

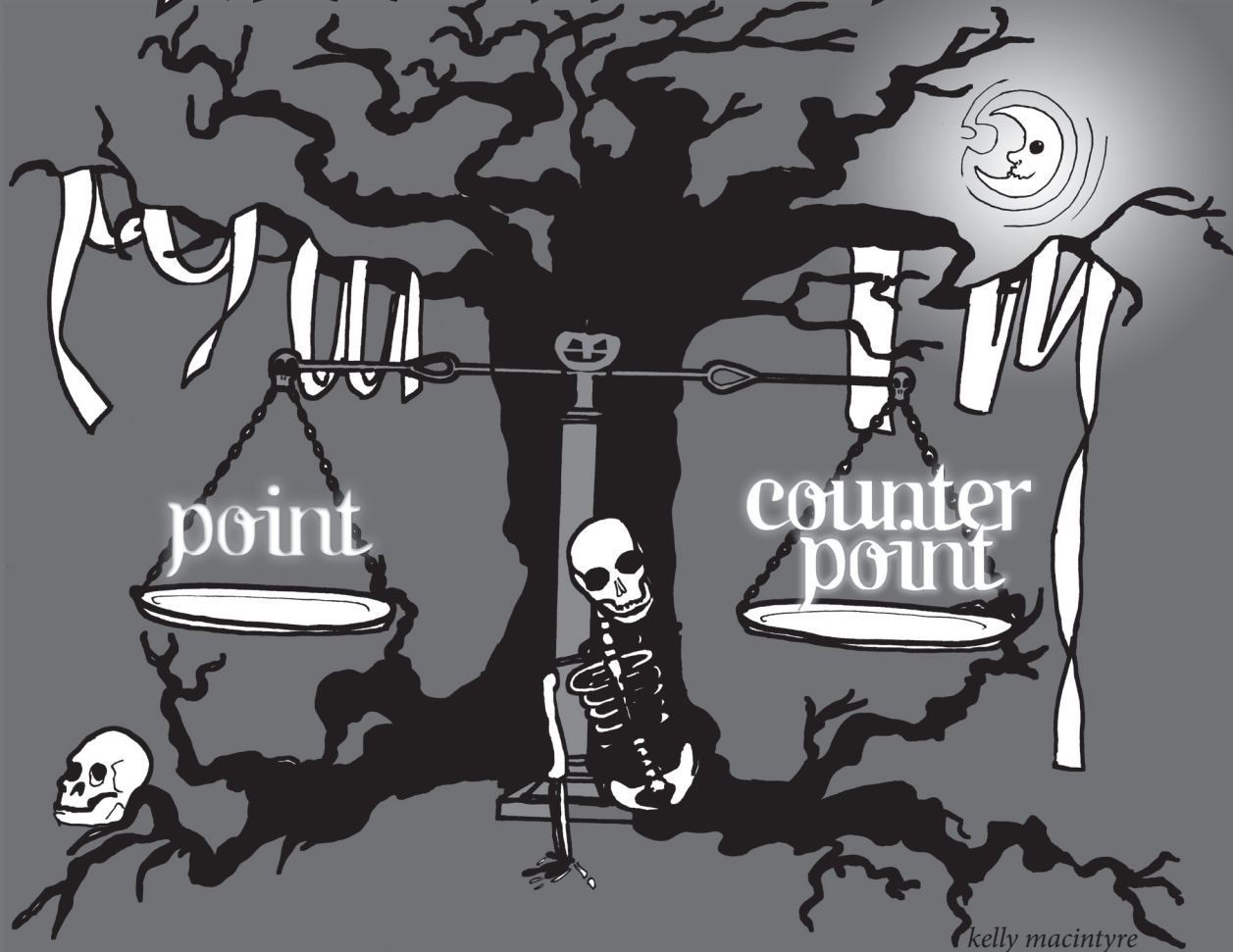
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 6 - issue 8 - tuesday, october 27, 2009 - uvm, burlington, vt

the halloween issue



kelly macintyre

by mollykelly-yahner

There is no other holiday where candy, costumes, abs, boobs, children, pumpkins, and tricks smoothly mix together. Halloween lets all these things we love combine into a mysterious, tasty, creative holiday that college students have come to master. Girls can look like porn stars. Guys can find reasons to show off their chest hair. Or you can use the other approach and look like a total freak of nature. Whichever route, anything goes on this night. For those who doubt, you're just ill informed.

The costumes that you can put together are endless, totally excusable, and entertaining. You can dress up with your friends as a group, like the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, or go solo and dress like a sex object. Furthermore, as college students, we have to be independent in so many ways – academically, socially, sexually, etc. Dressing up and looking ridiculous lets you be comical, fun, and take a break from all the distractions we have to deal with.

Ghost, goblins, spider webs, haunted houses, and spooks. What is not to enjoy? Even if you're a freak all year round, on Halloween night the strangeness is accepted and, even more so, encouraged. How could you not like the various Halloween marathons counting down the days to Halloween, repeating the classics like *Halloween*, *Psycho*, and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*? The haunted houses and creepy movie events test your strength as a wimp or not. Plus, hellooooo, scary moments are great for making moves on people.

Free food. You are freed from the dollars and guilt that go into buying your own candy. Diets don't apply on this night. Sugar highs will keep you going – whether you still trick or treat or want to dance in your costume all night long. If you cannot finish all your candy, that's understandable. You can save it for later, or even find some kids to sell the extra candy so you can make a few bucks.

You have an excuse to party for two weeks straight thanks to Halloween. When you see some costume ideas that you just wish you could have used, no problem, you have plenty of other nights to pull out some new combinations. ■

by maxbookman

Here we go again. Halloween is approaching and *aren't you so excited?* Plenty of Catamounts have been counting down the days since November 1. After all, there's apparently just so much to love! But for some of us (to the annoying surprise of others), Halloween is childish and dumb. So when your obnoxious friends chide you for lacking that Halloween spirit, now you'll know how to break it down:

dressing up

Isn't it so cool to get dressed up in a manner that you normally wouldn't because it looks so ridiculous? Hell yeah it is! If you haven't hit puberty yet. Dressing up is for children. People who have children get a pass. But most of us here at UVM probably don't fall into either category, so there's no excuse for dressing up as a witch, or a ghost, or any of the typical costumes. There's the slutty (marketed as "sexy") costumes. Dressing up like a total slut might have worked in high school (and not just on Halloween), but what makes you think people want to see your post-Freshman Fifteen body all giggling around, covered by nothing but a little Sexy Lima Bean skirt?

freaking out, man

There's lots of scary things out there. Mahmud Achmedinijad is scary. Hitler was scary. Glenn Beck, rabies, and Times Square at 3:00 in the morning in 1975 are scary. Children dressed up as princesses running around puking from too much candy are not scary. College students dressed up as princesses running around puking from too much jungle juice are not scary.

Halloween horror movies like *Saw VI* (or is it VII?) and *Jennifer's Body* (how Megan Fox kills time between *Transformers 2* and *3*) have the potential to be scary, but that's usually rivaled by the scary shittiness of the plot.

eating candy

Candy just rots teeth and contributes to the growing childhood fatness pandemic in America. Plus, college students don't even eat candy on Halloween. Unless you want to call Dogfish Pun'kin Ale candy. In that case, I stand corrected.

stretching it

Halloween is on October 31st, but that doesn't stop people from celebrating on the Thursday before, the Friday before, on Saturday, on Sunday, and there are even some hanger-oners who stretch it to the following weekend. They are also always the people who have a great excuse why getting drunk is so necessary tonight. "It's the night before the night before Halloween!" "I only have one class tomorrow." "It's Thursday!" "It's Friday." "It's Saturday." How about this one: "I don't really care about all the dressing up and candy, I just like getting drunk all the time." ■

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me

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inbox

802 love

Hey **wt**,
First off, I would just like to say that I look forward to reading **the water tower** every week. You all do an awesome job making it both entertaining and enlightening. Second, someone give Deborah Weeks a high-five for me. Her reflection on “True VermonTERS” was not only accurate, but it is something I have been struggling to explain for three-plus years now. No matter how I try to tell it to my out-of-state friends, they still have this idea that native VermonTERS are tofu-loving activists who wear hemp and smoke major amounts of weed. Chittenden County is the exception, not the rule. But that’s not to say that those of us from outside of the county don’t love Burlington and the out-of-staters that flock here. This is an interesting and special place to be. We are all lucky to be here. Just don’t let it confuse you about the state as a whole.

Anyway, congrats to Deborah for spilling the beans publicly.
Keep fighting the good fight,
-Daron Raleigh, 2010

*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

Decisions: You laugh as you charge towards the front door. Dark and creepy forest or not, you already know that you’re going to survive this night. You swing the door open with a bold confidence and then see only an empty room. Still, you hear noises coming from somewhere. You open a door and find the basement stairs, surprisingly well-lit by candles. The noises are slightly clearer now; they sound like mischief and glee. Slowly you walk down the steps, then leap suddenly into the room below, howling a vicious war cry. You hear several screams and then a surge of laughter. You look around and see familiar faces. It’s your friends. Of course! You promised to meet them in the woods for a party! You want to laugh, but your arm tingles and you hear a different laughter in you head, the laugh of the figure in the shadows. You try to look away as your arm and the ax in it rise on their own. You try not to see as you carve through every life and limb in the room, but your choice was a poor one and you now know that you will never see anything else again.

sportsblink with michaelcieslak

Manny Ramirez would rather shower than support his team. Surprising right? I really don’t understand why the media continues to make a big deal when this guy does stupid shit. Let him be, the man can hit, obviously “Manny being Manny” worked fine for the Sox—if he stops hitting then cut him. (Maybe if Boras didn’t rule the world it could be that simple.)

The Phils will be the first team to defend a World Series since the Yanks in ‘01. And chances are they’ll be exactly whom the Phils will be playing. I predict Yanks in five. While on the subject, A-Rod gave Jeter the touchy squeeze of the century after a Posada home run in game three of the ALCS. The Yankees have such good chemistry this season that a strong high five or hug isn’t enough to express their feelings-- they turn to an all-out assault on the ass cheeks—understandable right?...I know every coach would love to have Peyton Manning on his team, but it has to be tough to see your coach wearing his jersey claiming he “wanted to feel like a winner.” Sorry, Titans, you just suck.

The NBA starts Tuesday. This off-season was somewhat boring and nothing has really changed since last year: Celts are good, Lakers are better. On a local note, our men’s hockey team jumped up to #7 in the country after a 4-1 win over BC last Sunday. Vermont continues to have a well-rounded offensive attack, but their special teams failed them Friday at Merrimack. Vermont gave up two power play goals and went 0-5 on the PP going on to lose 5-2. If they are going to contend in a tough Hockey East, they are really going to have to iron that out. But with a whole new power play format from last year, it is expected to take some time before it starts to click... luckily the season is young.

the shit list

the water tower. uvm’s alternative newsmag uvm.edu/~watertwr

with macsmith

European Space Agency The ESA is looking for six volunteers to do a simulated mission to Mars. This consists of locking them in a box for 520 days. It is said that this should do the trick, although the simulation wouldn’t really account for radiation exposure and zero gravity, a.k.a. actual things that happen in space. We just created a new reality show.

Saw VI We’re up to the sixth movie and nobody knows what’s happening.

Hulu Is going to start charging for its content in 2010. The world will be a much more productive place.

Wal-Mart A Wal-Mart in Ocala, Florida, fired security guard Josh Rutner after chasing after a knife-wielding shoplifter. Rutner was a little perplexed as to why he would be fired for doing his job. A Wal-Mart spokesperson said that “there are specific instructions as to what an associate can and can’t do during a shoplifting episode.” Apparently, your job is just one of those things you can’t do.

Terrorist Wannabes A guy tried to hijack a flight bound for Cairo by holding a plastic knife to a stewardess’s neck. The man was immediately subdued by Egyptian air marshals. All the crafty terrorists must have killed themselves, because all that’s left are a bunch of dipshits wielding plastic cutlery.

the news in brief

with paulgross

“The westerners have insisted on going in a direction to cheat us.”

-**Ali Larijani**, speaker of the Iranian Parliament, on the IAEA’s recent visit to Iranian nuclear facilities and their insistence on allowing Iran to enrich uranium only if it works in partnership with France and Russia. Obama and Russian President Dmitri Medvedev recently met to discuss this very issue in a high profile meeting. Ok, so the West is saying to Iran, a nation that calls the West the Great Satan, “We’ll help you enrich uranium for nuclear power,” and we’re trying to cheat them???

“There is no alternative to a second round.”

-**Afghan** [soon to be ex-] **President Hamid Karzai**, rejecting a very generous offer to enter into a power-sharing agreement with his opponent, Dr. Abdullah Abdullallah, a Tajik minority. In the first round of Presidential elections, Karzai secured enough votes to enter a run-off as the clear front-runner but not to take power straight away. However, since then there have been very serious fraud allegations (to the tune of Karzai stuffing several thousand ballots). Rather than avoiding the embarrassment of a second election and saving the legitimacy of the Afghan government, Karzai has decided to be a dick and will probably try to steal round two.

“We are nowhere near where we thought we’d be.”

-**Dr. Thomas Frieden**, director of the CDC, on the huge lack of Swine Flu (fuck H1N1) vaccine presently available. The President has just declared the Swine Flu pandemic a “national emergency,” which basically makes it a top priority for relevant Federal agencies. Unfortunately, the first step in combating a pandemic is usually preventing its spread, but no vaccine is available. So, be sure to wash your hands n’ shit (as if you shouldn’t do that anyway...).

“In case you haven’t noticed I’m slightly overweight.”

-**Chris Christie**, the portly Republican candidate for governor of New Jersey, in a speech addressing what has become one of the pre-eminent topics in his campaign against Democratic incumbent, Jon Corzine—Christie’s waistline. Though perhaps not particularly relevant to success as a governor, recent polls have shown that the average voter is actually 20% less likely to vote for an overweight candidate. Jon Corzine, meanwhile, has been highlighting his thin physique by publicizing his participation in a 5K race—a distance that’s probably longer than most Americans walk in a month.

“Her motivation and obsession have become more ominous, intrusive, and threatening.”

-**Justin Timberlake’s lawyer**, in court papers for a case where the pop singer won a restraining order against crazed fan Karen McNeil. The 40-year-old Mrs. McNeil has twice secretly entered Timberlake’s home and once left a letter which has not been unveiled, but which court papers have only described as “bizarre.” Poor Justin, he was just trying to bring SexyBack...

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join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:00pm
SGA and Student Orgs. Office
Davis Center - 3rd Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don’t have to come up with them yourselves. We can’t promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can’t wait for Tuesday.
We are **the water tower.**

mom, rush limbaugh is at the door demanding candy

want to really impress people this year?

these costume ideas not only say **"i love halloween,"** but also **"i am informed"**

Balloon Boy

Here's your chance to get in on all the publicity this incident is getting. Just buy a giant silver Mylar balloon and fill it with helium. Then send the balloon off to the parties while you hole up at home in a box.

Health Care Bill

You can't go wrong with something that's kept Congress preoccupied for months. Buy a giant pad of paper, cover it with meaningless bureaucratic phrases, and hang it around your neck. For added effect, bring along some Democratic and Republican friends and have them beat each other up every time you walk in the room.

Head of the Nobel Committee

Talk about fifteen minutes of fame - a few weeks ago, most people didn't know this guy existed, much less care about his opinions. Grab an uptight-looking suit and a grey wig. Give lots of candy to people who don't deserve it, and when you get asked why, pretend you only speak Norwegian.

The Swine Flu

Everyone knows the Swine Flu is what people will remember about 2009. Dress up in the most repulsive outfit possible, being sure to touch every doorknob and food item you encounter. For the two weeks prior to Halloween, carry around a megaphone and announce that you are coming, consequently scaring the shit out of everyone.

Rush Limbaugh

No matter how many lies he tells, people still listen to him. Bulk up by stuffing your clothes with pillows, then go around acting like an asshole. This costume is simple, and a great idea as long as you're not planning on attending any parties. When you announce that you are interested in celebrating Halloween, most people will proceed to boycott the holiday.

The Dow Jones Industrial Average

This is the perfect costume for anyone who is too lazy to put together a costume. It doesn't matter what you dress up as, because nobody actually understands what you are. All you have to do is go around telling people you're having a good day, and they'll have their faith in the American economic system instantly restored.

Hillary Clinton

Sure, this might not be the most popular costume, but that doesn't mean it can't get the job done. All you need is a pantsuit and a lingering sense of bitter defeat and you could be partying in style while everyone else is gate-crashing at the house next door.



anna speidel

karzai's got the runs...

by bsage

Just over two months after Hamid Karzai was re-elected as president of Afghanistan, the government has declared that a run-off election must be held after the Electoral Complaints Commission (ECC) uncovered massive fraud in the first one.

When the results were first tabulated, Karzai was said to have received 55% of the vote. Following numerous fraud allegations, however, a complex investigation led to all the votes at 210 polling stations being discounted. The elimination of these votes dropped Karzai to below 50% of the total, leaving him with only a plurality rather than a majority. In the event of such an occurrence, the Afghan constitution calls for a run-off election between the top two candidates within two weeks. Thus, Karzai is slated to go head to head with candidate Abdullah Abdullah, who

tions. It is worth noting that fraud was most prevalent in the country's ethnic Pashtun regions, and these are also the areas where the insurgency is strongest and violence against voters was most common. Officials claim that it was often "too dangerous" to send officials to monitor vote legitimacy in those districts, a truly terrible stance to take. If officials are not willing to take the risk of taking part in the election in those areas, how can they possibly expect voters to take that same risk? It is disgraceful that Afghan citizens are expected to risk their lives when chances are that their vote won't even be counted, and that their government does not care as much about achieving true democracy as they do.

Afghan officials are not the only ones at fault, however. Both NATO and especially

"This election represents a turning point regarding western policy in Afghanistan."

supposedly received 31% of the vote in the first round.

The run-off has been scheduled for November 7, just over the two weeks demanded in the constitution, meaning that by the strict letter of the law the run-off is not even valid. Regardless, the time frame is still very small, and is certainly reasonable to doubt whether the new election will be any more legitimate than the first one. Previously, officials had months to organize logistics and security and still both ballot stuffing and insurgent attacks on voters were common occurrences. Even if officials are able to cut fraud in half in the latest election, this would still be nowhere near what is considered a fair election even in such a new and unstable democracy like Afghanistan.

Furthermore, officials seem quite uncommitted to protecting voters, an essential component of any election. In the first election, voter turnout was down about 25% from the election of 2004, and this is due largely to voter fear of being shot or caught in a bombing perpetrated by Taliban insurgents near polling sta-

US forces could do a much better job in helping to aid with security at polling stations, and it is essential that they do so considering the great importance of this run-off. This election likely represents a turning point regarding Western policy in Afghanistan. US and NATO generals have warned that the next 6-12 months are crucial in preventing an irreversible increase in insurgent activity and influence, and that significant troop increases are necessary. President Obama has already said that he will not make a decision on sending more troops to the country until a new government has been elected. Thus, if the US military wants to get the reinforcements it desperately needs, it must first provide safety for Afghan voters and insure fairness and accountability among the election officials. The US and NATO must join together to help stop the corruption and give the Afghan people the just election they deserve; otherwise, the West could soon find itself limping out of Afghanistan having improved virtually nothing after nearly an entire decade of sacrifice. ■

wash your hands! says the piglet of fear

by henrykellogg

As a tactic, fear has been around for centuries. Since the story of the boy who called wolf, we have been taught to do the right thing not because of its intrinsic goodness, but because of fear for the consequences. Posters from World War II read "loose lips sink ships," and McCarthy-era sayings like "better dead than red" prove that fear is not just used for little children, but for every man, woman, and child in the civilized state. To remain within the ranks of good Americans, it seems as if some modicum of fear is required.

This concept of positive fear in the state is far from gone in the 21st century and as much as we hated Bush's "we need to fight the axis of evil at all times or else," the *or else* concept remains prevalent today.

Come up with a solution for public healthcare, or else costs will keep skyrocketing. Bail out the banks, or else our entire banking system will collapse. Recycle, or else landfills will cover the world. Our immediate reaction is to stand against fear and claim that this is a free country and that we as free citizens should not be coerced by fear in any form-- yet does that do the greatest good? Healthcare, recycling, and washing our hands are good things, right? So shouldn't the government/school/society use whatever tactics they can come up with to multiply good behaviors in its populace?

We've all seen the signs hung conspicuously around our bathrooms and eating places. We see the slides in the Marché televisions, gently and quietly reminding us to wash our hands. Yet within this helpful message of public hygiene, there is another quiet and more fearful message of "or else." Although that pink little piglet might seem cute, he is there for one reason and one reason only: to scare you into doing the right thing. This raises the very same interesting ethical question to which our culture as a whole is trying to tackle: Can those in authority, whether it be our government, school, parents, etc., use fear as a method of compelling us to do a thing that will be mutually beneficial to us in the end?

Well, the answer here is complex and depends on which of our values we hold most sacred. Would be rather be free from coercive administration PSAs and not wash our hands and get Swine Flu? Or would we rather have fearful piglets ever reminding us of the coming aporkalypse? ■

**"a diploma for brains, a heart for love,
and a nobel for being so audaciously hopeful!"**



by aaronlopez-barrantes



broken promises

by gregfrancese

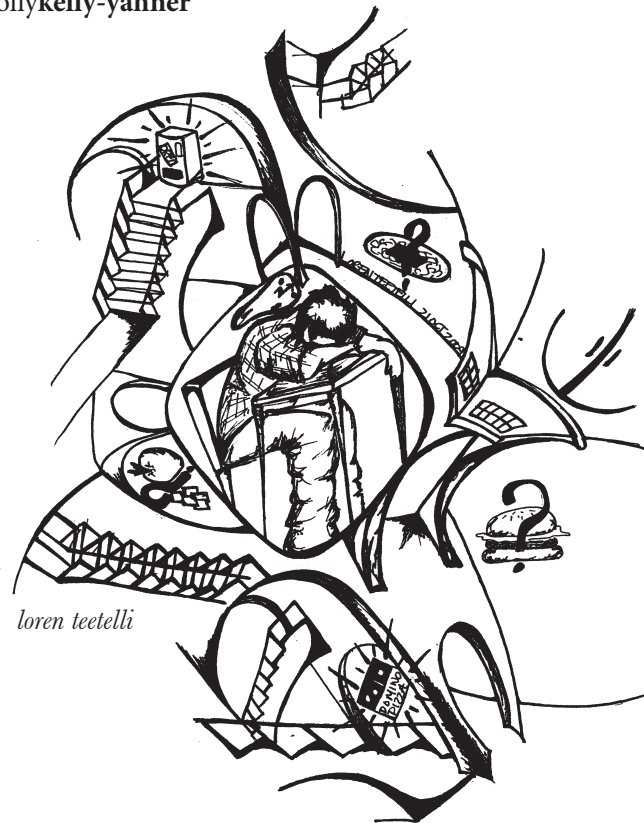
It's October in Vermont, and you know what that means – snow! With snow comes cold weather. With cold weather comes the need for heat. With the need for heat comes a heater that functions at least through however many hours you sleep each night. Fortunately, ResLife is aware of the unreliability that winter heating brings and has created FIX-IT! If you are new to UVM or have decided that this winter, wearing more layers inside than outside is a thing of the past, following these will prove to remedy any problem you encounter this winter.

1. Locate a computer with working Internet. (It's true, you can put in your request without leaving your literal chill-zone of a dorm.)
2. Go to UVM's website. (It's www.uvm.edu just in case you're still unaware of that.)
3. Click on "Student Life."
4. Click on "Housing."
5. Click on "go to Reslife website."
6. Scroll to the bottom and click on the Fix-it logo.
7. Carefully determine whether or not your problem is an "Emergency Repair" or "Routine Maintenance." (Not having access to Facebook does not qualify as an emergency.)
8. If your problem is
 - a. An Emergency Repair –
 - i. Click "select emergency repair." (Is it snowing in your dorm or is that small piece of the ceiling falling down?)
 - ii. Determine during which time period you're calling. ("Due to increased call volume we are experiencing longer than normal hold times.")
 - iii. Carefully locate the correct number to call. The phone answerer will need you to answer a few questions to determine the urgency of the situation. (Could you please repeat that? I couldn't understand you over the chattering of your teeth.)
 - iv. In the likely event no one responds within 30 minutes, don't panic, just dress in layers and remove all liquids from the room. ("Yeah, Mom, I did call and nothing's happened yet. Oh no, my roommate just put his tongue on the bed frame and now it's stuck.")
 - b. Routine Maintenance –
 - i. Click "Select Routine Maintenance." (This is where you click if you can't access Facebook...or any other site on the Internet)
 - ii. Make sure you have read and understand the important information and check the box. ("Blah blah blah, we won't fix your problem soon so read this carefully because you're in no rush, blah blah blah.")
 - iii. Click "Secure Form for Residence Halls." (Identity theft deterrence is ResLife's priority!)
 - iv. Login. (Congratulations! You've finally made it to the point where you make your problem known to ResLife.)
 - v. Fill in the information requested. (Make sure you have 10-15 minutes to do this.)
 - vi. Click "Submit Fix-It" and voila!

DISCLAIMER – Hold on there! Filling this out means that someone at ResLife is aware of your issue. That someone will send out an email that, in the most bureaucratic method possible, will reach the person best fit to fix your problem. Granted, that could take a few days (or weeks), so be patient and think about other things – like how ridiculous it is that you could have fixed this yourself in less than an hour.

late night starvin'

by mollykelly-yahner



loren teetelli

Sushi, a \$3.29 cup of grapes, yogurt, pre-made subs, granola, sugary blueberry loaf, French fries, quesadillas, cookies, or a salad? What shall you choose to load up on before the two "late night" places on campus shut down and all food outlets are gone? To make the struggle even more difficult, you must figure this whole late night food thing out before 9 P.M. – apparently a time when UVM thinks most students are not on campus needing food or caffeine. In fact, most students are probably home at 9 P.M., winding down, and not trekking to the library. The brave mass that is left to face campus after 9 P.M. has to rely on an array of fruit, congealed carbohydrates, and tepid coffee to tide them over until they go home.

What if you need some nourishment after all the vendors abandon campus? If you're at the library, Davis Center, or even the lounge of L & L, you're stuck with vending machine options, or delivery food, which you need to pay with *real* money, not the Monopoly currency that is Cat Scratch. After these choices become distant dreams, you are left with desperate measures.

Senior Leigh Galligan has found one such loophole to this inconvenience. She explains, "I go to the hospital cafeteria because it's cheap and open late." That is just one perk of being a nursing student. Yet what about all the other students left with growling stomachs on central campus?

As a University promoting the "pillars" that the Davis Center reminds us of daily – Integrity, Innovation, Responsibility, Social Justice – wouldn't "late night" available food fall under one of those principles? The social justice cause is most likely. As Adlai E. Stevenson says, "A hungry man is not a free man." Crouched over desks and computers with churning stomachs does not describe freedom! This should be discussed at board meetings, in lecture series, and protested in front of Waterman.

Under the current circumstances, there is no justice in the way students must fight for food. How desperate do our actions get when starvation is consuming us completely? Maybe you've pretended to be one of those official composting students you see sorting through Davis Center trash bins and found some remains of a half-eaten New World Tortilla meal. Or you have rescued food from your backpack that you bought last week. I'll admit I have fallen victim to such desperate measures. I ate stale crackers I found in the abyss of my Lowe Alpine backpack. They tasted like salted cardboard, but who knows if I could have crammed out those two extra pages without them.

What we need is a new initiative – a new outlet for accessible food. There are other genius alternatives that have obviously been overlooked. The people who run the 24-hour library shift could also sell shots of coffee and assorted fruits and pastries. It could be like the late night co-op to benefit "after hours" campus dwellers and further the "buy local" frenzy. If the library employees are not into this, that's okay.

Another alternative is that President Fogel could extend this offer to lecturers and non-tenured professors who want to pick up some extra cash. Then students could baby-sit their kids and then money would be flowing all around Vermont, furthering support for our community.

There are realistic options out there for providing students with some sort of after-hours munchies. Other universities have campus stores open till at least 2 A.M., serving actual meals that do not taste like astronaut food. Making coffee and yummy, filling snacks available at least till midnight is a realistic request. Till then, avoid the \$3.29 cup of grapes, and stick with the carbs to fill you for the night. Forget about budget cuts, livable wages, and green jobs. Granting UVM students access to late-night dining is superior to all those causes and we must act now to secure social justice! You never know when Brennan's may have to close early because of a drunken brawl, or the Cyber Café may run out of food at the end of the night, so always have some trail mix or a go-to snack to prepare yourself. ■

Decisions: You take the ax in your hands and feel its cold hardness. It feels good, even right, in your grip. Immediately you're filled with a malevolent glee and slash with all your might at the figure in the shadows. Surprisingly your blade goes right through it and the figure dissolves. It is nothing more than a pile of leaves now. You feel a brief chill, but quickly push it to the back of your mind. You are armed now and indestructible. (Go back to page seven.)

collective fashion conscience lookbook.nu opens design

by bridgettrecro

We, as a UVM community, are quite a fashionable bunch...when we want to be. But after a long school week of looking like an absolute dumpster, we're ready to doll ourselves up for the weekend. Rummaging through our closet, we find a plethora of acceptable pieces...but then it hits us. We have the fashion equivalent of writer's block— it seems like we suddenly own almost nothing wearable, and the next minute we're crying because we have no idea what to wear to Green Street tonight. WTF, mate?

Dry your tears, girl, because you still have clothes. What you need is some fashion inspiration. Look no further than lookbook.nu, possibly the most addicting website on the planet. Ever been a total geek and cut out pictures from maga-

outfits that are nearly the cover of Vogue or and recreates them co. But if you're looking ways have a sale. You ity dresses for under (although it'll be in p and since it's not the at American Apparel be the only one at the The shipping time is too, with items arriv time frame as anything our country. The best single item's page, yo a model walking dow that very outfit on he Brits really got it righ A little pricier is th com, with equally fin

"Ever cut out pictures from magazines of outfits someday recreate? It's kinda like that. Fortunately better than your unkempt cutouts from Teen

zines of outfits you'd love to someday recreate? It's kinda like that. Fortunately, this website is better than your unkempt cutouts from Teen Vogue. It boasts thousands upon thousands of photographs of trendsetters across the globe, showing off the kinds of outfits you've only dreamed of putting together. Unfortunately, posting your outfits on lookbook.nu is invite-only— so delete those photos of yourself from Photo Booth you were just considering submitting. You have to be a top-tier fashion blogger who posts beautifully shot photographs of yourself, usually posed ironically in front of a kitchen sink, or at the zoo...or something equally droll.

Scrolling through outfit after outfit will not only cause copious amounts of both envy and drool, but it will also be a sure-fire time waster if you're looking to put off that paper. But your time won't be wasted in the end: The hours you spend soaking in the intricately put-together fashion creations will be rewarding come Friday night, when you've successfully recreated one of those outfits (as best as you could, of course). After a while, you'll realize that most of the items in your closet and jewelry box are capable of emulating something you saw on Lookbook; you'll just have to put in your own bit of creativity. The research will pay off— and you'll be thanking me when yo' man is calling you to hit that.

But in all seriousness, you're probably saying, "Ummm, eff you, this is a RE-CESSION. I have no money to buy new clothes that I can transform into some chic fashion creation." Luckily, Lookbook has opened up all kinds of doors with affiliated online stores that it reps all over the site. Not only do these stores have super ferosh getups, but they're also affordable. Most of these stores don't have literal stores— they only exist online, so they don't hike up their prices too badly. The most important site to check out is ASOS.com. Based in the UK, ASOS finds

although it boasts less store like ASOS. 80sE similarly priced online you to sort clothing b popular trends and d Top Shop has opened but good luck finding check out the website to the "online fashion is PixieMarket.com, a "fashion super-market any cuter than that? more on the expensive always good sales tha styles on the (relative

All these stores pr out" clothes, but if yo one-of-a-kind, handr dresses you can wear check out ModCloth are pricey (the handr others are reasonable ably priced handmad com. It's basically like clothes, and you can anything— kimonos, tery— everything has one of a kind. It's all dent designers who e unique trend— you c Sid Vicious' face prin click. Lastly, another out is Polyvore.com, and match items from celebrities and in ma are available for purc you invest hours per eventually want to in

Whether you need using what you already pieces based on the li have, lookbook.nu pr sources you need to b side of Athletic Camp the dumpster, baby, b end's almost here. I n Tuesday. ■

top 5 ways to fail hallow

5. Puke at a party. This is always bad. It's worse on Halloween when candy corn and Natty Ice.
4. Impromptu drunk performance of *Monster Mash*.
3. Dress up as John Malkovich so that you can go to a party and you are "Being John Malkovich." No one will understand the 1999 movie reference and you will have shaved your head for no reason.
2. Watch ghost porn.
1. Wear a "too gross" costume. For instance, dressing up like a Bear with all the extra body hair you find on the floor of your bathroom to y The Used Condom is another example.

Decisions.



Business:
Her doors

Littering 101

it's time to get your act together.

by macsmith

Last week, I got a blueberry parfait from the Waterman Café. It was delicious. I wanted to continue enjoying the sweet granola-y desert in comfortable warmth but I had to run back to my house all the way down Pearl Street. I step outside and it's winter cold. As I make my way down the hill I finish my parfait and

important thing. I've found the best time to do this is constantly, except during the fifteen minutes between classes, when all the school is out and about.

Rule #2: If it doesn't touch the ground, it's not littering. This is the most fundamental rule you need to know. Get creative. Put your empty bottle of Nesquik



I'm hit with a dilemma. "Fuck, I don't have anywhere to throw this out," I think to myself as my hands begin to lose feeling. I'm looking for someplace to chuck my plastic cup and it occurs to me that Burlington, the greenest city in the universe, hasn't a single outdoor garbage can. It's absolutely ridiculous. I had to keep walking another ungodly five minutes until I could throw my cup in some guy's recycling bin. What? I couldn't just throw it on the floor. People would see me and inevitably judge me, maybe even ridicule me.

Where I come from, littering isn't as big of a deal. But it's also not an excuse because there are garbage cans everywhere. But when I'm up here, even thinking about chucking the tin foil remains from my KKD sandwich out the window of my supercharged V8 SUV sends prickles down my spine. I feel as if the entire state of Vermont were watching me. I know you know what I'm talking about because I know you've littered in Burlington. And if you haven't, you're a liar. And if you think I'm a liar just take a look at the ground next April when the snow melts and tell me you don't see 6 months' accumulation of crap.

Since we have come to some sort of consensus that littering happens and there's nothing we can do about it, we have to tackle the next problem: it's getting colder out. I was able to hold on to that parfait cup for as long as I did because it's not a bajillion degrees below zero... yet. Don't think I'm going to be that generous when the first stages of frostbite come within seven minutes of exposure to ridiculous arctic air. Alas, masses, there's a solution for this, and it includes four helpful pointers to help you litter in Burlington without becoming a public punching bag for some uber liberal, hemp-clad, dread-donning, tofu-eating, bicycle-riding, local-buying hippie.

Rule #1: If nobody sees it, it didn't happen. Ok, it did happen, but nobody knows it was you. That's the most

important thing. Put your Mentos wrapper in the coin dispenser of a pay phone (nobody uses those things anymore anyway), just so long as it doesn't touch the ground. Because once it gets on the ground, then it can blow around, and then it's, you know, trash. The sight of it alone will ruin someone's day.

Rule #3: Dump your trash in a more "urban" setting. This should be a no-brainer. Trash goes better with, and is aesthetically more pleasing when viewed on, a cement sidewalk or someone's stoop. The rest of your Chicken Charlie's has no place near or around trees or grass. If you're going to harm the environment, at least don't make it look ugly. However, Green Mountain Coffee Cups are acceptable for a forest setting. Those things blend in because they're brown and green and stuff.

Rule #4: If you are in an exceptionally crowded area, it is possible to nonchalantly drop your trash from your pocket undetected. This is really more of an amendment to Rule #1, but it is also a very complicated procedure which requires great skill and practice. Try the Drunk Bus first. It's dark and everyone's too messed up to notice that you are killing the planet. Plus, your Natty is gonna go flat if you don't finish it.

I hope these carefully thought-out steps help you in your day-to-day littering. I don't see Burlington getting public garbage cans anytime soon and it's only going to get colder and therefore more dangerous to hold your garbage. In these tough times, we need to be looking out for numero uno. It's much easier to do this without Smokey the Bear or Johnny Appleseed or whoever represents the quintessential Vermonter breathing down our necks. In the spring, the snow will melt and you can see all you've created. Someone else will have to pick it up anyways. I think they get paid for it. But even if they don't it doesn't matter. You've successfully made it through a guilt-free winter. ■

Decisions: You hesitate as you reach for the doorknob. This all seems much too easy. Why would you have been offered a rope if you weren't supposed to use it? You find a heavy rock and tie it to the rope, then swing it into the highest window you can reach. The wind rustles the grass around you and somehow sounds angry doing so. You suddenly feel overcome with a feeling of unstoppable terror, but you begin to climb up anyway. About half-way up you hear a horrible screaming below you, possibly from the house's basement. You can't think about that though; you have to keep climbing. Finally you reach the window. Inside you see the oldest-looking room you've ever seen. It looks even older than the house it's in. You somehow have the feeling that no one else has looked at it for a very long time, but you also feel that you've found what you've been looking for. You step inside and suddenly the figure from the shadows is there behind you. You can feel an evil rage radiating from it and you know you've done something forbidden, something your rope cannot protect you from. "It was supposed to hang you," a voice whispers, "and so it will. Your biggest mistake tonight was thinking you ever really had a choice." There's no chance for anything else. The rope comes alive in your hand and the world goes black.

clubbin

with cassiejens

gluten-free club

I am a bread addict. I admit it. I'm an Alice's fiend. I keep three boxes of Eggo waffles in my freezer at all times. I could make a fluffernutter sandwich in my sleep. I have, in fact, made one in my sleep, woken up, eaten it, and gone back to bed. THAT'S HOW MUCH I LOVE BREAD.

Because of this I was somewhat scared to go to a meeting for Gluten-free club, a newly SGA sponsored club with around 20 members who cannot eat bread or, in fact, any wheat products at all.

I had never heard of Celiac's disease - where people cannot eat gluten - until I came to school. I thought that being allergic to peanut butter was the scariest, worst, most horrible thing anyone could think of. Alas! Upon coming to UVM I was promptly introduced to a floormate who is now one of my best buds at school. Her name is Andrea and she cannot eat bread, drink beer, use regular noodles, or even consume some types of soy sauce. Luckily for Andrea, she has a support group that came together last year called Gluten Free Club. Their mission? Eat food like a normal person. And, despite my trepidations, they do a damn good job of it.

It meets in an apartment off campus, so we drove down to South Willard in my car - Houdini. Being a sophomore has its perks. We walked in to find 4 or 5 people gathered in the kitchen peeling apples. Apple crisp? Seriously?

My fears abated by the sweet scent of cinnamon, I helped layer the lasagna with ricotta and mozzarella cheeses, tomato sauce, and rice noodles. While the yum-mies cooked, Alissa, the treasurer, went over official club business like having a gluten free bake sale, ordering from Flatbread, and getting t-shirts made. I chit-chatted with the apartment's owner, Marissa. After those shenanigans, we dug in.

The lasagna tasted as good as it smelled - delicious. It had a very strange burnt pizza-ness to it that was oddly appealing, and for a gluten-freak, the lack of wheat was surprising undetectable. The apple crisp outdid the lasagna. It was a masterpiece. The apples, which had been freshly picked and lovingly sliced up, were exactly the right consistency and softness, the cinnamon was sweet and fresh, the vanilla ice cream was as cold as the crisp was hot, and the gluten-free flour crumble crust - oh jeez. As Andy Sandberg would put it... _____ in my pants.

I have to admit, as much as I was craving a sandwich when I went into the experiment, I came out craving gluten-less foods. And yes, although I made an Eggo waffle the next morning (with honey and cinnamon sugar!), I would consider my gluten-free experiment a success, and am somewhat considering becoming an honorary Celiac. ■

top 5 best steals from the marche

1. **Odwalla drinks.** Get all your nutrients in one bottle. Fo' free!
2. **Fancy chocolate.** These are practically pocket-shaped. And they're so expensive, it's not like anyone actually buys them.
3. **Mozzarella sticks.** Eat them while perusing the rest of the store and stash the box somewhere. Just don't burn your tongue.
4. **Honey bears.** Obviously these are essential to in-dorm tea making, and who wants to pay \$5.90?
5. **Refill coffee.** Welcome to theft 001. Just bring in your go-cup, fill it up with coffee, and tell them you brought it in with you. So simple it should be illegal...

trash.



i want you so bad

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

Your hair is red
Your dancing shoes are most definitely on
It's too early for bed
Let's get it on till the break of dawn!

Where: Underground Music/Dance Party
I saw: A man
I am: A woman

I see you going towards Williams when I'm getting out of Lafayette in the morning. You look so damn cool I can barely bring myself to attempt eye contact. I like your artsy vibe and your gorgeous eyes. We should most definitely be friends!

When: MWF
Where: Central Campus
I saw: A woman
I am: A man

The hookup was good
Why not do it again?
You think I'm cool,
And we're already friends.
I run on the daily
You'd rather not.
The thought of you serenading me
Is kinda hot.
You could be any girl's lion,
But I'm better than that.
Gimme a chance, be my Top Cat?

When: Around
Where: Redstone
I saw: my kinda guy
I am: your kinda girl

You live down the hall. We have talked a little bit. I would love for you to come check out my room-- or my bed.

When: Everyday
Where: Hamilton
I saw: A man
I am: A woman

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

SGA Office:

Girl: Yeah, I haven't told anyone this but like...I hate kids. I HATE them. Like... I really hate them. I really don't like kids. I really don't like them.
Guy: Yeah... I wouldn't tell anyone that.

Bailey-Howe Library steps:

Girl on cell phone: Yeah, the woman called her 'the girl who wanted to make vaginas happy'...

Early on a Sunday morning at our house downtown. Came from my roommate's room after she had just had a random hook-up the night before and the boy was leaving. She was clearly dreaming when woken up:

Roommate: (half asleep, mid-dream) But I'm the youngest one here!

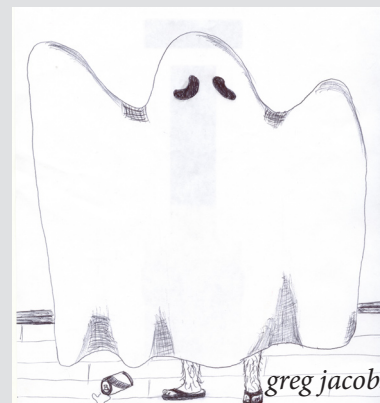
Decisions: Nervously you take the rope. Who knows, it could be useful. As your hand grips it, though, the figure in the shadows sucks in its breath. You can't tell if it's shocked or trying to hold back a gasp of glee. Suddenly you feel more frightened than you have all night. You look down for a moment to gather your courage and when you look up the figure is gone. You grip the rope more tightly and hope you made the right decision.
Go back to page seven.

LAST CHANCE TO SUBMIT
THIS WEEK!...

wt. halloween costume contest!

Well, children, All Hallows Eve is upon us. The wt urges you to avoid eating any previously opened mini snickers bars and to send your costume photos to:
thewatertowernews@gmail.com

deadline: Nov. 1st



the best "_____ "costume:
and the categories are...

why is this turning me on?

Everyone knows about the sexy French maid, the sexy nurse, the sexy cop-- and then there is the whole range of sexy woodland animals like bunnies and feral cats. But that's all a little cliché, no? What about a sexy walrus? Or sexy Teddy Roosevelt? Make us feel weird inside. We dare you.

i found this outfit in the gutter...but hey,
i look good

You don't really "buy into" this whole dressing up thing...but you "guess" you could "throw something together." Not a big deal.

the kid that went all-out

Who says Halloween is only fun for small children and pumpkin farmers? Your mom dressed you up as Piglet for the first seven years of your life. Now it's your time to shine. Go ahead-- glue fake werewolf fur to your butt, or sit on the couch all night because you purchased a real mermaid tail.

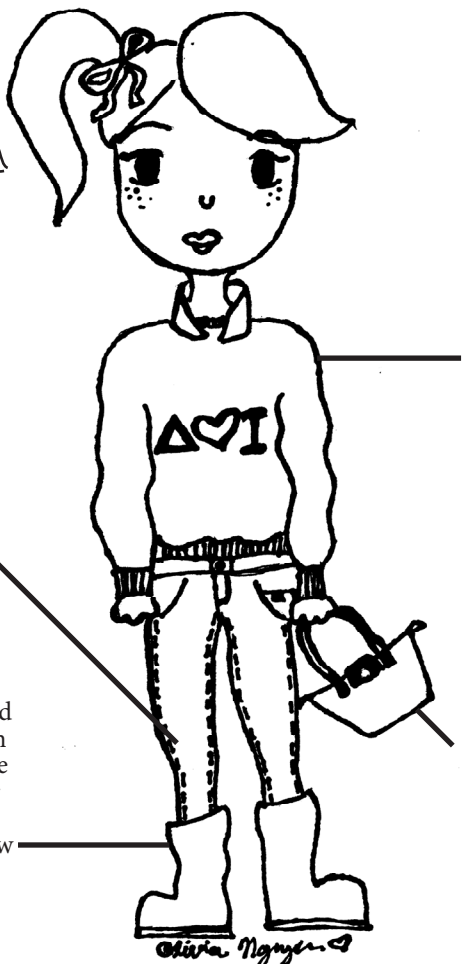
i'll dress up if you do

Sure, your costume is great, but check out your social circle! It's one thing to dress up like Dorothy. It's another when you roll up with Toto, the Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion, and a flying monkey by your side.

fashion five-oh. the sorority sista

with olivianguyen

Hay gurl hayyy!



Designer jeans are the only jeans that matter-- True Religion, Citizens of Humanity, Sevens, and Rock and Republic. I don't care if my hippie friends can't tell the difference; you don't want to be the one sorority sister that doesn't own a pair of True Religs.

Uggs are not UGLY. If you tried them on, you would wear them every day, too. Even though the suede gets damaged every year and gets covered in salt marks, I get my daddy to buy me a new pair every year. Cha-ching.

Vermont is so chilly, so I tend to sport the 12 different versions of my sorority's **crew neck sweater**. I have one in pink, pink with green polka dots, pink with white stripes, pink and purple ruffles, and one in black which I never wear 'cause black is, like, so depressing--ugh.

This is my essential **Le Pilage Longchamp bag** that I love to wear with all of my outfits! To class or to formals, I bring this thing everywhere. If I feel like being a grandma that day, I like to switch it up and tote my flowery quilted Vera Bradley. My mom, grandma, great grandma, and great-great-grandma have the same exact purse. Hooray!

VANTAGE POINT

UVM's Literary and Visual Arts journal

is now accepting submissions
for the Fall 2009 edition

Please send your
poetry, fiction, essay, paintings, photographs
as attachments to

vantagep@uvm.edu

créatif stuffé.



Feeling a little *créatif*? Wishing *Vantage Point* was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other *créatif* things to the water tower's new section, **créatif stuffé**. Send your submissions to thewatertownnews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

decisions

by alextownsend

kitchen confessions a ghost story

by kellymacintyre

The conditions were perfect for ghost stories. I was a junior in high school, making gas money by doing prep work for my mom's caterer friend. Nights before big parties were often spent sipping coffee and toasting croutons in her big Italian kitchen. This night in particular was rainy, even for spring in Connecticut, and the damp cold seeped in through the windowpanes and under the doors. My boss (it was a one-woman business) was beautiful, assured, she rarely swore or gossiped, and cuddled her children with an all-organic diet. Plus, she didn't read recipes. In short, I idolized her.

"I can't tell you this story," she had said. "It will scare you. Your mother will kill me."

Naturally, I assured her it wasn't a problem. I love anything paranormal. I've probably heard things just as scary.

"Well, just don't tell her I told you," she said. So we sat on stools alongside the stove, each stirring our own huge pot of risotto, and she began.

"It happened when I was first married, and I had just given birth to my first son, Alex. My husband was working late, I was up at all hours of the night taking care of the baby, and so I was alone in the house most of the time. And on top of that, we had just moved into the place before Alex was born. It was a great old house in upstate New York from the 1700s, part of a beautiful estate. Anyway, so I started to notice this little presence around the house. It was always just out of sight – a blur in my periphery. But it seemed small, like a toddler. And it always followed me around, from room to room all day long. After a while I felt bad for it. It seemed to me like a child, lost and looking to me for help. So I started talking to it a little bit. Just little things. I'd say, 'I can see you', or, 'Where's your mother?' It wasn't creepy, just sad.

"Her pot started to hiss, so she splashed in more chicken stock. I noticed her expression was pinched, maybe even a little paler than before."

She swept her hair back from her face and stared into the risotto.

"Then one night I woke up at some ungodly hour, I think the baby was crying or some other thing, and standing there, in my bedroom, there was a boy. Just standing there looking at me. I remember what he looked like exactly – he was wearing a white turtleneck and he had sort of shaggy brown hair. The whole outfit was straight out of the 70s. He was probably about 17 years old, maybe a little older. I absolutely froze; I could not move. I was petrified. He was so real that at first I thought he had broken in. But then he started fading in this really strange way, just getting more and more faint from the feet up, until he was gone."

Her pot started to hiss, so she splashed in more chicken stock. I noticed her expression was pinched, maybe even a little paler than before.

"And here's the crazy part," she continued, meeting my eyes. "A few weeks later I was having some yard work done outside. The guy was pretty cute too-- I mean, sort of simple, but definitely cute. So you know, I went out to shoot the breeze with him for a few minutes. He was a real local, born and raised in the town, and started telling me about how his best friend grew up in this house. He even went on to say that his friend's younger brother had died of a brain aneurysm when he was just a toddler. As soon as he said that, I knew that was the little presence following me around the house. I just knew it. So I immediately asked him, 'Well, what happened to the 17 year old boy?' You should have seen the look on his face."

She pushed the pot off the burner and turned towards me.

"All he said to me was 'How did you know?' Turns out that another boy had died in the house of a drug overdose when he was 17. Awful. Now I know that it wasn't a dream, or just some figment of my imagination. Those boys were trying to find their mothers. My husband didn't believe me, of course. But we didn't stay long in that house."

The air in the room lay still and dim. We sipped our coffees in unison as the rain continued to spit down from the sky, our reflections warped and multiplied among the stainless steel appliances. She paid me well for my work that night, but I didn't miss her sidelong glance down the slate walkway before I left.

"Be careful," she said sternly, and stood in the doorframe watching as my car disappeared into the fog.

Sometimes life is about choices. Tonight started off with a bad one. You've decided to go to a graveyard. At night. On Halloween. Congratulations, you've already lost our sympathy. Anything that happens to you from here is your own fault. Still, there are more choices to be made. You wander through the maze of tombstones by the dim light of a half moon and the distant orange haze of the streetlights you left behind. Everything seems to be still; you don't even hear drunken college kids giggling as they desecrate graves. For some reason, you were sure you'd hear them... Weren't there friends you were supposed to meet? What are you even doing here anyway? Everything seems to be in such a fog now. You keep walking, wondering what you're even supposed to be doing in this graveyard on the worst of all possible nights.

You're so preoccupied that you miss the first few signs that you should panic. You don't notice how soft and fresh the earth is beneath your feet. You're deaf to the sudden howling of the wind. The scent of something rotten blends with the smell of dead leaves all around you. It's almost too late when you look up and see a figure in the darkest shadows of a weeping willow just in front of you. It whispers to you across the frigid air of the night.

"You must make a choice now, Lost One. Hope that it isn't your last." And a hand points out to you, gnarled

and gray. Suddenly before you there is a rope and an ax and you somehow know that you can only have one.

If you choose the ax, **go to page four** to see where your adventure leads. If you choose the rope, **page six is what you seek**.

Stop! Do not read ahead unless you have been instructed to come back here.

With your new tool in hand you decide it's time to keep moving. Something strange is happening here and you don't want to wait for it to find you. The graveyard has turned into a forest now and there are paths going every which way. Too bad you don't trust any of them. Instead you press through the nearest clump of wildlife. As you walk, you lose sight of the moon and can't see a thing. You don't mind, though. The ground beneath you has started to make very unsettling crunching noises and you have the worrying suspicion that it might be moving. Finally you burst into a clearing. There's a dark, rickety house standing on the forest's edge. It looks abandoned, but you think you hear some muffled sounds from within. It has to be better than this frightening forest. You run for the door.

If you chose the ax, **your adventure continues on page two**. If the rope is your friend, **go to page five**.

Happy Halloween.



photograph by juliet critsimilios

cops and robbers part 3

by joshhegarty

Previously, a judge released the gang leader Joe's men out of fear for his life, officer Jim Sale refused to become a mob crony, and Joe devised a plan to blackmail Jim into submission.

Joe's men Pitt, Dave and Robby sat in a parked car two blocks away from precinct 52. They sat waiting for Jim to leave. It was their job to find the evidence of his affair with Stacy Miller.

Dave was in the driver's seat. Pitt's phone rang and he answered it to hear Steve, Jim Sale's sometime partner and Joe's full-time informant, saying, "He's coming out now. He already called his wife and said he'll be home late. He's going to see Stacy."

About a minute later, Jim walked out, got into his car, and drove away. Dave started the car and followed. It was already dark, so they did not have to stay too far behind. He drove for about a half an hour until he was almost at the lakeside on the outskirts of town.

"Strange place for a tryst, if you ask me," said Robby, "My day job is over here and there's nothing but warehouses down this way."

"We sure he's cheating?" asked Dave, "Cause if you ask me, either we got some faulty information, or he knows we're following him."

Suddenly, Jim turned and parked next to one of the dead-looking warehouses.

"It's too risky to stay in the car now," said Pitt from the backseat. "Keep going down here and turn left up there," he continued.

"You stay in the car and call us if you see anybody else come in or out," Pitt said to Dave, as he and Robby climbed out.

Robby and Pitt crept around until they were near enough to the warehouse and then split up. Robby covered the back door; Pitt took the front.

"I think they're on to me, Jim. I can't keep this up,"

whispered a voice from the corner of the warehouse as Jim walked in.

"Harvey, I know this is tough, but we almost have them. If you can keep this up, just a little bit longer, we might be able to take down the whole damn mob. But I need you in this," said Jim.

Harvey was Jim's inside man. He was not one of Joe's lead men, but he worked closely with Pitt and Robby to move drugs to the streets.

"Why do you still need me, man? I gave you what you wanted. You got the lists. You know who they own. You know when the drug trucks come in. That's all I can do. What more do you need from me?" asked Harvey.

"I need you to testify. Stacy's working on the deal. As long as you testify, you'll be cleared of anything they can tie you to," reassured Jim.

"But can't you just arrest me now? I need to get away from these guys. I think they know what's going on. I'm not safe," Harvey cried.

"I can't. If I take you now, Joe will just get you out. I need to take you with all the rest of them so they won't suspect anything. And I'm doing my part to throw them off the trail. I told Steve I'm having an affair with Stacy. I'm sure by now, Joe's already prepared to blackmail me about it, so that should buy us a few more days, and that should be all that we need. Just hang in there, Harvey; it will all be over soon. And this city will be ours again," Jim said.

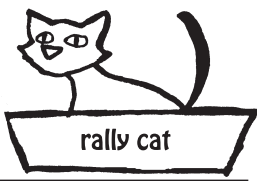
"I'll try to keep it together. Just make sure I get my deal," Harvey reminded him.

They shook hands and Harvey headed out the back door of the warehouse. Jim headed for the front. As he was about to open the door to his car, he felt a gun in the base of his neck. From behind the warehouse, he heard a gunshot.

"You're coming with me, Jim," said Pitt.

Pitt walked Jim to the car, where Dave handcuffed him and tied his feet. Pitt pushed Jim into the car where he was sandwiched between himself and Robby. Jim looked at Pitt and said, "I should have killed you when I had the chance."

cat litter.



halloween through the years

cat litter:
by greg francesce, mike white, henry kellogg, juliet critsimilios
edited by mac smith
artwork by kelly macintyre



7 years old



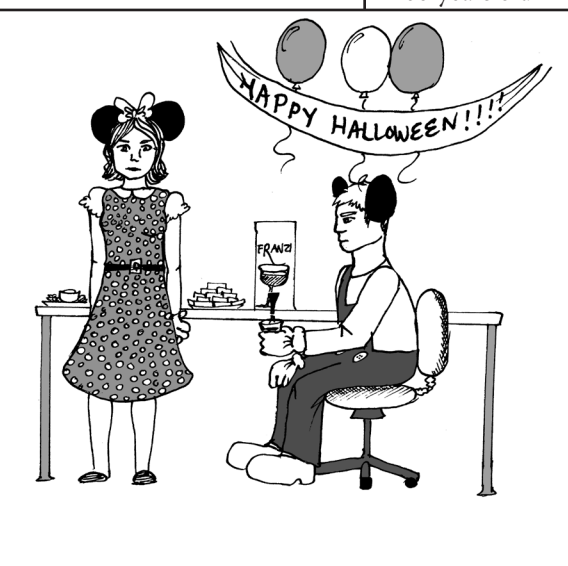
10 years old



16 years old



20 years old



35 years old



60 years old

tunes. shuffle.

with julietcritsimilios
halloween.

Trick or Treat has become Liquor Treat, and your costume is more about scoring ass than scoring candy. Doing the walk of shame in your crazy costume won't be that bad, as long as you dance your outfitted ass off all night.

Halloween Siouxsie & The Banshees *The night is still and the frost it bites my face / I wear my silence like a mask and murmur like a ghost / Trick or treat / The bitter and the sweet*

Thriller Michael Jackson *But all the while / you hear the creature creeping up behind / you're out of time / 'cause this is thriller*
Trick or Treat Peaches *You could be my trick / You could be my treat / If you be discreet, off the street / Throwin' back the window seat*

I Put A Spell On You Nina Simone *You hear me / I put a spell on you / And now you're mine*

We Suck Young Blood Radiohead *Are you sweet / are you fresh / are you hung up by the wrists / we want the young blood*

This Is Halloween Panic! At The Disco *Skeleton Jack might catch you in the back / And scream like a banshee / Make you jump out of your skin / This is Halloween, everybody scream!*

Costume Ben Thornewill *Hey Little girl you dress up in a costume / and all the boys will watch you in the ballroom*

Ghostbusters Ray Parker Jr *If ya all alone / pick up the phone / and call Ghostbusters / I ain't afraid of no ghosts*

Candy Nat King Cole *I wish that there were four of her / so I could love much more of her / got a sweet tooth for my sweetheart*

Monster Mash Bobby Borish Pickett *For my monster from his slab did rise / and suddenly to my surprise / he did the mash / he did the monster mash / it was a graveyard smash*



your weekly WRUV music review

by nyikobeguinn, brianreid
and andrewseier

Bowerbirds - Upper Air (Dead Oceans) Beautifully structured and straight-forward freak-folk with irresistible male/female vocal harmonies and triumphantly rustic atmospheres. Includes sounds from acoustic guitar, organ, piano, autoharp, violin, and upright bass. This is the second album from the North Carolina duo.
For Fans Of: Andrew Bird, Devendra

Banhart, Bon Iver
Neon Indian - Psychic Chasms (Lefse Records) A combination of lo-fi synth pop, late 80s video game soundtracks, and elevator music. Layered laid-back male vocals and impressive production.
For Fans Of: Washed Out, Vega, MGMT

Fuck Buttons - Tarot Spot (ATP/R) The British duo continues to mature with their electronic, experimental, erratic music. This album crosses paths between pop influence and crazy drones.
For Fans Of: Crystal Castles, M83
The Flaming Lips - Embryonic (Warner Bros)

The Flaming Lips - Embryonic (Warner Bros) Showing no wish to be conformist, the Lips have come back with an album that is hard to put a finger on. This is most definitely the most abrasive, jumpy, and strange the Flaming Lips have been in quite a while.
For Fans Of: (...What do you live under a rock?)

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