



the water tower

uvm's alternative newsmag

unlike the uvm campus, this week's water tower is now 100% "biddy," "bro," and "hipster" free!

volume 10 - issue 6 - tuesday, october 11, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

johnson street **HORRORS** the rhapsody and woes of living off-campus



katie gagliardo

by jonathanfranqui

Any upper classman living off campus can relate the woes of attempting to find an apartment. Just getting up early on a Saturday or Sunday and rallying your potential future roomies to meet the realtor can be challenging enough. This, coupled with the ever growing student population in Burlington, can cause some frustration when searching for a suitable house with a roof, ample seating space, and a porch to play Beirut (or as some cretins refer to it, pong), because when you have a house the first thing you should do is prove that you are no where near responsible enough to live alone.

Despite these pretentious displays of limited freedom by my peers, I will admit that there are quite a few perks which come along with living off campus. That being said, There are also some truly infuriating aspects of living in downtown Burlington, and I am not talking about cleaning dishes, pricey noise complaints, or having to walk up to school in the snow. My personal hell off campus is quite unique from my peers, as I opted to live in the less 'colleegy' area of town. My misery is the spawn of Johnson Street, a quiet area of our lovely city which you and your friends have most likely never heard of.

When I first moved in on June 1st, I had high hopes for Johnson Street. Sure, half the neighborhood was made up of families with young children, but my naïve younger self thought that the kids were endearing. This frame of mind quickly went up in flames, however, when I asked a group of kids running through my yard to be careful of my car as I witnessed them break one of the rear view mirrors. A request which I believed to be reasonable was compensated not with an "Okay", "Yes", or even a head nod, but with a middle finger. I was left quite speechless and could only watch them run off, as I sat there utterly defeated.

Not all the kids are little assholes, but the problem is the ones who are tend to be difficult to ignore, what with the fireworks they so enjoy launching right around the time I'm doing homework, or knocking over the trash can which for some reason makes my blood boil. I actually fear that one day I am going to become the jerky middle-aged man who yells at kids to get off his lawn. If you're curious as to why I didn't confront the parents, let's just say that they aren't the most cordial of people, and are probably fully responsible for their kids' lack of respect. The children, however, are only a small part of the problem with

my community. Honestly, they seem tame compared to the teenagers who come out of the woodwork when night falls.

If a 10 year old will give you the finger in response to a reasonable and passive request, imagine what a 15 or 16 year old version will do. While sitting on my porch at night enjoying a smoke with my roommates, I have heard and learned an astonishing amount of profanity. It seems the teenagers on my street have developed a language that is as reliant on cursing, as sign language is on using your hands. While these displays of crass language and behavior are funny when they are fighting one another, the appeal is lost when the rage is aimed in your direction.

One such reason for their unprovoked hostility came from the use of a laser pointer. One of my roommates has an extremely powerful green laser pointer that we were playing with one night. Now, even though the beams were not being shot in their direction, we were still met with a "Yo turn that muthafucking laser thing off or ima come ova der and make you". I would say this is a paraphrase, but the verbal diarrhea that so frequently spews from their mouths makes it hard to actually understand them

... read the rest on page 4

the great canadian handbook: a guide to america's hat

by lindsaygabel

America's northern neighbor is often chalked up to be a land of snow, hockey, and lumberjacks, but in reality it is not that different from Vermont (we have snow, we play hockey, and we wear flannel), and beyond these three dimensions exists a truly wonderful country. As it happens, I humbly consider myself to be somewhat of an expert on Canadians, if for no other reason than the fact that I am one. Below is a sufficiently random smattering of information on Canadian customs, culture, and whatever else I could think of that may prove to be especially handy on your next trip to Montreal.

On Canadian contributions to society:

Notable mentions include duct tape, snowmobiles, insulin, basketball, manure spreaders, the telephone, Plexiglas, instant mashed potatoes, Ryan Reynolds, Celine Dion, and Justin Bieber (you're welcome). So next time you are stricken by a strong desire to fix something in the ugliest and least professional way possible, or are suddenly overcome by a craving for bland, bagged starches that can be prepared in under ten minutes, know that Canadian inventors have got your back.

On geographical misconceptions:

For all of second semester last year, I was The Canadian in one of my seminar classes and thus the resident expert on, as well as spokesperson for, the province of Alberta. For comparison, I probably know as much about Alberta as the average New Englander might know about Wyoming.

Furthermore, there is a high probability that I will not know your friend Mark-from-Canada due to the fact that he lives in Vancouver, British Columbia and is therefore 2090 miles away from any place or person with which/whom I maintain frequent contact. Should one of us ever happen to travel a couple thousand miles across the country, however, I shall keep an eye out for him.

On our national animal:

Because Armenia had already claimed the Dragon, Belgium the Lion, Australia the Kangaroo, and you American folk the Eagle, Canada was left to choose between the Beaver and the Canadian Horse. And because the majority of the population, including myself, could not tell you what a Canadian Horse is or how it is different from any other horse if their lives depended on it, we went with the Beaver.

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get
inside
me:

cat poop
by juliendarmoni

new season of arrested
development
by shannonward

rainbow sweets bakery
by megankelley

p.p.u.p.p.y.
by dylanmccarthy

the best news team in the universe.



inbox 

Dear **water tower**,

Last week, Alex Buckingham wrote a piece regarding the student body standing up against the administration. In his article Mr. Buckingham's main concern is staff compensation. All students should take issue with this because we deserve the best faculty for the amount we pay to go here. He also puts forth many other accusations throughout his article about the Administration and their apparent incapability of making student welfare based decisions. I understand that it is chic to "stick it to the man" and "be against the system;" however, in this case there is a blatant lack of research and perpetuation of false stereotypes that are out of place.

I believe Mr. Buckingham fails to see the greater issue of where funds are allocated and how the Administration is trying to achieve greater synchronization of funds. Their attempt at this is called the Strategic Resource Initiative. This Initiative seeks to break down the barriers between colleges

and departments, allowing for the University to do more with fewer funds. The problem is the traditional university model where the money is allocated to colleges and departments from the top, thus causing competition for funds. This has allowed certain colleges and departments to believe that they are better than others; which has created a toxic environment where courses with merits that clearly qualify as distribution or core requirements do not count as anything more than elective. Through the Strategic Resource Initiative the same people who Mr. Buckingham perceives to be so out of touch with students are attempting to create an environment in which students have more options available to them. Each college's dean and the faculty MUST begin to view education across the curriculum and view the UNiversity of Vermont as one UNiversity and NOT a bunch of colleges within a University in the same location.

Finally, Mr. Buckingham makes assertions about former President Fogel's severance package. One can complain about the president's package, however, the facts speak for themselves. UVM has been on a continued upward trend for the past decade and just jumped up 12 spots in the US News and World Report rankings in one year. We can also attribute a strong applicant pool for the next President to our upward trend, orchestrated by Mr. Fogel.

In order to carve a path that leads UVM into the future we must work in conjunction with everyone to form a new mission and vision that clearly and comprehensively leads us on a stable path. In conclusion, my advice to you, Mr. Buckingham, is simple: before you complain about people you do not know personally or their initiatives, take a minute to SIT DOWN and research before you tell students they MUST STAND UP!

Sincerely,
Riker Pasterkiewicz, SGA, Academic Affairs Committee

Dear Emma,

I'm glad you're reading and thanks for writing in. Still, next time you might want to read some news sources other than **the water tower** before commenting. Yingluck Shinawatra did NOT actually work extremely hard to become the leader of her country—she happened to be born the sister of ousted (but still popular) former Prime Minister, Thaksin Shinawatra. She's widely criticized at home and abroad for being an unprofessional leader who's failed to articulate clear policy goals. Just sayin'.

-Paul

Dear **water tower**,

So maybe I'm procrastinating, maybe I didn't get enough sleep last night, maybe I'm trying not to kill the girl who is video chatting it up with her friend in 'Africa' on the 2nd floor of the BH, with not even a pair of headphones to shelter the rest of us from her laments about whether or not she belongs in rehab—regardless, I happen to pick up the newest copy of **the water tower** this fine Tuesday morning and perused it instead of writing my thesis. Already in a precarious mood, I was rather, lets say irked, to read Paul Gross's latest edition of "The News In Brief". I'm ecstatic that Paul finds the first female PM of Thailand attractive and so so happy, really, that it was all a big surprise for him. She's really worked hard up

the ranks of a traditionally male dominated society to become the most powerful person in her country just to make sure you would notice her good looks. After all that's what Asian women are all about. So glad that her physical attributes were very much above and beyond your expectations. Just think of the utter disappointment you might have faced if she had looked like what we expect all female politicians to appear. You really dodged a bullet there, Paul.

Sincerely,
Emma Vick

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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the news in brief with paulgross

“If you don’t have a job...blame yourself!”

-Presidential candidate, and possible Republican frontrunner, **Herman Cain**, explaining that it's not the banks' fault nor the government's fault but rather the fault of individuals that the United States has 9.1% unemployment. He also told black people that they're brainwashed into voting for Democrats. He also is proposing a taxation plan that would only bring in HALF the government's current revenue steam. What a big fucking idiot.

“I reject power and I will continue to reject it.”

-Yemeni President (and dictator) **Ali Abdullah Saleh**, announcing after months of protest and unrest in his country that he will step down "within days". Saleh's assertion that he rejects power is a little bizarre because he ran the country with an iron fist for nearly 3 decades. Still, if he stepped down now that'd be cool.

“Don’t settle ... as with all matters of the heart, you’ll know when you find it.”

-The late Apple founder and CEO **Steve Jobs** (sadly) in his 2005 commencement address to the graduating class at Stanford University. Jobs ended his years long battle with pancreatic and other cancers last week. The magician of Silicon Valley and his black turleneck will be missed.

“This marriage is going to last.”

-Semi-fanatical Beatles fan, **Chiara Amato**, on Paul McCartney's recently announced THIRD marriage to American Nancy Shevell. As he sang in "Don't Let Me Down,"
"I'm in love for the [third] time / don't you know it's gonna last."

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

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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**.

don't ask, don't tell repealed

by kelseycarew

The time has finally come. Don't Ask, Don't Tell is officially gone. Though the law was repealed last December, it is now no longer in action. This is ridiculously exciting for numerous reasons. It's bringing us closer to equal rights for the LGBTQ community. Now, men and women everywhere can be proud of who they are while fighting for their country.

For those of you who don't know, Don't Ask, Don't Tell (DADT) was a policy that prevented LGBT men and women from openly serving in the military. If members of the military did discuss this aspect of their lives they would be discharged. Superiors were not supposed to investigate members unless banned behavior was witnessed, though this rule was often bent. The United States was the only industrialized country that had such a policy.

It seems that this has caused great strife for some. Some people believe that this will become a distraction to the military work at hand. Others are worried that this will disrupt the existing order and discipline. Some even believe that this will affect soldiers' abilities to fight.

For others, it's the exact freedom they needed. One soldier felt that he could finally tell his dad that he was gay, without fear of rejection. A couple decided they could now get married. In general, many soldiers could simply and finally let out a sigh of relief. They no longer have to lie or hide a part of themselves.

It's amazing to think about, really. The fact that a law

such as this was even in policy in this day and age is astounding. Before the repeal, I found myself worrying that one day my children would ask me how in the world we were able to have such law. I worried that as a country we still would not have equal rights for all.

Now that this certain discrimination is over, I feel a sense of relief. Of course, there is still so much work to be done. With only six states in the whole country that allow gay marriage, we are not even close to winning this battle. Still, this is a big step in the right direction.

Most of the military has undergone training under the new law. All branches of the military have updated regulations. This new repeal also stops all pending investigations, discharges and other proceedings that were under the old law. This does not mean that general policy and personal conduct can be thrown by the wayside. Those pertaining to public displays of affection are to remain the same, regardless of sexual preference. Military benefits will also not be changing immediately. However, all service members are already entitled to certain benefits, such as choosing a life partner as a life insurance beneficiary.

Among service members, the reaction to this repeal has been generally positive. Though there are those who do not agree, it's hard to argue against the fact that despite someone coming out, and being able to do so, nothing has changed. These soldiers are still the same people. They can fight for their country the same way, just now with the

ability to be completely honest. Their character, skill and strength is all that matters.

My hope is that without DADT, the idea of equality won't seem as impossible. Families, friends, colleagues, neighbors and even enemies of men and women in the army now have reason to stop and wonder about this new way of thinking. Children in school will learn and hopefully see that this is something to keep fighting for. This is a time of change.

It's with this change that I say that we must continue on. Yes, it is time to celebrate but we cannot forget about what more we have to do. Let's fight against the Defense of Marriage Act (DOMA), a law stating that marriage is a legal union between one man and one woman. It's time to change the law that states that gay men cannot donate blood through the Red Cross.

We need to let gay couples adopt children. This is only allowed in certain states and could definitely be expanded. When you hear people using derogatory terms towards the LGBTQ community, do something about it. There is no need for such intolerant language. Let's rally and let our voices be heard.

The time to fight is now. While the excitement of this victory is still in the air, let your thoughts be heard. Speak up for what you think is right and be proud of it. This is just too important to let it pass us by. ■

don't cry for me, mogadishu

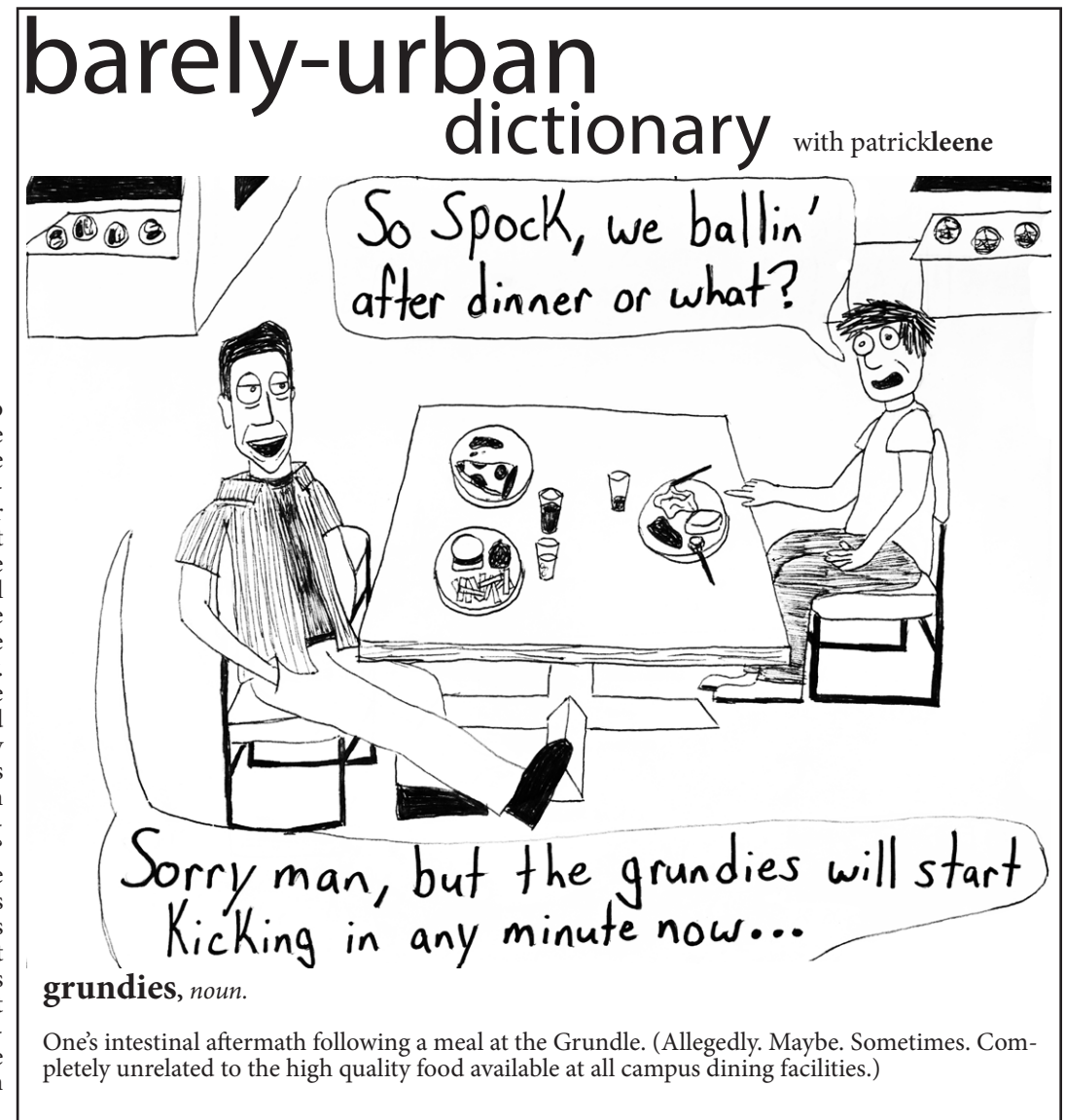
by jamesaglio

Last week, a car bomb went off in Mogadishu, Somalia, killing at least 65 and injuring approximately 50 more. Terrorist group Al-Shabaab, a radical Islamist organization, carried out the attack, which was their first large scale attack since they were driven from Mogadishu by government forces in August. The story is notable for me for a couple of reasons. Firstly, it is worth noting that this attack was significant primarily because it was the first one to occur since August. That's two months, if you'll be kind enough to count, which I think explains more eloquently than I ever could just how terrible life in Mogadishu is.

That being said, the return of Al-Shabaab to Mogadishu marks an unfortunate turn of events for the city. This is not some small time guerrilla group. To give an idea of their significance, two years ago Mogadishu was controlled by three groups, the government, Hisbul Islam, and Al-Shabaab, each possessing a third of the city. However, in 2010, Hisbul Islam merged with Al-Shabaab under the

name Al-Shabaab, at which point two thirds of the city was run by a single terrorist organization. After intense fighting, the government forces managed to drive the group out, a major accomplishment considering the fact that Somalia has been a failed state for two decades now after the civil war broke out in 1991. And yet, here we are now, and they're back with one of the largest attacks in recent history.

It is a sad state of affairs. The news reports of the event contained no pathos, no emotion, they simply reported the numbers. The truth is that the conflict has simply gone on for too long for anyone to care anymore. Ever read Black Hawk Down? That was eighteen years ago. The same damn war is still going on. The groups have changed, and the situation has evolved, but it is all the same. I just think it is worth remembering that as we go about our lives, whining about whatever the hell it is that is bothering us at the moment, there are entire generations that have been raised in war. ■



the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger

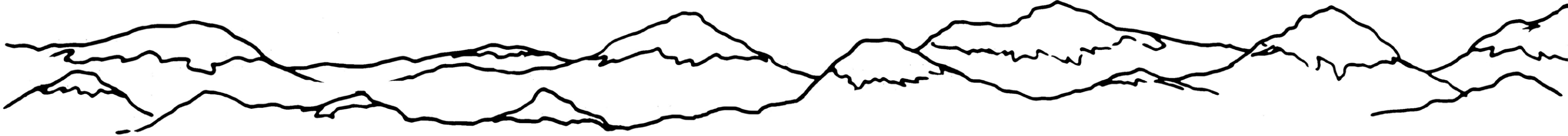
Oil Leaks: 10 tonnes of oil have leaked from a cargo ship that ran aground off the coast of New Zealand last Wednesday. The oil slick, which is already 3 miles long, could swell to 1700 tonnes if the ship breaks up fully. Oil ships: just in case you didn't have enough problems already.

Ali Abdullah Saleh: Having recently returned to his home country after a rebel attack in June, the president of Yemen has announced that he will step down from power "in the coming days". Saleh, who is facing rampant protests, has already agreed to step down from power several times and then backed out at the last moment. Apparently, we're meant to believe he means it this time.

Rich Workman: Workman, a Florida legislator, is on a crusade to repeal the ban on dwarf-tossing in his home state. The ban, Workman claims, is doing nothing but preventing dwarfs from getting jobs, as well as an example of totalitarian Big Brother government. Clearly.

Bombing IKEA: Two Polish men were arrested this week for a string of IKEA bombings across five European countries during the spring and summer. No one was seriously injured in any of the bombings, and only a small amount of furniture was damaged - but after the final explosion, the men threatened to continue the attacks unless IKEA paid them 6 million Euros. They didn't get the money, but are currently the frontrunners for the "Worst Extortion Scheme Ever" award.

reflections.



JOHNSON ST.- *continued from page 1*

sometimes. All I know is that they cursed at us profusely and threatened violence. To make matters worse, they always FUCKING KICK OVER MY GARBAGE CANS, which I'm certain is going to lead to a heart attack soon, as all I can do in response to these teenagers' threats and vandalism is to yell and swear back.

While the children and teenagers make me regret my decision to live on Johnson Street every second of the day, they aren't even the worst of my problems. My area of town, and my street in particular, is appar-

ently the hip place to be if you're a young cat. While cats may be freakin' adorable, most of you probably don't realize the difference between your spayed or neutered cats and the stray ones who fuck like crazy. At night. Every night. If you have ever been curious as to how feline intercourse sounds, stop by my street at 1 or 2 in the morning, which seems to be the prime time for their boning. Words cannot describe my horror the first time I was abruptly snatched away from my slumbers by cat sex. Almost as bad, if not worse, is when several cats

form tight groups and basically yell in each other's faces. While it's not the same sound as cat fellatio, it can still last for a long, long time. Initially I thought it would be mean to chuck something at the cats to make them scatter, but today I have no reservations over throwing whatever is close at hand to stop the banshee-like wailing.

When I first toured the apartment in February, I made the fatal mistake of not asking the former occupants how the neighborhood was. Since it was the dead of winter and late in the afternoon, we did

not witness any of the hidden horrors of Johnson Street on our first foyer into this unknown area of town. While I had reservations before we signed the lease, the extremely low cost of rent and included utilities changed my mind. When I look back at those unexplained hesitations, I realized my body was frantically trying to warn me about what was to come if I signed the lease. I am only four months into a year-long lease, and I pray every night that I'm not arrested for assault or kitty-murder. ■

CANADA- *continued from page 1*

On Tim Hortons:

This restaurant chain is the largest in the national fast food industry and according to highly reliable and distinguished sources - namely Wikipedia and my incredibly biased perception of public opinion - the most beloved across the country. In the words of Urban Dictionary (research integrity = winning), it is essentially a "cult religion based on caffeine and baked goods". Think Dunkin' Donuts except 108 times better in every regard. Out of five Maple Leaves on the standard Canadian Scale of Awesomeness, Tim Hortons would be awarded seven plus a moose. Where I come from, you can find these institutions along literally every major roadway and some customers frequent them two, three, or more times a day. A back-to-school gift from my mom was a tin of fine grind Tim Hortons coffee, which has only lasted this far into the semester for the sole reason that I still do not know how to use my housemate's coffeemaker.

On the currency:

Canadian bills come in a vast array of colors, including red, green, blue, purple, and brown, so naturally all American bills look exactly the same to me. The ramifications of such a contrast are (a) it adds x amount of time to all transactions because I can never find the bill I am looking for, and (b) when I go to pay for American groceries

with a wallet full of Canadian bills in the event I forget to switch currencies, I successfully manage to appear as though I robbed a game of Monopoly.

Canadian coins extend beyond the standard penny, nickel, dime, and quarter to include one-dollar and two-dollar pieces, named the Loonie and Toonie respectively. The first is so named for the picture of the Common Loon on one side, and the latter so named because we are a creative bunch and it rhymes with loonie. While the Toonie features a picture of a polar bear and has absolutely nothing to do with loons, occasionally you can convince the odd few individuals that it was indeed named for the lesser known but related species, the Common Toon.

On the correct context in which to use "eh":

To address common misconceptions surrounding the use of "eh": firstly, yes, it is used in Canadian English. Secondly, it is not used as often as the rest of the world likes to think. In addressing the appropriate usage of this handy, but often abused, interjection, it is important to remember that context is everything. Its two most common and syntactically correct usages are as follows:

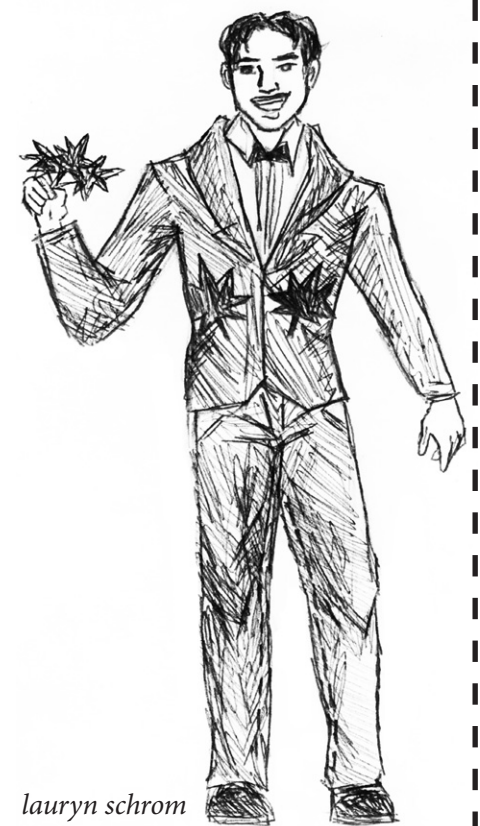
(1) when transforming statements into questions; essentially synonymous with "don't you think?"; as in: That igloo is really

well built, eh?

(2) when confirming or ascertaining the attention of the listener, as in: But that igloo is square, eh, so I don't really know how it's standing.

A brief dictionary entry on Canadian lingo:

- Tuque - knitted woolen cap
- Double-double - coffee with two creams and two sugars; an order recognized by all Tim Hortons staff
- Pencil crayons - colored pencils
- Province or territory - state
- Prime minister - president
- Chocolate bar - candy bar
- Washroom - bathroom/restroom
- Bank machine - ATM
- Pop - soda or soft drink
- Smarties - essentially M&Ms with S's on them
- Rockets - what Americans call Smarties
- Cutlery - silverware
- Timbits - the Tim Hortons equivalent of Munchkins from Dunkin' Donuts
- Beaver tail - fried dough dessert typically topped with cinnamon sugar
- Mounties - officers of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police
- Marks - grades ■



lauryn schrom

the joy of... summer camps

After you graduate, you apparently go somewhere called "the real world." Here are the water tower's short experiences there, and their findings and insights into that place our teachers always warn us about.

by lauragreenwood

Before I begin, get the image of *Wet Hot American Summer* out of your head. While you're at it eliminate *Fat Camp*, *The Parent Trap*, and *Camp Rock* (dear god I hope you weren't even thinking about *Camp Rock*, if so you should really be ashamed). Working at a summer camp is like a double edged sword you buy at iParty; its really fun to play with, but every now and then someone hits you right in the face causing a brief period of intense cry-baby pain. This summer I worked at a cub scout camp for four weeks teaching little bitty boys how to do archery.

Cub scouts range from the ages of six to twelve, a.k.a., the nightmare years. I had every kind of child, from the "But I like the Waterfront more", to "Mommy forgot my Ritalin", the "I swear I got a bull's eye" (even though I just watched you shove the arrow in the target), and finally the "I wonder if it's possible to annoy you the entire class". Its rare that you have that one beacon, the one child that comes to class and all you can do is smile at all that wonderful potential. One week, my beacon was Wolfgang. With a bad ass name like that, I knew this kid was destined for greatness (hell, he even had a mohawk, BAMEF).

This kid could shoot, he paid attention, and was polite. Wolfgang was the camper I always wanted. But this was still summer camp, riddled with unforeseen problems that occur when you least expect it. Wolfgang's was the vomit he projected as I taught him to string a bow. Never before has a moment of absolute joy and accomplishment been so nauseously interrupted. My shining prodigy departed early that day, leaving behind my despair and a virus that would relaine my stomach all weekend.

Second, teaching archery. Yeah that's right I can bend a stick and hook a string on it. It gets even better, cause I can take another stick and fling it at a target using my stick+string combo. This skill of course is useless unless you are Robin Hood, but it fulfills every prepubescent boys' fantasies. All day I taught how to shoot, how to score a target, and other pointless requirements for "belt loops". These kids ate this shit up. I might as well have been Spider-man himself teaching them how exactly I get webbing to shoot through my spandex costume from my wrist (every adult knows Spider-man uses mechanical web shooters, but I digress). But learning archery wasn't their only desire. My

camp used plastic beads as rewards for anything rewardable. Ostensibly, beads were crack. These kids would shoot another fellow cub in the face if it meant getting an extra bead. I sometimes took pleasure in throwing beads at large groups of children and watch them flock like seagulls to a lone Cheez-It on the beach.

My ratings on summer camps is a 9 out of 10. The job comes with a lot of work, not so impressive pay, and a full day of babysitting children whose parents sent them to camp for a reason. But, camp also comes with this indescribable pay off of memories and experiences you'll not soon forget. Your fellow staff understands exactly what you're going through and sees the humor in the ridiculousness surrounding the job. You essentially get to act as a kid all day (when's the last time you did archery?) and only have brief moments where you must clean up vomit or do push ups as your boss yells at you. If you want to work at a summer camp, apply early 'cause the good jobs fill up fast. Also make sure you understand the uniform fully or else you get stuck wearing knee high boy scout socks and wedgie-inducing woolen man shorts to work everyday. ■

humans advised to stop eating cat poop

by juliendarmoni

It was revealed last Tuesday that Philadelphia resident Saul Johnson was the latest victim of sleeper epidemic Toxoplasma Gondii, a parasite most commonly transmitted through the reckless consumption of cat excrement. According to a source that is definitely not a Wikipedia article, "T. gondii infections have the ability to change the behavior of rats and mice, making them drawn to, rather than fearful of, the scent of cats. This effect is advantageous to the parasite, which will be able to sexually reproduce if its host is eaten by a cat." The parasite is unsurprisingly most successful contaminating traditional cat prey, but it can also infect humans, should they choose to ingest cat poop of suspicious character.

Johnson is just one in an ever growing number of Americans infected with the poop-waylaying parasite. The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention claims that Gondii has already spread to 60 million United States citizens, as well as an estimated 30% of the entire world population. And while in most instances the parasite is benign, it has still been known to exert marginal influence on the human psyche, including increasing a subjects disposition towards felines, their smell, and the purchasing of adorable kitty overalls on Amazon.com.

In the case of Saul Johnson, the excrement in question was linked to domesticated house cat Mr. Pickles, whose feces had for years seemed rich and savory, and never before betrayed signs of affliction, says Johnson, a self described "poop gourmand, of sorts." "It's horrifying", said Johnson, owner of Mr. Pickles and chronic poop eater. You know there are risks. You always know there are risks with things like this. But then again, I've never been much of a cautious eater."

Most disconcertingly, studies have shown that the ubiquitous parasite is evolving at a more rapid pace than previously anticipated. The infamous "cat lady" syndrome is

attributed to the parasite's contagion, as is the enduring popularity of Garfield the cat, who remains impossibly, mysteriously en-

dearing despite being a total motherfucker. But according to scientists, there are a few safety precautions yet available to those

anxious over the disease's unwitting contraction. For instance, if your cat defecates within the vicinity of your home, scientists are near-unanimous in their cautioning against said commodity's willful ingestion. Instead, you are advised to scoop the excrement into a sealable plastic container and dispose of it in a convenient garbage receptacle. If you feel the inclination to insert the refuse into your face, you should "try to not to do that. That's gross." Indeed, it seems the most effective measure is just to "avoid substances that could potentially host the parasite," adding further "in most instances, that's poop."

But unfortunately, it's not always just a simple matter of maintaining a healthy diet. Rogue house cat Admiral Snuggles made headlines last week when he tried to smuggle a briefcase full of infected cat excrement onto a Jetblue airways flight scheduled for Europe. Snuggles was apprehended immediately after provoking the suspicions of Jetblue security officer Frank Jaharro, who said, "yeah, I mean, he was a cat with a briefcase, and he was trying to sneak onto an airplane. So that felt weird to me." Jaharro reportedly approached the subject cautiously, and asked to see the cats documents. When Snuggles reached to give the officer his passport, the briefcase fell out of his adorable little cat paws with the padding on the bottom and spilled its contents on the terminal floor. "At that point, I knew exactly what we were dealing with" said Jaharro, who has frequently dealt with situations like this, and who evacuated all persons immediately from Jetblue terminal C-24. "I'm just glad we got him in time" said Jaharro, and "thank God he wasn't armed." Snuggles was detained shortly after, and is undergoing exhaustive kitty questioning. ■



katharine longfellow

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reflections.

redheads need not apply

by sarahperda

Ever since the creators of South Park proclaimed that gingers don't have souls in 2005, a vendetta against redheads has plagued the nation. This ideology has now travelled across the pond to Cryos International, a sperm bank in Denmark, where its director, Ole Schou, states, "Our stock [of redhead sperm] is about to explode. We have just too many on stock in relation to the demand for the time being." Although gingerfied individuals have higher chances of donating if they are "really smart, tall, athletic or musical," the bank is temporarily rejecting all carrot-tops. The quintessential human accomplishment is survival, and, lets be honest, the hue of the hairs sprouting out of our scalps have little to no effect on our ability to attain this. Darwin was not including hair color in his theory of natural selection, so why are potential parents bothering to reject certain swimmers over such a trivial trait? Quite frankly,

there are many more grotesque physical features we should be trying to eradicate from the human race, thus the parents of these genetically engineered bundles o' joy should actually be on the lookout for the following:

Ugly Feet: More specifically, toes. They come in far too many varieties to be overlooked—pay particular attention to length, hair content and misshapeness (i.e., webbed or crooked) of donor digits. People should not have to hang their heads in shame during flip-flop season any longer.

Body Hair: Don't discriminate, keep all forms in check. There's nothing more repulsive than a gargantuan caterpillar growing out of someone's forehead or upper lip. We are not Neanderthals anymore, how is this not being selected against in nature? It's time for some artificial selection to take care of this shit.

Body Odors: We're all prone to the occasional stench that follows a workout or late-night escape from the authorities, however, a congenital musk is a fume we could all live without (insert French joke here). If there's a note on the donor's file stating that his fragrance was reminiscent of a decomposing corpse, his "offering" should be bypassed.

Lactose Intolerance: Though there is really no way to predict the presence of the lactase enzyme (or, rather, the lack thereof), lactose intolerant sperm donors should be avoided at all costs purely as a precaution. As a lactase-deficient individual living in Vermont, where dairy is essentially the only food group, I can tell you how truly horrific this malady is; rather than causing even more children to endure the distress we face, we should work on oust-

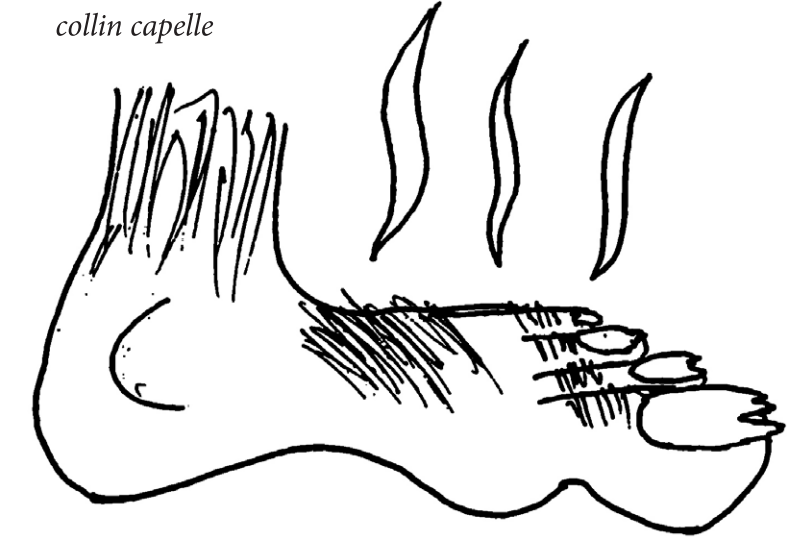
ing it from mankind's genome.

Bad Humor: I firmly believe a good sense of humor is embedded in your DNA. Some people are born blessed. Others are not. Choose the funny guy—if you're gonna be picking and choosing through mystery men's sperm, you might as well ensure your child will be entertaining.

Fiveheads: We've all seen and secretly made fun of that person with the forehead that you could land a helicopter on, so why let this trait perpetuate? I'm sure Tyra Banks would agree that it's simply a hassle and should be ixnayned from humanity.

Ring Fingers: These appendages are necessary for obvious reasons (thank you, Beyoncé), but how's this for a fun fact: *Cosmopolitan* reports that men whose ring finger is longer than their pointer finger tend to be better endowed. Just something to ponder...

Though we've always been told that diversity is the essence of life, being unique is really important and what makes us different makes us special (blah blah blah, you know the drill), there is clearly supposed room for improvement. If prospective parents are going to be haughty enough to exhibit prejudice against donors based on their hair color, how are they not more worried about the unchangeable physical features of their future child? Though some of these body oddities I discussed may seem obscure, there are a plethora of bizarre things the human race can start selecting for or against if we're essentially gearing towards a Build-A-Bear-esque society. Couples given the opportunity to receive donor sperm should be thankful they have the chance to become parents, not discriminatory. Leave the gingers alone. ■



a new season of arrested development: will it make your banana stand?

by shannonward

Ok. By now I'm sure that everyone and their mom has heard that the unjustly cancelled best-show-in-the-entire-world-ever, Arrested Development, is being made into a movie. And they're not only making a movie. Ohhhhhh no. They're making a ten-episode miniseries that will serve as a prelude, cutting out the need for time-wasting exposition in the film.

But I'm sure you already know that, because there are more statuses (statusi?) about this on your Facebook homepage than there are denim cut-offs in a never-nude's closet. (If you don't get this reference then you shouldn't be reading this article).

So far it seems that this announcement of a film and a miniseries in the works has been met with unanimous, almost hysterical approval. Everyone has been eagerly awaiting this since the show's cancellation in 2006, myself included. But after the movie rumors were confirmed on October 2nd, I started to have my doubts. Will this movie be a huge success? Or will the cast and crew of Arrested Development soon be shaking their heads, saying, "I made a huge mistake?"

Arrested Development was a perfect show. It was genius writing, genius casting, genius use of puppets; but, inexplicably, it was cancelled

after only three glorious seasons, a life span that most fans feel was way too short. I disagree. Arrested Development was cut off in its prime. The three seasons are a masterpiece. It never got a chance to decay, as all shows do inevitably, to the point where cancellation becomes an act of mercy. It never "jumped the shark". Though, to be fair, Henry Winkler does jump over a shark in Season Three.

But now, with the promise of a miniseries and a movie on the way, Arrested Development is in danger of jumping the shark, or more appropriately, the flesh-eating seal. The show is picking up five years after the last season ended. What has happened in those five years? Will the cast dynamic be the same? Will the same writer be involved? Will Michael Cera be able to handle this role now that he's lost his baby fat? We don't know. This reboot of the series could forever mar our appreciation of Arrested Development. And though I would love to see what happened to the characters after the end of last season, I'm not sure it's worth the risk.

That being said, I will absolutely watch every single episode of this miniseries and I will be riding my segway to the premier of the movie. Painted blue. Doing a chicken dance. ■

the wt how-to:

how to host an arrested development-themed party

by sarahmoylan

So pumped about AD's return that you wanna throw a party? Here are some tips!

Pick everyone up in a stair car. Don't have easy access to a stair car like the one the Bluths owned? Don't worry! You can build your own by affixing a staircase to a friend's pickup truck!

Freeze bananas. Lots and lots of bananas. In an homage to the Bluth's Frozen Banana stand, freeze some of your favorite yellow fruit and serve it to guests. Bananas are cheap, so don't be afraid to stock up. Bonus points if you build your own stand and line it with \$250,000 in cash, like the Bluths did.

Meekly greet everyone as "hey, brother" in the style of Buster Bluth. You can also try "hey, father-uncle Oscar" or "hey, hermano."

Paint yourself blue, and then touch a lot of stuff. Feeling further inspired by Tobias Funke? Take advantage of your short-lived cerulean state by trying out for the Blue Man Group immediately before the bash. Or, just wear jean cutoffs to the party and admit that you're a "never-nude".

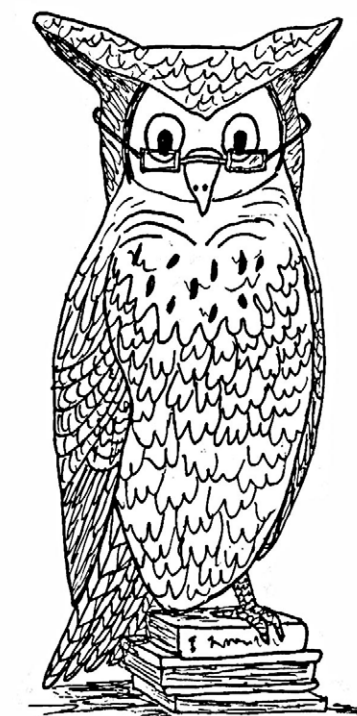
Hire a band! More specifically, find some friends who are willing to do covers of songs from Dr. Funke's 100% Natural Good-Time Family-Band Solution. ■

top 5 ways to stay sane through midterm season

by robintucker

1. You know that packet of paper that your teacher handed out during the first week of school when nothing really happens? Yeah, that was a syllabus (hence syllabus week) and you should look at it. I'm a senior and I still haven't learned. That syllabus has been neatly tucked into my notebook all semester, yet when that tall girl in front of me in class turned around and said, "Have you started studying for the midterm on Friday?" I was little less than a deer in headlights. So, first step to surviving midterms: KNOW WHEN THEY ARE.

2. Now that you know when your midterms are, DON'T FREAK OUT. Don't be that kid who never says anything more than, "OMG, I have so much work to do," "Aaaa I have a test on Monday, a paper due on Wednesday, my midterm portfolio on Thursday..." Constantly listing your tasks and their due dates will only make you more stressed, and your friends will probably start canceling your lunch dates...



brie toomey

3. GO TO BED at a reasonable hour. Who do you think is going to get more work done, the well-rested, moist-eyed student, or the strung-out, hallucinating insomniac?

4. DO WORK. It is often that we set out to the library with a full bag of books and a long To Do list, but it is rare that we return home with our papers written and our flashcards memorized. Do you tend to go to the library, settle in, go to the bathroom, wait in line for a coffee, switch your seat for a plug, chat with your neighbor, have a snack, create a perfect study playlist, write a page and leave? If so, maybe you should just stay home, and DO WORK.

5. Know the difference between having a casual beer and getting drunk on a school night. Casual beer: "Oh hey look, it's eight at night, I've been doing work all day and I think I deserve a little break. I'm going to responsibly have one beer and then get back to work." Getting drunk: Casual beer X 4 = "Oxygen and pineapples...wait, that can't say pineapples, hahahaha pineapples! Guys, I think I'm drunk. Fuck." ■

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-doo? 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,

Alright so I was banging this chick and I was wearing a condom, but, to my surprise, the condom happened to break. I sat back and looked at her in the eyes and told her. "Ok, the condom broke"... she said "really" I said "yes"... then I asked her if she was on the pill. She looked at me and was like "yea..." I instantly tore the condom off of me and got back to business. Did I make the right decision?

Sincerely,
Kelly

Dear Kelly,

That sounds like one hell of a rough night... if you know what I mean. Anyways, back to your question. I would first of like to say, way to ask permission

to continue! In this scenario asking and or fully stopping were surely your best options. Furthermore, the fact that she agreed to continue "getting back to business" makes the results of this night, if there were any, and equal fault for both party. I will tell you however, there is a 5% failure rate of oral contraceptives alone, and failure to protect yourself can leave you as well as your partner with some pretty nasty presents if either party has STI's. So. Moral of the story. Right decision for the moment, bad decision to live your life by. Hope this helped.

Sincerely,
The Cat Lady
P.S. Your story has inspired me to buy another cat! ■

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advertisement

créatif stuffé.



commitment

by laurafrangipane

1. Wife

Started with a stop sign puzzle suspicion
in a truck stop town where nowadays
the phonebook shrinks and the Bible grows.

She will wonder why his lighter is warm again,
why the train chills her bones again,
why She writes letters to the mailbox
of her previous life, buys him razor blades.

2. Sunday Breakfast

She combs her hair in the booth ugly,
it seems sensible, to order her hashbrowns,
to fork over the money
for apple pie, sinks, toilets.

Washing last night off him,
on TV the batter swings and misses,
the can opener slowly pries open.

3. Consequences

He watches from the couch,
a squirrel drops down, knocks over
his paint cans, porch wax.

He plays the radio
South dreams on fiddle,
clenching toothpicks. Its wives
clothespins on the clothes line.

advertisement

uncertainty

by julianvandertak

Is this a dream?
Gone: snapshots of the mind
flow like torrents of a mountain stream,
deep in the abysmal gorge of loves divine.

Is this real life?
Its nectar drips, but really drains
like the xylem flow: a saccharine strife
with Time himself, the aged insane.

Is it well spent?
Some spear corks, some harvest fields
of resolution, short lived but pleasant:
numbing moments we try not to feel.

So who's to blame?
Most just point at other people
to avoid the darkening shame
of ailing mentors and the steeple.

But what comes next?
Check your luggage at the Fall,
where if you've basked in life's rich text
you'll answer true to its final call.

masturbation

by jacoblumbr

Look at the charming wood.
Me there,
beating brown bark over
as a good traveler should.

To see bare limbs
on limb
that rattle in wind
and warrant the wet dew
dripping on chin.

These autumns that purge
and silently stir
the colors and splendors
of winter surrenders
and too often lost summers.

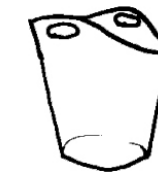
I've studied her humors
half-hollowed the waters,
and raised a few forests
to fickle her honors.

In spare of her absence,
in praise of her earth
I keep traveling alone
along this forested girth.

Bereft of some action
winter's dormant attraction
will leave me

always satisfied
by a walk in the wood.

trash. i want you so bad



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

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

Before I start this poem I want to say that I hope it's worth
your while,
But not to sound corny .. whenever I see you I can't help
but smile.
I was dazing off into space the first time you caught my
eye,
And since I keep seeing you around I thought I would
give it a try.
We sometimes cross paths in the theater after class,
I hope that next time you introduce yourself as you pass.
When I first saw you in the fishbowl with your ice cream
cone,
It was at that moment I knew that we should bone.
I suspect that you weren't expecting that little rhyme,
But boy let me tell you what I want to do to you isn't a
crime.
Don't get me wrong I am innocent and sweet...
But when it comes down to business I bring the heat.
When: Tues/Thur around 12:45
Where: Royall Tyler/around
I saw: A cute boy with a captivating smile
I am: Just trying to get to know you

I can't believe that you don't get to scoop.
Cause I miss you down at Ben & Jerry's,
But I still love to cuddle with my poop
Even though your legs are hairy's!!
When: Pretty much erry Night
Where: N. Willard Apt
I saw: A Sexy Mckee
I am: Your Poopie

I am Dazed and Confuzed
by our Communication Breakdown.
I want give you every inch of my love.
Way down inside,
you know you need me.
I want to wander in your garden,
the seeds of love I'll sow.
Shake for me baby!
I'll be your back door man.
If you like lemonade
just squeeze my lemon baby,
till the juice runs down my leg!
If custard is your thing
Im willing to chew a piece of your
custard pie.
When: Right after that New Yarbirds concert
Where: Floating through the air
I saw: Kath-something
I am: Named by Keith Moon

A midnight stroll through Centennial Field
A sensual moment, the dugout did yield.
First, then Second, We rounded the bases,
Not taking it slow, I touched forbidden places.
Disappointed you spit, not swallow,
But greatful our consitutents did not follow.
When can I see your asymmetrical face again?
When: Sweet Lovin' O'Clock
Where: The Dugout
I saw: an SGA Chair in Tight Pants
I am: an SGA Chair in a Pink T

You catch my eye everyday when I stroll into the Galaxy
Your flowing skirt arouses my falaxy.
Your foxy glasses are totally bitchin'
Girl, you know I've got the code to your kitchen.
I know you're married, and I'm taken too,
But no one has to know girl, and my heart is feelin blue.
Won't you please my student body?
When: erryday
Where: errywhere
I saw: SO MUCH SECRET LOVE
I am: just trying to spread the love

Three damsels in distress,
We got ourselves into a mess.
You stopped by and took a look under our hood,
We paused and sighed...damn you looked good.
Your eyes held us captive,
As you put your positive to our negative.
We're serious, it's not just flattery,
With that you charged our battery.
When: Last Sunday
Where: Parking lot
I saw: A good samaritan on a rainy day
I am: Three girls and a Subaru

you were feeling the need
so i lent you some money for weed
i was being nice enough
so i thought id get a lil puff
but you didn't share
and i really don't care
about the way you've been actin'
Just please give me back my Andrew Jackson
When: 2 weeks ago
Where: near your place
I saw: a dumbass
I am: an empty wallet

I've thought you were great
Ever since freshman year.
I wish so bad to go on a date
But, alas, I have too much fear.
This, of course, would be fine
If I didn't see you all the time.
All I can do is wish you were mine.
Is that really such a crime?
So maybe you should notice me
Sitting just across the room.
For your smile is all I want to see
As it makes my heart go vroom.
When: M, W, F
Where: Terrill 108
I saw: Those perfect, masculine brown eyes
I am: Those longing, feminine blue eyes

you look like andy schleck
I'll take a ride on your trek
IWYSB
When: monday, wednesday, friday i'm in love
Where: chemmy chem
I saw: your beautiful sculpted face
I am: a fixated female

I see you skate around never with fear..
You got swag and rock the Snowboard Team gear..
I want you so bad, I don't know what to do..
Now let's just have a quickie or two..
When: all tha fuckin' time
Where: red stoned
I saw: skater boi
I am: craving you

Your hat is neon
I'd kiss you for an eon
Your name is Nick
I want your dick
You run the table at ruit
Only on Thursdays do you boot
Your girlfriend comes here and there
Id love to see you without underwear
You like tequila with a lime
Please do me from behind
You really like pb and jelly
Id like you to lick my naked belly
Your sweatshirt is electric green
I hope one day to make you scream
When: Anytime
Where: Anywhere
I saw: the light
I am: very tight



the ear

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Wright 2

Girl: Hey, what did you think of that fire alarm this morn-
ing?
Boy: I didn't think it was real life, then I realized it was
real life, so I went out in my underwear.

Loomis St

Girl (getting a massage from a guy): Ooo! ... Your hands
are so soft.
Guy: Yea?
Girl: Do you moisturize your hands?
Guy: Yea... Well... one of them.

Russell Street

Man: Donkey, you have to insert the no-doze in my butt
then.

Troll Hole

Man 1: They make a Weezer Snuggie
Man 2: I have guitar hero undies

Waterman Café

Stoned Guy: Dude I was so high for that quiz. I had to ask
the prof to give me 10 minutes to sober up.
Responsible Guy: Dude why do you do that shit?
Stoned Guy: I dunno dude I was bored. I do like plan
things out though when it comes to like homewo...woah,
my shirt is inside out!

The Back 5

Freshmen Boy: I heard that the Professors here don't eat,
they just sustain themselves off the fear generated in stu-
dents during mid terms

Outside the Marché

Girl talking to friend: I need a chastity belt.

Billings

Girl: It's in the Davis Center
Guy: Where's the Davis Center?

Bailey Howe

Boy 1: I'm gonna bring a condom 'cause this test is gonna
fuck me in the ass
Boy 2: yeah let's put on some lipstick

Class

Girl: These are my sister's shorts
Girl 2: She was pregnant ...
Girl: Not anymore! That was like 3 years ago!
Girl 2: Once pregnant, always pregnant.

Bailey-Howe

Girl (looking at pictures of a man holding up dead beavers):
He looks so happy!
Boy: 'Cause that's the only beaver he's ever going to get
close to in his life...

The Library

Boy: What time is it? Almost MIDNIGHT!?! I'M ABOUT
TO GET NARCOLEPTIC UP IN THIS BITCH!

Central Campus

Person: I was fired from a dildo factory for sitting on the
job.

Pearl St. Bev Corner

Crazed and angry girl: I just want a fat boyfriend who
loves me!

Pearl St

Girl: No, seriously. Just think of how many things
girls have put in their mouths. It's disgusting!

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of Northern New England

fork it over.



“more *buttercream* than you’ve **ever** been faced with in your **life**”
a review of rainbow sweets bakery & café

by megankelley

54.7 miles from UVM, there’s a quaint little place in a seemingly insignificant town, known as Rainbow Sweets Café & Bakery. Housed in a small corner building with an old pink sign out front, it is easy to pass right by if you’re unaware of the sheer amount of chocolate, custard, and absurdity within. Once you’ve experienced the bakery, though, you will be unable to resist driving hundreds of miles to go back.

Rainbow Sweets has everything – chocolate cake, napoleon pastries, almond brittle, tortes, brioches, cheesecakes, and all the quick-witted humor you could ever need to complete your pastry experience. Bill Tecosky, who has owned the bakery with his wife since 1976, has perfected the art of simultaneously exciting, humoring, and terrifying his patrons. The moment customers step through the door, Bill begins bossing them around, ordering them to “listen up” to the menu options, and instructing them as to how they must eat their pastries. Pastry-eaters can’t quite decide whether or not Bill is actually serious, but we figure it’s better to play it safe. If this is what his kind-hearted joking is like, we do *not* want to face his wrath.

“Are you here for lunch?” he commands as my friend Vegetarian Dan and I step in the door. “Well sit down.” He speeds through the menu options as we sit in shock, hesitant to ask him to repeat, frightened of the possibil-

ity of not hearing anything appealing. Vegetarian Dan later admits to me in a whisper, “I was thinking while he was going through those options: ‘if he doesn’t list a vegetarian option, I’m just going to have to eat meat.’” The thought of

“Bill Tecosky, who has owned the bakery with his wife since 1976, has perfected the art of simultaneously exciting, humoring, and terrifying his patrons.”

upsetting the bakery man petrifies us. At the same time, Bill’s quips force us to settle in and seek comradeship in the other equally frightened customers. But we know (or at least we’re pretty sure) he means well. Looking around the shop, the pictures on the walls and the creaky floors make it feel like Bill has invited us all into his personal kitchen. It’s very homey and it’s very Vermont.

At the arrival of food, nothing else matters. Everything

is perfect – the chocolate melts in your mouth, the pastries are delightfully flaky, and the brioche is warm and lovely. A personal favorite of mine is a pastry known as “Johnny Depp on a Plate”, which you’re absolutely forbidden from sharing (sharing, we are warned, leads to pastry envy). It consists of (forgive me for my lack of pastry terms) a nice flat flaky number on the bottom, with some whipped cream, and then two custard puffs covered in caramelized sugar thrust on top. No fork allowed, either.

While I realize that it sounds like this is a bakery that involves a lot of driving and a lot of rules for not a lot of treats, I promise that this is not the case. It may be super out of the way, but come on, why not? It’s worth the drive and it’s right on Route 2, which leads to ... the middle of Maine, but you were due for a moose sighting anyway, right? Embrace the adventure. I must also warn you that it’s a wee bit pricey (a full-sized lunch will cost you about 15 or 20 dollars), but it is totally, unbelievably worth it. Just give it a try. I dare you. All you have to do is get yourself there, and the bakery man will take care of the rest.

Rainbow Sweets Café & Bakery is located in Marshfield Village, Vermont on U.S. Route 2. It’s open M, W, TH, 10-6; Fri and Sat 9-9; Sun 9-3. It’s about a 1 hr 15 minute drive from UVM. ■

fashion five-oh.



unbound boobs a story of liberation

by rachelbennett

When I was younger, I used to be embarrassed when my mom didn’t wear a bra in public. Which was all the time. I didn’t understand how she could feel comfortable with her large, unfortunately sagging breasts jiggling and swaying about in public. What if people were judging? What if a stray nipple decided to take a peek at the wonders of the outside world? But despite my protests and blushing, my mom continued in traditional hippy style to let her tits fly free.

Now that I’m no longer a squirmy pre-teen, I can see where my mom is coming from. Not wearing a bra rules. Without a

“Without a bra you can wear anything you want, such as a **stunning backless dress**, and you don’t have to worry about the straps stamping on your **style.**”

bra constricting your chest, your breasts can dance about wherever they choose and run free into the sunset (alright, that’s a little unrealistic, but you get the point). I’m not the only one who seems to have caught on. Everywhere I go I see girls with their nips poking happily through their shirts or dresses, and you know what? They look great. Without a bra you can wear anything you want, such as a stunning backless dress, and you don’t have to worry about the straps stamping on your style. In many early episodes of *Friends*, Jennifer Aniston rocks the bra-less look, her nipples erect and smiling through her terribly 90s clothing. Despite this, it was her hair and

her humor that stuck with the audience, because after a while a nipple is just one of thousands you will see in your lifetime.

Even if you don’t want to go all the way with your braless-ness, a lot of stores nowadays sell lacy bras as light as air, or cottony bandeaus that hug your breasts just right, wonderful alternatives to padded cups and underwire. “It’s all about the lacy bras,” says Sarah Schu, a big advocate of liberated breasts, “pretty them up, don’t suffocate them!” Wearing a bra with cups is not necessary for

your health and well-being, yet girls grow up without even asking why most women wear bras. It has become a cultural standard, and some women are afraid to dispose of their bras because they don’t want to appear promiscuous, or they are afraid that their boobs will eventually sag without the support. Sadly, saggy breasts are just a part of getting older, so enjoy your tits while they are still perky, and save your uber-supportive bras for when your breast have drooped past your knees.

I do understand that some people like wearing bras. A lot of the time I wear one; it makes me feel sexy, and some days I just want that extra support. I wouldn’t advise taking off your bra before going for a run, or if your boobs are larger than a C cup. But even you beautiful large-breast-

ed women should try it out sometime. “I find bras constricting,” says Julia Dwyer, a sophomore at UVM, “even if you do have the right size and fit. I think especially for people with larger breasts there is a lot of pain that comes from wearing bras, rather

than support.” So ladies, take off your bras, find that dress you know you can pull off with bare boobs, and go about your day. Just let your breasts breathe. ■

style mad libs: bad clothes day

by colbynixon

After raging at _____^(Burlington area location) all night, I woke up late this morning. I was going to be late to _____^(class name)! I had to hustle to get out the door faster than

a(n) _____^(animal). I grabbed the first _____^(article of clothing) I saw. It smelled like _____^(name of restaurant) and stale _____^(food item). Then I threw on a _____^(another article of clothing), which had some questionable stains on it. I almost forgot my _____^(third article of clothing), which would have completely thrown

my day off. Once I got into the daylight I saw that I had put on a _____^(color) sock and a _____^(another color) one, which quite honestly could have been worse. I looked down and saw a _____^(number)-inch tear in my _____^(article of clothing). That must have happened when

I _____^(past tense action verb) over that _____^(object). Or when I _____^(past tense bodily function) next to that tree. Clearly, it had a been a _____^(adjective) night. When I got to _____^(eatery on campus) I reached into my pocket for my wallet, and pulled out a _____^(small object). I was certainly

_____^(emotion)! As I _____^(action verb past tense) to class, I caught my reflection in a window and I have to say, I looked _____^(adjective). Just then it started to _____^(type of precipitation). When I got to class, I looked like someone that had just crawled out of a _____^(generally dirty location). ■

tunes.



a lesson on labels

by jennymudarri

Ever wonder what the deal was with the never-ending list of record labels? Are you lost in a sea of irony and humor (Uninhabitable Mansions? Secretly Canadian? In the Red?) Well, here’s what you need to know about the top-dogs of the rock-label world.

Sub Pop: Let’s start with the biggest and baddest of them all. These guys are the Al Pacino’s of record labels – powerful, prolific, and a little scary (more Godfather, less Gigli...yes, Al Pacino was in this tragedy). They’ve covered the map on big-names in the little-world of ‘indie rock.’ They’re home to dozens of break-out bands with new releases – Blitzen Trapper, Dum Dum Girls, Fleet Foxes, Male Bonding, Washed Out...the list goes on and on.

If you’re craving some quasi-mainstream, heavily produced, but overall decent sounding records, check out Sub Pop for bands that can and will be heard in Urban Outfitters.

Hardly Art: If you thought I was kidding before, prepare to be dazzled. Hardly Art, a funky label with bands for the more adventurous, is actually Sub Pop’s better-looking younger sister. The founder of Sub Pop, Jonathan Poneman, chose to explore his freaky side back in 2007 and start a new label – none other than our savior from the mongrel, Hardly Art. Artists on this label range from the loveable Hunx & His Punx (50s doo-wap nasal-pop) to Le Loup (hypnotic experimental orchestral rock). Hardly Art’s got all the right fix-in’s to make for some tasty tunes.

Take a walk on the creative side, dance around to some garage or anything else that sounds like it cold have been recorded in a dive bar, get in your johnnies and make friends with Hardly Art.

Kill Rock Stars: Now we’re getting down to brass-tacks. Kill Rock Stars has been around for ages – since 1991 – and that means it’s as old as I am, so if you’re not sold by now you should be. Elliott Smith (RIP) was on this label, along with the bodacious beauties otherwise known as Bikini Kill. We’re talking about legends here. Even avant-garde resident-weirdos Xiu Xiu find a comfortable niche on KRS, right next to their experimental cousins, Deerhoof. I’ve only named a few of the killer bands (hardy-har) on this label. but from that sampling you should be able to tell that this label means bi-naz.

Like fine wine or you’re friend’s mom who’s a cougar, Kill Rock Stars only gets better with age. Check it out for all the bands you may have missed in your infantile years.

Matador: Another wonderful label that’s brought us some scrumptious candies this year – Kurt Vile’s *Smoke Ring for My Halo*, Thurston Moore’s *Demolished Thoughts*, Stephen Malkmus & and the Jicks’ *Mirror Traffic* – and even more awesome stuff from yesteryear. Remember Ted Leo & the Pharmacists? I do. What about A.C. Newman? Belle and Sebastian? And dare I say it, Interpol!? Yep, Matador’s got those too. Call me biased, but any label with Pavement, Sonic Youth, and Yo La Tengo is a lover of mine. Wowie Zowie, Matador, you make me swoon.

A label for the decades. Matador knows what to say to make everything alright. Polygamous relationships are welcome. ■

p.p.u.p.p.y.

(pale pump up power playlist yeah!!) by dylanmccarthy



caney demars

Holland 1945 - Neutral Milk Hotel: Fast paced, chilling subject matter, and has been described as “Garage Rock Nirvana” one of the best tracks from the indie rock legends.

Waiting Room - Fugazi: My post-hardcore band of choice, the last 30 seconds really shine here. This is standard head-bang material, and anything worth headbanging to will boil your blood

Gold Star For Robot Boy - Guided By Voices: No one should listen to GBV at the gym, but if you’re going to, this song is your best bet, short, fast, nonsensical, perfect.

Power- Kanye West: No this isn’t a misprint, everyone in the indie rock community loves Kanye, and this is him at his egotistical apex; perfect for improving my—erm-- your self image!

Only Shallow - My Bloody Valentine: These guys are the biggest no name band of the 90’s, abrasive guitars contrast soothing vocals to creature pure awesomeness that relaxes you at some points, and at others tosses you into overdrive.

Serpentine Pad - Pavement: This song will appear out of nowhere in the playlist at a breakneck pace which doesn’t let up for its minute long run time. Be afraid.

Wave of Mutilation - The Pixies: Probably the most agreeable track on here, Kim and Frank’s simple yet crazy lyrics give you something to hum along to for your jog or kick boxing battle.

The National Anthem - Radiohead: Ohhh man I could gush about Radiohead forever, the bass line is consistent and kickass, and at the 2:40 mark things drop into total insanity. A “what the fuck?!” moment is guaranteed.

It’s A Metaphor Fool - Say Anything: The guilty pleasure track, loaded with angst and angry vocals, if you’re on good terms with your ex, you won’t be after this.

Night Society - Silver Jews: The obligatory instrumental, one gritty guitar riff, and pushes you along without ever reaching a point that demands you to go too hard. Perfect for the middle of this, or any playlist.

Silver Rocket - Sonic Youth: Thurston Moore always sings with a sneer, but on this track he actually sounds annoyed with you, prove him wrong, sweat like a champ.

A-Punk - Vampire Weekend: If it’s Tuesday night and one is drunk off of rum and Sunkist, one will tell you that this band’s music makes them want to run 5mph. Ignore them.

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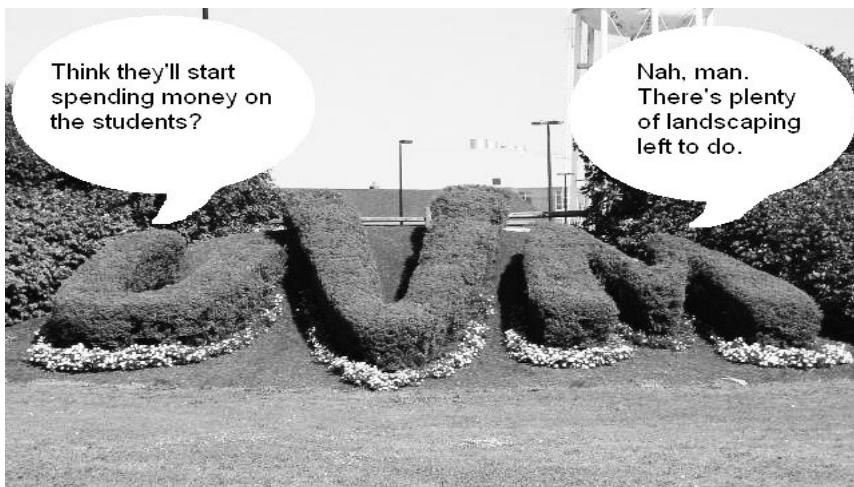


by gregjacobs

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Father Lampert will deliver the lecture on the Catholic Church's understanding of exorcism, demonic activity, and the like. The event, "The Real Exorcist," is open to the public and a Question & Answer session will follow the formal portion of Father's presentation.

Monday, October 17, 2011 8:00 pm
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For more information contact: catholic@uvm.edu

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