



# the water tower.

## uvm's alternative newsmag

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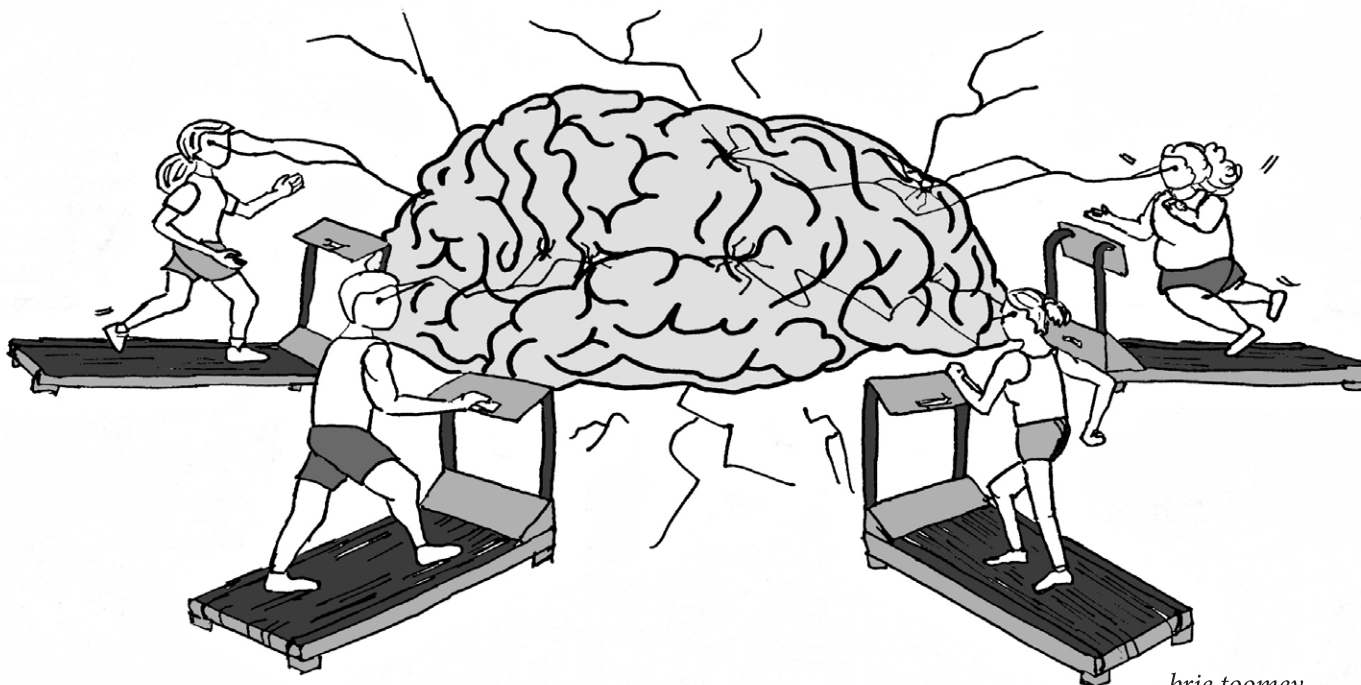
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### exercise, the brain, and

# the superstudent :

### get off your tush and

### get the grades you want



brie toomey

by lindsaygabel

If I were to tell you that you could boost your grades, your mood, your health, and your self-esteem in as little as 30 minutes a day, would you keep reading?

My dad recently mailed me a book titled *Spark* by Harvard professor and psychiatrist John J. Ratey that shines a spotlight on the revolutionary science of the relationship between exercise and the brain. Central to the book is the idea that the mind and body are inextricably linked, working in tandem with one another to maximize the functioning of the whole, a connection that necessitates the training of one in order to maximize the performance of the other. From this stems the compelling idea that exercise is the spark that can illuminate a world of untapped potential.

As a college student, there are inevitably days when lectures are nothing more than a string of words that are unconsciously processed by mental assembly lines to be-

come little more than words on the pages of a notebook. And regardless of how interesting the material may be, concentration hits record lows and the likelihood of retaining any knowledge whatsoever is slim to none. Having exper-

on days when i go for a run before class, however, my mind transcends to unparalleled levels of functioning

rienced this unsettling phenomenon of cognitive sluggishness firsthand, I can tell you that it is immensely frustrating and makes sitting in lecture feel, metaphorically, like being jabbed with a plastic knife from the Marketplace (which, even metaphorically, would still probably be unable to cut through mashed potatoes). On days when I go for a run before class, however,

lectures feel like scenes out of Bradley Cooper's *Limitless*. My mind transcends to unparalleled levels of functioning and the inner networks of neurons and synapses become cities of activity. Capacities for understanding, remembering, and making connections reach maximum potential, and my focus is sharp enough to reduce any hypothetical potato to its atomic elements. I'm wired in, completely absorbed and engaged, and suddenly RNA polymerase, hydrogen bonding, hypothetical syllogism, or what have you is not only highly understandable, it is fascinating - exhilarating even.

In contrast, when I miss a day or two following a period of daily exercise, the difference in brainpower is apparent. Something is missing; my mind is dulled and less agile, as if shrouded in a foggy haze. I can study on the third floor of Bailey Howe for hours,

shit. my parents are cooler than i am.

by lizcantrell

There's something comforting in things that are just a given, like massive blizzards in April, hangovers on Sunday, and the fact that you will never, ever be able to dougie. Parental embarrassment falls in this distinguished category, with all the bells and whistles of horrible first day of school outfits and proudly displaying clay handprints you made in first grade.

Even if yours are relatively socially acceptable, you have likely witnessed at least a few manifestations of the "awkward parent". There's the hopelessly out of touch: You play something called Angry Birds? That sounds violent. Are they using real birds?! I hope not!. The overprotective neurotic: Call me EVERY 15 minutes or I will get worried!! And the always chuckle-inducing technology impaired: have fun 2nite AND B SAFE. OH NO I CANT SHUTT OFF THE CAPS ! I LUV U! :-):8

Everyone has that friend whose parents are just so chill, the ones that don't commit any of the aforementioned sins of awkwardness. Yeah, that friend is me. And you would probably rather be my parents' friend than mine.

My dad and his fiancé are grade-A awesome. They don't try to keep up with the times, they are ahead of the times. They had iPhones before I had a driver's license. They were getting buck-wild at Mardi Gras before I had my first illegal drink at some upperclassmen's basement party in high school. Just two weeks ago, they tailgated with a friend's parents at her college, drinking and barbequing like a couple of co-eds. I spent that Saturday at the library, receiving constant Facebook updates (yes they're on Facebook. They were on it BEFORE me, btw) with photos of their awesomeness. What gives?!

When did it become okay for me to be substantially less cool than my parents? It just seems to go against nature for me to find out their travel plans for work by getting cc'd on an email or when they check in via FourSquare. Shouldn't they be chillin' at home, taking pictures of the cat wearing a bib that says "I miss you purrrty bad"? Where is my damn embarrassment?! Wasn't I promised this from birth? To be eternally burdened by parental mishaps and cringe-worthy moments?

I'm here to make the case for awkward parents, because sometimes I wish mine were less rad. It would be nice, just once, to

... read the rest on page 5

... read the rest on page 5

get inside me:

the hamid karzai show by bendonovan

monsters on macbooks by joshhegarty

spotify by emilyfenuccio

results from the water pong tournament!



# the best news team in the universe.

inbox 



Dear Nero,  
What can I say about you. You made me stand outside in the cold for you. Like a sick cat I stayed, craving your warmth, craving to be full of your whomp whomping sound. When inside I finally came face to face with your godliness. Your vibrations fondled my ears, my hips, my thighs. You might have even licked me.... And I might have liked it. You shoved your deep repeating lyrics down my throat and I swallowed them whole savoring every note. You made me beg for more and yet I wanted to run from you like a scared child from a haunted crack house. Your beats melted into my body and released something that I can't even really describe in words. I was surrounded and blinded by a blur and a whirl of magic screaming from your speakers and into my lungs. You clawed into me with your lights and your projections lathered themselves into my skin. You pushed into my body and I pushed back fighting to be just a little closer, a little warmer. You would tease me with your suspensions of sound and then slam your melodies into my chest like surgeon resuscitating a patient. Your body, a wall of rhythm and lust pressed itself up against my back and rode up my spine and into my brain. When I screamed for more my voice was lost amongst the hundreds of others wrapped in the same blanket of sweat and electricity. When we parted, so suddenly, I felt almost lost without you. However, I know one day, whether by iPod or by computer we will meet again. Until then, I love you and I miss you.

With love of the Dubstep,  
HungryForMore

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

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

## the shit list with georgeloftus

**Michael Zuk**- A Canadian dentist who purportedly purchased (alliteration, yay) one of John Lennon's teeth for £19,500. That's just over \$30,000. For a tooth. From someone who died more than 30 years ago. It's a British tooth, so, no, the whole tooth wasn't there. He paid \$30,000 for a prime, very famous example of gingivitis and plaque build-up. Even celebrities need to go to the dentist. And Michael Zuk should probably go to therapy.

**Earthquakes**- Oklahoma suffered it's worst earthquake since 1952. Like it doesn't suck enough waking up in Oklahoma, residents suffered a 5.6 magnitude quake. It's ok though, Texas barely felt it, and still treats the Sooner State like their very own Canada.

**Science**- Dr. Gregg Homer believes he's found a 20-second laser-light therapy that can change brown eyes to blue. As someone who has chocolate colored eyes, I'm a little offended. Also, it's scientifically proven that the girls I'm attracted to are strictly attracted to guys with blue eyes, and it's not like I need any more competition.

**Colchester Ave**- for throwing some of the best parties and also being so far away that I have to stop and check my heart rate during the hike up there. They're much higher on the hill than bars downtown, so oxygen deprivation at that altitude helps contribute to an amazing buzz after only two drinks. It also contributes to a paralyzingly severe hangover the next day. This shitlist was sent from my iPhone.

## the news in brief with paulgross

### "We have reached the moment of truth."

-A **spokesperson from the International Labor Organization**, indicating that the world is likely to be on the verge of a second global jobs recession. This is kind of bad news. Unemployment around the world continues to reach record highs and more and more young people are entering the workforce overeducated and underqualified. Love it.

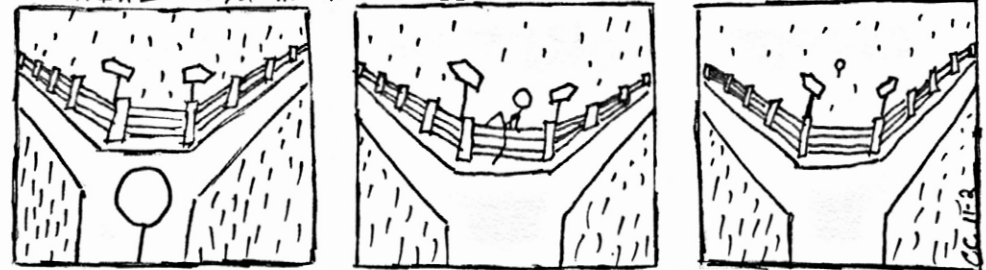
### "While I pray for the victims, I ask for an end to all violence"

-**Pope Benedict**, on recent violent suicide bombings by radical Islamic groups in cities around Nigeria. Violent radical groups have made mention that they plan to bomb hotels in the capitol city of Abuja. So, if Abuja Nigeria was your destination over Thanksgiving break, you might want to reconsider.

### "It will be up to the collector to decide"

-A **private gallery owner**, on an overzealous cleaner who mistakenly damaged a 1 million dollar sculpture in the UK by rubbing off an important detail. Apparently, the art collector will get to decide whether to have the art work redone or to leave the work as it is. Meanwhile, the cleaner is in hiding.

### SATIRE STYX & by collincappelle



Did you know the **wt** has a twitter? You didn't? Nobody does. Don't sweat it. Follow it though. Sometimes we even post from it sober... Guess which member of staff wrote this one? Twat back to us with the right name to win a free candy bar of your choice!

@**thewatertower**: "at a party with copious amounts of freshmen and most likely BHS students. Collectively, our testicles and ovaries have never felt dustier..."

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

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**Davis Center** - 1st Floor Entrance  
**Davis Center** - Main St. Tunnel  
**L/L** - Outside Alice's Café  
**Old Mill Annex** - Main Lobby  
**Waterman** - Main Lobby  
**Williams** - Inside Steps  
**Online** - [uvm.edu/~watertwr](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.**

# the hamid karzai show

by bendonovan

Last month, Afghan President Hamid Karzai managed to outdo himself yet again. In an overture intended to reassure the Pakistanis that his recent meeting with the Prime Minister of India was not a move against them, Karzai went on TV to announce, matter-of-factly, that if a war were to break out between Pakistan and the United States, "we will side with Pakistan."

Yes, he's talking about that Pakistan—the country sheltering the same Taliban insurgents who are trying to topple his government—and yes, he's talking about that United States—the country that put him in power in the first place.

If you're sitting at home scratching your head trying to make sense of this one, good luck. So is everybody, apparently. Scores of Western diplomats, most of them off the record, were quoted in the media in the ensuing days, with the consensus basically amounting to "beats the fuck out of us."

Pervez Musharraf, the former President of Pakistan, called Karzai's comments "preposterous." A spokesman for Karzai's government said his words were taken out of context, but if there's any context that would make this look any better, they sure weren't trying to show it to anybody.

And it's pretty hard to give the benefit of the doubt to a leader with Karzai's history of erratic, unpredictable, and downright dangerous behavior over the years. Since his assumption of power in 2002, Karzai has alternately perplexed, disappointed, and enraged Western backers and Afghans alike. Born to a prosperous Afghan family that fought off the British and the Soviets and fluent in six languages, Karzai seemed like a good choice for head of the provisional government that was set up in Afghanistan after the Taliban were ousted by NATO forces in 2002; he had been an active opponent of the Islamic regime and had good relationships with many of the dizzying number of ethnic, tribal, and political factions that make up the country. The fact that he is an ethnic Pashtun—the group straddling the Pakistani border, from whom the Taliban draw much of their support—was also seen as a strength.

It didn't take long for the honeymoon to end. Despite assurances that he would end Afghanistan's opium cultiva-

tion, he balked at American proposals to spray opium fields with pesticides, saying that Afghans needed to grow opium to make a living. His government included several high-level officials with ties to the drug trade, some of them also former (and current) warlords accused of human rights abuses. His brother, Ahmed Wali Karzai, ostensibly just a minor provincial official but in reality the effective Baron of Kandahar Province in southern Afghanistan until his assassination in July, was named in numerous State Department cables as a major player in the drug trade.

Today, opium production remains staggeringly high, and rumors abound that Karzai himself is a heroin addict—although this could simply be a pragmatic move on his part,

## "Afghanistan actually produces more heroin than there is global demand for, and that stuff doesn't just snort, shoot, or suppose itself."

because Afghanistan actually produces more heroin than there is global demand for, and that stuff doesn't just snort, shoot, or suppose itself.

It also didn't take long for Karzai's unabashed weirdness to announce itself. After being selected to head the provisional government in 2002, Karzai arranged himself an impressive ceremony where he was literally crowned by a council of tribal elders in the style of the eighteenth century Afghan King Ahmed Shah Durrani, and statements by those close to him indicate that he sees himself as fulfilling a role of a prophesized king who would restore Afghanistan's past glory.

I'll stop to let that sink in for a second—the President of Afghanistan, the lynchpin of the American War on Terror, reportedly sees his job description as "restore balance to the force." The United States is basically subsidizing a Central Asian Luke Skywalker, who may or may not be addicted to heroin.

And the weirdness keeps on coming. In the past two years, he's made a series of increasingly bizarre pronouncements, accusing critics of his heavily manipulated reelection campaign in 2009 of "seeing the glass half-empty," and threatening last year to join the Taliban if Western officials



caney demars

didn't stop criticizing him. Perhaps unsurprisingly, several American diplomats have speculated that Karzai is bipolar, which doesn't sound totally off the mark, especially after last month.

What do we make of this bizarre soap opera, fueled by drugs, guns, and delusions of grandeur, and funded by American cash? Can it really be that ten years into the war in Afghanistan, all we've got to show is this guy? A two-bit gangster with all the integrity and trustworthiness of the Nigerian Prince who appears in your email inbox once a week asking for your bank account number? A great big gaping black hole that's already sucked in more money, good will, and human life than will probably ever be fully accounted for?

Maybe Karzai's not too weird after all. In a way, he seems like the perfect metaphor for everything else we've been through in the past decade—a false prophet; an enormous opportunity squandered; one giant walking, talking, shitting, snorting sub-prime loan taken out based on wildly unrealistic expectations of success, with the American taxpayer cosigning. A crazy, irrationally-inflated bubble that's bound to burst at some point and take us all down with it.

Congratulations. We've all been guest stars on the Hamid Karzai Show. He says the checks are, uh, in the mail. ■

# caucus sunday

by gregfrancese

As Election Day 2011 approaches you're reminded of a few things. First, you're reminded of how important it is to vote. Second, you're reminded of how awful it felt to sleep through Duck-Duck-Goose in preschool. So maybe the last one only applies to me, but you really should feel some empathy for the kid who wakes up from an extended nap only to find out the only thing besides napping he cares about in preschool slipped right through his fingertips. Maybe I should just get to the point – there's a mayoral election coming up in Burlington, but if you're like me, you really haven't been paying too much attention to it, and instead of letting this one slide by, you really want to make an informed choice this time around.

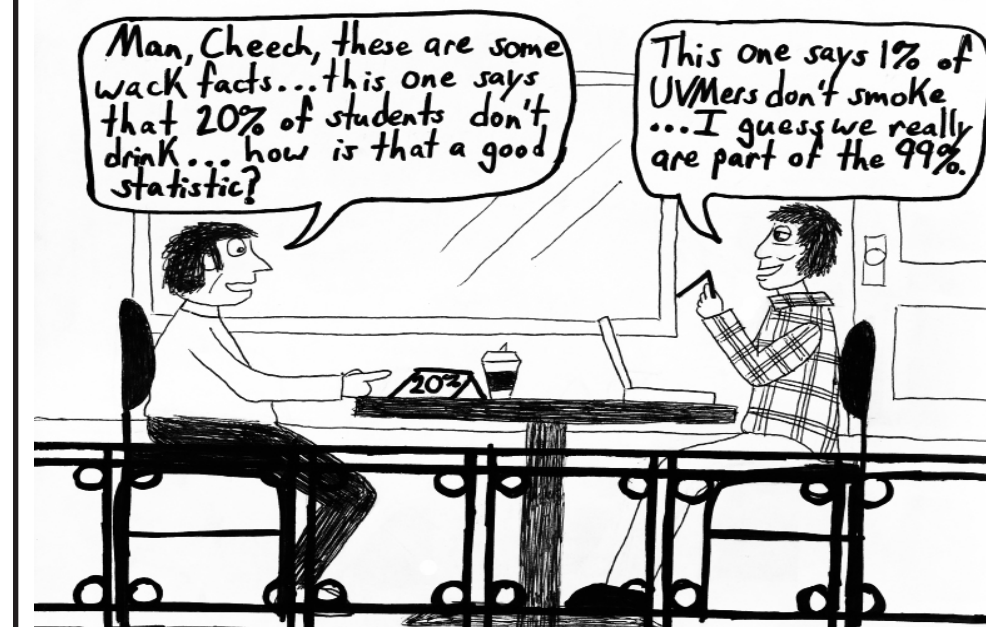
Before you start dripping sweat all over my article, let me just tell you that this upcoming election is kind of far away (March 6). Notice the emphasis? On November 13 (this Sunday), registered voters will have the opportunity to vote in the Democratic Mayoral Caucus. If you're as confused as I was about this, look no further than

the next few sentences. Four Democrats, Tim Ashe, Jason Lorber, Bram Kranichfeld, and Miro Weinberger, have been actively campaigning over the past few months to get your vote for this upcoming Sunday. The candidate with the majority of the votes will make it to the next round - the mayoral race in March. Showing up at 1 PM this Sunday at the Memorial Auditorium (250 Main Street) will not only allow you to choose part of the ballot, but it will also give you the opportunity to witness what Democratic City Chairman Steve Howard referred to as "a whole lot of direct democracy" and a potentially long day, as nobody wins until there is a majority decision (just like Survivor).

So maybe this Sunday you should plan on beating that hangover and doing your part as an underrepresented Burlington demographic to make sure this election (or caucus) doesn't do to you what the game of Duck-Duck-Goose did to me 16 years ago. Also, make sure you do some research before you vote, because we all know what happened to you on that midterm you didn't know you had until the night before. ■

# barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



**wack fact (noun):** A statistic provided by UVM Think. Care. Act in a poor attempt to get students to be responsible



# reflections.

## top five places to

## procrastinate on the internet

by robintucker

5. **Sporcle.** This site is literally subtitled “Mentally Stimulating Diversions”; they know what they are getting you in to. If you need a pick up while studying and think you can name all the presidents or fill in the blanks to Robert Frost’s “The Road Not Taken,” this is the procrastination site for you. Soon it will be an hour later and you will have moved from “actors from the 80’s” to “countries with capitals that begin with ‘P’” realizing that you are not an expert in any area. Enjoy! <http://www.sporcle.com/games/>



lauryn schrom

4. **Ruminations.com.** You know when you’re alone and you have a hilarious thought that makes you laugh out loud, but there’s no one to tell it to? Well that is what this site is; the hilarious solitary thoughts of our peers. Oh, and you can share yours too, if you never end up finding someone to laugh about it with. You’d be surprised how many other people are also wondering if their chip chewing is as loud to everyone else as it is in their head, or why the padding in a bikini top isn’t actually sewn on. <http://ruminations.com/site/>

3. **UVM’s classes for next year.** Yes, the classes are up, and boy is it looking grim. I’ve already started putting off my reading and my paper writing in order to scroll through the different categories and classes over and over. Really French department, three 200 hundred levels? It’s slim pickin’s this time around, and as far as scheduling it looks like I’m going to need to borrow Hermione’s time turner. And there goes another hour of my time not studying at the library...

2. **Texts From Last Night.** An oldie but a goodie. If you’re trying to do some work but you are distracted by your newfound realization that you’ve eaten Ramen for the past five out of six dinners, and you now party on Tuesdays, this is the site for you. TFLN has the power to make the wild and craziest of us feel like boring prudes. So maybe you have an occasionally Tippy Tuesday—at least you’re not waking up with “No idea how you got back to your dorm or why you have Mac and cheese on your cheeks and eyelashes in your mouth” (540). <http://www.texts-fromlastnight.com/>

1. **Tumblr.** If you don’t already have a Tumblr and you want to spend more time staring at your screen and carpal tunneling your scrolling fingers, you should get one! You get to have your own blog and feel special when people like/reblog/comment on your posts, and you have an infinite, ever-replenishing newsfeed specialized just to your liking. Not to mention you get to sound super cool when you accidentally drop words like “gif,” “ship,” and “meme” amongst non-Tumblr-users who give you a blank stare and change the subject. <https://www.tumblr.com/>

## remembering gaddafi: a water tower shitribute

by juliendarmoni

Every once in a while a man will come along and upset everyone by behaving badly. Some men do it on a marginal scale, so that their contributions to historical assholery are, with time, forgotten. Others take over Libya and execute small children, so that their crimes are, with time, never forgotten. Like a dying star that was politically assassinated, Muammar Gaddafi’s descent into flamboyant oblivion was gradual, spectacular and extremely obnoxious, as after several months of dogged pursuit he was finally killed in a drainage pipe. It was a pretty great moment, with his demise receiving near unanimous acclaim, and the video footage of his capture awarded a rare 100% fresh rating on Rotten Tomatoes. Like all terrible people, Gaddafi earned a generous portion of criticism for his actions, especially for his suits, which were often tacky and decidedly *gauche*. However, the Libyan autocrat transcended most echelons of iniquity through a combination of unyielding insanity and a staunch refusal to not kill protestors, even when that seemed like the best available option. For these types of people, we eagerly deliver a “shitribute;” both a lovingly bestowed eulogy for a person unequivocally considered a shit, and a phrase describing those singular attributes which are definitively shit-*esque*. So instead of celebrating the virtuous moments of a man’s life, let us instead rejoice in the mind shittingly crazy aspects of it.

### Gaddafi owned a golden gun: 2011

Readers, when he was killed in his super secret covert C4 classified royal sewage pipe, Gaddafi was found to be in possession of a golden pistol. I find this shitty for several reasons:

one, it’s not only emblematic of the man’s near pathological obsession with pimp-like decadence, but two, it also essentially serves as a subconscious acknowledgment of depravity. I mean, even in his deluded little Bond fantasy he was still roleplaying the miserable bastard trying to take over the world. The golden gun? You go for the walter PPK! You always go for the walter PPK! It’s like, if you have a bunch of sharks with frickin’ lasers on their head, clearly you’re evil. It’s not even up for debate at that point. You are just a bad, shark-having person.

### Poor sportsmanship: 2003-07/Entire Career

ing all 243 passengers as well as the 16 attending crew members. Debris then fell from the plane over a town in southern Scotland called Lockerbie, killing a further 11 people, and bringing the death toll to an appalling 270 people. 178 of those victims were American citizens, 31 were from the UK, and 4 of those were United States government officials. Adding insult to injury, it took Gaddafi 15 years to admit responsibility for the attacks, which he eventually acknowledged in a 2003 letter presented to the UN. Even then, though, Gaddafi did not accept guilt. There are so many shitributes on display here that it’s hardly even

### reer

I’m sure Gaddafi loved all of his thousands of children equally, but some of them he undoubtedly loved more equally than others. Based on depressingly real evidence, his favorite was undoubtedly former Libyan football captain Saadi Al Gaddafi. In order to prevent other players from becoming more popular than daddy’s little chauvinist, there was once a law in Libya forbidding the announcement of any other football player’s name besides Saadi Al Gaddafi. The other players could only have their numbers announced, a policy which is hilarious, but also strongly redolent of shiitake.

### Lockerbie:1988

There’s little funny about this one. Pan Am flight 103 was hijacked in the late 80’s and destroyed by a bomb mid flight, kill-

ing all 243 passengers as well as the 16 attending crew members. Debris then fell from the plane over a town in southern Scotland called Lockerbie, killing a further 11 people, and bringing the death toll to an appalling 270 people. 178 of those victims were American citizens, 31 were from the UK, and 4 of those were United States government officials. Adding insult to injury, it took Gaddafi 15 years to admit responsibility for the attacks, which he eventually acknowledged in a 2003 letter presented to the UN. Even then, though, Gaddafi did not accept guilt. There are so many shitributes on display here that it’s hardly even

### Yvonne Fletcher: 1984

Yvonne Fletcher’s death encapsulates much of what was terrible about Gaddafi’s regime, foreshadowing the recent Libyan civil rights snafus with frightening acuity. To start, Fletcher was a British police officer monitoring an anti-Gaddafi demonstration held at the Libyan embassy in London. The protest was incited following the public execution of two Libyan students, killed for criticizing the notoriously revanchist Gaddafi. The unarmed Fletcher was shot when, without warning, automatic fire was opened upon the anti-Gaddafi protestors from the first floor of the Libyan embassy (later claimed by Gaddafi to have been fired in self defense). Fletcher died an hour after arriving at Westminster hospital, and the press had a field day covering the ensuing eleven day police siege of the embassy. Eventually the embassy staff were allowed leave, exiled from the country, and the British government subsequently ended all diplomatic relations with Libya. Fletcher has become iconic not only for her admirable service, but for representing the hallmark volatility of Gaddafi’s reign. ■

### worth distinguishing them.

### Airbus A340 Private Jet: 2003-11

Readers, private jets are not for squares. The true connoisseurs among us know that a good jet is like caviar: excessively expensive but totally worth it. Most of the time a decent PJ is going to run you upwards of \$40 million, but if you don’t want to look like an aeronautical chump, you drop the big bucks on the Gulfstream G550, competitively priced at \$60 million. The most exquisitely well crafted flight barrel yet available to the all powerfully insecure, that’s a plane that will get you where you need to go, and also stock crew on board willing to have sex with you. But while his face sometimes resembled an agitated duck, Gaddafi was anything but a Scrooge, which is why he bought his Airbus A340 from the Prince of Saudi Arabia for a cool

\$120 million. And yes, I know what you’re thinking, there is a jacuzzi on board. And yes he absolutely did use that jet to repatriate Lockerbie bomber Abdul Baset Ali al-Megrahi after he was released from Scottish prison in 2009, good guess! And no, I don’t know if they had bubble fights in the jacuzzi, but I’m feeling like if you’re cruising 10,000 miles above the world (literally and figuratively) in a portable Swiss bank, you’re probably going to break out the bubs.

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## what the hell is going on?

(accentuated by band names)

by jamesaglio

MODERN WARFARE for this generation has been defined by THE CLASH currently occurring throughout the Middle East. Because of this, war has intrinsically been a contrast between “us” and “them,” creating an irrational FEAR of anyone with darker skin speaking a Semetic language. Of course it isn’t just a simple divide between the secular West and the Islamic East. In 1942 it was realized that the German claim that the deportations from the Warsaw Ghetto were not death sentences was a SHAM. 69 years later, some of the DESCENDENTS of those Polish Jews are now being accused of subjecting the Palestinians to the same treatment. Hyperbolic? Almost certainly, but it does raise some major questions that the comparison would even be made. Seriously has the whole world just said “Screw it,” and decided to drop GORILLA BISCUITS?

Of course, this is not the first time there has been CONFLICT in the East, but it is the first time it has been so prominently integrated into western life since the days

of REAGAN. YOUTH movements protesting this mess are surprising considering that the YOUTH OF TODAY are the spawn of THE YUPPIE PRICKS that were and in many cases are still such dorks, in

“it is sad that afghanistan is actually experiencing one of its most stable periods”

the original sense of male genitalia. Make that Dorks with a BIG D. AND THE KIDS TABLE any attempt to fix this nonsense because they are more concerned with whether they can get a DISCOUNT on whatever trendy piece of MINDLESS SELF INDULGENCE was just rereleased with a shiny new paint job. Not that I’m any better, and I’m sure as hell not going to refrain from playing Skyrim to its fullest when it comes out this Friday just so I can start a

New World Order.

Maybe this is being a bit overreactive, but it really is hard not to be CRASS when American History in the past half century for the average citizen can easily

“it is sad that afghanistan is actually experiencing one of its most stable periods”

be summed up as consisting primarily of DEAD KENNEDYS and a 19 year long war which made such contributions to the English Language as the racialization of “Charlie” and nifty acronyms like “snafu” and “FUGAZI.” Of course, a lot has happened since the AGENT ORANGE stopped falling from the sky, some of it good. For example, in 1980 the good people of Enewetak Atoll were permitted to return to their homes after being forcibly deported decades earlier

for fear of the MINOR THREAT posed by the nuclear fallout from the United States tests like OPERATION IVY, so that’s good, right? I don’t really think that cuts it.

But the worst part? It isn’t even that bad. Even excluding major low points like the Holocaust and the Great Leap Forward, things have been a lot worse. It is sad that Afghanistan is actually experiencing one of its most stable periods currently since it was unified under the BLACK FLAG of Abdur Rahman Khan back in the 1880s. This is not something we should be proud of. Better? Yes. But still not really acceptable. Maybe it has been given the Heimlich maneuver, so it’s no longer a CHOKING VICTIM, but it still should be treated for those broken ribs that were collateral damage. Somehow I think we’ll make it, even if it takes a LIFETIME, limping across the finish line. Whatever, I’m just going to go listen to JAWBREAKER. ■

## THE BRAIN - continued from page 1

forcibly compacting information into my head, jamming puzzle pieces of knowledge into places they do not fit on the larger conceptual map, only to return home to discover that I have retained at best 53% of the material and constructed a very spotty and rather useless puzzle.

The above personal account is more than simply an episode of hardcore geeking out; it is a testament to the positive effects of exercise on memory, attention, and learning. This is your brain on steroids, and this brand of performance enhancer is (a) legal, (b) inexpensive, found in all forms imaginable, and accessible pretty much everywhere, and (c) responsible for gains in physical, mental, emotional, and social (that is, virtually all) dimensions of your life. There is, in fact, an entire field of psychology dedicated to the study of the positive effects of exercise on the brain as well as a database of literally thousands of research studies on the subject. As a reader of scientific literature, I can only present what is supported by the research, but as a runner and fellow student, I can tell you that these effects are remarkable. Not only can exercise prevent age-related decline in cognitive ability and guard against the negative impacts of stress, depression, and anxiety, it can enhance

your cognitive processing speed, ability to recall information, and ultimately your ability to learn. It can change the way you think.

Aerobic exercise has been shown to increase levels of brain-derived neurotrophic factor, or BDNF, a protein that supports existing neurons and promotes growth of new neurons and synapses, or connections between neurons in the brain. What is more, aerobic exercise can even alter the physical structure of your brain, a phenomenon known as neural plasticity. This tuning of your brain increases the rate of learning, suggests author John Ratey, in that it enables you to process information more effectively. Does that mean clocking time at the gym will transform you into the next Einstein? No. It will, however, strengthen the neural machinery that is essential for learning and prime your brain to receive and process new information at a high degree of efficiency. “With learning, you have to respond to something in a different way,” says Carl Cotman, director of the Institute for Brain Aging and Dementia at the University of California, “but the something has to be there.”

This does not mean that you must go and win the Bos-

## PARENTS - continued from page 1

come home and have them force me into a family photo with matching reindeer ears, instead of tracking Santa’s progress via iSpy. So, next time your rents give you a hard time about wearing that mustard colored sweater that Aunt Joan knit you, stop your eye rolling. Remember, they only get to see you a few times a year now that you’re all “grewed up,” and they just want to take a moment to embarrass you like they did in the good ole days. Be grateful, for these occasions don’t come around every day.

To be fair, my parents aren’t totally exempt from the awkward gene. I have certainly been mortified beyond anything I could ever imagine by some of the things my dad and his fiancé have done, but that was just me being a 15 year old. It took me a while to realize

that for one, I should just get over how ridiculously boring I am in comparison, and two, that my rents do some pretty cool shit every now and again. Here’s looking at you, parents. ■



collin cappelle

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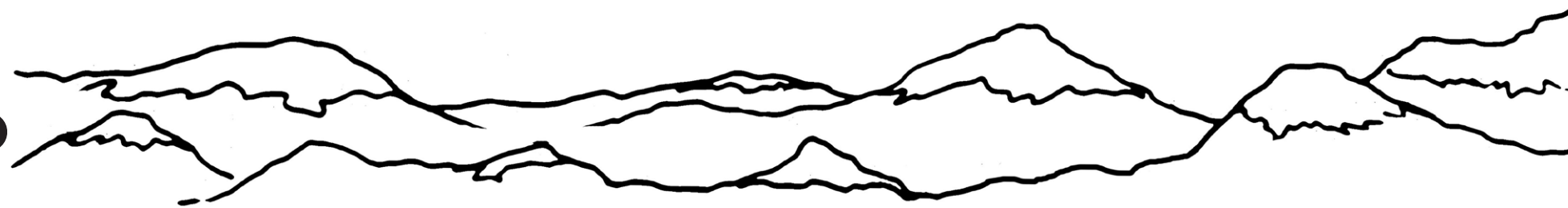
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# reflections.



## monsters on macbooks:

the internet, bullying, and being weird

by joshhegarty

The other day while I was doing some homework, I took a little break to check Facebook. I saw a status update from a band that I know, which contained links to the Facebook, Twitter and Tumblr accounts for a guy that was bragging on Twitter about stealing merch from them. I thought, "Wow, what a jackass. He deserves a bit of public shaming." But then, within a half hour, they'd found his phone number, and decided to post that. And a hundred comments later, people were claiming that his voicemail was now full because so many people were calling to tell him he was a piece of shit. And I thought, "Wait a second, this isn't ok."

What was happening was bullying. I used to think that only people that were either super ignorant or total jerks could be bullies. But the people in this band aren't. I know and respect them. Hell, their drummer taught me how to play. But now, with the pressing of some buttons, they were bullying this guy, and probably not even realizing it.

In older days, before the internet existed, if you

wanted to bully somebody, you had to find them and be willing to do whatever mean things you wanted to do in a scenario where lots of people could see you being a jerk. And of course, anybody who knew who the bullies were was smart enough to avoid them whenever possible. So these jerks had obstacles. Obviously, people were still hurt, physically and emotionally and some even killed, but I think it's fair to say that a lot of people were deterred from being the unrelenting bastard that they really wanted to be because they didn't want to deal with the consequences of their actions.

But now, in this super advanced era, a lot of the obstacles and consequences have disappeared. Social networking changed the scenario and bullying has moved from the playground on to the internet, letting people

## boise state's epic schedule

by tylermiles

Sick and tired of always being overlooked by the BCS computer rankings and NCAA pollsters (except that one crazy guy who always gives them a first place vote, who may or may not be benefiting monetarily from his consistent voting position) Boise State University has decided to do something about it. BSU President Bob Kustra announced this week that the Boise State football team will play the toughest schedule in the history of the universe so peo-

ple will, in his words, "stop giving us crap about it," as he released the school's schedule for the upcoming year.

Their season will begin with a trip to Palo Alto to play the Stanford Cardinal. With all-multiverse quarterback Andrew Luck likely leaving for the NFL next year, Boise State's biggest challenge in this game will be not getting distracted by Stanford's weird tree mascot thing that everyone abhors with a deep passion.

After road games at LSU and Oklahoma State the schedule toughens up as the Broncos play the Green Bay Packers and the Pittsburgh Steelers on the "smurf turf" as part of the NFL owner's sneaky strategy to expand the NFL sea-

son to 18 games.

Later, the Broncos will travel to France to play the reigning gold medal winning French handball team, in what could prove to be quite a challenge, considering that the team's aggregate experience with handball amounts to one red-shirt freshman who vaguely recalls having played it in a 6th grade gym class.

Then the Broncos will go back in time to square off against the 1985 Bears and afterwards continue back in time to literally battle the Potsdam Giants in a game what could make or break Prussia's BCS hopes, but won't matter in the long run because Napoleon is going to crush them no matter what.

One of the largest hurdles will likely come for Boise State when they play the Monstars from Space Jam who have taken the skills of

NFL players instead of NBA players. Without the help of Michael Jordan or Bugs Bunny, it is hard to see BSU leaving Moron Mountain with their perfect record intact.

For the final game the Broncos face their toughest test, as they play the A-Team. Mr. T has already said that he pities the "potato-eatin' fools" and the ruling by the NCAA that the A-Team will be allowed to use their van during the game could spell disaster for Boise State.

When asked to comment on Boise State's schedule, the mysterious dark figure who runs the BCS said, "It will be tough, but I can see Boise State running the table and finishing the season undefeated. Rest assured though, if anyone can find a way to manipulate the system in such a way to screw over Boise State and all mid-majors in general, its me." ■

## the new gig in town

by juliendarmoni

Humor me for a moment. For a long time now, lamenting over Burlington's dearth of comedy venues has been akin to crying over spilled milk that never existed: a stupid thing that chubby five year olds do. And for what seemed like ages, discussing the state of our stand-up network seemed eternally relegated to that great shoulder-shrugging ghetto in the sky, a fanciful amendment to our fertile-yet-inertial community. It was a thing perhaps only chubby five year olds complained about.

As it turns out, some things do change. With the opening of Levity, a cafe moonlighting as a comedy club, the Burlington comedy scene is potentially on the brink of revitalization. Hosting open mics every Thursday and comedy showcases every Friday, Levity owner Ryan Kriger is quickly negotiating the way locals think about Burlington stand-up.

Located between the Daily Planet and X building downtown, some of you may recognize the joint as the late Patra cafe, a Vietnamese restaurant that formerly served as the unlikely epicenter of an underground comedy circuit. It was a bizarre hub for comics, reciting dick jokes over tea and mahjong, but the juxtaposition worked, and the scene stuck. In less than a year the cafe had already become the go-to place for green mountain

comedy, and when Kriger noticed the cafe was up for grabs, he quickly snagged it.

Though the club sports a new name (Levity being more suitable for yuks than Patra) the site is remarkably preserved. In fact, barring a few slight modifications, the club (which still doubles for a cafe in the wee hours) is essentially untouched, with bamboo

stances, with the laughs generated by the self-aware failures almost as audible as those gleaned from the masterfully concocted bits.

The club is a much needed wake up call to Vermont comedians. While there is a \$3 minimum for prospective open mic-ers, there also isn't the New York standard two drink minimum, so the penny pinchers among us will respectfully hold their peace. Entry for the rest of the public is accordingly cheap, with free attendance for open mic Thursdays and a nominal \$5 cover for showcase events (in which the premium comics have exclusive access to the stage). Of course you're expected to buy a couple drinks, but comedy is always funnier once you're a little lubed up anyway.

And while the gig certainly isn't on the scale of a Comedy Strip or a UCB, it's already proving exceedingly popular, with sold out shows and a dedicated group of hungry young comedians. And perhaps that's the most important point: what Levity offers isn't just another alternative for late night entertainment, but an extremely valuable opportunity for passionate comedians to practice their craft. Vermont venues are in alarmingly short supply, and accordingly tools for aspiring stand ups are limited. Hopefully as Levity grows and endears itself to the Burlington community it will prove a worthy asset to both its patrons and practitioners. ■

shutters and an eastern zen aesthetic.

I was lucky enough to attend the first official open mic, and as they always are, it was a mixed bag of up-and-coming green horns and seasoned comic professionals. The former camp ranged from hit or miss to miss miss miss, but the vets (like host Paul Ryan) were as confident and effective as their New York televised peers. And while the fledgling jokers weren't as successful culling laughs from their prepared material, they were nearly always able to salvage sets by quipping their way out of dire circum-

stances, with the laughs generated by the self-aware failures almost as audible as those gleaned from the masterfully concocted bits.

But could this really be because of the lack of obvious consequences that a glowing screen offers us? I think that's part of it, but I also think that it has something to do with just how easy it is to express yourself online. I doubt that band really meant to harass that guy, but they did, because they didn't take the time to think about what they were doing. If you had to track people down every time you had something snarky to say to them, then by the time you found them, I bet you'd be a lot less willing to lay into them. I don't think that most of us really want to hurt each other, but when we act rashly, that's exactly what we do. And having a

Facebook app on your phone lets you very rashly tell all two thousand of your friends something embarrassing about another person.

But obviously, there are people that just behave monstrously, like that grown woman who harassed a teenage girl until she killed herself, or the people that bully gay teenagers until they think suicide is a better option. Some people would be bastards in any environment, and it's because of them, that the rest of us need to be more open and accepting. I've seen plenty of bumper stickers that say "Keep Vermont Weird," but it's not just Vermont that should stay weird, it's everybody. We need to spread the message that weird and different are not the same as bad, and we need to make sure that we are careful with how we treat each other, since thoughtless words, spoken or posted on the internet, can have unimaginable lasting effects. We can live in a better world as long as we put in the effort. Some people might just want to watch the world burn, but it's up to the rest of us to put out the fires. ■

## abortion schmamortion: chill out people!

by phoebefooks

Apparently there is a lot to say about abortion these days. UVMers are chalking "your mom should have had an abortion" on the Davis to Bailey Howe runway and dressing up for Halloween as abortion doctors, complete with bloody scrubs and bloody coat-hangers that made the Gaddafi zombies seem almost "too late". What's with all the hate? How has this legislative debate become a war of who-can-terrorize-whom-the-most?

Just as we're convinced daily in POLS 041, ancient philosophers have already debated most political questions. That's right, Aristotle was pro-choice; he believed the soul of an embryo transformed from vegetable to human 40-90 days after conception. Hippocrates advised prostitutes to jump up and down kicking their heels to their buttocks if they feared an unwanted pregnancy, the "Lacedaemonian Leap". Roman law stated that a wife and her children were the property of the husband, so legally only married men and unmarried women could perform abortions. Point is: they happened. Abortion is not a modern institution.

Abortions happened and do happen in many worlds in many ways. To induce abortions, various ancient cultures used assortments of edible abortifacients, massages, restrictive belts, hot water, fasting, alcohol, and of course, hooks, blades, and spikes. The ancient Chinese prescribed mercury. In the United States in the late 19th century impoverished immigrants aborted the babies they couldn't afford using candles, curling irons, spoons, sticks, and knives. Skeezy doctors prescribed abortifacient medicines with names like "Dr. Peter's French Renovating Pills" and "Hardy Woman's

Friend" that were said to regulate menstrual cycles for pregnant women, listing miscarriage as a potential side effect. Really? People don't know that pregnant women don't menstruate?

Abortion remained more dangerous than childbirth until around the mid 20th century. Before this time, one in every six abortions resulted in the death of the mother. While safer methods are available today, almost half of the 42 million abortions preformed annually are unsafe. This ratio is bound to get worse if Mississippi passes Proposition 26 this November. This "Personhood Amendment" would grant fertilized eggs all the same rights as US citizens, making all forms of abortion murder—including Plan B and IUDs. What's next?

The only fact for certain is that people have extremely passionate and radically opposing opinions on abortion. While some pro-lifers would like to see condoms banned on airplanes and masturbation outlawed in more places than just the Redstone shower stalls, other pro-choicers are putting their lives before the Planned Parenthood funding cuts. And though a fifth of all pregnancies worldwide are aborted (and only a third are intended), most of us haven't had an abortion.

So why are we so f-ing mad? My friend Caitlin says, "No one actually ever has a right to get pissed, it just happens." Personally, I'm not sure how I feel about abortion. Go ahead and put me in the flimsy I-don't-care-if-other-people-have-them-but-I-probably-wouldn't-myself category; at least I'm not trying to terrorize people. ■

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[cef@uvm.edu](mailto:cef@uvm.edu)





# fork it over.



## Ben & Jerry's for every occasion

by sarahperda

One of the hardest chunks of the semester to get through is the time between Halloween and Thanksgiving. You can no longer look forward to prancing around Burlington in your state-of-the-art hippogriff costume. The thoughts of your warm, cozy bed and a steaming turkey awaiting your triumphant return to your hometown consume you. Your teachers insist on squeezing in all of those final quizzes and papers into this horrifyingly stressful 2-½ week slot and 9 times out of 10, ensure that your midterm is on the same day you're supposed to trek home.

Though the pressure can seem unbearable at times, there is one universal cure for the agony: ice cream. Those girls binge-eating pints of Ben and Jerry's in the movies? They're not imaginary, we've all done it. Although Ben and Jerry have already done a phenomenal job of concocting some of the most bizarre yet delectable flavors, I feel that they should further expand their horizons to include an extremely lucrative branch of business: mood-based ice cream. I know it sounds weird, but think about it—when do you eat ice cream the most? When you're an emotional wreck, that's when. If Ben and Jerry's had products to alleviate the little black rain cloud that follows us around from time to time, they would be canonized in the state of Vermont if not by the Vatican itself. To get their foot in the door, Ben and Jerry's could put a new twist on some existing flavors while simultaneously introducing a few new mood-boosting creations to generate some buzz. If you're not quite convinced, put yourself

in the following four scenarios and try to convince me a pint of this ice cream wouldn't be an instant fix. I dare you. **Scenario 1:** As I mentioned earlier, this span of time is painful to get through. A real house with real food and a real mother to do your laundry is so close, yet so far away. How do you cope with the homesickness? Grab a pint of "Take Me Home Rocky Road" and eat your troubles away. No, it doesn't remotely compare to mom's food awaiting

### "there is one universal cure for agony: ice cream"

your arrival, but it temporarily fills the emotional black hole...with calories.

**Scenario 2:** It's the last weekend at school before break (score!) so you're obviously going to party your pants off. You get a little too excited, drink one too many beverages and spend the night as a slop-fest, taking a tumble (or five) down the basement stairs and drunkenly professing your secret love of the Jonas Brothers to anyone who will listen. You wake up the next morning remembering nothing and must rely on your friends' accounts of your antics to piece your night together—you find they are slightly less than amused that they had to drag you up Pearl Street while you sang "Larger Than Life" at the top of your lungs. The perfect apology/thank-you gift? A pint of "I-Fudged-Up" ought to do the trick.

**Scenario 3:** Following this woeful weekend is the series of midterms your teachers conspired to distribute on the

same day. Since you spent the weekend half hung-over and half concussed, the studying you accomplished was minimal. When you're studying late-night in Bailey Howe you might think coffee at 11:30 PM is the way to go but I beg to differ—say it with me: caffeinated ice cream. Doesn't a little "Coffee Coffee Cram Cram Cram" sound much more appealing than the 12+ hours old leftovers in the Cyber Café?

**Scenario 4:** You studied through the night for your final round of midterms only to find that your intellectual capacity is comparable to that of a squirrel. Instead of storming to your professors' offices and demanding they give you extra points for the intricate unicorn doodle you spent ¾ of the exam drawing, take a deep breath and grab some "Everything But The...A." It might not help your GPA at all, but it should certainly give you a pleasant sugar high that will last long enough for you to come to terms with your stupidity.

Maybe it's the typical American in me, but I think ice cream has an uncanny ability to brighten anyone's day. If it is concocted to target emotional drags, ice cream will singlehandedly free the world of sadness, hostility, war, famine and all other depressing things. Well, maybe that's not entirely true...but it would be nice to know that even on the worst of days Ben and Jerry will always have your back. ■

# trash.



## i want you so bad

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
You like Patron  
And I like you  
**When:** Every Tuesday and Thursday  
**Where:** Beer Class  
**I saw:** Sexy Dr. Todd  
**I am:** ready

You're fun  
And I hope it's never done  
I love our playtime  
It's truly sublime  
Wanna go stargazing?  
Or just hang out lazing?  
Whatever we do  
I love it and hope you do too  
Let's jam and dance  
I hope writing this doesn't spoil my chance  
**IWYSB**  
**When:** erry day  
**Where:** remember busted brix?  
**I saw:** Jessica :P  
**I am:** Ross!

My friend pointed you out in the fishbowl,  
At the moment I was trying to eat a flat wrap whole.  
She said you were the guy whose name is all over the **water tower**.

I was interested; your stories are more fun than happy hour.  
I had just finished the article about your bet,  
Based on your hilarious writing, 100 numbers should be no sweat.

Your back was towards us,  
Walking past you nonchalantly took some finesse.  
But I really had to know  
If you asked for my number, would I break the status quo?  
After seeing your handsome face,  
I have to say; I would let you get to second base.  
So go ahead, ask for my number.  
With you I would definitely slumber.  
**When:** Tuesday afternoon!  
**Where:** Mansfield Fishbowl  
**I saw:** georgeloftus  
**I am:** a socially awkward sophomore

i wanted you so so so bad  
and the **wafer tower** made me so fucking mad.  
they put mine on the 'net  
where you wouldn't see it.  
so i've got to do it again  
because i've got my eye on you, not other men.  
you're my library crush  
and when you sit near me on the first floor, my brain turns to mush.  
we're both from vermont, where the cows moo  
me mt. abe, you u32.  
you study chinese  
and when i see your dark hair, i get weak in the knees.  
can we hang out  
and do more than make out?  
**When:** MWF 10:30-11:30  
**Where:** the lib  
**I saw:** joseph gordon-levitt look-alike  
**I am:** constantly studying, just to see you

to all the boys who just want to mate,  
why don't you step your game up and learn to date?  
don't be scared and don't be shy  
chances are she'll get you high.  
high on weed and high on life,  
not all girls are trying to be your wife.  
winter's coming and it's going to be cold,  
we just want someone's hand to hold.  
don't think we're trying to hold you down,  
we always make you smile, never frown.  
and, if by chance, you steal our hearts,  
make sure you leave out your shitty farts.  
**When:** every day of the week  
**Where:** UVM campus  
**I saw:** thousands of almost men  
**I am:** speaking for single women

**CHECK OUT THE EXTRA IWYSBs AND EARS ONLINE!  
THE WORLD WIDE WEB, Y'ALL!**

[thewatertower.tumblr.com](http://thewatertower.tumblr.com)

I'm done being stuck in this lab partner zone  
Because I know there can be more between us.  
Sometimes your behavior really has me thrown  
So let's not make this such a big fuss.  
Ever since we started meeting up to do work  
I haven't been able to get you out of my mind.  
We don't even have to meet, so it's just a perk  
That with you I so often myself find.  
At first we just got those labs done  
And left each other without a second thought.  
But then we started to have so much fun  
So now in your web I am caught.  
Every time we lean close  
To examine a slide or read some words,  
My heart receives a heavy dose  
And I want to come back for seconds and thirds.  
**When:** Every Tuesday  
**Where:** Bio lab  
**I saw:** that smile that makes me melt  
**I am:** waiting for you to make a move

I saw you in the library this week, twice  
your smile so beautiful and your hair so nice  
I know nothing about you, my heart beats fast  
maybe one day you'll let me have a pass  
you always catch me staring, but I really don't mind  
with looks like that you're one of a kind  
you're short and so fine, all of the time  
maybe one day, you will be mine  
**When:** tuesday night and wednesday morning  
**Where:** first floor library  
**I saw:** a beautiful girl  
**I am:** an eager young man

you're kind of cute  
but i sort of hate you  
you cruise on your longboard  
wearing stupid clothes  
i want to take them off  
and leave your skullcandy headphones on  
and bump in my bed till the early morn  
you sit near me in class  
and i think youre an ass  
its sort of cute  
how you dont talk at all  
its like you're a turtle  
and i'm your predator  
waiting to strike  
**When:** every tues/thurs  
**Where:** geog 50 in fleming  
**I saw:** a cute ass of a boy  
**I am:** another cute ass of a boy

I can't believe we've been together for almost 4 whole years!  
It all started with a simple email back in late 2007 and the rest is history!  
You call me Bickle and I call you Leashy.  
You make me the happiest person in the world,  
So let's kick back and have some beers,  
Want to be with me for another 4 years?  
**When:** Forever?  
**Where:** All up in my grill  
**I saw:** A fineeeee lady  
**I am:** Your man

You just got suggestive  
This weekend will be festive  
We can play a game  
the dirtier the better  
don't need no team name  
don't write no love letter  
one time you were in my bed  
now i can't get you out of my head  
hoped you'd come back  
but not even a whats up  
So know I'll sack up  
This friday come back to my abode  
cus next semester I may hit the road  
**When:** last Saturday.  
**Where:** my bed  
**I saw:** maybe an 8.5 sober, 9.9 drunk  
**I am:** thinking of a game

# 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)

**Cook Commons**

*Girl (to friend):* Know what I've noticed recently? I've been seeing a lot more gingers around here; they're everywhere now.

**Wright 2**

*Girl 1:* Do vending machines take dimes?  
*Girl 2:* Yeah, if they only took quarters, that would be like discrimination.  
*Girl 1:* Metal doesn't have feelings.  
*Girl 2:* It's not about feelings, it's about \*justice\*!  
*Girl 1:* Does metal have a judicial system?

**The Love Shack**

*Lazy Roommate:* I think I'm going to build a toilet for this armchair. The bathroom is just too far away.

**Back Five**

*Bro 1:* Wanna smoke some weed in a few?  
*Bro 2:* Yeah for sure, how about after we finish this blunt?

**Christie Hall**

*Guy:* Nah, I don't feel like drinking tonight, I'm saving up for tomorrow  
*Girl:* Come ON are you a pussy or a catamount?!

**L/L B Building**

*Girl:* Where'd you get milk from?  
*Bro:* I lactate now.

**Hicok**

*Drunk Girl to 2 Guys:* Oh my god, I love syphilis, it's not even that bad!

**UHeights**

*Boy:* Red is the best flavor of play-doh.

**Hills Agri Sci**

*Professor:* I walk in, they shoot me, I walk out.

**Coolidge**

*Chick:* She was about to drown in the toilet bowl.

**Outside of the Cottages**

*Mary:* What's a blunt?  
*Slightly more corrupt mary:* Oh, you and your marijuana virginity....

**University Green**

*Girl to Guy:* I'm glad you call her splooge, I'm gonna start calling her that now.

**Wright 2**

*Girl (ordering Wings Over):* Yes to celery. A thousand times yes.

**Redstone**

*Bro wearing swim trunks in October:* First I'm gonna blaze, and then I'm gonna grub.

**Watching Skins on Netflix for a whole day**

*Girl:* We either just need to get way hotter or start hanging out with uglier people, so we can be the dimes of the group. Either that or start drugging people, otherwise we'll never be "skins" status.

**South Union St.**

*Young Gentleman 1:* What was her name?  
*Young Gentleman 2:* Her name was SLUT...she had a boyfriend

someone on campus catch your eye?  
couldn't get a **name**?  
submit your **love** anonymously  
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of Northern New England



# tunes.



## hardcore will never die

by jennymudarri

Earlier this year, Scottish post-rock band Mogwai released an album titled, *Hardcore Will Never Die, But You Will*. I can't say I liked it very much (Mogwai + vocals = ?), but I can say that it brought me back to an old time full of mosh pits, forehead sweat and, ultimately, tears of satisfaction. As the album title suggests, hardcore will never die – in fact, it's evil little head has reared it's way back into my life yet again, thanks to Mogwai's sucky album.

Merely uttering the album title sends me on a Jimmy Neutron-esque brain blast back to the 9th grade. I remember walking down the halls of my penitentiary-inspired high school and seeing the hardcore kids with their Minor Threat tees, septum piercings and cut off shorts. In art class, they'd chat casually about animal cruelty and veganism while drawing large scale portraits of their fixies. These kids screamed hardcore – literally. I was reaching the end of my metal-phase (my Black Sabbath tees were in constant rotation) and it was time for a change. I was ready for all of the wonders hardcore music had to offer.

As a Massachusetts native, I always loved Worcester-based band, Bane – a side project of Aaron Dalbec of Converge. These guys were equal parts tough-guy and emotional basket-case. Naturally, I could relate. Their heartfelt, yet quasi-bitter lyrics inspired me to continue on in my quest towards damning my school and all the people in it to hell. Let's face it, no one in their right mind liked high school (unless your some sick townie who's had the same friends since pre-school). I chanted the lyrics to 'F\*\*k What You Heard' in my bedroom while air-drumming its ridiculous D-beat. Where's that same passion now? I seem to have misplaced that lust for music somewhere along the way. Maybe that's the case, or maybe it's because hardcore music is what brings it out of me the most.

I hadn't realized it at the time, but I creeped on Bane like that girl in your Sociology class who's always on her boyfriend's Facebook. Despite the risks associated with my stalking, through this unhealthy obsession I was able to find a sub-movement I could truly get into; it was my niche, it was everything I wanted and more, it was youth crew. Youth of Today (hence the 'youth' in 'youth crew'), Gorilla Biscuits, Judge, Cro-Mags, Floorpunch, Chain of Strength – the list goes on. All equally killer bands with strong followings and even stronger messages. These bands (unlike Bane) based their songs around their uplifting, positive, and motivating belief systems. Their lyrics were relatable, the music fast and dirty, and the sense of belonging – overwhelming.

So what if I hadn't seen that stupid Mogwai album? Nearly seven years later, I can honestly say that the deep connection to all things hardcore still remains; it just took a little nudge for me to remember how awesome it is and

## can you spotify a change in music?

by emilyfenuccio

For those of you who have recently had your Facebook news feed blown up by people posting their activity from online music streaming sites, causing you to either become highly irritated at the inundation of posts about someone's Indie Hipster Dubstep Playlist or question what in the hell it actually is, you are not alone.

The recent release of Spotify, a free online music streaming service created in Sweden in 2008 but released to the U.S. this past July, has prompted an influx of interest in services such as this in which users may listen to any music they like by either creating playlists, searching by song, album or artist, or by following recommendations from the site. There is a plethora of available online music streaming sites and services, leaving the population vehemently arguing over which site is the best. However, the question seems to be not which site gets the most bang for your buck or provides the most flexibility with your music choices, but rather what the fuck is happening to the way we listen to music?! With each new update in music media as a catalyst for a new array of gadgets, many heads are left spinning in an attempt to keep up.

In the short span of a few years, we have all seen how technology has evolved and how progress has skyrocketed. I know I'm not the only one who has thought on more than one occasion, "Another new fucking iPhone?! Screw it, I'm waiting for the next one to come out." Everything seems to be digital and getting both easier and progressively smaller with each passing day. And now, over the course of 20-some odd years, music media has transformed from having a stack of 45's to trading cassette tapes for Walkmans to having access to over 22 million tracks at the click of a button. (At least, Grooveshark claims to possess this figure.) With sites and services such as Spotify, Grooveshark, Pandora Radio, etc., and also the presence of iTunes continuously exterminating the existence of CDs, where is all

how much fun I have listening to it. With each flick of the bass and cymbal crash I hear, I'm one step closer to feeling that same intense connection all over again.

I know that for me at least, the music I once loved always seems to find a way back into my life. In fact, the other day I watched a YouTube video of a 2-year old boy who cried because he wanted to listen to Iron Maiden in the car,

of this headed?

Not only does it suck to have to keep up with this ever-transforming age of music and each emerging technology of music media, but many argue that the shitty downfalls of new music media outweigh the progress it has made. One substantial criticism that the downloading and music-streaming world has received is the amount of compensation

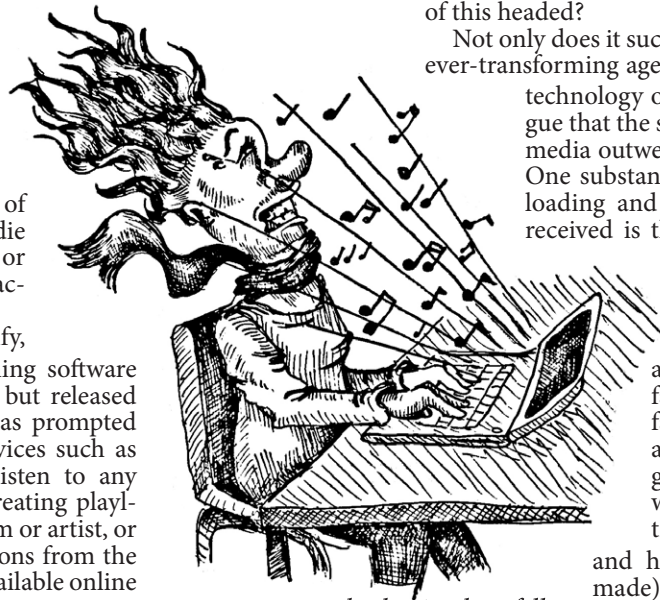
artists and musicians are acquiring in exchange for their music to be distributed on the internet. Many argue that this method is unfair and doesn't work in the favor of the artists, that they are getting gipped. The only goals of those propelling forward the growth of this industry seem to be simply the ease and haste (and the money being made) with which people are purchasing music; or rather: quantity over quality.

katharine longfellow

True, it is vastly easier to purchase individual singles for \$1.29 each or to have a website create for you a personalized playlist based on your interest in Foster The People from the comfort of your computer, but it seems this and everything in the dawn of this downloading age makes our experiences that much more intangible. Each purchase becomes more insignificant and thoughtless than it would if say, we had physically gone to a store and gained the pride of purchasing a new album with our hard-earned money. Think about it; most of us have thousands of tracks sitting on our computers and we probably only listen to a couple hundred of them. We lose the personal connection to more than half of the music media we encounter.

The "good" outcomes of the technological progress being made in music media, like the convenience of having access to more music from a remote location, are irrelevant when facing the loss of a personal relationship with our music. As the famous architect Frank Lloyd Wright once said, "If it keeps up, man will atrophy all his limbs but the push-button finger." ■

sure enough I was belting 'Run to the Hills' within minutes. And I still get the jitters when I hear nearly every track on Gorilla Biscuit's seriously epic album, *Start Today*. Hardcore will never die because it's more than just a style of music, it's a movement and a way of life, and if it hasn't made you jump around your room alone yet, it will – one day or another. ■



# créatif stuffé.



## mandibles

by harrydowden

"Spores from a parasitic fungus called *cordyceps* have infiltrated their bodies and their minds... the fruiting body of the *cordyceps* erupts from the ants head...when finished, the deadly spores will burst from its tip... There are literally thousands of different types...each specializes on just one species."

-BBC's Planet Earth

They think it started out with some kids' trip down to Brazil. "They" being whoever was telling the TV networks and papers what to think, that is, because you'd be a fool to still trust your sources. But this is what we were told, so I'm saying it here. Chances are they'll cover that up eventually as well. If you're reading this, let anyone left know.

No one was hardly this blunt about the whole ordeal, but rather than some horrible, easily preventable lab accident, what happened was that there was a group of friends down in South America who decided it'd be cool to have a little rainforest adventure tour. One of them, a regular fucking botanist, swears that because of some class he took he can identify these mushrooms and, "Oh definitely. You'll definitely trip balls, man, absolutely." They probably weren't some real potent Amazonian shrooms, but I wouldn't be surprised if the

whole rainforest thing led them to believe otherwise. A few days later, they all still feel a little weird. Figure it's just some after-effects. They go back home, all of them still strangely sore. They all separately go to chiropractors or whatever, get their shit checked out, and it just gets worse. A few days after that, they're in waiting rooms or institutions wringing their own necks like a makeshift brace. A few weeks after, quarantine. Ineffective, I might add. A few weeks after that, madness.

media was looking for martyrs and villains, but there was no Typhoid Mary sensationalizing, just the static sound of accepting complete fucked-ness. The real noise was the constant coughing, like some cicadas were breeding in the brownstones. I was around for the news reports on the Chase Tower Mass Suicide, 45 people all jumping simultaneously. I got dragged off before things in the residential areas got really bad. I've been told there are a lot of fires that didn't get put out.

As for how I got here, I knew something was wrong when the tingling in my neck started. My heart went through the roof of my mouth and I thought back to where it could have happened. Three weeks max, apparently, before symptoms start to show. I think

the worst part was piecing together every previous day, trying to figure out what I could have done to not get infected. The second worst part was realizing that it was inevitable even if I did figure it out. Third were the grips on the Hazmat guys like pincers straight through my shoulders.

Still don't know where I am. Sometimes I wake up and think I'm lying on a bed of leaves, trying to grab hold of one of the swinging vines, and then a nurse walks in. I've been gritting my teeth more and more lately, too. They burn most of the hosts, but I saw them wheeling one out of a venting room to study him a few days ago, maybe

"one of them, a regular fucking botanist, swears that because of some class he took he can identify these mushrooms and, 'oh definitely. you'll definitely trip balls, man, absolutely.'"

When I got off the plane at O'Hare, it was like I'd slept through an assassination. Everyone got handed shoddy little gas-masks and the attendants looked pale as hell. When I got into the terminal, there were some people sitting reading the paper and just weeping, some guys in nice suits screaming that the end is nigh. When you hear the word epidemic, it's remarkable how many normal people you see snap. It's a pretty instantaneous turn to shouting Bible passages, their eyes bulging out of their heads all shiny from the glow of their iPhones. One minute the Cult of Jobs, the next the Book of Job. Even (especially) the

## the pond

by julianvandertak

One slides forward, one pulls back: steps increasingly bold, leading their master to the black of the pond's ripples - the sparkling allure of binding cold.

Does she not know of the hope in rain? In every drop, there holds regrowth, in every drop, a purpose plain but unforeseen in its direction - flight from pain and temptation both.

Back and forth sways the weathered dock with step and pause of swimmer fresh, whose chain to life she frees from lock; to Him she longs to float - too soon she gives up breath and flesh.

checking up on how chewed up his tongue is or how far the thing is rooted back in his throat. Couldn't help but think about how much the stalk coming out of his mouth looked like a big tower, how those spores were just like those little people leaping off. Nonetheless, I thought about myself floating down from it, past the vines growing from lips to sky and back to the ground. Then I saw myself flailing at the sky, swatting my neck with puny little hands that couldn't do anything to keep the puny little hairs out. In a few days, I don't really know which one I'll end up as. ■

# fashion five-oh.

## hot...

with colbynixon

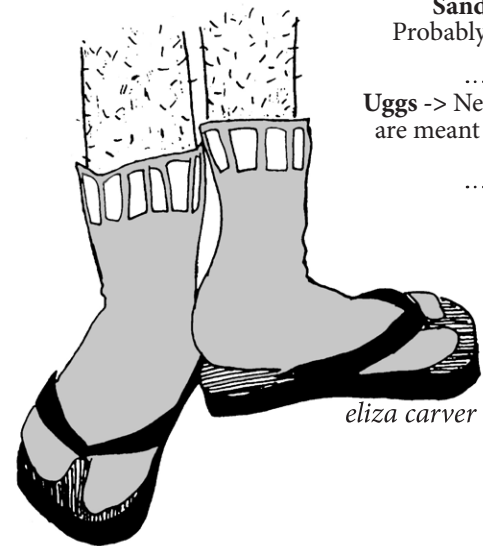
**Scarves** -> It is now appropriate to wear a scarf or keffiyeh and not look like an a) theater major b) Middle Eastern dictator c) Russian Grandmother. If you're one of these, then you get a pass on wearing a scarf year-round.

**Boots** -> It's boot season and I love it. Seriously, there are few things hotter than a well-fitting pair of jeans tucked into a pair of tall leather boots. Excluded from this category are boots with excessive zippers, laces or straps, and Uggs (see right).

**Flannel** -> "It's so cliché," you say. It is, for sure, but there's a reason for that. It's warm and it looks good. Flannel wasn't meant as a fashion statement. It really is just a great way to stay warm while not looking like Randy from *A Christmas Story*.

**Footwear that really shouldn't be worn in colder climates, but has been adapted for "winter" use** -> Think about Sanuks or Crocs. Not particularly warm, right? Just a strip of canvas, or some rubber.

10 Well, what these brilliant designers have done is add a fleece lining to this impractical shoe, and suddenly, it's a winter shoe. Your feet won't stay dry, and chances are you'll get snow in them, but at least you'll look good.



eliza carver

## not...

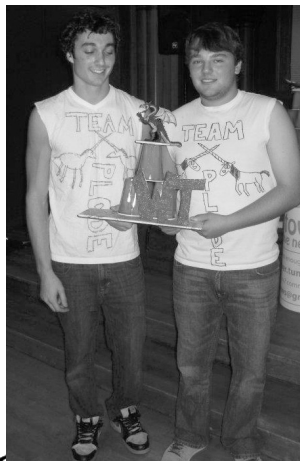
**Sandals** -> It's November, it's getting chilly, sandals are trending down. Probably not your best option for a night out. Especially with socks. Never wear with socks.

**Uggs** -> Never a great decision. I'm ok with their slippers, but generally those are meant to be worn around the house, not out. When paired with spandex these make you look like an idiot.

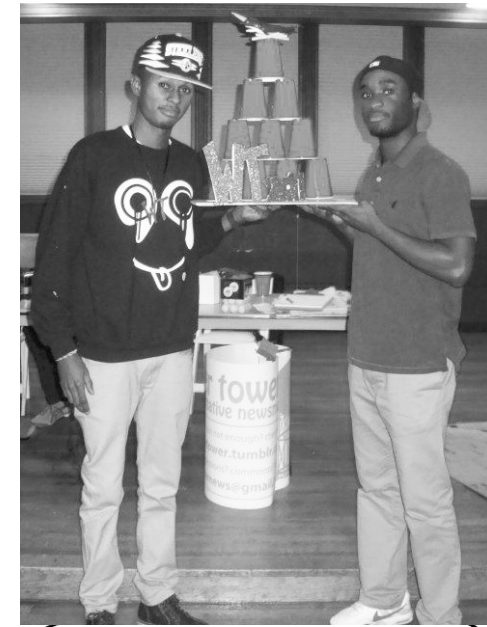
**Ed Hardy & Tapout Gear** -> Hey, you like snakes? You like skulls? Do you like flames and flowers and tribal designs? Do you have tattoos that would normally be covered up by a shirt? How about getting a t-shirt with a flaming skull that has a snake slithering through its eye, garnished with some roses and tribal designs? How about no?

**"Those flesh colored shoes that look like hooves"** -> I stole this from Dom Mazetti (you haven't heard of Dom? Hop on the youtubes now and check him out). Worn by some hipsters, and for mucking out barn stalls, these are not made for any sort of aesthetic appeal. Honestly, I have no idea why these shoes are actually still manufactured, as I believe Emily Dickinson was the last one to purchase them not ironically. ■

## water tower water pong resultzzzzz!



#3



#1



#2

**team:** team xplode

**bio:** They made their own shirts. Bet you couldn't tell. Team Xplode are some crafty mamma-jammies. Martha Stewart ain't got nuthin' on them. They won the third place dragon trophy, which goes quite well with their unicorn shirts. Congrats, gentlemen!

**team:** mida lifestyle

**bio:** That sweatshirt? He made it himself! These guys are self-made pong all-stars. Undefeated. They won every game they played. They never lost. Are there more ways to say that? Probs. Anyway, they won the whole shebang. They got a narwhal trophy and some lift tickets. And we all listened to Kanye West and YOU MISSED OUT.

**team:** ethan and wes

**bio:** Hailing from the mean suburbs outside of Monkton, VT, these two BFFs came prepared. They told us that they had worked out their throwing muscles for 3 days straight, and hadn't eaten anything but vegan beef jerky substitute since mid-August. It's no surprise that they took home the second place hamster trophy.

11



# cat litter.



by gregjacobs



fakevertisement by gregjacobs

**Please join** the UVM community in celebrating a senior thesis entitled "Phallic Fantasy" by Steezy McKush, sociology and gender studies double major. This **capstone project** is the culmination of four years of rigorous academic pursuit. Exploring various representations of **the male form** across cultures and time, Mr. McKush has shed new light on our perception of "the male". The College of Arts and Sciences applauds Mr. McKush's **bold efforts** at uncovering identity and sexuality.

*Steezy McKush*

Date: 11/22/11  
Time: 8:00PM

SENIOR EXHIBIT

## Phallic Fantasy



"A celebration of a subject too often relegated to bathroom stalls and dormitory poster boards." -B'nana Ham-mick, MFA

"Steezy flings his subject out of the darkness and into the light." -Greg Ja-cobs, **water tower** Humor Editor

Snacks and drinks will be served.

The Colburn Gallery

Williams Hall

## calling for submissions to the water tower beardvember contest!

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- THE SKEEZY WEIRDO - SELF-EXPLANATORY
- THE 70s PORNO - JUST A STACHE
- THE "THAT GUY FROM ANTHRAX" - MOST CREATIVE
- THE FRESHMAN - MOST EFFORT, LEAST RESULTS

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