



the water tower.

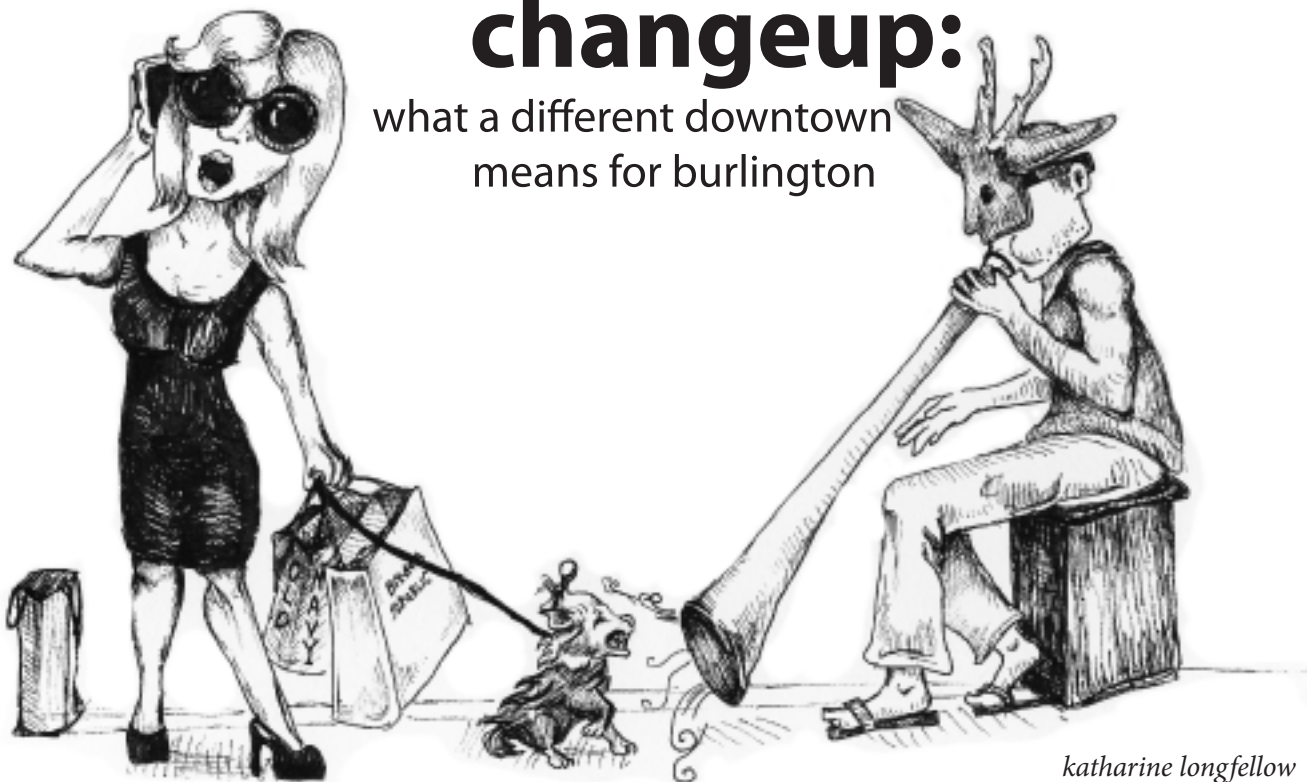
uvm's alternative newsmag

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church street changeup:

what a different downtown
means for burlington



katharine longfellow

*"When you're alone and life is making
you lonely, you can always go downtown."*
~Petula Clark

by dansuder

Whether you're returning to UVM for your fifth year or you're new around here, you've probably already spent a significant chunk of time in downtown Burlington. Shopping on Church Street, frisbee by the waterfront, shows at Metronome and the Radio Bean, and yes, parties on the side streets - downtown has it all. Except Borders and Old Navy, two of the biggest Church Street retailers, are now the former Borders and the old Old Navy. Now there's only one bookstore and ZERO places to buy two pairs of flip-flops for \$3.50.

So what's the big idea? Burlington is supposed to be a certain way, right? There are supposed to be hippies, coffee shops, didgeridoo-playing weirdos, more places to eat burritos than there are citizens and, yes, a couple of big national stores where I can get cheap clothes and expensive books. But Burlington has changed before, and the sturdy Burlingtonians managed to survive.

For example, Rite Aid purchased the entire Brooks Pharmacy brand in 2007, quadrupling the company's Vermont presence and, to the dismay of at least one of that era's **water tower** writers, dropping its downtown store's hours from 24/7 to, well, something less convenient. People

asked, "How will I fill my prescriptions at 3 AM?" They wondered, "If my art project requires even more tampons and Post-It notes, where will I go at this hour?!" They were worried, but they quickly found their answers ("You won't." and "Um, like, Price Chopper, probably... wtf?") and moved on.

The same thing's happening today. You can still buy books and CDs. There's Crow Bookstore for cool used books, indie comics, and enough Western pulp novels to make John Wayne blush. There's a Barnes & Noble down the road for your plastic-wrapped New Age canine aromatherapy tomes and 30-dollar AC/DC compilation albums. So readers and listeners of the world, cool your jets. Breathe in. Breathe out. You'll be OK.

"But what about my CLOTHES," you whine in your whiniest whining whine. Well, UVM students handily fit into three categories. First option: You never shop at Old Navy anyway. You drive your Beamer to J. Crew or Banana Republic or wherever it is that they sell Polo Ralph Lauren, and that's not going to change. Second option: You never shop at Old Navy anyway. You ride your rustbucket of a used bike to Goodwill or the Shalom Shuk or sometimes even Urban Outfitters, and that also won't change. The third option: You do shop at Old Navy! SHIT! Well, now you just take the bus to their new Williston location, and

you're golden! Nice!

For consumers, then, it doesn't really seem like a big deal. And that's not even taking into account the replacement stores: a bigger, still-local Outdoor Gear Exchange and a Panera franchise in the case of Old Navy and a nobody-knows-but-fingers-crossed-for-something-awesome at Borders. Panera, though, seems to be making everyone uncomfortable. People say things like, "Don't get me wrong, I love Panera, and their spinach artichoke dip is to die for, but really, not in Burlington..." and "Church Street already has sandwich stores up the wazoo, we don't need another one. Especially a national chain." But I think everyone can agree that Panera is a better, more socially responsible company than Gap, Inc., which owns Old Navy. There's more to it, though: beyond the nature of the companies, locals and business-people are worried about things like how the new downtown will affect their stores, whether foot traffic will decrease and so on.

They need to take a big ol' chillaxative. I had a roommate who was, for a time, a business major, so I know what I'm talking about here. The Church Street Marketplace isn't about Borders or Old Navy, and it never was. Sure, every longer-than-necessary day of walking around downtown without

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"yes,
you have the wrong number.
no, i won't blow you."
the grim world of online escort services

by georgeloftus

To whoever is responsible for this: congratulations. You got me.

And, unfortunately, yes, the following is based on actual events.

On Sunday, September 18th, at 4:12 PM, I received a phone call from a phone number I didn't recognize. Given that my name gives me a predilection for curiosity, I answered, wondering what it implied about my Saturday night, and if I actually gave my phone number to that guy who runs City Hall Sliders, or whether that was a dream. A man was calling, and after hearing my distinctly male voice, he apologized, and asserted that he had the wrong number. I told him not to worry about it, hung up, and thought nothing of it.

Four minutes later the exact same thing happened with someone else. And two minutes after that. And two minutes after that. All of these phone calls were from New York City.

At this point, you can consider me puzzled.

By the time of the tenth phone call, I finally worked up the nerve to ask this new caller some questions. He spoke with a strong Spanish accent, so remembering what I could from when I lived abroad, I interrogated the shit out of him. I gleaned that he got my number from a website called www.backpages.com. Not to profile, but I knew this guy had a thick Guatemalan accent, and could not understand anything else other than "queens" and "date". For the record, he should shave his beard.

At this point you can consider me absolutely perplexed.

I did the equivalent of sprinting on my phone. My fingers were tensely hoping to get to the bottom of this mystery. Once at the website, I searched my phone number and got zero searches: I had no idea what the fuck was going on.

And then I got a text: "Hey can u do a \$50 quickie 4 15 mins?"

I responded: "I'm not that cheap, sir." My brain-wheels were turning. This was starting to make sense. But not entirely.

Even though the next caller had an Indian accent, he was much more helpful. Since I don't speak Hindi, you can imagine my delight when he actually spoke English well. He told me that he got my phone number from the classified escort section of www.backpages.com, an even more sketchy version of craigslist, and that he was under the impression that I was an

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inside
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reflections.

uvm: breakin' records and takin' names since 1791

by shannonward

Last year, UVM tried to break the Guinness World Record for biggest game of hide-and-seek. I can't help but think, why bother? UVM has broken a ton of world records already. I have composed a list of a few:

1. Most Awkward Incidents Involving Long Boards. You know that thing when you're walking and someone is coming at you, and so you move to the side but they move to the same side and then you move to the other side but they do too? It's awkward enough when it's two people walking, but if one or both of them are on a long board, shit gets real. If you go a whole day at UVM without almost getting hit by a long board, then you obviously didn't leave your room.

2. Most Batshit Crazy Weather. You know you go to UVM when you watch *The Day After Tomorrow* and think "oh yeah, that could happen".

3. Most Students on Listservs who do not want to be on Listservs. We all make resolutions to be more involved, so when Activitiesfest rolls around we sign up for everything. Hey, maybe we'll find a new passion! OR maybe we'll realize that we've overbooked ourselves and though we'd like to kid ourselves into thinking we can handle Extreme Rugby Club, we haven't actually done any physical activity since gym stopped becoming mandatory. And since we can't figure out/are too lazy to remove ourselves from the Listserv, our inbox will be full of unwanted e-mails we are too lazy to delete.

4. Most Rally Cat Sightings. It may be hard to believe, but did you know that UVM has the most Rally Cat sightings in the world? The elusive animal has been seen at sporting events, fairs, and has even been known to pose for pictures with students. Skeptics claim that Rally is nothing more than a UVM student in a suit, but anyone with any real sense knows that Rally is a North American catamount in a jersey, with a passion for college hockey.



Though these categories are not recognized by Guinness (yet), UVM definitely holds the blue ribbon in all of these and more. Be proud, and stay unique! ■

WRONG NUMBER-cont. from page 1

uninhibited twenty-one year old named Lori from Queens. Now I had something to search for, but not before getting another text.

"Hey, do u mind if I cum inside you?" to which I responded: "I'm a 215lb 21 year old man. Neither of us would appreciate that." This is what the Classifieds section read:

"Hello gents LORI..., here seeking mature professionals who deserve and appreciate the royal treatment. I offer Non-rushed sessions that are unforgettable I'm totally independent !! I take pride in catering to you call now and I'll be sure to make your night memorable.....(my phone number).....(my phone number) INCALL OR OUTCALL...I CAN ALSO BE SUBMISSIVE..."

I know what you're thinking, her sentence structure is terrible, offering no break in pace and her grammar is, to say the least, atrocious. It's like this girl is allergic to commas, and

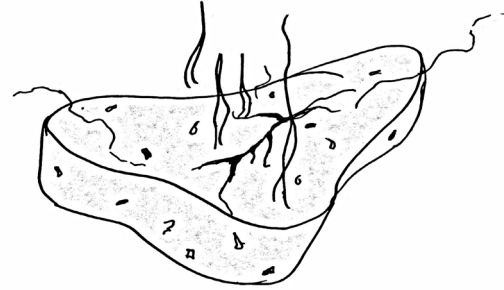
self-respect.

And yes, there were pictures: the "girl" offering her (my?) services was attractive. Even still, this was increasingly becoming less fun for me. I tried skyping with my mom on my phone (my internet was out on my laptop) and was interrupted no less than five times by prospective "Johns". Awesome.

At this point you can consider me irate. And then another text: "Hey what r ur rates?" My reply? "50/bj but i use my teeth. All of them." Shockingly, he didn't respond after that.

Between Sunday at 4:12 PM, approximately seven minutes after the post went live, until 11:22 PM Monday night, I received a total of 29 phone calls from as many callers, and six very implicit text messages, asking about me, my traveling "range", I guess you would call it, and if I was in need of a more reliable driver to get me to my clientele.

5. Most Disgusting Bike Seats. Next time your friend lets you borrow his bike, take a moment to think about it. At the end of every semester, a disquieting number of students free themselves of their clothes and ride their bikes in the buff. Socially hilarious, sanitarly horrifying.



6. Most People Wearing Shorts in 3+ Feet of Snow. The day after an epic blizzard that left a fresh layer of razor sharp ice on top of the freezing snow, and the wind chill from Lake Champlain is like the fucking breath of Satan if Satan were cold; there is always that one guy. You know who I mean. Roughin' it in khaki knee length shorts and Teevans, legs bright red, plowing through the unplowed walkways to class. You'll wonder why, but then forget about it because you're just too fucking cold.

7. Most Cat-Related Items Per Capita. Seriously. This place has more feline paraphernalia than a crazy old cat lady.

8. Most Wings Eaten Per Capita. If your textbook isn't covered in wing sauce from falling asleep on it before cleaning your face, then you obviously did not put in a solid night's studying.



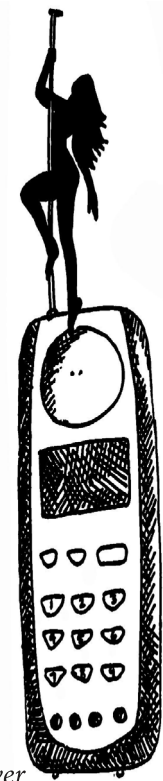
art by kitty faraji

After maybe the fifteenth hour it had been going on too long to stay mad. I drank beers while laughing at the volume of phone calls I got while talking to my sister on the phone. I smoked a few cigarettes later that night while on the phone with my brother and I swear I could've heard my friends laughing from four houses down even hours after telling them. Later that night I wrote an email to www.backpages.com asking them to take my "ad" down and within hours it was gone and away. I was laughing, I thought it was hilarious after three beers. At the very least I have a new way of telling people I hate them: post an ad of them as a free-spirited escort with a penchant for deepthroating, and offer their phone number. Classic.

To whoever is responsible, congratulations: you got me.

At this point you can consider me amused. But on a side note, go fuck yourself. If you were looking for ransom, I don't

have money, but what I do have is a very particular set of skills, and a circulation of about 2500 people to cut you down in front of. I'm amused, yes, but I'm hardly fucking happy. ■



eliza carver

did you say, "planking"?

by robintucker

the *new craze* no one really gives a shit about

Maybe you have heard this term, maybe you have a vague idea of what it means, or maybe you are an expert and run a whole blog about it. For those who didn't make planking their main form of entertainment this summer, let's just start by clearing the air and busting some myths about this word: 1. No, it does not have to do with walking off the edge of a pirate ship. 2. No, it is not a sea organism (that's plankton). So what IS this word, this phenomenon, that has turned into a popular pastime and, at times, gotten its participants into a jam?

To help describe this odd new trend, I turned to the omniscient Wikipedia, as I always do in times of need. According to whatever middle school boy spends his evenings writing Wiki definitions, planking consists "of lying face down in an unusual or incongruous location, [...] mimicking a wooden plank." Whaaaaat? Exactly. Junior UVMer Adrian reports that, "It's fun. Until you fall." Sophomore UVMer Kemar thinks it's stupid, "If I wanted to lay dead like a carcass I would do it on my bed!" According to the IBTimes, seven doctors and nurses were suspended from work after playing the "Lying Down Game," while on duty. Sounds to me like they got caught napping on the job and made up a very elaborate excuse...

If you still don't understand what this activity really entails, you may as well move on to bigger and better things, because the world already has. Planking is officially out. If you want to be part of the next new trend you should look out for "Owling," and "Downward Dogging." Beware: night animals and yoga poses are not always what they seem... ■

i'll show you mine if you show me yours: two takes on fogel's package

by dansuder

People are jealous of Fogel's package. Hell, I'm jealous of Fogel's package. It's a big package, certainly, and everywhere I go the media tells me "size matters" here and "bigger is better" there. But now everyone's talking about this Fogel thing, and I'm confused. To be sure, Fogel's package is one of the hairiest situations we've seen in some time, so let's flesh it out.

It is, I'll admit, one of the bigger packages I've ever seen. I've seen many packages over the years, and Fogel's leaves me breathless. It's just phenomenal, really. I can't even wrap my head around it. I try, but its immense grandeur forces me to come up for air. I just don't understand why people are being so hard on Fogel. Judging by the size of his package, he is a god among men. He ought to be respected and revered, but his ivory tower is taking a lot of flak.

Think about it. This man has touched every member of the UVM community over the past decade, and his package

clearly reflects that. His was not a flaccid leadership, and his package is similarly powerful. His was not a limp administration, and his package is swollen with his well-deserved pride.

What worries me most, though, is this word "severance" that both sides of the argument are flailing about like a wet noodle. SEVERANCE?! They're severing WHAT?! This package is epic, the stuff of legend, and they're going to... sever it? My god. This is not your average Joe Bobbitt we're talking about, this is President Daniel Mark Fogel, and his package deserves respect, or at the very least, preservation. A package like this only comes every so often, and it should be embraced, not shunned.

Oh. Wait. We're talking about... money? Not...? Oh. OH. Fuck Fogel. ■

by colbynixon

The venerable Mr. Suder seem to be under the impression that President Daniel Mark Fogel's package is quite impressive. Clearly, Ms. Rachel Kahn-Fogel thought otherwise. Financially speaking this is also the case. It is well known that President Fogel will be receiving \$410,000 during his leave, and will pick up a \$195,000 salary upon his return to the university sometime in the future. You would have learned this by reading *The Cynic*, *The Burlington Free Press*, or *Seven Days*, who initially broke the story. You may also have read that people are sickened by the thought of UVM spending more money on a man that has been resented by the community for the last several years. The ridiculousness of this situation is on par with the Scopes Trial, or even an episode of the classic sitcom *Night Court*. I'm personally not impressed with the size of President Fogel's package, but it does not nearly shock or upset me as much as the news that Vice President Michael Schultz is also receiving a large severance deal from UVM.

President Fogel does not deserve \$410,000 to go get his life sorted, but you have got to feel bad for the guy- he did get cheated on, and that sucks no matter who you are. My question is, why is Michael Schultz, the man who tempted (intentionally or unintentionally) Rachel Kahn-

Fogel to stray from her marriage, and ultimately cause this scandal, being paid \$150,000-\$220,000 over the next year, for not working? Not only that, he will be receiving a letter of recommendation from Gary Derr, (the guy who sends you excessive amounts of e-mail), he will be leaving the university in good standing. This is akin to Spiro Agnew resigning and being written a letter by Carl Albert, saying he was fit to continue working in the political realm. Not only will he be able to retain all benefits through 2011 (including access to Bailey-Howe and the fitness center) receive health insurance through the next year or until he finds another job, the university will also pay for Schultz's children's tuition. This is the same guy who was having an affair with the President's wife.

I guess we should not be shocked by this outcome. Sadly, it seems that those who manage to completely screw up can walk away unharmed. Look at Goldman-Sachs- despite the number of times the company has erred, ultimately they get a slap on the wrist. Sure, Michael Schultz did not walk away from this with his job, but I'd happily take his salary and not work for a year. I'm not impressed with either Mr. Schultz's or President Fogel's packages- it makes you wonder what Ms. Kahn-Fogel ever saw in them. ■

water tower water pong... it's coming. get ready to play.

nautical nonsense

by sarahperda

Many years ago when the Power Rangers ruled the world and your Lisa Frank trapper keeper was your most prized possession, waking up early on Saturday morning was not a burden but rather the highlight of your week. Saturday morning cartoons have always been a staple for the 10-and-under crowd; however, this traditional lifestyle may soon go by the wayside.

A recent *Boston Globe* article reported that a University of Virginia study has linked watching just nine minutes of *Spongebob Squarepants* (less than half of an episode) to short-term attention problems and learning disabilities in children. 60 four-year-olds were randomly assigned to watch either *Spongebob* or *Caillou* or to draw pictures for nine minutes and were given mental function tests immediately afterwards. Those poor souls assigned to the *Spongebob* group performed "measurably worse" than others and were thus dubbed the duds of this experiment. Education fanatics are absolutely elated, believing this exceptionally scientific study proves their argument that television is detrimental to brain development. Nickelodeon, conversely, is insulted that anyone would believe that its creative genius is anything but mentally stimulating (the four-year-olds in question were

not available for comments as they were busy participating in another study testing their motor skills following a game of high-speed versus low-speed ring-around-the-rosie).

While watching too much television—particularly shows like *Spongebob* that require few to no brain cells to comprehend—is not exactly conducive to fostering young Einsteins, no four-year-old is going to wake up on the weekend and stick his nose in a Tolstoy novel rather than watch cartoons. The key to encouraging normal development and behaviors? Moderation. Letting kids watch these shows day in and day out is simply rearing meat sacks with a collective IQ of 12. However, kids who are utterly banned from watching TV tend to be somewhat...socially inept. While *Spongebob* is not inspiring America's youth to cure cancer or end world hunger, it is not singlehandedly destroying them, as this study suggests either. As fascinating as the four-year-old mind is, perhaps our tax dollars could be put towards solving the aforementioned issues rather than seeking justification as to why young children have short attention spans. They're just kids, let them act that way while they still can. ■

reflections.

the world is my donut

by sarahmoylan

It all started three years ago. I was but an unsuspecting freshman, strolling about Central Campus on a clear, breezy autumn afternoon. Life was simple; life was good. Until I smelled it.

It came out of nowhere, yet it seemed to instantly permeate the campus surroundings. I curiously examined my environs, giving Cook Commons and Williams a good once-over in the hopes of determining where the source of it was located, but it was no use. So, I continued with my day and headed back to my safe haven at University Heights, hoping the smell of it would soon fade and become nothing more than a puzzling olfactory memory. And it did. Sort of.

Two weeks later, the familiar scent of it returned while I was strolling through the same spot on campus. Days later, I smelled it once again. And again. And again! I became frustrated, confused, tortured. Each time, it smelled stronger, sugary-er and cinnamon-ier than it had the last time.

That's right. It was the smell of apple cider donuts, and it was stalking me on Central Campus. I'm no expert on apple cider donuts, but as a regular consumer, I know one when I smell one. The mere scent of an apple cider donut brings about a very specific sensation: my nose gets wind of the unique sugar-cinnamon-apple combo, my tummy rumbles, my face smiles, my salivary glands begin to salivate, and (usually) my mouth finishes off the whole experience by taking a nibble of the chewy, sweet

donut and emitting a squeal of orgasmic delight. But this time, my mouth couldn't take that final step. I was left pining, pleading for a bite of a seemingly invisible donut. The



lauryn schrom

agony! What had I done to earn this terrible punishment? To make matters worse, no one else seemed to smell the phantom donuts. "Is it me, or does this place smell like apple cider donuts?" I asked my friend one morning as we

walked to class in Angell Lecture Hall.

"I think your nose is hallucinating," she replied, shooting me a look of bewilderment.

Well, if she can't smell it, I must be insane! I thought, vowing never again to mention the smell to anyone. After all, I didn't want to alienate my friends just because I smelled donuts at random! I can learn to live with this, I decided. People learn to live with chronic pimples, premature baldness, and terminal diseases. I can learn to live with the smell of cider donuts.

I did just that for two and half long years. The scent waned and waxed, but I went about my life, taking exams and making friends and doing all the things that normal college students are supposed to do. But secretly, I always longed to understand: why does Burlington smell like donuts?

My dorm rooms and off-campus apartments had typically shielded me from the ever-present arousing aroma, but this June, I moved into a new apartment. It's pretty far down on North Prospect Street—about halfway between Pearl Street and Riverside Ave. I lived there for a couple of months with no troubles, but it wasn't long before I noticed the donut smell wafting into my bedroom windows.

I've had it! I thought. Now this smell has intruded the comfort of my own home! I decided to go for a bike ride to clear my thoughts and escape the smell.

I whooshed down North Prospect, turned right at Riverside, and pedaled as fast as I could towards Winooski. I just needed to get away from that smell! But it was getting stronger, and stronger—

And then I saw it. Koffee Kup Bakery. 398 Riverside Avenue, Burlington, Vermont. Thousands of delectable donuts are born here each day and shipped to donut-lovers at area supermarkets and convenience marts, leaving only their sweet scent behind. The mystery of the phantom donuts was solved. ■

wtf is with these yankee sayings?

a critical look at new england lingo

by benbraunstein

As a first-year from Atlanta, Georgia, I am quite an anomaly. Sure, there are some kids from Pennsylvania and Maryland, and occasionally a Midwestern state, but almost no one from the South. I spent 7 of the first 8 years of my life in New York, so I like to think of myself as a Northerner. However, I have found in my first three weeks at this school that I do not exactly resemble a Northerner, as far as regional differences go anyway. But I don't resemble a Southerner, either – I still refuse to say "ya'll" – so I'm kind of a lost soul, I guess you could say.

Don't get me wrong, the people here aren't that much different than people I find in Atlanta. People tend to overplay regional differences in the U.S. However, I have found that people here often use different words than what I am used to. Below I will analyze this lingo, not necessarily from the perspective of a Southerner, but from the perspective of someone who just doesn't know what these damn kids are saying.

What's good? – Apparently, this means the same thing as "What's up?" I can see the logic behind the expression, especially being that it's not as open-ended as a simple "What's up?" but I have a legitimate problem with this expression: Most of the time, when people ask me "What's

up?" I say "Nothing." If people ask me "What's good?" and I say "Nothing," they'll think I'm depressed or something.

Good looks – Gosh, you really think I'm perrrry? "bats eyelashes" But seriously, I have no idea what this expression has to do with "Thank you." Urbanictionary says it's a less-gay way for a guy to say "thank you." Yeah, because it's so flamboyant to show gratitude nowadays *rolls eyes*

Mad – Of course I have heard "mad" been used before, especially as an adverb meant to resemble "really." But I've never heard people use "mad" as an adjective for a volume. "Wow, there's mad people out there" as opposed to "Wow, there's a lot of people out there." C'mon now, that just sounds uneducated.

Wicked – I have also heard the word "wicked" before. I've just never heard people actually use it normal speech. I also never knew that it was commonplace slang among Bostoners. Ironically, I haven't heard many people use it up here in normal speech, either; it's usually just my professors who say it.

Dank – Urbanictionary says "dank" is an "expression frequently used by stoners and hippies for something of high quality." Now, I understand using "dank" in reference to weed, but using it to refer to anything of high

quality? ("Man, that cappuccino is so dank, bro") Perhaps I just never hung out with stoners in high school (I didn't), and that's why I've never heard this before I got here; after all, UVM has the greatest concentration of stoners in the country (I can't cite generalizations, so eat me), so it makes sense that I've heard so many random people use it since I got here.

Down – I doubt this word, which is used to signify agreement or endorsement or whatever (I'm sure most of you reading this will know what I'm talking about, so I'm not gonna go out on a limb here), is restricted just to Vermont and the greater New England area, but I can't say that I've ever heard this word being used in such great quantity before I arrived here. So, take that as you will. Personally, it sounds too bro-tastic for my tastes, but obviously, that's just me.

Jeezum Crow – Perhaps the only slang word here that is local to Vermont, "Jeezum crow" is a nicer way of saying "jesus christ." However, it doesn't seem to be very popular with college students, and honestly, that doesn't surprise me one bit. It's a lot more fun to say "Jesus bleeping christ." The only time I have heard this being used while up here is on the city bus by a mother of a young child. ■

fashion five-oh.



what your (lack of) shoes says about you

part deuce

by colbynixon

Last week I was checking **the water tower** e-mail, and to my surprise, there were several letters regarding my last article ("What your (lack of) shoes says about you"). One was even in the form of a reverse I Want You So Bad, which among other things, called me a douche. Honestly, I had no idea that many people even made it this far into the paper. Anyway, these letters were not terribly positive, and I do feel badly if you have been personally insulted by my article. One letter brought to my attention

that I may even be fostering a culture of judgment, and chances are that's probably true. Generally speaking, I agree, I can be a douche. But this week, I decided, hey, if these people feel so strongly about the subject, I'll give this shoeless thing a go. So, on Wednesday, September 21, I did not wear shoes from the time I woke up until 4:30 in the afternoon. The only exceptions were bathrooms, eateries, and my racquetball class. This is how my day went:

- 8:15- walked to my first class barefoot, and I'll be honest, walking through the Davis Center barefoot was a little strange, but no one paid me any mind.
- 8:30- get to my first class, looking down at my bare feet I realize I need to clip my nails. My classmates take notes on the lecture.
- 9:31- show up for racquetball class, put shoes on for the duration, and take them off afterwards.
- 10:43- get to the library, and upon getting to the second floor, I received my first strange look of the day. Some dude is just hardcore staring at my feet before turning his head away in disgust.
- 1:51- on my way to physics, I notice that I'm not noticing myself being barefoot anymore- that is until I step on a small rock and hobble my way to class.
- 2:54- on my way to my last class, there's a series of people that I generally see- my buddy Mike, then there's a kid that I only see at parties, followed by this really cool girl I recently met, and finally my friend Nick. And generally, I want to see them, but not today. What will they think of my shoelessness? Will I have to explain my lack of footwear? Fortunately, I only run into my buddy Mike, and let's be honest, I don't have to prove anything to him. He still talks about the time I got hammered and danced on a table with a group of girls freshman year.
- 4:00- I walk back my abode slowly, and surefootedly. I manage to avoid the glass on the walkway in front of me, and finish up my commute.
- 4:30- I finish with the grand experiment.

So, I managed to make it through nine hours of shoelessness, and guess what- it doesn't suck. I can see the appeal of not wearing shoes, and don't get me wrong, I'm not hating on anyone's lifestyle. I love kale, though I prefer swiss chard, and now I can appreciate why you might choose the shoeless option. Ultimately, for me, I'm go-

ing to continue wearing shoes to class, but just know, I don't hate you guys. At least not as much as those Ugg-wearing assholes out there. As for the girl who wrote the I Want You So Bad- I'm not a pussy, we ran your submission. ■

need help? ask the *cat lady*

by thecatlady

My life is over! No one likes me! Why can't I feel my hands! How do seahorses have sex?! Why do I scare children? How much wood can a woodchuck actually chuck? If Sally is selling seashells can I have some even if I don't live by the seashore? Why are oranges called oranges and why isn't the sky white? What do I do if I stepped in dog poop, have class, and smell like dog doo-ders? How can I meet more guys? Where are all the girls in the dining halls?! How can I make more friends when I'm living off campus and I'm 29? Have any of your questions gone unanswered? Just ask me, the cat lady! Send your pressing queries to thewatertownnews@gmail.com.

Dear Cat Lady,

Last week I was off campus sipping causally on some fermented grape juice when out of nowhere, a lax bro slammed into me, dumping the entire goblet full on my white dress! What can I do to remove the stain? Or do I have to trash it and start shopping for a replacement?

6 Sincerely,
Stained and Helpless

Dear Stained and Helpless,

I am terribly sorry about the dress. Those lax bros sure can get rather rowdy. Have no fear, however, because I have the cure to get that dress looking whiter than the confederate party! Fermented grape juice can be quite the task to be rid of however it is possible. OxyClean is by far the best option for cleaning the mess on the dress. Cleaning is quite straightforward if you follow the bottle label and make sure you buy the blue spray OxyClean (not the powder). You could also flush the stain with water and apply white vinegar, dab again, and let it sit for several minutes. Flush it again with water and the stain should have rid itself of your beautiful garment. However, if the stain is STILL THERE and OxyClean and the vinegar have failed you, you may need to find yourself some crazy ingredients like ammonia, powdered non-chlorinated color-safe bleach like sodium percarbonate... but let's just hope that OxyClean worked its magic enough to re-glamour your gown! Best of luck.

Sincerely,
The Cat Lady ■

water tower water pong...
it's still coming. are you ready yet?

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fork it over.

off-campus survival guide: food staples

by lindsaygabel

Living off-campus definitely has its challenges, and perhaps the greatest of these is adjusting to life without structured meals that require no more planning or ability than what is needed to stroll into a dining hall. Provided below is a handy list of necessities for those who find themselves floundering in this strange and unfamiliar realm of food preparation. As a general disclaimer, this article, however useful, offers very little in the way of sustenance. Or substance for that matter.

• **Hot Sauce:** A highly effective and time-efficient method of flavoring meals that have turned out to be depressingly bland or uninspired is to exploit the incredible transformative powers of hot sauce. The correct execution of this technique is twofold: (1) obtain a bottle of hot sauce, and (2) proceed to absolutely drown all things edible in it. The goal is to make things taste nothing like they are supposed to. Essentially, if you can tell whether you are eating beef, potatoes, or broccoli, you are not using it effectively. Also, rule of thumb dictates that cooking ability should be negatively correlated with hot sauce strength. For example, if you cannot make toast, you should probably use Extreme Jalapeno strength and possibly add jalapenos.

• **Ramen Noodles:** In the process of gathering vast amounts of research for this article, I had my first meal of ramen noodles (ever) and am now convinced that they are about 10% noodles and 90% salt. Thus, if you strive to ingest your daily sodium intake in a single meal or if you simply want to achieve maximum dehydration in minimal amounts of time, then these scrumptious noodles are for you. What they lack in nutritional value, however, they

make up for economically, as you can usually score four for under a dollar, befitting the lesser known phrase: if something is really bad for you, be sure to eat large quantities of it.

• **Cereal:** If you have no culinary prowess to speak of but strive to incorporate diversity in your diet, look no further



caney demars

than this miracle food. You can eat it for breakfast, lunch, and dinner and never get tired of it, because there are a million varieties to choose from. I mean, you could have a full-course meal of Kashi, Fiber1, Raisin Bran, and Froot Loops (plus milk) and get sufficient amounts of protein, fiber, vitamins, and dairy intake plus satisfy your sweet tooth all in one convenient and relatively inexpensive meal. What is more, should plain white milk become too boring and

unoriginal, Lucky Charms and Trix will always be there to introduce an exciting new shade of purplish green. Will the wonders of cereal never cease.

• **Spices:** Similar to hot sauce, spices are great when you want things to taste nothing like they might otherwise, including that casserole you just whipped up that has the taste and consistency of soggy rubber. While a “one flavor fits all” approach works when cooking with hot sauce, different spices are only compatible with certain foods. Naturally this adds a good degree of complexity and general confusion. When in doubt, I stick to the Fullest Four Rule, which is such that I add spices from whichever four jars are the fullest (which is, again, most economical). This strategy operates under the principle that the more spices you add, the greater the likelihood that at least one will be compatible with the particular food being prepared. It also gives the appearance of culinary know-how and provides you with a completely original recipe, because I guarantee you that no one else is going to make oregano-allspice-basil-pepper chicken.

• **Jell-O:** If you can boil water, you can make Jell-O. Not only is it cheap, tasty, and entertainingly mobile, but it also requires only three ingredients: hot water, cold water, and a packet of Jell-O. What is more, the opportunities to add variety to your diet are endless: it comes in green, red, orange, rainbow, fruit-infused, is probably one of the only foods that comes in blue and can be flavored with hot sauce. In short, it is a miracle food, and nothing says appetizing like a gelatinous neon mass of nothingness. ■

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There are endless amount of excellent jellies, not to mention any number of ingredients to make your PBJ special. For example- nutella, bananas, fluff, honey, hell even bacon can be appropriate here. So live it up, slice it in diagonal form as an ode to your mom and childhood and slap hunger hard in the face with a scrumptious snack! ■

snack ATTACK

how to deal with the beast of in-class hunger

by gretchenloft

It's the middle of your class. You've been diligent for the first half, taking in important details and taking notes that (if you ever decide to actually go over again) could inspire an A-plus essay or even an award winning novel. You have been so focused in fact you have missed the slow creep of invisible evil that will soon have you clenched in its claws. Then, without even a warning of a lightning flash, comes a low rumble of thunder from deep in the pit of your stomach. As you quickly reach up a hand to stifle the sound you are instantly frozen in fear. All at once the facts hit you- your breakfast this morning was but the butt of your roommate's bread dipped hastily in a jelly jar, washed down with a cup of coffee that burnt your tongue. You have had three classes in a row with no lunch to speak of. The time is now 1:22. There are 23 minutes of class and you are about to die- of hunger that is and now your class becomes an epic struggle between you and your stomach. You have lost completely your ability to take notes or focus and instead are coaxing yourself through each painful minute, waiting for the time you can sprint out of class and be first in line for one of Pam's life saving sandwiches. Although a sandwich will be the perfect solution after class what about for the present? Gotta stay strong to keep on taking those infernal notes. Avoid this nasty situation which you have now found yourself in with this simple solution- snacks. Just because you haven't gotten a set 'snack time' since grade school does not mean it ever went out in style. Here are 10 awesome treats to silence the roar of the beast inside:

1. **Nuts-** buy in Planters bag (beware crunch factor in tiny class) or check bulk sections and stock up
2. **Granola bars-** partial to the chewy ones because they make less noise, personal fav goes to peppermint Luna bar
3. **Pretzels-** instantly satisfying, spice it up with some hummus or ball out by bringing the chocolate covered ones
4. **Chocolate-** may not completely kill your cravings but is an excellent sweetness motivator
5. **Fruit-** gotta be careful with this one. Finding the perfect balance of crunch and juiciness is hard, don't want evil stares or sticky hands. Tested recommendations- Oranges, bananas, cherries, grapes, mango
6. **Yogurt-** makes zero sound, tastes awesome- add #5, #4 and #2 to create an epic orgy in your mouth
7. **Smoothies-** takes forethought of making/buying/bringing but will certainly sustain you three times over
8. **A Henry Street breakfast sammy-** any time of the day will have you bringing the class down with newfound energy
9. **Avocados-** I've avoided vegetables on this list because of noise factor (shout out to girl sitting six rows down and ten seats across whose carrot munching can certainly be heard from the moon) but avocados are boss, excellent nutrients, awesome color and they even include a pit to throw at the carrot girl
10. Last but not least, saved for the very best of best snacks (insert drum roll here)... **a PBN!** That's right. Best snack known to mankind. My personal fav combo is extra crunch PB and raspberry J. But it doesn't have to stop there.

10

créatif stuffé.

no milk

this ungodly maze

by joshhegarty

The search for Gods leads me in circles. I climb up a landscape of Escher's design, Leading me deeper down into a hole, The farther up the mountain I climb. I'm looking for the clear blue skies. I'm looking for the cosmic signal. I'm looking for assurance, Face to face with the divine. But the face will not reveal itself.

The search for Gods leads me far away From anything like an answer. And although I open my mind, The doorways go unused. I wander into the maze of argument, And the walls shift all around me, Rendering my trail of thread useless. But perhaps, with due effort I will find the exit from this labyrinth, And see that the magic was all in my mind. Or perhaps I'll find the Minotaur, And face the divine with certainty and dread.

But most likely, I think I will wander, Following arguments best as I can Until my faculties fail me, Leaving me without answers in life, But, maybe to find them in death.

le voilier

by julianvandertak

Humanity frequently misses the value of rest. Those who don't need it have truly been blessed with the absence of cruelty on its courier's behest. The mystical dust that He keeps in his chest is sweetly venomous and comes so cruelly when its master's convenience is at its best. When tasks are most arduous and absolute necessities, He aparates into sight, with a pinch distresses me and steals my focus with blurriness that blinds me. But when the moon is most high and the gift most desired, and the sheets are still cool, but the mind still on fire, He hides deep with his vessel in the bowels of the sea.

Be mindful of his Dawn and sweet Reverie, His daughters whose finest of revelry comes with poor fortune when their object of spite is mercilessly thee. When you set afloat in the waters of dusk, wise Reverie creeps in the waves of obscurity to toy with cerebral tides and disrupt equilibrium between real and absurdity. The possibilities within her boundless visions inspire fooling notions unknown to stable reason; to act upon these is to fruitfully season our time with Dawn - before dusk - with hope, to which the rest is all but trite treason. The words that flow from within her bosom only show along the Father's deepest tacks, the vertexes of his cycles to and fro an attempt to harness Mother's wind and steer him back to the arms of his beloved Dawn.

But why her poignant embrace? Why reach the shores of the boundless oceans to trudge and labor upon the beach, when He could simply sail adrift in the arms of his joyous Reverie? Does the Sandman not need his own respite? All must bask in this momentary fright that is reality, when Dawn lives and dies just at the peak of her catharsis of ultraviolet light. There is naught left but to try and

enjoy Dawn's jovial yet torturous rays, and await again the return of the evening tides, to His calm ferry to the arms of sweet Reverie: the end of all days in the circus of the mind.

by georgeloftus

“I can't believe we're out of milk.” Paul's eyes roll up from his book, mildly interested in what she had to say. It's still hard for him to focus. He takes his glasses off and rubs both of his temples with his right hand.

“Is there really no fucking milk left!?” “Relax Kylie, we'll get milk later when I get out of work, ok?” “How the fuck am I supposed to make my coffee without any goddamn milk!?”

“Well I didn't know you were still drinking coffee...” “Of course I'm still drinking coffee! How do you expect me to get through a day of bullshit classes without any caffeine in the morning, Paul!” “Don't you dare call me that!”

Silence ensues. Paul makes her coffee anyway. ‘She called you that,’ Kylie thinks to herself.

She slams the refrigerator door shut. This time Kylie's eyes roll and without a purpose she backs away from the milk-less refrigerator and turns around. She walks upstairs, annoyed and frustrated. It's been over a month of awkward conversations. Mostly forced dialogue exists between the two in this little two-bedroom house they share. In spite of Kylie's screams when there's no milk for coffee, this house is silent.

He prepares his briefcase and makes sure his tie is straight in the mirror by the front door. A healthy, handsome man, Paul still can't bring himself to smile.

Kylie approaches the top of the stairs with a full bag and her hands in her coat pockets. While chewing gum she has a distant face that rings of indifference. She struts down the stairs lazily, squeezing every possible second she can before her real day begins. Paul is waiting uncomfortably as she takes her time getting to the front door. His leg shakes.

After they both get in the car Paul waits for Kylie to put her seatbelt on. She realizes and reluctantly obliges. He begins to back out when a speeding car nearly takes off their bumper. After slamming on the breaks and throwing his hand out the window apologetically Kylie's eyes let out a sarcastic roll. Her heavy sigh breaks the silence.

And then the silence returns. Having driven three houses Paul slams on the breaks one more time as a neighbor ignorantly pulls out, effectively cutting them off. This pushes Kylie over the edge. With

view from 2nd floor apartment

by laurafrangipane

I'm getting tired of wearing the mind as the tree whips along past my bedroom window, branches bare from the season of fall, the wind scrapes, like bruised veins on

a human's form, skin from nurses using IVs like crayons, not drawing anything, just exhaling

rotting in the alley? I think of picking it up but I don't whose coffee cup sits

the winter coming, which hide the neediest trees, and I won't. It's the grey everywhere-

rake the leaves you hide them from the grass, how when you which might have wanted them.

The tree scrapes the window. I'm sick of this mind and the cold. I liked the first wind, carrying away the leaves and their weight to the ground.

11

cat litter.



every contact you'll ever need

by adrikopp

The Besties: Will be there for every embarrassing moment in your four years of college, and make sure you never forget them.



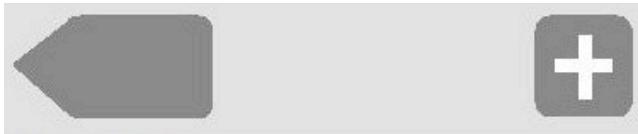
gabs drake

The Athlete: When all else fails, you need the fall-back party text for the rugby/soccer/ultimate/polo?! base-oh scratch that, sorry!-house.

The Frat Bro: Who actually pays for a ticket?

The One with the iPhone: They're just so damn useful—and if you already have an iPhone, you got to have someone to play Words with Friends with. (Ps. Doodle Jump now has multiplayer.)

The Stoner: Supplies you on 4/20, also tends to have really good snacks for your drunchies.



The Besties

The Nerd

The Stoner

The Good-Looking Wingman

The Athlete

The one with the hot friends who you act like you like to get them to bring their friends out

The Frat Bro

The UVM Celebrity

The One with the iPhone

The Sketchy Connection

The Nerd: You sit next to in class because they'll give you notes for April 20th, and let's face it, every Friday morning class.

The Good Looking Wingman: Always helps you get the second-best at the party.

The one with the hot friends who you act like you like to get them to bring their friends out: A delicate balance usually destroyed when you black out and actually hook up.

The UVM Celebrity: Hockey players, Top Cats...or water tower writers...?

The Sketchy Connection: For when you occasionally have a need for sketchy things...we'll leave it at that.

by gregfrancese

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