



# the water tower.

## uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 10 - issue 2 - tuesday, september 13, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

# ten years have passed and we'll never forget: ron paul won't save the world

or, why you're not actually a libertarian

by bendonovan

It's fall, and the Republican primary season is finally in full swing. As expected, things are getting weird fast. Rick Perry is bragging about how many Texans he's ushered giddily of their mortal coil, Mitt Romney is standing in Iowa cornfields trying to convince voters he's not an android, and Michele Bachmann is on TV every other night screeching about—well, something. Anything, really. An abortive bid by Donald Trump early in the summer set the stage for a political season about as bizarre as any in living memory, and ever since, candidates have been tripping over themselves to raise the bar even higher. Newt Gingrich continues to be the big noise in the small room, and Ron Paul just sort of stands around awkwardly, every so often piping up to say we should eliminate the Federal Reserve and legalize heroin, while quietly inching his way into the top three in the August polls.

Wait, what? Yes, things are getting weird. After decades of being relegated to the sidelines of the Republican mainstream, the diminutive, soft-spoken, 12-term Congressman from Texas with a hard-line Libertarian ideology is making waves and winning fans among hardcore conservatives and college-age stoners alike. Walk around Burlington and you'll see "Ron Paul Revolution" bumper stickers alongside quotes from obscure Austrians who, we're told, know a thing or two about liberty. Big government is taking over. Special interests threaten our liberty. The people have had it with politics as usual, goddammit, and by God, it's hard to find somebody more unusual than Ron Paul.

Initially an OBGYN by trade, Paul first entered Congress in 1976 on a platform of small government—Paul basically believes that government shouldn't do anything—and has proceeded to essentially say "no" to nearly every piece of legislation that's come his way ever since. He's made several bids for the Republican nomination for President over the past twenty-some years, but none, until now, made it very far past "who?"

Paul is nothing if not consistent. He doesn't believe in raising taxes, well, ever. In fact, he doesn't believe we should even have an income tax. He supports radically downsizing the federal government,

read the rest on page 3...



kayla sprague

by julietcritsimilios

I was the first kid in my whole school to be picked up early on September 11th 2001. I was probably the first kid to be picked up in the entire nation, to be honest. My dad was off duty and got the call that he had to go into work. Member of Fire Engine 37, Ladder 40, heart of Harlem on 125th street, he had a duty to protect his city. He also felt a duty to protect his family. Unsure of what could happen next, he made sure my two younger sisters and I got home safe from school in a hurry, and made his way back downtown.

The city was in a panic. My memories are a blur of tears and worry, of confusion and desperation, of uneducated assumptions and hope of the return of both, of either, of my parents. While my mom tried to make her way uptown, away from the close proximity to the towers, my father was running into them. I didn't know who was going to come back, and I didn't know when. I didn't see my mother until the day after. I didn't see my father for at least three, but it seemed like weeks.

After September 11th, everyone had a story. Where they were, who they were with, the lucky coincidences of changing a meeting time or being late to work. People mourned and grieved; they were angry and upset. Americans bonded and swore to

eliminate an enemy I knew nothing of but would quickly learn about. A nation came together and supported the victims of the attacks. All I wanted to do was forget.

The emotional nature of an event like this affects people in different ways. I was young, I was confused, and I wanted it to just go away. I didn't understand the prolific nature of this event, I hadn't ever had to deal with such strong emotions, I didn't like seeing the towers fall over and over again on the news and in the media, I didn't want to talk about how it made me feel, and I didn't like telling my story.

Now, I ask that you, that we, that I never forget.

In a matter of a few years, there will be people at this school, in this country, that were not around when 9/11 happened. In many years, it will be only read about in textbooks, only talked about in political and economic terms, only revisited on the annual day that commemorates those lost. But for those who were deeply affected by this day, for those who have a story, it never goes away. I think about it all the time. For New Yorkers, for firefighters, for police officers, for first responders, for family members and loved ones, the day is not just a political topic or an American checkpoint on the progress or decline of our nation.

These stories, like mine, are stories of lives forever altered by a tragic, terrible moment.

I was very lucky. My mother got uptown safely, and my sisters were safe. My father still, to this day, is a working (underpaid) New York City firefighter, and I am honored and proud to state that fact. But for every lucky story there are those much worse. My friend whose father died while working at Windows on the World. A friend who went to UVM whose dad worked in one of the tower floors right where a plane hit. Countless people I know whose houses were close to the site and are still sick from the debris in the air. And, most personally, a family friend that was a firefighter, that got my own dad on the job, who went into one of the towers and never came out.

As much as I wanted to forget then, I want even more to remind you all now. We have to ask each other, on September 11th and always, where we were, and how we were affected, and what it meant on a personal level. We need to commemorate those people, those heroes, who were brave, and courageous, and selfless. Speaking about this day, although difficult, makes the sacrifices they made not in vain.

Never forget. ■

get inside me:

classroom etiquette by calebdemers and gregfrancesco

delivery woes by jonathanfranqui

the underground fun map by sarahmoylan

death at the bazaar by joshhgartly



# the best news team in the universe.



## inbox

Dear **water tower**,

So last semester I was in Madrid and couldn't run down the DC steps every Tuesday morn, but your online PDFs definitely sufficed.

I liked **lauradillon's** study abroad article...lot of it rings true. My program was overwhelmingly female. Few things though:

"American guys have realized that foreign women will never hook up with them."  
... False.

"There is a lot of paperwork involved in study abroad."  
... Yeah, but it's not too bad. I decided I was headed out 10 days before the deadline, and booked my flight right after I got into my program two weeks later.

"It's hard for American guys to pull off the Euro fashion trends."  
... Definitely. What's even funnier is the half and half, ex: scarf with athletic shorts. Never rocked it, but saw it and laughed a lot. All in all, conforming

is overrated. Be yourself, no matter how much you stand out...the people that matter will see it and appreciate you for who you are (to an extent... dress well, not up).

To the guys out there:

It's definitely worth it. While Burlington is full of amazing, socially conscious, well-rounded people (and "women), you'll meet a whole new assortment of guys and girls. If you're game for going abroad, try to go out of your comfort zone. It can be wicked hard for a while, but you'll never ever forget the experiences you'll have had and the friends you'll have made. Sure it sounds corny, but it's true. IMMERSE YOURSELF, and rock it. Be yourself, but let yourself change for the better.

Best,  
Harry G

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 water tower.**  
uvm's alternative newsmag  
[uvm.edu/~watertwr](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr)  
Editorial Staff

*Editors-in-Chief*  
Megan Kelley  
Dan Suder

*News Editor*  
Paul Gross

*Reflections Editor*  
Liz Cantrell

*Campus Editor*  
George Loftus

*Fashion Editor*  
Colby Nixon

*Créatif Stuffé Editor*  
Josh Hegarty

*Tunes Editor*  
Sarah Moylan

*Humor Editor*  
Greg Jacobs

*Managing Editor*  
Laura Dillon

*Copy Editor*  
Jen Kaulius

Staff Writers

James Aglio  
Caleb Demers  
Ben Donovan  
Greg Francese  
Jonathan Franqui  
Lindsay Gabel  
Emily Hoogesteger  
Robin Tucker

Art Staff

*Art Editor*  
Kitty Faraji

*Art Staff*  
Laurn Schrom  
Katie Gagliardo

Special Thanks To  
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

## the news in brief with paulgross

**"They each had a face, a story, a life cut short from under them."**

-A surprisingly eloquent Mayor of New York and multi-billionaire, **Michael Bloomberg**, commenting on the 10th anniversary of 9/11. There's little more to be said about this, except that his quote applies both to the victims of the terrorist attacks at home, and to the hundreds of thousands of victims we've vengefully killed abroad.

**"The IMF can actually extend an approximate total of \$35 billion."**

-**Christine Lagarde**, head of the IMF, on the international banks plans to loan massive amounts of money to countries involved in the Arab spring. The goal of the loans is to spur the creation of infrastructure and encourage movements toward democracy. Also, in a highly symbolically important move, the IMF has recognized Libya's post-Gaddafi leadership. Now, all they have to do is not cripple the domestic industry of the Middle East, like they did in Africa and the Caribbean.

**"I blame the gringos."**

-An **anonymous Mexican domestic worker**, when asked what she makes of the skyrocketing price of Mexican avocados. Avocados are a huge product in Mexico and a staple of the Mexican diet, but recently their price shot up from \$1/kilo to \$5-6/kilo very very quickly. This is a big problem, and according to the economic analyst quoted here, American fondness for guacamole is to blame.

**"Israel will continue to hold fast to the peace accord with Egypt"**

-Israeli PM **Binyamin Netanyahu**, on Israel's plans on how to behave toward a post-Mubarak Egypt. I'll believe it when I see it.

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

**contact the wt.**  
**Letters to the Editor/General**  
[thewatertowernews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertowernews@gmail.com)  
**Editors-in-Chief:**  
[watertowereditor@gmail.com](mailto:watertowereditor@gmail.com)  
**Advertising:**  
[watertowerads@gmail.com](mailto:watertowerads@gmail.com)

**read the wt.**  
B/H Library - 1st Floor  
**Davis Center** - 1st Floor Entrance  
**Davis Center** - Main St. Tunnel  
L/L - Outside Alice's Café  
**Old Mill Annex** - Main Lobby  
**Redstone Campus** - Simpson Hall  
**Waterman** - Main Lobby  
**Online** - [uvm.edu/~watertwr](http://uvm.edu/~watertwr)

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

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

## RON PAUL -continued from page 1

including the abolition of the Departments of Energy, Education, Health and Human Services, and Homeland Security, as well as the Internal Revenue Service and the Environmental Protection Agency (to name a few). He opposes everything from anti-smoking laws to laws against prostitution, abortion (at least at the federal level), and drugs—any of them.

He opposes all non-defensive foreign wars and maintains that environmental issues can be handled privately or through the courts. Some of his nuttier positions include returning to the gold standard (which most economists regard as an indication that somebody is quickly approaching Charlie-Sheen-locked-inside-a-pharmacy levels of crazy), enacting a balanced budget amendment (anybody who can explain to **the water tower** how we could have won World War II without spending more money than we took in gets a free keg, courtesy of our Editors-in-Chief), and reportedly calling for the National Parks to be privatized (CitiBank Presents Yosemite National Park!).

Which begs the question—who is supporting this guy? What about Ron Paul appeals to people as far apart politically as Glenn Beck and Bill Maher? What thread is drawing Tea Partiers and frat partiers together? What makes Libertarianism suddenly so hip?

Paul's support among conservatives is easy enough to understand; this stuff seems to come back into vogue whenever there's a Democrat in the White House, because, frankly, it sounds a lot less hypocritical to say "I hate government" than it does to say "I really don't like it when my guy doesn't win." Though Paul himself remained admirably consistent in his opposition to big government during the Bush years, his supporters didn't make much noise while the Republicans were busy starting two wars and racking up huge deficits; those same people are now shocked (shocked!) at the actions of the Obama administration. Go figure.

But what explains Paul's support among people whose natural inclinations, to the extent that they have any, are towards the Left? Why are college students and urban hipsters flocking to join the Ron Paul Revolution?

Part of it can be written off as childish, pseudo-intellectual attempts at rebellion—bored, middle-class white kids from suburban Connecticut who desperately cling to any idea that smells vaguely counter-cultural. If you've ever been to reggae night at Nectar's, you've witnessed this phenomenon firsthand. They hear Ron Paul wants to legalize pot and they're sold; they're not paying attention long enough to hear that he'll also legalize strip mining in their backyard. These folks think they're Libertarians for the same reason they think they're Phish fans—it's a fashion statement, like skate shoes and Bob Marley posters and dub step.

But that's not the whole story. There's a reason Ron Paul speaks to people. At the end of the day, despite some of his wackier ideas, he really does come across as an honest, principled, decent guy, in an atmosphere where decency is a rare commodity. And there is an element of truth to his message that speaks to a large and diverse group of people, disillusioned with a system dominated by big money and tired of being lied to by smiling pricks on both sides of the aisle.

When Paul calls Washington dysfunctional, it's hard not to agree with him, and with 10% unemployment and a rapidly shrinking middle class, it's easy to see why people are willing to embrace a new solution—any solution, no matter how outlandish or poorly thought-through, like the woman in Indiana who goes to see the Cherokee medicine man about her incurable foot cancer because, fuck, why not? Why not swing for the fences? It almost seems worth it to elect somebody like Paul to send a message, if nothing else.

Wait, nevermind, he's on TV saying we should pull out of the UN because he's completely bat-shit Ron-Paul crazy. I guess that's why not. Christ, this is going to be a weird election year. ■

## barely-urban dictionary



**cataMOUNT**, *verb*.

For one UVM student to engage in sexual relations with another.

## the shit list

by emilyhoogesteger

**Monday:** After sparing us for two weeks due to hurricanes and (apparently) Labor, Mondays have made a dramatic and miserable return. Accompanying the return of this wretched day are sleep deprivation, caffeine headaches, and half attendance in eight-thirty classes.

**Terrorism:** In case you've been a hermit since, well, forever...terrorism sucks. And always has. And will continue to suck, for eternity.

**Brett Cummins:** The meteorologist for a local TV station in Arkansas was found in a drained hot tub last Monday, sleeping next to the dead body of his friend Dexter Williams after a night of drinking and hard drugs. Because nothing says professional like dozing off your chemical-induced stupor while your buddy dies next to you. Stay classy, central Arkansas.

**Somalia:** Or, more specifically, whoever's in charge in Somalia (which appears to be no one). According to the UN, 4 million people in the African country are in need of emergency aid, and 750,000 are in danger of imminent starvation. The situation is so dangerous, it is even difficult for humanitarian workers to get to the troubled areas. Good work, Somalian government. Really stellar job.

## prostitutes, prophylactics, and the pope

by jamesaglio

Last fall there was a minor uproar over some statements made by Pope Benedict XVI that appeared to condone the use of condoms by male prostitutes as an HIV preventative. Immediately people jumped on the comments that were perceived to accept prostitution, favor males, and generally seem insensitive towards the larger problems of HIV prevention. The whole thing generated a few questions: "Why is the Pope so concerned with male prostitutes?" and, "Why do the male prostitutes give a damn what the Pope says?"

The first question is a lot easier to answer than most people seem to think. One major aspect of the Pope's position is to be concerned for people everywhere. He may be the leader of the Catholic Church, and thus primarily focused on matters relating to Catholics, but the interest of the office extends far beyond that for two reasons. The first is that, insofar as the Pope is the leader of a people, he is necessarily invested in how his group interacts with and is interacted with by other groups. Secondly, a major concern of many religions, Christianity being no exception, is the eventual conversion of as much of the world's population as possible, hence the bit in the Good Friday Mass about the Jews being delivered from darkness. So while it may seem out of character, the satirists certainly seem to think so, for the Pope to be concerned with the matters of male prostitutes, it would actually be highly uncharacteristic for him not to.

Furthermore, some controversy was raised over why the Pope only addressed male prostitutes, and there was a perceived, though never stated, element of mainly addressing homosexual acts. These concerns are widely based on a faulty understanding of Benedict's original statements, which clearly identify male prostitutes (making no assessment of orientation) as merely an example of a case where there could possibly be an exemption from the rule. Additionally, many critics of the Pope's position implied that he was backtracking over common doctrine about the acceptability of casual sex. In fact, the Pope never said that the use of a condom would nullify the moral implications of the act, but rather that it could "be a first step in the direction of moralization, a first assumption of responsibility." The Pope's official position is that simply distributing prophylactic devices is not an effective way to stop the advance of HIV infection. Rather, the best way to combat the spread of the disease is through humanizing sexuality and popularizing the limitation of multiple sex partners. The kicker? He's apparently right. In an article aptly titled "The Pope May Be Right," Harvard School of Public Health researcher Edward Green points out that though prophylactics should be able to work towards slowing the disease, research in Africa does not represent that. Instead, "Strategies [in Africa] that break up these multiple and concurrent sexual networks -- or, in plain language, faithful mutual monogamy or at least reduction in numbers of partners, especially concurrent ones."

This is all well and good, perhaps the Pope even has a solid point, but the second question still remains: "why would the people he is addressing care what he has to say?" This was actually raised an alarming amount of times by people, faceless and faced, across the Internet and the so-called "real news." Why does what the Pope says matter to the people in Africa? How dare the pontiff pontificate? After all, as Hilaire Belloc said in 1920, "The Church is Europe, and Europe is the Church." Aside from the fact that Belloc had clearly never heard of St. Augustine of Hippo, the simple truth is that Africa has a sizable Catholic population and, because of intentional efforts of John Paul II to include traditionally marginalized areas into the upper levels of the Church, around 40 percent of the College of Cardinals are from less developed countries. Additionally, prior to the election of Joseph Ratzinger, Francis Arinze, a Nigerian, was considered papabile and favored to be the next pope. Cardinal Ratzinger himself, years earlier, had said that an African pope was quite possible and would be "a wonderful sign for Christianity." Claims that Catholic dogma is irrelevant to African politics are ignorant to fact. The Pope is arguably among the most influential individuals on the international African stage, which is largely one of the reasons why the groups supporting condom distribution to prevent HIV are so keen on getting him to condone the practice. He would be an incredibly powerful ally. ■



# reflections.

## classroom etiquette: a breakdown in two parts

### the art of the hand raise

by calebdemers

It can be assumed that in many, if not all of your classes, you will eventually need to commit the bold and unconventional act of raising your hand. This simple yet powerful gesture is not only a commonly understood one, but it is also the first impression anyone will have of your academic prowess. The truth of the matter is that raising your hand will undoubtedly create preconceived notions from both your classmates, and more importantly, your professor.

One reaction is a timid hand slowly reaching to the cosmos coming to rest at a level roughly in line with the gesturer's ear. This gesture generally known as "the Half-Mast" is often followed by an answer that is almost never entirely accurate, however, both the lecturer and students are wholeheartedly grateful for this bold yet timid-looking move. After all, it is also known as "the Sinking Man", meaning they had to break through the ice yet fall short of staying afloat.

Next comes the two-fingered casual lift. This fortunately brings the elbow off of the desk. This is known as "the Gentle-man's raise". An answer will follow that not only departs from the structure and aim of the discussion but also prove that this individual is in fact a self-centered dick. This can only be worsened by "the Gentle-Pen's", this includes a pen grasped in between the two fingers. The simple act of adding a pen to one's grip is a silly and snide way to inform the class that what he is about to say still has no relevance but it is possible that he has considered writing it down.

Finally a beacon of light at the end of the tunnel: the gesture known as "The Bottle-Rocket." Though a loud bang does not follow the shooting of a hand into the air, the speed at which this eager beaver shoots their hand in the air is comparable to the launching of an explosive firework. The answer is, however, substantially lacking real structure. This is due to the amount of



bri toomey

### the overachievers

by gregfrancese

If you've ever read your syllabus you know that a small percentage of your grade comes from participating in class. To some people, participating is a once in a while thing, not worth the percentage listed in the syllabus. To others, though, participating is the only way to get a GPA boost and must be done as often as possible. Or every single time your professor asks a question. These overachieving class participants are both loved and hated by their classmates at different levels.

The first type of participator is the most loved. When your professor asks a question, an eager hand shoots above the dozens of drooping heads. Startled, your professor calls on this person, who to everyone's relief, correctly answers the question. Over the next 50 minutes the same thing will happen over and over again.

The exact opposite to that person, however, is one of the most disliked.

When your professor asks a question, the hand still shoots up, but this person keeps giving the wrong answer. This not only frustrates the professor, but also puts the pressure on others in the class to up their level of participation. Almost as disliked as the previous class participator, and found in many UVM classrooms, is the person who feels the need to answer

**"This person quickly turns into the person your professor pretends to ignore when looking for someone to call on."**

a question about a fact with an extremely long opinion. For example, when your class is asked who discovered the New World in 1492, this person's response touches on deeply offensive issues, such as genocide, ethnocentrism, xenophobia, and conspiracy theories. This person quickly turns into the person your professor pretends to ignore when looking for someone to call on.

A more appreciated participant is the person who says extremely radical things that nobody actually takes seriously. Usually the person always says something racist or ignorant. The only reason anyone actually appreciates this person is for something amusing in an otherwise boring class.

Everybody copes with these overachieving participators in different ways. Some people roll their eyes, others shake their heads, and some even yell over the participator. For 50 minutes you sit through it, waiting for it to end. And it all happens again next class. Though it appears that most times the people in our classes who participate the most do the best, most people actually participate very little and just take notes, text, play games, and sleep during class. To me, those people are the true overachievers. ■

thought a hopeful student put into the question, merely reacting on a dim flicker of relatable material.

As the students and professor begin to lose all hope in a productive and enlightening conversation pertaining to postmodern versus post-colonial literature or the molecular stability of the sun, "the Classual" comes into play. A student will slowly bring their hand above their head. Using what seems to be the smallest amount of energy known to man. From there they will inevitably blow your entire class out of the water, showing just how important a little bit of thoughtful planning can be.

Though many hand-gestures have been omitted ("The Backwards", where a student raises their hand to show the teacher the back of it, an expression of aggressive nonchalance, "The This-Could-Be-Mistaken-For-A-Hair-Flick", the true sign of pure dim-wits) the fact of the matter is plain and simple. If you want your teacher and classmates to forget about your goofy haircut or odd body odor, consider the impact a simple gesture can have in a class discussion. ■

## is that what the kids are calling it these days?

by lizcantrell



katharine longfellow

Not to add to the whole *No Strings Attached* and *Friends With Benefits* craze (if you can call two slightly shitty, nearly identical movies a craze) but it seems like the culture and terminology of "the hook up" has gotten a little out of control. The bounty of terms and classifications for sexual partners really is astounding. What happened to the glory days of being able to say you're just "hanging out" or are "sort of involved"? No more. Now you have an array of terms at your fingertips, including a few basics: booty-call, hook-up, fuck buddy, main bitch/main squeeze, and one night stand.

But the fun doesn't stop there. There are even more creative ways to label the person/persons you are spending "intimate" time with. The one that I have most recently encountered is known as the *slam piece*. The fact that I have only just discovered this term may mean I am woefully out of touch, but hey, there are more important things to worry about besides the lexicon of lust.

So, what is the *slam piece*? It is a noun, and is commonly understood to denote, according to the one and only true source of information, urban dictionary: *A derogatory term referring to a female booty call who is not girlfriend material or not worthy to take out on dates.* Alternatively, unlike the dreaded "main bitch", it may connote a gender-neutral variation of fuck buddy.

Upon hearing *slam piece* for the first time, I was intrigued by its inventiveness. It is a complex synonym, with unknown origins, though rumors trace it to the Lake Tahoe area. Variations include: slam hog (one who sleeps around and is known to be a good "practice" hookup); slam hound (one who acts as a *slam piece* for someone who is already in a relationship); and

slam nugget (a younger or less mature slam piece, e.g. freshman). Okay, I made the last one up, but the other two are most definitely in use.

I'm sure many of us have been in a *slam piece* situation, wondering if it is acceptable to start throwing the word around in casual conversation or with friends to demonstrate your awesomeness in having scored a master *slam piece*. It is probably unwise to refer to the person as such in their presence, especially if you have not clearly defined the boundaries of your relationship/lack of relationship and if said person is easily offended. (Hint: look for stiff shoulders, a condescending glance, and a general expression of "this stick up my ass is just begging for someone to remove it"). To test the waters, your best bet is to nonchalantly slip it into conversation about another person's hookup situation. For example, your hopefully-future-slam-piece may ask, "Who is that?" and you might respond, "Oh she/he's just Mike/Michelle's *slam piece*", thereby prompting the conversation about what a *slam piece* is and if the person qualifies as such. If you're lucky they will accept your subtle proposal to move to *slam piece* status, probably without much elaboration. If you're not so lucky, they will roll their eyes at you in disgust and say, "I thought you didn't refer to people in such graphic terms."

As you can see, it is truly exhausting to comprehend the various levels and technicalities involved in defining one's hookup status. It seems easier for all involved to just go with it; there's a time and a place for these conversations and it happens naturally, so put aside your dictionary and get down to it. Hey, it totally worked out for Ashton Kutcher/Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis/Justin Timberlake, right? ■

## hey man, where's the clicker?

by kelseycarew

*Fall brings many things to my mind: back-to-school, foliage, apple picking, Halloween, scarves, cider donuts, Thanksgiving, and the new fall TV lineup. I decided that it was my duty as a television freak to spread the word about what's going on. I started out with thirty-eight titles in front of me. After reading the show synopses and watching previews I have narrowed it down to ten. It's the good, the bad and the guilty pleasures:*

#### Are You There Vodka? It's Me, Chelsea

A 20-something woman takes us on a journey through her drunken, judging, sexual and crazy life. The show is based on Chelsea Handler's memoir of the same name. In just watching the preview the laugh track made up for more time than any actual dialogue. It's something that may be more enjoyable when in a state similar to Handler's. *Coming Soon on NBC*

#### Terra Nova

In the not so distant future, when our world is falling apart, mankind moves to Terra Nova. Steven Spielberg is the executive producer. Though the show itself doesn't look half bad I can't get past the fact that if Jurassic Park and Avatar had a lovechild that this would be it. *Series Premiere Mon. 9/26 at 8:00 on FOX*

#### G.C.B.

A former high school bitch turned sweet, single mom returns to her hometown in Texas when down on her luck. She's trying to start fresh and finds it much harder to do so than expected. Originally Good Christian Bitches, then Good Christian Belles and now G.C.B. It's Desperate Housewives of the South. The thing that makes me interested is Kristen Chenoweth. I simply adore that bitch. *Coming Soon on ABC*

#### Revenge

After watching her father be taken from her as a child, a young woman returns to her home, in The Hamptons, and seeks revenge on all those who caused him harm. Honestly, this type of show is just annoying at this point. Please, move on. *Series Premiere Wed. 9/21 at 10 on ABC*

#### Up All Night

Two new parents, Will Arnett and Christina Applegate, deal with the struggles of parenthood while fighting for their careers and relationship. I know, I know, it sounds like so many other shows and movies that we've all seen before. The big difference, aside from the cast? Lorne Michael, the creator of Saturday Night Live and a producer of 30 Rock. Basically, he's a comedic god. *Series Preview Wed. 9/14 at 10:00 on NBC*

#### Ringer

Two estranged sisters, one with a bad past, the other is wealthy and precious. When the latter disappears, the former takes over her life. But what secrets will she find? Buffy is back, bitches! A void in my heart will be, at least partially, filled with Sarah Michelle Gellar's return to TV. It's going to be awesome. *Series Premiere Tues. 9/13 at 9:00 on The CW*



gabs drake

#### The Playboy Club

It's the early '60's in Chicago. The Playboy Club is exclusive, elegant and sexy. Beautiful women in exceptionally small outfits. However, it's on all the "must-see" lists for the fall and is definitely one of NBC's biggest new shows. *Series Premiere Mon. 9/19 at 10:00 on NBC*

#### Pan Am

Pan Am stewardesses in the '60's. They are a "new breed of women" as the preview states. They are glamorous, beautiful and travel around the world. This show is basically Mad Men but with women being more the center of attention and, probably, less acclaim. It's definitely a step up from The Playboy Club, though they do seem quite similar. *Series Premiere Sun. 9/25 at 10 on ABC*

#### Two Broke Girls

A pretty, cynical and bitchy girl reluctantly befriends the blonde, vapid and recently impoverished princess. They waitress together and soon end up becoming roommates. It's the story we all know and, maybe, love. It's been told a million times over and yet we still seem to come back for more. This actually looks pretty funny, though. I really like Kat Dennings and though it's not that different from the roles she usually plays, it's still somehow pretty fresh. *Series Premieres on Mon. 9/19 at 8:30 on CBS* ■



# reflections.



## groundbreaking new study finds PCP users 15x more likely to be abducted, probed by aliens

by mikeshcerin

According to the results of a nationwide study conducted by the Extraterrestrial Research Group of America (ERGA), Americans who use the drug PCP (also known as "angel dust") on a regular basis are up to fifteen times more likely to be kidnapped—and subsequently probed—by aliens from outer space, than those who do not use the drug at all.

ERGA spokesperson and noted UFO researcher Kevin Figgletton announced the baffling news Thursday, in a press conference held in the back of his 1989 Ford Econoline. Said Figgletton, "Though we are not sure what is causing these extraterrestrials to almost exclusively abduct PCP users, we now know that over 93% of the people who have reported being kidnapped by aliens in the last ten years were, in fact, using PCP at the time of their abduction."

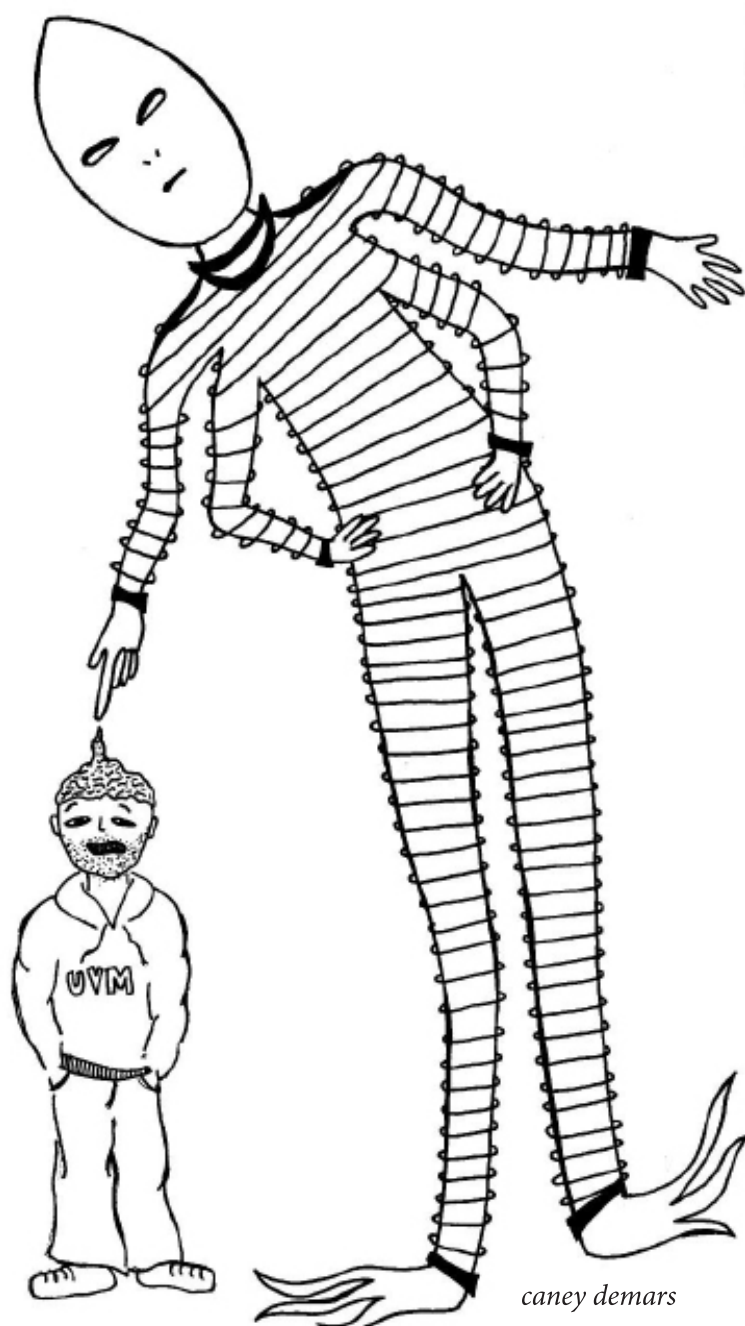
More disturbing yet, the majority of abducted PCP users often describe a shockingly similar set of events, both leading up to and during their encounters, according to research conducted by ERGA. So similar are their reports, in fact, that Figgletton was able to reconstruct a timeline of events outlining a typical abduction, which he then proceeded to explain to his audience of four overweight teenagers.

"Almost all of our subjects reported their abductions taking place after they had smoked or snorted PCP; sometimes immediately, and sometimes up to an hour later," Figgletton proceeded to explain, as he readjusted his tin foil cap. "We've theorized that the aliens may have some sort of super enhanced scent identification system, capable of drawing them to the exact location where PCP has recently been used."

According to ERGA's research, the actual abductions almost always begin the same way: the abductees report first being approached by a strange, metallic spaceship, covered in flashing blue lights. Before they have a chance to escape, they are then physically attacked by one or two terrifying, otherworldly creatures. "The extraterrestrials are often described as tall and vaguely humanlike, and always dressed in dark blue jumpsuits," clarified Figgletton.

After having their hands restrained by a mysterious cuff-like device, the abductees are then reportedly placed inside the metallic spacecraft, and flown to some kind of massive alien stronghold. "We believe this compound may be located deep in the heart of the Horse Head Nebula," added Figgletton. There they are placed in large cages, filled with more alien creatures clad in bright orange jumpsuits. It is reportedly at this point that the probing begins—and the details become inconsistent.

"The accounts of alien probing vary greatly from case to case," said Figgletton, glancing nervously at a bird in the sky. "Some reported the probing devices being small, some large. For some there was only one probe, for others there were many. In some cases the probing only lasted for a few minutes, in others it took hours. And some described the whole ordeal as rather pleasant, while others were very, very scarred by it."



## top 5 things i missed as a uvm'er abroad

by robintucker

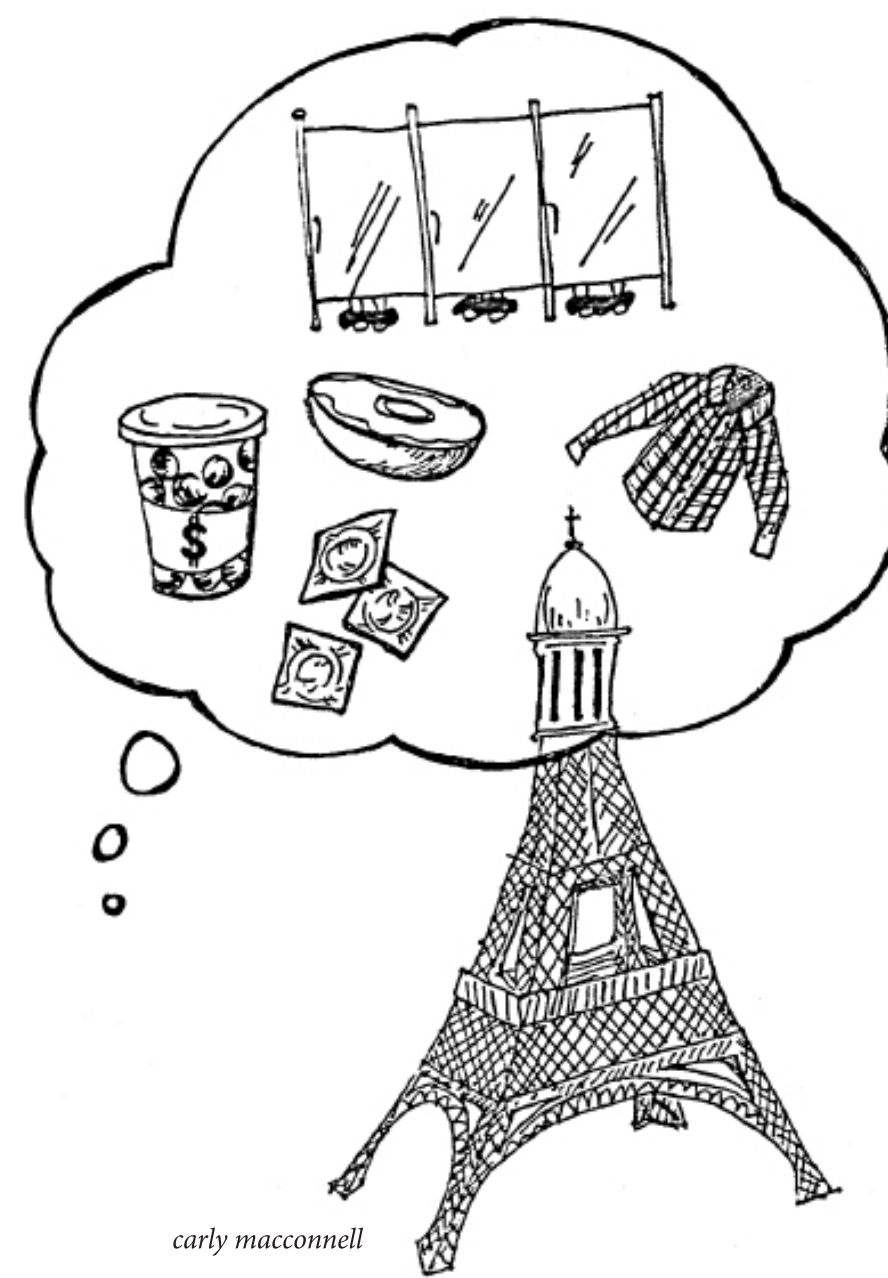
**5** *Erratic weather, down to the minute.* I'll have zipped up my raincoat and stripped down to my tank top three times by the time I got to Waterman. Once I left my house on a sunny day and by the time I got halfway to Rite Aid it was hailing. Basically, weather abroad can be super boring, and we should all appreciate the entertainment that is the skies of Burlington.

**4** *Vermont fashion.* I'm pretty sure Vermont hasn't made any records for trend setting, but you sure can find an eclectic mix of styles on the UVM campus. You can wear pretty much any combination of leg warmers and feathers to class and not feel judged. Not so elsewhere. I tried my best to fit in in France, but high heels, tights and booty shorts—I just couldn't do it. And somehow I was the weird one.

**3** *Free stuff.* Water bottles, stickers, cupcakes, pizza, condoms. That's right, nobody cared about the wellbeing of my sexual activity. Instead of just stopping by the info desk every time I walked through the DC, I actually had to buy a pack of pens! Preposterous.

**2** *The dorms (ie mildly spacious rooms and communal bathrooms).* Yeah my hall abroad looked like that scene from Titanic when Rose is shimmying along the basement hallway filled with water as the lights flicker on and off. Well, minus the water. My room wasn't much better; it took me three baby steps to get from the door to the window, and the only decent place to stand was in front of the mirror—let's just say I know a little too well what I look like eating a bowl of cereal. My bathroom was basically cut and pasted from an airplane into my room, which meant no making friends while on the toilet. Poo.

**1** *Alice's.* That's right, all I walked past on the way to class was a smelly sandwich street vendor and a "Tabac" convenience store. Where was my freshly toasted cream cheese bagel? Where was my plastic cup of overpriced grapes? Where was my jumbo cup of coffee to get me through last night/this morning/the rest of the day? Oh yeah, back at UVM.



## top 5 things i, let's just say, managed without

**1** *Sporadic and barely reliable public transportation.* That's right, did you know that in some places the public transportation actually comes every five minutes? EVERY FIVE MINUTES. Enough said.

**2** *My cell phone.* That little interrupter in my pocket that never cares if I'm in the middle of a conversation, a meeting, or a class. Now my experience may be skewed because when you're in a foreign country and you don't know anyone there's really not much use for a cell phone, however; I found that buying a watch and increasing my face-to-face contact made that little interrupter back at home seem pretty unnecessary.

**3** *Frozen commutes.* Walking ten miles through a snowstorm just to get to my fifty-minute class (uphill both ways of course). Let me paint you a picture: A student + all the clothes in her dresser + ginormous snow boots (still) = chattering teeth, purple lips and frozen boogers. All you first years, just you wait.

**4** *The drinking age.* Seeming underage and being treated like a hooligan just for looking at a bar. I got carded maybe twice the whole time I was abroad, and let's just say, there was a lot of opportunity for it.

**5** *Assignments.* That stupid weekly assignment for that humble newspaper that earns me nothing but fame and glory throughout the land. You may have heard of it...

# delivery woes:

## celebrating the men and women who bring you your food

by jonathanfranqui

Saturday night has finally arrived! Overcome with joy at the prospect of vomiting liquor into whatever toilet you choose to become intimate with, you dress in your finest steazy apparel and hit the town. After an unsuccessful night of trying to hook up with that hot guy or girl in your class who was totally eyeing you earlier in the day, you turn to the only thing that will fill that crushing feeling of inadequacy expanding in your chest: food. Not just any food, however, you need the greasiest and saltiest edibles available. I am, of course, speaking of Wings Over Burlington, Leonardo's, Pizza Hut, or whichever sorry excuse for sustenance you decide to inhale. After making it back to the dorms or your apartment, you hit speed dial #1 and wait for the only person in the world who will never let you down, the delivery man.

As a former delivery driver in a college town, I can sympathize with the frustration of simply trying to do your job on a weekend night. There is nothing more enraging than walking up to a dorm or apartment around 1 o'clock on a Saturday night with food in your hands only to be approached by some drunken youth who doesn't remember ordering in the first place. This is assuming, however, that they didn't pass out immediately after placing the order, leaving you to stand outside for 10 minutes frantically calling them. While I have had some pretty upsetting



experiences in my 3 months of delivering (including a trip to the emergency room of a hospital because some drunk asshole decided that he just needed a burrito while his friends stomach was pumped) I still feel horrible for the delivery drivers in Burlington.

These people are quite literally hardened warriors who are forced to constantly overcome the stupidity of drunk college students each and every weekend. At the pinnacle of these warriors stand the Wings Over Burlington delivery drivers, who are comparable to Spartans in their quest to deliver your order and get tipped. In my experience, I have witnessed delivery men from Wings boldly enter an apartment when no one answered the door, help a drunk girl in the Harris Millis lobby count out 10 dollars in dimes, nickels, and pennies, and give my good friend a ride home when he was too drunk to make it up Colchester one chilly Burlington night. These brave delivery men (and women?) I have heard myths of these creatures but never encountered one myself) give up their weekend nights to make sure the comfort food you so desperately crave will make your empty heart feel full of love. So the next time you decide to order food, don't be a dick, and actually tip these poor guys more than 2 dollars for their services. ■



# tunes.



## the underground fun map

by sarahmoylan

Wanna know where to go to see the next big thing? Here's the lowdown on the best spots in Burlington to check out up-and-coming artists. As an added bonus, most of these places are friendly to the under-21 crowd.

### Church Street Marketplace

It's up to you: drop your spare change in the hat of the bedraggled-looking guitar player whose sign reads "homeless, anything helps" or the overeager teenage troubadour who is "raising money to go to Vassar!!!!!!". You're so distracted by the Homeless Dude vs. Future Vassar Student showdown that you don't actually notice what their music sounds like. So you hold onto your change and move along. Onwards, to Didgeeridoo dude!

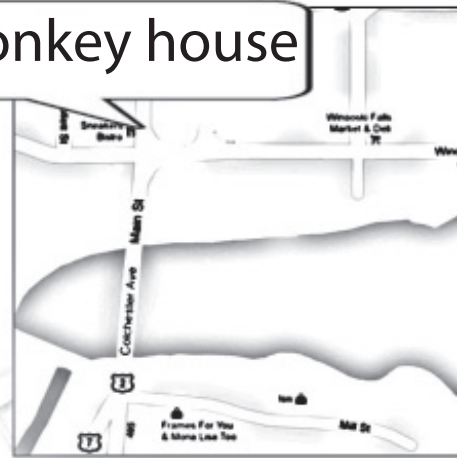
### The Radio Bean

8 North Winooski Avenue, [radiobean.com](http://radiobean.com)

Mismatching chairs, funky lighting, killer drinks, amazing music ...there's not much to complain about when it comes to "the Bean," Burlington's hippest, most Bohemian hangout. Except size. The Radio Bean boasts the square footage of a moderately-sized bedroom, yet it seems to lure hundreds of hippies and hipsters inside its doors on busy nights. And even though all those groovin' bodies make the temperature a little toasty, many of these Bean-goers don't seem to believe in deodorant. Yikes.

Still, this place is awesome because it's one of the only places in town where you can see live music seven nights a week. Honky Tonk Tuesdays and Jazz Thursdays are among the weekday highlights, while local and touring acts of all genres fill the weekend schedule.

### the monkey house



### WINOOSKI

### The Monkey House

30 Main Street, Winooski, [monkeyhouse-music.com](http://monkeyhouse-music.com)

Why does the Monkey House have to be in Winooski? (&@ing Winooski? Why? We have a number of different theories: perhaps the Monkey is in the Onion City to keep car-less freshmen from crashing hip concerts with their tweeby naiveté. Perhaps it's because they love that million-dollar view...of a traffic rotary. Perhaps it's because the rent is cheaper.

Whatever the reason the Monkey House is stranded in Winooski, it still is one of the busiest venues in town. Acting as a home base of sorts for local promoters Angioplasty Media and MSR Presents, the Monkey attracts some awesome up-and-coming groups that are way too big for the Radio Bean but not quite ready for Nectar's or Metronome. In the next month or so, the Generationals, Carnivores, These United States, and Nurses, among others, will all headline there. Chyeah!

map by kitty faraji

### Muddy Waters

184 Main Street

If the Radio Bean is just too hipster for you, try Muddy Waters. Live music is far more sporadic here than it is at the Bean, but you'll be able to catch the occasional jazz night once the semester gets into full swing. You never know what you'll get here: sometimes you'll catch a local singer-songwriter or honky-tonk band, or (most frequently) you might just end up listening to the baristas' latest iTunes selection.

And don't forget that more seating + fewer body odor problems= more relaxing, if less hilarious, than the Radio Bean.

### 242 Main

242 Main Street, [242main.org](http://242main.org)

242 Main (located on 242 Main Street! No way, right?!) is the best, and maybe only, place on this map that can give you an adequate taste of Burlington's small, but existent, punk scene. Local tune-age abounds here, with 242 Main hosting several live shows each month. As a side note, keep in mind that this venue is actually owned and operated by Burlington's Parks and Recreation department as a center for programming for area teens, so it's staunchly substance-free.

### BCA

135 Church Street, [burlingtoncityarts.org/bcacenter](http://burlingtoncityarts.org/bcacenter)

The Burlington City Arts Center. Sounds like an art gallery, right? Well, actually, that's what the BCA (formerly known as the Firehouse Gallery) is. But it's also a performance space for musicians and DJs whose art might not fit in at other venues in town. So, if experimental music is your thing, the BCA might be the place for you. BCA is also hosting this year's WRUV-FM vinyl record swap/local music orgy on Saturday, October 1st.

# the triple take:

## thoughts on *the rip tide*



Dan Suder, WT co-editor-in-chief (also, part-time rapper and Chevrolet owner)

Huh, what? mmmm.... \*YAWN\* oh, sorry. No, no, you woke me up, but it's ok. I was just listening to the new Beirut album and drifted off I guess. Wait, what time is it?! Wow. I think I had it on repeat and it knocked me out until my computer died.

Before *The Rip Tide*, I had only ever seen or heard Beirut via a couple of their Take Away Shows ([blogtheque.net](http://blogtheque.net)). I'd been impressed with Zach Condon, and with his band, and with their flugelhorn. On the plus side, everything I dug about those videos is here on the album. There are accordions, flugelhorn, tambourines, ukuleles, tubas, and songs inexplicably named after places.

The problem is, it's all the same. All of the songs with place names are my favorite songs, and all of them are my least favorite. It's an album that's just there; it's impossible to hate, but you can't love it, either. You just listen to it, and maybe fall asleep. And sometimes, I guess, that's good enough. ■

Daleb Cemers, random bro we found downtown Friday night



So, Beirut has a new album out. Sick, dude. I love Beirut. The one thing I like more than Beirut is flipcup. I wonder: how would a Beirut table put out an album? When you think about it, though, hasn't Lil' Wayne put out, like, 50 albums? If he can do that, one Beirut table could put out a single album.

I have another idea: maybe someone could record a long-ass game of Beirut and then publish it or whatever you do to albums. Anyway, it sounds sweet. Like that one time my bro Chad and I went 10-0 on these chicks. Naked Lap! All around the house. I wonder what that would sound like if it were recorded. I wanna do that. Record the sounds of a party and instead of that Simon and Garfunkel album *Sounds of Silence*, I will call it *Sounds of a Party*. I might record under the name Beirut, or the Beirut Boss. I love Beirut. ■

art by kittens faraji

# trash.

## i want you so bad



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

What do you want me to say?  
I love to watch you play  
You always skate up and down  
While chasing the opponent round and round  
You may be older than me  
But who wouldn't want a NHL draftee  
You're such a hottie  
With that athlete's body  
You make me melt in my seat  
Meeting you would be a delicious treat  
You may not notice me sitting there  
But I can't help it if I stare  
You put me in such a frenzy  
You're smokin hot Drew MacKenzie  
When: last hockey season  
Where: the gut  
I saw: sexy #2  
I am: more than a fan

Silent Disco, moving, groovin', baby lets go. You're such a QT come meet me at sputys. Your smile is so sweet, you make me complete. So come get your treat. See you at Henry street.  
When: Labor Day  
Where: north beach  
I saw: Sexy man at Silent Disco

I take it back. I don't want you so bad.  
When: thursday night  
Where: that party  
I saw: you  
I am: not wasting my time

Hey you:  
Cat. Come back!  
When: this summer  
Where: my house  
I saw: my beloved pet  
I am: sad i had to leave you

Let's cut to the chase:  
I've picked up on your signals, I read 'em loud and clear  
To send one in return, I profess my interest here  
When: recently, almost every day  
Where: many places  
I saw: you, wanting me  
I am: waiting

Last year, so long ago it seems,  
You strolled through the halls of Old Mill,  
Each time as if from my dreams  
My broken heart now I must fill.  
Days and days have passed since I often saw  
Your sweet smile, and flowing locks, so golden  
Now I must be content to wait until next fall  
Till then I long to see you, my beholden  
When: last spring  
Where: Old Mill  
I saw: A goddess  
I am: Missing you

You say you don't like blondes  
But that won't deter this sunny babe  
You know you want me, I can tell cuz you asked my name  
Ditch that brown haired girl, she won't win this game  
When: saturday  
Where: Pearl  
I saw: a guy who doesn't know what he's missing  
I am: blonde and ready for fun

The other night when we were together  
there were some awkward times.  
But I can't help but still want you  
to feed me your chaser limes.  
Remember that time you tripped in line at BJ's?  
When: last weekend  
Where: your fancy apartment  
I saw: a golden chica  
I am: too shy to tell you how I feel

Sarah Moylan, WT Tunes editor

I've always liked the idea of Beirut. Finally, a band I can get into that's named after a place! See, it always used to seem like bands named after places were only bands that my dad, but not I, would like. You know, like Chicago, America, Boston, Kansas, Burlington, and so on. Made you look! Burlington is not a band...yet. Anyway, those (primarily classic rock) bands are good—and depending on what your tastes are, you might think of them as really good—but just not my thing.

Enter Beirut. Named after a foreign city and embracing foreign (more specifically, Balkan) musical influences, Beirut and its plethora of glockenspiels, ukuleles, euphoniums, and other difficult to spell but nifty-sounding instruments has always held my interest. But on *The Rip Tide*, Beirut's third full-length, these unique sounds are lost in an electro-pop mess of overproduction. It seems like Beirut may be experimenting with a new, more electronic sound, much like Animal Collective did with 2009's *Merriwether Post Pavilion*. But unlike *Merriwether*, which was one of Animal Collective's best albums yet, *The Rip Tide* pales in comparison to Beirut's earlier works. There's no feeling, no soul. It's kind of hard to believe that this album comes from the same band that produced *Gulag Orkestar*.

"Santa Fe," featuring a breezy synth line and just the right amount of horns, is probably the best track on this album. But if you really want to hear Beirut at their best, you're better off checking out one of their earlier albums. ■

# the ear

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

### Sunday night at Simpson dining

Guy 1: So a polar covalent is unequal sharing of electrons? like h2o?  
Girl 1: Yeah, it's kind of like one guy having two girl friends. They both give their hearts to this one guy and he's just like, "whatever, I'm the shit." That's why water is the shit.  
Guy 1: Damn.

### Davis Fishbowl

Bro 1: you know its good dubstep when you shit and puke at the same time.

### Outside Pearl St Bev

Girl: I still have frosting all over my face. This sucks  
Guy: I mean... I could lick it off for you if you want  
Girl: ew...

### Saturday night, College Street

girl 1 to girl 2: i will chop out your eyeballs

### Marche

girl 1: Alice's doesn't have iced coffee anymore, it's such bullshit...  
girl 2: Coffee gives me the shits!

### Library steps

Boy: I HATE DIVERSITY! ... in carrots. I mean I hate diverse carrots.

### Redstone Express

Girl 1: What's the Ruggles House?  
Girl 2: (confidently) That's the Frisbee house!  
Guy to Girls: Umm I'm pretty sure that it's a nursing home.  
Girl 2: Oh, guess I'm not going there tonight...



# fork it over. the quest for the holy kale

by gretchenloft

Until last spring I was a non-believer. Those 'eat more kale' stickers I kept seeing all over town had me convinced that kale was part of an elaborate vegetable conspiracy. But then my world was rocked by an unsuspecting subletter who showed me how to hone the force of this crazy leafy green. It turns out that kale has no leaf in conspiracy and it is, in fact, a super vegetable packed with vitamins and minerals. Kale is so good that even Popeye has made the switch from its rogue second-cousin (once removed): spinach. Yeah that's right, you read right. Even Popeye.

So test it out! Kale comes in green and red varieties and can be found in great abundance right now in gardens, farmers' markets and local grocery stores. Just yesterday I noticed it on sale at City Market for two dollars, an actual steal. Crazy still, as I was wandering the store I bumped into a girl who informed me that not only did this kale come from her farm but that she had actually picked it herself. Have you ever personally met the person who picked your pizza bits? Really. If you're not convinced by me, then at least listen to the man (Popeye that is) and 'eat more kale.'

Now I'll walk you through the creation of some kale chips. Yeah you just read correctly, you can make kale into chips. They won't hold your salsa but they will melt in your mouth. Also, it's probably the easiest thing to make in the world. As long as you can turn a oven knob to 300 degrees, YOU can become a kale eater. Warning! Don't bring too many friends. Kale is like a pufferfish, it looks big but when cooked it deflates. Thus your kale chips will be devoured in seconds if you're not careful!



## KALE

- PREHEAT OVEN TO 300-350.
- PLACE CUT KALE ON A COOKIE TRAY/OVEN PAN.
- COVER WITH MODEST LAYER OF OLIVE OIL, OR FOR NICE TASTE, SUN OWER OIL.
- MIX UNTIL ALL GREENS ARE COATED. THERE SHOULD NOT BE ANY RESIDUAL OIL LEFT IN BOTTOM OF PAN.
- SALT AND PEPPER TO TASTE.
- PUT INTO OVEN. CHECK AFTER 5 MINUTES & AFTER THAT EVERY 2.
- LOOKING FOR A NICE CRISP KALE CHIP. SHOULD BREAK APART IN YOUR HAND OR MOUTH WITHOUT FORCE.
- ALSO TRY ADDING SUGAR FOR THE AWESOME KETTLE KALE CHIP.

# fashion five-oh.

## there's a chill in the air

what the coming temperature drop means for your wardrobe

with colbynixon

With the unofficial end of summer over Labor Day weekend, a much cooler breeze has found its way into Burlington. With it comes a crisper air that is lighter with greater breathability. Also with it comes uncertainty. Who knows if tomorrow will be 88° or 48°? This prompts the question, how late into the fall can I wear shorts and/or flip-flops and avoid looking like a complete idiot?

**On shorts**→ You definitely don't want to be that guy or girl wearing jeans and sweating nuggets when we get hit with our typical late September heat wave, nor do you want to be that asshole who's wading through knee-deep snow in cargo shorts. So when's the best time to pack up your shorts and call it a summer? I like to go with October 17. By this point, average temperatures are dropping into the 40° range in the morning, and any drunken reveler who mistakenly shackled up with a tree for the night will find themselves covered with a very solid frost the next morning. Fortunately, it is still early enough in the year that your unclad legs will not have been snowed on. It's still pretty chilly by this point, and jeans or cords are always a safe bet after this date. Of course if you're really cool, you still have zip off pants tucked away somewhere just waiting for that day when you can wear pants in the morning, but zip off the bottoms when it the mercury creeps into the low 60°s.



**On flip-flops**→ October 12. The fact that you'd consider wearing flip-flops this late into a Vermont fall is concerning. Really the only reason to wear them this late is because they look good with jeans. It's about this point that puddles start to get a frosty crust on them on early mornings, which can prove dangerous to those sporting footwear of the flip-flop variety. Not only does wearing flip-flops beyond this point look strange, but it can be deemed hazardous to one's health. I highly recommend for your safety, and that of those around you, that you adhere closely to these recommended dates. ■

advertisement

Accessories, Sunglasses, Leather and everything you wear!

## Vintage Clothes

Get cash or store credit for your gently used to retro and funky clothing. Now taking consignment every day.

Exclusive sales & discounts for Facebook fans of Downtown Threads [www.facebook.com/downtownthreads](http://www.facebook.com/downtownthreads)

73 Church Street Burlington, VT (Above Ken's Pizza) 802-399-2070

# créatif stuffé. death at the bazaar

by joshhegarty

I have this friend named Roger. He's an actor. Not Hollywood or anything and it wasn't even his full time job, but if he had to describe himself, he'd use the word actor (he used to be my accountant). He'd been in some plays in town. He'd even directed a few of them. I'd never gone, because the theater is really not my thing, but everyone tells me he's incredible.

Down on the east side of town, there used to be a big open field. There used to be a farm there, but it went under (who would have thought that a post-life crisis investment banker would be a lousy farmer?) and some guy bought it and built a big ass theater and some smaller outdoor stages. He had a couple bars built too, and that brought in quite a bit of business after performances. And after he had all this built, Renaissance fairs started coming here, and magic shows, and theater groups and carnivals and Cirque du Soleil came through once. The guy that had all this stuff built, Mr. Burnum (he was my mom's English teacher in high school and they secretly dated or something in her senior year, but I'm not supposed to talk about it) pretty much turned our little town into a city of culture. This is where Roger acted.

Now, Roger and I were really good friends, but I'd never been to any of his shows. I don't like the theater, unless it's Shakespearian tragedy. I have much more enjoyable in-

terests. But he loved it. But he had an idea for a show that he'd written and pitched it to Mr. Burnum, and he was going to be able to direct it. It wasn't a play, he explained to me when he was begging me to come, it was a performance, some sort of murder mystery thing, Agatha Christie style. He said that there would be actors to tell the story, and they'd be the

main characters, but the people that came to see it would also be part of it. They'd be trying to solve the mystery as it goes along. I wasn't enthused about it, so I told him that I'd go, maybe. He told me he'd get me in for free (apparently saving me \$250), so I gave in, and promised I'd come. Then he told me that it was for a whole weekend, and I wanted to kill him.

“in the middle of the day, while everybody's shopping, somebody gets stabbed to death in the middle of the crowd, and wanders off into an alley and dies”

The show was called Death at the Bazaar, or something like that. Like I said, Roger wrote it and was directing (which I guess means that he was in charge, I don't know how you direct something like that), and he also had a role as the police inspector. The story was

any suspects because no one can think of any motive for the murder and because everybody in town was there and the body wasn't discovered for at least an hour. Eventually, I think we were supposed to find out that a gypsy did it, or maybe not a gypsy, but somebody that was passing through town to sell things at the Bazaar, and if you had gone to their booth, there were clues, some sort of hidden connection between them, with the one guy doing something awful to the other guy's family a long time ago. I don't really know for sure though. It didn't exactly get to finish.

I showed up 9 A.M. and it was freezing. I was real glad that I remembered to wear my

hat and gloves. I was actually pretty impressed by the whole thing. The stands were selling some pretty cool, real old-timey kind of stuff. There were actually magicians performing sideshows, and this one guy was eating fire, and juggling knives. You could have your tarot cards read and everything. Before I knew it, it was 10:30. That's when everything got real. That's when the body was discovered. And when I say “the body,” I mean the dead body, of Mr. Burnum, who was supposed to play the murder victim. He had actually been stabbed to death and the police-actors found a bloody knife a few feet from his body. The police were called, people were questioned, refunds were given, and the show was over.

After a couple hours, everybody got to go home, after giving statements and stuff. But nobody saw anything. They were all too busy gawking at everything going on. Roger looked like the main suspect, because I guess that Burnum left most of the rights to the stage house property to him in his will, but there was zero evidence and like fifty witnesses saying he couldn't have done it. So after it was all over, he quit his job (leaving me without an accountant), and took over directing and acting full time. Good for him. I'm glad I could do him the favor. And I'm especially glad that I wore gloves. ■

## the phoenix

by johnjudge

Lock the doors and let me know just what I have in store. I'll tell you of my greatest fear, no friend would tell you more.

An angel and her spreading wings With smoke upon her breath. I fought the noble fight and lost whatever I had left.

But I supposed that mother knew exactly what I meant. I did confide my darker side until the night was spent.

A long walk home remembering but longer to forget the words I have upon my mind. I curse the alphabet.

The proper motives I did show tattoo my inner head. I ask myself what I have done, as valor turns to dread.

And now I'm filled with awful thoughts I wish they were absurd. It seems to me that 8 long months turned love into a word.

You'll never know how close I came to breaking myself down. I turned and played the hero's role but now I feel the down.

Nine different ways that beauty shouts, all tearing me apart. Now I suspect these sullen words were with me from the start.

# call waiting

by georgeloftus

The neighbors have guests, loud ones. At a quarter past ten, chips are being chewed and I think I hear a drink being spilled. I can hear everything as it echoes past the walls that separate their “home” from mine. I hear the leftover rain spilling down the gutters and the mosquito that somehow followed me in when I came from my last cigarette. The only thing I don't hear is my phone ringing.

And it should be. Today of all days, it should be.

I rock in my chair. I wonder if I want another slice of pizza but I realize I can't even be bothered to preheat the oven. If my stomach had eyes they would be rolling with complacency. I turn the TV on, desperate for a distraction. Ambulances drive by and the cadence of their sirens are just thick enough for me to get lost in.

The shower water starts to run. A slow trickle at first.

People walk by on the street and I can hear them scream at each other. I'm wash-

ing my hair. Someone calls their girlfriend a bitch and I hear the typical “ooohs” and “snaps” that compliment an equally empty insult. She laughs. Not a single feeling was hurt. I wash my face last. I wash every pore.

I sit in my towel for an hour on the couch. Still not a single ring.

I sit there. Staring at it. A watched pot never boils, not even in the digital age. Sitting there, trying to will my phone to ring is taking every ounce of strength. I've ignored countless door knocks, I don't care about the people I went to high school with, I don't care about the people I currently go to college with, I don't care, I don't care, I don't care! I just want my fucking phone to ring, the satisfaction of hearing my phone vibrate on my coffee table and that terribly sad, amazing song to play.

And then the phone finally rings. Wrong number, and now it's after three, no phone call tonight. I'll talk to you tomorrow, Mom. ■

## lights II-tribute

by julianvanderak

Stars, ladies, playboys, lips, Gigawatts of pounding bass, Necklaces, bracelets, glowing sticks, Minty cloth across my face.

Water's scarce, drops we seek, Lights go up, the crowd does roar, Throw your hands up, move your feet, Sweat and bodies hit the floor...

This is what we live for, This is what we live for.

## the dress

by julianvanderak

Only fools would fail to recognize the fluidity of such feline flex; so delectable: the spectacle of such fine feminine finesse. Yet in pursuit of drowning in eyes sweet as the fruits of Gaia's breasts, 'tis not respectable the chase of a brother's nest: that girl in the yellow dress.

## late lovers

by joshhegarty

As far as I know, he'd always deceived her. But when she passed, he did nothing but grieve her.

He used to go on about drugs and his women and the circumstances that would make him leave her. She said she'd been cheating. They screamed through their tears. He did all that he could not to believe her. During the good times, they would plan for the future, like their daughter's name, and when to conceive her. But before they could marry, he took off in the night.

With cold feet and wet eyes, he had to ag-grieve her. On the day that she died, he was two states away, ruminating on how he'd bereaved her. On the night of her funeral, from a morose dream, he woke swearing that he had perceived her.

On the day after, he bought a case of perfume. He refuses to live unless he can breathe her.



# cat litter.

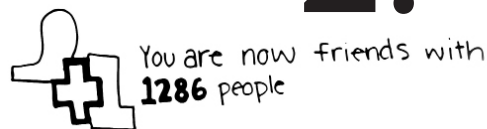


## the best first year in six simple steps

by gregiacobs

**1.** Ask every upperclassman you can find to buy you alcohol. It's a competition between you and about 2600 other peeps, and the more attempts you make, the more likely your success.

**2.** Friend on Facebook anyone whose name you know and have had the briefest eye-contact with. We all need to feel welcome here.



**3.** Buy a lanyard. Seriously, they are the most useful things ever invented, mark your new status as a student at GroovyUV, and are reasonably priced at the bookstore.

**4.** In fact, buy everything you need at the bookstore.

**5.** Gather all your floor mates/friends/acquaintances when you go downtown on a Friday night. Having a group of twenty or more will get you a discount on solo cups at most parties.



kitty faraji

**6.** When shmammered, smash everything in all the dorms. This steezy act will gain you notoriety and the respect of almost everyone who doesn't have to pay for it.

## (misquoted) reactions to beyonce's pregnancy

by wtstaff and britneyspears



Michelle Bachmann

"That shit cray"



Morgan Freeman

"B... r... e... a... d...  
BREAD. BREAD DAMMIT,  
BREAD."



Emeril Lagasse

"Those red pepper flakes really  
add some kick to the yogurt.  
Bam!"



Phil Collins

"That shit is the biggest web o'  
spider I've ever seen. Someone  
get me a feather duster."