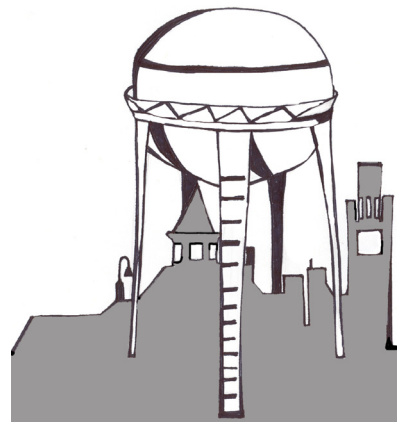


the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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

turkey time: what YOU need to know

by lizcantrell

Most of us are feeling the Thanksgiving crunch, and this week, we're finally on the home stretch (insert gleeful cry of joy here). And by the grace of the great catamount statue, we have a whole freakin' week to feast, sleep, and put off doing all the shit that is due as soon as we get back. However, Thanksgiving break isn't all turkeys and naps. We would all do well to remember that there are some tricky things about Thanksgiving that require due consideration and attention.

First off, even though you are stoked to be going home, you should prepare to be a little disillusioned after a few days. You have been dying to get a break, but halfway through the week at home, you might find yourself longing for a Grundle brunch, slipping in phrases like "Man, I just really want some New World!" (to which your high school friends will look at you with raised eyebrows), and wistfully daydreaming about Champ.

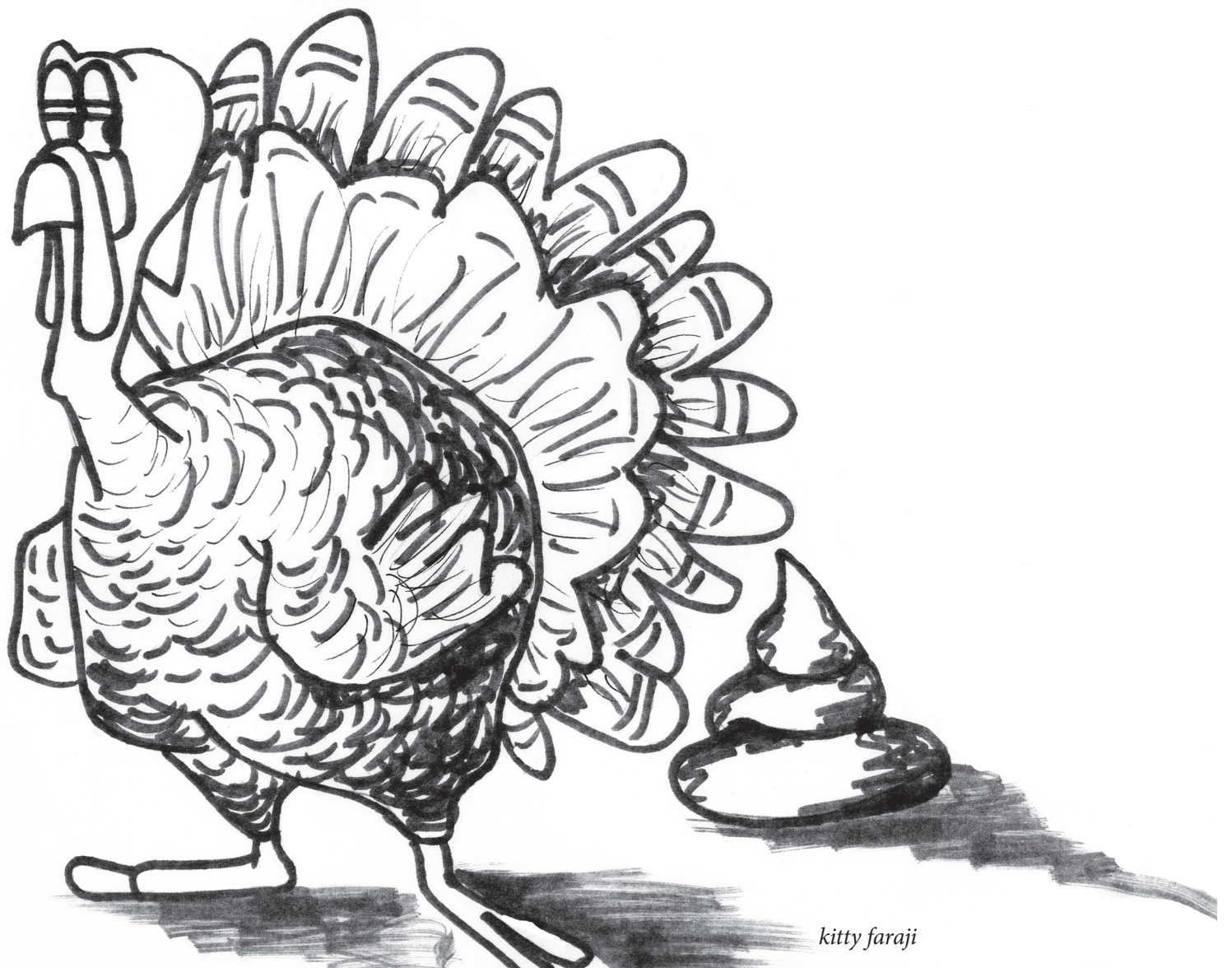
There's no cure for this disillusionment other than stalking your college friends' Facebook profiles and watching Vermont local news online. These activities should be just enough to take the edge off your desire to be Groovy.

You will also likely be surrounded by family and friends for most of the week. Sounds good in theory, but you will undoubtedly get sick of them after you hear the questions "So, how's school?" "What's your major?" and "Do you have a job?" for the thirteenth time.

Questions like these are more or less expected. What you really need to look out for are the people asking them. There are many different characters you may be unprepared to meet with your first long break back home. First, there's the "politically extreme uncle" type figure who will talk your ear off about the latest current event or election crisis. As if you don't already know. I mean, you get your news from the best source around: **the water tower**. How dare he doubt your wealth of knowledge?

There's also "people from high school that you were kinda friends with but not really and you haven't kept in touch with" that you will inevitably run into. It's awkward for all parties involved, so just flash a smile or send a wave their way and maybe ask a few polite questions.

You also might have to contend with an ex, an old hookup, or even a current flame that needs to take a hike. Romantic crises can be tough,



By the grace of the great catamount statue, we have a whole freakin' week to feast, sleep, and put off doing all the shit that is due as soon as we get back.

but Thanksgiving is the traditional time to shake off these burdens. Some call it "the turkey dump" or "break-giving," but whatever lexicon you use, situations like this need to be handled delicately so as to spare his or her feelings. (Keeping things civil will also come in handy in case you need a "friend" during winter break.) On the other hand, if you are the one getting kicked to the curb, just heap on another scoop of mashed potatoes and remember that there are plenty of other recently dumped souls lookin' for love back at UVM.

Lastly, we know some of you may be sick of math, but remember this equation: "ridiculous quantity of food - sneaky forms of exercise you get

while at school (walk to class, drunken dancing, running after the damn CATS bus)" = the Shamu Effect." Don't kid yourself. You aren't in high school anymore; your metabolism isn't what it used to be. All that pumpkin pie is sure to take its toll. Combat this by chasing your dog around the house, practicing your swordsmanship as you carve the turkey, or jumping into piles of your neighbors' leaves.

Thanksgiving is great; it's a time for family, food, and appreciating what you have. Don't let this get overshadowed by some of the dilemmas you might encounter during the break. With this trusty guide in mind, you're sure to sail through your vacation blues with grace and good humor. ■

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because we love you. and
because 8 pages is never
enough.

<3

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inside
me

news
what the gov?
by alexpinto

reflections
novembeard
by gregfrancesse

tunes
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the best news team in the universe.



inbox

kudos to our resident medium

Dear **water tower**,

This is the impassioned reader that complained last week about not having the libra horoscope in the Halloween issue. I just wanted to express my appreciation and thank you guys for putting in my email and more importantly the libra horoscope in this week's issue. I am now and always will be a "passionate" **water tower** reader.

You da best!!!
Nate

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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join the wt.
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are always welcome
Weekly meetings
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the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger

Kidney Trafficking. The EU has accused several people, including doctors and health officials, of trafficking kidneys through a clinic in Kosovo. As one of the smallest and least-heard-of nations in Europe, Kosovo probably isn't pleased that everyone is now going to associate their country with selling human body parts.

Unnecessary Statements. Tony Hayward, the former boss of BP, admitted recently that BP was not prepared to deal with the madness and media field day following the oil rig blast (and subsequent leak) in April 2010. In other obvious news, Tony Hayward is trying cover his ass seven months too late.

Confused Priorities. The luxury cruise ship Carnival Splendor lost power off the coast of California this week, leaving passengers and crew with no running water (for a day), toilets that couldn't flush (for a day), and only cold sandwiches to eat in an un-air-conditioned boat for four days. Passengers and newsmedia proceeded to describe the event as 'an ordeal,' 'a living hell,' and 'miserable.' We'd just like to point out that a large percentage of the world's population lives in worse conditions every day.

George W. Bush. Instead of taking the hint we gave him two years ago, the former president has emerged from the backwoods of Texas to promote his memoir. Mr. Bush, you are no longer influential, important, or even remotely interesting. Please go away.



SPORTS BLINK

with mikicieslak

My good friend Brooke, who is a San Francisco Giants fan, demanded that I follow up on the World Series. So there that is. But more importantly, I wanted to talk about how happy I am that the Miami Heat suck. And the degree of this sucking is completely relative to their expectations, but it is still awesome. And I know it is early, but they have already lost to the Celtics twice! Not that I really like the Celtics, but I just thoroughly enjoy when teams spend an exorbitant amount of money and it still fail. For example, every year, the Yankees don't win the World Series. It is awesome. I mean everyone was saying this summer that the Heat were going to threaten the 95-96 Bulls for the win record. But with four losses already, it doesn't seem that they have a chance. They are losing in great fashion, too. Like blowing a 19 point half-time lead to the Jazz, then losing in overtime. How can that even happen? Maybe it's a new curse on LeBron for being a dumbass and doing stupid commercials. Heat suck.

the news in brief

with paulgross

"I just think of myself as one of those workers for democracy."

- Freed Burmese opposition leader, **Aung San Suu Kyi**, on her recent release from house arrest and her upcoming meetings with the top generals in Burma's domineering and violent military junta. Her release coincides with recent (sadly rigged) Burmese elections in which, in a BIG SURPRISE, the overwhelming victors were General Than Shwe and his buddies. Still, Ms. Kyi's release from house arrest does indicate a possible trend toward political liberalization in Burma—a country where it is illegal to tell jokes or chew gum.

They clearly still have a long way to go.

"You've got a week to get your shit together, otherwise I'm blowing the airport sky high!"

- From the Twitter feed of British man, **Paul Chambers**, who has recently been ridiculously convicted of threatening to actually blow up a British airport. The post on Twitter was meant to be a joke after he learned, sadly, that an airport he was hoping to fly out of was closed. Mr. Chambers has since lost his job and been publicly humiliated, but thousands of Twitter users are Tweeting in his defense. In the name of free speech, I urge those of you with Twitter feeds to do the same.

"There are things that you do along the way that you know are right, and those that you absolutely feel are wrong."

- Pop singer **James Blunt**, on the recent uncovering of the fact that, during his time in the military, he disobeyed an order issued by General Wesley Clark to open fire on a group of Russian soldiers who were interfering with the NATO mission in Kosovo. His direct commanding British officer later commended the decision, saying he was glad his soldiers weren't responsible for "World War III."

Pretty badass for someone like Blunt, I'd say.

"He was freed and I feel very happy."

- The wife of Cuban political prisoner **Arnaldo Lauzurique**, who was freed by Raul Castro as part of what is apparently becoming political liberalization week. This is cool, and Cuba is looking poised to free more of the 53 political prisoners who were arrested along with Lauzurique.

naked body scan & enhanced patdowns: unconstitutional or necessary?

by jonathanfranqui

Airport security is no laughing matter these days; extensive searches, metal detectors, trained dogs, and the complementary pat down have become an extremely irritating beginning to every tourist's vacation. It seems that just when things couldn't get any stricter, the Transportation Security Administration decided to completely strip customers of their dignity with the full body scan and a new level of thorough pat downs. These new regulations have caused outrage, as many claim that both of these new search methods violate the fourth amendment.

Airport security has always been a hassle, but it is understandable that weapons shouldn't be brought aboard a vessel 50,000 feet in the air. The pat downs of the past were annoying, but could hardly be called an invasion of privacy, as the search was quick and unobtrusive. However, the TSA has recently decided that the old method was lacking.

As a result, new search procedures allow for security officers of the same gender to explore the once forbidden areas such as the breasts and genitals for weapons or drugs. In addition (or as an alternative) to the pat downs are full body scans, which are becoming used more frequently. These scans use 'millimeter waves' to completely

image every contour of the body, which would reveal anything out of the ordinary. Due to its precision, the scanner renders an essentially nude image of the flier.

Customers and airline workers are both disgusted by the new search methods being implemented, crying that it violates the

acting within their rights to satisfy their desire that they are not being threatened by potential hijackers or killers. With incidents such as the attempted bombing of Northwest Airlines last Christmas becoming more frequent, it is hard to say whether these new measures are over the top or necessary in stopping attacks such as these. When it comes down to it, airport security is protecting the interest of the airport (as airlines would abandon airports with flawed security) and fliers by insuring safe trips.

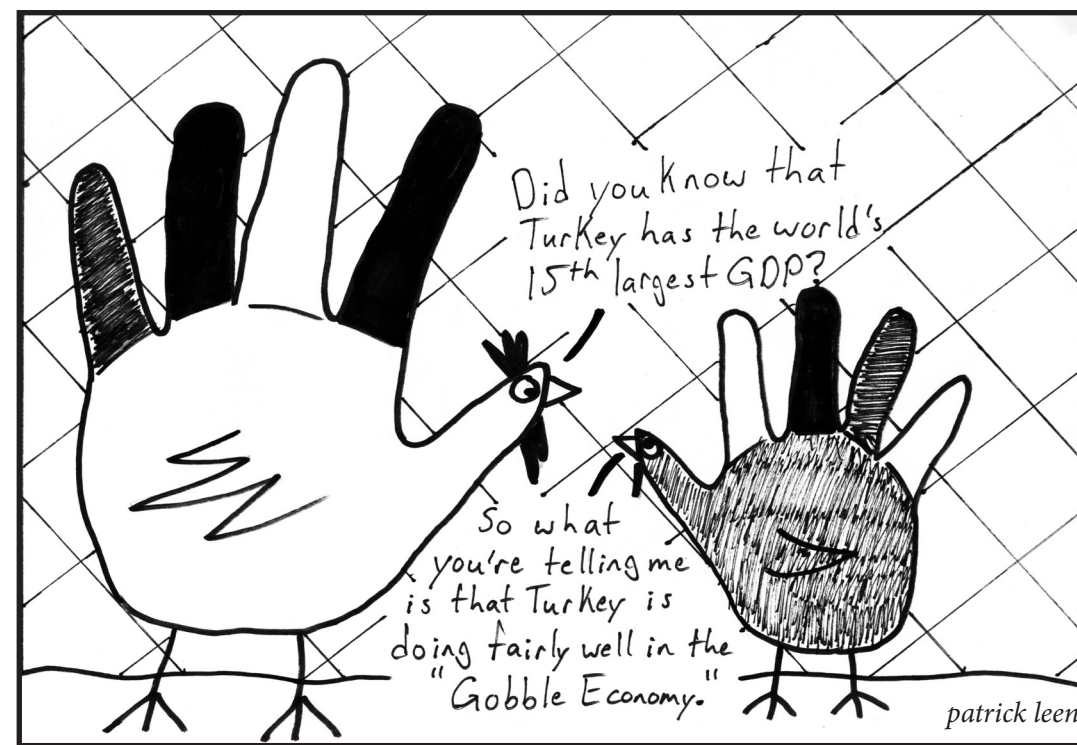
The true problem with air travel is how unique it is; hijacks of a train or ship can be stopped as security forces are able to intercept these vessels. Neither trains nor ships can be used as a deadly weapon, either, as they are both pretty limited in their capacity to cause damage. Airplanes, however, are exposed to a multitude of threats once they take off, leaving behind any possibility for rescue through outside intervention.

So while you may be annoyed or potentially outraged the next time you're going through airport security, consider the possible scenarios if the procedures set by the TSA weren't thorough or excruciatingly long. ■

fourth amendment which guards against unreasonable searches and seizures.

However, according to Adam Winkler, a UCLA constitutional law professor, "Courts have generally allowed a wide leeway for airport screening under the fourth amendment." He goes on to state, "The courts generally say that there's not much of an expectation of privacy when you're getting on an airplane. That people get searched, that there's a serious risk, starting with hijacking and now terrorism, such that the expectation of privacy is pretty minimal."

While these practices are extremely invading, fliers may not have a right to argue for their dismissal. Since air travel is a luxury which has to be paid for, airports are

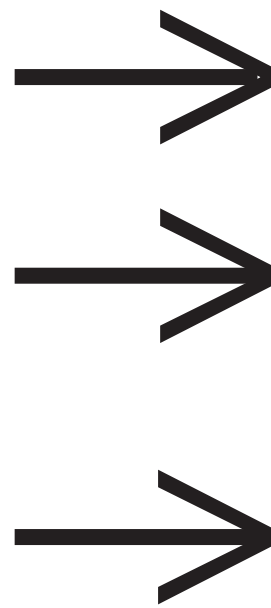


ohmygov.com presents...

what the gov?!

with alexpinto

The President's SAVE award is the government's take on crowdsourcing. Federal employees can submit ideas for ways to help the government save taxpayer money, the ideas are voted on in an online forum, and one winner gets to see his or her idea implemented. That's all well and good -- a pat on the back is due for gov -- right? Well, kind of. There's one pretty big unintended consequence of the contest: the submissions inevitably expose instances of egregious government waste and that prompts some questions: Why does it have to take Average Joes submitting proposals on the Internet to garner attention for these problems? If they are well-known problems, why aren't they just fixed on the spot? And most of all, why is only one idea chosen instead of, um, all of the good ones? Here are just a few of the many thousands of submitted ideas that show off embarrassing gov waste. ■



"Marjorie Cook from Gobles, Michigan is a food inspector in USDA's Food Safety and Inspection Service (FSIS). FSIS inspectors ship 125,000 samples to labs each year using 'Express Next Day' service. Those labs use the same costly shipping method to send empty containers back. As she put it, "We could save a bundle by having those boxes shipped back through regular ground service." This idea is actually in the final four, so it has a chance to be implemented. Obviously, someone should have thought of this a long time ago.

"Before FDA White Oak's Green Team intervention, GSA had a campus-wide policy at FDA's White Oak campus in Silver Spring, Maryland in which GSA sub-contractors were required to instruct custodial staff servicing the White Oak campus restrooms to **remove and place in the trash half rolls of toilet paper and replace with full rolls.**" This particular instance was fixed, but the point made by the submitter is that there ought to be a government-wide standard. If one single facility can save over 60,000 dollars a year on just toilet paper, imagine if every facility in the country did the same? And whose idea was it to throw out toilet paper anyway? Wasting money and trees? Come on!

And from a proposal regarding carpools and other transportation-sharing schemes for gov employees: "All this and on top of it, GSA **replaces majority of the vehicles every 4 or 5 years depending on agencies, some which have literally 0 miles on them.** [Everyday I] see blocks filled with GSA vehicles just parked at one spot all day, some for weeks/months." The GSA has a huge budget for providing transportation for gov employees; where there are big sums of money spent in one place is always a good place to look for ways to improve. Cars that can be used for personal use as well as official use probably aren't the best use of taxpayer dollars.

somali pirati

by jamesaglio

Those Somali pirates are at it again. This time they used a Japanese freighter flying the Panamanian flag to attack a Spanish warship escorting an African Union peacekeeping ship off the coast of eastern Africa, all while holding twenty Filipinos hostage. The pirates seized the Japanese cargo ship, the MV IZUMI, along with its twenty man Filipino crew on the tenth of October. They then doubtlessly spent the next month carousing around the high seas, committing nefarious acts of piracy and quite possibly quaffing prodigious amounts of grog before deciding it would be a good idea to assault a fully-armed ship owned by a major European power.

The true problem with air travel is how unique it is; hijacks of a train or ship can be stopped as security forces are able to intercept these vessels. Neither trains nor ships can be used as a deadly weapon, either, as they are both pretty limited in their capacity to cause damage. Airplanes, however, are exposed to a multitude of threats once they take off, leaving behind any possibility for rescue through outside intervention.

Much less impressed by the pirates' initiative and can-do attitude than I am, the Spanish warship did what it was commissioned to do, and moved in between the pirates and the peacekeepers and began to deter the attack. The Spaniards had enough firepower to transform the pirate vessel into little more than grease stain on the water, but chose to respond with minimal force because there were a pos-

"The pirates are certainly gaining confidence in themselves, which only spells disaster for any ships traveling in nearby waters."

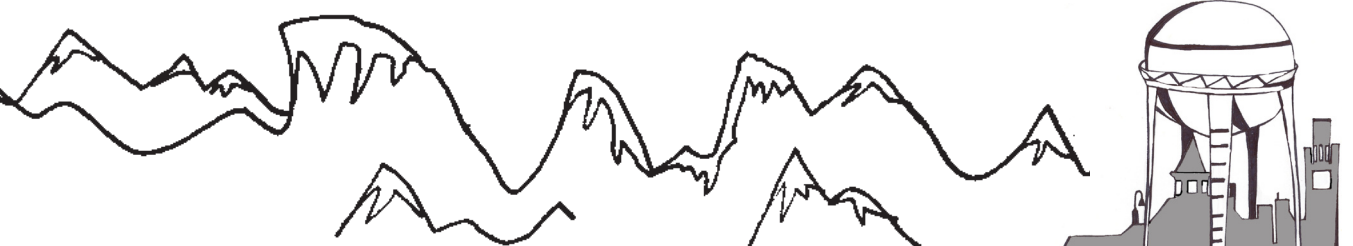
sible twenty hostages on board the MV IZUMI. This highly responsible and most unpirate-like decision, however, was still sufficient to make the Somalis understand the heat of the fire they were dealing with, and they promptly hightailed it away as fast as the wind at their backs would take them (again much less impressive than it sounds because they did not have sails, so they really sort of floated out of firing distance). The attack repelled, the two ships continued on their way to Kenya without further incident. Though they failed to really do anything, the fact that the pirates were bold enough to attempt such an assault says something about either them or the quality of the drugs they regularly ingest.

Not too long ago, Somali pirates attacked a US ship and took the captain hostage. The media had a field day. The attempt against the Spanish warship is multiple powers of ten times more impressive than that was. The pirates are certainly gaining confidence in themselves, which only spells disaster, or at the very least inconvenience, for any ships traveling in nearby waters. And the incidents will only continue to escalate until some sort of order is established in the area. And order does need to be established. The only two reasons that lawless entities such as pirates exist is because A) in a world where cubicles and bureaucracies reign supreme, all the latent badassery in the world needs to be channeled somewhere and B) they know that they can get away with it. As my dear friend Pubilius Vergilius Maro once said, "Audentes fortuna iuvat." And it is true: as long as they go unchallenged, they are not going to stop.

Somalia has pirates because it lacks a government or anything close to a law enforcement agency sans vigilantes with rocket launchers. If the nations and shipping corporations of the world desire to end the pirate attacks, as presumably they do, any efforts to that effect will need to somehow incorporate the construction of a true Somali infrastructure. ■



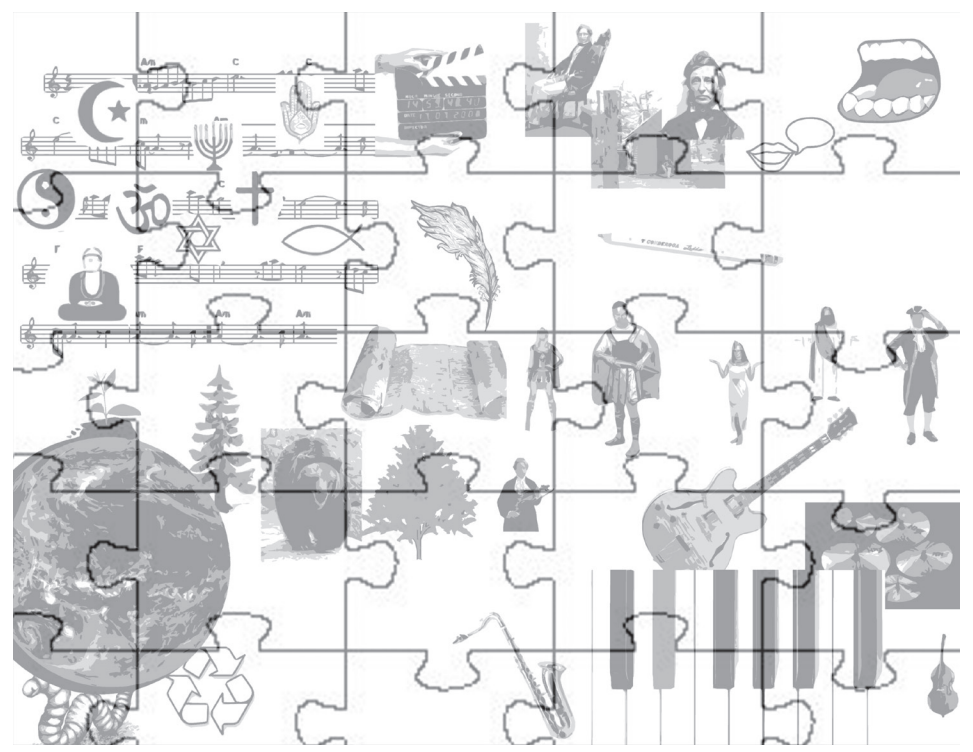
reflections.



“what should I take next semester?” uvm’s favorite classes

by timrobinson

Class registration is upon us, and you may be wondering “What am I supposed to take next semester?!” But have no fear! **the water tower** has done all the work for you. We asked some students about their favorite UVM classes, and this is what they said:



danielle vogl

Sacred Sounds with Vicki Brennan
If you like music, this will complement your understanding of everything you have ever heard. If you like religion, you probably have taken or will take this class anyway.

Ecological Approach to Living Well in Place with Walt Poleman
In this class, you get to explore Chittenden County while trying to figure out how the human community and physical landscape

“Fifty minutes of chatting in French and no papers or written tests. Simply bliss.”
(Focus on Oral Expression with Suzanne Drolet)

Advanced Poetry Writing with Issac Cates
This class makes you feel like you go to a small, elite liberal arts school. Basically, a writers’ workshop disguised as a class. Will take you from wherever you are as a poet (including from nowhere) and make you awesome, guaranteed.

affect one another. We took field trips every other week and learned about everything from the history of Red Rocks Park to the finer points of maple sugaring. If you are an HCOL sophomore who can fit this into your schedule, do it!

Focus on Oral Expression (French) with Suzanne Lynne Drolet
Fifty minutes of chatting in French and no papers or written tests. Simply bliss.

Thoreau: Sense of Place with Jeffrey Hughes
Journaling in the woods, making apple cider, reading *Judevine* and *Walden*, talking about family traditions, reconvening as a class in the Northeast Kingdom, and embarking on the next big decisions in our lives: these are a few of the reasons why this class is my favorite that I’ve taken at UVM.

Advanced Creative Non-Fiction Writing with Greg Bottoms
It’s a workshop writing class where you get to read other students’ work and get feedback on your own from peers. It’s a really great class where you get what you put in. If you are a writer at UVM, you should definitely take it at some point. Greg Bottoms is a great professor and is a fun guy to take a class with.

Screenwriting with Sarah Nilsen
This course is one of the best out there for anyone who likes to write. I liked it so much I took it twice. By the end of the semester you will have written the first 30 pages, in the correct format, of your very own original screenplay. You read scripts of movies such as *Inception*, *The Godfather* and *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind* and break them apart. This is definitely a class for film majors and movie lovers alike, with a very upbeat and pleasant atmosphere.

Reading the American Wilderness with Hesterly Goodson
This class is about nature and its place in American literature and history. You read *Walden*, stuff by Jack Kerouac, *Watch Into the Wild*, and talk about why nature is so important to American history, as well as what we can do to preserve its importance in the future.

History of Costume with Martin Thaler
A history class disguised as a style seminar, this is a relatively intimate course - only 12 students per section. This class teaches you not only about fashions from the medieval period on, but how these clothes reflected society at the time. Professor Thaler is kind and incredibly helpful to his students. His passion for the subject really shines throughout the class and makes the subject extremely interesting. ■

History of Jazz with Ray Vega
This is one of the greatest classes I’ve ever taken at UVM. Ray is himself an accomplished jazz musician who has played with a lot of the greats, so he has tons of great stories to tell. It’s probably one of the best D1s out there.

class registration: the breakdown a multiple choice adventure

by lindsaygabel

To say that class registration is incredibly stressful is a gross understatement. For all you first-years who have yet to experience the pure insanity that is class registration week, here is a breakdown (quizlet style!) of what you can expect during what are perhaps the most important 5-60 minutes of your semester. For all you veterans, here is a reminder of why you hate it so much:

Your morning alarm system consists of your:
(a) cell phone OR alarm clock
(b) cell phone AND alarm clock
(c) cell phone, alarm clock, and a phone call from your parents
(d) internal clock (good luck with that)

You wake up at:
(a) 7:30 am - you frantically scavenge through the carnage of registration casualties in hopes of securing those last few spots in somewhat interesting, half-decent classes
(b) 6:55 am - you bolt out of bed, throw yourself in front of the computer screen, and proceed to check the clock every thirty seconds for the next five minutes
(c) 6:00 am - you eat a nutritious breakfast for increased alertness and reflex speed, arrange your color-coded CRN numbers (with at least two back-ups each), and review your registration strategy consisting of the order in which codes are entered plus a step-by-step plan of approach for optimal results
(d) 9:00 am - some life advice: get it together, man

Your hand is poised over the keyboard. 6:59am - you hit “Refresh” and repeat seven times. 7:00am - Refresh... the message on the screen still reads “You are not permitted to register at this time.” Panic ensues. Refresh. Refresh. RE...“pause”... FRESH (maybe if you hold the button down...?). Then suddenly, you are granted access to the rarely seen inner workings of the class registration database. Behold: the all-powerful Worksheet.

Now the race begins, because, my friend, it is you against your entire class of like-minded peers. You know that kid you sat beside in PSYC 001? You must now

annihilate him in the intense competition of “clicking the Submit button first”. Only one will emerge victorious in securing the final spot in that highly-coveted upper-level class. Forget love and war, all is fair in class registration.

Soldiering onward through the relentless onslaught of prerequisites and schedule conflicts, you muster up a

(b) “What?! But it was open two seconds ago before you told me to-- what the--!” (followed by a stream of obscenities directed at the Registrar).
(c) premature psychotic breakdown
(d) whatever

The ambiance following this moment:
(a) erratic clicking of the mouse



amanda carmellini

set of classes. You press Submit and are confronted with the dreaded message that reads:

“Error: Lecture and corresponding lab sections for this class must be entered simultaneously.”

After a mad scramble through your notes and/or the online course listings to find that complementary course code, you resubmit your worksheet and read:

“Error: [insert class abbreviation here] is closed.”

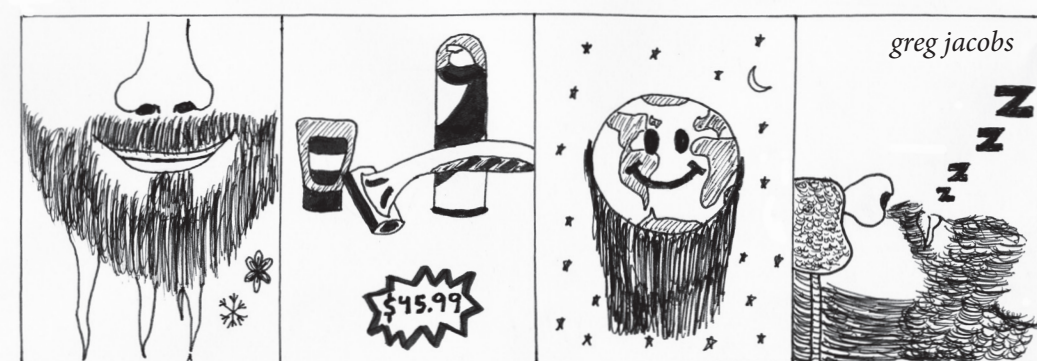
Your response:
(a) mild disgruntlement yet determined optimism (for now, anyway)

(b) the creative combinations of profanities invented by your roommate, who has been likewise screwed over
(c) contemplative silence as you evaluate the situation and strategize
(d) some random Youtube video, the microwave, your snores - anything not associated with registration

[5-60 MINUTES LATER]

Your mental state by this point:
(a) exhilarated
(b) royally ticked off
(c) complete basket case
(d) callous indifference

the top 5 benefits of a novembeard



greg jacobs

by gregfrancesco

1. November is cold. November is another month of the year when you have to brace yourself before you step outside. Sure, you can bundle up, but that takes time. By growing a Novembeard, you can ensure that your face stays warm on the coldest days.
2. Shaving sucks. No matter how often you shave, you hate doing it. It takes valuable time away from your day. Not only does it require time, it also requires money for buying razors and shaving cream. All of these things are important to college students.
3. Reduces your carbon footprint. Not only does shaving force you to buy razors and shaving cream, but when you’re done with these things you will probably just throw them out. By avoiding shaving you won’t be throwing these things out, using

- extra water to clean your face when you’re done, and you can look like you spent your entire month off the grid.
4. Be productive without doing anything. If you’re like everyone else, you probably still have midterms to study for, finals to get anxious about, and not enough time in the day to feel productive without overstretching yourself beyond your own physical limits. Growing a Novembeard can make you feel productive by allowing you to get something out of doing nothing at all.
5. Ladies love it. “I think if everyone were to participate on campus, then the true male population of UVM would be revealed...separate the boys from the men...save us womenfolk a little time and trouble,” says beard-enthusiast Julia Ma-cauley. ■

misquotation of the week



“Unhand that parakeet you sick pervert!”
-Busta Rhymes

50 vs. 75 the lesser of two evils?

by robintucker

The fifty-minute class:
1. Oh hello teacher, hello friends—five minutes of chatter and stories from the weekend and we’re down to 45 minutes.

2. Now class really starts, and depending on the style of the teacher, there may be an in-class activity—awesome! A pop quiz—not so awesome. Lecturing—somewhere in between. This beginning stage usually takes about ten minutes. Then the teacher either asks each group to tell the class about the epiphany they had from rereading page 210 from the article last night or collects the half blank pop quizzes from disgruntled hands as another five minutes passes. That’s 30 minutes.

3. Now the teacher usually launches into full lecture mode with a power point or something that involves the impossible projector. You can definitely count on this attempted preparation to eat up at least ten more minutes. The teacher puts the paper under the projector or starts up the computer and then begins a series of “Oh nos,” “How do I...s,” and “Darn technologists.” Isn’t the projector the same in every room? Didn’t she do this last class? That one button that she always winds up pushing and

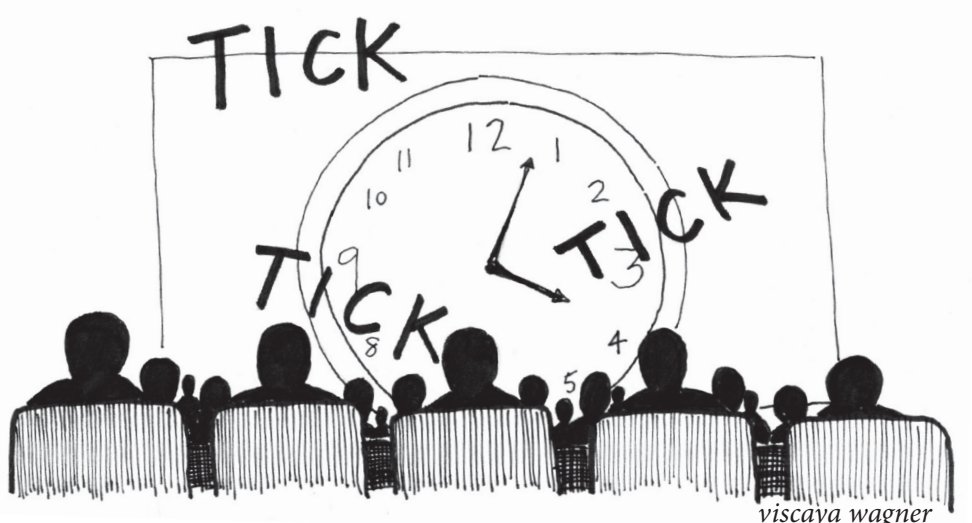
everything miraculously appears...is it gone? Hello 20 minutes left.

4. So once the lecture finally begins you take out your notebook and jot down a few notes. You can focus for ten minutes can’t you? Break up the remaining time with a bathroom break and before you know it you’ll be at 5 minutes.

5. Five minutes is glorious. Five minutes is everything you’ve been waiting for. Five minutes is nothing. Usually when there are five minutes left the teacher begins to wrap up the lecture, and even if they don’t you and your fellow classmates won’t let anything of worth be said during this time. It wouldn’t be fair to put something on the test that couldn’t be heard over the rustling and bustling, the notebook closing and the backpack zipping. And you’re out the door!

The hour and fifteen:
1. Every two minutes you look at the clock and think, don’t do the math, don’t do the math, don’t do the math.

50 minutes vs 75 minutes. Do the right thing. ■



viscaya wagner

three hour classes are they worth the pain?

by emilyarnow

You’re staring at your computer, the course registration schedule is up, and it’s time to pick classes. As you scroll through the selection and weed out the obvious (if it meets on 8:30 on Fridays then it’s a no) and try to find any class that will relieve around your shred schedule, you stumble upon a class that meets only once a week. Could this be true?! Think of all the extra time you’d have! Maybe you should sign up for all “meet once a week classes”! But hold it right there; while it’s awesome these particular courses only require attendance once every seven days, they are also three hours long. Sure, to some that sounds do-able, but when you’re sitting staring at the clock, it’s already dark outside and it’s only thirty minutes into your seminar, things could get ugly. Is it terrific or just tortuous to take a three-hour class?

- Pros**
- Only meets once a week (sick)
 - Gives you more time to do other things (like shred, duh)
 - Only have to do homework once every seven days (righteous!)
- Cons**
- Can’t skip them (bummer)
 - Very long time to sit in a classroom (not ADD friendly)
 - Homework takes up more time since it

only meets once a week (bogus!) Obviously the debate still remains; while three-hour classes and their once a week statuses are dope, the extensive homework for them and the fact that they are three hours (ew) kind of sucks. So when you’re awake at 7 am for no reason except for class registration, be wary of which ones you choose. And as always, remember if ya don’t go to them, you won’t get credit. ■

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

To the boy who melts my heart
I wish we were never apart.
11 months it's been
Of you makin' my head spin.
You're the kindest of all.
Without you I would fall.
So I've got something to say
And its happy birthday!
When: the earth stands still
Where: two hearts meet
I saw: our love grow wild
I am: in love.

What can I say that I haven't already said?
It's not the same without you in my queen sized bamboo bed.
That first cycle was true magic,
just like that unicorn - but this ending seems too tragic.
I was hexed by my ex and if I had known that it would vex,
Understand: I wouldn't have had it.
Yo te quiero.
When: Eleven Eleven
Where: Hickok
I saw: An animal rights activist
I am: A polygamous Lover

Forgive me if my epic verse
Seems rushed or even somewhat terse.
Though I feel like I must express
The feelings that I do repress.
My love and hate go side by side
I've tried to make my hate abide,
But you always annoy me so.
I feel like you deserve to know
I think you're cute and hot and such,
But I always hate you so much.
With daz'ling eyes you draw my gaze
And send me to a madd'ning craze.
I know you're unattached as I
So let me--one day--drink you dry?
You know me from that class we share
I love the clothes you always wear.
But I hate how you treat my friend;
You always diss and condescend.
If you get nice and you displayed
Your kindness, one day, you'd get laid.
When: last week
Where: a place
I saw: a hot, but mean, person
I am: an infatuated, but annoyed, dreamer.

You were so artsy
reading your book by the window
i had to step over your legs
when i walked by
you had nice shoes
i started to study
but couldn't focus
because you were so cute
i looked up and you were leaving
and i got so sad
until you smiled at me
and i wanted to talk to you
but you left
i hope i see you there
again
When: about two weeks ago
Where: billings library
I saw: a cute guy reading a book
I am: that redhead

On U-Heights' stairs you snared my sight,
And whether up, down, day or night,
Your ass looks so tight in those shorts,
But I'm not really one for sports,
And so don't catch it at the courts.
Your abs came out on Halloween,
You, the best Tarzan that I've seen;
We live, I think, on the same floor,
But you won't see me at your door:
I think you'd find it weird or rude
To ask you out, cause I'm a dude.
When: A lot
Where: A U-Heights staircase
I saw: The sexy bicycle shorts kid
I am: A troubled young man

Your costumes were clever,
your voices are great,
id be down for whatever,
one of you-let's go on a date.
When: friday night
Where: ira allen
I saw: a citizen with the right to bear arms, hercules, trotting moose, a kissing booth, the riddler, kanye, a tennis player, a punk, paul revere, the cowboy with no name, quail man
I am: ballerina

You showed up to class without a shirt or a bra. I couldn't focus on de Medici anymore. You turned around, looked at me and pointed at a penis on the screen. That's when I fell in love with you. I WANT YOU SO BAD!

When: MWF occasionally
Where: Williams 301
I saw: Judith
I am: Holofernes

attention readers!

IWYSBs will be read on WRUV 90.1 during *Mr. Green Genes Presents: The Night Society with Mr. Green Genes* Wednesdays 6-8pm

Your black curly hair makes it hard to concentrate but the class we share is interesting and great. i've never skipped 'cause you're always there and i love the coordinated outfits you wear! a man who is not afraid to wear pink and a wit that makes me think and think! your hand gestures, o your charming laugh have broken my habit of sitting in the back. i heard you like a great pair of legs so i've been showing mine off. what do ya say we get a little unprofessional and take the time, cause there are rules to break!
When: MWF, best part of my day
Where: in class, often in my dreams, too!
I saw: a charming guy
I am: ambiguous with long, long legs

You're often in the water tower and i think you're really cute, you're hipster-ish and never sour unlike absolut. but you don't drink, you make me laugh, i'll deny this poem when i'm asked. but it's okay, i'll see you soon, maybe one time in your room.
When: almost errday
Where: usually the biblioteka
I saw: a very cute boy
I am: an anonymous girl

Hey, sexy techie with the badass boots:
Heads!
I bet that caught your attention- and now that i did, i thought i might mention, i've seen you around and i like your style, the tie line on your belt and your sardonic smile. If you really know how to wield that wrench, you'll find me a most willing wench. You're hot like Rosco 43, i want you to be the 2P to my G. Meet me in the booth some night, and i'll show you how to hit my spot - light - 'cause with me at the board, i swear you'll never be bored.
When: i'm least expecting it
Where: L&L
I saw: sexy techie with a c-wrench, all black, nice boy
I am: a displaced designer who needs a few nuts loosened

We eye-f**K steady constant in the Marche....your curly hair and cute beanie always catch my eye. They say opposites attract but we seem pretty similar. Let's prove them wrong? Hopefully you digg gingers, say hit to me sometime?
When: whenever
Where: The Marche
I saw: cute boy in a beanie and plaid
I am: petite ginger with a nose ring

I saw you in Lab
Looking oh so Fab
My first thought was, "Wow, look at that hot guy"
Then I realized, "Wow, woman in disguise"
"Hmm," said I
I could give it a try
I want only for you to notice my small subtle hints
Of rainbow belts and smiles, my heart you've left imprints
I want so badly to take you on a date
But I am too nervous! My hands forever shake!
When: Mondays and Wednesdays
Where: Lab
I saw: A smokin lesbian
I am: Heteroflexible

i first saw you when eating at cook
you're so sexy with that skater boy look
then i saw you at an ssc event
you looked so good doing those tricks and afterwards you put me in a trance
while i walked back down to jeanne mance
if you find me and choose not to bail
i'll give you some real jam to rail
When: all the time
Where: cook
I saw: my future bang
I am: hopefully your type.

I sat silently with you for three hours doing work on the third floor. Same time next week?
When: Sunday
Where: Bailey Howe
I saw: Good things
I am: Elvis Costello

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

At a meeting in terrill hall
Girl: maybe we should freeze our babies...

WDW 3
Girl (on phone): how come my parents never give me alcohol for good grades?

Davis Center
Girl 1: I don't really follow politics. I am not republican or dominican
Girl 2: I don't think that's right, I think it's a democrat
Girl 1: you might be right

Buell Street, late evening
Girl 1: It's happening...
Girl 2: What?
Girl 1: My skin's coming off my body..

In Harris Millis
Don't dip where you eat!

Intersection walking to North Prospect
Broski 1: Bro, that girl was an aboriginal creature.
Broski 2: She literally was on the verge of unreality she was so ugly. You could've been the first person on earth to have sex with an alien!

UHeights North
Girl: This guy is cute for a little boy

Redstone Campus Bathroom
Guy 1: If you push harder when you pee, your dick sounds bigger.
Guy 2: (says nothing, urine stream gets louder)
Guy 1: Told ya.

WRUV
Hipster 1: He was probably like the best drummer of our lifetime.
Hipster 2: I've never heard of him.
Hipster 1: Yeah, he's pretty obscure.

Given
Girl 1: Can we go to the maternity wing of the hospital and watch babies stretch today?
Girl 2: Yes, that's a great idea.

Grundle breakfast
Guy 1: Dude, you know what I realize everytime I see you? You're fucking tall!
Guy 2: (Silent with confused look on face)

Outside the Library
Bro 1: Like cold on cold equals super cold.
Bro 2: Yeah man, like ultimate refreshment.

Millis 2 High
Girl: I just watched you pee your pants, we can't be friends anymore.

Hill Gardens
Guy 1: Hey, cock suck me a rollercoaster!
Guy 2: I'm trying!

U Heights North
Girl changing lyrics of a Lady Gaga song: He ate-ate-ate my ass out!

Intense conversation on the beruit table at a random party
I don't want herpes man, it cramps my style.

Apartment on Friday night.
Girl: Remember that time we got high and went to shabbat!?

UHeights North on a Monday night
Bro 1 to Bro 2: Dude, I couldn't even move. I was spitting on my weiner, and then I peed on my clothes!

DC, monday when the WT comes out
Boy: the water tower i pick up right away, but...not the cynic.

the water tower beardvember competition

Boys will become men. Faces will become itchy. Girlfriends will become grossed out. But come November 30th, five little-known UVM students will be made infamous, as champions of the fourth annual water tower beardvember competition.
Gentlemen, put down your razors!

Simply stop shaving for a month, and at the end of November, send a picture (before and after shots for bonus points) to thewatertowernews@gmail.com for a chance to get your hairy face in the water tower under one of the following categories:

The Wookie Award So much hair, even Chewy would puke a little in his mouth.

The Captain Redbeard Award Get back at every-one who called you firecrotch freshman year.

The Scraggles McGee Award Patchier coverage than the wireless network at Bailey Howe.

The Curious Growth Award For those who don't need a razor to have naturally sculpted facial hair.

Send us your beardy pics by December 2nd. Winners will be pictured in our final issue on December 7th! May the manliest of men reign supreme.





Water PONG TOURNAMENT!

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Thursday November 18th from 7-9pm

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by drew diemar, willis schenk, ryan
tinsley, and jared sassone-mchugh
artwork by malcolm valaitis

an orwellian future for uvm: when the gop takes over

11/3/10: Students wake up to discover that although the GOP has taken over the House, the Democrats have retained the Senate, and Peter Shumlin beat out Brian Dubie for the governorship of Vermont. Students breathe a collective sigh of relief.

3/31/11: A Conservative-leaning Supreme Court passes a 28th amendment specifically naming Brian Dubie as next governor of Vermont, provided he change his last name to "Marlboro."

12/17/10: Nation is shocked when Fox News unearths a massive scandal. Eleven Democratic senators were eventually indicted in joint sting operations involving bathroom foot-tapping, backdoor pot-smoking, and underground caucus-cajoling.

1/5/11: In an unprecedented changing of powers, the GOP is given exclusive power to handpick replacements for the disgraced senators. They hold sign design contests across the country from Texas to Arizona and pick 11 winners, among them "New Holy Trinity: GUN, GOD, GOP" and "Mexicans?!" The new senators are sworn in along with the rest of the Senate on the 7th.

1/15/11: At UVM, GOP-driven changes in the legislation are starting to become apparent. The student group LGBTQA is renamed Q.

2/8/11: New World Tortilla is replaced with Uncle Charlie's Grits n' Gristle.

3/18/11: Wikileaks publishes documents indicating Governor Shumlin receiving copious amounts of drugs and kiddy porn in exchange for his push to release hundreds of nonviolent offenders from Vermont jails, leading to his eventual indictment.



4/1/11: Governor Marlboro extends Vermont Yankee's operating license through the year 3030. All future leaks of dangerous materials are driven up I-89 by a specially commissioned black Hummer with Texas plates and pumped into the Redstone water tower.

4/20/11: At 7:30 am, all UVM dorms are raided and students are herded to Patrick Gymnasium, where they are kept under careful surveillance until the "clear and present danger" passes, which was later revealed to be sinister coughing heard from S. Prospect.

5/3/11: Rally Cat expresses his disdain for UVM men's basketball team, calling them "too flashy," and expressing nostalgia for Pete Maravich and Larry Bird.

5/14/11: BP signs a contract with Halliburton and Enron to begin a crude oil drilling project in Lake Champlain.

5/20/11: Glenn Beck speaks at UVM's graduation. He receives a standing ovation after urging students to remember their duties as defenders of good old-fashioned liberty against the tyrannical hand of progression, and announcing his bid for the 2012 presidential election.

tunes.



the jet life touches down in vt:

curren\$y, ski beatz, dame dash and others roll through higher ground

by alexpinto

Ski Beatz had to apologize from the start: he'd had a couple Long Islands, a couple Coronas, and had spilled on his keyboard. Thankfully, nobody in the crowd even thought about caring. Everyone was (almost) in as good a mood as Ski.

Announced only a couple weeks before the concert date, the BluRock Festival's stop at Higher Ground garnered a far smaller crowd than will probably be typical as the tour continues. Considering the number of quality artists involved, the mystique of the BluRock name (the label was founded by legendary record exec Dame Dash), and the amount of blog buzz the label's output has caused in the last calendar year, packed houses will probably be the norm going forward. But due to the late announcement, last Tuesday's show saw only a few rows of standers bleeding back from the stage - pretty empty as far as Higher Ground's big room goes. But what the show lacked in bodies, it made up for in atmosphere. As McKenzie Eddy, singer for the opening act, exclaimed when opening the show: "This is so intimate. I love it!"

The BluRock Tour features an eclectic set of styles, but centers on hip-hop and is musically anchored by Ski Beatz, the venerable producer behind some of Jay-Z's best work. It's an idealistic group based on the idea that "combining the talents of a creative collective and an independent DIY [do-it-yourself] environment can break conformity and bring about a new enlightenment to the world of media." In other words, forget major labels. This is hip-hop meets art chic meets "The Factory" of 60's Warhol fame--all indie all the way.

The lineup Tuesday kicked off with Ms. Eddy and singer-songwriter Sean O'Connell fronting an indie rock outfit. A rock band was obviously not what the crowd expected, but the group was warmly received nonetheless. They touched on Joplin-like soul grooves and warm guitar sounds reminiscent of vintage Clapton, all founded on conventional indie rock and the Beatles.

If an indie rock band was a bit of a surprise considering the hip-hop heavy lineup, the next group had to have blown a few minds. Dynasty Electric is a full on electro/dance band with live instrumen-

tation, a hyperactive, kickboxing front-girl, and an actual Theremin on stage. The crowd, being at least half comprised of high school and freshman dudes in graphic tees trying really hard to look cool, seemed pretty lost on this group. But musically, the band completely kicked ass. Their stage presence has the high energy and musician-dynamics of a punk rock band, but with the dancefloor acuity of a single guy hitting buttons on a MacBook. At the conclusion of their set, Ski Beatz came on the mic saying something along the lines of "Y'all don't even know what to think right now. But that's alright. Just remember this name. Dynasty Electric." Noted, sir.

"This is hip-hop meets art chic meets 'The Factory' of 60's Warhol fame--all indie all the way."

Then came the hip-hop. The full stable of BluRock artists played a collection of their own tracks and ones from the *24 Hour Karate School* release that came out this fall. The backing music was an impressive production of Ski at a computer, assisted by a drummer, bassist, and guitarist that collectively go by the name The Senseis. Live hip-hop always benefits from real instrumentation, and this was no exception. *24 Hour* is an album dominated by the beats and production, so it follows that it a performance would be optimal with the full power of the beats realized by actual musicians playing actual instruments.

The crowd was enjoying it, cheering attentively through short sets by British R&B singer Terri Walker and rappers Tabi Bonney, Nesby Phips, Stalley, and Rugz D. Bewler. But they seemed to be a little too unfamiliar with the tunes to be really rabid. One exception, a little unexpectedly, was the response for Smoke DZA. Being the second to last artist of the night, one could have expected a good reception—but the atmosphere quickly became riotous as he took the stage, replete with

shout out requests and repeated lines and catchphrases from his songs. It seemed as if the crowd was actually more familiar with DZA's summer mixtape *George Kush Tha Button* than they were with the tracks from *24 Hour*. Stoners.

The crowd was still buzzing from DZA when an offstage exchange led to Curren\$y jumping into view. As headliner he got his due from the crowd and killed it for the most part, with the crowd singing along and throwing up the "jet life" sign of thumb and pinky extended to look like an airplane. Curren\$y went with a bunch of tracks from last spring's *Pilot Talk* LP, some more *24 Hour*, and a couple new tracks from *Pilot Talk 2*, which is set to be released later this month. His experience in the spotlight showed as his flow was as effortless and steezy on stage as it is on wax.

Throughout the show, the artists, their associates, and even Dame himself were walking around the crowd, hitting up the bar and talking to audience members. The mistakes made on stage—of which there were a few—were forgivable considering the convivial atmosphere. It was felt less like a concert and more like a few bands playing at a friend's house party: everyone was out to have a good time and enjoy the music first and foremost, not to stand at a safe distance from the performers and scrutinize every moment on stage. The ideals of collectivity and collaboration professed in the label's manifesto translates well into a live vibe, at least when the artists are able to stretch out and chill in the relaxed context of a half-empty Vermont club. When the artists are having as much fun as the crowd is, you know you're doing something right. ■

SEEKING: UVM'S BEST BAND (/ARTIST/WHATEVER)

A reminder that our contest is open to pretty much anyone affiliated with UVM, and submissions will be taken throughout Fall semester. Submit online by sending your stuff to thewatertowernews@gmail.com, or dropping a hard copy at our desk in the SGA. Fame and fortune are guaranteed for the winner!!!

willow smith whips it real good

by bridgettrecro

It seems like the Pinkett-Smiths are wizards at producing supernaturally talented babies, so we might as well start the campaign for the third child right now. We were pleased when we first saw glimpses of Will and Jada's prepubescent offspring donning the same swagger as their parents— but it was not only the same swagger. It was the same exact faces, and creepily interconnected names. Despite the all-around weirdness, we jumped at the chance to see the youngsters follow in their parents' footsteps.

Enter Willow Smith, the ten-year-old ball of fierceness that is currently making Tyra totally jealous. With her new hit single, "Whip My Hair," Smith has single-handedly managed to make the efforts of ten-year-olds everywhere look half-assed. Smith schools us in the art of hair whipping, not just in an up-and-down fashion, but also back and forth as well. The single, on Jay-Z's Roc Nation label, has already peaked within the Top 20 on the Billboard charts. Let me reiterate, she is ten. Shit, she makes all of us look bad.

But the success of a young'n like Willow Smith is not an anomaly in the music world— after all, Stevie Wonder made his first hit single at 13 with "Fingertips, Pt. 2." However, Smith hasn't even hit her teen years yet. And please, there's no comparison to J. Bieber. I don't mean to hate, but one view of the video for "Whip My Hair" is enough to make Biebz look like a butch lesbian at best. Oh...wait.

Smith is all-woman on this track, emphasizing the importance of dismissing "haters" and promoting the "if you got it, flaunt it" attitude. She is also unbiased in the length of the hair that must be whipped: "Don't matter if it's long, short / Do it, do it / Whip your hair." In many ways, she is the next Beyoncé—and that is probably the best compliment in the History of the Earth. I'm sure I'm not the only one who is drooling with anticipation over whatever Smith's next track will be. With those parents and that production backing, Smith can certainly replace the need for Ke\$ha in our lives. For all our sakes, let's hope she does. ■