



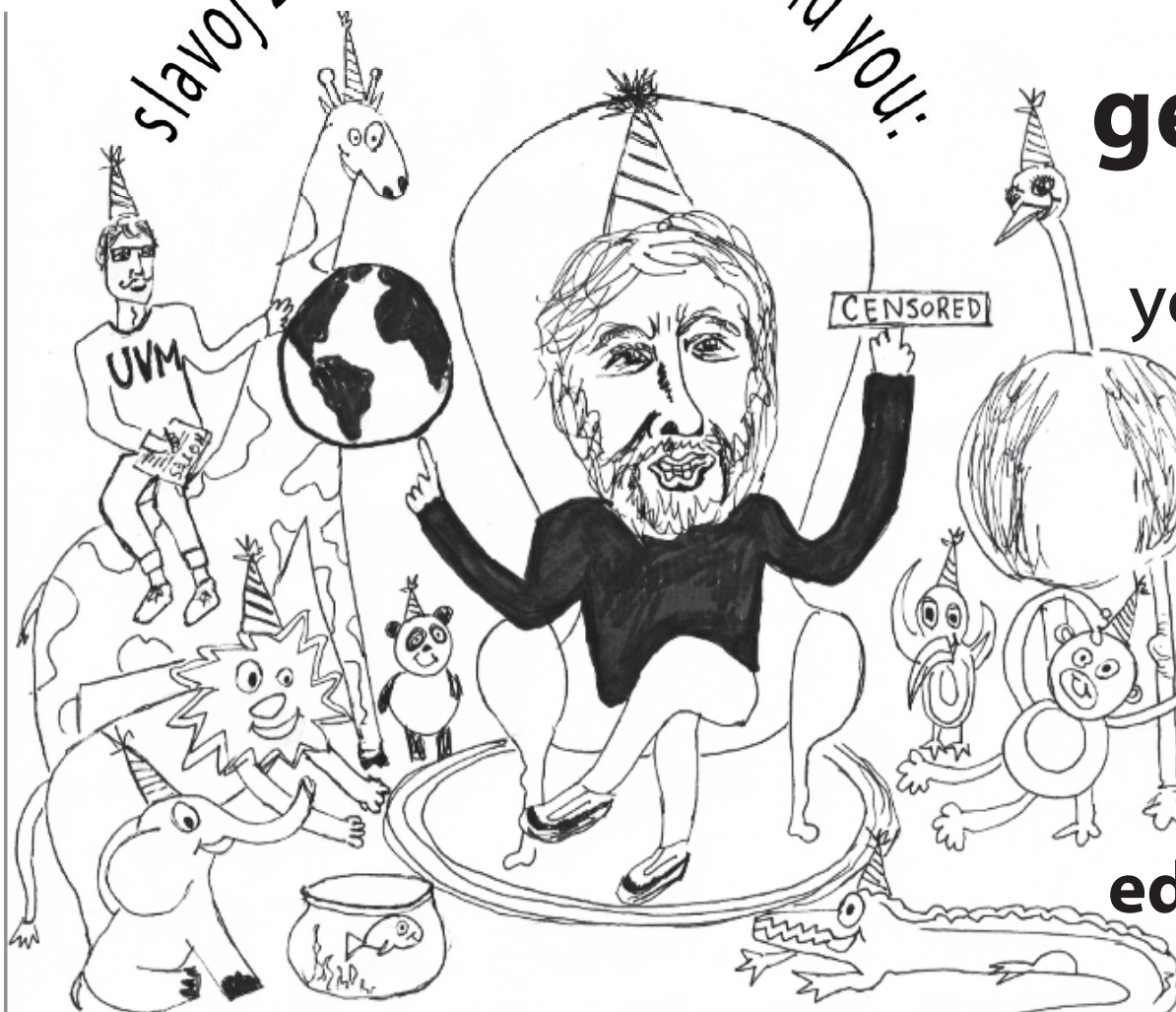
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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

slavoj zizek, campus lectures, and you:



by jamesaglio and kerrymartin

amelia garrison

Kerry's bit:

I knew virtually nothing when I walked into Ira Allen Chapel to hear Slavoj Žižek give his talk—entitled “Buddhism Neutralized”—other than that he was one of the foremost living philosophers in the world, he’d written over fifty books, and he was allegedly a funny guy. After putting the finishing touches on an English paper in Cook dining hall, I speed walked to Ira Allen, fearing tardiness to what might be a sparsely attended event; I laughed to myself once I had found a seat in the balcony, overlooking rows of seats packed with people. Todd McGowan, a film professor who recommended the event to me, was cracking jokes on stage, introducing a hairy man seated at a table, whose fat belly was covered only by an orange T-shirt with a

bicycle on it. He kept rubbing his nose and pulling at his clothes, a habit that was less nervous than manic. Todd ceded the stage, and Slavoj cleared his throat.

trudge across campus through the evening snow to hear that **one eminent professor** in that department you don't really care about. **pay attention. ask questions.**

“You know,” he enunciated in clear, confident English through a thick Slovenian accent, “dis iss my vourrrth visit to thee Yuneevaerrrseety of Vaerrrrmont. I trrrruly theenk dis iss thee grrreatist of thee

Amaerrrican yuneevaerseeities, mostly beecaaz thee majorrreety of thee deepartment arrre Lacanians...” Even if you didn't get the joke, you laughed at the man's spirit. Something Todd had said already rang true in Slavoj: he is devoted to spreading new ideas. That's why he prefers grad students to his fellow professors.

Over the next hour and a half, he cleverly arrived at his main thesis: there has been an upsurge in Buddhism or Buddhist-type religions among elites in oppressive regimes and profitable corporations because the concept of separating oneself from the world, material objects, and your own work helps these men and women feel guiltless for ethically questionable work. He critiques this common interpretation of Buddhism and—although an atheist—

**get off
your ass
and
get
educated**

the workforce behind the iphone

by dannissim

With the recent release of the iPhone 5, Apple is shuffling to meet quality concerns for the device. Those of you lucky enough to get your grubby hands on one of these bad-boys will attest to its slim and light design. What kind of angel, what divine providence, crafted such a device? Reality check: all Apple devices that are “Designed in California” end up being manufactured in China. It is in the Foxconn factories that Chinese laborers (not angels, unfortunately) work tirelessly to meet the demands of the teens, professionals, and grandparents of the United States

Don't be quick to judge; Apple products are not built in sweatshops, where six-year-old boys make a few pennies an hour in hundred-degree heat. However, Foxconn's factories are far from Candy Land. In an audit done by the Fair Labor Association, three of Foxconn's factories were found to violate standards. The association found that many employees worked in excess of sixty hours per week and received inadequate pay to meet their basic needs. Foxconn's factory workers are put in stressful situations where they are asked to complete precision-based tasks at fast rates for hours on end. They live on the grounds of these mega-factories, often far away from home, having to send wages back to their families. Lucky Jimmy gets a new iPhone 5, but these Chinese workers are working around the clock to keep up with the demand.

Foxconn is notoriously known among the tech industry for its string of worker suicides in 2010 and high rates of employee depression. Recently, a report by the China Labor Watch found that Foxconn was also using underage “student interns,” fourteen to sixteen-year-old kids sent to their Yantai plant by schools that were fully aware of the situation. Foxconn, in a rush to develop and manufacture the new Nintendo console—the Wii U—failed to check the IDs of these underage workers.

The latest blip in this ongoing saga has been Apple's response to quality issues with the new iPhone 5. Several customers have reported taking their shiny, new iPhone 5's out of the box only to find them already scuffed and scratched along the bezel. In response, Apple requested Foxconn follow stricter quality standards when manufacturing their phones. These standards include an appearance defect of only 0.02 mm. Sina Weibo, a Foxconn employee, said, “It's tough under such stringent quality requirements. A 0.02mm appearance defect is already beyond that of

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get inside me:

bill mckibben
by michaelstorace

bagel heads
by katjaritche

how to: ruin an outfit
by sarahperda

foreign music
by patrickmurph

the best news team in the universe.

inbox



Dear readers,

It's fall again. The air smells cold, the leaves are blindingly autumnal, and students are wading through a stack of midterm exams as thick as treacle. As November approaches, however, we would like to direct your attentions to two **water tower** traditions that are somewhere on the fun scale above fall allergies and the grim realities of paying a heating bill. **Beardvember** and **water pong** are upon us once more; revel in their presence.

For those not in the know, November is a month for an absence of personal hygiene in the form of beard growing. We at **the water tower** like to celebrate this by holding a little friendly competition. So shave on Halloween night or as soon as you wake up November 1, photograph it, and then sit tight until November 30, at which point you take another photo and then send both to us, where we will judge you and declare the king of **Beardvember**. There are a few different categories, which we will make known as soon as we determine them. **water pong** is exactly what it sounds like, a pong tournament played with water to decide who has the illest skillset (or perhaps who spends too much time playing pong). It's our only real fundraiser all year, so if you like to read the paper and want us to continue to get funding, or if you just like to play pong, you should come!

Love,
James Aglio and Liz Cantrell

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the water tower.
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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief with coleburton

“With this immediate ability to connect and almost pressure to ... because you're holding your phone, you're constantly with your phone, it's almost like you don't know your thoughts and feelings until you connect [to someone through the device].”

-Sherry Turkle, a clinical psychologist and professor at MIT who has done research into the effects of digital devices on people. She's found that the constant contact that digital device allow can actually lower your capacity to feel content when alone and learn basic communication skills. Disclaimer: texting girls won't get you laid

“Yeah, this is definitely not for everyone. People would be frustrated by the fact that this room has no closet. There's four guys sharing a bathroom.”

-Andy Huang, a tenant of San Francisco's new, hip form of housing built to deal with the influx of people to an area rich with jobs in the tech industry: micro-units. Some of these “shoebox” apartments can be as small as 290 square feet and cost up to \$800 a month. I get that it's expensive to live in the hipster Mecca of California, but is packing them in like sardines really the right answer? The stench alone will cause a crisis.

“Big Tex most likely died of natural causes according to DPD source. Mechanical problem not a homicide. #RIPBigTex”

-Rebecca Lopez tweeting about Big Tex, the famous 52-foot tall cowboy and icon of Texas for the past 50 years, who last week was engulfed in flames after a supposed electrical fire started inside of him. Tex was originally a giant Santa Claus, but, in typical Texan fashion, someone decided he'd look better with a 75-gallon hat.

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

Our generation stands at a crossroads. 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.**

news ticker: Pope names Native American saint in bid for Sioux vote +++ UN envoy tries to convince Damascus to have an Eid armistice +++ Lourdes flooded, Christian statues take mud bath

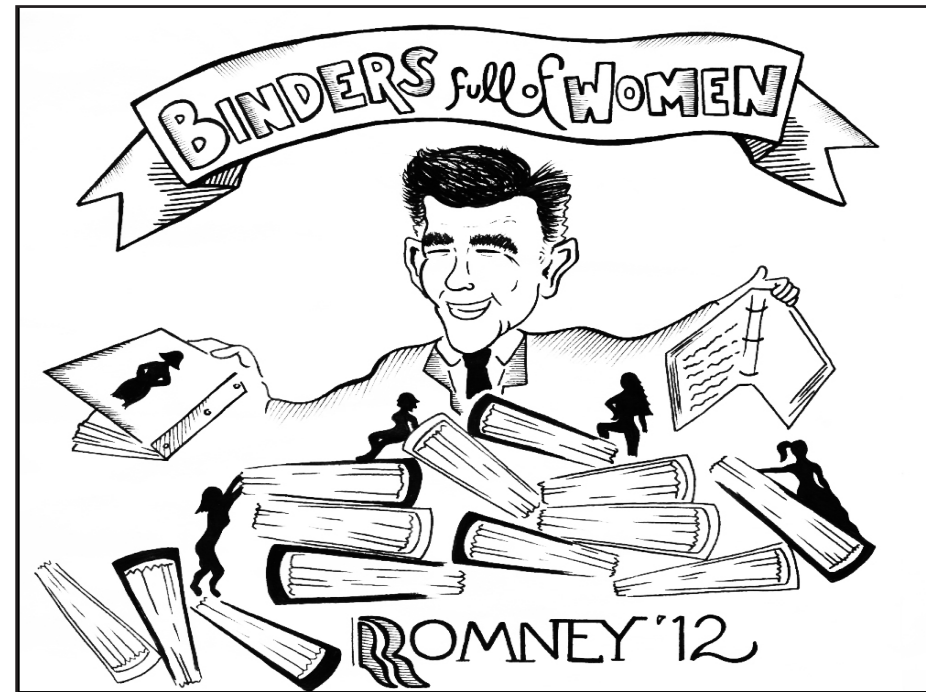
IPHONE -continued from page 1

our vision. With such a demanding task, workers' mental pressure becomes so immense that they have to vent it out.” The factory employees feel strained because they do not feel they have the necessary training for such precision.

This tension peaked when 4,000 workers in the Zhengzhou factory stepped off the production line on October 6th. No riot took place, but there were reported confrontations between factory workers and quality control inspectors resulting in property damage and hospitalization. All production lines had to be halted. To top this all off, Foxconn denies that the incident ever took place and that there was any halt in production.

Next time you're at the Apple store

looking to get the latest iPhone, iPad, or Mac, consider the factory workers who toiled so you could enjoy your new gadget. Think about the poor conditions, immense strain, and unrealistic expectations placed on the Foxconn employees. Is Apple being responsible with their production, or is there a better way? Sure, they may have helped increase worker's wages, but does that make up for the excessive demands and unrealistic standards? The truth is, Apple is only one offender of a broken system that allows American companies to out-source skilled manufacturing jobs to cheap labor forces. If we want to see change in the manufacturing side overseas, we need to demand it from the corporate side on our own shores. ■



mariel brown-fallon

no more debates

by bendonovan

Son of a bitch, that was painful.

It's Tuesday night, and the second Presidential debate, held at Hofstra University between Barack Obama and Mitt Romney, has just ended. And to my amazement, it managed to be even less coherent, less enlightening, and more gut-crushingly agonizing to watch than the first one. The questions were stupid, the answers evasive, and the tone smug, distant, and dishonest from start to finish.

I've woken my roommates up—on a different floor of the house, mind you—screaming at the television. I've drunk what appears to be all of the bourbon in the North End. I haven't punched anybody yet, but the night is still young. All told, this maddening satire on American democracy we've all been generous enough to lend the moniker of a debate has left me angry, deflated, and thoroughly pessimistic, both as a writer and a citizen, about the state of this Republic.

Let's talk about why.

The first problem with this week's debate was the format. In theory, a town hall-style debate is a wonderful exercise in democracy; average Americans, just like you and me, get to grill the candidates seeking the highest office in the land about their policies, and what they mean for us. In practice, it's a room full of half-literate Bud-Light drinkers who are awarded the privilege of taking a break from their

for the love of christ

normal Tuesday night fare of Rice-a-Roni and “Dancing with the Stars” only after it's determined that they are “undecided”—which, in more direct terms, translates roughly to “morons.” Call me an elitist if you want, but if Bob the tilt-a-whirl operator from St. Paul hasn't managed to find his way to a Google-machine by October and find out for himself what the fuck is going on, I'm profoundly uninterested in whatever questions he finally has on his mind now. Regardless of who you agree with, the difference between the two major political parties in this country couldn't be clearer; if you don't have an opinion, you're not paying any fucking attention.

Predictably, these folks treated us to an hour and a half of tame, insipid soft-ball questions, too vague to force either of the candidates into deviating from their stump speeches. “What's your plan for the economy” is a great start, I guess, but without any sort of follow-up to hold a candidate to an honest answer, the result, almost inevitably, is two minutes of bullshit, followed by a one-minute bullshit rebuttal.

Both candidates made a number of questionable statements; Romney's bullshit started with question one. Asked what he would do for college students, he said he would increase Pell Grants—something he said the government was spending too much on during the primaries, and which his running mate, Paul Ryan, previously attempted to slash by \$200 million. He denied

dirty grubby cheap soviet diamonds

by michellecarr

Millions of years ago, an asteroid came hurtling towards the earth, aiming itself at a graphite deposit in what would someday become the ever-so-slightly inhospitable Siberian tundra. The sheer power of the collision created a 62-mile wide crater. Oh—and a few trillion carats of diamonds. Everyone in the “diamond world” (whatever that is) was freaking out a few weeks back because this discovery could be worth a QUADRILLION dollars at the current market value. This had the power to threaten others in the diamond world, maybe even create a monopoly, if they were dug up and distributed at a slow enough rate to maximize Russian profit. After all, Russian scientists declared that there were enough diamonds to supply the market “for 3,000 years” (as if humans will still be around in 3,000 years, but still, I get the sentiment). Of course, Russians didn't just discover this enormous crater last week. They've known about it since about the 1970s, and the reason they kept it secret is the same reason that the discovery isn't actually a big deal. Because these are industrial diamonds.

So everybody knows diamonds are hard as... well, nothing else because they're pretty much the hardest thing in the natural world. But did you know there are two distinct types of diamonds (well now you do): industrial and gemstone. Gemstones are ones that will cost you something ridiculous, like a year's salary or your first three kids (or maybe both). The average cost per carat is around \$2,133. Industrial diamonds' slightly different molecular arrangement makes them 58% harder and much less cooperative when it comes to things like clarity and cut. These have an average cost of \$18.70/carat. When

you top this off with that fact that they're hundreds of miles from the scarcest sign of civilization, the idea of getting these diamonds out of the ground is more than impractical—it's simply wasteful.

I'm a little disappointed by Russia on this one—they made it sound like they were going to flip the world upside down by digging them up, making all this money, and running some kind of international diamond mafia, with lower prices that might even shut down Africa's awful blood diamond mines. Unfortunately, not so.

Russia is actually one of the top contributors of gemstone diamonds, along with Botswana, South Africa, Angola, Namibia, Australia, and the Democratic Republic of Congo, but they all export their diamonds to be refined and cut. Fifty percent of this diamond processing takes place in Antwerp, and one company, De Beers, controls most of the market. This whole diamond world seems like a pretty exclusive—and sketchy—place. Most of us are familiar with the blood diamond atrocities, where diamonds are mined and traded for arms and ammunition to fuel wars and genocides in Africa. The worst part is, diamonds aren't even as rare as everyone seems to think; the industry controls the supply to keep the prices high.

So, basically, I think the lesson learned here is twofold: Russian geologists are full of malarkey, and the diamond industry is unethical (if not also full of malarkey). So I think the best course of action to take is to say ‘screw diamonds’ and when anniversaries and proposals and whatnot come around, get girls what they actually want: \$2,133 worth of chocolate. ■

that he would end the requirement that health insurance companies cover contraceptives, something he'd previously promised to do. He referred repeatedly to a “five-point plan” for creating jobs that could be found on his website, which I checked; as far as I can tell it's neither five points long nor particularly relevant to jobs—it contains things like “cut spending” and “repeal Obamacare,” which are only peripherally related to jobs, if they're related at all.

He promised a 20 percent across-the-board tax cut, which is estimated to cost almost \$5 trillion over the next decade, but he says that this will be offset by eliminating some tax deductions. Economists have already pointed out that there is no way to do this without wiping out the deductions that mostly benefit the middle class, which would turn his tax cut into a net tax increase for much of the country. Moderator Candy Crowley called Romney on his numbers not adding up—and then promptly let him dodge the question with “Of course they add up.”

Oh, well, when you put it like that.

Obama, for his part, accused Romney of calling the controversial immigration bill passed by Arizona in 2010 “a model for our nation,” which isn't true; Romney had been referring to an earlier Arizona law requiring employers to verify the immigration status of their employees.

But I would be remiss if I left you with the impression that dishonesty was evenly distributed. I've received criticism before about my election coverage in **the water tower** being slanted towards Obama, and perhaps that's true. But objectivity can only

go so far, and at a certain point, it becomes dishonest in itself not to point out that the bullshit scales of this debate tipped heavily towards Governor Romney. Both candidates have had problems with the facts this election season, it's true—but the Romney campaign's relationship with the truth nothing if not openly hostile.

This debate in particular showcased a Mitt Romney unburdened by facts—completely uninhibited by any internal need for honesty or consistency. There is almost nothing Romney will not lie about—his opponent's record, his own platform, the goddamn day of the week—and to talk about his dishonesty as if there exists an equal and opposite degree of dishonesty on the other side distorts the reality of this campaign, just like comparing the Obama tax plan with the Romney tax plan completely neglects the point that only one of them is an actual plan, with actual numbers and actual math.

And that's really where this debate failed us—as Americans, as semi-intelligent adults. If we're just going to ask these people questions, and then fail to call them out when they lie to us, what's the fucking point? Why have the debate in the first place? If all we're really getting is the same tired one-liners we've been hearing for months, why give them the free air time? Isn't that what they buy TV ads for?

Who knows. Maybe Bob the tilt-a-whirl operator from St. Paul found the whole thing quite enlightening, and I'm just a cynical asshole. For my part, though, I think Bob from St. Paul is a fucking idiot, and this whole thing was a waste of time. ■

around town.



wtfacebook?? by beckymakous

Recently, my curiosity got the better of me and I went to an area of the internet that I shouldn't have, and done something that cannot be undone. I am referring to that little grey "Facebook" button at the top of the myUVM homepage. It has brought me to a strange UVM- Facebook blend where the layout is different and the content is leaning more towards a dating profile than a social networking site.

When I first came to the introduction page, it told me that 26 of my Facebook friends had already done this process. As you can tell I only jumped off the metaphorical cliff because all of my friends were doing it; my dad would not be proud. Before I was allowed on the site I was asked to provide a comprehensive list of "My Likes" including, but not limited to TV, sports, music, books, philosophy, identity, activities, hobbies, clubs & organizations, and games. Now, when I filled out every single one of these categories I thought I would be getting posts on my newsfeed telling me things like, "Oh you like stargazing, there's going to be a sick meteor shower tonight, check it out!" but I could not have been more mistaken. What I got instead was this strange UVM-Facebook-dating meld which told me I should add people on Facebook who go to UVM because of our similar interests. Somehow I feel like it would be a little unusual if I added Rachel Zableba (note: not a real person) because we both like cooking, meditation, and bowling. "Hey stranger, wanna bowl together sometime?... And I don't mean smoke a bowl." Or if I asked Fred Lenard (note: also not a real person) to casually get some Thai food downtown because we both like South Asian culture and exotic food.

Perhaps UVM is concerned about the general lack of couples on this campus, and they are trying to be proactive in promoting a dating atmosphere. Maybe they realize that people are tired of trying to find that special someone by getting schwasted at a \$5 kegger and making out with the first thing they see with lips. Or perhaps they genuinely just want to help strangers with similar interests meet each other, and foster a friendlier and more open vibe at UVM. In all fairness, I have not explored all the possibilities that is UVM on Facebook. It could be totally awesome, and not creepy at all! All I'm saying is that I will not be visiting that UVM-dating-Facebook section of the internet very much in the future if I can help it. ■

burlingtonwood: three famous movie scenes you can star in yourselves by georgeloftus

- **The Goonies:** Go to North Beach. There's a tunneled bridge. Sort of. Sit underneath it with your older brother, his girlfriend, her lame friend, your Asian friend who invents things, your better looking friend, and scream from the top of your lungs: "GOONIES NEVER SAY DIE!".
- **The Notebook:** The UHeights roundabout is probably the safest place to do this. Lay down in the road with a friend. The hard part about this scene is being as good looking as 2004 Ryan Gosling, but that's easier than being like 2011 Ryan Gosling... Didn't you see *Drive*? While you're laying down say to them "That's your problem, y'know that? You don't do what you want."
- **Titanic:** At the Shelburne Museum down Route 7 there's a retired steamboat, the *Ticonderoga*, which, looks enough like the *Titanic*. Don't be that asshole who yells "I'm king of the world!" Go with a friend, stand behind them, take their arms out to their sides, and calmly say "Alright... Open your eyes." And then shout "NEAR! FAR! WHEREVVVVVVVVERRRRRRR YEWWWW ARE!" ■

happy hour week 8 : man vs. wild vs. man vs. other man's liver

with bendonovan and georgeloftus

This game is a little different, but it's because this show is ridiculous. There are 18 rules, and one ultimate "finish your drink rule. Divide into teams and decide a draft order. Pick the rules you think will get you least drunk over a five episode period. How will you know who is more drunk? Our favorite drunk tests include: creative writing contests, coloring contests, and talking to figures of authority, but only ones with firearms.

Divide these 18 rules. Drink everytime:

- his accent sounds fake
- he assumes you have random tools/supplies (parachute, parachute cord, etc.)
- speaks a British idiom ("I'd murder a cup of tea", nibble instead of munch)
- takes a completely unnecessary risk
- when there's a break from the linear timeline
- does something completely unintuitive
- is nonchalant about the looming possibility of death
- there's an extended shot of Bear Grylls struggling
- fails to capitalize on a "that's what she said" joke he made inadvertently
- suggests something totally unrealistic
- it shifts violently to a first person perspective out of the blue
- trivializes personal injury
- brings up a depressing anecdote
- the background music sounds like it could be from a heist movie set on an indian reservation
- the episode ends without appropriate closure
- reveals personal details about his past
- voluntarily touches poop

Finish your drink:

- he eats something still moving/only dead for 10 seconds or less

Please send us your game. We're running out of ideas. thewatertownnews@gmail.com. Seriously, you're probably smarter than us. Help some dudes out. Much love.

do the math: climate change is bad for the earth by michaelstorace

On Saturday night, much to the delight of environmentalists and Burlington residents, Bill McKibben came to the Ira Allen Chapel to deliver a speech and initiate his "Do the Math" tour across college campuses. This tour is in response to his recent article in *Rolling Stone* magazine regarding a series of new figures regarding global climate change and fossil fuel production. Climate change is clearly a pressing issue in our contemporary world, and McKibben and supporters plan on attacking the fossil fuel industry by "taking their money away." Instead of investing in clean energy, companies such as BP and Shell devote \$100 million a day to looking for more fossil fuel reserves. That is an astronomical amount of money, but it is also around six hundred times less than that the military budget of the United States, another fossil fuel based initiative. Another cool statistic that Bill provided: Rex Tillerson, the CEO of Exxon-Mobile makes \$100,000 a day. Clearly fossil fuels is a big business ("big" being an understatement). Renewable energy, on the other hand, is a viable option. Although it is less efficient than fossil fuels, countries abroad have proven that it is effective. Germany produces a quarter of its total power from renewable energies, and one day in May of 2012, it produced half of its power using photovoltaic cells (solar energy). France is another leader in clean energy producing 80% of its power from nuclear energy.

Bill McKibben was clearly preaching to the choir in Burlington, a liberal city infamous for its hippies, and he

could hardly finish sentences without being erupted by chapel-wide applause. He makes many valid points, however. One of the major components of both presidential candidates' economic initiatives is to generate new jobs for unemployed Americans. Romney's (and possibly Obama's) plan is the TransCanada pipeline, which intends to create 20,000 jobs. What few people understand, however, is that TransCanada is only capable of sustaining those jobs for three years. Three years is not job security. On the other hand, the production of renewable energy both through wind power and solar energy create many work opportunities. Not only does Germany have a healthier environment than us, they also have a lower rate of unemployment (5.4 compared to 8.1).

Another solution that McKibben provided was a divestment strategy from the fossil fuel industry. Countries around the world did the same in response to Apartheid in South Africa. Divestment means that in response to illegitimate practices by a company or country, a group chooses to devote its investments elsewhere. McKibben encourages the University of Vermont to fight a "moral battle" by pledging to make no new fossil fuel investments in the future, and to withdraw current investments within five years. As McKibben begins his tour to other college campuses across the country, he will encourage them to do the same. Change is being discussed and it's happening right here on campus. Be a voice. ■

CAMPUS LECTURES -continued from page 1

of Buddhism and—although an atheist—defends the Judeo-Christian tradition for emphasizing outward goodness rather than inner peace. But Slavoj got to this point by discussing Kung Fu Panda, "Gangnam Style," the Holocaust, and the specific way that incredibly obese Indian lords used to have sex with their concubines.

You find a lot of people with great ideas who just don't express them well, and even more verbal jokesters who don't have many interesting ideas to talk about. But Slavoj's devotion to the spread of ideas made him hold onto humor and entertainment; more people would listen to him that way.

And he's not one of a kind. In fact, UVM regularly invites to campus intellectuals who are a pleasure to listen to, but sadly, most of these events get fewer attendees than a Tuesday showing of *The Expendables 2*.

James' bit:

Kerry raises a good point about this school, and really schools in general. Its lectures are gems hidden in plain sight. Whether they are by visiting scholars, UVM professors, or current and former students, there is a consistent supply of interesting lectures, paper readings, seminars, and symposia for the intellectually adventurous to sink their teeth into. Sure, every single one is not necessarily appealing to everyone, but that isn't really the point, and there are enough of them in enough different disciplines that every student could likely find several

that are both interesting and applicable to their discipline (and in the spirit of a liberal arts school, several that are interesting despite being inapplicable).

Back when I was a wee bairn (approx. three years ago), I seized every opportunity I could to attend these lectures. It did not matter to me whether they covered subjects I am passionate about (such as book culture in the Late Roman Republic) or actively disinterested in (there was one on creative ways to restructure farmland in the American midwest), or whether they were dork-

"slavoj's devotion to the spread of ideas made him hold onto humor and entertainment; more people would listen to him that way."

ishly exciting (such as the yearly Tolkien conference) or dorkishly—the dork factor is something of a constant here—dull (a financial analysis of the Athenian liturgical system circa the fourth century BC), I still managed to justify being there.

I don't get as many chances to attend outside lectures as I used to, the product of graduate school applications, 200 level coursework, and a thesis as abusive as Damascus is old, but I still try to catch one every month or so.

They're interesting, and that's part of the reason I attend college—to hear new ideas and learn things. I am fairly curious person intellectually with an eclectic array of interests, but there simply isn't enough time to take a full course in every subject or idea. This does not mean that those subjects aren't worth exploring—it would be tragic if something was totally disregarded because it didn't make the cut during course selection—just that we live in a reality where in order to graduate we have to complete a certain number of courses in a specific area, pushing some other subjects to the sideline. One-off lectures offer the ability to remedy that situation somewhat.

So: attend the Dean's lectures that celebrate one scholar's work every semester. Trudge across campus through the evening snow to hear that one eminent professor in that department you don't really care about. Pay attention. Ask questions. What

is the point of attending a university with all these resources if you aren't going to take advantage of them? ■

(Eds: So this article has got you itching for some great on-campus lectures now, right? Alas, go to [uvm's website](#) and search "Calendar of Events". Once there, you can click on "Speaker/Lecture Series" to the right and get'em all for your choosing. Lere)

101 things to do at uvm before you graduate... and why most of them are dumb:

a personal progress report (part 3)

I think by now you all sort of get the gist of this series. Don't worry. Only one more week after this and then I'll start making fun of bars and the people that go there again. I know you miss it. Even Rally Cat is crying. But I think that's because I'm using his list as toilet paper.

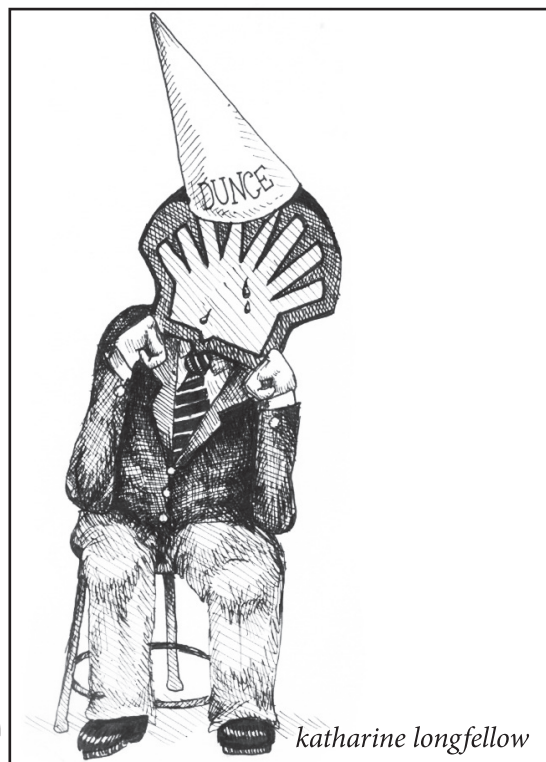
by georgeloftus
art by leergoff

- 51. **Visit the farmers market:** Nope, nope, don't care. If it involves waking up early on a Saturday then I probably haven't done it. **Verdict:** I get the appeal, but not for me.
- 52. **Go on an outing with the Outing Club:** I haven't but not because I haven't wanted to. The Outing club is freaking awesome. **Verdict:** This one isn't stupid.
- 53. **Go to One Last Hurrah:** I don't understand what this means and I've lived here since 2008. One Last Hurrah needs better marketing. **Verdict:** Unclear.
- 54. **Participate in Senior week:** Senior Week is bullshit. Total and utter bullshit. Trust me. **Verdict:** I prefer drinking with people I like without paying to go on a boat and drink expensive beers with a four drink limit.
- 55. **Participate in the Penguin Plunge:** NO. That water is just above freezing in the middle of the summer, no I'm not doing it in February. My penis is already small, I don't need the environment to help out. **Verdict:** Something you can't do at UNH. Props, Class Council.

- 56. **Survive the required science lab:** In the middle of it now. I really thought Astronomy class would be more *Star Wars*, and less space math. **Verdict:** Perfect wording.
- 57. **Live off campus:** It's fiscally responsible and makes college feel less like an overnight camp/hotel. I don't get why they pretend this is important/out of the norm though. **Verdict:** Do. It.
- 58. **Go to Fall Fest:** Yes, and it's awesome. Usually. **Verdict:** Worthy.
- 59. **Go to Springfest:** Ratatat came freshman year when I was living in Chitty, Free show and I got to stay out of the rain. I think that means I get to check this one twice. **Verdict:** Absolutely do this if you're into the bands
- 60. **Go to Wing's Fest:** I have a Wing's Fest every Friday at my apartment. Stop by sometime if you want. **Verdict:** Necessary.
- 61. **Submit something to The Water Tower:** Ummm... **Verdict:** Nobody reads anything but the I Want You So Bads and The Ear's, but you should.
- 62. **Try the dumplings from the dumpling cart on Church Street:** She has a name, and it's Hong. She's the best food on Church Street. She's also the reason I first got a Twitter account, that's the only place she used to post her schedule. **Verdict:** My favorite food group.

- 63. **Go to the treehouse in Oak Ledge Park:** There's a treehouse in Oak Ledge Park! How many homeless people live there? **Verdict:** Anything that will let me reenact scenes from *The Sandlot*...
- 64. **Snow-shoe up Mt. Mansfield to see the sunrise:** That would involve owning snow-shoes, driving to Mt. Mansfield, not drinking that night, hiking up Mt. Mansfield (which in turn would require not smoking), and not playing Borderlands 2! So... no. **Verdict:** Haven't, but I get why people should.
- 65. **Join Hall Council:** I don't know what this means either. **Verdict:** Everyone needs a hobby. Mine's being not funny.
- 66. **Eat a Marché cookie:** A Marché-cookie-a-day keeps the regular bowel movements away. **Verdict:** Who doesn't love cookies?
- 67. **Visit the ECHO museum:** Is this the thing down at the waterfront? I think I've peed on it, if it is. **Verdict:** I guess?
- 68. **Climb Camel's Hump:** see #64. **Verdict:** Do it if you get the chance, I bet it's gorgeous.
- 69. **Go skydiving:** FUCK. THAT. **Verdict:** "Find a unicorn" would've been a better use of ink.
- 70. **Do Something that scares you:** I've dated something that scares me, so I'm counting it. She. Had. Guns. Guns have a tendency to not agree with my biology. **Verdict:** I don't enjoy a lot of things I find scary. Except scotch. Scary tasty.
- 71. **Go sledding on campus:** A resounding "yes". **Verdict:** Do it, be 10 again.

- 72. **Attend a work out class:** There's a reason I go to the gym at 10; nobody can see how pathetically out of shape I am, no, I'm not going to PAY to be embarrassed in front of people. **Verdict:** People are more brave than I am.
- 73. **Have a cider donut:** I can't believe they thought this was worth putting on the list. **Verdict:** I think Vermont has a complex.
- 74. **Attend Homecoming activities:** Yeah, no, totally! I can't believe our football team won in double overtime a few years back against UMO, so intense! (no). **Verdict:** If you're looking for a reason to wear your prom dress again...
- 75. **Go to a hockey game:** Yeah, but it was whatever. The only reason guys go there is because there are girls there, and the only reason girls go there is to ovulate while looking at the team. **Verdict:** Fun enough.
- 76. **Eat real maple syrup:** Only Vermonters care about this because they have nothing else to brag about. The only reason there are so many trees here is because there's no people here. Get. Over. It. **Verdict:** Yes, Vermont has a complex. Real maple syrup and fake syrup are just like real boobs and fake boobs: If I can touch them, they're real.
- 77. **Tour the Vermont Teddy Bear factory:** The only reason to drive that far down on Shelburne Road is to go to Mount Philo. I like hot dogs and have no interest to see how they're made; do you think I'll go see how something I'm indifferent about is made? **Verdict:** There are better things to do. Like Philo. ■



katharine longfellow

reflections.

imagine *pokémon* in real life:
and immediately

freak *the fuck* out

by georgeloftus

This article is going to get nerdy. That's okay though, we probably weren't emotionally compatible, and your ass was probably way too perfect for me anyway.

In typical Friday night fashion, I'm lying in my bed playing Pokémon on my DS Lite. A wild Heracross appears out of nowhere! I deploy my high level Quilava and do a one hit KO with my devastating Flame Wheel attack. At that moment I realize two things: A. I'm not as cool as I thought I was and B. Pokémon is kind of fucked up. Let's break it down.

Let's pretend I'm walking through the forest one day with my dog and I happen upon a deer I really like. I like it so much that in fact I want to add him to my own personal zoo. So I make my dog fight the deer until it passes out and then I take it to a hospital where they make him better. Then I make the deer fight a crow I happen across, and I repeat the process.

Fucked up, right? Yeah, it is. Now pretend my dog could shoot lightning. Infinitely cooler, yes, but still weird.

When our generation was younger we ate Pokémon up with a silver spoon, buying into its fiction and thinking it was great. The animals only had the mental comprehension to say its own name; imagine a cat walking by just saying "cat". On top of that, they had weird, wonderful abilities; imagine that cat with a flame-tail lighting things on fire. Pure gold for third graders. And twenty-two year olds.

Every Pokémon game starts the same way: you celebrate your tenth birthday and your mother says, "Oh, well, time for you to start an adventure!" (clearly Social Services doesn't exist in this fictional world). So you then leave your town that has your house, your "rivals" house, and a leading biology lab further advancing the

studies of Pokémon. You get one Pokémon for free, and go off seeking fame and fortune. As. A. Ten. Year. Old.

I could barely spell my own name on a math test without drooling on myself at age ten. This kid gets shoved off to make his pet that looks like a lizard or a turtle fight other animals that look like mice or pigeons.



ben berrick

Whatever, that's not weird at all. It must get tiring though, exhausting, even. Which brings me to my next point—what do they eat in the world of Pokémon? Sometimes my stomach gets an itch that only a medium rare burger topped with jalapeños can satisfy. I've never seen a cow in a Pokémon

game, but I have seen a Miltank, which, for those of you who weren't emotionally stunted at the age of fourteen, is essentially a cow that walks on its hind legs. And has a winning smile.

Do people really think that Pokémon that aren't good enough to fight won't be turned into Sunday night's special at whatever bar there is in Pewter City? I love the shit out of chicken wings and the only thing I've seen that looks like a chicken is a Torchic... which would probably be good with Sriracha. The Pokémon world is more Darwinian than you ever thought it could be.

Back to my Friday: if my Quilava were to keep KO'ing Woopers and Noctowls like I know it will, it'll eventually evolve into a Typhlosion, which would be greeeeat, because then my Sp. ATK rating would skyrocket and... Wait, what?

I'm sure most of you know (even if you don't want to admit it) once your Pokémon hit certain levels they change into different forms. Let's break this down in real world talk. The deer I captured with my dog is fighting a rabbit and wins. All of a sudden, my deer turns into a moose! All the moose that exist in the world are actually just deer that have in turn defeated enough frogs or coyotes or whatever the hell is nearby. Millions of years of evolution are trivialized by a benchmark number of experience points. I still think that's why I failed 6th grade

biology. Pokémon: helping skew 12 year olds' perspectives since 1996, and giving college students an alternative to masturbating before they fall asleep since 2008. ■

ance might be restored to the female body and the "disruption to menstruation" was taken care of. It was not until the 1840s that abortion became a fraught political issue; practices in everyday life were becoming commercialized and the acceptance of abortion was changing.

A woman named Madame Restell played an important part in making abortion the moral issue that it is today. She became fabulously wealthy by advertising pills in newspapers that cured "blockages" and by performing abortive surgeries on young women, married or unmarried. Making a lot of money allowed Madame Restell to position herself as a champion of women. Unsurprisingly, men started attacking Madame Restell in the press, saying that she provided women with a service that was potentially bad for women morally, because they believed that only the fear of pregnancy could keep women from succumbing to "vile men." Apparently, the chance of getting pregnant was the

"apparently, *the chance of getting pregnant was the only thing preventing decent women from becoming nymphomaniacs.*"

ual enlightenment, as sex was brought into the public realm for the first time during the 1950s and 60s. This is not true, however. The people of centuries past were not nearly as repressed as I thought they were, and many issues that I had previously believed to be purely modern concerns have actually existed for hundreds of years.

Take abortion, for instance. Abortion is not an invention of the 20th century, nor was it politicized only after Roe v. Wade. For the most part, people in the 1700s and early 1800s did not believe that life began at conception. A fetus only became a person at "quickening," when it began to move. Aborting a fetus before quickening was socially acceptable. Moreover, a woman who complained of a "blockage," a euphemism for pregnancy, were prescribed a strong potion of juniper berries or black hellebore possibly in conjunction with "falls" or "blows" so that bal-

by sagebierman

Abortion is a sensitive subject for pretty much everybody. Nothing gets the blood pumping like a good old-fashioned Pro Life vs. Pro Choice debate, in which after two minutes of relatively sane conversation people begin foaming at the mouth and heads start spinning Exorcist style. The impending election has brought a lot of issues to center stage that usually only linger in our peripheral vision. Politics are being forced into small talk, which by all rights should be the safest mode of communication. If I hadn't firmly decided never to seriously discuss politics with my best friend we probably wouldn't be on speaking terms right now, and she would most likely have my skin underneath her fingernails. But these are the joys of election season, am I right? People's convictions are bubbling close to the surface, and students are itching for an opportunity to make their voices heard. It's important, however, in the midst of all this craziness, to gain some perspective, and to sometimes take a step back. Looking back at history can be a good way to achieve this zen.

People tend to think of the 20th and 21st centuries as the age of sex-

a *historical* per(sex)tive

bagel heads

(and *other things* you didn't know you could do to your face)

by katjaritchie

My newest reason never to be productive is a Tumblr called HeavyMods, a blog dedicated to pictures of people with extreme forms of body modification. These people surpass every stretch of the imagination regarding what they will put onto and into their skin. They've cut and inked and poked holes into every surface imaginable. They have different-colored eyeballs, forked tongues, and silicone beads in their dicks. To everyone who's ever asked someone else planning on getting a tattoo, "Don't you know that's permanent?" or, "You'll cover it up if you ever want to get a job, right?" they offer their inked middle finger with a respectful "Fuck you." The people of HeavyMods are bound to put your timid nose-ring rebellion to shame.

So... **Bagel Heads?** I'm sure I'll completely shock everyone when I reveal that this trend comes from Japan. According to an article from a couple weeks ago by the Huffington Post, for the past few years it's been a pretty cool thing to do to head down to a tattoo and piercing shop and have about 40 cubic centimeters of saline injected gradually through a tube into the skin on your forehead. The procedure is relatively painless, and creates a squishy, swollen mass under the skin about half the size of a tennis ball. The technician performing the injection then presses their thumb into the center of the

blob, forming the "bagel" indent. It all goes away in about 16 hours when the saline solution is absorbed into your body. Until then you have a pretty sweet donut-like distortion on your face that doesn't really do much except kinda separate your eyebrows in a really creepy way, and cause everyone around you to cringe in discomfort at your bulbous head.

Scarification. Sometimes, tattoos just don't cut it. Pun intended. Scarification is cutting and removal of the skin that forms raised scars in whatever pattern or picture is desired when healed. It seems to work best with more abstract and tribal-style designs, potentially offering a more badass upgrade to the classic douchebag tribal armband tat.

Blackwork. This is the technical term for just inking the shit out of a certain area of your body. Solid black. Fairly self-explanatory.

Wait, you can tattoo what?! It's frequently heard of for people to push the envelope with inner lip tattoos, but others have decided to take it a step (or fifty) further. The "white" of the eye is called the sclera, and "white" is in quotes because for some people it's any color they damn well please. Technically, it's the cornea that is receiving the actual ink, via an injection that disperses evenly through the eye. I personally go into facial spasms resembling an epileptic

seizure when I picture someone inserting a needle into my eyeball, but there are lots of folks out there who are willing to risk the side effect of, you know, blindness and rock it. A perhaps lesser-known phenomenon is anal tattooing, my knowledge of which I credit a video on Tumblr of a classy young woman having it done, clearly inebriated and taking shots throughout. You don't get to see the finished product, but you do get to hear the incredulous tattoo artist commenting that it includes two guys' names. So, you know... if that's what you're into.

"they've *cut and inked and poked* holes into every surface imaginable. they have different-colored eyeballs, forked tongues, and *silicone beads* in their dicks."

Stretch ALL the things! First, some terminology: the correct term for enlarging your earlobe (or a piercing on any part of the body) is stretching, and the gauge is the width said piercing is stretched to. The jewelry inserted is either a taper (long and cone-shaped), a plug (exactly what it sounds like), or a tunnel

(a plug with a hole through the middle that sits inside the piercing). That said, there seem to be endless body parts that can be stretched to gaping holes: the classic earlobe, the nostrils, any cartilage piercing on the ear, the under-the-middle-of-lower-lip (or labret), and what is known as a trans-scrotal, which is exactly what it sounds like, and there exists photographic Internet evidence of one large enough to permit a shot glass stuck in it. I'll let you hunt for that on your own time.

Get Horny. Remember those protrusions on Lady Gaga's forehead? No, she was not Born That Way. Subdermal implants are silicone shapes fitted under the skin—commonly forehead horns (I don't see the appeal either), but they can also come in the shape of rods or beads or whatever the fuck else you want to see bulging underneath your skin. For instance, there's a pretty sweet picture on HeavyMods of a custom-made silicone hand grenade in the back of someone's hand. Another thing the blog seems to favor is rows of small bead implants under the skin on male genitalia, which seems to me just far too delicate of a procedure to leave to anyone without a medical degree. I don't know how I'd react if I ever came across one, but hey, I'm sure there are some interested ladies (and gents) out there who might enjoy the added textural bonus.

Suspension. This one has taken me multiple Google searches and much time spent poring over pictures on Tumblr to determine what exactly is the purpose of this process and why in the world anyone would want it to happen to them. Suspension is unlike other body mods—if it can even be called that—in that it's not for aesthetic appeal. It's basically what it sounds like: suspending a person via metal hooks through the skin. Usually, about four to eight extremely large piercings are made on the torso and occasionally the legs, then hooks are inserted, attached to appropriate rope rigging, and the person just hangs out for a while (pun shamelessly intended).

The gist of the explanations I received was that it's supposedly a very surreal and exhilarating experience that's supposed to open you up to other planes of consciousness and get you to reach a whole new level of existence. Or something. It was rather difficult to find someone who had time off from splitting their tongue six ways to document a straight answer. ■

psa:

(the wt's super spooky and sexy halloween issue hits stands next week. Also, don't forget what Rodney Dangerfield said, "on Halloween, the parents sent their kids out looking like me." Don't be those kids.



Rodney Dangerfield

twitter 101: a beginner's manual

by dannyo'leary

I am a Twitter fiend. I frequently tweet random, stupid, and generally obscene things I would never say in front of my grandmother (unless she likes hearing about my bowel movements). After amassing over 15,000 tweets (15, 278 to be exact) over a nineteen-month period, I think I can consider myself a Twitter veteran. That being said, I would like to take all of you Twitter rookies under my wing and teach you how to fly high on the Twitter scene (do you get it? because Twitter's logo is a bird... no? I'm not funny... well fuck you then). Anyways, here are some of the most annoying/stupid/pointless things you can do on Twitter and tips on how to avoid them.

For the love of god, do not fucking hashtag. Really? Did your tweet about you eating a burrito really need #swag after it? Really, douchebag? Was it necessary for that #yolo after you tweeted that you were buying a new shirt? The use of hash tags are classic rookie mistakes; like freshmen with lanyards, when you spot someone sporting one, you know they're new to the game. And besides, you and your friends trying to get a word or phrase to trend (the original intention of hash tags) is stupid. People in India are not going to start hash tagging #MikeSucksNuts because you got drunk last Friday and thought it would be funny.

Keep your political opinions off of the Twitter machine. No one gives a shit about your misinformed, ignorant, and biased opinion. Most peoples' political opinions are usually the viewpoint of their parents, and are they are thus not very well informed. Unless you fact-check politicians for a living, keep your view to yourself on the Twitter-sphere. What can you do to avoid this? You can do a few things; ignore them, get off Twitter during debates, and just shut the fuck up if you think Romney hates black people or Obama is a socialist.

No one cares that you got drunk last night. Get over

yourself. You probably had four beers and passed out in your bed, so stop acting like it was the greatest night of your life. The rare exception to this rule being that you had a night straight out of The Hangover and not telling your



liz stafford

friends about it would be an injustice. But then again is it worth it to get in trouble with a parent, employer, or school administrator over your incoherent drunk tweet? Probably not.

Please avoid following and retweeting parody or fake accounts. There are at least 50+ Will Ferrell parodies

that tweet the exact same joke a million fucking times. It is not funny, it is not creative, and it totally robs some schmuck of his original joke. This is a cardinal sin in my book, and I will unfollow anybody who breaks this rule, as will plenty of other people, so don't do it. On that note, there is one fake account in particular that really pisses me off, @WIZDOM. @WIZDOM is a pretty famous parody account of rapper/full-time pussy Wiz Khalifa. This account specializes in annoying tweets about boyfriends and relationships, and holy shit do teenage girls gobble these up like they gobble up (obscene remark).

Indirect tweets are for pussies, mention the person you're hating on. If you are new to Twitter, you will not be familiar with indirect tweets, but you will be if you follow a lot of biddies. An indirect tweet is basically when someone calls out someone else and their actions (i.e. "OMG SHE NEEDS TO BACK OFF MY MAN!! FUCK THAT WHORE") without exactly saying their name, however usually people can infer whom you're talking about. Being an asshole is never cool, but if you must be one, at least tell the person up front instead hiding behind your computer screen.

Remember to have fun. Twitter is NOT a place for intelligent discussion. Think of it as a very long inside joke with all of your friends. So please do not take yourself seriously before you compose a tweet, tweet whatever pops into your head (unless you are clinically insane or have a very sexually explicit mind) that you think others will want to hear and I promise you people will enjoy what you have to say.

I almost forgot, don't correct the grammar in tweets (or this article for that matter)... seriously don't do it asshole... I don't give a shit that you're an English major. ■

fashion five-oh.



the **wt** how to:

ruin an outfit in **five** simple steps

by sarahperda

Truthfully, I don't know a ton about fashion. Like most people, I simply know what I like and I wear what I want. Thanks to **the wt**, my strong-but-uninformed opinions permeate campus more than others', so I take it upon myself to point out the fashion mishaps periodically plaguing campus. I'm all for expressing yourself through your clothes, being fashion-forward etc., but sometimes, regardless of what your justification may be, you just end up looking stupid. To minimize this outcome, here's a rundown of surefire outfit-ruiners that I hope people will start actively avoiding after reading this:

1. Clogs

I'm an absolute shoe whore, and I'm sorry, but clogs are way up there in my "crimes against humanity" list alongside those weird toe shoes and Crocs. The fact that they're oh-so comfortable (I have to wear them for work, I can attest to that) does not negate the fact that they're about as attractive as those 80 yrs.+ diabetic sneakers they sell at Rite Aid, and do absolutely nothing to better an outfit. Not to mention the fact that people have a strange tendency to wear either obnoxious socks that look like RainbowBrite threw up all over them, or pillied woolen socks that were never meant to leave your bedroom. In any case, leave all of the above at home.

2. Going Beltless

You know those extra pieces of fabric in a loop formation around the waistline of your pants? They're not there for decorative purposes, simpletons, so insert a belt and keep

your damn pants up. Hiking them up every seven steps you take is equally as classless as letting it all hang out, so invest in a belt or two to save your bum some dignity.

3. Wrinkles

Whether they're on your face or on your clothes, wrinkles are a pariah amongst our generation. If your mother wouldn't let you out of the house looking the way you do, you should probably consider whipping out the iron once in a blue moon.

4. Highwaters

Nothing, except for hammer pants perhaps, makes a person look more awkward than highwaters. Highwaters, much like the old "should I tell her her skirt is caught in her backpack and she's flashing campus?" scenario, are a fashion faux pas that renders everyone who notices slightly uncomfortable. When you see it, you experience that internal struggle as to whether to tell to the perpetrator about their fashion mishap, or to let them continue to walk around looking like a doofus. Save yourself: if you notice that your pants are a smidge too short and no longer cover your white athletic socks (God forbid anyone here ever heard of dress socks...), you should probably toss the suckers. If you notice, others will likely notice as well.

5. Snapbacks and Button Downs

I'm sorry, is your name Wiz Khalifa? Oh, it's not? Then you can't pull this off. You are an eyesore. ■



fork it over.



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sweets for the sweet

by jamiebeckett

My nana always said "sweets for the sweet" whenever I was a deserving young lad, whom she spoiled with a sugar overload that could kill an ox. It's that time of year again, the time of free candy. Wait, who has actually gone trick or treating recently? I thought they cut you off at a certain age? Has anyone ever tried trick or treating for shots? I want to hear how that went. But I digress. This here recipe is a guaranteed sugar overload, compensating for any sugar deprivation you may or may not be suffering from. In my high school chemistry class we were working with super saturated solutions, which are a key aspect to the making of delicious fudge. Delfatti (literally his name) would give anyone extra credit to whomever made him the best fudge, and my chocolate sweets always blessed his taste buds. Seriously, there is something simply divine in this recipe, which makes the fudge the right texture, hitting the taste buds in the G spot. While I could be a little hyperbolic and say, "try my award winning fudge", you should make your own instead, if you're interested, and write a letter to the editor about it. For some reason I really doubt that anyone ever reads this section or makes the corresponding food anyways. Also, yes, this recipe is right off the Jet Puffed marshmallow jar. Why screw with perfection?

Ingredients

- One 7oz jar marshmallow creme
- 2 cups chocolate chips (semi sweet or go home)
- 1 1/2 sticks margarine
- 5 oz low-fat evaporated milk
- 3 c. granulated sugar
- 1 t. vanilla extract

Directions

Line a 13x9 baking dish with foil. Set aside.

Combine margarine, evaporated milk and sugar in a large pot over medium heat. Stirring very frequently, bring to a simmer. Once mixture is simmering steadily, set timer for 5 minutes and cook, stirring very frequently, scraping sides to ensure all sugar gets mixed in.

At the end of 5 minutes remove from heat. Immediately stir in marshmallow creme, chocolate chips and vanilla extract. Stir vigorously until all ingredients are incorporated and mix is smooth. Pour into prepared pan and let stand 2 to 4 hours or until solid.

Cut into 7 rows the short direction and 10 rows the long direction. Makes 70 pieces. ■

trash.

i want you so bad



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

I like the way you wear your bandana
You would definitely survive the heat of my Savannah
Your motorbike gives me a rush
Almost enough to reveal you're my crush
When you walk in to class with your helmet hair
All I can do is stare
I have a boyfriend, but we like to have fun
You should come grab a drink with us, my sweet honey-bun
We can talk about neuroscience, it won't be a bore!
It would most likely lead to something *cough* more
If you're up for the adventure, the code word is "neigh"
Just write it in my Log for next Thursday
When: Tuesdays and Thursdays
Where: Jeffords Hall
I saw: my TA
I am: a swinger

My **wafer tower** Queen,
Your eloquent yet hilarious writing style entices me as do cider donuts and fresh hot cocoa on a Sunday morn'. I hope that someday, you and I could get together and make sweet, sweet love to the soundtrack of "The Princess and the Frog". Meet me on Thursday in the Market place, right in front of Capers. We'll celebrate our love (found, miraculously, in a hopeless place) with Charlie's Falafel, and an irritatingly long line of hungry people. Until then, my little nugget.
When: ay day
Where: mark moyer's tap class
I saw: one fine biddy
I am: PHIL 010

Way back in the first semester of my freshman year, you were my lunch buddy.
We barely talked down in the Grundle, just ate contentedly beside each other each day for a meal or two.
Maybe a little "How're classes?" or "How's your girlfriend?"; it was nice, not to feel pressured to keep conversation flowing or to be interesting.
And that time I thought you went to eat with other people, and you said "I wouldn't do that!" as if our silent proximity were somehow really important—I appreciated that.
Now in my senior year, looking back on all the people I've met here, I realize that, regrettably, I don't even remember your name.
So I just wanted to say hi, and to let you know I still remember you, and wish you the best in life :)
When: three years ago
Where: Grundle
I saw: an old friend
I am: from orchestra

Rugby is one thing that we share
Not to mention our blonde hair
I talked to you quick at our party before school
We called it a jogger and it was pretty cool
We both like animals and don't you fear...
unlike my great teammates I am no queer
I want to ruck you, maul you, and make you scrum
I hope you think this poem isn't dumb
So find me some time at the pitch
Let's finally social, don't be a bitch
When: Saturdays
Where: corner of east ave and main
I saw: a flanker
I am: a pervert of society

Dirty blonde paragon, an ode to silence shared,
Ambivalence in this rupture, or as Langston would have it,
Soak up the tones, command the textures, add it to the ever-expanding palette.
For you see you are an ideal, a phantom with a trace,
As you sit so poignantly at your reception desk,
Doing nothing with grace.
Conversation with your iris, I'm drawn into a deep portal beyond,
Then your short wavy hair falls in front, a vagabond that's endearing,
I can't help it that when I try to speak my voice keeps disappearing.
Infamous reluctance, please do not despair,
For if your response is wrong and you find another
Deserving of your lover then you have found something that wasn't always there.
I'm not saying you need to be like Lethem,
You don't need to Love Me (Yet),
Just provide an opening, a window, for us to start our duet.

Through this roundabout manner, you may see holes in this eccentric,
The selfless soul, the allusions. Something off with the rhythmic?
So I ask **the water tower**, don't thwart star-crossed interaction,
Have it in mind that even smaller bodies undergo gravitational attraction.
And just because I mention your features,
Don't think I'm shallow, superficial and worthless,
Because as Lucinda once said as through infrared,
You Can't Be Deep Without A Surface.
When: Ruby's Day
Where: the S.S. Aquaman
I saw: the Squid
I am: the Whale

hey
you have a nice straw hat
I really wanna hit that
I hear you shred pretty hard
And you run pretty far
Wish I could take you to the bar
And show you how far I'd go
to get in your pants.
When: Errrry day
Where: Davis Center
I saw: an official man
I am: drunk. <3

remember to check out the overflow on the blog!
thewatertower.tumblr.com

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

By Pearl Street Bev on Friday night
Girl (linking arms with Very Drunk Guy): You need to stop drinking so much, your liver is going to get cirrhosis.
Very Drunk Guy: Who is Sir Hosis, and what's he doing in my liver??

In the Grundle

Bro 1: How was your night last night?
Bro 2: All I can say is...Sorry liver. Sorry lungs. You're welcome penis.

Girl on the phone outside of Williams

Gurl: Want to get food and then have sex?

On Redstone Green while smoking a joint.

Sodexo Worker 1 to Sodexo Worker 2: It smells skunky out here.

Harris Millis Dining Wednesday at 5:30

Guy 1: Bro, your mom's hot.
Guy 2: I've heard.
Guy 3: I'd do her...
Guy 1: ...twice
Guy 2 (shakes his head and looks at the ground): Stop.

Rite Aid, by the chips

(Stoner 1 blocking the hallway)
Stoner 2 (about Stoner 1): I'm sorry. This kid's a fucking door.

Cyber Cafe

Freshman Biddie: He told us that his ideal woman was a deaf, blind, mute, nymphomaniac who owned a liquor store...
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tunes.



foreign music: the language student's secret weapon

by patrickmurphy

Learning a foreign language can be a difficult but very rewarding feat; being bilingual (or trilingual, etc.) opens up a whole slew of opportunities in this day and age. In this crippled economy with our generation scrambling for advantages, what could look better than writing down on your resume "fluent in (insert foreign language here)"! However, understanding a language is very different from speaking fluently with a proper accent. The best way to perfect an accent in a language is by hearing it frequently, so why not do that through music! 90% of people these days walk around with their iPods in, completely tuned out from the outside world; let's add some subconscious studying too! The downfall for most people is that the songs played in your introductory language classes aren't always your preferred music style. As catchy as Las Ketchups are, I could not stand more than one sitting of "Asereje". So this article will present to you, the starving foreign language student, with some catchy and diverse foreign artists to listen to!

French

For those French students still figuring out the spoken difference between an accent aigu and an accent grave, I have two artists that I listen to frequently that will help you cure your Americanized accent. For people that like rap, the Canadian electro-rap band Radio Radio might be good for you. Be careful because they speak Chiac, an English influenced dialect of French, but you can still get the feel of what French sounds like. For more electronic dance music, I recommend Yelle. Yelle is easy to understand and most of her lyrics are on the Spotify Tune-Wiki app. Not to mention her music is wicked catchy!

Japanese

Now as far as Japanese goes, there is already a huge JPOP subculture that many Japanese language students are aware of. So if JPOP is your thing, all you need to do is search it; however, I have a feeling you already have your collection of artists so I'll only recommend one Japanese pop artist-- Kyary Pamyu Pamyu. The "PONPONPON" music video changed my life and if you have yet to see it you MUST DO SO IMMEDIATELY. For alternative/rock, you should listen to either Radwimps or Deerhoof. Radwimps are a really cool rock band and Deerhoof is actually an American alternative band based out of San Francisco with a Japanese female lead singer. Not all of Deerhoof is in Japanese, but scattered songs throughout the albums, such as *Green Cosmos*, do feature their lead singer's native tongue.

deer tick, no lyme disease

by michaelstorage

On Sunday night, a taste of Providence visited Burlington when Deer Tick entertained a decently large crowd of music-goers with a rowdy yet layered show at Higher Ground. The group came out to a flashing "deer tick" sign, and this flare set the tone of the show. The band truly proved their diverse style, as they mixed slower folk songs with frequent jam sessions of flashy guitar. Ian O'Neil and John McCauley shared the responsibility of lead guitar, as both members took turns blasting solos to the delight of fans. Both also alternated lead vocals. Although John McCauley is the main singer and is mostly responsible for the raspy sound that Deer Tick is most well known by, O'Neil also led songs such as "Mange," one of my personal favorites. Another one of my favorite moments of the show was when bearded drummer Denis Ryan took up vocals for the song "Clowning Around" in a soulful ballad covering the life of serial killer, John Wayne Gracy.



ben berrick

The band mixed up their setlist with songs from all of their albums. Deer Tick has no singular sound. They have slow songs, such as the folk classics of their first album, *War Elephant*. They have rowdy more upbeat songs such as those on their newest album, *Divine Providence*. And they have jam sessions as exhibited on *The Black Dirt Sessions*. They also have

a diverse group of fans ranging from students to older Burlington folk. At one point in the show, a Deer Tick enthusiast threw his beer into the crowd and jumped onstage to give McCauley a hug. This is the kind of rampant enthusiasm fans have for this band.

Deer Tick concluded the show with a two-song encore that provided the highlight of the night. They opened with an interesting take on one of their most popular songs, "Ashamed." Rob Crowell's piano took the lead on this version, as the band played the War Elephant classic as if Higher Ground was a night lounge. About halfway through the song, Crowell stood up from his perch and proceeded to please the crowd with a saxophone he had hidden under his bench. Deer Tick followed "Ashamed" with "Let's All Go to the Bars," and the entire floor of Higher Ground erupted into a mosh pit of epic proportions. Everyone was running into everyone as the crowd danced to the a new song that is impossible not to love. Through their diverse style, Deer Tick proved that it is a multifaceted band with a wide range of songs. If you haven't heard of them before, check out *War Elephant* and explore from there. ■

Spanish

Of all the foreign languages, Americans are exposed to Spanish the most, so many of the famous Latin American artists will spill into our radio streams occasionally. If you like pop, then this is great news! Shakira, Selena (not Gomez, I'm talking Selena Y Los Dinos from the early 90s), and Gloria Estefan have some great Spanish pop songs. If you're more like me though and can only handle pop in small doses, maybe a flamenco-rock fusion might be more in your ballpark? My friend from Spain suggests Estopa. They combine modern rock styles with a traditional Spanish dance style originating from Andalusia, in southern Spain, as well as Rumba. It's very interesting to listen to and if you want to get used to hearing the heavy Northern Spanish lisp, you're in luck because the duo originates from Barcelona.

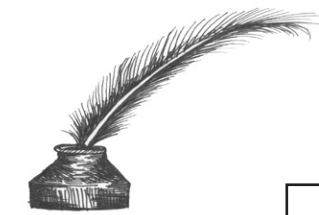
Chinese

Not many Americans listen to Chinese music on a daily basis, but I found two groups that sound a lot like 80s rock anthem bands. If that's your style then look up Tang Dynasty or Chun Qiu. As far as alternative or pop goes, my Chinese friend recommends Mayday. The first music video I watched by MayDay made them seem like the Chinese equivalent to One Direction, but further researched showed that not all of their songs sound so pop-y, but more teenage garage band sounding. (五月天 are the characters for their band)

So get downloading! Your nails-on-chalkboard sounding American accent isn't going to get rid of itself; you have to work for that. So work on it by sitting around on your ass, listening to music like you probably already do with your spare time. ■

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créatif stuffé.



the basement effect

by anonymous

You begin Friday night with an hour-long shower, washing away the exhaustion of the week. You try on 8 outfits only to decide on the first one. You spend countless hours blow-drying, straightening, curling, then straightening your hair again, only to put it up. You attempt to follow Cosmo's step-by-step instructions on how to perfect the "sexy, smoldering, smoky eye" but you end up just looking like you have some sort of iron deficiency that's causing your skin to discolor. However, none of these preparations really matter, because you must take into account something known as "the basement effect." It's comical how a crowded, dark basement can magically transform individuals. You go in looking good (or as good as it's gonna get) and you leave one sweaty, disheveled mess. One second, you're disgusted by the couple "dancing" next to you and the next, you're being asked to dance and you're doing to exact same thing you were just gagging at. One second, you're making out and the next, you're briskly walking (practically running) to a squeaking, extra-long, twin bed. But it all starts in that goddamn basement.

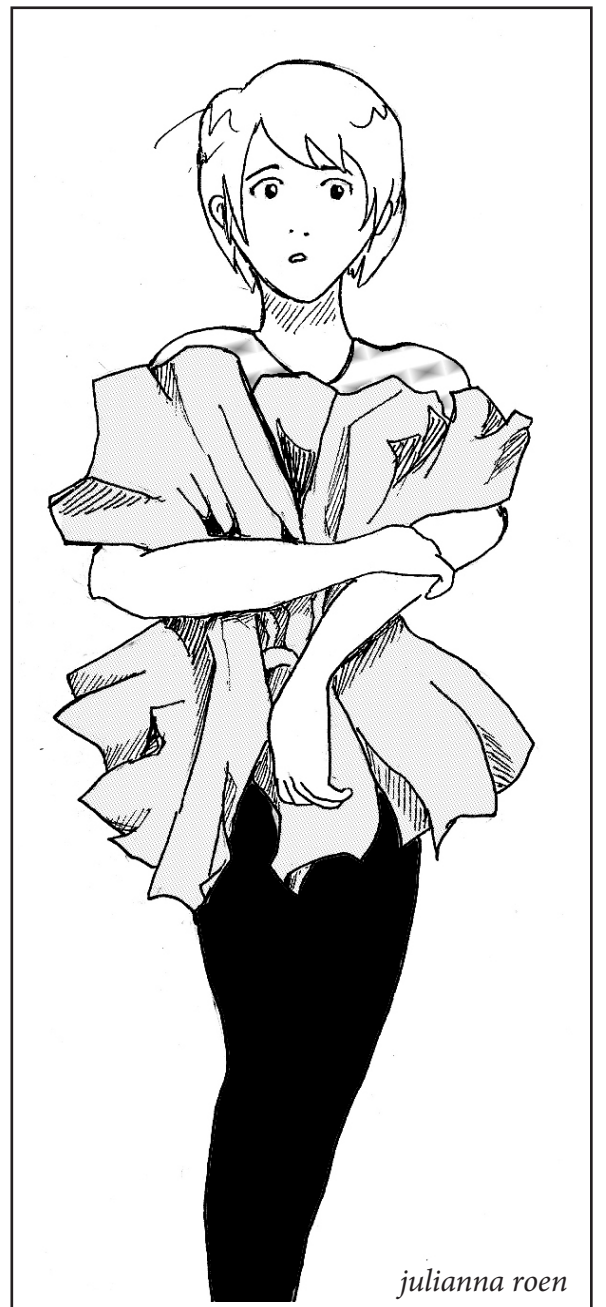
As obvious as it is, when you're drunk everyone seems more attractive (i.e. all you see is the facial hair—not that fact that it's a creepy goatee that went out of style a decade ago). The darkness shadows those less flattering features (i.e. the New Balance sneakers that remind you of your Dad) of the individual you're rubbing your body against. The general smell of sweat and weed mask the body odor of that boy who's grabbing at your hips and hiking up your dress (not that you really care at this point).

As you power walk across campus to his room (because he lives in a single—which for some reason doesn't strike you as odd), you make awkward conversation (hey what's your major?), when you don't really give a fuck what his answer is because you're far too busy trying to remember whether or not you shaved your legs recently.

When you finally get to his building, the florescent lighting reveals some of those less flattering features the basement had concealed. But the fact of the matter is that you've walked so freaking far, your horniness level is at an all time high, and it's simply too late to turn back, so you proceed. When you finally get to his room, he fumbles with his keys for what feels like an hour and you're so ready to go that you've started taking off your shoes and yanking off your tights. The second he manages to get the door unlocked, you both fall through the doorway kissing. Now is when you start to realize that his kissing might just be subpar. But again, you're this far now, so you just don't give a shit. Looking around his room, you see the giant Michael Jordan poster and several promiscuous looking calendars—you question whether or not you're about to hook up with a seventh grade boy. You stop kissing for a moment and he fiddles with his laptop. You're slightly insulted but you wait patiently—you consider that it's possible that he's waiting for a very important email regarding the health of his grandmother. Your impatience builds and you look at the screen. He's getting up Pandora radio. "Perfect," you think, "maybe the music will subdue the awkwardness that's about to follow." You think that, of course, until the speakers start to play Celine Dion—and he doesn't change it.

When he's finally snoring, you plan your escape. You delicately remove his arm that is wrapped around you and carefully climb out of his bed. You dress, consider leaving a note, but then you finally use your better judgment and leave without a trace (except for your FAVORITE pair of earrings which you left on his side table—yeah, you basically suck).

The next morning you wake up with a big hickey on your neck, craving a waffle and some Advil. You check your phone to see numerous texts and missed calls from friends questioning your whereabouts. You listen to your voicemails and begin to feel like a serious asshole because you've caused your friends such worry. That is, until you get to the voicemail your good, girl friend left promising to go down on you, if only you'd come home (she's not in the least bit gay). You laugh so hard that you wake your roommate and when she asks you what exactly happened the previous night, all you can manage to explain is, "He put on Celine Dion and shit got weird." ■



julianna roen

spaces

by bethziehl

Blank walls
Words written on my skin
Staring into oblivion
Empty bed
Music muffled by a corkboard wall
See a poem that I once loved fall
Wasted space
A skeleton lost mysteriously
Us: a joke I took too seriously
Useless tacks
I don't want you back.

advertisement

the cipher

with kerrymartin

Stretch out those hip-hop hamstrings, UVemcees, because it's time to bring your rhyme-slingin' back to **the water tower**. When you work hard and play hard all week long, nothing puts your mind at ease better than lyric therapy. This week, we crack **Crossword Puzzles**.

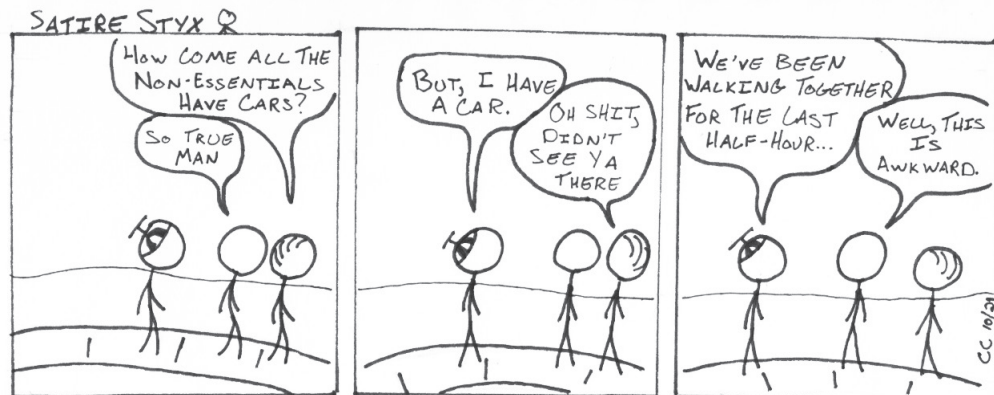
If your mind ain't sensational, your pen must be erasable
Or else all your bad errors will be splotchy and traceable. ((
A pastime recreational that's this educational?
Will Shortz: motherfucker's irreplacable.
Sixty-one down: "Wearing a crown"
It ends in I-N-G, so it can't be a noun.
Ponder that with a frown, make not a sound,
Don't write it down, check the clues all around.
Fifty-six across: "A really bad boss?"
Fuck these question mark clues, now I'm at a loss.
I can't think! My brain melts into cocktail sauce
I should do this every day like dental floss.
But I don't! I lack the practice and precision
To even take one look at the Sunday Edition.
by stumped steeze-maestro Kerry Martin



Next week, we curse **Harry Potter**. The week after, we tear apart **Voter Apathy**. Send your raps for either week to thewatertownnews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Best rapper of the semester wins a \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

10
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election outcomes

If the Republicans win:

~The democrats are outraged and start tearing it up in a school wide riot.

~The twelve republicans on campus, hiding from the riot, retreat into the fallout shelter in Patrick Gym and have a small celebration with champagne and cigars, while all wearing three-piece suits and counting their money.

~The socialists are seriously pissed.

If the Democrats win:

~The democrats are overjoyed and start tearing it up in a school wide riot.

~The twelve republicans on campus pretend they are democrats and join in on the riot.

~The socialists are in their average pissy mood.

If the Socialists win:

~The democrats do not see it coming and, in a confused stupor, tear it up in a school wide riot.

~The twelve republicans flee to Argentina.

~The socialists, somehow, are still fucking pissed.

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what happens when you
eat too many crescent rolls
and get poked in the stom-
ache

