



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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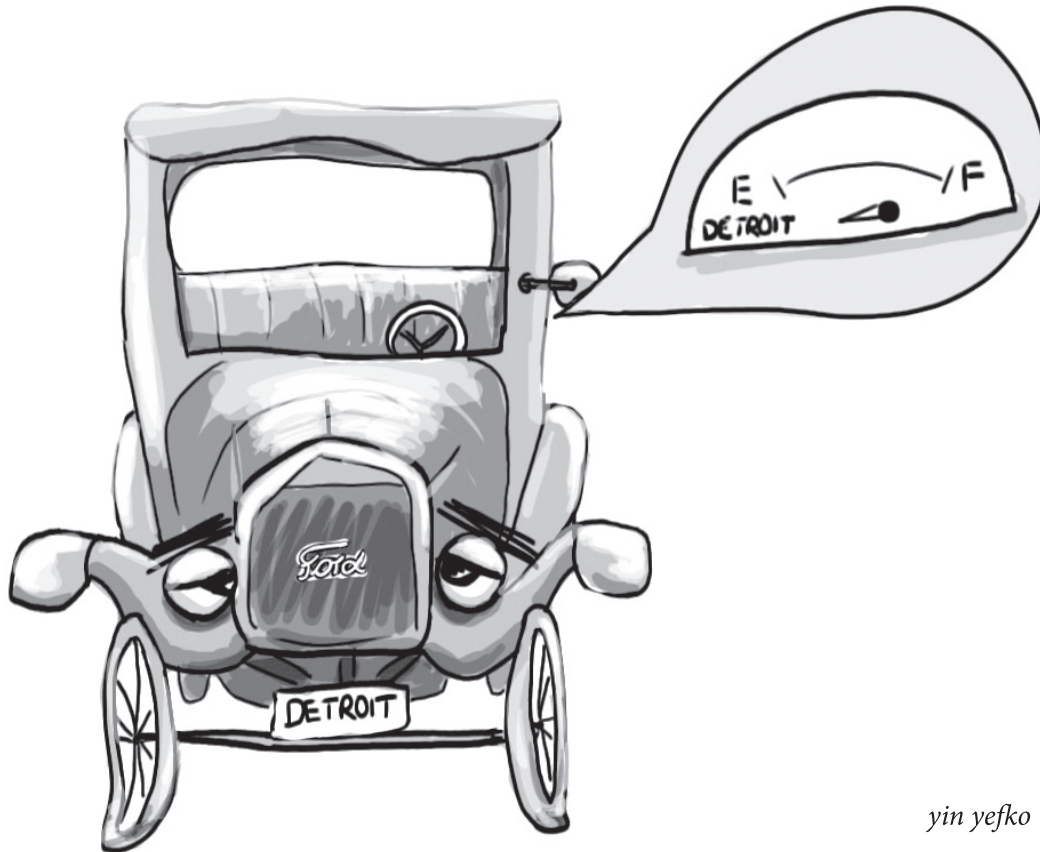
motor city: detroit's continuing *struggle*

by colinwalker

This past week, I had to get my car serviced in Shelburne. With the Automaster's timely and trusty service comes a slight wait while the car is handled. At most places like this, there's a lounge and a pot of coffee. Here, there's a museum. As I entered it, flashes of patriotism and American muscle caught my eye. With a Norman Rockwell collection, a Harley Davidson jukebox, and tons of miniature cars, the place would have fascinated my five-year-old self for days. Pure Americana spewed out of the small room, and yet I felt a discord.

I couldn't shake the feeling that all of these representations of American innovation and engineering were merely being preserved as bygone relics. Little pockets of vintage American production like this are being held onto seemingly as an ideal to come back to, but in reality are only fossils of something already lost. Nothing more greatly proves this than the tragic outcome of Detroit.

Motown, Michigan's most populous city and the seat of the American auto industry, would have an overflow of American patriotism, American muscle, and American innovation, far exceeding that of this museum...fifty years ago. In the past half-century, Detroit has faced steep population decline, a rise in crime, and a drastic spike in poverty. During the '80s, urban decay, population loss, and economic decline of the postindustrial Northeast dubbed cities like New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and Detroit the "Rust Belt." Fast-forward to the Great Recession of 2008, and those other cities had pulled themselves up over the years, through innovation and enterprise, to hold their



yin yefko

at fault are not a race or a culture, but industrial tycoons and a poorly handled government.

heads above water, while Detroit descended into turmoil. Less than six months ago, on June 18, 2013, the city of Detroit filed

the largest municipal bankruptcy case in US history. For a city to rise so high and fall so far is one thing. For a city to go under is another.

Too often, the problem is brushed off as an issue of race, as the city is known for

having a high concentration of minorities. This is a concept I find so outlandish that I refuse to discuss it in depth. Any sensible sociologist or economist will, perhaps gladly, point out the failures of the automotive industry and the city's governance. As automotive giants concentrated themselves in "The Motor City," both minorities and non-minorities were prospectors at the chance of opportunity and while the promise was actually greater for the black population—in 1967, Detroit had the highest rate of home-ownership for blacks compared to anywhere else in the country—it was left unfulfilled for all Detroiters. At fault are not a race or a culture, but industrial tycoons and a poorly handled government.

... read the rest on page 3

a reflection on *reflektor*

by mikestorace

Chances are, the first time you listened to Arcade Fire's new album, *Reflektor*, it was via Youtube on an album teaser video that featured the band's 13 new tracks set to the Brazilian motion picture, *Black Orpheus*. Arcade Fire did an interesting thing by allowing listeners to stream the album prior to its commercial release. It was a great thing for listeners and for music lovers, and it is a trend that is certainly increasing in the digital music revolution. Bands want fans to listen to their music, and streaming is the clear answer to this. Go to NPR Music, and check out the album preview section if you are interested in listening to albums before they come out. Arcade Fire had already released two music videos on youtube, and had performed several others on talk shows prior to this megavideo.

Releasing the entire album was certainly a logical step considering that fans had heard the bulk of the album anyway. By releasing it as one singular unit, Arcade Fire stressed something that is important for the way listeners treat music. The album is meant to be listened to as a whole, not as a collection of singles. The Brazilian movie eerily matched up with the album, and listeners were met with an incredible treat. Arcade Fire has done this before, most notably with the video to "My Body is a Cage," which features a clip from *Once Upon a Time in the West*. Unfortunately, the full album teaser for *Reflektor*, is no longer available, so you're going to have to purchase or download it elsewhere.

Arcade Fire, in the wake of other successful albums, has generated a massive amount of hype. They sell out shows, every album they release carries significant staying power, and they even won a Grammy in 2011 for *The Suburbs* (not that anyone gives a fuck about the Grammys). For these reasons, *Reflektor* arrived with hype similar to that of Daft Punk's *Random Access Memories*. Let me tell you, this album does not disappoint, and is way better than the disappointing *RAM*.

Arcade Fire's new album, like most of the band's CDs, is large in scope. It addresses grandiose concepts such as the darkness of our souls, our identities in the world, love, and, of course, death. The album breaks down into two separate, but not equal parts.

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get inside me:

'murican democracy
by dustineagar

pedestrians and cyclists
by amydorfman and
caito'hara

track and field
by emmasopchak

hockey and you
by staceybrandt

the best news team inbox in the universe.



the shit list

with katjaritchie and coleburton

Pre-Winter Hibernation Blubber: We've descended into the phase of late fall, pre-snow and post-foliage, where, despite the lack of winter wonderland visuals, it's colder than Satan's tits five days out of the week. I'm starting to minimize my time outdoors and maximize the cold-weather coziness, which means I'm not walking nearly as much, and the evidence is rapidly taking shape on my ass. The skinny jeans are living up to their name, folks. It's too soon to be fully hunkering down for winter, but as hard as my body is trying to tell me *no* to my annual affinity for carbo-loading and whiskey-spiked apple cider, my heart is bundling up in a flannel and screaming *yes*.

Selfies At Funerals: This is an actual Tumblr in actual existence in the actual world. Over-privileged, under-aware suburban teenagers post duckfaces and flexed biceps to Instagram while mourning their dearly departed. I'd verbally express my disdain but I'm too busy finding the perfect LBD to Instagram for my impending, self-inflicted memorial service.

Eco-Friendly Pub Quiz: My Wednesday night routine is completely designed around going to Pub Quiz at Brennan's. Unfortunately, one of the simple pleasures in my otherwise shit life was ruined last Wednesday when some fuckwitted hippie inserted multiple rounds of green "trivia" questions into my beloved night of quizzery. Not only was this biased against anyone not in the Rubenstein school, it also was not "trivia" in any Pub-Quizzical sense. This truly ruined my Wednesday, and when I find out who has committed such a crime, I will personally drop a steaming pile o' compost upon your day. It's not like I don't get bombarded by this green-campus nonsense on a daily basis, so why must my favorite night of the week be ruined by it as well? Fuck. That. Shit. ■

Dear readers,

The end is nigh! Midterms are over, winter break is so close we can smell it, finals are roaring in to the edge of our awareness and the last issue of the semester is in your hands. We just want to take a second to wish everyone luck with their exams/projects/presentations and thank you all for diligently following us week after week. This semester has had its shake-ups, mess ups and highlights and through it all, readers, you've stuck by our side. We just want to thank you for your continued support and input, we actually do read any emails/rants/counter articles you send us.

In short all, thanks for sticking by us and get excited for next semester, when there will be more ridiculousness, more information, and more getting inside us.

Sincerely,
Cait and Sarah
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 thewatertowernews@gmail.com

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the news in brief

with dannissim

"The strong will of Pope Francis, aiming to disrupt the gangrene power centers, puts him at risk. He disturbs the mafia very much."

- Nicola Gratteri, a top anti-mafia prosecutor in Italy, comments on Pope Francis's reform efforts and his safety. Pope Francis's reforms of the Vatican Banks have made him a target due to alleged ties with the Italian mafia. The Vatican reports that there is no worry for the Pope's safety at this time.

"The actions of this teenager could have lasting repercussions on untold cases here in Philadelphia."

- District Attorney Seth Williams comments on a teen's use of social media to affect witnesses in current trials. Nasheen Anderson, 17, allegedly used Twitter and Instagram to post details regarding a 2012 shooting as well as witness information in other Philadelphia criminal cases.

"We call on God to accept Mohammed Fares into his Kingdom and to forgive his brothers that sought to rid us of the enemies of God and our enemies."

- Omar Al-Qahatani, a spokesperson from an al Qaeda-affiliated rebel group, apologizes in online statement. His group killed and beheaded Mohammed Fares and brandished him as a Syrian government fighter in a video posted online. Fellow rebel fighters recognized Fares as one of their own, prompting this apology.

"I'm an only child, and my experience growing up was that an only child carries too many burdens from the family's expectations...I think this policy opening will grow bigger and bigger."

- Li Xuebing, a real estate advertising salesman in Beijing, comments on the news of China's relaxing their One-Child Policy. Urban couples where both spouses are only children may now have a second child, as rural couples are already afforded this opportunity. These steps were taken to counter China's slowing population growth coupled with the needs of their aging society.

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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.**

america has totally and completely mastered this democracy thing

by dustineagar

Sources across the United States confirm that Americans have mastered the art of crafting a just, equitable, and fair society through the absolute, utter, and total perfection of democratic politics. Two hundred thirty-seven years after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, American democracy has flourished into the exact form envisioned by the founding fathers. Actually, more like the best case scenario that they envisioned – even *they* thought it remote that Americans could abandon all class differences, leave social and moral issues completely out of the political sphere, and abolish slavery. However, as of now, Americans have warmly embraced the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, and hold their civic roles in the highest esteem.

"Now that the political issues in this country surrounding race, gender, sexual orientation, socioeconomic status, faith, and creed have been totally and completely overcome, Americans can focus on issues that really matter," reported New Hampshire resident Daniel Webster.

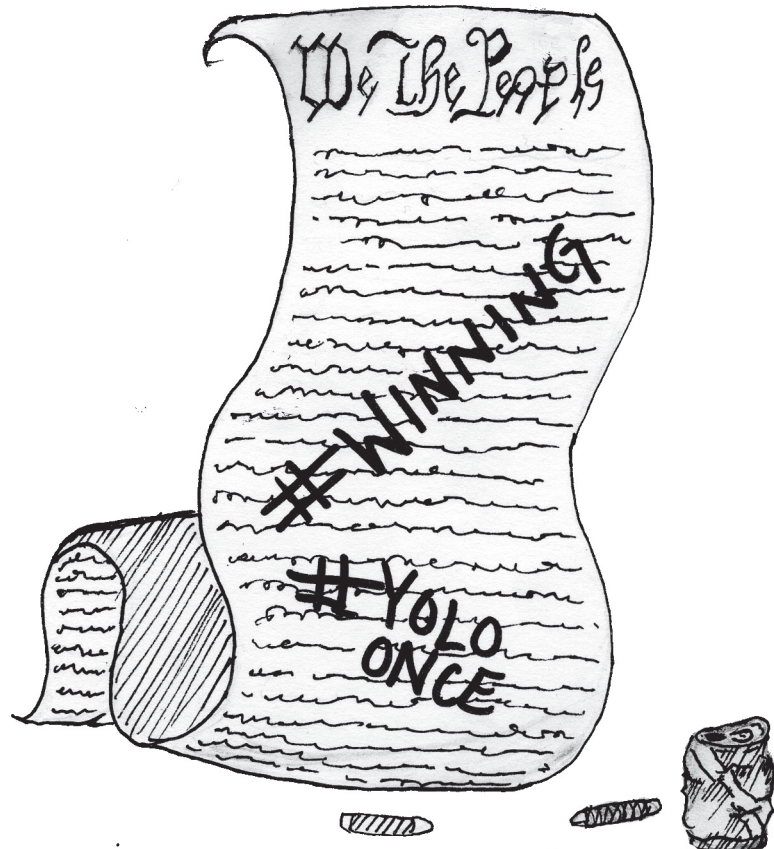
When asked how his fellow citizens had so successfully elevated the standard of democracy, and why the current incarnation of American politics now approaches its philosophical ideal, he went on to discuss the separation of the moral and political spheres (the so-called Jeffersonian compromise), as well as the fact that all Americans consistently stay abreast of local, national, and global issues. The Athenian definition of the word "idiot", after all, is one who does not pay attention to public affairs.

Politicians in the United States are thoroughly scrutinized on the merits of their ideologies and policy actions. Americans hold their elected officials to the highest standards of accountability. Recall the recent recusal of Supreme Court justices Thomas and Scalia from the Citizens United case due to their participation in political strategy planning sessions with corporate leaders with personal interest in the case. Scalia and Thomas were aware of the public outrage that would have resulted from the inevitable discovery of these sugar daddies in the bed of the American judiciary. The idea of anonymous campaign finance and legal treatment of corporations as people would have been utter anathema to American democracy anyway, and Americans would have found that idea completely laughable.

"I voted for Mitt Romney because of his business acumen, nuanced understanding of the international monetary system and specific plans to revitalize the US economy," confirmed a slightly intoxicated Mississippi resident, as he admired the large Confederate flag that hung in his garage solely for decorative purposes. When asked about Americans' absolute and total understanding of democratic politics, he was reported to have said, "It's like something out of fucking Plato." Sources confirm that he muttered something about the Aristotelian conception of man as a political animal on the way to his mini fridge to grab another Coors Light.

As Howard Zinn once said, "Voting is easy and marginally useful, but it is a poor substitute for democracy, which requires direct action by concerned citizens." Americans have embraced the meaning of this idea, and have thereby drastically upped the standards of democratic politics. America has transcended all of the most important obstacles to a functioning democratic society, like the extreme polarization of the two-party system, the entrenchment of Draconian ideas about social norms, the state of Texas, and class conflict. The **water tower** is thrilled to report today that Americans in all forty-nine states have totally made democratic politics their bitch. Surely there is no challenge that America cannot meet with its informed electorate, cosmopolitan ethos, and robust democracy. ■

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DETROIT — continued from page 1

According to the US Department of Labor, Detroit has the highest unemployment rate of the country's 50 largest cities. According to the US Census Bureau, Detroit has the worst poverty of all US cities, as more of the city's population lives below the poverty line than anywhere else: a shocking 36.4% of individuals, and 31.3% of families. Widely considered a ghost town, the place has at least 71,000 abandoned buildings, 31,000 empty homes, and 90,000 vacant lots.

Scariest of all statistics, though, are those of the city's crime. Detroit had 62.18 property crimes and 16.73 violent crimes per 1,000 residents and 53 murders per 100,000 residents in 2012. It houses the nation's most violent neighborhoods, and has an unsolved murder rate of 70%. Detroit is America's most dangerous city. Forbes has given it this title four years in a row.

On November 6, there was a shootout in a Detroit barbershop. A week after the event, ABC says 2 dead and 7 hurt, FOX says 2 and 8, *USA Today* says 2 and 10, the *Chicago Tribune* says 3 and 8, and CNN says 3 and 9. We're all so out of the loop, but it's not the discrepancies in the numbers that's disturbing; rather that those numbers may never be corrected. Understandably, there are many stories for large news outlets to cover, but with all of the violent crime in Detroit, many stories don't get revisited.

At first, when such horrible events come to light, we question, "What is wrong with our country?" What's wrong is that we keep asking this question instead of finding out. If you can recognize that there's something wrong in the world, ethically or otherwise, and you have the ability to do something about it, then you also hold the responsibility to do something about it. There's a fallacy in thinking that being a bystander is what anyone else would do. Being a bystander is literally only what bystanders would do. When we hear of statistics telling us that children in the US go hungry every day, and we can't comprehend how this could be without any visual evidence, I beg you to look harder because that evidence is right under your nose.

It's important to understand that Detroit is a wound in our country, but Detroiters are not. As bad as the city looks, I don't think this wound is fatal. It may take a while, but those relics in that museum may one day represent the first of Motown's heydays rather than the last. ■

around town. rules of the *off-road*

pedestrian etiquette

by caito'hara

Whether you bike, walk, or drive through Burlington, I'm sure you've witnessed some instances of pedestrian behavior that have made you want to scream: stepping out in to the middle of traffic, using a crosswalk when the light is red, ignoring who has the right of way etc. There are some basic things that, for the sake of your goddamn life, you should, at the very least, note and be aware of when you're trudging around town. So here are some basic rules:

Use the Crosswalks

You're probably thinking to yourself, "But Vermont has a yield to pedestrians law! I won't get hit and even if I do it'll be all their fault!" And most of this is true. Vermont does indeed have a yield to pedestrians law, but this, strictly speaking, only applies within crosswalks. Vermont state law explicitly states that, "Every pedestrian crossing a roadway at any point other than within a marked crosswalk at an intersection shall yield the right of way to all vehicles upon the roadway." (23 VSA § 1052 a) So use the goddamn crosswalks. Vehicle operators will yield to avoid the massive lawsuit that would inevitably follow, but if you're trying to cross the road outside of a crosswalk, you're the one who needs to yield.

Pay Attention to Signals

I'm guilty of using a crosswalk when the "DON'T WALK" signal is up. Hell, we all are. Nothing is worse than freezing your balls off trying to cross Main Street when the damn light is taking forever. But, generally speaking, try to listen to the damn signs. If the signals are in operation, you have to obey them. (23 VSA § 1058) The fact that you're (almost) correctly using a crosswalk doesn't really help your case. If there are no cars in site or you have significantly more than enough time to cross safely, go for it. Otherwise, quit being a douche and just wait.

Actually Fucking Move

There is very little that annoys me more than the pedestrians who meander through an intersection. Even when a crosswalk is properly utilized, actually get across the damn street. Walk with purpose, don't dally and don't take your sweet fucking time getting across. Ain't nobody got time for that and it just makes the rest of us (especially when there's 50 people all trying to cross at the same time) angry at you. When you enter a crosswalk, aim to be on the other side of the street in 15 seconds or less. Please, for the love of god, at least try. ■



mariel brown-fallon

bikes v. pedestrians

by amy dorfman

I like quick things. Quick lines, quick doctors appointments, and getting to class quickly. So I, along with many other UVM students, decided to bring my bike to campus this year. It's extremely convenient! I can wake up a whole 4 minutes later, get out of the cold much faster, and get a quick workout in between classes. The only downfall, however, are pedestrians. That's right, all you two-footed walking folk have no idea how to conduct yourselves in the presence of us two-wheelers. A group of pedestrians will be casually walking down the street, complaining about Sodexo (come on, what else do we talk about?), and as soon as a biker approaches, mass chaos ensues. Some people run for the hills, sure they are about to encounter a near-death experience and must put as much distance between themselves and the biker as possible. Others ferociously stand their ground, sure that when it comes down to it, they will win in the fight between stationary-120 lb-18-year-old, and high-speed metal and rubber. A select few will simply melt into a puddle on the sidewalk.

As amusing as it is for someone on a bike to inflict sheer terror on a group of people simply by ringing their bell, there are definitely pedestrian do's and don'ts when it comes to interacting with bikes. First off, when a biker is descending on a busy hill, they know exactly where they are going. They have planned their route 5 turns ahead of time, and when you move at the last second to "get out of their way", you are in fact stepping right into their intended line. This is not the case, however, when a herd of people are meandering down the sidewalk. In the battle of biker vs. pedestrian, the bike will always win. So if there is no room for the bike to pass, you may have to step out of line for a second and let them pass through. Otherwise an awkward showdown will ensue where, again, the biker will win. It's just a matter of physics. When someone is traveling at a high speed on a metal contraption, it's in everybody's best interest to GTF out of the way, and continue on with their lives. ■

happy hour: *archer*

by caito'hara

This animated comedy is, hands down, one of my favorite things to watch when I want to laugh til my sides hurt. Hilariously inappropriate occasionally...frequently...ok, really all the time. Archer is a fabulous show that follows international super spy and ladies man, Sterling Malory Archer, through progressively stranger misadventures. With a crew consisting of an alcoholic agency head, an incredibly wealthy heirless looking crazier by the minute, a secret badass and a "scientist" who may or may not have done too many drugs, Archer is a killer.

Take a drink when:

- LANAAAAAA! (or Dangah zone!)
- The way Malory speaks to someone would probably cause you to pee your pants.
- Woodhouse is berated or punished far beyond what considered "socially acceptable"
- Accidentally Awesome Archer!
- The Oedipus complex Archer has becomes far too glaringly obvious.
- Elaborate voicemail pranks.
- Ray is disgustingly condescending.
- Archer is somehow injured (drink twice if it's in an exceptionally weird way)
- Krieger makes you glad you don't do THOSE kind of drugs.

Finish your drink:

Whenever Archer has a brief, shining moment of being a real person, and the heart of gold buried deep beneath his binge drinking-womanizing exterior is exposed. ■



christopher schneider



everything's waiting for you *downtown*: working amongst the **burlingtonians**

by lauragreenwood and coleburton

Working the late night fry window of a club, I'm asked the same two questions about twenty times each night: 1. Do you serve road beers? 2. Is it free? Think before you ask, my drunk Burlingtonians, for my own sanity (and because I'm running out of witty responses).

A security guard informs me that someone just threw up right in front of the bathroom door upstairs as he collects materials to clean it. As I'm imagining how gross that is, he returns claiming that there is now a slip and slide of puke people are stepping in because another person decided to boot right on top of their compatriots. Ah, the joys of clubs!

A Quebecois geriatric patriarch, with three generations of family in tow, forced me to take his phone number and promise to call him the next time I'm back in Montreal. I can only hope he is a drug lord or strip club owner instead of something a bit more unseemly; like a crazy Queeb serial killer that prays upon unknowing (and typically dumb) Americans. I still can't decide if I should make the call the next time I am in Montreal. After all, I don't consider the slight possibility of being pickled in a giant fridge an especially 'bright' future.

While working in the back of the kitchen, a couple enters through the back door giggling with a joint in hand. The cook and I stop and stare. They finally look up and realize where they are...and slowly back away out the door.

A man said, when prompted for what kind of receipt he would like by my girlfriend (either paper, email, or both), that he only wanted a paper one if it came with her number on the back. A truly smooth move if I've ever seen one. Not only did he epicly fail at attempting to get her digits, he even mistook her Celtic Claddagh ring for a wedding band (seems like the kinda guy any young woman should choose to procreate with). After she avoided telling the poor bastard the truth, he was said to be despondent but still deemed it prudent to ask for her number in the end.

I struck up a conversation with a guy and his buddies who were out celebrating their friend's birthday. Impatient to enter, they went off to other bars and promised to return at the end of the night. Hours later, sure enough they were back and were obviously well hydrated. He proceeded to create raps, chants, dance and gymnastics routines to advertise my window. Thanks for the support man, does this mean I need to tip you out?

People by the main stage don't realize that the performance is being projected onto a variety of TVs around the club. Sometimes the best entertainment comes from those front row dancers. Like, the middle-age man who chose a jazz concert to try out his flailing, distressed bird/spaghetti impression routine. Like, the poor single man who, no matter his approaches, couldn't fathom that the two women in the front were a proud (and exclusive) lesbian couple. Like, the mom and dad type couple who figure this was the best location to relive their youth and practice karma sutra positions on the dancefloor. Like, the hippie woman in a cat suit who is going h.a.m. (and eventually leaves because at 9pm, we were not the most "happening" spot...sigh).

He was the sexiest homeless man I'd ever met in Burlington. I was awestruck and enraptured in our handshake. He asked for something to do with "the toasters". Perplexed (and drooling), I informed him we had no toasters here over and over again. Turns out he was looking for tickets to The Toasters. I still dream of his grimy hand...

A man smokes a cigarette outside and tries to steady himself, all cool on the parking meter. Each puff includes swaying side-glances and undirected smirks. The results look like a pole-dancing routine that makes your stomach churn but excites your curiosity of what's to come. Eventually, his body decides a horizontal relationship with the pavement is best. ■

majorly *ashamed* by major *shaming*

by lauragreenwood

It was an average day for me, except, after a long day of classes and homework ahead, my resolve finally weakened, and I bought food on campus. I got a bitchin' Veggie Thai burrito from New World, a meat-free option that I'd only recently discovered. As I sat down to nom and reflect on the battle that was to come with the paper I had to write, I couldn't help but overhear the people next to me talking about their impending exams and course-loads.

Eavesdropping isn't really a great thing to do, but beyond the company of my burrito, this arrogant conversation was all that was around to provide entertainment. In short, their conversation was the usual "(insert liberal arts or humanities major)s have it so much easier than (engineering or science major)s." A line thrown out there was something like, "Our work is so much more intensive. I don't get to just read all the answers, I have to do the work and equations to find the answers." I've heard this discussion before and it usually has the implication that mathematics/science-oriented students are smarter than their liberal arts counterparts.

Maybe I'm just being defensive to bolster my confidence in my studies, but honestly I'm sick and tired of this petty back-and-forth. In the grand scheme of life, it really doesn't matter how inflated your ego may be due to your undergrad major, because we're all going to have to collaborate in order to get anything done.

We've all been accepted to college, so there's really no point in trying to ostentatiously outcompete everyone with your smarts anymore. That's not to say academic competition that promotes excellence is without worth, but rather that competition for the sake of "nah nah boo, I'm better than you" is just childish. Everyone has the right to be proud of their intelligence and to struggle in their classes, no matter what title is going to be smacked on your diploma. If you haven't taken a class in a given subject, you really have no right to comment on how you perceive the workload to be. I have no idea what you're studying in business class or what the point of an in-

conclusive lab report is, but I bet you can't understand anything I'm saying in Spanish class, so we're even. The tendency to shame other peoples' majors is really just creating the foundation for the proliferation of interdisciplinary conflict in the future.



mariel brown-fallon

The reality is that the market, workforce, artistic community, research world, et cetera all depend upon the

cooperation between the majors that often belittle each other now. Sure, maybe you truly believe your biology exams are going to be death in comparison to a philosophy student's paper or an art major's project at the end of the semester, but none of it is really going to matter in a few years. Once we enter the real world, your ability to draw from the experiences of others and combine the works of a variety of fields is going to be more important than your undergraduate final exams. Group projects are insufferable, but if you ever want to be published or employed anywhere, it's crucial to be able to collude with others. So instead of trying to pit ourselves above each other now, why not draw from each other's areas of expertise to expand our education?

Sadly, I feel a lot of the animosity comes from the endless Princeton Reviews and other statistical sites that have mapped out which majors have the highest entry-level incomes. Way to take a jab at our self-worth, guys! We all want to be happy and comfortable one day, so why let these impersonal numbers sway your attitudes towards your peers? Seriously, though, if you're only studying your major because you want to be rich, keep in mind that there is no guarantee for the future and no one gets to the top all alone. Success is not quantitative because we are all going to experience it differently. Throughout our student body, there are many of us who will discover a cure, build a community, save a life, sell an idea, or raise a family; the joy is that each accomplishment will feel amazing. Enjoying the simplest pleasures in life (like that burrito) shouldn't come at the expense of belittling others.

Exams are coming, UVM, and we're all going to feel miserable, over-eat, and work our asses off. Good luck on your essays, tests, oral presentations, final performances, and lab reports. Be proud of your discipline and be inspired by what each of us has to offer to the classroom, university, and, eventually, the workforce. ■

reflections.

an a-track-tive concept track is a real sport damnit

by emmasopchak

When I tell people I did track in high school, quite often it turns into an argument where I'm met with something like this:

• "Track isn't a sport. It's training for 'real' sports."

• "Track is just running, and running isn't a sport."

• "Track is a lazy/weak/boring sport."

It really never ceases to surprise me when people say this to my face. Some argue that sports like rugby, football, or soccer are the 'real' sports because they're 'more difficult' or 'better' than 'just running.' Others say that track is just for people who don't want to work hard.

As a person who has put their heart and soul into track and field, as well as a fair amount of blood, sweat, and tears, I cordially invite these morons to grab the nearest crowbar and pull their heads out of their asses.

Let's get something straight, friends. Your sport isn't superior to mine just because you wear a helmet or get the luxury of half-times. Your sport isn't more difficult than mine just because you get tossed around your games like a dead animal carcass on a highway. Your sport is absolutely no more respectable than mine just because you can juggle a ball on your feet for a few seconds or rack up more concussions in one game than I have spikes on my shoes.

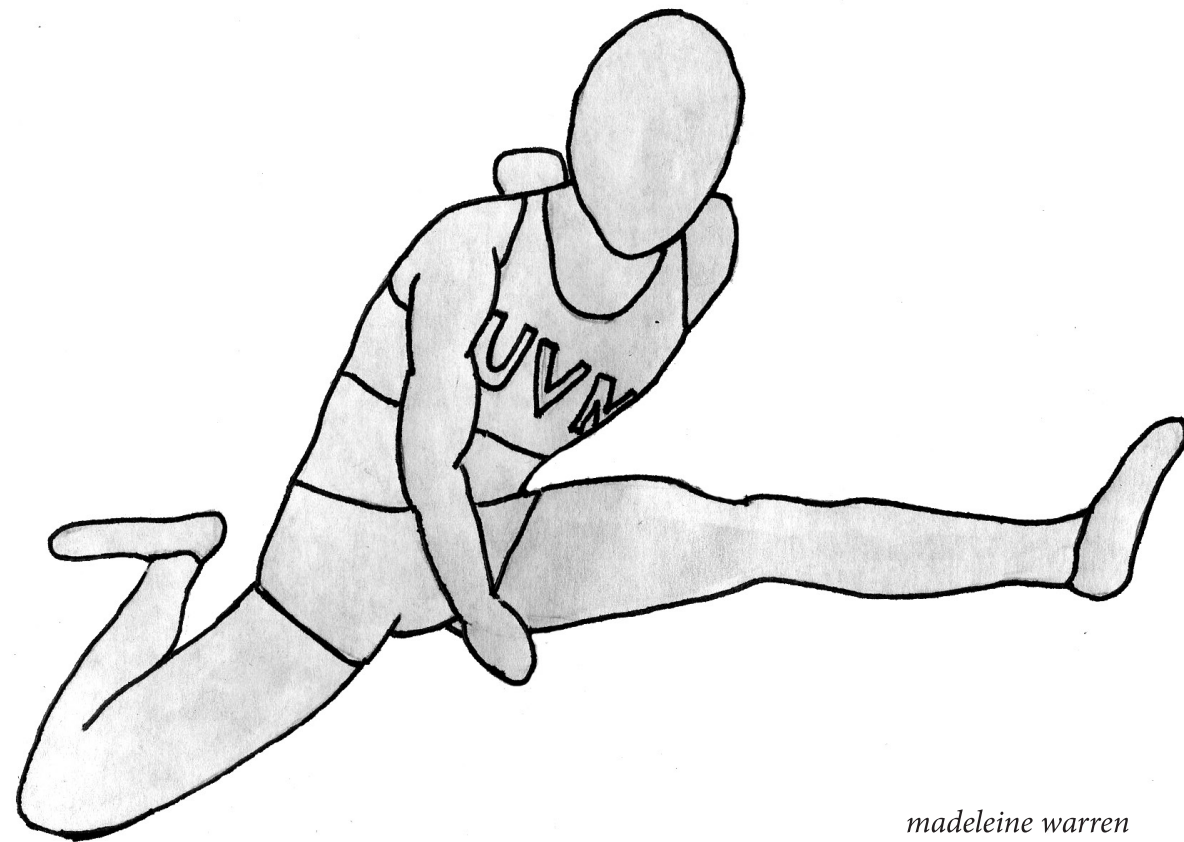
I love my sport. I love my team. I put up with the early morning practices and the screaming sore muscles; the tough coaches and the whiny teammates; the tough-as-nails days, and enough falls and losses to last a lifetime. I cheered until my throat was raw and my head was pounding, for every race and every throw and every jump and every athlete. I cheered my douchebag of an ex-boyfriend down the straightaway of every single meet because I didn't care who it was as long as we won.

"your sport isn't superior to mine just because you wear a helmet or get the luxury of half-times"

Track is one of my passions. It is of the utmost importance to me. But this isn't just about my appreciation for track. The point is, every athlete feels this way about their own sport. True athletes will do almost anything for their sport, because it's their identity, a part of their life that they'll never forget. Sports teach us things we can't learn from books: things like winning and losing gracefully and making the absolute best out of what we've got. Athletes work hard for their wins, they sacrifice for their teammates, and they weather crushing losses. What about this isn't worthy? What about this isn't difficult? What about this isn't deserving of respect? Absolutely no one has the right to tell you, me, or anybody else that what they work for is lazy or weak or not worth anything.

The reason it still surprises me when people try to tell me that I'm not participating in a 'real' sport is because of how unbelievably rude and disrespectful they're being. You will never, ever hear me put down another sport like that. You like football? That's great! I may not love football, I may not play football, but do you hear me saying anybody can do it? NO. Are you a skier? WOW. That is something I admire, because I can't for the life of me understand how people stand on pieces of wood and slide down a mountain without dying! I respect these people and the sports that they love. I could be saying awful things about cheerleading and rugby and pitching stereotypes about the size of basketball players' brains, but I know all that is a load of bullshit. I treat fellow athletes with the respect and recognition that their hard work and dedication deserves.

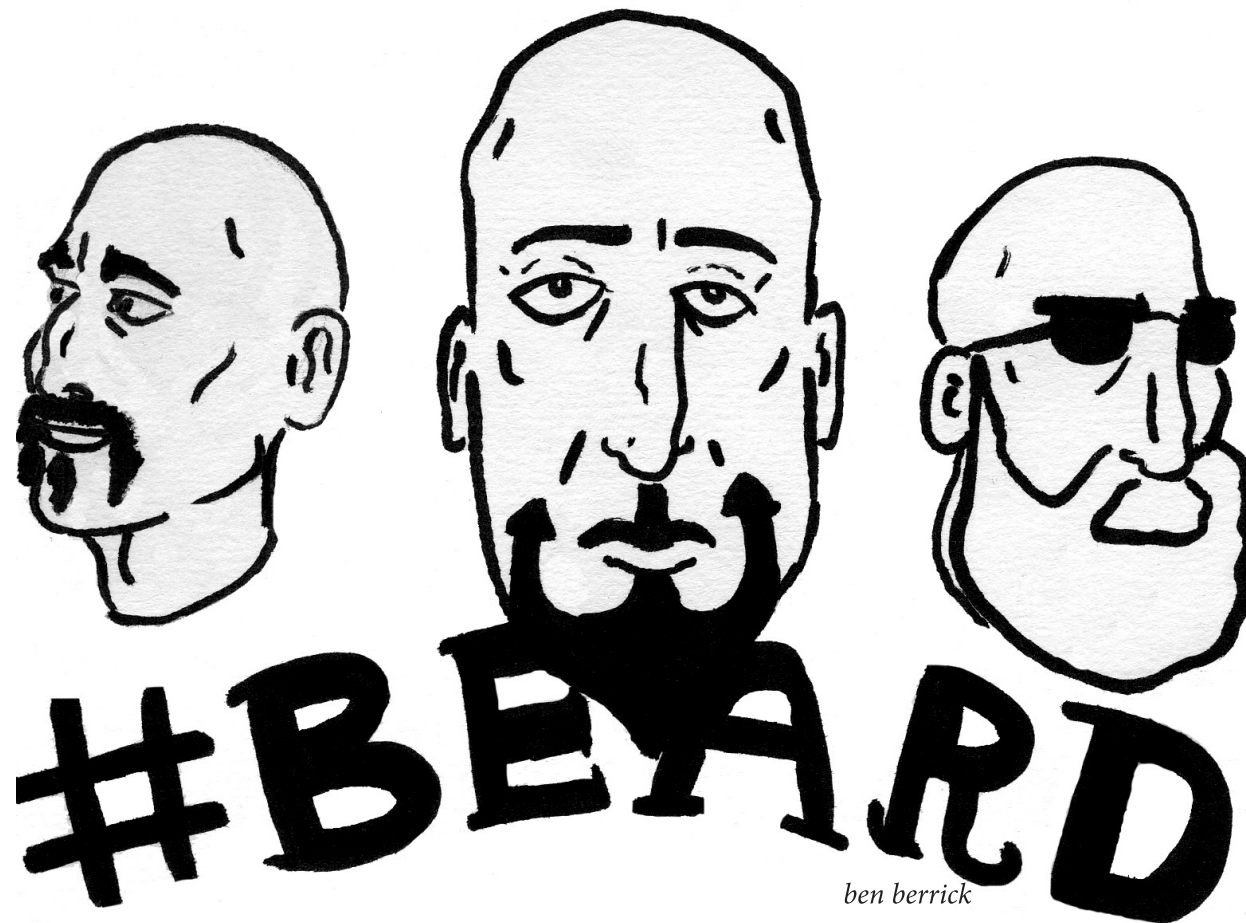
So don't give me a hard time about track and field. Don't call me lazy or weak for wanting to pursue something I'm good at. I will have no patience for you. I have reached the end of my rope. ■



madeleine warren

movember and me a case of beard envy

by colinwalker



ben berrick

Last week, I had a meeting with a guy who might decide some of my academic fate into post-graduate education. Now, I've been keeping up with No-Shave November, because for the first time ever I can pull it off completely. So I was hesitant to shave, but I was considering shaving for the occasion. In the end, my choice to grow paid off as the dude had a sweet, classic fullbeard himself.

A few days ago, my female friend was remarking on how she will take her hair across her face and sometimes pretend that she has a beard. I didn't instantly think that she wanted one terribly, but I instantly thought of how jealous I was that all these years, girls could do that, while I had to wait for the actual thing. That, then, was my beard envy of the past. This all made me consider that some people just have beard envy, and that's perhaps a major reason bearded men fall under the razor of scrutiny.

I'm not so much here to convince you to date guys with beards, or explain to you why we're so attractive. You're living in Burlington, you're sensible, and the beards do all the talking themselves. Fact is fact; real men can grow a beard. I'm not saying that those who cannot grow a beard are not real men; I'm simply pointing out that simple biological fact. Some of my best friends are beardless, and I don't want any beards, so that's all I'm going to say.

My personal goal this year, perhaps shamefully, is to look like Viggo. Honestly, if I could capture a perfect Aragorn, despite not having those luscious locks, I'd be such a fair and honest king. Lately, I've been feeling a bit Hugh Jackman though. Not too many qualms with that. People notice when I enter a room, and this thing does bring about a lot of confidence.

The other day, when one of my good pals (Jason *cough, cough*) wussed out and called it quits, I was surprised, as his goatee was coming along nicely. His tactic may have worked, although I think he would have gotten to the same place, or farther, if he continued with it. I think a lot of buzz goes around through social spheres that a beard is rough, prickly, and gets in the way. This isn't true at all. Most beards are soft and fuzzy as they're designed to be. Just think of fur. Towards the roots, they can be itchy for the beard-bearer, but if he's not complaining, quit abstaining. Besides, there's nothing rougher than the period right after a shave.

Alas, I'd like to plea for togetherness on the matter of beards, at least extending an arm from the bearded populous. Like my friend, giving herself a beard with her long hair, I feel that almost anyone can have a pretend beard, embracing beardedness for brief moments, and that alone can make the beard spirits content. It's when you trim the thing, (Jason *cough, cough*) for little reason, that the beard spirits are upset. This is Vermont, home of the mountain men, and we should all embrace in some fuzzy face.

Here are some I'd actually like to see, if anyone out there has the opportunity:

The Anchor
The Handlebar and Goatee,
The Friendly Muttonchops
Anyone willing to do a handlebar mustache and really pull it off. ■

the cultural gap hide n' go sikh

by mikaelawaters

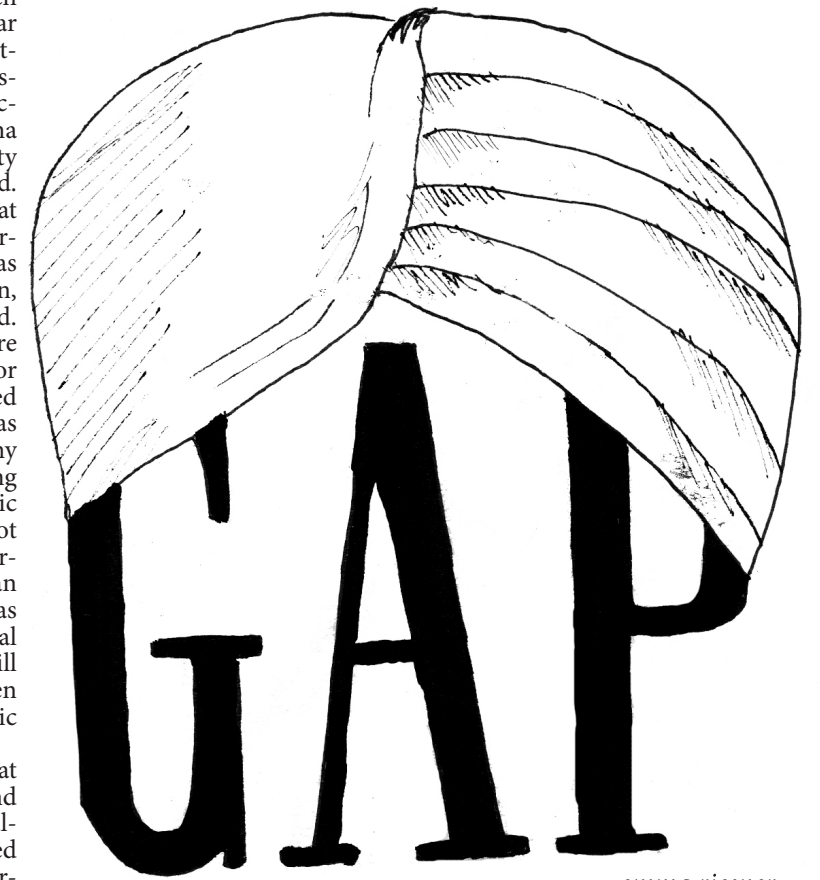
Walking through the Church Street mall last week, a particular store front display caught my attention. No, it wasn't the impossibly proportional models of Victoria Secret, making a gal wanna cry and question her sexuality at the same time, but a Gap ad. Here, in the front window of what I consider to be a pretty conservative, 'all-American' store, was an enlarged photo of a Sikh man, complete with turban and beard. I did a double take; never before had I seen an explicitly Sikh or even South Asian man portrayed in an American clothing ad. I was then immediately surprised by my own astonishment. America being a muttly nation, (a cultural/ethnic melting pot etc...) would it not then be intuitive that that diversity be represented in American ads? What shocked me most was that as both a self-professed liberal and child of the 21st century, I still expected to see Caucasian men and women displayed in domestic clothing advertisements.

It is important to note that I write this as a blue-eyed and fair skinned female from an almost exclusively white, privileged neighborhood, going to an overwhelmingly white university. Let's just call it as it is—I'm your classic sheltered white girl. I like to think that I'm a cosmopolitan, internationally minded, liberal child of the globe—but in reality, all I've done is take a D1 course. The ad made me realize that while it is extremely easy for me to strap on a pair of Birkenstocks

"i like to think that i'm a cosmopolitan, internationally minded, liberal child of the globe—but in reality, all i've done is take a D1 course"

and profess broadminded liberalism, Caucasian people are whom I most relate to, and whom I am most comfortable seeing represented in the media. That is pretty fucked up.

Perhaps what struck me most about the Gap ad was how blatantly non-western the man, Waris Ahluwalia, was portrayed. Full turban, thick beard, full eyebrows, and visible chest hair—the photo focused unapologetically on Waris's nationality and authenticity. Stunning, because while advertising and modeling agencies have begun to produce and represent a greater level of diversity, they have generally done so in a cookie cutter, 'whitewashed' way. The aim of this being to sell things to ignorant white folk... like me. Ethnicity in the American media is displayed as a person conforming to the western ideals of beauty, with a slight tinge of their heri-



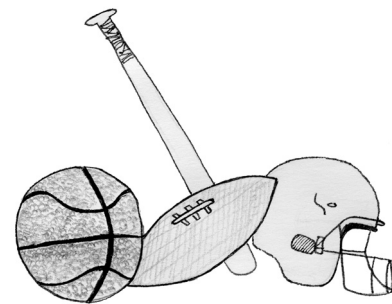
emma riesner

tage; just enough to insist that we as a nation do not support the white supremacy movement, but on the whole, in denial of and detached from what the American population actually looks like.

I can't pretend to know the logic behind the ad in question, but I have to believe Gap knew the impact the photo would make. Assuming that I'm not the only naïve, pampered person out there, Gap must have predicted that the prominent display of a Sikh man, juxtaposed against a conventional American brand, would make countless individuals stop and think, "Woah, why is there some dude in a turban?" Through one simple advertisement, Gap elevated itself from a simple conventional brand, to being an active force in influencing American culture; they used their corporate influence and power of media for, in the plainest terms, good. After all my double taking and existential questioning, my struggling and my soul searching, I'm no closer to being an all accepting saint, but I've come to one conclusion: I think Waris Ahluwalia is pretty damn attractive, turban or no turban. ■

highlight reel.

hockey and why its *weird* and awesome at the same time



by staceybrandt

Each professional sport, I have discovered, has an array of quirks that increase viewing pleasure for the home audience (who are often moderately intoxicated). I will argue that professional ice hockey ranks among the highest in entertainment value, having many ridiculous aspects which may or may not result from its Canadian roots and large Canadian fanbase.

First off, hockey is played on ice: does anyone else find that a little bizarre? In order for this sport to exist outside of the Arctic Circle, scientists had to find a way to replicate frozen lakes indoors—essentially, they had to create oversized polar terrariums equipped with stadium seating for this sport to work in warmer climates. Though most people could care less about the Florida Panthers, it is nevertheless incredible, unnatural, and absurd that a hockey team can play on ice within spitting distance of the tropics. Ice hockey's dependence on ice also puts it in a direct relationship to the "sport" of curling and to male ice dancers which adds many more levels of weirdness.

In terms of commentating, though it's not quite the energy level of announcers for Spanish fútbol or Chinese badminton, hockey commentators still rank highly in animation and engagement. What makes the commentary especially comical is the lack of words that specifically describe the action of skating. The commentary relies on a smorgasbord of cross-sport references with phrases like "sprinting up the ice," "dancing past the defenseman", and, my favorite, "pirouetting out of the neutral zone." Thus, hockey games sometimes sound like a track meet, and other times like the local ice ballet decided to put on a performance of the Mighty Ducks.

Other unique facts about hockey: it is one of the only "non-fighting specific" sports that players can stop the game, destroy each other, get penalized, and then reenter the game. The referees actually allow impromptu duels on the ice, which can pop up for any reason at all. Someone's mother was insulted? There will be a fight. Someone was body checked against the boards? There must be physical retaliation. General feelings of anger and sadness? It

will be taken out on number 27 because he just looks like a little prick. And what is the penalty for such behavior? Oh, usually a two to five minute, toddler style timeout to 'think about what he has done' in the box of bad manners. The player may then return when he's ready to show he can play well with others.

To put this in perspective, a soccer player can receive



a red card (get ejected from the game entirely) if he merely trips someone twice. As we all know, all soccer players are also classically trained actors so that after being tripped they may drop to the ground and effectively convey the extreme anguish of stubbing a pinky toe. Last year, Gregory Cambell of the Boston Bruins played on a broken leg for over a minute in a Stanley Cup playoff game. His leg was broken, crippled, shattered, done for. This incredible, borderline irrational feat of strength shows the "no nonsense" quality of hockey which adds infinite excitement.

Also, when watching hockey, unlike with other sports (especially baseball), one does not get the impression that it would be remotely possible to compete with the guys

on the ice. Humbling even toughest of tough guys, there is the ever-present notion that if one were to nonchalantly skate out onto the ice, he would be promptly demolished. Hockey players have the toughness of lumberjacks, the muscles of Greek gods, and the teeth of British people: what could be more beautifully terrifying and destructive?

In my opinion, the entertainment value of hockey does have room for improvement. If hockey's already violent overtones were increased and dramatized, its audience could be greatly expanded. I will note that professional hockey coaches should not be changed as their resemblance to shifty mob bosses already embodies violence: the pressed black suits, the arms crossed, hovering over their disciple-like players, their periodic whisperings into the ear of a lanky, less threatening assistant. But what if we turned hockey games into violent battles, as in ancient Greece level violence? What if players wore gladiator costumes instead of padding? Certainly the abundance of bulging muscles would cause the female viewing audience to skyrocket. And the red line could be painted in blood! And the referees could be replaced with John Stamos lookalikes dressed in togas! And "sudden death" would always be taken literally. Yes, there would be death, but what a thrill the battle would be!

In short, I have come to appreciate all of hockey's many ridiculous aspects and can see the root of its popularity. From the communal game watching which combines violence and heavy drinking to the Sunday morning ritual of developing peewee hockey players into considerably larger, hockey warriors, it has become clear that hockey is very much a way of life. Finally, hockey preserves a part of our culture that we publicly admonish and privately revel in: the desire to beat shit out of our enemies with little consequence so that we may ultimately win in the end. ■

don't be *thankful* for family, be thankful for sports: boston sports kick absolute ass

by christopherpotter

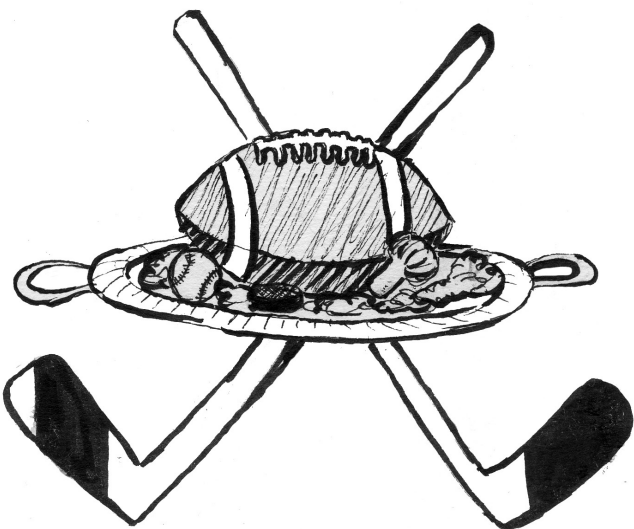
Attention UVM students that call New England home: this one goes out to you. Throughout your entire lives, you have been spoiled by the riches of professional sports. The dominance of the four major Boston teams (Celtics, Red Sox, Bruins, and Patriots) defies nature. Quite frankly, it makes me sick to continue to watch their countless successes. What's worse is that none of you appreciate how impressive this collection of achievements really is. So please take a step back this Thanksgiving and give thanks on how fortunate you have been to witness the greatest collection of teams to represent one region area in the history of sports.

The root of my envy, bitterness, and jealousy, stems from the fact that I am a native of Buffalo, New York (please hold your laughter till the end). I knew when I decided to attend UVM I would be laughing stock of my peers whenever a team from my city was playing. Hell, I would have been a laughing stock no matter where I went to school (maybe not Cleveland). Anyway, over the past fifteen years, Boston and Buffalo could not be more polar opposites. Boston casually wins a world championship every year while the Buffalo throws a parade after a team breaks .500 (and that doesn't happen very often).

Not since the beginning of mankind have four teams from one city won so much in so little time. The latest Red Sox World Series victory marks eight titles for the city in twelve years. One more time for the cheap seats, EIGHT TITLES IN TWELVE YEARS. Come on! Share the love. Let the little guy get one, just one. The shitty teams representing my town have yet to win a single championship since their establishment. You damn New Englanders have hit the lottery and are riding a mile high title wave of riches that doesn't seem to

have an end in sight.

Think about this for a second: The Buffalo Bills have not made the playoffs since 1999. The last time they reached the postseason there was no Facebook, and people were listening to Walkmans instead of iPods. 1999 is



emma riesner

actually same year I moved to the area, so some might argue I could be the curse. All Bills fans' prayers to the heavens would be answered if I abandon the team I have watched since kindergarten. But even after countless disappointments, I continue to start the season convincing

myself, "this is the year!" I don't just casually watch a game here and there; I park myself on the couch each Sunday in diehard fashion, jersey and all, only to witness failure again and again. I would bleed for that team—hell, I'd give up my right family jewel to see the Bills in Superbowl before I die.

At least one team representing New England has won/appeared in/or been a game away from a world championship basically every year for the past decade. And although you shouldn't apologize for success, truly appreciate accomplishments because trust me, it all goes down in flames at some point. The Bills made four straight trips to the Superbowl in the early 1990s (only to lose each one) and since then...well, I think you've got the picture.

I have reached a state of acceptance in venting about my sad life as a Buffalo sports fan. The frustration will continue (go check out the Bills/Sabres record this year) but I am more at peace with it. More importantly, I can only hope you realize what the peasants of the sports world have been dealing with while you've been in charge of the kingdom.

So, screw your family this Thanksgiving, be thankful for sports! Enjoy the ride, soak it all in while it lasts, but do me a favor: if you see a tall blonde kid walking around campus late Sunday afternoon, wearing a hideous Bills grey sweatsuit, just know he has gone through a lot. He might be staring somber at the pavement two feet ahead, so have pity on him, give him a hug, ladies, and tell him, "next year's the year." ■

trash.



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

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

If I could
I would kiss you
When you try to hug me
Just grab you and plant one on you
When you're away,
I just want to hold on to you
I just want you to stay
So can we hold on to this moment
For just a little bit longer
Extend our hug for just a little while more
Before it ends.
When: Don't really remember
Where: Davis Center
I saw: Handsome Gent
I am: wanting you, so bad

To my partner,
The girl who puts up with me
Through all my bullshit
The British loving friend
Who teaches me how to spoon
And holds me when I cry
You are my strength
You are my love
So hold on
And if you can't
I'll hold on to you
When: Erry day
Where: Erry where
I saw: A foxy minx
I am: A shoulder you can cry on

Your hair catches my stare
And I get hot down there
But I'm trying to keep it cool
Even as I feel like a fool
I just can't ignore that
When I'm next to you,
It feels like floating in space -
Effortless, lovely,
And you can't really help it.
Here's hoping that you take me
Onto your spaceship
Because girl, the places we could go...
When: Last week
Where: In bed
I saw: A beautiful minx
I am: A good pilot

Met you downtown last saturday night
Walking all sexy right into my sight
At the back bar at Sputies is where it began
Buying drinks like "I'm the fuckin' man"
We took some shots, got that minty fresh breath
Sooner than later we were grindin' that flesh
Later that night, or was it the morning
Both of us were definitely horning
Between cheetah print sheets and K Perry's roar
You def left me wanting some more
When: All the time
Where: Downtown
I saw: A hot blonde with an ax
I am: A strange man at the farmer's market

What started as admiration from afar
Turned into small talk at a local bar.
It was either your charisma or that nice cheetah vest
That really got me thinking, "You're my next conquest."
You had me at Jose, but you won me with the Doctor
(the fact that that worked was kind of a shocker),
Those magic fingers, they sure made me moan
I'm gonna be honest: we should probably just bone
I hear, #7, you can handle a stick
If you can handle me, I'll show you a trick
So slide that little sugar shaker over here,
I want you so bad, you filthy engineer
When: I have access to my 4G network
Where: "Red Square"...
I saw: Phil
I am: Gimli

I am jealous of your grey tule
It gets to be on top...
Of your white SUV
Praise the lord for No-Shave-November
Because that manly beard...
Oh babe, really gets me
To be with you on Face's futon
Your weekend second home...
Oh lucky 203
From mad slacking, to your wizard tricks
Your steeze is cheddary...
Disclaimer: I am Free
When: literally everyday
Where: Never Buckham
I saw: a bearded man
I am: christie 2

Roses are red
Violets are blue
You like scuba diving
And I do too.
When: Hopefully more often
Where: Scuba class
I saw: A boy
I am: A girl

Tupper 1

Guy to Friend: Awww man, I just peed all over my white sock.

L/L Suite

Girl: I have issues with it when you talk about your penis.
Guy: We're not talking about my penis, we're talking about the mythical penis I would have if I were a walrus.

ENSC, Passing Back Assignments

Professor: (sarcastically) I'm going to kill myself today.

Library

Girl 1: I called him a tool, and I think he's mad at me. What should I do?

Girl 2: I don't know...

Girl 1: I'm telling him a tool is a good thing! Tools are useful!

Girl 2: Yeah! Tell him "you're a handyman."

South Willard Street

Girl: (3 bowls deep) Sharks probably taste like veal...they're young, fresh... like chicken nuggets! I don't know...IT'S SCIENCE!

Outside Cook

Girl: Honestly, people are always impressed with my friendship bracelet skills.

Inside L/L, Late in the Eve

A Young Female Shellfish: I just have a very hard exterior, I'm like a lobster. Once you get inside the meat's delicious!

Thursday Night, Tupper Hall

Enterprising Guy: Wow, that'll cover all expenses at UVM next year AND a girlfriend!

Curious Guy: (peeking at the computer) Yeah, what kind of job is that?

Enterprising Guy: A paid surrogate mother!

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Girl Holding Woodchuck: There is a beaver on the front... I don't get it.

Terrill

Eccentric Teacher: If I held a gun to your head, this is the best answer you can give me?

Around L/L

Curious Man: Wait, so do they give you drinks on the plane?

Creative Fellow: Oh fuck no, I just have to hold my shit together until I get on the plane. Then it's just fine if I declare myself the cloud lord.

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MOM & DAD
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\$5 OFF

YOUR PURCHASE

NOT VALID WITH OTHER PROMOTIONS. EXPIRES 12/23/13

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From mad slacking, to your wizard tricks
Your steeze is cheddary...
Disclaimer: I am Free
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Where: Never Buckham
I saw: a bearded man
I am: christie 2

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tunes.



REFLEKTOR -continued from pg. 1

Depending on your musical preferences, you may prefer the more discernable first part, or you may favor the loftier part two. The two parts are separated by the interlude "Here Comes the Night Time Part II." As a whole, this album absolutely rocks. It has songs with blaring guitars, it has softer musing songs, and underneath everything are the techno tones of James Murphy. That's right, the former LCD Soundsystem frontman, coproduced the album and had a hefty influence on its content. But don't take that the wrong way; this is not a LCD Soundsystem CD. This is Arcade Fire with a techno twist, and the undertones strengthen the album by giving many of its songs a groovy foundation.

Let's start with the part one. The album starts out with the title track, the most LCD-like track on the album. It is magnificent and even features backup vocals from David Bowie himself. Also check out "Here Comes the Night Time," a blistering chorus of Haitian descent which has origins in Regine Chassagne's Haitian ancestry. This song is certainly one of the best on the album, as it features tremendous production value, moments of intensity, and haunting lyrics. Side one features some other intense songs, and it clearly sounds much more like a rock album than the rest of the CD.

Part two is where the album's bizarre cover comes in. It features two songs that describe the tragic story of Orpheus and Eurydice from Greek mythology. In the myth, Orpheus, a beautiful musician, seeks to retrieve his loved one from the underworld. He is given the opportunity to lead her back to the land of the living only if he never looks back to see if she is following. Trust and patience become the principles that Orpheus ultimately fails to uphold, and are traits that Win Butler, Arcade Fire's lead singer, insists are important and uncompromising. He states "it seems so important now/But you will get over/And when you get older/Then you will remember/Why it was important then." The compromises we make now are difficult. However, we will get over them and ultimately come to terms with them later in life. But ultimately it is inevitable that we make choices with consequences.

Side two also contains the best track on the album: "Afterlife." This song's production value is simply through the roof. It is the climax of the album, and it contains the most substantial lyrics and message. The lyrics haunt as they reference to what happens after life on earth and the complex desires in human beings for something after death. He compares the death of a human being to the end of a relationship, and he questions what happens to the feelings that exist between two people after this end. Win Butler is classically critically of religion (see: *Neon Bible*). His criticism extends to this song, as he



julianna roen

advocates celebrating both life and relationships while they are still tangible.

The second half screams LCD Soundsystem, and many of the techno repetitions underlying the songs reminds me of LCD synthesizers with Arcade Fire lyrics and themes. This is weighty album and a long one as well, capping off at an hour and fifteen minutes. It is well worth your time, however. The album has highs and lows. It has songs that jump out of your speakers, and it has songs that drag at points. However, every song has its place, and *Reflektor* would be incomplete without every one of its thirteen tracks. On of my major complaints of this album is that Regine Chassagne's presence is minimal. Her roll is primarily backup vocals, which she obviously excels at. In past albums, however, when Regine takes lead vocals, her songs bleed passion (see "Sprawl II," and "Haiti"). She does take lead vocals on "Joan of Arc," but the result isn't the same. Not like it's a competition or anything, but I would have loved more songs featuring Regine's passion. If upon first listen, you are dissuaded, stick with this album, and you will begin to appreciate its complete messages. ■

recently in tunes

with dylanmccarthy

It's that time again: that week before Thanksgiving break where it seems like it should be prime pre-final relaxation time. Yet, of course, there's that inexplicable third exam or that lingering BS paper. No worries, friends, this time next week we'll be shrugging off responsibility in our high school room awaiting some delicious mealtime, but for now lets look back on some of the industry's recent highs and lows.

Grooveshark Executive Gunned Down by Friend and Former Classmate.

Eddy Vasquez, one of the higher ups at up-and-coming music streaming site Grooveshark, met a tragic end last week. Vasquez was a large part of the free, essentially advertisement free, music streaming website and is already dearly missed by the community. Snoop Dogg (Lion, yeah whatever) sent his personal love in Vasquez's remembrance so let's all follow suit.

Kanye West Makes a Surprise Visit on stage with Odd Future

Odd Future had their shot at seizing the entire hip-hop scene by storm, but if we're all being honest that time has long since passed. Either way, their stage presence is incredible and with Earl here to stay they'll be touring for quite some time. Kanye West waltzing onto stage sent fans into a frenzy as the rapper (nutjob) performed "New Slaves" and "Late" with the rest of the Wolf Gang singing back up.

Daft Punk Ride on Tandem Bicycle with Ron Burgundy.

How awesome is that sentence?

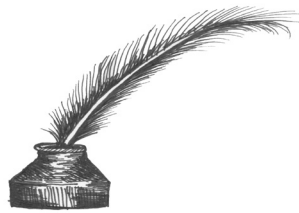
Classical Radio Station Suddenly Plays Single Club Song on 24-hour Loop for Four Months Before Going Completely Silent.

There have been multiple reports of a lowish popularity iTunes radio station that played a variety of classical artists suddenly playing "Club Certified" by Kylian Mash feat. Akon on a 24-hour loop. This went on for upwards of four months before suddenly going silent. Not sure what the hell happened here, but "Club Certified" is a pretty catchy and ridiculous song. Anyone else who's experienced this phenomena consider yourselves lucky.

Morrissey Finally Confirms Sexuality...Kind of.

Emo forerunner and general mystery, Morrissey's sexuality has long been an intentional mystery. With the release of his memoirs Morrissey confirms that he's not homosexual but "humansexual" which essentially leaves him in the same place he's been since 1984. Love you, Mr. Suedehead. ■

créatif stuffé.



how the professor stole christmas

by jonathanlott

All UVM students dreaded finals a lot,
But one evil professor, who taught this fall did not.
Now this prof adored finals, and studying, too.
How he loved preparation, and also review
But this single professor, who loathed his students
Made his final on Friday, to show his torment.
‘Twas on Friday, the thirteenth, the last day of school,
That tyrant, that monster, that devil, that tool.
“I know just how to keep these kids here for a while,”
He mused with an awful and sinister smile.
The impossible final was planned for Friday,
To make all of his students at UVM stay
At school for a day, or two, or just three
Keeping them in B-town, imprisoned, not free.

So he wrote up his final, five essays, and more
Than four hundred multiple choice—what a chore!
And he wrote and he wrote without any remorse,
Hoping all of his students would fail his tough course.

Now you see, this professor had problems, you know
The school year was over, and he couldn’t let go
Of all the material he taught this year.
This madness took over his holiday cheer.
“When they’re done with their tests,” he started to think,
“They’ll celebrate, party, smoke weed, and they’ll DRINK.”
This professor, a tight-ass, tried to follow the rules,
And make sure all his students would just stay in school.

When his final was done being made for the scholars,
He opened his wallet, removed thirty dollars.
And he walked and he walked to a bar way downtown
And as he started to drink, away went his frown
And his scowl was lifted, his fiendish glare, too
And he felt somewhat happy, and not at all blue
Then he took a huge hit from some hippie’s glass bong
And he realized his final was wanton and wrong.

“It just isn’t fair to keep students from this,”
He said with a smile, not his usual hiss.
And he emailed his students that there’d be no big test,
They would all get one hundreds, they’d all get some rest
And go home sooner than they’d previously thought
And suddenly, the students didn’t feel as distraught.
Maybe Christmas would be easier just this year,
Ironically, through drugs, the prof found some cheer.

Happy Holidays! ■

slow *cancer* in a burning tube (and you know that you’re doomed)

by nickpatyk

Your compact smoke stacks wait silently
for God’s ball of lightning
while you fumble through your pockets,
expecting gas, and spark, and that magic
perfection,
the supernova that starts a slow and willful
burn.
The smokestacks dangle, the death held
within,
tiring, conspiring, begging to come out.

Neurons all buzz and chatter
excited for the morning’s reward
Nicotine
Guillotine
They’re brothers, though you cannot see.
One is fast, the other a clever mask
for the death that lurks behind.

The jet stream that did command reserve
for the sounds of your speech,
for simple spit, and the breath you needed
to walk
and run, and laugh and talk...
turned hot and black,
hijacked by darkness
by the product of the compact smokestack
that demands its price,
its sacrifice,
an unknown slice,
of the moments of your life.

Pleasure sticks, small but deadly
pointed and sharp
bleeding your pockets,
tipping your scales
away from health and life
the all-too-slow eclipse begins.

All the while,
Hell’s grim tyrant sits smirking in the corner
as you wander, child’s steps,
toward the needles of his fingers
sharpened through the years
and kept away from blind eyes
by velvet gloves hard sown and well-worn.
The undying loyalty of his haunted disciples
is the victory of his artful deception,
as flesh wanders willfully through a gloomy
night
into his empty arms.

The burn is slow
the wound is soft at first,
growing in bursts
almost imperceptible
to the common eye
gazing through the lens
of common time.

But step to the future, and perhaps you’ll see
that though he may be screened from sight,
perhaps for now, locked up tight
there’s a smile on the king of death
every time you light.
The slowly falling guillotine
of your heated source of nicotine
Should make you now think twice.
As you slip off the cellophane
to quiet quite down a hungry brain,
Remember it can cost a mile
to fly high for an inch. ■

an article about you by leonardbartenstein

You begin reading the article incredulously,
and with a curious attitude. What could this article
about me actually say? you think. What does it
mean when it says that it’s about me?

You keep on reading, though, because you’re
hooked now. You’re intrigued. Where is the author
going with this? How can he keep this up?

You follow the article down the page, and your
eyes are caught by the illustration on the opposite
page. It’s a nice illustration. You wish that you could
draw better. Perhaps an art class next semester
would do it. Do those fill up quickly? You’d better
check. Wouldn’t want to be left out.

You remember that you were actually read-
ing an article about yourself and get back on task,
reading about what you just did. It must have been
some work writing this article, you think, and the
person writing it must have had a hard time keep-
ing in the right voice, your voice, the whole way
through. Speaking of work, did you remember to
do all of your homework? You realize that there
was an essay that you haven’t yet finished, and feel
a slight flutter of panic within you. You then realize
that you can get to it later, you’re busy now.

You’re reading this article. It’s an article about
you. You think it’s a pretty cool idea, but at this
point, you are pretty much done. You’ve gotten the
gist of it, you get what it’s getting at, and you are
ready to move on. Maybe you even skim the next
paragraph or two. That would make sense. You’re
getting kind of tired of this article, anyway. Maybe

“you’re reading because it told you
not to. look at you, you’re a rebel and a
badass.”

you stop reading this article altogether.

No you don’t. That last paragraph enticed you,
and now you realize that you’re still reading just
because the article egged you on. You’re reading be-
cause it told you not to. Look at you, you’re a rebel
and a badass. Congratulations. You think this is
pretty funny. Not that funny. Maybe a little giggle,
but no laughs out loud. It’s not that funny. It’s just
an article about you. Am I funny? You think. You
realize you probably aren’t.

The article is beginning to insult you, and you

don’t like that. This article is wrong; you are funny.
You don’t need this article to tell you what you are
like.

But then again, what is this article about? This
article is about you. It’s probably true. It has been so
far, hasn’t it? It has.

You feel finished with this article, but you real-
ize that there’s still just a bit more to go. You check
how much more there is. Just another paragraph or
so. You think that you can handle that. You wonder
if there’s somewhere you should be right now. You
realize there probably isn’t, and read on.

You read a little bit quicker now, realizing
you’re finally near the end of this article. It was
about you, and you find that you are happy to have
made the news. You feel slightly elated as your
sense of importance increases, but then you realize
it’s the Water Tower, and this is about as broad as
possible. You sink back into your normal mood
level. You are almost at the end, and you keep
reading, because you are so close. You can now tell
your friends that you read the newspaper this week,
and that you were in it. That’s a novel concept. But
sadly, the article about you is over. ■

cat litter.



collincappelle

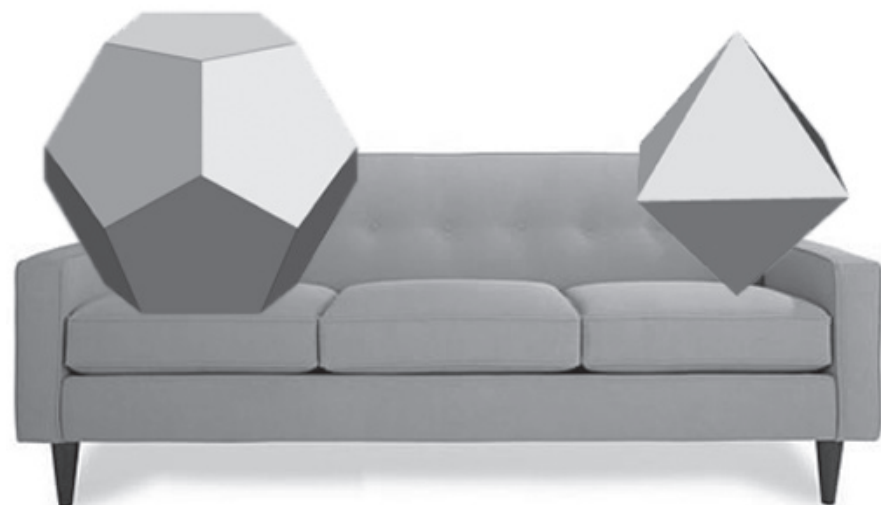


ta ta for now

Well, I'm sorry to say we have reached the end of our time together. I know you must be heart-broken, but I promise we'll be back next semester to inundate you with our hilarity, so don't worry your pretty little heads. And no, this isn't a cop-out just to fill space on this page, I sincerely mean it. Plus, look how cute tigger is.



happy thanksgiving



Platonic solids sit on opposite ends of the couch during movie night

This week's back page has been brought to you by naked bike ride cat:



How scandalous...