



the water tower

uvm's alternative newsmag

last issue of the semester!

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barry guiglielmo

five at five: words from a graduating senior

I've attended five different colleges in the five years since I graduated high school. I finally graduate this month, so I must have learned something, right? In this, my last **the water tower** article, I offer you my reflections as I leave the school I have called home for a mere three semesters.

The story of how this came to be is not really what matters here. Even though I have yet to meet someone else who had the burden of learning five different class registration systems, I aim to keep my advice universal. (Registration becomes intuitive, no matter what system the school uses, by the third school.)

Find something you love so much it makes you cry. Freshman year, coming back from my first education class, which I took on a whim, I realized there was nothing I wanted to do but teach. I questioned the feeling several times over the course of college, but whenever I got to walk into a classroom and do what I do, the high of my

life came back. I will graduate UVM with a Bachelor's of Science degree in Secondary Education.

You have that thing. I can't tell you what that thing is and neither can anybody else. You might not know until later in your life, but please, when you find it, hold onto it for dear life. You will do that much better

you have an obligation to your subculture to tell people what it's really like and to stop us ignoramuses from perpetuating stereotypes

because the world will know your drive.

Learn to advocate for yourself in a way that works. I think this is the most important skill in being an adult. As a child, you most likely had all your needs met by others. As we grow up, we learn to meet those needs ourselves. This means when the balance on your bill seems off, call the company and ask why. When the school's policy on something seems unfair, tell the right

people why you think so. When you are told "no," politely say thank you and find someone else to ask. Always be respectful, never yell, and never say, "Life is unfair!" Life is unfair. Learn how to make it work for you.

Be an "I," not a "We." Be you. Don't be you and your partner, don't be you and your best friend, don't be around someone else every second of the day. Spend time by yourself, figure out what you like, and do it. One of my good friends likes to take herself to the movies, and I think that's brilliant. Do the same. At all costs, avoid speaking in terms of, "We really liked the show." Don't ever let someone else tell you who to be.

Stand up for your people. Whether those people are punks, stoners, or queers, you have an obligation to your subculture to tell people what it's really like and to stop us ignoramuses from perpetuating stereotypes and, worse, bigotry. I've had people

... read the rest on page 7

2013 world news predictions

by kerrymartin

So, here we are at the semester's end. My first months as an editor for **the water tower** have been fantastic, and I hope you, my possibly-devoted readers, have had fun absorbing my self-important editorials, liberal diatribes, and transparently biased reporting. I'll be back in January, so stay tuned for this upcoming news:

United States: During his re-inaugural speech, President Barack Obama rolls and smokes a blunt, gives an unscripted performance of "Ms. Jackson" by Outkast, and warns Americans to brace themselves because "Barry's in the house." Later, in his State of the Union address, he maps out his plan to reestablish the Rough Riders, the Green Mountain Boys, and the Tuskegee Airmen to mount a three-pronged attack on Texas.

Mexico: In a surprise move, perhaps brought on by the spirit of the holidays, Mexico's major drug cartels begin distributing drugs for free, providing their laborers with dental plans, and devoting much of their manpower to protecting endangered jungle cats. Newly elected president Enrique Pena Nieto will have an unforeseen problem on his hands: thousands of deaths a year from jaguar attacks. Worried that Obama will ban assault rifles, Nieto hops the border and buys an arsenal of AK-47s to quell the cat problem.

United Kingdom: David Cameron is hospitalized after injuring himself while dancing to "Gangnam Style." In response, Brits start cruelly discriminating against South Koreans, violently attacking their homes and small businesses. Eventually, the Koreans are chased to Ireland, where they teach Tae Kwon Do to the IRA. In a controversial move, Queen Elizabeth II elopes with Psy.

France: President Francois Hollande's proposal to lower the retirement age to 35 and outlaw graduate school is met with mixed responses. The upper classes, annoyed with Hollande's socialist attempt to even the playing field, head to the streets in protest. The lower classes, happy that Hollande sympathizes with their lack of education and blue-collar work schedules, head to the streets in protest. Hollande finishes lunch and quells the protest, but not before five North African immigrant apartment buildings are burned down and eight sheep are sodomized.

Italy: After facing charges of fraud, corruption, and sleeping with under-aged

... read the rest on page 3

get inside me:

holiday movie picks
by dannissim

a very jewish christmas
by yoomoohayon
and benberrick

granny panties
by sarahperda

london calling retrospective
by jamesaglio

the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear **readers**,

Considering that it is the end of fall semester, **the water tower** is losing a good portion of our staff, current and former, this semester to early and late graduations. So we wanted to say congratulations and good luck to everyone to the following:

Laura Dillon
Ben Donovan
Laura Frangipane
Josh Hegarty
Megan Kelley
George Loftus

You have all played a big part in making **the water tower** what it has been for the past few years, so thank you, you'll be missed. Enjoy real life and, you know, we'll miss the shit out of you.

Love, and happy break to all,
James and Liz

*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 shit list with georgeloftus

Brennan's- It's the week before finals start and the only beer you're serving is Blackberry Wheat? What the fuck is that about? It's bad enough you got rid of Switchback, literally the only thing Vermont can brag about besides cheese and having the most white people per capita, but to only have this brew on tap is borderline criminal.

Rebecca Alitwala Kadaga- Have you heard of this lady? I hadn't either, until, as Uganda's Speaker of the House of Parliament she announced that she would pass a bill that would kill all LGBT-identified people and HIV/AIDS victims in her nation as a "Christmas present" to the Ugandan people.

Finals- Really? Already? Didn't we, like, just have midterms? Now you want us to think about a paper twice as long and a test with twice as much pressure as the last big one you made us take? I thought we were paying you guys...

Scott Summers- (COMIC SPOILERS) Cyclops, everyone's favorite mutant played by a guy who was also in *The Notebook*, recently killed Charles Xavier, his mentor/father figure. Was he being mind controlled by the Phoenix Force, the same thing that killed his wife? Yes, he was, but that doesn't make it much better. It would seem the Martin Luther King allegory is complete (for now), and the Marvel Universe has lost its most powerful pacifist. Boo on you, Scott. Boo on you. Don't bald people have it hard enough? ■

the water tower.

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the jews in briefs

with kerrymartin

Shalom! Chanukah is coming, and in holiday spirit, the water tower is recognizing the ways that the Jewish Nation affects our lives every day. Either from behind the scenes or in everyone's face, Jews fight for their rights and beliefs, and the world sometimes listens. We think the listening should happen more often, and probably while wearing boxer briefs (get it, because, y'know, it's always the news in brief. Sometimes we're funny.)

“Palestine will become a country under occupation. The terms of reference for any negotiations become withdrawal...Life will not be the same.”

-**Saab Erekat**, a senior Israeli official, debriefing the U.N. General Assembly vote on Thursday, in which 138 countries voted to give Palestine nonmember observer status. The United States and Israel were two of only nine countries to vote against the motion. Jews shouldn't worry too much about this: their army of lawyers will leave the International Criminal Court in tears.

“A New York City mayoral race without a serious Jewish candidate? That's like the Upper West Side without Zabar's, or a rye bread without seeds.”

-**Robert Shrum**, a Democratic strategist commenting on the absence of Jews from the upcoming NYC mayoral race, the first such election without an incumbent or a Jew in over fifty years. Nate Silver predicts Larry David to win as a write-in candidate.

“JONAH profits off of shameful and dangerous attempts to fix something that isn't broken.”

-**Christine Sun**, a lawyer arguing the case of four gay men against Jews Offering New Alternatives to Homosexuality (JONAH), a fundamentalist clinic that attempts to turn gays straight by studying ultra-conservative rabbinic writings and standing in a circle naked. Odd. I thought the story of Jonah taught that it paid to find a swallower.

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

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New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
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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: +++ Gay-friendly mosque opens in Paris, so, good for them +++ Supreme Court to look at Defense of Marriage Act in the next year: White House not supporting bill law ■

the future of the gop: a triple take

by jamesaglio

Now that the election has run its course, it has become the job of pundits everywhere to figure out why the Grand Old Party lost by such a wide margin and where they will go from here. The commonly told story is that the old, rich white Republican did not have a ground game that was competitive enough, failing to reach out to minorities, youths, women, and the generally repressed, and in the end was beaten out by the hip, younger (not to mention minority) Democrat. Clearly, so the story goes, the GOP is doing something wrong and needs to totally alter itself in order to remain politically competitive in this modern world, shucking off its Byzantine views on sex, race, and science.

Perhaps if we look to the past, we can find an instance where something similar occurred. I seem to remember that in 2008 the old, rich white Republican ran a worse campaign, failing to reach out to minorities, youths, women, and the generally repressed, and in the end was beaten out by the hip, younger (not to mention minority) Democrat. Well, what happened then? The GOP rapidly radicalized over the course of two years and swept the midterm elections, effectively pawling the President's ability to get anything done without severe negotiation.

Hmm, well perhaps that is a bad example, what if we go further back? What about in 1992 when the old, rich white Republican ran a worse campaign, failing to reach out to minorities, youths, women, and the generally repressed, and in the end was beaten out by the hip, younger (and remember when Bubba was called the first black President)? Democrat? Let's see, two years later the GOP had rapidly radicalized and swept the mid... oh.

by kerrymartin

Mitt Romney's frigid mannerisms and isolationist agenda not only lost him the election, but also reflect an open sore in today's Republican Party: an inconsiderate and abominable sense of international affairs. The 2012 foreign policy debate may have been Obama's for the taking all along, but the GOP dealt with this disadvantage in true John Kerry fashion (bombing at the polls and shooting itself in the foot). Perhaps the odds were stacked against Republicans, seeing as how the world regards America's last Republican president as a war-hawkish Forrest Gump whose favorite book was *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*. But Obama revitalized our international reputation with brilliant, Democratic foreign policy: as the head of the country that had just waged two wars and tanked most of the planet's economy, Obama's friendly, magnanimous, and logical diplomacy (accented by inspiring rhetoric and casual-yet-professional steeze) won back the world's favor. But the Right refused to acknowledge this. Romney and Ryan

take 3

by bendonovan

Pundits have put forward a long list of explanations for why the Republicans lost this election—changing demographics in the electorate, a better-run campaign on the part of the Democrats, and Romney's complete lack of personality top the list. But the basic fact of the matter is that the Republicans lost because they made themselves unelectable. The GOP has allowed itself to be dominated by a small group of hardcore conservatives, whose views are far to the right of the American mainstream—and voters responded by handing them a resounding defeat in an election they probably should have won.

Just look at the Republican primary; while Obama and the Democrats were actually, well, doing stuff, the Republicans spent nine months debating the morality of birth control. Sane candidates like Jon Huntsman were sidelined in favor of nutcases like Rick Santorum and Michelle Bachmann. Mitt Romney was forced to run away from the qualities that would have made him most electable—the Massachusetts healthcare reform and his record as a pro-choice, moderate Republican—in order to win the nomination in the first place. As the opposition party in a recession, the GOP had the nation's ear, but rather than talk about important things, they decided to double down on religious fundamentalism and homophobia, alienating millions of voters in the process.

This phenomenon repeated itself in the battle for the Senate; in race after race, the Republicans ran candidates who were simply way too conservative to win. And, lo and behold, they all lost.

What can we take away from this? The Republicans need to get their house in order. There are plenty of sane, moderate Republicans out there, but they need to stop kowtowing to the loud minority within their party. They need to accept that women's reproductive rights are not up for debate. They need to accept that evolution and climate change are settled science. They need to drop the homophobia. They need to reach out to Hispanics. There are lots of people who'd be receptive to a message of limited taxes and spending if it didn't come coupled with all the other crazy bullshit the GOP normally brings to the table, but it's up to Republicans to decide that that's the message they want to sell.

Ultimately, the choice is yours, Republicans. You can put all your chips on crazy, and continue to lose elections, or you can join the twenty-first century and give the Democratic Party—which is a long fucking way from perfect—a run for its money. It's up to you.

2013-continued from page 1

Moroccan prostitutes, Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi is reelected in a landslide victory.

Israel: Angered by Palestine's upgrade to a nonmember observer state by the U.N. General Assembly, Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu orders that the West Bank, the Gaza Strip, and East Jerusalem be dug up and thrown into the Mediterranean Sea as new islands. Israelis are baffled at how to follow the order, but the Palestinian Liberation Organization quickly complied. The impoverished Gaza Strip heads to the Aegean Sea near Greece and fits in quickly; the West Bank wedges itself between Corsica and Sardinia to become the new ocean-front tourist destination (to no avail); and East Jerusalem goes to join Ibiza, driving thousands of residents to abandon Islam and go ham with drunk, horny Spaniards.

China: Newly appointed Premier Xi Jinping, in a surprise move and in direct contrast to the doctrines of his own Chinese Communist Party, privatizes many previously nationalized industries, expands and enforces workers' rights, and begins encouraging individualism and private enterprise. He reaches out to leaders of the free world and asks them to help China reform its political system. In response, NATO invades China, sweeping through the country, decapitating Xi, and imposing martial law.

Japan: After the first few months of Nintendo's Wii U being on the market, the Japanese economy has slowed to a halt as citizens from all walks of life lock themselves in their homes. Student grades plummet as young Japanese boys develop epilepsy and Couch-Ass Syndrome after days of consecutive play, and major corporations tank when their CEOs come to work trying to run their companies in the mindset of Pikmin 3. Disturbed by these consequences, Prime Minister Yoshihiko Noda takes the Wii U off of the market, but then must clean the streets after millions of people, having difficulty readapting to society, jump off of rooftops or on top of cars in hopes of winning coins and saving Princess Peach. And to combat a rising trend of gruesome deaths, Japanese schools begin devoting hours of class time to mycology, the study of mushrooms, and the fact that nothing you find in the woods will make you grow or develop super powers. ■

kevin kennedy



around town.



what to buy if you're not creative and a dvd will suffice

by georgeloftus

I saw a lot of movies this year by myself in theaters and didn't see a lot of breasts that weren't generated by the internet. Coincidence? Probably. Below is a list of movies that came out this year and whether or not they're worth your dollars for this upcoming holiday season. Anything ranked above a seven deserves your attention and consideration if you're all out of gift ideas, or wondering how to spend that check from gram-gram. Why is this Around Town? I saw these movies in Burlington, the fuck do you care?

- **21 Jumpstreet**: This movie was so dumb, but so funny. Having the perspective of college students, Jonah Hill and Channing Tatum go back to high school and make good commentary on the ways it's changed since the 90's, as well as action movies. **8/10**

- **Act of Valor**: Imagine Call of Duty made into a movie. The action is great, but the acting interstitials between various set pieces/missions is awful, taking itself way too seriously. Every conversation is an excuse for more explosions. **5/10**

- **Amazing Spider-Man**: Seen the original Spider-Man? This movie is beat for beat the same thing, yet exceedingly better in every regard. If you're curious, ask for it or Red-box it, but it's probably not worth buying. **7.5/10**

- **The Avengers**: You've seen it. It's not art, but you know it's fun. **8/10**

- **The Bourne Legacy**: It's another Bourne film but without Matt Damon. Who cares? It's serviceable, but not exceptional in anyway. It's a run of the mill action flick trying to sound smart. **6.5/10**

- **Brave**: Pixar's latest is arguably one of their worst, but their worst is still better than 90% of everything else that's come out this year. The animation is amazing, the soundtrack sucks, but the story is good. Especially if you hate your mom but want to like her. **8/10**

- **Cabin in the Woods**: See this movie. Drew Goddard and Joss Whedon made something special. Buy it for horror fans or people who pretend to understand Donnie Darko. **9/10**

- **Celeste and Jesse Forever**: My personal favorite film of the year, C+J4evr was amazing, making me cry in the theater and awkwardly apologize to the girls who saw my Niagara Falls of a face upon leaving. As funny as it is heartwrenching. **9.5/10**

- **The Dark Knight Rises**: The conclusion you've already seen, Bale's last foray as Batman is nothing short of epic. The scope is incredible, the story is fantastic, and... well, Batman. Even if the ending is sorta dry-handjob. **8.5/10**

- **Goon**- Stiffler (please tell me you get that reference) is a nice guy who's good at beating people up and joins a hockey team to help it out of last place. A tired formula but fun execution. Don't buy, it's on Netflix Instant. **6.5/10**

- **Haywire**: Bourne starring former MMA fighter Gina Carano. That's really all I can say about this. It's well directed (Soderbergh made this, surprisingly!), but even he can't polish a turd. **5/10**

- **Headhunters**: I can only assume Quentin Tarantino masturbates to this movie. The brisk pace mixes with the most intense film I've seen in years. SO worth watching. The Norwegians make fucked up movies, but this one is awesome. It's also on Netflix Instant. **9/10**

- **Jeff Who Lives at Home**: An awesome indie project that successfully makes a small event world shattering. Great acting coupled with great writing combine into a wonderful way to spend 83 minutes. **8.5/10**

- **Men in Black 3**: Basically Josh Brolin doing a Tommy Lee Jones impression while next to Will Smith, which is kinda funny. Bill Hader's cameo as Andy Warhol makes it worth it though. Rental at best unless you have a 10 year old to shop for. The ending of this made me cry too. Damn feelings. **6.5/10**

- **Moonrise Kingdom**: Porn for hipsters, Wes Anderson's latest is everything great you love about him... although there's an awkward sexual relationship between two 14-year olds. Everything else is golden though, promise. It's still weird though. **8/10**

- **The Perks of Being a Wallflower**: Every part of the book that was annoying was annoying here as well, but it's well acted enough that it's forgivable. Buy it for your sibling in high school and watch it after they go to sleep. **7/10**

- **Prometheus**: Ridley Scott's bittersweet return to science fiction that hampers a classic film's mystery but elevates a new woman to total badassery. Also, there's a weird Jesus reference if you're paying attention. I wish I missed it. **7.5/10**

- **Safety Not Guaranteed**: Heartfelt, well acted, well written, and directed by Burlington resident Colin Trevorrow, this movie is amazing. An all-star cast with a fantastic story; movie magic. **9.5/10**

- **Skyfall**: Daniel motherfuckin' Craig returns in a James Bond film that has many more ups than downs, but returning to a James Bond with all the bells and whistles changes things considerably from previous, more realistic, installments. **8/10**

- **Sleepwalk With Me**: In spite of all the jokes being recycled from his standup, Birbiglia tells an intimate story that's as heartbreaking as it is accessible and real. The ending leaves a lot to be desired though. **7.5/10**

- **Taken 2**: The closest thing to an 80's movie made in a recession stricken U.S.. Taken 2 is awful and ridiculous, but fun. Best with a few beers and friends, your personal commentary will make this movie great. **6/10**

- **Ted**: This is basically an episode of Family Guy that stars Mark Wahlberg, and Peter is turned into a talking teddy bear. I hate Family Guy but this movie was hilarious. **8/10**

- **To Rome With Love**: One interesting conceit amidst a myriad of decent stories are marred by Woody Allen's uncanny ability to be Woody Allen. Your mom might like it? **5.5/10** ■

4

happy hour

with bendonovan georgeloftus

game of the year edition

We've watched a lot of TV this year, and drank a lot of beer while doing so. From political dramas like *The West Wing* to reality crap like *Man Vs. Wild*. We've seen the rise of organized crime in 1920s New Jersey to mankind conquering the final frontier (yeah, we played your game, and didn't like it that much. Sorry, guys). Through it all, there was one drinking game that pleased us as much as it humbled us, and the honor of Game of the Year goes to: The Game of *Game of Thrones*, as submitted by Christa Pratkano. Thank you Christa, we know how we'll be celebrating the our last final; in a fantasy realm and to excess. ■



de-stress this mess

by phoebefooks

Knowing how to properly relax during finals week is just as important as knowing how to do the actual studying. While staying up until three am nightly cramming calculus equations, European capitals, facts about the sexual behaviors of praying mantises, or whatever it is you people study may get you straight "A"s on your most important grades of the year, such behavior will also cause your eyes to sink into your skull and you to gain about ten pounds due to consuming your own body weight in frosted animal crackers. It's important to take some study breaks to keep yourself sane and healthy during the most difficult week of the semester; as a seasoned sophomore, but not yet a burnt out senior, here are my suggestions.

First of all, know not to go overboard with your relaxing. On a night when you don't have an exam the next day, go ahead and have a few drinks to wind down and get a full night of sleep, but don't go staying up until sunrise taking body shots off your lucky friends who have already completed their finals. If your roommate is one of these people, and you fear that he/she will tempt you into getting too wild, be sure to casually mention ahead of time that you don't want to get too out of control because you still have studying to do. Reading twelve chapters of a book you haven't previously opened isn't easy with a hazy hangover.

Be sure to stay active. If you have a day off, hit up a local mountain with your ski buddies, or bundle up and take a run or bike ride down to Lake Champlain. If you don't have time for such a big excursion, you can intersperse your studying with some yoga, a set of push-ups, or a quick jog or walk around campus. Going outside for some fresh air will get your blood flowing and keep you feeling awake, unlike TV breaks that will end up making you feel tired and drained.

If you're going to nom (and you are going to nom), stick to delicious snacks that are still relatively healthy. Maintaining variety among your food supply will help. For example, instead of buying a family size box of Lucky Charms, bolding exclaiming, "THIS IS WHAT WILL GET ME THROUGH FINALS," as you slam the hydrogenated oil and sugar on the counter of Rite Aid, try getting some plain humus and a bunch of different things to enjoy it with—apples, carrots, celery, pretzels—don't be afraid to get creative.

De-stressing is an art that takes careful practice. If you go too hard in alleviating the monotony of studying, you could end up burning yourself out, procrastinating, and then only stressing yourself further when your econ final is in two hours and you haven't even done the last three homework assignments. Remember that you want to keep your mind in a good place all week long, and not always tire yourself through ups and downs of binge drinking and intense cramming. Stay relaxed, stay healthy, and good luck. ■

top holiday movie picks

by dannissim

Looking for something to do over break? Look no further than your local cinema for a great selection of films this holiday season. From a past president to a bounty hunter to hunting Osama Bin Laden, there is something for everyone. Here are a couple of films to look out for.

Lincoln: Daniel Day-Lewis is in a league of his own in his portrayal of President Abraham Lincoln. The film chronicles the story of President Lincoln's effort to pass the 13th amendment, which outlawed slavery. This cast is stacked and makes this one of the best historical films in recent years.

On the Road: This one's a bit of a toss up as the first film adaptation of Jack Kerouac's hit of the same title. Early reviews are mixed, but I am optimistic that the cast can pull it off. This would be my pick for the Independent film inclined.

This is 40: This film serves as an indirect sequel to Judd Apatow's hit, *Knocked Up*. Apatow is noted for his other hits, *Pineapple Express* and *The 40 Year Old Virgin*. If you are looking for some wholesome, R-rated comedic fun, look no further than *This is 40*.

Zero Dark Thirty: Academy Award-winning director Kathryn Bigelow is back with this story of the hunt for Osama Bin Laden. Bigelow captured the essence of the war setting in her previous film, *The Hurt Locker*, and looks to do the same.

a letter from the editor (of this section)

I first started writing for the **water tower** in the fall of 2009. I was a sophomore and I was scared out of my mind. Through the years I've made my best friends through this paper, been complimented indirectly by random strangers who've read a random article, and by random strangers who somehow knew my name because they responded so well to what I wrote. It's been weird, awesome, and terrifying writing honestly to you for the last three and a half years and I wouldn't trade it for anything.

I'm graduating December 15th this year, so this is the last time the UVM public will read what I think is important for any given week. I'm ok with that. I've written a lot of stuff I thought was dumb the week after it was published and a lot of stuff I was proud of months later. I've been subject to editorial censorship and I've been the biggest asshole some have ever known (one issue last year, I changed the Editor-in-Chief's title to 'Poop-Pants-in-Chief'; it went to print like that). I promise you, reader, I meant every word, and I'll stand by it. What Ale's You is a bar that smells like hair gel and chloroform, and the "101 Things You Need to do at UVM Before You Graduate" list is more stupid than it is sound.

It's in my last week of classes that I can't help but think of things I wish I had done with my time here. Upon reflecting, I read a lot of books, drank a lot of beer, and played a lot of Playstation in the past four and a half years, but there's still this nagging itch that tells me I could've done more. And then I wrote that itch down:

1. I wish I actually talked to "that girl". The one I thought was giving me eyes in "that lecture"; basically, I wish I rolled the die more. Embarrassment only inhabits a moment as long as you want it to. I wish I had put myself out there more. If I asked her for a cup of coffee and she said no? Fuck it. This school has 10,000+ people, who cares? I'll leave here eventually, burn that bridge and move on. It's not like I was going to get a date with her if I kept on not-talking to her anyway.

2. I wish I found a way to write a serious paper on a dumb topic. A few years ago I was really hungover in Tupper watching Thundercats and in my still-drunken stupor I thought there was something odd about Lion-O only being able to vanquish evil when his mythical Sword of Omens was extended. That seemed to me like some sort of masculine euphemism that would've been a fantastic way to A) impress/bore a teacher with my ability to "read into" things and B) watch a lot of Thundercats for research. There's always graduate school, I guess. (Just kidding, my GPA is the only thing lower than my credit score, and it's barely lower considering an outstanding \$200 bill to Comcast. Oops.) I wish I had more fun with my academics than I did, because nobody gives two shits about your GPA unless you're applying to grad school. Applying for a job? All they care about is your diploma.

3. I wish I went to more lectures. Burlington is one of two things interesting north of Boston, the other being Canada. In looking at past schedules and recalling old fliers, I wish I took the extracurricular part of college a stitch more seriously and went to see some smart people be all smart about something I could only hope to vaguely understand on my own.

4. At one of the first **water tower** meetings I had an idea; I would go to the gym



The Hobbit: An Unexpected Journey: Strap in for the first of three more films in Tolkien's Middle Earth. This is THE Sci-Fi and Fantasy film of the holiday. For any comic book nerds, expect to see a *Man of Steel* trailer and a 9-minute preview of *Star Trek Into Darkness* with the IMAX version of the film.

The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn Part 2: I am just putting this out there for you Team Edward/Team Jacob people. If you have enjoyed the previous movies there are more than enough vampires and werewolves to suffice in this finale.

Django Unchained: Quentin Tarantino is one of my all-time favorite directors and is noted for his unique style and gore. This cast is simply divine with Jaime Foxx, Christoph Waltz, Samuel L. Jackson, and Leonardo DiCaprio. This film is the story of a slave, Django (Foxx), who is taken on by a bounty hunter (Waltz) as his apprentice and go to rescue Django's wife from evil plantation owner, Calvin Candie (DiCaprio).

Les Misérables: I've already got these songs echoing in my mind. Look out for Wolverine (Hugh Jackman) in the lead role of Jean Valjean and Russel Crowe as his adversary, Javert. Anne Hathaway looks to add a captivating performance as well. Theater buffs everywhere are hoping this film can live up to the hype. ■

and take a poll, asking people to rate the density of attractive people of their preferred sexual interest who were present from low, medium and high, anonymously, of course. I wanted to make a graph for the week when there are the most attractive people there at their corresponding times. And then I wanted to go when the least amount of hotties were there, so they wouldn't have to hear how loud I breathe or see how much I sweat. It was an interesting idea (I thought) that got my foot in the door but one I never followed through on. Maybe next time.

5. I wish I had been nicer to teachers. Let's be honest; you hate teachers, but you love them too. While I've never had a teacher that gave me that "hey, let's go get a beer" vibe that happens in every single college movie ever, I've had a lot of professors that made me consider myself lucky for being under their tutelage. Special props go out to the English faculty, the Film faculty, and every science teacher who had the misfortune of me choosing them for distribution requirements. Teaching isn't the only one thing they do, and I'm sure putting up with hungover, disinterested students is no picnic, especially when they're like me, and all they want to talk about is *Die Hard* when you just watched *Battleship Potemkin*. Not to mention a teacher's connections and reference is probably the best way to land a job that pays more than tips post graduation.

I grew pretty tired of UVM in my last year and a half here. In fact I downright hated it more times than not. I felt bored, stuck, and sick of this tiny-ass town pretending to be a city, but it was people at the **water tower** that made me feel welcome and sane when everything else was spinning faster than I was.

There are mistakes in the paper every week. There are opinions you don't agree with, sentiments you think are stupid, and people you generally find wrong who work here, but that doesn't stop most contributors from being standout human beings. 90% of them are, and the other 9% I just didn't get a chance to know any better (I'm not bad at math, 1% of everything, everywhere sucks, that happens here, too). But for my final Around Town article, a section I proudly started myself last year as an offshoot from Reflections, I wanted to talk about both what I wish I did, and the single thing I'm most happy I did:

This.

You will never know what it meant to me to be able to write something to you every week. I don't expect you to miss me as much as I miss you, but please, no matter what, trust that I'll miss this, and it's not until graduation is something you can see without binoculars that you'll truly appreciate having gone here.

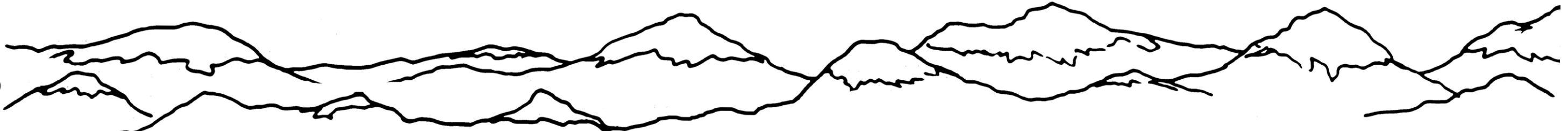
Goodnight, UVM. You've been great. There's a \$20 on the table whenever you wanna leave.

Love,

PS. What Ale's You still smells rapey. Don't go there. ■

5

reflections.



cheap gifts: show your love without dropping dough

by lauragreenwood

Are you frugal or poor, but still want to deliver the best holiday presents possible this season? No fear. You don't need to drop the Benjamins in order to be Father Christmas to your friends and family. Cheap gifts may take more creativity, personalization, and time to construct, but they will pay off. Here's a list of ideas for you and your wallet! Keep in mind, however, that the best gifts cater exclusively to the recipient. Whether your gift is homemade, intangible, or dirt cheap, customize it to give it that extra special flare that says, "I still love you even though I have no money."

- Fudge, or any food really, especially **mind-blowing food from the Internet** such as Kit Kat lasagna or Nutella in anything. There's a general consensus too that if you put this food in a decorated Mason jar or cool box it will taste exponentially better.
- Along a similar vein, a **binder full of food porn** images from the Internet. Who doesn't love looking at really good-looking food? Plus, the binder makes your mouth-watering food images totally portable anywhere in the world.
- **Mix CDs or pirated movies.** Great CDs include but aren't limited to: fictitious road trip mixes, sappy or jazzy love songs, music from middle school, oldies but goodies, best stand-up comedian jokes (or anything Stephen Lynch), or songs that you can't help belt out to.
- **Tie-dye.** Dye a pillowcase, underwear, shoes, hat, or socks (especially socks).
- Water bottle grav bong, apple bong, or **anything made into a bong.** Many many more happy holidays to you!
- A **coupon book of redeemable favors.** Always a crowd pleaser. Offer massages, excursions, inside jokes, a night with Joseph Gordon-Levitt, etc.
- **Framed tests or papers you did exceptionally well on** for your parents.
- If you and your friends <3 snapchat, a **photo album of your selfies.** Make this even better by adding your friends' selfies to the album too.
- **Old DVDs, video games, or Gameboy accessories.** Make sure they still work before passing on some good nostalgia.
- A **personalized pong set.** I'm talking decorated balls, personalized cups, and your very own table made of plywood with your face on it.
- Make your own **homemade alcoholic beverage** for a friend and bottle it. There are tons of recipes online and you can make a great label for it. We have a family friend who gives us a batch of her "Homemade Liquid Apple Pie Muscle Relaxer" every year.
- **Goodwill mugs and kitchenware.** I specifically mention the mugs because they come in a wide variety of colors, messages, declarations of "World's Best..." and oddball Vermont fundraisers.
- A copy of **your favorite book with notes in the margin** directed towards the reader.

Gifts from or around UVM:

- **Cats @ the Movies tix.** Stock up on these bad boys and give your friends a stack of movie-watching pleasure.
- Free pint **gift cards to Ben and Jerry's.** You can purchase these for \$4.50 each on the BJ's website. This gift will never go unappreciated.
- **Stolen goods from your favorite dining hall.** I'm not condoning stealing, but it's pretty badass every time I drink out of my IHop water pitcher.
- If your friend is a thriftwhore or likes **the wacky,** hit up Shalom Shuk behind the mosque on North Prospect Street. There's the cheapest and oddest stuff in this Jewish consignment store.
- **Korn Bread's police-confiscated gun** that has been autographed by the man himself. That shit is going to sell for millions in a couple of years, just you wait.
- **Condoms and lube** from every vendor around campus. Gotta catch 'em all!

Last but not least, **an experience.** This is my all-time favorite gift to give and receive. If you can't afford a concert ticket or a ski pass, then think outside the box. Offer to ride the CCTA bus somewhere weird together, hit the town for drunk-people watching, plan a scavenger hunt, creep around a neighboring college, hike a mountain, or spend a day at the North Beach in the Winter. ■

a very *jewish* christmas

by yoomeeohayon

The first time I ever saw Christmas lights I was six years old. My family had just arrived in New York City and this would be my first American Christmas ever. Not only was it Christmas, but it was Christmas in NYC, the most vibrant and alive city I'd ever lain eyes on. I remember perfectly the way the streets shone with bright lights and the mistletoe that hung from every bodega and street lamp. Even the homeless guys in the park near our house were sporting Christmas hats and cheering "Merry Christmas!" to every person who cared enough to listen. I was completely blown away.

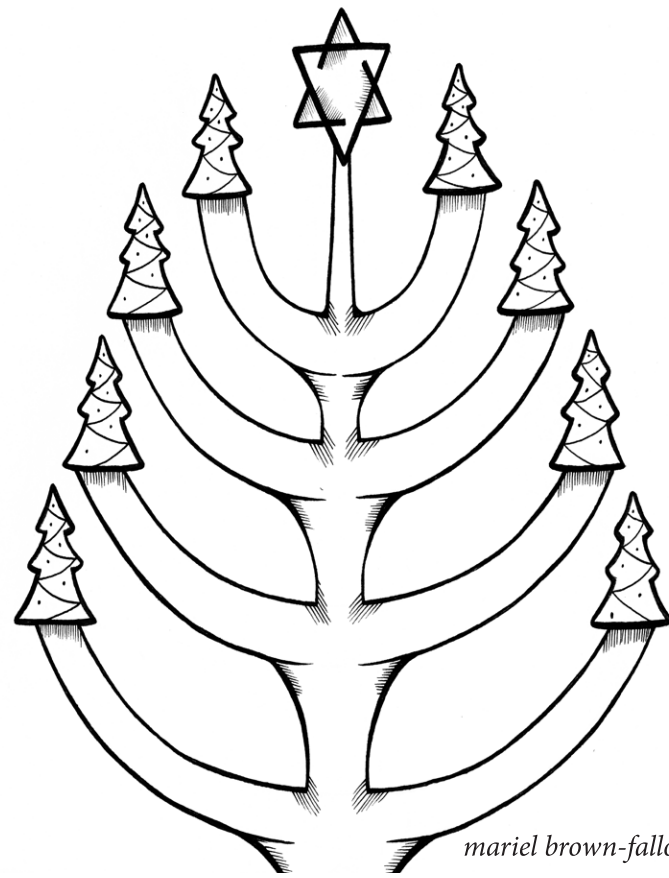
It was during my very first Christmas day that I decided my family was going to celebrate this magical holiday. There was only one small problem; we were Jewish. And I'm not talking New York City, matza ball eating Jewish. I'm talking hardcore, straight out of Israel Jewish. Obviously this posed a dilemma to my kibbutz-born father. You see, he had never celebrated a Christian holiday before and wasn't sure how to begin or whether or not it would be accepted. However, like me, my father was swept away in awe by the magic that surrounded the city that December.

There was something contagious about a city so big, lit up from one borough to the next. When my

father wasn't sure how to handle this feeling he quickly called the other Israelis we knew to ask how to proceed. To his shock, every one of his friends and all their families had also been bit by the Christmas bug and were facing a similar decision: celebrate Christmas, or stay loyal to the cultural and moral roots of Judaism?

Unfortunately, that year he decided that he couldn't betray his religious upbringing to celebrate Christmas. It was a holiday that didn't exist in Israel, one he had never known. However, it became very clear to me that Christmas had touched my dad in a special way. It wasn't the religion, but the atmosphere, joy, and romanticism that attracted my father, sister, and me to the holiday.

For my family, Christmas in New York City became synonymous with cheer and openness, emotions that tend to get lost in the hustle and bustle of such a huge city. It was that year that I realized something very interesting: Israelis can like Christmas. They like it because let's be honest, who wouldn't? So next time someone chastises you for saying "Merry Christmas!" instead of the more politically correct "Happy Holidays!" remember that Christmas can be a cheerful time of year for everyone, Jews included. ■



mariel brown-fallon

"christmas in new york city became synonymous with *cheer and openness,* emotions that tend to get lost in the hustle and bustle of such a huge city"

by benberrick

I should be clear: I am what religious scholars would call a "terrible Jew." I keep kosher only when convenient (bacon, man... fuckin' magical), I don't observe the Sabbath, and I couldn't read the Torah if I tried. Frankly, the only things that tie me to my culture are about two holidays and an absent foreskin. But like Yoomiee, Christmas holds a special place in my heart, even if I do get blamed for "attacking it" every year.

Every holiday season, as the days get shorter and the nights get colder, small, vocal groups of crazy people come out of their holes and begin to kvetch. By the first of December, these ill-informed rabbled rousers strut about, blaming Jews for the heavy-handed political correctness which has redubbed the classic Christmas spruce a "holiday tree" or even worse, a "multicultural inclusive bush." Here's a newsflash: Jews don't

care about your tree nomenclature and never have. The "attacks" on Christmas are purely products of a public sphere that is terrified of offending anyone, and has, in the process of PC-ing everything, created a panic that never previously existed.

Jews love Christmas; it's our own special little holiday free from the ebb and flow of gentile responsibilities. With most of the

"here's a newsflash: jews don't care about your *tree nomenclature* and never have"

Christian world stuck at home with their families, we get the day off work and all the time we want to sleep in, take walks, meet with friends, and schtup (if we should be so lucky).

Why not see a movie? They are open after all! With most of the world tied up in stock-

ings and rapt with presents, the whole theater is yours for the taking. Even if there are a few other Hebrews sharing the room with you, there is the certain air of comradery that can only come from spotting one of your own people.

By the night's close, it's time for the best part: the quintessential Jewish Christmas feast, Chinese food. Noshing on stir-fry, lo mien, and General Tso (soaked in enough MSG to make finishing it all a very real possibility), it's hard not to feel like Christmas is a holiday crafted perfectly for the Children of Israel, a Sabbath without the obligation to pray and the associated guilt!

So gentiles, if you are tired of bumming around with your family or being alone this holiday, try the chutzpah to give Jewish Christmas a shot! ■

five ways to ring in the new year

by lizcantrell

"black out before the ball drops"

If this is your goal, you'll peak a little early from too many hot buttered rums and shots of peppermint schnapps and pass out on Dave's couch before you even knew it was 2013. While this is certainly some people's preferred method of celebrating, chances are you'll want at least some recollection of wishing 2012 goodbye. Drink down the last minutes of December, for sure, but try to be conscious during the event for which you were drinking in the first place.

"times square"

Do you hate yourself? Why the fuck would you do this? Two million people crammed in like awkwardly horny girls at a J Biebs concert, blaring whistles, throwing glitter, and freezing their asses off. Plus, the hosts aren't exactly much to look at. Even though he's no longer with us, when he was in fine New Years form, Dick Clark's face was about as preserved as that 10,000 year old mammoth they found in Siberia this year. Now, we just have Ryan Seacrest, who is excruciatingly informed on pop culture and isn't worth watching. Definitely pass on this one.

"quiet evening with close friends and family"

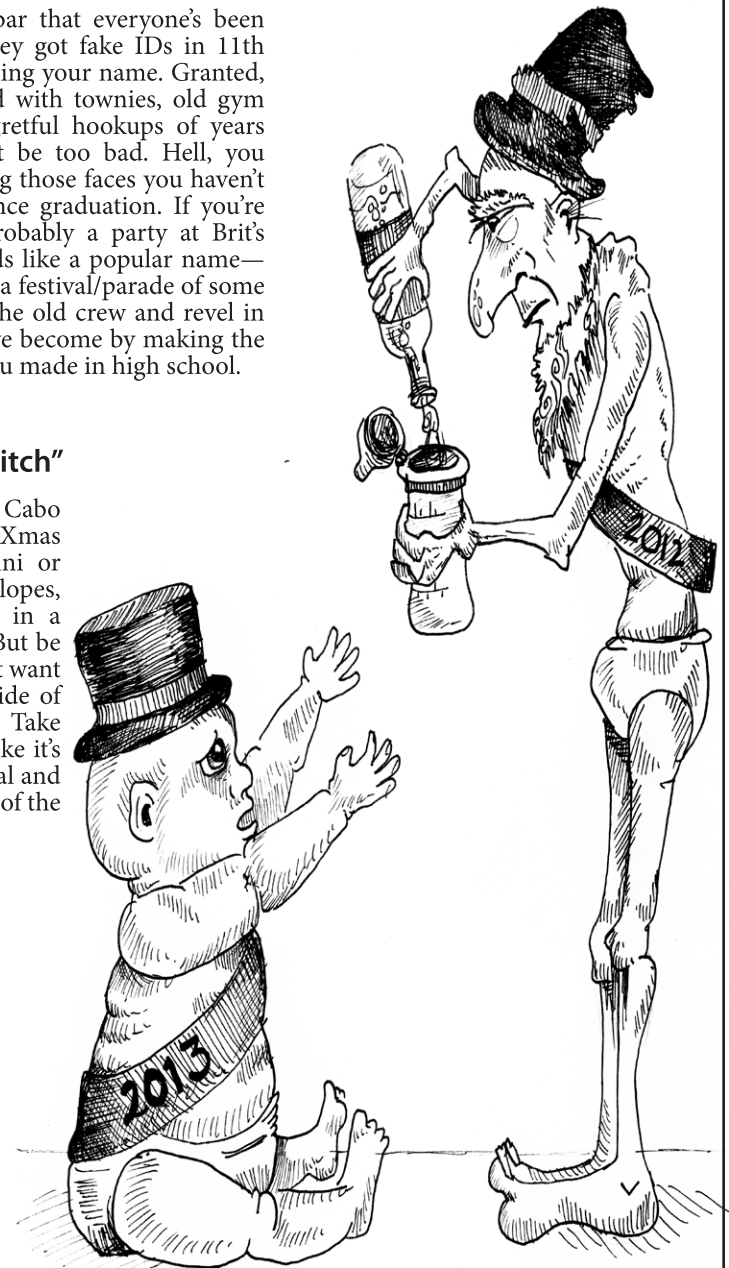
Often an underappreciated option, a small gathering of the people you actually care about is a low-cost, high-reward alternative to blowing \$100 on a bar tab and not remembering who you kissed when the clock struck midnight. Now that you're off getting all educated and such, you probably don't spend a lot of time with these peeps, so remember that, give them a hug, and wish 'em well for the coming year. ■

"my hometown sucks"

There's one bar that everyone's been going to since they got fake IDs in 11th grade, and it's calling your name. Granted, it's probably filled with townies, old gym teachers, and regretful hookups of years past, but it won't be too bad. Hell, you might enjoy seeing those faces you haven't thought about since graduation. If you're not 21, there's probably a party at Brit's house (Brit sounds like a popular name—just go with it) or a festival/parade of some kind. Round up the old crew and revel in how mature you've become by making the same decisions you made in high school.

"i'm on vacation bitch"

Whether you're in Cabo wearing only a string of Xmas lights fashioned as a bikini or at Aspen shredding the slopes, ringing in the New Year in a new locale can be a blast. But be warned: you definitely don't want to end up on the wrong side of the law in another place. Take Prince's advice and party like it's 1999, but keep that shit legal and away from the vigilant eyes of the foreign five-oh.



katharine longfellow

GRADUATE—continued from page 1

hurl horrible words back at me in the middle of the street as a result, but hey, I tried. You will die a lot happier having fought.

For the love of all that is holy, work a mind-numbing minimum wage job. It might suck; it might not. Your co-workers will either be awesome or they will not be awesome. Your boss will either be a nightmare or an angel. Regardless, learn what it is to wash dishes, serve food, or make cop-ies. You will learn the people who do all these things for you are underappreciated and should be thanked more. You need to finish college to avoid doing this crappy job forever, and your parents are saints for providing for you in the meantime.

Find a mentor. Become best friends with one of your professors. Go to their house. Meet their kids. Go out for dinner. Simply know that if you have a bad day they could listen. Know that if it seems like you have no more options, they often can find some more you hadn't thought of. Know that they will help you get your first

job or first internship. Thank these people along the way and after you graduate.

Please don't become the person who is two months ahead on everything. But please don't become the person who is two months behind on everything either. My freshman year of college, I didn't have a lot of friends, and I thought it was awesome that the professors gave us all the homework and reading in advance! I didn't feel comfortable unless I was (no shit) months ahead on my syllabi. I spent a lot of time in the library and wasn't really happy. I've since discovered a middle ground, and (shocker) my grades have stayed exactly the same! The key here is balance and moderation, between schoolwork and everything else.

Finally, stop believing in the "musts" and "shoulds." I once believed I "should" go to an Ivy League school. I once believed I "should not" transfer because only failures did so. I once believed I "must" graduate in four years because "everyone

does." I thought I "must" be straight because it was shameful to be queer. Had I followed my own arbitrary rules, I would have been completely miserable for all of college. The moment I discovered I didn't have to follow my rules, and that breaking them wouldn't cause the world to end was the most freeing moment of my life. It was also the hardest lesson on this list to learn.

You are halfway intelligent. Stop acting like an asshole to people who are different than you, stop trashing places that aren't yours, stop forgetting you were raised with manners, and learn how to write an email and essay like you at least belong here. You're making the rest of us look bad.

Good luck with the rest of your time at UVM, or, if this article made you want to transfer immediately, applications for the Fall are due March 15th at most schools (trust me, I would know)! ■

fashion five-oh.

the granny panty:

a series of *haikus*

by **water tower** staff

Too gray and shapeless/ **No indication of ass**/ What sad underwear

Such hi-cut bloomers/ Visible panty line, why?/ Alas, all the boys cry

Quaint but not sexy/ I've heard that grandma wears them/ **The ass of the past**

Damn girl: you a fox/But high-rise panties peak out/Goodbye, erection.

Full coverage cotton /Will not bring boys to the yard/ No way to get laid

Billows like a flag/**The pirate-shirt of panties**/Thar she blows, matey.

You are not my friend/ If I want to get it in/ Sorry, not sorry

Skid-marked and baggy/ I will not get laid tonight/ Trying for comfort

Kept the gran pants on/ But her ass was still perfect/ The weirdest lap dance.

Riding up the back/Much too broad for a whale-tail/**Manatee flipper?**

That time of the month/Cute undies on hiatus/ 'Til the bloat is gone

The finest asses/**Are rendered** un-grab-able/Sheathed in gray nylon

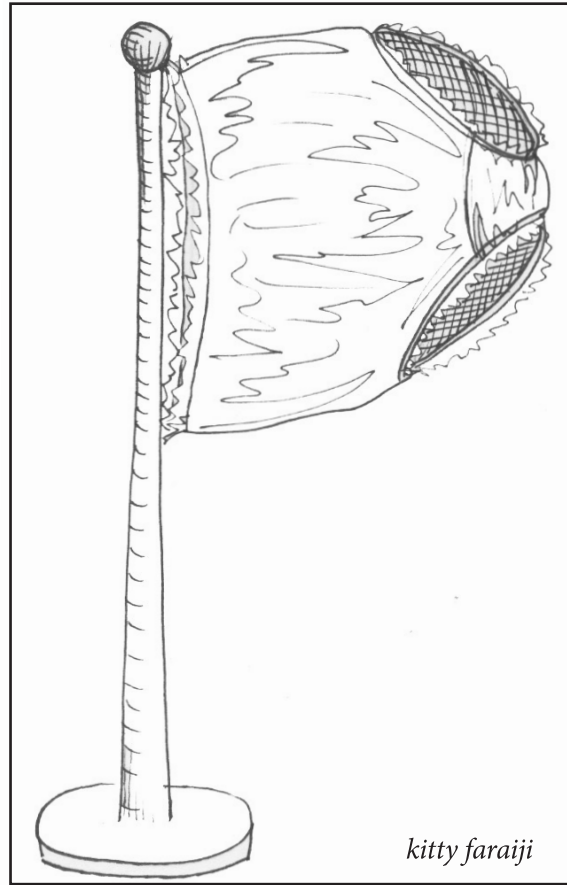
Head back to his place/Drunk as fuck, the pants come off/**SHIT. Man-repellent.**

Thought she was sexy/ 'Til I saw those saggy Hanes/ Help me, I'm flaccid. ■



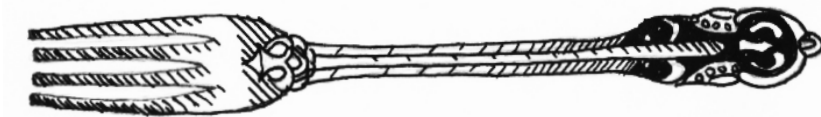
Before the semester comes to a close, **the w** staff has some feelings to expose:

*When going commando feels far too bold,
Whether because you're a chicken, or it's just too cold,
There's always a fallback: an old, trusted garment
(Though it may be considered a fashion debarment).
With its breathable cotton and high-waisted cut,
You'll never be dubbed a floozy or slut.
It is always ample, and never scanty,
This here is a treatise on the granny panty:*



kitty farajji

fork it over.



a semester in review:

the pros, **cons**, & evaluations of **unlimited dining**

by jack**irmingham**

Unlimited Dining represents one of the strongest love-hate relationships that has befallen me in all my years. A year and four months ago, as I prepared to begin my freshmen campaign at UVM, my computer screen presented a daunting choice: Points or Unlimited. Being the hungry young lad that I am, and knowing that I have the cash management skills of MC Hammer, I came to the conclusion that Unlimited Dining would be the takeover. Now, as my third semester participating in the unlimited dining system comes to a close, I feel that I am as qualified as anybody to give the Unlimited Dining system, and individual halls, a fair evaluation.

First, I want to discuss the system as a whole. The concept of unlimited swipes for a semester sounds great in theory, but when you only have two guest swipes a semester, your ability to provide your guests with food is far from unlimited. For example, in the wake of Hurricane Sandy, my girlfriend's school cancelled classes from Monday-Thursday, so instead of just visiting me for the weekend, she came up to visit for the entire week. However, I overlooked the stranglehold Sodexo had on my ability to provide my woman with proper nourishment. She arrived on Sunday, and by Thursday afternoon I had exhausted all of my guest swipes, spent the 80 points which remained on my meal plan, and fed her enough Rice Crispy treats and Pop Tarts from the To Go option to ruin any reasonable human beings appetite. My point is that unlimited swipes seriously limits individuals who have guests with any degree of regularity, Unlimited Dining costs over \$700 more than points, yet we can only feed our guests twice a semester without dipping into our extremely limited point reserves.

However, there are some pros to Unlimited

Dining. "To Go" is one of the nicest perks of Sodexo's Plan for giving UVM Students heart disease, every time students swipe into To Go, they can take food valued at roughly ten points at the Marché. Thus, a student who took advantage of To Go 7 times a week for ten weeks would theoretically cover the \$700 required to have Unlimited Dining. However, this pro does have a con built into it. Unlimited Dining is a hassle because after four, it is difficult to grab a quick bite to eat.

Ah, the Grundle. My home away from home. Having lived on Athletic Campus my entire time at UVM, I have seen the Grundle from all angles. Its convenience is

"you can't trust the system. the dining system, that is."

without compare for students residing on Athletic Campus, but the Grundle is the most frustrating place on earth. It would be one thing if the only problem was that it prepares the worst tasting and looking food on campus, but the Grundle woes do not end here. Honestly, the Grundle hires far too many assholes and rule sticklers. A lot of people who work there are just plain rude. Everyone shits on the Grundle, and I'm not trying to be all fire and brimstone about it, but seriously, take notes. It's annoying that it's the only dining hall that demands that we leave our bag outside, since many of us have over \$1,000 worth of technology sitting in there waiting to be stolen. Your job is to serve us food, I honestly don't give a shit if it's with a smile or not, but at least stop giving me shit about how I can't have my bag in there. Also, if I want two pieces of fruit,

god damn it I'm gonna take two pieces.

One exception to my critique of the Grundle is Late Night Grundle, or Ché Grundle, as it has been dubbed in my suite. Not only is Late Night Grundle the perfect midnight snack, whether you're high, drunk, starving as you come down from that adderall you railed, or just soberly looking for a bowl of cereal, but the crew that runs it is THE BEST. They're laid back, they know why we're there, and let us have enjoy our shenanigans. A+ for Late Night.

It doesn't stop at the Grundle though, since we can't forget Central campus. I love Cook. This is the place I go if I am a little homesick. With consistently above average meat and potatoes, a solid salad-bar/wrap station, and people who are hired on the assumption that they will at least pretend to give a shit about who you are as a person as they serve you, Cook is a win. Thank you Cook!

Lastly, Redstone is commonly agreed as the best unlimited dining on campus. The pager system is unique, time-consuming, and most often not worth it, but damn it, their mac and cheese is good. Redstoned brunch is mandatory when it comes to fighting off a hangover, plus the omelettes are not half bad. Redstone is definitely the place where you and your friends want to eat any night of the week. Thanks for being pretty consistant.

The moral of the story is; you can't trust the system. The dining system, that is. Next semester I shall voyage away from the familiar Unlimited Dining and enter the land of Points. I'm looking forward to running out of points by April and being forced to steal all the Odwallas I can get my hands on. Seriously Vermont, we deserve better than this Sodexo shit. Where is Jamie Olivers' food revolution?! Until next time. ■

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**

Two weeks ago, I wrote about you and a response was written by someone new. Some poor mistaken soul thought he was you something I didn't think anyone could do. For the other boy, I am sorry and DTF I am not. YOU, on the other hand, I would give it some thought. When we talk it seems there is so much left unsaid And I swear I cannot get you outta my head. So please take my hints and in the last few chilly weeks of this semester let's keep each other warm.
When: a fortnight ago.
Where: **the wafertwr.**
I saw: the real bear.
I am: hoping you'll reply.

I see you everyday Rubenstein cutie. I'm in love with your buns, And I don't mean your booty, But the way you tie up your long, brown mane. Please don't think this at all creepy. I wouldn't ever go to Biology (It makes me sleepy) If I didn't get to look at you Thought I caught your eye once or twice, Maybe not, but know that I think you look nice.
When: all the time
Where: central
I saw: a beautiful beard
I am: a nature biddy

To my newly single friend, Your time in a relationship has come to an end. But now every week when you bang another, There's one area you forget to cover. You gotta understand I don't want to be mean, But don't sleep with girls if you know you aren't clean. I know you aren't the tidiest dude, But spreading STDs is super rude. IWYSB to use protection, Before you show any more biddies affection. Take my advice, for the sake of our ladies, Avoid spreading whatchu got, and making pothead babies.
When: every single time
Where: (wear) a condom
I saw: your test results
I am: looking out for you

Every Monday Wednesday Friday in History 12. You're the one I want to ring my bell. I'm a big believer in Santa and you're the one thing on my list. In a box, with a bow, I won't stop till' we kiss. Only week left with your beautiful face, Your hair in a bun and lips I'd love to taste. Under the mistletoe, or maybe just in the DC Tis' the season so I'll just wait and see. All year you wear flip flops until it just snowed, Your bright blue eyes are all a glow. Please, oh please make my Christmas wish come true, Even if you celebrate Kwanzaa or are even a Jew. My countdown has begun, only a few days left Come take my Heart, like the Grinch- A Christmas Theft.
When: MWF
Where: History Class/ Hendersons
I saw: A beautiful Surfer man
I am: Putting YOU on my Christmas List



You dance with such grace
I just wanna mack on your face
I didn't get a chance to get your number
Geez, I wish I was bolder...
Your sexy short black hair
Made me longing stare
You're a senior too, of Political Science and Gender Studies
And you're much smarter than those average biddies
Unfortunately, I have a boyfriend...
But that doesn't mean my love cannot extend!
I've been longing for a woman's touch
And I'm hoping you can provide me with such
You know how to get a hold of me
My sweet Emily
So don't be afraid!
Join me on my lesbian crusade
When: Thirsty Thursday
Where: Red Square
I saw: The sexiest woman I've ever seen
I am: The newly realized bisexual

You're so adorable with your slick flowing hair,
I walk around Hyrule, acting like I don't even care.
For Ganondorf always kidnaps me,
But I love it when you set me free.
You always sit around and play your guitar,
It's melodic and musical, unlike the voice of Char.
It's too bad I always get locked up in cages,
I wish you'd set me free so I could play with your gauges.
You're so fucking cute, like a little fairy boy
I wish you were here; So I could play with your toy ;)
When: Forever and always
Where: Hyrule
I saw: A fairy princess boy
I am: forever waiting </3

Oh, artist boy
Nothing ever comes from being coy
A hipster, not my usual type
(I never understood all the hype)
But when I fist saw your work at the Colburn
And you in my class, I started to yearn
You're such a talented dude
I wish you'd paint me in the nude
I promise that I'm not crazy
But it'd be really cool if you laid me
When: mwf
Where: art history
I saw: an arsty hipster
I am: smitten but shy

An ode to the fine ladies of UVM:
Hey there, no this ain't your proctor,
It's the one and only Love Doctor.
The semester is comin to an end,
And tis the season to bend over and comprehend.
Gotta miss that party, studyin for a final,
Fuck this shit, vaginal.
Guys be bummin out cause them girls be studyin out.
But never fear my comrades, plenty'O fish in the sea,
And now's the time to start this motha fuckin jamboree!
So let's burn them books and get out of them study nooks.
Cause it's time to rock, it's time to flock, and god dammit, it's time we become a laughingstock!
When: Dis Weekend
Where: B-Town
I saw: Potential
I am: The Doctor of Love

It's hard to concentrate in lab
You're the best looking TA I've ever had
I know your passion are those throes
But it is time you study me
The other TAs are super fine
But you're the one I want as mine
Forget about "be kind"
Just take me from behind
I know you teach about those soft woods
But I am all about the hard wood
I wanna climb you like a vine
Just help and give me the time
Let's smoke that sweet fern and drink some gin
Sleeping with a TA should be no sin
Ethan Tapper you drive us mad
Us dendro girls want you so bad
When: Thursday
Where: Various wooded places
I saw: stains on your pants
I am: a Fagus grandifolia

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**

Snuggle Orgy
Girl: O god he's thrusting!

Ché Grundle
Girl (talking about a woman with no arms): How do you wipe her butt?
Bro Dude: What?
Other Girl: Assistance

In Front of the Aiken Center during registration week
Dude 1: One of my friends got to register early, and I can't get into any of the classes I need!
Dude 2: That sucks. How can he do that?
Dude 1: I don't know, he's like "I'm in the Honors College," and I'm like "I'm gonna kill your family!"

Wing 2 Hallway
Guy 1: Wait, so you guys are twins, like were you born at the same time?
Guy 2: As opposed to twins born at different times?
Guy 1: Twins can be born at different times

In the Racquetball Court
Girl 1: I don't know how to make a sexy face (tries, failing miserably).
Girl 2: Smize like Tyra. I've learned all of my sexiness from Tyra.

Redstone Walkway by Southwick Hall, Wednesday night
Drunk Girl on phone: Yeah, we had the most amazing sex... his dick was the size of a county fair corn-dog!!

Aiken, Thursday Morning
Girl: I am going to be so good at breast-feeding!

Walking behind the churches
Girl on phone: We know the only reason you wanted to video chat was so you could see my boobs

Near L/L
Guy: Yeah, I'm just going to go give out a bunch of orgasms.
Girl: Oh...please wash your hands after.

Wright 4 and The Lofts 6
A Girl in a yellow rain jacket: Laugh like the pillsbury doughboy shooting kittens out of a cannon.....SAIL!

1st floor Millis
Girl: I'm really worried about eating this banana because it's not the kind I normally get! I usually get Chiquita!
Boy: Listen, your bananas are fine.

Lafayette
Rel 20 Prof: Passive voice kills souls and fairies.

U Heights South on Thursday
Girl 1: I should be President.
Girl 2: Would you legalize pot?
Girl 1: (Pause) Well, I would still smoke it!

At a Friend's Parents' Party
Guy: At one point, I thought I was going to be a bacon model.

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

tunes.



the classics:

london calling, the clash

In today's constantly expanding practice of listening to music through web devices like Spotify, Youtube, and of course by means of torrents, it's all too easy to see artists as a collection of singles, EPs, or a greatest hits album instead of a series of albums. Don't get me wrong, some bands really are just a string of singles, but those great bands that tried to make each album a different mini-universe deserve our attention no matter how much time has passed. Remember the classics; know your roots. —Dylan

by jamesaglio

My taste in music is fairly diverse. From reggae to classical, Motown to delta blues and early '90s Afrocentric hip-hop, I love more or less all of it. In spite, or perhaps because of this eclecticism, my pick for favorite band, and album by that band, has remained the same throughout the past several years: The Clash's *London Calling*.

London Calling is about life. It is about London, the American mythology behind rock, poverty, abuse, racism, sex, war, and anomie. It is about being a responsible adult in the brave new world of the late '70s specifically, but its themes are timeless. It was created at a time when one era was closing and another was dawning; The Clash had been some of the vanguards of the punk movement, by now a few years old and beginning to fade. They could have easily stuck with their established punk sound, slipping out of the mainstream and into the smaller, dedicated community that was bound to hang on. They could have also joined the new breed of bands in the post-punk movement, like Public Image Ltd. or Joy Division; bands branching off from punk's sound, but still working within an established musical structure. Instead, they released *London Calling*, an epic double album dedicated to the entire span of rock'n'roll. From '50s rock, up through the glam and grit of the '70s, with plenty of shout outs to the various genres that helped shape rock over the years, and beginning the whole thing off with an driving, atmospheric blitz of a tune that was unlike anything else on the charts.

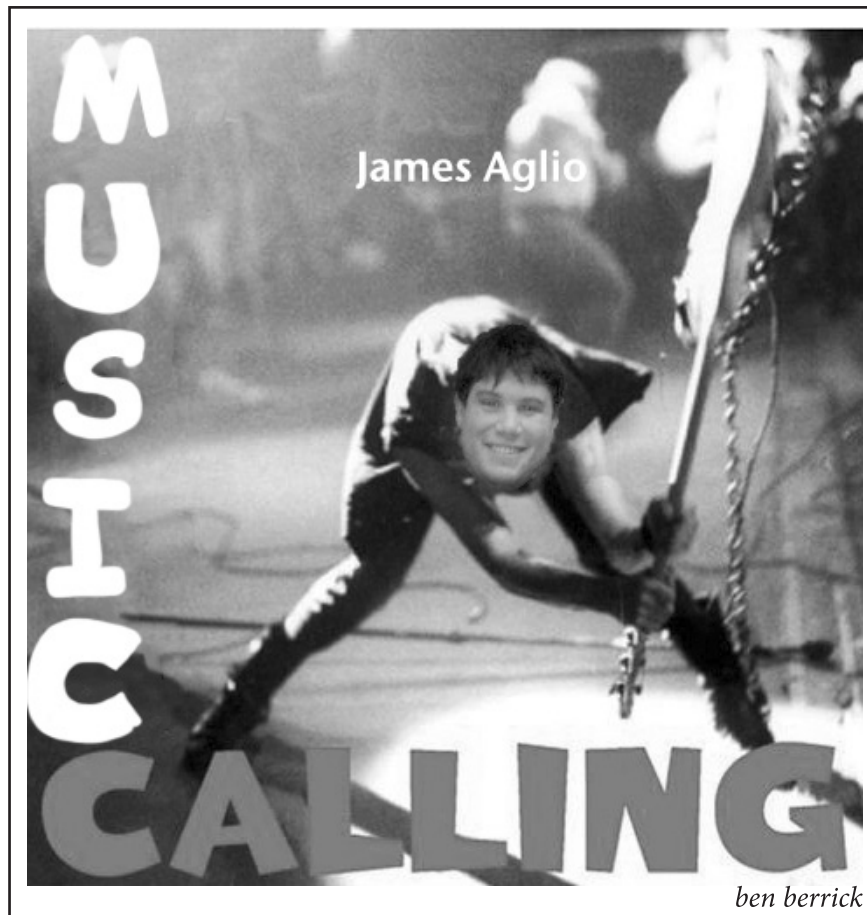
That's no exaggeration, either; "London Calling" hammers away from the get go. Topper Headon's martial beat and Paul Simonon's reggae influenced bass line provide a slow backing to Mick Jones' piercing lead guitar and Joe Strummer's vocals, ranging between steady, cold verses and animal howls. The lyrics, like the music, are apocalyptic and haunting. They tell of a dark world, a grim future, but also herald a new form of rock, created from a fusion of the previous styles but unique. It's a powerful beginning to an album, a glimpse of the future while the rest of the album ranges the history of rock, explaining how they got there.

That history review begins with "Brand New Cadillac." A cover of an old Vince Taylor tune, one of the first in an illustrious line of British rock songs. The Clash characteristically give it their own spin, make it theirs, but in the end the record serves as a love song to rockabilly, soulful and passionate. Next the pub rocking, drunken slurring of "Jimmy Jazz," wails about the law and is accompanied by loungeworthy sax. The slightly later, similarly styled "The Right Profile" is a romanticized narrative about the life of actor Montgomery Clift, whose career occupies the same era as "Brand New Cadillac."

"Hateful" stands alongside "Simmer Down" and "A Message to You, Rudy" as one of the greatest ska songs ever recorded, and along with the "Rudie Can't Fail" (as well as "The Guns of Brixton," "Wrong 'Em Boyo" and "Revolution Rock") proves that (whether they are writing their own music or covering someone else's) the boys from London were among the masters of Jamaican musical forms. The two of them begin to discuss more serious themes, drugs and poverty respectively. "Spanish Bombs" takes a lighter tone, musically, and a much darker one, lyrically, as it discusses the Spanish Civil War, praising revolutionaries, which sets the stage for many of the protestful songs that appear

later in the album.

Nothing in this world strikes me in quite the same way that "Lost in the Supermarket" does. The quick drumbeat makes it irresistibly toe-tapping, while the warm, pleasant guitar riffs envelop the listener. The lyrics, penned by the inimitable Joe Strummer and sung by Mick Jones, tell a story about being confused, overwhelmed, not paranoid but simply dispirited, afloat in a foreign world, a stranger



"it is about being a responsible adult in the brave new world of the late '70s specifically, but its themes are timeless."

in a strange land. It speaks against the emptiness of consumerism and the impersonality of modern life. It is a sad song, beautifully sung, and invitingly presented. Whenever I feel down, whether due to an excess of work, personal problems, or just general dissatisfaction with the world around me, I always end up with this song, either playing it in my apartment or humming the bars on the way to class, and it always cheers me up. "Lost in the Supermarket" is the some of the best evidence I've ever experienced for the restorative properties of music, and even if every other positive thing I have said and will say about *London Calling* were not true, the album would stand strong in my mind for this song alone.

"Clampdown" is an anti-establishment call to arms, protesting a working class existence that keeps the poorer sections of society powerless. "Guns of Brixton" focuses on

similar themes; Paul Simonon sings about his hometown, a predominately poor Jamaican neighborhood. The song, more than any other on the album, shows off Simonon's background in reggae and in many ways documents the musical growth of the bassist, who only started learning to play music after Mick Jones invited him to join The Clash. "Wrong 'Em Boyo" returns to the mid-century America theme, providing a nice traditional link between "Guns of Brixton" and "Death or Glory." Speaking of which, I frankly find it difficult to believe that anyone can listen to "Death or Glory" and not feel both outraged at the state of the world/ready to take it over. While "Koka Kola" makes a poignant statement about the state of the corporate world and the fast and hard living associated with it.

The orchestral bigness of "The Card Cheat" conveys what I believe is one of the greatest narratives in all of popular music, with Mick Jones crooning away with more desperation in his voice than many people experience in their entire lives. Joe Strummer responds in kind with "Lover's Rock," a beautiful, slower song that is inexplicably highly danceable while also dealing with the issue of contraception and pregnancy (the second time they achieved this feat, cf "Protex Blue" from the UK version of The Clash). "Four Horseman" is in many ways a throwback to their earlier sound, precisely unpolished and full of emotion. "I'm Not Down" is a personal follow-up to the more universal "Death or Glory" providing an empowering tune that declares the status quo of the past is simply unacceptable. Lastly, "Revolution Rock" provides a world music feel-good end to the album. At least it would if the track listing on the album sleeve was correct, but it isn't, much to the benefit of listeners the world over.

"Train in Vain," the last, "bonus," track on the album affects me in a similar way to "Lost in the Supermarket." For the sake of brevity I will not rehash everything I said about the earlier song, but it applies here too. Whereas "Supermarket" is a comment on society, however, "Train in Vain" is deeply personal, lamenting the end of a relationship, in a very stereotypically rock fashion. What make this tune different are the same things that make the band different. Strummer was an incredibly emotive poet, Jones was a passionate singer, and all four of them could play their instruments together in a way that seems rare. The track was last minute, thrown into the mix late, and yet it gels perfectly with the rest of the album, providing an excellent sendoff to an excellent record.

The whole album flows together, each song correlating and contrasting with those around it. Its themes and relationships are complex, far more so than I could discuss here, but that's life. It almost seems like a cop out to declare *London Calling* my favorite. Both in its own time and now it has received outstanding reviews from everyone between Robert Christgau and Pitchfork. When I say everyone, I'm not being hyperbolic, *London Calling* has a 100/100 from Metacritic. At the same time, there's a reason for the hype. I love The Clash and will gladly defend any of their albums to the ends of the Earth, but the wonderful thing about *London Calling* is that I don't even feel like I need to. It speaks for itself, a work of art, and getting the opportunity to talk about it will always feel like an honor, rather than an obligation. ■

créatif stuffé.



times gone by

by bethziehl

I picked up his hunting clothes in my hands and brought them to my nose to take in the deep musky scent. Their smell was a mix of cold, fall leaves and something else I could never quite place. They didn't smell like my father; the human scent would have scared the deer away. Still, it was a distinct smell that brought back so many memories. I put the clothes down and went to the place where his bow hung from the ceiling in the basement, running my fingers along the tense strings; so much power was held in them. I went back to the clothing and, closing my eyes, took in the scent for a second time.

When I was young, I used to trail behind my father in the woods as he searched for the perfect spot to place his tree stands for hunting season. I can't remember how this activity of setting up and taking down the stands became "our thing," but it did, and it was something special to me. For that short amount of time, his attention was all mine. I looked up to him as though he was some kind of keeper of the secrets of the wood and I felt privileged to learn them from him. There was a story to the woods and I was only just beginning to discover it at that time. He'd tell me where does were most likely to bed down and the paths through the forest that the deer liked to travel. We'd step quietly, hoping to sight a deer. Sometimes we were lucky enough. I would hunt the ground in search of a pile of deer droppings, as

though they were in fact something exciting. And when I did find fresh ones, I would alert my father, proudly exhibiting my finding, a sign that deer had been there recently. He would stop along the way to show me rubbings on trees made when deer rub the velvet off their antlers. Doing so marks their territory and attracts females with a scent. I was amazed by all of the things I normally passed by that played such an important part in this ecosystem.

Eventually, my father would settle on an area he liked and I would hand him his steps to place in the tree as he ascended. I'd look up at him, so high and brave, and watch as he set up his chair stand. I'd try to imagine what it would be like to be up the tree so early in the morning like he was on days he hunted and what it would be like to have such a view above this mysterious world. I enjoyed these moments with my father, but I could never picture myself becoming a hunter like him and he never pressured me to.

On the walk back to the car, I would sometimes find a turkey feather or a fallen antler. My father was always impressed with how I managed to be so observant and see them in the masses of leaves. I'd save them as keepsakes and I remember the days on which I found them very well. It's been a long time since I've ventured into the woods with my father, but I carry these memories with me always. ■

works cited

by joshhegarty

Bury me in the footnotes if you have to. Misquote me. Misjudge me. I've done enough of both myself.

But I deserve a place on the page. When you're writing your history, remember that. Remember my voice, even if you forget my face. Remember my words, especially when the meaning is gone.

Remember this. Remember me livid. Remember me smiling. Remember me cruel. Remember me competent. Remember me any way I could never be. Just remember something, please.

And if it all falls away, remember what this means, or what it meant, not just to me, and not just to you but to all of us. I've earned that much. We've earned that much. And I won't forget. ■



katharine longfellow

abusive relationship, age 8

by laurafrangipane

squash the beetles who live at the end of my driveway. to watch their exoskeletons crack. legs, fall. hear their screams. There are no screams. stomp the beetles on my way to work. to watch them die! ■

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 dump on the Ski Season.

It's that time of year, so get up and get bundled. Let your frozen penis hide away in your grundle. Wake up! Don't make me be your Dutch uncle. We've got powder to shred before ice starts to crumble. It's what we do, my whole crew got the 2 for U. We're the first in line at that Patrick Gym queue. Look at the view, Mansfield is calling for you, So slap on the sticks for some winter kung fu. We shred, even when it's bad for our grades. You can't keep me away from my moguls and glades. Ask me why I grow old in a place that's so cold? I keep my face far away from razorblades. I'll see you there, sliding down slopes I once feared, As a layer of ice forms itself on my beard.

by neighborhood "snowman" by kerrymartin

Thanks for a great semester! If you write any flows this break or would like to see a certain topic in one of next semester's papers, send them to thewatertowernews@gmail.com with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" or something to that effect. Best rapper of this semester is LL Cool G, better known by her stage name Laura Greenwood! Enjoy your \$25 gift card to Boloco! ■

signing off

by laurafrangipane

to J. H.	for gutting up to my mad artistry.
dear reader, thank you:	
for putting up with my sad poetry.	for putting up with mad nights of writing.
dear reader, thank you:	for hearing my anger.
for putting up with my bad poetry.	dear reader, thank you:
for butting heads with my bad poetry.	for shutting up, listening to, glad nights.
for editing my bad poetry.	for crying out for my glad days.
dear reader, thank you:	for laughing at my dad problems.
for putting up with my mad poetry.	dear reader, thank you. ■

cat litter.



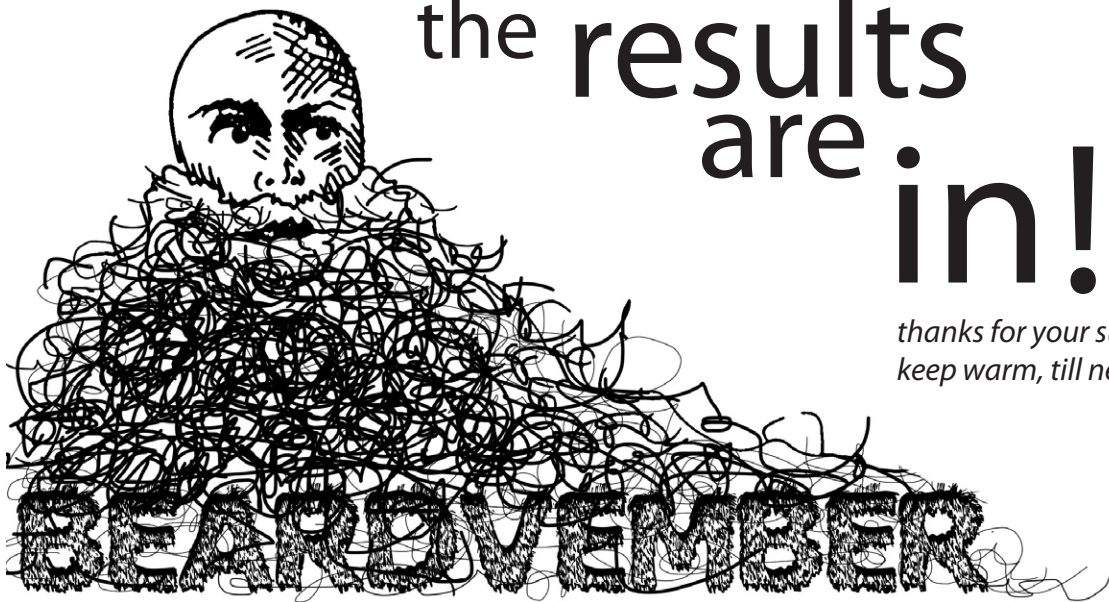
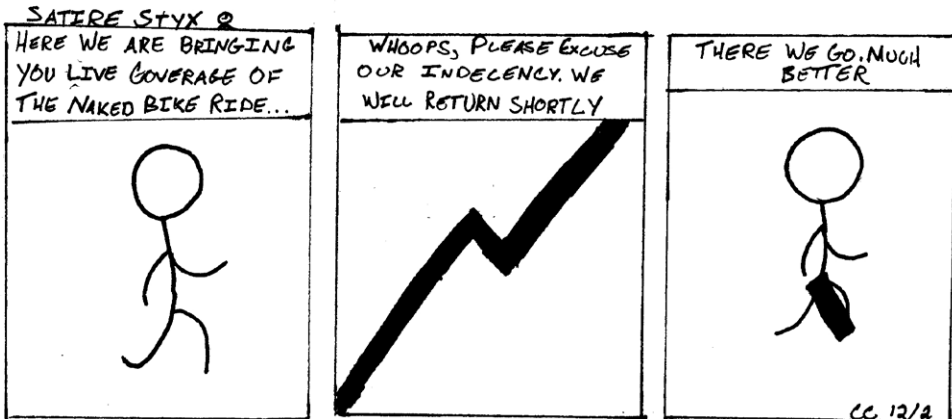
The girlfriend you don't need to impress over finals.

by georgeloftus



things to change for 2013

- Turn Redstone lofts into an asshole, that way it would look better and wouldn't leak as much. (This is the last Redstone joke I swear)
- Make the Catholic Center and UVM Hilel form competing football teams, providing bloody entertainment and the opportunity to tailgate with challah.
- Add slides to all the buildings so you can play full size chutes and ladders
- Now that his bush is shaved and he's looking more aerodynamic, let's find that statue of Ira Allan on Waterman Green a lady-friend. Or a man friend. It's 2012.



the results are in!

thanks for your submissions lads.
keep warm, till next november

the top gun

georgeloftus



the classy gent:

owenrachampbell



the anti-hitler:

drewgroth



the vermonter:

aaronschwartz

