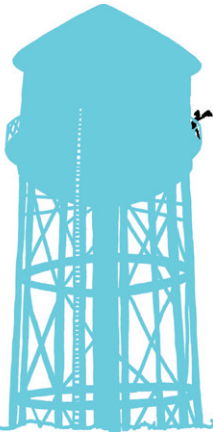


last issue of the semester! good luck with finals!



the water tower

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 10 - issue 13 - tuesday, december 6, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.

heatin' up the real reason for rising temps

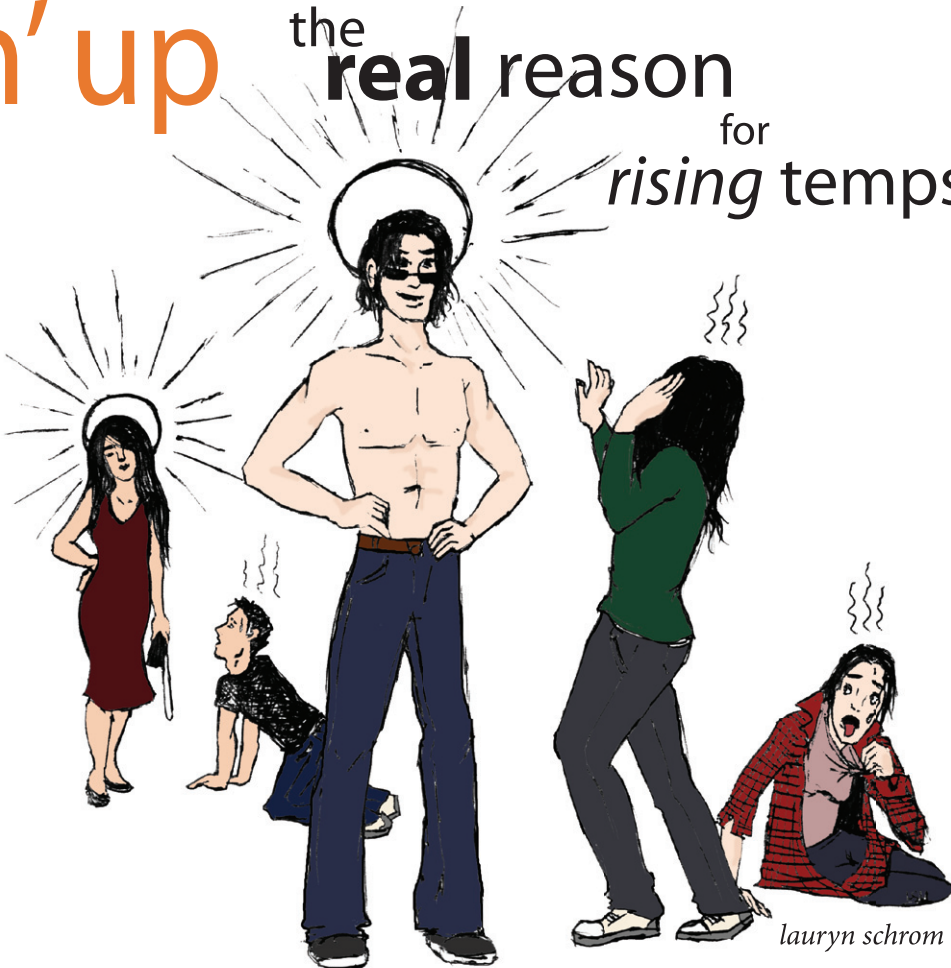
by phoebefooks and caito'hara

Look at the people around you. Actually, check out the people around you. Check out yourself—do you notice something? Do you notice the ridiculous amount of attractive human beings living amongst us? Yes, we are a smokin' hot generation, a steamin' hot generation, a heatin' up and on fire generation. I mean, damn! It's not surprising that Burlington has had a tough time bringing in its notoriously cold winter this year, nor is it surprising that in the past century we've been undergoing a phenomenon that some of us like to call global warming. Sure, you can blame it on Hollywood, the media, the limitless availability of commercial beauty products, and the Internet, but there is empirical evidence here that cannot be denied: more hotties, higher temps.

Let's look back. Check out the people considered hotties in the 1800s. Muttonchops. Petticoats. Powdered wigs. Now Lincoln was a decent fellow, with the honesty and whatnot, but the top hat-impressive facial hair combo isn't one to recommend from the dollar menu. Hoop skirts, corsets, petticoats and hats have today's Derby-goers green with envy; sound like fun? Maybe you're into that kind of stuff, but in comparison to modern aesthetics, it's easy to see why these trends faded.

The temperature increase all started back in the middle of the 20th century, around the time that our folks and many current movie hotties were being brought into this world as screaming bundles of joy. As they grew up and began families of their own, there was a palpable change in average attractiveness of each new generation and, as proven later, a palpable change in the average global temperature. Sociologists examined data gathered from the last 167 years to the day, and the trend they found was startling. Each new generation experienced a 69.9669% increase in the average level of physical appeal across the board. Even more startling is the correlation between the hotness factor and the rising global temperature. At first climatologists were baffled as to the cause and extensive research was done into "Greenhouse Gases" before the correlation was discovered and revealed in August 2010.

The debate thus turns to what in the hell are we can do about this. Environmental activist Earl Go stated recently, "There are many who still do not believe that global



warming is a problem at all. And it's no wonder; we are all soaking in the sunshine of Mila Kunis, Justin Bieber, and 50 being the new 20. But seriously... it's a problem. And he's right. We are all reveling in the fact that we are the single hottest generation to grace this planet, but global warming is a serious issue that will most likely lead to the end of this civilization. The nature

there is empirical evidence here that cannot be denied: more hotties, higher temps

of the issue has some activists calling for weird and extreme measures. There are some crazy ideas out there including mandatory paper bags over our heads, to beauty salon protests, to the "Occupy California Cyrobank" movement which is moving into its second trimester.

On the contrary, supporters of the global hotness theory include several hip-hop artists whose popular song lyrics clearly explicate that hotties cause beneficial increases in temperature. Increased temperatures make us want to take our clothes off, which doesn't do much to suppress the heat at all.

"Can't nobody stop the juice, so tell me baby what's use?" asks Nelly in his 2002 chart-topper, "Hot in Herre". With the climbing climate, clothing is becoming more sparse, more revealing and ironically not cooling anyone down. Nelly fashions a sexy sweatband along with his designer tanktop in the music video for "Hot in Herre" in which various dancers are removing their clothing due to dangerously high temperatures... and Nelly is just loving it.

There are many sides to this debate and endless proposals and plans have been lost by the wayside, but regardless, we all have a decision to make as individuals. We can take full advantage of this sexy society or resist temptation for the benefit of future generations and the future of the earth, because after all, she is the sexiest of all mamas. We know that there are more of you out there who drool over pictures of icebergs, mountains, and tropical sunsets on Stumbleupon than there are readers of People magazine. So as hot as we know we are, let's all keep in mind how fine this planet is and how long we want it to stay that way. Stay gorgeous. ■

hipster or hillbilly?

reflections of a steazy southerner

by adrikopp

I've never considered myself to be very southern. I'm from East Tennessee, and I'll be the quickest to tell you that Knoxville's not exactly like the dirty redneck south that everyone pictures. For one, we're hillbilly, not redneck, and if you don't know the difference, I would tell you to Wiki it, but in this case Urban Dictionary is much more enlightening: "A Redneck lives in a trailer park and goes on the Jerry Springer show; a Hillbilly lives in a shack or cabin out in the middle of nowhere and doesn't even have a TV." Well, I have a TV, but I didn't watch it much as a kid, and although I technically live in the woods, the greater Knoxville area boasts almost one million inhabitants, making it hardly "the middle of nowhere."

But that's not to say I didn't have my southern upbringing. I spent most of my childhood running around said woods with a group of neighborhood kids and machetes, building forts, swinging on vines, and terrorizing local farm animals (no animals were hurt... just spooked a little...). I ate fried okra, biscuits, dumplings, and jambalaya and I attended every SEC football game played in Neyland Stadium, including one particularly memorable tailgate for which we grilled up some gator to chow down before taking on the University of Florida.

Still, I think I came through it all relatively unmarked. I really used to pride myself on not portraying the embarrassing traits that are associated with my past. As a rising freshman in college I was actually proud: I was an individual; I was unique.... I was... well, young. When I showed up for school in Burlington, almost four years ago, most people were sincerely surprised to find out where I was from. I commonly received the comment, "but you don't have an accent!" and I guess my full set of straight-enough teeth and unripped blue jeans made me look normal enough, although it probably helped that many of Groovy UV's beloved students happen to share my enjoyment of going barefoot. Still, I hated country music, I voted liberal, and I knew how to ski—so I managed to blend in just fine. But that's the real killer. While I thought I was so special for avoiding the stereotypes of my upbringing, what I was really doing is conforming to the more present stereotypes of my surroundings.

The truth would slowly leak out though. Apparently I say "tin" instead of "ten" and while I don't use "ya'll" in everyday conversation, I have this awkwardly nasty habit of using it in the possessive ("ya'lls"). It

... read the rest on page 7

get inside me:

german politics by jamesaglio

skyrim for non-gamers by megankelley

holiday card horrors by sarahperda

funk carioca by gregfrancesse

reflections.



ultimate christmas movie quiz:

how much do you know?

by katiealexander

This quiz is a compilation of Christmas movie trivia that you should know if you are a hardcore classic Christmas movie buff like myself. (Christmas movies are indeed a legitimate genre of cinematography.) And don't even think about using your phone or another means of accessing the World Wide Web, because you have a secret weapon to answer every question—and it's called your brain. So test your Christmas cinematic wisdom, and you may learn something that you can use as a cheesy pick-up line, say under the mistletoe.

1. What is the (fictional) Vermont town where the characters stop to perform their Christmas show in the film *White Christmas*?

- A) Maple Tree
- B) Pine Tree
- C) Snow Peak
- D) Green Meadow

6. What does the Cratchit Family eat for their main dinner entre in Charles Dickens *A Christmas Carol*?

- A) Chicken
- B) Turkey
- C) Goose
- D) Duck

2. What is the correct length missing from the following lyric from "The Grinch" from the film *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*?

"I wouldn't touch you with a _____ foot pole."

- A) 29.5
- B) 30
- C) 39.5
- D) 49.5

3. What does the Misfit Cowboy ride in *Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer*?

- A) Emu
- B) Llama
- C) Alpaca
- D) Ostrich

4. Who is the greedy mayor in the film *Santa Claus is Coming to Town*?

- A) Burgermeister Meisterburger
- B) Mister Burgeron
- C) Miser Doldrum
- D) Meister Bronte

5. What does one child suggest to name the snowman in *Frosty the Snowman*?

- A) Macaroni
- B) Oatmeal
- C) Ice-cream
- D) Cinnamon

7. How much does Lucy charge for psychiatric help in *A Charlie Brown Christmas*?

- A) 1 cent
- B) 5 cents
- C) 10 cents
- D) 25 cents

8. Who is a parent of Heat Miser and Snow Miser in *The Year Without A Santa Claus*?

- A) Mother Nature
- B) Mother Earth
- C) Father Time
- D) Father Weather

9. Who is the son of the district attorney, who is called to the stand to defend Kris Kringle in *Miracle on 34th Street*?

- A) Freddy Jr.
- B) Max
- C) Thomas Jr.
- D) Carl

10. Who are the four leading actors in *Holiday Inn*?

- A) Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale
- B) Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney, Vera-Ellen
- C) Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra
- D) Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Dion Warwick, Nat King Cole

twilight needs some re-vamping

by shannonward

The word "appalling," meaning awful, terrible, and horrifying, originates from the Old French word "apalir," meaning "to grow pale." It is, therefore, the perfect word to describe *The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn Part I*, which was appalling in so many ways, the first of which being that every character was so pale that they all looked like a blood-sucking family of mimes.



I saw this movie over break, managing to snag a front row seat right in front of a squealing group of thirteen-year-old fan girls. I did not join in their enthusiasm even though, yes, I admit, I have read *Twilight*. And yes, unfortunately, this movie followed the book pretty well.

If you are unfamiliar with the story then DON'T SEE THIS MOVIE. You have no idea what you're getting yourself into. If you are familiar with the story then you know that the movie starts with Bella the human and Edward the vamp finally tying the knot (I mean, they're eighteen. Talk about taking your time, eh?). The newlyweds fly off to an island owned by Edward's filthy rich vampire father and they lose their virginity in a passionate, bed-breaking bout of lovemaking. The first 45 minutes of the movie views like a feel-good romance, with the central conflict being that Edward refuses to sleep with her after that first night owing to the fact that the bed got just as fucked as they did (meaning they literally broke the bed in half) and his wife walked away from the experience covered in bruises. Edward is nothing if not rational.

But after 45 minutes this movie takes a turn. You see, Bella and Eddie don't use condoms because they figure, since Edward is technically dead, he does not have the ability to impregnate her. But oh does he impregnate her. Edward's undead sperm beats the odds and manages to create a horrifying, terrible, appalling vampire fetus that literally starts eating Bella

"they don't use condoms because they figure, since Edward is technically dead, he does not have the ability to impregnate her. but oh does he impregnate her."

from the inside. Finally, I thought as I watched from my front row seat. Something awesome is happening.

But, alas, I was mistaken. No, nothing happens. Bella sits on a couch and gets gaunter and more pregnant and more disgusting, Jacob runs around in the woods as a wolf all upset and shit, and Edward is just mad and pale and sparkly, for like literally an hour of the movie. When a film has a running time of 117 minutes, 45 of those minutes are spent on the vampire sex and another 60 are spent on the woes

of vampiric pregnancy, then that only leaves 12 precious minutes for a plot climax. And oh how those 12 minutes were utilized.

I was fortunate enough (in a sense) to have read the book before seeing the movie, meaning that I had a little warning but even so, when you're sitting in the front row, in a seat nailed to the floor, facing a giant screen with the climax

of *Breaking Dawn Part I* projected onto it, 12 minutes can seem like an eternity.

So the climax of this movie is basically a detailed account of the result of Edward's climax. Oh, I should mention now, this film is not suitable for women who are pregnant or may become pregnant. We go from feel-good romance, to family drama, to a scene from *Saw V* with literally no transition. There's Bella innocently talking about her horrible ideas for baby names, when suddenly her spine snaps, her ribs break and her huge throbbing stomach

is chewed open by her devoted husband in the most appalling C-section imaginable.

But, to tell you the truth, it wasn't the sickening birth or even the rough vampire sex that was most appalling about this movie. No, it was the fact that even though this movie made \$61.8 million dollars in one weekend, the special effects still looked like graphics from a cheap video game. It was appalling that even though they could have absolutely fit the entire book into a single movie, (anyone who has read the book knows that absolutely nothing happens in the second half. Or the first, for that matter), they had to stretch it out, doubling their profits by making two incredibly boring atrocities. I can think of at least 5 two and half minute long montages that were obviously just there so that they could drag this sucker out into a full-length feature. Hollywood should think about enforcing a montage cap, because this was just ridiculous.

So, if you're looking to be appalled, then be my guest. If not, then I do not recommend seeing this. Not even for those "it's so bad it's good" lovers. It's just a rollercoaster ride of bored, disgusted, bored, bored, AHHHHH OH MY GOD WHAT, appalled. ■

holiday card horrors

by sarahperda

The holidays are met with extremely mixed reviews based upon whom you talk to. There are the overly joyful people who don Christmas sweaters, blare "Deck the Halls," dress their cars as reindeer and trim their color-coordinated tree(s) starting the day after Thanksgiving; there are the people who are indifferent and participate in the festivities simply because everyone else does; and then there are people like me. Call me a Grinch, but I'm perfectly open about it: I hate the holiday season more than most people hate *Twilight*, *High School Musical* and Justin Bieber combined. Because I patiently await the

end of the season year after year, I have had to find one surefire way to entertain myself during this month of mayhem. As luck would have it, I am annually hand delivered a goldmine of endless amusement: Christmas cards.

Nothing warms my heart more than the multitude of awkward family photos mailed to my house throughout the month of December. The conventional way to read Christmas cards is to look at the photo, "ooh-ahh" a little bit, settle on making a generic comment about it ("Wow, look how big Jon and Kate's kids have gotten!"), hang it on the refrigerator and be on your

merry way. This is wrong. This is not how you properly appreciate a Christmas card. Christmas cards are meant to be over analyzed and scrutinized until you acquire a sense of sick satisfaction about how much weight little Jimmy has put on, or how much better looking your family is than someone else's. They say you can't judge a book by its cover; however, you can feel completely free to judge a family by their Christmas card. For my fellow Scrooges, this here is how to find some joy (though at someone else's expense) during this extremely drawn out holiday season via the awkward family photo breakdown.

1. The Matchy-Matchy Christmas Portrait

This is the family that loves the holidays just a little too much. They pile into their pristine mini-van donning matching turtlenecks, sweaters and khakis, and merrily prance to the portrait studio for a four-hour photo shoot for the Christmas card. The children in this family have names starting with the same letter, and they usually do this photo shoot in July (God forbid they sent out their cards any later than the day after Thanksgiving!).

2. The Still Matchy-Matchy But Taken at Home Picture

This family has slightly more shame than the previous family mentioned. The children whine for hours when the parents force them into outfits that match their siblings' because it's "so not cool." They plaster painfully fake smiles to their faces for all but 20 minutes and then retreat to their respective rooms to play WOW for the remainder of the afternoon.

3. The Family Vacation Card

This family doesn't have time to take a Christmas picture either because no one is ever home or no one cares enough to assemble the masses, but the mother is insistent on sending a card out nonetheless. The last time this family was together was during that blissful week at Disney World where they were forced to pose in front of Cinderella's Castle for the world's most cliché awkward family photo. To the children's dismay, this is the only picture Mom had of everyone...

4. The Awkwardly Photoshopped Together Family Picture

My personal favorite. This family ignores all of Mom's pleas to get together for a picture and leaves her to her own devices. Mom is so hell-bent on showing everyone how adorable her little bundles of joy are (regardless of what awkward stage they're currently in) so she resorts to picking her favorite pictures of her children and creating her own little collage. This is not a joke; I have seen many sad attempts at creating a believable family photo over the years. The kicker: Mom's favorite pictures rarely (if ever) coincide with her children's, so this card is often deliciously awkward.

5. The Card

If you receive a plain old card, the sender is single, old, childless, or has completely given up on attempting the family picture, finally realizing it is not worth the agony. ■

THE SOUTH—continued from page 1

also quickly came to my friends' attention that I refuse to relinquish the use of flip flops until the first snow, and as a blonde, 115 pound girl I have an odd taste for whiskey. Mostly, I was embarrassed when these qualities surfaced. Even if I breezed through the actual moment, some part of me made a mental note to suppress such unwanted attention.

My UVM career flew quickly by (freshmen—be warned, it goes insanely fast) and

did become a good 'ole southern girl. I've got SEC football ingrained in my blood, I like my vegetables fried, I can't resist a sale on Jack Daniels, and I'll still argue with anyone about the proper pronunciation of "Appalachia" (which is pronounced with all soft as, by the way). The more time I've spent away the more I've come to realize how much I love the south, and not only embrace, but cling to the pieces I've taken with me. So what if we drink moonshine

in our living room if we're having a damn good time, right?

UVM is about 60% out-of-state students. We make up the majority, but coming into the university I think there is a part of us that strives to unite in similarities—to all belong together and fit in. But I say, celebrate the differences. Don't take four years to realize that it really doesn't matter where you're from besides how you make it matter to yourself. Whether you're a New Hampshire "hill person", a Boston "Mass-hole", a Jersey "guido" or an Alabama "red-



neck"; people might stick a label on you, but they'll ultimately judge you for who you are, and most likely love you for it. Plus, (just to add some extra cheese on top) you might actually realize something about yourself along the way. ■

fork it over. cookin' on cable

how to become the next celebrity chef

by dansuder

I knew this kid, Zach, who decided in 6th grade that he was doing to be the next Iron Chef. This was the REAL Iron Chef, straight outta the O.G. Japanese Kitchen Stadium. He would be the "first ever American Iron Chef" and he was really, really psyched about it.

But dreams fade; Zach moved to California and Iron Chef hasn't aired a new episode in nearly a decade. Still, TV cooking is bigger than ever. You've got your Paula Deans and Rachel Rays, your Mario Batalis and your Bobby Flays. There's Giada and Emeril and that asshole from *Diners, Drive-ins and Dives* with the upside down sunglasses. And even though Zach moved on, there's definitely room for one more host or hostess. If you, like sixth-grade-Zach, have high hopes of being a food personality (a foodonality, if you will [please, I hope you won't {but also, that you will}]), here are some helpful tips:



Make boring things really, exciting – It's your job as host to turn "stirring" into "STIR-RING!!!!" It's helpful to have a catchphrase like "BAM!" or, "Yummo!" Picture this: You're adding some kosher salt to a bowl. You do it kind of haphazardly, casual-like. Just a flick of the wrist, and the salt hits the contents of the bowl and you say something like "HI-YA!" or "Hot DAMN!"

On second thought, I've got dibs on "hot DAMN!"

Be pretty, Southern, or a tool – The best food shows aren't about food, they're about cleavage, accents, and bleached blond tips. If you show some skin or drive a badass car through Louisiana on your way to a fish fry, people are gonna watch that show. Some foodonalities get by with just knowing about food, but they're few and far between. And ugly, so...

Wear fun aprons – You don't want to get flour or sriracha sauce on your hip threads, and it's important to look like a sophisticated gourmet. You've got options. You can cook naked, but that won't fly on network TV. You can just not cook with flour or sriracha, but then you'll end up with no food, and, well, you know. You're left with option 3: an apron. They come in all kinds of colors and patterns. Some have funny little sayings like "Kiss the Cook!" or "Gift from my Mother-in-law!" Some have pockets for storing, like, spoons... spatulas... and, uh... more spoons.

Have preppy, unlikeable friends – A lot of foodonalities invite friends on to their shows and have them sample the food. They talk about life in Sonoma Valley and how exquisite last night's opera was, and – my god – this escargot is divine! So make friends with these people next time you're at a poetry reading.

Even though it works for Mario Batali, just don't wear Crocs.

trash. i want you so bad

Oh sexy black boy at UVMtv
I'm finding it really hard to tell if you're into me
I don't see you that often, but when I do...
Your adorable face makes my heart melt like goo
You're sweet and you're funny, and oh LORD that smile!
Makes me weak in the knees, like I've just run a mile.
I hope I'm not imagining our flirtatious banter
'Cause baby, you are quite the enchanter. :)
Fuck it, I should just tell you how I feel
But making the first move isn't really my deal.
This silly little crush is making me mad!
'Cause baby, i just want you so bad.
When: every now and then
Where: uvmtv
I saw: the most beautiful smile
I am: a gal with a little junk in the trunk

Torn between the two, when either one would do.
I'll be the honey in the middle, if you both want to diddle.
In the laundry room, kitchen, or even the quiet room, after we don't have to spoon...
Your names are unknown, but you'd still make me moan.
This grundle princess is looking for a meal, and you two are quite the steal.
For dinner Italian Stallion, for dessert Chocolate Irish,
It'll be my only wish and I'd certainly enjoy the dish.
When: not often enough
Where: here and there in Harris
I saw: two beautiful men
I am: a clam jammed honey

In the DC we hang out most all of the time
I'm an awful writer but here is my rhyme
We read **the water tower** together every week
I surely enjoy your sass and your cheek
We worked together every day of the summer
But not during the fall which is kind of a bummer
I'm abroad next semester, and you'll graduate
But please have the heart to remain in this state
Your eyes bright as stars so please don't blink
We don't have much time so god damn let me buy you a drink
When: Tuesday evenings
Where: DC, Dud, Deathstar
I saw: A Sexy Stage Manager
I am: A Poetic Pirate

Your style is sexy, your glasses are hot
It seems to me you might study a lot
You take copius notes during class
While I sit distracted at the back of the class.
My friend sent a frisbee right at your head
And I really like your singular dread
I see you out my window smokin' at MAT
Maybe you would like to smoke with me
Or else help me study if you're doing well
Because if I manage a C it'll be a cold day in hell.
When: MWF
Where: Bio
I saw: a smokin hot girl
I am: doing poorly in Bio

Wednesday last week
You wore that...I don't remember
I'm sure you looked so amazing, so beautiful
I don't have the courage to say anything to you in person
But I can admire from afar
Maybe one day our eyes will meet
And you will know who admires you enough to write creepy newspaper poems
But seriously though
When: often
Where: MW 4-5:15 pm
Where: Philosophy 10
I saw: a cute freshman with short red hair
I am: a sophomore too shy to ask you out :(

Dear Cute (hipster) Girl
This is not a profession of love
Although I know in bed we'd fit
Better than any hand in glove
One time you took my grilled cheese
It must've been a sign from above
Yeah girl, I'll be the pear tree
And you can be my turtledove
If I was Johnny Depp
You'd for sure be
The most bangingest British person
Keira Knightley
So let's just square with it
I'm a hopeless romantic, and you are hipster bangin'
So let's screw mainstream, and get right down to shmangin'
PS- if you got the "The Smiths" reference in that, we're soulmates.
When: after math class, Tuesdays and Thursdays
Where: cook commons
I saw: cute girl, the
I am: the kid with socks on

I saw you on the left side of class in POLS 021
If you let me take you out it would be lots of fun
You have long brown hair, and sparkling green eyes
I want you for me, screw all the other guys!
I asked a friend, who said your name was Allie G
That's my favorite show, would you watch it with me?
Lets go on a date, down to the lake,
We'll hang out all day and pictures of you I'll take
I'm tall, tan, and handsome, won't you give me a shot
We can do naughty things, baby I'll show you all I got.
When: When I asked you to turn around
Where: My love for you began on school street in that basement underground
I saw: A sexy girl whose lips I cannot forget
I am: I determined guy who wants what he can't get

I see you every weekend on the ice,
and on campus your ass looks nice.
I hope one day you'll say hi,
maybe at the hockey house when I stop by.
Complimenting my posture was a great deed,
And I really wanna bone you, you sexy swede.
At the next party I hope I score,
Like you on the ice, number 24.
When: Every Night
Where: Swede Dreams
I saw: An experienced older man
I am: A curious freshman

You work at Ben and Jerry's.
Good thing I'm not allergic to dairy.
I went there twice last week.
I hope you don't think I am complete freak.
If I keep it up I might need new jeans,
But baby you look lean.
You appear Italian and tan.
Most likely the ultimate man.
I usually would never do anything like this,
But we should probably kiss.
When: Before Break
Where: Ben and Jerry's
I saw: A cutie scooping ice cream
I am: a girl in letters

You're roomies with my brother - That's great
Cause I have an excuse to see you more.
I already see you daily -
Cutting luon or 2 by 4.
The way you handle that skill saw
Makes me a little flush,
I secretly watch you design Les Beaux,
While I pretend to clean my brush.
If I had more disposable money,
I'd order Wings Over for you to deliver,
Because, dear friend, whenever I see you,
My heart begins to quiver.
When: Every day
Where: At work, my brother's, your car
I saw: Chadley
I am: Wilbur T. Johnson

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

Thanksgiving Break

Random Girl: I don't want to go out to dinner. Just eat me out.

Fishbowl

Girl: I don't know what it feels like to be a race, because I've grown up white and privileged.

Outside the Davis Center

Sophisticated young lady to group of fellow sophisticated young ladies: It's like science! Every time I drink tequila I end up naked!

Wing

Sophisticated young lady: Like I literally can't stay up late unless I'm partying.

Patrick Gym

Gym brah: This is the last time I wear boxers to the fucking gym.

Brennan's, casual dinner date

Girl (to Guy): Didn't you give her syphilis?

Buell St. apartment

On the topic of super smash bros.
Guy: It's so damn cold in our house!
Guy 2: Let's smash so hard right now that we warm up quick.

Simpson dining hall

Girl: I'm so hot my cum is curdling!

Waterman

Professor: If you think that's bad you should see what I did to those puppies!
Class: "gasp!"
Professor: Now that I have your attention...

Marché

Worker 1: If you become a Ninja Turtle, then you know you're a good artist.
Worker 2: Well I guess Picasso wasn't a good artist.
Worker 3: He was kinda mean. And an alcoholic.

M.A.T parking lot

Sensitive, intelligent man: Vaginas are like race cars. They cost a lot up front, can be a bitch to take care of and have expensive maintenance. But fucking hell you get more pleasure out of them.

Marsh Life Science

Professor: Say for example one of my sperm is mutated. It's unlikely that I'll ever use it because I've produced 30 million sperm, but if I was to use it then my offspring would have a mutation.
Girl: awkward silence.

Redstone Campus on a groovy Friday night

Boy: I was really confused at the beginning of the semester. It just said "My RA" on the door. Then I realized that my RA's name was Myra. Mind. Blown.

Simpson Fine, dinner time

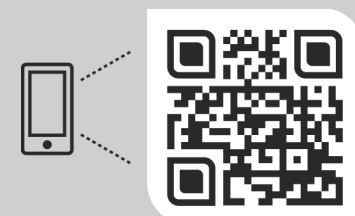
Guy 1 and Guy 2 jumping up for an epic high five
Guy 1: Yay for friendship!
Guy 2: Yeah!

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

advertisement

WE'RE YOUR PRIVATE AREA

Discreet sexual health services in a new downtown location.
Check us out at YoursBurlington.org



 **Planned Parenthood**
of Northern New England

tunes.



mind OVER metal Mondays

by benbraunstein

Those students who consider themselves fans of the heavier spectrum of music – namely, metal and hardcore – may want to begin exploring Burlington's metal and hardcore scene. Matt Longo, who goes by the name MetalMattLongo on his website MindOverMetal.org and his show on WRUV, Mind Over Metal, wants to help.

Earlier this year, Matt started Mind Over Metal Mondays, a weekly showcase of local and out-of-state metal bands at Nectar's on, you guessed it, Monday night. So far, I have been to two shows, and I must say that I am impressed with the quality of the bands. Matt personally picks all of the bands that play, and boy, are they diverse. Almost every Monday showcases different styles of metal.

Of the two shows I've been to, I have seen the following bands, most of which are common occurrences each week:

Nefarious Frenzy: The first time I saw these guys, I wasn't

impressed. To me, they just sounded like a poor man's Every Time I Die; that is, awfully mediocre "party-metal." But I saw them a second time on Halloween (their last show, unfortunately), and it turns out that they're much better while sloppy drunk. As far as I know, they don't have any recordings up.

Glossary of terms used
Black metal:
Vocals – Possessed by Satan
Lyrical subjects – Satan
Death metal:
Vocals – Cookie Monster
Lyrical subjects – war, death, gore
Deathcore:
Vocals – Pig-squealing/Cookie Monster
Lyrical subjects – painfully amateur shit about who knows what. Profanity is extremely common.

Abaddon: The mosh-pit for these guys was made entirely up of 300-pound fat guys, so it's safe to say that Abaddon play "tough-guy" deathcore ala Suicide Silence and Whitechapel. They do have a pretty heavy amount of "chugging" (the repetition of heavy palm mutes on the guitar, very common in death-core and some metalcore); however, they throw in some cool black metal/death metal riffs, surprisingly enough. Their breakdowns are only so-so, though. Check out abaddon802.bandcamp.com to hear some of their shit.

Boil the Whore: With a name like this, you know you're

in for some serious metal. Like Abaddon, Boil the Whore display a fair amount of chugging, but Boil the Whore are a blackened death metal band, first and foremost. Extreme

Kairos: Kairos are an instrumental metal band and probably the easiest band here for n00bs to get into. They're psychedelic and occasionally jammy with some heavy grooves. Tool comes to mind (but, unlike Tool, I doubt that Kairos' fans are tools). They have some recordings up on Myspace.com/kairos-noise (bands still use Myspace????) ■



collin cappelle

funk carioca cento e um

by gregfrancese

Research projects are well known opportunities for procrastination. I learn more procrastinating than I do from the work I'm avoiding. It was during a recent bout of procrastination that I first heard funk carioca.

The favelas are what Brazilians call the massive shantytowns snaking up and down the mountains surrounding Rio. Besides some of the world's best samba schools, the favelas are also known for another superlative – the highest violent crime rates in the country, if not the world. Drug lords control many of the favelas, and much of the violence is the result of a war fought between them and the police. This gritty lifestyle has influenced funk carioca so much so that lyrics that are overtly sexual and violent are not uncommon. The lyrics, though, aren't really what make funk carioca such an awesome music genre.

Defining funk carioca can be difficult. There are various characteristics such as beat repetition, crude lyrics, and computerized mixing that are fairly common in most funk songs. That being said, two distinct types of funk are commonly seen: hip-hop-like funk and electronic funk. Ultimately, however, the artist can pick and choose elements from both types, oftentimes creating a wonderful funk symphony.

"Bucky Done Gun" by M.I.A. is a good example of the first type of funk. It's less than four minutes long and it's entirely original, instead of a sampling of other songs. There is a repetitive beat, but it sounds more like hip-hop than it does electronic. A hometown DJ, Mr. Catra is even more influenced by hip hop than M.I.A. His songs are in Portuguese, but if you translate his lyrics or watch the videos on YouTube that go with his songs you'll definitely understand the hy-

persexualized nature of funk carioca. Much of the electronic funk carioca resembles a giant mashup. Easily recognizable songs are combined with high-energy beats. There is oftentimes a seamless transition between various parts of the song so that a complete funk song can last anywhere between 10 and 45 minutes. For a good introduction to the more electronic funk carioca check out the American-based DJ named Diplo. His song "Favela on Blast" is around 35 minutes long and does a great job of demonstrating the genre's diverse nature. "Rock the Casbah" and "Bittersweet Symphony" are just two of the songs "Favela on Blast" samples. A big difference between a standard mashup and the funk carioca mashup is that the words to these songs have been replaced with (sometimes) unrelated lyrics to Brazilian songs. Diplo's take on funk carioca is just one example of a funk genre that has spawned an entire mega-party culture called Baile Funk.

If listening to funk carioca makes you want to shake your booty, you're not alone. Every weekend thousands of people swarm Rio de Janeiro's favelas to attend some of the largest regularly occurring dance parties in the world. Just as in the United States where hip-hop is more than just a genre of music, but an entire culture, funk has come to encompass more than just music in Brazil. Baile Funk can indicate a party where tens of thousands of cariocas (residents of Rio) and tourists spend boozed up nights booty shaking and grinding in parking lots or warehouses in the favelas; or, it can indicate the more electronic-sounding sub genre of funk carioca mentioned above.

While you've been reading this article hopefully you either have been listening to funk carioca or now feel inspired to listen. If nothing else, funk carioca can expose you to favela culture – a culture with an incredible track record of exposing to the world great talent in both music and dance, but is often portrayed as living in the shadow of both drug cartel violence and Brazil's incredible wealth inequality. ■

ing to funk carioca or now feel inspired to listen. If nothing else, funk carioca can expose you to favela culture – a culture with an incredible track record of exposing

to the world great talent in both music and dance, but is often portrayed as living in the shadow of both drug cartel violence and Brazil's incredible wealth inequality. ■

advertisement

créatif stuffé.



a late frog song

by joshhegarty

You teach me to dream. Reaching through pages and glowing screens, across chasms in time and through the threshold of death, your words find my eyes and ears. Your vision encapsulates my essence. The music of the spheres in glorious harmony with the music of the swamp, the beauty of the cosmos so wonderfully accentuating the beauty of our laughter. You show me that life is what we make of it and we can change it if we try. You teach me to dream.

You teach me to love. Your life was the fruit of heartfelt living, and the pursuit of a passion that still ignites the fires that light the world. You gave us love. We gave you laughter and our smiles were the payment that made it worth the fight against the odds. Through all these years, you are the portrait of a lover, the statue of the passionate, and a hero to the artists who live to open up their hearts. You teach me to love.

fast car

by julianvandertak

Crash!
Soaring around asphalt ribbons endangers life whose bare feet floor down the glass pedal.
Hark? I should've heard you...
Be mindful of your cloudlike state, where rainy roads entrap your fate way down on the valley floor.
Rose petal remnants strewn in the wake of rubber torn against the forces stand as glorified totems of ghostly scorn.
Now, shamed are those who saw me last, who idly watched as I turned the keys and sped away towards the crash.

The lover, the dreamer, that's who you were. And that's who you taught me to be. A life without passion, with no imagination, is a life that's not worth it to me. And you've reached through the ages, to unite us through passion, the lovers, the dreamers and me.

riddle me this

by theyiddler

(i)
I am courage to those who use me well, ruin to those with secrets to quell, forth from the fruit of Grecian God, bitter I smell.

So I am fashioned from crude design into what is admired as exquisite, divine, violet I shine.

(ii)
Down I come like little fingers, to lick, to slap, to muddle and hinder, scales of the oldest kind of snake. A rhythm, these tiny drummers make.

(iii)
Frost cries that I am cold, those who love me brash and bold. Yes, I'm lovely but old and stern. Flowers, mountains, birch and fern.

sitting

by bethziehl

Sitting, thinking
Constantly thinking
About nothing
Yet everything.
Sitting, knowing
Thinking we know,
But not knowing
Anything.
Sitting, guessing,
Guessing at what
We think we know
About something.
Sitting, thinking,
Breathing.

ANSWERS: (i) wine. (ii) rain. (iii) nature.

fashion five-oh.

the victoria's secret fashion show: a newbie's perspective

by colbynixon

Part fashion show, part concert, and part commercial for bras, underwear and anorexia, the Victoria's Secret Fashion Show extravaganza, now in the tenth year of its current form, opened to 10.3 million viewers last Tuesday. This is over sixteen times the size of the population of Vermont. It was also my first time watching such talents as Lily Aldrin, Chanel Iman and Elsa Hosk strut their way down the catwalk wearing nothing but lingerie and angel wings. Obviously, I was aware of the show's existence, but I never had any desire to watch it. In all honesty, I have no idea what compelled me to sit down for an hour and watch this spectacle while filling out job applications. I will admit, after viewing the commercials, I was very stoked for this event. But it seems the commercials overhyped the Victoria's Secret fashion to an anticlimactic point, akin to watching Dick Clark's Rockin' New Year's Eve (with your host Mario Lopez), and I was disappointed. To quote Dom Mazetti, "Pre game is where you hype the night up to a point it will never reach."

While visiting my cousins down in Connecticut for Thanksgiving, I happened upon the first commercial. I've never watched the show or owned anything they sell, but I am a fan of their products, so I marked the date and time down in my day planner and started my countdown. This was going to be my first time and I sure as hell wasn't going to do it alone, so when the day arrived, I settled in on my friend's futon, and with much fanfare the show started.

The first five minutes were much what I expected, starved models with biceps smaller than those of a starving child, strutting in expensive lingerie. Really quite thoroughly enjoyable. Then the shows producers decided to acquaint the viewer with the models in what might be construed as an

attempt to make them appear more human. This was ok, but it actually caused me to identify with the women even less. My favorite part of this segment involved one model who, declaring herself to be a nerd, put on glasses. The blatant use of this stereotype really put the rest of the show into perspective for me.

Of course, there were performances by Adam Levine, Kanye, Jay-Z and Nicki Minaj, which were all quite lovely, but honestly if I wanted to listen to "Stronger" one more time, I could just plug in my iPod and get a much higher quality listening experience. Overall, I felt that the show fell flat after its claims of significant grandeur.

No, I don't think more boobs would make the show better, nor do I think getting additional musical acts would improve the situation. I think the producers should really get together and think about some structure and purpose for the show. We were all promised a night of magic, but what we got was a jumble of human interest stories, advertisements, and phenom-

enal performers putting on somewhat subpar acts. While some parts were decent, like the "Spell on You" segment based on turn of the century New Orleans, some structure and purpose might make for a better show, and would help combat the image of objectification that's attached to it. ■

advertisement

cat litter.



Wishing you Happy Holidayz, from the Cat Litter team.

gregjacobs and adrikopp



by gregjacobs

beardvember contest winners!

As many of you know, last month was No Shave November. It was the month when men and women of the UVM community - nay, the world - put down their razors and let their scruff grow fully in. Beards got patchy, chins got itchy, and lumberjack tendencies were fully realized. We at the **wt** received thousands of submissions to our annual beardvember contest. After countless sleepless nights of beardvaluations, we present to you ...

the skeezy weirdo



Winner: Owen Rachampbell

At first glance, this beard may seem pretty normal. But we'd like to draw your attention to the two nice peaks under the bottom lip, as well as the overall patchiness of the whole thing. It's not that we don't love the effort, Owen, it's just that your beard makes you look a bit like a ... well, skeezy weirdo. Keep growin'.

best bearded bromance



Winner: Connor Morgan and Tom Lishness

Congratulations to the defending champs of the bromance category, made even bromancier by the fact that these two blokes chose to snap this shot topless! We're left wondering how the clothed roommates in the background feel about this beardlove, but we're just gonna let that slide. Nice beards, bros.

the freshman



Winner: Derek Neal

We're pretty sure our friend Derek here may have confused the freshman category with that of the skeezy weirdo. The sparse moustache look is completed by the soul searching stare, making us all nearly as uncomfortable as we're betting Derek felt while sporting this bad boy. Good effort, and we're glad you stuck through to the end. Congrats!

70s porno stache



Winner: Scott Goodwin

Take a look at the picture on the left. Nice, normal lookin' guy. Now take a look at the picture on the right. Are you as petrified as we are? How can one simple moustache be responsible for such a drastic change in appearance? Now, we're sure Scott has learned to use this moustache to his advantage, letting it grow in when he needs to strip down for those hard core porns he "acts" in. But we hope he knows that that shit has to go when he wants to be taken seriously by anyone alive past 1978. Remember, Scott: with great moustaches come great responsibility.