

# the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag



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uvm.edu/~watertwr

## my roommate gave me a C! are more TA's UVM's answer to growing class sizes?



by leamcclan

danielle vogl

Students at the University of Vermont might be surprised to find that the junior picking their nose next to them in American Lit could be the same person grading their quiz in American Political Systems. This is not to say that professors don't pick their noses, but at least they have a masters degree. In response to growing class sizes, the College of Arts and Sciences is supplying overworked professors with undergraduate teaching assistants.

Individual departments have offered students TA opportunities in the past, but the new initiative is larger and less structured. Critics of the program say undergraduates aren't up to the task; supporters claim teaching is the best way to learn. Either way, it looks like students at UVM will have to get used to the idea of their classmates assessing their academic performance.

Last April, amid budget-cut backlashes and heated debates about increased enrollment, the CAS announced a new initiative called "The Undergraduate Teaching Fellows." With an approximately \$80,000 budget, the program pays for about 50 TAs who earn between \$10 and \$12 an hour. Eight departments with class sizes in the 100- to 250-student range have used these funds to employ UTAs.

The presence of UTAs is "going to

become a routine part of how business is done here," said George Moyser, chair of the political science department. He noted that the department was initially concerned about having undergraduates take on responsibilities that typically fall to graduate students. "That is why we approached it cautiously and conservatively," he said. According to Moyser, who is generally enthusiastic about the program,

**"Most of the TAs interviewed said they were hired through email, without ever speaking to anyone face to face."**

the TAs in political science are mainly responsible for administrative duties and some grading. Exactly what that entails is left to the discretion of the professor.

Academically prestigious universities such as Brown, Wesleyan, and Cornell all have some form of undergraduate teaching program. These colleges also have set concrete parameters and guidelines for how the UTAs are selected, trained, supervised and used in the classroom setting.

At Cornell, for example, students are required to take a semester-long course before they can become physics TAs. The course admits students with an inter-

est in teaching physics as a future career and focuses on pedagogy and teaching philosophy; the program also offers peer and faculty support to students currently employed as TAs.

At UVM, basic guidelines are still in the works. They're in draft form, actually. The preliminary document recommends that students have the necessary academic background in the subjects they teach

and that instructors hold regular meeting with TAs outside class. It also suggests appropriate tasks for undergrads: proctoring exams, assisting in grading papers, leading small weekly discussion groups and helping write exam questions.

"I think what we need to figure out is the variety of ways people are using TAs ... Once we get a handle on what faculty and students need to make the program the most beneficial ... we will come up with some workshops," said CAS Dean Eleanor Miller. She said she doesn't expect the program to grow beyond its current \$80,000-a-year budget.

In the meantime, though, most of the

TAs interviewed said they were hired through email, without ever speaking to anyone face to face.

What about supervision? While Dean Miller expressed that "it would be unusual for a faculty member not to check over things" such as quiz and test grades, there are no rules in place to ensure that happens.

One currently employed TA, who wished to remain anonymous, admitted, "Being an undergrad, I feel a bit underqualified for the position and am hoping that these students don't get gypped out of a meaningful class."

Zoe Chapman is a UVM senior and was a TA last semester in a section of "Introduction to Religion: Comparative" — a class that more than tripled in size between 2008 and 2009. Mainly, she graded quizzes.

"The quizzes were short answer, occasionally fill-in-the-blanks, so a fair amount of judgment was involved ... There were some judgment calls, definitely," she said. Although Zoe thought the position personally rewarding, she thought the relationship between students and professor was lost in the larger section.

*continued as TA's on page 6*

get  
inside  
me

news  
uvm students  
silenced  
by meganclark

reflections  
burlington and  
beyond  
by drewdiemar

créatif stuffé  
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inbox 

## about that whale...

Dear **water tower**,

Next time when you are trying to pull a fast one over the UVM population on a Monday after a weekend of lots of partying, please use the whale specified in the corresponding article in the picture, i.e. the article stated a blue whale, which is way too big to fit on North Beach, however the picture was modeling a nice picture of a sperm whale. Next time please photo shop the right whale.

Thank You,

Samantha Cantell

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

**thewatertowernews@gmail.com**

## the shit list

with macsmith

**Republicans** Two consecutive stories on Huffington Post: "Republicans Divided on How to Deal With 'Party of No' Reputation," and "Senate Republicans to Filibuster Everything to Boost Chances for November Win." I guess it didn't take very long to come up with a strategy so that everyone loses.

**Mathematicians** A new assessment of number randomness could lead to harder Sudoku puzzles for everyone to enjoy. The mathematicians who figured this out were supposed to be doing real work, but were doing Sudoku puzzles instead.

**Dan Quayle** The former Vice President to the First Bush has recently come out against Senate Democrats who want to change the filibuster rules so that they can pass legislation despite unanimous Republican opposition to everything. But let's take a look at the real story here: what the hell is Dan Quayle doing saying anything?

**Olympic Officials** By now everyone must be aware of Nodar Kumaritashvili, the Georgian luger who died last week in a practice run just before the opening of the games. Everyone believed that the track, which is considered the fastest in the world, might have been too slick, especially since it had rained just hours before the run. Not so, according to Canadian Olympic officials, who apparently don't feel like swallowing some pride on this one. They claim that Kumaritashvili's death was caused by his "failure to compensate for coming late out of the next-to-last curve," and not by deficiencies in the track. Also, the giant fuck up in the torch lighting ceremony? Kumaritashvili's fault, too.

**Americans** In President Obama's State of the Union address, he reminded everyone over and over that, as part of his economic recovery plan, he "cut taxes for 95% of Americans." But according to a new ABC/New York Times poll, only 12% of Americans know that taxes were cut, with 24% of people thinking that Obama raised taxes. Next year, Obama might want to use smaller, simpler words accompanied with some sort of picture presentation in order to communicate with Americans the intricacies of...anything.

## the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag  
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## SPORTS BLINK

with michaelcieslak

The big story heading into the Olympics is the death of the Georgian luger who died in his practice run on Friday. The safety of the course had been questioned before the run and since the death, the course has been changed. On a lighter note, Lindsey Vonn and Hannah Teter were featured in the newest *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. If interested, more pictures are available on the *Sports Illustrated* website. And actually, it has appeared that the Olympics have stopped the sports world. I know this because people are already talking about the NFL draft, when the Super Bowl just ended. Which is the one thing that I just do not understand... How is it that this country cares about football twelve months of the

year? Doesn't it get boring? What about baseball, the American pastime, or hockey or basketball? It is just *stupid*. How can you care about one sport every single day of the year? I mean, I love sports as much as the next guy or girl, but that's a lot of commitment. I think this country needs another sport... how about curling, or croquet? How about full contact croquet? That would be bad ass. Lets throw a bunch of people out playing croquet tackling each other and bludgeoning each other with those whacker things. That would be great: classy yet intense.

## the news in brief

with paulgross

### "No students were harmed in the incident."

-University of Alabama spokesman, **Ray Garner**, speaking about an English professor at the school who killed the head of her department, as well as two other professors, because she was denied tenure. She was a little crazy, I think.

### "I am calling for salesmen to be replaced by saleswomen."

-**Reem Asaad**, an economics professor in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, who is leading a Facebook-driven boycott of male salespeople working at Saudi Arabian lingerie shops. This is the ultimate dilemma for radical Muslim men. Women can't work, but men can't sell women's underwear, but their wives need that fucking lingerie. It's causing an uproar.

### "I'm sure he would have liked us to race."

-British luger, **Adam Rosen**, on his fallen fellow athlete from Georgia, Nodar Kumaritashvili. The Georgian perished while doing a practice run on the men's luge track. His competitors press on in his honor.

### "Concern for customers was lacking in Toyota."

-**Seiji Maehara**, remarking on the status of Toyota before the arrival of the cult customer care ideology, "The Toyota Way", a few years ago, which emphasized an intense focus on customer satisfaction and a devotion to a quality product. Apparently safety sort of fell by the wayside...

### "Jim brought so much to our state: his love of the great outdoors and his leadership of ConocoPhillips Alaska."

-A statement by Alaska governor **Sean Parnell** on the death of Alaskan oil executive, Jim Bowles...by avalanche. Bowles was out snowmobiling when his party was smothered by rapidly falling snow, killing Bowles. This is, of course, a tragedy, and it's probably wrong to make light of it, but you know the movie *The Happening* where nature gets back at us for destroying it...? Oil execs everywhere, be very afraid.

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

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Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance

Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel

L/L - Outside Alice's Café

Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby

Waterman - Main Lobby

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#### join the wt.

New writers and artists  
are always welcome

Weekly meetings

Tuesdays at 7:00pm

Jost Conference Room

Davis Center - 4th Floor

Or send us an email

**Our generation stands at a crossroads.** As we walk through a world ever connected to a thunderstorm of news and reflection, we risk losing the ability to think for ourselves. **the water tower** is for us non-thinkers. We provide witty and sometimes outlandish opinions so that you don't have to come up with them yourselves. We can't promise that you will agree with everything that we say, but you will respect the tenacity we have to say it. Every once in a while we will generate something that is truly thought provoking. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower**.

# the water tower's sensational sensationalist headline matchup game!

**Directions:** Are we getting the World News page mixed up with the movie listings, or are America's headlines getting too sensationalist for their own good? Grab a pen or No. 2 pencil and draw a line matching the news event to its headline! (We did one for you, just to get things started.)

## news event

- 1 - Large Blizzard Hits Mid-Atlantic, travel disrupted for a few days
- 2 - Toyota recalls faulty vehicles, just as many other auto manufacturers have done at one point or another
- 3 - The New Orleans Saints win the Super Bowl, which is exciting if you follow football
- 4 - Ukraine elects a new, Pro-Russia president in a close election
- 5 - Iran announces it's enriching uranium, still.
- 6 - Vancouver hosts 2010 Winter Olympics
- 7 - Former President Clinton has common heart procedure
- 8 - Designer Alexander McQueen dies suddenly
- 9 - Retail sales increased by 0.5% for the month of January
- 10 - Plans to try Khaled Sheikh Mohammed in NYC reconsidered for logistical reasons

## sensationalist headline

- a - We're Back! Shopping the Way to World Domination
- b - Fame, Fortune, and Feather Boas: Inside Fashion's Final Moments
- c - How to Build A Fallout Shelter
- d - Road Monsters: Toyota's Army of Unstoppable Cars
- e - World War III: Nations Fight For Gold
- f - Leaderless! Disabled Government Flounders With Only One Clinton
- g - New Orleans Healed! Forget Katrina Ever Happened
- h - Imperil New York or Demolish the Constitution? The Fatal Choice
- i - Snowpocalypse: Ice-Age in D.C.
- j - Ukraine Elects New President - Could the KGB Be Behind It?

### Top Five things you can do in the time it takes to wait on the line at New World

1. Pass health care reform
2. Directly observe the effects of climate change
3. Bake chocolate chip cookies from scratch
4. Catch yourself up on "Lost"
5. Walk downtown to Bueno y Sano and get a real burrito

# who would jesus kidnap?

## the haiti tragedy and adoption

by bsage

Long before the terrible catastrophe that has befallen Haiti occurred, it was already a nation where many children were forced to live and survive without their parents. Since the earthquake of course, the scope of the problem has reached an even higher level, as thousands of youths have been separated from their families amidst the chaos and desperation of the situation. With many of these children on the brink of death due to a lack of the basic necessities needed for survival, the question has been raised as to how to best help them through such an awful tragedy. Many Americans have decided that the best thing to do is to simply remove the children from the country, and it is actions like these that have caused much controversy in the wake of the tragic Haitian earthquake.

Two weeks ago, members of a Christian Baptist church group based in Idaho, the New Life Children's Refuge, tried to bring 33 Haitian children over the country's border into the Dominican Republic, claiming that the youths were "in need of God's love and compassion." The group was promptly arrested because they did not have any documentation proving that the children were indeed orphans and that what they were doing was legal and permitted. As it turned out, many of the children did in fact still have family and even parents who had survived the earthquake.

While it seems that they truly did have good intentions, it is still absurd to think that these children wished to be taken away from their homeland and families at such a terrifying time. It was also ignorant of the people of New Life to

think that the only way to help these kids was to whisk them off to a foreign land which has an entirely different language and culture from their own. Haitian Social Affairs minister Yves Christallin has gone as far as to claim: "This is abduction, not adoption." I can't say I disagree with him. At this point, these children's lives are scary enough without being taken away by complete strangers who they cannot even understand.

Furthermore, it is absolutely astonishing what people believe should be permitted just because it is in the name of Christ. The members of the church have received a sympathetic reaction from many in the United States, yet if someone else did the same thing but did not use Christianity as a motivation, everyone would think they were insane. Religious or not, it is simply not okay to travel somewhere and abduct little kids. Just because these children happen to be poor and Haitian doesn't make the "adoptions" any more justified, and quite frankly it is racist and imperious of many Americans to believe what the members of New Life did was acceptable.

It is time that millions of Americans stop giving people a free pass just because they happen to have fundamentalist (extremist) Christian beliefs. Muslim terrorists certainly don't get the same sort of treatment, and it is little wonder why people across the world view Americans as dumb and ignorant given so many of them have such attitudes. ■

# "snowpocalypse" continues in d.c. politicians go cra-zay

by gregfrancese

WASHINGTON – After days of intense blizzards and a complete government shutdown, top government officials, including President Obama, are reported to have been involved in a bipartisan snowball fight that occupied most of the National Mall.

Representatives from all three branches of government participated. One man, who wore a t-shirt that said "I told you so!" and who bore a striking resemblance to Al Gore, but preferred the nickname An Inconvenient Truth, reportedly spent the entire day in the top of the Washington Monument serving as a lookout man for the Democrats. He claims to have seen the entire snowball fight which Defense Secretary Robert Gates apparently orchestrated. A preemptive strike ordered

by Justice Alito.

After taking a hard pummeling from the Republicans, the Democrats, led by Vice President Biden and former President Bill Clinton, charged across the Mall, making it to the Reflecting Pool, only to be stopped by a surging offense from former President George W. Bush and the Republicans. The surge, however, didn't last too long and soon Republicans realized that they were fighting a war they could not win. Down, but not out, the Democrats, under the leadership of Secretary of State Hillary Clinton, unleashed an impressive stockpile of snowballs on the receding Republicans.

President Obama was witnessed to have taken out guest fighter Glenn Beck with just one snowball. Other casualties

## Speaker Pelosi later reported that the majority of those snowballs had been 'heartlessly thrown' by Justice Alito.

by former Vice President Dick Cheney, gave the Republicans the early advantage. Before the Democrats, who congregated outside the Capitol, were able to receive the warning text to Obama's Blackberry, a man wearing a jersey with the number 41 on the back sped by in a blue Chevy pickup truck, unleashing a barrage of snowballs on the Democrats.

The truck, later determined to be driven by Massachusetts' freshman senator Scott Brown, was filled with Republicans, including Republican Senate Minority Leader Mitch McConnell and quasi-Republican Joe Lieberman.

The first casualties came from the judicial branch. Within minutes of the Republican drive-by, the older, more liberal wing of the Supreme Court, had been buried by snowballs. Speaker Pelosi later reported that the majority of those snowballs had been "heartlessly thrown"

of the Great Bipartisan Snowball Fight of 2010 were Supreme Court Justices Scalia, Breyer, Kennedy, and Stevens; several senators including conservative stalwart and spokesperson for the Tea Party Movement, Jim DeMint; and America's most famous self-proclaimed rogue, Sarah Palin, who was knocked from her polar bear by fellow Republican John McCain.

In the end, however, losses were not as great as originally feared. All participants of the snowball fight, except Senator Lieberman, had valid proof of health insurance and were able to receive treatment at a local hospital. In reflection, one Washingtonian remarked that, "this was the most productive interaction between our elected officials." ■

# damn (vermont) yankee

## uvm students barred from speaking out

by meganclark

For the first time in over 20 years, the people have the power to shut down a nuclear power plant.

In March 2010, the Vermont Legislature will vote on whether or not to shut VT Yankee down before its license expires in 2012. Shutting down VT Yankee Nuclear Power Plant could be the catalyst of a huge movement away from nuclear power, toward safer renewable energy sources.

Nuclear power is renewable, has no greenhouse gas emissions, and thus many

(who is still on the fence about Vermont Yankee) was present, it would have been ideal to ask his position. And although the Board of Trustees cannot directly impact the decision of the legislature in March, we were curious to see if the UVM board would take a stance. During the meeting, the allotted time (fifteen minutes out of the total three hours) for Public Comment was skipped over on the grounds that "No requests were made for public comment." This was complete bullshit because two of our peers applied

## Public comment was skipped on the grounds that 'No requests were made.' This was complete bullshit... two applied and were denied.

environmentally conscious folks support it. The problem with VT Yankee is that it has had repeated leaks of radioactive waste, which is highly toxic and known to cause radiation poisoning, cancer, and many other health complications. As a native Vermonter, and someone who's entire family lives within 100 miles of the plant, I am concerned for the wellbeing of the communities which will be impacted in the event of a major leak. As the vote to decommission the plant in March is ever-approaching, we need as much support as possible.

On Saturday, February 6, 2010, three other students and I dressed as if we weren't radicals, video camera in hand, and attended the UVM Board of Trustees meeting. Since Governor Jim Douglas

for the opportunity to make a public comment, and were both denied.

Those two UVM community members (one a senior here, and the other a January 2010 graduate) were rejected via identical email responses. We hoped that an opportunity would arise for me, a native Vermonter and UVM student, to speak on behalf of the safety of people around New England. It didn't work out that way, but we hope that we have the support of the UVM students. If you would like to become more involved, contact Vermont legislators and let them know that you reside and vote in this state, and want reassurance that our leaders have public safety in mind when they vote in March. ■



# reflec

# a fab lab



lauryn schrom

by lizcantrell

As UVM students, or maybe just as college students in general, we all gripe about our “stupid requirements” that “don’t even matter.” I too despise these dreary steps one must take in the first two years of college life, especially the lab science requirement for the College of Arts and Sciences. Science is not my forte. While doing chemistry experiments in high school, I was the one who broke the glass beaker containing nitric acid, used US Standard measurements instead of metric, and mistook Na (sodium) for Not Acceptable (my typical grade).

Excellent. Once again, I must endure labs, sitting fearfully in the corner as my science-loving classmates throw a bunch of explosive elements into a fragile glass tube and see what happens. Then, the mystical workings of the registrar’s office decided to alleviate my situation and create an online lab for non-science majors. I jumped with joy and enrolled in “The Human Body” with a one-credit lab component. I fully expected to be overwhelmed by scientific jargon like “tissue-penetrative-metastasis” and “quantum electrodynamic analysis” and feel my GPA sinking lower than the temperature.

To my pleasant surprise, this lab has been a blessing, and I’d like to spread the message that, as much as we all complain about our requirements, this one isn’t so bad, and it can be accomplished with minimal tears. So, if you want to avoid the horrors of high school labs all over again, follow me on this journey through the world of the “online lab.”

The basic setup is this: after purchasing an admittedly pricey CD and access code, you read descriptions and background information, then perform a simulation of a lab you would normally do in class. The first exercise involved moving a pipette over a beaker, depositing the contents (which makes a pleasing “plunk!” sound), letting them react, incubating them, and analyzing the results: all in under a minute. In other simulations, you can view actual electro-magnetic images of cells or tissues and a host of other things. You then take a weekly quiz or draft a report. Thus far, I have analyzed dinosaur’s remains to discover what kinds of biomolecules they ingested and diagrammed the inner workings of the basic cell. All in the comfort of my dorm and at my own leisure, without embarrassing lab goggles and dangerous Bunsen burner flames. It’s a sweet gig, plus you get the satisfaction of impressing everyone by saying, “Oh, well, I’m in an online class, which is really self-driven” and making people think you’re really dedicated and intelligent.

Certainly, this is not the best system for everyone. In-class labs need to exist for obvious reasons, like for people who want to become my doctor or do some other noble “sciency thing.” Likewise, requirements such as these are necessary for everyone to get the full “education experience” and become “well-rounded members of society.” But for those of us who wouldn’t mind getting our credit in a non-stressful, interactive, and fun method, this lab is a great option. Kudos to the registrar for finally allowing me, and my fellow science-haters, to turn “Not Acceptable” into “Not Awful.” ■

4

# crumpets for breakfast? brilliant!

by alexpinto

alex is the **wt's** senior foreign correspondent currently reporting from somewhere in England.

So far things are pretty similar here. The bus system is pretty damn good but if the whole US were the size of North Carolina, I think we’d figure that shit out, too. We’ve got similar food selection--obviously some things are much more common here, like anything with gravy, meat, onions, and potatoes all at once, or sausage wrapped in a pastry. Also there’s less Mexican fast food but more Middle Eastern and Indian fast food and many more KFCs. But that’s neither here nor there. What I want to know is why, for chrissakes, everyone in America is stuck eating dumb ‘English muffins’ when there are so many crumpets to be devoured?!

If you are like me and you have spent most of your life having no idea what a crumpet is, or maybe you only say it for the pure joy of getting to say ‘crumpet’ when you’re badly impersonating a British person, or even when you’re not doing an impersonation, and you just say ‘I want to have tea and crumpets’ while massaging your temples instead of reading some annoying PDF of crookedly scanned book pages... well if you do that, then be warned that crumpets are no laughing matter.

Imagine an English muffin.

Yup, nothing to it, probably the most boring thought you’ve had all day. The muffin itself only serves to fill your belly up in the morning, because as far as your mouth is concerned, it’s just a delivery system for butter or nutella or whatever your obscene tongue wants slathered on it. Plus, you have to cut the thing in half first and if you fuck it up then you’ve got one big piece and one little piece and they don’t toast equally.

But now assume you have a perfectly pre-cut English muffin. Things are good already. You toast it, put the butter on, and bite it. Instead of just tasting the familiar plain, saline moistened bread-substance, your head is filled with the taste of the air inside a bakery where Englishmen with mustaches are perpetually at work in the year 1907. Think: an average English muffin, but with a softer, doughier texture, a freshly-cooked taste to it, even a tad of flavor--none of it overwhelming, just subtle, brilliant--enough to make breakfast magnificent.

And they have hidden them from us Americans for centuries. And it’s gone on damn long enough. Give us your crumpets, you limeys. ■

# top 5 worst sex advice

- 1 Snoop Dogg: “So I gave her some Hennessy, she gave me some head, I fucked her on the flo, so I wouldn’t mess up my bed.”
- 2 Cosmopolitan: “Sprinkle a little pepper under his nose right before he climaxes. Sneezing can feel similar to an orgasm and amplify the feel-good effects.”
- 3 Porn: Sticking your penis through the center of a pizza and telling your busty friend that you’ve “got some sausage for her” is not usually an effective mode of seduction (except in small Italian villas, oddly enough).
- 4 Sue, from Talk Sex with Sue: “And then you take just the head of his penis in your mouth, that’s all, and you drool, great quantities of saliva down the shaft of his penis.”
- 5 The Church: The church maintains that abstinence is the only option before marriage, but they don’t seem too adverse to missionary position (nyuk nyuk nyuk!).

# burlington and be

“Are there any McDonalds outside of Burlington?”

“How many cows can you see out of your window?”

“Can you see the Green Mountains from your room?”

by drewdiemar

If you’re like me, being from Vermont means that you’re the one to go to for everybody’s a Burlington, that is, if they give a shit about anywhere in Vermont outside of Burlington (especially when the answer was “Nah, that’s in New Hampshire.” So to help out all of our fucks from Joisey, I’ve made a comprehensive, extensively-researched map of your Green

Stowe-When in Stowe, be sure to enjoy the world-class spas, caviar emporium (not public!), skiing, poodle factories, and

**Northeast Kingdom**-Known for its rolling farmland and remote wooded areas, residents of “The Kingdom” are reputed to be kind, hospitable, hard-working folks, who live lives considered “ quaint” even by VT standards. However, be warned, UVM-er, when approaching these lifelong Vermonters, for “Take Back Vermont” signs abound, hinting at the frightful possibility of conservative leanings. Also a good place to go if you’re looking to grow weed.

**Waterbury**-The place you drove through on your way to Stowe/the place you took the Ben and Jerry’s factory tour. It’s been hypothesized that, in the winter of ’74, something happened there.

**Montpelier**-The “capital” of Vermont, Montpelier is a small colony of hippies and state workers, bent on imitating the ways of Burlington.

**The Mad River Valley**-Comprised of Waitsfield, Warren, and Fayston, this area is famous for its world-class skiing, ideal scenery, and rustic farmhouses, making it seem ideal upon first visit. Unfortunately, the area is also host to the “Real-Vermont paradox,” meaning that the nicer the place you’re from, the more you feel like anyone from anywhere else is a douchebag and not really from Vermont (see also: Stowe).

**Rutland**-Also called “The Barre of Southern Vermont,” and “Rut-Vegas,” formerly home to the highest crime rate in America, Rutland is home to the well-known Ponderosa Steakhouse, and numerous other local gems. Nearby Castleton College offers an acceptable alternative to Vermont students who didn’t get into UVM.

**Brattleboro**-Where Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys, fueled on homemade maple syrup vodka, famously held off New York’s National Guard by pointing off in the distance and shooting while they turned around, hence Vermont’s state motto: Hey, whaddafuck is dat overdare?



malcolm valaitis

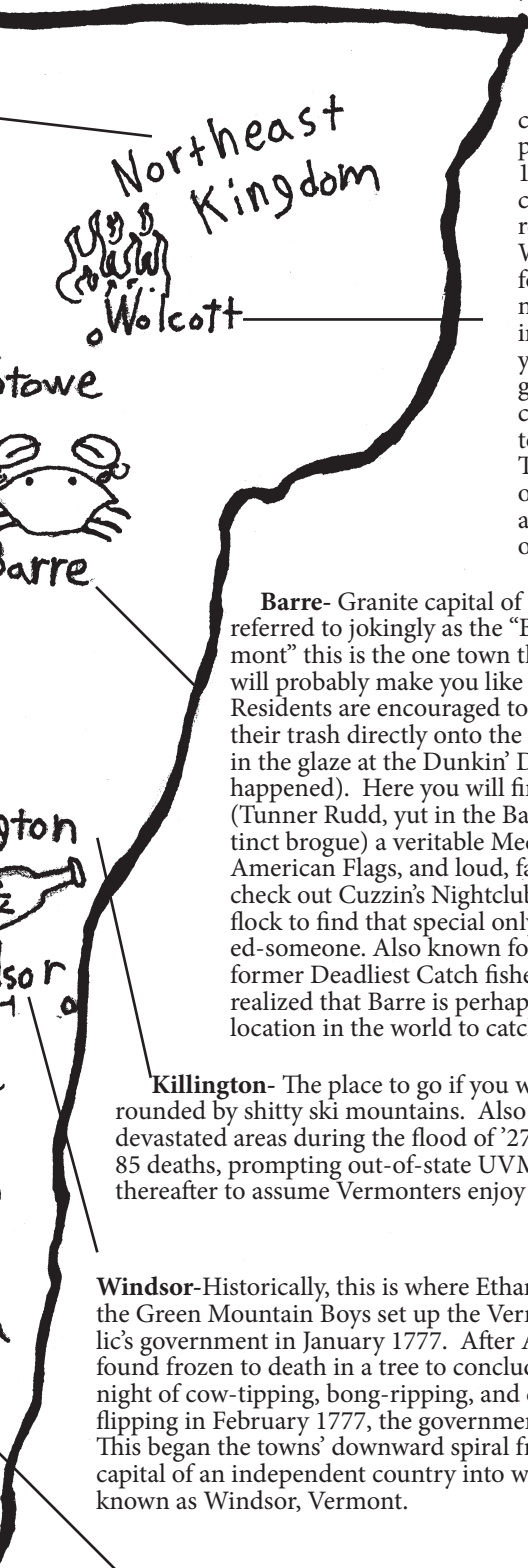
# Questions. Beyond

ur window?"

u grow weed in your yard?"

asinine questions about life in Vermont out side  
. I soon became tired of these questions,  
foreign New Englanders, and especially those  
Mountain State.

re to check out the area's fine dining,  
toria, diamond mines (free to the  
ries, and upturned chins.



**Wolcott**-This town, while troubled in past years, is on the rise economically and culturally. A lot of Wolcott's woes were due to a rampant culture of rape. This problem was cured in 1997, when the town's cows were collectively relocated to Hardwick. Wolcott is also known for its New Decade, a new Wolcott tradition, in which, every ten years, the townsmen gather in the village's central square to set fire to the downtown area. The rebuilding is most of the town's primary activity during the eight or so years afterward.

**Barre**- Granite capital of the world. Often referred to jokingly as the "Barre of Vermont" this is the one town that, upon visiting, will probably make you like Vermont less. Residents are encouraged to loiter, empty their trash directly onto the street, and jizz in the glaze at the Dunkin' Donuts (yes, it happened). Here you will find Thunder Road (Tunner Rudd, yut in the Barreman's distinct brogue) a veritable Mecca of Bud Light, American Flags, and loud, fast racecars. Also, check out Cuzzin's Nightclub, where locals flock to find that special only-partially-related-someone. Also known for its population of former Deadliest Catch fishermen, who have realized that Barre is perhaps the finest location in the world to catch crabs.

**Killington**- The place to go if you want to be surrounded by shitty ski mountains. Also one of the most devastated areas during the flood of '27, which caused 85 deaths, prompting out-of-state UVMers several years thereafter to assume Vermonters enjoy the rain.

**Windsor**-Historically, this is where Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys set up the Vermont Republic's government in January 1777. After Allen was found frozen to death in a tree to conclude a drunken night of cow-tipping, bong-ripping, and cop car-flipping in February 1777, the government disbanded. This began the towns' downward spiral from the virtual capital of an independent country into what is now known as Windsor, Vermont.

**Jamaica**-Worth taking the two-hour drive so you can say you went to Jamaica with some buddies.

**Bennington**-The only place in Vermont you will find any historical relic/monument from any war. The Bennington Battle Monument, built in 1777, stands 306 ft. tall. No, there was never a battle in Bennington. Also check out Bennington College, whose students make UVMers look like Glenn Beck's dinner party.

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# the gender gap effect

by katedonnely

It's a typical weekend night in the dorms of UVM. My floor is buzzing with restless college girls. We have this Darwinian ritual: We shower, shave, exfoliate, and moisturize our skin. We go back to our respective rooms where we will primp for an immeasurable period of time. Foundation covers our complexion. Gloss shines our lips. Liner coats out eyes. We coif our tresses with heated tools. We raid our closets, trying to pick an ensemble that accentuates all desirable features.

We finally arrive to the party and we can't help but notice the girl to guy ratio is way off. We feel immersed in a sea gorgeous girls, and the few guys there, look like they just rolled out of bed. And yet here they are, playing the field with these decked-out girls who are so eagerly looking for romance. But these guys just want some action, and there's so many of us that they have their pick of the litter without even trying. A few guys hit on us, and then they make the rounds to the next girls.

I look to the corner to see one decent-looking guy surrounded by three girls who are completely out of his league. They are hovering over him desperately, laughing way too hard at all his lame jokes. I join a game of Kings with about ten girls and two guys. What is going on here? Are we at Smith?

Back at the dorm, we counsel a girl as she agonizes over a text message to a guy she hooked up with a week ago. Another girl says an old flame from high school is coming up to visit next weekend. We can't help but wonder, "Doesn't it seem like there is a huge gender gap at this school?"

Turns out that thousands of other sexually frustrated college girls across the US agree. UVM is just one of many universities that have eerily started to feel like women's colleges.

The American Council on Education states women have represented 57% enrollments at American colleges since 2000. Researchers conclude that women tend to have higher grades and that men tend to drop out in disproportionate numbers. Men are also more likely than women to enter the military or the work force out of high school.

So let's hear it for the ladies! We have come a long way in terms of academic achievement. And certainly, women are primarily in college not because they are looking for men, but because they want to earn a degree, but being surrounded by so many other girls, they are finding it tougher than ever to just get a date!

One UNC female student claims, "Out of that 40 percent (male), there are maybe 20% that we would consider, and out of those 20, 10 have girlfriends, so all the girls are fighting over that other 10%"

These sorts of romantic complications are hardly confined to UNC. The gender gap can be found at private colleges, such as NYU and Lewis & Clark and large public universities in states like California, Florida, Georgia and South Carolina. Some women at UVM with an undergraduate body that is 55% female refer to their college town as "Girlington."

This trend in student population has led to academic inquiry. Sociologist Kathleen A. Boggle says "On college campuses where there are far more women than men, men have all the power to control the intensity of sexual and romantic relationships. Women do not want to get left out in the cold, so they are competing for men on men's terms."

This results in casual hook-ups that do not end up leading to more serious relationships. Since lots of students tend to want "something more" than just a casual hook-up, we all end up losing out. ■

# trash.



## i want you so bad

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

hello again. we see you behind the counter for our sweet fix monday nights. we know you know who we are... those giggling girls. we're still down for some karamel sutra sometime. next time you see us, let us know... how about a free kids cup? ;)

**When:** Monday 2/8

**Where:** Ben & Jerry's

**I saw:** one bearded sexy scooper with glasses and backwards cap

**I am:** two embarrassingly cute girls

I saw you on beam, the way you move your bod. Why don't you straddle me sometime??

**When:** Last saturday

**Where:** UVM gymnastics meet

**I saw:** a sexy blonde shortie with bright blue eyes

**I am:** a shy guy who just wants some lovin

So I saw you running around 7:30ish in grey and black maybe? I wanted to say hey before I left, but I got a little nervous when you came over. Maybe next time

**When:** Today (Tuesday)

**Where:** On the upper track

**I saw:** Cute girl running

**I am:** Barefoot runner

I saw you smoking a cigarette outside Converse by Rowell. I long to run my fingers through your brown curls. I want to watch Lord of the Rings with you... twice. Don't quit smoking anytime soon, stud...

**When:** Erry day

**Where:** Converse

**I saw:** The man of my dreams

**I am:** The man of your dreams

I see you every week doing what you do best... blowing your whistle. Those sexy shorts and stunning safety orange turn me into a player out of control. I'd let you bird dog me any day. If you'll be my lead, I will be your trail.

**When:** The nights when things get heated

**Where:** Patrick Gym

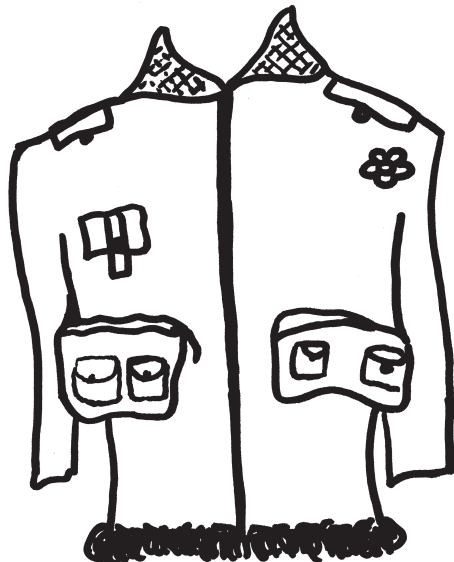
**I saw:** An IMS God

**I am:** An IMS Goddess

## fashion five-oh. the ugly party jacket kicks ass

by colbynixon

Here's a scenario for you. You go out for a night with a couple of friends. You put on your flannel and sling your relatively new pea coat over your shoulders- a pretty standard situation for a Saturday night. Upon getting to your destination, you scout out places to throw your jacket- by the door? Behind the couch? On a chair? You settle on the ever inviting stairway banister. After some time passes, you decide it's time to leave, only to find that someone has decided to walk off with your pea coat. You fight your way through the crowd, scanning the area for your jacket. After asking nearly everyone at the party if they've seen your coat, a stumbling bro comes up from the basement, with a moth eaten Afghan blanket, yelling out, "I found your jacket." At this point your leave, knowing that the chance of seeing your jacket again is similar to that of catching a Leprechaun. What do you do? There are two things that will instantly cross your mind; "I'm going to write an angry article in **the water tower**," and, "I'm going to Goodwill tomorrow to find the cheapest, most hideous jacket ever manufactured." Both are very solid ideas, but let us



hannah cohn

consider your second option for a moment. There are several things that you want to look for in an Ugly Party Jacket.

**6** 1. Price- this is by far the most important factor in your decision. If for some reason someone yet

again decides to walk off with your jacket, then you don't risk losing a huge investment. Shoot for \$5.00-\$10.00.

2. Aesthetic- you literally want the most hideous jacket you can find. This can be tricky, as some outerwear is ironically ugly. You want to avoid accidentally purchasing a vintage coat that might be mistaken as "dope," "steetz," "dank," "sick," or "baller." If you associate these terms with any of your options-

find a new piece of outerwear. You also probably don't want to get a signature black fleece, which I believe might be sported by well over 2/3 of the population, as this could easily lead to mix-ups.

3. Warmth- this cannot be stressed enough. Burlington is cold, and you don't want to get frostbite on the way to Isham.

4. Cool add-ons- although you don't want the jacket to be too kick-ass, hoods and large pockets are always a good decision, along with any buckles, straps, Velcro, elastic, zip-off parts, zip-on parts, secret pockets, or any dangly bits.

5. Basically you want to find the jacket that is going to be the ultimate anti-poon.

Now that you have purchased your new jacket, you are ready to hit the streets once again. Just remember that new pea coat you ordered on ebay is not for going out in because people will steal it and you will be cold and remorseful all the way back up the hill. ■

## the ear

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

*Old Mill Annex:*

**Girl:** "I skipped math this morning to do my math homework."

*Simpson Store:*

**Girl one:** "I cant believe he did that to you."

**Girl two:** "I'd think about forgiving him if he looked like Robert Pattinson"

*Frat Party Saturday night:*

**Dude in toga:** "You \*\*\*\*\* come check this out..."

Frat bro come over to Dude in toga.

**Dude in toga:** "\*\*\*\*\* and \*\*\* make-out.

Frat boy and and Dude in toga's girlfriends precede to make-out.

**Frat bro:** "Dude how did you them to do that?"

**Dude in toga:** "I just told them to!"

*During the Super Bowl:*

**Guy:** I like roman numerals man...it's like a secret code I can sort of understand."

*Hallway on the 2nd floor of Coolidge (after poking the girl in front of her with a fork);*

**Girl 1:** Ha, I just forked you in the ass!

**Girl 2:** Oh-hey! Fork off!

*12:45pm Monday, outside of the Marche*

**Random girl walking 1:** So yeah, we were making out and then...it fell off and landed in his nose.

**Random girl walking 2:** (mouth drops)

*Late at night in the SGA office:*

**Cranky girl:** I'm gonna be bitching all day tomorrow cause I'll be PMSing...oh cool I'll be student teaching... I'll probably want to kidnap a child.

*Swiping into the grundle entrance of HM:*

**Girl one:** "No keep it out, we're going to have to do it upstairs again in a second"

**Girl two:** "That's what she said!"

*Library 1st floor, Monday Afternoon:*

**Ho:** Okay so he is never hanging out with me anymore? He's always wit this girl he likes and I never see him! Like bros before hoes, ya know?

**Bro:** What...?

**Ho:** I have female genitalia, but you know what I mean right?

**Bro:** No.

*Simpson Dining Hall:*

**Girl one:** Hey did you make a fort last night?

**Girl two:** Yeah, yeah I did.

**Girl one:** Did you also make my bed?

**Girl two:** Well...I felt bad about the fort so yeah I made your bed.

**Girl three:** I wish my roommate was that productive when she's high!

*Converse Laundry Room:*

**Girl:** "Did my prescription come in?... (yells) My birth control pills Mom! I'm getting anxious, I need them for Sunday!"

*Jeanne Mance Floor 2:*

**Boy:** My computer is the bride of sorrow. The very bust of pain itself. It is the essence of misery.

**Boy two:** Yeah fuck windows.

*Henderson Cafe:*

**Middle aged Woman:** I don't want a vagina lollipop!

*In line at the Marche, dinner rush:*

**Girl one:** I cut my finger on the washing machine.

**Girl two:** Great, now you have AIDS

## TA's

continued from page 1

In the past year, UVM's religion department lost two of its eight tenure-track positions. "Intro" sections that were traditionally capped at 43 students are now capped at 130. Each of these three sections has been paired with an undergraduate teaching assistant.

"This is a challenging time for the religion department as it attempts to address increasing demand for religion classes. The department is in a process of evaluating the relationship between their aims and the reality of the much larger teaching environments," said Kevin Trainor, religion department chair.

Other departments are trying to invent new ways to accommodate the highest enrollment rates in university history without hiring more faculty. There's a risk involved: student dissatisfaction.

Juliet Critsimilios, a sophomore at UVM who took a political philosophy course in the political science department last semester, wasn't impressed with her experience in a class with a UTA.

"He had to grade our homework, send us emails and actually write exam questions ... When we all had questions about our poor performance on the first exam, our professor basically blamed the TA," she said. "The majority of responsibility was entrusted to him, and that was, in my eyes, unfair both to him and to the students." ■

*Editor's note: Lea's article appeared in last week's issue of Seven Days Newsweekly under the title "UVM's recession Strategy? Bigger classes and more Undergrad Teaching Assistants."*

## feeling a little créatif?



the water tower is looking for creative writers and artists! Send your poems, stories, photos, and comics to

thewatertownews@gmail.com  
and share your masterpeices with the whole wide world!

# créatif stuffé.



Feeling a little *créatif*? Wishing *Vantage Point* was published more than once a semester? Well, now you can submit your creative writing, short stories, poems, drawings, black and white photos, and any other *créatif* things to the water tower's new section, **créatif stuffé**. Send your submissions to [thewatertownnews@gmail.com](mailto:thewatertownnews@gmail.com) by Tuesdays at 4:00.

## oblivion

by joshhegarty

Once, very long ago, when the world was young, there lived an Old God, whose name has been forgotten to time. He had lived for a very long time and was seven times married and seven times his brides died in childbirth. Each of his children died in heartbreaking ways. When the last of his children passed away, the Old God decided he had had enough. He no longer wished to exist, but he was too old of a god to die.

And so, he walked to the top of the world, through jungles and deserts and oceans and ice fields until he came to the mountain of the Wise One. He spent a year climbing the mountain and came to a temple. He entered the temple and spent another year walking towards the main chamber. At last he was greeted by the Wise One, who said, "I know why you've come here and I can help you. But I warn you that the path is more difficult than anything that has ever been done."

"I am an Old God, one of the oldest. There is nothing I fear and nothing I want more than to escape this world," he replied.

"Well then, tonight you shall rest and in the morning your journey will begin," said the Wise One as the Old God fell asleep.

"I am an Old God, one of the oldest. There is nothing I fear and nothing I want more than to escape this world," he replied.

As the sun rose, the Old God woke to find that he was no longer in a temple or on a mountain, but on a small island with no other land in sight. The Wise One looked down towards him and said, "We are on the Island-That-Is-Not. From here you must swim until you are to the point of drowning, and then the Shore-That-Time-Forgot will appear before you and you may stop your swimming. Then you must walk until you are the point of exhaustion and the Tree-With-No-Apex will appear. You must climb the tree until you reach the top, where you will find the City-Between-The-Cosmos. Within the city you must find the House-With No Entrance. Within the house there is a door. And this door leads to nowhere and nowhen. This door leads to oblivion. But you must be cautious, for if you do not believe that the exit lies within the door, the exit will not be found. If any fiber of you wishes to exist, then every part of you will continue to remain in our world of somewheres and somewhens. So you must not doubt or you will be doomed."

The Old God stepped into the water and thanked the Wise One. Then he turned and began to swim. In no time at all, the Island-That-Is-Not was gone. The Old God continued to swim for a year until finally his head fell below the water. When he raised his head again, he saw the Shore-That-Time-Forgot.

He began to walk and soon the shore was far behind him. He continued to walk for another year until at last he collapsed. When he raised his eyes to the sky, he saw the Tree-With-No-Apex and began to climb.

He climbed and he climbed, and he did not rest, for there were no branches to rest on; the tree was simply one long trunk. He continued to climb until he passed the Moon, who offered him a place to rest. He thanked her for her generosity, but declined the invitation for he had much climbing to do. He climbed further until he came to the Sun, who also offered him a place to rest. Again he declined and he continued to climb until he felt that he would die, even though he knew he couldn't. When he had climbed for a year the Old God reached the top and found himself within the City-Between-The-Cosmos.

He began to search the city for the House-With-No-Entrance. He looked everywhere that he could, but he did not find it. He checked under every stone, behind every shadow, within every well and above every rooftop, but he found no houses without entrances. He searched high and low and far and wide and every point in between. He continued his search for a year, looking again and again where he already knew that the House could not be, until that was precisely where the house was.

Then the Old God struck the House-With-No-Entrance, hoping to break a door into it, but the house did not creak or crack or budge or break. So the Old God struck the house again and again until tiny cracks started to appear. He continued to strike until the cracks grew larger and larger into fissures and gaps. After a year of continuous assault, the front of the house fell open and the Old God stepped inside.

At last he saw the door to oblivion. He opened it and he thought of his seven brides and his seven children all in their graves and he wished that he did not exist. If there were other things that could be felt, he knew nothing of them for every piece of him wished only that it were not. He stepped through the door and was no more. The moment this happened his seven brides were no longer dead, for they had never gone through the childbirths which had ended their lives, and his seven children were never born, because no child can truly be without father. History rewrote herself so that the Old God had never been a part of the world. She nearly succeeded too, for none now remember him save the Wise One, but he does not answer to time, or history, or even death for that matter. The Wise One concerns himself only with oblivion and those that find it, for they are the ones that no other knows about and his Wisdom could not be complete without knowledge of such things. There are many, many things that the Wise One knows about that time and history will never know again: those that are forgotten, those who have reached oblivion. ■

## vestirse

by julietcritsimilios

Should I curl my hair tonight?  
Is it too cold for a dress?  
What color do I feel like wearing?  
God I'm such a mess.  
Are my leggings in the laundry?  
Did I bring my heels from home?  
Do I have a ride back from downtown?  
I don't want to walk alone.  
Where did my fake ID go?  
Did the party start at nine?  
Does this bra look ok?  
Yea, my boobs look fine.  
Where is my makeup bag?  
Do I look super slutty?  
Should I bring my debit card?  
Ugh I have no money.  
Can I borrow this?  
Do you think I should change?  
You want to wear what now?  
No, I think that looks strange.  
Can we start pregaming?  
Did someone roll a joint?  
Does my ass look huge?  
Well, I guess that's the point.  
We're going to Pearl Bev?  
Is that the only stop?  
Oh is that a mirror?  
Damn, I do look hot!

## the rabbit deity

by laurynschrom

Throughout our adult lives, my grandfather and I have always had a very complex relationship with rabbits. You see, my granddad maintains a small garden plot at the edge of his property and the little creatures have a habit of stealing his vegetables. Now, I know that it's a simple truth in life that if you have been growing lettuce or carrots, then there will be plenty of rabbits nearby to collect the legumes of your labors. But my grandfather just doesn't seem to be able to understand that.

Many a time I've seen him enraged and stomping around the cabbage patch at two a.m., wearing only his pajama trousers and a look of pure evil upon his face. He's always brandishing his shotgun in his hand like it's some sort of club, because when it comes right down to it, he can't shoot anyway: he has terrible aim. This is because my grandmother refuses to let him target practice on the neighborhood squirrels. Needless to say, he never catches anything.

Oh, yes, there have been some near misses, but at the end of it all I strongly suspect that the rabbits are smarter than he is, since the one time when we thought he had caught something, it turned out that the victim was only playing dead. Before it left it nipped him on the nose, leaving behind a rabbit-imprint scar of the creature's two front teeth. The incident is a shame that my grandpa has never lived down, and is the reason why my grandmother and I have since made it our habit to remove the bullets from his weapon each night. It still doesn't stop him though, and I am afraid to say that he is drastically committed to destroying the rabbits that have taken up residence in our garden.

Then came the fateful night my destiny came to me: the idea that I, Jim Brooks, was to be the savior of the rabbits. I dreamt that they were dancing around me and cheering, while I held a few of their number triumphantly in the air. I knew at once that it was my destiny revealed. Either that or a leftover nightmare from the shellfish I had eaten the night before, but still I figured it was the former. In any case, I decided it would have to be up to me, Jimmy, to end my grandfather's unwitting reign of terror, one step at a time.

The Day of Judgment came quickly, quicker than I thought it would. We were kneeling among the lettuce heads, harvesting cauliflowers and carrots from the wet earth.

"Ya see, Jim, you've just gotta be observant about it, and then you can go for the kill," my grandfather was saying, but I wasn't listening. I wasn't listening because the spirit of a giant rabbit had appeared before me, like some golden deity, only this one was pure white. He was wearing a suit and vest over his rabbit body. I wondered for a second if I was going insane. And when he spoke, I was surprised, because, believe me, for a giant, suit-clad rabbit, he had a very frightening voice. I looked around. It appeared that only I could see or hear him.

"Jim!" he boomed, "we mean no disrespect to your dreaded grandfather and his firearms. But our people starve. It has been too long ere we have been able to survive off the feral bounty of this land. It is all fully housed and developed, and your grandfather's plot is all we have left. Quick! Save your brethren, who are only trying to feed their families off of those carrots yonder."

I looked to my left and noticed the telltale sight of two fluffy white rabbit tails disappearing into the nearest bush. They didn't move from there; I could see them, and if I listened hard enough I thought I could hear them breathing. They were well within my range to kill, and the range of my grandfather. I could've grabbed them right then and there, and made short work of them, and we could have had rabbit stew for dinner. But I didn't. They were just hungry. I thought I understood them better now. So I let them go. And as I saw them turn slowly away, I thought I could see one of them wink.

Perhaps I was just dreaming, or perhaps I am truly crazy. But all I know is, I saved some rabbits' lives last week. And someday I expect them—and their deity—to return the favor. ■

## panorama

by lizcantrell

panorama  
a hum, a whir  
faces pass  
shadowy corners in my peripheral  
nothing finite  
all shapes, all guesses a hit or miss  
not really looking  
simply letting impulses, sensory moments  
absorb into my skin  
settle under the surface  
just another day

German Bear Wrestling with alextownsend

You know we're all controlled by society, right?



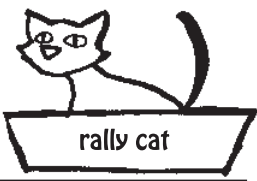
You're hopelessly trapped by the world's expectations.



Hey, are you listening? Stop enjoying your life!



# cat litter.

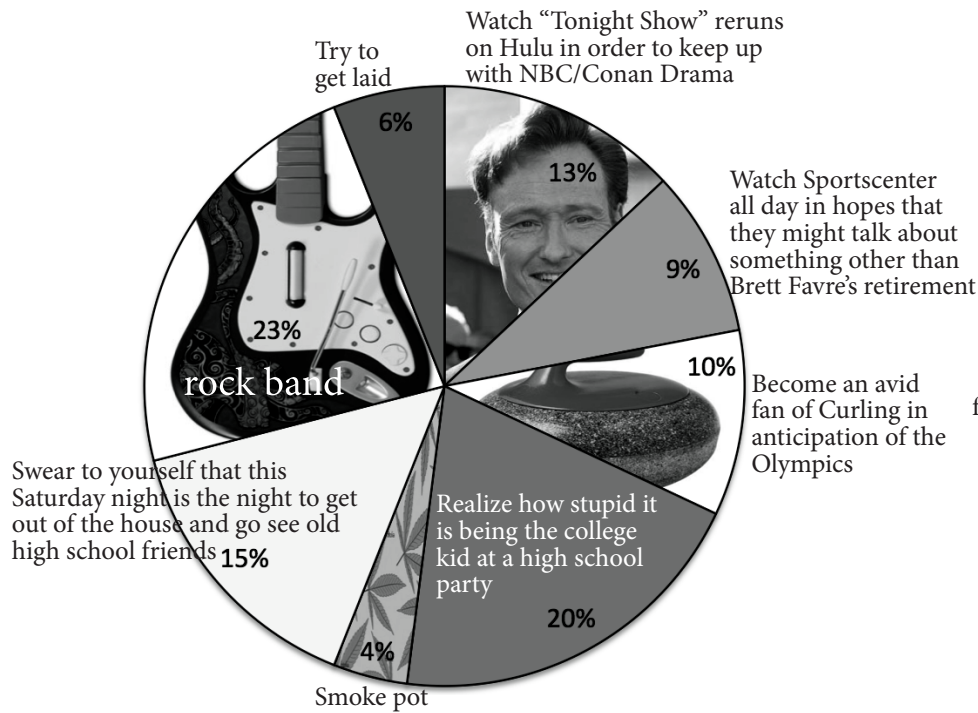


by mac smith, juliet critsimilios, george loftus, and greg francesca  
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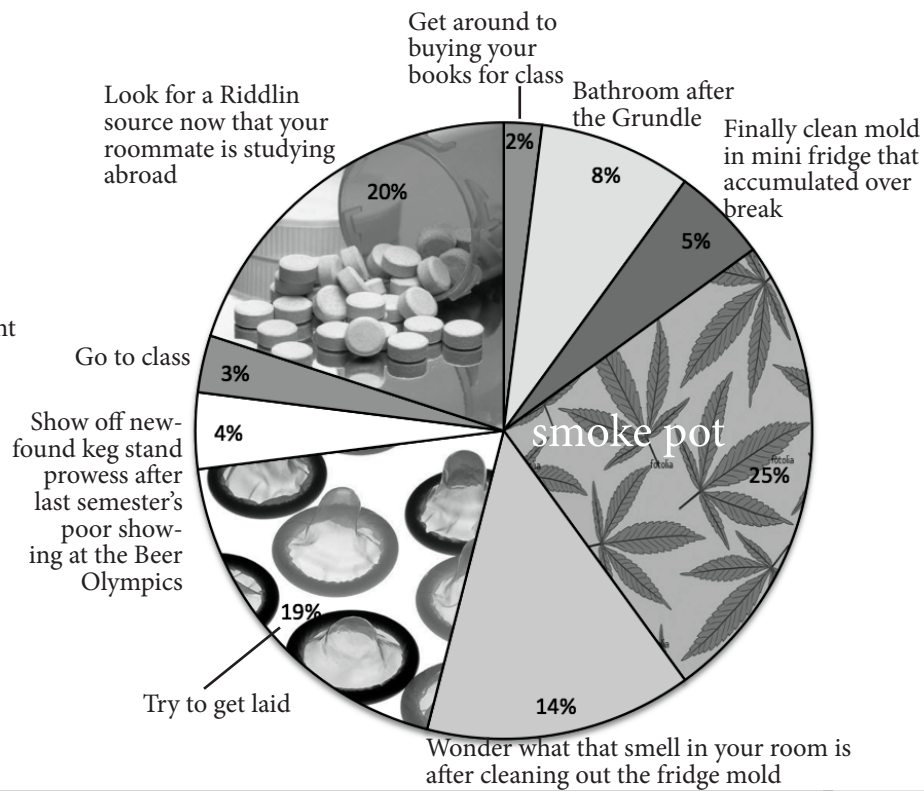
## WT's visual guide to your priorities

After extensive research, **the water tower** has compiled an exhaustive list of activities students found vitally important over break, and compared them with things they find vitally important right now. What you are about to find will probably not shock you at all.

### priorities during break



### priorities now



## tunes.



## oh, little wayne!

by jeremyklein

On "One Way Trip," from his latest album "Rebirth," Lil' Wayne likens himself to Michael Jordan, a comparison that actually makes some sense. For those who do not know, Michael Jordan was one of, if not the best, to ever play the game of professional basketball. Lil' Wayne on the other hand, while not the greatest rapper of all time, is well regarded as one of, if not the best rapper rapping today. This comparison can be pursued further.

After dominating the sport of basketball for about nine years, winning multiple championships and Most Valuable Player awards, Jordan retired from the sport to try his hand at baseball. Long story short, it didn't work out, and he eventually returned to basketball. He also tried his hand at acting in the (amazing when I was seven) Looney Toons movie "Space Jam". He has not acted since. Lil' Wayne similarly has had some missteps in his career. One was felony gun possession. The other was trying to make a rock album titled "Rebirth."

I guess you can't blame Wayne for trying. After releasing "Tha Carter III," a hugely successful hip-hop album both critically and commercially acclaimed, why not take a crack at another genre? The result of this experiment: not the worst thing ever committed to tape, but still pretty awful. First off, Lil' Wayne is about ten years too late to the "rap rock" party. Bands like Limp Bizkit are no longer relevant and bands like Linkin Park have shed the rapping aspect to their music. The audience for this type of music does not really exist anymore, so it's a

wonder as to why this album would even be attempted. As far as the music on the album goes, it is rock, but it isn't anything groundbreaking. It largely panders to cliché hard rock, classic rock and punk rock tropes.

Something that cannot be denied however, is Lil' Wayne's rap skill. His raps are delivered with so much fury, it borders on ridiculousness. But, his delivery does work, and songs like "Drop the World," where he actually raps, end up being pretty decent. Then there are the songs where he decides that he has to sing. Lil' Wayne cannot sing at all. He can rap, and he can speak angrily ("One Way Trip"), but he cannot sing. So what does that mean? Auto-Tune, and lots of it. Again, for those who do not know, Auto-Tune is and audio technology that corrects pitch in vocal performances, i.e. what makes T-Pain sound so damn cool. It is also the bane of music's very existence. Sure it sounds cool and it makes for a mildly humorous Bud Light Super Bowl commercial, but overall it just goes to exemplify how lazy and artificial some music has become. Lil' Wayne makes liberal use of it on "Rebirth". He sounds cheesy and hollow. Not that Wayne singing *sans* Auto-Tune would probably sound much better, another testament to why this album should never be made at all.

"Rebirth" is terrible. However, it is far from the album that will ruin the career of Lil' Wayne. The fact alone that he could even make this album in the first place goes to show to how much power the guy has. ■

## shuffle.

with julietcritsimilios

## midterms

We know. It's already that time of the year again. Midterms are on their way, whether we're hungover or not. Studies show that classical music helps students focus and perform better on tests after studying while listening to it. The *New York Times* explains that classical music affects "college students as well as pre-school and elementary-school children." There's a reason these guys have been around so long, and, maybe, they'll help you do better on your exams.

### The 4 Seasons

Antonio Vivaldi

### Rondo Alla Turca

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

### Symphonic Dances-Op 45

Sergei Rachmaninoff

### Symphony Number 2 in C

Robert Schumann

### Adagio; Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus

Ludwig VanBeethoven

### Waltz in D Flat Major

Frederic Chopin

### Clair De Lune

Claude Debussy

### Rite of Spring

Igor Stravinsky

### Andante from Clarinet Concerto

Aaron Copland

### 1812 Overture

Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky

the essence of MCS, it is, as Austin Powers would say, "Their bag baby." They know how to make it work, and they flaunt the fuck out of it.

It's not all brilliant though. Some of the tunes suffer terribly from what I believe is a loss of a poetic muse. When Justin sings of his drug/alcohol binges, and the girls breaking his heart, he rocks. But "Mother-fuckers" and "History Lesson" seem to have been cranked out last minute onto an album with a deadline. Although really catchy, the cheap chorus

## your weekly WRUV music review



with emilylozeau & brianreid

**Porcupine** The Trouble With You (Blue Worm Records)  
This album is a blast from your 90s past. Straight forward alt. rock, catchy hooks and an eerie similarity (sometimes) between the lead singer's voice and Ozzy Osbourne (pre mumbling mess). Sweet to sing along to!  
*For Fans of: Apple In Stereo, Dinosaur Jr*

**Woodpigeons** Die Stadt Muzikanten (Boomba)  
The third release from this eight piece Canadian band. You can definitely hear all the eight members on every song, very orchestral and sweeping. The album starts off very slow and ends slow as well, but in the middle there are some promising tracks that are good solid pieces of indie pop. Sort of sugary, but not overly sweet.  
*For Fans of: Camera Obscura*

**The Art Museums** Rough Frame (Woodsist)  
Debut full length from Bay Area duo, and newest addition to the Woodsist label. This is filled with lo-fi, psychedelic, art rock. They use a lot of "hand clap" beats, but swear they would make hi-fi music if it was in the budget.

**Zeus** Say Us (Arts & Crafts)  
A pleasant indie pop rock album, with very clear classic rock influence. Hook heavy & lots of group vocals.  
*For Fans of: The Beatles, classic British rock, indie pop*

## motion city goes dino-mite!

by mikewhite

Pop-punk rockers Motion City Sound-track are back this winter with their fourth full-length album, *My Dinosaur Life*. MDL seems to be more in line with earlier works of Motion City rather than fitting the mold of their iconic *Even If It Kills Me* record. MDL's first tunes "Worker Bee" and "A Lifeless Ordinary" are reminiscent of earlier Motion songs such as "My Favorite Accident." Along with these get-your-heart-racing, attitude-amplifying punk rock medleys, Motion City delves into nerd-tastic lyrics that

could have been easily found on Weezer's blue album: "In early '99, I beat the Ocarina Of Time, I'm quite the legend in this town."

Some songs are actually optimistic, and if you're into MCS, you know this is a real rarity. However a lot of the album does fall into the "fantastically upbeat yet carrying references to terrible events in Justin Pierre's (Lead Singer) love life." "E.G. Stand Too Close," "Her Words Destroyed My Planet," "Pulp Fiction," "Worker Bee," you get the idea. This is

rhymes leave me feeling cheated, especially knowing what MCS is capable of arranging.

On the whole, it's great. The overwhelming catchiness of the tunes, and the unique style of Pierre come together to assemble a beauty of a pop punk record... Especially with the optional five bonus tracks that come with the special edition.

Right now it's topping my iTunes most played list, and there's no sign of it leaving. ■