



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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

how far is *too* far?

is rally's new blog just free speech or has he gone overboard?

by dansuder

Rally Cat's back at it, but this time... his transgressions have gone viral. There was a time when our favorite animal representative was content to illegally party it up in L/L, make fun of swimmers' packages and hook-up with other animal representatives, but now he may have gone too far.

Sources close to Mr. Cat informed the water tower that Rally Cat's blumblr blog page "Secret Life of a Bad Bad Mascot" has recently come under attack by UVM staff and students, as well as animal representatives from other colleges and universities.

The first complaint leveled at Rally focuses on the site's name. "Mascot is a really demeaning term," claims Ralphie Rocket, animal representative of Green Mountain State University. "If we're all mascots, what does that say about me? I don't go around saying, you know, 'look at me! I'm a guy in a costume! I'm a mascot! That's it!' I prefer the term 'animal representative.' That really highlights all of my humanitarian efforts. I don't just put on the costume and go with the flow. I start cheers. I can run really, surprisingly, fast. I got a 3.8 GPA in high school. I've interned with NGOs. I give three or four cans of veggies to the food shelf every 36 days. 'Mascot' just doesn't encompass that identity like 'animal representative' does." Rally maintains that these clean-cut, exceedingly charitable animal representatives are outliers in the general community of mere mascots.

His blumblr blog provides an inside look at what he calls "the corrupt, dastardly, maybe Satanic, and ultimately just kind of icky world of mascots." For example, he's posted about the "ultra-secret terrorist handshakes" that he alleges run rampant throughout the animal representative community. And he's posted about the parties.

"I don't ever want to go back to a nasty mascot party. I don't care whether it's at the Mascotdome or the AnimalRecRoom, they're just gross," Rally writes. Then he takes careful, calculated aim, and fires his special Catamount Bazooka right into the heart of the animal representative organizations. "I won't mince words here, okay? At these parties... some of the mascots do really upsetting things. These mascot parties and organizations promote rape culture."

Allegations like those are taken quite seriously, and many in the animal representative community are quick to point out that they are untrue. One anonymous animal

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SECRET LIFE OF A BAD BAD MASCOT

A 7 year old mascot exposing the horrors of the school spirit business.

NOVEMBER 28, 2011



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF MEGAN KELLEY

Hey blumblr blog followers! If you can believe it, this is a picture taken today outside of the library. There was a protest against my blog, calling to impeach me! These mascots animal reps came from all over the country just to raise a fuss about little ol' me. Clearly, they like the idea of free speech when they're the ones using it. #hypocrites.

Until next time ... - Rally

representative points out that he's "been in many situations and parties in which [he has] stepped up and prevented someone from taking advantage of an inebriated girl." Rally's retort: "Good for you."

"i prefer the term 'animal representative' that really highlights all of my humanitarian efforts."

-ralphie rocket-

Mr. Cat expands upon his argument, explaining that it takes more than one person to end a culture of sexual misconduct. Furthermore, by engaging in "animal representative brotherhood" with those who commit atrocious acts, animal representatives do little to actually remove themselves from the equation as enablers.

Rally has numerous other attacks on the animal representative lifestyle. They drink diet soda. They have poor grammar and spelling. They read the Bible. Rally makes

some persuasive arguments, but, like George W. Bush in Iraq or someone with asthma who played really aggressively in the first part of a soccer game, he seems to lack an effective endgame. Instead of solv-

ing problems, fostering goodwill, and reforming images, he and his opponents both rely on weak gossip, bitter feuding, and silly legal tactics in their quest for supremacy.

At last week's SGA meeting, several athletes and animal representative fanatics announced they were going to impeach Rally from his official post at Campus Athletics. "You represent us, Rally!" yelled one upset student. "You represent us, but your actions and words really hurt. Really. Deeply. That's why we're kicking you outta here!"

Sure, you do a good job and do everything you're supposed to. But the truth?! That's supposed to be between you and us, man!"

Rally's people wouldn't have it. "Rally's off supporting our athletic teams right now," Billy Mustachionovich said. Mr. Mustachionovich is Rally's legal counsel. "He's off doing his job, and it's a job he does well. If he is let go from his position, we will press charges."

When asked about the issue, UVM student Rick Sileretti had some choice words for both sides. "Jesus. Yeah, I mean, I suppose the first amendment gives people the right to say stupid shit on their blogs, even if it offends other people who are also saying stupid shit. People say stupid shit all the time. Maybe they should focus on doing something productive instead of being cry-babies. And really? They're going to SUE the SGA? Like... legally? Like... they're bringing in a lawyer and shit? Don't they have clubs to screw over and policies to eff up? And sports games to do cartwheels at? Sheesh. Get back to work!" ■

get inside me:

condiments and punishments by phoebefooks

skaters gonna skate by jamiebeckett

tips for apartment hunting by shannonward

guide to winterfell footwear by colbynixon

the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **wt**,

I've got a problem with your last issue, and I gotta admit - it's about **joshhegarty**. Here's a guy who, judging by his status as **water tower** editor, probably knows something about something. But why is he writing about Lou Reed if he clearly doesn't know anything about Lou Reed? Granted, Former UVM President Dr. Daniel Mark Fogel might not know anything about Lou Reed either, but at least his review last week didn't make a fool of himself!

Is Lou Reed often annoying and creepy? Sometimes, yeah. But it's his job. It's like how Bob Dylan's job is to not be able to sing but still duet with Alicia Keys, and how Henry Rollins' job is to be a complete prick. But those things don't mean they haven't contributed something great to music. There needs to be a level of respect that is simply missing. I mean, I get it, *Lulu* sucks. And it sucks a lot. But this is the guy who wrote "Sweet Jane," "Heroin," and "Walk on the Wild Side!" The man gets a free "Talk About Chopping Off Your Tits" card, capiche?

Sincerely,
You've Seriously Never Listened to Lou Reed!

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

thewatertownews@gmail.com

the shit list with emilyhoogesteger

Black Friday: What recession? Some consumers are so desperate to be the first one in on the best sales that they missed Thanksgiving dinner to wait in line for stores to open. We don't like to pass moral judgement, America, but you're kind of asking for it with this one.

CNN.com: For publishing the headline "Shooting Near Wal-Mart Spoils Shopping." Yes, we'd imagine it would. This is truly an example of journalism at it's finest. Assuming, of course, that you're writing for *The Onion*.

Extinction: According to the International Union for Conservation of Nature, the western black rhino has been officially declared extinct after being seen for the last time in 2006. The rhino joins the Golden Toad, Pyrenean Ibex, and Hawaiian Crow - to name a few - in the ranks of animals extinct since 2000. Good job, humanity. You're on a roll.

Final Exams: Not that we don't love getting up at six in the morning and trekking across campus in the freezing cold to spend three hours trying to remember sociological theories or formulas with more variables than the alphabet has letters. Wasn't it September, like, yesterday?

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Editorial Staff

the news in brief with georgeloftus

"I killed my husband before he dared to touch my daughter..."

-Pakistani woman **Zainab Bibi**, 32, who's been accused of both murdering and cooking her husband, not to eat, but to dispose of the evidence. Her younger nephew is also an alleged accomplice, assisting her with both the plotting and the actual murder. While it's weird, and sorta sick, to actually see someone be Scott Tenormanned, it's hard to argue with if the statement she made about her daughter is true. I'm sure all the gender based discrimination her culture allows doesn't help.

"We're optimistic that the NBA season will begin on December 25..."

-If **NBA Commissioner David Stern** says it, it must be true right? The regular season was postponed this year after a dispute between players and team owners about their collective bargaining deals: in june players were getting 57% of the split revenue share, while now team owners are pushing hard for a 50-50 split. Let's see, Lebron James' salary last year was 14.5 million but he probably needs the extra change, y'know because of the economy and whatnot. Why is it when millionaires fight with billionaires neither realize how douchey and pathetic it is?

"The movement is at a crossroads."

-**LA mayor Antonio Villaraigosa**, while optimistically talking about the Occupy movement going on in his neck of the woods. He asked them to move and the protesters staunchly, staunchly refused. Additionally, if you'll look down on this page in the right corner, you'll notice that the movement isn't the only thing at a crossroads. Apparently plagiarism is cool in LA County. What Mr. Villaraigosa isn't aware of though, is that the water tower has some of the finest legal representatives in the entire collegiate alternative newsmag system here at UVM. Stay near the phone, Antonio... we'll be calling you.

"Our thoughts are with his family at what must be a very difficult time for them."

-Wales national team alum **Ryan Giggs** in response to his former team manager's apparent suicide. The former manager was Gary Speed, and while everyone in neighboring England would waste no time calling a Welsh man a "sheep-shagger", there's not a single Brit who could deny the impact the man had on League Football in the UK, playing for Leeds, Everton, Newcastle and the Bolton Wanderers. Yes, we're talking about football that doesn't have a quarterback, get over it please.

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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Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel
L/L - Outside Alice's Café
Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby
Waterman - Main Lobby
Williams - Inside Steps
UVM - uvm.edu/~watertwr

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

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

where is baby doc duvalier

case against haitian ex-dictator stalls as
president urges "forget the past"

by **bendonovan**

Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier, the Haitian dictator ousted in 1986, was placed under house arrest in January as the new Haitian government promised to bring charges against him, several decades late, for corruption, embezzlement, torture, and murder during his 15-year rule. Observers around the world heralded his arrest as a victory for justice and human rights, a long-deserved settling of accounts between Mr. Duvalier and the country he raped. Finally, it was hoped, a dictator would be brought to justice.

So, where exactly is he?

Depending on the night, he could be at one of several of Port-au-Prince's higher-end restaurants, dining with other wealthy Haitians—it's a small club—or greeting friends at his house in the suburbs outside Haiti's rubble-strewn capital. While Baby Doc has reportedly had to scale down his lifestyle somewhat after 25 years of lavish spending while

living in "Haiti's new government hasn't been particularly aggressive in pursuing the case against Baby Doc."

charges being successfully brought against him. Omar al-Bashir, the President of Sudan responsible for the genocide in Darfur, remains in power despite being under indictment by the International Criminal Court. While their lieutenants and henchmen tend to face punishment at some point, the real criminals rarely do. Crime pays, as long as the crime is big enough.

The book on Jeane-Claude Duvalier is far from shut. The case against him is still being put together, at least ostensibly. But things aren't looking good. The Haitian court tasked with the case has yet to report on its progress. President Martely, widely considered a Duvalierist sympathizer whose election campaign was financed by a large amount of unaccounted-for cash, is calling on Haitians to "forget the past." And the government announced this month that it plans to restore the Haitian Army, disbanded 16 years ago because of its perennial involvement in coups and human rights abuses, which doesn't bode well for progress of any kind.

What we're left with, then, threatens to be the same tragic, utterly predictable end to the story of yet another third-world strongman—a two-bit thug thumbing his nose at justice, accountability, and truth, smirking at all the naive bastards who thought, if only for a second, that it might be different this time.

Where is Baby Doc Duvalier? Easy. Wherever the fuck he wants to be. And there's a depressingly high chance things will stay that way. ■

class was almost completely gone, most of them either dead or living abroad in France, Canada, or the United States, creating a brain drain from which Haiti still has not recovered. And until he returned in January from a quarter-century of comfortable exile in the south of France, nobody who wasn't poor and Haitian really seemed that upset about it.

In fairness, hopes for Duvalier's being brought to justice should not have been very high in the first place; it's not often that people as truly vile as Mr. Duvalier have to answer for their crimes. The world is full of very comfortable ex-dictators; former Tunisian President Zine El Abidine Ben Ali, ousted in the first days of the Arab Spring, is living in Saudi Arabia despite an Interpol warrant for his arrest. Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet managed to comfortably live out the rest of his life in his own country, dying in 2004 without any

charges being successfully brought against him.

Omar al-Bashir, the President of Sudan responsible for the genocide in Darfur, remains in power despite being under indictment by the International Criminal Court. While their lieutenants and henchmen tend to face punishment at some point, the real criminals rarely do. Crime pays, as long as the crime is big enough.

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Where is Baby Doc Duvalier? Easy. Wherever the fuck he wants to be. And there's a depressingly high chance things will stay that way. ■

barely-urban dictionary

with **patrickleene**



tryptophucked (adjective): The state you enter after Thanksgiving break when you realize you've completed none of your homework.

pakistan takes a pakistand

by **jamesaglio**

Well, U.S. and NATO relations with Pakistan have really gone down the drain in past few days. The Pakistani Prime Minister has announced a reassessment of the relationship following a helicopter attack by NATO forces on two checkpoints manned by Pakistani soldiers on November 26, 2011. The attack left 24 Pakistani

soldiers dead and 13 wounded along the Afghanistan-Pakistan border. A NATO spokesman, General

Jacobson, has claimed that "a technical situation developed on the ground," during an Afghan military operation along the notoriously poorly defined Durand Line that marks the border. As a result, air support was called in, and the casualties resulted. Pakistan is having none of this, saying that the checkpoints were well established and marked on NATO maps, regardless of border confusion, and that there was no military activity occurring at the time of the attacks.

Pakistan has called for an official investigation into the incident and the NATO officials in Afghanistan have expressed a willingness to comply, but relations are obviously strained. Pakistan has been a supporter of the War on Terror since its inception but it looks like that time may be coming to a close. Several Pakistani politicians, both local and national, have called for official cutting of ties with the United

States and NATO, citing this incident and others as evidence of disrespect.

The most prominent example given is the assassination of Osama bin Laden by U.S. forces without the Islamabad being notified. This was done to ensure the success of the operation, but Pakistan was still understandably put out by

the unauthorized military operation in their territory. As a result, the Pakistanis demanded that the United States vacate the Shamsi Airbase, believed to be used by the CIA for drone attacks, a demand that was promptly ignored. In the wake of the November 26th attacks, Islamabad has once again insisted that the U.S. leave the base, giving them fifteen days to do so. Pakistan also closed its two major passes into Afghanistan, through which forty percent of NATO's non-munitions supplies travel.

Regardless of whether the attacks had some justifiable cause or not, it is in the best interest of the United States to placate the Pakistanis and try to retain their support. Pakistan-U.S. relations have frequently been strained, but they are allies, and in an area as volatile and strategically important as the Middle East, the U.S. government and NATO can use all the allies they can get. ■

3

reflections.



got a **question?**
ask the cat lady!

send your cat lady questions to
thewatertownnews@gmail.com
to have them answered in PRINT! WOWOWOW!

Dear Cat Lady,

My roommate wants to live with me again next year but I'm not sure, what should I do?

Sincerely,
Risky Roomie

Dear Risky,

If you are having hesitations about sticking with your current roommate again that's typically not a good sign. My advice would be to consider whether or not you have thought about or talked with someone else to room with. If you don't have a seemingly compatible roommate lined up, and are not planning on living in a single, you should ask yourself how you'd feel about having a random roommate. Could a random be worse or better than your situation now? Another piece of advice would be to make a pros and cons list. I know it sounds almost too simple to be effective but once you've listed out all your thoughts you may find it extremely helpful. I had a cat a few years ago that was peeing everywhere and found this technique to be quite helpful. I ended up keeping the kitty of course and we took couples therapy to help with the pee problems. Hope this helps and happy rooming!

Sincerely,
The Cat Lady ■

condiments *and* punishments

by phoebebooks

It all started at the Grundle on a pretty average Wednesday morning. There were kids were rushing in, chowing down, finishing up papers, and rushing out. There were kids who had just rolled out of bed, kids who had just run ten miles, and kids who were actually eating lunch - which you could tell because the pain in their eyes whispered, "I've already had three more classes than you today. Suckkkk itttt." But there was also the usual mix of kids just straight chillin', kids who had gotten up and out early enough to start their mornings off right with a solid block of Grundle time.

Unfortunately however, morning Grundle time cannot last forever, as everyone has places to be and people to see, and that plain fact is what caused one man, whom we'll call Lil Tuttle, to ask his homie, a handsome man we'll call Scagleoni, what time it was on that particular Wednesday morning. "10:23 dude," Scagleoni answered. But Scagleoni had not checked his phone or watch, and at this, Lil Tuttle was dismayed. Convinced that Scagleoni could have no way guessed the correct time, he accused his friend of lying. Now Scagleoni

did something dumb. I remember Scagleoni came back in the dorm and was like "hey man we invented something," shared Dangerous Dan, a friend of Tuttle and Scagleoni.

Dudes are kind of always doing dumb things and getting pissed at each other. Even among the most JD-and-Turk of bromances, a system of repercussion is essential in avoiding hurt feelings and violence. So when Scagleoni suggested to his bros (Lil Tuttle, Dangerous Dan, Mighty Mic\$, Hipster John and Pooh Bear) that they punish each other's party fouls with a "chup", a nice-sized dollop of ketchup in the palm, the plan was well received.

Transgressions resulting in a chup range from saying something douche, to hooking up with "that girl" again, to being caught with yo hand down yo pants—for two hands, a double chup. Mighty Mic\$ earned a chup whenever girls came to the suite looking for him, extra if the girl woke someone up. Hipster John got chupped for doing hipster things like wearing tight pants or saying the government controls our laptops. If one of the guys hooked up

smack, a double chup that the chuppee must apply to their own face, the nose chup, which can be swapped for an accumulation of standard chups, and not to mention the Hitler-and-a-dollop, a squirt applied below the nose (Hitler's 'stache style) and a dollop dropped in the chuppee's mouth. Five single chups can be traded for a face chup and two for one "turd", the twice-as-evil mustard equivalent of a chup. In emergency situations when a chup needs to be applied immediately and the Grundle is not within reach, laundry soap can be used.

But real chupping only happens at the Grundle. The confused stares of neighboring grundlers are essential in the ritual. Dan says, "It's worst at late-night because everyone thinks you're really high." Grundle employees however are too busy sniffing backpacks for extra apples and confiscating reusable mugs to have ever noticed the activity.

Like Roman gladiators on their way to a battle, the guys are always excited to head down to the Grundle when they know someone has a chup coming. Chups are done once everyone is done eating and each chup is rightfully delivered by whoever called out the chup originally. Chups are kept track of on the white board outside the dudes' suite. Before it was recently erased, at 19 chups Lil Tuttle had had more bodily contact with ketchup than H.J. Heinz himself. "It sucks. It makes your hand smell bad, like ketchup," explained Tuttle.

Today, Scagleoni, Lil Tuttle, Dangerous Dan, Mighty Mic\$, Hipster John, and Pooh Bear don't chup as much as they used to.



"It's hard to get chupped nowadays unless you're Tuttle," says Dan. While the hilarity of chupping has subsided, within the politics of friendship, chupping has received sweet success. The warriors of chupping don't have to chup each other anymore to maintain social justice; they get along, they're happy, and they couldn't be better friends. So the next time your buddy pisses you off—adorns your bathroom wall with yack, or invites over that girl who always eats your Oreos—please refrain from throwing a full beer at his face. Take a step back and consider a non-violent manner in which you could reprimand him—"Nutella" his toilet, "Durex" his showerhead, or "ريي غيت" his iPod's language settings. After all, violence is not the way to impress the ladies; we think chupping is cool and Connor Scagnelli is a hawtie. ■

"the confused stares of neighboring grundlers are essential to the ritual"

knew he was as a good a time-guesser as he was a panty-melter, which was nothing to sneeze at, so he checked his phone and saw, lo and behold, it was 10:23. Aww shit! "He told me to hold out my hand so he could squirt ketchup in it," recalls Tuttle.

Thus the tradition of "chupping" was born. Scagleoni thought it up in the Grundle with Tuttle because Tuttle

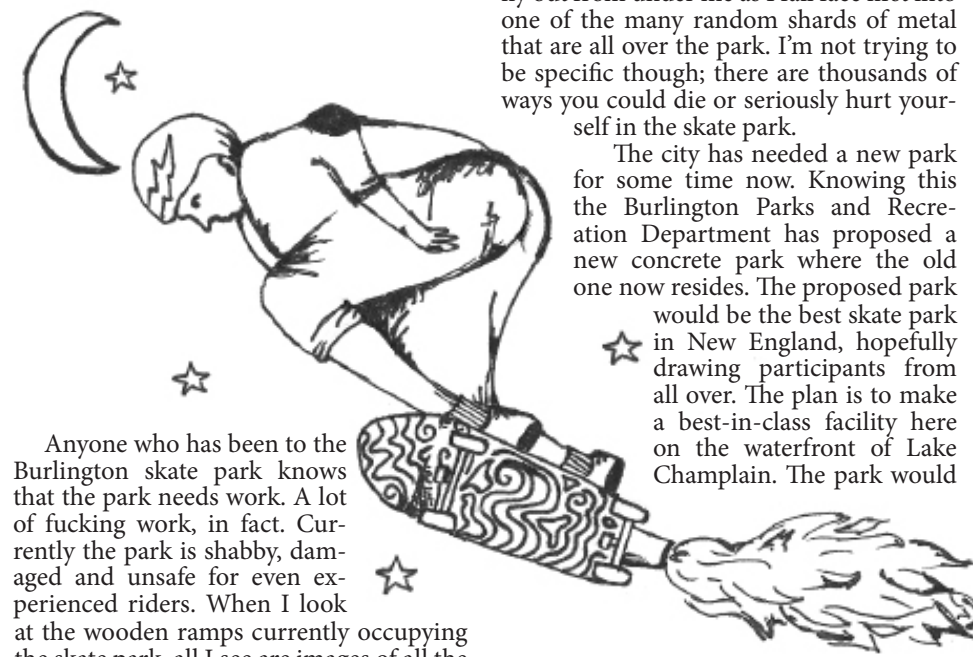
with a girl that another guy had already been with he would earn a "face chup", for which he would lean his head back and allow the chup to wash over his face as if it were holy water erasing his sin.

There's also the double chup, a squirt in each palm, which is actually pretty bad because grabbing a napkin isn't the easiest when you're preoccupied with two fistfuls of ketchup. There's the double-fisted-face-



skaters gonna skate (*haters gonna hate*)

by jamiebeckett



Anyone who has been to the Burlington skate park knows that the park needs work. A lot of fucking work, in fact. Currently the park is shabby, damaged and unsafe for even experienced riders. When I look at the wooden ramps currently occupying the skate park, all I see are images of all the horrible things that would happen if I went down. I imagine my wheels catching on the uneven wood surface, forcing my board to

fly out from under me as I fall face first into one of the many random shards of metal that are all over the park. I'm not trying to be specific though; there are thousands of ways you could die or seriously hurt yourself in the skate park.

The city has needed a new park for some time now. Knowing this the Burlington Parks and Recreation Department has proposed a new concrete park where the old one now resides. The proposed park would be the best skate park in New England, hopefully drawing participants from all over. The plan is to make a best-in-class facility here on the waterfront of Lake Champlain. The park would

have features for both experienced and inexperienced skaters including a glass wall ride (1 of 2 in the USA).

Many of the rich old farts who live on the waterfront, with their perfectly manicured lawns and brand new Subarus, do not like the proposed plan, saying the park will contribute to waterfront noise. At a city council meeting a week ago, a representative for the neighborhoods surrounding the waterfront made a public statement saying they approve of a new skate park yet they think it should be relocated. Besides the nearby neighborhoods bitching about the potential noise that ruins their perfect suburban life style, the park has been faulted for its high cost and for paving over some of the city's precious green space. Members of the Community and Economic Development Office have told Councilor Karen Paul that no city money would be needed for this project.

The remaining issue is the unwillingness to develop the waterfront. Some people think that the skate park will trigger a wave of development, paving over the grass and open area that leads up to Lake Champlain.

Skaters all across Burlington know that what this really means is that the people

who are wealthy enough to own land on the waterfront don't want to share the public space with skaters because skaters are perceived as wild hooligans whose skating shenanigans disrupt the peace. Basically, they just don't understand the benefits of the skating lifestyle: a lifestyle where you are free to hang outside with your friends all day perfecting complicated and adrenaline pumping moves.

No one wants to see Burlington's beautiful waterfront destroyed. People just want a place to skate so they too can participate in one of the nation's fastest growing sports. Today, more people visit skate parks than baseball fields. The city of Burlington has 8 well-kept baseball fields and only one shitty skate park.

I for one would love to go down to the waterfront and ride around all day with my friends and fellow skaters instead of rolling around on the basketball courts outside of Harris Millis. The waterfront is centrally located and right off of the bike path, making it easily accessible to all of the residents of Burlington. The skaters of Burlington have not received much from their city of recent years and the proposed skate park will change that. ■

how to make **sunday** into a kind-of fun day

by rachelbennett

Sundays suck. Sunday is the day you wake up gasping for water and ibuprofen, wondering who >insert random name here< is and why the hell they are texting you. It is the day that you have to tackle the homework you've left piled on your desk for the entire weekend, and the day you realize you have no underwear left and have to trudge down to the terrible laundry dungeons. Sunday is usually that one day after a week of rain when the sun is shining and the sky is a crisp blue; there is one happy cloud that lazily floats by and winks at you, but instead of chilling with

your new cloud friend you have to hole up in the library for hours. Sunday used to be a day of rest, but for a busy college student there is so much to do in so little time, and it can be incredibly overwhelming.

Sundays may feel like the apocalypse, and you may want to: a) never get out of bed and stay rolled up in your blankets stewing in sweat and glitter from the night before (yeah your sheets smell, you should probably do laundry...); b) start screaming and tearing your homework to shreds, then get naked and run like a mad person down

the street; c) pretend it's not Sunday and go to all your classes where you will sit silently in an empty room (until you become bored and/or feel insane); or d) call your mother and sob into the phone, receiving some sympathy but also an "I'm sorry sweetie, but you better get an A on the test you're studying for." Ouch, thanks mom.

But don't worry, you don't have to choose any of these options; Sunday seems like the end of the world, but really it is not (unless the aliens are coming). There are plenty of ways to make this day more bearable:

• Don't sleep in too late. You may feel like shit on a stick, but the earlier you get up the more time you have to get stuff done. Drink some coffee or tea to clear the drowsiness from your head, and depending on the existence or gravity of your hangover, pop some Advil. Then consume a massive breakfast; they are not lying to us, breakfast IS the most important meal of the day, and you get to eat the best types of foods. Don't be a fool. Eat some pancakes.

• Take a break from doing work. Even if books and papers are the only things in sight, don't spend five hours straight staring at your essay or your math notes, because eventually your brain will say "Hey, fuck you!" Then your brain will take a trip to Canada, and since your math homework doesn't have international cell phone coverage, the information will not be transmitted to your brain (because who wants to spend 50 cents per minute just to make sure Brain understands calculus?) Take a walk outside or skype with a friend from home, because even if it's only for 10 minutes the fresh air or friendly voice will give you time to recharge and breathe, and your brain will return from Canada with souvenirs and newfound energy to work again.

• Give yourself something to look forward too. Make plans with a friend to watch a movie or smoke weed once you have finished all the important things you have to do, because this will give you the incentive to get shit done. It may even help you overcome the evil of procrastination, because wasting time on Facebook is not worth missing out on pint of Ben and Jerry's while high.

• Take a short nap or exercise. Sometimes your eyes can get too damn droopy to keep studying, and there is no point in forcing your eyes open if you're just going to end up passed out with your face in a book. Naps are fantastic if you do them right; according to the National Sleep Foundation, you should take a nap for about 20-30 minutes in order to avoid feeling groggy and disoriented. That may seem short, but the rest you get in that time can improve your mood, alertness, and ability to work. If you are too tired to make it out of the library and back to your bed, lying on the floor under a table is a cozy place to snooze (I'm not joking). On the opposite end of the spectrum there is exercise, which can give you the endorphins you need in order to get through the day. You can achieve this by going to the gym or having an impromptu dance party in your underwear.

When I was younger I frequently cried on Sundays because I missed the endless possibilities of Saturday night, and writing an essay felt like cutting off my own foot (Jigsaw's got nothin' on essays). However, over the years I have developed a routine and honed my strategies for surviving the day, and I now I actually get all my work done AND have fun in the evening. Once I finish my homework I am enveloped by a warm aura of accomplishment, and I get to relax and watch a movie with my friends. You can experience this joy too; all you need to do is follow my advice or develop some strategies of your own, and Sundays

will slip by with a little less suffering. It is true that every once in a while there will be a Sunday when you have little-to-no homework, clean underwear, and feel as awake and energized as a spring chicken. When you chance upon one of these rare days cherish it and do something that makes you happy to be alive. But for the Sundays that smack you in the face, take a long slow breath and try to get through the day. Because when it comes down to it, 24 hours is a tiny blip in the magnitude of your life, and the doom that you feel in the moment will fade as the day ends... and a worse day begins: Monday. ■

reflections.

don't sweat

the **technique**



katharine longfellow

by caito'hara

For several years now, reports have been coming out about the detrimental effect technology has on our reading abilities. Statistics show that we don't read as many books or plays as we would have had we been born in the 1920s, but who's to say that we aren't reading? Sure, what with classes, homework and attempting to have a social life (forget sleep) I don't devour books at the speed I used to. So in some ways we *aren't* reading as much; few people anymore sit down and read complex literature for the pure joy of it, but that's not the only kind of reading. From text messages to billboards, and of course the internet, we may not be reading with the depth we used to, but we're reading just as much as ever.

Before you call me crazy, stop and think about it for a second. Maybe your phone just vibrated and you put this down to read the funny text your buddy just sent you. That's reading. Not to a purist, mind you. To a purist the kind of abbreviated reading we do when we text or chat online is slowly destroying the joys of old school reading. I'm not a

purist, and I say it's at least partially bullshit. To some, texting has become their main form of communication with people not in the immediate vicinity. I have friends who probably send upwards of 1000 texts a day (no joke). Every time that any of us glance down at a text, we're reading. Even if it's in short hand, words are being seen and processed into comprehensible information. (A.K.A...you guessed it, reading)

And that's barely scratching the surface. I'll admit it; Facebook is the reason that my work gets done at the last minute. Do I actually have friends? Well that's debatable, but Facebook keeps me entertained after my brain has been thoroughly scrambled. "Experts" say that over exposure to technology has a detrimental effect on a person's reading ability. I challenge them to go online for five minutes and see how much they can read. In those five minutes, copious amounts of text are available to you. Going back to Facebook, think about how much of it is in the form of text. Status updates, comments, captions, notes and beyond. Ev-

erything online with the exception of photos and videos is text, and we read to process the information presented.

Some claim this isn't reading at all, that it's turning us into ADD kids with an information overload. Technology is changing our abilities for the worse, some say, and in a small way that statement is true. Technology *is* changing our ability to handle information, but not necessarily in a negative manner. Thanks to technology, we've become significantly more adept at multitasking, as well as quickly handling and organizing information into more manageable segments.

To say that we don't read is preposterous. As much as some may be fighting it, technology is becoming a more and more integral part of our lives. Rather than bitch about it, let's adapt and acknowledge the positives technology brings into our lives. We have access to vast amounts of information and we have a greater connection to each other, and a lot of that is reading. It's in a different manner for sure, but it's still reading. ■

6 (and a half!) tips for your apt. hunt!

by shannonward

Yes! You've made it a year and a half of on-campus living. Just another semester and you get to escape the dorms and acquaint yourself with that beguiling temptress: Burlington off-campus housing. You may be fantasizing already about having a room to yourself, cooking your own meals, and hosting mad-sick parties in your dope basement, but don't get ahead of yourself. First, you need to find an actual existing apartment to do all these awesome things.

Now, I'm sure the first thing you're going to be thinking about is location. Yes, location is important, but where the apartment is is not nearly as important as what is inside it. What should be first on your list of apartment to-dos is to sit down with your future housemates and decide what you absolutely need to have in a house. Really go for the deal breakers. I mean, yes, it would be nice to have a skylight that opened out onto the roof where you could sit in lawn

chairs and watch the sunset over lake Champlain, and there was also a roof garden and helipad, but sometimes you just have to sit down and ask yourself, "Do I really need this?" So the deal breaker things to consider are (remember, these differ for everyone):

1 Laundry. Does the apartment have a washer and dryer? If the answer is no, then you're going to be spending some quality time and some quality dimes at the laundromat and if it yes, then you need to ask a follow-up question: Is it coin operated or free? If you're the kind of person who's always saying "I have so much spare change but no vessel in which to deposit it!" then a coin-up laundry machine is right up your alley. For everyone else, it kind of sucks.

2 Pets. My future housemates and I are currently looking for apartments, and we found a few that allowed pets. Once we got the idea in our heads of living in a whole fucking menagerie next year, we couldn't think of anything else, and we instantly ruled out a bunch of really great places simply because the landlord is allergic to cats. Pets are nice, but it may be smarter to forgo them for now. I, however, am not taking my own advice.

3 Ceilings. Now, I don't want to toot my own horn or anything, but I like to think of myself as pretty average height. Low ceilings have never really been a problem for me. Until I got to Burlington. Suddenly I felt like Rubeus Hagrid when I went to house viewings. Ceilings can be low, man. So if you and your roommates are on the tall side of things, then this is something to consider. Keep in mind, though, that if your ceilings are rivaling the Notre Dame Cathedral, then you are paying rent for a lot of empty space that you are never going to be able to utilize. Unless, of course, you're Spiderman, and statistically speaking, you're probably not. It's good to find a middle ground in this situation. High enough so that you don't hit your head every time you stand up, but low enough so that you don't hear an echo every time you speak.

4 Basement. Ok, ok, I know you've just been drooling, waiting for the day when you can finally throw your own off-the-hook party complete with live band, a keg, and a cover charge, but as a very wise man once said: "Party basements do not popularity make." Ok so no wise man actually said that but it's still advice you should follow. Being the people with a basement means that you'll have to host everyone's parties and party hostin' is a lot less fun than party attendin'. So, don't get a house that's falling apart just because it has a great basement. Sure, it will be fun for a few hours on a weekend night, but the rest of the time it will just be awful. It will flood when it rains, it will be scary if you have to go down there at night, and it will always, always, smell like piss. Always.

5 Closets. Whenever I go to view apartments, I always forget to check out the closet situation. And then I'm kicking myself because I don't know if I'll have a place to store my Doctor Who life-size cardboard stand-ups. Or, you know, clothes. So, just a friendly reminder, always check for closets.

6 Off-street parking. Do you have a car? If the answer is no, then you should probably find an apartment that is reasonably close to campus. Believe me, walking to class becomes considerably easier said than done once December rolls around. If you do have a car, then you can live wherever the fuck you want, but it's probably best to have off-street parking. It's never guaranteed that there will be space on the street, parking bans in the winter mean that you'll have to park in a parking garage (which, in the winter, may as well be the other side of the world), and on-street parking is difficult. I mean, who wants to have to parallel park that often? Another thing to consider is that if you live far enough away from campus that you have to drive, then you're going to have to buy a super expensive UVM campus parking pass. So, all in all, probably best to stay local.

I also want to point out that sometimes you can't judge an apartment by your initial reaction to it at a viewing. It may be messy, it may smell like a wet dog that got sprayed by a skunk and then smothered in Febreze, it may be awkward because the people who live there now forgot that there would be a viewing and are half-naked and/or watching porn. It's im-

portant to keep in mind that when you move into an apartment it will just have undergone some serious cleaning, leaving you free to dirty it up in your own style.

So with these considerations in mind I think you will be able to find a very suitable place to crash next year. I wish you luck! ■



caney demars

operation polar bear: stop snoring with softness

by sarahperda

Whether you're aware of it or not, chances are you have some pretty weird tendencies when you sleep. I have caught my roommate fist-pumping and moaning (all while face down, ass up) on more than one occasion, and she has seen me smile, laugh and carry on entire conversations with myself circa 4 AM. The two of us ordinarily make for an entertaining pair after hours, but the hilarity of our actions is completely negated by an obnoxious, thunderous demonic plague when one of us is sick: snoring. There is absolutely nothing worse than being completely disturbed by a reverberating gasp for air when you're on the cusp of slumber, especially when you have class at 8:30 every single morning. I'm sure everyone who has to venture through campus bright and early can agree that caffeine can only do so much at this ungodly hour.

6 Luckily, my roommate and I deal with this plight fairly infrequently, but I'm sure many a roommate have spent many a night trying to deal

with the incessant snoring of the other. From what I understand, there really isn't a cure. Nasal strips are about as useful as a piece of Scotch tape, and constant nudging is only a temporary fix (and, frankly, kinda douchey). To those who are forced to deal with this on a nightly basis, fear not—an answer is on the horizon. Scientists in Japan have found the secret to silencing the schnozz in a rather peculiar place: a polar bear's touch.

Jukusui-kun, which translates to "Deep Sleep," is a robotic polar bear pillow



lauryn schrom

designed to help those who suffer from sleep apnea or snoring. The bear works by monitoring snoring volume through built in microphones and blood oxygen levels through a pulse oximeter strapped to the wrist (in the form of a polar bear cub, naturally). When snoring increases, oxygen levels decrease and signal Jukusui-kun to take action: a ro-

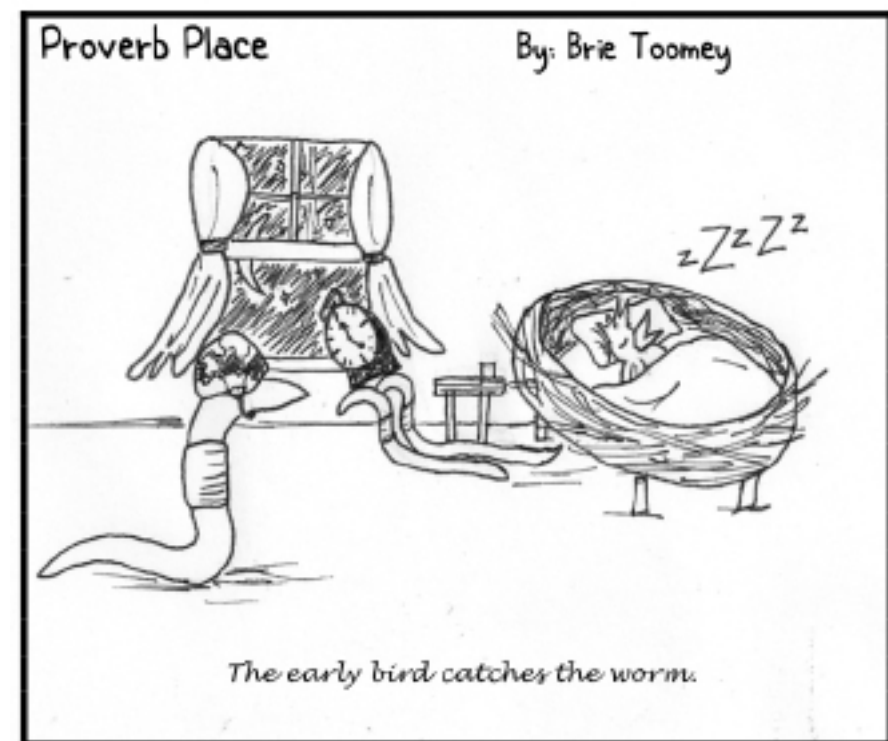
botic arm swivels forward and tickles the sleeper's face with the intention of causing them to move positions, and hopefully widen their airways, without waking them up. Now how's that for modern medicine?

Truth be told, the concept of a hairy, robotic arm caressing me in the middle of the night terrifies me, but these scientists are certainly onto something. Strange as it may be, the robotic polar bear may soon be a potential lifesaver in a sleepless room near you. Sadly, though, these pillows won't be on the market for an indeterminate amount of time, so how will people manage until then? For poor college students, innovation is a survival skill—if you can find a way to construct your own anti-snoring device out of Ramen noodles and ski poles, all the power to you. If you're marginally less creative, there's always noise-cancelling headphones or a zap collar.

If this bear (or its DIY brainchildren) is successful, the sleeper's life will no longer be in jeopardy from ei-

ther the repercussions of sleep apnea or the vexation of a fatigued, bitter roommate. Who knows, maybe creating your own ways to silence snorers can end up being a therapeutic outlet from studying for exams; we all have to procrastinate somehow, right? To those of you brave enough to undertake this endeavor: I admire your ambition. To those who lack motivation: channel your resentment into an angry email to the Japanese, demanding they fulfill your robotic polar bear demands sooner rather than later (maybe attach a snoring recording for a little pizzazz).

With finals week looming, sleep is pretty hard to come by, and no one wants these precious hours to be interrupted by the resident freight train. Until this solution is marketed or cold season has ended, though, we'll all quietly suffer sleepless nights until we're tucked away in our own beds for winter break. The light at the end of the tunnel is near, my friends. Stay strong, and keep your earplugs handy. ■



The early bird catches the worm.

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fork it over.



can't-fail killer fudge

by megankelley

Thanksgiving is over. Yes, folks, as hard as it is for us to admit it, the tastiest holiday of the year has once again come and gone. But don't despair! By this point, it's been at least a solid four days since the post-meal food coma—that's 96 hours we've had to digest and sleep it off. It's high time we stop whining about how much we ate and start eating some more. After all, it's only the beginning of the holiday season. And what could possibly be better to get us through finals and keep us in the Christmannakuwanzatheisolsstice spirit than ... fudge! And I promise I promise promise that this is the best fudge recipe you'll ever encounter.

This recipe will take about 20 minutes, plus cooling time. I used to make it when I was 9 years old, so I don't think anyone could mess it up. It's from the *Magic Spoon Cookbook* by Suzanne Gooding, and you will have to beat people away with your magic spoon or it'll be gone before you can say ... "Christmannakuwanzatheisolsstice." ■



fudge

You'll be needing:

*8- or 9-inch square pan

*Medium saucepan

*Wooden spoon

*Butter (enough to grease the pan)

*Small 5-ounce can of evaporated milk

*1 and 2/3 cups sugar

*1/4 tsp salt

*1 and 1/2 cups mini marshmallows

*1 and 1/2 cups semi-sweet chocolate chips

*1 tsp vanilla

*1/4 cup walnut pieces (optional)

What you do:

1) In the saucepan, combine the evaporated milk, sugar, and salt. Cook over low heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly until it boils. Boil gently for 5 minutes, stirring all the time.

2) Remove the mixture from heat. Add the marshmallows, chocolate chips and vanilla (right away while the pan is still hot). Stir until the marshmallows dissolve. This is when you add the walnuts if you want them (although personally I don't know why you'd ruin chocolate with nuts. Nuts = yucky.)

3) Pour mixture into the buttered pan, and jiggle the pan until the fudge smoothes out. Cool this in the fridge. And you're done!

trash.



i want you so bad

Im just looking to get laid, don't think about getting paid
Im not looking for a whore, just tryna to score
I'll rock you like a tsunami deep in that punani
In between class ill be looking for some ass
Skip the flirt, ill make you squirt
Not willing to spoon, just looking for some poon
V cards are ok, im JUST looking to play
Lets skip the date, call me at 610 *** **6eight,
let's procreate.

When: erry day

Where: the magic happens

I saw: opportunity

I am: 9 inches

(yo, peeps, we can't put phone numbers in! we don't know who you are! this isn't some sorta yellow pages, ya dig? -ed.)

I miss the way we decorated for Christmas,
Everybody makes fun of my poo-paper you gave,
And I miss the way we would walk to class,
While studying we always raved.
My trouble is that am not allowed.
Here we just have to follow the crowd.
I miss...

Your sunshine, Your laugh.

The cat that was a giraffe.

The clean air, the mountains.

When scuttlebutts were water fountains.

Don't get me wrong, I love it here.

I just wish that you also be a "Privateer"

When: Columbus Day

Where: YeR RoOm

I saw: My Bestest Friend

I am: Awesome.

Across the room you stood so tall
A blond haired stud, with plaid and ALL
With empty bowl and gray/orange backpack
A manly stance you did not lack
You may have caught be creepily gazing
But your scruff and smile were simply amazing
You look like you came straight out of "The Notebook"
But when guys look like you, how could I not look!
Across the room in L and L
You were older, I could tell
Then I saw you again, in the Marche
I wanted so badly just to say 'hey'
But I was too scared, so I did not
And now I am bummed and kind of distraught
Maybe next time, Ill catch your name
And hopefully you wont think I'm so lame.
You were too cute in your yellow striped plaid
And I just need to say...I want you SO bad.
When: Sunday night
Where: Empty Bowls
I saw: Ryan Gosling
I am: Just ridiculous

After knowing you for more than a year,
I just need to make this one thing clear:
I want to put my mouth on your mouth
and perhaps travel a little farther south?
It's been great being your friend,
and I certainly don't want that to end.
Though it's been fun playing Mario kart
You'd make a move soon if you were smart.
So how about next time instead of N64
we get down with a little something more?
This Thursday at Ake's buy me a beer,
and don't you worry about being cavalier.
When: erry day
Where: class, bars, houses, etc.
I saw: boy with a perfect smile
I am: putting this on the table

I fucked your hallmate...
but shit, I wish I saw you first.
You look good in that headband.
When: some mornings
Where: redstone, the building with the most fire alarms
I saw: a sexy kid
I am: workin' on it

I read comic books every wednesday, when they come out,
and I will go to any midnight premiere
that looks even half interesting.
When I can't fall asleep, I'll put on Star Wars, without fail.
70% of the music I listen to I got when I was 16.
I smoke a cigarette after every class, and I make terrible
puns that even my family refuses to laugh at.
I haven't done a push up in 2 years,
but it was a clap, so I think that's ok.
I make justifications like that on a daily basis...
I want you so bad... to know the truth: you can do better.
When: tuesdays/thursdays
Where: fishbowl/94309
I saw: a socially awkward sophomore/someone waiting
I am: a certain editor/gl

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

Each day I walk into Anthro21
With a small, little glimmer of hope.
For you see, in my class, there's a wonderful TA
Whose hand I would love to grope.
But on the days when you're not there
I sit in the back drawing squiggles,
And dream of the day when your heart will be mine
And the cause of your smile is my giggles.

I think of you when I write my essays-
Knowing it's the one shot I've got,
I picture you reading each word from my pen,
When you correct my grammar I get hot.
If I could just grow a pair
And leave my number at the bottom of the page
Then perhaps we'd meet up-
sometime soon, in a fit of sexy rage.

After all, we're in Anthropology
and for this I won't be graded-
I'll study the science of your being,
And I won't have to be persuaded.

When: MWF

Where: Anthro21

I saw: a TA

I am: a longing lady

Maybe it's just me, I'm making it up
but jesu christ, the way we eye fuck
You re manly scruff and bright blue hat
make me go crazy, I just need to tap that
we could fuck all over Harry-Milly
maybe in the grundle, no, but really
in the gender neutral bathroom,
or that garage that's a classroom
let's get caught by R.A.s as we do the dirty at the front desk
don't worry babe, I'll put you to the test
When: too fucking often
Where: the lovely Harry-Milly
I saw: A fuckable freshman
I am: DTF

See you, my heart beats faster
big shoulders,
can only imagine what's hidden
dark eyes,
lashes like Bambi
you're like Aladdin
but I can't be your Jasemine,
guess that's okay,
I can hide
Plus I'm pretty sure you're taken
Still...never had this reaction
good thing I'm shy
When: often
Where: athletic
I saw: a gentleman, sure thing
I am: not even going to try

I read comic books every wednesday, when they come out,
and I will go to any midnight premiere
that looks even half interesting.
When I can't fall asleep, I'll put on Star Wars, without fail.
70% of the music I listen to I got when I was 16.
I smoke a cigarette after every class, and I make terrible
puns that even my family refuses to laugh at.
I haven't done a push up in 2 years,
but it was a clap, so I think that's ok.
I make justifications like that on a daily basis...
I want you so bad... to know the truth: you can do better.
When: tuesdays/thursdays
Where: fishbowl/94309
I saw: a socially awkward sophomore/someone waiting
I am: a certain editor/gl

the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town?
was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?
tell the ear and we'll print it.
uvm.edu/~waterfwr/ear.html

Bailey-Howe

Young lady: One night stands are the greatest. You never have to talk to or see them again.

Young lady 2: I don't know if I'd be able to do it. I'm used to a very high quality lover.

Central Campus

Girl: Don't come at me with your turtle face and try and make out.

Path to Redstone

Girl talking on phone: Okay I'll call you then. Do you have a phone?...Oh, right.

Grundle

Young gentleman: I hate when you hit that 3 week point in a relationship where you have to start hanging out with her sober. That's when it's time to move on.

Weekday Off-Campus Bus

Girl 1: Septums... you have to be hardcore-ish.

Girl 2: What about Lindsay?

Girl 3: Well, Lindsay's not hardcore-ish, but she is... a really unique person!

In the lobby of UHN

Girl on phone: She's just loud and she's a ho. that's all i gotta say about that

Wright 2

Girl screams.

RA: Public indecency!

Boy: What? She told me to show my asshole!

Frisbee House

Guy: Look Sir you really dont need to give me a ticket i'm totally fine.

Cop: Yes I do... I'm a woman.

Pearl St.

Girl (about seeing a new couple): She could do SO much better. He's not hot, and has no personality. He's got a big dick, though.

CWP

Guy 1: Everything on the coffee table is soaking in bong water right now

Guy 2: DUDE save the Mario Tennis!!!

Pearl St. Beverage

Girl: I have a massive headache. I just gotta drink through it.

Guy: Yeah. That's what I always do.

3rd Floor of Bailey Howe

Girl 1: Sometimes I leave my door unlocked when I masturbate. The anticipation makes for a good tug.

Girl 2: I'm too ADD to masturbate at college.

Outside Royall Tyler

Guy 1: 6 inches is average, right?

Guy 2: Yeah, 6 inches

Guy 1: SHIT!

Guy 2: What?

Guy 1: I'm 5

Buell St.

Girl: That's one steezy-ass cast!

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 **Planned Parenthood**
of Northern New England

tunes.

times, they are a'changing



by sarahmoylan

Burlington, historically, has not been known for its thriving live music scene. Though I'd be the first to argue that we are a cultural anomaly, and in turn, a gem, it's all too easy for nationally touring artists to zip between Boston, New York, and Montreal without even thinking of making a pit stop in teeny Burlington. This has generally meant that Burlingtonians seeking live musical enjoyment have been forced to watch local jam and pseudo-jam bands jam and jelly to their heart's content in the Showcase Lounge at Higher Ground. Such a situation is decidedly "meh" for everyone but the members of Barefoot Truth, who always seem to be having a good time.

To combat this situation, we've been known to make the trek to Boston or New York or Montreal in order to hear an act that we've actually heard of. Dolla dolla bills are spent paying for gas and bribing our big-city friends to stay on their dorm room floors. We are the Burlingtonians—the ones with the beautiful lake and the freakishly nice people and the outrageously great mountains—but they are our big-city friends, who live in a place where famous bands play and famous deejays deejay and things actually happen. And Burlington, teeny tiny itty bitty Burlington, has never had much going on.

But is all of that changing? In the first issue of this year's **water tower**, I summed up some of the rad musical events that had gone on in this past summer. These events included two "since-when-does-stuff-this-awesome-happen-in-Burlington" moments: Jeff Mangum (the highly elusive former Neutral Milk Hotel frontman) kicking off his first tour in ten years at the Universalist Church in downtown Burlington, and Daytrotter.com's much-esteemed Barnstormer 5 tour coming to a barn in Charlotte.

I guess I figured those events were freak things that weren't necessarily representative of Burlington's live scene. But I was forced to think again when the following update from Angioplasty Media appeared on my Facebook feed a couple of weeks ago:

"We're excited to announce:: Thurston Moore at the Unitarian Church on January 29th!"

What the hell?! Thurston Moore, the brains and brawn of legendary indie rockers Sonic Youth, is playing in a church in Burlington? The church that Jeff Mangum rocked just

last August? Dude, that's awesome! My indie geek friends and I (nearly) peed our pants when we learned Thurston was coming to town.

The endlessly rad people of Angioplasty Media and MSR Presents, two local booking agencies, can take much responsibility for this upswing in live talent visiting the Burlington area. Without them, we likely never would have seen Misty Mangu or Moore even consider visiting our little city. But this flux of visiting talent isn't limited to the indie rock-osphere. Whether you like it or not, the Burlington house and dubstep scene is considerably better than it was just a few years ago. Need proof? Check out the jam-packed event schedule of Mushpost, a Burlington-based dubstep collective. Or visit Half Lounge, a local bar who typically hosts wicked good house deejays on weekends. Even metalheads get an outlet: Mind over Metal Mondays at Nectar's have been a rousing success. Plus, many of these shows are open to the 18+ crowd, so even underagers can have a good time.

Maybe I'm nuts. Maybe I just wasn't paying enough attention, or wasn't as familiar with the scene, when I started going to shows in Burlington just a few years back. But I'm pretty sure I'm not the only one who thinks concert of-

burlington's live scene gets a **pick-me-up**



carly macconnell

ferings in Burlington are better than they've been for a while and is excited about what's

been going on around here. More and more, people from other places are coming to Burlington to see shows—just this summer, I found a few of my high school classmates in line at the Jeff Mangum concert. They had trekked up from our hometown of Albany, New York just to see the

show. Albany sure isn't New York or Boston, but it's a bigger and badder city than Burlington, and it's about three and a half hours south. So when Albany-ites come to Burlington to see a concert... that's saying something pretty good about B-Town.

Thanks for the improvements, Burlington. But, before I finish, I've just got one complaint: why did you become more awesome than ever when I'm about to graduate? So, underclassmen, take advantage of this. But just know that I, well, sort of hate you. ■

become more awesome than ever when I'm about to graduate? So, underclassmen, take advantage of this. But just know that I, well, sort of hate you. ■

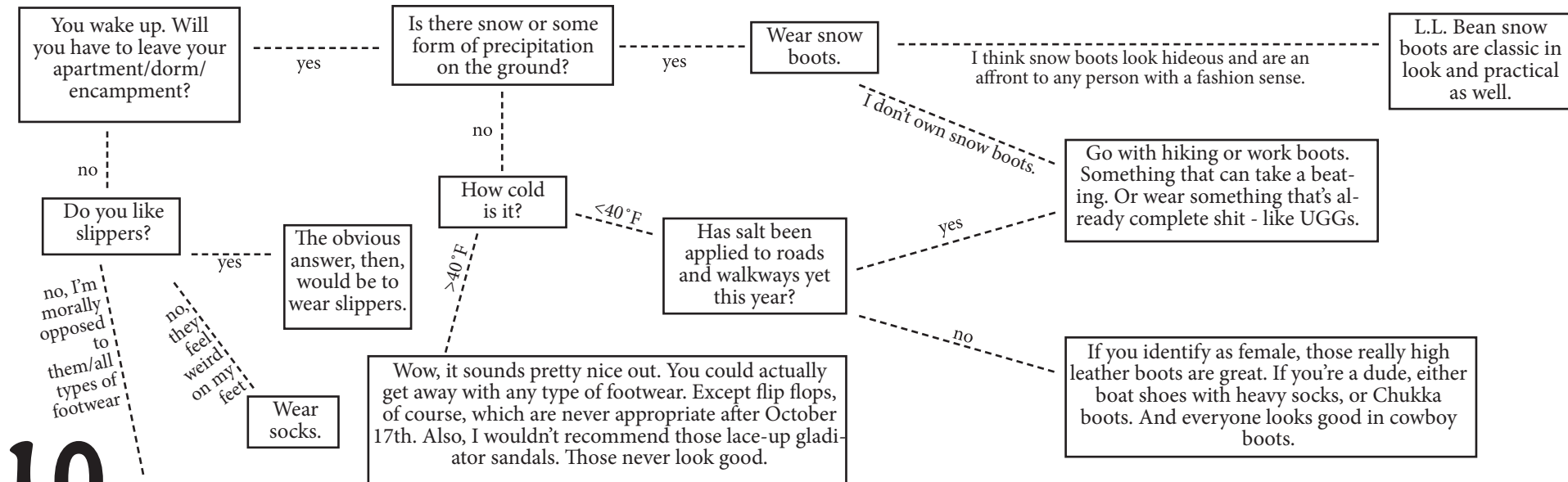


with colbynixon

fashion five-oh.

a guide to winterfell footwear

Has the weather been confusing you? Do you wake up in the morning wondering, "What footwear would be appropriate today?" Look no further than this handy dandy winterfell (winter + fall) flow chart! ■



créatif stuffé.

karaoke

wait! rewind! misprint!

joshhegarty's story from last issue had a sentence cut off at the end. ahh!! it was the story about the cop, remember? well, we know you've all been waiting in suspense to see how it ends, so here it is:

When the squad car finally shows up, a cop I recognize tells me I have to come file a report. I tell him "Sure" and as I get back into my car, I look in my passenger seat and see vanilla ice cream starting to pour out of the bag. Looks like I need to go back to the fucking store tonight. Heather is never gonna believe this shit. ■

explanations



collin cappelle

by mikemcgurk

The saw-tooth skyline means mountains.

How far off I'm not sure, at least ten days by Segway (accounting for roots in the path, cliff sides and bears).

Still, they make me nervous. If they really are teeth, then the stars would be taste buds.

So what does the horizon eat, Clumsy markhors? The frostbitten leftovers

of some stone-silent caravan? Or are meteorites like meatballs? Where? Is there a petrified uvula hanging in a damp, moist cave with the tonsils and bicuspid jutting out (stalactites and mites got bite), leading

to a long, dull drop down the esophagus into a stomach so slow and efficient that it needs no more than one lost hiker per year to go looking for shelter and find it in the list of "bodies never recovered?"

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advice

by julianvandertak

Honest love is rarely interplanetary; so guard true love, like fresh water does the dromedary.

by joshhegarty

"Max, I need you to do me a favor and be my wingman," said Tyler. "Who are you after?" "You see those two girls over there? The blonde one." "You mean those two obvious minors?" "No way are they minors. I see them in here all the time." "You're kidding me right? I doubt either of those girls are twenty-one."

"Will you please just do this. I haven't had sex since Joanne." "Didn't you guys break up like six months ago?" "Closer to a year."

"Damn. Fine, I'll be your wingman." Tyler and Max began to walk across the bar when the two girls they were approaching got up from their seats. It was their turn on the karaoke machine. Max ordered another drink. The two girls started to sing "Telephone" by Lady Gaga. As soon as Max recognized it, he looked at Tyler angrily and asked, "Really?"

"the two girls started to sing telephone by lady gaga ... 'really? couldn't you be into any other girl in this bar?'"

Couldn't you be into any other girl in this bar?" But Tyler said, "Shut up. I like this song," and raised his hands in the air and started to dance until the song was over.

When they finished, the girls danced their way back towards their table and seeing Tyler danced their way towards him. "That was really good," he said, smiling. "Thanks. I saw you dancing. You got some nice moves," said the blonde one, giggling.

The other girl looked at Max and asked, "Do you want to do a song?"

He finished his drink, gave Tyler a dirty look and said "Sure."

As they walked towards the stage, she said, "My name's Becky, by the way."

"I'm Max. What song do you want to sing?"

"Do you like Ke\$ha?"

"Tick-Tock? Sure. Let's do that."

They sang their song and went back to the table with Tyler and the other girl.

Tyler said, "That was awesome man."

"Yeah, you know how I like my Ke\$ha," said Max, then he looked towards the girl next to Tyler and asked, "What was your name, by the way?"

"Sharon. Nice to meet you"

Tyler looked to Max and said, "We're gonna go out for a cigarette real quick. We'll be right back."

"Ok," said Max as he and Becky sat down. Then Max asked her, "So, are you from around here?"

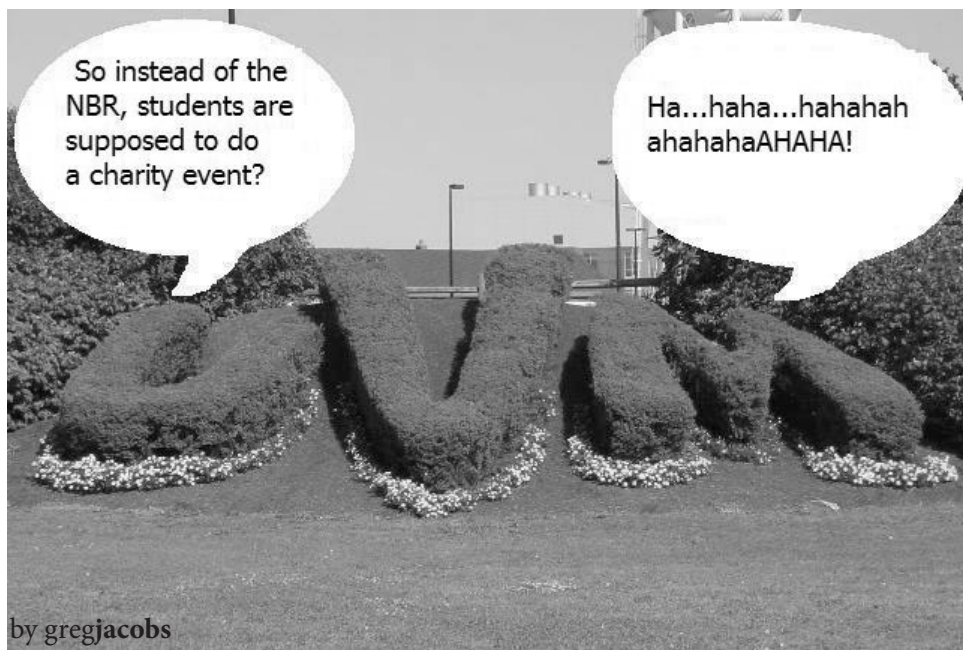
"Yeah, I actually live a couple blocks away. Sharon too. She's my older sister."

"Really, you two don't look alike at all."

"Well yeah, she's actually my half-sister. Same mom, different dads. And she dyes her hair blonde."

"Well, she seems like a pretty cool sister. I'd never bring my brother here. He's a total loser. He just hangs out in my parent's basement playing Warcraft and shit like that."

cat litter.

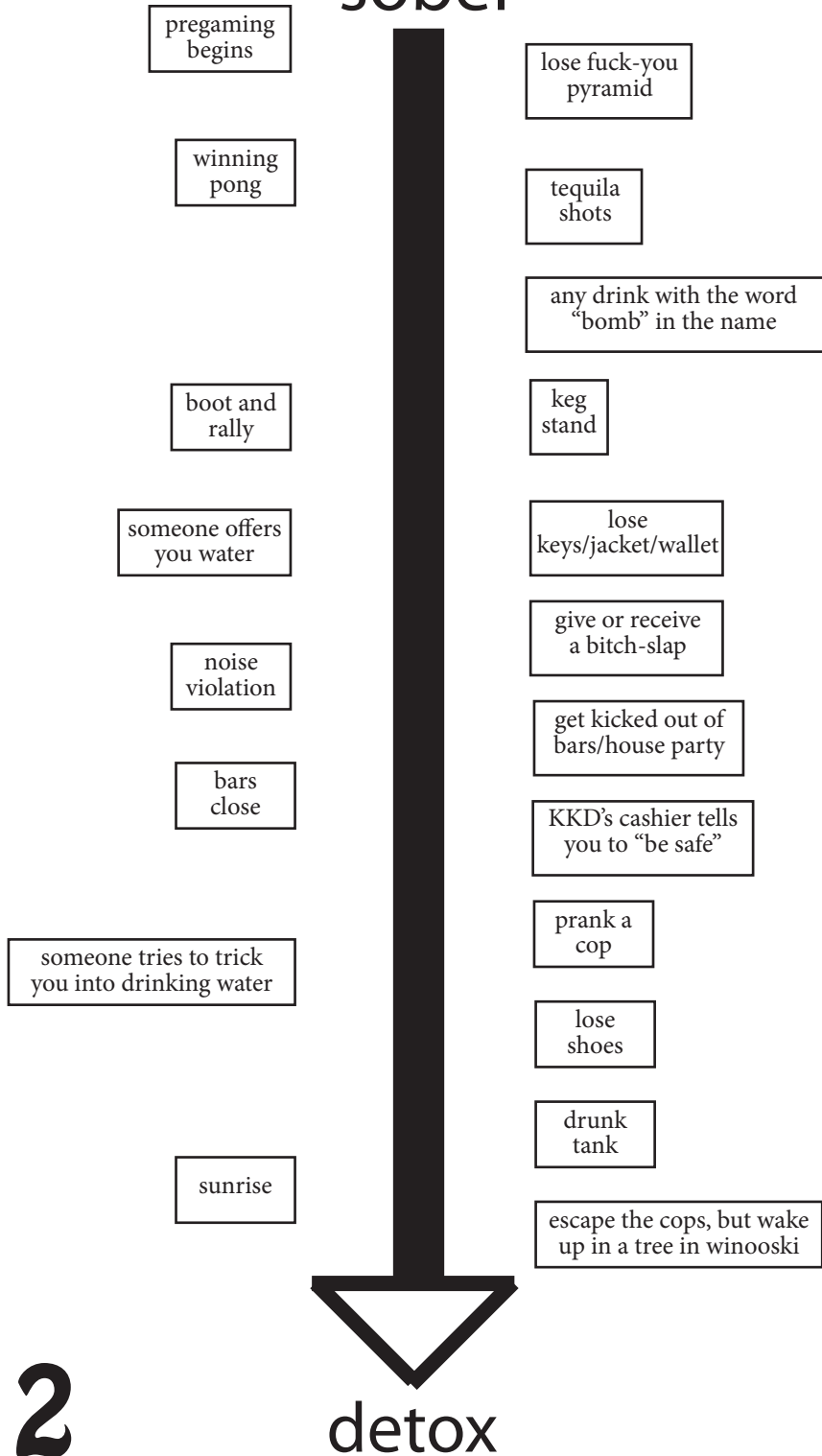


by gregjacobs

the burlington drunk-o-meter

by adrikopp

sober



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