



the water tower.

uvm's SPOOKIEST newsmag

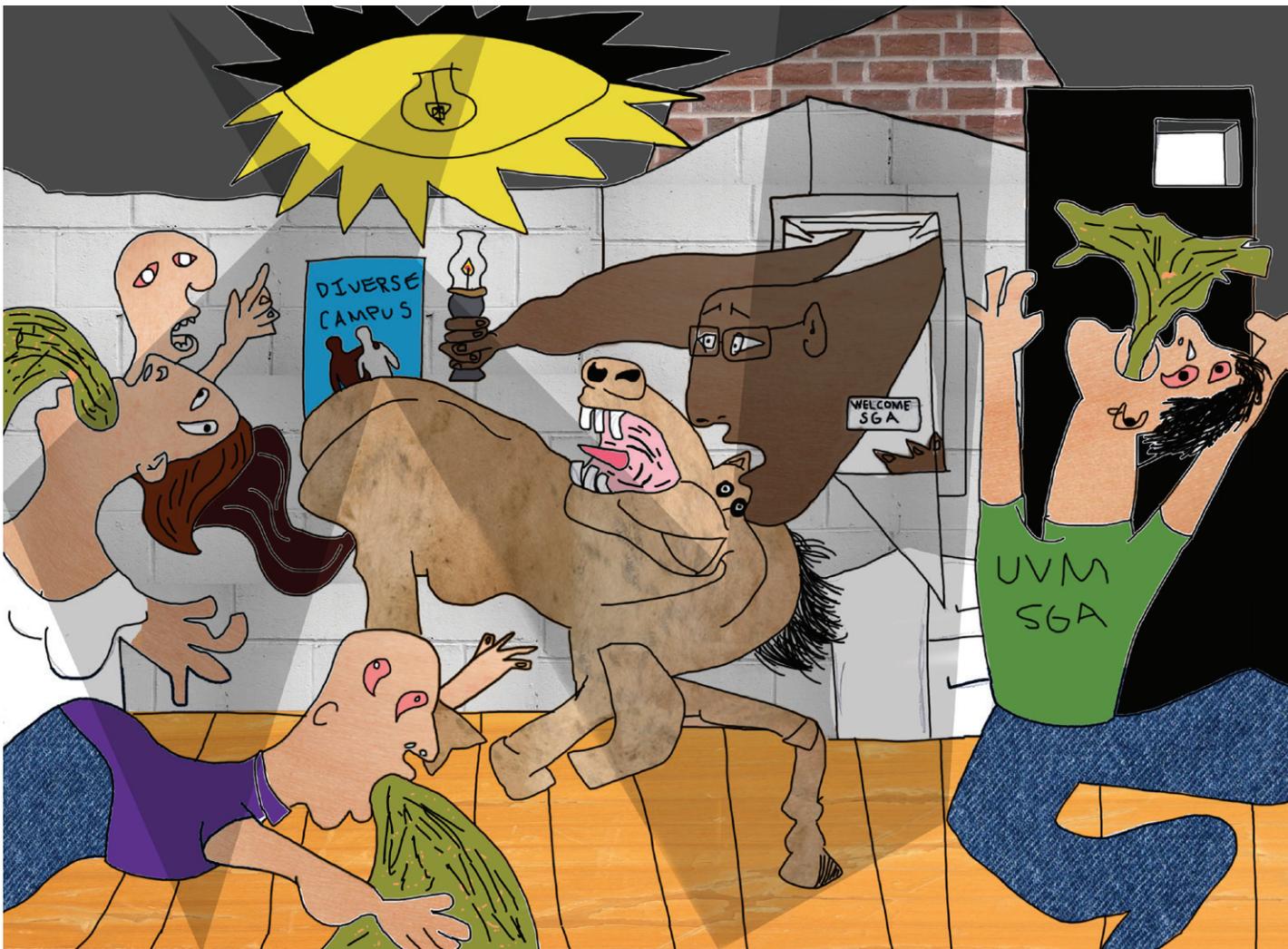
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uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com



DISEASE STRIKES: CAMPUS IN CRISIS

ben berrick



by jamesaglio

Yesterday 8:00 am: Will _____, freshman, Patient zero, wakes in MAT. Has sore throat, bloodshot eyes. Lurches to 8:30 Bio 001 exam.

8:02 am: **water tower** staffer Ben Donovan begins drinking heavily.

8:35 am: Patient Zero begins to have coughing fit, much to the irritation of those around him.

8:37 am: Patient Zero's coughing produces blood, disgusting/infecting everyone within a five foot radius, Patients One through Nine.

9:20 am: Motivated equally by embarrassment and the impending need to be violently ill, Patient Zero sneezes his way back

to Athletic, infecting no less than 42 people along the way, including **water tower** editor Laura Greenwood.

10:00 am: Literally hundreds of students are infected. As the disease progresses at varying rates throughout the populace, terrible things are done to campus toilets, particularly in the gender neutral bathroom on the third floor of the Davis Center and with the exception of the men's bathroom in the basement of Lafayette, which somehow becomes cleaner.

10:07 am: L/L becomes ghost town as students barricade themselves in their rooms and each program goes on lockdown other than Russian House, which forms bread line outside the Marché by force of habit.

10:48 am: University President Tom Sullivan declares state of moderate emergency, convenes war council consisting of Deans, determines that highest priority is to keep the students calm.

10:49 am: Students trace source of disease to a Biology course, begin witch hunt.

11:13 am: **water tower** editor Phoebe Fooks and staffer Patrick Murphy strap on rollerblades and dash down I 89 to escape madness.

11:27 am: Galaxy space, specifically the SGA offices, looks like Picasso's Guernica. SGA President Connor Daley, wearing gas mask, engages in fisticuffs with SGA Vice President Sam Holland, a surprisingly

... read the rest on page 11

the return of the choose your own **ADVENTURE** OWN

by sundrystaff

The hallway is dark, lit only by the scattered rays of dying sunlight coming through the same broken window you used to enter the old house. You tread carefully, each creak of the antique floorboards piercing the oppressive quiet of the place. Damn bets.

Back when you were kids it was fun to have the old haunted house nearby. Everyone knew someone who knew someone who had gone inside once, but none of you ever did. Boarded up doors, broken windowpanes, roof half caved in. You all secretly used to think that it might not exist; no one slept the night you found it while wandering in the woods. You move your arms slowly in front of you to catch the cobwebs that stretch from the walls and ceiling. The cobwebs are only from your waist up, the lower ones must have been knocked over by whatever had left the tracks in the dust that you are following. Damn friends.

You told your parents about what you had found and they just told you to not be silly. But you saw the look in their eyes when they thought you were not paying attention. You saw the fear. The pounding of your heart makes it difficult at first to hear the breathing, but there it is. Now you're sure it isn't your own, you stopped breathing ten steps back. The floorboard you were about to step on groans loud and low then snaps like a gunshot. Damn house.

You hear a snarl and heavy paws running towards you, just around the corner. Too far from the window to make it out in time, you notice a door, caked in dust but with a cleanly polished handle. Wrenching it open you're hit first by the smell of mold. The stairwell is darker than the hallway, much darker. The footfalls of the unknown beast are almost upon you as you stand frozen in the hallway. You can faintly hear the mournful notes of a threnody tumbling down out of the gloom.

- a) Stay in the hall? - page 11
- b) Go through the stairwell? - page 12



get inside me:

world powers trick-or-treat
by kerrymartin

halloween party how-to
by phoebefooks

scary movie quiz
by patrickmurphy

famous artist dress up
by dylanmcCarthy

the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



Dear **water tower**,

I'm writing on behalf of the ACLU, the American Creatures' Liberties Union, to protest your newsmag's gross promotion of America's most heinous and offensive holiday. The fact that Halloween's despicable mockery of semi-human and undead minority groups is paraded so nonchalantly in your publication—and in American public life as a whole—makes all of us at the ACLU sick to our stomachs. I work with ghouls and goblins every day who are committed to winning the rights and respect necessary to live fulfilling lives, but that's not so easy in a country that celebrates our sadistic segregation. It breaks my heart when I have to explain to my five-year-old, mummified daughter why so many people find it funny to dress up like her and scare their neighbors. As a progressive newspaper, the water tower should set an example of tolerance: instead, it perpetrates American culture's hatred of creatures, nocturnal or otherwise, with insensitive satire of our way of life. We expected better from you. Be afraid.

Hasta la vista,
Ezra Nosferatuwitz, J.D.

Dear Ezra, we like to think of it less as mockery and more as a celebration, after all, wasn't it witches that taught us that "fair is foul, and foul is fair?"

James Aglio and Liz Cantrell
Editors-in-Chief

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 georgeloftus

Target- This year, Target locked down an exclusive deal with cookie giant, Nabisco, to sell their seasonal Candy-Corn Oreos only in their stores. Does anyone else think this is a slight against the state of Vermont? The closest Target is in New York, and no, that's not hyperbole, it's fact. It's why everyone on a budget wears the shitty clothes they find at Wal-Mart and Kohl's.

Halloween- This is my least favorite day of the year. Hands down. Yes, more so than Valentine's Day. On Halloween, you're an asshole if you don't dress up and invest a shit-ton of money on something you'll only wear once. Apparently it's just an excuse to act like a douchebag. Everyone breaks shit, drinks all your beer, and leaves the walk up to class a maze littered with used condoms, broken bottles, and shattered dreams.

Pennywise- The scary-ass clown from Stephen King's IT. This dude was terrifying. It doesn't help that his first victim was a little boy named George. Yes. This movie took years off my life (my name is George too, read the by-lines, people).

Debates- Seriously? That was a debate? If I wanted to watch two people call each other liars back and forth I'd watch 90210. They're much prettier liars.

Paper Season- I saved up \$60 so I could buy/play Dishonored the day it came out and then every teacher, at once, decided it would be a good idea to assign a paper at the same time. It's like how girls in an office sync up their periods to the same day. Except with term-papers. And isn't stringent on gender. And not at all like this.

the news in reef with kerrymartin

"The fact that many fish are just as contaminated today with cesium 134 and cesium 137 as they were more than one year ago implies that cesium is still being released into the food chain."

-Ken O. Buessler, a marine chemist reflecting on March 2011's nuclear disaster in Fukushima, Japan, that still cripples the country's ecosystem and fishing industry. I'd think sushi is gross too if the fish had three eyes.

"Climate change isn't a hoax. The droughts we've seen, the floods, the wildfires, those aren't a joke. They're a threat to our children's future. And we can do something about it."

-President Barack Obama undermining his opponent's nonexistent stance on climate change. Obama's support of alternative energy and environmental research has appealed to his dolphin constituency, but it has not been a big topic in the 2012 presidential race.

"The entire Bumble Bee Foods family is saddened by the tragic loss of our colleague."

-Pat Menke, a spokesman for the Bumble Bee seafood plant where longtime employee Jose Malena's body was found cooked to death in a "steamer machine." The plant has suspended operations until Monday; it has bigger fish to fry.

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

contact the wt.
Letters to the Editor/General
thewatertownnews@gmail.com
Editors-in-Chief:
watertowreditor@gmail.com
Advertising:
watertowerads@gmail.com

read the wt.
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join the wt.
New writers and artists
are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Chittenden Bank Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
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.**

the water tower.
uvm's alternative newsmag
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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

news ticker: Berlusconi criticizes Italian economic policy, is convicted of tax fraud +++ So I know that the Syrian civil war is all the rage, but has anybody been paying attention to Peru recently? ■

c) Open the window

The beast is close enough behind that you can hear its heavy panting; a shiver runs down your spine and, without thinking, you rush to the dirty window. It hasn't been touched in ages, and you throw your whole weight into it, finally pushing up the old, splintery frame. The night is still and brightly lit by the full moon. Your friends are nowhere to be seen, and you start to wonder how long you've been in this old house. Then you realize, through the calm night, you can hear the same slow melody you heard back in the hallway—but it's coming from above. Leaning out, you see a window into a dark attic upwards and to your right. The glass is broken, leaving only an empty wooden frame, and a metal trellis goes up the side of the house between that window and yours. Maybe, if you could get a good grip...but you don't have time to decide. You whip around just in time to see the beast land a heavy paw at the top of the staircase.

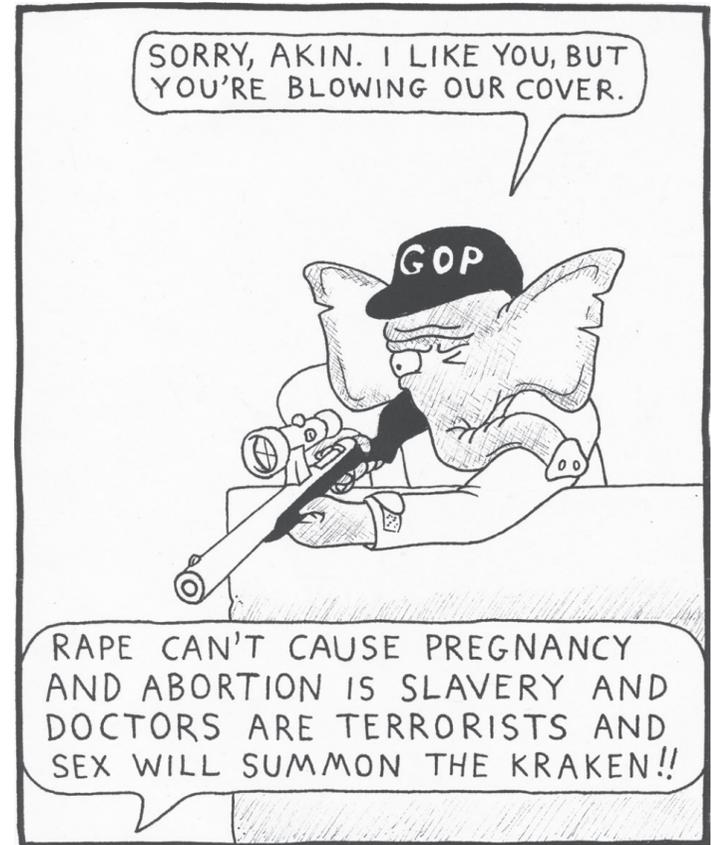
e) Stand your ground? - page 10
f) Climb to the attic? - page 12



g) Go through the door to the next room?

The room is small and clearly a newer addition to the house than the other rooms. The floorboards are new and the paint on the walls has hardly peeled at all, which is made visible by the glowing electric light. The only thing in the room is a staircase and what looks to be a closet beneath it. Hearing the beast's breath behind you, you pry the closet door open hoping to find something within to fight it off. Boxes tumble outward, burying you in cardboard. By the time you recover yourself, you see that the beast has followed you into the room, with its mouth hanging open, salivating. Perhaps it is tired. Maybe you can just barely escape. Maybe it's just the sort of aggression that would lead to an attack. The music is growing louder.

h) Run into the attic and investigate the music? - page 12
i) Make a run for it? - page 11



Kevin Kennedy

nightmare on world powers boulevard by kerrymartin

It's that time of year again, time to bundle up and hit the streets. There's a spooky excitement in the air, and no one knows what kind of ghouls and goblins the dark, chilly night is hiding. Tired parents will try to keep their children on good behavior, but the kids have been waiting for months to run and cry and scream their hearts out. If all goes well, they'll come home full of sticky stuff that'll either keep them up all night or make them puke their guts out. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it's election season, and while I'm excited, the flip-flopping policies and punditry might just make me yack too. We're four debates closer to the big day, and if you haven't decided on a candidate yet, do your country a favor by spending Election Day at the bottom of the ocean. I'm tired of talking about it. So let's talk about something else.

Did you know that it's Halloween soon? I know, these things always sneak up on me. Looking for a fun, educational, and adventurous night out with the kids? Looking for kids? Grab some from the playground outside L&L and join me on the walk down World Powers Boulevard, as we trick-or-treat with the G20's finest!

Barack Obama- The path to the White House is decked with classic Halloween fare: Jack-O-Lanterns, gravestones, and the inanimate corpse of Ayatollah Khomeini suspended in a fake spider web. Approaching the front deck, we pass Sasha and Malia on their way out the door, disguised as a scarecrow and one of America's underprivileged youth. We knock on the door to get our caramel apple from Barack, but three hours later, when he finally hands us one with a big smile, we can barely get out a "Thank you, Mr. President" through the wrenching pain from the Secret Service's

extensive and not-so-gentle cavity search. **David Cameron**- Limping down the road, we approach 10 Downing Street, hoping for a better experience. But before we even reach the front stoop, we are greeted by the stench of kipper and haggis. The kids start crying, asking to skip this house, but we really shouldn't, these Brits are nice people. David greets us at the door with a soused smile and a plate full of what appear to be blood clots, but what he describes as a common breakfast dish. He invites us

the trembling kids, telling them not to be scared, as we creep inside. After walking past a few heavily armed but truly idiotic guards, we come across our spooky Syrian host, wielding a bloody scalpel and performing an operation on a man's eye. The kids scream and flee. I pat Bashar on the back for his Halloween effort, but he seems to have no idea what I'm talking about. I laugh, and the man on the operating table gives me a Snickers.

Kim Jong-un- I catch up with the

"grab some from the playground outside l&l and join me on the walk down world powers boulevard, as we trick-or-treat with the g20's finest!"

to stay for a spot of tea or a quick fag or a dram of the hard stuff; we say thanks but no thanks. He says we really must stay. We say we really must go, and as he waves us goodbye with a nervous, dejected smile, I wonder how a guy who gives out no candy has teeth like that.

Bashar al-Assad- First thing: decorations. This guy went all out. He had turned his property into a hellhole of horror! Climbing up the crooked path to Bashar's towering Gothic castle, we pass swarms of bats, traverse through giant spiders' nests, ford rivers of blood, and trip over fields of corpses. I cover the children's eyes while snapping pictures on my smartphone. We cross the moat and knock on the towering mahogany door, which creaks open. I chide

himself a small meal every few minutes. The kids can barely contain themselves; they fill their bags with ginger chews and seaweed gum and Scooby Snacks (made with real Scooby) while Jong-un lets out a belly laugh and gets jerked off by a concubine. We all pose for pictures with our host before leaving, and I have to explain in kid-language why we can't move to North Korea. **Mitt Romney**- Trudging to the end of the road, planning on hitting one more house before calling it a night, we're all confused when the entire next lot is dominated by a looming mountain, its peak well above the clouds. We walk up the path and onto the front stoop, and after knocking on the boulder where the front door should be, the ground beneath us swings open (it's a trap!) and we slide down a dark chute, landing on a black stone floor. Once my eyes adjust to the darkness and I get up from sitting on the sobbing kids, I find myself in a massive vault filled with priceless treasures, heavy artillery, and what looks like an army of winged men growing inside test tubes. Suddenly, a brand new Cadillac speeds out of the darkness and collides with one of the kids, killing her instantly. I eat some Skittles and reflect on her short life as Mitt Romney steps out of the driver's seat and Paul Ryan out of the passenger's seat, wiping his mouth. I stick out my hand for a handshake, but Mitt gives me The Book of Mormon instead and wishes me a fulfilling Halloween. He then asks if I'll help him clean the blood of some commoner off the grill of his Escalade, and I accept on the stipulation that he give me and the other kids a ride home. Mischief managed. ■

around town.

burlingtonwood part 2 spooky scene edition

by georgeloftus

I love me some horror movies. I also love me some Burlington. Last week, I wrote about three famous movie scenes you could easily recreate in Burlington. In honor of Halloween, I decided to make it a full blown feature, and not just some skimpy little thing I made at the last second to fill in extra space. Not that I ever do that. Also, I'm a film major. So, obviously I know what I'm talking about.

- **Alien (1979)**- Cut a small hole in a long sleeve shirt and paint the edges of said hole red. Then go to the Grundle. Have a really good time with your friends and then dramatically throw yourself onto the table. Pull one of your arms in from your sleeve and grab the wrist of that sleeve. Then punch out the hole. This is more or less what they did for the chestbuster scene. Except they had a budget, and didn't take advice from a guy who writes in a newspaper where there's a picture of a guy taking a shit on page 2. For the record, I'm not advocating/endorsing this, but it would be really fun to read about it in the crime log or whatever that part of The Cynic is called.
- **Friday the 13th (1980)**- There's about 1.6 hippies for every person from Jersey/person you know in the Honors College who doesn't deserve to be there, so finding a canoe to do this scene with should be easy. Go to the lake exceptionally drunk, and have one person in the canoe looking satisfied thinking they survived. Then get your smaller, boyish-looking friend to drag you down. Actually, the lake is cold and don't do this. Just do what they did in the movie and make it seem like it was a dream.
- **The Shining (1980)**- This movie is beautiful but I hate Jack Nicholson in 85% of his movies. Including this one. Find someone who looks exactly like you and stand at the end of the hallway in your dorm. When someone turns the corner, raise your hands in tandem, speak in unison saying "Come and play with us". After they run away, you're responsible for whatever urine they leave behind.
- **Young Frankenstein (1974)**- Find your tallest, ugliest friend and tell them only the vowels of the words to "Puttin' on the Ritz". Find a place where people are too passive to think you're making fun of the mentally handicapped (the amphitheater, they're too high to do anything) and show people how much you love cinema history. This movie is tied for 'most funny' with *Animal House (1978)*.
- **The Ring (2002)**- Ok, so take your VCR and-hahahahahaha, no, just kidding. Nobody has a VCR anymore, what the fuck is this, 2001? You might as well get out your laserdisc player and your eight track. People only watched this because they thought Naomi Watts would show her tits, or they were 12, and didn't have the internet to tell them they could do better.
- **American Psycho (2000)**- This one is actually the easiest. Yeah, a lot of messed up shit happens in this movie, like coat hanger abortions on prostitutes, BUT, the part that's easy to pull off yourself is the part where Christian Bale is having sex. Just have sex, and stare at yourself in the mirror while flexing your biceps. The hardest part about this (haha, hard) is not laughing when you do it. ■

of twizzlers and transitive verbs: my night with orlok at the roxy

by rebeccaaurion

I'm not sure exactly what I was expecting as I waited in the darkened theater for Murnau's 1922 classic *Nosferatu* to begin, but it certainly wasn't what I got. I did anticipate the hipsters, but not a theater full of them. On top of that, there was the occasional geriatric couple who probably auditioned for the film, and then there was me, who hates anything remotely resembling a horror movie. However, I felt the need to get more cultured, which is how I found myself at the Roxy that evening to watch my first silent film.

I was actually grateful for the relative quiet, considering the activities happening around me before the film: two pretentious teenagers discussing the merits of transitive verbs, (question: what the hell are those, and why don't I know? I'm an English major, damnit!) and a cutesy couple in front of me reenacting Lady and the Tramp with Twizzlers.

Except the film wasn't entirely silent. The film was accompanied by the Andrew Alden Ensemble, who sat right below the screen and performed music they had composed themselves.. Seriously, it doesn't get much classier than that and the music helped set the mood, especially for someone who had never seen it before.

I'm sure *Nosferatu* was terrifying in its day. But our audience couldn't help but chuckle at the cheesiness of it all. And no one could blame us: Count Orlok, the vampire in question, seemed extremely fond of "Thriller" hand motions (even though this film came out 60 years earlier) and creepy smiling--and his habit of crab-walking off screen didn't help either. And that's not even mentioning the casual sprints across the countryside while

carrying a coffin filled with dirt in one hand. I get that he was supposed to be unnaturally strong, but I was more focused on his shadow groping his victims before stealing their plasma. Orlok straddled the line between hilarious and disturbing, and frankly I wouldn't have it any other way. Props to you, Max Shrenk. No wonder this is a classic. I would pay to see those ridiculous fingernails doing their interpretive dancing again.

But perhaps my favorite performance was by Greta Schroder, who played "Ellen" (The Mina character, since this is based on Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, but set in Germany). Schroder was so over the top that it was pure brilliance. I know I shouldn't be upset that most of her use in the film was to faint and be the stereotypical damsel in distress (although she did end up saving everyone by sacrificing herself [even if it might have been against her will, but that's another matter entirely]), but seriously, if someone's fainting that many times, she should be in a hospital. That lady had a medical condition, even before Orlok had his snack. But my favorite part of her time on screen was the character's constant need to give herself a breast cancer exam every time she was a little bit stressed out. Don't get me wrong: early detection is key, but only if you're checking both of them, Ellen. Not just the left one.

Overall, it was really nice to see a vampire film that didn't cover its actors in glitter or gratuitous violence. I can now say that I was firmly put into the Halloween spirit by this evening, even if I didn't end up peeing myself in fear. But perhaps that's for the best. I was wearing a nice dress after all, and I hate doing laundry. ■



lee rogoff

happy hour week 9: the drinking dead

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

While we might be those assholes who say "the comic book is better", that doesn't mean AMC's *The Walking Dead* doesn't kick ass. On top of amazing production values and Frank Darabont (Shawshank, yo!) as EP, it's tense, scary, dramatic, emotionally gripping, and also, the comic it's based on is freaking phenomenal.

This game is called "the drinking dead" not because we're clever, but because our livers haven't gotten kicked in the nuts this hard since *Game of Thrones*. Watch a few episodes and try to walk in a straight line: we dare you.

As always, be smart, be safe, and, hell, drink water if you want to. It's not about getting drunk, it's about watching tv with friends, and... yeah, ok, it's sort of about getting drunk, but that doesn't mean you have to.

- whenever there's a headshot.
- whenever a zombie is revealed with a shock scare tactic.
- when it takes more than five strikes of a blunt weapon to fell a zombie.
- whenever someone dramatically yells another character's name.
- someone has sex at a completely inappropriate time.
- an episode ends without even attempting closure.
- you want to kiss Glenn on his beautiful, Asian mouth.
- relationships between characters are first discovered.
- whenever you're genuinely scared/disgusted (no shame).
- you pause to discuss how you would survive a zombie apocalypse.

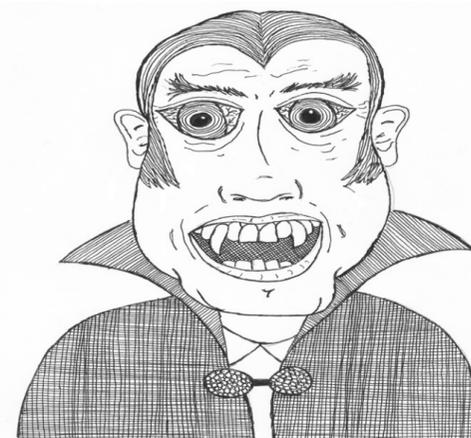


julianna roen

Please send us your game. We're running out of ideas. thewatertowernews@gmail.com. Seriously, you're probably smarter than us. Help some dudes out. Much love. ■

survival 201: burlington by caito'hara

Most people when thinking of Halloween and the evil creatures naturally think of zombies. Logical, of course, but they shouldn't be your only concern. There are many other creatures that you should also be on the look-out for as the veil between our world and theirs' thins on this upcoming All Hallow's Eve.



caney demars

Vampires: And no, I'm not talking about the sparkling pussy bullshit so popularized in modern culture. No. I'm talking about the bloodsucking, evil, can't-see-em-in-a-mirror, honest to goodness vampires. Can you imagine running into one in Burlington? Well, considering the weekend occurrences, they may just end up drunk. But there are ways to avoid having your blood forcibly removed from your veins. Don't go to Rasputin. There's enough neck sucking there to attract even the dumbest of vampires, and by the time you'd realize that cutie you've been flirting with is undead it will be far too late. Since everyone knows that garlic will ward off the evil creatures, get some garlic powder and do a line of it on their stomach, just to be safe. Also, replace your deodorant with crushed garlic-clove pulp. Survival is the new sexy.

Ghosts: Avoid Converse, obviously. And call the Ghostbusters. You might've shit your britches, but they ain't scared of no ghost.

Werewolves: In and of themselves, werewolves are terrifying things. A human being suddenly morphing into a terrifying beast hell-bent on turning the rest of us in to one of them? Fuck no. Here in Burlington, there are several places generally to just avoid in order to minimize your chances of becoming the next were-cub. For the love of all that may or may not be holy, don't go to Centennial Woods. Yeah, I know, it's a fantastic place to avoid detection for any sort of less-than-lawful extracurricular activities, but it's also an obvious haven for the werewolves. If you do want to venture out there for the adrenaline rush, snag a couple breakfast sandwiches from Alice's. Maybe you can lure them away with the smell of somewhat real meat.

Goblins: Unfortunately, there's not much you can do about these little buggers. Thankfully however, they're not nearly as bad as the rest of their spooky compatriots. Goblins are crafty, but they're more likely to enjoy pulling tricks than trying to destroy your life. Generally speaking, keep an eye out for hidey holes as they'll try to spring on you unexpectedly. But don't really worry, goblins are the least of your concerns. They're also like the parking garage below Redstone eyesore-I mean, lofts-so don't go there alone. In fact, don't even go there if you live there. ■

how to throw a rad halloween party party in five simple steps!

by phoebefooks

1 Spooky decorations are crucial. It's easy to get the true scary themed Halloween mixed up with the ambiance put on by cute little kids in costumes and free candy. So when you find yourself in Rite Aid's aisle of seasonal specials, get your mind out of Weenie Hut Jr., put down the candy corn confetti, and pick up some fake blood and cotton cobwebs. Channel your inner April Ludgate. Why would you ever turn down the one opportunity you get each year to put fake skulls and spiders all over your house without anyone you invite over having to suddenly make up an excuse to get the hell out of there? Plus, if you're on a low budget (i.e. if you are a college student) decorating spookily for Halloween can actually be very inexpensive. You can buy tea candles at a much lower price than orange party-lights, and even find spooky glassware from Goodwill to put them in. Instead of buying confetti, save the bones from your next order of Wings Over and scatter them about the party location. Skip the fog machine, and set up your token cigarette- smoking friends on the front porch instead. Additionally, DON'T clean the cobwebs from your basement before setting the scene, and why splatter the walls with fake blood when everyone's got a free supply of the real stuff?

2 Instead of attempting to make the "Halloween drinks" you found by running a quick Google search—all of which probably call for expensive liqueurs and ingredients you don't own, like lime juice or salt—go with this college-friendly alternative. Combine one part apple cider and one part ginger ale with one part vodka or spiced rum. Two thirds of these ingredients can be purchased at nearly any UVM dining hall, and the end result, with its sweetness, bitterness, spiciness, and alcohol-ness, is the perfect Halloween beverage.

3 Unless you enjoy cleaning other people's puke off your own toilet, don't serve candy. If anything, make some baked goods, like brownies or a cake that contain other ingredients besides processed sugar and dye. Enough candy will probably be given out in whatever Club 590 event the Davis Center decides to put on for Halloween anyway.



barry guglielmo

5 Lastly and most importantly, turn away any guest not in costume. Come on people, it's Halloween. I understand the occasional accepted guest into a theme party that is not abiding by the dress code—not everyone owns neon pink spandex shorts (in fact, I'm surprised by the sheer amount that evidently do)—but Halloween grants no excuses. You can be whatever the fuck you want! Everyone out there owns some piece of clothing or an object that can be made into a costume, and if all else fails you can go naked and tell everyone you're a UVM Slader. ■

reflections.



from 12 to 21 the evolution of halloween

by sagebierman

Halloween has changed a lot throughout the years of our lives, and as college students it's important to reflect on the past so that we can see how far we've come since elementary school. Let's examine the evolution of our Halloween experiences.

Deciding on a Costume

12 years: You have been thinking about this moment for months, and the time has finally come. All the weeks of planning, debating, and intense inner turmoil has led you to where you are right now: standing with your mom in the costume isle of Wal-Mart. You haven't thought about the price tag or about looking ridiculous, you thought only of having an awesome costume that will blow your friends away. You considered all the TV shows, books, and movies you saw and became obsessed with. You came up with something nobody else in your grade will be, and you want to do it better than anyone else ever has. Finally you decide to be Harry Potter, because let's face it, you're still secretly hoping for that Hogwarts acceptance letter.

21 years: Well, it's that time of year again. Time to scrounge up an outfit that won't cost your broke-ass self more than ten dollars, because gone are the days when you can expect your parents to put down forty dollars on a ballin' costume. You have to do the best with what you got. "Oh hell yes I have a plaid shirt! I'll be a farmer!" and, "I think I have a black dress stashed somewhere, I'll be a cat" are the thoughts running through your mind. Looking good is now the primary objective, all creativity has gone out the window, and the thought of showing up to a party as a non-sexy anything is enough to make you cut the collar of that "eighties" sweatshirt just a tad lower.

Preppin'

12 years: It's finally getting dark! You bolt up to your room, tear your costume out of the closet, and the process of preparation commences. It's a delicate procedure, because even if your costume doesn't have bows and zippers and laces enough to stump both da Vinci and his secret code, there's still hair and makeup to consider. Let me tell you something right now, creating those Princess Leia buns is no easy task. and I think I'm still suffering the side effects of inhaling all those chemicals while attempting to spray-paint my hair white like Rogue's from *X-Men*. Prepping is half the fun though; nothing can keep you from having a blast tonight.

21 years: Instead of your mom yelling at you to wear more clothing, "It's freezing out there! I don't care if it ruins the costume, put on a jacket!" your friends yell at you for wearing too much, "Grow a pair and take off the Northface, we're only going to be outside for forty-five minutes max!" Forget drawing a lightning bolt scar on your forehead, you're too busy applying ample amounts of foundation in order to disguise the frost bite. Despite the cold walk and the fact that you aren't really even sure what you are supposed to be dressed as at this point, you are having a grand old time laughing and chatting with your buds, and after all, that's what the Halloween spirit is all about.



amelia garrison

And... Profit

12 years: You made out well last night. Everyone mentioned how awesome your costume was. Using a wooden wand? Genius. Who could have thought of that shit but you? Plus, you ended up with 42 Snickers, 33 Butterfingers, twelve 100 Grand bars, and five Spongebob gummy Crabby Patties. Not bad, not bad at all.

21 years: You also made out well last night, but in a slightly different way. A few minutes of Facebook stalking revealed that the person you made out with is, thank the Lord, actually attractive! You have your keys, wallet, phone, and you didn't even throw up. You are a fucking champion! If Obama ever needed a Secretary of Beasting Halloween, he would come to you. And, not only have you gained the respect of your peers through your Halloween shenanigans, but you also had an awesome time. Having learned important lessons concerning the best college Halloween costumes/venues, you are locked and loaded for next year, and you can't wait. ■

the "what kind of scary movie should i watch??" quiz

Halloween is here and with that, one of my favorite fall traditions. (no, not frozen biddies) SCARY MOVIES!! Are you the kind of person that pussies out half way through an iCarly Halloween special? Or are you more likely to watch something so vile and gruesome not even a coroner would entertain? Take this spooky quiz to see which movies you should watch to put yourself in that autumn mood.

by patrickmurphy

results...

1. Do you own a nightlight?

- a. Yes, I sleep with all the lights on.
- b. Yeah, I've got a nightlight...
- c. I used to but I grew out of it.
- d. Never had one, never will.

2. You're at home and there's a sound downstairs. What's your immediate reaction?

- a. Go to your parents' room and sleep between them, as usual.
- b. Jump out of bed and grab your bat that you keep close by (just in case) and shakily yell downstairs that you're armed and ready. (And probably a 17 year old girl)
- c. It's nothing. Ignore it and go to back to sleep.
- d. The idea of stranger or psycho in your home excites you and may even turn you on a bit.

3. You and your friends are walking through the woods and find a dead body. You respond by...

- a. Throwing up.
- b. Yelling and turning away.
- c. Organizing the group by calming people down and calling the police.
- d. Getting out your wiccan spell book and attempt to resurrect the body.

4. Your plans for halloween are...

- a. Staying home and handing out candy to trick-or-treaters. Nothing beats children in costume!
- b. Going to a party with your friends.
- c. Pulling some sort of cliché halloween prank (i.e. TPing a house)
- d. Contacting Lucifer.

5. Your favorite holiday is....

- a. Mother's Day.
- b. Thanksgiving.
- c. Halloween.
- d. Satan's Birthday.

6. Sex is best....

- a. In the missionary position.
- b. With some variety, but nothing too scandalous.
- c. A little on the kinky side, hopefully you'll end the night with some claw-marks on my back.
- d. With whips, chains, and a high chance of bloodshed.

7. You're biking with your best friend, when all of a sudden he/she fall and break two ribs. How do you respond?

- a. You throw up and pass out. By the time you wake up you're in the hospital next to him/her with a comparable hospital bill.
- b. You're pretty freaked out, but you do your best to help and get medical attention.
- c. You're fairly prepared in first aid and assist in bandaging the wound prior to the ambulance arriving.
- d. You can't take your eyes off of the open gash and the only thing holding you back from reaching within your friend is the fear of possible zombie infection.

8. In your free time you....

- a. Make friendship bracelets and finish your homework a week in advance.
- b. Play an instrument, browse the internet, or take care of your cat.
- c. Play contact sports, you love getting sweaty and dirty.
- d. Educate yourself on medieval torture methods and read an extensive amount of Edgar Allan Poe.

9. Between classes, you generally go to...

- a. Bailey-Howe.
- b. The Green to meet your friends.
- c. Brennan's to dig food scraps out of the com post.
- d. Cook Commons, the most sinister of eateries.

10. If you were in the Harry Potter series, your house would most likely be...

- a. Hufflepuff.
- b. Ravenclaw.
- c. Gryffindor.
- d. Slytherin.

Now tally up your score!

For all of the A's you answered give yourself 1 point, 2 points for every B, 3 points for every C, and 4 points for every D.

once a year is enough

by rebeccaaurion

Unpopular opinion time: I'm really glad that Halloween only comes around once a year. Because while I love candy binges, dressing up, and watching Hocus Pocus just as much as the next person, I couldn't do it everyday, even if I wanted to. When we were younger, Halloween was just this charming little holiday where you could be a superhero, princess, or a goddamn demon and everyone thought it was adorable. In college, it's less endearing to pretend to be a Satanic entity.

It's bad enough walking around campus on an average Sunday morning, seeing sidewalks and lawns littered with the remnants of the weekend's parties: cigarette butts, crushed beer cans and rotting food. But in October, the mess reaches an all-time high. I can't be the only person who despises wading through smashed pumpkins and streamers on their way to class. The only candy wrappers I want to see after Halloween are the ones in my own garbage can. I don't need to know how many Snickers my neighbors have enjoyed.

Dressing up is fun, I'll admit, but only if there's a reason. If you feel the need to pretend to be an alien or a werewolf on

a daily basis, go to a convention. Seriously, thousands of geeks across the globe have these gatherings mostly as an excuse to dress up as fictional characters and take pictures of each other, and some actually manage to execute their looks quite well.

"in everyday life, it's really just not practical to sport wings or a tail all the time. i'm looking at you, furies."

However in everyday life, it's really just not practical to sport wings or a tail all the time. I'm looking at you, furies. (Seriously, how do you not get those things caught in doors all the time?)

Other than the folks in tails, there definitely are people who seem to think that Halloween is a yearlong event. Go ahead and

Google "Real Life Barbie" to see what I mean. There are actually people out there who are trying to turn themselves into dolls. As if dolls weren't terrifying enough, there are now living ones out there. Look, if channeling your inner Rachel Berry by wearing all the argyle in your closet makes you feel good, that's one thing. But don't you lose a bit of who you actually are by pretending to be someone else constantly?

Even in *Halloweentown* (don't pretend you didn't watch that movie all the time too) they only have the holiday once a year. Somehow, Disney was able to recognize there can be too much of a good thing sometimes. Though clearly the Saw and Paranormal Activity franchises haven't learned the lesson yet, given how many years those messes have been going on.

I love Halloween, I really do. It's an awesome holiday during my favorite season, and I'm always excited when this time of year comes around. But Halloween just wouldn't be as special if it were everyday; it would just become life. So cherish it while it lasts, but don't let Halloween overstay its welcome. It'll be October again before you know it. ■



katherine longfellow

horrorscopes so accurate they're scary

by lizcantrell

Capricorn, December 24-January 19: Your Halloweek is gonna be killer, since you aim to go out every night. The House of Jupiter suggests that, in order to truly make this a night of the undead, you hit every party/bar with a new costume and a new drink. No outfit or delicious drank repeats for you, Cappie!

Aquarius, January 20-February 18: Head out to Centennial Woods and film your own scary movie. Props should include: a decapitated turnip, some red paint, three wisps of hay, four friends, a paper bag, and several containers of chicken salad. Figure the rest out fo yosef!

Pisces, February 19- March 20: You're in a bit of a tricky sitch, fish. (What) to be or not to be, that is the question? So you're stuck in a costume rut, but don't worry, the temporal gods of the sky will send you some divine inspiration the day before Halloween, and you'll be all set.

Aries, March 21-April 20: Forgo the college raging and get back to your youth and smash some pumpkins, TP a neighbor's house, dress up as Disney character, and watch Hocus Pocus (again and again and again. What a great fucking movie.)

Taurus, April 21-May 20: The celestial heavens hope you don't have any frenemies, because there is a chance you could get Carrie-d and doused in some seriously foul pig's blood. Lesson: stay away from proms this Halloween...shouldn't be too hard, considering it's October, and you're in college...

Gemini, May 21-June 21: As the sign of the twin, it's in your best interest to grab a buddy and dress up as twinsies. The stars suggest a few winning options: Fred and George Weasley, Dylan and Cole Sprouse (AKA Zack and Cody), Tia and Tamara Mowry, or Apollo and Artemis.

Cancer, June 22-July 22: The stars predict that, after being bitten by a mysterious bat, you pull a Vampire's Kiss and start running around with fake teeth shouting at your secretary to "put it in the right file!!!" They might take this as some kind of awkward mating ritual, however, so it's best to give them a heads up that you might be acting weird.

Leo, July 23-August 22: October? More like Cocktober. Seriously, you are one sexy lion and you are getting all sorts of ghoulish action this Halloween. Rawrr

Virgo, August 23-September 22: Always a clever one, you opt for a politically relevant costume, but it's kind of hard to dress at the 47% or embody the concept of "malarkey". Make it easy on yourself and just buy one of those sweaty, creepy-ass masks of George Dubyah or an equally laughable politico at iParty.

Libra, September 23- October 22: Dying to do something different this All Hollow's Eve? Camp out in a cemetery for the night and hold a séance, contacting former spirits who we wish were still with us (Old Yeller, why'd you have to die!? And dammit Jack, Rose said she'd never let go but now we've lost you forever!)

Scorpio, October 23- November 21: As one of the most creative of the astrological signs, you should whip up some tasty Halloweenie snacks for the trick or treaters instead of just buying cheap candy corn. Also consider vamping up (get it!?!?) your dorm or apartment with kitschy decorations and make Martha Stewart jealous.

Sagittarius, November 22-December 23: You have a truly terrifying Halloween experience. After confronting several black cats who were meowing in tongues, you encounter a strange zombie species of young adults staggering up and down Pearl St vomiting and unable to walk, and muttering things like, "no more jello shots". ■

fashion five-oh.

10 cheap, easy, half-assed halloween costumes

(for the discerning college student)



by **benberick**

Halloween is almost upon us, and along with the inevitable consumption of copious amounts of candy and alcohol comes the responsibility of making it look like you actually put some thought into your costume. If you are rich or have more tools and time than the average college student, you can put together some real stunners. (Just Google “cool Halloween costumes” and you’ll see what I’m getting at.) For the rest of us, creating a cool alter ego for the night can be intimidating and prohibitively expensive. With that in mind, here is a list of ten super-easy inexpensive costumes you can throw together last minute that will not only take care of your dress-up needs for the night, but will also make you feel like the most original mofa around.

SEXY GHOST: This one’s for you, ladies. All you need for this is some scissors and an old bed sheet. Simply throw the sheet over your head, mark and cut two holes for eyes, and you’ve got the essentials. If a shapeless sheet isn’t sexy enough for you, consider cutting two larger holes at chest level out of which to hang your boobs: all the objectification of a lesser costume without the cost!

WALDO: Alright, this one costs money, but I swear you can keep it under ten dollars. Head on down to Goodwill and pickup a striped sweater, hat, and empty glasses frames. Throw it all together with a pair of jeans and you are good to go! Be careful though: if you get tipsy and wander off, you’re going to be a bitch to find.

STATIC CLING: If you really want to get called a hipster, put on all black clothes you already have, as long as they are as dark as your closet gets. Then, using whatever fastening devices you have lying around (safety pins, hair clips, duct tape, etc.) stick socks all over you. Voilà! Now you are the manifestation of the accumulation of static charge and you get to explain so all night!

HOBO: This old classic only requires some dirty, ratty clothes, which, as a college student, you should have already. If not, just head on over to the thrift store, pick up whatever is cheap and then cut the dickens out of it. Carry a can of beans or the like and you’re set! Stay aware of your surroundings though: considering the upsetting amount of actual homeless people in Burlington, you might accidentally be mistaken for a real tramp and people will awkwardly walk by without talking to you.

fork it over.

brains: not just for zombies.



liz stafford

by **jamiibeckett**

It’s time for some dinner time talk people. We need to dissect the topic of brains.

First off, let’s go over the essential nutritional value of brains. The average human brain weights between 1300-1400 grams and contains around 2000 calories. (Not that I’ve ever actually weighed out a whole brain and counted its calories, but I did find a website that takes the nutritional information of cow brains and extrapolated it to the weight of a human brain.) Brains are filling and when taken with supplementary vitamins can be implemented into a healthy diet.

Now, before you go smoke bath salts and eat someone’s face, you should consider the ethical and potential moral obligations to not eating brains. Wait a minute... you don’t have to be tweaked out to brains? Haven’t you seen Temple of Doom? Indiana Jones is in India when he begrudgingly nibbles on a monkey brain even though China is commonly attributed to the culture of such delicious brains. First dogs, now monkeys, is anything sacred?!

Now I’m personally not opposed to trying some baked brain, but the demand for monkey heads has led to a population decrease in Indonesia attributed to overhunting. So why you may ask, are these Chinese dogs eating all these brains? Merely to increase the intellectual capacity of their nation, which is becoming increasingly formidable? While I (like some of you) smoke my brains to mush, the Chinese are eating the US up in test scores, particularly in math and science. With

NIGHTMARE: Everyone has had that spine-chilling dream of showing up to class in their underwear; now you can make it a reality! Slap on a pair of your finest briefs or your most comfortable bra (and nothing else), shoulder your backpack, and clench your butt cheeks in anticipation of the first blast of cold air as you leave your house/dorm in search of a party (but think of how much money you saved!)

LUMBERJACK: Boots, jeans, plaid, and a wool hat (beard optional). If you don’t already have these things, you probably aren’t an actual UVM student. Bonus: you don’t have to go out of your way to make this costume sexy—pants can’t stay on when a lumberjack saunters in, it’s just scientific fact.

MICHELLE BACHMANN: With eyes that terrifying and witchcraft in her history, how could you not? Just swing down to Goodwill (again) and get a cheap blazer and pencil skirt. When Halloween night comes, walk around with your eyes uncomfortably wide and explain to passersby that liberals don’t want them to know that the moon actually is made of cheese (or anything else similarly buttfuck-crazy).

RESLIFE TOILET PAPER MUMMY: All the explanation you need is right there in the title. Nab one of those industrial size rolls from any bathroom on campus and get a friend to wrap you up! We recommend that you wear something underneath, however, as this stuff is flimsy and rough and you don’t want it falling apart and/or chafing the skin from your body.

UVM TOUR GUIDE: Nothing special needed in the way of clothing, just wear what’s comfortable, sprinkle unnecessary facts about our great university into your conversation, and walk backwards all night. (Protip: this might not be the costume for you if you plan on getting smashed. Walking backwards is hard.)

SEXY WATER TOWER STAFFER: I can’t promise you that this one will be as cheap as the others. **the water tower** is an establishment of unparalleled class and distinction, and it certainly isn’t easy. Get in contact with any of our fine staff and restrain the aching in your loins just long enough to ask what they wear. If they aren’t terrified for their lives by this unsolicited affection, they might share some secrets of **water tower** style. Maybe. ■



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**

A&P is our shit
We study together and pretend we’re legit
Anatomy is fun, but I want more
I don’t know how to go about it without being a whore
I look forward to Tuesdays and Thursdays when we do lunch
I’m so caught up in you I can barely munch
Take this hint and let me out of the friend-zone
Fuck it, I just want to bone
When: Thursday
Where: Brennan’s
I saw: Sexy Sports Nutrition Man
I am: Socially Awkward

You can object to speculation, but I’ve got an infatuation, Contemplating procreation, or rather sex for recreation. Lee Allen drowned in the ocean of your eyes
The day the Man of the People got caught in a storm of lies.
As the water levels rise, my eyes are drawn to your thighs. Your confident stride has me ready to testify.
I’ll tell the whole truth, I swear I’ll leave nothing out.
I just want you so bad that I’m ready to scream and shout. Objection! Hearsay! Nope, this is a dying declaration
‘Cause I’d go to a watery grave for just one full conversation
Or a two-tone soundtrack so we could skank the night away
Under a Streetlight Manifesto to illuminate the way.
If I might make a closing statement from Lafayette’s basement,
I know you’re heartbroken and not ready for a date yet. But slant rhymes aside, I can’t get you off my mind.
The verdict’s in, my dear: I think you’re divine.
When: Every Sunday
Where: Mock Trial
I saw: Opposing counsel
I am: Reggie Rodgers

To that dude who farted in the library:
It smelled so bad, I almost cried
and that’s a big deal because my housemates fart a ton. You pretended it wasn’t you because it smelled so bad. If only you had just admitted it, I would have laughed. Because you looked pretty nice.
When: toot o’clock
Where: second floor of Bailey Howe
I saw: a gassy guy
I am: still smelling the aftermath

hey captain tying knots, some cloudy weather meant that we didn’t look at the stars together so next time that you’re in the neighborhood, if you want to hear more about asterisms, you know you could,
no more kayaking, it’s kinda too cold, so next time at Marché, if I may be so bold, leme get yo number, and we can check out stars and the moon
maybe sometime real soon?
When: October 6th
Where: on the lake & sometimes marche
I saw: a promising stargazer
I am: looking up

remember to check out the overflow
on the blog!
thewatertower.tumblr.com

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**

Billings lecture hall
Math girl 1 on other side of hall: *loud screeching noise*
Math bro 1 to math bro 2: Was that a queef?

Outside UHS
Dude on cell phone: I just want you to know that if I use the word nigga it’s because I listen to a lot of rap music, I really do like you though.

Saturday, drunkenly wandering Burlington
Guy 1 to guy 2: I fucked yo momma so hard. Your mom’s my bitch. No, yo mom ma main bitch.
Guy 3 to guy 1: Dude, he’s from New Hampshire, not Maine.

Tuesday on the library steps
Biddie: Last night was crazy. I CHUGGED my 5 hour energy.

Spirit of Halloween
Man to a child: Honey, I think I just found Jesus... How much for Jesus?
Random person: Priceless

Entrance to CWPS
Boy 1: That fruit salad was out of control.
Boy 2: Fruit is the only thing from my childhood I remember.

Somewhere at some point
A certain male water tower editor: I know so much about being a sassy black woman.

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tunes. rockin' on a budget:

superduperfly musician costumes

by dylanmccarthy

Bummed that Halloween is on a Wednesday this year? Don't be! Back in high school it would be more than appropriate to fret over a Halloween school night, but here, au contraire we use our midweek holiday to celebrate the whole week long. Who doesn't love more Halloween? More Halloween means more costume chances, and hell costumes are what make this wonderful holiday. So whether you're on costume number 4 or are still scrambling to get your first costume together it's not too late to dress as one of these fine musicians:

Buckethead

If you're hoping to garner some weird looks this Halloween then a Buckethead costume is the costume for you. Brian Carroll a.k.a Buckethead is among the strangest musicians of this or any era, and coincidentally he's among the most prolific. Buckethead boasts a 40-album catalog that incorporates elements of bluegrass, prog metal and ambient electronic music across the board. Buckethead also looks downright stupefying and nearly guarantees wide-eyed stares from Burlingtonian bystanders.

Stuff You'll Need: A Michael Myers mask (the slasher not Austin Powers!), a wig that makes your hair look like Weird AIs, a standard yellow raincoat, and a large KFC bucket for your head.

Effort Required: A decent amount

Marilyn Manson

So you're a Halloween traditionalist, you're not trying to be cute, witty, or cool with your costume—you're going for a weird look, a creepy look. If that's the case then boy do I have a costume for you: the once proud, self-proclaimed "Antichrist Superstar" Marilyn Manson! Ahh yes, this clown used to have the media losing it at his every action, from fire and temporary breast implants, to accusations of making a crowd murder a golden retriever before he would perform. Manson was as controversial as could be. Years and a string of 5ish horrible albums later and Manson's now embarrassingly clinging to relevancy-but he's still pretty terrifying, so give the guy a hand and suit up!

Stuff You'll Need: Black nail polish and eyeliner, red lipstick, long black wig, black pants (leather preferred), black trench coat, and the willingness to occasionally yell in a gravelly yet whiny scream.

Effort required: minimal.

Karen O

Whether you're a fan of her because of the Yeah Yeah Yeah's or due to her work with Santigold, Trent Reznor, or The Flaming Lips, it's easy to tell that Karen O has a unique eccentricity to her. This eccentricity often manifests itself in her live performances and most importantly, her outfits. For a costume somewhere in between weird, witty, and sexy, Karen O is the go-to choice.

Stuff You'll Need: The 'Karen O Bob' (bangs cut just above the eyebrows, roughly shoulder length everywhere else. This is the only essential piece), plastic studded black leather jacket, OR a leopard skin dress, OR a rainbow-eyed-Native American headdress and matching kimono

Effort Required: Probably way too much

Glenn Danzig

So if you're all about Halloween's spooky nature and you're leaning more towards a classic dark and demonic themed costume, but your buff and well taken care of body isn't feeling these scrawny skeletons or paper thin ghosts. Well my friend, Glenn fucking Danzig is the costume choice for you. Misfits' centerpiece Danzig was simultaneously responsible for some of the best punk rock of and some of the cheesiest music of his time, with tracks like "I Turned Into a Martian," and "Astro Zombie," it's hard to imagine The Misfits were as big as they were. But damn did they do it right.

Stuff You'll Need: White face paint, black eye shadow, no shirt, black pants (again leather preferred), hair gel for the purpose of getting your hair in a spike going down the center of your face, and one cannot be NO GODDAMN SONUVABITCH!!!

Effort Required: Too little to pass up

Stephen Malkmus

Have you been saying things like "I hate dressing up," or "I don't give a fuck about Halloween"? If so then you're a pretty unreasonable grouch and you should thank your friends for hanging out with you at all. As much as I hate placating that kind of attitude, you can still be a fantastic musician with essentially no effort. That's right, don't give a fuck like a pro and be the slacker king.

Stuff You'll Need: plaid long sleeve button up shirt, cotton sweater, brown slacks (color preferred), extreme 'I don't give a fuck' attitude.

Effort Required: Zero ■



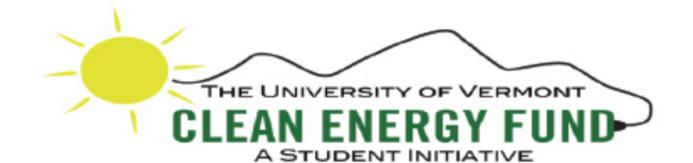
lauryn schrom

e) Stand your ground.

Your limbs are too weak with fear to be trusted in climbing towards the attic. And besides, it's better to die fighting than falling. So you turn to face the terror coming through the threshold of the staircase. Its grisly mouth is full of teeth marred with blood that you pray comes from some distant victim instead of your friends, who by now must have come to search for you. The beast's cold yellow eyes are looking in your direction, clearly seeing you tremble, yet it just sits there as if waiting for a sign to attack. The music from above grows louder and more bombastic and the beast lets out a low howl, almost in harmony. It seems distracted and you think that maybe you could run past it to safety. But at the same time, you wonder exactly where the music is coming from and why it has calmed this monster down.

h) Investigate the music? - page 11

i) Make a run for it? - page 12



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créatif stuffé.

monster sestina

by joshhegarty

You will never realize as you begin to change into the terror one expects only from the wild. But when you begin to fill their hearts with fear, you'll know an alteration has settled in your bones. Trying to find your reflection in the mirror, you'll miss your own face and only see a monster.

It's really not so rare for one to become a monster. It's that world pushes your conviction until it forces change. And we look so much the same as those in the mirror except there is something off, something extra, something wild, something that makes it easy for us to break your bones, something that you cannot name and makes you shake with fear.

But I'll tell you what it is that is the source of fear. It's that there is no telling who is man and who is monster. But what should truly put the shiver deep into your bones is that every single day, upstanding men begin to change. They become like predators, surviving in the wild; their actions take a form that you'd feel disgust to mirror

But it's such a short distance through the darkened mirror. And there are things you'd surely do when you're faced with fear, violent things, disturbing things, acting like a man gone wild, and just one enjoyed taste is enough to make a monster. But it isn't enough to feel yourself start to change into a being who shares nothing with you save your bones.

And soon enough you're sucking marrow from their bones, hating yourself ever more each time you see a mirror, your reflection only showing the extent of change. You become something that can even strike yourself with fear; this sense of dread tells you that you are not a monster. There is no such thing as terror for one who is so wild.

Because you do not understand what it means to be wild. You've still got you're inhibitions nestled inside your bones. But he who thinks himself a hero is ever more the monster, a villain, a liar, who sees only virtue in his mirror, and daily feels the most amazing sense of fear. He fears the creature he will be after the change.

You mistake for wild what rests behind the mirror, rests inside your bones. You have ample reason to fear because you'll wake as a monster, never seeing yourself change. ■



h) Investigate the music?

In the attic, you hear the music emanating from a door with rusty hinges. The beast approaches you, it's breath hot on your heels. Throwing all your weight against the door as the beast lunges, you feel it give way. The door falls open, you collapse onto the floor and the beast lands on top of you. Although you're sure this is the end, you look up, curious in your final moments to see what was the source of that eerie noise. Despite the adrenaline pumping through your veins you are still taken aback by what you see. What sounded like eerie, haunting music when muffled by the door was actually an all out jam session with the ghosts of Buddy Holly, Jimi Hendrix, and Robert Johnson, creating a cool fusion of hip pop beats and groovy blues breaks. You feel the beast's jaws close around your neck just as Jimi tears through a solo. Time nearly stops as the vibrations tear through the beast, evaporating it in a blaze of psychedelic fury, proving once more that Rock conquers all.

a) Stay in the hall

You slowly edge your way toward the end of the hall, careful not to make a sound. You press your back against the wall and wait. Hidden in the recessed shadows, your best hope is that the beast won't see you. Your heartbeat keeps time with that sinister growl, which grow louder and nearer. Suddenly, the noise stops. You slowly turn your head to the far end of the hall, where the beast has stopped to contemplate you. With fierce yellow eyes and jagged fangs protruding from its snarling mouth, it is every bit as terrifying as you'd imagined. In a single bound, the beast leaps across the hall and knocks you to the ground. You attempt to fight it off, grabbing its matted fur and kicking. Just as you start to retreat, it knocks your legs out from under you. The beast looks demonically into your eyes, almost smiling with satisfaction, and with a final swipe of its mangled claw, cuts your jugular. You slump to the ground, and the beast pads away, tracking your blood in its wake.



DISEASE -continued from pg 1

adept pugilist, on (incorrect) assumption that people will not ask questions of two people boxing.

11:49 am: SGA Treasurer Chris Juairé ends and/or reinvigorates Galaxy space melee by becoming violently ill in the middle of the brawl.

12:15 pm: Battle of the Somme recreated in the Grundle, as ill students who have recently dispensed with all calories ingested over the past 48 hours become ravenous. Cooks defend themselves with pots and pans. **water tower** editor Jamie Beckett changes metaphor to Vietnam by reenacting the Tet offensive.

12:49 pm: **water tower** Editor-in-Chief James Aglio and editor Josh Hegarty seal all entrances to their apartment, refusing to admit other Editor-in-Chief Liz Cantrell.

1:05 pm: Social structures having been broken down, students form tribes based entirely on favorite shoe preference; tribe leader and **water tower** editor Sarah Perda declares war on clog-wearers, who are inexplicably led by editors Kerry Martin and Dylan McCarthy.

1:36 pm: Russian House bread line becomes increasingly irate over lack of bread, borscht.

1:49 pm: Patient Zero finally removes himself from toilet, noticeably lighter.

2:32 pm: Nobody feels better, but projectile vomiting seems to have ceased, and skin lesions have begun to scab over. **water tower** editors Kitty Faraji, Malcolm Valaitis, and Collin Cappelle begin compiling drawings titled "pictures of vomit stains."

2:43 pm: **water tower** editor George Loftus wakes.

3:13 pm: Former **water tower** Editor-in-Chief/Russian student Dan Suder attempts to dissolve Russian House bread line, experiences communication barrier due to lack of Russian speakers.

3:38 pm: News reports from outside world trickle in referring to "Ira Allen's Revenge."

3:44 pm: Former University President Dan Fogel writes commemorative poem of occasion titled "The day other than the naked bike ride that the CBW green was filled with vomit."

4:12 pm: In a flagrant display of unprofessionalism, The Vermont Cynic publishes story on website revealing name of Patient Zero (which the **water tower** has tastefully obfuscated), allowing him to be mocked and ridiculed for the remainder of his college career, if not his life. ■

the cipher

with kerrymartin

On those long days, when the average Catamount gets batted between Old Mill, Bailey Howe, and the Grundle eight times, encountering the intolerably pretentious professors and the accidentally hipster homeless, it's in our nature to sit down, take a deep breath, and make sense of our jumbled thoughts through lyrical genius. Now, for the first time, all you aspiring UVMCs can expose your hip-hop taste buds to the **water tower** by rapping on a variety of topics. This week, we leave **Harry Potter** scarred for life.



Remembrall, Remembrall, please answer my call.

See I loved *Harry Potter* but now I can't recall it all.

As a kid, I read the series even though they were quite dreary

I could really use some help to understand it more clearly.

You can tell, I am fraught with this *Harry Potter* plot

Shit got so confusing with the more books I bought.

Gone were the days of Potter, stairwell squatter

Now we're finding out Potter's made of Voldy fodder.

And hold up Dumbledore's dead? Nah, quit messing with my head!

How'd we get from happy Hogwarts to this hell house of dread?

In the past, I believed being a wizard's totes for me,

With Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade, everything was so jolly!

Now I see twas a façade, just pomp and gaudy fraud

From Grimmauld Place to Riddle's House, that world is beyond flawed.

What I could really use, not to sound too obtuse,

Is a Marauder's Map to show me all the clues;

All the wizards and the details and the tricky plot twists,

Please make some sense cause I'm really kind of pissed.

Remembrall, Remembrall, have you been listenin' to this all?

Just help clear it up from...oh let's say the Yule Ball.

by respect-the-Rowling rhymesayer LL Cool G

Next week, we burn **Voter Apathy**. The week after, we smear **Peanut Butter**. Send your raps for either week to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Best rapper of the semester wins a \$25 gift card to Boloco!

d) Turn left into the room

You push open the heavy wooden door, and enter a big, square room, moonlit by a wide bay window. But there's a yellow warmth to the light, and across the room, you see one solitary white candle, flickering gently on a small table beside a closed door. You then realize that in the new stillness, you can hear the same notes you heard back in the hallway, long and low; a mourning song. But they're not coming from downstairs. You look up towards the sound of the music, and in the center of the ceiling is a trapdoor with a cord hanging from it. Cautiously, you pull it, and a rope ladder tumbles down, leading into a dark attic. You can hear the music more clearly now, but as you peer up at the attic, a sudden gust of wind rushes through a broken windowpane, snuffing out the candle and nudging the door across the room open with a creak. You can't hear the beast anymore, and you're not sure how long it's been since you saw your friends, but you are sure of one thing, which is that you're far from alone in this room. The music continues, low as a whisper now, and the door across the room stands open.

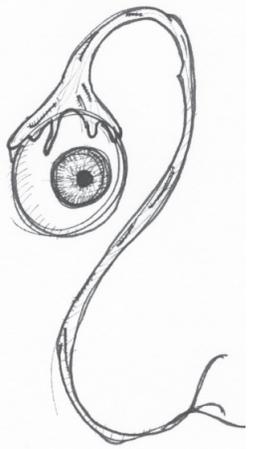
f) Climb to the attic? - page 12

g) Go through the door to the next room? - page 3

cat litter.



people born on halloween



- James Aglio
- Madonna
- Seth Green
- Sterling Archer
- Abraham Lincoln Vampire Slayer
- Julius Caesar
- Hal 9000

Now in Color!

i) Make a run for it?

More quickly than you've ever moved in your life, you're digging your heels into the floorboards making your break for it. In the brief instant when you start to move and can neither see nor hear the beast behind you, a wave of calm flows through you. But this calm is shattered before you've made your fifth step when a surge of pain tears through your calf. In the next instant, you're on the floor and all you know is that there's fur and teeth and claws and all of it wants you torn apart. Pushing it off of you proves impossible and then, so does pushing at all. Your vision fades. There's warm liquid pooling around you and you don't care if it's blood or urine. Soon enough you won't even be able to care.

f) Climb to the attic.

You climb, pulling yourself slowly up into the attic, where you tumble onto the moldy wooden floor. You feel safe momentarily, separated from the beast in a way you can't imagine it following you. That is, until you spot the glowing light from the staircase in the corner of the room and hear the footsteps echoing beneath you in a rapid pace, a percussion compliment to the eerie tones cascading around you. A scan of the room reveals the source of the music to be whatever lies behind a door so covered in rust that you can't imagine its hinges to be functional. You walk to the door and press your ear to it to hear incomprehensible voices speaking in deep tones. When you turn away to look for other exits, you're surprised to see the beast has silently found its way up the stairs, although, somehow its ferocity seems to have diminished and in the moon light; maybe you can make it past it. Maybe you can escape.

h) Investigate the music? - page 11

i) Make a run for it? - page 12, right over there to the left

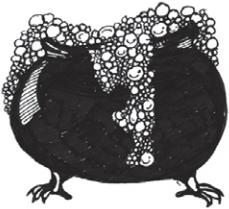


b) Go through the stairwell

You rush up the stairs, and the rotting floorboards creak with each frantic step, threatening to give way. You reach the top of the stairs and find a door to your left. It is slightly ajar, revealing a small sliver of light. Suddenly, a shadow crosses in front of the light. Your pulse quickens, and you abruptly turn to scan the stair landing, spying a tiny window at the other end. You make out the faint outline of the full moon through the grimy window-pane. Perhaps you could somehow make it outside. Or should you investigate the room? From downstairs, you hear the heavy thuds of the beast's feet, drawing closer with each indecisive moment.

c) Open the window? - page 3

d) Turn left into the room? - page 11



santa's take over



halloween spooktacular:

Ahh! I'm red but
I've got
blue hands!

