



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 12 - issue 11 - tuesday, november 13, 2012 - uvm, burlington, vt

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uvm's burgeoning identity crisis



by georgeloftus

I came here exactly four years and three months ago. In the fall of 2008 there was a meadow northeast of Coolidge Hall. In that meadow, between the gym and WDW, there was a small circle of thin trees that had heavy leaf cover. Inside that small circle was the first place I ever smoked pot at UVM, what I understood, at the time, to be a UVM staple, and I did so calmly, quietly, discreetly. If you're familiar with the Redstone Lofts then you know where that meadow is. You just now know it as the complex's parking garage, the corner closest to the flying diaper. I'm leaving here in three weeks (ideally). In the span of four and a half years UVM has become barely recognizable to me. Pay attention. This could, and most likely will, happen to you too.

Look at the Williams building on Central Campus. Really look at it. The intricacies of the facade, the care and detail put into the columns, the stonework of the

the school can't sustain itself if it keeps actively pursuing two different personalities.

staircase that leads to the lobby. And then look at Jeffords Hall, look at the Davis Center.

UVM is currently going through growing pains, an identity crisis of epic proportions. On the one hand it wants to be one of the bigger universities this side of Boston. The Davis Center is a multi-million dollar, 200,000 sq. ft. building that was

sold as being "The Front Door of the Campus". It's the biggest building in Vermont. Did UVM need to be able to say that they owned the biggest building in one of the smallest states?

The school is also trying to be a prestigious learning institution. It relishes the buildings on Central Campus promoting their dignity and scholastic value—Williams, Waterman, Old Mill, and Billings—but then houses students in Redstone Lofts. That building looks like Tim Burton's diarrhea after he ate his three-month-old other-diarrhea. It's an eyesore that's not modern, just ugly, and it clashes with the modern look of the Davis Center, and the austerity of Waterman.

Presidents construct buildings because it reads like an accomplishment on

... read the rest on page 5

ode to no-shave november

by ambermenard

Putting it frankly: facial hair is awesome. The sheer (haha) amount of styles available makes a studio art major such as myself shake with excitement at the prospect of what the men around campus may do with their faces. They are their canvas on which they have done, and potentially will do, interesting things. Different styles of facial hair have waxed and waned in popularity over the centuries, from the burly mutton chops to the subtle sole patch, but in modern times I'm sad to see that most men do not sport any facial hair at all. This is why I almost jumped with excitement when I woke up on November first, for this is the month of the glorious tradition of No-Shave November, the full month during which men get to ignore their most trivial bathroom activity and allow their beards to grow as they may come. Will yours be full and voluminous, or patchy and sparse? Men, this is the time to find out without being criticized, so put down that razor and just let it grow!

While thinking oh-so-excitedly about this month (I like guys with facial hair), I started to wonder what started this tradition. As a native Vermonter, I always assumed it was just a decades-old way that the guys got ready for winter, but upon a truly in-depth Google search, I found out the supposed true origins. It came as a partial blow to my Vermont pride when I found out that not only was No-Shave November not started in Vermont, but its origins don't even lie in America. Whoa! Hold on, you say? Not American? How could this be!? Wasn't everything as great and glorious as No-Shave November started by Americans? Nope. Turns out Australians rock too.

Way back in 1999, a group of Australian men were enjoying some brewskis at the local pub in Adelaide, Australia when they decided it was time to bring back the mustache. After some talking, they decided to grow their mustaches for only one month, the month of November, which they renamed Movember for the Australian slang term for a mustache, "mo". However, this group of young gentlemen actually had character and were not satisfied with just growing their glorious mustaches; they instead wanted to grow for a cause. They chose to use Movember as a promotion for the awareness of prostate cancer, which is

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me:

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hurricane sandy's effects
by laurafrangipane

meatless mondays
by lauragreenwood

no love for tswift
by lizcantrell and katjaritchie

the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **water tower**,

I'm writing to you regarding **kittyfaraji**. See, I've witnessed her work for **the water tower** over the years, and I have to confess something I've been holding back. I wish I was her. In fact, I believe we would all be better human beings if we were all more like Ms. Faraji. Her kindness, artistic ability, and drop-dead gorgeous bod have convinced me that it would be in my best interest to model my lifestyle and personality after hers. Please send along my regards and ever lasting adoration of her. Maybe someday I'll have the courage to step up and confess this all to her in person. Until then, I will continue to admire her from afar and attempt to perform as well in life as she so obviously is.

Sincerely,
An anonymous admirer

Dear anonymous admirer,
We agree. While we love all of our staff equally, she's a fierce one and we're lucky to have her. Growl power.
Love and kittens,

James and Liz
Co-Editors in Chief

*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*

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Special Thanks To
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the shit list with michaelstorage

Hurricane Sandy and Climate Change-

Hurricane Sandy has left a wave of destruction in its wake. Nearly half of New York City was left flooded and without power, and New Jersey was essentially wiped off the map, sunken below the Atlantic Ocean. In total, Hurricane Sandy killed about 179 people: 110 in the United States (mostly in NY and NJ), and 69 in Caribbean countries. Sandy marked the second devastating hurricane to hit the northeastern coast of the United States within two years, and it begs the question, are environmentalists correct? Is Sandy really the result of climate change?

It sure looks like it. As climate change increases its effects on the globe, hurricanes will probably increase in both frequency and intensity. Global warming warms not only the atmosphere, but also the ocean. Hurricanes occur as a result of warm oceans, so higher surface sea temperature means a higher volume of hurricanes. With warmer oceans, there will be a longer tropical storm season and more storms higher north.

There are a number of other factors contributing to hurricane formation, including vertical wind shear and relative humidity, and each individual hurricane cannot be traced directly to climate change. However, climate change is a largely contributing factor to hurricanes and will become increasingly more to blame as this current hurricane pattern continues.

New York City suffered drastically from Hurricane Sandy. City officials shut down the 108-year-old subway line for about a week, taking quite a while to return to its full function and capacity. Also, Sandy forced the Wall Street Stock Exchange to close for two days, the first time weather has halted commerce in New York City's financial district since 1888. Total damage to the city totals indefinitely to \$33 million. Sandy's impact extended throughout the East Coast, knocking out power in West Virginia, Philadelphia, New Jersey, Virginia, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maryland, and even as north as Maine. If hurricanes increase in frequency and intensity in upcoming years, damage to coastal development will get worse, and allegations of climate change will get harder to deny. *see page 4 for more shit*

the news in brief with kerrymartin

“Mr. President, this is your moment. We’re ready to be led—not as Democrats or Republicans, but as Americans. We want you to lead, not as a liberal or a conservative, but as president of the United States of America.”

-**Speaker of the House John Boehner** talking to the newly reelected Barack Obama. Washington Republicans know that both sides must make compromises to accomplish anything in Obama's second term, and some political observers predict the Republican Party undergoing a serious face-lift. As long as it doesn't come out looking like Joan Rivers, that's okay with me.

“If they want war, we’ll give them war. The cats need us.”

-**Silvia Viviani** rejecting Italian state archaeologists' demand to shut down the Torre Argentina Cat Sanctuary she helped found. The association has sheltered thousands of stray Roman cats in the ruins of the site where Brutus stabbed Julius Caesar in 44 B.C. This is Italy's worst abuse of pussies since Silvio Berlusconi left office last year.

“My son had the idea of creating the company’s calendar...so that we could show something half-serious, colorful, beautiful; the beauty of Polish girls and the beauty of our coffins.”

-**Zbigniew Lindner**, a Polish coffin maker who sells a calendar of nude models posing by his caskets as a marketing tactic. These center-fold shots look like collaborations by Hugh Hefner and Salvador Dali; a great gift for a horny grandfather who wants his heart ripped out by a buxom blonde in a corset.

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

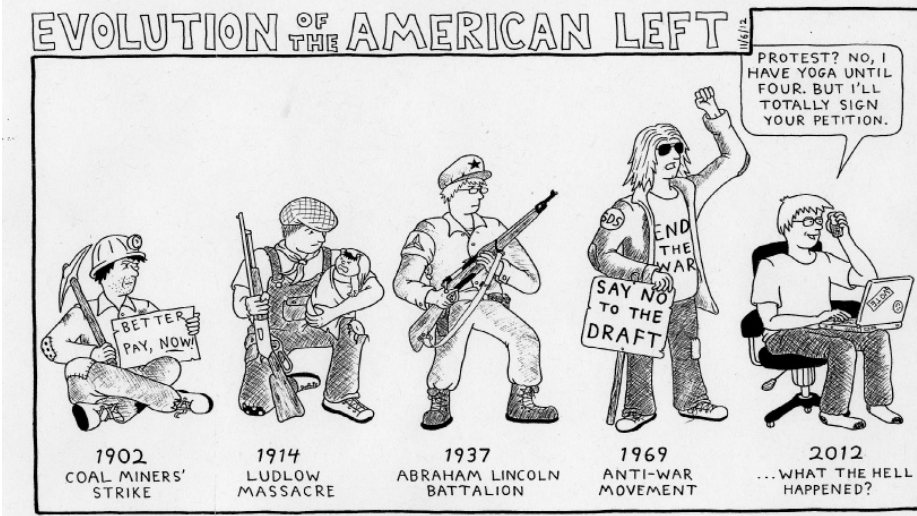
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Our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

news ticker: Petrae-trae sticks his penae-nae in writer's vajae-jae. +++ Israel fired "warning" shots into Syria. Oh. Good. +++ There's been an earthquake in Burma, but hey, at least the Dow's up. ■



kevin kennedy

looking through the windows of the future

by dannissim

With the recent release of Windows 8, Microsoft has made a push towards their vision of "future computing". They've made some ambitious changes and have taken a tip from Apple in daring to innovate. I was able to get my hands on a couple of the new Windows 8 computers, and I was left with mixed feelings.

I would like to preface this critique by stating just how high my expectations were for the new operating system. I had been tracking its release and was very excited to try some of the new products. The new software adds some interesting functionality, but the most exciting thing about the release of Windows 8 is the hardware: the array of new tablets and other products. The hybrid tablet is the newest category of computer hardware. The tablet is paired with a detachable keyboard that often acts as a secondary battery with additional USB ports.

Besides the traditional twist-and-flip, there are a couple of other interesting takes on the convertible tablet design. Both Sony and Asus are launching a convertible tablet that acts as a perfectly normal laptop, but when you close the device, a touch screen activates on the backside of the lid. My worry for these devices is that the rear display will get scratched and scuffed during normal use. Lenovo has also brought an interesting convertible tablet to the table with their IdeaPad Yoga. The IdeaPad Yoga looks like a normal laptop, but you can fold the screen all the way back so that the back of the lid touches the bottom of the laptop, leaving you with a slate tablet.

I spent most of my testing time at Best Buy with the IdeaPad Yoga. The new operating system ran very smoothly, and I am a big fan of the Windows-8-style UI. Having consistency across all platforms (mobile, game, and computer) will aid in the furthering of tech literacy: more people will be attracted to smartphones or tablets if they already know how to operate them.

Some of the new computer gestures

were awkward, and I am concerned with the lack of taskbar at the bottom of the display. Windows 8 is by far best experienced with a touch screen; its tablet-oriented interface feels somewhat forced and awkward on laptops.

At launch, there weren't many apps available through the Windows Store, so I was stuck with the basic weather, mail, and games apps. The key to success for Windows 8 will be drawing in developers to make applications that support their new UI and will be sold through the Windows Store.

Also with the release of Windows 8, Microsoft is launching their Surface tablet. Starting at \$499, Microsoft is placing it as a direct competitor to the iPad. With the Surface, you get a more "computery"-type device as opposed to the limited functionality of the iPad. It will be interesting to see how these devices compete come holiday season.

When it comes down to it, Windows 8 is a sign that Microsoft is ready for change and will be attacking the tablet market aggressively. All of the major hardware companies have one or more new tablets lined up to launch by the end of the year. Microsoft CEO Steve Ballmer announced that there have been four million Windows 8 upgrades in the first four days.

After walking out of the store I felt incredibly conflicted. On the one hand, I saw a product with tremendous potential for the future. But on the other hand, Microsoft has decided to change so many key features that I believe it will be incredibly difficult for familiar users to easily transition. Ultimately, I think consumers will be intrigued by Microsoft's "fresher" design, and with a mix of new hardware hitting all price levels, Windows 8 will be a big winner come this holiday season. ■

homework gets the guillotine: france's new education proposal

by nickpatyk

Everyone knows that homework is not popular with elementary school kids, but is getting rid of it entirely a good idea? François Hollande, the president of France, seems to think so. He has proposed that homework be replaced by a slightly longer school week (4.5 days instead of just 4), and that more teachers should be hired. Hollande justifies the abolition of homework by saying that homework gives wealthy children an advantage over poor children because wealthy kids don't need to work: well-off parents have more time to help their children with homework.

When questioned about this unprecedented proposal, Hollande responded: "An education program is, by definition, a societal program. Work should be done at school, rather than at home." Hollande, a socialist who beat his conservative predecessor Nicolas Sarkozy in French elections last May, looks like he's going to vigorously apply socialist ideology to French education. But people have long been skeptical of socialism, and Hollande's proposal is no exception. Enrico Uva, a writer for The Montreal Gazette, points out that by Hollande's reasoning, all unfair advantages should be gotten rid of. Extra books are unfair and a quiet room to study in gives students an undeserved leg up in school. Anything that can be used to learn is an "unfair advantage." Uva's critique exposes "leveling the playing field" as a hopeless and unrealistic goal, the only effect of which will be the oppression of "advantaged" households.

Uva also rightly states that adding 60,000 teaching jobs in five years will cause an influx of unskilled and uninspiring teachers. Look at how tenure in the USA prolongs the employment of incompetent teachers; adding mass quantities of teachers quickly will likely make teachers not have to work as hard for their positions.

However, while Hollande's justifications may not be perfect, and though his plan is certainly an easy one to criticize, the abolition of homework seems like a good idea to me. I can recall saying more than once that without homework, I would actually like going to school. School can be enjoyable. You can see your friends. Youthful spirits can congregate and have a good time, and perhaps even learn something, should they so desire. But when homework is applied to the equation, kids begin to associate school with intellectual overload and the usurpation of their free time. Furthermore, kids should be encouraged to pursue more "real world" or experiential learning, and to follow their personal intellectual interests. Forcing children to "learn" from preset curriculums kills creativity and produces apathy in teachers and students. While Hollande's motives are questionable in several ways, his proposal is one that could end up producing a formal education system that better accommodates the free-spirited nature of youth. ■

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around town.



burger-knuckle brawl: rí-rá's vs. the scuffer

by caito'hara

I've been on a kick lately of consistently eating some pretty awesome food and it's led me to some deep contemplations. I've come to the conclusion that there are few things more joyous than a delicious burger at a damn good price. Here in Burlington, we are lucky enough to have two restaurants that have half price burger nights. Both The Scuffer

and Ri Ra's offer a variety of burgers at bargain prices. While they're both delicious and each has their merits, I must say that only one can emerge victorious; Ri Ra's.

Now hang on a second before anyone raises a ruckus. I have tried both, and both are very good. But there are several reasons that I prefer Ri Ra's over The Scuffer.

burgers

The Scuffer- A solid selection of traditional with a twist and all made with quality meat. From the always-delicious Portabella Burger (sautéed portabella and onions with your choice of cheese) to the wonderful and tasty Smokey BBQ Burger (BBQ sauce, BACON and onion rings) that yes, I am willing to go back for. Bacon Avocado sounds good, but I just can't get over the avocado. I will admit it, I'm not a fan. The Burlington Burner (chipotle mayo, red onions, jalapenos, and pepperjack cheese) is just spicy enough to be enjoyable, without lighting my mouth on fire. A classic cheeseburger and a house made veggie burger round out a decent menu. [+1]

Ri-Ra's- To me, Ri-Ra's burgers, from selection to creativity to use of bacon and beer, takes things to a whole new level. If you were to guess, what's on a Frickle Peño Burger? (it's habanero jack cheese, fried pickles, jalapeño rings and ranch dressing) Excuse me as I try to pick my tongue up off the floor. The Ri-Rá Burger (cracked pepper, grilled Irish rasher, swiss and onion rings) is gooey, cheesy, bacony goodness. Their answer to The Scuffer's BBQ Burger is the Guinness BBQ Burger. If only for the fact the Guinness in a barbecue sauce on a burger is enough to send my taste buds into foodgasm instantly. They also carry a house made veggie burger that sounds delicious...but it doesn't have bacon on it. [+1]

atmosphere

The Scuffer- Somehow it just feels a bit more upscale. Perhaps because it's a steakhouse versus Ri-Rá's pub, I just feel as though I have to be a bit more presentable than I do at Ri-Rá's. While I'm not saying it's uncomfortable, it's just not necessarily a jeans and T-shirt kind of place. I loved the woodwork, and the fact that the dining room is open to Church Street when it's not balls cold out and will never be upset by sports being on a TV. I just suppose that what I look for in a half-price burger night is something a bit more laid back. [+0]

Ri-Ra's- Maybe it's because I will always be a beer/jeans/T-shirts girl, but Ri-Rá's feels like that homey little pub I never had growing up in East Bumfuck Nowhere. Cozy, often with live music, it's one of those places you wouldn't mind kicking back at with a pint and some friends for a while. Although no one there does, it gives you this sense that everyone there knows you by name, and it's totally fine to laugh, shout at whatever game is on and enjoy yourself. [+1]

the verdict:

total:
The Scuffer- 1.5/3
Ri Ra's- 3/3

drinks

The Scuffer- If it's half-price burger night you may as well get a drink too right? Well at The Scuffer you kind of have to. See, in order for their Tuesday night burger special to count, you have to purchase a beverage with it as well. Coke, beer, juice, whiskey, whatever floats your boat. But you have to get one. While I suppose it makes sense considering that you are saving a decent sum on their burgers, I don't like when people tell me what to do. IT'S MY LIFE MAN.[+5]

Ri-Rá's- Although I really have to be in the mood for Guinness to enjoy it, there is something to be said about having it on tap. And they usually have Switchback on tap too, giving you a good yet inexpensive beer to pair perfectly with your delicious burger. Although you aren't required to get a drink to make the half price burger half price, with what you're already saving, why not go ahead and indulge? [+1]

So accuse me of being biased if you like, however I believe I've laid out many good reasons as to why I love Ri Ra's. I'm not saying that Scuffer's isn't good, in fact it is! I'm just saying that you're far more likely to find me at Ri Ra's on Wednesday nights than you are The Scuffer. ■

the shit list

continued

with georgeloftus

General Patraeus- Really? Dude, you're the head of the CIA, the only people to beat the KGB, and you can't keep an affair off the radar? You're the king of spies, you can't lock that shit up? My friend Mike said it best: "... the man's good at hiding things. He hid his penis all the time, he just didn't hide it in his wife."

Halo 4- Like I didn't have enough free time between school and a social life, now I have this beautiful piece of software to deal with too. I was growing a mustache for No Shame November (I'm making it a thing) before, but now it's tripled in length, since I haven't seen sunlight from all my time invested in Master Chief's new saga. Great. Now I look like a pedophile AND my legs have suffered muscular atrophy. It's ok, sexual chemistry with women is overrated anyway.

Mitt Romney- I don't really give two shits about politics, and I hate talking about them, but CNN reported that the morning of the election Romney didn't even have a concession speech written. Umm, ok. That's like me going to a brothel in Amsterdam, being confused when I had sex, and then mad at myself for not bringing a condom twenty minutes after I paid. Ridiculous. And itchy.

Steven Spielberg- He announced [sic] "No, I won't make the new Star Wars, that's my best friend George's thing!" Oh, seriously? The guy who's made 4 good movies in the last 14 years (Munich, Catch Me If You Can, Minority Report, and Saving Private Ryan) is passing on directing the sequel trilogy to one of the most successful franchises that's ever existed? OH NO! What will he ruin next instead, Indiana Jones? PS Please don't make Indy 5. If anything, go back in time and unmake Indy 4.

humping the hump

by stacybrandt

I've always wanted to go on a hike, but the only person to explicitly propose the idea was a former boss who told me that I'd better "take a hike", which I interpreted in the colloquial. So I offered the idea to three friends who I know to have ample hiking experience and who always seem to be basking in memories of Such and Such Peak in Acadia National Park and how one time at Yosemite they had to carry a hundred pound log up a five thousand foot rock face dangling from a rope ladder. It was eagerly decided that Camel's Hump, a peak about an hour south east, would be the place. Neglecting the extent of our prospective hangovers, we would hike on Sunday because the weather would be nicer than on Saturday. We selected the "advanced" trail 3.3 miles to the summit then to come straight back down, making it 6.6 mile round trip. "No problem!" I chimed in, "I've run a 10k." Blind to the irrelevance of my comment, I skipped off to prepare for Sunday morning.

With full intention of embodying every Vermont hiker stereotype in the known universe, the four of us left the dorm Sunday morning at 8 am looking like we had just ransacked a camping outlet store and left the mannequins naked. Sporting Patagonia fleeces, Bean Boots, Colombia hats, and backpacks equipped with Nagenes and an excessive amount of buckles, we packed up the Subaru (complete with Vermont plates and a sufficient layer of dirt), and were off to hump "The Hump"! Asking ourselves what a hike would be without freshly baked croissants, we took an obligatory, not-quite-on-the-way pit stop at On the Rise Bakery in Richmond, a fa-

vorite of my friend's mother. We arrived at Camel's Hump 45 minutes later where there was a slight gust in the breeze and the sky was gray and sprinkling (the weather had stated "partly cloudy" and we had managed to find the cloudy part). Nonetheless, we began our adventure with energy and optimism.

As we trudged our way upward, I recalled having dreamt of hiking under a pristine blue sky and explosion of leaves at their fiery autumnal peaks. Presently, our boots were squishing through mud, brown and orange and red leaf fragments. It was messy and natural, just the way losing one's hiking virginity is supposed to be. My heart pounding with adrenaline, I came to the realization that I was actually exercising and, in fact, having my ass handed to me. Fortunately for me, one of my companions needed water and one needed to pee, so I quickly seconded the idea. Thanks to many drunken endeavors, which always lack proper bathroom facilities, I relieved myself behind a tree quite professionally and we continued forward in high spirits, belting the latest hits of Tay Swift in tone deaf harmony.

Though my legs became numb after traversing a vertical waterfall at mile 2, I began to feel a sort of "hiker's high" as my endorphins flowed through my head. A transcendental awe swept over me. The trees swaying, the mountain air thick in my lungs, the blending shapes of rocks and pure stream of run-off - and no, drug enthusiasts, unbelievably, I was not on shrooms. I became transfixed by the mica glinting off the rocks like fools gold. "OMG, SPARKLES!" exclaimed my inner seven year old. I reached down

to collect a modest, mica rock (a little souvenir) when my friend shouted "LEAVE NO TRACE!" and slapped the rock out of my hand. She subsequently informed me that she is a certified "Leave No Trace" educator (a.k.a. quasi-environmentalist with no actual authority) and explained in a voice directed at my inner seven year old that if everyone took a rock then there would simply be none left to take. I reminded her that she had just 'left her trace' behind the tree over there and pocketed the thing.

I like to believe that our final, quarter mile ascent to the summit of Camel's Hump brought most risk and gave my illusionary hiking skills a sufficient testing. Finding ourselves between layers of clouds, we were at an altitude of about 4,000 ft., but could see only white past the rocky mountain edge. I imagine this is how J.R.R Tolkien imagined the surreal Misty Mountains in his Lord of the Rings novels. Unfortunately, Orlando Bloom did not appear out of the mist. It was cold, and, no longer protected by a barrier of trees, we braced ourselves against forceful winds which almost knocked me off the mountain. I felt as unstable as an on-sight news reporter in a hurricane to be trying to be impossibly composed.

We made it to the top! Except for a few breaks in the fast moving blur of clouds, there was no view. But the feeling of reaching the summit was brilliant, and I had brought no prior expectations. I think every UVM student should have a hiking experience at least once. So get up off your ass (Netflix does have this thing called a pause button) and go get your Hump on! ■

welcome to the oc, bitch!

happy hour

week 11

with bendonovan

and georgeloftus

We've been accused of focusing too heavily on male-oriented shows. Turns out when two dudes are in charge of writing a weekly drinking game column, you get a lot of shows that involve some combination of guns, boobs, suits, and swearing (or swords, when we're feeling traditional). Anyways, fuck you guys. We watch other shows, we've seen Sex and the City (Big sucks, Carrie should've been with Aidan), Downton Abby, Dawson's Creek, Gilmore Girls, My So Called Life (even we pine for Jared Leto sometimes, when we can get Re-quiem for A Dream out of our head); all of it. We love the fuck out of "effeminate shows", but none of them speak louder to us than Kid Chino and the other denizens of Atomic County.

This show was a cultural phenomenon. I lived in South America where they barely had running water and watched it as it was coming out. Ben lived in Virginia, where they barely have literacy, and he saw it as it was coming out too. This show is fantastic. It's the greatest guilty pleasure to come about since masturbating. Watching Seth and Ryan perpetually hit on Summer and Marissa is the most comfortable exercise in television this side of The Price Is Right. Seriously, it's like sweatpants for your eyes.

Be careful though, this game is potent. Turns out when you make "every time you want to bang a character" a rule, you drink. Heavily. Hangover, thy name is Seth Cohen.

IDENTITY CRISIS- continued from page 1

their resume for the next college they preside over. I like the Davis Center, but it's not UVM. Instead of hiring new teachers, lowering tuition, raising the pay of the work staff, any of a thousand options, they built a place to costly LEED Certification. And then bumped up tuition to cover it.

With just over 10,000 students, UVM's average class size is listed as 31 students/class. Students are overstuffed into classrooms with the universe's most uncomfortable chairs. The only reason people don't have an anxiety attack in lecture halls is because about 30% of those in most lecture classes skip. In 2009, incoming freshmen were subjected to force triples. Those dorms were not meant for more than two people. They were barely meant for one.

On the other hand, UVM wants to present a holistic, granola and kale-crunching personality, boasting organic, locally produced foods made in Brennan's. In 2008, Brennan's wasn't like that. At all. For all the bad press the Grundle gets, Brennan's used to get it worse. They had food, technically, but all people ever really got there were the chicken strips. All you could really get to mix it up was sauces. Buffalo 1-3, Thai peanut, and others I'm sure. It was

a sports bar themed restaurant. It happened the year later. Former Fashion Editor Colby Nixon wrote an article in the September 15th 2009 issue entitled, "Can it be? Brennan's isn't gross anymore!" Yeah. That's how it was.

In the same vein, we also lauded the bottle ban as a victory because it echoed the sentiment of the activists you see in front of the library, but walk through parking lots with the majority of out of state plates (the majority of the students here) and you'll see SUVs, with the occasional Subaru Outback. Most of the compost and recyclables in the Davis Center end up at the landfill because of the students' failure to recognize the appropriate bins. The majority of students here aren't political activists, they're just loud, affecting no real change, instead clinging on to major victories that passionate, genuine activists accomplish, like VSTEP's bottle ban last year.

I don't think the school can sustain itself if it keeps actively pursuing two different personalities. It's one of the original eight public ivies, but buildings like Red Stone Lofts catapult it into something gaudy, like it doesn't even take the students seriously. It boasts about its eco-awareness, but those victories are few and far between, and most

- Anybody says "Chino"

- It occurs to you that high school was definitely NOT like that.

- Every time Seth and Ryan have a bromantic moment.

- Mrs. Cooper is a raging bitch.

- You just wanna give Sandy Cohen a hug. Come on. The dude is the greatest fictional character since Han Solo

- Seth references something nerdy.

- Mischa Barton is a hilariously awful actress. Seriously, there's a reason she's done nothing but straight-to-DVD horror films since. Horror movies are the Elephant's Graveyard of hot chicks who can't act.

- You want to be a character on this show.

- You want to bang a character on this show.

- Seth Cohen is the ONLY believable high school character on this entire show.

Finish your drink when: Ryan hits someone or something.

Please send us your game. We're running out of ideas. thewatertowernews@gmail.com. Seriously, you're probably smarter than us. Help some dudes out. Write something funny in the subject line, like, "boobpretzel", or "chicago smells good" or something. But please don't send us the rules to Roxanne like that one kid did. We know it's a game. Much love. ■

of the failures are on account of the students who misjudge the values they claim to understand, myself included.

This doesn't feel like my school anymore. It's lost the humility that I once found so endearing. Now I'm an asshole if I smoke on my way to class. I'm ostracized if I don't care where my chicken is raised because I'm too busy caring about why it's \$8 for three small breasts (haha... small).

I'm leaving in three weeks. I hardly recognize my school anymore. I feel no affiliation, no ties to what in a month I'll refer to as my Alma Mater because it's changed so much in my short time here. Gone are the humble days where standards weren't astronomically out of sync with reality. Your ties might run deeper, but in case they don't, do what I should've; take pictures, everyday.

More than ever I realize this time will never happen again. Relationships between people, walkways paths to class, the buildings, the ethos, everything. Everything changes, even a place that prides itself in being established in 1791. It's similar, sure, but it's embracing the 21st century in an awkward, uncharacteristic way. Take a photo. Remember. Soon, you may find yourself saying "Once, we were here." ■

of beer and bicycles

words by laurenmacklin

art by caneydemars

There are a number of reasons that the University of Vermont is a unique and amazing place, but Friday the 26th exemplified the fact. I caught myself pinching my arm as I watched Captain Jack Sparrow attempt to dizzy bat, spinning around ten times before trying to shoot a basketball in a hoop. It was House 3 and the race was starting to take its toll on the participants. Captain Sparrow had now fallen on his face. Could this absurdity really be happening? No, I am not dreaming; this is where I go to school.

As we raised our beers-- ahem, sodas-- high and belted out the final notes of the national anthem (quite off-key, I might add), we were united as one. Or the land of the freeeeeeee... I was standing between a Native American and a frog... And the home of the... the bikes lined the backyard; we were ready... Bravee... And the air horn sounded. The tabs were opened and, simultaneously, we shot-gunned. And the race began. The rules were simple: a team was composed of three people with some sort of unifying costume. Each team would buy an 18 rack (of soda) to be dropped off at the starting house, prior to the race. The drinks were then divided between six houses, three cans per house (one can per team member, per house). Right before starting, teams received a rather elusive and cryptic scrap of paper with the addresses of each of the six houses. When the air horn sounded, it became search and destroy; every team for themselves. The objective was to get to each house, complete some sort of task, drink your teams' three beers, and get back to the starting point first.

For the next hour, the streets of Burlington (North end to the South) were a sight to behold. Sporting nothing but bathrobes and towels, my team biked up Main Street towards one address, zooming past bewildered pedestrians. I would have been bewildered too, due to the fact that screaming down the other side of the road was John Travolta on a Schwinn, followed by two sexy pink ladies on bicycles of their own. All in all, the event was ridiculous. More than that, it really illustrated the incredible uniqueness found in the student body at UVM. The entire event was coordinated through a simple internet message and word of mouth, but there were at least 20 teams in attendance. Each house added their own twist on the event, creating obstacles or challenges to be completed before rewarding a team with their next can...of soda. By the end of the race, I had experienced and learned so many new things about my classmates and Burlington. Some highlights:

1. Being pelted with water balloons by the craziest of Burlington landlords, while digging through a garbage bin filled with mushed apples. I've never worked so hard for a PBR...
2. Decatur Street is a real place. It exists, I swear.
3. Bathrobes should be double-knotted prior to bike riding if you don't want to flash all of North Street (that wind will get you).
4. Also, there actually are opportunities to befuddle North Street inhabitants who often befuddle me (starting with flashing them while biking).
5. It really is about the journey, not the destination.

All joking aside, this event was unimaginable, unreal, and unbeatable. I had high hopes when entering the situation, and my expectations were exceeded ten-fold. My team and I were not anywhere close to winning, as we were one of the final teams to arrive. Still, as soon as we reached the final destination and finish line we were met by the faces of our friends and their corresponding teams. Not only were we all dressed in our absurd outfits, but more noticeably were the goofiest of grins plastered on everyone's faces. I found myself laughing with people who were complete strangers not an hour before; Red necks in cutoff jorts, Carrots and Indians, the burliest of men in the tightest of cocktail dresses, the Ghostbusters, and an Irish clan sporting plaid kilts. The camaraderie created was rare and it was all thanks to this ludicrous event. I want to thank our hosts and fellow classmates who simply grabbed hold of their Halloween spirits and took the opportunity to cause a little chaos. Supposedly, the world is going to end in December. I don't know if this is a load of Bull-pucky, or if the Mayans really had it right. But one thing I do know is that in the off chance we do make it to the year 2013, I know where I will be and what I will be doing on October the 26th and I highly recommend you and two friends find the time to join me. ■

editors note: the water tower does not endorse drunk biking, driving, rollerblading, skateboarding, or heelys-ing.
-george loftus

reflections.

“what is an ocean?” and other things tom hanks shouldn’t have said a review of *cloud atlas*

by phoebefooks

After receiving as many awards for writing *Cloud Atlas* as **the water tower** has for being awesome, it probably came as no surprise to British author David Mitchell a few years back that his third published book was to be made into a movie... a movie with an enormous budget. We're talking about 102 million dollars, folks—even that puts Fogel's infamous package to shame. The film was released in theaters on October 26th, and its most recent box office estimates stand at about twenty million. What I'm trying to tell you is that this was a movie with high expectations, but the sad truth is that it did not meet those, and I don't recommend you go see it.

Summarizing *Cloud Atlas* would not only take up a full page of this newspaper, but doing so would be impossible without giving away one of the many surprise “connections” between the tales it tells of six different characters.

Those of you who have read the book or seen the movie will understand what I'm talking about, but for those who haven't, I'll clarify by making this analogy: watching *Cloud Atlas* was like what it would be watching a movie that told the entire tale of *The Avengers* and the stories of its individual characters—Hulk, Ironman, etc. (you know the lot)—all in one three hour long production. Talk about a clusterfuck.

Maybe it was because the trailer looked so incredible or because my roommates and I talked about nothing all week except our Friday night movie plans that set my expectations for *Cloud Atlas* so high, and consequently caused me to be so disappointed.

High hopes were definitely one aspect of my dismay, but even my friend who had not seen the trailer and had no idea what he was walking into when we saw the film agreed that the primary flaw of *Cloud Atlas* was its confusing, not one, but six plots. This feat was done rather eloquently by Mitchell in the novel, but the film jumps back and forth between stories too quickly without leaving time for plot development to sink in to the audience.

The plots were further complicated

“watching *cloud atlas* was like what it would be watching a movie that told the entire tale of *the avengers* and the stories of its individual characters—hulk, ironman, etc. (you know the lot)—all in one **three hour long** production. talk about a **clusterfuck.**”

by the motif of having actors play multiple roles. Throughout the entire movie, I searched for a connection between these characters (other than their similar birthmarks—a part of the story that was never actually explained), only to find out towards the end that they were connected by the broad, didactic theme of the deeds and crimes of their past lives carrying on forever... or something like that. The revelations of characters within the stories seemed always too preachy, and often cliché. The “message” contained, but was not limited to, a critique of global consumerism, a peg against Climate Change and nuclear energy, a couple predictable love stories, and a metaphor for the meaning of freedom.

Even for lasting 172 minutes, this was all too rushed.

It's really a shame that money spent on actually very impressive special effects and a cast that included Tom Hanks, Halle Berry, Jim Sturgess, and Hugh Grant created such a flop of a film. Critics have mostly agreed that separating the project into two movies could have worked better. Spending more time on each of the six stories could have spared the script from cheap, time-saving clichés, and allowed audiences to get the feel of the characters so that they can remember what has happened to them as the camera jumps from plot to plot. Emotions are what connect people to stories, unfortunately not just smoke and mirrors.

Overall, I could see the potential in *Cloud Atlas*, because I would not have decided to see it immediately after watching the trailer otherwise. However, it was disappointed that the producers chose to put the majority of their budget and effort into production and popular actors at the cost of a quality screenplay, especially because *Cloud Atlas* was such a highly acclaimed novel. All too often our favorite books are exploited at the hand of profit-seeking Hollywood producers. Occasionally, such as in the case of *Harry Potter* or *Lord of the Rings*, film adaptations of books are done well, seldom are they done better than the book, and more often than any other scenario the films are worse, for which *Cloud Atlas* is just another example. ■

hold the bird *please*

by leerogoff

As a vegetarian of eight years, I've experienced my fair share of being confronted with large ceremonial meals where I have to turn down sixty-five percent of what is served; my family and friends consist of mostly carnivores. This means I've dealt with many Thanksgiving dinners where all I had to eat were roasted vegetables, cranberry sauce, and salad. Other times I've been offered some fish by family friends who do not seem to realize that vegetarians do not eat animals period, and I consider eating fish cheating. While I am a vegetarian, I am in no way judging others for eating turkey at Thanksgiving dinner; if anything the fact that people like me are not having any just means there is more for you!

Where things get awkward and confusing for vegetarians like myself is whether or not the group of people I am dining with are willing to provide me with some other food to eat. I have managed to alleviate this by offering to make my own food, and I am totally fine with having anything vegetarian for Thanksgiving dinner even if it's not necessarily traditional tur-

key-time foods. Last year, I spent Thanksgiving with my aunt and uncle in New York, and we had the most diverse feast we've had in years, featuring ravioli (that I made), traditional Thanksgiving turkey, mashed potatoes, and even homemade Chinese dishes; it was fantastic!

If you are one of those going home for Thanksgiving break as a vegetarian or vegan for the first time, here are some tips for surviving the holiday:

1. Inform your parents or the host(s) that you will not be partaking in any turkey or meats and ask if there will be enough non-meaty things there for you to eat (and non-dairy if you are a vegan).
2. Make sure the stuffing did not come out of a bird's ass. (Really, you can't trust anything that's been in a bird's ass at all!) Remember that you do not need to have a “tofurky”—personally, I don't think they are that great in general. I don't like the taste, and they're sort of expensive. A meat substitute is not required to enjoy a Turkey Day feast.
3. Offer to make a dish or two of something you can eat, and make enough to share with the other guests. Pasta is one

of the best universally accepted non-meat foods and almost anything can be added to it (well... maybe not ketchup). Or, concoct a roasted veggie salad with beets and squash. Get creative with making dishes that you and others could enjoy.

4. If there are some appetizers like cheese and nuts, definitely take advantage of that to get your protein fix, because almonds are great for protein.
5. Remember that beer and wine aren't meat, and if you're underage and your family is lenient, you can totally have some (or a lot). Wine makes the “What, no turkey for you!?” conversations less obnoxious.
6. Eat all the dessert! Typically, it's hard to find steak as the desert of the night.
7. If all else fails, pull a *Napoleon Dynamite* and line your pockets with tater tots. (I'm pretty sure I did this in the second grade.)
8. In general, be polite. You're much more likely to be compensated with food you can eat if you're not fussy about it. ■

counting our *blessings* hurricane sandy's aftermath

by laurafrangipane

As Hurricane Sandy crept up the East Coast, I had several things on my mind. My first worry was my family in my hometown outside Philadelphia, which was braced to be hit by the brunt of the storm. The second worry was for all those I know scattered along the East Coast living in places like New York City and New Jersey that the storm had in its crosshairs. Lastly, I thought of Vermont, of Irene, and what it would mean for us. Vermont had barely finished rebuilding from the damage of the year before. It wasn't clear immediately where the storm would hit; it seemed safe to assume that it would hit everywhere.

The storm hit New Jersey, Philadelphia, and my family first. They sounded calm on the other end of my phone calls; they sounded safe. A nervous few days went by when our contact was limited because cell towers were down and power was out in our house.

Watching the news in New York, waiting for Sandy to come to Vermont was different. I didn't have a way to reach friends; texts went unanswered. I looked at scenes that reminded me of the flooded streets of New Orleans from Katrina and I cried. I cried, and I cried. The subways flooded, Rockaway Point gone, the small spinning broken Jane's Carousel in DUMBO. The image of the Manhattan skyline half out sears into my brain even now.

I received a phone call that the school district where I teach would be closed the following day. I woke up startled at 6:00 am, confused because it was sunny. Where was the hurricane in Vermont? It turned out we were lucky; there was no power loss, no major winds, no flooding, and minimal rain here. I couldn't help, however, being struck and solemn on the warm, seventy degree weather we were having.

New York, New York. My thoughts were also with New Jersey, on living summers on the shore there with mother and brother, far away from the city and from our normal lives. The family house in Sea Isle contained so many physical memories of my mother, now deceased. The images on the news showed the streets flooded on the first floor.

My family made the trip to New Jersey instead of a planned trip to see me in Vermont that weekend. We, I think, had been holding our breath for the week. The house had been flooded, but only on the first level, the crawlspace and garage. Drywall would need replacing, and so would beach chairs, nothing more.

New York, New York.

People began wondering how to help. The marathon was cancelled; wirey men and women moved wreckage and flood damaged items all day instead. New York City waited in lines, so many lines, to vote on Election Tuesday.

I'm not a New Yorker (I'm quick to point out I love my hometown of Philadelphia) but I am born of a great city. An East Coast, hurry there, hurry

here, city. I was reminded, these weeks, that us East Coasters are more similar than different. We love to hate on Jersey, but we love to go to its beaches. I was so homesick, so far away in Vermont, and felt so helpless while Sandy came. I keep hearing the same call to help, the East Coast spirit of hustle and bustle.

If you too heard the call, here's a list of suggested ways to get involved and help out. The most effective way to help is usually money, so that it can be spent on things that are actually needed:

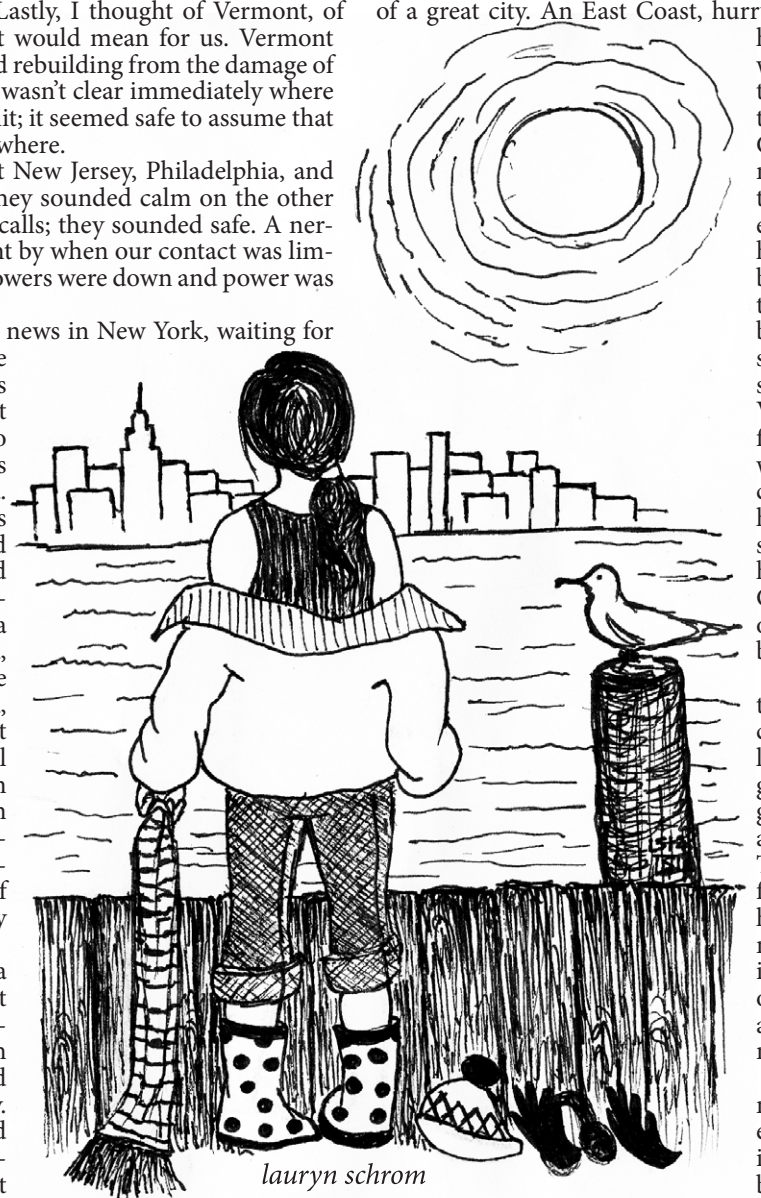
-Donate money, OR even more important, blood, to the American Red Cross.

-Most animals made it through the storm, but those living with their owners at shelters are in need of food, as food supplies at existing shelters got wiped. Help by giving money to one of the Humane Society or the ASCPA in New York.

-Many churches or religious organizations in Burlington are setting up trucks and driving down to New York City with supplies, or collecting money. Contact them to see what you can do to help out.

-Lend an ear to a friend or relative who needs to share their story or talk it out. Listening and being there in times of loss is so important.

-Take a trip to New York City. Maybe not this weekend, but maybe on your way home for Thanksgiving break, or maybe instead of going home. Not only could you do some help with actually clean up, your dollars will help rebuild the shattered city's economy when you visit. ■

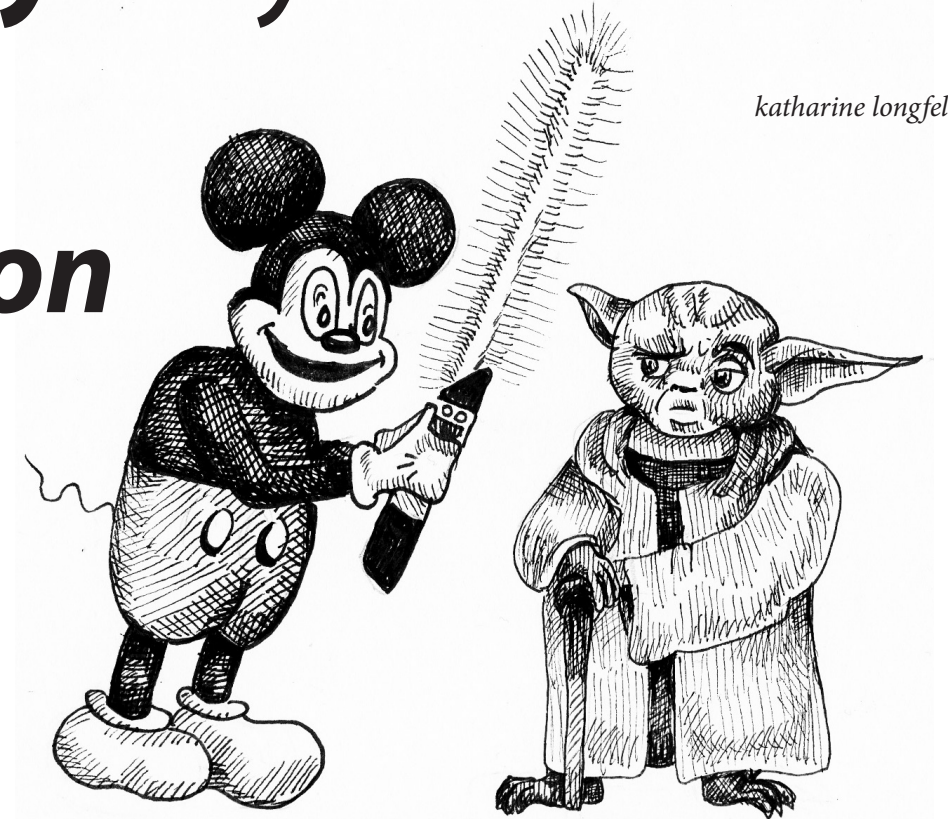


lauryl schrom

disney buys star wars

cue erection now

katharine longfellow



by georgeloftus

As if George Lucas needed more money, two weeks ago he sold Lucasfilms properties to Disney for a whopping four billion dollars. That's six percent of what the United Kingdom spends on national defense. On top of that, they announced a new *Star Wars* trilogy, with the first part releasing 2015.

Holy. Shit. I'm the biggest *Star Wars* fan you do or do not know. On top of seeing the movies countless times (and every iteration, no less), I've played ninety percent of the video games, read every comic that's come out in the last twenty years, collected figures, watched the cartoons, everything. I have a Darth Malgus statue next to my TV, an original Y-Wing bomber above it, and both a stormtrooper and a Boba Fett helmet on either side of that. I. Fucking. Love. *Star Wars*. So, you can trust my opinion.

I was elated. *Star Wars* is a cash-cow and Disney has unrivaled marketing and demographic penetration. They know what they have on their hands and they're going to take full advantage of it. Toys, amusement park rides (besides Star Tours <3), cartoons, interactive software, you name it; under the Disney umbrella, *Star Wars* is a franchise that can somehow flourish more than it had before.

As far as the movies go, the best movie had the least involvement from Lucas himself, save *Episode IV. The Empire Strikes Back* was a complete deconstruction of Hollywood cinema at the time. The big battle was fought at the beginning on Hoth, the good guys lost when Han got frozen and Luke lost his hand, love did not conquer all, and we learned that the ultimate hero was spawned from the ultimate villain. *Episode IV* was a technical marvel,

and *Episode VI* was teddy bears in space. *Episodes I* through *III* were a detriment to the series. Spoiling mysteries like where the force comes from, fuckin' Jar Jar, and the worst offense of all: we saw Darth Vader cry. The whole point of starting with *Episode IV* was the idea of coming into an already living universe. We don't need to see Michael Jordan's first breakup in the sixth grade for a movie about the 1996 championship series.

Now that Lucas can't put a finger on the franchise, it has the potential to be

Zahn. Give those stories a shot, then hand me a tissue. Lucas gone is a blessing.

My only concern is since Disney owns Marvel, who until last year had the biggest market share of comics produced, released, and sold, the comic rights will probably revert to them. Dark Horse was the only source of *Star Wars* stories until the novels and video games flourished in the mid nineties. Some of my favorite stories were told by Dark Horse, and I'll be sad to see those creative teams and editors leave the franchise. But that's not to say

Marvel doesn't have a more-than-capable list of creators who can make an indelible mark on the franchise.

Disney bought Pixar (who, ironically used to be a part of Lucasfilm) and they're still making fantastic movies. *Cars 2* aside. In 2009, Disney bought Marvel. All of the comic creative teams stayed the same, the movies got bigger budgets, and the good effects of most major tentpole blockbusters—*The Avengers* included—are handled by Industrial Light and Magic... a subsidiary of Lucasfilm.

I really think *Star Wars* is going to be fine. While I have reservations about a continuation of the original trilogy, I'm also optimistic. The best part? If they do suck, then the original trilogy isn't in a galaxy far, far away; it's on your shelf, right where you left it. Or on my shelf. You can borrow it if you want.

Plus, now I'll actually have a chance to be an extra in a *Star Wars* film. Dream: realized. Also, I make a lot of jokes about having masturbated to Disney princess Jasmine. Now I can say I've actually done so to a Disney princess. ■

“imagine someone like *casino royale's* martin campbell behind the camera with a license like *star wars.*”

good again. Selling to Disney opens up the franchise for new competent producers and directors. As great as *Episode IV* was, it was formulaic as fuck and ripped off Kurosawa's *The Hidden Fortress* (yes, the same Kurosawa mentioned in “One Week” by The Barenaked Ladies, it's a real thing too). Imagine someone like *Casino Royale's* Martin Campbell behind the camera with a license like *Star Wars*. Or Christopher Nolan? Michael Arndt, writer of *Toy Story 3* and *Little Miss Sunshine* is at the writers helm of *Episode VII* and I have complete faith in him. He made the third *Toy Story* film comparable to the first, a monumental feat. A good writer dictating the story? Sign me up. Lawrence Kasdan and Leigh Brackett were in charge of the greatest *Star Wars* story, *The Empire Strikes Back*. The second best *Star Wars* story? *Knights of the Old Republic*, written by Drew Karpyshyn. The third best? *The Force Unleashed* by Haden Blackman. That's not even mentioning *Dark Empire I* and *II* by Tom Veitch, or the *Thrawn Trilogy* by Timothy

fashion five-oh.



of hoops 'n hoes:

the dangers

of hoop earrings

by sarahperda

It's been a long, tough semester, so let's lighten things up with a riddle: what do male ponytails, pre-Thanksgiving Break exams and Obama's reelection all have in common? They all teeter on the fine line of what is acceptable, and what is not. Unsurprisingly, this dilemma often occurs in fashion as well. Sometimes, it is difficult to distinguish between what actually looks good, and what you just want to look good. Are leggings really pants? Can L.L. Bean moccasins pass for real shoes? Will anyone actually notice the hole in the armpit of my shirt?

This predicament also manifests in the form of accessories, specifically hoop earrings. Let me be clear: I am by no means advocating for the abolition of hoops, I am simply pleading the general public to wear with care. While a little good-girl-gone-bad is refreshing now and again, no one likes to see more sleaze than is necessary.

First thing to consider is size (obvs). There's an old saying concerning hoops that goes something like, "the bigger the O, the

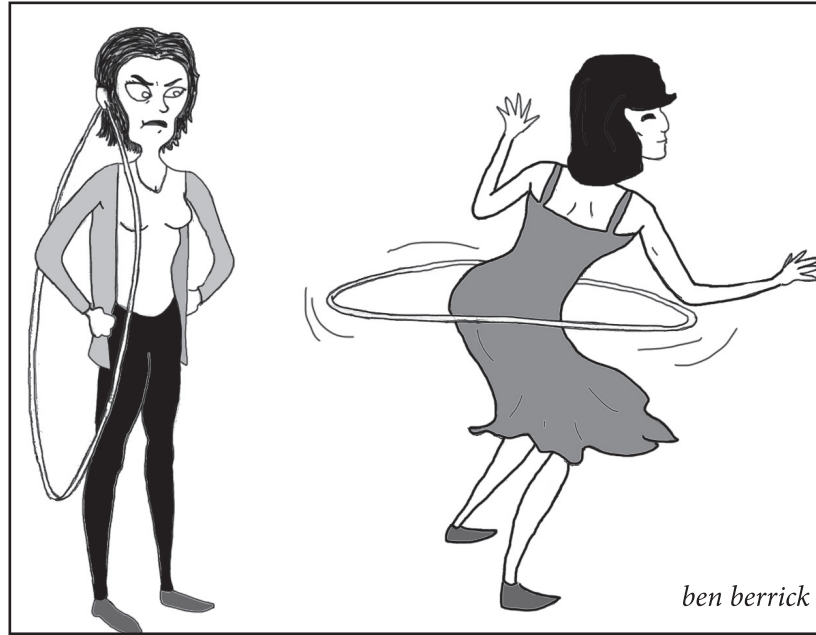
bigger the hoe." I am not personally acquainted with any scientific proof supporting this theory, but grapefruit-sized hoop earrings don't often convey a wholesome message when you live in a society that judges books by their covers. If your overarching goal is to avoid the hoochie mama look, a good rule of thumb when assessing hoop size is the five-finger-fit

"a good rule of thumb when assessing hoop size is the five-finger-fit"

(copyright pending). If you can fit less than five fingers within the hoops, they're probably an acceptable size for day-to-day wear. If you can comfortably fit all five fingers, you're starting to push the envelope and might consider saving them for the nightlife. The threat of unacceptability arises when you can fit your fist, arm, and waist through the hoop, and quite possibly utilize the accessory for hula hooping between classes. In short: if putting your

fist through the earring is like throwing a hotdog down a hallway, it's too big—your disproportionately small head will resemble a Bratz doll, and that fad died many moons ago. How classy you look when wearing hoops is also fairly contingent upon the rest of your outfit. For example, if you're wearing a sweater-scarf-boot combo, hoop earrings can add a little sass to your rather conservative ensemble. Conversely, if you're wearing anything resembling a skin-tight graphic tee shirt purchased circa 8th grade, a Juicy Velour sweat suit, any form of sports jersey, or anything accented with faux fur, you might look a little like you lean more toward the Ke\$ha side of the fashion spectrum, rather than someone who's just tryna spice up their life with a little bling.

If you are going to rock the



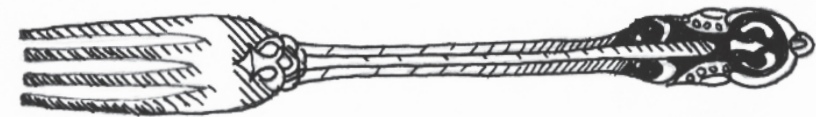
ben berrick

hoops, never succumb to vanity jewelry. While any accessory you wear with your name on it automatically makes you tacky and narcissistic, hoops have, by far, the worst connotation attached to them. If you really want people to know your name that badly, do something worth talking about like curing cancer, posting selfies in every "Class of 20__" group, or being "that girl" who streaked through the hockey game in the middle of the third period.

While I'm sure many have

a love affair with hoop earrings comparable to Amanda Bynes' newfound affinity for public nudity (though she only streaked through a tanning salon, the weenie), this particular accessory often straddles the line between looking cute and looking cheap. The next time you're feeling saucy and decide to wear hoops, just be wary of the fact that you have the potential to cross that fine line between classy and crass-y. Despite what others may want you to think...size really does matter. ■

fork it over.



meatless Mondays:

c'mon people, do it right

by lauragreenwood

I am going to assert that UVMers are generally environmentally conscious and locally inclined. That's safe to say, yeah? Riding this same sentiment, wouldn't it be a reasonable and awesome opportunity to have one day every week be dedicated to just this. While I'm not the innovator of Meatless Mondays, I am more than gung-ho to push forward this Recession of the Meat Revolution on campus (on that same vein: suggestions for the revolutions name are very much welcome).

One day of the week, arguably the worst day of the week, ought to be reenergized by this eco-friendly movement. By going meatless, we are going to eat healthier and fresher foods which in turn will lighten our hearts and ruthlessly drag our bodies from the pit of self-destruction we induced upon ourselves last weekend. Instead of letting Monday get the best of us, we can fight back the hangover, fight back the dread of impending classes, and the usual crappy feeling after a bacon-coma. Going meatless on a Monday is the Ritalin of getting your shit together for the week.

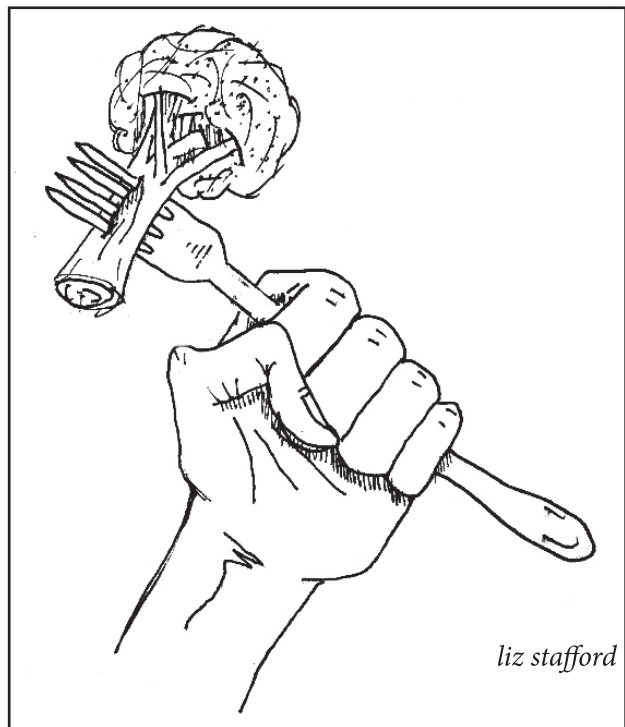
Arguably, it would be ideal if you went vegetarian every day of the week; did you know a vegetarian who drives a gas-guzzling Hummer will contribute less to climate change than a Prius driving carnivore? Dude, it's all about the total carbon footprint created throughout the entire production of making your steak. But, hey, maybe you like

turkey at Thanksgiving, so all that aside let's just vow to skip the meat on Monday.

That being said, half-assing Meatless Monday is probably the worst way to actually reap the benefits of eliminating meat consumption. The entire point of the day is to not serve ANY meat. Yes, Brennan's, that means the daily special on your "Meatless Monday" should probably not be a "Three-Meat Chili". I understand that Sodexo is a complex autocratic dictator over all food consumption on campus, but I assert that, as the "Most Vegan-Friendly Campus", we should be able to allow one day of our dining halls menus' to be truly meat free. Other colleges worldwide have already taken the pledge; heck if the Wageningen University of the Netherlands and Yale University can do it, why can't the University of Vermont?

This is a call to the school and the students. If we really want UVM to live up to its environmentally conscious reputation, we must make a greater effort to lower our carbon impact. One day a week, no meat. It's that easy. The quality of meat on campus is not even good enough to argue against not eating it for a day. If the school won't go meatless every Monday, then do it on your own simply to be a responsible global citizen. So, screw you Mondays, I'm not going to eat your left-over burger patties or your fried chicken strips and neither should anyone else. ■

"going meatless on a monday is the ritalin of getting your shit together for the week."



liz stafford

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

Your hair is brown and curly and your eyes blue like the sea, I know you love your hockey boy but you should come hang with me. When you look at me I drown, it's hard to stay afloat. My bed should be the next place you decide to rowE your boat. **When:** Everyday **Where:** The gym **I saw:** A beautiful novice **I am:** Interested

O cracklin' Rosie ya make me smile you've got mad style. How can you deny it, mate? we'll have another lunch date and i'll take a plunder and come down under. don't be frigid get me rigid. Good Day. **When:** a fortnight ago friday **Where:** carnival **I saw:** a cute sheila **I am:** the better Kevin

I want you (to shut up) so bad everyday in class you talk so much with your stupid fucking slurp keep your spit in your mouth answering 6 questions a class is never okay I didnt know EDSP 005 was your personal class so literally, get out of the front row and shut the fuck up. **When:** every education class **Where:** waterman 413 **I saw:** a self-obsessed education major **I am:** annoyed as fuck

I give no fucks when people stare, I know that we are one hot pair. We always ask "What are you thinking?" And practice our attempts at sensual winking. I love your freckles and baby talk; I blame them for my frequent, lusty gawk. I love your passions and honest will to live. I apologize for this delay-please do forgive. You instill a happiness in me that I've never known; Now please don't leave me all alone. You're unlike no other-the one I most adore. I want you to be my girl, and for me to be yours. You've truly made my world transcend-Will you please be my girlfriend? **When:** Everyday **Where:** Everywhere **I saw:** My favorite babe **I am:** Your "red-haired Taylor Swift"

you make me nervous and awkward like when i smile somehow it's twisted but nothing makes my stomach bunch like waving to you while i eat my lunch and so maybe someday you could say something more than hi like maybe hey or what's up or i like your eyes and we can both stop being weird maybe you won't reject me as i feared either way it's good to know that now, as it begins to snow i finally submit this i want you so bad and i won't feel like i'm going mad **When:** every fucking day **Where:** every fucking where **I saw:** an average guy **I am:** confused and annoyed

To the assistant of a man named Greg Dont worry I'm not trying to fertilize your egg But I can tell by using a punnett square That our babies would have awesome hair I want you so bad you don't even know In lab it's not only the bacteria that grow Beneath the sheets, I want to tussle My desire for you moves past one muscle It might have something to do with you being in charge More likely it is because your brain is so large Maybe it's because I want things I can't get But I've liked you since the first time our eyes met I know you have a boyfriend and that's okay these are some things I just had to say. **When:** Wednesday Evening **Where:** Jeffords **I saw:** A coy TA **I am:** A **water tower** editor

I was very impressed by your prose And I hope we could shed all our clothes To my pleas don't be deaf And if your DTF Then lets see that our body flows. **When:** Last Week **Where:** the water tower **I saw:** An intriguing poem **I am:** A very interested bear

To the prettiest girl at the water tower I'm glad to have won the approval of both your moms They took pictures of us against your will Our stomachs with alcohol we did fill Liquid courage for what was in store To dance our asses off on the dance floor That never happened and that's okay You met a lot of my friends anyway They joke and ask what you see in me For they reconize that you are a true beauty And I'm just a boy who likes to laugh It's really funny when I tickle your calf I can't take things seriously and you like it that way They way things are, I would like them to stay Maybe someday I'll hold your hand As best friends we shall stand. **When:** Saturday night **Where:** An old frat house **I saw:** A foxy lady **I am:** narcissistic

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

the ear

overheard a conversation in b-town? was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational? tell the ear and we'll print it. uvm.edu/~wafertwr/ear.html

Redstone
Guy 1: You have a drinking problem.
Girl: I don't have a drinking problem; I'm great at drinking.
Guy 2: I think that's the problem.

The Lofts
Guy to Girl having a deep conversation: Yeah, it was a shocker when I found out I was smart.

L/L
Girl: It's all about Gary Derr, man. He's your best friend and you don't even know it; he emails you EVERY DAY!

Slade, Wednesday Night
Intellectual Young Man: I'm not into fellatio anyway, especially not with whales.

Walking towards Redstone
Girl on her phone: If Mitt Romney loses tonight I'm gonna have to streak across campus.

WDW Front Desk
Aspring Mathematician: There is a 97% chance that I had sex 7 days in a row.

In da Grundle
Guy telling a group of friends: He was letting his cock swing about his promotion at Dick's Sporting Goods.

Redstone Brunch
Guy consoling Friend: It's not that you failed. It's that you were destined for your own bed by yourself.

Greenhouse
Guy to Trusted Mate: Remind me not to push out any farts this evening because I will likely shit insted.

Marche
Girl to Girl: I like my president the way I like my coffee.

Cyber Cafe
Hipster: Earl looks friendly and Speeder looks like a DICKKK. Earl is like Ben and Jerry's love child or something. Speeder looks like he should be smoking a cigarette outside of a children's hospital...or outside the mall downtown. Yea, he'd fit there.

At a nearby table in the Simpson Dining Hall.
Guy 1 to his Friend: She slapped the cancer out of him!

Lafayette
Professor: Never bite a potato chip and put it back in the bowl, that is nasty!

Redstone Hall
Girl: He was on me; I had to smell him!

Monday, Bailey Howe
Girl referring to Russian Roulette: Why do humans do that shit?
Dude tutoring Girl: How do you find the horizontal asymptote?
Girl: Would you be mad if i bit you?
Dude: ...how do you find the horizontal asymptote?
Girl: I was gonna get you a Christmas present but I guess not.
Dude: ...horizontal asymptote...?

Bailey Howe, 2nd floor
Girl 1: It's like your backpack is the same as Mary Poppins'.
Girl 2: Yeah I'm just waiting till I find a small British child in there.

water tower Layout
Girl: What can I do for you?
Guy: Honestly, all I want is a cigar and a handjob. But since we're in public and you have a boyfriend, I guess I'm shit out of luck.



taylor swift : a love story no more

by lizcantrell

Let's start with a confession: I'm an unabashed Taylor fan. I've been to both of her headlining tours, I have 40+ of her songs on my iTunes, and I've shelled out an unacceptable amount of dough for some Swift swag. I love the girl. I think she's wholesome as apple pie, down to earth, and a great role model for her target audience.

But here's the cold, hard truth: her new album, *Red*, is hugely disappointing. Late this summer and into the fall, no one could escape the whimsy soundbite of the album's first single, "We Are Never Ever Getting Back Together", since it received saturated radio play. When I heard it, I was skeptical, but held out hope that the rest of the album would compensate and would be on heavy rotation in my headphones throughout the rest of the semester. Much as it pains me to admit, I honestly can't find one song that I don't have to try to like. So, what went wrong?

For one, the album's all over the map, style-wise. Random dubstep makes an appearance on "I Knew You Were Trouble", and techno creeps into several places. Plus, there are two entirely unimpressive duets: one with Ed Sheeran, whoever he is, and another with Gary Lightbody of Snow Patrol. Also, her usual country roots are missing; even though "I Almost Do" almost harkens back to her twang, it loses it once the chorus is over.

For another, Swift seems to have abandoned the one thing she's usually praised for: her crafty lyrics that weave parts of her life into a relatable story. Let's take "22" as exhibit A. This song is so bad, a drunk girl doing karaoke to Katy Perry's latest single could do it more justice. Swift croons, "I don't know about you/But I'm feeling 22/Everything will be alright if/You keep me next to you/You don't know about me/But I'll bet you want to/Everything will be alright if/We just keep dancing like we're/22". Um, excuse me? Did Ke\$ha just write that for you?

Sadly, this is the norm with the rest of the album. The title track, "Red", attempts to describe the passion of a previous relationship, but burns out when Swift tries to use the colors "blue" and "gray" to contrast the excitement of "red". The relationship wasn't a color wheel, Taylor. Give us something concrete, please. The one exception to the album's flaws is the opener, "State of Grace", which is consistent with Swift's typical storytelling style and is the most lyrically decent track.

But one acceptable song does not a superstar album make. Honestly, none of the tracks on this album would make her mildly famous, much less the sensation she has become. There is no "Tim McGraw", no "Love Story", no "You Belong With Me", no "Mine", no "Fearless". Not a single lasting hit, not one song that a heartbroken (or blissfully in love) girl could actually identify with.

I want to love *Red*, I really do, but it's just not cutting it. It's lazy and unfinished, without the sparkle, story, and sincerity of her previous work. Taylor, you don't have to completely revert to high school football games and your momma's porch, but you've gotta do *something*.

Overall Rating: 1.5 out of 5 cowboy boots. ■

by katjaritchie

Let me preface this by saying that I, like Liz, am a shameless fan of Taylor Swift. I fell in love at "Teardrops on My Guitar" and never looked back. And say what you will about her country-lite twang and her formulaic verse-chorus-verse-chorus-bridge-chorus-chorus structure to every song—the girl has a hell of a knack for songwriting that is seriously catchy and purely fun. Never before have I actually wished I had seventeen ex-boyfriends who broke my heart just so I could belt along with that much more punch. I love her. Sadly though, our relationship has hit a rough patch with her newest release.

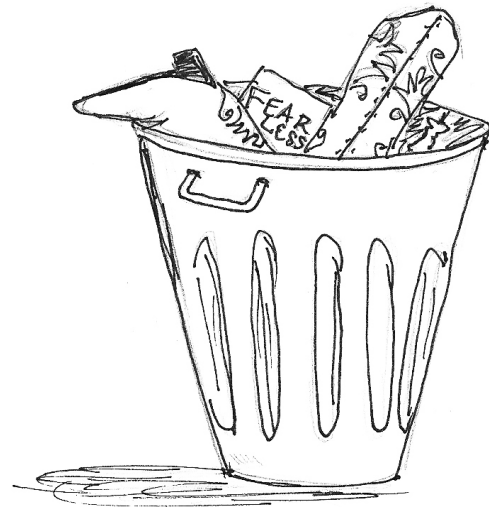
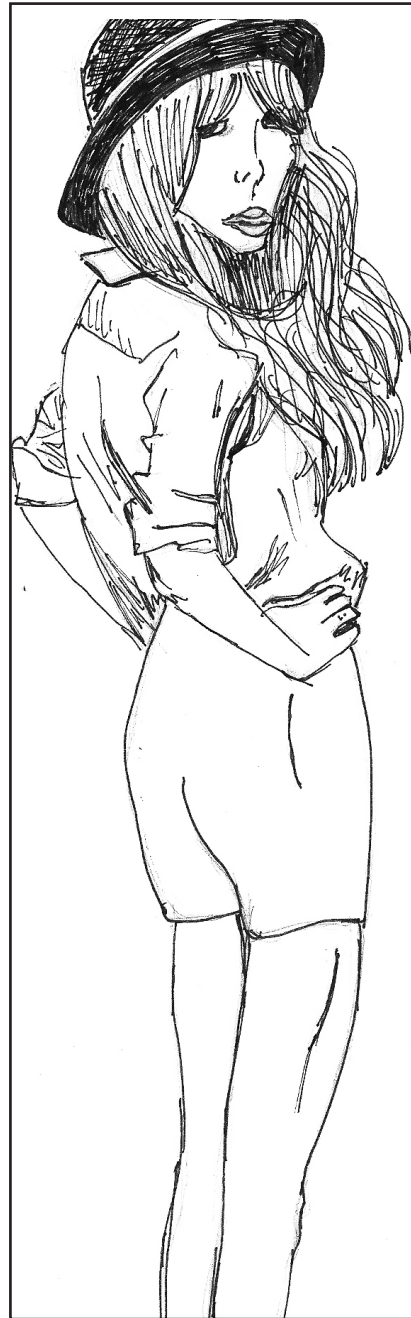
Red is intended to be a departure from her three previous albums of acoustic guitar, daydreaming, and the boys next door for a more mature and "dangerous" feel. But there's nothing that makes it a Taylor Swift album as opposed to a collection of dime-a-dozen top-40 pop singles. Pseudo-dubstep beats invade the chorus of "I Knew You Were Trouble", and the title track features synthesized, auto-tuned backup vocals. Nothing is real or heartfelt or even easily sung, which is half her appeal. When I put on a T-Swift album, it's because I want to drive down backcountry roads in my Subaru and belt a melody, not awkwardly car-dance to weird techno harmonies that have no place in anything Taylor Swift anyway.

I was hoping that "We Are Never Ever Getting Back Together" wasn't an indicator of the rest of the album, but unfortunately it's one of the more bearable tracks. Trying so hard to make an edgier, "older" album backfires and Swift comes off as juvenile. The contrast gets weirder when you take into account all the covert references that add up to a not-so-subtle allusion to the fact that *Taylor Swift has sex now, guys*. Take "Traacherous", with "I'll do anything you say/If you say it with your hands" and, in "I Knew You Were Trouble", "A new notch in your belt/Is all I'll ever be". Acknowledging her maturity is one thing (and bound to happen—she dated John Mayer and Jake Gyllenhaal, after all), but

it's not done with any taste, no storytelling, none of her butterflies-in-the-stomach charm.

The worst part, though? None of this even matters because *I've already downloaded the entire fucking album anyway*. And listened to it. Repeatedly. Long as I might for the golden days of "Our Song", "Fearless", and "Speak Now"; *Red* has firmly lodged itself in the back of my head, and it's only a matter of time before I inevitably come to love singing this one in the car, too. I can't quit you, Taylor, and right now it's breaking my little heart. So for the love of god, take off the American Apparel and put your cowboy boots back on. I want to hear some strong melodies, some relatable breakup angst, and some blissed-out love songs. Let Carly Rae Jepsen have her songwriter back and pick up your guitar again.

Overall Rating: 2 out of 5 cowboy boots. ■



kayla sprague

créatif stuffé.



this is a love story

by laurafrangipane

To Mom and Dad

She was a NICU nurse 6 months his junior. He was an OB/GYN who worked in the same hospital. She ventilated tiny mouths and lungs that couldn't breathe on their own. He caught their tiny arms and tiny legs as they flew, often backwards, into the world. They worked long hours, often on different shifts and different cases, as people in this field are to do.

That day, the doctor was called into the delivery room. The case didn't look good; the mother was in labor way too early. That day, the nurse was called into the delivery room. The case didn't look good; the baby was going to be born way too early. He put on his goggles and gloves. She rolled the incubator and equipment for the baby, not yet 27 weeks old, into the room.

The baby lived. It was little. It could fit into the palm of one's hand. It could not breathe on its own. It could not move or cry or eat. It turned blue from the cold world, unable to keep itself warm. The doctor and the nurse did not think the baby would make it. They caught each other visiting the baby, visiting the mother, in the NICU. They kept running into each other on this special case.

They began talking. About the small human at first, and then each other. They learned to laugh with each other, in the presence of the dangers of life, of the little tiny lungs breathing in, and out.

The doctor asked the nurse if he could take her to dinner. The nurse was a little surprised, but mostly felt ashamed. She said, "No." The doctor did not know why.

They stopped running into each other at the incubator. Weeks went by. The baby lived, and finally weighing the four pounds doctors asked, went home to its big life outside the hospital.

The nurse ran into the doctor. She flagged him down. "Do you believe that women have the prerogative to change their minds?"

"Sure," said the doctor, taken aback. He was not sure what this was about.

"I'm sorry that I turned you down before. My last relationship was very heartbreaking and my heart was still healing. But, I think now, I might be ready for a dinner."

"Okay." The doctor and the nurse went to their dinner. They went to many more dinners after that. A year later, they were engaged.

The doctor, who is my father, likes to say he is a doctor because he likes to witness the miracle of life as he welcomes a new baby into the world. The nurse, who is my mother, would have said the same.

The nurse, who is my mother, believed strongly in the power of women. The doctor, who is my father, would have said the same. ■

today has been cancelled

by beckymakous

Sophia was groggy when her alarm went off Thursday morning. Her limbs were heavy as she nestled around in her bed, trying to find the snooze button on her cell phone. The window was cracked and the cold, late-fall air surrounded her. She drew the comforter closer around her in a nice burrito shape. She felt like a caterpillar in a cocoon, safe from the outside world, away from all the stresses of the day to come, and away from the crisp, morning air. She moaned softly as she found her phone and fell back onto her bed. Sophia was too tired to notice that her phone did not look the way it normally did. Instead of the little, blue bubbles floating around as the background, there was a black screen with the words, TODAY HAS BEEN CANCELLED. GO BACK TO BED. As Sophia lay there, half asleep, she promised herself that she would lie there for five minutes and then get up and go to class.

Forty minutes later she got up in a frenzy, wondering how long she had slept and if she could still get to class on time. She checked her phone looking for the time, but all she could see was the black screen with the same message on it. Now fully awake, but still cold, she was confused and feeling scattered. She needed to know the time, and there wasn't another clock in the room, and the closest one was in the dorm kitchen. She got up and headed towards the kitchen, only to find that her room door was locked. Sophia never locked the door before going to bed. And

the cipher

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 smear **Peanut Butter**.

by raunchy rhymesayers Kerry Martin, MC Derek Skeet-her, and Rick Floss

CHORUS:
Skippy on the titties, Skippy on the titties
Get that peanut butter all over your biddies
We all about the Skippy in the cities and com-mittees
So you better deal with us, we're creamy but we're gritty

Late Friday night, I'm feelin' alright
Man I'm dreamy and creamy, got a hot date tonight
Her name is Ms. Jif and she's just the right height
And if I play my cards right I might get a bite
Of that peanut butter, I might wanna nut her
Either way, Ms. Jif got my stomach aflutter.
I might get it in quick like a good golf putter,
But she's not some kind of slut I would leave in the gutter.
I respect peanut butter, I'm not misogynistic
Especially when I rub Peter Pan all over this dick
What you might call sadistic is my form of artistic
Cuz when there's PB involved, the sex is ballistic
So Ms. Jif, let me stand up and make a toast
That you and I will roast this land coast to coast

CHORUS
Peanut butter is my favorite food
And it always tastes best in the nude
You can put it on a banana or your dick
Or on any surface, it will always stick
So let's go to the store, buy some nutty goodness
30 jars or more, and we'll make a big mess
Then pick some weed up too, that dank ass green
And we will smoke it all up as we clean.

CHORUS
Got that peanut butter, it's all organic
Rub it on your titties if you're feeling romantic
Oil on the top, the shit's so manic
Chunky underneath, girl looking like granite
Don't buy from Trader Joe's or you'll get salmo-nella
Just pour it on some hoes and call 'em Cinderella
Some marshmallow cream now you got Fluffer Nutter
That's how you get freaky with organic peanut butter.

ANYONE WHO HELPS US FILM THE MUSIC VIDEO WINS THE BOLOCO GIFT CARD!! Next week, we spray on **Pornography**. Send your raps for either week to thewaternews@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! ■

deep recession

by bethziehl

I run away from the label
As though if I were to use it,
It would make me weak

I hold back the flow of tears
Because I cannot explain their source
And I'd be giving in if I let them fall

I hide myself
When all I really want
Is for someone to see me

her roommate, had she have come back the night before, wouldn't have either. She tried to open it with her keys, but to no avail. The key just wasn't turning in the lock.

Coming to terms with her lateness, and realizing that she probably missed class, Sophia sat back down on her bed. "What the fuck does this mean?" she asked herself as she looked at her phone screen. TODAY HAS BEEN CANCELLED. GO BACK TO BED. "Today has been cancelled?" She wondered where this message had come from. She tried restarting her phone. The black screen with little white words came back. "Ughhhh, why is this happening to me?" she whined out loud. She wondered why her door was locked. She felt concerned that her phone wasn't working and that her door was locked, and she had no way to communicate to anyone. But wait! She had her laptop. She grabbed it off the pile of previously worn clothes on her desk. She nervously picked at the pimple on her chin as she waited for the machine to start up. After what felt like hours, but was probably just a few minutes, a blue screen came up. At the top right hand corner were the little white words, all in capital letters, TODAY HAS BEEN CANCELLED. GO BACK TO BED.

Sophia didn't know what to do. She felt like she should panic, but was calm for some reason. There was nobody wandering around outside her dorm window. And she suspected that other people were probably in similar situ-

ations. She felt like this day being cancelled was far bigger than her university or state, or country even. More similar to something of the work of the gods. Whoever usually makes the day go just didn't feel like it today. She understood; there were some days that she didn't feel like getting up either. Who or whatever was in charge of making the day go by had called in sick. Her thoughts briefly went to the ancient Egyptian sun god, Ra. "Maybe he's the one who's called in sick." But then, perhaps it was some other god, Aztec perhaps, or Greek. Sophia knew intuitively that picking favorites among the gods could be a dangerous game.

Knowing that nothing could be done, and realizing that the rest of the day would bring similar results, Sophia sat down. "Well, there's really nothing to be done at this point," she thought mildly. She knew that the day had been cancelled, and she wouldn't get in trouble for missing class or anything because everyone else was in the same boat. While she was completely awake, the bed did look inviting, and she had been behind on her sleep schedule. After all of those essays, mid-terms, and quizzes, and getting over a bad cough she could use a day off. Sophia jumped back into bed, snuggled up to her comforter, and fell into an easy slumber that lasted the rest of the day and most of the night until a few moments before her alarm rang the next day. ■

cat litter.



collincappelle

SATIRE STYX 2

IN TODAY'S CLASS WE WILL BE LEARNING ABOUT QUARKS. QUARKS ARE ELEMENTARY PARTICLES THAT MAKE UP HADRONS.



NOW, THERE ARE SIX FLAVORS OF QUARKS; UP, DOWN, CHARM, STRANGE TOP, AND BOTTOM...



DO YOU EVER GET THE FEELING THEY'RE FUKING WITH US BY MAKING THIS ALL UP

ALL THE TIME



hats at uvm

The condom



The I wanna live in a different era

The OG wannabe



The strictly for warmth



The octopus



mariel brown-fallon

WATER TOWER
WATER PONG

THURSDAY
NOVEMBER 15

BILLINGS
NORTH
LOUNGE

7.30
DOORS @ 7



NO SHAVE - continued from page 1

the cancer that men are diagnosed with the most. By 2003 their tradition finally caught on in Australia and they were recognized for their efforts... but not just on a national level. The movement is now an international charity organization with its own website (movember.com) and men all around the world are putting down their razors in an effort to raise money and awareness for prostate cancer.

But leave it to us Americans to steal such a great idea and attempt to make it our own (either this, or we were just too lazy to shave everything off but the mustache). As a result, Americans took the momentum of this organization and stopped shaving entirely for all of November. As a result, we also changed the name from Movember to No-Shave November because what the hell is a "mo"? I was left with some of my dignity as an American, however, when I read that Americans do still do this for charity. So hey, we haven't been complete assholes about this tradition, or at least that was what I thought until I realized that around UVM this charitable movement has been degraded to a standard tradition during which no money or awareness is raised.

Remember how I said you wouldn't be criticized for just letting it grow? Well, if you don't raise some awareness some Australians may be critical of your Americanized Movember participation. But have no fear! This article is saving you from such critics because now, if you're ever asked why you're not shaving, you'll know and you'll look all the better to the girls when you say it's for charity. So, as I said at the start, put down your razors men, and just let it grow! ■