



the water tower.

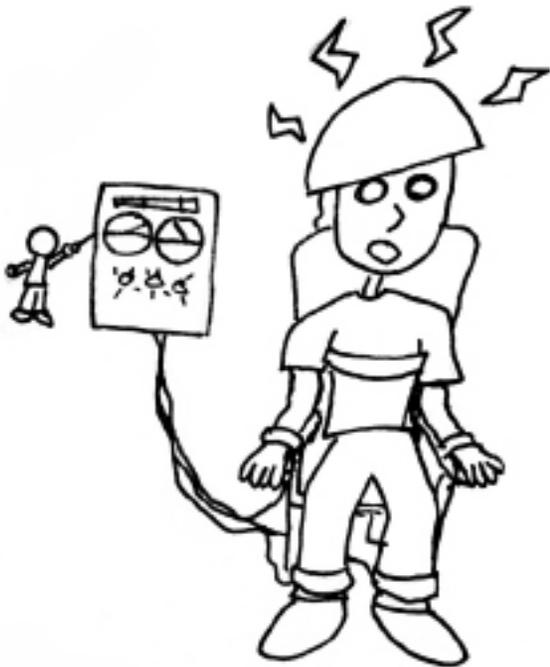
uvm's alternative newsmag

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

uvm is killin' it...

but what exactly is 'it'?



collin cappelle

by calebdemars

There is an infestation of mice sharing the walls with me in my lovely Loomis St. apartment. We are sweeping every day we feel like it and, per mom's request, spraying the counters with white vinegar. But alas they are ruthlessly pooping in our pots and scurrying across our ceilings. When we told our landlord, she immediately sent over a couple mousetraps that were meant to instantly end the lives of those little rodents with great big black eyes, and tiny feet fit for a . . . mouse. Unfortunately these mousetraps suck, and on more than one occasion we have walked outside to rid ourselves of yet another corpse and found, to our dismay, that the animals are still alive.

This brings us to the action that follows, and dare I say the bigger problem of why our generation is so messed up. As the little thing squirms away, one eye sadly bulging out of its head (the other always seeming to stare directly into my soul), I am forced to kill it. So why, my friends, as I raise my foot and say my vegetarian prayers, am I forced to remember that dude outside the library that insists on stating to the world, and his friends that he "just killed that test"?

Yes folks, what the hell is going on? Killin' (more appropriately: Killin') it. I know

you have heard it in nearly every setting of the college atmosphere. This is one of those freshly emerging phrases that defines our generation. Let us just run through some uses of this term looking directly to the voice of the students:

"That DJ: killin' it."

"Just got here from my house in 3 minutes: Killed it."

this is one of those freshly emerging phrases that defines our generation

"Just ordered five large pizzas from Domino's all with various toppings. They were all perfect; Domino's killed it."

"So just hit a possum that was crossing the road on my longboard. Killed it."

"Man I got to give a Spanish presentation on immigrants in Vermont, I think they are mostly from Canada."

"Don't worry, you're gonna kill it."

Now urbandictionary.com states: "Killin' it: performing at the highest level; ripping". That all makes sense except when a mouse pulls itself out of a trap built to end its life and the trapper is forced to literally kill it. Maybe I am performing to my high-

est level of killing, but can one really kill killin' it?

Take this scenario: several students were standing in front of the library the other day discussing the crude chalk abortion wars that littered our walkways for several days. As I casually eavesdropped on some of these said students I began to understand what they were talking about. Consider these lines that

are unfortunately terribly out of context: Student 1: "So if I had a baby in my stomach right now you would literally tell me that I need to go to Planned Parent-

hood, walk by those crazy people with the signs and go get an abortion?"

Student 2: "No I am just saying that you deserve the right to do that."

Student 1: "Okay so non-hypothetical situation, I do have a baby in my stomach, it's yours. I'm gonna get an abortion."

Student 2: "Oh shit, this is more intense than I thought."

Student 3: "Wait you have a kid in your belly? You killed it!"

Now let this be explained. Student 1 was trying to prove a point, Student 2 was as well. Student 3 used a phrase that put the

what's distracting us from wall street

by juliendarmoni

You know the story: this whole movement started with the banks. Coming off a boom period of remarkable economic prosperity, mid 2008 saw the financial sector in the United States seemingly implode on itself, Enron style, succumbing finally to the rampant greed, ineptitude and negligent dealings of the Ben Bernankes, the Henry Paulsons, and the Goldman Sachs on Wall Street. Then there was the maddening Newtonian physics of the tanking economy: for every newly destitute middle classer, there appeared to be an equally and oppositely affluent banker. Worse still, the law couldn't touch them, and the culprits rode off scott-free on some super-computer sophisticated constitutional loopholes. Swindling America out of its savings bonds wasn't deemed illegal-just strongly immoral. It was hammer time for the people who'd hammered America.

Enter Obama, the contender. Barack promised a complete Ba-rocking of Wall Street, and it seemed like his 2008 campaign trail was the boon antidote for a sick system. But then a curious thing happened: Obama caught the bug! All the people who originally joked the banking system got elected into political office-Larry Summers got a job, Ben Bernacke got a job, Timothy Geithner got a sweet job, and Obama's financial structure didn't seem so changified after all. If government was a basketball team, all the Pres. did was change the color of the jersey. And unfortunately, it was still a very posh shade of green.

So then after three years, America got fed up with inaction, and now everyone's talking about Occupy Wall Street. That's a good thing, cause this is a conversation worth having. But the problem with the Wall Street coverage is no one seems to know what the talking points are. When it started, the press consensus was that "OWS" was a bad job. They tried a black out: The NY Times didn't headline the rally until, after a week, they couldn't afford not to. Fox News enacted operation Ron Paul on operation Wall Street (i.e. ear muffs!), and even Jon Stewart seemed a little pre-occupied. The feeling seemed to be 'ignore it and it will go away.' But after a week of snowballing expansion, the story shifted: it suddenly became 'ignore it and it'll throw a trashcan through your window! Panic button!' We graduated from the hippie paradise of Zuccotti Park to the police dropping pepper spray bombs like hot pockets.

... read the rest on page 5

... read the rest on page 3

get inside me:

this is garbage by phoebefooks

panty melter by lizcantrell

orioles occupying arenas by tylermiles

spotify (take two) by joshhegarty

the best news team inbox in the universe.



Dear wt,

I'm writing to you in response to your unsettling front page article on exercise and its effects on the brain. You may feel as though you were doing the public a service by providing them with such valuable information. This information, valuable, top secret, information which until now was contained among an elite group of athletes. A group that rises with the sun or lack thereof in the dead of winter relinquishing the warmth beneath their down comforters to utilize the bitter cold morning hours: the UVM Track & Field team.

Some of you may not have been aware of our existence until the recent addition of our outdoor facility because we tend to fly under the radar. For years we've been avoiding crowds and humbly realizing the benefits of early morning training on the brain, often times before the majority of campus has encountered the ring of their first alarm. We've had a monopoly on these benefits and we are not exactly ready to share them. Call it selfish. Call it whatever you want. You've blown our cover. Just stay out of lanes 1 and 2.

Sincerely,
Concerned Tracklete

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

thewatertownews@gmail.com

the shit list with georgeloftus

Scientists- A survey of around 600 scientists was published this week. What on? Whether or not we should give up trying to rescue the panda from extinction. I wonder how many of those adorable bears died while these people while they convened and ate some camembert while sipping a moderately expensive glass of cab.

Twilight fans- A special screening in LA already has fans lining up for the final movie in the series. Is it? I don't know. I'm not a twelve year old girl, so I'm not really in the know on this one. Not that I wouldn't love to watch a movie where Kristen Stewart's mouth is perpetually open, and Robert Pattinson constantly whispers his responses... Sounds like a blast.

Penn State- Diddling kids, and Jo-Pa turning blind eye? Shocking. The man was basically a hero for the school and the fact that he is even tangentially involved in this scandal is disheartening and disgusting. And I don't even care about college football.

The Grundle- Students aren't allowed to use refillable mugs in the to-go section because Sodexo thinks it's unsanitary. How is it different than using non-refillable mugs? At least I can count on one hand how many people use my personal mug. Everytime I use one of their cups for a lil' chocolate milk I'm ostensibly making out with the 40,000 other people who touched that cup before me. And not in a good way.

Impending finals- Just because.

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Editorial Staff

the news in brief with georgeloftus

“Rehearsal is for fags.”

-**Brett Ratner**, would-be Oscar producer, and one-time decent director (*The Family Man* didn't suck, thanks Nic Cage <3) was asked to step down from the coveted Academy Awards position after this blunt statement, and also saying he made Lindsay Lohan take an STD test before bedding her. Have you seen him? Yeah fuckin' right he banged Lohan. Regardless of him losing this gig, we can all probably expect *Rush Hour 4* to be good. Series that go on to a fourth are usually good, right?

“I've been waiting for this for a long time.”

-**Roger Federer**, upon winning the Paris Masters for the first time in his career. He was surprised when he beat world no. 8 Jo-Wilfried Tsonga. Anyone who follows tennis was not. They were just shocked it came to a tie breaker in the second set. This marks this first person since Andre Agassi (read: Paul Pierce of tennis) to have both the Paris Masters title and the Open title at Roland Garros. Yes, they're two different things.

“...That ten-year myth has now evaporated.”

-**Tony Blair**, offering his insight on what European leaders are facing in attempting to solve the debt crisis in the Eurozone. Aside from having basically the same image as George W. Bush in England, Blair also has extensive experience with the Euro, welcoming the currency with open arms and joining the rest of the contine... Wait, no, they use pounds in England, my bad.

“There were no incidents and no shots were fired.”

-Chief of military police **Alberto Pinheiro Neto**, after clearing Rio de Janiero's slums in anticipation of the impending World Cup and Olympics. How were no shots fired? Does this mean *Fast Five* was fiction? I don't think I know what to believe anymore, the walls are spinning... Additionally, officers were offered a bribe, refused it, and arrested kingpin Antonio Francisco Bonfim Lopes in the process. Does this mean Rio isn't the Detroit of South America anymore?



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
Williams - Inside Steps
Online - uvm.edu/~watertwr

join the wt.
New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
Tuesdays at 7:30 pm
Chittenden Bank Room
Davis Center - 4th Floor
Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

spacious placement

by jamesaglio

Now I'm no Cynic. Never have been. Like any good Roman I'm a Stoic, or an Epicurean if I'm feeling frisky, but last week I chanced up a copy of UVMs other student publication and leafed through it. I noticed, and was upset and insulted by, one particular thing. On the front page were several articles discussing the various movements due to general dissatisfaction among the populus vermontis, which is all well and fine and certainly worth reporting on. However, deeper perusal of the paper allowed me to stumble across a small article on the middle of page 3 (what page is this on?) about a UVM professor working with Norwich and Saint Michael's staff to create a satellite to be launched into space and orbit the moon.

Orbit. The Moon. And not only that, the CubeSats, as they are called, are tiny robots that are capable of conducting a variety of experiments, including a lunar landing. How cool is that? Real damn cool is the correct answer, and that is why I take umbrage with its placement relative to the angry people with signs. This is the first time Vermont will have produced any sort of space instrument, which is pretty important, I'd say, and is the sort of thing that UVM, as a research institution, claims to pride itself on. And yet here it is, buried on page 3. But Mr. Aglio, you might say, people don't care about the moon cube and they do care about the DISSENT outlined on page 1, besides, the Cynic is just print-

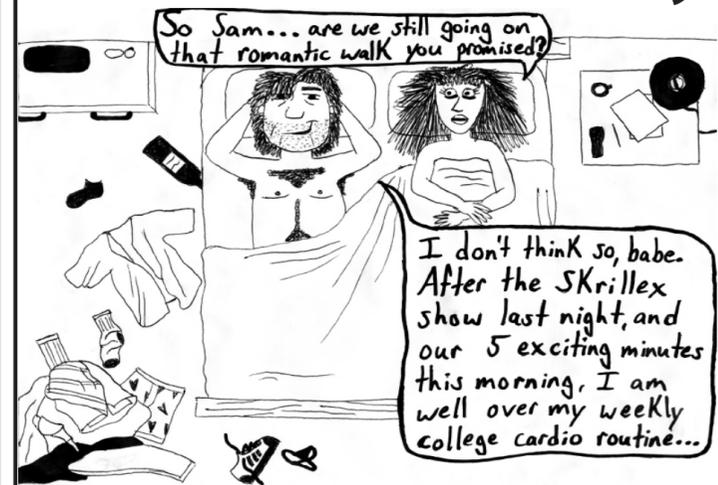
ing what people are interested in. And to that I say, "Harrumph."

But in honesty, my problem isn't with the Cynic, because the point that people want to hear more about the protesting is correct, and as the school's newspaper it is their job to print stories about what people want to read, but I guess that's the real issue I have. Why aren't people more interested in things like the moon satellite? I mean, sure, the various protests that are currently occurring are important, and momentous, et cetera, and I won't claim that they aren't. In fact, I am incredibly interested in human conflict and confrontation, so I find the stuff that's happening right now to be fascinating. But really, they're only protests. Protests happen all the time. And while I'm not saying they aren't worth covering, I am saying that I think they should have been subordinate to stories like the satellite one.

And why? Because of what it represents. Along with Deep Sea exploration and the sequencing of the human genome, Space research is one of the single greatest products of human ingenuity that has ever been. It may not be super useful to everyday life beyond the many, many products that have been developed as part of research, but that's sort of the point. Beyond memory foam and various pseudo-imperialistic messages of dominance, space travel is the embodiment of the human element surviving in most extreme conditions. Its

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



College Cardio (*noun*): The only exercise that the average UVM student gets: womping to dubstep and having sex.

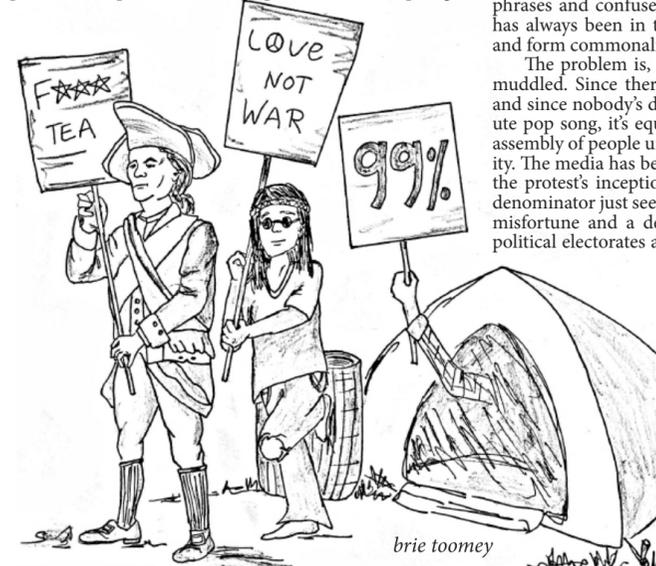
use may be basically nonexistent, but that doesn't matter because it isn't about use, it's about doing the undone. Man explored space largely for the same reason that Mal-

lory climbed Everest, "Because it's there." The fact that my University is taking steps to become part of that tradition makes me proud. Studiis et Rebus Honestis. ■

WALL STREET - continued from page 1

Suddenly, Oakland's dropping actual bombs (well, all right, smoke bombs), and now Bill O' Reilly's talking about anarchy in the streets. What the hell is going on?

It's a little hard to tell. But here's my take: there are a couple thousand protestors mixed up in the national spotlight



right now and some of them got a little nervous. In terms of ratios, the deal's still pretty sweet: you've got about 3,000 non-violents for every one Oakland delinquent. There's probably a fair amount of non-partisan homeless peppered in the streets, but I mean, they're homeless- they've kind of always been in the streets, and they were certainly here way before Fox News started electing them spokesmen for a generation. For every anarchist in Oakland, there's a police officer with a clip full of rubber bullets, and likewise, for every crooked officer in Oakland, there's a decent cop in NY working his beat and doing overtime.

You know what this protest reminds me of? Every other

protest, ever, in the history of protesting. Everybody's talking about federation, regulation, tarnation, infiltration, supervision, equivocation; sure, it's a mess, but maybe all they are saying is give equity a chance. Consider the following: even John Lennon's classic summation of late 60's turbulence was essentially just a jingle-jangle of mixed phrases and confused sentiments. The beauty of protests has always been in their ability to unite disparate voices and form commonalities among masses.

The problem is, this particular message is a little too muddled. Since there really isn't a spokesman for OWS, and since nobody's distilled the zeitgeist into a three minute pop song, it's equally possible that OWS is merely an assembly of people unified by a collective sense of inequality. The media has been pushing for a party line ever since the protest's inception, but as of right now the common denominator just seems to be mutual frustration, common misfortune and a desperate desire to effect change that political electorates are apparently unable, or unwilling to do. Unfortunately, that's a cause that, on the surface, seems to bear a thousand faces, none of which is very marketable, and none of which gains them much ground.

So far, if you want a t-shirt, you've got to settle for "We are the 99%." At it's core, that's a statement bemoaning disproportionate stations in life, but it's not a policy that screams "here's our problem, here's our solution." To give a contrast, Vietnam had a pretty blatant agenda: end the war! They were protesting behind the absolute morality of anti-violence, anti-war, peace, love, and flowers. The French Revolution had a similarly clear purpose: off with his head! The American Revolution had "taxation without representation," and the

Libyans had Gaddafi. While those were by no means simple problems, they were sensibly marketed strategies with clear and concise mission statements. OWS suffers from a relative lack of perception. It's easy to empathize with the protestors' outrage, but it's not always clear what they're trying to accomplish.

And unfortunately, losing sight of OWS' heart beat amidst the sturm and drang of the Oakland kerfuffle, the drum-circling Zuccotti Park hippies, and the seemingly endless disseminations of indiscriminate pepper spray isn't exactly difficult. It's easy to condemn the movement as headless and confused when the press is running stories like "Justin Bieber Less Popular Than Occupy Wall Street On Twitter" or "Oakland on Fire," or "Kanye West Speechless at Zuccotti Park." When the media galvanizes every misfortune or oddity, the 99% seem more disorganized than ever, and when the average American latches onto those paparazzi-level tabloids, the bankers' malfeasance gets pushed a little further from our collective consciousness. At its heart, the protests are about a lack of influence, the lamentation that majority public opinion does not translate into lawmaking, even when that public opinion seems backed by the law books themselves. But unfortunately, the biggest obstacle in OWS' way isn't tackling the financial oligarchy backed up by the White House pay roll; it's attempting to define what exactly they want done in the first place.

But here's what the movement is doing: growing. Matt Taibi of Rolling Stone seems to think that's a virtue in and of itself, and within the ever expanding masses, there is in fact a brain trust working on drawing up a constitution of sorts. Every large-scale event organized by the protestors is filtered through a central coalition of leaders called the General Assembly, who sanction or red light proposals and pass them on to the rest via social networking. The hope is that they can map out something soon for middle America to latch onto. Otherwise, the movement is in danger of instability and, potentially, implosion. (Enron style). ■

A Note from Alex Buckingham with Occupy Burlington ... Shortly after 2:00pm Thursday afternoon Josh, a 35-year-old veteran and Occupy Burlington activist, shot himself. He was taken to Fletcher Allen Hospital where, a few hours later, he passed away. This tragedy is a grave loss to our community and to our movement. Josh was a veteran, a worker, and an un-housed member of our community. We don't yet know the details surrounding his death; we don't know why he decided to take his own life. We do know that his death is an indictment not on our movement, but on everything that our movement is fighting against. It is an indictment on the system of the one percent, a system that tolerates homelessness while foreclosed homes lie vacant, that fails to prove our communities with the resources and the mental-health-care services we need.

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

reflections.

this is garbage!

by phoebefooks

Nearly three months after my entrance into this institute of higher learning, I've come to the conclusion that the best part about college is the breaks between classes. Unlike the four-minute race between periods in high school, which always, ALWAYS made me late for English, in college you can literally do anything during these one to four hour blocks. Literally. You can grab a bite at the Marketplace, pick up the newest copy of **the water tower**, sleep, study, pretend to study, rob a bank, compose a symphony, cataMOUNT a freshman, or just chill out in your dorm.

Chillin' is what I usually do on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. I usually do some homework and then I usually dance around to David Byrne half-dressed while my roommate is gone. On my way out the door I usually grab a banana to munch on because I'm oh-so-exhausted from shakin' it and, after all, I'm a "college student" so I like to think I'm healthy like that. I finish the banana somewhere along my walk from Athletic Campus to Main Street and usually I'm left with the inevitable result of eating such a fruit: the banana peel.

Thus my search begins for a trash receptacle. I cross Main. I pass the Davis Center and I pass Bailey Howe. I pass Wills, Buckham, and Chitty. I'm at the Fleming Museum (location of my class) and for Christ's sake I still haven't seen a trashcan. Oh sure, I missed the ones outside the Marché and the ones on the library steps... and



katharine longfellow

apparently there are some closer to Chitty but detours like those would have made me late for class. I'm only human.

I've learned from my banana routine that there is a trashcan just inside Fleming (most of the time) where I can toss my peels. However, each cross-campus commute I spend carrying a banana peel over its entirety discourages me. My

hand gets sticky. My hand gets cold. And with coffee in my other hand I can't even smoke a cigarette to feel better about myself. Woe is me! Plus it's one of those routine walks on which I see a lot of the same people who probably recognize me as the girl always carrying a banana peel and scowling.

I would say, "What the hell, UVM?" but I'm pretty sure I already know what's up. Have you ever seen a trashcan on campus without a recycling bin and/or compost bin nearby? Have you ever seen a longboarder without a flannel? Have you ever seen a biddy without... well... another biddy? Nope. It's pretty clear that UVM prioritizes recycling over convenience. Are we surprised? Well, not really. What's surprising might be the rumor that the dining halls hardly ever recycle or compost anything because students do such a poor job sorting their trash. Actually, this isn't very surprising either. Ho hum.

If anyone wants to start a littering strike, HMU. ■

party ideas for FREEZING FRESHMAN

by shannonward

Those of you who were outside for a certain half hour on a certain day last week probably noticed that it hailed pretty hard core. I got caught in it, and it sucked. I vowed right then and there to never go outside again. "But what will this new, interior lifestyle do to my social life?" I worried. So, as soon as I got home I started brainstorming ideas for parties that can be

had entirely indoors. That means no wandering the streets of Burlington, no waiting for the drunk bus, no 3AM runs to KKD, just staying in your dorm and bonding with your floor. If you host events like these, you can stay in, and you can stay partyin'!

- 1. Polar Bear Party:** Ok, admittedly this one involves going outside. But nothing says "bonding" like suffering almost unendurable pain together as a floor. Strip your clothes off, run out in the snow, and feel your friendships grow stronger! Then feel your fingers shrivel up and fall off.
- 2. Microwave Potluck:** Everyone has to bring a homemade dish. Cereal doesn't count, unless it's Lucky Charms. Or Count Chocula. Count Chocula's ok. Actually Count Chocula is really good. You know what? How about everyone just bring some Count Chocula. That'd be so much better. I'm changing the name of this party.
- 3. Count Chocula Party:** There we go.
- 4. Blacklight Party:** Replace every single light source in your room with a blacklight. Ceiling lights, desk lamps, laptop screens, everything! Then just kind of, I don't know, sit and enjoy it.
- 5. Hop Parties:** Everyone in your entire fucking dorm squeeze into one room that is already filled with the beds and desks and dirty laundry of the people who live there. Then crank the music and DANCE. But, to avoid giving everyone around you black eyes, it's probably better to just hop.
- 6. Spend-all-fucking-day-in-the-Grundle Party:** This will not be a good day. You will regret this day.
- 7. Howe-sin Party: Ragin' in Bailey-Howe!** This one doesn't require going outside because you already spend all of your fucking time in the library already. Midterm season is over but the teachers didn't get the memo, and finals are right around the corner. So get high on caffeine, make some sick power points, some fly flashcards, and show all your fellow feverish, stressed-out students that you know how to PARTAY!!!

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8. Clean Your Dorm Party: Take what usually happens to a dorm on a Saturday night, and do the opposite. ERASE crude drawings of penises on the wall. Treat the water fountain with RESPECT, and feel your dorm start to respect you back.

Now I realize that in the days following this freak hailstorm the weather has been outlandishly nice. Even as I write this, I am sitting in a beautiful, sunny, 60 degrees grassy area of Central Campus. Next week it'll probably be 90 and balmy! But keep this list handy because there could be an avalanche. It's really a toss-up. ■



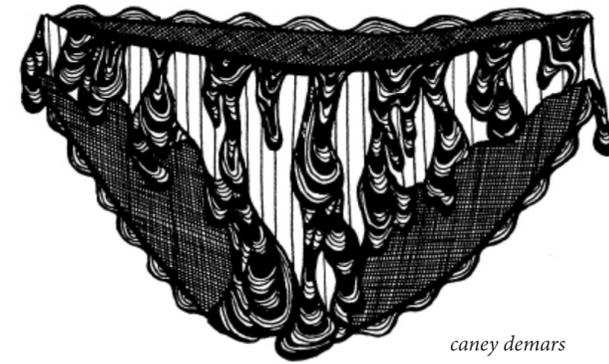
"damn, look at that panty melter!" um, excuse me?

by lizcantrell

I came home last night to a surprise waiting for me on my bed. No, it wasn't a sexy someone, unfortunately. It was the December issue of *Cosmopolitan*. First of all, cheers for magazine subscriptions. Remember the days of *Nickelodeon Magazine*? Better times, for sure. Second, while *Cosmo* gets a bad rep for telling women how to "please their man" and having bad statistics ("2/3 men agree they find it hot when you wear overalls to bed"), sometimes it does have some decent articles about women's issues. Looking to distract myself from my to-do list, I flipped through.

Cosmo rarely surprises me. But this time, I was genuinely confused and a little shocked by one of the terms used to describe a man in the "red-hot read", which is the small erotic story at the end of the magazine. The story labeled the lead male, Sawyer, a "total panty melter". If that doesn't give you pause, then you either watch too much porn or have been desensitized to the point where you should just stop reading. But if, like me, your interest was piqued by the term, read on.

Naturally, I had to know: what the fuck is a panty melter? Urban dictionary did have an entry: "*Noun*. An extremely attractive male, so hot he literally causes the panties of a female to melt". The alternative definition was: "A car, song, band or anything that makes a women so hot you



caney demars

watch her panties melt and become a puddle beneath her feet." Oh, of course. How could I be so ignorant? Apparently when Lil Jon said, "let me play with your panty line" what he really meant was, "perhaps I might liquefy your undergarments so as to remove them from your body?" Well why didn't he just say *that* then?! A true panty melter wouldn't bother with metaphors when he could get right to the point.

I think the question burning on everyone's minds is "How does one melt a panty, exactly?" Microwave on high? Apply liber-

al heat until pliable? Or is it really that the male in question is just so absolutely lust-worthy that the woman's undergarments simply say "off we go!"

Cosmo must be getting desperate. Using words like "total smokeshow", "hottie", and "Rico Suave" is one thing. I'd be willing to settle for "panty peeler" because at least it implies some sense of control and desire for both parties (credit for the term "panty peeler" goes to georgeloftus, our resident expert. See iwysb for proof). But "panty melter" is a whole new level. I doubt even

Fabio would be comfortable with such a label, and I'm willing to bet he knows his way around a panty or two. Describing the guy in such a way implies that the woman has no say in the matter and that the man has to exert no effort in obtaining her. This is not something *Cosmo* should be promoting. America's number one sex advice magazine has come light-years since days of old, when the suggestion given was "give your man some space after a long day at work and serve him a nice, hot meal. Then make sweet love". The "panty melter" isn't exactly bringing us back to those times, so no need to start a petition.

All I'm saying is, ladies: defy the panty melter! Even if the term applies to your situation, have some respect for your undergarments. If they're lacy and racy then they probably cost a pretty penny. Or if you're French, you spend 20% of your income on lingerie (another statistic!) so you better get some damn good use out of them instead of flinging them carelessly into a puddle at your feet.

Oh, and the "red-hot" read itself? Please. As Kristen Cavallari once said, in reference to a hookup's sexual prowess, "It was very *vanilla*, if you will". What does that poignant phrase mean? It means I've read more scintillating and arousing prose in the pages of *The Cynic*, and that's saying something. ■

got a question? ask the cat lady!

by thecatlady



rachel bennett

Dear Cat Lady,
I haven't slept in three days and I have another paper due tomorrow. What do I do?

Sincerely,
Sleepless

Dear Sleepless,
Homework is always a total time sucker and can really cause a lot of sleep deprivation. However, sleep is a crucial ingredient in studying, being productive, and learning. My advice would be to try napping. It's incredible how much a simple catnap once a day can help clear your head and prepare you for more work. An important note however is to make sure that your nap is at least one hour or less. Oversleeping can lead to more exhaustion, which is clearly something you would not like to meddle in. After napping, get back to work. Don't procrastinate, be productive, and get your work done. This weekend try not going out for a night. Instead, get a good early night's rest to fully revitalize. Hope this helps.

Sincerely,
The Cat Lady
P.S. Don't take pills to overcompensate for your lack of sleep and energy. If your body is naturally telling you that you're exhausted, then sleep. Chemical aids are for people that are prescribed to them, not for cramming and paper writing. ■

KILLIN' IT - continued from page 1

whole conversation into a light that is truly disturbing. Whether any of them are pregnant is beyond me.

The question here is not whether abortion should be legal or not. That's obvious: some dudes with a couple of electoral votes sitting in a room have about as much right to decide the fate of a woman's life as I have excluding after a day on campus that "I am starving." The problem is that we as a generation are okay with expressing our passion or discontent with such horrid words like "killing it" or phrases relating us to being on the brink of death due to

a severely mild case of malnutrition.

Recall the rise in our desensitization of the rape culture by using phrases like "That test literally raped me." As a culture, the relaxed atmosphere that is beginning to surround violence is no longer one that can go unaddressed. Someone once said: "sticks and stones may break my bones but words will never hurt me." They were and still are so very wrong. The word, a weapon that cannot merely hurt one individual but brand an entire generation as insensitive and downright inconsiderate.

This problem needs to be faced because the truth is, ladies and gentlemen, when you are sitting around the table with your grandmother, and she says that she made the mashed potatoes and stuffing, I am going to go ahead and guarantee that she will not want you to ruin the mad-chill vibes around the table by saying "Grandma, you just killed this meal with your own two hands now didn't you?" ■

reflections.



how i saved thanksgiving dinner (without a red nose)

by lauragreenwood

Holidays are a tossup for most people. There are those people who get so into the season they must adopt every aspect of their life towards holiday cheer, i.e. socks, nonstop listening to carols on the oldies radio station, or mass texts wishing people a great day (Oh, really, it's Christmas? Thank you for reminding me, I didn't even notice!). On the other hand, some people put on sunglasses and a

“holidays don't have to be an arduous event we fret over for months prior”

trench coat, and hunker down waiting for it to be over. Where is the perfect balance? I experimented last year with changing my usual holiday slump by taking on a completely new outlook.

Firstly, I come from a big family. No, I come from a colossal family. We are both big in numbers and in personalities. Organizing us makes herding cats seem simple. Major holidays throw my family into absolute freak-out mode. Last year, I noticed the usual holiday chaos begin to grow and grow. But I took a stand, I did not just sit by and watch as my mom sat flooded in dog-eared cookbooks, I did not listen quietly as our message machine filled with reminders from my Meme (French for grandmother for those of you not French enough to understand) that the turkey could fit in her oven, and I did not let the fever of Thanksgiving consume the beauty of this amazing holiday.

You could say I became Super-Host. I made every phone call to each relative. No matter how long the phone tag lasted, I made sure they knew I was on top of this shit and this holiday would be amazing. I told my cheap Aunt Mary that “yes you only have to bring cheese and crackers, that would be perfect.” I informed my unruly Uncle Gene that “beer will be made available, don't you worry.” It wasn't all nice though. As Super-Host and Most Thanksgiving Gung-Ho Representative, I also scolded people for not attending

and “trying to ruin my childhood memories” (feel kind of bad about that one still, Aunt June and company...see you at Christmas!).

I planned the entire menu. I fought with my mom to convince her that five pies were more than enough. My mother is a pie fiend, you see. We can't just have your basic apple and pecan pie. We also need blueberry, cookie dough, pumpkin, chocolate mousse, and any-sugary-fruit-combo pie. I love food, don't ever get that wrong, but our Thanksgiving produces enough food to feed us for the

next two weeks afterwards (and yes, my father makes sure we do eat all those leftovers in their entirety). The reason we always have so much food is because so many years past my Uncle David made a joke at my mother that ingrained itself into her internal Mom Handbook. One year, we ran out of green bean casserole and David, I quote, remarked “Geez, Becky, you trying to leave us hungry?” From then on I have never had a meal at my house that has not consisted of an extra ten servings. I shake my fork at you, Uncle David; it is you that makes me feel obligated to be a member of the Clean Plate Club.

On the day of Thanksgiving, I kicked hosting into high gear. I greeted, cooked, cleaned, served, seated, chatted, and cheered until all my holiday spirit was exhausted. That night I almost lost my love for this glorious holiday. Almost. It was all worth it though. My parents were able to sit and enjoy the entire meal for once and I got to boss my brothers around (a cherished experience for the youngest child).

Thanksgiving was brought back to its happy state, and it was all because I let the holiday whip my ass for a whole week straight. The night was salvaged and I was frazzled. Despite my state, I still enjoyed the annual Nintendo 64 Throwback Match against my cousins, still ate more than I could handle (shake fist to the sky), and was thankful.

Holidays don't have to be an arduous event

5. JennaMarbles:

Now Jenna Marbles is not a singer, but she is definitely a Youtube sensation. She's only had her channel for a year, but she has certainly had some quotes to be remembered. She basically just sits in front of her computer and talks, but she is fucking hilarious, so that's enough. She just recently moved to California, and made a video of her road trip there in which she repeatedly twirls on her butt in her ninja turtle backpack in front of famous landmarks. She's not afraid to say things that aren't usually said (“You keep on Hoin!”) or use original “hook up” lines (“Mary had a little let me rub your boobies”). So basically she's awesome, and a lot of people think so, including the creepy guy who somehow got an ad on her page that says, “I love you, Jenna,” over a picture of his face. She recently did a collab with Dom Mazzetti (because somehow all the Youtube stars know each other) who is somewhat of her male counterpart on Youtube and claims the phrase “#GetAtMe.”

3. Sam Tsui and Christina Grimmie:

Sam and Grimmie don't always work together, but their masterpiece, together or apart, is their collab on Nelly's “Just a Dream.” WATCH IT. Grimmie recently came out with a rather underwhelming iTunes album that doesn't live up to her stripped covers on her mini piano as she reads lyrics from her iPhone. Sam Tsui and his buddy Kurt just came out with a “Pop Medley 2011,” which racked up more than 1,200,000 views in the first five days. It's not quite as epic as DJ Earworm's “United State of Pop” from 2009, but it's pretty legit, and if you like the pop music of 2011, you should watch it.

1. Megan&Liz:

Megan and Liz Mace are fraternal twins from Michigan. They've been Youtubing for four years, and they are just beginning to get supa famous. They started out making scratchy covers in their kitchen, accompanied only by Megan's minimal guitar skills. Oprah saw one of their TSwift covers, “White Horse,” (where the phone rings in the last line of the song, but they just keep singing) and she surprised them with a personal call from Taylor Swift on her show, and an invitation to Taylor's concert. They've just recently moved up from photobooth cover vids in the kitchen to professionally made music videos of original songs with full instrumental accompaniment and directors. They quickly took advantage of their rising fame and made an anti-bullying song and video called “Are You Happy Now,” that was just played on E News. ■

we fret over for months prior. I'm not saying you need to go to the extreme lengths that I did to change the holiday routine, but I am saying that it really paid off. At the end of the night, I was thankful that I have such a huge, rowdy family to share these uncanny portions of food with. I never really appreciated that before. You should get the opportunity to appreciate the holidays in a new way by changing your usual routine. I'm not so sure about being Super Host this year, but I am sure that the holiday season is simple to endure and enjoyable if you never lose sight of the payoff that it brings. (daww so heartwarming) ■

orioles occupy opposing oligarch's arenas

by tylermiles

Emboldened by denying the Boston Red Sox a playoff berth with an epic victory on the last day of the season, Orioles fans have joined the Occupy movement. The long-suffering fan base has organized campouts inside the stadiums of their two deep-pocketed division rivals in what are being called Occupy Fenway and Occupy the House That An Angry Ohioan Freight-shipping Baron Built. They are protesting the financial inequity between their team and the pseudo-banks posing as baseball teams to the north.

Unlike their counterparts camping out in Zuccotti Park, Orioles fans have very clear demands. They are demanding that the commissioner implement a hard salary cap and that a rule be implemented forcing the Yankees and Red Sox to pick a random person from the stands to pitch the first three innings of every game they play against the Orioles.

6 Occupy Fenway participant and Baltimore native

Tom Wilkerson summed up the plight of those protesting in this statement. “People don't understand how hard it is to be a Baltimorean, I don't mean to be hyperbolic but you

“they are protesting the financial inequity between their team and the pseudo-banks posing as baseball teams to the north.”

know how the city is portrayed in “The Wire?” Well, it's probably a little bit worse than that in reality. On top of our baseball team sucking, our football team's Super Bowl hopes depend upon the performance of Joe freakin' Flacco, whom I wouldn't depend on to hand out Gatorade to the real players. Honestly the crab cakes are the only things

the top 5 up and coming youtube stars

by robintucker

If you don't frequent Youtube other than to watch an occasional video of people getting kicked in the balls or cracking their heads open, you're missing out on a whole world of music and social media. Now we all know that there are some bad covers out there on the world wide web, like, really bad, but don't let that

turn you away from watching the best of the best. Youtube has become a perfectly respectable and, if you're talented, effective way to get fans and fame as a singer/performer. So here is a list of a few of the most noteworthy Youtube stars (or stars to be) who deserve a second look.

4. Sophia Grace Brownlee:

This is a kind of a joke, but kind of not. Eight-year-old Sophia Grace put out a video in September of herself rapping and singing Nicki Minaj's “Super Bass.” It's really quite a sight: her and another little girl dressed in princess outfits with fake microphones, dancing around while Sophia busts out every word of Nicki's rap (with a few censored exceptions). This video has gotten more than 19,000,000 views and Sophia was invited on the Ellen show where she met and sang with Nicki Minaj. Maybe she'll be a one hit wonder, but I'm feeling a future of fame for this young star.

2. Gootmusic:

Alex Goot cranks out covers, and occasionally original songs, like nobody's business. He's a huge fan of that split screen technique that has become so popular these days; this means we get to see him singing at the same time as his sexy arm shots on just about every instrument you can think of. Goot did an excellent cover of Lady Gaga's “Born This Way,” (who didn't?) BUT he didn't cut out the crucial line in the song that lists the different identities the singer could be while still being “on the right track,” like so many other cover artists of this song did. Goot walks the hipster line with his black, thick rimmed glasses and ironic T-shirts (“I picture of an avocado, “Guac”) and I'm pretty sure he either secretly goes to UVM or has an identical twins who hangs out on the library steps.



eliza carver

sir richard's condoms: contraception for a cause

by sarahperda

College was invented so we could have a span of four years not to prepare for the “real world,” but rather so we could get all of our innermost, questionable-at-best desires out of our systems. Though we'd like to think we're world renowned for our unparalleled intelligence and school pride, we are simply stereotyped as hoologans. We college students are notorious for three things: having sex, doing drugs and drinking lots of alcohol. Although there is little to no good that can come of dousing your liver in ethanol and MDMA, your sexcapades now have the ability to be philanthropic. It may sound too good to be true, but it's the real deal—the masterminds of Sir Richard's Condom Company have found a way to combine sex with humanitarianism, and for this reason they should be known on every college campus.

Company founder Matthew Gerson started Sir Richard's in Boulder, Colorado after learning about the global shortage of free condoms upon reading Tracy Kidder's *Mountains Beyond Mountains*. Soon after this realization, Gerson created the world's first “sell-one give-one” condom company—for each Sir Richard's condom purchased, one is donated to a country in need; it's like TOMS shoes, but more...pleasurable. Only a fraction of the worldwide demand for condoms is met yearly, and because Sir Richard's believes safe sex is a basic human right, they are working to bridge the gap.

Though these condoms are slightly more expensive than popular brands, their additional benefits make them worth

the extra pennies. Sir Richard's has gone so far as to make the packaging 100% recyclable and the condoms themselves lack casein, making them vegan friendly—they're



katie gagliardo

in the New World at the peak of that blessed month, Noviembre sin Afeitarse, and let me tell you, my moustache made that scrub Columbus look like a little niña. We were shocked to find that the indigenous Aztec, who follow a heathen calendar far different from ours, were sporting beards the size of the queen's tits. We were astonished.” This global phenomenon has been perplexing anthropologists for centuries, and the general consensus is that No-Shave November pops up too frequently in humanity to be a mere coincidence.

Today, No-Shave November is ubiquitous, but now more than ever its motives and practices vary across the globe. The age-old debates of “Can beards be groomed or not?” “Can I shave my moustache if I have an interview or hot date?” and “Why the fuck are we doing this anyway?” cause just as many feuds and lynchings as they used to. But beards bring peace in other places. This month in our own Burlington, Vermont, a walk down Church Street will convince you that Bic forgot to ship us razors but sent us twice as many lighters instead. At this time of year, Vermont's pounds of facial hair per capita get eerily close to Vermont's bumper stickers per capita, a rate which is extremely high already. It's a sight to behold.

In many parts of America, No-Shave November is celebrated to raise awareness for prostate cancer and other male health problems with a feast of facial masculinity. Other Americans have other interpretations. Many members of PETA, for example, practice No-Shave November to raise awareness for endangered bear species. Residents of Los Angeles often reject the razor to commemorate Jeff Bridges. And in Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, Harvey Westmoreland lost a fight over a tractor and was forced to eat his own beard (no, seriously, look it up). ■

The question that has confounded men for centuries is, why November? Hernando Cortez, the Spanish general who conquered the Aztec Empire, wrote in his diary, “We arrived

even working towards obtaining Fair Trade and FSC certification, does this not scream UVM? If that's not enough to entice you, the packaging comes in four lovely plaid patterns, making them the most covert rubbers out there, and we all know how our campus feels about anything remotely resembling flannel. And of course there's the philanthropic aspect—who doesn't want to want to help out the world while rockin' someone else's?

The world's population just hit the 7 billion mark, and human population growth at the current rate is unsustainable (whaddup, BCOR 102). If aiding less fortunate countries in obtaining contraceptives helps delay this impending issue, then purchasing these condoms really is for the greater good. Our cliché collegiate antics rarely have a chance to be beneficial, so we should capitalize on this opportunity. If we're living up to our stereotype, many students will be catamounting each other anyway, so why not make these trysts rewarding on a global scale? Rather than hanging your head during your next walk of shame, you can hold it high and proud knowing that something good came out of your one night stand (for once)—in the company's own words: “Doing good never felt better.”

For those of you who are interested in aiding the cause (which should be all of you, just FYI) check out the **WT's** tumblr for more information. ■

7

fork it over.

happy danksgiving

by [aguestchef](#)

Oh, Thanksgiving. As the most dank (if you will) of all fall holidays, it demands nothing but eating and family. The feasting festivities call for a loosening of the belt, an elastic waste to that classy dress, and an undeniable sense of weight gain. This Thanksgiving however, I have decided to give you a little something extra to be thankful for. Here are some recipes that will surely spice up your holiday. Aunt Darla won't be able to stop you from consuming an entire platter of her Waldorf salad now because these recipes will surely get you salivating before you can say hydroponically-made-purple-haze. Just make sure to pocket a little university green before heading home if you're not sure you'll be seeing it at home.

Recipe 1: *Sweet potatoes, the candy potato, the ginger of the spud nation, are one of the most treasured of the dishes come thanksgiving. So, here's a little **yam recipe** to start us off.*

Ingredients:
¼ cup of "specially seasoned" butter
½ cup (at least) of light brown sugar
¼ cup chopped pecans
1 40oz can of yams or sweet potatoes (you can also mash your own)
1 tsp ground cinnamon
1 tsp ground nutmeg
Then add some mini marshmallows to top off your treat...
Directions:
Preheat the oven to 325°. In a saucepan, melt your butter over medium heat. Add the brown sugar and pecans; let simmer for a few minutes. In a large bowl, mash up the yams and then add in the sugar/ pecans, as well as the cin-

namon and the nutmeg. Mix all of this thoroughly.

Transfer the yams into a metal pie pan, cover the top with mallows, and bake for 15-20 minutes at 325°. Remove from the oven and place under the broiler (a setting on your oven) until the marshmallows are light brown. Then... enjoy!

Recipe 2: *For some classic just spastic **potatoes...***

Ingredients:
3-4 Russet Potatoes or several Yukon Gold/ Red potatoes (wash em' peel em' and cube em')
1 tbs salt
1 tbs pepper
¼ cup heavy cream
8 tbs of "happy butter"
Directions:
Boil the potatoes in salted water until tender. Drain, and mash lightly. Add in the butter and mash more. Add in the pepper and extra salt to taste. You can also get creative and add in oven roasted garlic, ricotta, bacon bits, or other seasonings at this time. Mash a little more or to the consistency of your choice and that's all there is to it!

Recipe 3: *Finally, I give you a difficult recipe that will surely pay off if executed properly: **sausage apple cranberry stuffing***

Ingredients (note, recipe yields 10 servings):
5 cups of cubed white bread
1 lb of ground turkey sausage
1 cup chopped onion
¾ chopped celery
3 tsp dried sage

1 ½ tsp dried rosemary
1 tsp dried thyme
¼ cup fresh parsley
2 Granny Smith Apples cored & chopped
¼ cup dried cranberries
1-2 cups turkey or chicken stock
4 tbs of "scrumptious butter"
salt & pepper to taste

Directions:
Preheat oven at 350° and spread bread cubes in a single layer over a large baking sheet. Bake for 5-7 min (or until evenly toasted) and then transfer into a bowl to cool. Sauté the sausages in a large skillet over medium-high until cooked through; break up lumps until evenly browned. Add in the celery, onions, rosemary, sage, thyme, and sauté until the onions are soft (roughly 8 minutes). Add the sausage mix to the bowl of breadcrumbs and add in the apples, cranberries, parsley, salt & pepper (again, to taste). Add in the melted butter of sweet glory, as well as the chicken and turkey stock (a little at a time) and stir lightly. Stuffing should be moist but not mushy... only add enough as is needed.
Bake all at 375° in a casserole dish uncovered for 20-30 minutes until the top is crispy. *Note: if you want to stuff this mix into the turkey, let cool in fridge before stuffing.*

So with that I say Happy Thanksgiving UVM! I hope you find these recipes delightfully delicious, and that they help you devour your family meal! May your vacation be lazy and hazy.

Sincerely,
Chef THC ■

trash.

i want you so bad

Well, "making eyes" is about as cliché as sending anonymous notes like this one, but I love it when you look my way. I wish one day you'd linger long enough for me to get your name.
When: Tuesdays and Thursdays
Where: Lafayette
I saw: a beautiful blonde
I am: a gentleman who usually looks like he walked out of 1962.

I've seen Bill Cosby once, But you wear his sweater better He was funnier to be sure But you made my cheeks redder So I wrote this letter, so I don't stutter To let you know, I'd spend some cheddar To get her...er, you Out on the town. Single Pebble? Or we could just get down Whatever You know how it is IWYSB, now or whenever. **When:** Thursday night **Where:** Redstone market **I saw:** a huxta-biddie **I am:** a singer

So here is your surprise, I hope you like my flow There are just a few things that I would like for you to know When you hold onto our kiss for just a second more, you know it makes me melt, and I start begging for more And boy, did you know that you're so great in bed? I just can't seem to get you out of my head With your sexy red hair, and your dreamy blue eyes I told you once, "I like butts but I don't like man thighs" So let me come on over, we'll watch a Bruins game Hopefully they'll win, or it'll be a bloody shame Hey, let's keep this thing going, because I like you just a tad No let's be real boy, IWYSB **When:** all the time **Where:** everywhere **I saw:** my prince charming **I am:** your girl

I don't normally do this, Make the first move, But I thought I'd try something new. I think you're as sly as a fox, But you didn't get up on that soapbox I hope you're single, Cause I am too. Ask me to mingle, And I'll say will do. Maybe we can take it from there, And go sit in some armchairs **When:** Tues/Thurs **Where:** 94309 **I saw:** a certain Editor **I am:** waiting for you to make the next move

you make those flat wraps like a sex machine. want to be my queen? i love when you use your southern drawwwl. threesome with me and mol? jumpsuits and combat boots are kind of your jam. i want you to call me ma'am. come over to my back porch i'll make your passion burn so hot it'll scorch... **When:** not as much as last year **Where:** sleeping on my couch **I saw:** a girl getting hives in the library **I am:** not getting hives in the library...ever

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

The beards, the burns, the staches and the rest This is when you boys look your best When I lay eyes on all you mountain men I just want to take you back to my den Because I'll be honest, I wanna get nude When I look at all you furry faced dudes When you refuse to shave your face I want to go straight to third base So I hope you don't have too much pride To offer me a mustache ride Cause seriously, your beard is fuckin sexy **When:** Movember **Where:** Everywhere **I saw:** A buncha burly men **I am:** Seriously turned on

FUCK I want you so bad. It makes me so sad when I see you alone. I want to take you out for an ice cream cone. Or two. Or three. Whatever it takes for you to be with me. I want to take off your clothes and kiss your nose and your head and your feet in the street, in the bed and in the shower hour after hour, just like we used to. **When:** every day **Where:** burlington **I saw:** the only one i want **I am:** still here

you're kind of lame but i guess i love you your new bike is sleek and slender, just like your scrawny legs you're a hipster i wanna fuck, even with your stupid no name shoes and rolled up jeans i want to slowly peel them off you, but only ironically we can leave your swedish house music on though "Alla som inte dansar är valdtäktsmän"...you know what gets my heart pumpin' i sit next to you in class only because of dat ass quite frankly you're a douche you act like you're smitten just let me be your sex kitten **When:** every tuesday/thursday **Where:** geog 50, fleming **I saw:** the nerdy, swedish-loving boy i want to date **I am:** that longboarding, cute ass of a boy you love to hate ;)

every tuesday and every thursday i see you in class movies we watch, hoping the time will pass you think you may know, when really you have no clue there are so many things i wish i could do to you i would take you out and treat you right or we could keep it casual, keep it light all i'm asking for is a chance to show you how i've felt since our first glance as much as this poem is meant to woo you please remember, a casual fling would be cool too so whether its chivalry you desire or a nice guy to spark your fire we live in the same building, walk up the stairs, come to my room and i'll take you even higher **When:** tues/thurs **Where:** film class **I saw:** your beautiful face and rockin' bod **I am:** staying anonymous and hoping that i'm not the only guy in my film class that gets laid as a result of this poem

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

Main St.

Young gentleman in automobile: Thanks for wearing no clothes!
Young lady: Yeah, thanks for having a boner!

University Green

A guy to a couple: You guys are so fucking attractive fuck, jesus christ just look at yourself. I can't handle it!

Redstone

Guy: We made an amazing bond of eternal friendship, and now it's kind of awkward when I see him.

UHS

Guy with a very deep voice: All I want is bitches. Big booty bitches.

Troll Hole

Beardo: I can't wait until someone opens that gatorade.
Whitey: Why?
Beardo: Because I farted in it. We used to do it all the time in Peabody.

Outside of Pearl Street Beverage

Person: She always tricks me, dude! She lures me downtown with promises of sex and food and a place to sleep, and I'm just like "Ahhhhhh".

Near the Marketplace

Girl 1: I'm done with men.
Girl 2: That's why I say date your textbook.
Girl 1: Why?
Girl 2: Well, you can throw it out a window, down the stairs, tear it apart, and set it on fire. Can't do that with a guy.
Girl 3: At least not legally...

North Union St.

Girl 1: Ok, use this word in a sentence: debasement.
Girl 2 (studying for GREs): De basement is located beneath the house.

Pearl St.

Young gentleman: Hey, is it ok if I put my acid in your fridge?

Perkins

guy 1: What class is that?
guy 2: Linear algebra
guy 1: Holy shit, that's why it smells like blood soaked fear in there!

Cook Dining Hall

Young lady: I thought you meant a mythical creature, like a dick dragon.
Young gentleman: Wait, like a giant dick with wings that flies around and shoots fire??
Young lady: Yes.

Davis Center

Person: I don't know dude, but i heard that the Global Warming is fucking them HARD CORE!!

Downtown

Girl to Guy (yelling): I'M ALLERGIC TO NUTS AND COCK.

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 **Planned Parenthood**
of Northern New England

tunes.



the triple take: thoughts on *Lulu*

There's something to be said for partnerships of musical greats. You know, like Donny and Marie. John and Yoko. Simon and Garfunkel. Ike and Tina. Sonny and Cher. Jan and Dean. Hall and Oates. Rogers and Hammerstein. Lou Reed and Metallica.

Wait, what?! That's right—in an effort to fuck with our heads just a wee little bit, Lou Reed (best known as the front man of revolutionary rock group The Velvet Underground) recently collaborated with heavy metal superstars Metallica to create the album Lulu, which was released by Warner Brothers records on Halloween. So is Lulu scary good or scary bad? Here's what some past and present WF writers think—along with former UVM president Daniel Mark Fogel, who is making his second Triple Take appearance of the semester!



jeremy klein, famed UVM alumnus and former WF tunes writer

I'll never forget that first time, when I fully realized that listening to Lou Reed and Metallica's/Loutallica's/Metalilou's *Lulu* would be an all-around terrible experience. I think it was about the time where Lou Reed speak-sung the lyrics, "I would cut my legs and tits off." You know, the first lyrics uttered on the album.

Here's the basic outline for *Lulu*: Lou Reed's voice rambles incoherently while stereotypical Metallica riffage rambles incoherently, totaling an album that runs just shy of ninety (NINETY!) minutes. Sometimes the album gets quasi-arty/interesting, and sometimes James Hetfield pops



daniel mark fogel, former UVM president

This album is superb! I really enjoy listening to it while reading scholarly articles and thinking about how I will spend the funds granted to me in my severance package. I love me some Metallica--really, I do--and partnering with Lou Reed was a brilliant idea. What a poet! In the first song Mr. Reed speaks of removing his own breast tissue. This makes sense, as men do not need their breast tissue—such genius! I do hope this partnership will fruit more wonderful albums.

in with some rather hilarious backing vocals (his chime-ins on "Bradenburg Gate" and "The View" are particularly choice,) but mostly Lulu is just a long slog that is pretty impossible to get through in one sitting.

I'm not sure who audience for this is supposed to be, as it's probably too avant-garde for Metallica fans, too metal for Reed fans, and too awful for everyone else. So basically, unless you are Lou Reed, or a member of Metallica (who seem to be hailing whatever this is as the greatest thing anyone has ever produced ever,) you'd be better off to just stay away, and go about enjoying your life as if *Lulu* never happened.

investigating spotify

by joshhegarty

week **two** of two in the spotify series

"What the fuck is Spotify?" I asked myself all week as I saw plenty of Facebook updates about everybody listening to stuff on Spotify. I had to wonder if all the Spotify users were gonna pick on me and the iTunes crowd like we used the Zune marketplace (BURN to all three of you). Then I found out it's an application you can use to listen to music that you don't own and it's got thousands of songs by tons of artists and my next thought was, "How is this different from Pandora?"

I decided to find out. As soon as I opened Spotify, all of my iTunes music was loaded onto it and it forced me to connect it to my Facebook feed. It seems like there is some way to avoid this, but I can't figure it out. I'm pretty sure you can use Spotify even if you don't have a Facebook, it just wouldn't let me. *[ed. note - you actually can't. sorry.]*

So anyway, on the side of the screen, there is a list of my Facebook friends that are also using Spotify. If I click on their

names, I can see playlists they've made. You can also make playlists by dragging and dropping and then your friends can see them. That seems to be the extent of the social network aspect.

I start searching for some music that I wish I owned. Lots of stuff comes up, so I go more obscure and look for bands that were on Level-Plane, a defunct underground hardcore/screamo label. As expected, no results. Even when that label's website was functioning, it was hard to get a hold of their releases.

Then my search is interrupted by an advertisement for that new *300* movie, and I'm confused, cause I've been listening to this La Dispute album for like a half hour before they stop me. It's kind of annoying, but whatever, free streaming music for a slight annoyance. That's a fair trade.

After a while of searching, I can see that the catalog is pretty extensive. Most of the albums Spotify doesn't have seem to be ones that are out of print or super under-

ground. This is pretty much consistent with what Pandora and iTunes have access to.

Spotify also has a radio function, which seems like it would be a closer analog to what Pandora offers. I give it a whirl and... it sucks. A lot. It's limited to vague genre terms including Alternative, Indie, Hip-Hop, and Classical, you know, genres that probably have more differences between their own artists than across genres. I wouldn't recommend it at all.

So, to sum up, Spotify is pretty cool and unlike Pandora in a really key way. Both things are really good in ways that the other isn't. You tell Pandora what sorts of music you like and it gives you options for other artists you might be interested in. It's great to find new music with, but not if you want to listen to a lot of songs by one artist. But that's where Spotify is great. You heard a song you thought was really cool, hit up Spotify and see if that band is actually good. But if you're looking for new stuff, Spotify is not going to be much help. Use

them both, and be happy.

But I know what you're thinking. Why not just use Mediafire to download albums and YouTube to find specific songs? You would use Spotify instead of Mediafire if you were concerned about violating the DMCA, you know, that law that record companies use to sue 12 year olds. With Spotify, you'll always be clean because it's entirely up to code. Mediafire gives you lots of free stuff, but it's less good about making sure everything available is there legally. And as for YouTube, you should be able to do the same thing with Spotify with less searching and the same amount of ads, maybe even a little less.

So, if there's lots of stuff that you want to hear, but you don't want to buy it or steal it, give Spotify a whirl. It's a pretty cool program. Just don't listen to anything embarrassing, because all your friends will know. ■

fashion five-oh.



of beads and carrots

by colbynixon

What do you do for a job? Do you work in a lab, the front desk of a Residence Hall, or God forbid, are you an RA? That's cool, I guess. Whatever you do, chances are your job is not as cool as Kay Gallagher's. Ms. Gallagher makes her own jewelry, which I think is pretty neat. I have a hard enough time shaping a respectable Play-Doh snake. Although she only recently started selling her jewelry publicly under the name Beads & Carrots, she's been crafting these pieces since middle school. I sat down with Kay last week to talk about her company, her influences, and where she gets her ideas from.

Kay's body of work ranges from feather earrings to bowls made out of records. All are really well done, and can be considered to be works of art in their own right. When asked from where she draws her inspiration, Kay looks thoughtfully, "I see something I like, you know, really trendy jewelry and then I copy it, making them myself." She adds, "really it's so easy to recycle used goods, and so much cheaper." She makes earring holders out of old picture frames, bracelets out of silverware, and earrings

out of bottle tops. Usually the most use I get out of old bottle tops is to flick them at my friends.

Some of Kay's best selling pieces are her feather earrings, something that she's been making for years. "I got into jewelry making in middle school, you know just like one of those jewelry making kits, then I started to make gifts for friends and family, then their friends." Before long, she had a loyal following, and figured, hey, I can make some money from this. Thus Beads & Carrots was born. When asked about the name, Kay said she wanted something that was original but meant something to her. The "Beads" was an obvious choice, while "Carrots" stems from her red hair.

Kay hopes to grow her business in the upcoming months, especially once she graduates: "Who knows, maybe I could get a kiosk on Church St?" she says smiling. Selling her earrings for a reasonable price around \$15-\$20, she even does a bit of custom work as well. When asked what one message she has, Kay responds, "If you take the effort, you can make whatever you like." ■



To check out all the cool stuff Kay makes, head to <http://www.etsy.com/shop/BeadsandCarrots/>

créatif stuffé.



just desserts

by joshhegarty

I see blue lights in my rear view. I pull over, toss my cigarette out the window and wonder if I should say, "Because I'm black" when he asks if I know why he pulled me over. I sure as shit wasn't speeding, and two beers don't make me swerve. Just cause it's dark doesn't mean he can't see my skin tone. This better not take long. I just want to get home before this ice cream melts, or Heather is gonna be pissed.

"Sir, have you been drinking tonight?" asks the blinding light in my face.

Weird. Not the question I was expecting. "I had two beers with dinner about an hour ago. Why?"

"Sir. I'll be asking the questions. Do you know why I pulled you over tonight?"

"No idea."

"Sir, could I see your license?"

He pauses.

"And your registration?"

Something is up with this guy. By now, my eyes have adjusted to the light he won't put down and I start to notice that he's in plain clothes. As I reach for my registration, I say, "Yes sir. But why did you pull me over?"

"Once again sir, I will be the one ask-

ing the questions here," he says as I hand over my credentials. He tells me to wait as he runs my information. As he walks back to his car, I notice that the lights hadn't been flashing this whole time, and the car isn't standard issue. Looks like a Honda. I turn around and try to make out the license plate and the front plate is missing.

"a good cop would have shown his badge. a bad one would have pulled his taser. a real bad one would have pulled his gun."

I'm starting to feel nervous. I know, sure as shit that this is not a cop. I don't know who the hell he is, or what the hell he thinks he's doing, but I am not gonna let him do whatever he's trying to do with me. My first thought is to try to knock him out if he asks me to step out of the car. He looks real scrawny, and as long as I'm right, I'm sure I could handle him. But if I'm wrong, I'm setting myself up for a media shit storm and I

can kiss my job good bye.

Then, I think, I should call my precinct, figure out if anybody's heard about some clown impersonating cops lately. So I reach for my phone, but I waited too long and that light is back in my face.

"Sir, will you please step out of the vehicle?"

Oh, fuck me.

"Officer, why was I pulled over?"

"How many times do I have to tell you--"

"You haven't told me shit. Clearly, you must be new, or you would have realized that I'm a detective when you ran my license. Can I see your badge?"

"You absolutely can not."

"I'm sorry? I shouldn't have made that a question. I'm pulling rank on you. Give me

my license and registration back and show me your badge, or I'm just gonna leave and you can send an officer to my house to pick me up."

"Sir, step out of the vehicle!"

Now I know I'm right. A good cop would have shown his badge. A bad one would have pulled his taser. A real bad one would have pulled his gun. I don't know what this guy's game is, but I open up the door and before he can get his hands on me, I blindside him and he goes down. I grab cuffs from my glove compartment, when I realize he doesn't have any of his own, and I make what might qualify as a citizen's arrest, since I'm off duty.

I call up my precinct and they send a car over to pick him up, and while I'm waiting, I shoot Heather a text, "Gonna be a while, ran into some shit. I'll explain when I get home." When the squad car finally shows up, a cop I recognize tells me I have to come file a report. I tell him "Sure" and as I get back into my car, I look in my passenger seat and see vanilla ice cream starting to pour out of the bag. Looks like I need to go back to the fucking store tonight. Heather is never gonna believe this shit. ■

5612 oak place

by julianvandertak

Gentle is the storm that stirs the leaves as windows cry against the breeze's breath. Calm are the floorboards, though loud underfoot as stairs are climbed to reach the warmest bed. Thin are the walls that divulge the presence of snorers, singers, and lovers alike. Dark are the countless nooks and crannies which litter the four century hardened floors. From days passed by and creation gone and lost, this house has formed part of my present soul. I loved it then, I love it now, for I am the flame of this ageless coal. ■

the outside

by bethziehl

The night was growing late and I tried my best to focus on the never ending road. Cars passing in the other direction blinded me with their lights and made it difficult to see. Darkness was always ahead of me with only my small patch of light moving towards it, but never quite reaching. It had been a long day and all I wanted was to be home in bed. The music in my car was soft and lulling, not much of a comfort in this darkness. The woods along the road were still, but watching. I was sure of it. I tried to keep my eyes as open as possible and stared through the windshield. I stared and the more I did, the more the windshield seemed to disappear. The image became clearer and it was as if I was looking directly into the outdoors. I did not panic. I could not feel the draft of the outside air and was clearly still safe in my car. Headlights continued past me. I tried to relax a bit, knowing I was just tired from my day. Then something sharp hit me in the chest. I looked down and saw a shard of mirrored glass stuck in my jacket. I pried my clothing away and saw that it had pierced my skin. I looked back towards the road in shock. Suddenly, a plethora of glass pieces were coming at me. They pricked my arms, my neck, and my face. I shut my eyes in defense. My body stung with pain. I reached out my hand, searching for the safety, searching for relief. There. Hard and cold. The windshield. I opened my eyes and sure enough, there it was. I looked my body over in amazement and couldn't find a scratch. The car was still on the road and I was heading home. ■



carly macconnell

the truth

by laurafrangipane

We find it in the last book our mother read, wanting some sense of knowing she was proud of us.

Taken back to when Brother still wet the bed (in Fourth Grade) and the first time she lost him on the beach, calling for help.

She had been sick (she looked at her bile bag as an absolution.) We had changed the bandages over her liver, we prayed.

Reminded of watching the childhood dog seize we hit the bottle. (The convulsions skid over our blank faces.)

Now we play forensics, crying for transcendentalism. We had buried our childhood in the backyard but had forgotten where.

(She smacked me across the face in middle school She had told me my hand wasn't broken, but it was.) ■

cat litter.



broad generalizations about **other universities**
(a.k.a **an excuse** to shit on everyone else)

by gregjacobs and harlifrohmler

Dartmouth- The trick to getting in is finding it.



Cornell- The official song is "Under Pressure".



Harvard- Legally Blonde, 'nuff said.



UMaine- At least they have a hockey team?

Princeton- Have a martini, squire.



BROWN

Brown- Hug, everyone hug.



University of Phoenix- One step above a Nigerian prince.



UNH- University of No Holidays.

calling for submissions to the **water tower beardvember** contest!

CATEGORIES:

- THE CHEWBACCA - HAIRIEST
- THE SKEEZY WEIRDO - SELF-EXPLANATORY
- THE 70s PORNO - JUST A 'STACHE
- THE "THAT GUY FROM ANTHRAX" - MOST CREATIVE
- THE FRESHMAN - MOST EFFORT, LEAST RESULTS

GET SOME FUZZ ON YA FACE!
SEND IN BEFORE + AFTER PICS OF YOUR
BEARD/STACHE/CHOPS/OTHER
-BY-
THURSDAY, DEC. 1

