



# the water tower.

## uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 14 - issue 10 - tuesday, november, 5, 2013 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

# 42523. the end of uvm confessions

by wesdunn

Around the end of last week, UVM Confessions, the Facebook page devoted to anonymous posting "liked" by around half of the university's population, was no more. In the wake of pressure from the administration, the administrators of the page have been forced to surrender and flee to the safer ground of a new page entitled "Burlington Confessions (in no way, shape, or form, associated with the University of Vermont or its affiliates)."

According to Luke Rossi, one of the formerly anonymous admins of the page, the demise of UVM Confessions began with Nick Negrete, the Assistant Dean of Students, contacting one of the page's three admins for a meeting. He proceeded to express that "[some] UVM confessions that are being shared among the student community [are having] a negative impact on student experience."

Negrete proceeded to lay out some of the administration's other concerns and issues with the page, including the idea that the raunchier posts would appear to be sanctioned by the University; and that the suicide-related posts were troubling, due to the inability to figure out who sent them in and whether or not they need help.

"While student safety is an understandably valid concern of the administration, Confessions has proved to be a helpful outlet and assistance resource," said Rossi. "I'm sure they're truly concerned for these student's safety, but closing one of their few discussion outlets isn't the way to go."

Indeed, numerous people have come forward on the page and to the admins saying that when they were down, the ability to post without consequences helped them get through their troubles. Their posts were



julianna roen

usually greeted with comments of support and references to CAPS, and often just the act of putting themselves out there helped the people in question feel better.

The other major concern, on the part

**'while student safety is an understandably valid concern of the administration, confessions has proved to be a helpful outlet and assistance resource,' said rossi**

of the University, was that the page was using the term "UVM" and thereby could be construed as an officially sanctioned University of Vermont page. This is what seems to have really brought the page down. Negrete explained that it was a violation of the "Trademarks Policy as well as the University Name, Symbols, Letterhead and Other Proprietary Indicia or Affiliation Policy," and legal action was threatened. The admins petitioned Facebook to allow them to change the name, didn't hear back, and that

was that.

The fact that the University thought UVM Confessions would come off as an official page seems a little weird to me.

The argument that it would even appear to be supported by the University also seems far-fetched. We don't see other colleges shutting down their confessions or "missed connections" pages, and there are certainly many of them out there. So why did UVM decide to tackle this so aggressively?

I'm inclined to think it's because UVM cares so much about this idea of "image." UMass Amherst couldn't give two shits about its confessions page, for example. But UVM, the most expensive state school in the nation, is deeply invested in and serious about its recruitment. It wants prospective students (read: prospective parents) to see a polished façade, a story that anyone employing common sense should see through in an instant.

... read the rest on page 5

# ode to lou reed

by mikestorage

Rest in peace, Lou Reed. You will be long remembered by the world of Rock and Roll. On October 28th, Lou passed away due to liver failure after a transplant he received in April did not stick. It appears that Reed's massive alcohol and drug use finally overcame him at the age of 71. Lou had a good run at the top (and in the middle), and he has left a massive wave of influence in his wake.

It seems like everyone in the past week has paid tribute to the late music visionary, including David Byrne, The Who, Arcade Fire, and the Arctic Monkeys, among others. These tributes have come over Twitter, through covers at concerts, or in interviews. Win Butler states a few words in a Reedesque voice at the beginning of their new song "Normal Person" and gave Lou a tribute on their recent concert on NPR. David Byrne stated in an interview that Lou is "one of the heroes" of the Talking Heads, who basically created alternative music as it is today.

I guess Lou Reed may be personally responsible for the contemporary world of music. And for that I'd like to say thanks, Lou. And it's not just his influence that is impressive, but the scope of his music that has really solidified him in the hearts and minds of anyone who has listened to his songs. Reed plays punk, he plays plain old rock, and he can rip on the guitar with a unique twanging style.

Lou's passing has enticed me into re-listening to every song he's helped create (except that Metallica collaboration obviously) to get a better insight into the man. Lou Reed is part mystery, part drug addict, and part hopeless romantic, searching for something that even he has trouble defining. Whether it was with the Velvet Underground or his solo efforts, Lou was a poet of the human soul. He put to words how I feel when I'm depressed, how I feel when I'm excited, and how I feel when I'm in love. Whenever I feel gloomy or longing, I put on Lou's music and I feel his words form the essence of my being. Listen to his jangling guitar and you will feel the same.

Lou contributed to five albums with

... read the rest on page 10

get inside me: li-fi: the new wifi by colinwalker

hcol dropouts by julianaroen and lauragreenwood

the etymology of swears by staceybrandt

underrated fashions by amydorfan

# the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **cat lady,**

I really lucked out with respect to my roommate: we're totally soulmates. We watch movies together, share clothes, and just *get* each other. But, even still, there's just something about her I can't stand: she smells. I mean, *really* smells. I'm not sure if it's her feet, pits, or breath, but something about her just *reeks*. I tell her the reason for my opening the window is because I'm hot-blooded and like the breeze, but in reality I'm desperate to get rid of that stink! Should I tell her and risk jeopardizing our spectacular bond? Or sit in silence and stank?

Sincerely,  
**Can't breathe through my nose**

Dear **Can't Breathe,**

Let me preface by saying that's really fucking gross and I am so sorry. Dorm rooms are already small and often filled with enough offensive odors without your goddamn roommate stanking up the place. This is kind of a sensitive topic, because no one wants to hear that they're icky, but if it's bothering you that much, it might be time to pipe up. Try starting jokingly, like after she kicks her sneakers off when coming home from the gym; if you introduce the topic at a time where everyone's prone to smell a little funky, it'll soften the blow. Or take her to Bath & Body Works on Church Street during your next girl-sesh and douse her in sensual daisy vanilla amber body glitter splash, or whatever the fuck they're pushing this season: who doesn't like testing free perfume? If all else fails, you could also just kill her. Give me a shout if push comes to shove; I know a guy.

xo (at arm's length), Cat Lady

*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*

**thewatertownnews@gmail.com**

## the shit list

with **jamiebeckett** and **katjaritchie**

**Scratchy Beards:** Novembeard is here, and while some of you may be able to grow manly beards seemingly overnight, note that this is not the case for most. Some of your less-hairy peers, such as myself, struggle even to fill in their patchy excuse for facial hair. These students suffer for a month in a state of perpetual itchiness to prove their manhood to one another. To many, their beards are an outward sign of their inner turmoil.

**Cheap-Ass Candy:** Now that Halloween is over, Thanksgiving is merely a bump in the road on the way to a winter wonderland. This means that every retail chain in America is hell-bent on clearing out the candy to make way for paper turkeys and clearly Christmas-oriented "Season's Greetings" signs that barely pass for secular. Candy is dirt fucking cheap right now, and while fun-size Snickers by the metric ton provide a brief rush of pleasure, they're also contributing significantly to our layer of winter hibernation blubber. Time to get up close and personal with the fat pants in the backs of our closets (don't you lie to me; I know you have a pair).

**Group Projects:** You mean to say that this past month I was expected to perform research, conduct an interview and be ready to present it coherently in front of the class? Good thing those deadlines are ages away, right? Emerging from this Halloween's drunken stupor, one may realize that months of procrastination are finally catching up to them. Don't worry, the answer to your problems is a simple prescription: study binge. ■

**the water tower.**  
uvm's alternative newsmag  
uvm.edu/~watertwr  
Editorial Staff

*Editors-in-Chief*  
Sarah Perda  
Cait O'Hara

*News Editor*  
Katja Ritchie

*Around Town Editor*  
Rebecca Laurion

*Reflections Editors*  
Phoebe Fooks  
Stacey Brandt

*Fashion Editor*  
Mike Storace

*Créatif Stuffé Editor*  
Beth Ziehl

*Tunes Editor*  
Dylan McCarthy

*Humor Editor*  
Collin Cappelle

*Copy Editor*  
Laura Greenwood

Staff Writers

Jamie Beckett  
Cole Burton  
Amy Dorfman  
Wes Dunn  
Anna Hill  
Vanessa Kahn  
Frances Lasday  
Marilyn Mora  
Dan Nissim  
Nick Patyk

Art Staff

*Art Editors*  
Ben Berrick  
Julianna Roen

*Staff Artists*  
Mariel Brown-Fallon  
Barry Guglielmo  
Winnie Kwong  
Sarah Shields  
Liz Stafford  
Rachel Taylor  
Yin Yefko

Special Thanks To  
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

## the news in brief with dannissim

**"It is definitely nothing other than an attempt to switch attention from the problems that really exist."**

- **Dmitry Peskov**, official spokesperson for Russian President Vladimir Putin, spoke out against allegations that Russia sent out spying devices in a goodie bag from the recent G-20 Summit meeting. German intelligence inspected two pieces, a phone charger and a USB drive, and determined that they were capable of downloading information.

**"A cop just stopped me and gave me a ticket for wearing Google Glass while driving!"**

- **Cecilia Abadie**, a California resident, posted this complaint over receiving a ticket while driving using a Google Glass device. Several states have laws in place banning the use of such devices while driving, but as tech-enabled glasses become more popular, legislators may have to look at amending the law.

**"We are really going to draw a picture of who this person was, his background, his history. That will help us explain why he chose to do what he did."**

- **FBI Special Agent David L. Bowdich** reflects on the shooting that happened last week at the Los Angeles International Airport, leaving one TSA agent dead. The suspect, Paul Ciancia, was allegedly targeting TSA officials.

**"The last time I was standing on the streets of Boston was the day of the marathon, and I'd just like to say thank you to the Red Sox for bringing all these people back to the streets for something so great to celebrate."**

- **Laurie Delaney**, an attendee at the Boston Red Sox World Series parade, thanks the team for their victory. This is the first time the Red Sox have won the World Series at home since 1918.

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

**contact the wt.**  
**Letters to the Editor/General**  
thewatertownnews@gmail.com  
**Editors-in-Chief:**  
watertowareditor@gmail.com  
**Advertising:**  
watertowerads@gmail.com

**read the wt.**  
**B/H Library** - 1st Floor  
**Davis Center** - 1st Floor Entrance  
**Davis Center** - Main St. Tunnel  
**L/L** - Outside Alice's Café  
**Old Mill Annex** - Main Lobby  
**Waterman** - Main Lobby  
**Williams** - Inside Steps  
**Online** - uvm.edu/~watertwr

**join the wt.**  
*New writers and artists are always welcome*  
**Weekly meetings**  
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm  
Lafayette L207  
**Or send us an email**

**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** 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.**

# hardcore li-fi: less buffering, more..buffering

by colinwalker

The Internet is for porn. Smut, smutty, smut, smut, smut. When it comes to all of the equipment it takes to communicate a signal over the Internet, very few of us know what each router, modem, and piece of computing hardware does. The clusterfuck of cables and devices that make up Wi-Fi are not important to us as long as we get to the Adult Portal of Newgrounds.com. Well, you may not care about these components so much, but I'm about to let you in on the latest upcoming technological advance that may, one day, help you beat the meat with less buffering: Li-Fi.

Wi-Fi works by sending radio waves, while Li-Fi by using light waves. For all of you who know that different forms of electromagnetic energy travel at the same speed and are saying, "So how can one be faster?" hold on a second, because engineers in Britain have made progress. And for those of you thinking of the physics involved, Li-fi will probably work out for you too, and you should check out what researchers at the University of Edinburgh are doing; besides, if I were to pick one group of people eager to wank the most it would probably be engineers in Britain, since:

- a) Prime Minister David Cameron has actively tried to restrict porn in the UK.
- b) They are engineers.

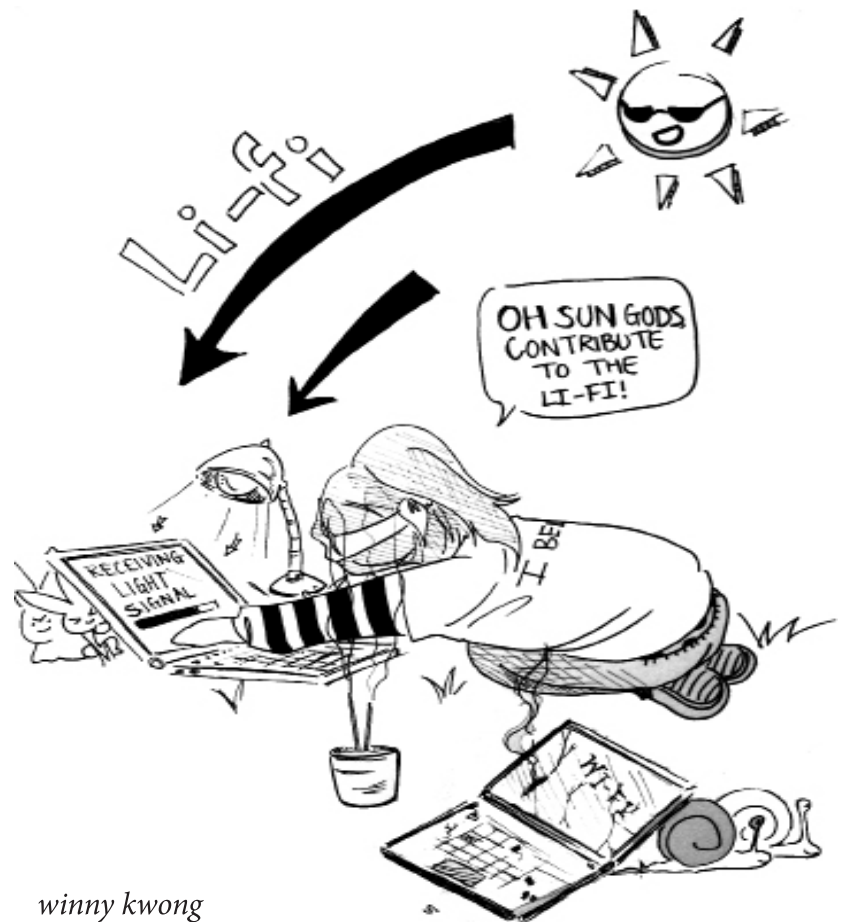
Firstly, Li-Fi replaces the radio waves of Wi-Fi with light waves from LED bulbs. By splitting the signal into parallel streams, much like a showerhead splits a stream of water, more data can be sent at once. The

LED bulbs flicker on and off so fast that it appears as a constant beam of light, when it is actually sending those zeroes and ones that make Tori Black moan. Therefore, more girth, more speed, and more endurance actually do lead to better performance.

The drawbacks to this system are pretty major, as light waves get cock-blocked by any solid object. And, unlike the storylines of the videos you're watching, the transmitter and receiver actually have to align. While the latter issue is more difficult to tackle, the former does have its positives. Foremost, it means that home networks cannot be hacked, meaning no one else can do any indecency on your frequency, and there won't be any internet interruptions.

Other positives include how light waves cannot be interfered with in electromagnetic-sensitive areas, like airplanes and nuclear power plants. While it's still frowned upon to flong your dong in a fuselage, this means that you'll at least get to watch non-X-rated films while in the company of strangers.

It may be a little while until everything is perfected, but the change in speed and efficiency could be as drastic as when it shifted from four guys eagerly waiting for an image to load to having a box of tissues at your side and a broadband connection at your fingertips. For now, we'll see what can be done. Who knows? When science goes deeper and deeper, it could only lead to a more intense climax. ■



winny kwong

# annoyance from above burlington, the air force, and the f-35

by davidanderson

Last Tuesday, the Burlington City Council shot down resolutions to oppose the stationing of 18 to 25 F-35 fighter planes at the Burlington International Airport. These planes have concerned many local activists and citizens because of their noise and potential danger, however, Burlington is the preferred choice of the Air Force even with the local pushback. Lately, the UVM community has been so busy partaking in the time-honored tradition of protesting fossil fuel divestment that the impending F-35s seem to have been forgotten, but the planes could be coming regardless.

The rejected resolutions consisted of one that explicitly blocked the F-35s from the airport and another that suggested enhanced health and safety requirements concerning the noise and crash risk of the planes. Mayor Miro Weinberger denounced both resolutions, saying that a vote against them was "a vote to value Burlington's 67-year old relationship with the Vermont Air National Guard... [and] a vote for financial responsibility." The opponents of the planes

are worried about the overall noise of the planes and the dangers they could pose if they crashed.

The F-35s are louder than their counterparts (the F-16) by 7 decibels. To clarify, an increase of 1 decibel is roughly equivalent

**"in short, since it's tough to measure *quality of life*, it's totally ok to *shit on it*."**

to a 7% increase in noise. So, the switch from 65 dB to 72 dB means that the new planes are about 50% louder than their already-loud cousins. Opponents of the aircraft claim that anything above 65 can be harmful to human ears. Fortunately, the Air Force released some comforting words on the issue, saying "The Air Force recog-

nizes that some individuals may feel that they have experienced a reduction in quality of life, however, impacts to quality of life are not possible to quantify, since any potential measurement would be based on a set of subjective experiences that are highly

variable among individuals." In short, since it's tough to measure quality of life, it's totally OK to shit all over it.

The other, more gripping, issue with the

planes becomes apparent when one looks at the crash rate for the preceding generation, the F-15. When the planes were first released in 1981, there were 17 crashes in the first year. Over time, the rate declined to just 4 crashes in 2012. These planes took years to work all of the kinks out, and there were many mishaps along the way. After

examining the situation, local attorney Eileen Blackwood claimed that, "It is unlikely that a court could find the city liable for any harm caused." Hurrah! There's no need to worry about housing planes that are likely to crash and cause damage at some point, just so long as we're not accountable!

The general public may not mind housing these lovely new planes if keeping them in Burlington was the only way they could ever be based anywhere, but that is not the case. There are plenty of other candidates that seem like much better fits. McEntire Air Guard Base in South Carolina, as well as a base in Jacksonville, Florida are removed from population centers and are also possible candidates. It seems ridiculous that Burlington is even being considered to base these planes, especially when the rural McEntire base is eager to take them. Hopefully when the Air Force makes its choice, Vermont is spared. ■

# around town.

## snitches get stitches an inside look at uvm quidditch

by wesdunn

The last time Quidditch was mentioned in the **water-tower**, it was being shat on as part of an analysis of a list of “101 things to do at UVM”. Haters gonna hate, I guess. This time, I offer a deep insider’s perspective on the sport here at UVM. A year ago, I never would have thought I’d be saying this, but I’m a Snitch and Chaser on the UVM Quidditch team.

Muggle Quidditch, an adaption of J.K. Rowling’s sport for the majority of us who are gravity-bound, has become very serious and structured. On a pitch about two-thirds the length of a soccer field, sets of three hoops are placed at opposite ends. The basic goal of the game is for opposing teams to try to throw the Quaffle (a slightly deflated volleyball) through any of them, for 10 points a goal. Each team has three Chasers that work at doing this. Teams also have a Keeper, dedicated to protecting the hoops. Another position is the Beater – each team has two. These players throw Bludgers (dodgeballs, of which there are three in play) at members of the opposing team. If you get hit by a Bludger, you have to take your broom out from between your legs (oh yeah, that’s a thing) and run back to touch your team’s hoops before returning to play.

The final position is the Seeker. Each team has one, and their job is to catch the Snitch. The game doesn’t end until the Snitch is caught (but actually; it could technically go forever), and whichever Seeker catches it gets their team 50 points. It’s the major factor in a Quidditch game, as any Potterhead would know.

What is the snitch? Unfortunately, it isn’t a winged, golden ball. I think the original creators of Muggle Quidditch experimented with RC helicopters but, needless to say, that didn’t really work out. So the “snitch” is a foam ball, stuffed down a tube sock that is hanging out the back of a runner’s shorts. The game starts with the teams lined up, facing each other on opposite ends of the field, and then the ref yells, “The Snitch is loose!” The Snitch then bounds off somewhere,

**“and the game doesn’t stop until one of the seekers manages to grab the tube sock dangling by their butt. good times!”**

not obliged to return to the field for 15 minutes or so. And the game doesn’t stop until one of the Seekers manages to grab the tube sock dangling by their butt. Good times!

It is my proud honor to be one such Snitch. It isn’t necessarily a glamorous role to play, as the entire point of the game is for you to lose. But I think this is more than made up for by the nature of the job. When I said that the Snitch starts the game by bounding off somewhere, I mean anywhere. We can do anything - hide out in the woods, jog around the corridors of some building, scale fences, any-



ben berrick

thing. My mentor, the legendary Tenzin Chopel, and I have been involved in a variety of weird stuff during the middle of gameplay. Sometimes it’s pretty tame: going back to our dorm to update our Facebook statuses, creeping around random buildings, hiding in an empty dumpster, etc. And sometimes it’s a little crazier: crashing and playing at an open mic, getting into a photoshoot for *Outside* magazine (while wearing a onesie), making condom water balloons to pelt the Seekers with, that kind of stuff.

I never even really intended to stick with Quidditch, I just sort of found myself continuing to show up at practices, all the time. For a year. And I just keep doing it. The great friendships aside, I think it’s because it’s a really great release – you get to just let go, be goofy, and still get a great workout in. Quidditch should not be underestimated in terms of how physical it is – I’ve been hurt pretty badly doing it before, and ambulances are usually necessary at tournaments. But at the same time, it’s incredibly whimsical. When my day consists of classes, more classes, work, and then a shit ton of homework, I can’t say how nice it is to take a break and fly up and down the field as a Chaser, or run around deviously with a sock hanging out my shorts. It’s insane, but ironically I think it helps keep me sane. If you feel like this might be your thing, come to practice! Sundays around 3, Mondays and Thursdays at 5 in the gym by the tennis courts. Make friends, run around, throw dodgeballs... Quidditch has it all. ■

## confessions of an *honors college dropout* a double take

by lauragreenwood

by juliannaroen

It wasn’t until after I received the last rejection letters from my Ivy League dreams that I even learned UVM had an Honors College. At the time, with my intellectual confidence already on the downswing, it didn’t really bother me to learn UVM wasn’t praising my GPA like my parents had for the past eighteen years since I wasn’t automatically enrolled in the Honors program. I shrugged it off as an admissions mistake and just figured I’d prove my prowess and apply at the end of my first year. However, thirty credits later with a GPA that would grant easy acceptance, I sat down in front of the Honors College app on my laptop and knew it wasn’t for me.

I always thought I needed to be a part of our small-scale, prestigious smart-kid kingdom to justify why I went to my safety school. Call it the side effect of a private school education, but I had convinced myself up until that point that I wouldn’t be special or thought of as intelligent in the future unless I had a little line on my transcript saying I was an “Honors Kid”. So then, why didn’t I apply? Heck, that was always the plan, what had changed? Well, from what I’d heard, the program wasn’t worth it unless you wanted to live in UHeights (which I didn’t care for) and already had your thesis in mind (which I wasn’t ready to face). Simply put, the program wasn’t worth the stress.

My most important realization was that my undergraduate education would not be considered a failure if I wasn’t in the Honors College. Now, as I’m trudging through my Junior year, I’m confident and self-assured that I’m a badass, analytical, and fucking verbose college student. It took coming to UVM and facing the professors and the giant lecture halls for me to truly believe in my potential and abilities. I’m thankful I didn’t join the Honors College because I can say that that sense of achievement is solely a result of my own certainty and tenacity, not a title or position a random admissions counselor offhandedly gave me when I was just a naïve high school senior. ■

When I received my acceptance letter to UVM, I was thrilled to see a little slip of paper inviting me to join the Honors College. *How prestigious!* I thought. My experience being a part of it, though, was much less enjoyable than I had anticipated.

I was in the Honors College during my first year at UVM but have dropped it since then and am glad for it. What were my problems with HCOL? As far as the required classes went, I appreciated the first course, *The Pursuit of Knowledge*, where we read critically-acclaimed works. I may not have learned the most practical knowledge, but my writing improved and I expanded my knowledge of well-known literature. Conversely, I especially disliked my second-semester D1 Ethnolinguistics course. The only subject we seemed to talk about was racism, a subject that felt beaten to death after 16 weeks. In general, I did not feel like I learned anything especially worthwhile or useful.

The administration of HCOL itself was another facet to the program that really irritated me. It felt like the professors babied the students by giving us plenary lectures on how to register for classes and explaining the difference between pictures with higher and lower resolution.

On top of academic and administrative annoyances, living in UHeights North was much less ideal than people make it out to be. Yes, the rooms are huge, but the walls are like paper and allow one to hear the slightest whisper of a neighbor. The community was also lacking, which was one of the parts of HCOL that I felt most disappointed about. People were cliquey, and it was hard to make meaningful friendships with others while also maintaining your independence and not selling your soul to their group.

Looking at HCOL as a whole, much needs to be changed if they want to prevent people from veering away. For instance, the students should be treated more like adults. The administration doesn’t need to hold the students’ hands every step of the way and act like the over-involved parent. Secondly, the Honors College should offer classes that fit into more people’s majors so that being part of the program is more of an academic enhancement rather than an extracurricular activity. For example, courses that are normally offered through UVM such as Computer Programming could be offered through the Honors College, but at a faster pace that involves more hands-on work. This way, people who are majoring or minoring in Computer Science and are part of the Honors College have the advantage of taking on more challenging work while still fulfilling their college requirements. The Honors College should be a privilege to be a part of rather than a burden and help those who want to stand out academically do so. ■



# behind the hindquarter

by nickpatyk

*Cloud Nine Catering Company makes a back-ended statement with this bright red food truck! Located directly in front of Williams Hall, 184 South Prospect Street.*

It's a cold and dreary day. Rain is starting to fall. I'm in a white t-shirt, and my instincts tell me to scam, get inside, etc. But I'm on a mission. And I'm not stopping until I get some ass. Some Ass Truck food, that is.

The Hindquarter makes its appearance on 184 South Prospect Street, in front of Williams Hall. It sits gleaming, even on this cloudy day, with bright red paint and a professional-grade mini-diner countertop protruding from its side. This is not your average parking spot one-stop restaurant knock-off. In fact, it's better than many stationary eateries I've been to recently. This meal on wheels is no joke.

I walk to the counter, and ask the vendor what his favorite menu item is.

"The Banh Mi."

"Can I get one of those, please?"

"You got it."

The operator is named Lucas Hanson, and I quickly figure out why the Hindquarter's menu is so extravagant, and why the prices are higher than those of the average food truck.

"Cloud Nine. We're a catering company."

"Oh, I see. So you guys figured it made sense to sell to UVMers?"

"Yup. Good crowd."

Cloud Nine. A good name, considering you may very well find yourself there upon consumption of a Banh Mi sandwich.

As far as the menu goes, if you're anything like me, you associate food trucks with a pretty narrow spectrum of selection. But the Hindquarter will spank your former expectations.

For breakfast, you can pick up your average sausage, egg, and cheese, which will certainly be of a superior quality than normal, or take the less-traveled road, in the form of the Summamish. You'll get fried eggs, Sriracha sauce, VT-made butter, and cheese Chevre (French cheese made from goat's milk), along with a side of local greens. Sounds like quite the piece of culinary art, prompting one to inquire as to the price of such an elaborate roadside service. Both dishes will run you six dollars, with tax. Add in your one-dollar water or two-dollar French press coffee, and you're dropping about six to eight smackers to get your stomach smiling.

For lunch, there is a smattering of delectable choices. Your options range from House Mortadella - a dish based upon local greens, pickled onions, roused garlic puree, and cheddar - to Chili Relleno, a Mexican-styled dish based on cheese, rice, ranchero, and corn tortillas.

And of course, we have the Banh Mi, a Korean-style pork sandwich, which I was fortunate enough to eat myself. Not a bad selection for a little red, rollin' kitchen.

I suppose there's just one potential downside...

"Can I get a Coke?"

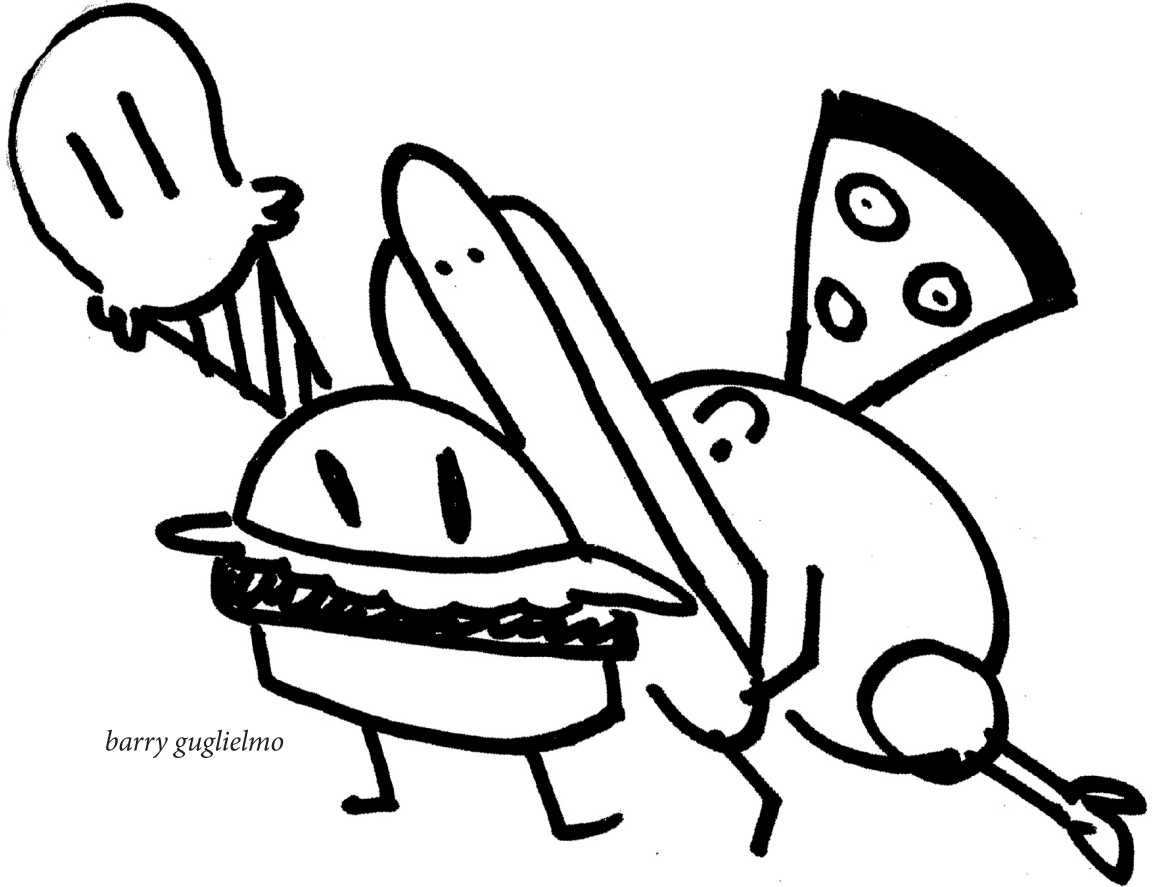
"Nah, just coffee and water."

"Really?"

"Yup, other stuff just doesn't move. We make all kinds of drinks, like custom sodas and juices, but they don't sell out here. Nothin' but coffee and water."

Hmm. It seems my craving for Coke will have to wait. Water it is. But as it turns out, water may be all the better. You'll want a clear palate when you eat the Banh Mi.

This is no bottom-of-the-barrel grease truck grub. The sandwich is packed with full,



barry guglielmo

juicy, perfectly cooked pork. The slices are more than a half-inch thick, like you'd get at a respectable eatery. There's fresh parsley interspersed throughout, and the slightly sweet, just barely zesty Thai chili sauce artfully complements the well-prepared meat. The bread is lightly doused in butter, and the pickled vegetables function as gourmet coleslaw, giving the otherwise encouragingly chewy sandwich a crunchy kick.

As I leave, I ask Lucas whether he wants to say anything about the truck, for the paper. But don't worry, I only tell him I'm writing about the food after I eat, so there is no preparatory bias!

"No."

Just a very simple, content, and pointed "no." I swear I see him look to the sky and smile. Upon eating, it isn't hard to figure out why he has nothing to say. The food speaks for itself, and eloquently, too.

So if you're sick of your stomach fighting wars against Sodexo sustenance, and you're okay with spending an extra buck and drinking only coffee or water, eat out from the Hindquarter. You can always get another drink somewhere else, and in my experience, the food is well worth the money. But only you can decide for yourself!

So get to it. Go get some Ass! ■

## CONFESSIONS -continued from pg 1

Everyone is not going to be happy all the time! That's not how it works! People are just people—whether they're at a college or not, they're going to be sad sometimes, do stupid shit, and generally be humans. A lot of UVM Confessions were raunchy, sexist and offensive, but a lot of it was real stuff, and UVM is displaying some serious insecurity in shutting it down. Prospective students should not be lining up for massive debt based on false promises and fake images. I wonder how they'd like it if I just started being the UVM Confessions ghost, walking hauntingly alongside admissions tours, shouting out confessions... ■

# reflections.



## the etymology of swears: why you *should* give a fuck

by staceybrandt

The liberal nature of today's younger generation has taken our constitutional freedom of expression, beyond its traditional sense, into the realm of vulgarity. That is, we say whatever the fuck we want, whenever we goddamn please, without consequence. Having become disgraceful potty mouths, the only thing worse than our dirty language is our ignorance toward its origin. We're all scholars, so let us at the least be able to back up saying "you motherfucking pussy" with some dignity, intelligence, and background education. My interest in this subject led me to the Oxford English Dictionary where I have found the sources of our nastier linguistic habits.

It seems appropriate that I start with 'fuck.' I fuck, you fuck, he/she/we/thee fuck. It's quite bizarre but the sentence "Fuck this fuckin' fuck you fuck!" said the fuck" is totally comprehensible. This versatile term has become an integral part of modern English, but where the fuck did it come from? As it turns out, fuck derives from the 15th century Dutch "fokken," which means "to mock." Interestingly, this sense of 'fuck' still has relevance today. For instance, if a friend tells you they drunkenly assaulted a police officer, was detained by a taser gun, and was subsequently arrested, you might exclaim mockingly (after reevaluating your friendship), "Wow, you really fucked up!"

As we know, 'fuck' also carries a strong sexual connotation. In describing the action of sex, "I fucked him/her" can be used by the macho type, or "we fucked" by the more sensitive, cooperative type. 'Fuck' also connotes pre-orgasmic exclamations such as the ecstatic, "Fuck, fuck, oh FUCK!" or the always unexpected, "Fuck! The condom broke." Believe it or not, people of the 17th century were also inclined to express odd sexual experiences. The OED cites this instance in 1663 as the first use of 'fuck' in literature: "I did creep in.. and there I did see putting [sic] the great fuck upon my weef." I don't know what exact circumstance this quote describes, but I do know it would make for some great reality TV.

I now will move on to slightly more risqué language. This is the language of getting slapped in the face and/or drop kicked in the balls. I'm talking about 'pussy' and 'cunt.' I find these terms particularly intriguing in that they both connote female genitalia, but more often express moderate to extreme anger. Why discontentment is associated with

vaginas may be due to the countless occasions in which a vagina could resemble an angry cat that has been shaven against its will, or a disgruntled bearded man.

'Pussy' began as a term of endearment for "a girl or woman exhibiting characteristics associated with a cat, [especially] sweetness or amiability." In fact, the expression "pretty pussy" in the 16th century would have seldom evoked pornographic images, and rather, those of a kind, attractive lady. It was not until the early 1900s that 'pussy' evolved into a threat to mas-

"the expression '**pretty pussy**' in the 16th century would have seldom evoked **pornographic images**"

culinity, exposing a man's implicit fears of resembling a defenseless kitten, having a vagina, and/or being perceived as homosexual. These fears have provoked many men called "pussy" to engage in unnecessarily reckless activities, for example: "You are such a pussy if you don't shotgun that beer upside-down, hanging from that fourth story window." Unfortunately, unlike cats, college males do not have nine

lives— though I bet most wish they were pussy enough for that attribute.

Though your great-great-great-great (etc.) grandmother would not have had a "pussy," I will unapologetically inform you that she had a cunt. 'Cunt' is quite the language fossil, preserved almost completely intact from 13th century Middle English (as well as the corresponding Old Norse and Middle Dutch) meaning the "female external genital organs." Unlike 'pussy,' 'cunt' actually originated as a vulgar term, and that is probably why today it's infamously known as one of the "worst" words to say. We all secretly understand that someone who uses 'cunt' is probably they themselves equally, if not more, cunt-ish. I would advise you to save this word until after the last resort, or else the Potty-Mouth Police (a group of concerned preschool teachers dressed in police uniforms) will hold you down and force you to eat a bar of soap.

I hope you will use this knowledge to reflect on the vulgar notes in your vernacular. We should appreciate our foul language for its rich history, and not just for avoiding the phrase "vaginal intercourse" when speaking amongst friends. More importantly, we must realize that in a few hundred years, it is extremely likely our current terms will have transformed into inconceivable new ones such as "oc-topussy," "pole-vaulting," and "hole-humming." ■



barry guglielmo

## a novel in a the **Wri** d

by leonardbartenstein

In 1999, freelance writer Chris Baty and twenty-something of his friends had a dream: to each write their own novel. They collectively decided they would take a month of their lives and use that month to attempt the endeavor. The rules were simple: write 50,000 words of original fiction in thirty days. There were only a couple of winners that year, but since then, National Novel Writing Month [or NaNoWriMo, as it is abbreviated (And, as a side note, no one really knows how to pronounce this abbreviation, whether you use long or hard syllables, or where you put stress... it would have been much easier if they called it NNWM, but they didn't, so...)] has grown to an international event in which hundreds of thousands of people participate each year. And as difficult as writing a whole fricking book is, tens of thousands of people complete their novels during the month, as well.

Chris Baty expanded the friendly competition to the public, allowing anyone to participate through a website. The non-profit organization that runs the event, The Office of Letters and Light, also runs Camp NaNoWriMo, a summer camp-style version of the original event, with greater emphasis on community. They also established the NaNoWriMo Young Writer's Project, which encourages kids to start writing at an early age along with writing workshops, programs, and teaching materials to schools all around the country, enabling kids to get a great exposure to writing and to allow them to learn new things along the way. This is a great way to get kids excited about writing and reading, which can encourage them to become better writers, and, in all, makes them smarter people. And we all know we could use more smart people these days.

NaNoWriMo, which occurs each November, requires that an aspiring novelist write, on average, about 1,667 words per day. This might seem completely doable at first, and it is, for the first week or so. Then, every writer hits the dreaded "week two blues." Approaching this project at first, it seems fancy, shiny, and full of promise. In the first days, you might actually write more than the suggested word count to stay on par, you might keep writing to get up to 3,000 or 4,000 words a day. Once week two hits though, you fall into a slump (literally - You will lack the motivation to even sit up in the chair. If you make it to the chair, even, count that as a victory. I would be lying if I said I haven't spent week two writhing and writing on the floor). Writing the novel gets tedious. You run out of ideas. You freak out. You suddenly drink even more coffee than before, just to motivate yourself to write more. You also might find yourself drinking more alcohol than before, thinking that if it worked for Poe, Hem-

"You pow  
and whe  
the thresh  
words, you  
can do

month,  
te  
ecision?

# soft, *fluffy*, *furries* it's all about the *fursona*

by marilynmora

mingway, and Stephen King, so it's got to work for you. Or, even worse, you give up on yourself. "This novel sucks," you say to yourself. "It was a stupid idea to start writing in the first place." And you might just believe yourself, just like the time you believed that you physically couldn't finish BSing that essay (you totally did, and you totally got a B).

But then you hit week three, and realize that your story wasn't as bad as you thought. If you just patch up a few plot holes, you can make it work. You stop using contractions to add to your word count. You power through, and when you break the threshold of 30,000 words, you feel like you can do anything. The action in your novel is bounding forward, and you're blazing through it like you're Felix Baumgartner, falling from space, accelerating toward earth at roughly 9.8 meters per square second. You can't stop. In week four, you finally hit the finish line, and I guarantee

ver through,  
n you break  
old of 30,000  
u feel like you  
anything."

you: it is one of the greatest feelings, ever. You have written a novel, a tangible novel, that you can print out on your roommate's printer when they're out partying and you are in your room (obviously, because you're in the midst of a literary

breakthrough) and show off to all of your friends. This feeling of satisfaction is the final goal of NaNoWriMo. This is the reason you should do it.

Perhaps, you're thinking, that seems all well and good, but there's really no reason for me to try to write a novel in a month. I can write a novel whenever the heck I want. I have a brilliant novel inside of me at this very moment and I will write it when I feel like it.

That's when you have to ask yourself: where is this novel? It's probably not physically in front of you because you probably haven't written it. It's just sitting up in your brain, waiting to be written like that commitment to going to the gym you're totally going to make, because you yourself are sitting around thinking, "Someday, I'll write a novel." Well, as Leonard Bernstein once said, "To achieve great things, two things are needed: a plan and not quite enough time." NaNoWriMo gives you a deadline, an end date for your finished product. You can do it, because I've done it, and tens of thousands of other people have done it. Just a humbling reminder, your novel's not going to be good. NaNoWriMo stresses quantity over quality, but you can edit it later. That's what winter break's for.

You can find out more about National Novel Writing Month at [www.nanowrimo.org](http://www.nanowrimo.org). ■

Have you heard of Anthrocon? I first heard about it from my friend, Devon. Devon is the kind of guy that's prone to wax poetic about software updates and Roth IRAs. He's as exciting as a warm, damp washcloth. So one day I found myself asking him, "I bet you have loads of money. I mean what do you spend your money on? Definitely not clothes." He laughed, but when I insisted that he list at least one thing he eventually stammered out quietly "I spend a lot of money on Anthrocon." At the time I assumed it was just some other computer geek convention, but far from it! Anthrocon, annually held in Pittsburg PA, is the apex of the furry world. It is the world's largest gathering of furries.

So what the hell is a furry? Furries are a subculture in the geek-nerd kingdom. The simplest definition would be: people that are fans of animals with human like features or tendencies. Having grown up with Disney, we're all familiar with this, and some hold a special place in their heart for these Disney characters. I know I'm always down to chill with my homeboy Zazu from *The Lion King*, "nobody knows the trouble I've seen, nobody knows my sorrow." Preachhhh, spit those lines, you tell'em Zazu.

Furries take this liking even further though. As is the case with any hobby, there's the basic general majority, and then there are those who take things to the extreme. The basic furry will create their own fursona. Get it? Fur + persona. They'll identify strongly with an animal and develop it more fully. This may involve finding an animal name, and creating a fursuit. From there their fandom manifests itself in artistic areas. Roleplaying, animation, writing, and drawing are all popular forms of furry art expression.

The basic furry fandom is growing, there are even furry groups that meet up every couple of months in Burlington. Champlain college has a growing number of furries. As my friend Dave the Champlainer so eloquently put it, "Marilyn there's around 3,000 kids at Champlain. I'd say 1,000 of those kids are fucking weirdos. Out of those weirdos I'd say there's probably 30 or so that are into the furry culture or at least dabbling in it." Here at UVM there's an even smaller percentage of furry participants, less than ten

students, or so I'm told.

Now, aside from the basic majority, there is a segment of furries that are just a bit more extreme; the yiff-yiff division of furry fandom. Yiff-yiff is furry sex. Yup. It's called this because it's the noise foxes make when they mate and it's suppose to have a happy, playful connotation. Now this doesn't mean that these are people that get off on mascots or animals. Simply put, this is two fursonas hitting it off and having sex. They just have a different name for it. Maybe they're dressed in fursuits, and I don't know, maybe their bed-

portant to note this does not represent the majority of furries. Yet, because of these misconception the furry fandom is mostly based online. Thankfully, at least once a year they can meet face to face at Anthrocon.

I realized that I'd never heard of furries, or even consciously known someone who was a furry because furry fandom is viewed as something weird and hence it's not really talked about openly. Right now in our culture it's easy to say "I really love politics, like a lot." With that statement you might think, "that's a fine young man there, he's going places." And when that guy joins the debate team and dresses up in a power suit and tie you think nothing of it. Hell, you'll support his political aspiration. Now instead, lets imagine the guy said "I really like cartoon animals, like a lot." What would your reaction be? And if the guy goes onto attend conventions and dress in the regular convention garb (fursuits) would you support his anthropomorphic aspirations? Probably not. You might think, "Boy that guy's weird. Did you notice he was breathing kinda

christopher schnieder



room play is more animated.

There is also the small percentage of extreme furries that actually feel that they are an animal trapped in a human body. These are therians. These are people that identify so strongly, spiritually, and psychologically with their animal spirit that they act as animalistic as they can and really embody that animal persona. Some have gone as far as even having surgery to further personify the animal they identify with.

These are just some of the basic furry levels. Unfortunately there are other names that get lumped into furry culture. Many mistake furries as perverts, fans of bestiality, or plushies (a person that sexually fetishizes stuffed animal) etc. It's im-

heavy too? Creep."

It's important to realize we're all a little weird. We all have hobbies and interests that others wouldn't understand (ahem, Red Sox fans). Bearing that in mind, furries are no different than Star Wars fans or Dr. Who fans. They're just people with a fun hobby. Hopefully the stigma that is attached to furry fandom will die down and furries will feel more comfortable vocalizing their interests. I know I'd much rather hear about the making of a fursuit than the ramblings of a Sox fan and their unfulfilled hopes and dreams. Yawn. ■

# fashion five-oh.



## underrated fashion

by amy dorfman

## and why you should wear it

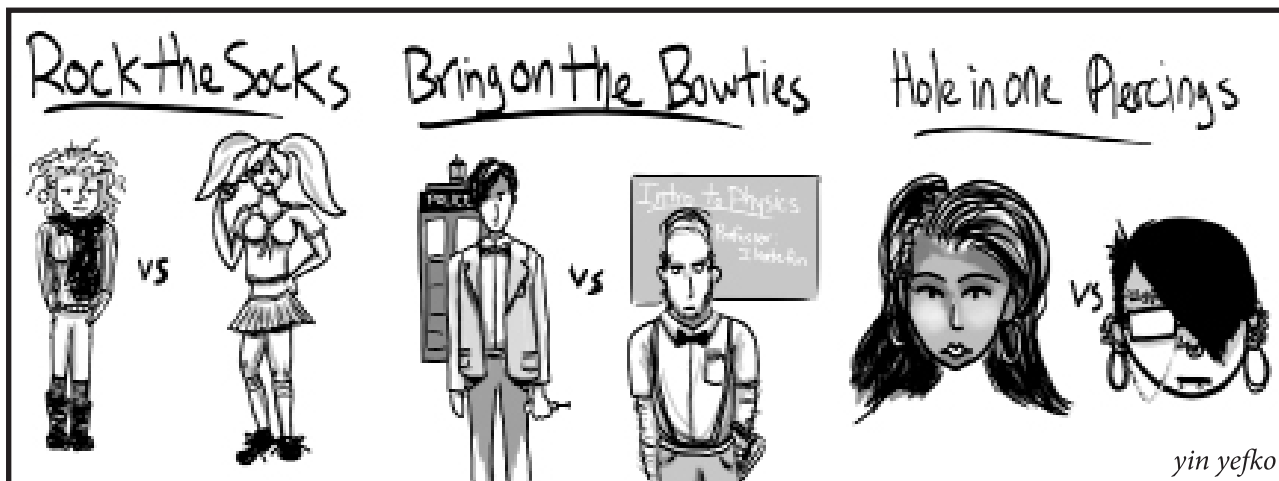
So you're sitting downtown outside your favorite restaurant and this group of people walks by. You give them the once over, like we all do, and turn back to your cruelty-free, animal-free, delicious-free meal when something makes you do a double take. You give the gaggle of students another look and you see it. Right there on her feet, his neck, and their heads. You all know what I'm talking about. Those underrated pieces of clothing that make or break any outfit! The kids notice you staring, but they don't care. They know they're rocking some swag and are glad you are smart enough to appreciate it.

### Socks

Socks are probably one of my favorite pieces of clothing...ever. I know I'm not alone in this, because there is a whole store dedicated to socks on Church st.! Not only do they keep your feet nice and toasty in the Vermont winter and help you have better orgasms (according to the Female Orgasm Seminar), but they can spruce up any outfit. Peeping over the top of a pair of boots is the trend in fall fashion. Over-the-knee socks with sneakers and a short skirt gives us that classic "school-girl" look. And you athletes out there are bringing back the mid-calf sock full force! Guys, there isn't much you can do with a classic suit other than rock a snazzy bow tie. Next time, try slipping a pair of brightly colored socks under those drab dress pants. If you're super snazzy, throw a pattern in there too. No matter the occasion or season, socks don't need a reason.

### Bow Ties

Guys, and girls who are super badass, this one's for you. Ties are supposed to be for nice occasions, to spruce up an outfit, add some class to your sorry selves. But they're so old, boring, so 50's breadwinner. Bow ties...now that's a better option! Nothing says "this person's got class" like a bow tie. Bright colored, bland, solid, striped, patterned, whatever! Bow ties automatically give you style points. Best paired with a long-sleeve button down, skinny jeans, and a cardigan. Also much appreciated with your classic suit. But please, for the love of whomever; do NOT wear a bow tie with your short-sleeved button down. You'll just remind me of my 7th grade math teacher. And nobody wants to go back to middle school. Nobody.



### Vests (strictly fashionable, not warmth)

I believe vests to be the trickiest article to successfully pull off in an outfit and not look like a grandmother/middle-aged lesbian. Firstly, it's all about what's under the vest. Solid-colored long sleeves are always safe. You don't run the risk of having your sleeve awkwardly popping out one side but not the other, or cutting your arm in a weird way where you've just gained 30 lbs in your upper body. Tank tops can be a good base-layer, but please, make sure you can see them underneath! Dresses and skirts are my favorite to wear below. But I have been known to rock the vintage-vest-with-skinny-jeans-and-boots-look on the weekends.

As for the vests themselves, anything that even slightly resembles felt is a big NO. The brighter and more patterned the better. Denim is always a great option if paired with the right under-outfit. Thrift stores usually sport a good variety of vests. I know Downtown Threads on Church st. has a whole section. Remember, vests are your friends! But you will only keep your real friends if you wear them properly.

### Earrings

I've seen some good piercings, some great piercings, and some...I don't like to talk about it. But right now, I'm talking about your classic, grandma-took-you-when-you-were-five, simple ear-piercing. Well, the earrings that go in them. Cute simple studs, giant studs that take up half your lobe, hoops, and your classic "dangly" earrings, when paired with the right outfit, can make you look great!

There is a fine line between classy and trashy when it comes to ear-wear. You can never go wrong with a simple stud, but sometimes you need more than that. As a rule of thumb, never go bigger than 2 inches for hoops. Unless you're Beyoncé, you can't pull it off. Believe me. Giant studs can be really cute, but usually only at the red carpet or your best friend's wedding. To class, not so much. Dangly earrings can shape your face, bring out your eyes, and prove to be great gifts from special friends. They go great with a ponytail and jeans, cocktail dress, or anything in between. Just don't wear them with a tee-shirt, please...please?! ■

# fork it over.



## mason jar recipes: apple crisp

by amy dorfman

The ground is getting crunchy, everyone's either wearing brown or flannel, pumpkin is an acceptable flavor for everything, and apples are being forced down my throat. I guess that means it's fall again in Vermont. In keeping with the season, and the fact that my dad was just here and able to buy me the proper ingredients, this week's Mason Jar Munchie is.....APPLE CRISP!!!

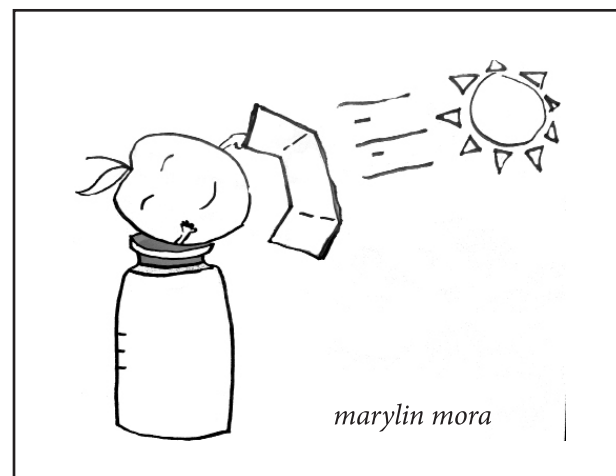
### Ingredients:

- 2 apples
- plain, dry oats
- brown sugar
- butter
- honey

I give this recipe a 5 out of 5. Not only are all the ingredients yummy raw, but almost all of them can be stolen from one of the dining halls (they're unlimited, right?!). It's perfect to share, or eat all by yourself. And your roommate will love you for making your room smell like grandma's. It's pretty hard to mess this up...so don't mess it up. ■

### Directions:

1. In your jar, layer (in this order) apples, drizzled honey, and crust mixture. Repeat until jar is full.
2. Put the whole jar in the microwave for 3.5-4 minutes, or until you're afraid your room is going to catch on fire because it's starting to boil.
3. Remove from microwave. Warning! The glass will be very hot when it comes out! (I learned this the hard way.)





# trash.



# the ear

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

## i want you so bad

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

I just can't wait until 5:30 arrives  
In archaeology is where our love thrives  
I saw your slide on "relative dating"  
And I know it's a sign that for me you are waiting  
You fill my 1200 centimeter brain with info  
At the end of class I sigh (don't go)  
Cultures and digs and ancient faces  
You and me, we could go places  
Although gracile Lucy has caught your eye  
You're my favorite hominid, you're my guy  
**When:** T/Th 5:30-6:45  
**Where:** Fleming 101  
**I saw:** My teacher  
**I am:** Teacher's pet (one day)

I'm shit at poetry  
But good God your face  
Could make me wax poetic.  
The line of your jaw  
The curve of your lips  
(please stop biting them  
it's obscenely attractive)  
The stubble on your chin  
And Jesus, that earring;  
They all have me staring  
Without really caring  
(oh ew I rhymed stop me now)  
And I can't help but tell you  
I want you so bad.

**When:** MWF  
**Where:** Cook Dining Hall  
**I saw:** Unbelievably Attractive Bespectacled Part-Spanish Man  
**I am:** Admiring From A Distance

You wear Vineyard Vines everything and Nantucket Reds  
I can't get your image out of my head  
That swagger, that 'tude, that can of Red Bull  
Those luscious blonde locks that I just wanna pull  
I'm gonna be shameless; here goes my want ad:  
just thought you should know that I want you so bad  
**When:** most days  
**Where:** most places  
**I saw:** you take your top off at sputies  
**I am:** staring

advertisement

**SKIRACK**  
skis • snowboards • bikes • running shoes

WINTER 2013/14  
**COLLEGE SPECIAL**

10% OFF WITH STUDENT ID  
25% OFF TUNE-UPS

**MEMBERSHIP  
NOT REQUIRED**

\*valid for in-stock, regularly priced merchandise. Excludes bikes and gift cards.  
45 Main St, Burlington • 802.658.3313 • [skirack.com](http://skirack.com)

### Simpson FINE Dining, Brinner night

*Dude:* So I when I signed up for anthropology, I thought I was signing up for archaeology. And I was stoked. Then on the first day I was all like I'VE MADE A HUGE MISTAKE

### The Gym

*Girl in gym 1:* Is this Miley Cyrus?  
*Girl in gym 2:* I think this is Miley Cyrus.  
*Girl in gym 3:* This is definitely Miley Cyrus.

### WDW

*Pregaming bro:* dude I'm gonna be a slutty cat tonight!

### Halloween night on the way to Simpson

*Guy 1:* I told you I ran cross country.  
*Guy 2:* I'm in an elf costume and I'm drunk I shouldn't be running.

### The Drunk Bus

*Exasperated Blonde:* I tried to ride my bike across the Mexican border and it was such a process. I was like, I just wanted to ride my bike. Ugh.

### Marketplace

*Girl:* Okay Mr. I-drank-a-whole-bottle-of-cough-syrup-in-ten-seconds.

### Outside the Davis Center

*Bro:* hey, I think I know you...  
*Girl:* yeah... did we have class together?  
*Bro:* no. I think we were at detox together.  
*Girl:* oh yeah! How did the rest of your semester go?  
*Bro:* I kinda got suspended...  
*Girl:* OMG! me too!

### Outside KKD

*Drunk girl:* (after getting kicked out of KKD's for being belligerent) dude, you're a dick!  
*Drunker guy:* eat a dick!  
*Drunk girl:* .....I WILL.

### Outside of Bailey-Howe

*Girl walking with friend:* Sometimes I just say things really loudly hoping that someone hears me and submits it to the **water tower**

### Living & Learning

*Girl:* I got kicked out of the third floor of the library toaday.  
*Guy:* Why?  
*Drunk girl:* I had the hiccups.

### Cyber Cafe

*Worker 1:* Someone asked me what I was going to wear to-night, and I said, "depends."  
*Worker 2:* You're going to wear Depends?  
*Worker 1:* No!

### Outside Davis

*Guy 1:* And I can't bring her back to my apartment, because it's FREEZING.  
*Guy 2:* Turn up the thermostat.  
*Guy 1:* Can't, it's broken. Ultimate cockblock.  
*Guy 2:* You idiot, it's not a cockblock! It's like an invitation for, like, cuddling and shit.

### Henderson's

*Masshole:* Massachusetts drivers are rude, but at least they're good drivers. Vermont drivers are just rude and shitty drivers.  
*Random Dude:* HEY

# tunes.



*liz stafford*

# more best free music!

with andrewjuneau

## roster mccabe

A seven year-old band from Minneapolis, Roster McCabe has been paying their dues playing shows all around the Midwest, occasionally venturing out to Colorado and other areas for music festivals. Two of the three times I've seen them play were at small stages at music festivals; but with the energy and talent the band brings, they should be playing at some much bigger venues. Self-labeled as "Funky Reggae Dance Rock," the genre couldn't be more accurate. Roster can produce twenty-minute jams, kick it over to a face-melting guitar solo, belt out vocals about Babylon, and drop the bass in the span of one show.

The band believes in offering music for free and thusly all of their music is available on their website on a "name your price" basis. The interesting thing about their payment system is that you can name a price (anything >\$0.00) or, if you're really cheap or strapped for cash, you can "Pay with Tweet or Facebook Post." To get the music for free, you just need to post about the band. Roster McCabe currently has one studio album, with a whole host of live albums and tour samplers.

## watsky

George Watsky is a 27-year-old from the San Francisco Bay area that began his career by touring some killer slam poetry around the U.S., and then turning the transition into a rap career. Watsky's wacky, yet intelligent and massively talented pop culture-laden music finds itself on four EPs/mixtapes, one live album, and three studio albums. His newest album, *Cardboard Castles*, peaked at #10 on iTunes overall and #1 on the iTunes' Hip-Hop/Rap list. He has a tendency to release his EPs and mixtapes on Bandcamp with an initial "name your price" payment, then set a concrete price (generally \$7) after it has been out for a while. Watsky has also been known to write his own Rap Genius lyric explanations and has offered his album for free streaming on the site. ■

## ODE TO LOU REED - continued from page 1

the Velvet Underground. He wrote the majority of these songs, and I believe that his originals form the most important aspect of his work. The most famous of these is of course, the Velvets' debut, *Velvet Underground and Nico*, which may just be the most widely listened-to record of all time. What a perfect album! From the light-hearted "Sunday Morning" to Nico's deep and illustrious voice, VU and Nico is a haunting masterpiece. But even better is *Loaded*, which features the best songs Lou has ever written, including "Who Loves the Sun," "Sweet Jane," and "Oh! Sweet Nothing." The highlight of the album, however, is the best guitar part ever performed by Reed in "Rock and Roll." I have listened to it countless times, and it truly is a fundamental album in the Rock-and-Roll canon.

In 1972, Lou left the Velvet Underground to begin his solo career. This would span several decades and would include over twenty records, some of which

are awesome, and others not as enjoyable. As a solo artist, Lou tried some stylistically interesting things. Some were successful, such as the violin infused passion of "Street Hassle." Other things were not so successful, like Lou's musical interpretation of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Raven*. No matter what he did, however, you have to respect the man for trying everything that the music world had to offer.

And now Lou, as you leave "for some place you've never gone before," remember the tremendous ripples you leave on Earth. I hope you find that beautiful life that you were searching for here, because without Lou, "we ain't got nothing at all." In his obituary, Reed's wife Laurie Anderson put it perfectly: "Lou was a prince and a fighter and I know his songs of the pain and beauty in the world will fill many people with the incredible joy he felt for life. Long live the beauty that comes down and through and onto all of us." ■

*"Lou was a prince and a fighter and I know his songs of the pain and beauty in the world will fill many people with the incredible joy he felt for life. Long live the beauty that comes down and through and onto all of us."*



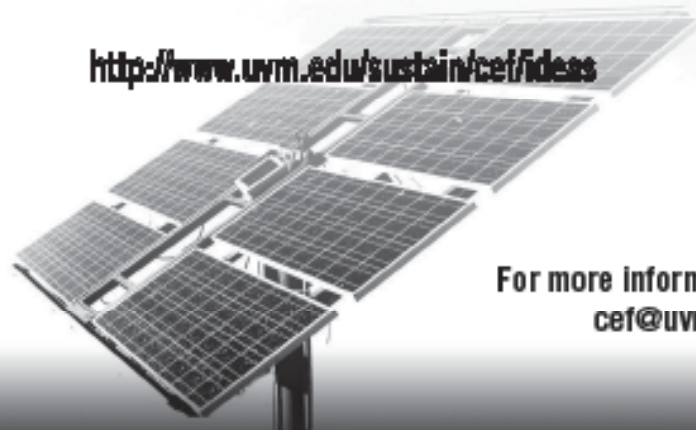
## CALL FOR IDEAS

The Clean Energy Fund seeks participation from students, faculty and staff for its annual Call for Ideas. The CEF generates \$225,000 each year from a student fee to implement renewable energy projects on campus.

What renewable energy projects do you want to see on campus?  
How can we learn more about renewable energy at UVM?

**Comment and vote on Ideas through 11/15/2013!**

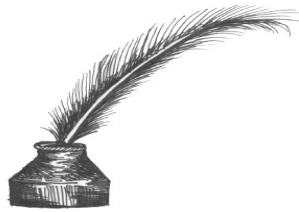
<http://www.uvm.edu/sustain/cef/ideas>



For more information:  
[cef@uvm.edu](mailto:cef@uvm.edu)

Vote & Comment 10/16-11/15/2013.

# créatif stuffé.



## my **sister** the *smoker*

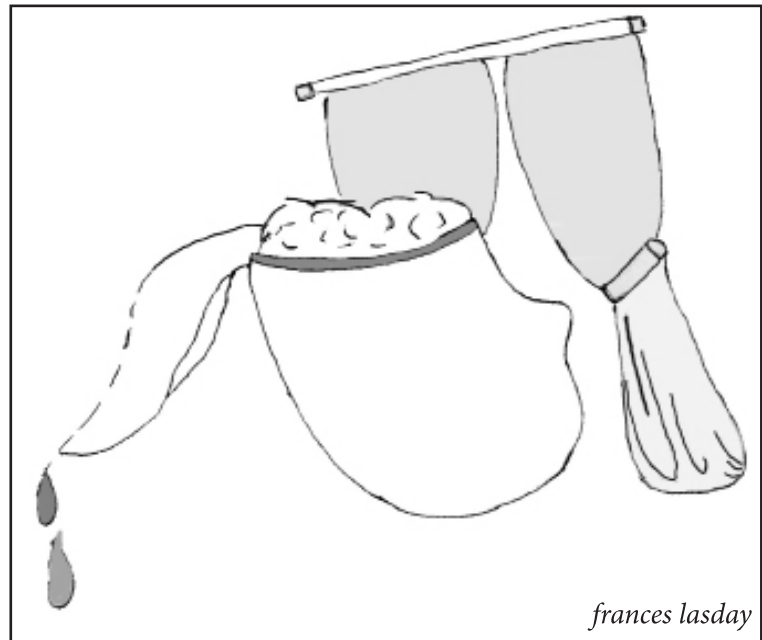
by andreacory

I know cigarettes can kill  
and I wonder why she wants to die.  
I watch my sister's matted black hair,  
sitting in the alley next to our house.  
Inhale, exhale she slowly sucks in the smoke,  
filling the inner chambers of her lungs.  
The familiar buzz delights her,  
warms her to the core.  
Pale grey ash sits at the tip of the cigarette.  
With a violent flick, it falls to the pavement,  
breaking into tiny flecks.  
She takes another drag  
and forcefully exhales a milky white fume.  
The tar from the cigarette fills her,  
slowly killing her, darkening her insides,  
shortening her breath.  
The stale stench of smoke lingers on her fingertips,  
nails yellow, mouth dry.  
She darts her eyes from side to side  
then throws what's left of the cancer stick on the ground.  
I like to watch her hidden habit,  
each night, her secret, I still don't understand. ■

## premonition

by coleburton

Premonitory vision,  
Sight onto that which remains yet to be seen.  
Minds bend and meld into that fabric which conceals all things.  
The truth is never known;  
Only rifts of fact torn into that curtain, blown  
By conflicting metaphors only hinting at a partial whole  
Which contains, as though a still, some of that grand essence  
Drip dropping out only when brain is poisoned by that  
Stifling, shifting, breathing, primeval presence  
In its own consistently relative vision. ■



## for **you**, *john cooper clarke*

by andreacory

I wanna be the fan on your bedside table,  
moving the air around you when you turn me on.  
That soft breeze brushing the side of your cheek  
as you lull yourself into a tender slumber.

The honey to your tea,  
adding in that extra sweetness when the leaves aren't enough.  
Stirring me swiftly so that I don't stick,  
melting into hot water.

The cough drop that soothes your aching throat  
after a long night of yelling.  
Dripping down your esophagus,  
cooling your insides, cherry flavored and delicious.

I wanna be the extra blanket you keep at the end of your bed.  
Wrap me around your figure in the dead of winter.  
Hold me close to you,  
Warm your body, make you sweat.

I wanna be the deepest sleep you've ever had.  
A sleep that seems to have lasted 400 years.  
Dream of me endlessly, crave me when you're tired. ■

## a **spark**

by bethziehl

There's a spark in the darkness  
And I am searching, always searching.  
It's smoldering, flickering, glowing.  
I am close, so close.  
It's a whisper on the wind,  
Tickling my ear, telling me a secret.  
I cannot hear it,  
But I am close, so close.  
It's lapping at my feet,  
Relentless waves, reaching for me,  
But I do not feel them.  
I am close, closer to you.  
It's a leaf, falling by my side,  
Vibrant, friendly, amorous.  
It radiates and I feel you.  
You are close, so close.  
It's quiet now.  
The wind has stopped, but I've lost you  
Now that the clouds have moved in.  
Do not fear.  
There's a spark in the darkness  
And I am searching, searching for you. ■

# cat litter.



with collincappelle

## Tip o' the Week

Don't eat all your Halloween candy at once



# the people i steal from

If you've ever read this page and thought, "I don't understand that joke" or were confused by an image or phrase (as if that ever happens, because honestly all of my jokes are hysterical and extremely relevant to everyone ever because I am the best and I have never made a joke that falls flat ever... where was I? Oh right. End parenthesis), then you probably don't know where my jokes (or whatever you call all the stuff on this shitty page) come from. The following paragraphs explain where basically all my inklings of humor are derived from. Maybe you should follow these YouTube channels, as I have, and you too can write the back page of a paper and never have anyone read it. Hooray. Here you go, you non-existent fucks.



**Film Cow 905,863 current subscribers**

My first love. Ahh... Film Cow. Let's start by admiring the ever secretive Jason Steele (aka SecretAgentBob), the director of pretty much all Film Cow videos, animated and live-action, and yet the most mysterious of the Film Cow posse as he is rarely seen in front of the camera. But somehow, he has this ability to string together straight up nonsense into amazing humor. While Film Cow is most famous for the "Charlie the Unicorn" and "Llamas with Hats" series, they don't even begin to scratch the surface of Steele's creativity and to fully appreciate his work you need to watch more than just the most popular works. In doing so, you will be rewarded with a plethora of one liners and inside jokes. You will finally be able to not only understand, "It's made of fucking cookies" and "Ah... I'm sorry ponies, I didn't mean that. You know I love each and every one of you. Except for Ponita, who is a RIDICOULOUS pony... Oh God, I hate you so much Ponita," but you will also be able to engage in a healthy chortle with the friends who have also let their eyeballs witness the majesty. Needless to say, I have watched every video on the Film Cow channel and I have also watched most of the videos on the Film Cow Extra channel, the place where the really weird stuff goes.



**Oney NG 1,054,443 current subscribers**

Our journey continues into the dark territory of New Grounds, a cesspool of the kind of shit that occupies the darkest part of your mind. I'm not going to lie to you: if you don't have a sick mind and a very black heart, you will probably not enjoy these next few animators. Thus we come to Oney, the Irish Bastard. The first video I saw of Oney's was titled "DragonZBall

PeePee". Words cannot describe how much I love this video. It captures my childhood adoration of DBZ, while stroking my funny bone, and simultaneously pleasing my eyes with some pretty stellar flash animation skills. Oney was the portal, for me, to the rest of the band of fools that follow, and as such is my top choice for those looking to expand their animation repertoire. Oney Cartoons, yay!



**StamperTV 117,321 current subscribers**

Stamper is Oney's best friend, or more depending on who you ask... Anyway, Stamper has a great voice for cartoons and as such works with many different artists to do voice acting. One of Stamper's claims to fame is being the narrator for Battle Block Theater, a game by The Behemoth. Stammers animation and production, however, is still one of the best. Stamper doesn't produce new material often, but hey, I'm not complaining. If I had to pick one video to summarize Stamper it would have to be "Starscream and Megatron".



**psychicpebbles 614,592 current subscribers**

Home of Hellbenders and the best Skyrim parodies. Hellbenders is a collaboration with Oney (yeah, he's everywhere). I would argue psychicpebbles has more socially acceptable comedy, not to say its PC or anything like that (God Forbid amiright), but his comedy is more based in social commentary and references.



**Spazkidin3D 275,699 current subscribers**

We now continue our journey to the hyper sexualized animation of Spazkidin. If you watch his videos, you will never look at Pokémon the same way. As an aside, Spazkidin makes hentai (hehe, hen + tie = hentai, get it... from last week... anybody?) on commission ... yep, that pretty much sums it up.



**HarryPartridge 518,352 current subscribers**

This looks like a job for DR. BEEEEEEEEEEEEES. ■

This week's back page is brought to you by abstract cat  
'Can you see it'

## SATIRE STYX ♀

