

# the water tower.

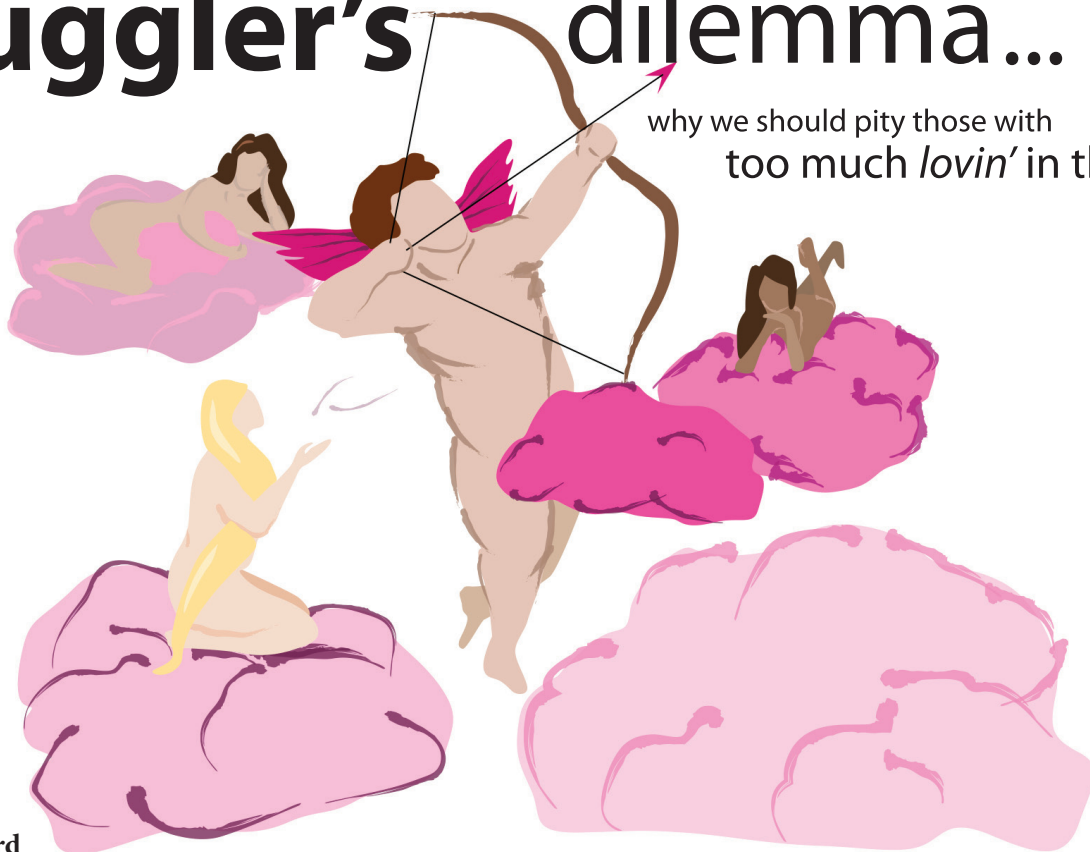
## UVM'S ALTERNATIVE NEWSMAG

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### the juggler's dilemma...

why we should pity those with too much *lovin'* in their lives



by shannonward

As much as some of us would hate to admit it, Valentine's Day has indeed come upon us again. For some of you, that means taking your loved one out to a nice dinner and exchanging flowers and one of those weird box of chocolates that look like they should be good but always taste horrendous. For others, it will be a day spent bereaving your bachelor or bachelorette lifestyle as you pretend to not be jealous by the hoards of handholding sickeningly cute couples that you had never noticed before but now are literally everywhere.

What often happens around this time of year is everyone will feel really bad for the singles. People in relationships start haphazardly setting up their single friends, or sending lavish gifts to them from a "secret admirer" in an effort to not feel guilty for being happy on Valentine's Day. I myself am single this Valentine's Day, but I am not at all upset about it. In fact, I feel that I am very fortunate, because it could be a whole lot worse. That's right, people. There is a whole demographic of people out there who are struggling on Valentine's Day and yet are completely neglected.

I am talking, of course, about the jugglers.

The art of juggling, (meaning the art of having multiple boy or girl friends at one time) is a seriously underappreciated

talent. Often, jugglers are deemed "dirty," or "immoral" in some way, and in a lot of (if not most) cases, that is definitely true. If one guy is dating several women, but all of the women think that they are in an exclusive relationship, that scenario can definitely be defined as "morally questionable." That man will get his comeuppance, however, on Valentine's Day, when each girlfriend will be expecting the world, and alas, that is something that the poor juggler cannot provide. What will inevitably

the art of **juggling**, having multiple boy or girl friends at one time, is a seriously **underappreciated** talent

happen is a sort of reenactment of that scene from Mrs. Doubtfire, where he has to keep switching personalities (with hilarious results). When that situation is put into actual practice, however, the results are less than hilarious. The juggler will be dumped. By multiple women. Simultaneously. That's gotta sting.

But now let's take a look at the other kind of juggler. These are the people who are dating or even married to multiple significant others, and all of those significant others know about (and are totally okay

with) each other. These situations are rare, illegal in most states, immoral in most religions, and fucking awesome in most pornos.

So, what's wrong with this situation? Why should the juggler be pitied here? Because each time Valentine's Day rolls around, the juggler in question has to empty his bank account to ensure that every single one of his or her better halves feels loved. The juggler must spend the entire day seeing to the whims of his or her partners, a task that can be draining for even the most monogamous among us. I mean, think about it, it's one thing to sleep around, it's quite another to be in multiple committed relationships. That's multiple birthdays a year, multiple anniversaries, and a much higher risk for having an insane amount of offspring.

Unless you're an heir or heiress, then really your only option is reality TV. Is that a road you're willing to go down? (you're not supposed to say yes).

So this Valentine's Day, I'm not lamenting being single. I am going to enjoy spending time by myself, a luxury that jugglers can only dream of. I'm not going to spend the day feeling jealous or sitting alone in my room with a box of chocolates thinking "why me?" Instead, I will be sitting alone in my room with a box of chocolates thinking, "at least I'm not a juggler." ■

brie toomey

### drinks and djs

being 21+ in burlington

by laurafrangipane

My normal modus operandi when it comes going to the bars is to just huddle in a group with whoever I came with and judge everyone around me loudly. I realize this doesn't really lend itself to meeting people, but occasionally the brave soul will approach the two or three of us. Usually these are gay men who are complementing me on my outfit, but whatever.

This past weekend I switched things up. I made the sacrifice of skipping First Friday and made a penance downtown with three of my guy friends. We went to 90s night, a little too early, perhaps, but fueled by a buzz of terrible pre-game drinks at home, rocked it anyway. The music was everything I was expecting although I could have used a little more N\*SYNC and Backstreet Boys in my life. I tried to get the DJ to play these jams but it was like he couldn't hear me? Or something? I was waving my arm in front of his face and the security dudes were getting a little testy. Two drinks later, having resorted to my usual strategy of broing it up and never talking to anyone, my friend Jason insisted I talked to someone, for the good of my social life. I knew everyone I might want to meet was at First Friday, but I did this anyway. I went up to a guy dancing by himself and insulted his dancing. A good start. This whole, meeting people thing, was going to go great, right?

Before the poor guy could even muster a reply I was surrounded by two effeminate men dancing Irish jigs to "Ghetto Superstar." I shit you not, a small man in a small tweed suit put down his PBR and demonstrated how he could twirl around it without knocking it over. I tried to ask their names but like leprechauns, the men disappeared into the dark recesses of Nectar's as if they had never been there. I was left with the guy I had insulted earlier, who I found out was called Vinny and was from Jersey. I tried sharing stories about Philly and summers down the shore and when that didn't work stories about the Jersey Shore and how maybe if he cut off his curly locks he too could be a Guido but it landed flat. Three songs of standard, awkward, girl on guy grinding later, I was saved by my friends. I insisted my friend Jeff was super wasted and I needed to take him home. I shook Vinny's hand, and he whispered "I wish I would have gotten more than a handshake." Dear god.

At this point 50% of my group was down for the count and Jeff and I were left alone

... read the rest on page 4

get inside me:

my night with the gays by jamesaglio

lovescopes by lizcantrell

sexy food showdown by ellieseitz

sexy songs by wfstaff

# the best news team in the universe.



## inbox

Dear **water tower**,

Listen up, you fucks. I gave you an interview, you published it, and I've got two problems, one for each of my nipples except the extra one. First and foremost, you assholes have to understand that life's not a fucking Funky Bunch concert. It's not fucking "Good Vibrations" out there. There's terrorists and bad guys everywhere. You can diss me for being brave or whatever the fuck you want but I'll drop you like an e-fin grenade. Number 2: I got a lotta shit about my Columbine comments. That's some serious fucking business, and I've been getting calls from Michael Moore like I'm some new version of Marilyn Manson. I just wanna make it clear - I wish those kids could have had some hardcore fucking guidance counselors, you know? Seriously, give 'em a talk, give 'em a grilled cheese, there's just no reason to be so damn screwed up. Fucking cheddar on wheat, brother. Alright, you fucks have a nice fucking day.

Say hi to your mother for me,  
Mark Wahlberg

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

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

## the shit list

with **julietcritsimilios**

**Susan G. Komen Foundation**- The prominent Breast Cancer foundation decided that they didn't want to pay Planned Parenthood to give people exams to prevent or treat breast cancer. Then they decided this was a bad idea after everyone went fucking batshit crazy. But I get it, it costs a lot of money to buy little pink ribbons and maybe they were just trying to be fiscally responsible.

**Homophobia**-Washington state just legalized gay marriage, and California just repealed proposition 8, which stated that gay marriage was unconstitutional. The rest of America, however, believes that the gays getting married are singlehandedly going to ruin the sanctity of marriage-just look at Kim Kardashian! Oh wait, she is heterosexual! It's ok! NVM.

**Starbucks**-The coffee giant has decided to open in India. Because all calm yogis and already crazy drivers and a beautiful colorful country with rich culture needs is more corporate lattes in their daily lives.

**Poor People**-All these Republican candidates really have showed me how awful poor people are. They obviously want to be on food stamps, and welfare, and they aren't doing anything about it! They just keep on having babies! Get out of here poor people, you are the worst!

Valentine's Day-Barf.

# the news in brief

with **jamesaglio**

(and a bit of history)  
and the clash

**the water tower.**  
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**“The Sun has a proud history of delivering ground-breaking journalism. I have had a personal assurance today from Rupert Murdoch about his total commitment to continue to own and publish The Sun newspaper..”**

-**Tom Mockridge**, chief executive of News International after five Sun officials were arrested for alleged police bribes. The Sun does indeed have a proud history, including insulting the mentally hill, generally abusing homosexuals, falsely accusing Elton John of sleeping with male prostitutes, and of course, its crowning achievement, Page Three which features a large photograph of a topless woman. It's good to know that they'll still be around.

**“The wives hate their husbands, their husbands don't care. Children carve slogans to prove they live there.”**

-**The Clash** - Up In Heaven (Not Only Here). If life so far has taught me any one thing it is that life can be both supremely beautiful and tragically painful. For every one of us who have been fortunate enough for life to more or less line up in our favor, there is another who has been luckless. So if you see someone that you know is down, mentally, physically, emotional, spiritual, give him or her your support. You may not be able to save the world, but you can always make it a little better place to be.

**“The purpose is to prevent the traces of human events from being erased by time.”**

-**Herodotus** - The Historiae (Enquiries). Herodotus was, as Cicero noted, “The Father of History” because it was he who first systematically arranged several historical events together to describe a larger set of occurrences (in this case the Persian War) and because he explored these smaller events to analyze how they affected the situation as a whole. In short, Herodotus to me encapsulates what it means to be a modern, inquisitive human and his researches inspire me enough to put this here as a tribute to him and all those who have followed in his footsteps.

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

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

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

# the cultural conflict surrounding honor killings

by **sarahperda**

The years of teenage rebellion are a rite of passage in modern day society. Breaking curfew, wearing scanty outfits to “go to the movies,” and dating unsuitable suitors summate the high school experience that drove our parents crazy until we packed up for college. The typical teenager has mastered the art of aggravation and parents often punish them for it—but can you imagine being killed because of it? In June 2009, Mohammad Shafia, one of his wives and his eldest son staged an elaborate car crash in Ontario that ultimately killed Shafia's second wife and three teenage daughters. If you've ever seen an episode of NCIS or SVU, you know that somewhere in the realm of 99.99% of murderers deny the charges until Johnny Law swoops in and clinks them up, but this was not the case with the Shafia family. The father openly admitted to the heinous crime and he, the living wife and son were each convicted of four counts of first-degree murder. The rationale behind the murders? The women had defiled the family's honor. What were the morally repugnant crimes committed by the deceased? In short, their adoption of Western culture, namely the fashions and quest to find love on their own terms, conflicted with their deep-rooted cultural values and this, in their father's eyes, shamed their entire family.

An “honor killing” is the dutiful homicide of a family

member (generally, but not always, a female) by another due to belief that the victim has brought dishonor upon the family by dressing inappropriately, refusing to enter and arranged marriage, having sex before marriage, being gay etc.... If any of the aforementioned moral discrepancies are committed, some cultures believe it is perfectly acceptable to slit throats, throw stones, chop heads off...you get the picture. Honor killings are most common in the Middle East and Southwest Asia, but have been known to happen globally as well, especially with heightened immigration to the West; they are responsible for the deaths of approximately 5,000 females annually. Though the honor culture is not entirely misogynistic by nature, females are believed to have more potential to dishonor the family than males, thus they are killed more often.

Honor killings are not exactly the textbook definition of “legal,” but they arise from long-standing cultural traditions, making them justifiable. Family plays into every aspect of life in most Middle Eastern cultures, hence honor is so intricately woven into their societies—they not only take pride in each other's accomplishments, they also feel the shame of each other's dishonorable actions. While family is also important in the west, we are accustomed to a guilt/innocence culture as opposed to a shame/honor one,

thus we live in a comparatively more blameful, individualistic society. The Shafia incident was so controversial because these distinctly different cultures clashed under one roof, a common consequence of assimilation, thus the definition of what is considered “dishonorable” came into question. The independent tendencies of the west make it difficult to understand how donning a skirt in public or dating someone from a different culture could possibly affect an entire family's honor the same way other societies cannot comprehend why westerners insist on a self-reliant, narcissistic “me, me, me” society to function. This is admittedly not the greatest parallel, but my roundabout point is that neither culture is necessarily right nor wrong, they are simply different.

I am by no means condoning what the Shafias did or belittling the situation at hand—quite frankly I believe they deserve worse than life in prison for the stunt they pulled—I am just bringing light to how truly different societies around the world are. Is there a way to bridge the gap so everyone can agree, hold hands and be merry? Maybe not in the near future, but this isn't necessarily a bad thing. No, murdering your family isn't exactly commendable, regardless of the reasoning, but it's vast differences between cultures that make for the most interesting stories. ■

# syria

... continues to be a bit of a shit show

by **jamesaglio**

In what is being called the first assassination of a major Syrian official since the uprising began last march, three armed men shot Brigadier General Isa al-Kholi M.D. as he was leaving his home in Damascus.

Al-Kholi's death was a counterpoint to the 15 activists who died during the artillery bombardment in Homs at roughly the same time. So far, 2,000 Syrian security forces have died in the uprising, while human rights groups are putting the total number of deaths nationwide at 7,000. Activists, however, state that 400 of these deaths have occurred during the past week as the government has continued to bombard opposition strongholds in Homs.

The slaying of al-Kholi, who was the director of Hamish military hospital, is inconsistent with previous rebel actions and no group has laid claim to the operation. Syrian propaganda throughout the uprising has referred to its opposition as terrorists and armed gangs despite their commitment to peaceful protests. Even outlier groups, which are violent, express a general conformity to the standard rules of urban warfare. Recent events, however, such as al-Kholi's assassination and several suicide car bombings at government bases are believed by the US to be the work of al-Qaeda working separately from the rebellion. One official said, “This

was Zawahiri basically taking the shackles off.”

What is occurring in Syria is fundamentally the same as that which happened in Iraq eight years ago. With a power vacuum created by the ongoing chaos of revolution, the infrastructure has weakened to a point which has allowed groups like al-Qaeda to insinuate themselves into the system. This does not bode well and increases the urgency for a cessation to the violence.

Following last week's rejection of a Security Council resolution decrying the Syrian violence by China and Russia, Saudi Arabia has begun to circulate a resolution among the United Nations General Assembly which has the same general intent. The General Assembly is set to meet and confer on the Syrian situation this Monday and will listen to an address by Navi Pillay, the UN High Commissioner for Human Rights, though they are not expected to vote on the resolution then. Additionally, unlike Security Council resolutions, which hold legal authority, General Assembly resolutions are more or less expressions of general sentiment. Things are moving forward, however, as Nabil al-Arabi, Secretary General of the Arab League has requested that UN Secretary General Ban Ki-moon appoint an envoy to negotiate a peaceful resolution in Syria. ■



heart art by caney demars

# lake vostok

russians, science, and super cold lakes

by **caito'hara**

Once again, we have proof of the tenacity of the Russians. For the past 20 years or so, they've been drilling in to a giant ice sheet in Antarctica, trying to reach Lake Vostok. Which is ancient as shit and hasn't seen air in the past 20 million years or so. This past week however, they announced their success in being the first outside creatures to have access to this lake since giraffes first started appearing on the planet. In a statement released on Wednesday, Valery Lukin, head of Russia's Arctic and Antarctic Research Institute compared it to the race to the moon, with Russia actually coming out on top this time.

For years scientists have been trying to explain how life came about and how it works under extreme conditions. And it doesn't really get much more extreme than this. Lake Vostok is located 2.4 miles beneath an ice shelf and is roughly the size of Lake Ontario. The coldest temperature

read at the surface of the drill site was -128 degrees Fahrenheit. And we think it gets cold here. The water remains a liquid due to the extreme pressure from the ice shelf and geothermal energy underneath the lake itself. To put this into perspective, these conditions are similar to those expected to

**“lake vostok is located 2.4 miles beneath an ice shelf and is roughly the size of lake ontario. the coldest temperature read at the surface of the drill site was -128 degrees fahrenheit.”**

be underneath the Mars ice caps.

Yet the research team and others believes that there is a chance for microbial life to exist in this aquatic wasteland. Which is entirely plausible given the fact that microscopic organisms were found in ice cores from just above the lake's surface. If they

find true life forms, regardless of their size, it could not only add to our knowledge of life but also change the way we think about

it entirely. If life on Earth can exist under such extreme conditions, dubbed “alien” by many on the research team due to the believed similarity to places like Jupiter's moon Europa, then who's to say that it can't exist under such conditions else where in space? It seems the more that is discovered

about the many extremophiles on Earth, the more plausible it is to think that life can exist elsewhere.

Scientists are drooling over the opportunities that this brings up. American and British teams are already in talks to begin drilling into some of the other 400 or so sub glacial lakes and the Russians are contemplating putting an aquatic robot into the lake to explore it from the inside out. We as humans are intensely curious about our origins, and this has the potential to be another piece in an incredibly complex puzzle. It's impossible to know exactly what will be found, but the potential insight gained is endless and the achievement itself is more than enough to keep us young scientists motivated. ■

# around town.



## my night out with the gays

by jamesaglio

Sometime in the middle of last week I heard a group of friends talking about their plans for the weekend, sounding pretty excited. Now, as a committed antisocial, I normally would have avoided inquiring, but I felt oddly drawn to ask what they were talking about. And I was instantly glad I did when they responded, “We’re going gay clubbing.”

I don’t exactly follow the gay dance party scene in Burlington, so I had somehow been here for three years without hearing about First Friday at Higher Ground, but once I learned what it was wild horses couldn’t have dragged me away. So once Friday rolled around, eight of us—of which only the young lady who organized the whole thing and one other person were queer, the other seventy-five percent of us straight as a plumb line—got together, consumed our social lubricants of choice, and went to get our funk on.

How do I describe First Friday? It was gay. Really gay. And in that sense a great success. We got there just as the drag show was starting, which did not disappoint in its campiness. Following the lovely lipsyncing/erotic dance combo, the DJ began an uninterrupted three-hour set of “gay themed” music. The crowd seemed held in particular thrall by the musical stylings of Lady Gaga and Queen, go figure. For most of the night there were a ton of people too, the dance floor packed with bodies getting their groove thing on. The DJ was good, the people were all very friendly, and I couldn’t hear properly well into the next day, all signs of a dance party well done. I really just stayed with my group of friends, but from what I witnessed it seemed that it was fairly simple to “meet new people,” if that’s the game you’re playing—both of the queer members of our group were successful in that endeavor, so that’s something. The night progressed with nothing too extraordinarily awkward happening, with the exception of being offered drugs out of a plastic baggy and seeing a former professor in what I can only reluctantly call “sexy overalls.”

On the whole, FF reaffirmed what I had already learned from Andy Warhol and Trimalchio: gay people know how to throw a party. It was a fun time, and I imagine that it would have only been more fun if I were actually gay. I heartily recommend it for anyone who loves dancing, has a group of friends eager to mix things up a bit, is gay, or any combination of the above. I would caution against too many straight people attending if only because that’s not the group the event is aimed at, and I felt a little intrusive being there—more so than reading someone’s creative writing assignment and less so than observing an AA meeting—like I was prying into a personal event, even if I was doing it without judgment. Despite these misgivings, I had a blast, and First Friday is definitely Burlingtonian. Overall I give it 4 James St. James’ of gay rave justice out of 5. ■

### DRINKS/DJS - continued from page 1

to wander Church Street and make horrendous decisions. Like go to Ake’s because “I’ve never been there and maybe it’s cool now and we can fit in, right!?” Wrong. So wrong. While in line, I lit a Parlie and began interviewing my fellow Ake’s patrons about the cigarette ban on Church Street, and reminiscing about how cigs are only \$5 in PA. The bros insisted I would probably get lung cancer and die and the ban was good for the children. Ugh, kill the mood a little more.

I’m not sure why people who go to Ake’s insist on making up backstories to make themselves seem cooler than they really are, but it was hilarious. One man told me he was from Juneau, Alaska. I asked why he was wearing North Face, because I didn’t think that it would be super warm in the Arctic. He told me the government paid for it and that he was a park ranger and that’s what they all wear. It totally worked, we slept together (not).

In case you don’t know this, Ake’s inside is worse than Ake’s outside. It’s too bright and everyone is too lit up and you can tell how drunk they are. Jeff and I called it quits. While the night appeared to reek of horrible failure, and I didn’t meet anyone who could be my new best friend, or ongoing friend with benefits, I’m calling it a success.

I went to bars and events I have never gone to or would normally be caught dead in. I talked to everyone around me. I accosted people about their drink choices, what they were wearing, and was borderline obnoxious. It was, well, it was one of the more fun Friday nights I’ve had in a while simply because I ended up with a good story. And, I proved that the friends I have now may be hard to replace. But I’ll keep trying.

Being single at the bar is an art that is hard to master. Everyone wants to meet someone, preferably someone without an STD or a criminal record, but we all want to be cool about it. By stepping out of my comfort zone, I learned that my current strategy may be sustainable for forging memories with my friends, but isn’t working so great for meeting people. Us 21-plussers, we might have to be a little obnoxious sometimes, but it works out. And who knows, maybe we’ll meet a couple of leprechauns along the way. ■

## coffee & a cookie



a review of speeder & earl’s coffee

The Specs: I go to a local coffee den, ask the barista for a cup o’ joe and a cookie and write about it.

This Week’s Place: Speeder & Earl’s Coffee, 104 Church Street, 9:46AM

with calebdemers

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Speeder & Earl’s is more than an island oasis located in the midst of UVM campus run by raspy ladies that are tired of serving college kids. This little nook hidden among all of the unimportant shops on Church St. serves as an escape from the hustle, bustle and (temporary) legal cigarette smoke.

When you enter Speeder’s you are immediately confronted with your own face. That’s right, they have mirrors. Actually they have one long mirror which, quite ingeniously, makes this submarine-shaped shop twice as big. Unfortunately this makes for quite a distraction that leads you to walk by all of the awaiting coffee and up to the counter with one friendly looking barista behind it and ask for a coffee and a cookie. She is nice enough about it as she gives me an empty cup and casually gestures behind me.

Ah, the coffee and cups are located near the entrance of the shop making my trip across the floor unnecessary and even embarrassing. That’s okay, because my eyes have caught sight of Speeder’s self-proclaimed “Rocket Fuel.” The blend is just that; a blend of beans that maximizes the output of caffeine noticeably more than the average cup of joe. In fact, my first sip sends a surge of electricity screeching through my bloodstream so quickly I can almost see myself becoming more awake.

Oh wait, I can see myself in the mirror and I

do look more awake. I sit at one of the “tables,” a stand no bigger than a dinner mat which brings me to my next point: this cave located on the most popular street in Burlington is exactly where you should be when you and your significant other find yourselves sleepy and red-eyed after a night of rest before the big Valentine’s Day excitement. Not only are the tables destined for handholding, the cups, a deep shade of red, spark the passions deep within your loins. The mirror adds a unique touch that allows you to try and look away from your partner but you simply can’t. The intimate lighting, made possible by some old-school Christmas tree lights hung precariously along one wall, is just enough spunkiness to help you imagine the procreating that is about to unfold. And finally, the lack of bathroom will send you both booking it home to relieve your kidneys and climb into bed.

That aside, I’m impressed with the coffee - but the cookie is another story. Let’s just say, funding was short and upon close inspection of the insides of my wallet I found that the cookies looked great but would not be tasted today. The art on the wall reminds you that coffee shops can break free of the construct and actually represent talented artists (see the latest Portlandia). And the people, well, they are all just trying to get their fill of Burlington’s own aircraft fueling station. ■

## barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



## THE MASTURBATION CHRONICLES

### installment 2

Youtube, or how often the average woman masturbates? I’m often asked this question by female friends: “How often do you masturbate?” They find it strange when I don’t have an answer. It’s like asking how many times I went to the bathroom last week, how many times you look at cat videos on Youtube, or how often the average woman thinks about Ryan Gosling. These aren’t things we think about and quantify; they’re just things we do. But if I really had to answer that question, my best guess would be as often as possible. And I’d recommend the same amount to everybody else, cause seriously, if you’ve got some time to kill by yourself, is there really anything you can do that’s more enjoyable? If you said yes to that, you’re a liar.

## of cockblocks and twatswats

by georgeloftus

You should host a party! You are? Great. Now, whether you’re aiming for a man or lady this VD (Valentine’s Day, but VD is funnier because, y’know, it’s STDy), these are the people you need to avoid inviting no matter what. Seriously, they’ll ruin everything. Gentlemen, you’ll be playing a game of 5 on 1 starring your right hand, and ladies, you’ll be double clicking your mouse like it’s going out of style.

### guys:

**That guy who plays guitar:** Obviously if this cat can play guitar and you can’t that says something about how he uses his hands. Don’t let your prospective hook up drool over what this guy can do to her with his digits while you’re suckered into refilling her jungle juice.

**The Political Science major:** He’s fucking boring. Why do you hate your own party? Best case scenario, you score and this dude is riflin’ through your medicine cabinet; worst case, you don’t score and have to actually talk to him.

**Anyone with an accent:** Having no accent whatsoever, I can tell you that girls I thought were a sure thing immediately dropped an egg when they met that guy from South Carolina talking about how many more stars there are in Edisto Beach, or that tall drink of water from Croatia who mispronounces everything adorably.

**That guy who wears gym shorts out in February:** Not the most temperature savvy guy you can invite, and you’d think bringing a moron could only make you look like Einstein with less sexy hair - but you’d be wrong. Obviously this guy has calves of greek-god proportions, and anyone who’s anyone knows that’s the quickest way to a girl’s heart. True story: calves. Ask your friends if you don’t believe me

**The guy who went abroad and won’t stop talking about it:** Guess what? This guy has probably done more in his life than you have. Just because he had a Guinness in the Guinness factory or has seen the Eiffel Tower sparkle at midnight doesn’t mean this cultured dude (read: asshole) deserves to whisper about it in your prospective bangmate’s ear.

### girls:

**Your friend who makes out with everyone:** This girl acts like tongue massages are the same thing as handshakes. It’s like she has infra-red vision for that one person you want to be your big spoon, seeks him out, and does everything to get his babies in her mouth.

**The girl who only hangs out with guys:** Because every girl on the planet is a raging bitch and she’s just over it. Girls are too catty so she hangs out with boys, but this is really code for “Other girls slow me down until I stab them with my heel, then they slow themselves down.”

**The Girl-Next-Door type:** This girl is better than you in every single way, and would probably make your prospective hook-up much happier than you ever could, but fuck her, this night is about you. For every hour she’s done of community service, make sure she hears about a party that many blocks away.

**Activist friend who likes recruiting:** Whether they’re pushing for sororities or world peace, they’re going to get between you and your significant other, and their cause will justify their vigor. Worse than it being annoying, what if it actually works and your last bang of the year goes off to hand out fliers on Church Street? Then you’re just hanging out with your shower massager. Again.

**The girl who gets shitfaced:** Actually, you should invite her. Whether it takes 2 shots of SS Price or 10, having this girl in the same vicinity puking in the kitchen sink or in the corner of the living room could only make you look that much more like you’re not puking in the kitchen sink or in the corner of the living room. ■

## point/counter-point: can exes be friends?

As I’m sure many of us have experienced, ending a relationship sucks. Even when it’s the best possible thing you can do for yourself, it’s never any fun and often results in emotional baggage and a period of time in which Ben and Jerry are your two favorite people. Then there’s the dreaded phrase, “But we can still be friends!” No. Sorry, but immediately going from in-a-relationship to friends is damn near impossible, and even in the long run maintaining a friendship with a former significant other can be tricky, and most often just not worth it.

Let’s face it: a lot of relationships end because one of the participating parties is... how can I say this... slightly less than completely mentally sane. And that sort of imbalance, especially as a contributing factor to the demise of a relationship, will continue to haunt your every waking moment. True story. Combine that with a vapid twat-like personality or an arrogant d-bag and you’ve got yourself more than enough of a reason to avoid any sort of friendship with an ex. Or contact, really.

The issue with trying to stay friends is dealing with feelings. You spent part of your life with this person and, presumably, a good amount of time. They probably know you more than well enough and it can be a maze to figure everything out. Most likely one side of this two way street is still holding on to the past, or at least allowing themselves to daydream wistfully about the “good ol’ days.” The biggest thing to realize is that those days are over, and the emotional attachment of a relationship is in no way similar to the emotional attachment of a simple friendship. Assumptions get made, old feelings, jealousies and hatreds arise and rather than being able to casually chill, every time you see them it’s a desperate run in the opposite direction.

Also, how is your next squeeze going to feel about a you/ex friendship? Even the most understanding of people would be a mite bit uncomfortable with the idea, especially if said ex is still lusting after you (after all, who wouldn’t be?). The point is, while it’s an admirable thing to try to be friends with an ex, in reality it’s most often just far too complicated and wrought with difficulties to be worth it. Much luck to those who try, and congrats to those who don’t.

### answer: no. by caito’hara

Can exes be friends? Yes, they can. Should they? Different question, let’s tackle the first one for now.

Let’s pretend you’re a decent person who wasn’t just trolling for ass: you were with someone because you saw something in them, something complimentary, or something even endearingly antagonistic. Either way, they were a question you just had to answer. For whatever reason, it didn’t work out, and now you’re left with some person who knows your intimate fancies, your detailed backstory, and your glaring inadequacies.

Why wouldn’t you want to keep that person in your life? I’m not saying ten minutes after things go south you should reach a hand out and ask them to go backpacking or play darts at Ake’s, but that doesn’t mean this person doesn’t have a place in your life. I mean for fuck’s sake, you picked them, how bad can they be?

There’s a lot of grey area between arrogant d-bag and vapid twat-like persona: sometimes shit just doesn’t work out. Does the person always correct you despite their heart of gold? Do they make you laugh so hard you cry but leave their body weight in trash in your car? That’s not a reason to hate and shun them but they’re both sufficient reasons to not want to be with them. I dropped sufferers of the two aforementioned issues like a bad habit, and you know what? They’re still a blast to get lunch with, and drunkenly text at 4:00 in the afternoon.

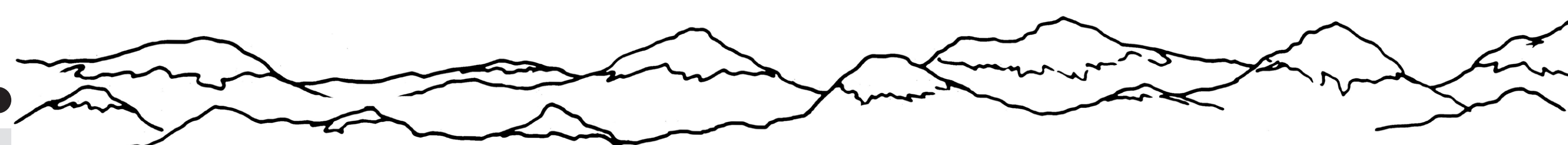
The undeniable way of someone’s chemistry is something worth exploring every time, but it’s in no way binding. After you’ve found out enough about the person to know you don’t want them, there’s nothing wrong with telling them so; but you saw something in that person, considered them something special, and that doesn’t mean you don’t have a place to keep doing so in a platonic matter.

So, in short, yes, exes can be friends, but should they? As much as I want to imagine being friends with everyone I’ve been inside of, that’s way easier said than done. I don’t know if I ever want to see the person who made me smile widest again - I don’t think I could emotionally handle that just to be hit with the fact that I can’t be with them. I like to think I’m not the only person in the world who feels that way, that there’s always that one person who’s just too much.

In theory, you date people because they make you happier than a pig in shit; get over it if it doesn’t work out. There are only 3+ billion people of each sex out there, and some of them might even smell nice. Shit, some of them might even smell really nice! Just because you’re pursuing someone new doesn’t mean you can’t show your former man/ladyfriend a little courtesy; make like Timón and Pumbaa and put your past in your behind... or something like that. ■

### answer: yes. by georgeloftus

# reflections.



## do's and don'ts of valentine's day

by sarahperda

Have you recently been dumped? Did you just get friend-zoned? Perhaps you simply repulse those to whom you are attracted? If you fall in or around any of these categories, then you know that Valentine's Day was invented for people just like you. The flower deliveries to the dorms, the presentation of heart shaped chocolates outside of the Marketplace, the

saccharine serenades in Bailey-Howe—what better than having other people's elation thrown in your face to lift your spirits, right? On the off chance that this glorious day doesn't bring you the immense pleasure Hallmark promised, here's how to make a statement while not losing your cool (or your dignity) on VDay.

**1. Don't wear red or pink.** This does not mean wear black as if you're in mourning (again, we're maintaining dignity here). While black is the most obvious choice for those who hate the 14th, opting for a more passive-aggressive approach is much betchier. Wear navy! Or royal purple! Or one of the 10 million flannels you undoubtedly have shoved in your closet! It really doesn't matter which route you take, so long as you don't succumb to the 24-hour pink-out.

**2. Don't assault the happy people** Believe me, I understand the urge to punt those cutesy couples who prance around hand in hand toting their balloons, bears and begonias. But play nice on VDay; it's the only day it's semi-acceptable for them to make us want to self-induced purge. Rather than throw rocks at them, let them have their fun while you laugh behind their backs at the absurd amount of money the poor sap is spending to get lucky.

**3. Don't whine.** Self-explanatory. Most people would rather stick pins in their eyes than listen to you talk about your lackluster love life on Valentine's Day. If you really can't control yourself, blog about it so only the masochists have to see it.

**4. I take it back, don't blog about it** Back to my rant about what an Internet-based culture we live in: please do not publish your innermost feelings of desperation and inadequacy for all to see on Facebook or Twitter. Your vast network of "friends" does not want to run the risk of accidentally "liking" your misery. New suggestion: pull a Bridget Jones and journal about it with pen and paper instead.

**5. Do indulge yourself** Not getting anything from someone special? Buy it yourself! Everything from manis and massages to solo cups and sangria are on sale at this time of year, why not capitalize on the opportunity, you little economist? You may as well get something good out of the day, no? The only caveat: do not claim it's a gift from a secret admirer. No one will believe you, and you will be henceforth (and deservedly) ridiculed. Play that independent (wo)man card like a boss. ■

## why valentine's day is best spent *alone*

by jonathanfranqui

Ah Valentine's Day. A day which, miraculously, I have never had a girlfriend to share with. It is not that I have never dated anyone, it just seems as though I always begin or end a relationship around February. It may be my body's subconscious way of fleeing commitment, or perhaps I am just a horrible boyfriend and cause girls to run for the hills when Saint Valentine rears his head. Whatever the case, I am not breaking stride this year, as I am poised to be single for yet another Valentine's Day! Fret not for me, faithful readers, as I have learned not only to deal with my single status on the holiday for lovers, but it has actually become a day where I celebrate my singularity and love myself! (and no, this is not a masturbation quip.) Be strong my readers, as I am about to drop some wisdom on your collective asses which will hopefully get you through the hellish day that is Saint Valentine's.

**1. You have no one to Please but Yourself.** Anyone who has ever had a significant other can attest to the simple fact that Valentine's day is a time to show your love in a spectacular fashion. Sure, many couples claim that they do not want anything from their better half during the days leading up to this holiday, but those proclamations tend to fall to the wayside when they begin witnessing the gallantry of their peers. This generally creates turmoil on both sides

of the relationship, as their time span for creativity is extremely stunted, and the little money you had to purchase a gift just went into booze or wings. You may think to yourself "I'll make a homemade gift!" which isn't actually a poor idea, if you are artistic. For people without an ounce of artistic prowess in their body, this scheme will generally serve to waste time and spawn a horrific mess of glue, glitter, and tears. If, however, you are single on Valentine's day, your only priority should be to indulge yourself in whatever it is that makes you happy. This can be anything from going to a bar with a friend and having a drink, smoking a fat blunt, or simply treating yourself to a nice meal. This leads me to my next point...

**2. You don't have to spend you hard earned dough on overpriced flowers and chocolate!**

If you are in a relationship, your wallet is going to go through the gauntlet. Ladies, I am not being sexist here, but let's be honest, there is no such thing as a chivalrous cheapskate. Women with boyfriends, I guarantee you that they feel like they need to man up, and will most

## LOVESCOPESES

by lizcantrell

valentine's predictions for you!

illustrations by carly macconnell

**Aries: March 21-April 19**  
Oh, Aries. Ever the flirty type, it's no surprise you have an array of Valentine's options. Hit up parties, bars, dorms, etc and try out a new pick up line wherever you go. The celestial heavens recommend sure-fire ones such as "Screw me if I'm wrong, but haven't we met before?"

**Taurus: April 20-May 20**  
Cupid is up to his usual mischief but his aim is a little off, so beware of unforeseen events such as candy hearts falling from the sky and little winged cherubs escorting you to class.

**Gemini: May 21- June 20**  
As the sign of the twin, chances are you'll score not one but two dates this Valentine's Day. Three-some, anyone? Keep dreaming, Gem, you're not that smooth.

**Cancer: June 21-July 22**  
Ethereal Venus suggests concocting a love potion of three sprinkles of glitter, two wisps of unicorn tail, and a couple shakes of get-real. Crabbie, ain't nothing going to guarantee you some sweet Valentine's fun - you gotta get out there yourself, so put down the spell book and get to work!



**Leo: July 23-August 22**  
Single and lovin' it? Of course you are, which is why speed-dating is the plan for you! Grab an equally love-less friend and hit the local meet n' greets.

**Virgo: August 23-September 22**  
Cosmo is known for its repertoire of wild sex moves, but don't be tempted to try some of them. Trust the stars: anything involving hot wax, Sharpies, and a Frisbee will end up being more work than fun. And probably painful.

**Libra: September 23-October 22**  
Your on-again, off-again hookup has been giving you hints that they'd like some Valentine's lovin', but

the stars sense your interest is waning. Trust your instincts, and, if you must, let them down gently with a candy-gram.



**Scorpio: October 23-November 21**  
So you like to fly solo, shall we say? Check out the **WT's** self-service section for thoughts from those who have been there, done that.

**Sagittarius: November 22-December 21**  
If you're in a committed relationship, put your matchmaking skills to work and set up your pals! Create a casual get together with a mix of people who are shackled up, broken up, and probably fucked up, and the love arrows will fly.

**Capricorn: December 22-January 19**  
Valentine's Day isn't really your thing, Cappie, and the stars totes understand that, which is why they suggest you queue up a night of movies. Top picks? For feel good, clean teen fun, *From Justin to Kelly*; for excellent comedy, *All About Steve*; and for one truly un-bee-lievable horror story, Nic Cage's *The Wicker Man*.

**Aquarius: January 20-February 18**  
So you've had your eye on a certain cutie? Send them a signal with well-penned notes like, "U r rly hawt letz get hawt 2gether," and, "be my boo?" While Usher and Alicia Keys have stolen the last one, it could still work for you!

**Pisces: February 19- March 20**  
The mystical moon grants you a once-in-a-Valentine opportunity to ensnare your beloved. The stars suggest investing in a Venus flytrap in order to prepare. Keep it by your window, where it will blossom and fill your room with good love vibes and killer charm. You'll be ready to go when the big day arrives. ■

likely never admit to it. And if they deny my allegations, they are bold-faced liars, and should probably pursue a career in poker. Don't think you're off the hook though ladies, as it is likely that your hard earned cash is going down the drain as well when you invest in a thoughtful gift or meal. This can be especially true for girls with nerdy boyfriends, as comics, graphic novels, video games and all the merchandise associated with them can cost a pretty penny. Whoever is paying, any restaurant worth

**"it has actually become a day where i celebrate my singularity"**

visiting or gift worth buying is going to run up a steep bill. For those of us without a significant other, I have always found it soothing to go to the nearest ATM, withdraw all the money you have, and chuckle softly as you count the cash which will actually go towards something practical. Yet Saint Valentine's grants another special privilege to all us single boys and girls...

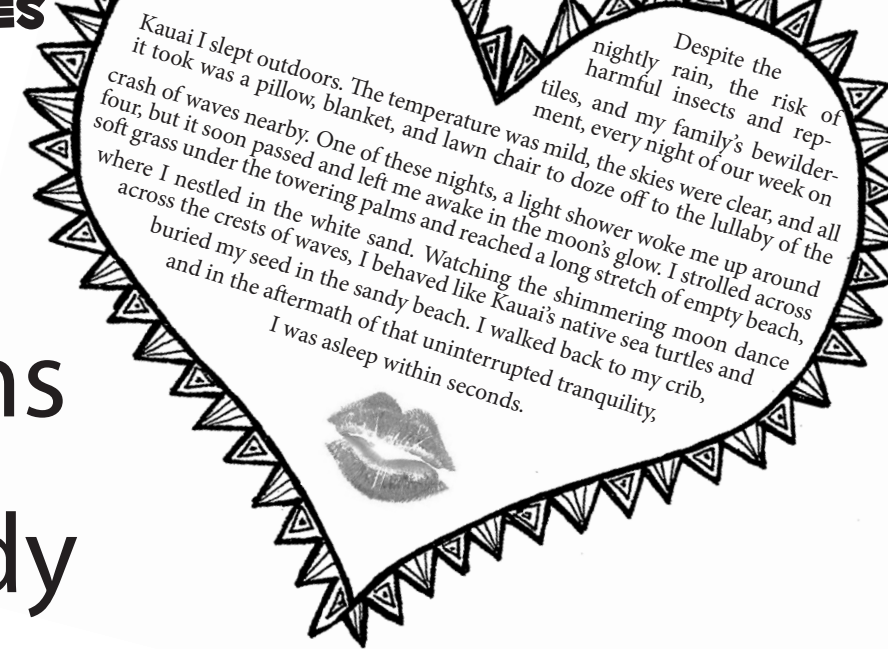
**3. You can Finally Discover if your Crush is Single!**  
Guys and girls alike may face the problem of determining whether or not that heartthrob in their class this semester is single. Let's face it, short of blatantly ask-

ing them if they are single, it may be difficult to discern whether or not they are committed to someone. Valentine's Day offers you a non obtrusive means of asking an off-the-cuff question about their plans for the night, revealing to you if they are indeed engaged at the moment. Most of the time this works, but some unlucky few will hear an answer of their liking, only to find out later that the reason their crush is alone on Valentine's Day is that they are in a long distance relationship. I'm sure the feeling of this revelation is akin to having someone kicking you in the gut, but hell, at least you tried.

I honestly have more reasons why I enjoy being single on Valentine's Day, but I wouldn't want to come off as a ranting, cynical critic of love. In actuality, I harbor a small pang of jealousy when Valentine's Day come along and I am left to bear it alone. This article is not an attack on those in committed relationships, but merely a few reasons why single people can take some solace in this holiday, admittedly at the expense of the aforementioned lovers. So to all the couples and single people alike, enjoy the holiday! And if you are single, don't be scared to strike up conversation with someone who seems to be lonely, as I am sure they will appreciate the gesture. ■

## THE MASTURBATION CHRONICLES

installment 3



## confessions of a failed biddy

by laurafrangipane

In a former life, at a former college, I found myself dangerously close to becoming a biddy. If you're my friend on Facebook, stalk long and hard and you too can witness the generic highlights I sported during this dark time in my life. Unfortunately, I can't claim amnesia or an alien abduction. The real truth is sadder and much less Lifetime-special worthy: I was just trying to fit in.

I arrived to college fresh from my high school experience where I was a band geek and dressed in boy's clothing. I thought this would be an acceptable thing to keep doing.

My roommate, examining the few articles of clothing from the women's section I did own, dismissed my Apple Bottom jeans, puffy fake fur jackets and anything remotely "urban." She pointed me in the general direction of the J Crew online store where, accustomed to

myself coming home from early field experiences in the classroom full of details I wanted to gush to my closest friends. These friends, however, wanted to talk about what happened at last night's party or the nose job the girl in our building "so obviously" got over winter break.

Even deeper down, I knew it was because college is a time for finding oneself and as much fun as it had

**"the signs of impending social outcast from the biddies should have been apparent. while i frantically spray tanned and accessorized with pearls, the car i drove was an early nineties toyota corolla with no heat, ac or radio"**

Daffy's bottom dollar prices, I had my first heart attack. I vowed to make a weekend trip to the J Crew outlet instead. A few changes to my wardrobe, I thought, were harmless. I wanted my roommate and the other girls resembling her at my school to like me. And so, my life as a budget conscious biddy wannabe began.

When I returned home to Philadelphia my first break my friends were shocked. They insisted I stop and return to the culture where we were all raised. How could I explain that with a student body the size of my high school, there would be no stopping? I needed someone to eat lunch with- and biddydom, for freshman year anyway, was the answer.

Back at school, I tried to deny the fact that I was on Dean's List, had received an academic scholarship to school and I had discovered a major that I really loved. But I found

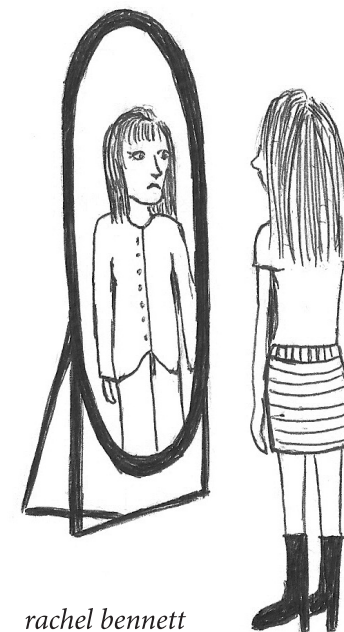
I dragged myself to parties all seven nights of the week, sipping jungle juice concoctions and getting "so" wasted, but it got old quickly. And besides, my feet in those heels were developing some sort of condition. I feared I would be crippled by age 25.

The signs of impending social outcast from the biddies should have been apparent. While I frantically spray-tanned and accessorized with pearls, the car I drove was a reasonable, early nineties Toyota Corolla and its heating, air conditioning, and radio were all shot. I saw it as an awesome way to get from point A to point B, affectionately crooning to it as we drove along. My friends saw it as a used condom - a Cessna Jet of dying engine sound - and had trouble being seen in the passenger seat. It wasn't a Benz.

Similarly, the only UGGs I deigned to purchase resembled moccasins instead of sawed off stuffed animals. My closet was full of knockoffs and while it had come a long way from the ironic oversized tee shirts and boys' jeans of August, still didn't

been to pretend I wasn't the nerd I was in high school, it turns out I really am that nerd. College is about finding the things you love - weird sports and weirder clubs - and finding people who like them, too. And the biddies, for me, weren't the answer.

Luckily, I've found that here at UVM, we are blessed with a generally tolerant and accepting student body. We can all relate to wishing we weren't the odd one out, and for a blissful year I wasn't. Although my flirtation with biddydom probably explains why I like Jersey Shore and Teen Mom so damn much, and as much as I fear there is a hidden meaning - like maybe I am the opposite of who I am now - more likely it means nothing else. It was a phase in my life- an awkward haircut, so to speak, and I can't disown it. (There is a similar story as to how I became a hipster, but I can't tell you because I could never admit to being one.) ■



rachel bennett

# fork it over.



## sexy food showdown:

## the wt vs. cosmo

by ellieseitz

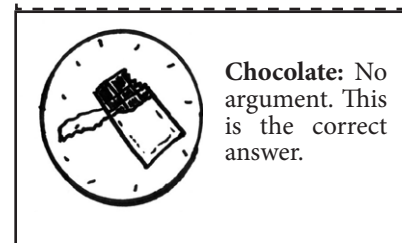
It's here again folks: February 14th. Whether you have plans with that special someone, on the prowl for some booty, or sitting at home with your many cats, one thing is for sure: you need to eat. In a mad search for Valentine's Day recipe ideas, I turned to the only place from which a sensible girl gets romantic advice from—*Cosmo*. The list of love (or lust) in-

cluding nourishment offered by *Cosmopolitan* was as genuinely awful as nearly all of their sex and relationship advice. For the protection of lovers and cat-ladies everywhere, here are some selections from that list, along with some sane aphrodisiac substitutes. Enjoy, you crazy kids.

**Asparagus:** Really, Cosmo?? Asparagus? This is just straight dumb. The only thing asparagus is famous for is making your pee smell funky. Instead of weird spear-shaped veggies, try this healthy alternative:



**Hot peppers:** Sure to spice up any mood (ha-ha, get it? They're spicy), peppers are tasty and let you look like a total badass in front of your significant other. Ditch the 'sparagus and hop on the spicy train.



**Chocolate:** No argument. This is the correct answer.

**Oysters:** Eww. I know oysters are the classic go-to for whoopee-inducing snacks, but seriously, eww. First of all, oysters are crazy expensive. Also, they look like what I imagine the troll bogeys from Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone do. Instead, try...



**Mac 'n cheese:** Here's the thing about mac 'n cheese: it's crazy delicious. Whether you whip up a box of Annie's or go all out and make some home-made oven-baked good shit, you cannot fail with this old standby. Ladies, throw some bacon in that stuff and get ready for some lovin'.

**Watermelon:** Okay, this one honestly just confuses me. It is statistically impossible to look good while nomming on a slice of melon, so unless there is some hidden chemical power to watermelon that no one has ever heard of, then I vote this as bad idea number 8,937,583, *Cosmo*. If you're looking for a fruit to get you in the mood, try:



**Strawberries:** Every romantic comedy in the world will tell you that strawberries are romantic and sexy and cliché and perfect! Douse those suckers in some chocolate and you're good to go.

**Salmon:** Whoever put this on the list is a serious poo-for-brains. Sure, salmon is delicious and shows that you have great taste and a healthy budget, but no one wants to do the no-pants-dance with someone that smells like fish. In lieu of seafood, give this a whirl:



**Spaghetti:** This no-fail dish is so easy to prepare that it will leave even the least domestic among us looking like freakin' Martha Stewart. It leads to the obvious Lady and the Tramp moment, and a carb-load never hurts to gear up for a round of horizontal mambo. Or a long walk with your cats. Because you're definitely that person that puts his/her cat on a leash.



**Red Wine:** *Cosmo*, you've done it again. Just when I think you've sucked all the stupid out of the room, you come up with a gem like this. Well played, sir. ■

art by malcolm valaitis

# fashion five-oh.



## lookin' fine fo' valentine's

with colbynixon

Every holiday has its own get-up; Christmas has ugly sweaters, on St. Patrick's Day everyone wears green, the Fourth of July is synonymous with red, white and blue color schemes, Halloween is all about dressing up, attending an Easter brunch requires pastel colors, Thanksgiving dinner, autumnal ones, heck even on Mexican Flag Day (February 24) you can wear a sombrero (also acceptable on Cinco de Mayo). The one holiday that has no specific attire associated with it is Valentine's Day, or St. Valentine's Day as it is formally known. Sure, you could wear pink, but that's usually reserved for the month of October (Breast Cancer Awareness Month), or if you happen to have a big goofy sweater with hearts on it, that's also an option. But I'm guessing you probably don't have a big sweater with a heart on it.

Let's face it, there are no real options, so I say let's come up with some ideas for what a Valentine's Day outfit could look like:

**1. Animal Print** - I'm personally not a huge proponent of this pattern, but when else is a better time to wear some leopard, zebra, cow, or marmot print? I mean, what better says, "you and me, baby, ain't nothin' but mammals..."

**2. The Red Bomb** - Red sweatshirt, red sweatpants, and if you're a champ, red shoes.



lauryn schrom

**3. Tie-dye** - Oh wait, you're probably already wearing this anyway.

**4. Anything But Clothes** - Actually, it's probably too cold for that.

**5. Your Babylon 5/Star-gate/Star Wars shirt** - Go ahead, wear it. If you actually own one of these, you're either a) already getting laid on a regular basis, b) rarely getting laid, so either way it really doesn't matter.

**6. Normal Clothing** - because apparently it's only a fake holiday anyway. ■

## THE MASTURBATION CHRONICLES

installment 4

are going to be about as adept at pleasuring you as the average high school freshman. (Read as NOT AT ALL) Frankly, why the fuck are we taking this shit? Orgasm is one of the most blissful moments that our unfortunate biology has gifted us with and damn it we deserve it! Screw waiting around for someone to find all your trigger spots - find them yourself. It's the greatest stress release short of... well, honestly I can't think of anything better. Embrace your inner sexpot, and go at it. You'll be grateful in the long run.

Girls, let's face it. Unless you get incredibly lucky, hook-ups are about as pleasurable as a paper airplane.

# trash.



## i want you so bad

Dear North Union Neighbors, You, my dear friends, live just up the stairs There's a porch right outside where you smoke in your chairs

That's okay, I suppose, I'm not trying to preach But there is one small thing that of you I beseech BE QUIET, I'm begging, it's three in the morning! I've been many times this year to give a warning I don't need to hear all your personal stories Of classes, adventures, of failings and glories So, look guys, I don't want to be a big pain But please don't let this plea be in vain Next time you go smoke at all hours of the night Remember me, sick, tired, just out of sight **When:** nearly nightly between midnight and 4 am **Where:** a 3 minute walk from PSB **I saw:** a dog that's not allowed in our building. Don't tempt me. **I am:** a sleep deprived editor of a certian uvm news mag

Where is the boy with eyes as deep and brown as mine The feel of your wool sweater against my flank was always so fine I still hear your voice from far away And yet you haven't visited me for days Your absence hollows me to my core Would you come back to me if I was a ninety four? You're the only one who knows when I get frisky The proof to pick that isn't risky The bond that we two share is stronger than any other Even the one you share with my mother I want you back please don't flee! Why must each new year take my favorites from me! **When:** 2011 **Where:** spear street **I saw:** a tall farmer **I am:** yours forever

I see you once a week atop your broom Thinkin' some day we could be bride and groom With your sexy legs and your nice tight butt Soon I'll ride on your broom and be your dirty witch slut With your tie dye jerseys and so much steeze Your team looks so suave and you do it with ease I bet every time you step on the field you catch the snitch And for your prize you can call me your bitch Next time I spot you practicing on the turf in the gym I will come stop by and ask you out on a limb **When:** Saturday nights **Where:** turf fields **I saw:** a modern day Quidditch hunk **I am:** a girl who wants to Slytherin your bed

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

You teach an English class right before mine, And I must admit, you look so fine. And yes, it's true, this is about a professor, I'd say you're 23, but I'm not a good guesser. A graduate student? That must be who you are. You're too young and cute, and I'll admire from afar. Unless you say "Hi" when I come into class, And say "Screw the rules," I want your fine ass. **When:** Tuesdays and Thursdays **Where:** before my English class **I saw:** professor of English **I am:** professing my love

I hate you all. **When:** today. **Where:** everywhere. **I saw:** everyone. **I am:** not enjoying Valentine's Day.

I'm not sure it's me that you once called for here, But my long shining hair... your description was near. Fridays are my favorite, you'll often find me Sitting up in a tree, for some tea, around 3. Come join me on high and I won't let you fall, For my arms, although gentle, are strong as a wall. **When:** a few weeks ago **Where:** on this page of an old paper **I saw:** a lady phillies fan **I am:** a blue eyed handome man

Hey, pretty brunette girl. I'm normally so outgoing, but I only met you recently so I'm a little shy. Everybody else around here sees you just as another person, but I see you as so much more. You're sweet but so authoritative and I like that. You seem into me, but you're so friendly with everyone around here so I can't be sure. I would like to take long walks with you. I think it's one of both of our favorite hobbies. You have a tattoo that looks kinda like me... I think it's fate. Honestly, I love you almost as much as I love dinnertime. I want to lick your face. **When:** almost every day **Where:** your work, my play **I saw:** a little (not tiny) person **I am:** a shepherd mix

Come on, Jersey girl, let's make our story unfold. You're a double black belt, I've been told. Our bodies mesh perfectly, like jello to a mold. I love simply taking your hand to hold. And it's time I let you know, I think you're better than gold.

**When:** errrday! **Where:** rooms ending in -06 **I saw:** a sexy BAMF **I am:** a spaz

I see you in the lib Almost every day (You probably catch me staring). You walk with swagger I would kill for. I have wanted to give you the Digits, that when you dial Connect you to this sexy blonde (But I don't want to seem desperate) Your Carhartt jacket turns me on And your fitted hat too. Just come say hi to me, Before I jump on top of you. **When:** most days **Where:** the lib **I saw:** a sexy, mysterious man **I am:** a blonde, studious babe

# 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)

**The Bailey/Howe**  
*Guy 1 (to Guy 2):* Don't go see a movie about horses, she cried for the last hour and 45 minutes of the 2 hour movie

**Front doors of MAT**  
*A fabulous man:* "Do you want to make a contribution? Hey, hepatitis is not a laughing matter!"

**N Union St.**  
*Girl:* I feel like I'm a cougar already! My mom's a cougar. It runs in the family; it's so bad.

**Redstone**  
*Lovely young lady:* Sex was so bad last night I couldn't even fake it

**Kalkin classroom**  
*Experienced stoner to Newb:* Yeah, for now you'll have the urge to hit the res bowls, but you'll soon learn that it isn't worth it.

**Davis Center pool tables**  
*Guy:* There is no way a girl who looks like Zooeey Deschanel can have such an expansive knowledge of Lord of the Rings and still be single. I would get her pregnant in a New York minute just to make sure she wouldn't go anywhere.

**Outside the Davis Center**  
*Male 1:* Dude, you know what I fucking love?  
*Male 2:* What?  
*Male 1:* Bubble wrap, man. It's the shit.

**Coolidge Hall**  
*A classy young lady:* The moment I let someone cum on my face is the moment I reach a whole new low

**U-Heights South: GreenHouse**  
*Guy 1:* So how often do you moisturize your penis?  
*Guy 2:* I've never thought about it.

**McCauley stairs**  
*An intelligent lass:* I think they overdosed on heroin or coke or something.  
*An honest babe:* Wait... I don't think that you can overdose on coke... Can you???

**Skyburgers, Thursday night**  
*Stranger:* Can you please not talk about autopsies while we are eating?  
*Stranger:* It was fine until you started talking about bundles of organs.

**Redstone Express**  
*Boy (on phone):* I said I'd smash her... to to my mom...

**Mason Hallway**  
*Girl 1 to Guy 1 (referring to other Guy):* I can't be friends with him, I've had his dick in my mouth!

**The first floor of Bailey Howe**  
*Girl 1:* Want to read my essay?  
*Girl 2:* No.  
*Girl 1:* But I talked about dropping acid!

## the **wf** asks: what are your favorite **sexy** songs?

What defines a “sexy song”? It’s hard to know, and the people of the **wf** sure can’t nail down a single definition. So, in honor of Valentine’s Day, we asked **wf** staffers (past and present!) to name their favorite “sexy” songs. They responded en masse, citing everything from Die Antwoord to Beyoncé as being, well, sexy as fuck. ■

**phoebefooks**  
Anything from Justin Timberlake’s *FutureSex/LoveSounds*.

**julienardarmoni**  
“Portions for Foxes”, or anything with Jenny Lewis.

**bendonovan**  
“Since I’ve Been Lovin’ You” by Led Zepelin. Also, anything off of *Sweet Tea* by Buddy Guy.

**lauradillon**  
“Foxy Lady” by Jimi Hendrix.

**julietcritsimilios**  
“Body and Soul” by Coleman Hawkins.

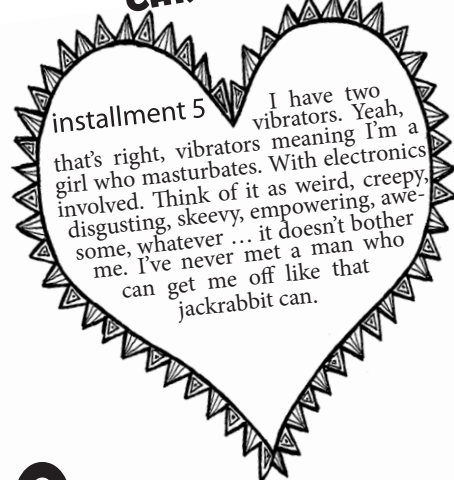
**laurafrangipane**  
“Countdown” by Beyoncé. Any Beyoncé.

**lizcantrell**  
“Pour Some Sugar on Me” by Def Leppard. The sexy quality is pretty obvious (and yes, I do mean Def Leppard’s outfits). But for reals: “Work Me” and/or “Nobody But You” by The Black Keys.

**erikaweisz**  
“What’s New Pussycat” by Tom “The Body” Jones.

**malcolmvalaitis**  
“Crazy Love” by white soul brother #1, Van Morrison

### THE MASTURBATION CHRONICLES



**dansuder**  
What phoebefooks said times a million, minus “Losing My Way,” cuz that just makes me cry. Also, Usher at his sexiest is a beast. And the xx.

**leamclellan**  
“Work It” by Missy Elliott. Also, “I’m Really Hot” by Missy Elliott. Kind of my sex anthem.

**caito’hara**  
“I Can’t Help Falling in Love with You” by The King. Because a) it’s the King. And b) it’s just too adorable not to be on the list.

**jamesaglio**  
“I Fink U Freeky” by Die Antwoord

**gregjacobs**  
“Electric Feel” by MGMT because that groove is just too enticing.

**carlymacconnell**  
“Slow an’ Easy” by Whitesnake... Listen to that intro, girls, and try to tell me you’re not creaming.

**brietoomey**  
Norah Jones, mmmm.

**lauragreenwood**  
“The Morning” by The Weeknd.

**sarahmoylan**  
“Bluish” by Animal Collective. “Alone” by Ty Segall, or anything off *Kind of Blue* by Miles Davis.

**lindsaygabel**  
“Do You Feel Loved” by U2!

**dylanmccarthy**  
“Ignition” (not the remix) by R. Kelly. The beat is unbelievably sexy—R. Kelly’s voice is always sexy—and the whole song is him making sexual driving puns.



art by collin cappelle

by kerrymartin

## THE MASTURBATION CHRONICLES

### installment 6

My dormitory  
Four walls, one window  
Big window, friendly window  
Outside  
Busy sidewalk  
Friends stop by, knock on window  
Hey. What’s up?  
Nice, friendly, big window  
Friendly friends knock on window  
Everything good.

Masturbating.  
Moving along nicely. Porn good.  
Knock on window! Softness now.  
Start over. Moving along nicely.  
Knock on window! Softness again.  
Damn you, accursed window.  
Portal to outside world, destroyer of privacy.  
Big window, busy sidewalk.  
Good for friends to say, hey, what’s up?  
Bad for masturbating.

## cupid’s arrows

by joshhegarty

Ivan woke up on February the 14th with one mission in mind: delivering a bouquet of roses and a boxful of chocolates to Margaret McDowell and asking her to go on a date with him. He hopped out of bed, showered, dressed and applied enough cologne to make a skunk blush. Then he headed out for the nearest flower shop.

But when he stepped out of his house, he noticed something rather peculiar: a mess of arrows, tips in the shape of non-anatomical hearts, littering the street, some even standing up straight, embedded in the concrete. In addition, there did not appear to be another person in view, no sound of footsteps, and no signs of life at all. Nervously, he stepped back inside and turned his television to the news, where he saw a report so outrageous that he couldn’t hold back laughter. Next to Gloria Remender’s face was a cartoon image of Cupid, with the words, “Cupid Catastrophe” in bright bold font beneath it. Gloria was relaying reports of what witnesses could only describe as “a little, baby angel flying around the city, shooting people with arrows.” It was advised that everyone stay in his or her home, as police have had no luck in finding the alleged “angel.”

But Ivan had a goal for the day, and an idiotic, romantic notion bolstering him into an uncharacteristically brave mood, that Margaret needed him for protection from Cupid. So he set out from his home and started to run down the street. After running for several blocks, he started to feel

silly, as well as exhausted, and slowed his gait. When he reached Vitello’s flower shop, the door was locked and the store was dark. Unsure of where to find another source of flowers, and feeling sure that he couldn’t be caught, he decided to break in. He grabbed a trashcan off the street and hurled it at the door, missing it completely. Feeling embarrassed, he tried again, this time from only a foot away from the door. Glass flew into the shop and Ivan stepped inside. He headed towards the back to look for pre-made rose arrangements and luckily found several. As he looked back and forth between them, he heard a loud, ruffling noise, as if the beating of wings, from the door he’d smashed open.

He ducked down beneath a table as the beating grew closer and managed to see something he would never forget: Cupid, or at least the image of a cherub that we’ve come to associate with the Roman deity of eroticism, a baby, the size of a full grown man and wearing a diaper, holding a bow in one hand with a quiver of arrows over his shoulder. The oversized baby had wings, flapping back and forth, which caused him to float, although only by a few inches, off the ground. Cupid fluttered about the room, giggling and cooing exactly like a baby would. He seemed to be looking for something, but also seemed to have the searching skills of a baby, in that if the object can’t be seen, it must not exist. After a few minutes of floating around Vitello’s flower shop, Cupid left. Several minutes later, Ivan stood up and selected his rose arrangement, a collection of white, red and yellow. Then he headed to the front of the store and grabbed two large heart shaped boxes of chocolate.

With the chocolates under one arm and his other arm hugging the roses towards his body, Ivan had to walk slowly and awkwardly. He walked down empty streets and from arrow struck houses, he could see faces leering out at him with dread expressions. One older gentleman opened up his window and yelled, “Hey, boy. Get off the street. Don’t you know it’s not safe? We’re under attack.” But Ivan just kept walking towards Margaret McDowell’s house.

As he turned onto her street, he saw Cupid on the other side of the road. Startled, the rose arrangement fell from his hands and the vase shattered, spilling petals, water and glass all over the

On those long days, when the average Catamount gets batted between Old Mill, Bailey Howe, and the Grundle eight times, encountering the intolerably pretentious professors and the accidentally hipster homeless, it’s in our nature to sit down, take a deep breath, and make sense of our jumbled thoughts through lyrical genius. Now, for the first time, all you aspiring UVMCs can expose your hip-hop taste buds to **the water tower** by rapping on a variety of topics. This week, we bust on **Valentine’s Day**.

Usually, two weeks into February  
My love life belongs in a cemetery  
I wish I had a sexy secretary  
So I could build a levy in her estuary  
But it’s often the day of Singles’ Awareness  
Where I jizz on the face of life’s unfairness  
Pick up a Trojan, no need to wear this  
When my date is my hand, I’m allowed to be careless  
One Valentine’s Day, I’ll finally get lucky  
When the rubber I handle is not a rubber ducky  
I don’t need the fucky-fucky, not even a sucky-sucky  
Just for once a lady who’s not yucky from Kentucky  
So if you need a Valentine, come to my room quick  
Before another cupid kicks me in the dick.  
by Kerry Martin

Hmm. Calendar? Lookin’ up the date.  
Damn, the 14th. Valentine’s, Oh great.  
Hope to face the day with guidance from above  
Cause nothing’s gonna save us from this day of love.  
It’s inevitable, fucking incredible!  
How’s a day this sweet so goddamn inedible?  
If you’re single...well that sucks.  
Maybe next year you’ll be having better luck.  
Now those taken, God’s foresaken,  
This holiday has got your relationship quakin’.  
Mix CDs, chocolates, roses.  
Acts of devotion or romantic poses?  
But, don’t fret, it’ll be okay  
with the promise of long weekend, Hail Presidents’ Day!  
by Laura Greenwood

Valentine’s day, or as I call it the day of sorrow,  
Wake up at one o’clock, start prayin’ for tomorrow  
I once saw Cupid shoot an arrow at a pretty one  
She looked at me, then turned away and made out with a gritty bum  
Dammit, once again, I’m alone and I’m lovesick  
Stumblin’ with a bottle of Patron in public  
What I see sickens me, holding hands is one thing, yo  
But Eskimo kisses? I’m fuckin’ glad that I’m still single  
Who am I kidding? My sexual appetite is insatiable  
But lately every one of my partners has been inflatable  
So what’s left to do but watch a DVD and sink my teeth,  
Into some Papa John’s and wait in vain for the fifteenth?  
by Drew Diemar

Next week, we deep-fry **Sodexo**. Send your flows to kmarti15@uvm.edu by Thursday at 4:00 PM with the subject “My flow is too grimy, Ganges River” (or something to that effect). The week after next, we drop a fat one on **Cold Weather** (you can send me those raps too). ■

sidewalk. Cupid heard the noise and turned towards it, but Ivan had turned and run down the street and hidden behind a parked car. A few minutes later, Ivan peaked out, and, seeing no giant baby angel, stood up and rushed over to his fallen bouquet. He reached down and picked up a few roses and then crossed the street to Margaret’s house.

He knocked on the door and could hear rustling inside. As the door opened, Ivan gestured to hand over the roses and chocolate, but it was not Margaret at the door. Rather, it was her sister Catherine. Catherine yelled for Margaret to come to the door and walked back inside. Margaret saw Ivan and yelled, “What the hell are you doing? It’s dangerous outside. There’s some kind of madman going around shooting people with arrows.”

“I came to protect you,” he said, and then raising the flowers towards her face, “and to give you these.”  
“Well, that’s sweet, but you really shouldn’t have.”  
“And I wanted to ask you if you would, maybe, like to go out on a date with me sometime?”  
“Ivan, I’ve been waiting for you to ask me out for weeks. Absolutely. Now, seriously, come inside.”

He stepped towards the door, but paused to turn when he heard a familiar, beating noise. Coming towards Margaret’s house was Cupid, with an arrow drawn in his bow. Ivan dived through the doorway, tackling Margaret to the floor and spilling chocolates all over the hallway. Then he turned to shut the door, just in time for Cupid’s arrow to hit it. He stood up and helped Margaret to her feet. Then he looked her in the eye and said, “So, some first date? Huh?” They walked into the living room, and stayed away from windows. Outside, they could hear the giggling and cooing of a giant baby on a rampage. ■

## yiddle me *this*

by theyiddler

i.  
Upon the lips of lovers and liars,  
that injurious spice that bewitches the buyer  
the maiden name of the deity,  
ender torpid insanity.

ii.  
I cry for those toilers who are sullied from labor  
yet I’m a serpent who spits in the hot musty chambers.

answers to last week’s yiddles: candles and riddles

# cat litter.



Proverb Place by Brie Toomey



dubstep dubstep dub-  
step dubstep dubstep dubstep  
dubstep haikus yay!

Why do you love dubstep? We asked and we got some haikus for answers. There were lots of *womps*, *whoomps* and even a *tizz* in anticipation of sweet sweet Rusko tickets - we've got the winner and some runners-up right here. Congrats to Chris Bowen for the winning entry! ■

**chrisbowen**

From cold silence: breath.  
Melt winter's feet- make us drip  
Electric blue sweat

**jonathanlott**

Electronic beats  
wub and womp and pound and blare  
Until.....at last.....drop.

**beccahopkins**

"Move to the rise, boy,  
Ever higher. Reel--then drop.  
Feel it. Take me there."

**kelseywooley**

Dance with broken legs  
naked ketamine rhythm  
the bass flows through me

**robinwilder**

Dinosaur battles  
And robots with laser guns  
Music to my ears



by adrikopp

## stop in the name of **love** by gregjacobs

Valentine's Day is a whirlwind of confusion for everyone. One of the main sources of confusion is a simple question with no easy answer; who is available and who isn't? To make everyone's lives a little easier, I propose we take a stoplight party and put it all over campus. What's a stoplight party you ask? It's where everyone wears green, yellow, or

red. This indicates whether they're available (green), might be (yellow), or not (red). In order to adapt this theme to a day on campus, here are some banners which you can cut out and wear on your backpack or purse on V-Day while you navigate classes and meetings. Stick them on and see what happens! ■



SATIRE STYX 2 - EAT YOUR HEART OUT CUPID by collincappelle



## THE MASTURBATION CHRONICLES

art by caney demars

