



# the water tower.

## uvm's alternative newsmag

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

# riding the drunk drunk bus



caney demars

by phoebefooks and caito'hara

So there we were, on a Saturday night, bored as shit and looking for something to do. People were out and about, the campus was alive and we decided we wanted to take a bite of this delicious apple of potential joy. And thus the late night bus ride began. From the second we stepped onto the campus bus we realized we were among some really interesting people. Now that's not to say there wasn't the usual mix of bros and biddies, but there were people who were willing to sit and shoot the shit; there were many, and they were some cool-ass-motherfuckers.

We were riding the "Drunk Bus". We were at the crossroads of possibly every social event on and off campus. The paths of partiers, studiers, sleepers, eaters, and dub-step jammers all intersected on the very bus that we wound up riding from 11pm to 3am on Saturday night. During those brief moments of social overlap we ate pizza from a drunk girl's lap, met the man with the sexiest name on campus, and learned the meaning of life from an unsuspecting biddy. On the Drunk Bus, it doesn't matter whether you've been here for one month or two years, you can make friends with anyone and anything can happen. As Pizza Crotch explained to us, "[On the Drunk Bus] we slap each other, make out and shit.

The whole nine yards."

Like a party before the keg has arrived or *No Country For Old Men*, the Drunk Bus ride started out a bit slow. We wanted to talk to crazy insane bros taking shots out of their lax spoons but when we started asking people where they were going they responded as if we were undercover RAs. Eventually some cracked under our interrogation (it really wasn't that bad) and told us they were going to some party or some

your stop... twice. A few times we watched kids get on the bus alone and leave with new friends. "[The Drunk Bus] motivates us to have a destination," explained one, and it seemed it didn't matter who you came with, as long as you left towards something cool. Hours rolled by and the bus crowd grew rowdier and raunchier. And thus the Pizza Story was delivered, hot n' fresh:

*After saving a box of pizza that nearly experienced a deadly crash with the floor, I was offered a slice. The almost-accident was caused by the very dangerous combination of gravity and a group of intoxicated females. Otherwise referred to as "drunk biddies", these girls offered me the pizza with only one catch... or crotch, I should say. I had to eat the pizza in a position that was entertaining enough for them to post a picture of me doing it on Facebook. The moral of that story is to hope that this would be my first and last time giving a "pizza bj".*

~Phoebe Fooks

Not everyone on the bus was quite as inebriated as the girls who asked Phoebe to lapmunch their pizza. The man with the sexiest name on campus joined us at the

... read the rest on page 4

# students must stand up

by alexbuckingham

They own the school. They don't teach us, nor do they have a particular interest in what we learn. They care little whether our courses are taught by people or by machine. Shall we assume they have vested interest in our education? They give (force) us food notoriously held to low standard and feed themselves with our tuition. Their business should be no business of ours- education is a right. It is in their best interest that this university function optimally in the aesthetic and acceptably in all else. We would be crammed in closets if it met the fire code. Let's stop padding their oversized asses with our faltering incomes and trim the fat.

As many of us know, the administration has been appealing to our student body throughout September. We received an email from the provost recently regarding, "keep[ing] student costs affordable, especially in light of the continuing state of the national economy" while balancing wages and benefits for UVM employees. We had an outlandish article in last week's Cynic, titled "The Board of Trustees is there for Students." This article explained how "[The Board] diligently followed what was happening on campus and took the time to look beyond budget numbers and broad statistics to listen to stories and details and personal experiences." While the administration and board of trustees push their agenda, it is imperative we ask what exactly it means to be 'there for Students.'

Let's start with the board of trustees. Did the board of trustees want to act to end UVM's Kake Walk? Did they want UVM to join the international movement and divest from South Africa's Apartheid regime? Did they want UVM to mandate diversity requirements? How about challenging the firing of professors in 2009? The answer to all of these questions is flatly no; it was the UVM students and faculty that forced all of these changes. The suggestion that the board of trustees "is there for students" holds ground only in the clouds where our administrators' heads seem to have drifted.

The administration claim to toil daily providing quality, affordable education to its students with just compensation to its employees. Comic understanding drifts through the student body when the...

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## the drunk bus motivates us to have a destination

friend of a friend's dorm. A lot of dudes in polos and girls in yoga pants said they were going to the "Classy Bros and Yoga Hoes" party; freshmen were asking where the "Yoga House" was.

On the other hand, a lot of bus riders didn't know where they were going. Yea, some probably said this because they thought we were losers doing sociology homework, but there were other people who sat and chilled with us for a good 30 minutes of their night. This may not seem like a lot of time, but to have been on the bus for 30 minutes means you have missed

get  
inside  
me:

adolescent artillery  
by sarahperda

everyone's naked  
by robintucker

the hardcore guy  
by joshhegarty

guide to uvm diets  
by adrikopp

# the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



## the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger and julietcritsimilios

**Kidnapping Old Ladies:** An elderly French woman was kidnapped from her home in Kenya this week by no less than "ten heavily-armed Somali bandits". The abductors then took some plot advice from an action movie and raced to towards the Somalian border in a speedboat with their hostage, all while being pursued by Kenyan police. Here's a tip, guys: if you're a band of violent criminals with weapons, and you want to do something violent and criminal, ganging up ten-to-one on a little old lady on holiday is probably not going to impress your bandit friends all that much.

**Kate Middleton:** Anna Wintour is begging to get Princess Kate on the cover of Vogue because literally every magazine in the world has interviewed her. The reason why this is still a phenomenon/journalism-worthy remains a mystery to all people with brains.

**Southwest Airlines:** With a history of being douchey to their patrons, Southwest recently kicked off a lesbian couple from one of their flights for kissing. Apparently everyone on Southwest airlines has to be a bigoted as people in some southwest states. Hooray America!

**The Yankees:** I went all the way to Boston last weekend and you put in Scott Proctor to pitch and he gave up a three run homer. Come on.

**Greece:** Europe's been flipping shit for weeks over what will happen to the Eurozone if Greece defaults on its debts. Emergency meetings have been happening left and right, and the continent is nothing but stress and dire predictions. Greece, meanwhile, is busy defaulting on its debts. Get your shit together, guys. Germany's pissed.

**Richland School District:** This Western Pennsylvania school district recently cancelled its high school production of the play Kismet because the show - which is loosely based on Arabian Nights - has Muslim characters. Richland claims that because their school district lies in an area of Pennsylvania that United Flight 93 flew over before it crashed, the play might upset some people, and the students should be protected from controversy. Bigotry, on the other hand, appears to be completely school-appropriate.

**MTV:** Another - yes, another - season of The Real World premiered this week to remind us all that in the actual real world when you go on an interview you're not going to get hired when you say you love to get totally blackout and start drama with every person around you on days that end in "y".

## the terrorist technique: adolescent artillery

by sarahperda

The Scripps National Spelling Bee is an annual contest held in Washington, D.C. in which American children spell the most obscure and fundamentally useless words in order to obtain zillions of dollars worth of savings bonds and reference books to proliferate their already unnatural intellectual capacity. Somalia's latest and greatest Islamic militant group, al-Shabab, watched the latest winner, Sukanya Roy, spell his way to victory with the word "cymotrichous" (which means "having wavy hair" for all you simpletons) and decided to create a similar contest. In homage to themselves, al-Shabab's radio station held a children's contest that asked the participants to recite the Koran and be fluent in Shabab fun facts—think "Don't Forget the Lyrics" meets "Jeopardy," Somalian style. Rather than motivate these budding scholars with cash prizes that could be used for education, food, or a one way ticket out of the country, the Shabab decided to reward them with something much more practical: AK-47's and hand grenades.

For those of you who don't know, al-Shabab is one of Africa's most feared militant groups that branched from the Islamic Court Union. They control most of southern Somalia and have been preventing the country from instating a functional, central government since 2006 when it first went into transition. The group has supposedly been affiliated with al-Qaeda since 2007, however the only visible connections seem to be ideological; although the claim is weak, the United States added al-Shabab to its list of foreign terrorist organizations in 2008. The Shabab is trying to revert Somalia back to a seventh-century-esque Islamic state by advocating their "pure Islamic principles" which include, but are not limited to: public terrorization, perpetuating the current famine by refusing aid, stoning and banning activities such as soccer, television and bra-wearing (yes, you read that right. Bras are currently banned in Somalia). In a nutshell: they suck. Big time.

Somalia has one of the lowest schooling rates worldwide; in this war-torn country, children generally learn how to operate a rifle before they can spell their own name. With this contest, the Shabab struck the happy medium between promoting education and weapon wielding by awarding assault rifles, Islamic books and money to the top two Koran rhetoricians while the third place competitor was merely awarded two live hand grenades. Sheik Muktar Robow Abu Monsur, one of the masterminds behind this

operation, was so damn impressed by the contest's success that he proudly shouted to the heavens, "Children should use one hand for education and the other for a gun to defend Islam!" What wise words to live by.

Do I have a resolute solution to Somalia's current governmental crisis? Of course not, though my wit and worldliness may imply otherwise, I am nowhere near that intelligent. I do, however, have some pearls of wisdom on where to begin solving it: stop handing out firearms like they're Happy Meal toys and start consolidating the shaky government so it can band together and stop the Shabab's insanity. The Shabab is geographically divided into three divisions that operate independently of each other, and, more often than not, there is noticeable friction between them. Because the group is not centralized or monolithic by any means, al-Shabab can perhaps be defeated by a "divide-and-conquer" strategy. If the Somalian government can unite and drive a wedge between these factions, the Shabab will cease to have this unparalleled power and, with any luck, ultimately become obsolete. While this ideal may not be attainable for several more decades, stopping the Shabab starts with a unified Somalian government acknowledging and amending the corruption this militant group has instilled in their youth. Until this is achieved, Somalia's future only spells out one word: C-H-A-O-S. ■

See this week's letter to the editor in Tunes on page 8! -the wt editorzzz

Sometimes reading the water tower makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

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Special Thanks To UVM Art Department Digital Lab

## the news in brief with paulgross

"It may require our military in Mexico."

-Rick Perry. On how we're gonna solve the Mexican drug cartel problem. He legit wants to invade Mexico. I think his campaign slogan is gonna be "America—Fuck Yeah!"

"NATO, in particular, is bombing at random and is often hitting civilian buildings."

-Ali, an anonymous Libyan living in the city of Sirte, discussing the crisis occurring in that city—Gaddafi's hometown. Apparently, it's not only Gaddafi's troops that are causing trouble, and Western powers are, as always, doing an awesome job winning hearts and minds.

"We are not anarchists. We are not hooligans. I am a 48-year-old man."

-Robert Cammisso, an "Occupy Wall Street" protester, on the recent arrests of over 700 people involved in the anti-corporate greed protests that started in New York City and are beginning to sweep the nation, Slutwalk style. The NYC police finally decided that these protests were so annoying they had to arrest people for no reason. So much for the right to assemble peacefully.

"This country is a business."

-A tweet from (surprisingly attractive Thai Prime Minister) Yingluck Shinawatra's Twitter. Of course, Ms. Shinawatra didn't tweet this herself, her Twitter account was hacked by anti-government protesters who view her to be an advocate for the rich and unconcerned with the struggles of the country's rural poor. A pretty cool stunt, to say the least.

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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. To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.

## syria still hitting the fan barely-urban dictionary

by jamesaglio

The riotous protests in Syria and the corresponding use of excessive force by the Syrian government began more than six months ago, and things have not really gotten to a point where it looks like they will end. Casualty estimates for the conflict claim that almost 3000 people have died. That number is higher than the casualties of some wars, wars like Grenada for instance, but still. A precise estimate is impossible to confirm because the Syrian government has closed off huge swathes of the country to foreign journalists. On the whole, the martial law thing, claimed to be for the safety of the people, has a very suspicious odor to it.

Adding to the confusion are the conflicting reports from different sides of the conflict. For example, in the city of Al-Rastan, the LCC, or Local Coordinating Committee, an opposition group, has detailed what they are calling humanitarian issues such as shortages of victuals as well as medical supplies after raids by the government. They have also criticized the government for shelling nearby bridges and dams to rather than giving aid to the people.

However, the government is referring to Al-Rastan as one of the worst areas for violence, where armed terrorist groups are running free attacking both law enforcement and civil-

ians. A large number of military and police have been killed or injured in recent weeks, showing an escalation in the conflict.

The conflict may have just entered a new level this past week as pro-government forces attacked U.S. ambassador to Syria Robert Ford. Ford, in line with the stance of the U.S. Government, has decried the use of excessive force to end the protests, and has thus been labeled as anti-government by some pro-government activists. Ford was not injured in the attacks, but demonstrators did destroy U.S. embassy vehicles and attempt to break into the office where Ford was meeting. Because no serious harm occurred, the U.S. government has only demanded that the Syrian government compensate for the destruction of property. However, if the situation continues to worsen, it is quite foreseeable that the conflict may escalate to an actual war, especially with so many similar situations occurring nearby in this Arab Spring. Syria was one of the later countries in which protests started, which is why it is only now appearing to reach the boiling point when so many others did months ago. Years from now, this past year in the Middle East could very well be a major historical event, and is always worth watching as it is constantly shifting. ■



with patrickleene

redstone, v. and redstoned, adj.

- 1. The act of getting baked on campus.
- 2. The effects thereof.

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# reflections.

## DRUNK BUS -continued from page 1

Trinity stop. His name was Jean-Noël, ladies, and his night was just getting started. We told him if he was trying to get laid that night he wouldn't have to go far past introducing himself. Jean-Noël and his friends left the bus hootin' and hollerin' louder than the editorial staff at a **water tower**

meeting. At end of the night we were the last to depart, leaving behind none but a very confused bus driver. In our weary arms we held piles of crumpled scribbled notes stained red with pizza sauce and littered with messages and phone numbers (score!) in foreign handwritings. "I'm a bus believer," said our final interviewee as she gazed out her window at the cold and lonely path back to Trinity. Let's face

it, the walk from Trinity to pretty much anywhere puts Fogel's package to shame. Those kids rely on the bus the way stoners rely on late night Grundle. So the next time you, yes, you, are walking down College Street at 2 am, and shout "IT'S THE DRUNK BUSSS!!!" think about all the fan-fuckin'-tastic times you had on the bus when your sober friends didn't have a car either. ■

# BLOOD SUCKING bastards

by jamiebeckett

I woke up to a beautiful Sunday. Later, I took a shower and grabbed some friends and had late Sunday brunch at Redstone and planned an adventure to celebrate life. We decided to walk to the Intervale and chill on the Winooski. The walk was pleasurable, the pace slow, and laughter filled the air as the sun warmed our necks. However, lurking in the drudges of this eternally happy day was a mosquito infested hellhole just waiting to fuck over my tranquility.

We passed our first little farm, with its diverse gardens and earthy smell just as the bugs plotted their attack. On the dirt road, we passed standing water, prime real estate for these fun-sucking fiends. Each puddle was infested with thousands of the dirty blood sucking bastards. At first, the mosquitos were merely irksome, definitely manageable, and so we trudged on determined to reach the banks of the Winooski. Then, as the swarm grew heavier over our heads, a woman came from around the bend. She was going so fast she could only spare a few ominous words, "It only gets worse from here". I didn't grasp the magnitude of what she was saying at first but this stranger tried to prevent the massacre that followed. Not a minute later, we reached a field that marked the disastrous manifestation of this kind stranger's warning. A cloud of mosquitos formed around me. They

dodged my attempts to brush them away and bit any skin that happened to be exposed. I vowed to crush any mosquito that was bold enough to land on me. Hundreds were laid to waste that day as my hands turned black and red from their crumpled, mangled bodies, some of them bursting with my own blood as I struck them down. For ten minutes, I fought my way to the shore of the Winooski as the fellowship labored through Moria only to momentarily enjoy the view before a dignified withdrawal. On the way out, two older ladies, the epitome of dainty and fragile, walked their mini toy dogs straight towards the war zone. My man senses tingled and I knew this was my moment to be their boy scout in the busy road. "Stop, you don't want to do this to yourself". At this point, I exposed my battle wounds and I warned them of what lay ahead. That day, I suffered the pain of a thousand proboscises (probosci?), but the pain was bearable if it meant two grannies were prevented from the numerous bites and potential malaria.

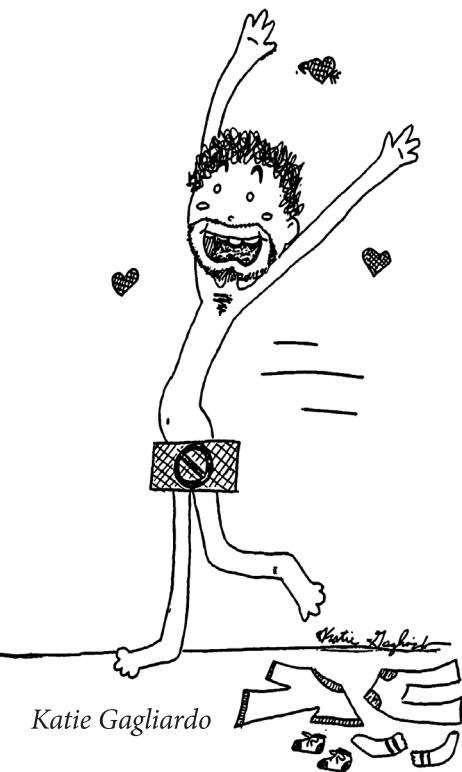
If this adventure has taught me anything about life, it is that mosquitos are useless flying dick heads whose only purpose is to be a parasitic douchebag. They ruin beautiful afternoons and leave behind an itching sensation that sucks. For all mosquitoses, I award you the most annoying pest on the planet award and a big fat "Fuck you". ■

# everyone's naked! (under their clothes)

by robintucker

Last Tuesday, in typical Tuesday morning fashion, I found myself racking my brain for something to write my article about while I walk to class. The usual topic pools come to mind: Campus food, weekend party scene, freshmen. I think about writing a student code of conduct ("I will not wear my CatCard on a lanyard around my neck..."). I think about writing a letter to Facebook ("Dear FB, it's been a good run, but recently you have become superficial—you're always changing your personality just to get attention. Our relationship status has become 'complicated' at best..."). I decide I'll do a "Top 5" of Facebook personas, and I start a mental list ("Belligerent party picture queen." "Has a profile but that's about it..."), but then something stops my train of thought. I pick up the new **water tower** and I start reading. That's when I remember: everyone's naked under their clothes.

Let me explain. A decent portion of articles each week can be found making humor of the different sorts of students we see around campus, or what someone's mode of transportation says about their eating habits, etc. And while these observations are usually entertaining and comical, breaking our fellow peers down into categories can at times be harmful (and, let's face it, get old). So, why am I talking about being naked? (Besides the fact that I go to UVM and we love that shit). Well, instead of dividing up my friends by their Facebook profile, or splitting up my classmates by the type of water bottle they use, I decided to find a middle ground between



Katie Gagliardo

us. And here's what I came up with: Everyone's naked under their clothes. So my challenge to you this week is to think of the ways that we are all the same, instead of the ways that we are all different—you might be surprised by what you come up with (i.e. Everyone poops! But we don't want to think about that...) ■

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## STAND -continued from page 1

affordability of this public, state university is brought up. Under Fogel, tuition rose by \$12,000. As tuition and incoming classes have increased, UVM has made more and more money. However, instead of spending this on education, expenditures on education dropped by 5%. The administration has consistently spent our money on themselves. The absurd bonuses a few years back provide an older example of 'just compensation', but fresh in everybody's mind is the Fogel fiasco: \$400,000 to do nothing for a year, with a promise to come back as the highest paid professor in the humanities (\$195,000). Our University also spent a quarter of a million dollars on his house (while keeping no ownership of the investment). This raises the essential question: but... why?

And in the middle of all of this, the administration attacks the faculty and staff as sources of stress on the university finances. Bullshit! The faculty is the heart of this

institution, they provide consistency and vitality to the community- could you pick any of our vice presidents out of a line up? Regardless, non-unionized faculty is dealing with a wage freeze, unionized faculty is facing the potential of a wage freeze, and the attacks being mounted on retiree benefits are astounding. For instance, the university wants all new hires to pay 100% of their retiree healthcare costs. Our university is seemingly refusing to reward those willing to devote a lifetime career here. It's not just the faculty, though; the staff also faces these cuts.

University employees earning 30 to 40 thousand a year doing groundbreaking labor simply cannot be expected to pay 100% of their health care in retirement while maintaining a livable wage now. Our maintenance workers, grounds keepers, and janitorial staff keep EVERYTHING running here. They make it possible for us to get to classes in the winter. They make our buildings warm and our water run. Ever seen your dean plunge a toilet (or dispose of a misplaced urinal on a Trinity green)? The

administration wants to scapegoat them as a drain on our school's resources. As Philip Baruth, UVM professor and state Senator, said at the UE rally on August 31st, "There is a deliberate attempt to increase the gap between the highest paid workers and the lowest paid workers. That's what is wrong with America and that's what is now happening here."

Meanwhile, tuition sees a steady increase every year, our class sizes continue to inflate, and class varieties seem to shrink. Forced triples, poorer food options, and smaller financial aid packages cannot satisfy the bloated administration-our faculty, staff, and students must all be wrung dry.

United Academics (UA) and United Electrical Radio and Machine Workers of America (UE) are both at impasse with UVM over contract negotiations. While the administration has tried, and will continue to try, to blame these workers for financial issues at our university whilst portraying themselves as the reasonable negotiators, we should expose the truth. They spend more and more money on themselves, and

then claim there isn't enough to go around, but the UA is clear that they are not asking for tuition hikes- in fact, they are asking for smaller class sizes, and overall are on the same side as the students. We need cuts from the top of the pyramid, not on the bottom, and not our pockets.

It is clear the staff, faculty, and students share interests that are at odds with the administration and board of trustees. Hence, a united front is needed: Students, Faculty, and Staff in unison. Our Faculty is organized, our maintenance and janitorial workers are organized, and our other staff is organizing. Now, it is time for the students to follow suit. Come to Lafayette 300 Thursdays at 6:00 pm to participate in organizing the fight back against attacks on students and UVM employees. The people teaching you Spanish, cutting the lawn, picking up your trash, cleaning your bathroom, and sitting next to you in class need your help now.

United, we can see UVM be the school we want it to be. ■

# get your ass outside

by gregjacobs

Sometimes buildings get to me. They loom over me, with straight lines and perfect curves, things built by men and women who attempt to impose order on the world. But I guess it aint just the buildings, people can overwhelm me too. People are loud, and they look funny. Not that I am antisocial by any stretch of the imagination; the pictures of the keg stand I did this weekend prove it. Sometimes though, you need to remind yourself of who you are, and that's damn hard when you're staring at your computer. So what do I do when I'm feeling overwhelmed? I move and I get outside, stat. Getting outdoors is something that everyone needs to do in order to appreciate the wonder of the natural world and learn more about themselves. Thankfully, I chose a school where that's not only an option, it's stupidly easy. Outdoor activities are bountiful here at UVM, and there is something to interest literally anyone.

If you need some alone time, try taking a walk on the

miles of trails in Centennial Woods or Red Rocks Park. You can often find me wandering around either of these, enjoying the sunlight and talking to the trees (yeah, I said talking to them; they're actually very conversational if you know how to listen). Red Rocks also has the added benefit of providing some adventure in the form of cliff jumping on nicer days. Fair warning; I would recommend against the 76 footer. I've done it once and, despite being a very experienced jumper, I probably won't be doing it again unless there's someone I am trying to impress.

If you're looking for more adventure, I can recommend two clubs that I have experience with. The Outing Club over on Colchester Ave provides us with a great chance to try new things. They put out trips almost every weekend, some of which include sea kayaking, backpacking, snowshoeing, and rock climbing. Signing up for a trip is a bit of a pain, but the club also rents equipment for cheap, so you can go do your own thang! There's also the Kayak

Club, which is exclusively white-water paddling. They will teach you how to fit yourself to a boat, exit under water, do a combat roll, and generally be awesome. Then, for forty bucks a year, you can get out on a river and test your new skillz while the trained instructors give you tips and keep you safe in the water. Come to a pool session on Sundays from 8-10pm and Tuesdays from 9:30-10:45PM in the gym. There are many more outdoorsy clubs and activities around campus for a variety of interests, but these are the only ones I can really comment on.

As Thoreau once sagely said "In wilderness is the preservation of the world", and while I normally don't give two fucks what Thoreau thought, in this case he got it right. I highly encourage, no, I command you to get yourself outdoors and breathe a little non-campus air; who knows what you'll find. ■

# the bountiful offerings

## of the 05405

by lauragreenwood

It seems mind boggling that a "city" of Burlington's size could accommodate all types of people, but each day through some unknown power, Burlington is able to roll up all its residents' interests into a big fat burrito of greatness for all to enjoy. Concerts, rallies, trips, and raffles all riddle the streets just waiting to be loved by the people of this eclectic place. Burlington may be thought of as a trifecta of weird-unique dom, with three categories of interest that most Burlingtonians share: a love of the 60s, vague obscure music, and extreme outdoor sports.

Let me begin by clarifying this trifecta population. First, you have your classic land loving hippies. These are the people on Church street who sport their Outdoor Gear Exchange outfits and can be caught smoking hookahs all over campus. If you really don't know who I'm referring to, observe The Hempst downtown, or look for dreds and dog-eared copies of Walden. Despite the Summer of Love being 50 years ago, these people still feel passionate about the power of beauty, love, peace, and psychedelics. Their love for the environment is also what has popularized projects like Common Ground and Eco-Ware.

Next, you have your "oh so uncommon but recently biggest trending indie, oh you've never heard of them?" hipsters. They share a common interest in memorizing the Top 40 List, only so they can avoid listening to it, and analyzing how Radiohead's In Rainbows album blends seamlessly into OK Computer. Lucky for these jammers, Burlington offers obscure music at its best. Pretty Lights (in a room of a hundred non-Burlingtonians, less than a quarter would

know you weren't talking about some beautiful light fixture) was the hottest place to be on a Tuesday night. Higher Ground and Nectar's are local venues for bands where you only have to know all the words to one song to be their biggest fan.

The last group up for discussion is the extreme sports type. These people are the reason Eastern Mountain Sports exists and the reason I shy away from hiking trips. Yes they will beat you up the mountain by a couple hours, yes they will spend those extra hours at the top doing sun salutations, and yes they will go back down and mountain bike up to the top again before you've crawled to the summit. Some call them enthusiasts, I call them freaks of nature who have obviously been gifted by a god who lives deep in the boonies of Northern Maine. These people will buy a Triple Major pass and disappear for the entire winter season, never to appear again until their long boards can be mounted.

With all these interests and characters swirling around, Burlington succeeds in creating events to entice all. The Nor'Easter festival that happened September 23rd to the 25th is a great example of the "epic interest trifecta burrito." It featured recycling, rock climbing, bike racing, local food, local music, bigger name bands (unless you aren't a hipster, in which case every band was unheard of), and, the great uniter of all groups: freebies. In terms of regular events that cater to Burlington's diverse population, there's a farmer's market every week, bars with live music almost every night, and even UVM events that are all about jamming as you plant a tree parkour style.

For those who spend their weekends



Lauryn Schrom

strictly on campus or stumbling the same party route, stop and look at the bulletin boards around campus. Remember that not every college has Burlington in their backyards. There are endless amounts of

random events happening here that can interest every bro, activist, and foreigner alike. So get out and start experiencing all the quirks Burlington has to offer. ■

# reflections.

## battling the beast:

### a guide to tackling the *vermonster*

by shannonward

The Ben and Jerry's Vermonster is a 20-scoop pail of ice cream, whipped cream, hot fudge, candy, nuts, cookies, bananas, and brownies; the sordid embodiment of the phrase "too much of a good thing". There is more sugar crammed into that bucket than there are creepy old men at a Justin Bieber concert. (I'm assuming there are quite a lot of these).

Ok, Ben & Jerry's. Challenge accepted.

Every Burlington student must have a Vermonster at least once during his or her college career. When your time comes to face the beast you need to be prepared. Be sure you have no less, I repeat, NO LESS than FOUR companions to assist you. You can try with less but you will not succeed, and if you do then that doesn't give you bragging rights, it's just disgusting.

You and your warriors will need to choose your flavors carefully. The Vermonster consists of five flavors of ice cream, four scoops of each. If there are five of you it seems perfect. Everyone chooses whatever flavor they want, and everyone's happy, right? Wrong. Remember, all of these flavors are going into the same pail, and as you dig your way to the bottom they all melt together into a sickening, soupy glob. If one friend wants Cherry Garcia, another Chunky Monkey, another Pistachio, and some other

dumbass wants the one with the chocolate covered potato chips (who invited him?) you are going to be left with the Herculean task of forcing down a lumpy combination of all of them that looks eerily like the vomit you are barely holding down. Really, no matter what combo you choose is going to end up horrible, but I think that the least horrible option is to choose a lot of chocolately/vanilla type flavors like New York Super Fudge Chunk, Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough, Phish Food, etc. Steer clear of the fruity ones. They don't mesh well. As for the toppings? You can't go wrong here. Just get 'em all! Although gummy worms are kind of weird.

Once you have diplomatically chosen your flavors and toppings (get hot fudge on the side. You do NOT want to speed up the melting process) it is time for battle. The Vermonster is a master of trickery. Just as the sirens' beautiful music lulled Odysseus' men into danger, the Vermonster will weaken your guard by making the first few bites overpoweringly delicious. You will laugh with relief, relax a little, start to eat faster, and then the Vermonster will strike. Each bite becomes a struggle as the sugar occupies your brain. Your head pounds but you must keep going. You see your fellows around you collapsing, writhing, clutching their stomachs, but you stay strong. You don't use

napkins, you wear your the ice cream dripping down your chin as a battle scar, and diluting the ice cream by drinking water is for weaklings. You are no weakling. Then you remember that you still have a side container of hot fudge and you almost lose it. But you take a deep breath, and you pour it in. This is America. The land of consumption. And you are consuming an appalling amount. Be proud of your country. You will never feel more patriotic then when you're eating a basin full of calories. Remember that as your ice cream headache threatens to undo you.

In the days following your brush with early onset diabetes, you will think back on the Vermonster with a tender nostalgia. You will remember those first few bites, your spoon slipping easily through the whipped cream, breaking through the heavenly layer of cookies and fudge, and forgetting how rapidly it became the seventh layer of Hell. You will be tempted, against your better judgment, to face the Vermonster again. My advice? Go for it! You're young. This is your time to eat absolute shit and rebound (relatively) quickly. Take advantage of your youth and do horrible things to your body! You won't regret it.

Actually, you probably will. ■

# slutwalk: not what you might think



carly macconnell

by juliendarmoni

Despite the turgid weather, last Saturday was a good one for scores of women's rights activists, who commandeered the streets of downtown Burlington to participate in the newly formed protest rally, the SlutWalk.

The marches were organized in response to the suggestion by Toronto policeman Michael Sanguinetti that women "should avoid dressing like sluts" to avoid provoking sexual assault. Sanguinetti, who was addressing a class of college students at the time, prompted economy-sized criticism for his flippant remarks, and inspired in part both the namesake and the central conceit of the rally; to take back the word "slut" and denounce the mentality that provocatively dressed women openly invite sexual assault. Since its introduction last April, the SlutWalk has cultivated an ever growing audience, gaining momentum worldwide and spreading from its native Canada to cities like London, Boston, and most recently, Burlington, Vermont.

"We will not remain silent as rape culture takes our friends, bodies and lives" proclaimed one of the event leaders, "we are fed up."

If the Walk sounds heavy, well, it was. There were testimonials, tears, lamentations and curses. There were speeches from women who were not just angry, but crestfallen, too. It rained

a lot. There were some participants who had overcome their trauma, others still devastated by it, and the grim statistical promise of future sexual abuse (18% of women will be victims of attempted sexual assault) loomed large, even to members within our defiantly vigilant protectorate. Perhaps most prominently, there was in all of us a sense of collective dissatisfaction with the state of modernity.

But it wasn't all doom and gloom; there were jokes, too. Though the SlutWalk may have its heart rooted in sobriety, it was still powerfully vitalizing. Those women were not there to passively bemoan their misfortune; they were there to actively defy it. And damn if shit didn't get subversive. I don't know where they found the women to lead this thing (actually, I do: check out fedupburlington.wordpress.com) but they were some of the most exciting, tremendous role models modern women-hell, modern men-could ever want. Charismatic, loud and articulate these leaders were, contagious qualities which they graciously and effectively transferred onto the rest of the rallyers, too.

When the Davis center faction arrived at the downtown rally point we were greeted by a small woman perched atop the broken democracy sign (opposite Nectars), inciting chants

## surfin' the stars



by lizcantrell

**Aries: March 21-April 19**

The stars have aligned in your favor this month. Anticipate a slew of social invitations, and pay attention to one from "Bob" in particular.

**Taurus: April 20-May 20**

Resist the urge to adopt a new plant. For one, you definitely don't have a green thumb, but more importantly, letting the new specimen perish may prophesize the trajectory of your current relationship.

**Gemini: May 21- June 20**

Congratulations, you lucky Gem, you. The celestial order showers you with good fortune...cookies. Like hundreds. Falling from the sky. Probably at the speed at which freshmen drop out of 8:30s.

**Cancer: June 21-July 22**

Crab, you've got a tough choice to make. You must summon all your powers of judgment and carefully weigh each side, for one misstep could lead you down a path of irreconcilable disaster. Press lavender petals to your temples in order to facilitate good decision-making.

**Leo: July 23-August 22**

The House of Pluto packs a punch this month. You're hit with one unlucky situation after the next. Don't lose hope, young Lion, for your namesake (Leo DiCaprio) will guide you.

**Virgo: August 23-September 22**

You've been hitting the party scene hard. But not hard enough. What do you think this is, amateur hour?! This is college. The stars suggest you (don't) get your shit together or get out.

**Libra: September 23-October 22**

Best birthday wishes to all the Libras out there. The benevolent heavens grace you with your best birthday yet and one kick ass carrot cake. Huzzah!

**Scorpio: October 23-November 21**

Oh Scorpio, will you ever learn? You can't sit around waiting for things to unfold! Make like the Venus fly-trap, stick your neck out, and go after what you want!

**Sagittarius: November 22-December 21**

by tylermiles

# playoff predictions

Now that we have all calmed down from that crazy ending to the regular season (as a Yankees fan I just feel an unhealthy amount of schadenfreude towards Red Sox fans everywhere) it is time to get realistic about the chances of these eight teams vying to hoist the least cool looking trophy in professional sports (rule of thumb; if you can't drink champagne out of a championship trophy, it's a crappy trophy)

**The New York Yankees**

Likely to be competitive, but their downfall will be the fact that they can't pay their opponents to not shell the crap out their starting pitchers not named CC Sabathia.

**The Detroit Tigers**

The Tiger's chances rely heavily on the arm of their ace Justin Verlander, the certain selection for the AL Cy Young Award. Manager Jim Leyland has said that the whole team has participated in ceremonies involving sacrifices to Tlaloc, the Aztec god of rain, water and fertility. Leyland explained, "Ideally we'll have Justin start the first game, then have three or four days of rain, and so on, so

he can start every game of the postseason for us. That's a solid strategy, right?"

**The Texas Rangers**

The Rangers can't win because they aren't in the mlb playoffs, and they aren't even based in Texas, they're the second worst hockey in the tri-state area, (lol Islanders) (sad reflective moment on how far the Devils have fallen recently) (moment of silence for the now defunct Hartford Whalers (not technically in the nyc tri-state metropolitan area, but close enough) who now only live on in the apparel worn by retro rockin' hockey bros).

**The Tampa Bay Rays**

They are coming off a miraculous come from behind victory on the last day of the season to eek into the playoffs in the most dramatic fashion possible, making everyone forget that nobody on their team can hit a lick (.244 team batting average).

**The Philadelphia Phillies**

The Phillies are so confident that they have already had a

victory parade through downtown Philly celebrating their World Series victory. Chase Utley already bent all the flags on the World Series trophy to make a crude cup to drink champagne out of.

**The Arizona Diamondbacks**

Wtf, Arizona has a baseball team?

**The Milwaukee Brewers**

Watching the Brewers lose in the first round of the playoffs will provide the good people of Milwaukee a great excuse to smash storefront windows and set cars ablaze which will play perfectly into that huge insurance fraud scam they've been planning to make enough money to move out of Wisconsin to somewhere with better cheese (you should be able to guess where).

**The St. Louis Cardinals**

Just happy to be in the playoffs, the Phillies are literally going to knock the Cardinal's players down and kick dirt in their face and make them eat icky bugs. And then beat them at the game of baseball. ■

with a giant megaphone and swallowing fence-sitting spectators until our group grew into a rowdy melange of rioter and citizen. Most of us were dressed pretty slutty, too.

"Show me what Democracy looks like" she yelled, to which we replied: "this is what Democracy looks like!"-delivered of course, in jumbo-sized decibels. "Damn," she cracked, "democracy looks good, today". She was quick and quippy, with enough good humor to sally us through the most solemn moments, of which there were many. She was angry for sure (most of the participants were), but she was witty too, and there was consolation in her rigidly maintained quotient of outrage to laughter. Indeed, positivity was the commodity they were pushing, even if it was camouflaged under healthy layers of indignation and radicalism. "Good morning beautiful humans" boomed the mic, "you all look so good today!"

Most importantly, it was fun. I defy anyone to come up with a more heartening solution to sexual harassment than traipsing around a rainy city with nothing but the most essential vestments (and in some cases, not even those). Dejection popped up now and again (as it always will in bleak moments), but it was never allowed time to settle, as there was always another chant to shout, another synchronized howling to indulge, another something to stave it off. Our hosts knew that despondency was a paralytic, and paralytics do not a good rally make. So we roared when we felt blue, and stomped when shit got heavy. It was sobering, but it was a blast.

However, the biggest obstacle facing the SlutWalk was overcoming the cultural exasperation with second-wave feminism. We've developed a sort of "femme fatigue" in the last couple decades or so, stemming doubtless from a 70s civil rights backlash, but also

from a reluctance to deal with problems we've subconsciously accepted as normative (or at least, sufficiently resolved). The abrasive nature of the event then was meant as a way of combatting the social dormancy second-wave feminism has been relegated to and reinitiating the cultural conversation regarding gender inequality. Hence the volume, hence the bawdy dress, and hence the provocative character of the rally.

And like sister wacko event the Naked Bike Ride, it was cathartic. It can seem off putting at first, and perhaps cynicism isn't an unfair first impression; after all, a throng of women promoting female empowerment via communal disrobing does, on some level, seem initially counter intuitive. But in the same fashion that the bike ride cites catharsis as it's rasion d'être (it's scheduled a week before the most stressful period of the year, finals) the Slut Walk celebrates its particular brand

of liberation combatively; by reevaluating the negative stigmas associated with body image and exploding them. And like the naked bike ride, there's something rejuvenating about dismissing long-held tensions, letting go and embracing your authentic form-skivvies notwithstanding.

Indeed, it was powerful as ever a rally was, and this is coming from someone who attended John Stewart's Rally to Restore Sanity. And like Stewart's rally, there were signs everywhere. "Stop slut shaming, no more victim blaming" read one, and my personal favorite: "Consent is sexy." The difference was, the SlutWalk had no illusions of non partisanship; "let's go freak out Burlington!" yelled the crowd in the final moments before the rally commenced. And Burlington, itself no stranger to freaks, got a little sluttier. ■

# tunes.



## the hardcore guy:

*a primer for hipsters*

by joshhegarty

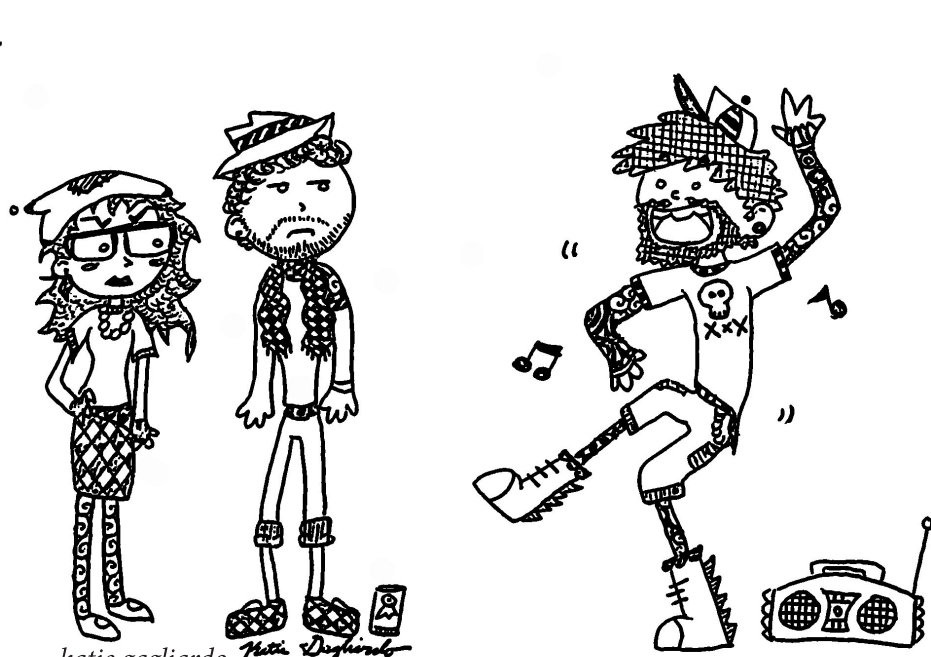
Have you ever been walking downtown, minding your own business, when suddenly as you pass 242 Main, you see a group of strange folk with tattoos, flip caps, Bane T-shirts, and holes in their ears the size of golf balls, dancing about in a flailing manner unlike anything you've ever seen except in movies about metal bands? Surely you were scared to find this new breed of human, but fear not, hipster. I am here to show you that you and he are not so different.

First off, the tattoos are a sign of similarity. While he has many more than you, don't worry, because they will be just as meaningless as yours in ten years. Then come the flip caps. We all know they don't look good. Just like your fedora, it's a statement that expresses that you neither look good, nor care about how you look, but that you want/need to attract attention. And as for the dancing, they're just as bad at actually dancing as you are. They compensate by not even trying. You compensate by doing it badly on purpose. Can you see

that maybe we've got some common ground here?

But once we move past the superficial, we can find even more that can bind these two disparate groups. For example, when asked what bands you've been listening to lately, your answer is "Oh, just Deerhunter, tUnE-yArDs, Animal Collective. Oh, you don't know them? Makes sense, they're really underground. Oh, and Of Montreal, but only their old stuff. Oh, and always The Smiths." When they are asked, "Lots of Minor Threat, Gorilla Biscuits, Blood For Blood. Oh, you don't know them. They broke up years ago. And some Comeback Kid, but only their old stuff. And, of course, The Cure." The Smiths vs. The Cure debate is one you'll always stand on opposite sides of, but surely, by now, you can see a bit of yourself in them.

When you go to a party, you drink PBR and smoke American Spirits and think that



katie gagliardo

Mattie DeGhincis

makes you better than everyone else, even though it doesn't. When they go to a party, they sulk in the corner and expound how being straight edge makes them so much better than everybody else, even though it doesn't. Do you now see your similar attitudes, despite their expression?

And finally, I come to the similarity upon which there can be no dispute, whatsoever. When you're making a playlist for a long drive, or there's nobody around to see you, you will unabashedly sing along

to Blink-182, Taking Back Sunday and Say Anything only to act like you hate those bands if pressed about them. Now, don't you see? There's nothing to fear, just because his beard is ungroomed and his shorts aren't as tight as yours. Now let's all calm down, throw on some canvas shoes and sing along to "Dammit." I promise I won't tell.

*(Disclaimer: I have absolutely nothing against the guys at 242. Any venue as DIY and community based as theirs is fantastic in my book.)* ■

# what the heck is up with wruv?

an explanation of wruv's (seemingly) mysterious philosophy

by sarahmoylan (and some wruv dj friends)

As your **wafer tower** tunes editor, I have to come clean about something. My love of immersing myself in all things tunes-related does not begin and end with editing for the **wafer tower**. I am also the Program Director for WRUV-FM Burlington, where I've been DJing since I was a freshman. So, it was of particular interest to me when the **wf** received this e-mail late last week:

*Hello, I am a first year student who recently decided to try to become a DJ at the University radio station. I have DJ'd at my High School station in the past, and was ready to try my best to secure one of the coveted time slots at the University radio station, WRUV. That all changed, however, when I saw that the station apparently does not allow any song that has ever been on the Billboard Top 100 to be played. Now, I am extremely tolerant of letting people listen to what music they want, even if it pains me, which is why I assumed I would enjoy this station, as I figured this freedom of expression was the reason why I had yet to recognize a song while walking through the Davis Tunnel. I am shocked to find however that a station that preaches about diversity does not allow you to play The Beatles on air. While I understand this station's wishes, I feel that it is not fair to students who enjoy popular as well as alternative music, and wish to listen to both.*

*Right now, there are two newspapers, yours and the Cynic. They both serve a purpose, and I believe the same should be for radio. I have asked all of my friends what they think when they hear the music while they walk through the Davis tunnel, and they all say the same thing: "What are they doing in there?" I understand the importance of spreading around unknown music, but people who enjoy listening to other kinds of music should not be silenced. They are basically doing the reverse of what people did when rock and roll came along. Instead of banning the new, they are banning the old. I am wondering if any other students feel the same, and if they think there should be a change, or an addition, to how this station works. Not many people are able to find the amount of unheard of music played on the radio here, and an even smaller amount of people seem to enjoy it. I am only wondering if anyone else feels cheated out of what should be a wonderful thing that promotes all music styles, and lets anyone play what they want, and have fun doing it.*

Sincerely,  
I.J. Idrizaj

# 8

Honestly, I'm glad I.J. wrote this letter. There are a ton of students—maybe even a majority—who are mystified about WRUV's policies, and, like I.J., frustrated by them. As a current DJ, I can certainly relate. It is often tempting to play more mainstream stuff that more of my friends will recognize.

I guess that's why this letter gave me pause. I mean, why can't we play more popular hits, especially if it's good music? My first reaction was "Well, we can't play that kind of music because...because...it's against the rules, so we can't!" But I didn't think that'd be an appropriate way of validating WRUV to the Wafer Tower's readership (or, at least, the 10% that make it back to the tunes section). So, I slept on it, asked for opinions from fellow DJ friends who have also been at WRUV for a while, and came up with the following explanation:

Exposure of alternative and up-and-coming music is the core of WRUV-FM's philosophy. Accordingly, our current policy states that no song that ever charted on the Billboard Top 100 may be played on-air. Songs that did not chart but are performed by artists who have had top 100 hits must constitute no more than 20% of any given DJ's show. Lastly, 25% of any DJ's show must include selections from WRUV's new music collection, which contains hundreds of new albums from a wide range of genres.

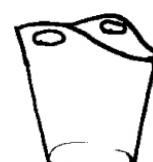
Is this restricting to freedom of expression? Truthfully, any station which places upon its DJs a single rule or regulation cannot claim to broadcast completely uninhibited programming. However, we hardly find ourselves restricted. In the grand scheme of all music that has been released over time, the percentage of songs that have landed on the Billboard Top 100 Singles Chart (the only chart that WRUV considers) is remarkably small.

Interestingly, when speaking of freedom of expression, WRUV's free-format style is considerably less restrictive than typical commercial stations. These stations can only operate as fiscally viable entities, and as such they are required to abide by a stringent, pre-selected playlist of (typically top-100) songs. Conversely, WRUV allows its DJs to play any music they wish, excepting any song that violates one of the policies mentioned above or applicable FCC regulations.

It is worth noting that we, as humble WRUV DJs, enjoy our occasional fix of Cruisin' or even Triple X. A **wafer tower**/Cynic comparison would not be fitting here, but these stations are alternatives to WRUV.

*editor's note: both I.J. and Sarah have interesting points, and the wafer tower doesn't endorse either side of the debate...*

# trash.



don't forget to check out even more IWYSBs on the blog at [thewatertower.tumblr.com](http://thewatertower.tumblr.com) (hint: **like** us on facebook and the blog posts will **automatically** show up on your feed)



read me!

## the ear

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

You caught my eye on the first day. I had to come in to get some change. You're all spiffed up in your blue button up. I'd kill to see what was underneath. You're so sexy I'd love to get to know you.... Hope to get some numbers in exchange next time I'm in...

**When:** Monday-Friday  
**Where:** DC bank  
**I saw:** Sexy man  
**I am:** Wanting you so bad

Bob Dale,  
Do you want some tail?  
Come by my room, it will never fail.  
You play rugby,  
and when you hug me,  
I just want you to rub me.  
You live on redstone,  
and I just want to bone.  
Give me a call,  
and I'll be at your hall.  
**When:** Monday 10:52am  
**Where:** through my binoculars, leaving the grundle  
**I saw:** a grundle troll with a phillies hat  
**I am:** a good time

Your name rhymes with Chuckle,  
you make me wanna fuckle-you.  
You can call me bubbie,  
while we take a bath in the tubbie  
and you love to say "yeahhh buddy".  
I know how to shake it on the dance floor,  
roll out with me and it wont be a bore  
-you and i would be hard to ignore.  
**When:** on the reg  
**Where:** at the Brotel  
**I saw:** just a lil' guy  
**I am:** just a lil' girl

They call you the Grundle Troll,  
I wanna do you in your grundle hole.  
Maybe one day I can swipe you in,  
You can swallow my breadstick,  
I could put my meat between your buns.  
In the morning we could go for round two,  
I will be the syrup you could be my waffle.  
**When:** Everyday in Grundlin'  
**Where:** THE GRUNDLE  
**I saw:** the Grundle Troll  
**I am:** your grundle admirer

I think you're pretty.  
Wish we could hang out.  
**When:** Sometimes  
**Where:** Across the hall  
**I saw:** A cool, short-haired lady  
**I am:** Already taken.

your glasses are round and your scar turns me on  
you like to do magic and id like to touch your wand.  
your best friend a ginger and you defeated the dark lord  
lets do it.  
**When:** my childhood  
**Where:** the dungeons  
**I saw:** a triwizard champion  
**I am:** a needy muggle

You look just like Zooye Deschanel,  
IWYSB  
**When:** all the time  
**Where:** everywhere  
**I saw:** a lady with bangs  
**I am:** hoping to bang you

I saw you from a distance through my crappy webcam  
It made me long to be with you in every way I can.  
I love your soft smile and the way you play percussion  
And I miss the way you encourage me when I'm struggling through Russian.  
You remind me of Aladdin with your charming personality  
And you win me over daily with your instrumentality.  
Even though I'm not there, we'll have to make do  
And I want you to know just how much I love you.  
Thanks for bringing me smiles, laughs, and constant joy  
Happy 6 month anniversary, my handsome drummer boy.  
**When:** since March 26  
**Where:** in our hearts  
**I saw:** a wonderful future together  
**I am:** loving you from across the Atlantic

you seem so calm from all the yoga you do  
and your skin is a beautiful bronze hue  
i guess i'll line up in the queue  
for all the girls who must be crazy over you  
i wanna be stuck on you like glue  
we could run away to timbuktu  
if you only knew  
how badly i want you  
**When:** wednesdays  
**Where:** the gym  
**I saw:** a cute boy  
**I am:** the girl swiping your card

I played with you last night  
But not all of you was there  
Someone had stolen pieces of you  
Someone who clearly doesn't care  
I want all of you back  
I want all of you whole  
So I beg the asshole who did this to you  
To return the candyland cards you stole.  
**When:** Last night  
**Where:** Brennans  
**I saw:** Candyland game with no character cards  
**I am:** Crushed

you were my favorite party guest  
my heart pounded in my chest  
when you walked through the door  
i almost hit the floor  
you were carrying a bottle of jack  
glad you walked your friend home so he didn't yack  
all over our bathroom  
because all we have is a broom  
you have the cutest style  
and i love your ear-to-ear smile  
i hope i run into you soon  
or we could run off to Cancun  
for you, i have only one wish  
never speak in an accent that's british  
**When:** cake party  
**Where:** our house  
**I saw:** the cutest boy we ever did see  
**I am:** L.o.L.

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

**Outside Pearl Street Bev**  
*Girl 1:* I made out with a senior.  
*Girl 2:* I made out with Chris and Matt and two guys I don't know.

**A Friday on Redstone**  
*Guy to girl:* Your hands are like robotic angels of wonder.

**Outside of Ake's, friday night.**  
*Guy (talking to himself):* Hmmm... wonder where I can get AIDS from tonight.

**2nd Floor Library**  
*Bro:* I cant, I have to go hide my bong for the room inspection.

**En route to bus stop, cherry street**  
*Girl 1:* People are creepy at the bus stop.  
*Girl 2:* I doubt that, it's 4 pm.  
*Girl 1:* Oh no, creepy people need to go somewhere in the daytime, too.

**Back Five**  
*Girl:* Do you want some m & m's?  
*Boy (on acid):* Naa man I don't eat chocolate. It's not good for you.

**Biddies in bailey howe taking a chem quiz.**  
*Biddie 1:* True or false, water is organic  
*Biddie 2:* Organic means containing carbon...so true.  
*Biddie 1:* Yah true...oh shit we got it wrong.

**Troll Hole, Russell Street.**  
*Man:* The duck can live in my nook.

**Davis Center, Lunchtime**  
*Hipster:* Oh, you're getting a raspberry honestea? I got one last week and it was so underwhelming that I took a picture of it and put it on tumblr.

**Davis Center Tunnel**  
*Biddy:* I mean, she's not a slut...but she is...but it's not, like, her reputation...

**In front of simpson fine dining**  
*Girl 1:* Hey, I like your shirt, it's super tight!  
*Girl 2:* You're tight.

**Wright**  
*Girl 1:* Hey, can I eat on your bed?  
*Girl 2:* Yeah, I eat on it all the time can't you see the stains?  
*Girl 1:* Umm... I'm pretty sure thats the other kind of eating.

**Outside Votey classroom**  
*Girl on cell phone:* but daaaad, Ashley has a Forever 21 account and her dad pays it!

**Marche**  
*Ignorant girl 1:* I don't even get the point of TOMS...  
*Ignorant girl 2:* They like send shoes to some 3rd world country.  
*Ignorant girl 1:* Yeah but like...they are the most unsupportive shoes everrrrrrr...like...what's the point... they might as well like not even have shoes.

**Outside Bailey-Howe**  
*Guy to his friends about the two children in yamakahs playing whose parents were selling goods for Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year:* "Ohh those crazy Amish children..."

# 9

# fork it over. oh, i don't eat that

(a guide to uvm's hippest diets)

by adrikopp

UVM is a healthy place. We've been rated among the top 5 fittest schools in the country and you'll notice a general tendency for people to eat healthy and exercise around campus, but whether you're new around here or, like me, are holding desperately on to our last months in Btown, you cant help noticing the plethora of ever-evolving diet habits of nearly everyone on campus. If you're as confused as I am and need a little help, I've put together this nifty guide so you never have to embarrass yourself by offering a carrot to a lacanophobic (someone who is afraid of vegetables).

**Vegetarian:** The simplest—These guys probably watched Bambi one too many times, but at least they are pretty straight-forward: No meat.

**The Vegetarian-but I still eat fish-Diet:** Also known as a

Pescetarian, most of them just call themselves vegetarians because apparently fish don't count as animals. These people were around for Bambi but somehow never managed to watch Finding Nemo. Come on guys, even the sharks in this movie have heart enough to give up eating fish!

**Vegan:** No animal by-products. This includes things like milk, eggs, and honey. "Did you know they use horse hooves in gelatin, egg whites are used in the filtering of beer...and corn syrup is made of crushed human babies!" ...or, something like that.

**Nut Allergy:** This includes pine nuts and some seeds, and pollen, and trees in general, and the air, and...

**Lact-repellant:** Can't eat lactose—lucky for them, Cabot cheddar is naturally lactose free! But Ben & Jerry's isn't...

**Gluten Free:** No beer, no pizza, no cookies, cake, or

fried food. Go eat some rice and cry in a corner cause life sucks, sorry dude.

**The "I only eat local organic free-trade products delivered by hybrid trucks packaged in reusable, recyclable or previously recycled containers that I will continue to reuse until it grows a mold that will kill me":** enough said.

**The "Get Involved" Diet:** The people who are apparently interested in any organization that offers free food. Diet consists of cookies, coffee, Challah, and the occasional burger or hot dog and chips. This diet also comes with a lot of unwanted emails and awkward encounters.

**The Henry Street Deli Diet:** Guys that are just too lazy to go buy groceries, but I gotta hand it to them—it's tasty. ■

# fashion five-oh.

## time keeps on tickin':

### the current state of the wristwatch

by colbynixon

I have a really shitty phone. I mean, not just kind of shitty, where it flips up and has a camera, but absolutely terrible. It doesn't let me follow tweets, I can't connect to the internet, I can't even send or receive picture messages. But, even my piece of crap phone has a clock on it. So, when I'm walking to class, and someone asks the time, I take out my phone and take a look. This is a fairly normal, commonplace situation, why am I wasting your time with this story? Because I'm also wearing a watch. I love my watch, and yet I only check the time with it about fifty percent of the time. Is this representative of the function of watches in our society? I heard two girls talking the other day, and one said to the other, "I can't remember the last time I owned a watch, I think I was like, ten." The other replied, "I know, really, once I got my MotoRazr in sixth grade, I haven't worn one, let's go get some Pinnacle Whipped." Are watches becoming obsolete, relegated to those fifty years and older?

Watches were most commonly seen on railway conductors back in the 1800s to begin with. These conductors had to keep the trains on schedule by constantly check-

ing the time, so a watch was the most useful part of their uniform. However, these watches were meant for the pocket, and were kept on a chain so that they would not get lost. When watches became more portable and could be worn on the, the pocket watch went the way of the monocle, and all but disappeared.

Is that what is going to happen to all of our wristwatches, are they going to cease to exist in the near future? The answer is yes and no. Watches, as a functional entity, will most likely no longer be necessary, however, they will remain as a mark of style. Brands like Tag Huer and Rolex will see that the watch doesn't become extinct through high profile advertising with celebrities and athletes. The watch remains because the object itself is a status symbol, perhaps even more so now that it is unnecessary. A man who can pay \$2500 for a Tag Carrera, when his phone will do the same function plus more, is essentially telling people, "I'm the shit, and this watch proves it." Watches will stay because they are a way to differentiate your self from the crowd, kind of like button flies. ■

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# créatif stuffé. the edge

by bethziehl

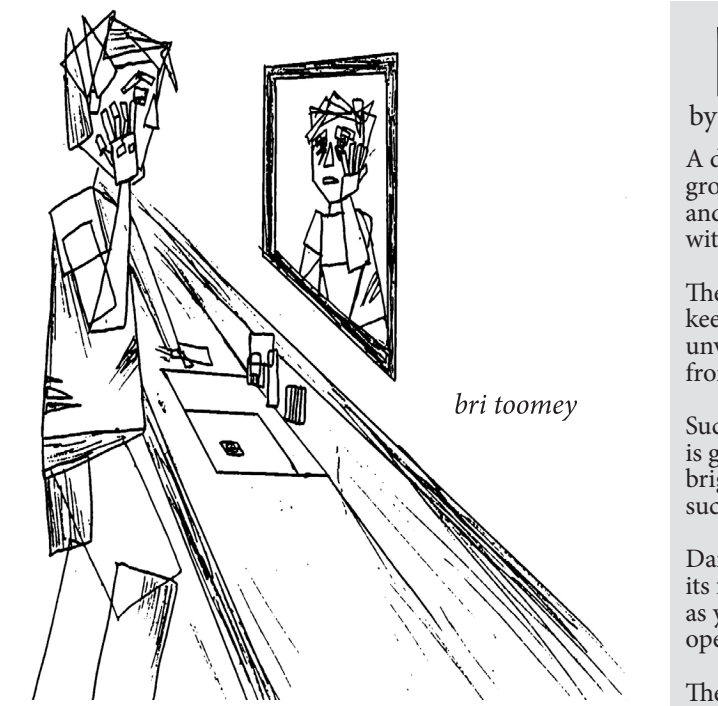
I went to the edge and looked over. I expected to see a mass of gnarled branches lying in the dirt below with crows picking at animal carcasses. No, I expected worse than that. It was years of people telling rumors of the horridness that lay below the edge which had led me to these conclusions. Many people in my town had already seen it, but they could not speak of what they had seen. Some become scarred for life while others move on. It changes people. Whatever is down there, it changes them. They say that when you feel you are prepared, you must go and see for yourself. Some folks decide that they just aren't ready, ever. These people tend to be looked down upon, but it is their decision and the town must respect that.

Last month, my friend went to the edge. I didn't see him for a month after that. It was as if he had completely forgotten me. I remember seeing him walking back from the edge. His eyes were glazed over and nothing distracted him from the path he was walking. I tried to call out to him, but it was useless. I'd like to say that he wasn't affected by the edge, but I would be lying.

Just the other day, a young pregnant girl came back from the edge. She stood in the center of town with a pistol in hand. She held it to her head and shot herself. I cleaned up the mess while some people screamed in hysterics and others passed by, uncaring.

In my mind I had created my own idea of what could be below the edge. Was I ready? I felt ready. After twenty-two years of not knowing, I was ready. Some people claim that the curiosity got to them and they went to the edge too soon. If only they had waited. Others claim that they waited too long. It is different for everyone. I was ready.

My boots scuffed along the dry dirt and rocks as I walked through the quiet town. The sun was just beginning to set and warm rays of light highlighted my path. I felt as though I was walking to my death. This would be my end. As I neared the



edge, a childish excitement grew inside me. I would finally view the thing that I had waited so long to see. Slowly, I gazed over the rocky ledge. The image I saw below me was nothing I could have ever imagined. All emotions flooded my body. I stood there for an hour or more, looking down. I could not fathom how this sight could have turned the town into what it was today. Had they seen the same thing as me?

By the time I had collected my thoughts, the sun had already sunk deep into the soil. I suddenly felt lonely on the edge. I turned and walked back into town. Once I made my way into town, I kept on going, right out of town. ■

## press play

by julianvandertak

A dainty steel needle channels grooves through lines in wax and forever moves its blessed recipients with a mosaic of subliminal facts.

The fabrication of stepwise tracks, keenly viewed through sonic goggles, unveils the emergence of cracks from which the flux mind-boggles.

Such divinities whose sound insanity is gold, lay forth their minds on hardware bright yet cold, yet bold is its ability to produce such spectrums of sounds still fresh and bare.

Dance with the triangle now, behold its finest scales and feel their pulse as your flesh begins to quake; take hold, open your mind and let your core convulse.

These dancing folks in illicit trances make quick to try save the minutes so fast (or slow?), exchanging glances which drive the will to reach our limits.

These layers of purely ripe organics, when taken with the proper notions, can lay us in our safety hammocks ashore of Sigmund's boundless oceans.

When you recline and embrace audition, the tides will rise, the waters will adore you; you'll live your days in complete fruition: watch as all your negativities abhor you. ■

# oil man

by laurafrangipane

Our mothers told us about the earth; it was brown loam, moist and clay, coffee grounds to boil and stir, something the trees strived to equal, only once. To meet between our fingernails and to slick in the sandbox mixed with rainwater, earth's tears dared us to run against its current

through the earth and to measure the current and created our power. We let the brown dirt dry to tan, dry to gray, we tear into its surface for its black boiling headaches which we smeared and slicked in our hair, finally feeling equal

to our fathers. Our mothers told us we would never be equal to the soil. And we would never feel the current of life because we refused to toil in the slicks in the rain, to become brown, in the fields. We sat in our labs with our plastics boiling ignoring our mothers' hot tears.

We, just once, dreamt of boiling brown Springs, for the propensity to equal our mothers' tears, our current checking balances. ■

The earth was torn by us and we had created electric life, equal gravity. We kept on boiling and adding electric current. We emerged black, which was a cleaner brown, breathing in oil slick.

We pretended the fish loved the slick but still spent six months trying to fix the earth's tears, never telling our parents engines didn't run on brown and our minds ran on coffee with Equal. We were too late, the fish swam in the current and died and bloated and boiled down.

Our mothers sat watching the tea water boil in our houses. Hating our slicked back hair, swimming against brown currents of tea. Mothers crying lemon tears in Earl Gray, wishing we knew our equals, wishing we understood the color brown.

## into the land of the grundle: part one

by tayabeattie

Timidly, I walk to the gates of The Grundle. My backpack on my shoulder and swipe in hand, I ready myself for food, studying, and friends. Susan waves to me as she crosses the border. "I'll go find us a seat," she said. I'll go find us a seat. These words echo in my head like thunder through a night sky. I knew they would be my last embraces of comfort before I could enter.

The boy in front of me was shaking now. His hands were sweating so profusely that his ID slipped from his fingertips and down to the floor. Its corner hit the black carpeting and shot across the ground, landing directly on the other side of the border line. The boy looked to his ID then to the towering guards in TSA uniforms and back to his ID. He quietly slipped himself out of line and ducked low in an attempt to scrape up his card without being noticed. Typical freshman move, clearly his orientation leader had not read him the Grundle law. Others in the line turned to watch the boy. Their faces were horrified, all realizing the mistake that was about to be made, all realizing the fate of this poor freshman. Then the inevitable happened.

Immediately and without warning three hulking guards dove to the boy. His face cowered in fear as he realized his fate. "Goutcha ya sneak tieving baastard!" one particularly large guard said, his flaming red Scottish hair aggressively thrown to the side from chasing down the boy revealing a large bald spot atop his head. "But I was just," the boy tried to let out an excuse for his actions but it was no use. The poor freshman had done himself in. "Dount youu trai me mistier. I goutcha an nao yoare goinna pae the prairie." The large man scooped the boy up by his foot and threw him into The Brain Cafe (a sectioned off part of the dining area where they take the bodies of Grundle betrayers and turn it into Grundle mystery meat.) I shake my head, take in a deep breath, and begin to remove my shoes. ■



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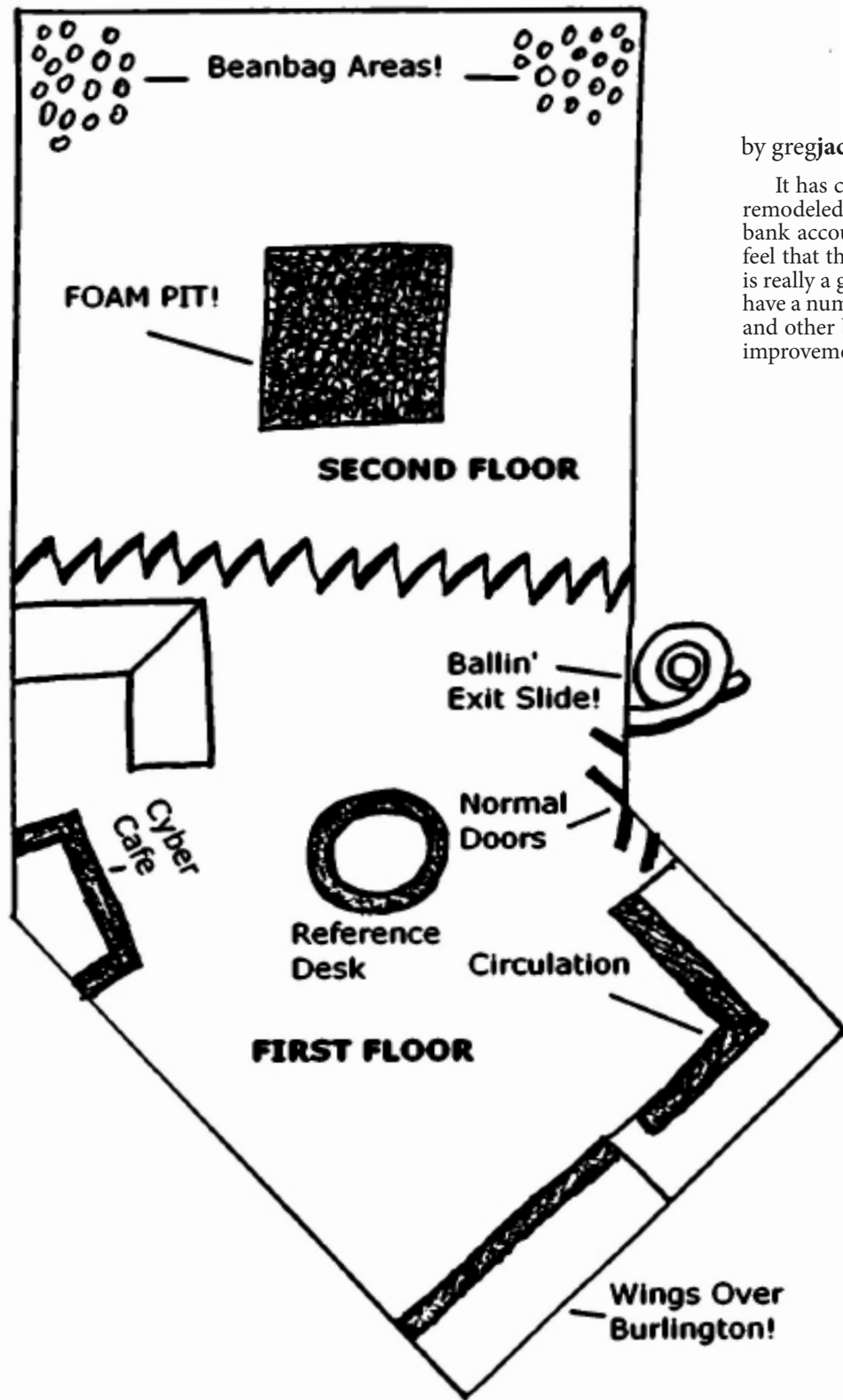
# cat litter.



## library remodeling

by gregjacobs

It has come to the attention of The Water Tower that the library is being redesigned and remodeled to better serve future generations of future UVM students and further exploit the bank accounts of the current ones. Since the library is a highly student-oriented space, we feel that the students should play a major part in its design (unlike the Davis Center, which is really a giant monument to the past administration). After carefully taking suggestions, we have a number of elements approved by approximately 59% of the student body. Lords, ladies, and other biddies of the planning commission, we present you with our requests for library improvements.



## bailey howe bingo

Chances are you have witnessed one or more of these things happening whilst trying to get your study on at the libby. Make a game out of it!

Someone watching porn	People making out/getting it on	Broken printer
Chain smoking	FREE SPACE Kid passed out on a book or laptop	Handmade refill mug
Bake sale	Person actually checking out a book	Old dude playing a videogame

SATIRE STYX & by collincappelle

