candy has actually decreased to a mere \$22, according to a calculation by Bankrate (so there really is no excuse when a troop of kids ring your doorbell). The *Daily Press* did a survey about the most popular, or desired, candies for this holiday, and some of the contenders include Snickers, M&M's, Reese's, and of course, candy corn.

As for miscellaneous purchases, Halloween cards will bring in about \$360 million this year alone, a small number compared to the average amount of

spending on other holidays like Christmas or Valentine's Day. When it comes to décor, Americans will spend nearly \$2 billion on their porch or lawn ornaments. Pumpkins will cost \$5 on average, but the ambiance of a lit jack-o-lantern is a tradition that is not ignored by most. Halloween comes second to Christmas in terms of decoration, with some people even going as far as dedicating their entire lots to the spooky and scary.

It's clear that Americans take their sweets and scares seriously, but if you're not in the mood to shell out hundreds of dollars on one holiday, wait until November 1st, when everything goes on blowout sales. After all, Christmas is coming soon, and it's never too early to switch the ghosts on your porch to giant statues of Santa Claus. ■



marilyn mora

'til divest do us part: uvm's love affair with fossil fuel dependency

by phoebefooks

We at **the water tower** interrupt your regularly-scheduled spookfest to bring you breaking news from the field which concerns you—yes, you; all of us, for that matter—and the future of sustainability at UVM.

First of all, here's a figure: \$388 million. \$388 million is the current total of UVM's endowment, which was a topic of discussion at the Board of Trustees meeting held this past Friday. In accordance with that event, UVM's Student Climate Culture hosted a massive protest on Friday, advocating the divestment of this endowment from the top 200 companies profiting from fossil fuels. Indeed, this so-called "green" university remains invested in companies like Blackrock Inc. and Occidental Petroleum, despite the endorsement of the divestment campaign last spring from a myriad of official campus bodies, including the SGA, which is the representation and voice of UVM students.

The efforts of Student Climate Culture began on Monday with the unveiling of a massive banner on the outside of the Davis Center facing Bailey-Howe that read

"UVM has \$12 Million in Fossil Fuels / 'Til Divest Do Us Part." On Tuesday they staged a fake marriage between a student acting as a Board of Trustees member and a student representing fossil fuels. The "facilitator" asked the audience of students if anyone had any objections to the union, and they obviously did.

As UVM remains invested in fossil fuels, we are not only supporting and profiting from an industry that actively contributes to the problem of global climate change, but we are polluting our reputation. This school prides itself on actions such as the bottled water ban, smoke-free initiative, and creation of energy and resource efficient buildings and utilities. Go on any campus tour to hear countless facts about the sustainability and eco-friendliness of the University of Vermont to back up this statement.

What they don't mention on those tours, however, is that UVM indirectly funds those environmental undertakings with profits from the fossil fuel industry. I say "indirectly" because, to the school's credit, it should be noted that returns from the endowment typically go towards things like scholarships if not reinvested.

The endowment right now has done very well and is growing to compete with endowments of other esteemed universities like Harvard. A potential reason why UVM has resisted divestment is its preferred focus on increasing the endowment, by looking for areas in which to invest.

The Socially Responsible Investment Advising Committee (SRIAC) which reports to the Board of Trustees, held a town hall meeting last Tuesday to hear ideas from students and campus affiliates on where to put the endowment money. Student Climate Culture members constituted the majority of voices heard at this event, despite SRIAC's emphasis that they were primarily looking places to invest money rather than beat the dead horse that is fossil fuel divestment.

That being said, local reinvestment, in which SRIAC has piqued interest, can be a very socially responsible way to handle the endowment money. An event held in the Davis Center two Fridays ago called "Divestment Meets Local Reinvestment" heard from a panel of experts on how putting small investments in local, sustainable projects such as low-income housing creation can bring lucrative returns to

the university. The question is whether those returns are comparable to those from mega fossil fuel companies, not just in terms of size but also stability. The sad fact is that the endowment makes a lot of money by being invested in fossil fuels and our steady consumer demand for energy facilitates this.

So what's going to happen? Though divestment was not formally on the agenda of the meeting, emphasized by the email sent out by Gary Derr last week, the meeting was nonetheless set to a soundtrack of chanting protestors last Friday. "Invest in our future, not fossil fuels," read one sign. "This is fracked," read another. While the overwhelming sentiment from students is an immediate demand for divestment, the vibes given off from the other end are more reserved, leaning towards a more gradual divestment process, if the university undertakes it at all. An interesting week is promised as the results of the Board of Trustees meeting unfold and new, hopefully more progressive agendas emerge. ■

RACCOON - continued from page 1

to be very dangerous. Though this is the extent of the knowledge about the disease at this point, it seems to be advisable to avoid victims of this virus as much as possible.

Contact with Raccoon City correspondent Terri Morales has not been made since Friday, despite multiple attempts to speak to her. Whether she has been a victim or not cannot be determined at this time.

No additional information has been able to be gathered by any reporter or journalist within the city since the beginning of the weekend, so not much is known. It is advisable to not approach Raccoon City for any reason. ■

around town.

the walking (*tour of the*) dead:

a review of local cemeteries

by marilynmora



mariel brown-fallon

I still haven't decided whether I want to be cremated or buried. The considerate person in me wants to be cremated; I don't want to be a bother. Let's save some space and money, eh? Throw me in a Chinese takeout box and go on a fun trip somewhere. Whether I'm dead or alive, I'm always down for a good time.

Yet, despite being 90% certain I want to be cremated, there's still a small part of me that wants to be buried. Hanging out in graveyards is a remnant left over from my emo, high-school phase of life, but to this day I still love visiting and admiring the scenery and gaudy, ornamental tombstones that can be found within them. Hanging in graveyards made me realize that I'm secretly selfish. I want monuments and inscriptions dedicated to me, too. I want granite statues carved out in my likeness. If my family can't afford these things, then they'll just have to take on second jobs: lifeguarding at a nudist beach; whatever it takes to make it happen, so be it. I want to be buried somewhere beautiful and enchanting, and graveyards are just that. The bright, dying leaves of fall make it the perfect time to visit a graveyard. Here are some of my favorites that you should definitely check out:

Just off the bike path, Lakeview Cemetery is located in the perfect spot. Beautifully maintained, the cemetery incorporates the natural rolling hills and greenery of the terrain in its development. With its winding paths, it's the perfect place to take a stroll and get lost in your thoughts. Also, since it's located on a hill just off the water it has a

ridiculously spectacular view of Lake Champlain.

A cemetery that's a little closer to campus is the Green Mount Cemetery. It's out of the way and easy to miss, but while you're trudging slowly up Colchester Ave, look to the left and there it sits at the top of the hill. This cemetery is a bit more decrepit and gloomy, but it is loaded with history. Overlooking the Winooski Falls, this was Burlington's first cemetery. Within this cemetery is a huge statue of Ethan Allen and inscribed underneath is a brief recounting of the Green Mountain Boy's surprise capture of Ticonderoga, which he demanded "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" Who knew? Ethan Allen, the OG of Vermont, throwing badass statements around most certainly merits him a ridiculously huge statue. Another cool fact is that there is a time capsule from 1857 buried underneath the monument, and supposedly Allen himself.

If you have a car, go to Green Mount Cemetery in Montpelier (I know, not very original with the cemetery names). This cemetery has some of the coolest statues and headstones around. William Stowell's tomb features a set of carved granite stairs leading up to a dead tree stump that had a throne carved into it, supposedly the devil's chair. Located at John Hubbard's gravesite is Black Agnes: a statue of a seated, forlorn-looking, weeping woman partially dressed in cloth. The legend is that if you sit in her lap, bad luck will fall upon you. Technically, Black Agnes is a man though; it is the personification of Thanatos, the

Greek manifestation of death. Another horrific statue to check out is found at Frederic Dieter's grave. The statue shows a dying, emaciated Jesus (torture stake marks and all) being tended to by Mary. Above, an inscription reads "I am the resurrection and the life." No known myths are attached to this grave, but the statue's details are so well carved out, it's disturbing alone.

My personal favorite is the Shelburne Road Cemetery. Long forgotten, there isn't even a sign or paved walkway that announces it's there. Nestled between car dealerships and restaurants is where this unmarked cemetery lies. A dirt path trails off into a thicket of trees and finally you come upon a clearing that leads to the quaint little graveyard. This ridiculously small cemetery (only 1.5 acres) is a beautiful little place to escape the noise of the city. Right in the center there's a large dead tree stump, a perfect table for a little picnic. Later you can go nap against the huge oak towards the back of the graveyard.

Visiting and wandering around in old graveyards may seem too macabre to take up as a hobby, but it's not. Whether you want to take a stroll, find a nice place to picnic at, or go on an adventure reading old tombstones and visiting historical markers, graveyards are most certainly the places to visit this Fall. ■



science fiction double feature: the rocky horror picture show

by lauragreenwood

I want to start this article by making it clear that Janet is a (...say it!) whore.

To fully appreciate a live showing of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*, there are a variety of facts you've either just got to know or be ready to accept at face value and shout along to. Luckily, if you've never been, this live double-feature picture show LOVES virgins...to the show. Virgins are what make the experience even that much more of a spectacle; they heighten the energy and elation around the *RHPS*. Some may claim it is the absolute fear of being called out or maybe the blind excitement for what's to come, but I say the real pizzazz of attending a live showing is being around a group of people who all just fucking love this film. So, there's a live showing of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* in Burlington on November 1st at the Flynn and you've got to go. Seriously. But here's what you've got to be prepared for.

If you thought the amount of skin bared during Halloween was shocking, gird your loins! A live showing of *RHPS* is not complete if there are not hordes upon hordes of nearly nude male and female attendees. But before your imagination gets you too tingly in your trousers, realize that this nudity is covered by lingerie. Okay, maybe that wasn't convincing. Costumes are key to becoming a part of the Rocky

Horror experience. As you'll see throughout the movie, the stylist was not shy. This is not your normal movie watching experience (unless you normally wear drag to the Roxy, in which case high five to you, honey!). Don't be worried about going too over the top; that concept does not exist



there. This is a safe community, where boas and fishnets are always welcome.

Embrace your bag of shit, love your bag of shit, and use your bag of shit. But what, Laura, comes in that bag of shit? Ah, that is part of the joy of receiving one. I've been to a few showings of *Rocky Horror* now and they have always provided me with a small bag of a few strategic

props to be used during the show. Yup, you can't just sit there and mumble little jokes to your close friend you brought; the WHOOOLE crowd is going to get involved and that theater is about to get dirty. There's a whole list of props you use online at the official Rocky Horror web-

site, but if you want to go in absolutely blind there are a few things that I find key. These items include but are not limited to: a party hat and noise maker, confetti (I'd say rice but Flynn has lame rules), and a newspaper. Simple enough, but hey, you're just a virgin. Look out for me with the squirt guns; there's a storm brewing!

Most friggin' importantly, bring your

best singing, screaming, shouting, and laughing voice. It's a heck of a show that still leaves me flustered at how vocal the crowd can get. This is not a show for the quiet, timid, or reserved unless you are willing to just let loose. You will gyrate your hips vigorously and you will hump your neighbor. You will laugh your ass off. You will learn all the words to the "Time Warp" and you will know Brad's an asshole. When the crowd is just right, I've heard jokes that are so cleverly off-the-cuff that I fan-girl gawk at each shouter's improvisational and comedic prowess. Sometimes it's a bit overwhelming when you're a newb and can't keep up or contribute any jokes, but that's all cool. Either roll with the punches, pick up a few of the usual lines, or feel free to try out new material. Anything goes when you're in heels and carrying a crop...trust me.

Alright, dirty hippies, it's time to strip down and let loose. The show is only \$10 and, despite being Halloween weekend, it's a great alternative to the usual boozin' and perusin' around Burlington. This is your chance to be a real Queen (or King or Draggy Scientist) in the Queen City, so take advantage of this unique event we've got happening and get ready to get rowdy!

happy hour: *American Horror Story: Murder House*

by sarahperda

*I tend to watch a lot of weird things on Netflix, but season one of American Horror Story was, by far, the most disturbing to date. The combination of suspense and monotony made the show unbelievably addicting, so your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to commit to the entire season to get the full mind-blowing effect. Rather than watching it completely alone on a nightly basis in a dark hotel room in a city where you know no one (like several **wt** staffers did), I suggest gathering around the TV with your friends and a bottle of liquid courage sometime during Halloween week to get in the spirit of the season with what I deem the world's most fucked up show.*

Drink When:

- Ben walks around the house in a naked stupor, but you still find him exceptionally DILFy
- Vivien has creepy but raunchy, animalistic sex with the man in the rubber suit
- Moira (the young version, not the bag of bones with a milky eye) hits on Ben
- Violet and Tate's relationship makes you more uncomfortable than the aforementioned rubber suit sex
- Hayden plots to steal the baby
- "The Murder House" introduces a new, pissed off former resident in ghost form
- Constance's overly saccharine, passive-aggressive manner makes you want to gouge your eyes out

Finish your drink:

At the season finale, when the pieces of the puzzle all come together: Mind. Fuck. ■

reflections.



trick-or-treaters, or why i shit my pants on halloween

by amy dorfman

What's scarier than chemistry with Ruggles? More terrifying than waking up with a spider on your face? What causes more fear than waking up on Sunday morning on the roof? They are the reason I hide in my room each October 31st and make my dad answer the door. They have caused countless night terrors, panic attacks, and catatonic episodes. They support corporations like Hershey's and Hallmark. And worst of all, they do it while looking adorable. No, I'm not talking about teddy bears. I mean the trick or treating culture, and all who choose to participate. What's so scary about trick or treaters? Well if you have to ask, you probably also think cactuses are good for cuddling.

Trick or treaters try to trick you. They draw you in with the "cute" ladybug costumes, innocent witch hats, and batman getups. But don't be fooled by the exterior! There is nothing cute about what lies underneath that mask. They even tell you how menacing they are right off the bat. I mean, "trick or treat"—they threaten you right on your doorstep! And everyone just smiles and nods like it's nothing. And then gives them candy!! If anyone threatened you like that at any other time of the year, the proper authorities would be notified.

Not only is it acceptable for small children to threaten adults in this ridiculous culture, but they are permitted to do it in numbers. Which is the most terrifying part, instead of having one or two small children standing on your doorstep, in costume threatening you, you have 10-15 yelling, screaming kids begging you for candy. If you run out of candy, or don't have the "good kind," a mob mentality washes over

the crowd. One of two things happens.

The first is mass rioting. The little costumed menaces will start flinging pumpkins, popcorn balls, and pieces of costume at you in their sugar-crazed states until you have a mental breakdown right there on the spot. They will then storm your house in search of anything and everything sug-

will all say a lively chorus of thank-yous, and promptly walk away. This is where it gets dangerous. While you return to the latest episode of *Dance Moms*, the costumed band of candy consumers sneaks into your backyard to plan their attack. They quickly sort through their loot from the evening, picking out anything that doesn't have a

high enough sugar content to be deemed edible. They then spread out, covering all possible exits to the outside world. The leader of the pack will then, cautiously, knock on your door, sporting a new costume as to not be recognized. As soon as you open the door... BAM! You're being pelted from all sides by little sugar-infused bullets, projected from the hands of the children you drive to school and babysit. You try to close the door but they outnumber you. Storming your house, you run to the back door, but they're readying, waiting. You receive the same treatment from the bulkhead in the back, the third floor bathroom window, and through the garage. They eventually take over your house, and force you to drive them to the candy store, purchasing king-sized candy bars for the whole neighborhood.

These scenarios may seem like a bit of an exaggeration, and I can't say I'm speaking from direct experience. But nothing stands in the way of 10-year-olds and processed sugar...nothing. Some people prepare for nuclear warfare, others the zombie apocalypse. I'm doing you all a favor and preparing you for the inevitable. So watch yourselves this Halloween. My best recommendations are to flee the country immediately, buy out the Hershey's company, or bunker down in your cellar with enough rations for three days. Good luck, and happy Halloween. ■

emma riesner

ary. When you're your stash of extra candy that you "forgot" about, they will promptly drag you out on your nicely manicured front lawn. Call over their other 10-year-old minions, and perform a good old Salem Witch trial.

The second option is not so abrupt. This scenario applies to the polite, well-trained kiddies of the neighborhood. When you regretfully tell the group of anxious faces looking up at you that you are only giving out apple slices this year, they



you can't

by mikaelawaters

Amidst the masks and makeup, Halloween can be a oh so spooky day. October the thirty first, it is impossible to ignore the slogans demanding change and the end of capitalism. The resulting confusion can be so overwhelming that in an ombre corn syrup coma, here is a quick run down

1. The Sexy _____ From a Store

Description: Sexy Indian. Sexy firefighter. Sexy actor, profession, culture, creature, thing or geographic location. People would like the world to know that they are sexy. The sexy turned into a low budget porno outfit. No class, a wee semblance of class. And for that, we come to the conclusion.

Conclusion: A probable hookup, but at least you

3. The Sexy _____ with Lingerie/a Bodycon Dress

Description: These fine ladies (and the occasional gentleman) of even pretending to wear a costume. The focal point is lingerie accompanied by animal ears/an accessory. The costume doesn't matter; it's just an excuse to placate the tell Mom when she asks what they were for Halloween.

Conclusion: DTF. No questions asked.

5. The Excessively Scary

Description: Taking the vampire/zombie persona and waiting all year for Halloween. Not only can they be collecting, but they also have a chance to be almost wore to comic-con before deciding on Halloween. These people blend in way too easily on Halloween.

Conclusion: Stay away. Next year they may be Llamas who has a coat of human skin. Don't come in the basket).

So Catamounts, on this upcoming night of fright, who aren't cool enough to sit with you. The cat ears

i do believe

by samrosenbaum

I'm a very non-religious person, and often I'd dismiss conspiracy theories to the most astonishing coincidences explained. Until then, I will qualify them as the "paranormal."

It was my senior year of high school, in the late 1990s, I declared that if it wasn't haunted by now it probably was. Home: it was something I could not explain and so I

The first night, I had just decided to call it a night as the door opened, and it shut abruptly. I was the only kid in the house. No one else was home. As I should have expected, would not believe my description.

The next night, the toy stethoscope that I always had ear piece hung off the table it began to swing back and forth. It had happened, and my dad was rolling with laughter.

On the third night, I was a bit sleep deprived and my eyes shot open. I was stunned. A force was holding me out of bed to face my attacker. No one was in the room.

When I awoke, I told my mom, who questioned my story entirely safe. Each day, I'd try to forget about what happened and appreciate and give weight to that which I can witness.



Don't mask the truth! how to judge a person by their costume

very confusing time. Gender lines blur, identities morph, and clothing travels to the extremes: becoming either too scarce, or abundant to the point of concealing a person entirely. And on this impossible to distinguish who is who and what is what. The usual markers and red flags that help you identify what 'type' a person is (i.e. Hemp bracelet, backpack aggressively pinned with radicalism, cuffed cords and hair about two years past needing to be cut: UVM activist, probably still in front of Davis chanting, 'divestment') disappear into masses of face paint and a slur of animal dung that you actually consider eating the candy corn that someone put out for decoration. But no one likes candy corn, even if they think they do. So, to save you from a night doomed to ending down on what a person's costume says about them. Who to avoid. Who to mack on. The infinite wisdom of the wafer tower is yours:

2. The Guy in a White Tee Holding a Beer

Description: This guy (lets be real, it's always a guy) shows up to the party sans costume and lurks in the corner for the first two thirds of the night. He may have a dumb, scrubby sign saying, "This is my costume" or even leave his corner for a round of pong, but the majority of his time is spent watching everyone else. He'll chill in the corner 'till the biddies get drunk enough to think his lack of costume/sign are ironic and possibly even prodigiously creative.

Conclusion: Harmless, but lame and a wee bit creepy.

4. The Person Who Just Doesn't Get it

Description: There's always one. The person who goes overboard and dresses like Chewbacca down to the 10 millionth hair and weird black nose. While their dedication and attention to detail are admiral, this is college. And it's Halloween. No one should have the excess cash to drop on a movie quality (ten points to whom ever can name the reference) Chewbacca suit, and even if you do, it should never be worn in public. Don't go as far as the lingerie ladies, but have fun on the one night that it's even an option to wear just a bra out. At least show some side boob (or whatever the male equivalent to side boob is).

Conclusion: Don't approach. They do best with their own kind.

6. The "Pun"-ny/Cutie

Description: Clad in a costume whose theme and construction took both effort and ingenuity, this person's outfit will make you smile or giggle. They still look cute and appealing, but nailed the balance between sexy and Chewbacca (see below). Wondering why they are dressed in an oversized cereal box splattered with red paint and stuck with a knife? They are, of course, a serial (cereal) killer. Cheerios to them, their costume really snap, crackle, and popped compared to the rest.

Conclusion: Go make friends, hit on, woo, court, chill-whatever-with this person. Chances are they are approachable and relatively normal. Then again, it's always the quiet ones...



sarah shields

With a light and delight, be confident in your abilities to label and judge people just as harshly and stereotypically as you would on any other. Carry around a bag of scarlet 'A's and shun the creepers. Scarves and super hero capes may have muddled you last year, but with this foolproof guide, the candy corn will remain a dumb decoration just as intended. Happy Halloween! ■

Believe in ghosts: a true paranormal experience

Consider that many of the things classified as the "paranormal" are as phony as an OJ plea. However, I'm very aware that I don't know everything, and that there are certain things—from incidences—that may not ever be explained. Not that they couldn't be explained by some undiscovered scientific phenomenon, but that we may never live to see these "paranormal" occurrences. "Paranormal" as my own personal experiences cannot prove any other explanation.

One fall, around the end of November. So far, I had lived in the same house all my life, from my crib to the arrival of my latest pubic hair. I never felt my home was haunted. In fact, when I was 7, I thought my house wasn't haunted at all. By now, I had appreciated the *Saw* franchise and the only true fear I had was not losing my virginity. Then, three nights in a row, I began to fear for my safety in my own home—something I have not witnessed since.

One night at the wee hour of 2AM. As I leaned out of my bed to place my laptop down, I heard the doorknob to the bathroom down the hall jiggle, turn, and open. I saw a dark figure, within shadows, shimmered and a bit scared, but nonetheless I went to check it out. I went to the door and opened it to find no one was inside. My dad was working late, my mom had been sleeping, and I was alone. I went back to my room, I noticed that the hall closet doors had been opened. Scared out of my mind, I decided to sleep it off and tell my parents in the morning. I did just that. My parents, as I can tell, were skeptical.

One day, as I was looking at my shelf, a book fell off the shelf, while nothing else fell off the shelf. That was quite bizarre as it is. Then, the part of the stethoscope that is placed over the heart slid forward, and as the book fell, it gathered momentum rather than losing it, before it fell to the floor. At this point, I shouted for my parents, despite the grown adult "man" I was. I ran into their room, told them what happened. It was inexplicable, but I couldn't hold my own argument, and trudged back to my room, begging that whoever was there not harm me. And I went to sleep.

One night, I just wanted to sleep. So, I lay my head down on its left side and settled in. Just as I started to relax, something pressed against the side of my right ear, pushing my head into the bed. My head was down. I tried to let out a scream or a yell, but nothing came. I tried for about ten seconds when I had to stop. As soon as I just gave up on yelling, the pressure ceased, and I jumped out of bed. No one was holding my mouth silent, but it had just happened. It wasn't a dream, and my head-print was still in my pillow.

One day, I was asking her so much if I kept telling them I didn't believe in these shenanigans either. I just had to put it out there, the inexplicable things that were happening to me. I didn't feel like I was asking her, go on as if nothing ever happened. Truthfully, I don't think I'll experience something of the sort again. I may never find my answers, so in light of that I believe in ghosts; I'd like to talk to you about it. ■

fashion five-oh.



halloween costumes: the best and worst

of our childhoods

by benhakim

Halloween is a special time of year for everybody. No matter how old you are, it is impossible to avoid the festivities regarding this crazy holiday. Although Halloween is fun for all ages, it is not always celebrated in the same way. Of course, as adults we no longer go trick or treating, but the different costumes we wore as children were a crucial part of our Halloween experience. Whether you bought your costumes, made themselves or your parents made them for you, these costumes should all bring back warm Halloween memories.

Let's start with the **worst costumes** to wear as a child....

The Scream

Now I know I just insulted about 95% of you right off the bat, but really?? I have always felt that I was the only boy in America who didn't dress as the Scream for Halloween. I assume that my friends wore this costume in order to scare people. I guess if you saw the movie it would carry some fear with it. Coming from a kid who never saw the movie "Scream", I wasn't scared at all. Let's be honest, how many eight year olds have actually seen that movie? Most of the times I would ask the person wearing the costume who they were supposed to be and they would answer 'the Scream face'. I would ask "Where's that from?" Most of them had no idea. The Scream phase was based on a scary movie that most people didn't even watch.

Grim Reaper

Come on now, were you expecting to have fun on Halloween dressed like that? These costumes do not look remotely comfortable. You could barely walk five feet in them without tripping on your face. Take a good look at the next grim reaper costume you see and tell me there is an easy way to walk in that. The possibility of tripping on your face is definitely the worst part about this costume. There is also the uncomfortable breathing situation. These costumes would force you to wear a dark robe with black cotton covering your face. They were just plain dangerous. Lastly, if you were trying to get a fearful reaction out of someone, good luck. People may sarcastically cower in fear and your mother may tell you your costume scares her, but besides that you're getting nothing.

And now the **best costumes**:

Animal

This is the only category of popular Halloween costumes from our youth that seems to continually grow in popularity among us today. I have absolutely no complaints about this. Whether you dress like a gorilla, chicken, giraffe, alligator, elephant, or lion, any animal will guarantee that you make friends at a party. Even as a little kid, remember how awesome it was dressing up as a lion when you were five? I sure do. I never felt so alive in my life. Animal costumes were and continue to be the most envied Halloween costumes in existence. Also, if there is anything that screams "I love to have fun and I don't take myself too seriously", it is the wearing of an animal costume at a party.

Disney Princess

This goes out to the female readers. I know 99.9% of girls were Disney princesses for Halloween at some point in their childhood. That is just adorable. I have nothing but good things to say about this. Being a princess represented the most innocent of your days. By being a princess, you contributed to the mindset that being a kid is awesome and life is just one big ball of sunshine. I am not complaining, I love that outlook on life and especially when it is present in the attitudes of children. Disney itself represents the most innocent of our childhood days, and this is coming from a man who nostalgically loves this innocence. I love it so much that contrary to most other guys, I wouldn't mind if every girl was a Disney princess for Halloween this year. There is nothing wrong with being a Disney princess I endorse it full-heartedly.

Politicians

These costumes consist of thick rubber masks of political characters such as George W. Bush, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and Bill Clinton. These were funny to an extent—and by extent, I mean the ability to actually enjoy Halloween. The suffering of wearing costumes like this come from personal experience. For one of my childhood Halloweens, I decided to dress as Arnold Schwarzenegger. I wore a rubber Arnold mask and stuffed my shirt with cotton. There was absolutely no way I could breathe. The stuffed shirt did not help, but the rubber mask caused most of my despair. It became stuffy, sweaty and stifling way too quickly for my liking. The worst part was that I barely received a reaction from anybody. The most I got out of people was a forced chuckle or puzzled questions, like "who are you supposed to be?" I felt like a prick every time I said I was Arnold Schwarzenegger, because, as a ten year-old child, I didn't even understand the humor behind it. To be honest, I was Schwarzenegger because I had no other ideas and saw the mask at the store. I didn't pay attention to politics, cause I was in elementary school for fuck's sake. So for any of you who have children, please save them the suffering and don't allow them to be politicians for Halloween.



liz stafford

Superhero, any superhero

Superheroes are the shit bottom line. Whether you were Buzz Lightyear, Batman, Superman, or Spiderman, I respect this decision to infinity and beyond. As the Disney princesses were to girls, superheroes were to boys. However, there is one major difference between these two types of costumes. If a girl wore her Disney princess costume now she would be greeted with massive amounts of disapproval (social norms: girls are supposed to dress as slutty as possible), whereas if a boy wore his superhero costume he would be greeted with cheers of approval and praise for such brilliance. Superheros are iconic and will always be an acceptable thing to be for Halloween.

Now, I'm not saying that if you wore shitty costumes for Halloween as a kid you suck (I was the culprit of some of them myself). I am just laying my personal recommendations and suggesting how you should dress your kids for Halloween. After all, Halloween is meant to be done right or not done at all. ■

trash.



the ear

i want you so bad

someone on campus catch your eye?
couldn't get a name?
submit your love anonymously
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/iwysb.html

Girl, the way you wear that hotdog costume
Makes me want to get all up in your buns
If you'd let me take you to the ball game
We could have loads of fun.

The way you move in that Frankfurter skirt
Babe, I have more than ketchup you could squirt.
You look so sexy you look so fine,
I'll relish in your hotness 'til the end of time.

Gimme mustard, gimme sauerkraut,
Gimme the time of day to take you out.
I know its not kosher to love so much meat
But girl, this ain't no trick, you're my protein treat.
When: Saturday
Where: Late Night Marche
I saw: Hottie Hotdog
I am: Stoner Stu

Let's get down to business—it's time to give it a whirl,
I don't know why, but I'm dying to try, I wanna kiss the girl.
Every gesture, every move that you make, makes me feel
like never before,
You've got those bare necessities that make a girl worth
fighting for.
Who knows what could happen when your beauty meets
this beast,
Unbelievable sights, indescribable feelings, to say the least.
You're the girl who has everything—treasures untold
(How many wonders can one cavern hold?)
I can show you the world, think how great that would be,
Cause darling it's better, down where it's wetter, take it
from me.
Keep in mind, I'm a sensitive soul, though I seem thick-
skinned,
Just wait for me to paint you with all the colors of the wind.
You can forget about your worries and your strife,
Cause you and me, we'll just be turning the circle of life.
I know that u wanna, it aint no passing craze,
Cause more often than not, you're hotter than hot, in a lot
of good ways.
So tell me princess, what will your pleasure be...
Cause you know you aint never had a friend like me.
When: before the Huns arrive
Where: a magic carpet ride
I saw: my Disney princess
I am: swift as a coursing river, with all the force of a great
typhoon, and all the strength of a raging fire, mysterious as
the dark side of the moon

overheard a conversation in b-town?
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell **the ear** and we'll print it.
uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html

Cyber Cafe, Sunday night
Girl 1: I had a date in a dining hall once.
Girl 2: Please tell me it wasn't in the Grundle?
Girl 1: No, Cook.
Girl 2: (hesitates) Well, that's better than the Grundle!

L/L D
Amateur sex educator: The clitoris is an octopus.

Aiken Center Bathroom
Guy in stall: I think you guys would be great together
Guy observing self in mirror: Yeah, we're hittin it off on the
regular. Well, not really, but sometimes. . .

Outside Harris/Millis
Smoker 1 to Smoker 2: I realized it was time to call it a
night when I tried to text her and it came out, "Under a
bush in bit".

Cook Commons
Girl 1: If I place a penis over my genitals, I think I can
achieve enlightenment.
Girl 2: (No Response)

Apartment on Pearl St.
Nervous sports player: Yeah, I just don't wanna have a
drink in case someone on the team finds out...
Intoxicated friend: Oh well, who's gonna blow [your
cover]... job you. Who's gonna blow job you? .. Blow job
haha.

Walking to class
Bro 1: I have sexual harassment training for my work
tomorrow...
Bro 2: You're already pretty good at that. Do you really
need training?

Cook Commons
Girl 1: When I take Aderall at 5 or 6, it just isn't worth it.
The focusing doesn't outweigh the sweating and stomach
pain.
Girl 2: Well, I don't do Aderall just for the fuck of it, but
last night I needed to hammer through my book.
Girl 3: Last night I was like "Let's do Aderall!" and it was
like "Let's do coke!"

Near Aiken on Wednesday afternoon
Girl 1: I feel like Lindsey Lohan.
Girl 2: Wait, what?
Girl 1: I know what you're thinking, but I'm as confused
as she must have been.

Davis Center
Guy 1: These colored pencils better be amazing.
Guy 2: Why do you have colored pencils?
Guy 1: They were a \$40.00 investment, it's a big deal.

Rite Aid
Drunk ass girl: Hey Mister, can I touch your shirt?
Middle aged man: (no response)
Drunk ass girl: (touches the shirt) Yaaaa, that's how I like
it. That's nice.

Outside Williams
One 40-year old woman to another: I went to high school
with him. That doesn't mean I slept with him. I mean, I
did, but one thing doesn't necessarily lead to the other.

advertisement



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remember to check out the overflow
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tunes.



the *ultimate* halloween playlist

by leonardbartenstein

“Eleanor Rigby” by the Beatles

This song used to freak me out when I was little. Like, this would completely terrify me. And maybe that's because it addresses and actual, sobering fear: what if I end up alone? What happens then? Am I forgotten? The minor chords and violin jabs add to the scary vibe.

“Blue Orchid” by the White Stripes

The White Stripes are my favorite band, I'm not going to lie, and this song definitely deserves a spot on this list. The music video is on Yahoo!'s list of the top 20 scariest music videos of all time. It's pounding drums and shrill guitar makes this an epic addition to the Halloween playlist.

“Hex Girl” by the Hex Girls

This song might be hard to find, but trust me, it's a must for your playlist. Do you remember Scooby-Doo and the Witch's Ghost? Well, there was this band, the Hex Girls, and they are wiccans and they help Mystery, Inc. to catch the ghost. They're wicked awesome, and this is the song that they sing. It's spooky and catchy.

“The Killing Lights” by AFI

You remember AFI, right? They were the pop-punk emo band that kids listened to in eighth grade if they were too hardcore for Fall Out Boy or MCR. Most of their songs are about homicide or suicide (or both!), so they fit nicely into this list. This slightly-screamy song is aggressive and intense (and a little whiny), and totally serial killer music. It's great.

“New Moon Rising” by Wolfmother

This song will get you pumped up, and it brings about the imagery of a “new moon rising,” and even though it's talking about a new development in a relationship or something, I always envision a badass werewolf chase scene or something to this song. Listening to this song, not only could I run from a beast of the night, but I could probably face it and defeat it, too (with my bare hands)!

“Monster” by Lady Gaga

All I can say about this one is, “Yaaaaaaaas Gaga!” She makes a catchy song here, likening an over-aggressive ex-lover to a monster. She tells it like it (metaphorically) is, and makes for a great Halloween hit, with all of that talk of monsters and heart-eating and such.

“Theolonius (feat. The Voodoo King)” by the Bloody Beetroots

This song is reminiscent of some witch doctor from an old 60's Scooby-Doo. It stops its innocence there, with a terrifying and creepy opening spoken section that leaves you in chills for the rest of the song. The song itself is laced with scary voices and most excellent synthesizer riffs.



“Lavender Town” and “Pokémon Tower” by Junichi Masuda

There's enough creepypasta about Lavender Town floating around out there to drown a Psyduck, but when we get down to it, the music is just darn creepy. This, paired with the music from Pokémon Tower (a graveyard for dead Pokémon), well, you're into a nostalgic and honestly horrifying time.

“Ghostbusters” by Ray Parker, Jr.

Ghostbusters is a Halloween staple. And who are you going to be ailing if your dorm room, apartment, or house is suddenly haunted by ectoplasmic entities? I don't need to answer that. You know the answer. If you don't, watch the movie and listen to this gosh dang song.

“I'm Going Slightly Mad” by Queen

The madman is terrifying. That's why we're so sacred of “The Tell-Tale Heart” and Psycho. So when Queen, as legendary as they are, make a song about being mad, it's easy to see how people would go crazy over it. This song is insanely great, and is honestly creepy, with Freddie Mercury making you really believe that he is descending into madness.

“Scary Monsters and Nice Sprites (Noisia Remix)” by Skrillex

Skrillex music in itself is really aggressive and suitable for this holiday, but this particular track cuts right to the chase, getting to the aggressive bass beats right away, with images of possessions and exorcisms flashing through my mind, at least, especially with the occasional exclamations of “Oh my God!” (Which, fun fact, came from a girl who was cup stacking and beat her record).

“Moar Ghosts n Stuff (Hard Intro Mix 2011)” by deadmau5

This song is a party and a half. Let's be honest, thing song, with the eerie organs at the start and the pumping beats throughout, is an EDM menagerie of awesome. You can rock out to this in any costume and just have a great time (seriously, try it. It's awesome and fun).

“New Fang” by Them Crooked Vultures

This blues-rock super group bases its power on the separate bass and guitar riffs, which combine and harmonize to make a truly epic sound. This song is intense and cool during most of it, but it's the creepy solos that get it into the Halloween playlist, creating a chilling atmosphere for spooky times.

“Honky Tonk Horror” by the Black Belles

The Black Belles are one of my favorite bands. They are a pet project of producer Jack White (of White Stripes, Raconteurs, Dead Weather, rock god fame) on the Third Man Records label. They have released singles with Stephen Colbert and did a special record with Elvira. They specialize in “surf witch” music, taking angry distorted guitars, 60s surf rock, and femininity and smashing them together into this amazing product.

“Old Mary” by the Dead Weather

This super group takes a really rough attack on Christian ideals in this track, parodying the Hail Mary to create the creepiest atmosphere possible. This song is more a work of poetry than anything else, and is just great all around.

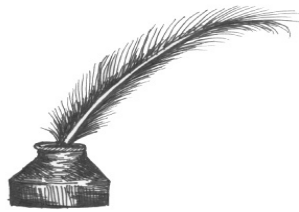
“I Miss You” by Blink-182

Besides actually mentioning Halloween in the song, this classic has creepily depressing lyrics. Not to mention the morbid music video is pretty eerie, and was among that ghostly era that coincided with the unfortunate end of actual music on MTV. March to this tune today, and you'll get respect while simultaneously creeping yourself out in sadness.

“Anything” by Primus

Everything they make is both cool and terrifying. That's why they make their way onto this list. All of their music is creepy and weird and just Halloweeny. Don't add all of it to your list, just one song or you'll probably freak out or something. ■

créatif stuffé.



Darkness comes swiftly

by wesdunn

Night starts shortly after supper. There are no streetlights on the island, which illuminates how dependent we really are on light. It's not common to leave your house after dark, not without a couple flashlights. Most people stay inside, close to their fireplace, their oil lamps. Even a good fire only fills so much of a room, with darkness watching patiently from the corners.

Darkness was not yet conquered here. It was the ruler of this place; we were just visitors. It made sure that we never felt complacent about its presence, that we shivered if we found ourselves walking the island's only dirt road on a summer night.

Several things happen in a place of total darkness. First, you can hear your breath pulsing, your blood pumping. You hear so many things all around you, at least half of them real. Your eyes clutch desperately for something to hold on to and find nothing – it really does feel like falling. If you turn them upwards, you see more stars than you could have ever imagined there being. It's awe inspiring, deeply humbling, unsettling yet somewhat peaceful. But sooner or later you have to look back down, and realize that you are a small weak thing that needs light the same way it needs water.

"Nowhere is as dark at night as here" she breathed.

We were sitting in the tall, softly whipping grass near the back cliffs. The ocean prowled invisibly a hundred feet below, its silver white tail extending out to the crescent moon. The canopy of stars hung

above us like someone had covered their hands in flour and clapped them up high, the dust perpetually suspended, spinning.

"It's not so dark," I replied, my eyes up. "Why are you whispering?"

"Why aren't you?"
"I don't see why I should—" She cupped her hand swiftly over my mouth and pushed me down.

"Shhhh! We're not supposed to be out here at all, but you should at least have the common sense

"it made sure that we never felt complacent about its presence, that we *shivered* if we found ourselves walking the island's only dirt road on a summer night"

to keep. fucking. quiet!" she seethed, hissing the last few words.

I took my hands off of hers and lay still, and after a few more silent moments, she relinquished. She was tense as we sat up; it radiated off her like steam. At first I thought she was staring at me, but when I squinted I realized that she was looking past me, along the cliffside.

"Do you hear that?"
I heard the grass whispering, the elusive, startling noises of the woods, the waves crashing below

us. A distant thumping – my heart, I figured.

"Hear what?" I looked in the direction her eyes were pointed. I could hear the wind howling now as well, banging its fist on the cliff face, pounding on it.

"That's the wind, yes?"
"Not necessarily."

"Err... what?"
"Get down. Below the grass."

We quickly laid on our stomachs, watching the cliff's edge. I heard crumbling, and large, faraway splashes. Growling, screeching, the violent utterances of the wind. It was picking up; the grass was lashing our faces.

I heard her gasp, and couldn't tell why at first. The highest stars still glowed brilliantly, but the ones closer to the level of the cliff's edge were foggy. I watched as they disappeared altogether. Night was seeping up over the edge of the cliff. I heard her say something, but couldn't make it out over the wind. I stood up to run, and was nearly bowled over. But I kept my footing, and bounded towards the forest with legs of stone – it seemed that the wind was blowing out from the island, over the edge.

I heard her cry out. I saw her suspended, spinning. Not perpetually.

Holding onto a tree trunk, I watched her until not a single eastward star remained. Not until the darkness began to seep like mud into my shoes did I start running back to town. The night gave no chase, its tribute was had. ■

CONVERSE GHOST

-continued from page 1

Of course he did.

"You're kidding, right?" Denis seemed genuinely concerned.

"Nope. Sent it right to them. Everything. Said something like, 'Henry refuses to apply himself. He simply cannot exist within this environment. My colleagues and I recommend that he take his leave before he further disgraces the Rochfort family name.'"

"Jesus..."
"I know. Thanks for listening, Denis."

"Don't worry about it, Henry. So what are you gonna—"

Denis! Denis! Come on, we're all going to The Thirsty Turtle for drinks! Forget that- what's his name? Harold? Let that kid get back to the books...God knows he needs to!

"Henry, I've gotta go..."
"Yeah, I understand...do what you have to...I get it..." Henry trails off.

He walks up to the attic, the only place to get away from the hungry academic eyes, the pressing stares and virulent pens of men in white coats with their equipment that measures the worth of your mind.

Every breath is labor, the air in his lungs turned to poison, slowly sap-

ping his strength. His spirit is worn to a single thread, and single threads are bound to break.

Father's words echo in his head, piercing deeply, over and over again.

Henry, you're a disgrace to the Rochfort name. If you cannot fix yourself, there will truly be no place for you in this family. And your place in this world...I cannot imagine you'll find much of one. Pick yourself up. Walk as tall as you were meant to walk, or don't walk at all. You're a Rochfort. Live like it.

String the rope. Tie the knot.
Step up, one foot above the other.
Each action taken so sadly, so slowly.

Take your place.
Kick the stool free.
And fall.

December 23rd, 1923. 9:43 pm.

There is another letter, but it's nothing like the first.

From Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort:
For our son, Henry...

Sadness has been unknown to us until now. We should have appreciated Henry's gentle nature. We regret the distance of spirit that was between our only son and us. It is our firm belief that no person should even feel completely alone. To anyone who showed Henry kindness, we extend our gratitude. And to anyone for whom life seems a burden, remember this: There

is always another way—your options are more than you think. Life is a brilliant treasure, and should never be tossed aside.

To Dr. Burns: please direct the words of this letter to your students. Henry deserves for them to hear it.

His spirit was gentle, and his heart was innocent. But he was forced into a dark corner, berated by harsh words and stern actions, for which no one person is culpable. If you have any tenderness in your heart, read this to your students yourself. Deliver this lesson, for it is essential. For justice, please speak clearly, and speak with all the passion you can muster. Anyone who is suffering like our son did deserves to feel the truth contained within these words. So read well, and with strength. Read for Henry.

Later that year, after reading the letter to his students as instructed, Dr. Burns retired. He was overcome by feelings of guilt, and was unable to continue his UVM career. It is said his feelings of culpability regarding Henry's suicide plagued the remainder of his days, until he expired on November 25th, 1943.

To current UVM students...

If you ever walk through Converse Hall, and you feel a friendly eye upon you, do not be afraid. Show understanding, and show kindness to a

spirit that wants nothing more than to laugh and enjoy your company.

And if your iPod plays and skips while no one is around, and if your books aren't quite where you left them, wink, and extend a calm and courteous hand. Be a friend to the lonely, and respect the ones who walk where the living are never meant to see. Mind your manors. Be considerate. But more than anything, do not neglect to enjoy the time you've been given. The young man who walks the floors and flies through the doors of the present Converse Hall wanted nothing more than to enjoy his life. And as sadness took his life from him, it grieves him greatly to see students bind themselves so strongly to books that they neglect the loving world around them. So do not grate upon the feelings of an old and lonely soul. Smile. And where there is a friendless heart, take this person's hand. For you can never know how much strength your sympathy can give.

-From Henry, of Old Converse Hall... ■

cat litter.



collincappelle



Tip o' the Week

Ender's Game comes out in theaters on Friday. Buggers beware.

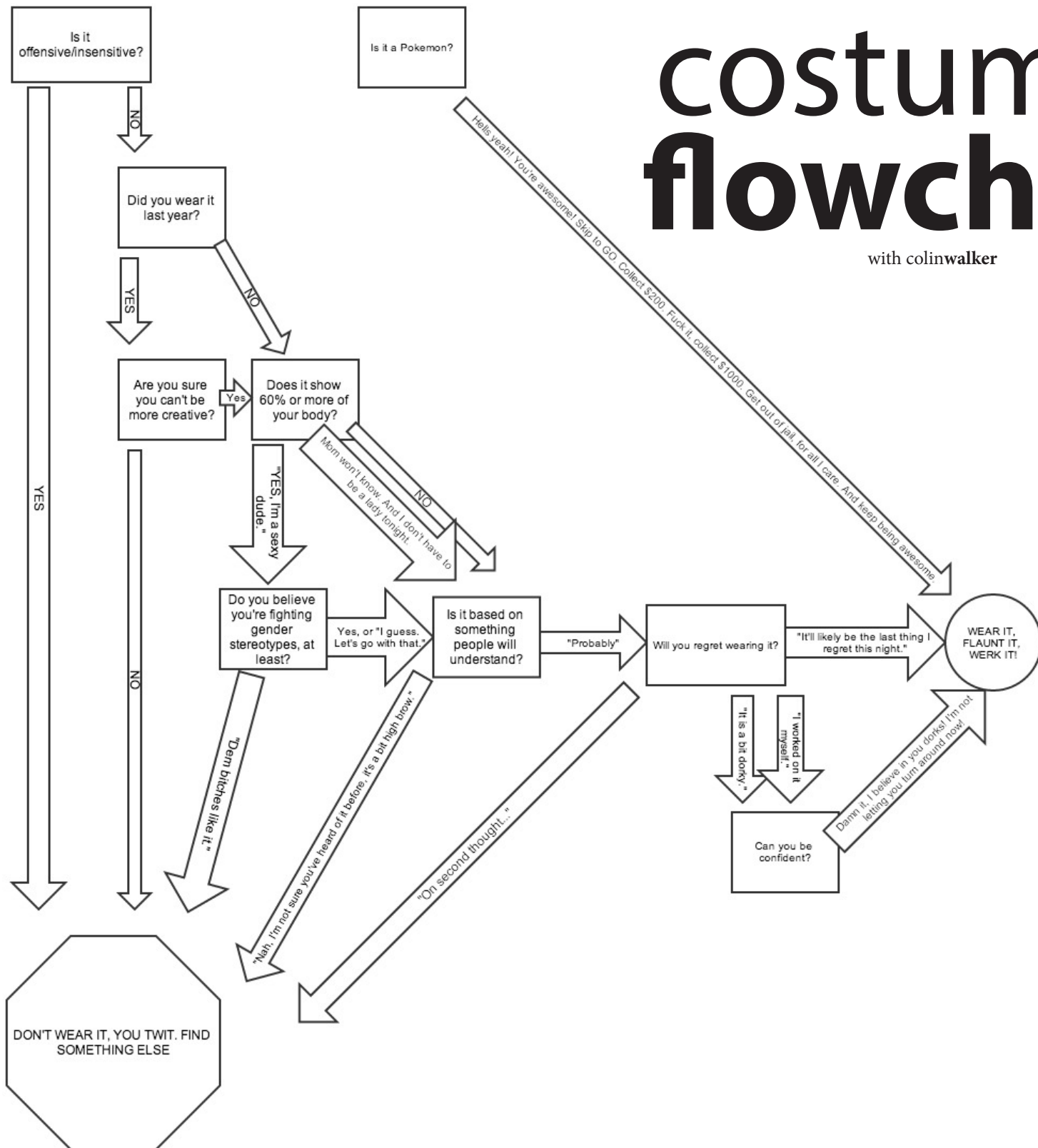


Hidden meaning costume of the year.
(Think hen, not chicken)



costume flowchart

with colinwalker



This week's back page has been brought to you by the goddamn batcat:



She's a billionaire playboy by day,
and the cutest little crime fighter
by night