



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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budget or bust!

by katelynpine

On October 25th, 2013, the UVM Board of Trustees will meet to discuss the "parameters of next year's budget", according to a university-wide email. If all goes well, there will be few arguments and the money will be allocated appropriately. But have you ever thought about what would happen if the board couldn't agree on an initial budget? And what if they couldn't keep agreeing? In light of the recent government shutdown, here's what would happen if UVM, risking a default, suddenly had no budget to work with.

Imagine: there's fifteen minutes until midnight, and emotions are running high at the meeting of the Board of Trustees. The twenty-five members of the board have been arguing about how the FY15 (fiscal year for 2015, for all you non-accounting folk) budget will allow for additional fees and a higher financial aid allowance. Despite the fact that the higher financial aid is a certain expense, a small portion of the board can't seem to wrap their minds around spending more on an incoming class. The decision must be unanimous for it to go into effect, but despite all the attempted persuasion, the attitudes of the board members are unchanged and the prospect of a nonfunctioning university starts to become a little realistic. With an unknown future looming the administration starts to preserve what they have left.

First, in an effort to save money, the lights and the heat are turned off. The lecture halls resemble the likes of a cold refrigerator, and the hallways of Harris-Mills become even more of a labyrinth than they were when you could see only five feet in front of you in the light. The dining halls will now only serve frozen, premade meals, versus any cooked-to-order food, though this is not much of a change. Life at UVM continues, for the most part, like it had be-



yin yefko

fore, just a little cooler and a tad bit darker. As the shutdown continues, some are plenty of pennies to be saved by cutting it. After this, not only will we already be struggling to tramp across the Redstone green, but it looks like we'll be skiing to class come winter. Campus police and other emergency services are also on the receiving end of cut funds, so make sure you're prepared to wait a little longer on that MAP call, even if your friend is dying on your dormitory floor. Should the saving continue into 2014, you'll find some professors furloughed and courses with smaller enrollments cut from the potential schedule.

Unfortunately, the convenience of walking down two flights of stairs to the Grundle no longer exists in this money-saving college community. smaller, funded programs are cut, such as grounds-keeping. After this happens, we'll soon be walking to class through a jungle of uncut grass and overgrown bushes. It's closely followed by the bus system, because although it's popular and incredibly helpful,

university

... read the rest on page 4

do you believe in magic?

behind the scenes at magic hat

by bethziehl

As someone fairly new to the twenty-one club, I've made it a point to find ways to exercise my newfound freedom. This is, of course, fairly simple to do downtown, but did you know that there are at least five breweries all within ten miles of UVM? Most of them even offer free samples. Yeah, free. Who doesn't like free beer?

Having had Switchback, Fiddlehead, and some brews of the Vermont Pub and Brewery before, I headed to the Magic Hat Brewing Company off Route 7. I was surprised to realize that I had never even tried their #9 Not Quite Pale Ale before, let alone any of their beer. I don't pretend to be a beer connoisseur, but I have enough interest in it that I'm currently taking the "Beer and Brewing" Food Science course offered by the school. I am only beginning to understand the complexity of brewing and the components that alter the taste of the beer, but I do know that I enjoy a good brew.

When I first stepped into the Magic Hat brewery, I was worried that I had maybe just walked into a theme park. From the overdone tchotchkes to the wacky-named beers, I was overwhelmed. No matter how much you dress up a beer, it's still just a beer, right? Fancy labels and strange names are not going to make me believe the beer is any better, but this is all a part of how Magic Hat chooses to present themselves. I give it to them for their originality. They call the place an "artifactory" and a brewery. What the fuck is an artifactory? Even after taking a guided tour of the place, I still don't understand what an artifactory is supposed to be. From the website I can gather that they exhibit artwork there and have artistic logos, I guess.

If you're going to visit the brewery, I'd recommend skipping the tour and heading straight to their bar. Unless you are truly interested in learning about some of the history of the brewery and seeing a flick similar to that of the Heineken factory with hops, barley, and yeast caricatures, just go for the samples. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy any part of the tour, but if you've ever been to a brewery before, let's be honest; the tour is mostly the same. I took a tour of the former Heineken brewery in Amsterdam two years ago and it was interesting, but the general process of beer

... read the rest on page 4

get inside me:

slam poetry by wesdunn

gta v by coleburton and dylanmccarthy

mason jar recipes by amydorfman

kanye's first world problems by davidanderson

the best news team inbox in the universe.



the shit list

with katjaritchie

Maryville, MO: Ugh, Steubenville all over again, to the *nth* degree. Daisy Coleman's rapist continues to be a high school hotshot, while the Coleman house is *burned to the fucking ground* and the family is harassed out of town. Her mom lost her goddamn job over this shit. Coleman released an extremely brave and articulate article on feminist site XoJane.com about her healing process; a worthwhile read to simultaneously gain tremendous faith in this girl, while losing it in spades for the rest of humanity.

Parents' Weekend Becomes Parents' Month: Oh my god, pack up the Suburban and trundle back down to Connecticut already. I am sick and tired of shielding my hangover for fear of being parented by someone else's North Face-wearing, Starbucks-toting authority figure. Get out of our traffic; speed the *fuck up* while walking downtown; and don't give me that look, I'm 20 and it's Sunday morning.

Gluten: I'll go to my grave insisting that everyone and their mom's "sensitivity" is straight pussy bullshit. Then again, it's easier said than done when wheat starts making your digestive tract writhe in agony. "Everything in moderation," they say. Somehow, I don't think they meant a loaf of artisanal farmer's market ciabatta to the face.

Dear **cat lady,**

My roommate and I have totally conflicting schedules and room preferences. Specifically, he has classes super early and likes the room to be a frigid, dark hole. Meanwhile, I wake at a human hour and enjoy light and warmth. Every day, I wake up to him prepping for class, with the window wide open after I've made a point to shut it. It gets real drafty in here and I have no motivation to leave my sheltered covers and face the icy breeze through UHeights. What should I do to not freeze my balls off at the crack of dawn every day?

Sincerely, Cold and Sad

Dear Sad (...just Sad),

My first suggestion would be to locate those balls you're so worried about freezing off, remind yourself firmly of their presence, and shut the goddamn window. When your roommate wakes up for class at the ass-crack of dawn, kindly remind him that, unlike him, you are not a yeti and require outside sources of warmth. He might be totally fine with it, rendering your problem completely null, or he might be a giant dick and you'll just have to invest in some warmer PJs. I suggest some nice flannel. You could be in a built-up Chitty quad; count your blessings and bundle up. Winter is coming.

xo, 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

thewatertownews@gmail.com

the news in brief

with dannissim

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag
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“People, particularly people with criminal minds, come up with ingenious ways to beat the system... They have nothing but time on their hands to think of things.”

- Florida **Judge Belvin Perry** on the “escape” of two prisoners each facing life without parole after forging Perry's signature to order their own release.

“I just think that this ruling basically makes 80 percent of the country think that, in the state of Florida, it's easy to get off with murder.”

- **Justin Aho** discussing the recent ‘not guilty’ verdict of his friend, Jarelle Glenn, who benefited from the controversial Stand Your Ground law. The law protects citizens who decide to use deadly force in their defense. Florida remains in the controversial spotlight for continually upholding this outrageous policy.

“That's the novel finding that applies to us... We found that the high-fat or high-sugar food activated the brain to a greater extent than the cocaine or morphine.”

- **Professor Joseph Schroeder** comments on the findings of his study on Oreo consumption in rats. While the fact that sweets may be more stimulating than hard drugs is surprising, it is unsurprising that they may be addictive. Seriously, have you ever eaten half a dozen Krispy Kreme donuts – heaven in a box.

“The American people are completely fed up with Washington.”

- **President Barack Obama** comments on the government shutdown crisis. Views of Republicans have been negatively affected, but views of politicians in general are at all-time lows.

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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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.**

wait, what just happened?

a recap of the **government shutdown** and *what could have been*

by davidanderson

On October 17, 2013, the government shutdown officially ended. One might expect to see celebrations in the street. Yet, unfortunately, doing the absolute bare minimum of a job after a long delay does not exactly encourage a jubilee. For those that really didn't understand what the hell was going on (I'll admit, I was pretty hazy) below is a day-by-day, personal account of the government shutdown as well as predictions for what may have happened if the U.S. government had reached the fiscal cliff.

October 1st, 2013; Day One: After Tea Party-led filibusters protest Obamacare and threaten shutdown, the government reaches a new fiscal year and the shutdown begins. People are no longer surprised that Senators act like five-year-olds.

Day Two: After putting down the dog, the House suggests that they can still keep control by continuing particular government programs such as national parks and institutions. The Democratic Senate shuts it down as Barack Obama and John Boehner begin their staring contest.

Day Four: The staring contest ends, the winner is tbd. Rep. Ted Cruz swears he saw Obama blink, Obama denies it; both sides are very bitter. Republicans declare that shutdown is about debt reduction and

definitely not some personal vendetta with Obamacare.

Day Seven: Majority of American public are now aware of shutdown through a friend of a friend or jokes about how there are no more rules.

Day Nine: Congressional approval rating drops to 5%, however American public is more concerned about the 5% who still support Congress.

Day Ten: John Boehner presents a six-week debt limit extension conditioning that Obama bargains over spending cuts (Obamacare).

Day Eleven: Urge to pronounce "Boehner" correctly decreases rapidly.

Day Twelve: Boehner declares negotiations have stalled.

Day Thirteen: John Boner, Barack Obummer.

Day Fifteen: House GOP plan collapses from lack of support; end appears to be imminent, especially with default approaching on October 17th.

Day Seventeen, Actual Scenario: Shut-

down officially over, both sides bitter, nobody wins, reports of George Washington rolling in his grave begin to surface.

Day Seventeen, Domsday Scenario: Government reaches default, Obummer is stunned that GOP went through with it, Boner commences victory "Na na, told you so!"

Day Twenty: Radical hippies take back national parks in California.

Day Twenty-Three: Senator Bernie Sanders resigns in disgust, Vermont enters a period of marijuana-fueled grieving. Obummer skips town, saying he should have never quit smoking pot; joins party. Biden now in charge.

Day Twenty-Four: Acting President Joe Biden invokes "Biden-law," people are unsure of the consequences. Nowhere is safe.

Day Twenty-Five: Biden arrested outside of Kennedy Space Center when a verbal argument with security turns physical. Biden is reported to have been attempting to haze House Republicans in the centrifuge.

Day Twenty-Six: With Biden unable to make bail, Boner is expected to fill

presidency, however he cannot be found, and is presumably tanning. With all other government officials missing or injured in centrifuge accidents, nation enters a period of interregnum.

Day Twenty-Seven: America defaults on debts to China; can no longer import shitty goods. While local business thrive, Walmart makes cutbacks, and mass pan-demonium ensues from lack of rollback.

Day Twenty-Eight: Senate approval rating finally hits 0% after the hold outs isolate themselves in their ill-equipped doomsday bunkers.

Day Twenty-Nine: Rumors of waning government authority cause Quebecois to flood Burlington; Vermont succumbs to fine wine, strip clubs and meticulously groomed facial hair.

Day Thirty: Capitalism kicks in with the private sector taking over the role of a government. Donald Trump declared President of the Trump States of America. Wall Street saves the day. Traditional American values prevail, hurrah? ■

arrgh-o:

by austenbouza

When Mohammed Abdi Hassan arrived at Brussels International Airport last Saturday, he was expecting to be received by filmmakers and movie producers seeking to make a documentary about his life. Instead, he was immediately apprehended on arrival by undercover agents in possibly one of the most daring sting operations in recent years. Hassan, also known by his nickname, *Big Mouth*, is considered one of the most notorious pirate leaders in Somalia, complicit in dozens of hijackings over the past decade. The arrest has received international attention, both for the difficulty of apprehending Somali pirates and for the unconventional means used by Belgian police to catch Hassan.

The sting operation involved months of correspondence between Hassan and who he thought to be a group of movie producers interested in making a film about him. It wasn't until he was offered the role of "Lead Adviser" to the fictitious movie that Hassan finally agreed to travel to Brussels and participate in the project. Upon arrival, he was seized by police and taken to the capital city, Bruges. Belgian prosecutors feared an international arrest warrant for the crime would be ignored by the Somali government, whose weak, transitional government faces difficulty enforcing its authority when warfare raddles the country. In Bruges, Hassan awaits prosecution by Belgian authorities for his involvement in the hijacking of Belgian vessel, *The Pompeii*, in 2009.

Hassan's detainment is a point of contention due to his official resignation from piracy earlier this year. He cited the moral misgivings of what he described as a "dirty business," hoping to dissuade

young Somali men from following in his footsteps to pursue a life of crime on the high seas. Uncertainty exists as to whether Hassan's absence will hinder or encourage increased acts of piracy in the region, though analysts remain skeptical about Hassan's sincerity concerning his resignation. "I think he probably retired mainly because Somali piracy turned from being a very lucrative criminal investment model to a really inefficient criminal business model" stated Rory Lamrock, a maritime security analyst, in an interview with *The Independent* last week.

Piracy became hugely popular in Somalia in the mid-2000s as the businesses of many local fisherman failed, forcing them into lives of crime. A UN Monitoring Group report on Somalia from this July described piracy as growing "out of a kind of protection racket in response to illegal fishing and toxic waste dumping," which later developed into "a money-driven, clan-based, transnational organized crime." Hassan himself did not turn to piracy until his fishing company failed

at the start of the Somali civil war in 1991. He argues that his piracy "was legitimate, because there was no government, we were like orphans without a father." Coupled with perceived international indifference to the health of Somali waters, through illegal fishing and dumping of materials,



julianna roen

piracy not only became essential to survival, but morally justifiable to fishermen like Hassan. Today, acts of piracy in Somalia are at an all-time low, with a nearly seventy percent decline in attempted attacks between 2011 and 2012, a trend which has continued through 2013. The majority of this decline is attributable to the large increase in private maritime security companies to protect ships traveling through waters close to the Somali coast. However, piracy continues to be a large concern, with an estimated \$31.8 million dollars in ransom payouts in 2012 alone, according to UN reports.

Though the decline of piracy in Somalia is occurring, internal conflicts within the country show no signs of ending. In the

twenty-two years since the start of the Somali civil war, the country has split up into numerous autonomous regions, become a haven for various militant groups, and seen the deaths of hundreds of thousands of civilians. A recent lift on the weapons embargo to Somalia has raised concerns, due to the transitional government's still infantile state and lack of control over many autonomous regions in the country. It is feared that widespread banditry, kidnapping, and clan-based warfare will intensify without increased foreign aid or support of the national government.

In light of Hassan's arrest, these concerns pose crucial questions to the international community:

Is the political and societal stability of the nation of Somalia less important than the justice of apprehending Somali pirates?

Considering the lack of international support to the country, despite an enduring civil war and a lack of concern for the welfare of its citizens (the margin of error in estimates of those killed in the conflict is over half a million), how do Belgian police intend to justify Hassan's arrest to the people he hoped to assist in his anti-piracy efforts?

Whether or not Hassan's renouncement of piracy was genuine or not, he would have likely continued his involvement, however limited, in the social and political affairs of his country. Now, whether he will ever see Somalia again is greatly unlikely, as he'll probably never again see the exterior of a prison cell. But who knows, perhaps one day Hassan will have an autobiographical film made of him. ■

around town.

an evening of slam

with carrie rudzinski

by wesdunn

It was 8pm on a Friday night, and I was freaking out. Any minute, my phone would go off and it would be Carrie Rudzinski asking where to park, and then I would meet her and show her to the Fireplace Lounge in Living and Learning. Soon, the screen lit up and I squeaked a little bit.

This past Friday the 11th, Rudzinski, a famous slam poet, came to UVM, stood in front of the stage in the back of the Fireplace Lounge and doused a tightly packed group of attendees with a shower of spoken word poetry. A week before, she had made the finals stage at the World Slam Championships and gotten 7th place. And here she was, the newly ranked, 7th-best slam poet in the world, two feet away from me, occasionally making eye contact (swoon) and generally bringing the house down in L & L.

This was pretty much the first event of its kind that I've been to. I've gone to and participated in poetry readings before, but this night was a different animal. There was energy, passion, a thread that held the speakers to the listeners, vibrating with an intensity I'd never encountered firsthand in this kind of setting.

The first aspect of the night was that the vibe was pretty informal. Things got started with student Tenzin Chopel hopping around with a guitar leading the entire assembled crowd in a rendition of "I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)." Instead of a slightly uncomfortable audience waiting to see someone perform, we were transformed into a group of people yelling out the chorus in unison as Chopel jumped around on a tabletop. The crowd was now awake and jubilant.

Then Maxx Vick, the organizer (read: emailed Rudzinski, waded through IRA bullshit), got things into the

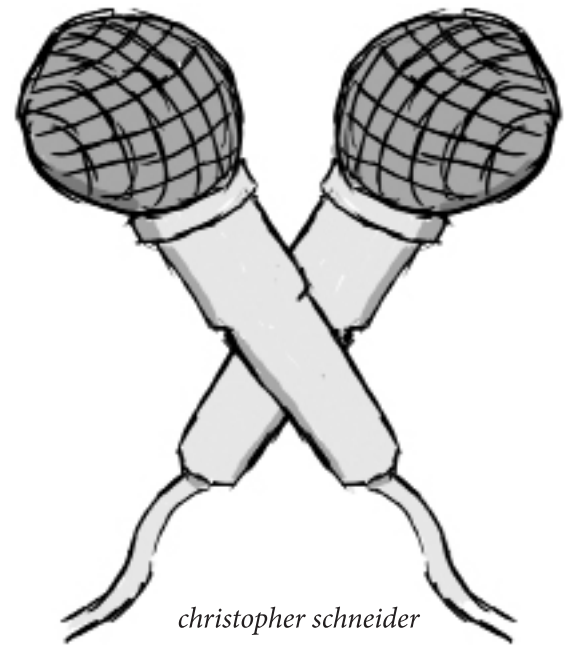
poetry mood with some readings, accompanied by other UVM student poets, including Rachael Nutt (more swooning). Both poets stunned the crowd into reverent silence—Vick with his aggressive, in-your-face slam delivery that pushed you back in your seat and Nutt with her softer, lyrical verse that pulled you back to the edge of it.

Finally, Rudzinski, who until this point had been a part of the crowd, walked up and proceeded to make us laugh, cry, and sit in silent awe. She performed poems about rape culture, relationships and travelling. She told

"But I don't think that means she avoids intoxication – she achieves it in her poetry and spreads it into her listeners."

stories, including a wicked intense ghost story. She kept us directly engaged—at one point leading the crowd in a repeat-after-me chant: "They may not be here, but I love somebody!" "...And they're fucking awesome!" It was National Coming Out Day, which reflected in a lot of the poetry spoken that night. At times I was leaning forward in my chair, giggling. Sometimes it was in quiet rapture. At the end of pretty much every poem, I realized I had been holding my breath for a while, and sighed a deep release.

At the end, she signed books and other



christopher schneider

things, talked to anyone who wanted to and, much to my overwhelmed delight, gave hugs. I availed myself of all of these offerings, and she didn't even freak out when I told her I may or may not watch her Youtube videos sometimes before going to sleep. We talked about her travels, sharing stories about the Camden area of London (a really rough, fascinating area of the city) that'd we'd both been to. She had lived there for 4 months; I had explored it spontaneously one afternoon and had ended up leaving with a new necklace and a contact high. She signed the inside of the book I bought from her: "Wes! Thank you for so much for having me tonight—you are wonderful. Please don't get drugged again."

Carrie herself is straightedge, and talked about that a bit during her reading. But I don't think that means she avoids intoxication—she achieves it in her poetry and spreads it into her listeners. When I finally bade her goodnight, I knew I was floating.

All in all, it was an incredible evening of poetry, love and awesomeness. If you missed out, don't freak out, because Buddy Wakefield is coming on the 25th (a final swoon). ■

MAGIC -continued from pg 1

making is so similar that it's difficult to present the information in an original way. On a side note, if do you ever find yourself in the Netherlands, be sure to get your handsonsome Tripelsand Quadrupels. A warning though, thehighalcoholcontentofthesebeersdoesnothelpwithadjustingtoa differenttimezone. Ilearnedthatthe hard way when I was passed out on the couch before 10pm multiple nights. Unlike those European beers, the ones to sample at Magic Hat did not have the same effect.

The Magic Hat brewery lets you try four different samples, which you could average to about a beer. I think that's pretty generous of them. I was surprised to find that I did not care for their stouts, even though that's usually what I prefer. Instead, I enjoyed the pilsner and ales that had a fruitiness to them. Beer all comes down to personal preference, though, and Magic Hat does rotate what's on tap to sample. I don't know that I'll ever consider Magic Hat to be one of my favorite beers, but I enjoyed the new experience and I'd probably stop there again to see what new seasonal beers they have to try. ■



barry guglielmo

UVM -continued from pg 1

At home, your parents build a collection of letters from the university, asking them to donate money to keep the school running. Some buildings close altogether in order to continue to cut back on how much heat and electricity is being used. For those on a meal plan, expect to see only one dining hall open in the new year, most likely Cook Commons, due to its central location. Unfortunately, the convenience of walking down two flights of stairs to the Grundle no longer exists in this money-saving college community.

So the school year has come and gone, and the students have returned home for the summer. Now what does UVM do? How will the university continue to flourish when its staff has been cut, and the only way it can generate a profit is through the online sale of Catamount apparel? In the event of an actual shutdown, these questions will haunt the minds of all who have a real say in the funding of the university. Nothing is impossible in this age of uncertainty, so consider this a warning. I don't know about you, but I've got my skis at the ready once UVM starts to neglect snow removal (but mostly because skiing to class needs to get crossed off my bucket list). ■



the math of *drunken* attractiveness a beginner's guide

by mikaelawaters

Despite my dedication to zoning out every lecture and my determination to doing none of my readings, my classes always seem to ooze from the confines of their respective lecture halls and into my life. I drop terms like “externalities” in casual conversations, contemplate the opportunity costs associated with my social and academic life choices (then analyze my life choices juxtaposed against the standards and pressures of society) and, as you are about to find out, see everything in graphic terms (believe me, it's not fun to be this pretentious).

As I was getting ready Saturday for a night on the town, I was struck by both the aforementioned pretension and the irony of the current situation I was in. Showering, straightening my hair, putting on makeup and picking an outfit, I was putting all this effort into looking attractive when, in a about an hour, my intoxicated state would unravel all of my work. With every shot taken and beer gulped, my hair would get frizzier, my makeup smudgy-er, and my stomach less crop-top suitable. And, whatever remaining dazzle or ounce of cuteness I had left would promptly be swept away by my inevitable embarrassing behavior. Essentially, I was gettin' all dolled up in conscious preparation to get, as the kids say these days, shitty. What struck me was the following paradox: The relationship between BAC and LOU (level of unattractiveness) is positive—as your blood alcohol level increases, as does how unattractive you become in terms of looks and actions. But the relationship between POS (perception of self) and BAC is also positive—as your blood alcohol level increases, as does how attractive you *think* you are. Therefore, the drunker a person gets, the simultaneously more unattractive and more confident they become. The result, good people of UVM, is never pretty.

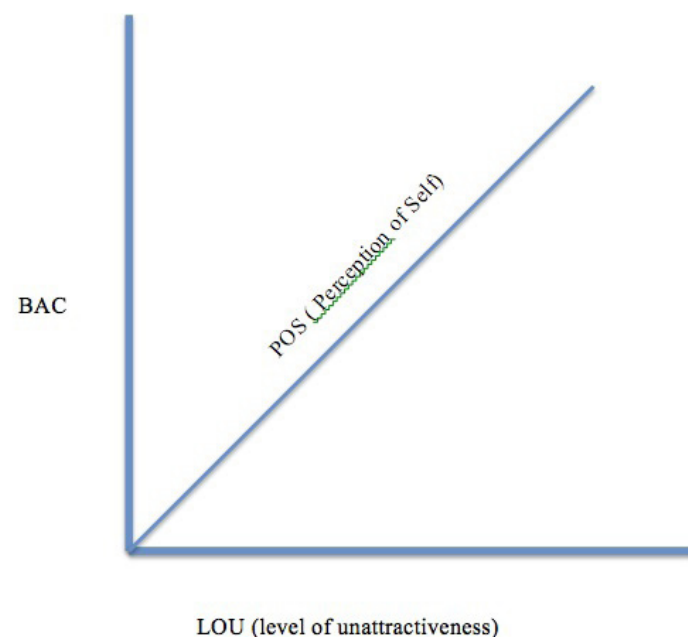
“...because tomorrow when you *wake up and look in the mirror, your ego will get a nice bump back on down. To the floor. Where you just woke up.*”

At the beginning of the evening, before you start drinking, a person's level of unattractiveness and confidence level are both at a resting zero (with zero representing normal, sober levels). Doubts still present themselves as to if you really can pull off that body-con dress, but you're lookin' foxy and feelin' pretty good. Add a drink or two to the equation, and things aren't much different. A person's BAC is between .04 - .08, and their LOU and LOC haven't risen much either. Midriff is still looking toned and while you may be feelin' ready for the night, you aren't nearly confident enough to nail that table dance... yet. The third drink is when the phenomenon really starts to take form. From the third drink onward, a person's appearance begins to exponentially deteriorate as their BAC and confidence levels soar. Eyeliner conquers new territories of your face, clothes shift

and slip (or, hey, even come off) and hair gets sloppier, just as you do. The irony reintroduces itself in the fact that while all of this is happening, while your LOU is skyrocketing, and your BAC reaching AA levels, your confidence is as high as that kid getting Chex Mix in the corner all night. In your mind, you are flirty, cute, sexy and fine as hell. It is at this point, when you are sloppiest, drunkest, and least put-together, that you are the most confident. The table is yours to conquer. Dance moves will probably be renamed in your honor. And it is, in fact, your milkshakes bringing all the boys to the yard. Enjoy this high while you can, because tomorrow when you wake up and look in the mirror, your ego will get a nice bump back on down. To

the floor. Where you just woke up.

While you are conquering the world, one sloppy make-out and stumbling dance move at a time, how you looked two hours ago is completely imperceivable and totally irrelevant. All the time and effort and, let's be real, your shirt, are all gone, just like that allegedly smudge-proof eyeliner. But, screw it, because if you look good then your night isn't nearly as fun as mine. The paradox of a night in college: putting yourself together only to promptly fall apart. ■



happy hour hell's kitchen

by rebeccaaurion

Someone please stop me from watching this show. I'm not even trying to be funny, this is a genuine cry for help. I've been marathoning this cooking show on Hulu for weeks now. At this point I'm pretty sure I could make that damn risotto better than half the contestants. It's actually that addictive. Maybe I just love seeing an angry Englishman shouting “You donkey, those scallops are raw!” over and over again. Maybe that's why I can never get my actual work done on time. Maybe you'll have better luck. As always, my lovelies, keep it classy and keep it safe.

Take a drink when:

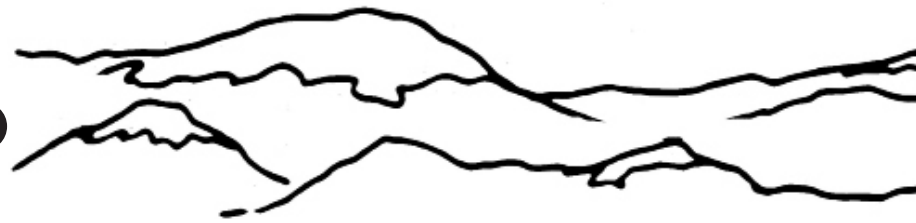
- Something is raw
- A contestant violates health codes
- A customer returns food
- You can't decide if you love or hate Jean-Phillippe
- Ramsay throws food like a champion pitcher
- The punishment/reward for challenges are completely unrelated to being a chef
- Someone gets injured

Finish your drink:

- Someone gets called a donkey
- A contestant gets eliminated
- Someone is thrown out of the kitchen (one person or multiples)



reflections.



an open letter to my bike thief

by wesdunn

Dear Sir or Madam,

Allow me to take this moment to tell you a little love story. I met her on a hot July afternoon in Herkimer, New York. She was very old, but had been lovingly fixed up and was running like a charm. At first sight of that aquamarine frame, I fell into a love as impervious as her old-style road tires. My baby was beautiful—I'd never met anyone like her. For god's sake, she had stem-mounted, freewheel shifters! You know what that means? I didn't need to pedal to shift! As long as that wheel was rolling, I could pull the levers and switch gears. And nobody knew how to pull those levers like I do.

But now, you heartless asshole, my heart is broken. It was ripped asunder when I went to the bike rack by Alice's on Monday morning to find my love absent. In a frenzy, I checked every possible other place I could have locked it—the library, Waterman, Redstone... nothing. I posted on Facebook about my loss, and people said they'd seen it in Harris, but when I checked it was too late.

“the remainder of your brief
mortal span will be an
orchestra of misery”

Have you ever heard about that special hell for bike thieves? It's where you will continue to live forever in the miserable fucking existence that is your life. You didn't steal an apple from the Marche. You didn't steal my water bottle from a table at Bailey-Howe. You stole my bike. I tuned that thing countless times, changed its tires, installed a rear-wheel rack and put custom brown tape on the handlebars. I rode it all over the streets of upstate New York and Burlington. It was not just a bike. It was a work of art. It was my freedom. I don't have a driver's license because I've always been able to take public transport or bike, so my bike was quite literally like a car to me. It was how I get anywhere more than 15 minute's walk, how I transport things I can't carry by myself.

This is what you've stolen. And for what? A few extra bucks, if you can manage to pedal it to someone. (Good luck, my buddy from police services and I are watching all the bike shops and Facebook pages.) Your own transport? Good luck, you fuck. I will hear, from a mile away, the chain loudly complaining as you screw up the shifters. I will see through whatever you use to try and cover the bright aqua frame paint. I will simply sense my bike; you cannot run nor hide.

I swear by all the salt in me: if I find you, the remainder of your brief mortal span will be an orchestra of misery. I swear by the night sky and the ever-moving moon: I'll make a game of you. I will slit you open and splash around like a child in a muddy puddle. I'll string a fiddle with your guts and make you play it while I dance. You may have gotten into UVM, but you are not wise enough to fear me as I should be feared. You do not know the first note of the music that moves me. You have taken my freedom, and I will see you suffer exorbitantly for it.

In case you couldn't read all that (I'm assuming a few words went over your head), I offer a brief summation:

- A.) Your life is a waste of time and energy.
- B.) This could be ameliorated somewhat if you were to find some useful task, like being dragged on the end of a line behind a boat to serve as shark bait.

Yours in unrestrained contempt,

Wes Dunn

P.S. Both wheels are wicked untrue and rubbing on the brakes. In other words, I can run faster than you can ride my bike. Look sharp, scum. ■

not that there's anything

confessing our celebrity crushes

The Sultry Foreigners

Katja's pick: Marion Cotillard

Ugh. Okay, let's review: petite, great rack, sexy hair, rocks a smoky eye. And she's French. And the kind of gorgeous that just makes you want to kill yourself, in the best possible way.

Ben's pick: Idris Elba

What can I say? I'm a sucker for cocoa skin and British accents, both of which Elba has in spades. I'd been a fan of the BBC's *Luther*, where he had played the titular detective, but with his command performance in *Pacific Rim* as Stacker Pentacost, head of the giant fighting robot program, I found myself completely head-over-heals. His rough baritone voice and imposing stature naturally lend themselves to the kind of power and leadership that would have me crooning “Oh Britannia” in bed any damn day of the week.

The Cougar and Silver Fox

Katja's pick: Tina Fey

She's not completely in the cougar-zone yet, but I am completely and shamelessly head over heels for her. I have seen every episode of *30 Rock*. I scour Netflix for her SNL appearances. I have read her memoir, *Bossypants*, cover to fucking cover. Her life is the role model for my dream career path. And she's an unabashed feminist, which gives me a total lady-nerd-boner every time I see it come out in *30 Rock*. Writing. Tina Fey may actually be Lady-Jesus.

Ben's pick: Sir Patrick Stewart

I'm a Picard man, and certainly am not ashamed to admit it. Like a fine wine, age has only improved Mr. Stewart, who has made, and still makes, the most definitive case for the chrome dome on balding men. Outside of his acting, he has been an active supporter for marriage equality and social justice, basically he's perfect for the bohemian college illusion I surround myself with. And besides, I mean, how could you not? Any man who tells you that he would not sleep with both the best captain of the *Enterprise* AND Professor X is, at best, a fucking liar. Oh, and he's best friends with Gandalf. Seriously.

The ‘Rough Around the Edges’

Katja's pick: Angelina Jolie, circa 1990s

Did you see her as the fantastically dangerous sociopath Lisa Rowe in *Girl, Interrupted*? That—minus the stringy, blonde mess. Don't get me wrong, current Angie is still smokin', but let's face it: she was way more interesting before she home-wrecked Brad and Jen, adopted twelve thousand Third World babies, and became a philanthropist. Casual heroin use? Check. Long, wild hair? Check. Destructive whirlwind romances, tattoos everywhere, and general lack of fucks to give? Hell yes (remember that regrettable Billy Bob Thornton ink?). And, homegirl's got both legitimate acting chops and a brain. Don't mess with me the fuck up.

Ben's pick: Scott Eastwood

With the sharp jaw and piercing gaze of his famous father Clint, Scott gives off the kind of stunner of a rough-n'-tumble, but stoic, vibes that made his dad's *Man with No Name* the original quiet badass, before pretty boy Ryan Gosling was driving around to Kavinsky tunes. With a grimace that practically does the work of undoing your belt buckle all on its own, Scott Eastwood is the kind of guy I'd want to pull my hair during, and share a cigarette with after.

Judgement Free Zone

Katja's pick: Courtney Love, cracked-out, 90-pound, Hole-era version

I do love me some angry '90s girl rock, and Hole did it best. There's something about the heroin-chicness (complete with actual heroin addiction!), the barely-there body, the bleach-blonde chaos, the dark lips and the grunge of Courtney Love in her prime that totally works for me. She was the original young rocker trainwreck, and some twisted part of me finds that sexy as hell. Bonus: have you checked out pictures of her and Kurt's daughter, Frances Bean? Tattooed, pouty sexpot status; must run in the family.

Ben's pick: Sean Connery

Bear with me, as I know that Mr. Connery is a bit old for a heterosexual college man to be popping a broner for, but James Bond is still James Bond. I can't get down with his ideology of old-school macho and the acceptability of beating one's wife, but I'll be damned if his honey sweet Scottish accent doesn't give me scrotum tingles. Plus, I honestly couldn't pass up being considered a Bond girl: the bitches had serious class.

Nothing wrong with that!

with katjaritchie and benberrick



marilyn mora

happy hour true blood

by rebeccalaurion

Does anyone even watch this show anymore? Really? Even I gave up after season 4, if we're being honest. But I'm assuming the same ridiculousness continued after I jumped ship. Don't get me wrong, some of the absurdity only added to *True Blood's* charm, and why it's lasted so long. And with the final season airing this June, it's time to celebrate this show with all of its flaws, weirdness, camp, and questionable acting choices, because it really is addictive as hell, and the entire reason my HBO subscription lasted as long as it did. Basic rundown: waitress reads minds, falls in love with a vampire and everyone takes their pants off all the time in between getting murdered. As always, keep it classy, keep it safe, and good luck not getting sucked into the world of Bon Temps.

Take a drink when:

- Sookie reads someone's mind.
- Bill says 'Sookie' in his creepy old man voice.
- Someone dies in a really gruesome way.
- Vampire politics.
- Tara would be a better protagonist than Sookie.
- Anyone else would be a better protagonist than Sookie.
- Unnecessary nudity/sex scene.
- Pam is flawless.
- Thank god Jason's pretty because that boy has no common sense whatsoever.

Finish your drink when:

- Sookie cries.
- Yet another supernatural creature/entity is introduced (Werewolves, shifters, fairies, Bigfoot, etc.)
- Sookie calls it quits with Bill/vampires/supes/anything unnatural (again). ■



juliana roen

The Girl and Boy Next Door

Katja's pick: Emma Stone

Fuck me, what's not to love about this girl? She rocks a sexy auburn and platinum blonde like it ain't no thang, she's lovable in the "girlfriend" role (see: *Superbad*, *Spiderman: Whatever-the-Fuck*, I'm not a superhero buff) without being overshadowed (confined?) by the trope, she's funny as hell, and also straight bangin'. Stone's so relatable it hurts; she's like the friend you feel like you should have, but, deep down, know you're not cool enough to hang out with. Emma elicits in me a deep and conflicting trichotomy in which I equally want to be her best friend, be her, and be on top of her. And I'm so okay with it.

Ben's pick: Andrew Garfield

I confess, I had never heard of Andrew Garfield until the most recent *Spiderman* remake, but sitting there in the theater and looking deep into his soulful brown eyes, getting caught up in his goofy grin, and finding myself celebrating with him on his superhero journey of discovery, I knew that I wanted to be his Mary Jane. I found myself imagining us laughing together, walking along a beach shimmering in the last light of sunset: dinner on the patio of some beautiful seaside restaurant, the wooden railings—painted white—supporting the weight of our backs as we would lean back and hold hands over a bottle of a sweet red wine. Then, we could retire to our suite to make the kind of passionately tender butt-love that can only come from long term commitment. Needless to say, he would be big spoon.

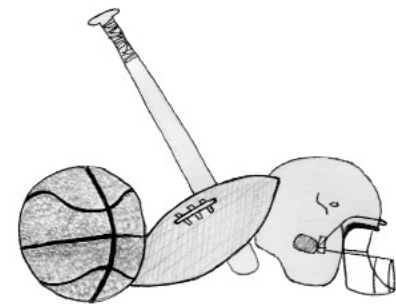
Duh

Katja's pick: Rihanna

Ben's pick: Paul Rudd ■

highlight reel.

the *big bad* bruins:



a season preview

by mikestorace

The Boston Bruins are coming off a heartbreaking loss in the Stanley Cup Finals last season. The Chicago Blackhawks stole the cup right out from under their noses with two goals within a minute late in Game 6. It was a tough loss for the Bruins, and that Stanley Cup victory would have marked their second in three years. Despite their recent successes, the Boston Bruins' General Manager, Peter Chiarelli, has made some big changes this off-season. These moves have drawn a lot of controversy and invoke the classic rhetoric, "if it ain't broke, why fix it?" Why change up the roster of a successful NHL team?

This season brings in a lot of new faces, most noticeably at the wing position. The most radical move by the Bruins was the blockbuster trade with the Dallas Stars. The Bruins shipped Tyler Seguin, Rich Peverley, and prospect Ryan Button in exchange for Loui Eriksson, Joe Morrow and Reilly Smith. Seguin accumulated 32 points in last year's shortened season, and at age 21, appeared to be a building block in the Bruins franchise. However, with a huge salary and some office issues, Chiarelli decided that Loui Eriksson holds the key. The 28-year old winger is the former assistant captain for the Dallas Stars and will assume a new roll on the second line alongside Patrice Bergeron and Brad Marchand. This line is shaping up to be an all-around strength for the B's. Patrice and Loui are excellent team players that play solid fundamental defense, and Brad Marchand is looking to net some more goals coming off a great season.

Also, say goodbye to Nathan Horton and Andrew Ferrence. Horton was a free agent at the end of last season. Instead of resigning with the Bruins, he decided to head west to the Columbus Blue Jackets. The former Bruin was another core member of the team, but signed an enormous seven-year, \$37 million contract elsewhere. The aging Ferrence faced a similar fate, has signed with the Edmonton Oilers, and been named the Oiler's captain (only the 14th in franchise history). I wish that both of these players could have stayed with Boston, but the Bruins clearly had other plans with their salary cap space.

With Horton, Seguin, and Ferrence out of Boston, Peter Chiarelli decided to spend the extra cap space on two players that have been, and will continue to be, fundamental parts of the Bruins franchise. Both Tuukka Rask and Patrice Bergeron are here to stay as they each signed eight-year contracts. The Bruins have decided to pay these players some big bucks for their crucial services. Tuukka is arguably one of the five best goalies in the league, and is staying in net for the long term. Patrice laid his body on the line last year, and played through a broken rib, punctured lung, and separated

shoulder during the Stanley Cup Finals. The man bleeds Bruins hockey and will almost certainly be the future captain of the team.

Another surprise came at the veteran wing position. The Bruins did not resign Jaromir Jagr, who took his ancient services to New Jersey. Jagr was signed exclusively for the playoffs last season, where he tallied 0 goals and 10 assists. It was incredibly frustrating watching Jagr in the playoffs, as he could not find the net despite his best ef-

in each conference will score wild card spots. The Bruins will now be competing more frequently with the Detroit Red Wings, a significant NHL contender, and I am excited to see how they will face off throughout the season.

The Bruins certainly have a lot to work on this season. The first of these is chemistry with the influx of new players. The first line is certainly going to be the most productive on the team. It is comprised of Milan Lucic, David Krejci, and Jarome Iginla, and the three must find a way

to consistently score. The third line is currently the weakest out there and is also the least definite. It is currently made up of Jordan Caron, Reilly Smith, and Chris Kelly. Chris Kelly, the assistant captain, is the only constant on this line from last season. He will have to lead these less experienced players. I'm also hoping to see more of Carl Soderberg this season. The Bruins signed the Swedish Player late last season, and he will hopefully find his place on a line when he returns from an ankle injury.

Another important area of the team is the young defensive unit. Younger players like Torey Krug, Dougie Hamilton, and Matt Bartkowski will have to look up to defensive role models like Zedona Chara, Johnny Boychuck, and Dennis Seidenberg. Hopefully both young and old can contribute offensively, while keeping the defensive mindset that is at the forefront of the Bruins.

Another key focus this season is the power

play and penalty kill. The Bruins have one of the best penalty kills in the league, and they definitely will hope to keep this kill elite. The power play, on the other hand, leaves a lot to be desired. Although it did improve a bit last season, it should be a lot better. The Bruins are currently scoring about 30% of the time they have a man-advantage, granted this is only 4 games into the season. Power plays provide the prime opportunity for goals, and the majority of these chances need to be utilized. Look to new players, like Loui and Krug, to contribute, and to a lot of different power play combinations as coach Claude Julien hopes to improve this unit.

Although some of the offseason moves may be disheartening for Bruins fans, fear not, for the new face of the team is as strong as ever. Seguin, Horton, and Ferrence may be gone, but new faces like Eriksson and Iginla are here to pick up the slack. The Bruins are thirsty for a repeat Stanley Cup Finals appearance, and their new team have the heart and skill to do just that. ■



ben berrick

forts. In reality, it was Jarome Iginla that the Bruins wanted from the beginning. At age 36, the veteran Iginla has one thing on his mind: a Stanley Cup. Well guess what, you've come to the right hockey team. The move was definitely surprising due to Iginla's blatant snub last season. Right around the trade deadline, Bruins fans thought that he was coming their way, when out of nowhere he instead ended up in with the Pittsburgh Penguins. Iginla learned his lesson the hard way as he paid witness to the Bruins' dominant sweep of the Penguins in the Eastern Conference Finals. I guess he finally saw the light and decided to join a team that is in greater need of his scoring production.

The NHL itself has also faced some significant changes this season, most notably the new divisions. The NHL is now divided into four with the Pacific, Central, Metropolitan, and Atlantic divisions. These are said to be more arraigned according to geographic location. I'm not sure how much this is actually true, but the division shake-up is a welcomed site by many fans. Three teams from each division will make the playoffs, and the next top two teams

trash.



ear

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

i want you so bad

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

To you, this I write my love for you grows,
But grows out of sight. No hint of a clue
To you will I send, sweet words written in secret,
So please comprehend. Each day we cross paths
and I see you walk by. My courage escapes me.
I guess I'm too shy.
Dear Shannon, what I'd say
If I could get near...
Soft things I would whisper In your little ear.
I'd tell you about all these feelings inside.
How tender I feel when I look in your eyes.
That I long for your kiss to touch my shy lips,
The weight of your hands to rest on my hips,
Your warm firm embrace to hold me so close.
But your hand in my hand I desire the most.
But for now, here I wait and you'll never know...
How much I adore you, How I love you so.
When: nearly every day
Where: Harris Millis
I saw: RA Shannon
I am: A very secret admirer

You were my everything.
To my life many good things did you bring.
You gave me food and shelter,
but now my life's all helter skelter.
I'm sorry I was drunk and maybe a little high,
but I didn't think it'd cause you to say to me your last good
bye.
Now that you're gone I'm scared and alone.
Without you the streets I roam
begging for a falafel or maybe just some ramen,
and hoping that maybe a neighbor will let me in.
I'm going broke without you here
and how I long to once again hold you near.
There's a space in my wallet where you used to be
and right now it stays open, waiting for thee.
But soon I may cave and replace you,
cause that seems to be the only thing left to do.
So come home soon my dear
for soon i fear
will come the dreaded day
where the words, "fuck it" i'll say
and I'll move on away from you
and get someone just like you, but new.
I want you back in my life
cause without you this life is filled with strife.
When: June Orientation 2012
Where: The CatCard Place
I saw: My first college student ID card
I am: lost without you!

Kalkin

Girl: My roommate tries to be all environmentally friend-ly and won't let us use plastic bags, yet she leaves the lights on all the time. I tell her, why don't you follow me around town and pick up the dog's poops with your hands then!

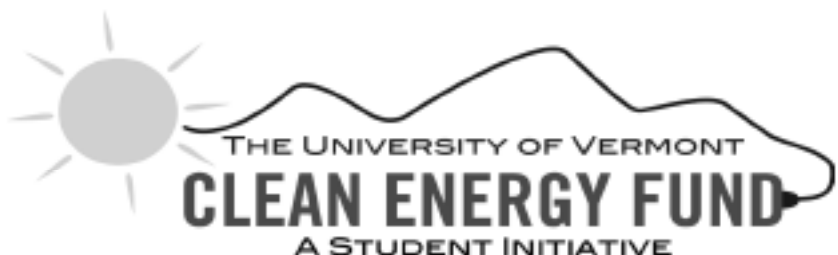
Outside of Cook Dining Hall, Lunchtime

Seemingly Typical Guy: I like looking at girls' butts.
Apparently Not Horny Girl: My butt sweats.... a lot.

Marche, Friday Night

Dude 1: (showing his friend a pic on a phone): So, what do you think of her?
Dude 2: Hmm, she's at least a six.
Dude 1: With or without a standard derivation factor?
(They laugh)

remember to check out the overflow
on the blog!
thewatertower.tumblr.com



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.

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- innovative educational tools

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SITE LEADER APPLICATIONS DUE BY FRIDAY 9/20 AT 5 PM - PARTICIPANT APPLICATIONS DUE BY FRIDAY 10/25 AT 5 PM



billy ray's hilibilly heart

by leonardbartenstein

Miley Cyrus has been making a lot of news lately, which is great and all, but let's be honest: she isn't the real star of the Cyrus family. The real star is her father, Billy Ray, who is much too often forgotten, and who still does still support his daughter: speaking to *Entertainment Tonight* about his daughter, Billy Ray said, "It wouldn't have mattered if Miley would have worn jeans and a flannel shirt ... a tux ... or a nun's habit. The song's a smash ... and her performance vocally on the tune reflects her roots and sheer God-given talent." Good old Billy Ray, standing in, defending his daughter, because he loves her as any good father should. He did his best in raising her right, but once he was out of Hannah Montana, he seemed to fall into the background (with a brief resurfacing when he and his wife went in and out of two divorce filings), with Miley taking the spotlight alone.

Well, Billy Ray, you have not faded from my memory. Your achy breaky heart will be at ease when I tell you that I still remember. And hey, you've got a lot going for you! You have your new album, *Change My Mind* (out October 23), coming out soon! That's great, isn't it? And yeah, you had a bit of an issue with your wife, but hey, you seem to have reconciled at this point (or at least at the point at which I am writing this), so you won't be lonely now. And, your new album is being released on your new record label, Blue Cadillac Music—you're not just a country superstar, but an indie country superstar! It really does seem like things are going good for you, and that's great to hear—it seems like you're a busy man!

Billy Ray, despite your wild rise to fame and his life as a superstar and Alvin and the Chipmunks cover (that's how you know you've made it big), you try to keep to his country roots. On his website, you say "I'm not country because I've had success on the country



barry guglielmo

charts. I'm not country because somebody said I was. I'm country because I'm Billy Ray Cyrus from Flatwoods, Kentucky, and I grew up listening to country music and bluegrass music and outlaw music and southern rock, and hard-ass rock and roll. I'm a little bit of all of that stuff." And let me tell you about Billy Ray: he is country music, even if he no longer has that trademark mullet that all of the ladies lusted for and men strived to imitate back in the nineties. The country in Billy Ray might seem to be going away, but he always manages to bring it back to Tennessee.

Cyrus's new album has some really deep, introspective tracks, like "That's What Daddys Do," talking about how he needed to just man up and be a good father, and "Hope is Just Ahead," written about the Columbine shooting. He is very excited about this new album, and let me tell you, so am I. Billy Ray has been great since the beginning. His debut album, *Some Gave All* (1992) went nine times platinum, with its leading single, "Achy Breaky Heart." The album held the #1 spot on the Billboard top 200 for seventeen weeks, breaking the record for male solo records. *Change My Mind* is Billy Ray's thirteenth studio album, and from his first album to now, Billy Ray has achieved so much success throughout his storied career.

So keep on going, Billy Ray, because I write these words by heart. I can't wait for your new album (out October 23). ■

recently in tunes

with dylanmccarthy

Hello again, lovelies. Enjoying your pumpkin spice flavored things? Good, good, so am I. The past week hasn't been the most exciting one for music. Although, admittedly I am having trouble distinguish reality from gaming thanks to the advent of GTA V. Have no fear though, for in this day and age there's always a pop icon, rock star, or has been saying something stupid or doing something great.

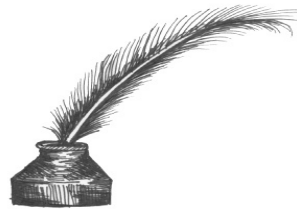
Kanye West and Jimmy Kimmel have one of the more awkward conversations in recorded history. I'm pretty ambivalent about things that have happened on Twitter, but when it comes my lord and savior Yeezus, I'm always going to be interested. After Kimmel poked fun at Kanye West in a sketch, Kanye lost it on Twitter saying true things like "KIMMEL PUT YOURSELF IN MY SHOES... OH NO THAT MEANS YOU WOULD HAVE GOTTEN TOO MUCH GOOD PUSSY IN YOUR LIFE" and "SARAH SILVERMAN IS A THOUSAND TIMES FUNNIER THAN YOU..." Kimmel (obviously) being the more mature of the two invited Kanye to appear on his talk show, and damn was it awkward! Kanye and Kimmel kept things icily professional, with Kimmel being able to sneak out the occasional one-liner in hopes of placating his audience but that just made things even more awkward. Kimmel clearly wanted to keep Kanye calm, and shit I can't blame him. The interview did yield some magnificent Kanye quotes, though: "For me to say I wasn't a genius, I'd just be lying to you and myself."

Neutral Milk Hotel extends tour. These guys might be the original hipster band, and in spite of lead man Jeff Mangum dropping off the face of the earth for a damn decade the band never stopped gaining fans. After his reappearance in Burlington a few years back, the band has been in full swing, extending tours essentially wherever they could. Go out and buy a ticket.

Dave Grohl and Stephen Malkmus slated to have an all out brawl in hopes of settling who really was the best band of the 1990's. If you ask the critics, it's a pretty decisive split between Pavement and Nirvana as to which rock group was the best of the '90s. After years and years of confusion Stephen Malkmus of Pavement, and Dave Grohl formerly of Nirvana are going to have an all out deathmatch to settle the question once and for all.

David Byrne has a lot of negative things to say about the Internet and streaming. Lead man and brains behind the genre re-defining Talking Heads ("Psycho Killer", "Once in a Lifetime"), Byrne's certainly got an opinion worth listening to. Shit, most of the Talking Heads' stuff hasn't aged a day. You can still groove to their best like it was '77-'85. However, in a *Guardian* article seemingly written by himself, Byrne says some downright ignorant things. The best line being "the internet will suck all creative content out of the world." Byrne's managed to stay extremely relevant throughout his entire career, working with hipster favorites like St. Vincent, but saying things like that really dates you. He lashes out against streaming services like Spotify, criticizing them for the low payoffs given to streamed musicians. Shit Davey, are honestly expecting bands to become millionaires off of Spotify alone? Sure they probably deserve more than they're getting, but Spotify is the leading counterpush to torrenting, and any hate towards them is a win for the pirates. ■

créatif stuffé.



a view across

by bethziel

Standing on this mountaintop, nestled between the tall pines that know centuries of stories and the forest creatures with endless energy that bound between the trees, I look out across this vast land and marvel at how the 2,974 miles between you and me can seem so insignificant. I can picture you beside me, as though we've conquered this mountain together like we have other mountains so many times before. My heart aches with missing you and calls don't compensate for having you and your joyful personality around. You believe in me when I don't know how to myself and with your encouragement, I get through. You push me and I push back, but you make me face my fears and usually, I am grateful. It's comforting to know that somewhere out there, across this distance, you are standing on another peak looking back at me, brother. ■

duck tales, awoohoo

by wesdunn

You know that windowless brick cylinder building near the Catholic Center on the way to Redstone from Athletic campus? Could you say what's inside it? If you're about to say "stuff for the cell tower," I'm afraid to say you couldn't be farther from the truth—that's only what they want you to think.

I was making that familiar journey the other evening, walking past the Catholic Center, when I saw fast movement up ahead near the music buildings. As I got closer, I saw that a figure was dodging furtively about the trees, running from one to the next. When I was halfway past the little dirt parking lot, I saw the person, clad in a burgundy bathrobe, dart across the pavement behind the brick cylindrical building.

I'm used to much weirder stuff than that in my daily life here at Groovy UV, so I didn't think much of it. But as I came around the corner, I saw a thin ray of bright golden light shining on the pavement, and traced it back to a door in the side of the building. It was barely ajar, but the light coming from it was unnaturally bright.

I stepped closer to check it out and found that I was able to pry the door open—it didn't make a sound, sliding

smoothly out. I could hear metallic clinking noises, and my eyes took a moment to adjust to the bright gold light that was coming from...actual gold.

The interior of the building was cavernous and filled with gold coins, jewels, dollar bills (Canadian and American) and other articles of treasure. As my eyes continued to adjust, I discerned it to be essentially a pond of treasure. A small skiff with oars floated at the end across from me. A continuous, melodic twinkling noise arose from the constant shifting of precious gems and coins. A crown floated by me as I stared

"the interior of the building was cavernous and filled with gold coins, jewels, dollar bills (canadian and american) and other articles of treasure."

—the real deal, to be clear. It had red satin interior, emerald inlay, the works. I looked up, and stepping out onto the diving board suspended twenty feet above heaping pile? None other than President Sullivan. I watched as he poised to leap, but decided I'd make my exit while the bathrobe was still on.

This I swear—the interior of that brick building is a Scrooge McDuck safe, and Sullivan apparently winds down his day with a swim in the university's material assets. ■

hai-poops of the week

Diarrhea, ouch!
You make my anus tingle
Peeing out my ass.

The dog dropped a deuce
All over my sister's bed.
She threw out her bed.

Wet poop: what's the deal?
I wipe, but to what avail?
Stuck here forever.

So much depends on
How the toilet bowl is
shaped

This morning, I pooped
It was a major stinker.
Air freshener; help.

Coprolite; fossil
You were once a fresh steamer
Now you are ancient.

Oh, morning coffee
You go straight to my rectum
Where's the toilet? ...NOW!

Swills of beer and gin
Washed down with Marché cheese sticks
Rough shits, I'm sweatin'

My stool has three legs
Way back, I thought all stools did
But my doc says no.

Poop spray on the walls
Learn to aim, you plebeian.
I'm not paid enough.

Dog poop on my shoe
Where's a stick? I need to scrape.
Filthy animal.

Yes, defecation—
It's what I like to do best.
I love it so much.

Bowels full; bathroom
Empty; I sit to release;
Boss enters... Damn it.

Pooping is so great.
Slides right out of my sphincter
Like a small birthed mouse.

Brown streak on the bowl
A smell not so bad but worse
And yet it feels great.

Unloading comes now,
Docked at the porcelain spot
And plop, down it goes.

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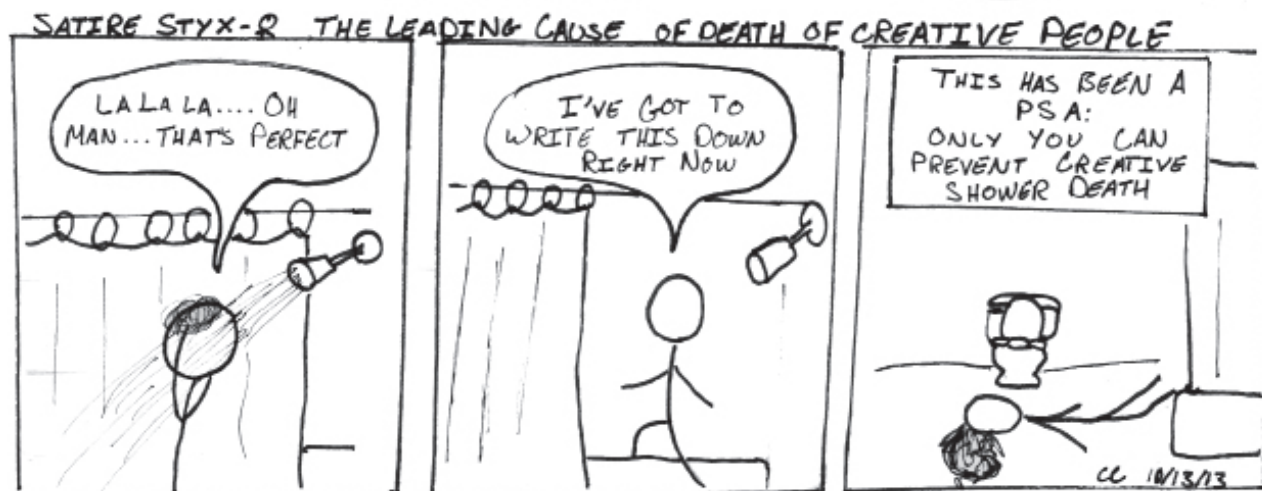
Think you've done Halloween? BE AFRAID



cat litter.



collincappelle



Tip o' the Week

It is not a good idea to start marathoning a tv show the week before exams. I repeat, not a good idea



the words of our generation

With the recent purchase of a pair of AKG headphones, I have delved back into the depths of my musical library. What I found was there have been a lot of lyrics that have moved me in some marginal way. Here I present some of the more hilarious, emotional, or dark lyrics in my Arsenal of Despair (yeah I've named my music library, so what).

"Then we got out of Dodge/ Like them Dukes of Hazard/ Music and tabs of Lucy/ Take your chance with this rapper" – Chance the Rapper, "Smoke Again"

Pretty much the perfect end to a perfect song. 'Nuff said.

"The flask is an alcoholic's paintbrush/ The flask is an alcoholic's toothbrush/ I need to go throw up now/ I wanna be the queen of all the belly rubs now" – Andrew Jackson Jihad, "Fucc the Devil" (not a misprint)

Just one of the many lyrics that AJJ sings that makes me become dangerously introspective. They are the kings of weirdness and have little gems like this peppered through out their discography. I suggest giving them a good listen to.

"Pushed my gramma down in front of a train/ I like to watch people wiggle around in pain/ Especially if it's those that I love/ Gonna send'em to the great god above" – This Bike is a Pipebomb, "Murder"

A seemingly very dark lyric, but the delivery is so fast and upbeat you barely notice. The whole song is a description of how killing all your loved ones will put them in heaven

so when you finally make your joyous ascent, you will be surrounded by the people you love. How cute is that.

"When I park my Range Rover/ Slightly scratch your Corolla/ Okay, I smashed your Corolla" – Kanye West, "Hold My Liquor"

The misunderstood rap god shows in this song that he cares about you. He's sorry he hit your Corolla and comes clean that he did some hefty damage to it. But honestly you drive a Corolla, that thing deserves to be smashed. So really, good 'ol Yeezy did you a favor. You should now thank him.

"And I know I'm not dead/ Because I just threw up/ In my own mouth/ Swallowed back/ This hangover ain't that bad" – Bomb the Music Industry, "King of Minneapolis pts. III and IV"

The guitars drop off and all that is left is the thumping of the bass drum and all that's left is Jeff Rosenstock's angelic voice delivering you one of the most true statements ever.

"Climbed out onto my roof/ So I'd be a poet in the night" – Jawbreaker, "Condition Oakland"

For the times when you are lonely Jawbreaker is always there to guide you through. "Condition Oakland" is one of my favorite songs of all time simply because of its imagery.

"They will never catch him or catch up/ They asked me what it was/ I told them fuckers it was ketchup" – Tyler, the Creator, "Tron Cat"

Speaking of imagery, this song is basically an unrated version of *Silence of the Lambs*. Admittedly, this is not my favorite line from this song, but I feel uncomfortable printing any of the others, as they are very graphic.

"I close my eyes and seize it/ I clench my fists and beat it/ I light my torch and burn it/ I am the beast I worship" – Death Grips, "Beware"

No list, not even your shopping list, is complete without a little Death Grips. As you may have noticed by now, I am a fan of the darker lyrics. "Beware" starts with a sample of a Charles Manson interview and does not let up. Talk about dark. ■

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