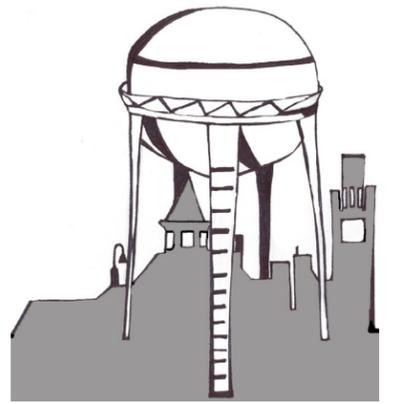


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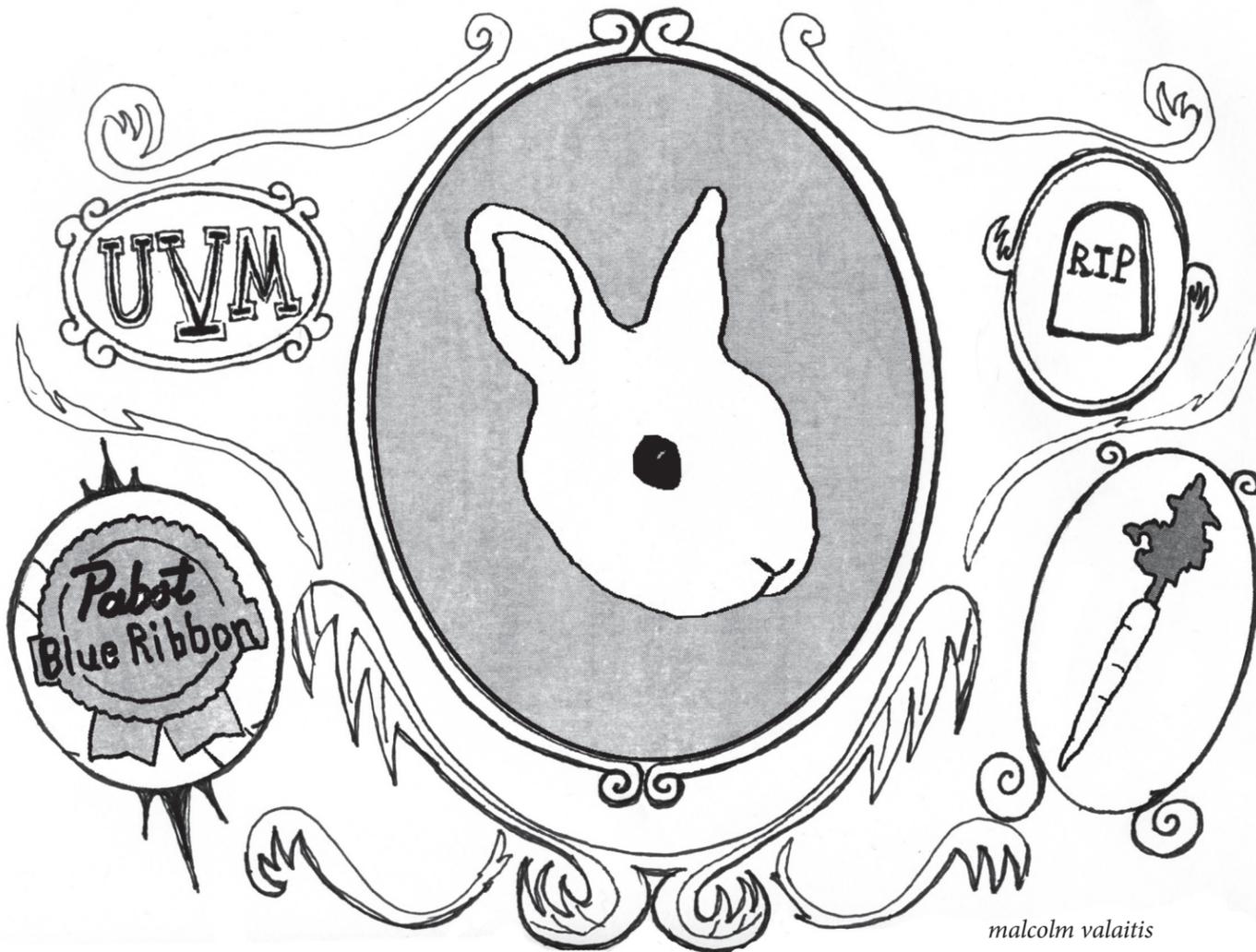
uvm's alternative newsmag



volume 8 - issue 6 - tuesday, october 12, 2010 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

## in loving memory of slobodan the bunny (2010-2010) or: why i'm not ready to be a daddy



malcolm valaitis

by bendonovan

On the afternoon of Saturday, September 25, my roommates and I conducted our first foray into adulthood when a baby bunny fell into the window well of our basement apartment on Pearl Street. It appeared to be in good health, but its mother was nowhere to be found. Looking at one another, we asked, "What should we do?" Should we put it back in on ground level in the parking lot and let it find its way back to its mother?

This notion was soon put to rest when Wikipedia (which is where I get an alarmingly large share of my information about the world) told us that mother rabbits will usually reject or even eat offspring that have the scent of another animal on them. Should we call animal control? That might have sounded like a good idea, were we not slightly--uh, altered--and thus totally averse to the very idea of speaking to any sort of authority figure, animal control included. Should we keep it? Well, none of us knew the first thing about raising a bunny for a pet, but hey, why the hell not?

Thus began our brief adventure into parenthood. The first order of business was naming the bunny. We tossed around some ideas--"D'Brickashaw," "Hops," "Bunny," et cetera--but eventually settled on "Slobodan." It was the first thing that popped into my head, and when I realized that we could also give him my last name and render him "Slobodonovan," well, that was that. Next on the agenda was fashioning some sort of enclosure for young Slobodan; we solved that by cutting the top off of an empty 30-rack of Pabst Blue Ribbon, which we lined with bedding we

bought at the pet store. We fed him on romaine lettuce, carrots, and grass we pulled from the lawn of our apartment building.

For about a day, Slobodan was a model bunny. He managed to escape his enclosure pretty easily, but we just left his food inside it and let him hop around the apartment to his little heart's content, after which he happily returned to the PBR box. He hopped up onto our laps and watched football with us on Sunday, and didn't seem altogether annoyed by our shouting at the TV.

By Sunday night, however, he wasn't eating or drinking much, and on Monday morning my roommate knocked on my door to confirm our worst fears--that Slobodan the bunny had in fact become Slobodan the ex-bunny. We still don't know why he died. Maybe we weren't feeding him the right food; perhaps the change of circumstances was just too much for him. We said our goodbyes and deposited Slobodan in the trash.

I was able to glean two important points from this experience. First, neither I nor my roommates are ready to be parents. Let's be real here. What sort of people choose to take on responsibility for another living thing without knowing the

first thing about what exactly it needs to stay alive? Do rabbits really eat carrots? I don't know. I assume they do, because I saw it on TV. But I see a lot of things on TV, none of which I will ever take the time to independently verify. And what the hell sort of person names a cute, innocent baby bunny after a genocidal Serbian dictator? Jesus, the sort of degenerate mind that takes is frightening, to say the least. I should probably be on some cocktail of heavy opiates in a padded cell somewhere.

The second, and more important point,

that taking care of another living creature is really, really hard, and I'm glad I learned that lesson with a bunny and not with, say, a kid or a spouse or one of those orphans from the developing world that movie stars are always acquiring. When a bunny dies, it's sad, but at the end of the day it's just a bunny. Human beings are a very different story; there's paperwork to be filled out and criminal charges filed when one of those kicks the bucket.

So what I want to say, I suppose, is this: while you're here at UVM, spending what will likely be the best years of your life, take risks. Take on responsibility. Start small: find a bunny or a gerbil or an internship or a relationship; get a job on campus; be a bartender on Church Street. Do something you've never done before. You will probably fail at least once if you're brilliant, and more than once if you're average like me. But that's how you learn. We got it wrong with Slobodan the bunny (although before the UVM chapter of PETA comes and pickets my apartment, it should be noted that he probably would have died anyway). But maybe next time we'll get it right, whatever "it" is. Or maybe it'll take a few tries. That's what life is: a series of mistakes that, if you learn from them, make you a better person. So tonight, I'll be drinking not just to a cute little bunny with an inappropriate name whose life ended before it even began, but to all the mistakes I'll ever make, and to the possibility of doing things right by all the people and bunnies in my life from now on. Cheers. ■

Should we keep it? Well, none of us knew the first thing about raising a bunny for a pet, but hey, why the hell not?

is that the saga of Slobodan the ex-bunny represents exactly the sort of learning experience that college is all about. Look, we're all going to have to grow up someday. We'll have responsibilities. We'll meet people that will become spouses and lifelong friends. We'll have kids (more than a few of my friends have told me I won't be allowed anywhere near theirs). We will have other living things--other human beings--entrusted to us. College is the stepping stone to that. It's the learner's permit for true adulthood. We've got responsibilities, but not the full load that the real world will inevitably thrust onto us. And that's why it can be good to screw up here sometimes. It's how we learn. I now know

get  
inside  
me

news  
china and japan  
break the silence  
by jamesaglio

reflections  
fall  
boyfriend  
by ginamastrogiacono

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## inbox

### you're only as old as...

Dear **water tower**,

While I agreed with Bridget Treco's positive review of LCD Soundsystem, I was appalled at how many times she mentioned James Murphy's age. If you were to replace the words "old" and "aging" with the word "black" or "fat", I don't think anyone would find this review acceptable. Has she never seen someone old enough to be her father perform music before? Personally, I think it is great that the whole MTV thing is dead, and that success as a musician does not necessarily depend on the performer's sexiness and youth.

**the water tower** is read by UVM students and Burlington residents, some of whom are actually over the age of 22. None of us chose which year we were born. Please be more sensitive to this issue in the future. Also, get the hell off my lawn.

Sincerely,  
Bea Arthur

Sometimes reading **the water tower** makes our readers want to get naked and fight the power. But most of the time, they just send emails. Send your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to

[thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)

## the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger

**Chinese News Censors.** Chinese dissident Liu Xiaobo won the Nobel Peace Prize this week, but government censors have removed Xiaobo's name from Twitter, blocked it from Google, and disabled the phones of people who try to text it. Because nothing helps your reputation like outlawing the winner of a Nobel Peace Prize.

**FBI Spying.** Yasir Afifi, a 20-year-old student from California, found a GPS tracking device on his car this week. When he posted photos of it online, the FBI turned up at his apartment, questioned him, and then asked for their device back. Afifi insists he has never done anything to merit surveillance, besides having an Egyptian father who was the former head of a Muslim community organization. Nope, the FBI definitely doesn't profile or anything.

**Christine O'Donnell's "I'm You" Ad.** O'Donnell, the Delaware Republican candidate for Senate, recently released an ad that claims "I'm not a witch, I'm you." The ad is meant to connect with the average American and put a rest to allegations that O'Donnell is involved in witchcraft - but to be honest, Congress is filled with people claiming to be "average Americans," and they haven't been able to get much done. Maybe a little witchcraft would do us some good.

**Toxic Sludge.** An aluminum plant reservoir in Hungary exploded this week, killing seven people and releasing copious amount of toxic sludge into a river. Some scientists are insisting that the sludge may not actually harm the Danube River, but there's something about the words "toxic sludge" that we just don't like.

## the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag  
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### the water tower

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### join the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome  
**Weekly meetings**  
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm  
Williams Family Room  
Davis Center - 4th Floor  
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.

## china and japan break the silence (over rocks)

by jamesaglio

Japan and China are talking again. Diplomatic relations between the Asian nations have been strained for the past month, but were restored after a meeting in Belgium during the Asia-Europe Meeting. The spat began after Japan arrested a Chinese fishing captain in the waters near the Senkaku Islands. The Senkaku Islands, known as the Diaoyu Islands in China and as the Pinnacle Islands in the West, have been under Japanese administration since 1895, but their ownership is disputed by China and Taiwan. The islands are actually a huge point of contention in relationships between the three nations, with Japan asserting ownership while both the People's Republic of

**"With as many problems as the world faces, the two heavyweights of East Asia do not really need to be fighting over unoccupied rocks."**

China (China) and the Republic of China (Taiwan) claim that the Islands are a part of Taiwan. This may seem an odd position for the Chinese government, but China also lays claim to all of Taiwan, which clears things up.

All governments in question report that the islands, small, barren, and uninhabited though they may be, represent significant territorial interests and have been disputing over them for longer than any of the countries in question have existed in their present state. When the confrontations began, both China and Japan were empires and Taiwan was just a Chinese island. With the arrest of the Chinese fisherman, things came to a head and the Chinese and Japanese governments refused to negotiate. In retaliation, China arrested four Japanese nationals, saying they had entered military zones without permission. This may seem like an inappropriate reaction, however the Japanese company Fujita has admitted that the four individuals were part of an operation to reclaim chemical weapons left in China by the Japanese Imperial Army after World War II, which seems slightly less than okay. All but one of the four have been released after apologizing to the Chinese government; the last is still being detained. Additionally, the Japanese have returned the fisherman; he received a hero's welcome in China on behalf of his bravery.

The rough patch seems to have been mostly finished with after the Belgian meeting, which is probably a good thing. With as many problems as the world faces, the two heavyweights of East Asia do not really need to be fighting over unoccupied rocks. It is a good thing that none of the arrested individuals were harmed or mistreated, as that would have brought the whole mess to a new level. Hopefully the two nations will use this incident as a standard of what not to do with territory disputes in particular, but really international relations in general. Furthermore, Japan sending agents in to whisk away dangerous armaments from Chinese bases just seems like asking for trouble and raises questions about the nature of these weapons and why they are important enough to try and recover after seventy years. On the whole, both nations came off looking a little worse for wear, as neither handled the situations with great aplomb. Worse things have happened, however, and will most likely happen in the future, but hopefully not during a time when major world powers are giving each other the silent treatment. ■

## lobster lab confession when science turns mean

by an anonymous student in biology 255

So, I am asking for complete immunity and anonymity for my cooperation. I don't want anything jeopardizing my position with the Biology department, which may bring its wrath down upon the student body to try to root out a snitch. But the truth must be known.

I don't consider myself a huge animal-rights person; I just feel I know the difference between right and wrong, and we were being put in a situation where what we were doing was wrong. It wasn't supposed to be that way, at least not officially, but as always there's a difference between what's on paper and what actually happens in real life.

In my biology lab, we had to dissect lobsters. I don't mean lobsters that were already dead and preserved for decades until they were use-

less to all but students. These were lobsters we had to kill, or rather, we had to cut them in half and hoped they died quickly. Specifically we were harvesting nerve tissue that we were experimenting on, and first we had to cut the lobsters in half to separate the tail from the front. The lab manual said we would be freezing it first and cutting off its head, then cutting it in half and harvesting its nerve cord. I didn't really like the thought of killing something, but a lobster doesn't have much of a brain and we were numbing it up and beheading it (to the extent that it has a head), and that should have made it relatively painless. In an advanced bio lab you expect to do some gruesome stuff as a parting gift from the biology staff, so you can say you actually did something halfway interesting.

Unfortunately, the class designers decided it was a waste of time to freeze and behead the lobsters. We just cut them in half when they were fully "conscious" and discarded the top halves, which were still alive and very much moving (not just twitching, actively moving around) in trash bags from which they tried to crawl while we experimented on their lower halves. We were studying nerve structure and trying to get their nerve chords out of their tails to do various tests on how they functioned under an artificial current. We had been studying nerve function and so it was kind of helpful, but like all labs, it just reinforced things we already learned or were going to learn. Everyone was basically trying to do things as quickly and minimally as possible, so I don't know how much we really learned from it.

Everyone was unsettled by watching the poor lobsters wave their claws about as they were scissored in half, and then futilely try to crawl around while dripping guts out of their backsides. But we are all biology students; a bunch of us had experience killing experimental animals, so nobody was going to make a real fuss about it. Biology, the science of life, involves death more than you might want. The TA agreed that it was gruesome, but nobody wanted to go to the trouble of finding ice to numb them or to figure out how to behead an armored lobster in a quick and efficient way. The lab took a while anyway, so why make life more complicated than it already is for a

lobster that will die anyway?

I'm sure some biological science major will write to **the water tower** about how lobsters can't feel pain or something like that, but nothing that big should be scissored in half when there were steps to make it more humane that we should have been following.

Did I learn anything that couldn't have been learned any other way? I don't think that is true for any lab I have ever had. The point of labs isn't usually to learn, but to get an appreciation for the techniques needed to do research.

**"As bio students, we already had experience killing experimental animals, and nobody was going to make a real fuss about it. Biology, the science of life, involves death more than you might want."**

fering, instead of just declaring the lobster's welfare irrelevant and chopping it up alive and leaving it to slowly die in a bag with its similarly-fated colleagues.

I don't know if my talking about this will change anything, but hopefully the biology department will clean up its act and treat its experimental creatures with a bit more respect before they have us hack away at their insides.

We should have to do dissections (a biology education would be incomplete without them), but we should do it the right way. ■

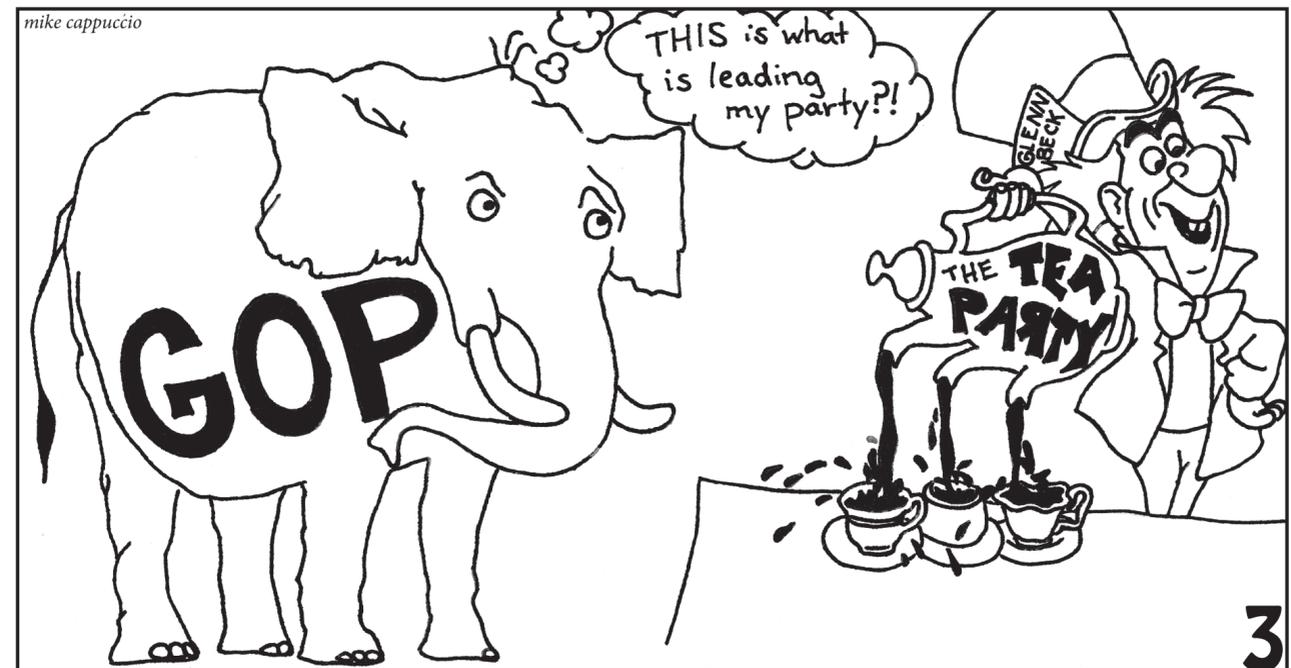
## the campus bitchfest

by jonathanlott

Picture this: It's 8:20 on a Monday morning and you're late for your class across campus. It's raining, so you don't want to walk to class. Besides, the walk could take up to twenty minutes, so you'd be late for class anyway. Instead, you wait at the bus stop for a few minutes.

You squeeze in among the crowd of other sleepy students who woke up a little too late. After two minutes of waiting, you see the bus turn the corner, approach you, and whiz by, not bothering to stop and pick you up. Angry, you trudge to class in the rain, and arrive fifteen minutes late.

Why can't we have more buses on campus? I realize it costs money to buy, insure, and hire drivers for them, but we really need them (especially for the coming winter). Can we not find the money to buy a bus anywhere? Or is Fogel too busy overseeing that construction that was supposed to be done a month ago?





# reflections.



## new year new you

by lindsaygabel

You may or may not have noticed that this semester has so far revealed a wealth of new developments and budding trends. The fact that these observations are based solely on my one year of experience at UVM is irrelevant, as several conversations with all-knowing and seasoned upperclassmen have confirmed for me that the wiser half of the undergraduate student body are of a similar opinion. Regarding a few noticeable trends and changes around campus this year:

**UVM's Mission to Double Vermont's Population:** This year, on any given day, the Grundle will be packed like classes on exam days - so packed that there will even be a line for that questionable-looking zucchini meatloaf. So when hunger compels you and your six roommates to make the trek to Redstone only to remember that Simpson Dining Hall is still closed and then realize that Cook doesn't do Saturdays and the Marche has already exceeded its legal 'number of persons' capacity, your only other option may be to embrace your primal instincts and hunt the local squirrels.

**"The prevalence of dreadlocks and patchwork has been dwindling as Uggs have slowly infiltrated the campus fashion scene. What is more, far fewer UVMers have been walking to class without shoes..."**

**Vermont's Identity Crisis:** Global warming unleashed its wrath in the first week of the semester with a brutal heat wave, forcing those without air conditioning to sleep with minimal clothing and ice packs; while those with air conditioning had to watch their bank accounts hit record lows.

**CONSTRUCTION:** Launched to install, among other things, the necessary infrastructure for air conditioning in Williams Hall if and when it is renovated. Yes, the construction does add time to your commute to class, but have patience people. Let's think of the long-term benefits here (i.e. being cool in Economics lectures during future heat waves).

**Vermont Grass Conservation Project:** Newly roped-off greens remind us all that grass is purely for looking at. So get off the greens you studying/relaxing/napping hooligans.

**Campus de-hippization:** For years the prevalence of dreadlocks, patchwork, and homemade accessories has been dwindling as Uggs and the like slowly infiltrate the campus fashion scene. What is more, far fewer UVMers have been walking to class without shoes (with the exception of you, kid-who-always-walks-to-class-barefoot, as you, my friend, are at the moment single-handedly sustaining a time-honored UVM tradition by rebelling against federal health regulations. Yeah, you know who you are). On another note, the campus presence of flannel is flourishing.

Fortunately, you can always count on certain things to withstand the test of time. And indeed it is comforting to know that even if Burlington is suddenly designated ground zero in the midst of a nuclear war, Blackboard will always be there to simultaneously squander both your patience and your grade.

# 4

## who needs a boyfriend when you've got cableknits?

by ginamastrogiacom

Something about the Fall just makes you long for a significant other. Maybe it's the autumnal chill that somehow puts the pressure on to find a snuggle partner, or maybe it's the apple orchards that call for a cliché and cutsey outing.

I hear you, Fall - I'm single. Lay off already! We often have to supplement for a cuddle buddy because there's only so many times that it's really appropriate and totally uncreepy to say, "Hey, um, do you mind if we just hold hands because the leaves are so pretty?" Talk about awkward.

In order to do this, fisherman sweaters are particularly useful, preferably in a size XXL so as to provide ample room for snuggle-

**"Maybe it's the autumnal chill that somehow puts the pressure on to find a snuggle partner, or maybe it's the apple orchards that call for a cliché and cutsey outing. I hear you, Fall - I'm single. Lay off already!"**

age. Who needs someone to hold tightly when you've got a woolen partner that will be all over you? ...Literally. Maybe a large body pillow to make the colder nights more bearable?

Even the Fall fashion seems to dictate that we need a man! Have you noticed all the magazines telling us that "boyfriend blazers" and "boyfriend jeans" are what's in right now? News flash, *Cosmo*: what happens when I don't have a boy to borrow from?

Couples' Halloween costumes? Being the seven dwarves with your friends is just not the same when you could have been an adorable pair - like Lucy and Ricky!

It makes me think. Beyond the idea of the "Fall Boyfriend," there's sometimes this slightly masochistic need for companionship (in whatever sense you'll take that word) as a means of obtaining some comfort and safety. There's a sense of feeling loved or liked, of having the security of somewhere to be and someone to be with, that brings about the warm fuzzy feeling that Fall, specifically, seems to inspire.

We should be okay on our own. Truthfully, though, I know I'm not there yet. I'm sure one day I'll either marry or reach that level of maturity where I feel secure enough to not long for it, but it's damn hard when it seems as if Vermont is pairing off like it's prepping for a Biblical flood.

Seriously, everywhere I look there's some trendy couple straight out of the Urban Outfitters catalogue, lounging underneath a tree or holding hands on their way to the DC. And it definitely give my heart a little twinge.

In short, we might not be there yet. As individuals, as a category - even as a campus. I'm looking around and I don't see anyone with a crisp Shelburne apple feeling as satisfied as if they had a boyfriend or girlfriend. But with a vintage sweater and a hot cup of cider, we just might be able to get there and face the Autumn with a new sense of self. Go get 'em, folks.



loren teetelli

## pseudo-hippyism the new swine flu at uvm

by jaradsassone-mchugh

There is a plague ravaging across the campus of our beloved UVM. It is a difficult disease to discern; it is very sneaky, it is incognito, and it blends into the background of our everyday lives better than that weirdly quiet kid who lives down the hall. You need to be warned of this bubonic plague, lest you become victim to its kiss of death. "What is this terrible disease?" you ask. It is none other than Pseudo-Hippysm.

What makes this disease so deadly is that it is nearly impossible to tell who is an actual jaded, burnt-out hippie and who is just a look-alike. These pseudo-hippies are quite similar to the pacu fish, which is identical to the vicious piranha yet shows no aggressive behavior whatsoever. The pseudo-hippie looks and sounds like one, but at a closer look is nothing more than a regular person in a John Lennon Halloween costume.

Luckily, there are ways to tell these tie-dye wearing, long-haired wannabes apart from the real deal. At first glance inside their dorms or houses you may see a peace sign tapestry, but don't let that trick you. Take a closer look around and there will be soap, shampoo and other cleaning products strewn about. It is a known fact that real hippies are not the cleanest of people. Okay, so maybe there can be hygienically conscious hippies. Don't fret, as there are

still more ways to tell. There will be a Jimi Hendrix, Beatles and/or a Grateful Dead poster next to the Bob Marley-smoking-a-spliff poster. Now ask what their top five favorite Jimi songs are, and they'll be lucky to even remember the names of two. After you have done this, walk into to any of the on-campus dining halls, quickly yet thoroughly scan the place and look towards the first person who may or may not be a hippie. Check what they are eating. If it's any kind of meat you'll know what kind of hippie you're looking at. Next ask when the last time they tripped out was. The answer will be along the lines of "Dude, I don't do that shit. It fucks up your mind." What the fuck is that?! A so-called "hippie" that has never dropped acid?

So you're still not convinced? Maybe they are a hippie in the politically-active sense. All you have to do now is question their appearance at any recent peace/anti-war rallies or protests. They will timidly start to explain how they have been way too busy to go to any of those lately. If you still believe that this person is a far-out, groovy hippie, then there is one last way to disprove them. "Hey man, what's your favorite quote by Timothy Leary?" The response will be as follows: "Who's Timothy Leary?"

To all you pseudo-hippie bastards: turn on, tune in, and shut the fuck up.

we're not in kansas anymore...

## top 5 ways college is different than highschool

by robintucker

1 Oh, you need to use to the bathroom? Nobody cares. Unlike Mean Girl Lindsay Lohan, you don't need the lavatory pass to leave the classroom.

2 It's a bird, it's a plane, it's...Blackboard?

3 How long did it take you to get ready before high school? A half an hour? An hour? Two hours? Your high school friends probably didn't see your just-rolled-out-of-bed look much. Wait, what's that? You take a shower before Saturday morning breakfast at the Grundle? Yeeeah, we'll see how long that lasts...

4 So if I don't go to class...? No, the school doesn't call your house. You don't get a tardy for being late that is then multiplied by the number of days divided by the square root of sports and raised to the power of procrastination to equal your eligibility in extra curricular activities.

5 After playing with #4 for a while you have an epiphany. Oooh, this whole learning thing—it's all for my benefit. Not to mention, after doing the math, each class that I skip costs about... Woah. Maybe I will get out of bed this morning...

## the beginners guide to vermonters

by jonathanfranqui

Vermonters seem to be incomprehensibly kind; even after living in Burlington for over a year I still find that people are surprising friendly and courteous. Maybe it's just because I'm from Jersey, where you're liable to be run over in the street by a speeding motorist and sworn at for just about anything, but acts of charity up here still catch me off guard. The friendliness of Vermonters is most clearly represented on Church Street, the hub of Burlington. With amusing street performers, friendly local farmers selling their crops at the farmers' market, street vendors, and an abundance of warm small businesses, it is easy to spend a lot of time and money

**"Amidst the sea of well-wishers, there lurks a darker side to Vermont's population. Eventually you'll run into one of these full-blown crazy people."**

down there. However, amidst the sea of well-wishers, there lurks a darker side to Vermont's population. They may or may not make themselves obvious, but eventually you'll run into one of these full-blown crazy people and be caught completely off guard. For all of you freshmen yet to come toe-to-toe with one of Vermont's homebred crazy people, there are several categories of oddballs you're liable to run into in Burlington, especially on Church Street.

Your excursion to Church Street begins normally when all of sudden, someone walks up to you and ask for a buck. Turning around, you find yourself face-to-face with the first category of crazy Vermonter, the Hippie. Everyone always jokes about Groovy UV's reputation for pot-smoking hippies, and while there is some truth to these claims, most of the so-called Hippies do not even attend our school. They are most commonly found downtown around Church Street, always willing to sell drugs, tell their stories, or ask for a dollar because they're down on their luck. Common features of hippies include: long hair (may or may not be dreads), tattered clothing, sandals, and a glazed look in their eyes. Generally speaking, hippies are kind and will probably tell you some truly farfetched stories which will most likely be amusing, but untrue. Honestly, hippies can be



greg jacobs

pretty funny and generally wouldn't hurt a fly. As long as you don't make fun of their Birkenstock sandals or peculiar smell, courtesy of the all-natural 'soap' some of them use, your time spent talking to a Vermont hippy can actually be fun.

After running into your common hippy on Church Street and listening to his ramblings about Woodstock (yeah, not

buying it), you notice, out of the corner of your eye, a banner that reads, "911 was an inside job!" Congrats! You've run into the second type of crazy Vermonter: the die-hard conspiracy theorists. A group of them gathers on Church Street almost every day to promote their theories about 9/11 and, more recently, the Obama administration. They even have videos with

'evidence' of their theories. It's almost comical, until you confront them about their ideas. From my experience they're not aggressive, but five minutes speaking left me with a headache reminiscent to one I had after learning about Plato's philosophy for an hour. Except this time it wasn't Plato's theory of form which left me grasping at straws, but their assurance in conspiracy with almost zero hard evidence. On the surface, the conspiracy theorist seems normal enough, but anyone insane enough to believe the information they're preaching (mostly about 9/11 and the Obama administration) has a few screws lose in their heads.

After the clearly fake story about Woodstock and the mind numbing conversation with the conspiracy theorist, all you want is some order. Vermont, however, has other plans for you. As you head to the mall, you notice a crowd which you mistake as the site of one of Church Street's many street performers. This was your first mistake; the second was joining the crowd, as you've just come face-to-face with a drug user who is clearly out of their mind. Drug users here in Burlington definitely make up the vast majority of crazy people an average UVMer will run into. They are constantly under the spell of some drug, whether it's shrooms, acid, special K, meth, whatever. And when you use a drug every day, shit gets ugly real fast. Their general profile: cannot walk straight, slurred speech, muttering, yelling obscenities at no one in particular (which is kind of amusing sometimes), or just lying down in the middle of Church Street. By far, the oddest experience of my life was due to one of these drug addicts. On my way home from a party some random weekend last year, a middle-aged man who happened to be dancing comes up to me and repeatedly offered to perform sexual favors. He wasn't asking for money or anything in return, he just really wanted to "please me." Generally speaking, avoid these people completely, because if you're in the vicinity of one, they may just decide to make you part of their tripping fantasy.

These are just a few of the curveballs Vermont will throw at you and as you mature, young freshmen, your eye for discerning who's a bit unhinged will also mature. You will become a pro at avoiding the darker side of Vermont's population.

## surfing the stars

with lizcantrell



kitty faraji

Libra: September 23-October 22

As a Libra, the planet Pluto (which, incidentally, is no longer a planet) binds you. Thus you have no guiding force in life. Except for the number 8 because (duh) you are born in October. Octagons, except stop signs, are therefore the shit.

Good news: this month is all things octo-related. The Marché will serve sautéed octopus, you will hook up with 8 people in one night (oh damn), and there will be 8 inches of snow near the 28th that thankfully will melt by Halloween. In general, you can expect fortune to smile upon you.

For those of you who are not Libras, don't ignore the power of 8 (well, 8 plus 1) because Leif Erikson Day is the 9th. Be sure to dress like a ferocious Viking, in preparation for the 31st, and explore neighboring residence halls for potential habitation and conquest. All in all, the month promises to be one of delight for Libras and others alike. Rejoice.

# 5

# trash.



## the quim queeries

the quim queeries is the wt's weekly sex advice column.



Send in your sex and relationship advice questions to the Quim Queeries, no matter what flavor you or they might be! Our advice seeker this week failed to provide a pseudonym, so I'll go with "Millionaire." Think you can stump us with your awesome question and pseudonym? Write in and see!

Dear Bliss and Mab,

I recently met the boy of my dreams. Only problem is, he is a virgin. Let's just say I am... a reformed slut. I've slept with a million people basically. He knows that, but I still want him to trust that I think he's more special when we go "all the way." How do I make our first time perfect for him? I've only given him a BJ so far, FYI. Thanks!

"Millionaire"

Well, Millionaire, I'm not biologically male, so I went around to my straight guy friends this week, and asked what they wish had happened for their first time, and how the woman could have made it special. They couldn't agree on a thing. People are different. That's where communication comes in.

Id say talk to him beforehand and figure out what he likes, or what he thinks he would like. Talking to him about it beforehand and asking what would make it special for him separates him from the million others, as does getting an STD test. Set an environment and time with little stress or alcohol and, if you can, make this experience in some way tangibly different from your other partners. Whether it is an act, location or mood, change something. That way you can say, "You're special. I've never done [blank] in this [blank] way before." If you can, make that change something that he is into: a location, theme, song - something about him.

Sounds like you are getting a reasonably clean slate here, so take this opportunity to instill some good habits. First of all, if you are trying something new, ask - don't assume. Setting up communication lines by asking questions and expressing your needs makes it easier for him to do the same. Make sure he knows that "harder" and "a little to the left" aren't criticisms, and that they help make sex better for both of you.

Checking in with him beforehand will also help you assess what his expectations are. Make sure he doesn't expect it to be perfect, or porn, or both. Take the pressure off - he doesn't have to be a rock-hard cockstar. Make it about intimacy and not performance. Aim for fun. And if he comes in 15 seconds, do NOT make it a big deal. Society has told him it is all about his dick; take this opportunity to show him that hands and tongues are awesome and important. Bring the condoms and lube!

Bring on the Queeries, Bliss and Mab

quimqueeries@gmail.com

## misquotation of the week



"One step closer and my fist. In your butt."  
- Kevin James

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## 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

You sit near me in our Hebrew class. You seem so smart and your red hair is such a turn on. I hear you are the QB for the football team too. Maybe we could "study" some football positions together sometime. L'Chaim!  
**When:** MWF afternoon  
**Where:** Hebrew class  
**I saw:** a bro redhead  
**I am:** that cute brunette

I wanna get on your level but you fly above me. We make a good pair, coming up with service hours creatively. Oh hey Kathleen... Can we get dinner sometime? I'll be your Bonnie, you can be my Clyde.  
**When:** most days  
**Where:** the library and your bedroom  
**I saw:** Shanay-nay-nay-nay.  
**I am:** from MICHIGAN

I saw you nervously eyeing the "fallout shelter" signs around campus- you must have been seeking them out. Our gazes locked but not to each other, but to the lab partner pouring sulfuric acid with wild abandon. In the moments you weren't nervously gazing to the sky, watching for solar flares that might wipe out mankind, you were perhaps waiting to finally find someone in those last few moments.

I bet you have a rented stockroom outside of town prepared for the coming apocalypse I'm sure you daydream about living in a zombie infested world maybe I could bring over some canned food and we could make a contingency plan?  
**When:** lack of sleep makes the days blend together  
**Where:** one of the many science buildings  
**I saw:** someone as paranoid as me  
**I am:** scared of everything, and want someone to be scared with

i hate you i can't stop thinking about the way your face drives me to utter repulsion i wish i could clam up about how much it's making me carp. it's sendin me reelin overboard. i just cant salmon the strength to hold it inside anemomemore. i am up to my gills in it! i must have you urchintly. i wish i could stop making waves about it, but catching sight of your face sends me gasping for air. i hate the way your raven hair glitters through the pale moonlight of the soon to be ashen midnight sky after i kill all the land dwelling scum of this repulsive universe i feel like such a fish out of water i hate you so much  
**When:** the coming apocalypse  
**Where:** under water where do you think you idiot  
**I saw:** so many potential irons in the fire  
**I am:** orphaner dualscar, scourge of the seas

I stare at you a lot during our classes together, and I think you are really cute. Sorry if it's creepy. You are the president of the Film Club, I think. I like film too. And Toni Morrison. Smile at me sometime?  
**When:** Tues/Thurs  
**Where:** Film/English class  
**I saw:** A bespectacled boy  
**I am:** A charming girl

You were an adorably scruffy guy leading a tour in an orange sweater. I was just another girl walking by, part of the landscape. Let's take a tour sometime!  
**When:** Friday  
**Where:** walking into the DC  
**I saw:** a sexy man  
**I am:** cute in the crowd

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## the 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

**Inside of Davis Center**  
*Girl 1 to Girl 2:* "Well I know you really like him, but you obviously don't have the same assets that she does." (hand motions included)

**Outside the Marché**  
*Girl 1:* So I don't even really need music anymore. It just plays in my head now! (starts dancing)  
*Girl 2:* (no response)

**In Bailey-Howe phone friendly area**  
*Girl on phone:* DUDE, go get your fucking foot sewed back together!

**In UHeights South 1**  
*Girl 1:* Don't you dare put it down your pants.  
*Girl 2:* Too late.

**On East Ave**  
*Drunk girl:* What the fuck is that dead animal!? My ears! Fuck!

**In Sichel Hall**  
*Guy 1:* No more playing with lamps when you're drunk dude.

**Inside Bailey-Howe**  
*Rich Girl:* Ew, you don't have a North Face sweater...wow.  
*Poor Kid:* Yeah, but I got an egg salad sandwich!

**Outside Bailey-Howe**  
*Dude 1:* Look at that fucking hipster! With his huge glasses and fixed gear bike, what a douche.  
*Dude 2:* Yeah I see that kid all the time wearing thrift store sweaters, def an out of stater  
*Dude 1:* Tell me about it bro.

**On North Street**  
*Bro 1:* Dude what kind of meat do you give to a cat?  
*Bro 2:* I dunno what?  
*Bro 1:* Bologna. Get it, BELOW KNEE. Cause like a cat is below your knee, and bologna is a type of meat.  
*Bro 2:* You're an idiot dude

**On Redstone Express Bus**  
*Driver:* Smoke weed yo!

**Outside Williams**  
*Boy 1:* Semesters are so short. I could stand on my head for a fuckin' semester.  
*Boy 2:* Haha yeah I've done that.  
*Boy 1:* Put your dick in a pencil sharpener for a semester. Fuck it.

**On Spear Street**  
*Boy:* Dude, we should just go fight some squid.

**In UHeights North**  
*Girl 1:* There were bottles of pee in my toilet.  
*Girl 2:* Ummm, what?  
*Girl 1:* They put bottles of urine - URINE! - in my toilet.

**At the Davis Center**  
*Biddy to friend:* I hate the guy who invented cameltoe!

## fashion five-oh.

## silly bandz when will it end? ... do we even want it to?

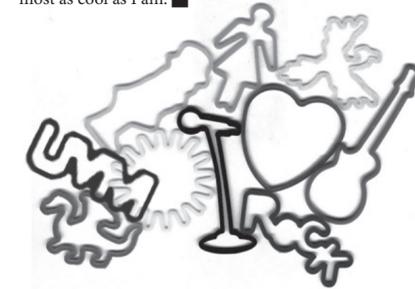
with colbynixon

"You guys got any Silly Bandz yet?" My friend Josh asked one night this summer, and before I could say, "What the fuck is a silly bandz?" my friend Karl began to show off his collection. Here were three (relatively) normal dudes hanging out, and yet the conversation could've been had between three twelve year old girls on a middle school playground. At first, I dismissed these as a joke, I mean honestly, what college student can pull off a look on par with wearing pig-tails or Healties?

Silly Bandz weren't even meant to be used as an accessory- they were initially created by a Japanese business group looking to create a more sustainable office product. It wasn't until an American decided that small silicone bands shaped like animals were the future of accessories that they became a novelty targeted (at least, initially) at small children.

Everywhere I go, I see Silly Bandz- I was at a party downtown this past weekend- and these two girls seemed deeply offended when I wouldn't trade them my "UVM" Band for their "sex-positions" Band (which, to be quite honest, looked more like a bald eagle than something I would ever want to attempt). I mean who does that? Who trades Silly Bandz at a party? Could the Beirut table be replaced by an underground Silly Bandz trading market? Will people begin to base their get-ups on which color Silly Band they have? When will Mike "The Situation" release his own line of Silly Bandz? No one knows for certain, but one thing is for sure, UVM has jumped on this bandwagon.

I was hanging out with my friend, Phil recently, when the subject of Silly Bandz came up. "Do you want one?" Phil asked. I hesitated- I had been holding out, feigning a state of pseudo-ignorance with regards to the Silly Band industry- now I was being approached by the subject itself. "They're UVM one," he added. That's what sold me- sure I don't want to walk around with a dolphin on my wrist, but "UVM," that I can do. The exclusiveness of this Band was also appealing- almost no one had this- I was going to be like the kid with the Gyros where everyone else had Charmander & Squirtle. Fear not, though UVM community, these Silly Bandz will be released to the general public soon, and then you'll be almost as cool as I am. ■



## créatif stuffé.

Feeling a little créatif? Wishing Vantage Point was published more than once a semester? Well now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other créatif things to the water tower's new section, créatif stuffé. Send your submissions to thewatertownews@gmail.com by Tuesdays at 4:00.

German Bear Wrestling by alextownsend

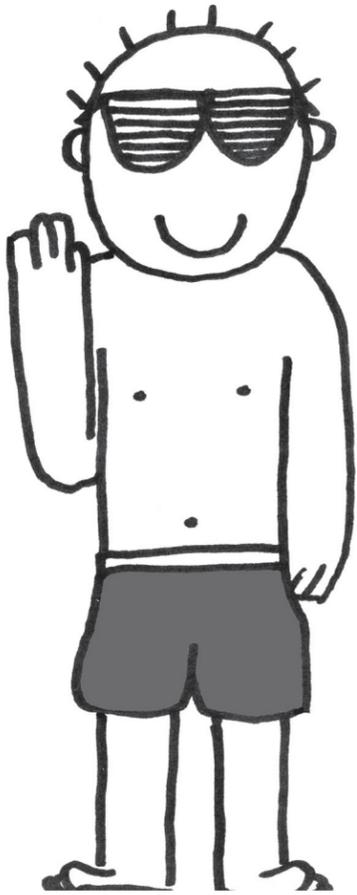


7

# cat litter.



cat litter:  
by drew diemar  
artwork by malcolm valaitis



## cat libs: north beach boys

It was the \_\_\_\_\_ [adjective] -est day of the year so far, and even though there was still \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] on the mountains, it was definitely North Beach time. I called some \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun], and told them to plan on \_\_\_\_\_ [verb ending with -ing] their \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun] for the day.

We went to \_\_\_\_\_ [store name] and got some \_\_\_\_\_ [noun], \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun], \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun], vegetable salad, and of course \_\_\_\_\_ [beverage] Light Lime, \_\_\_\_\_ [name of person in the room]'s favorite. We also got one of those styrofoam \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun] and \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] to keep everything \_\_\_\_\_ [adverb] \_\_\_\_\_ [adjective].

The parking lot was so \_\_\_\_\_ [adjective], we had to park way up at \_\_\_\_\_ [location]. Once we \_\_\_\_\_ [verb]-ed everything down, though, we knew we'd made the right choice in coming to the beach. We saw people playing \_\_\_\_\_ [game], \_\_\_\_\_ [nationality] horseshoes, and \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] golf. We even saw some people \_\_\_\_\_ [verb] in the water, but they quickly came back ashore, \_\_\_\_\_ [body part] \_\_\_\_\_ [verb] -ing.

When we got the \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] going, \_\_\_\_\_ [name of person in the room] really piled on the \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] fluid. The flames almost \_\_\_\_\_ [verb]-ed \_\_\_\_\_ [person in the room] in the face! The food was \_\_\_\_\_ [adjective], and everyone \_\_\_\_\_ [verb]-ed out.

It was sunset before we \_\_\_\_\_ [verb]-ed back up to the car, \_\_\_\_\_ [number] hot dogs and \_\_\_\_\_ [number] beers later. I missed a \_\_\_\_\_ [noun] and didn't get my assignment in for class, but it was worth it for a/n \_\_\_\_\_ [adjective] day at the beach.

# tunes.



## shut up dude, das racist

by alexpinto

Das Racist is the new Kool G Rap. Das Racist is kinda like rap-noise-pop. Das Racist is "an existential meditation on consumer identity in corporate America." According to my dad, they are "that band that mostly raps about fast food."

...Or something like that. In the stratified milieu of mixtape-era hip-hop, pretty much anything goes. A white American expat based in Paris with no musical training can call herself a rapper and then poke fun at her own fans for listening to the shit she creates. A tatted-out weirdo from the Yay can release 1,000 songs in a year, sometimes literally repeating a phrase like "suck my dick bitch" for three minutes, and before long he has a packed house in NYC eating from his palm.

Another name in the mix with Uffie and Lil B in the "Hip-Hop vs. Not-Hip-Hop" conversation is Das Racist, a Wesleyan-educated, multi-ethnic Bronx duo that is known by many for their pivotal song about the phenomenon of Combination Pizza Hut and Taco Bells.

Listening to DR—who recently released their second mixtape, *Sit Down, Man*—one receives conflicting signals. Do we laugh with the duo, because we're in on their jokes? Do we laugh at ourselves, because they're making fun of us? Do we just dance? The answer is, well, whatever you want it to be.

If you allow them to, Das Racist floats into the same "what is good art" conversation as Dadaists or Captain Beefheart. Their style is to put forth a loosely-constructed stream of non-sequiturs, sometimes rhyming syllables that rhyme just for the pure joy of it, sometimes using abject repetition, sometimes doing random word-association—sometimes all of those things at once, and to the effect of devastating social commentary.

Like any art that forces us think, it can be intimidating or hard to listen to. On one hand the listener needs to come packing with a serious background in hip-hop in order to fully get the intertextuality of their references to lines from other rap

songs; on the other, one practically needs an MFA to get all the references to scholars and poets that they drop. This writer recently had to Wikipedia the "practical Marxist-feminist-deconstructionist" Gayatri Spivak, in order to understand a DR line.

But if on paper one might write them off as super-artsy, overeducated, Wesleyan snobs, actual listening to them proves that they're also at once comedians and pop music masterminds. Here riffing on hanging with Mr. Belding, there claiming to have "the flyest cave-aged cheese," and now and then a chipmunk-y sample from Billy Joel or Enya posing as a catchy hook, and all of a sudden they are out of grad school and into party mode. Fun

for the whole family, if you will. Most of their beats are eminently danceable, and their references to pop culture and consumer products amount to some of the downright funniest rap ever put on wax.

Furthermore, if the stereotypical "gangster rapper" is a poster child for conspicuous consumption, and a modern day ascetic like Sage Francis does his best to stay divorced from consumer culture, Das Racist are jesters in the middle ground. They are far from oblivious to the negatives of consumerism, as they levy their biting sarcastic remarks, but they are still frank about their own drug use and recreation, and at times are purely playful with the absurdities of our culture—that is, they don't maintain a constantly condemning attitude, even if there is a critical subtext running through all their music. A perfect example is the reggae-infused tribute to one dollar cans of iced tea. Is it ironic? Is it genuinely rejoicing? Is it somewhere in between? These are questions they even pose in their lyrics: "Is it parody, comedy, novelty? It's scholarly—a little bit of column A, a little bit of column B." A line that's followed by, and I'm not kidding, references to Wallabees, challah, Slim Jims, Big Meech, Grizzly Bear, Biggie Smalls, and Drake, in about ten seconds. Call it what you will, but don't say it's not skilled. ■

"here riffing on hanging with mr. belding, there claiming to have 'the flyest cave-aged cheese!'"

## SEEKING: UVM'S BEST BAND (/ARTIST/WHATEVER)

We know you secretly play guitar. We know you and your friends have five tracks on myspace with 11 listens. We know you want to be the next bedroom laptop maestro to start selling out the Music Hall of Williamsburg. And you, yeah you, we know you rap in front of the mirror Eight Mile style when you're high and nobody's home. So show us your stuff!

Even if you're not-so-underground and you already have stickers on all the lamp posts on campus, send links to your myspace, youtube, fileshare, etc, to [thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com), or drop a CD at our desk at the SGA. We will take all music at face value, regardless of genre or recording quality, and reward originality above all. You've got all fall semester to get submissions in, and in the spring we'll run a front page, magazine-style profile and interview with the winner, and reveal our other favorites and runners-up.

The contest is open to all current students, grad or undergrad; non-Music Department faculty and staff; and even very recent grads who are still based in Burlington. Multiple projects from the same group are ok by us. Give us everything you've got. Don't be shy, you might just be UVM's best!



by emilylozeau

Women - Public Strain on Jagjaguwar Records

Deerhunter - Halcyon Digest on 4AD

Dissonance, discord, reverb, cheer? In the hazy world that could be called post-punk, Women draw on the usual suspects of sound to create something quite lovely. The first track "Can't You See" does nothing to draw you closer— if anything, it's warning you to run, before they taunt you like the Frenchmen from the Holy Grail (the ones that throw cows in your direction). Then "Heat Distraction" warms you up— layered goey textures and peaceful, if not wary, vocals. From here on in, it's a mixed bag. Sometimes hugging you ("Narrow With The Hall"), other times you get tracks like "Bell" that put you off with a cold shrug. Long loops of never ending synths and run-on intros leave the nagging thought, "Just what are they trying to do here?" They'll simultaneously drive you insane and leave you wanting more. Can they do that? Sure, why not— Women (even if they're really men), as they say, have that prerogative. And these guys don't give a flying cow what we think.

Hottest Tracks: "Heat Distraction," "Narrow With the Hall," "Penal Colony," "Un-together"

If You Like: Beach Fossils, The Microphones

Halcyon Digest is to Deerhunter what *Forgiveness Rock Record* was for Broken Social Scene. But what is that exactly? I'm not going to say "accessible," I just won't. This here is a soft, dynamic, extremely well organized record that leads from one song to another on a giant rippling, white-wash wave. Every single track is a standout, every one hitting you from a different angle. "Desire Lines" is the winner for me. Echoing, majestic, a little post-punk rock and roll, topped off with the washed over vox of Bradford Cox. "Revival" is a snappy 60's tune, in the way of old Brian Jonestown mimicked the by-gone-years, and "Don't Cry" and "Fountain Stairs" bring Deerhunter and Atlas Sound dangerously close to one in the same. "He Would Have Laughed" gives a full-bodied, chimes and harmonicas playing atop the Swiss Alps kind of sound, a tribute to the late Jay Reatard. Sometimes, Deerhunter is completely un-navigable to me, but if you've never listened to them, you couldn't ask for a better place to start. Magnifico!

Hottest Tracks: "Don't Cry," "Revival," "Desire Lines," "Helicopter"