



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 10 - issue 9 - tuesday, november 1, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

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

don't call me, beep me, if you wanna reach me



katie gagliardo

... facebook me instead

by georgeloftus

A few weeks ago, in a fit of drunken hubris, I challenged a young female writer at the weekly **water tower** meeting to a bet. I laid down the gauntlet as follows: in a ten day period, would it be possible to accumulate one hundred phone numbers from complete randos, and who would do it first?

A heartbreaking realization ensued later that night: people are kind of particular about who they give their phone number to. When the fuck did that happen?

My evening started out positively. It was a Thursday night and after a three hour seminar and a cocktail with friends we decided to invade Ake's to take advantage of their \$1/PBR special. We played pool, drank some beers, met some guys, met some girls, all of whom were friends of friends. I thought 100 people in ten days would be pie in the sky.

But then I hit a wall. And the wall hit back. It was a real dick-punch right to the heart.

I vividly remember sitting on the armrest of one of the big, comfy chairs outside of Red Square. I was chatting up some girl who I, admittedly, had zero interest in, but

believed in all my heart she and my friend Mitch would get along. She was sassy, and while that's occasionally my m.o. I thought she'd be a much better fit for that bearded devil of a friend of mine.

After giving roughly the same preamble to her saying we should meet up the next night so I could introduce her to him, I finally asked her those words, "Can I get

somewhere along the road the phrase 'can i get your number' started coming across as as 'i want to bang you. please say yes'

your number?" Her response was "Umm, no. I don't give out my number." She quickly got up and the weighted balance of the chair was thrown off; I fell straight to the ground and the chair actually fell on top of me. The girl ran away. Quickly.

I can honestly say that was the lowest I've felt since 6th grade and some kid in my class made fun of me for having man-boobs. Maybe she had a boyfriend and felt intimidated that a guy was talking to her at a bar when she was out with her friends.

I don't know, but what I do know is that somewhere along the road the phrase "Can I get your number" started coming across as "I want to bang you. Please say yes."

What's worse is this girl couldn't have been less my type. She had boobs and hair and wrists so I guess she was remotely my type, but I honestly had no agenda other than introducing her to my friend. More

than anything this encounter left a cynical and bitter taste in my mouth. It may sound ridiculous, but it felt like civility and getting the benefit of the doubt died right in front of me.

The straightforwardness of asking

for a phone number was a sure-fire, non-sketchy approach, I thought. How wrong I was. I would've been better off asking for her first name, stalking her online through mutual friends, and working up the internal fortitude to friend her. Because that isn't ass backwards at all.

I just don't get it. Before I deleted my facebook (Yeah, I'm one of those kids, read more about *them* on page 7) I can remember going to a party and having friend

... read the rest on page 6

great googley moogley

the world's new superpower

by kerrymartin

Google, you are a sly one. Most of us are too charmed by your simple, minimalist background and your colorful block lettering to see you as much more than a pet, a friend, our own C-3PO that we can turn on and off at our leisure. Your plain layout and effortless accessibility are entralling; even the most technologically backward can command Google at their will. You're one of those painfully simple concepts that every father wishes his five-year-old son could come up with so he could steal the idea and make bank. But Google is no adorable baby whose cheeks you want to pinch.

It all started in 1998, when professional Google Guys Larry Page and Sergey Brin suspended their PhD studies at Stanford University to give life to an idea. By treating the Internet as an immense grid, setting up algorithms using data mining, and performing other operations that make very little sense to an English major like me, Page and Brin developed the most sophisticated and efficient search engine in the history of the Internet (which was pretty much still a fetus at that point) (because Al Gore hadn't invented the Internet yet). Now, it's one of the largest corporations on the planet, whose assets of \$57 billion match the GDP of Ecuador. The Google Guys are some of today's richest Americans, each of whose personal wealth is estimated at a cool \$16.7 billion.

So what's with this whole Google thing? Why does Google have a presidential candidate criticizing its ways, and why does US Congress demand a hearing with its CEO? It's a search engine, for Christ's sake!

Think again. Baby Google may have had its humble beginnings as a search engine, but that baby grew into a large, hairy man with twenty arms, eighty ears, the brains of Stephen Hawking and Ken Jennings, and a long cyber-dong that makes Yahoo, Bing, and MSN look like dickless little boys.

There's Google Image, the way most fourth graders accidentally discover porn. There's Google Video, which fused with YouTube when Google bought YouTube for \$1.65 billion (you know, some pocket change) in 2006. Google Maps is the best, true that, double true. There's Google Earth, a service Google acquired from the CIA that's been aiding terrorists and serial rapists since 2005. And let's not forget Google Plus and Gmail, who aspire

... read the rest on page 3

get
inside
me:

who the fuck is herman
cain?
by bendonovan

moustaches of glory
by jamiebeckett

cavatappi
by dansuder

getting feist-y
by sarahmoylan

the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **water tower**,

As if the parking on University Place in front of the Old Mill is not limited enough, this last week or so the road construction crew working on the sidewalk buffer zone has made it worse for no reason, AT NIGHT NO LESS.

The crew erected no parking signs and no parking sawhorses through a stretch of about what could have been 3 available parking spaces at night.

Why and how? The crew has been doing NO construction at night, obviously: ERGO, they could have just as easily have erected cardboard signs on temporary posts that Warned No Parking from 7a.m. through 4:30 p.m. This would have made these hard-to-find parking spaces available during the night study hours when parking is sat a premium.

This way, with such signs, cars would have NOT parked there during the day during construction, but yet could have parked there at night.

WTF?
Sincerely pissed,
Daniel G. Cohen
Burlington, VT
Class of '74

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

the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger

German Accountants: Germany found itself fifty-five billion Euros richer this week after an accounting error was discovered at a 'bad bank' that had recently been nationalized. The jury is still out on why the bank went "bad" in the first place, but we have a hunch it might be something to do with their choice of accounting staff.

Corrective Rape: In South Africa, the practice known as "corrective rape" involves straight men raping lesbians, believing that it will change their sexual orientation. Seriously? We have no words.

Irony: Riots were triggered in China recently after a drunk driver plowed into two light poles and killed five civilians. The driver was a police officer.

Switching Time Zones: For the first time in several decades, Russia will not set its clocks back when the rest of the world moves to daylight savings time this weekend. Russian authorities insist that changing the clocks causes stress, and that is it better to remain in "eternal summer." Not switching the clocks will mean sunrise in Moscow arrives after 10am, which is definitely eternal summer.

the news in brief

with georgeloftus

"I'm very happy with the movie. I always have been... I am loyal to my best friend."

-Steven Spielberg this week on the fan reception of Indiana Jones, the one that sucked. He staunchly defended his friend, and storyteller, George Lucas. He went on to say that he would only shoot the movie as Lucas envisioned it. I guess because the two are wiener cousins is a solid reason why one of film's most iconic and badass characters completely fell apart in our generation. Thanks, guys.

"Britain is one of the premier aid givers in the world. We want to see countries that receive our aid adhering to proper human rights."

-UK Prime Minister David Cameron, on a new policy that threatens to withhold partial aid to anti-gay nations. 41 countries of the 54-member commonwealth ban homosexuality to some degree, and Britain is finally taking a stand in undoing the modern realization of the laws they enforced in the days of the empire. In their defense, it's nice that they're cleaning up their own mess.

"I tried my best, but but my body didn't want to do the things I asked it..."

-Caroline Wozniacki, the no. 1 women's tennis player in the world, and, ideally, future Mrs. Loftus, after an exhausting defeat at the hands of world no. 3, Petra Kvitova. No, we don't really care about women's tennis either. We just needed something to fill this space.

Polar bears are cool but... it was the relentless pursuit of beaver that opened the great Northwest."

-New Democratic Party MP Pat Martin's response after Canadian senator Nicole Eaton proposed a change to Canada's national emblem. Apparently Eaton was upset everyone was respecting her beaver too thoroughly... Is beaver not a euphemism for vagina up north? Because it is here. #Teeteehee



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

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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.**

political party rock: tunisian elections held

by jamesaglio

Last week, Tunisia held its elections for its Constituent Assembly that will draft its new constitution in the wake of the past year's revolution. Here's a look at the major players that will shape the new Tunisia.

In first place, with 90 seats out of 217 is Ennahda, or the Renaissance Party, a center-right Islamist party. The group's main political position is that Tunisia should remain an Islamic country fundamentally but not fundamentalist. Over the years they have become steadily more moderate, and are now socially centrist and slightly liberal financially. Their main focus is to emulate models such as Turkey and Indonesia that are both Islamic and modern.

In second, with 30 seats out of 217, is the center-left Congress for the Republic, or CPR (French acronym). For the past ten years the CPR has been working to establish a republic in Tunisia. It is a secular party which supports human rights, gender rights, and a noncorrupt government.

In third, possessing 21 seats out of 217, is the Democratic Forum for Labor and Liberties (FDTL). FDTL is a member of the Socialist International which advocates for the center-left and secularist politics.

In fourth, with 19 seats, is the Popular Petition. A populist group run by media entrepreneur Mohamed Hechmi Hamdi. This is where the meat and potatoes of the political scandals have been occurring. Hechmi Hamdi has been using his media network to back his party's campaign, which has caused no small amount of controversy.

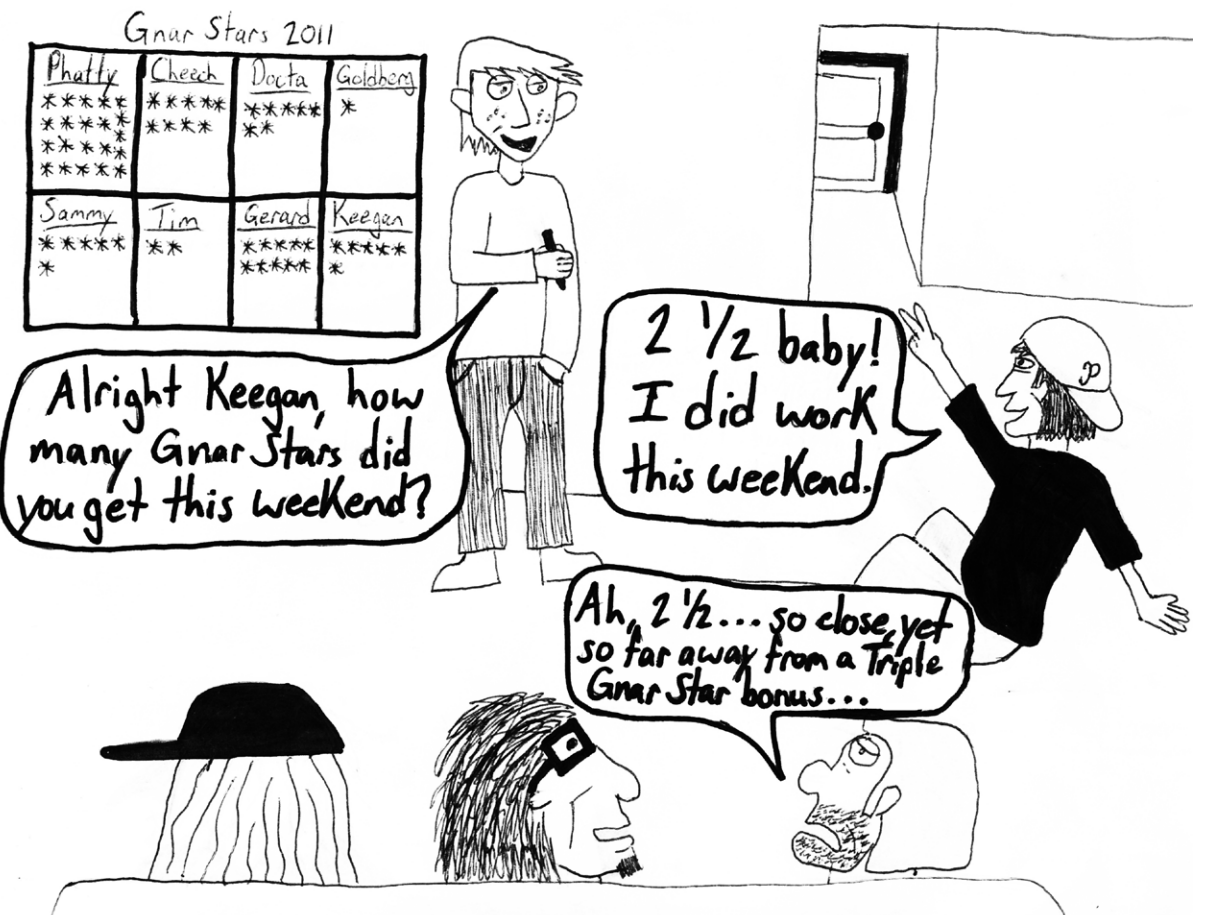
Fifth, with 17 seats, is the Progressive Democratic Party, another centralist, liberal, socialist, secular party... sensing any themes here?

The other 40 odd seats are held by a variety of smaller groups, mostly center-left with a few center-rights and a communist party thrown in for good measure.

Although the plurality of seats is held by an Islamist organization, it is unclear as to whether that will be reflected in the final constitution, as Ennahda lacks a majority and they are more or less alone among a sea of secular parties. As the first country to revolt in the Arab Spring, developments in Tunisia are incredibly important as they have the ability to influence the entire region. It will be interesting to see how these groups interact to form their new constitution. ■

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



gnar stars, pl. noun.

The reward for cataMOUNTING a new UVMer.

GOOGLE - continued from page 1

to dominate America's social life by the year 2012. They've developed the Android smartphone operating system used for Motorola Droids and Samsung Galaxies; they've developed the Google Chrome web browser. The list doesn't end.

Google's ubiquity has brought most Americans to the conclusion that whatever doesn't show up in a Google search doesn't exist. Google is that friend, or father, or god, that everyone asks for the answers they don't know; that's why Google processes over a billion searches a day. No, really, over a billion. A day. So when the results of your Google search aren't quite what they should be, some people get very angry.

Controversy around Google began on the lighter side, with repeated instances of "Google-bombing." Googlebombing is when a large group of people intentionally biases a search engine by clicking on specific links for specific searches like in 1999 when a Google search for "more evil than Satan himself" would unearth the Microsoft website. The next year, typing in "dumb motherfucker" led you to the honorable George W. Bush. Brutal.

Google can amend Googlebombs, but it's not a Googlebomb that's ailing Rick Santorum.

GOP presidential hopeful Santorum has been in a rage against Google lately because a search for his surname will bring you to spreadingsantorum.com, which depicts a sloppy brown stain with a definition - "santorum: the frothy mixture of lube and fecal matter that is sometimes the by-product of anal sex." Yummy. Despite how much Google would love to sanitize Santorum's reputation, they can't save Rick from

mission statement of "Don't be evil," has told companies that their search engine is unbiased, but later turned around and put Google services or Google-affiliated companies in much higher search results. The public and private sector has had enough, so Texas Attorney General Greg Abbot opened an antitrust review in September.

At the hearing, CEOs of several major Internet companies, such as Yelp and Tri-

Federal Trade Commission are in the midst of their own antitrust investigations against Google.

To the frustration of the Senate and Internet competition, the hearing concluded that yes, Google is quickly becoming a monopoly, dominating 70 percent of computer searches and 95 percent of mobile searches in the US, but it's not abusing its monopoly power to damage competition and therefore is not violating antitrust laws. Google may very well be abusing its power, but it's nearly impossible to condemn a search engine for doing such, let alone a search engine that changes its algorithm 500 times a year.

Google opponents in the public and private sector will keep trying to change the way Google treats its online competition, but they won't change the way the world treats Google.

The company is unnervingly large, everywhere you look, and here to stay. In 2004, Larry Page and Sergey Brin signed a contract to stay with the company for the next twenty years. It's been less than a decade since then, and today's Google already dwarfs the Google of 2004. Congress has tried and will try to stem the exponential growth of the company, but it will always be in vain, and they'll be logging into Google Chrome and posting Google Plus status updates about how we're all royally screwed. ■ 3

the water tower.

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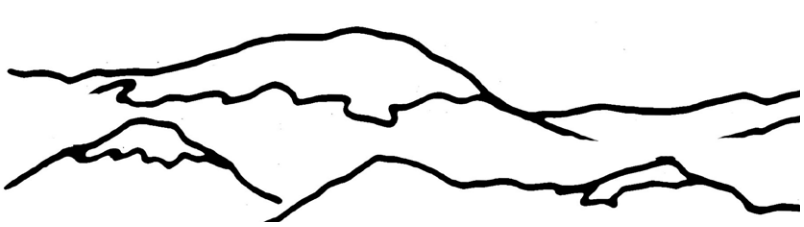
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reflections.



the bailey-howe breakdown anatomy of a *between-classes* hangout

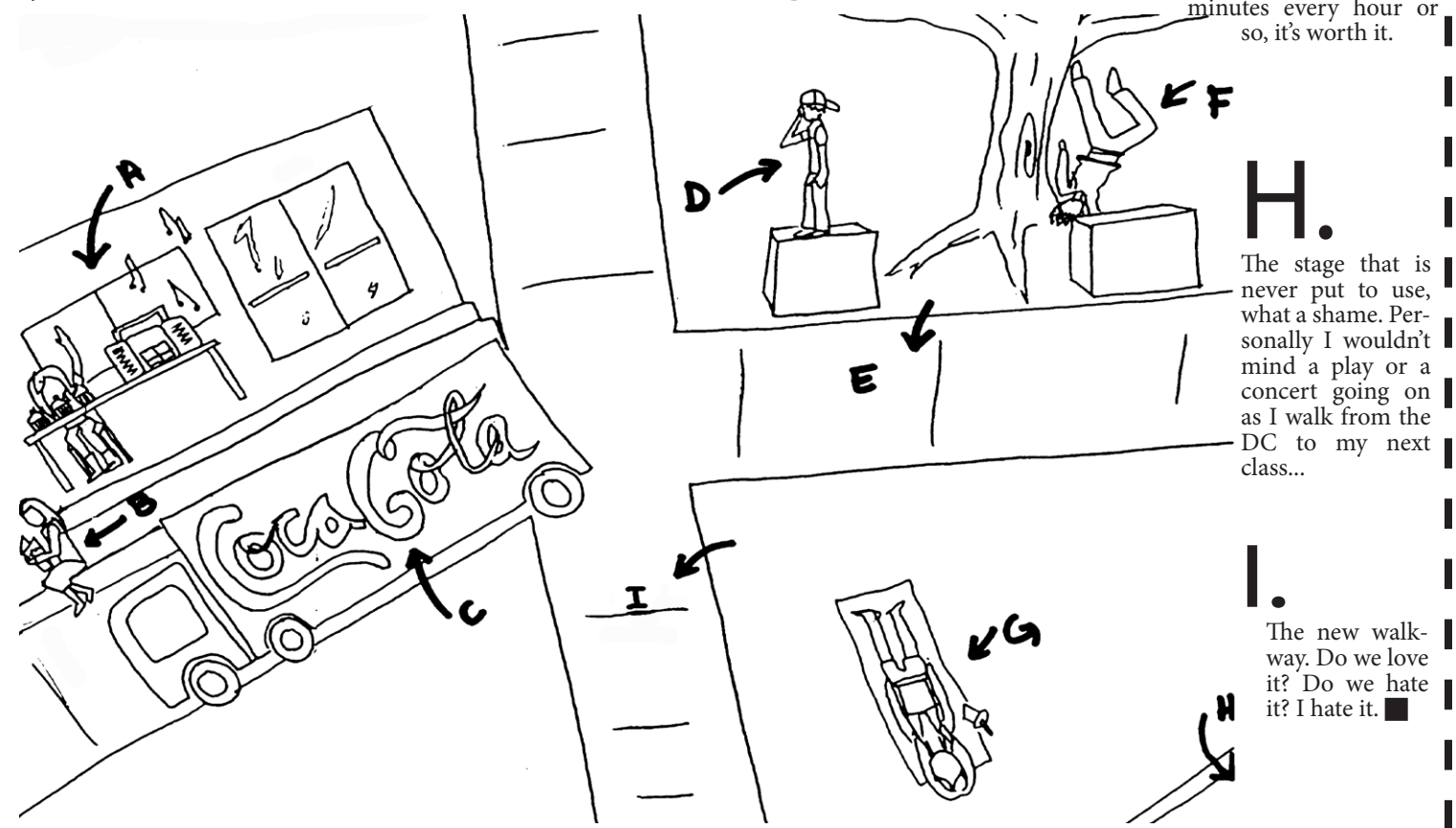
words and art by robintucker

A. The daily rave on the BH steps - pumpin' music, shouts, dancing and occasionally a couple cupcakes or waffles are sold.

B. Those people who pretend to do homework on the library steps (yes, we all do it) when really they are just hoping someone they know will walk by and entertain them until their next class - face it, if you really needed to get work done, you would go inside the library.

C. That CocaCola truck that is ALWAYS there. Why is this allowed??

D. The designated serious-phone-talk area: pacing on top of, or sitting on and around those big slabs of cement.



E. The runway. If you've been waiting for that moment when everyone will see the awesome outfit you put together this morning, this is it.

F. Here you will find, under the shade of the trees, break dancing, gymnastics, tightrope walking, and any other body movement shenanigans you can think of.

G. Sunbathing, no matter what the month. The sun peaks out for a couple minutes every hour or so, it's worth it.

H. The stage that is never put to use, what a shame. Personally I wouldn't mind a play or a concert going on as I walk from the DC to my next class...

I. The new walkway. Do we love it? Do we hate it? I hate it. ■

the campus clock *conundrum*

by lauragreenwood

I've read *A Wrinkle in Time* but it never really convinced me that time travel existed. Recently though, I'm unsure. Call me a nut job but I'm becoming more and more convinced UVM is trapped within a tessera. Look at the nearest clock right now. Is it the time you expected? Are you late for something? Is there even a clock in sight? The discrepancies in time on this campus are ridiculous and it is truly fucking over my internal clock.

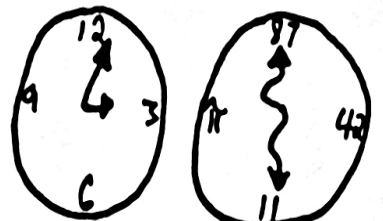
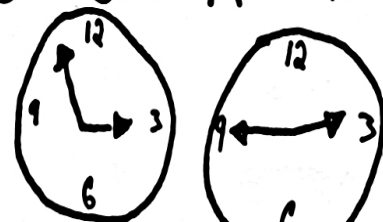
Observe: Monday morning. Exhausted from the weekend, I grabbed the Redstone Express. It supposedly comes every fifteen minutes and yet everyone on Redstone knows that George appears five minutes before expected and/or leaves just as one exits the dining hall. For the brain dead who run everyday to get there at 9:15am sharply, get your shit together. I get off at Billings, enter Cook and according to the nearest clock, somehow I just regained fifteen minutes to my day. Holy Shit! Either George is a much closer to being a deity than I thought or someone from maintenance is screwing with

me. This clock is beyond the acceptable threshold of inaccuracy. I have no doubt in my mind it confuses, gives false hope, and makes hundreds of students late all the time.

My phone is my only reliable time bearer these days. However, it seems that sometimes even that is being affected by the strange time dimension on campus. In History, some unforeseen force paralyzes my clock to a painstakingly slow pace. My periodic naps throughout the week must trigger my alarm to sound thirty minutes sooner than I anticipated, because there's no way I actually got an hour of sleep just then. I only really trust my phone to be accurate in logging how long it takes me to walk to class on Central (my record is eighteen minutes, beat that bitches).

Time dictates life for, well, the entirety of life. Sorry if I was the first person to break the news. Whether it's the fifteen minutes to run to class or the three hours to kill before any obligations, time is like a drunk near the keg, always just linger-

REDSTONE ATHLETIC



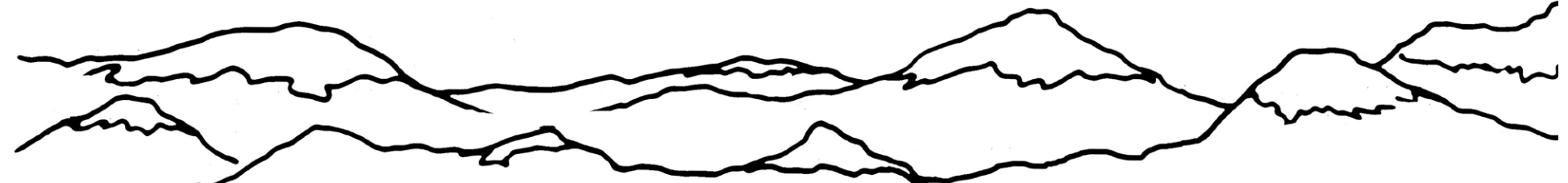
CENTRAL TRINITY

collin cappelle

ing and planning its next attack.

There's really no accurate watch out there to keep track of this fictitious life ruiner. It's not just the DC tunnel that is a worm hole, it's this whole campus. The chiming of the Ira Allen Chapel mockingly adds an extra two minutes just as I walked all the way to retrieve my clothes. The stop watch on my spinning machine must forget to keep ticking as the instructor pipes up to keep pedaling as we crest the last "gradual hill".

Is there any safe place on campus where time is correct always? I'm starting to believe I'm the Time Traveler's Wife (or Husband? Idk, that movie/book was confusing as hell). Apparently this article is due in fifteen minutes, how is that even possible!? If only George was here to fix my time trouble tribulations. This is a plea for someone to sync the clocks, someone to reorganize the system, someone to tell me what fucking time it actually is. ■



ways to save: how students should really pay up

by caito'hara

Students, as you are aware, the administration is deeply concerned with budgeting, cutting costs, and rising tuition levels. It's led to many a tense situation and several outcries over the handling of pensions, benefits and the like. But we believe we have come up with a systematic way to continue to build useless paths, fountains and the like, while still keeping tuition only slightly above moderately ridiculous.

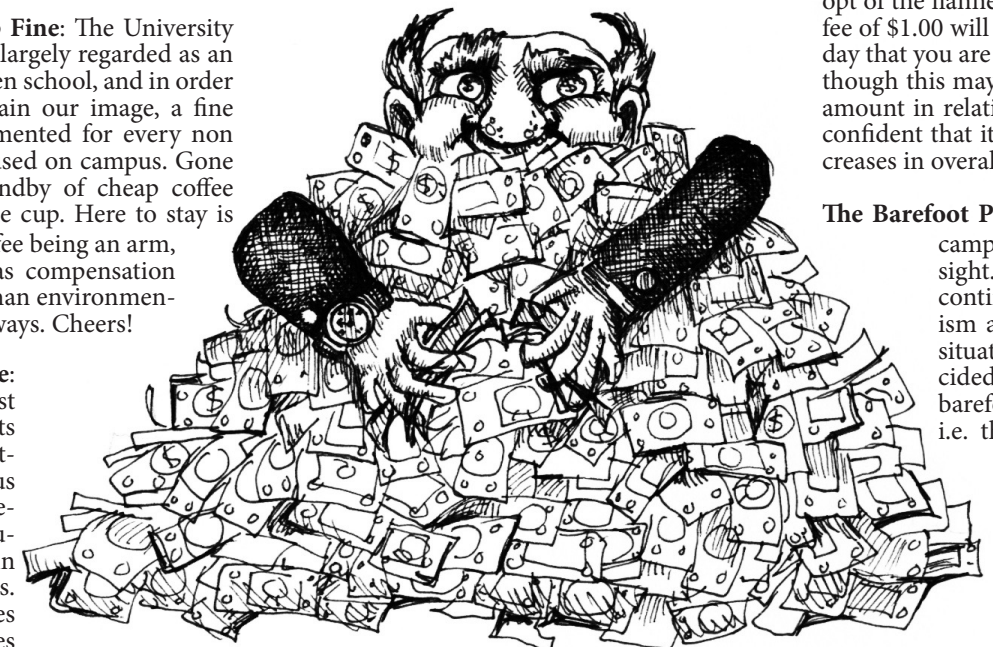
Toll Across Main Street: That lovely stretch of Main right between Athletic and Central campuses creates such a hassle. Between the drivers attempting to get to work/home/wherever the fuck they're trying to go, the students walking, and the buses plowing through the intersection, we've decided to implement a toll here. Every civilian driving through the intersection will be required to pay a 50-cent fee. Not only will the buses be able to run far more efficiently, but the university and, most importantly, the students will profit.

Bicycle and Longboard Registration: We're all aware of the issue with theft of bicycles, longboards and the like and have come up with a solution to this that will also benefit the school. All bicycles, longboards, skateboards and scooters MUST be registered with the university for a fee of \$50.00. This fee will allow us to have a complete list of all modes of transportation on campus and will allow us to continue to be able to line our own pockets.

Reusable Cup Fine: The University of Vermont is largely regarded as an incredibly green school, and in order to help maintain our image, a fine will be implemented for every non reusable cup used on campus. Gone is the old standby of cheap coffee with a reusable cup. Here to stay is the cost of coffee being an arm, with the leg as compensation for your less than environmentally friendly ways. Cheers!

Rain Boot Fee: As many first year students have commented, our campus has an extremely large population of rain boot wearers. No one loves their wellies quite like us! It has been concluded then that this demographic is one that we can target and be assured a large chunk of income. Thus our Rain Boot Fee - if you are seen wearing rain boots, a fee of \$5.00 will be assessed to your student account. We do not hate you; we just want more of your money.

Flannel Fee: Much like the rain boot fee, this is nothing against our flannel loving



katharine longfellow

students. However, with the massive increase in the percentage of our students wearing flannel, we feel it's more than acceptable to begin charging you for your flannel wear. This plan will have two options, with the most convenient being a comprehensive \$150.00 fee worked into the room and board contract every year. If you

opt of the flannel portion of the contract, a fee of \$1.00 will be placed on you for every day that you are seen wearing a flannel. Although this may seem like an insignificant amount in relation to the contract, we are confident that it will provide sufficient decreases in overall tuition.

The Barefoot Program: A barefooter on campus is not an uncommon sight. However, in order to continue to promote capitalism as the god of all economic situations, the university has decided to implement a fine upon barefooters in public buildings i.e. the Davis Center, the Bailey-Howe and all dining halls. It is our hope that by implementing this fee, the barefooters will buy a damn pair of shoes and stop tracking foot odor through public locations.

We know you'll agree on how reasonable our new program is, and we anticipate good results upon full implementation. Periodically, you will be sent a survey about this program that you will probably never read nor bother filling out. Thank you for your time and let's look forward to a happy, bright future! ■

attention: there's more to come

by calebdemers

Embarking on a journey through the college career is like settling down for the milk gallon challenge. You are gonna puke. Furthermore, you are signing up for an endeavor that seems at times foolish, trivial, deadly, unhealthy and, dare I say, pointless. There are tests both literally and metaphorically every day. But on top of all those analytical essays and lab reports there is a little old thing called real life.

College becomes a balancing act, but instead of having a simple Lady of the Justice balance with only two pieces to keep equal you probably have about eight. There are 4-6 classes, clubs, passions, work, oh and one hell of a social life. This may seem impossible and even foolish to attempt but the point is that you, being the college student that you are, figure it out. You figure it out until... yes, "until", because this article would begin to get boring if there were no until... Your octopus-like Lady of the Justice balancing act gets literally smashed over by some terribly unfortunate event in your life of midterms, Spanish compositions, Adderall binges, one-night-stands, and dining hall diarrhea. That, my dedicated readers, is real life.

Just what does this event really look like? Good ques-

tion. A professor once said that when finals season comes around grandparents seem to drop off like flies. That sounds a little insensitive but the thought of using a distant relative "kicking the bucket" as an excuse very well could have crossed the minds of many. The truth is the professor does not really have much of a choice but to grant you that gift. This comes with a price however.

Consider the story of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf": Basically this kid was always eager to get the attention of his peers so he informed his village of the approach of a terrible beast. Eventually they basically said "Shut your shit." Then one day the poor boy saw a real wolf approaching and with that he cried simply: "WOLF!" Hence the name of the story. Unfortunately these villagers were so sick of him they didn't even respond. In the end the wolf, essentially, mowed face on the kid. What's the point of all this nonsense?

Don't just scream your great-cousin's aunt died when you realize you have a paper and two tests in three days. Keep in consideration that maybe, just maybe, you will actually face a problem that is so beyond school you will walk around campus in a daze. People will wave and people will stare. Some may look at you and say: "Geez, don't

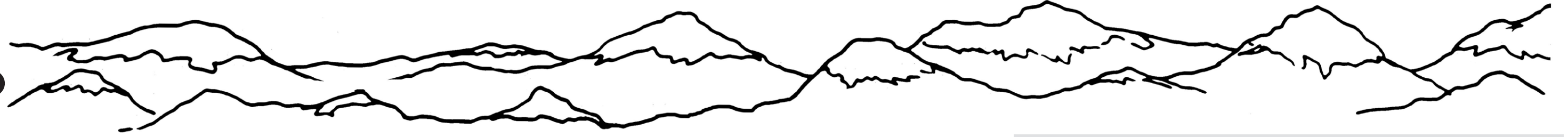
look so sad." Ignore them and remember that Bio test you have to take.

This is real life. And that is simply putting one foot in front of the other. The variation comes when you are putting a foot in a grassy meadow or on a pit of red hot zebra mussels. These varieties keep the Earth spinning even if it spins differently for everyone.

This world allows some to float through on a chocolate covered cumulus cloud and some just get rained on. The truth of this is in everyday life: it sucks for some and it just doesn't for others. The road to graduation is paved with problems. But the road to success is paved with solutions.

The moral metaphors may seem silly but in reality we are all stumbling through life with a substantially small idea on what the hell is going on. So if you have to face that awkward kid you hooked up with last weekend or you are grieving a loss just remember David Bowie: "There will always be ch-ch-changes and you just got to get through it." By the way David Bowie didn't really say that, I did. ■

reflections.



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**THURSDAY NOVEMBER 3rd
7:30 PM
BILLINGS NORTH LOUNGE**

by katiealexander

Upon arriving at UVM, I learned the word “freshman” should be erased from my vocabulary. I guess the use of the word could be potentially damaging to my psyche as a “sexist” label, with the morpheme “man” included in it and all. I understand being politically correct when using every word in the English language is so college, however this is completely unrealistic, as the word freshman encapsulates everything that naturally comes with being a –wait for it– freshman. Admittedly, we all take pleasure in exposing the social faux pas of freshmen, once we have passed that stage ourselves, as freshmen are a uniquely ignorant breed of collegiate students.

I recognize that I am the physical embodiment of a freshman, in the sense that I say and do lots of things that scream, “I’m a freshman, as if it wasn’t blatantly obvious.” I’m the kid that doesn’t know how to work the free water faucet at Brennan’s and I haven’t even attempted to figure out far more complex oddities, like how the bus system works. I usually march around campus, navigating my way around as if I am Sacagawea with a natural internal compass set for due North, while in reality, I have no idea where I am going. Ironically, people frequently ask me for directions to obscure streets other than Church Street, so I guess I can fake the navigation skillset worthy of Lewis and Clark pretty well. Upon taking my first exam, I had no idea the test would be electronically graded, so of course I did not have a pencil. I searched my backpack in a futile effort to the find one of those archaic writing utensils, but to no avail. Also, I have yet to master the art of arriving to classes at the right time. I either arrive way too early before my professors, sending me into a momentary panic thinking it’s the wrong day of the week, or I have to channel my

inner Usain Bolt and set a new PR every time I head to class. On those days, I hurdle into class panting and sweating profusely, with my massive backpack that is anything but sexy swinging dangerously behind me.

Being a freshman is particularly rewarding once the week full of classes is over, and the weekend arrives. As a



eliza carver

freshman girl on any given Friday night, you get to roam around with a gaggle of fellow freshmen girls who talk way too loudly, in hopes of drawing in an even larger mass of passing freshmen boys. The group of girls+boys now resembles an entire country in the Parade of Nations, preceding the opening ceremony of the Olympics. This hoard that has assembled will then continue to loiter downtown in hopes of getting into various houses or frat parties, or

the *freshmen view*: why you should embrace your frosh status

participate in other illicit activities. Naturally, the response to a tidal wave of freshmen is “keep moving, we don’t want any drunk freshmen.” So if you are a freshman, good luck trying to assimilate into the party scene with your dignity still intact.

If you are a fellow freshman, own it. Understand the reasons why you remain a constant source of entertainment to upperclassmen. Having the awareness to recognize one’s personal level of redeeming freshman qualities is important. I pull the “freshman card,” whenever it is advantageous to appear helpless and in need of guidance (think Bambi), rather than merely stupid and oblivious (think Michele Bachmann). Also, realize that everyone who isn’t a freshman sometimes wishes they were. It turns out, our inexperienced presence is threatening to the upperclassmen, because freshmen make people feel old. I can say to an upperclassman, “I just turned 18, and before you know it, you’re going to be 30.” Try it, and you may just prompt a premature mid-life crisis.

I am not bashful when telling people I am a freshman, since I know their insight can help me navigate this transitive part of my life. I am thankful for those upperclassmen that have helped me thus far, and I plan on returning the same good vibes to future froshies. Freshmen are indeed at the bottom of the system, only in the sense that we have the opportunity to grow the most in terms of our maturity, independence, and understanding of who are as individuals, and what we represent in the world around us. The good news is, everyone has the joy of being a freshman at least once during their formative years, and if you see me around campus feel free to call me out, because I deserve that title. ■

wtf facebook?

by shannonward

In Ancient Rome, a common philosophical practice was stoicism. Basically what this means is that people would suppress all of their human emotions in order to achieve a higher sense of fulfillment. By denying themselves, they gained; and their sacrifices were respected and revered by those too weak to practice it.

For our generation, an arguably similar level of reverence is given to those who deactivate their Facebook accounts. These fearless individuals forgo the need for constant social stimulants and rise into a higher, more intellectual form of being. And then everyone forgets they existed. If you, noble sir or lady, wish to join the ranks of those gallant few who have done away with the social networking addiction, I commend you. But it may not be so easy.

Beside the fact that giving up Facebook can be as wrenchingly difficult to many as going cold turkey is to a heroin addict, there is also the slight little detail that Facebook won’t delete your shit.

Illegal? Austrian 24-year-old Max Schrems certainly thinks so. He’s a law student, so he should know. When he asked Facebook to show him all the data that was stored about his activity, he found that the website had held on to information that Schrems had thought he had deleted. This included photos he had de-tagged himself from, sensitive inbox messages, and yes, you guessed it, pokes. No one wants to remember pokes anyway so why the fuck is Facebook keeping records of it? Schrems lodged 22 complaints against Facebook, launching a full investigation of the Facebook’s Dublin office (which handles all European activity on the site.)

While I don’t know what the 22 separate complaints that Schrems filed were, I have a couple of complaints of my own that I hope were included.

Always changing things up. It’s not so much the constantly changing layout that annoys me, it’s the never-ending status updates on my home page complaining about it. Face-

book should be able to do something about that.

Being so goddamn recognizable. Imagine you’re in class. Your teacher is talking, and you are “taking notes” on your computer (meaning you’re doing stupid shit on the internet). As soon as you go to Facebook, the dazzlingly bright baby blue shines like a beacon summoning all tattletales and TAs to swiftly swoop down and make you put your computer away. How about some muted colors, Facebook? Maybe something that looks a little more scholarly?

Allowing my grandmother to have a profile. The only tagged photos of her are pictures of her grandchildren, her profile picture is just that generic silhouette, and she signs her name at the end of every wall post or status update. Facebook has allowed her to have an account, so it is Facebook’s responsibility to ease the guilt I feel when I don’t accept her friend request.

Not recognizing “facebook” as a word. Come on, Facebook. Maybe you’re not recognized yet by Merriam-Webster, but you should still be able to recognize your own name! Do yourself a favor, and get rid of that little red line. There’s an Oscar nominated movie about you, you deserve this.

Keeping record of all my information! Here’s the big one. When I press the “delete” button on a wall post or a photo-tag, I expect it to be deleted. Is that a weird thing to expect? It keeps me up at night knowing that somewhere, someone out there has access to that photo of me from Halloween where I’m dressed as a slutty Klingon.

The investigation should be finished by the end of the year, and until then we are left speculating whether or not Facebook is crossing a line. Maybe we should abandon social networking. Let Grandma have Facebook, see if I care! I will be returning to the stoicism of Ancient Rome! Who’s with me? ...Anyone? Maybe I’ll make a Facebook group about it. ■

PHONE NUMBERS - continued from page 1

requests out the wazoo (I’m not popular or attractive by any means, I just make really good daiquiris) the next day. Say what you will, but it’s unsettling to people when you ask for their digits instead of sending them a nonchalant friend request. The openness of facebook is being abused to the point of pure negligence. Having a phone number actually allows you much more power over the situation. If I give my phone number that person may call it, they may not. I have complete control over receiving whatever they want to communicate, and I have a complete mastery over what I reply.

Facebook doesn’t really allow that such a one-way road approach. A friend on facebook is more than just a number that shows how much time you spend on the service: it’s an invitation to every single picture you have ever taken. It’s a window to inside jokes between you and your nearest and dearest. It’s a door to your family and what you did last weekend. It’s a version of you fully realized in 1s and 0s in HD quality moving at the speed of Comcast. I fail to understand its prominence as a means of initiating a meaningful relationship with another human being.

I remember in 7th grade I would spend an hour on the phone talking to my friend Jamie just so we could talk about all the bullshit 7th grade provides: girls and how they liked other guys more. I miss the intimacy of old standbys, and as much as I miss the

actual sound of a voice ringing in my ear, I miss the physical presence of someone’s company even more.

Dropping someone a line on facebook and reminding them about that one time they puked off a second story balcony isn’t the same as catching up, but it’s being mistaken as so. Actually committing to plans over the phone and executing them in person is out the window it seems, as facebook now allows more ways than ever to bail on something at the last second.

It feels like facebook and other social networking mediums have stolen away the convenience of physically being in the same room as someone. And I get it. It’s really nice being able to clickity-clack away on a keyboard without looking at the screen while I watch *Psych* and boil water for tea. But that’s not social stability at all, it’s outright isolationism.

Yes, I thought about all of this while laying under the chair that fateful Thursday night. I learned the hard way that no matter how comprehensive a cell-phone plan may be, there’s no innocence clause exempting you from the usual riff-raff people have come to expect with that harmless proposal of a phone number exchange.

Apparently if you ask for someone’s number you want to touch them, taste them, and ignore them two days later. But it’s totally ok to add someone on facebook and allow them access to the photos of you as a lifeguard wearing that

tight red bikini from last summer? I guess that’s fair.

Can we take it back? Can it not be sketchy to ask for someone’s number? Just because you have boobs doesn’t mean I want to touch them, and just because I have your number doesn’t mean I’m going to abuse it. It would be really nice if when I asked for your number you also knew I was taking a grain of salt along with it. People are making it out as serious as cancer when it’s a cold.

It doesn’t stop there, though I wish it did. What kills me is when I’m walking through campus. I look at the scenery, the color of the sky, the mass of people in front of me, and occasionally I’ll make eye contact with someone, and in acknowledgement of the awkwardness of us catching each other staring, I’ll smile. They’ll look away.

Smiles don’t have to be awkward. Just as asking for a phone number doesn’t have to be a forward advance, bearing all the weight of whatever terrible preconceived notions that you think exist.

Oh, and by the way that freshman girl totally kicked my ass, but what were you expecting? I thought it would be a fair battle: boobs vs. experience, but not the case at all, and after tagging out at about 45 numbers, I humbly accepted silver. Them’s the breaks I guess. Sometimes you eat the bar, sometimes the bar eats you. ■

paying the pounds away: denmark wants to tax yo’ fat ass

by sarahperda

Living in a country that not only runs on Dunkin’ but whose citizens would give their left leg for a Klondike bar, we Americans knows a thing or two about the obesity epidemic (hell, we pretty much started it). As of 2010, every state in our nation has an obesity rate of at least 20%, and as a whole America’s current rate stands at 33.8%. Our overindulgent tendencies are slowly engulfing Europe, whose statistic is 15% and increasing, but rather than accept their growing waistlines and shrinking metabolic rates, the Europeans are fighting this plague in a rather unconventional way: economically.

The world’s first “fat tax” was imposed in Denmark on October 1st with the intention of deterring consumers from purchasing products laden with saturated fats. Denmark

decided to capitalize on the country’s high consumption of saturated fats by assigning a 16 krone (roughly \$3.00) per kilo tax to products containing more than 2.3% fat. Nearly 90% of Danish parliament passed the tax supposedly with the hopes of lengthening the Danes’ lifespan; however, the general public is neither pleased nor fooled—there is heavy speculation that this tax was instated solely for economic reasons. Dairy is one of Denmark’s top industries, but they produce products with some of the highest known saturated fat contents (you know, all of the good stuff like butter and cheese and processed meat). Farmers and those in the food industry know the tax will take a serious toll on their businesses—though the country’s economy will gain revenue, these smaller businesses will lose it. Dr. Arne Astrup, a professor of human nutrition at the University of Copenhagen, believes the government is less concerned with Danish health than the Danish economy: “[the fat tax] was created wholly within the Tax Ministry because they were 1 billion krone (\$180

million) short. They didn’t do it to cut down on cardiovascular disease, they did it to close a budget gap.” If they don’t see their muffin tops shrinking, the Danes will certainly feel their wallets lightening at the very least.

Politics set aside, is it ethical to tax citizens to promote weight loss, economic growth, healthier lifestyles? Though this regulation would certainly be deemed “unconstitutional” in the home of the Whopper and cause riots amongst the McDonald’s regulars, Denmark

“is it ethical to tax citizens to promote weight loss, economic growth, healthier lifestyles?”

may be on the right track. Advocates of “sin taxes,” taxes on unhealthy food, have been lobbying for this type of initiative for several years now, and if Denmark’s tax is successful, a similar one could be imposed in other countries, such as good ol’ America, that could greatly benefit from less lard intake. If forcing people to pay outrageous prices for unhealthy food discourages them from purchasing it altogether, perhaps this tax could do some good after all. The fat tax is controversial namely for economic and political reasons; however, its “we’re-doing-this-because-it’s-beneficial-to-your-health” façade may in fact have some substance to it.

While the easy fix for the pudginess pandemic is eating well and exercising, this is much easier said than done (I’m as susceptible to the unparalleled allure of a Twinkie as the next person) and the Danish government realizes this. While their true motives may be veiled, the government is inadvertently aiding in the battle of the bulge and ultimately improving the health of millions of people. Sure, it’s not the most commendable way to solve the problem but hey, that’s politics right? ■

fork it over.

the **WOES** of potatoes

by jamiebeckett

Recently, the USDA has called to limit the amount of potatoes, corn, green peas and lima beans served in the federal school lunch program. They hope that new laws will be able to promote healthier school lunches. By limiting the starches available, kids will be encouraged to branch out and

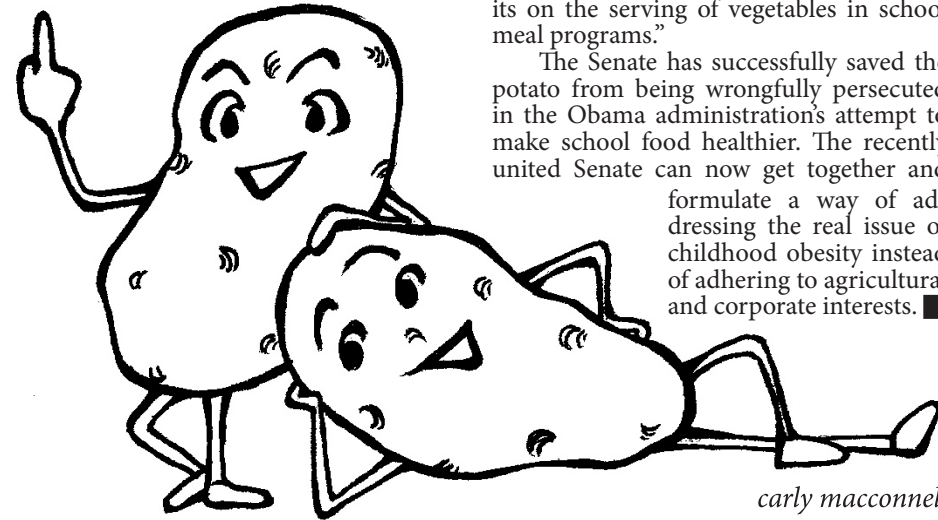
try new vegetables.

Of those four foods, people have mostly focused their attention on the potato, likely due to the fact that kids actually eat them. The more perceptive of you will realize that the problem is not about potatoes, but about how they are served. Under the current laws and regulations a serving of

French fries or mashed potatoes counts as a serving of vegetables. The proposed legislation is effectively a way of getting French fries out of school cafeterias. Now why would the USDA want to do that? Well, a recent study at Harvard found that potatoes are prime culprits of obesity. The study showed that the consumption of French fries and potato chips leads to weight gain. Who knew?! The USDA is trying to combat childhood obesity by providing the youth of America with healthier food options.

Potatoes, however, are not going down without a fight. Senators Susan Collins and Mark Udall, both from states that produce lots of potatoes, successfully came together this week and defended the rights of the tater. Senator Collins supports the overall goal of increasing the servings of fruits and vegetables in the school lunch room but believes that limiting the use of potatoes "goes too far." The senate unanimously passed an amendment into the Agriculture Department's spending bill that prohibits the department from setting "any maximum limits on the serving of vegetables in school meal programs."

The Senate has successfully saved the potato from being wrongfully persecuted in the Obama administration's attempt to make school food healthier. The recently united Senate can now get together and formulate a way of addressing the real issue of childhood obesity instead of adhering to agricultural and corporate interests. ■



carly macconnell

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trash.

i want you so bad

Saw you down in Bethel, then on TV
I know you saw me and my boys clearing debris
Why we didn't meet is way beyond me
Now I'm left thinking bout what could be
So next time you see me with my three fly guys
Come on over, no need to be shy
We'll be in the gym on occasion
Crossin fools up cause we ain't Caucasian
actually I'm pretty white and I'm not a baller
I could probably dunk if I was a foot taller
When: Two Saturdays ago
Where: Bethel VT
I saw: a sexy volunteer on TV
I am: watching the news

You're redstone chillin' in your bandana.
Boy I'd ride you like the wild west-montana.
Always swag in your birkenstock sandals.
If I could get you to bed I'd set the mood with some candles.
You wear tan pants & have a face that has me drooling
O how the hamburger line at redstone can be grueling.
Maybe next time while we wait you will say, "Hey Sexy how's it going"
& I'll reveal my kinky side and we can get things rolling.
Sometimes you hang around Chitty..
O, the things I'd do to be your main Bitty.
When: randomly you grace me with your presence
Where: Redstone facilities
I saw: a man that instantly made me horny
I am: a nappyheaded ho w/ captivating blue eyes

So it's pretty clear that I want you.
I made the first move, which I don't normally do.
Stats class sucked when you weren't around.
I had no one to talk to, I didn't make a sound.
You said you'd copy my notes but I knew you were joking.
I wish we'd hang out though, cause your body is smoking.
If you'd give me a sign that I'm not wasting me time,
we could get it on. That's the end of the rhyme.
When: tuesday/thursday
Where: stats class
I saw: a guy with an incredible smile
I am: interested

I was in the fishbowl, minding my own business
Then I saw you and you sparked my interest.
I was just chillin', then I looked around
Then I saw you with your friends; you were starin' me down.
You got embarrassed and turned away,
But I wanted you so BADLY to come my way.
You have brown hair and a yellow and black jacket
You should find me, so we can hit the sack, and....
you know.
When: lunch time
Where: fishbowl
I saw: a sexy hunk of man
I am: a hungry lady

Saw you tabling for UVMSSC today
Want you to be mine, how about this weekend you come out to play
So sexy and cute and a smile that I can't take
Let's go skiing together, maybe later we can make babies...
Sometimes you wear a headband, makes me weak in the knees
So hot every time I see you I just wanna scream OH EM GEE
So I know your name, but I want you to know mine
Someday soon let's hope this happens, don't make me pine!
<3
FIND ME
When: Wednesday
Where: outside the DC, the lib
I saw: drop dead sexy man
I am: likin what i see

ATTENTION:
tall dark and handsome been spotted around groovy uv
IF FOUND:
please locate the cute broomball manager of the awesome Dr. Seuss named team
REWARD:
the choice of a romantic sunset waterfront candlelit dinner or my locked dorm room
When: the most random times
Where: centennial woods/ @ da rink
I saw: chillEST broomball ref
I am: a real red head

Jesus, after Thanksgiving break,
there are only a handful of weeks left in the semester.
And then one more semester,
and then graduation.
I need to sleep with more of these gorgeous people who are always walkin' around, lookin' good.
Right?
When: always
Where: everywhere
I saw: Young, attractive, sexy people.
I am: Not trying to graduate saying, "I could have done more."

we ran into each other all the time
never knew your name, but damn you fine.
we've now actually met and I'm so glad
cause the way you shake your hips makes me want you so bad!
i'm already taken and he's quite the ten,
but what's wrong with just flirting every now and then?
When: randomly often
Where: all around campus
I saw: a princess
I am: already taken

If I am your man,
then tell me your plan.
I ride my board swiftly,
and my dark long hair's nifty.
You wrote that a while ago,
so let's give it a go.
Make yourself known,
when in class, we're alone.
When: Perhaps every other day
Where: In class
I saw: an IWYSB
I am: curious

I like the way you don't look at me/don't want anything to do with me. Super attractive. Keep it up. You'll win the grand prize. In addition, I admire your walking method. Super hot.
When: your birthday
Where: devant waterman
I saw: a hunny
I am: not cool enough

Noticed you in the lib the other day
Just wanted your sexy self to come over and say hey
Light brown hair I'd run my fingers through ANY time
In your cute dark red columbia I just want you to be mine
Didn't know your name and there was nothing I could do
Except later that day I was introduced to you
Saw you and just wanted to kiss you right there
So hard not to, your cute smile isn't fair
Don't even really know ya, but just know that I've been crushin,
and I WANT YOU SO BAD so...
Next time you're in the lib take a look around
maybe a girl will be there who thinks you're the cutest guy in town
When: every once in awhile
Where: first floor of the lib
I saw: a guy who caught my eye
I am: a girl wanting you to be mine

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

Redstone Dining
Young Gentleman: We have to fight about *Jurassic Park 2*, get divorced, but then get back together. Because I don't wanna miss a damn thing.

Davis Center
Girl: I saw this sign today that said "Be an organ donor, give your heart to Jesus."
Guy: Fuck that! I'd give my heart to something cooler, like a bionic T-Rex.

Cherry St. Bus Station
Sophisticated Young Lady: Money is so cliché. I mean like, having money is so cliché, you know?

Second Floor, Votey

Guy 1: My leg hurts.
Girl: My brain hurts.
Guy 2: My balls hurt.

UHeights North

Girl 1: Did you put it in the right hole??
Girl 2 (putting in a tampon): I think so, I mean how do you pee with it in?
Girl 1: They are different holes!! You shouldn't have trouble peeing.
Girl 2 gives questioning look.
Girl 1: You have 3 holes, your anus, urethra and your vaginal opening, where babies come out of.
Girl 2 "Shocked": I thought babies came out of your anus. It all makes sense now!

Marsh Life Sciences

Professor to student: You don't understand life.

Student Organization Offices

SGA Guy: You assaulted the President of the United States?
SGA Girl: He wasn't the president at the time.

Cyber Café at 3 AM

Girl 1: I have a 40 in my bag, some guy put it in there. Do you want it?
Girl 2: How could you say no to that?
Guy: I guess I can't!

The Ear inbox:

Person: What is the Troll Hole? This is not something I heard on campus, I was just wondering.
WT editor: Muahahahaha!!!!!! You'll never know!

Radio Bean

Boy: I've done enough cocaine to know I'm not addicted to it.

Haunted House Waiting Room

(Guy wearing Luigi costume walks in by himself, ignores guy in Mario costume sitting in chair across the room.)
Onlooker: Don't act like you two don't know each other.

Grundle

Girl: A sassy twat? Who's a sassy twat?!

L/L B Building

Girl: Slow down! I can't run in a onesie!

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

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 **Planned Parenthood**
of Northern New England

tunes. surfin' btv

by sarahmoylan

Let's face it. This time of year really bites the big one. Summer is over, really over, and the second round of papers and exams is in full force. It's getting colder, and everyone is getting prepared for eight straight months of pants-wearing—because there are no shorts to be seen around here between November and May. Lazy days at the beach are but a memory. Oh, to be bikini-clad and sunscreen-slated again!

Okay, so maybe you don't feel this way—maybe you don't struggle with the summer-to-fall transition as much as I do. Perhaps the thought of picking pumpkins in the nippy autumn air doesn't make you want to vomit in your shoes; perhaps the notion of donning winter boots and trudging through a wee bit o' snow on

your way to class doesn't make you want to curl up and die. But for those of you who, like I often do, wish it were 80 degrees and sunny all year round, I've got good news for you. Or—I might say-- I've got good tunes for you.

Surf rock, and its derivatives—including surf-pop and surf-punk—are the perfect antidote to the post-season blues. No matter the season of year, it's always time for sun, sand, and swimmin' (in your headphones) if you're tuned in to surf rock.

Here's a primer on some surf bands you've probably never heard of and some you are probably familiar with. But don't limit yourself to what's listed here. By the time you make a dent in listening to the many greats of surf music, it might be time to hit the beach again, for realies.

Barbacoa: Barbacoa is an awesome surf-rock band from Burlington. And since Burlington doesn't usually see too many surf-rock bands, let alone awesome ones, Barbacoa is worth listening to. An instrumental group with amazing vintage-style licks that recall classic '50s groups like the Ventures, Barbacoa will keep memories of riding the waves of, er, Lake Champlain, fresh in your mind. You can find their self-titled album available for free download at their webpage, barbacoa.bandcamp.com, or keep an eye out for one of their live performances throughout B-town.

In the mood for even more contemporary, but classically styled, surf rock? Try out Los Straitjackets, a nation-

ally known surf group with a hefty catalog of studio albums for your enjoyment.

Surf City: Somehow, these New Zealanders have managed to combine surf guitar, beach imagery, garage-punk sensibility, and the epic-ness of U2 in their music. The songs that result make it clear that one's utmost priority in life is to hang out at the ocean, act cool, and have an epically fun time doing it.

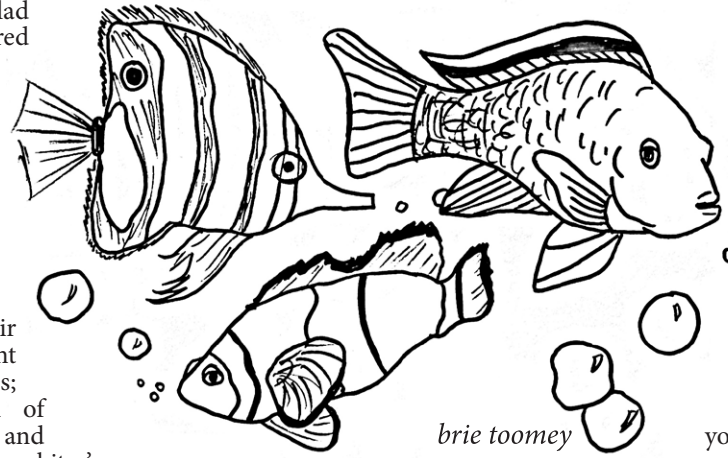
If that's what life is like in New Zealand, then maybe we should think about moving there. But in the meantime, listening to Surf City's fantastic self-titled 2008 EP should suffice.

If you've never heard it, beware: "Headin' Inside," track 1, will be stuck in your head for days!

The Drums: I'm going to irritate a lot of indie music fans when I say this, but I'd generally evaluate The Drums as being "just okay". That said, their 2009 single "Let's Go Surfing" is just about the catchiest surf-pop song to come out in a long time. Check it, and if you like what you hear, try out the rest of their 2009 *Summertime!* EP.

The Beach Boys: Yeah, yeah, I know what you're thinking: "You don't think I know about the Beach Boys? What sort of a tool do you take me for?" The thing is, an article about surf music wouldn't be complete without at least a mention of these guys, the granddaddies of surf rock and pop. The Beach Boys' original versions of "Surfer Girl", "California Girls," and "Good Vibrations" are all must-haves for your surfin' playlist, but for something fresh, take a listen to some Beach Boys covers. My favorite is The Jesus and Mary Chain's sneaky garage-rock take on "Surfin' USA".

The Tornadoes: In 1962, the Tornadoes hit it big with their instrumental surf single "Bustin' Surfboards," considered to be revolutionary at the time because it featured the sound of an actual ocean wave in the background. Ah, simpler times! But in spite of, or perhaps because of, its simplicity, "Bustin' Surfboards" is highly recommended listening for those who want learn more about the origins of surf rock. If you're looking for more vintage surf fun, also try the Tornadoes' "Phantom Surfer" and "The Gremmie". ■



brie toomey

your head for days!

skrillex an emo sensation

by joshhegarty

When you hear words like emo and screamo, there are probably certain bands that spring to your mind, bands like Fall Out Boy, The Used, Hawthorne Heights, Aiden, maybe even My Chemical Romance. But when you think about those kinds of bands, you should also think about From First To Last, and by extension, your "emo" tendencies should carry you into the world of dubstep.

"What?" you ask, "How can this be? I like songs about break ups and being sad and misunderstood. I like super cheesy lyrics that I can sing along to. I don't want none of

"but anyway, emo fans, i hate to inform you that i have uncovered a deep, dark (totally not at all hidden) secret about skrillex..."

your whub-whub electronic garbage." And before you (yes, you) get all angry, I'm not saying that dubstep is whub-whub electronic garbage. Before writing this, I'd actually never knowingly and intentionally listened to a dubstep song.

But anyway, emo fans, I hate to inform you that I have uncovered a deep, dark (totally not at all hidden) secret about Skrillex: that the man the dubstep community knows as Skrillex is actually Sonny Moore, the former vocalist of From First To Last.

For those of you who aren't familiar with From First To Last, let me educate you a little bit. They were one of those "emo/post hardcore/whiney whatever you want to call them bands" with boring melodies, back and forth vocals and super predictable breakdowns that broke out when that genre was a thing that people really wanted to listen to, or rather when Victory and Epitaph really wanted to push them on people (which as far as I can tell, Victory Records is still doing). They all dressed like stereotypical "goth" kids, including eyeliner and nail polish and red or blonde streaks in their otherwise pitch-black hair. From First To Last's first album was called *Dear Diary, My Teen Angst Has A Body Count*. I'm gonna let that sink in for a second.

Now, From First To Last is the single band that I've probably made fun of more than any other band, and possibly any other thing, ever. I couldn't help it. Did you see that album title? That's also a lyric in one of their songs. Their lyrics were such a shitty example of teen angst bullshit, that even when I was writing my own teen angst bullshit, I could tell that they were fucking garbage. And that's what Sonny Moore was doing. That's what Skrillex used to do.

And now, he's a dub-sensation. Instead of touring the country sing-screaming angst nonsense, he's touring the country pressing buttons and doing whatever else dub-step/house/techno/electronic artists actually do when they perform live. Now, between starting this article and now, I have listened to all of Skrillex's albums to try to figure out what the fuck is up with this whole dubstep thing. I thought I was going to write about the progression from terrible singer of a terrible band to a terrible laptop-button-pressing guy, but even though I definitely wouldn't say that this is something I enjoy (a lot of it just straight up annoyed the shit out of me), I would actually much rather listen to this than From First To Last.

The weirdest thing about all this is that there are almost no similarities between From First To Last's sound and Skrillex's. From First To Last was all about writing songs that would connect with people on an emotional level. That's why it was called 'emo' man. But if you can connect emotionally to Skrillex, I think you have to be a dancing robot. It's just dance beats, with synthesized computer effects, and occasional whubs. Sometimes there are vocals, but they aren't needed, and usually are actually just part of the beat instead of being layered on top of it. But the vocals do show one thing that hasn't changed. Sonny still can't write lyrics for shit. "I want to kill everybody in the world." Really, Sonny? Really? I think that's actually worse than "Note to self, I miss you terribly."

His old niche was awful. His new one is less awful and people seem to love it. Hell, I have to admit that if all I asked for from my music were that I be able to dance to it, I'd probably be into Skrillex. And by typing that sentence, I think I just lost all my hardcore credibility. ■

créatif stuffé. the fight

by nicoalonso-harper

They were out of cups again at the dining hall. I sighed as I reached for a coffee mug. So much money spent for a liberal education and the place couldn't even keep clean glasses stocked? I filled the mug with some mediocre juice from a nearby cooler.

I sat down with some gents from my dormitory and proceeded with the normal formalities. We began to jest of Old Professor Rosen's lecture and his habits (frankly, the man drank too much during work hours). As the rest of us laughed, one chap seemed to be quite livid, but before I could ask as to why, he sprang up in a rage, pointing a finger at me.

"You debaucher! You don't deserve her you know!" he shouted.

He must have been referring to the young lady who I was courting quite informally at the time. I had little time to ponder his outburst, however, because he landed a solid left on my jaw, and knocked me out of my seat.

Aside from the slight discomfort, I was immensely peeved at his irrational behav-

iour at the dinner table. I stood and dusted my dinner jacket off.

"If you have an argument with me, sir," I said collectedly, "we can settle it out of doors." The man responded by throwing another punch, this time with his right. I ducked and put up my fists. "Fisticuffs it is then!" I yelled eagerly.

The poor chap didn't stand a chance. How could he have known of the roving bands of gypsies I had brawled with whilst on my travels through Europe? One or two scraps with that crowd, and you were either the victor, or dead.

I opened with a right handed upper-cut to the bottom of his jaw, then a quick jab with my left to his kidney. He retorted with a volley of punches. I put my arms up in front of my face as he closed in to grapple with me, trying to bring me to the floor. I had no intention of dirtying myself any more, and I was now quite irritated that he was clawing at my jacket, which was one of my favorites. Striking his face relentlessly with my elbows, I felt his grasp loosen. As he swayed back

and then forth, catching his breath, blood trickled from his nose.

The fight was almost over, but I decided to beat him slowly and easily rather than quickly and viciously. I did this, not for his sake, but for that sake of those watching; so that they might not be made sick by broken bones or excessive bleeding.

A few rounds later, the man was bested and beaten. I shook out my fists gingerly. "You look like pulp my boy," I exclaimed. He lay bloody on the floor, dazed and incoherent. I hid my excitement, and picked up my hat off of the coat rack as staff and patrons looked on. I decided it would be best to exit, although I had scarcely touched my food.

As I stepped outside I lit a cigarette, and savored its rich aroma and taste. Then a feeling of lightheadedness followed by bodily sluggishness overcame my previously heightened state. I wandered lazily back to my dormitory for some after dinner scotch whistling "Universitas Viridas Montis" all the while. ■



lauryn schrom

the night life

by joshhegarty

Fog rolls in off the water, bathing the night in mystery. The smell of rain calls on you and pulls you into the night to seek adventure at any chance.

This is a night for romance, found in the eyes of a stranger, the lips of a vagabond,

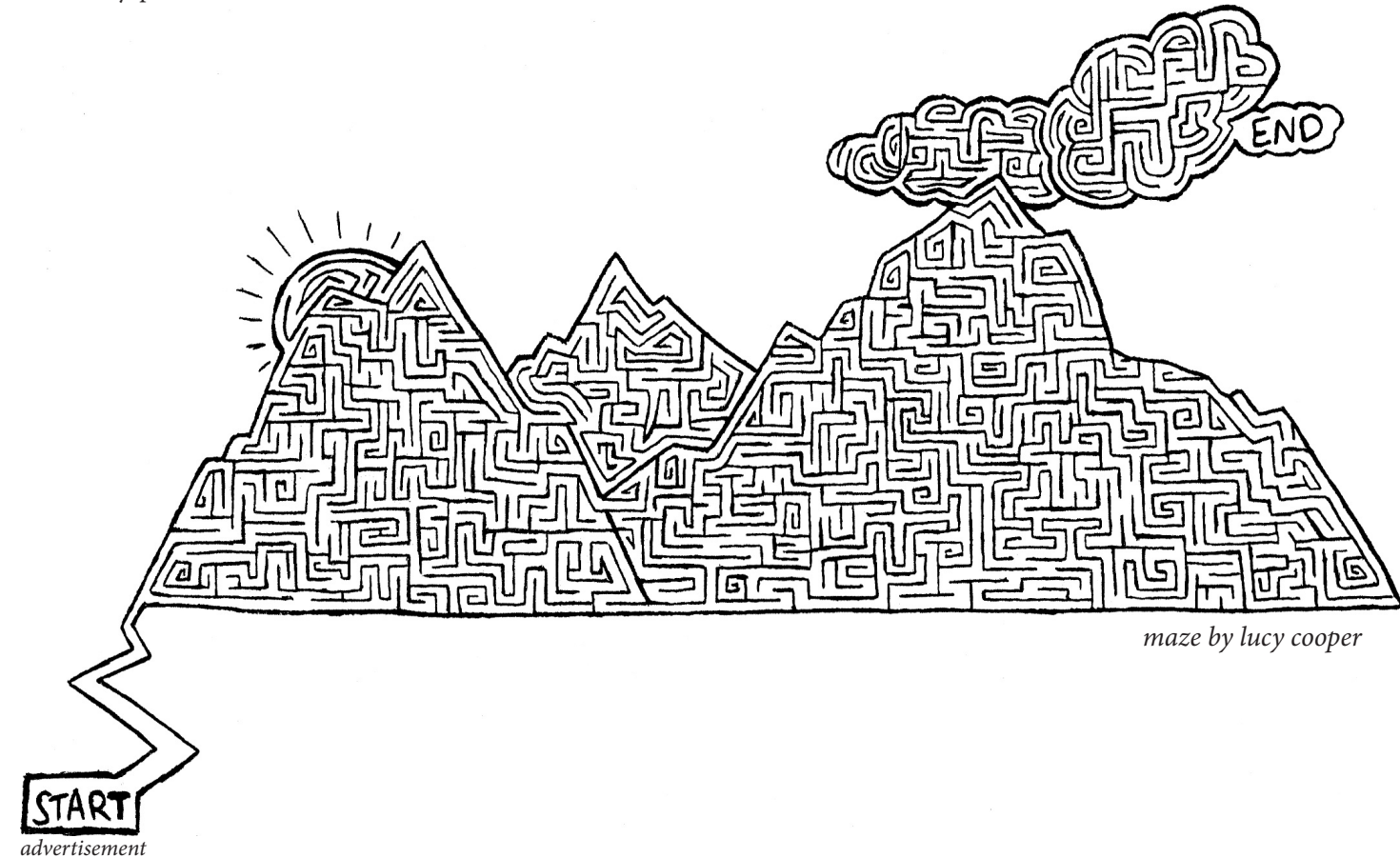
who dances their way towards your bed.

This is a night to write home about, even though the memories may be thick with whiskey or wine, and calling would send the message so much faster than any letter carrier.

This is a night for old literature, and midnight realizations to shake the foundations of the universe.

This is a night for witty banter that carries on until the sun decides to ruin everybody's fun by showing his uninvited face.

The fog rolls in off the water, and the night carries on as it always ought to, with no apologies and no regrets.



maze by lucy cooper

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fashion five-oh. vestigialities

with colbynixon

What is a vestigiality you might ask? Well, it is a word I may or may not have made up ten drinks deep on Halloween. The Webster definition, or what I imagine the definition to be is: having become functionless in the process of evolution. I shall give you an example that is appropriate given the season. Turkeys have wings. These wings are vestigial, because they are rarely, if ever, are used for any practical purpose by the turkey. How does this even remotely relate to clothing? You may ask if I am out of my mind (this is perfectly acceptable, and perhaps true). I imagine that any number of students over the years have accumulated a fairly decent amount of clothing that they would prefer not to wear because a) it no longer fits, or b) you no longer care for this clothing. I will inform you in three short options what to do with this nonfunctional part of your wardrobe.

1. Throw it out- just toss it, get rid of it, it's no longer an entity you desire, so why are you keeping this extraneous material to keep up space? Why do you still have that paisley blazer your aunt gave you? It was never cool in the first

place.

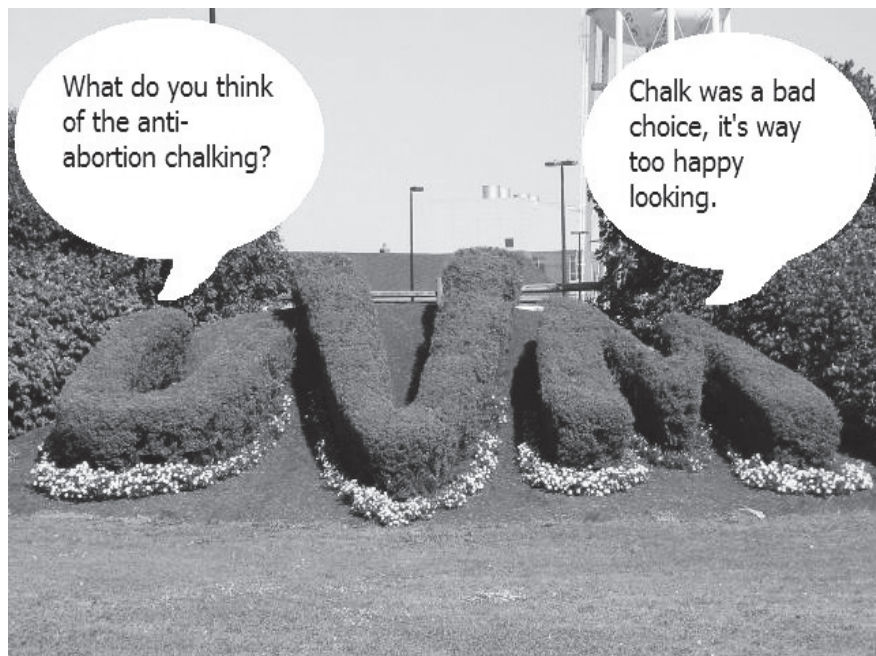
2. Donate it to Goodwill- It was never that good to begin with, but you bought it, and shockingly kept it. Good for you. You wore this twice. The first time you wore this, you thought you looked great, a pioneer if you will, one who was blazing the trail. The second time, you realized, it really wasn't catching, and to quote Paul Rudd in *Forgetting Sara Marshall*, "when life gives you lemons, say fuck the lemons and bail." So get rid of those fingerless gloves or cow pattern vest, etc, and spread the joy to someone else while getting a tax write-off.

3. Keep rocking the dream- Just wear it! Maybe this shit is comfortable, or maybe you're too lazy to get rid of it, so just rock these remnants of clothing from seventh grade. They may pan out. If not, keep it for a sleep shirt or painting short or something where you're shaping pottery or something.

Well, I hope that helped. If not, looks like I can't do anything for you. Cheers! ■

cat litter. HALLOWEEN

by gregjacobs



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