



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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a tradition in *transition*:



katherine longfellow

the new media

by gregfrancesc

I love reading the newspaper. Picking up a copy of the *New York Times* before my 9:35 ENG 13 class was more than a ritual, it was a means of survival. Discretely reading the newspaper during class was not only a challenge but also an art for me. Though it was technically an introduction to fiction, the only thing I ever read was non-fiction. By the time 10:25 rolled around, my hands were covered in a layer of smudged ink and the newspaper was carefully tucked into my backpack - to be finished in my next class. Chances are good that I wasn't the only one preoccupied with reading the news. Though instead of newspapers spread out across desks, a quick glance across the room would expose a dozen pairs of eyes transfixed on 2.5 inch Blackberry and iPhone screens.

Over the past 15 years we've seen the disappearance of many of the technologies we have been incredibly familiar with during our young lives. Running the risk of sounding like a nostalgic senior citizen, I remember when I was younger checking the newspaper for movie times. I also remember memorizing all my friends' phone numbers. If a tally existed somewhere, my mom's pager number would have been my most frequently dialed. I also remember how important I felt whenever I got a letter in the mail. I dreaded every time the phrase "I need to run errands" was uttered from my mom's mouth because it meant waiting for what felt like hours in line at the post

office. Now that I mention it, the post office was a miserable place. I remember it smelling like a combination of spit and paper. The walls, floors, lighting, and uniforms worn by the workers were all gray. The McDonalds ball pit it was not.

Over the summer I worked a job where every second crawled slower than a sloth with no legs. In between the 3 hour gaps where I actually had to do work related stuff I would read whatever I could find. Tourist brochures, books about the history of horse racing, business cards - if it had words on it, I read it. One day, though, I came into work and there was a newsstand filled with newspapers. You know that feeling when it rains for three days straight and all of a sudden the sun comes out and the rain stops? That's exactly how I felt. No longer would I have to sit and think of how many new words I could make from the word "hotel."

We sold copies of the *New York Times*, the *Daily News*, *New York Post*, and the local paper my town has. If I wanted to be entertained by headlines such as "They Tried To Send Her to Rehab and She Said, 'NO, NO, NO,'" (the day after Amy Winehouse's suicide) or "Stox go Down, Up, Down Like a Hooker" (self explanatory, no?), I had the *New York Post*. If I wanted a textbook analysis of the reasons why Newark, NJ not only has higher crime and poverty rates than New York City, but also higher heat wave temperatures, I had the *New York Times*.

Sometimes, though, flashy headlines

and an interesting story here and there are not enough. Newspapers like the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Philadelphia Inquirer* have recently filed for bankruptcy. A couple of years ago the *New York Times* threatened to close down the *Boston Globe* (which it currently owns), lease out its brand new Manhattan skyscraper, and sell its stake in the Boston Red Sox. The difficult transitional problems don't stop at newspapers, however. A few weeks ago I read that the US Postal Service was on track to lose almost \$10 billion this year and that many rural communities would end the year without their local post offices. My most recent visit to a post office demonstrates this decline firsthand. Instead of waiting in the seemingly endless line I remembered, I was able to walk right up an eager attendant. The same gray drab dominated the décor, but the distinct smell of saliva and paper was gone. Borders, as anyone who has recently been on Church Street knows, went out of business. Could this be a harbinger of the future of bookselling? Even the existence of the good ol' reliable landline is endangered. Under the (mostly accurate) assumption that everyone owns a cell phone, UVM has ditched land lines in dorms and payphones are harder to come by on campus than seats in Bailey-Howe during finals week.

When Steve Jobs died the world knew about it right away. When Amy Winehouse committed suicide I didn't have to wait for the risqué headline in the *New York Post*

... read the rest on page 4

who's on top? the new england rivalry

by sarahperda

As I arrived in McAuley Circle on freshman year move in day I knew I was going to love this school—though my overprotective father was slightly less beguiled than I was, watching the football team use their chiseled, muscly arms to tote all of my belongings up to my room was the greatest way to kick off my college career. My heart fluttered as three athletic gods swaggered over to my overstuffed vehicle, however my excitement quickly morphed into humiliation. The first thing these beautiful men said to me was, "You're from Connecticut, aren't you?" As I stood there silent and pallid, begging my subpar social skills to pull through just this once, they simply laughed and took my taciturnity as conformation and said, "We can always spot Connecticut girls, they always pack the most stuff." Needless to say, I was more than a little taken aback by their effrontery. I am not usually one to hold my tongue, however, forcing them to carry up two colossal buckets of my shoes amongst my surplus of other belongings seemed punishment enough for their attitude, so I kept quiet.

Though that was my first encounter with hostility towards Nutmeggers, it was certainly not my last. In my experience, 96% of this school is from New England, more specifically Connecticut, Massachusetts or New York (which I understand is not technically New England, but since they share our attitude problem and impatience they may as well be) yet, for some ungodly reason, there is an unbelievable amount of tension between the residents of each. The Bay Staters constantly complain about Connecticut's inability to drive (oh, the irony); Nutmeggers can't stand when New Yorkers all think they're from the city (even when they can practically claim residency in Canada); New Yorkers hate when the Mass kids try to convince the world that the Red Sox really are just as good as the Yankees (for the record, I have no feelings on this particular brawl, so please don't send me hate mail). All of this hostility viciously cycles and has lead me to wonder one thing—why does this exist, and is it unique to neurotic New Englanders?

Up until I arrived at UVM I always thought of New England as one entity

... read the rest on page 5

get
inside
me:

who the fuck is herman
cain?
by bendonovan

moustaches of glory
by jamiebeckett

cavatappi
by dansuder

getting feist-y
by sarahmoylan

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear Rachel Bennett,
Hell yea girl. You're article about Unbound Boobs rocks. You beautifully articulate yourself regarding a subject that is not often spoken about. The point of a bra is to provide support and love. But for small breasted girls, support is not needed and in a sense, the bra becomes an oppressive contraption. A lot of girls do not stop and ask, "why am I even wearing this thing?". They assume it is just "normal" and are self conscious to go against the grain. "What if my nipples show?" they ask. So what? Everyone has nipples!
For a while now I have been going bra-less and it is one of the best decisions I have made. Not only is it freeing, but it is sexy and natural. As an advocate of being yourself, doing your own thang and unleashing them-ta-tas, my friends and I designed a sticker a few weeks ago. Coincidentally Rachel, our sticker reads, "Liberate Your Nipples". So as you can imagine, I was thrilled to see you use similar language in your article titled, "Unbound Boobs: A Story of Liberation". Power to you and to all the people who have chosen to be proud of their god-given nips.

Greetings UVM Student Body!
We from the Board of Trustees, in a last effort to save our asses, would love to remind you of the progress we've made in listening to and satisfying your needs. Aside from smaller classes, better paid professors, and less bureaucratic muck, what's the one thing you all have asked for over the years? Yes! A paved walkway connecting the back of Morrill Hall to the entrance to the Bailey-Howe Library! For years you all have showed us a level of patience and resilience we forgot had existed at the University. For years we've watched you wear away the grass as you took the shortcut from the top of the Davis Center to Library. For years, we've tried to replant grass there, only for it to be trampled repeatedly - a sure indication to us that this is a fight we'd long lost. Well, students of this wonderful University, we, at the Board of Trustees, are happy to present you with your wish!

Sincerely, and with your best interests in our hearts,
The University of Vermont Board of Trustees

Sincerely,
Hanna Link



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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barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



cynic critic, noun.

A UVMer who makes annoying, pompous statements that piss people off.

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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.**

new developments in uganda

by jamesaglio

Beginning last Wednesday, in a move supported by various members of both major parties, President Obama has deployed around one hundred US troops Uganda to target Joseph Kony and the other leaders of the Lord's Resistance Army. The President has stated that the troops will provide support to regional troops already attempting to assassinate the leaders and will not engage the enemy unless attacked.

The Lord's Resistance Army is a military and religious group that has been active in Uganda since the eighties. They are known for their terrorist tactics where they target individual communities, looting, abducting children, and raping women as they go. It is estimated that they have killed over two thousand civilians since 2008 and have abducted more than three thou-

"the media generally portrays the LRA as a sort of ragtag militant group, but global security experts say that it is much more dangerous than that"

sand others. The media generally portrays the LRA as a sort of ragtag militant group, but global security experts say that it is much more dangerous than that, as many of its leaders have years of military experience. Additionally, its main leader, Joseph Kony, claims to be a prophet with supernatural abilities, making it difficult for subordinates to disobey orders. The claimed New World Order-type goal of the group is to establish a democracy based upon the Ten Commandments, but mostly they just roam through the jungle killing people. Furthermore, International Criminal Court Chief Prosecutor Luis Moreno-Campo has claimed that most of the LRA are involuntary troops that were abducted as children. The ICC has issued warrants for the arrest of five of the main leaders. Furthermore, in December more than thirty groups from the area affected by the LRA wrote a letter to President Obama explicitly asking for assistance and the Human Rights Watch sent him a formal request for intervention in May. This more or less leads us to the present.

The troops are being deployed in line with the Lord's Resistance Army Disarmament and Northern Uganda Recovery Act, which was passed in 2010. The act establishes the imperative of the US government to seize or kill Joseph Kony and to end his movement. The United States has actually been involved in quelling the group for years, providing logistical support, training, and supplies to the anti-LRA governments. Because of this, the deployment of troops there is less of an instigation and more of an escalation. And the one hundred troops hardly compare to the thousand that are already camped out throughout sub-Saharan Africa on a variety of missions. Further, they are mostly Special Forces units assigned to a very specific goal, so it is likely that this does not represent a major commitment for the US of the future. Even so, the elimination of Kony and the LRA would herald a new age for Uganda and much of central Africa, so the situation deserves attention. ■

the shit list

by julietcritsimilios

H.R. 358- also known as the "Let Women Die" bill, the proposed statute lets hospitals legally opt out of administering abortions even if the woman needs one because she is dying. Are the Republicans playing a joke on us?! Are they trying to come up with more and more bonkers bills against women's reproductive rights to see who comes up with the craziest idea? Those silly upper white class males with no uterus! So silly!

People that take the bus one stop- Hey all you able bodied people that take the bus one stop aka barely one block: there are large epidemics in our country called obesity, heart disease, and depression. You know what makes these diseases less likely to affect you? Exercise.

Midterms Week: Wah? It's mid-October? Wah? Exams?? What are you saying!?

National Boss Day-October 16th was the day to honor your boss! But since many Americans have shitty bosses or don't have jobs at all, I vote that we dedicate this day to The Boss, and play Bruce Springsteen, and wear blue jeans and love America.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"Thanks be to God, four months have passed and here I am, all in one piece and on my feet."

-Cancer-addled Venezuelan President **Hugo Chavez** speaking on his recent recovery thanks, in large part, to excellent Cuban healthcare. It pays to have friends in high places.

"We know that she's special, we know that her brain had absolutely no signs of Alzheimer's."

-**Dr. Henne Holstege**, on a recent scientific advancement wherein a woman who lived to be 115 years old had her genome sequenced. Scientists think that people who live to be extremely old might have some kind of genetic anomaly that protects them from degenerative conditions like Alzheimer's. Research on this woman may save many lives, etc. Gotta love science.

"I have authorised a small number of combat-equipped US forces to deploy to central Africa."

-**Barack Obama**, explaining that he's actually doing something useful with his time by sending 100 American troops to Uganda to kill the last of the Lord's Resistance Army (LRA). The LRA is the group who chops people's limbs off because apparently God wants them too. I'm glad we're being humanitarians for once.

"I reject power and I will continue to reject it."

-Yemeni President **Abdullah Ali Saleh**. I know, I used this quote last week, too. The reason is that I predicted that President Saleh would not step down, but instead continue his repressive reign. I was right. On Saturday, very sadly, Yemeni security forces opened fire on a peaceful protests killing 12 people and wounding almost 80. Nice job rejecting power, Saleh.

the bull stops here

by juliendarmoni

Matadors in Barcelona have killed their final bulls it seems, as the age old custom of bullfighting officially died last month at the hands of the Catalanian Parliament. While the ban goes into effect January 1st, the final show of the season was held on September 25th, where it was attended by approximately 20,000 Barcelonians in the famous Monumental arena.

Despite bullfighting's flagging popularity, the tradition's noosing was a controversial decision for many who still feel a close cultural connection to ritually slaughtering oxen. The Spanish hallmark was terminated last July when the Catalanian gov-

ernment decided the violent nature of the event was anachronistic with the nation's modern image. Government action was initially prompted by a petition signed by 180,000 Catalonians, who elected that the bullfighting tradition should go the way of their nations oxen- stabbed in the heart with a ritual killing blade and promptly obliterated from this earth.

The vote, however, was far from unanimous. Though animal rights activists have gained significant momentum in recent years, many still support the ancient practice, including Catalanian bullfighter Serafin Marin, who said "I feel bad about it, sad-

who the fuck is herman cain?

by bendonovan

These are very, very strange times. Anybody looking to squeeze any sort of rhyme or reason out of the race for the Republican nomination for President ought to understand from the get-go that they're engaged in a fool's errand. If you're looking for an underlying strain of internal logic that might make sense of this political Picasso painting, I'd advise you to quit it right god-damn now; all it's going to do is give you a headache.

That little bit of wisdom should need no further evidence than the fact that in a race between one former Speaker of the House, two members of Congress, a former Senator, and four Governors (one of whom was also Ambassador to China), the current front-runner is Herman Cain, the former CEO of Godfather's Pizza with no experience in government.

Two months ago, the mention of Mr. Cain's name might have elicited a smirk and a chuckle from those who paid close attention to politics, and a question of "who?" from everybody else. Now, several debates and a book tour later, he's polling four points ahead of the second-place candidate, Mitt Romney, and projected to keep rising. He won the Florida straw poll several weeks ago by a landslide. Despite no major endorsements and a serious dearth of campaign cash, the Cain Train rolls on, becoming a force to be reckoned with in this race. Sweet Jesus, what in the fuck is going on?

Part of the story is the utter unpalatability of literally everyone else in the race. GOP voters seemed briefly interested in Michele Bachmann, but the combination of her homeless-lady stare and a series of public gaffes turned people off early on. Rick Perry enjoyed a short stint as front-runner, which came to an end largely due to his inability to string a coherent sentence together in the Youtube debate and a family hunting camp called "Niggerhead." Ron Paul is too crazy even for most Republicans, John Huntsman is too reasonable, and Mitt Romney, despite his attempts to paint himself as the consensus candidate, still struggles to make himself likeable to anybody who isn't immediately related to him.

The other part of the story is Herman Cain himself. Born to a lower-middle-class black family in the Jim Crow South, Cain's is the quintessential American success story. His parents, former sharecroppers, worked hard to buy a house and send Herman and his brother Thurman to college. After graduating from Morehouse College in 1967, Cain received a Master's Degree in Computer Science from Purdue and went on to pursue a successful career in business, eventually becoming CEO of Godfather's Pizza and Chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City.

They take away all your past and part of your future." For Marin, and for countless others who take pride in one of their nations longest running traditions, the loss is a particularly poignant one. Nevertheless, in what must have been a tense political showdown, 68 out of 135 Catalanian parliamentarians ultimately voted to kill the tradition, at which point it fell to the floor and died through a combination of blood loss and suffocation.

Barcelona is not the first Spanish region to prohibit bullfighting. Canary Islands outlawed the practice in 1991, though

He's a fantastic public speaker, addressing rapt audiences on the campaign trail who hang on his every word. His voice has the cadence of a black preacher, and he uses warm, folksy, down-home language that clearly appeals to people ("I was po' before I was poor," he remarked at last week's Bloomberg debate). The guy's clearly got skills.

In the area of real, substantive policy proposals, he's got a lot less to brag about. Cain is currently best known for his "9-9-9" tax plan, which would set personal and corporate income taxes at 9% across the board and institute a 9% national sales tax. Despite the fact that every serious analysis

"sweet jesus, what in the fuck is going on?"

shows that the plan would considerably reduce government revenues and shift the tax burden away heavily towards the poor and middle class—and the fact that the number nine appears to have been arrived at more or less arbitrarily—Cain's gimmick of repeating "9-9-9" over and over again has everybody talking. I even heard him say it in a dream the other night, which means he's doing a hell of a job marketing this thing (and that I clearly need to be drinking more if I'm going to watch these debates).

Beyond that, Cain doesn't have much to say about, well, anything. Or at least not much that makes sense. Global warming is "poppycock." He's worried that America will become the "United States of Europe." Green energy is "a joke." Muslims will have no place in his administration. Acts of Congress should be limited to three pages. He summed up his foreign policy by announcing that, "When they ask me who's the President of Ubeki-beki-bekistan-stan-whatever, I'm gonna say 'I don't know'" (yes, that's a direct quote).

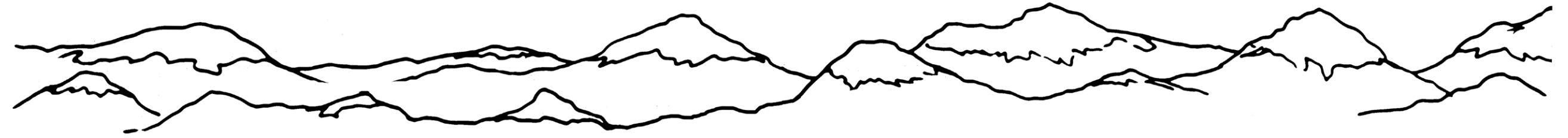
The Cain Train rolls on. How far it will continue to roll is anybody's guess. Cain could very well burn out, as so many equally absurd Republican dark horse candidates have (anybody remember Fred Thompson?). But one way or the other, he certainly can't be discounted. The Cain campaign—unusual, illogical, and plain goddamn goofy as it is—is a force to be reckoned with.

Maybe he's a momentary flash in the pan, in which case we'll look back at this whole farce as a particularly weird couple of weeks. Or perhaps we're witnessing something different here; maybe we're watching the culmination of a movement of people so fed up with anything that looks even vaguely like the government that has so plainly failed them that they're willing to try anything—literally, anything!—as long as it's different. Maybe Herman Cain represents a real, honest-to-God paradigm shift.

Sweet Merciful Jesus, did I just use "Herman Cain" and "paradigm shift" in the same sentence? Good God, I need a drink. I don't hate myself enough for this. ■

his fights had never been as popular as in Barcelona, and when the practice there was outlawed they had not hosted a bullfight in seven years. But for Barcelonians, who stage 15 fights a year, the loss is more significant. That's why fans of the tradition have initiated their own counter petition, hoping to get 500,000 signatures in favor of relabeling the tradition as an artistic discipline, like tennis, or dog fighting. They hope that if so accomplished, they can save bullfighting from the political gallows. ■

reflections.



NEW MEDIA -cont. from pg 1

to tell me. When I couldn't watch a Red Sox game because I was in the library studying for an exam, I was still able to follow it pitch-by-pitch on ESPN's website. When I needed to send a message to a friend abroad I didn't have to legibly write on a piece of paper, find a stamp, find a mailbox or get to the post office before it closes, and have my friend wait for a week for the letter to arrive, and for her to repeat the process on her side. Instead, I sat at my computer and wrote an email, hit send, and had a response in less than 24 hours. Now that's convenience.

My roommate and I decided that because we both really enjoy reading the *New York Times* regularly, we'd dish out the around \$50 per month cost of getting the Times delivered to our home every morning. In addition to the

daily paper, we got unlimited access to the *Times'* website. Great! Just like our parents' generation, before we even left our house, we hoped, "all the news that's fit to print" would be fresh in our brains.

As time went on, however, the novelty began to wear off. More often than not we'd wake up an hour before our class and take the paper out of the bag and just leave it there. And when we did get around to reading articles, we'd just do it online. I decided one day, as the unread paper sat at my feet and as I skimmed through the sports, editorial, and international sections on the website, that in the time it'd take me to unfold the paper and find each section that I wanted, I could actually consume a lot of news. After a few weeks, we decided to cut our subscription back to just the

weekends. On the bright side, we thought, we'd still get unlimited access to the online edition.

But now you're thinking to yourself, "Why am I reading about the demise of newspapers on the front page of a newspaper?" Would **the water tower** be the same if it were an online newsmag? Would Monday be the same if you could, instead of finding a **wt.** paper stand, just go to a website and get the same content whenever you want? We all know the answer to this - no.

We sit in front of a screen for the majority of our college lives. What's more refreshing than picking up a paper, holding it like a newborn child, and embracing every word on every page until your hands are covered in a layer of smudged ink? ■

consumerism for a cause? don't buy into it.

by laurafrangipane

October is here and with it my jaw grinds slowly. I'm not sure when this all started, maybe sometime when Lance Armstrong got sick and his Livestrong campaign showed my high school classroom with yellow bracelets in 2004. I realize it's October again when I go to turn on the game Sunday and my football players are, yet again, wearing pink as they gleefully crack skulls. I am greeted, cheerfully, by emails touting that October is not only breast cancer awareness month, but domestic violence awareness month, and disability awareness month. While these causes, especially this month, hit close to home - I am the daughter of a mother who died from breast cancer and am an ACCESS office user myself

- I can't help but feel apathetic, worn out, and dare I say it, uncharitable.

Each October companies roll out their everyday products in their pink sparkly glory. I can buy a pink water bottle, hat and shoes, all claiming to donate 5% of proceeds to breast cancer research, at Walmart. I don't know where my money goes; that's one problem. There aren't any watch dogs. No one to make sure my dollar is actually making it towards Susan G. Komen or its sister companies. Any one can dye something pink and claim it supports a charity.

And what about the money that doesn't go towards the cause? Rarely does the full price of the item go toward the charity. Most goes towards the usually for profit company. Are we okay with the fact that

several large companies are profiting off "the cure"?

I don't understand why the problems of America must be solved with consumerism. Kid has Autism? Buy a puzzle ribbon for your car. Sister struggling with self harm? Buy a t-shirt touting "To Write Love on Her Arms." It's as if we can buy the problem itself away from our loved ones. It is time for us to accept that throwing money at a problem, as a passive consumer, will do nothing but fuel corporate greed and increase the profits of the big companies who are behind these "charitable" motions. I am not a better person for simply being able

to afford the magnet ribbon on my car; the better person is the volunteer who runs the 5K for the cure, who donates directly to the research foundation.

A capitalistic society forces non-profits to compete for resources and to adopt a model that is counterproductive to its goals. When the marketing team of a well intentioned non-profit spends donation money figuring out if I am likely to buy New Balance's line of pink gear, it simply exploits the women and men who are sick. Are we doing to cancer what was done to love by Hallmark? ■

the joys of working in... an ice cream store

by julietcritsimilios

After you graduate, apparently you 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.

Back when Coldstone Creamery was cool (slash existed?), I was hip to the jive and worked there. I was totally the envy of all my high-school cohorts, especially those insatiable 14-year olds who would either be seeking to quell their appetites for food or for sex. Ice cream seemed to satisfy both cravings.

I wanted to start work as early as a legally could, so I retrieved working papers and applied to Coldstone. I figured since I liked ice cream and I liked people and I liked FUN, that this would be the best job for me.

Wrong. Remember my friends? I would ask what size they wanted: "like it," "love it" or "gotta have it" (I have no idea what has happened to Small, Medium and Large), and they would never get anything. Instead, they would ask for a million free samples, and then put pennies in the tip jar. For those of you not accustomed to Coldstone, every penny is a tip, every tip is a song. We had to merrily sing along to a Coldstone-themed jingle for every tip we got. It was embarrassing and terrible.

More terrible was the disgusting crap people put in their ice cream. Gummy bears mixed with heath bars all mushed together with some brownie bits in mint chocolate chip and bubble gum ice cream with some pineapples on top was enough to make my vomit the last topping on the cone. The worst part was that they watch you throw all these goodies on to a huge slab of cold marble (sorry, a Cold Stone) and mash it all together. If you don't mash

enough, they see it. If you mash too much, they see it. And by golly if you mash the wrong way well you are dealing with one unpleasant customer.

My theory became this: people either got ice cream because they were really, really happy or really, really pissed off. On a nice pleasant day you say to yourself "Hey, self! It's great out. I'm going to get an ice cream and eat it all up!" Those customers were great to serve. But then, there's those who say "Life is so sucky right now so I'm going to go get an ice cream and be a total

ass until I eat it all and fill some sort of emotional void." Those people were awful and sometimes terrifying.

It wasn't all bad. My forearms got seriously strong after all that scooping and mashing and plopping. I learned how to make some cool cakes, which makes me seem fancy when I go to parties. On the whole, I learned to have patience amidst people's ill decisions, which I feel is a transferable skill I can bring to any job. I also learned how to cater to people who were literally watching my every move in the making of their final product. Granted, they were mostly all toddlers squawking about not enough sprinkles, but I feel like CEOs are probably the same way about zeros at the ends of their pay checks. The best part by far was that it made me hate Coldstone, and ice cream in general. Since my last day of work there I have never eaten at a Coldstone Creamery again. I still am very impartial to ice cream, though I'll have one on a nice summer day or when I'm feeling emotionally unstable. My abs, I'm sure, are the largest beneficiary, being kept svelte since after working there I never "gotta have it." ■

STATES -cont. from page 1

united under our love of fall foliage and hatred of New Jersey, but evidently there are distinct divisions between the states. While here it is most apparent between the three aforementioned states, namely because we are neither subtle nor sensitive people, there is likely a similar rivalry between the other regions. In my mind, New England is divided into two sections: the nice friendly region (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont) and asshole territory (Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York). The friendly section has its quirks but is generally accepting of people from all states; these are the New Englanders that aren't counted as such, simply because they're naturally pleasant people. The rest of us, however, account for the reason New Englanders are stereotyped as abrupt, impatient, stuck-up, White Anglo-Saxon Protestants (thank you, internet chat rooms, for your kind words).

Pride for your home state instills a sense of loyalty within you, thus when anybody shits on your stomping grounds your instinct is to lash out and shit right back on

theirs. While this can create a friendly rivalry or battle of the wits, it can also create all out war. For example, I have constantly been told I should be ashamed to yield from "Newyorkachusetts" because we have no professional sports teams. I kindly point out that while the lugnuts in the states surrounding us are busy getting concussed by baseballs and footballs being launched into crowds, Connecticut is more concerned with things like furthering education with our plethora of prep schools. This is often rebutted with the "all people in Connecticut do is waste their money" argument, which is generally attacked with the "don't hate what you can't imitate" quip which, as I'm sure you can imagine, never ends with exchanging pleasantries. See? War.

Why does this hostility exist? What merits it? Nothing merits it, and it shouldn't exist; it stems from mankind's inherent alpha-(fe)male tendencies. All of the states think they're better than the others, but it's the stereotypical New Englander attitude that makes this particular power struggle so catty. How can it be solved? Honestly, I don't think it can. You will never be able to convince someone from Connecticut that they're not better than you because they belong to a country club any more than you can convince someone from Massachusetts that they simply do not live 20 minutes outside of Boston when they're from the western side of the state, or than you can convince a New Yorker that they aren't constantly moving and speaking at the speed of light.

While our home-state pride constantly grinds each other's gears, it is also what makes for interesting conversation. Without this banter between the states, UVM would cease to be the motley crew of students we are famous to be, and wouldn't that be a shame? ■



melissa spiegel

go green with style



lauryn schrom

by phoebebooks

Handkerchiefs

With the cold season coming into full swing in chilly Burlington, we're all looking for convenient places to expel our germs. To avoid wasting costly Kleenex, look no further than the grateful dead bandana on your forehead, my friend. I recommend green and gold to best disguise your snout while simultaneously showing off your catamount pride. Blowing your boogies into a handkerchief really doesn't get any more vintage. Try a top hat or monocle to complete the look!

Glitter incense

Put the aerosol can of "Petals & Pure" Febreze back on the shelf. Head over to the Bern Gallery and pick up some "fairy dust" incense complete with glitter adhered to the stem. If Ke\$ha went to UVM, she would burn glitter incense to make her dorm room smell hotter and more dangerous than yours. Don't tell the RA, but this place about to blow.

4 Mason Jars

They're being refilled everywhere from Brennan's to keggars and they're a thou-

sand times cooler than plastic bottles. Lids are optional. Just be careful because they are made of glass and can break. Not recommended for drinking games.

Cleaning your pong balls in the washing machine

Yes, the familiar sound of a pong ball hitting a tile floor is now commonplace in the laundry room. Simply throw your balls in with your whites and voilà—you've killed two birds and whole lot of germs with one stone. Or at least I think this is what was going on when I saw a pong ball fall out of a dude's dryer last Sunday...

Ice cream cones

Do you want your kids sized Schweddy Balls in a cup or cone? To stay green, just like your answer to paper or plastic should always be "I brought my own bag fool", your answer to cup or cone should always be cone. Ice cream cones are the ORIGINAL compostable to-go containers. And although many people have told me you can eat the compostable cups in the Marche, I'd rather not. ■

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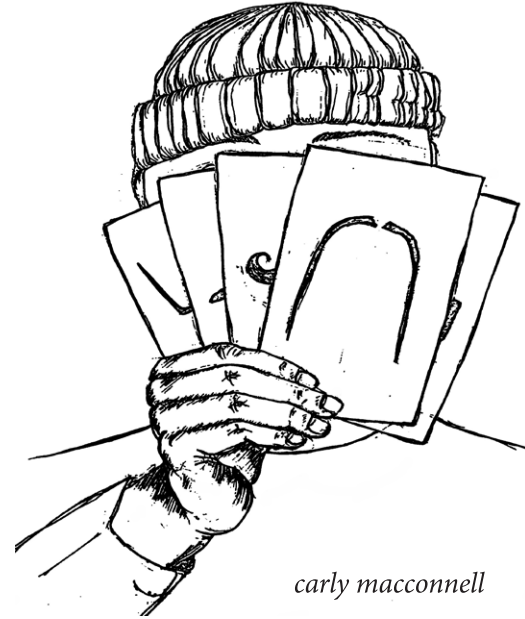
moustaches of glory: the top five facial hair formations of all time

by jamiebeckett

Have you always wanted to grow a moustache but never knew what style to grow? Well, this article is for you. Below is a list of the top five moustaches of all time and reasons for growing them. The list varies in the amount of maintenance and facial hair required. Below is the list of the steeziest staches known to man.

5. The distressed adolescent. Also known as the facial hair of a person just entering puberty. Don't be shy and shave this baby for it's the hair you got! Flaunt those thin wispy hairs as they slowly accumulate of your upper lip providing an awkward shadow. Also, for the ladies out there, nothing gets a man going more than women with more facial hair than his own.

4. The Hitler 'stache. The moustache style that has forever been immortalized by Adolf Hitler has many negative connotations in today's society. It seems that it is no longer a viable option for men without offending almost everyone. However, I look past that and can admire this well-manicured moustache. It takes a respectable man like Charlie Chaplin to take the time to groom and maintain this tedious 'stache. This is great for any man who wants to grow professional and clean facial hair.



carly macconnell

1. The Salvador Dali. This is one of the most eccentric and outgoing facial hair styles out there. These narrow moustaches with long points that are bent steeply upward create an aura of mystique. This 'stache is perfect for anyone who wants to look bat shit crazy and never have anything you say taken seriously, ever. ■

3. Samuel L. Jackson's moustache in Pulp Fiction. This bold style is for any man who wants to establish that he is one bad ass mother fucker. The patchiness of this style is intentional, as it brings together the wisdom of the mutton chop and the might of the moustache. One might be mistaken into believing that to have this moustache you need to be in the mob and packin' 22's. Yet anyone who can successfully grow this stache will make more than one person say "What?"

2. The Fu Manchu. Anyone who can grow faint facial hair can grow this moustache, and should! The narrow style of the Fu Manchu keeps maintenance low and awesomeness high. Wisdom emanates from a fully developed Fu Manchu. If you are looking to be mistaken for Confucius, then this is the moustache for you.

dubstep: a beginner's experience

by benbraunstein

Dubstep. Anyone who's anyone knows of it. A type of electronic dance music characterized by its heavy "womp womp womp" bass lines. It's the new musical phenomenon that is making teenagers across the country act like drunken idiots.

When deciding to write a commentary on this new sub-genre and the culture that goes along with it, I realized that in order to fully understand this phenomenon, I must go to one of these shows in person. But little did I realize that, like Marlow, I was venturing far into the Congo, into a world so foreign that I could never begin to understand it.

I walk into the venue, flannel on over a black Mastodon t-shirt. I settle into the back of the crowd, observant. Immediately I stop and sniff the air, for I catch the unmistakable scent of blatantly drunk girls. The overpowering odor is tough to describe, but imagine it as a mix of perfume, sweat, and vodka. Most of the guys in the crowd have on a baseball cap, many of them backwards - the sign of a bro. I can't say that I'm surprised that there are so many of them here. On stage, the DJ sways side-to-side across his three-turntable set-up, but doesn't seem to be doing much else. The drunken night ritual begins, as the girls begin to grind. It's almost like watching an Animal Channel special on the mating rituals of the lion kingdom. The female, drunkenly stumbling, looks behind her shoulder and catches a glimpse of a sexually enticing male. She slides backward, sliding her posterior against the male's crotch. Some are really into it, in fact, so close they can sniff each others' necks, before the female leads the grinning male out of the crowd. At one point, I actually sense a girl trying to grind on me, but then I realize it's just some drunk asshole who doesn't know where the fuck he is.

While I am typing notes on my phone, two of my friends from down the hall see me and run up. They are completely hampered. I begin to feel quite envious, as my revelation of the night begins to form: being wasted is a requirement of going to a dubstep show. Unless you're already a legitimate fan of the music, being sober at one of these shows is a total buzzkill.

As for the music, I'd be lying if I didn't say that the bass drops weren't giving my chest a major orgasm. Like the breakdown in hardcore and metal, the bass drop causes everyone to go completely mad aphabet (me included, I'm sad to say). As the night wears on, though, the bass drops become tasteless and predictable, the beats way too generic. It is at this point I realize that I was high in the beginning - the music was so bad that I didn't even realize it! Even so, I have to realize that music in itself is purely objective, and so I won't go out of my way to criticize dubstep for its mindless computer beats devoid of all passion and emotion, because, well, that's just, like, my opinion, man.

Even if the music is fucking annoying, I'm quite jealous of the crowd. Everyone - including the girl from the audience drunkenly dancing on stage for over 20 minutes - seems to be having the time of their life. Still, I would be surprised to find that there are actually legitimate, devoted fans of this music, as I'm quite convinced that people only go to these shows to get fucked up.

Walking out of Higher Ground at 1 am, one of my female friends blabbers, "I just made out with a random guy I don't even know, and it was AWESOME!" It is at this point I come to my conclusion that socially awkward metalheads like myself shouldn't go to raves - it's a whole different world out there. ■

6

peepers in the leaves

by dereklowe

It is happening. We are fast approaching the time of the year when cheery out of state visitors come to our little old Vermont and reminisce on how Nature used to be before they sodomized her with Industry. Being a Vermont kid, I suppose that I have always taken trees for granted. My interaction with trees has only been to the extent of drilling sugaring holes in them every spring (and name one thing in life that truly enjoys being drilled). In fact, growing up, I would periodically have an irrational hatred for trees. I would see a tree right outside my window, acting all natural and shit. I'd be like, "Fuck d'you want Tree?" I'd kick the tree, call it names, and put signs on its trunk saying "Beavers, Lumberjacks, and other means of deforestation welcome." I would tell the tree's parents when it was out late drinking, slash the tires of the tree's car, and pee on the tree's roots. It wasn't until the trees started talking back to me that my parents decided to get me a therapist.

At any rate, I have never felt about trees the same way that our bustling leaf peepers do. Believe it or not, these people actually have an "unhealthy relationship" towards trees. The following is a list of our popular peepers, and how they act when they come to see the millions

of leaves die slow, agonizing, colorful deaths.

Pennsylvanians: This is an awkward one, for in nowhere in the U.S. will you find more Amish people than in Pennsylvania. Even so, don't be surprised to see a few cheesesteak eaters or horse and buggy drivers out and about.

Connecticuters: Almost certainly rich, or have at least played enough tennis and/or golf to make an innocent bystander honestly believe them to be rich. Their opinion of being out in Nature and seeing the trees is watching Dane Cook on their van's mini-tv as they drive up to Vermont and live for a week at the Sheraton.

Massholes: They aggressively love Nature. So much so that in order to see the "best" trees, they will fucking run your ass over. Watch out.

New Jersians: Not really into the whole tree scene, they're just looking for the closest beach and/or bar fight.

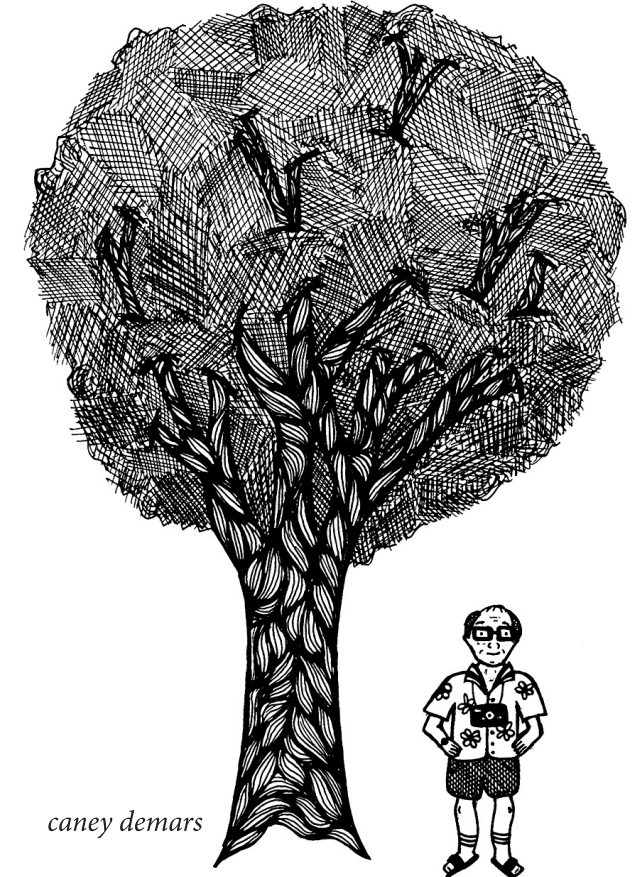
Marylanders: Relatively nice people. You may think that they are just here to see the trees and then be on their way. You may even develop an acceptance for them. Then they will ask for Aunt Jemima on their pancakes and the next thing you know you'll black out and end up doing 25-life in a cell with a guy named "Joan".

New Hampshire(ers): Seriously, why are they here?

New Yorkers: They don't give a fuck about the trees. They just want to make sure that you know what their opinions are on things.

I'm sure that at this point, dear reader, you are thinking to yourself, "God, I hate leaf peepers." Or for our modern viewing audience who would otherwise submit inflammatory letters to the editors of **the water tower**, a more politically correct "To whomever it may concern, be it God, Buddha, or that Asian guy from the *Hangover*, I hate leaf peepers." I would advise you against such blatant and seemingly misplaced anger. Now I understand that I have probably upset you in saying this. Perhaps not to the degree that Burt Reynolds was upset in the film *Deliverance*, but more like to the degree that Burt Reynolds was upset in *Gator*. You are most likely doing your best Chris Brown impersonation, complaining rather fiercely and saying something along the lines of "Why should we listen to you on matters of the heart, Derek Lowe, with your tree-phobia, glowing blue eyes, beautiful golden hair, and willingness to hold one's hand?" And I will say this:

We can hate the leaf peepers sure, but remember that they bring with them thousands of American



caney demars

dollars to spend at our lucrative strip clubs, sugar houses and (other?) economic venues. So the next time you see an out of state Suburban stop on the highway to snap a shot of Camels Hump, or have a particularly abrasive Amish child kick you in the shins, don't flip them off. Flip them on. ■

majorly offensive or majorly funny? how 'bout both?

by michellecarr

Here at college, we are worldly. We are wise. We took the SATs, dammit, and we did okay. So we'd like to think we're above petty things like sticking gum under desks, taking the mac'n'cheese you know someone else ordered at Simpson, or making vague generalizations about people based on their clothes, their music, their major.

Majorism has happened to us all. We've all heard someone tell us what they are, looked them up and down, and said, "Yep. That makes sense." It was only a matter of time until my bio-major instincts took over after I began reflecting on this. Before long, I had an exciting research project with polling, statistics, and hypotheses abound. I tried to break down the stereotypes into the simplest of words, see what we think of each other, and try to decide what it means. Here is the data I collected:

Animal Sciences: Girls who like horses, girls who like dogs, future PETA members, vegans, and Dan.

Anthropology/Geology/Random Sciences: Ross Gellar?

Any major with a reference to plants in its name: Tree-huggers who can be identified by their eco-tags, reusable coffee cups, desensitization to the smell of compost, and residence in U Heights South.

Art*: Doomed to be misunderstood and unemployed, but due to their creative and unconventional ways, they'll at least get laid. Loft apartments are cooler anyways.

Astronomy: But Dumbledore... died on top of the Astronomy tower....

Biochemistry: Biology + Chemistry = ?

Biology: We're normal people just like you-- do I smell formaldehyde? Are there pig fetuses nearby?

Biomedical Engineering/Genetics/Neuroscience: Zombie apocalypse starts here.

Business: Capitalism ftw!

Canadian Studies: That's a major?

Chemistry: Mad scientists.

Communications: I don't know what this is, but it sounds legit.

Computer Sciences: Will make six figure sums by age thirty.

Elementary Ed.: Nice young lady teachers we accidentally call mom.

Engineering/Architecture: Damn smart. P.S. It would be much appreciated if you build a bridge from my state to Burlington.

English: Never caught dead without their moleskins and love nothing more than taking a red pen to a Math major's essay. It's like Christmas.

French*: Les socialistes prétentieux qui aiment du fromage.

History: Professional Non-sequiter Makers. They have to go off on at least one tangent per conversation per person.

Mathy things*: Their desire to always be the smartest person in the room means they'll basically do your homework for you.

Music*: Jazz musicians are suave and sexy while classical ones are prudent and, well, classy, and we can't forget singer-songwriter music minors who bring their guitars to parties, lean on a wall playing Blackbird till girls notice them.

Nuclear Medical Technology: Excuse me, what did you say your major was?

My favorite game during this was experimenting with mixing majors. For example, a Music-Math double major will undoubtedly be singing meteorologists. Meanwhile, Japanese speaking animal scientist will work in the Pokécenter someday.

But basically, the big picture was more or less what I think we all expected it to be: Majorism is one of the least destructive -isms of this Earth. Mostly it's just good fun, and it is primarily used to mock one's own friends. So basically, if you do it wrong, you're just shooting yourself in the foot. I'm happy to say this grand old tradition, aside from a few ignorant bloggers I stumbled upon, is harmless, humorous, and ever so slightly truthful. ■

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fate or fiction?

by bethziehl

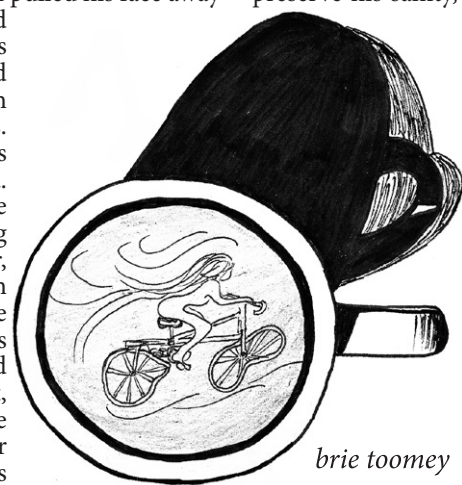
He looked through the camera viewfinder, expecting to see the cityscape before him. Instead, there was a little boy laughing as his mother chased him along a wooded trail. The man pulled his face away from the camera and looked around. It was the same city that had been there before with colorful glowing lights. Once more he put his face to the camera. This time, the scene was just the young woman, the mother, sitting on a porch with a mug in hand. She was a most gorgeous thing. The woman had a smile, ever so slight, but welcoming. There was a way about her that made him feel as if he were there talking with her like they were good friends. He was mesmerized by the image in the lens. Someone on the street bumped him and the image was lost. He stood there in confusion, unsure of where he was.

Days passed and he went back to his camera many times, hoping to glimpse another image of the woman, but there was no such luck. The once vivid image was slowly drifting from his mind. He attempted to sketch her, but none of the sketches turned

out right. Papers were strewn on the floor below his desk, half drawn faces staring up at him. He looked at all of them, frustration building inside of him. If he was going to preserve his sanity, he needed to get away from his apartment.

Throwing on a coat, he stepped outside and walked to his favorite coffee shop. As he passed by the shop's window, an image stopped him; the girl with the mug. Was he dreaming? He cupped his hands around his face and looked at her through the glass. He was sure it was her. Unexpectedly, she turned to the window and looked directly at him. He faltered back from the window in surprise. She looked at him with curiosity. He dashed to the coffee shop door and went in. There she was, in the booth seat looking as perfect as he had seen her before, maybe even younger. She eyed him as he walked forward and sat in the seat across from her, not bothering to ask if she minded.

"Do you believe in precognition?" he asked. She smiled. ■



brie toomey

october

by laurafrangipane

We watched the trees die on top of the mountain. They held their breath.

We watched them inhale, their sinews tense. They looked us in the eye, faces red.

We stepped on damp hemorrhages, the blood stank and browned and dried.

Watching the mold grow, we cursed the day we knew the smell of Fall was rot.

We looked at each other, knowing there was no sense relying on Spring.

time goes by

by julianvandertak

I had just gotten off the phone; I was talking with you. It doesn't usually go to well, but what am I to do?

You never listen... What are the words that I am missing?

I wake up in the morning and make myself a cup of tea. I watch the world go on and by from the shade of my willow tree: I wait for the time of day that sets me free;

And I wait with every moment that passes to obtain your sympathy.

When I reach the ripe old age of ninety-four, And I hear the knock of the eternal Sandman at my front door: I will think of you... and all of the things I failed to do.

In Time, the wind will blow away my ashes. But will it have been enough to bring tears from behind your pretty lashes? Will you recognize the pain from behind my graying eyes?

~ Time goes by, and it's plain to see. All I ever wanted was for you and I to be. ~

trash.

i want you so bad

For a while I only saw the back of your head, Assigned seats suck but then I saw your face. After that I felt like I saw you all over the place, and all I could think of was getting you in my bed. So it's a year later, and I still haven't seen you. I miss those butterflies when you walked past me, I know you like the marketplace, and so do I, don't you see? We could make some magic, will you be my boo? I don't know your name, or if you're still here. If I don't walk past you anymore, I might have to scream. I need to see your face, to know it wasn't a dream. But knowing you, you're likely to just appear. Please come back; you'll make me swoon and sigh. I want you so bad, my sweet Poly Sci Guy. **When:** sporadically across campus last year **Where:** POLS 021 fall **I saw:** the man of my dreams **I am:** in love. Find me!!!

it's sunday night the amount of work i have is a fright i found my nook on the third floor behind some books but i hear a sound it's pretty loud hey dumb bitties i swear my personality isn't shitty but i want you so bad to stop chatting or you'll need some padding (because i'll drop-kick you) **When:** a stressful sunday night **Where:** third floor of azkaban **I saw:** loud biddies **I am:** trying to get shit done

I hear your accent, and it draws me in.. is it british? french? or mexican? you're so beautiful, it makes me cry, you're so foreign and different, I don't know why, your tan skin, sticks out in the sea of white, now.. won't you come home with me tonight **When:** every day **Where:** next to the norway spruce near the catholic center **I saw:** beautiful exotic ladii **I am:** stalking u

Bob Dale, Someone else wanted you so bad But that person was not me. The one that I want to bone lives in MAT. We could have a threesome, I guess that'd be alright. You'd forget your own name by the end of the night. We can do it like Burger King and you can have it your way. You both can take me down like a rugby game play. Actually.. I think I can only handle one blonde at a time. So I'd rather have him because he's so freaking fine. You're obviously still sexy, cause your name is Bob Dale. But it's actually your friend who I'd want to nail. **When:** whenever. **Where:** wherever. **I saw:** 2 class acts. **I am:** down to tagteam.

Dana Bielinski, wtf rhymes with Bielinski. You are such a bro, but like a whoe bro yo. We should chill and drink some Nattys, hit the late night grundle and pretend we're fattys. Come over and watch the game, we are the perfect match, I could pitch and you could catch. **When:** every game day **Where:** a bro sesh **I saw:** a hotass bro chick **I am:** your bromantic lover

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

Long blonde hair Pencil tucked delicately behind your ear You tease me mercilessly with your adorable smiles That seem to say so much I want to do so much more than kiss you I want to show you exactly how special you are I want to be able to love you more than anything I bet I could love you more than the girl that loves you now But you don't want to give me the chance I want to wait for you to come around But I think I'd be waiting for ever **When:** every day **Where:** down the hall **I saw:** the prettiest girl **I am:** wanting something I can't have

writing hearts on the board... you're too cute for words I want to take you on a date I want to giggle with you I want to shop with you I want to cuddle with you I want to dance with you I want to make you laugh I want to know you. **When:** Monday nights **Where:** Free2be **I saw:** the cutest girl **I am:** to shy to ask you out

Dear Couple Sitting in Comfy Chairs, Your Chinese food smells really good. We all want some. - Everyone on the first floor. **When:** Tuesday **Where:** First Floor Bailey **I saw:** Dinner **I am:** now hungry

super crunchy hippie chick, like peanut butter but not as thick. awesome titties dump em out, perfect perky nips no doubt. i can't wait till it gets colder... **When:** mon/wed/fri **Where:** anth24 **I saw:** free range boobies **I am:** getting a boner in class

You come to see me all the time, Oh how I miss you so. You drive me crazy with your soft kisses, To cuddle up with you at night, that's what I wishes. I never meant to play with your heart, For a fool I wish not to make of you. Come let me scratch your back, I just want to snuggle up in the sack. I would rather just love you, Than only be thinking of you, my boo. **When:** every weekend **Where:** in my suite **I saw:** my sweet pea **I am:** missing you so much

The bus blew us both off at the Back Five, but instead of riding it I'd rather take YOU for a test drive. I wanted to talk to you but I was on the phone with my dad, but hit me up sometime boy 'cause IWYSB. **When:** last thursday **Where:** back five **I saw:** some sexy blue eyes and amazing hair **I am:** blonde and headed to ecuador

the ear

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Outside the Men's Locker Room *Guy in speedo:* Yea... But the sperm whale has a 150 pound schlong!!!! Mine is only 10cm.

Simpson Dining Hall *Girl 1:* so apparently, I was really drunk last night? *Girl 2:* yes. *Girl 1:* like belligerent drunk? *Girl 2:* yes. *Girl 1:* did I still look good? *Girl 2:* surprisingly... yes. *Girl 1:* sweeeet.

Patterson *Girl 1:* I didnt know you could put a zucchini in there

Bailey-Howe *Dude 1:* Yo if a thesaurus was a dinosaur what would it look like? *Dude 2:* Probably a square.

Back 5 *Guy:* So, do you want to go out with me Saturday? *Girl:* Only if you're going to put out this time.

Mt. Mansfield Room *Person:* Actually the animal with the largest penis is the barnacle.

Waterfront *Girl 1:* Do you hear that dog-whistle? *Girl 2:* um... dogs don't whistle...

Davis Center *Girl:* Oh that's right!! I forgot you can't get impregnated by blowjob!

The Gym *Jock 1:* I'm gonna wear really tight shirts so you can see my muscles. *Jock 2:* I'm gonna take my skin off so you can see my muscles even better.

Bailey-Howe *Biddie (as fire alarm is going off):* What can even burn in a library?

Back 5 *Biddie:* PUT IT DOWN YOUR PANTS! GIANT WATER BOTTLE DICKS! *Bro:* No. That's not what we're trying to do. We're trying to get drunk. We're not trying to have giant water bottle dicks.

Bailey-Howe *Man 1:* I'm like a show pony *Man 2:* Wouldn't mind a ride on that pony

Wills 1 *Guy 1 (muttering):* Why don't you just fuck each other in the ass and get it over with... *Guy 2:* What? *Guy 1:* Nothing *Guy 2:* What did you just say? *Guy 1:* I didn't say anything...

Troll Hole *Single Man:* You just forget what it feels like. *Man in relationship:* What? *Single Man:* The single state of mind, you now like the hunt the prowl... *Single man sitting in the corner:* I'm single and I mostly just feel sweaty and nervous.

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fork it over.



one noodle to rule them all why cavatappi is the only noodle you ever need

by dansuder

To use the vernacular, I am about to school you on some pasta knowledge. Here goes. Cavatappi is the greatest shape of noodle. For the philosophy majors out there, I am a noodle-shape-superiority realist. There are two reasons why cavatappi is the greatest shape of noodle, and I'll get to them in a minute, but first, a history lesson:

The word pasta first appeared in English in the late 19th century. It comes from the Italian word pasta which itself derives from the Latin word pasta. The Latin comes from the Greek word, παστά. If you don't speak Greek, no worries – that word just says “pasta.” Needless to say, pasta is seriously old school. There are a lot of pasta shapes. Hundreds of them. More pasta shapes than questions Herman Cain avoids by talking about his 9-9-9 plan. More pasta shapes than embarrassing Justin Timberlake plays in my iTunes library. It's a lot of shapes, okay? You've got your boring spaghetti, linguini, fettucine, your passé macaroni and lasagna, and then some more novel stuff like bowties, wagon wheels, and the little alphabet dealios in alphabet soup.

And then you've got cavatappi. “WTF is cavatappi?” you say. Oho! My friend! Come with me into the world of the greatest pasta shape!

Cavatappi comes from the Italian words cava and tappi and literally means “tap extractor.” It's a corkscrew! (Get it? Tap extractor?) It's a hollow spirally noodle with ridges on the outside. (In pasta parlance, those ridges are called rigati. Now you know!) If it's not already clear

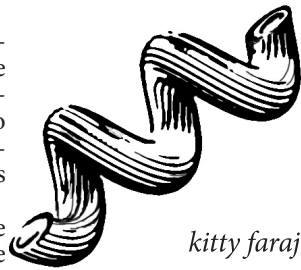
why this is the greatest noodle shape, let me break it down for you:

1. Shit's spirally and hollow. Come on. Its spirals differentiate this noodle from many of its noodley brethren. There are a couple other types of spirally noodles, but they aren't the same. Fusilli (those twisty ones!) – not hollow. Elbow macaroni – not spirally enough. Likewise, there are other hollow noodles, but they too aren't the same because, obviously, they aren't spirals. Why are spirally and hollow such vital attributes of a noodle? Duh! SAUCE/CHEESE RETENTION. The purpose of noodles, much like the pur-

pose of Marché chicken fingers, is as a means for sauce delivery. The multiple spirals and hollow form, not to mention the rigati (remember those!) help make this noodle the perfect noodle.

2. Other noodles suck. Like I mentioned above, there are lots of noodle shapes. The majority of them fail in one way or another. Spaghetti? Spaghetti is your grandma's pasta. She eats it with cottage cheese and seltzer. Blech. Angel hair? More like angel rare, as in “I rarely wanna see this crap on my plate.” Tortellini? Thanks, but no thanks... this is America and tortellini is for pinko commies. I could go on, but trust me. The process of elimination eventually brings us right back to cavatappi.

So seriously, next time you're in the pasta aisle, remember what you've learned today. Don't be a loser and end up pissing off your roommates with farfalle or penne or some crap. Instead, just buy some cavatappi. You won't regret it. ■



kitty faraji

fashion five-oh.



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fashion stagnation how to get yourself out of a style rut

with colbynixon

As much as I love the summer and warm temperatures, I welcome the fall and the temperatures it brings. I'm stoked to finally wear sweaters and corduroys. Before the onset of the cool autumnal breezes, I felt that I was starting to stagnate in how I clothed myself. I voiced my concern to Phil Morin, Davis Center Art Curator, and he agreed that he too felt a little stagnant in regards to his clothing options. I became frustrated, and I was wearing the same things every day. I needed to mix it up, but I was stuck in a rut. Every time I saw someone else changing it up, I became jealous, and when the opportunity presented itself, I would offer up my own opinion of their style, often in the form of negative comments.

The stagnation profoundly infected not just my fashion, but my life and interactions. This culminated one evening when I was a complete ass to one of my friends at a party downtown. She looked great, but she had decided to switch it up a bit, and I found the need to run some not so great commentary on it. That was a poor decision. Why is any of this relevant to anything? Because something as seemingly superficial as fashion can be a reflection of how a person is feeling. For example, as of late I've been stressed, logging

hours in the library, each day the same as the last. My clothing choice reflected this vibe. Something has to change, so I offer some advice on how to change up your get-up, and hopefully get out of that rut in the process.

1. Go against the grain → everyone is wearing pants, wear shorts, even if it is passed that time of the year when you'll look absurd. If everyone is wearing shorts, wear pants. Do the opposite.

2. Add some color → with the arrival of fall, you may have the opportunity to wear sweaters and warm, comfortable clothing. By the second week of this cooler weather, you may find yourself in a lot of Earth tones. Mix it up, throw some pink in there, because it doesn't have to be Easter to wear pastels.

3. Put yourself out there → really go for it, wear something completely absurd like Tobias Fünke jorts to class, or put on some bright make up. An off to the side pony tail, or knee socks and shorts with a blazer and tie. Find something that you want to wear, or a style you want to try, but thought you didn't have the confidence to pull off, and just do it. Sure people might look at you weird, but fuck them, if they're going to be assholes about it, they're probably not worth worrying about. ■

“every time I saw someone else changing it up, I became jealous”

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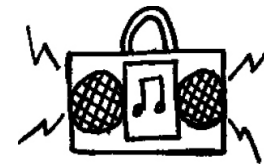
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getting feist-y

a single take on feist's new album, *metals*

by sarahmoylan

There's no reason we should be compelled to like (Leslie) Feist. After all, she's just one fish in an ocean brimming with female singer-songwriters. And if we've already got Joni Mitchell and Ani DiFranco and Ingrid Michaelson, then do we really need another one?

Another reason we may choose to dislike Feist is her uber-commercial journey to fame: her song “1234” was featured in a 2007 iPod nano commercial, catapulting her to instant musical celebrity. Gross, right?

Not so fast. Anyone who listened to the whole of Feist's 2007 full-length, *The Reminder*, which featured “1234”, can vouch that Feist isn't just another grrl-power singer-songwriter. She's got a voice as viscous and smooth as dark maple syrup, she writes understated but fully-developed songs, she eschews preachy themes in favor of visual and beautiful musical narratives, and she's Canadian. And while it's probably best to let resident **W!** maple leaf Lindsay Gabel expound the benefits of being Canadian (see front page article in last week's issue), I can only hope you agree that all of these attributes are, well, very good things.

But did Feist's, er, Feistiness translate on *Metals*, her first full-length since *The Reminder*? Sadly, no. Feist never should have teamed up with Deadmau5—how could she not know that electro-house was just not her genre! PSYCH! Deadmau5 had nothing to do with this al-

“feist has a voice as viscous and smooth as dark maple syrup, she writes understated but fully-developed songs, she eschews preachy themes in favor of visual and beautiful musical narratives, and she's canadian”

bum—sorry, just wanted to make sure you were still awake. Really, though, *Metals* sounds a hell of a lot like *The Reminder*. It's perhaps a bit darker in tone and fleshed out in orchestration, but Feist knows what she's good at—smokey indie-folk tunes—so she sticks to it. And that's okay. The album deftly alternates between quiet, pensive tunes

and louder, more grandiose pieces. Case in point: opener “The Bad in Each Other” is relatively subdued and slow, but track two, “Graveyard”, finds Feist in more uptempo (but still mellow) territory. Thanks to these changes in pace, *Metals* will keep you on your feet.

It's hard to tell if there's another “1234”-esque huge hit on this album. If anything, “How Come You Never Go There” probably comes closest—it's sultry, sly, and addictive, if a little more produced than we're used to hearing from Feist. Horns and vocal tracking make her voice sound even richer than it already is. “The Commotion”, which starts soft but evolves into something more manic and forceful by its end, is another great track. Prepare to press “repeat” many times before moving on to the rest of the album.

But *Metals*' greatest achievement may be that it serves as a worthy counterpart to Feist's earlier work. This ain't no sophomore slump because, well, this is Feist's third album, and it's just as good as *The Reminder*.

And after waiting for over four years for this baby to get here, it's a good thing we weren't disappointed! ■

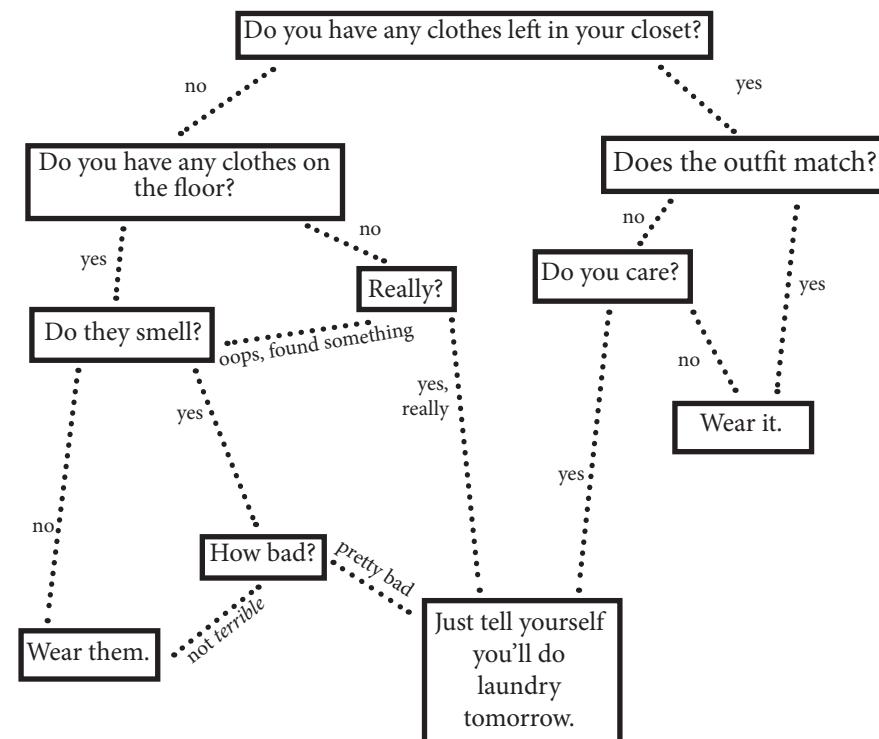
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laundry time?

a handy guide to all your clothing needs

by jamiebeckett



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