motor city: detroit’s continuing struggle

by colinwalker

This past week, I had to get my car serviced in Shelburne. With the Automaster’s timely and trusty service comes a slight wait while the car is handled. At most places like this, there’s a lounge and a pot of coffee. Here, there’s a museum. As I entered it, flashes of patriotism and American muscle caught my eye. With a Norman Rockwell collection, a Harley Davidson jukebox, and tons of miniature cars, the place would have fascinated my five-year-old self for days. Pure Americana spewed out of the small room, and yet I felt a discord. I couldn’t shake the feeling that all of these representations of American innovation and engineering were merely being preserved as bygone relics. Little pockets of vintage American production like this are being held onto seemingly as an ideal to come back to, but in reality are only fossils of something already lost. Nothing more greatly proves this than the tragic outcome of Detroit.

Motown, Michigan’s most populous city and the seat of the American auto industry, would have an overflow of American patriotism, American muscle, and American innovation, far exceeding that of this museum...fifty years ago. In the past half-century, Detroit has faced steep population decline, a rise in crime, and a drastic spike in poverty. During the ‘80s, urban decay, population loss, and economic decline of the postindustrial Northeast dubbed cities like New York, Cleveland, Chicago, and Detroit the “Rust Belt.” Fast forward to the Great Recession of 2008, and those other cities had pulled themselves up over the years, through innovation and enterprise, to hold their heads above water, while Detroit descended into turmoil. Less than six months ago, on June 18, 2013, the city of Detroit filed at fault are not a race or a culture, but industrial tycoons and a poorly handled government.

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

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

a reflection on reflektor

by mikesstorace

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

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

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

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

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

Sincerely,
Cait and Sarah
Co-Editors-in-Chief

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

the news in brief

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the shit list

with katjaritchie and coleburton

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america has totally and completely mastered this democracy thing
by dustinearag

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

"Now that the political issues in this country surrounding race, gender, sexual orientation, socioeconomic status, faith, and creed have been totally and completely overcome, Americans can focus on issues that really matter," reported New Hampshire resident Daniel Webster. When asked how his fellow citizens had so successfully elevated the standard of democracy, and why the current incarnation of American politics now approaches its philosophical ideal, he went on to discuss the separation of the moral and political spheres (the so-called Jeffersonian compromise), as well as the fact that all Americans consistently stay abreast of local, national, and global issues. The Athenian definition of the word "idiocracy" is thrilled to report today that Americans in all forty-nine states have emerged into the exact form envisioned by the founding fathers.

Politic

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

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

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

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

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

rules of the

off-road

pedestrian etiquette

by caito’hara

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

Use the Crosswalks

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

Pay Attention to Signals

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

Actually Fucking Move

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

bikes v. pedestrians

by amydorfman

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

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

happy hour: archer

by caito’hara

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

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

Finish your drink:
Whenever Archer has a brief, shining moment of being a real person, and the heart of gold buried deep beneath his binge drinking-womanizing exterior is exposed.
majorly ashamed by major shaming

by lauragreenwood

It was an average day for me, except, after a long day of classes and homework ahead, my resolve finally weakened, and I bought food on campus. I got a bitchin’ Veggie Thai burrito from New World, a meat-free option that I’d only recently discovered. As I sat down to nom and reflect on the battle that was to come with the paper I had to write, I couldn’t help but overhear the people next to me talking about their impending exams and course-loads. Eavesdropping isn’t really a great thing to do, but beyond the company of my burrito, this arrogant conversation was all that was around to provide entertainment. In short, their conversation was the usual “insert liberal arts major” vs. “insert science major”, “This major vs. that major”, “This major is so much more intensive than that major.” A line thrown out there was something like, “Our work is so much more intense, I don’t even have a chance to read the answers, I have to do the work and equations to find the answers.” I’ve heard this discussion before and it usually has the implication that mathematics/science-oriented students are smarter than their liberal arts counterparts. Maybe I’m just being defensive to bolster my confidence in my studies, but honestly I’m sick and tired of this petty back-and-forth. In the grand scheme of life, it really doesn’t matter how inflated your ego may be due to your undergraduate major, because we’re all going to have to collaborate in order to get anything done.

We’ve all been accepted to college, so there’s really no point in trying to ostentatiously outcompete everyone with your smarts anymore. That’s not to say academic competition that promotes excellence is without worth, but rather that competition for the sake of “nah nah boo, I’m better than you” is just childish. Everyone has the right to be proud of their intelligence and to struggle in life, sell an idea, or raise a family; the joy is that each accomplishment will feel amazing. Enjoying the simplest pleasures in life (like that burrito) shouldn’t come at the expense of belittling others.

Exams are coming, UVM, and we’re all going to feel miserable, over-eat, and work our asses off. Good luck on your essays, tests, oral presentations, final performances—the best way to prepare for every class with discipline and be inspired by what each of us has to offer to the classroom, university, and, eventually, the workforce.
When I tell people I did track in high school, quite often it brings up an argument: Track is a sport? I deny anything like that.

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

"Track is a laryn/weak/boring sport."

"Track isn't a sport. It's just running."

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

"Track isn't a sport. It's running, and running isn't a sport."

"Track is a sport, a real sport."

"Track is a real sport, dammit.

We need to get away from the idea that some sport is superior to the other. True athletes work hard for their wins, they deserve the attention and adoration deserve.

The idea that men, and we should all embrace in some fuzzy face. Anything else is just a vanity. I feel that almost anyone can have a pretend beard, but if he's not complaining, quit abstaining. Besides, his goatee was coming along nicely. His tactic may have worked, although I think he would have gotten to the same

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

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

by komomonpuchak

Last week, I had a meeting with a guy who might decide some of my academic fate into post-graduate education. So, I've been keeping up with No-Shave November, because for the first time ever I actually had "time" to shave. Don't get me wrong, but I was considering shaving for the occasion. In the end, my choice to grow paid off in the long run.

Now a few days, my female friend was remarking on how she take her hair across her face and sometimes pretend that she has a beard. I didn't really think that the woman who自由贸易 was about that. I certainly thought that how yadu

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

by mikadawaters

Walking through the Church Street mall last week, a particular store front display caught my at

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

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

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

In terms of commenting, though it's not quite the energy level of announcers for Spanish fútbol or Chinese badminton, hockey commentators still rank highly in animation and engagement. What makes the commentators, especially comical is the lack of words that specifically describe the action of skating. The commentary relies on a smorgasbord of cross-sport references with phrases like "sprinting up the ice," "dancing past the defenseman," and, a smorgasbord of cross-sport references with phrases like "describe the action of skating.

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

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

by christopherpottier

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

The root of my envy, bitterness, and jealousy, stems throughout your entire life. Someone was listening to Walkmans instead of iPods. 1999 is actually same year I moved to the area, so some might argue I have been a laughing stock no matter where I went to school (maybe not Cleveland). Anyway, over the past fifteen years, Boston and Buffalo could not be more polar opposites. Boston casually wins a world championship every year while the Buffalo throws a parade after a team breaks .500 (and that doesn't happen very often).

Not since the beginning of mankind have four teams from one city won so much in so little time. The latest Red Sox World Series victory marks eight titles for the city in twelve years. One more time for the championship, EIGHT TITLES IN TWELVE YEARS. Come on! Share the love. Let the little guy get one, just one. The shitty teams represent the worst reason for the year. Buffalo fans will never admit a single championship since their establishment. You damn New Englanders have hit the lottery and are riding a mile high title wave of riches that doesn't seem to have an end in sight.

Think about this for a second: The Buffalo Bills have not made the playoffs since 1999. The last time they reached the postseason there was no Facebook, and people were listening to Walkmans instead of iPods. 1999 is actually same year I moved to the area, so some might argue I have been a laughing stock no matter where I went to school (maybe not Cleveland). Anyway, over the past fifteen years, Boston and Buffalo could not be more polar opposites. Boston casually wins a world championship every year while the Buffalo throws a parade after a team breaks .500 (and that doesn't happen very often).

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I am:
I saw:
Where:
When:
And I do too.

Violets are blue
From mad slacking, to your wizard tricks
Oh lucky 203
You weekend second home...
To be with you on Face's futon
Because that manly near...
Praise the lord for No-Shave-November
It gets to be on top...
Of your white Suv
Praise the lord for No-Shave-November
Because that many heard...
Oh babe, really gets me
To be with you on Face's futon
Your weekend second home...
Oh lucky 203
From mad slacking, to your wizard tricks
Your steeze is cheddary...
Your weekend second home...
Don't really remember
Never Buckham
It was either your charisma or that nice cheetah vest
What started as admiration from afar
Turned into small talk at a local bar.
It was either your charisma or that nice cheetah vest
That really got me thinking, "You're my next conquest."
You had me at Jose, but you won me with the Doctor
(from the fact that that worked was kind of a shocker),
Those magic fingers, they sure made me moan
I'm gonna be honest: we should probably just bone
I have access to my 4G network
Where: "Red Square"
I saw: Phil
I am: Gimli

To my partner,
The girl who puts up with me
Virtuous, lovely,
Throwing money around
Walking with me in the moonlight
Wishing you, so bad

I am jealous of your grey tule
It gets to be on top...
Of your white Suv
Praise the lord for No-Shave-November
Because that many heard...
Oh babe, really gets me
To be with you on Face's futon
Your weekend second home...
I have access to my 4G network
Where: "Red Square"
I am wanting you, so bad

I'm like a lobster. Once you get inside the meat's delicious!
I'm telling him a tool is a good thing! Tools are useful.
Tell him "you're a handyman."

To the girl
You def left me wanting some more
When: All the time
Where: Downtown
I saw: A hot blonde with an ax
I am: A strange man at the farmer's market

To the girl
You def left me wanting some more
When: All the time
Where: Downtown
I saw: A hot blonde with an ax
I am: A strange man at the farmer's market

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

I am:
I saw:
Where:
When:
Last week
Where: In bed
I saw: A beautiful minx
I am: A good pilot

Met you downtown last Saturday night
Walking all sexy right into my sight
At the back bar at Spunties is where it began
Buying drinks like "I'm the fuckin' man"
We took some shots, got that minty fresh breath
Sooner than later we were grindin' that flesh
Later that night, or was it the morning
Both of us were definitely hornin'
Between cheetah print sheets and K Perry's roar
You def left me wanting some more

When: All the time
Where: Downtown
I saw: A hot blonde with an ax
I am: A strange man at the farmer's market

When I'm next to you,
I just can't ignore that
Even as I feel like a fool
But I'm trying to keep it cool
And I get hot down there

I am:
I saw:
Where:
When:
I'll hold on to you
So hold on
You are my love
You are my strength
And holds me when I cry
Who teaches me how to spoon
To my partner,

I am:
I saw:
Where:
When:

You say:
You are my love
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Who teaches me how to spoon
To my partner,
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

If I could
I would kiss you
When you try to hug me
Just grab you and plant one on you
When you're away
I just want to hold you on to you
I just want you to stay
So can we hold on to this moment
For just a little bit longer
Extend our hug for just a little while more
Before it ends.

When: Don't really remember
Where: Davis Center
I saw: Handsome Gent
I am: wanting you, so bad

To my partner,
The girl who puts up with me
Through all my bullshit
The British loving friend
Who teaches me how to spoon

Your hair catches my stare
And I get hot down there
But I'm trying to keep it cool
Even as I feel like a fool
I just can't ignore that
When I'm next to you,
It feels like floating in space
Effortless, lovely,
And you can't really help it,
Here's hoping that you take me
Onto your spaceship
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Turned into small talk at a local bar.
It was either your charisma or that nice cheetah vest
That really got me thinking, "You're my next conquest."
You had me at, "I'm a student, but you won me with the Doctor"
(the fact that that worked was kind of a shocker),
Those magic fingers, they sure made me moan
I'm gonna be honest: we should probably just bone
I hear; #7, you can handle a stick
If you can handle me, I'll show you a trick
So slide that little sugar shaker over here,
I want you so bad, you filthy engineer

When: I have access to my 4G network
Where: "Red Square..."
I saw: Phil
I am: Gimli

I am jealous of your grey tule
It gets to be on top...
Of your white SUV
Praise the lord for No-Shave-November
Because that mainly heard...
Oh babe, really gets me
To be with you on Face's futon
Your weekend second home...
Oh lucky 203
From mad slacking, to your wizard tricks
Your steeze is cheddary...

Disclaimer: I am Free

When: Literally everyday
Where: Never Buckham
I saw: a nearded man
I am: christie 2

Roses are red
Violets are blue
You like scuba diving
And I do too.

When: Hopefully more often
Where: Scuba class
I saw: A boy
I am: A girl
**recently in tunes**

with dylanmccarthy

**Grooveshark Executive Gunned Down by Friend and Former Classmate.**

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

**Kanye West Makes a Surprise Visit on stage with Odd Future**

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

**Daft Punk Ride on Tandem Bicycle with Ron Burgundy.**

How awesome is that sentence?

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

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

**Morrissey Finally Confirms Sexuality...Kind of.**

Emo forerunner and general mystery, Morrissey's sexuality has long been an intentional mystery. With the release of his memoirs Morrissey confirms that he's not homosexual but “humansexual” which essentially leaves him in the same place he's been since 1984. Love you, Mr. Suedehead.
All UVM students dreaded finals a lot. But one evil professor, who taught this fall did not. Now this prof adored finals, and studying, too. How he loved preparation, and also reviewing. But this single professor, who loathed his students Made his final on Friday, to show his torment. “Twas on Friday, the thirteenth, the last day of school, That tyrant, that monster, that devil, that tool. “I know just how to keep these kids here for a while,” He mused with an awful and sinister smile. The impossible final was planned for Friday, To make all of his students at UVM stay At school for a day, or two, or just three. Keeping them in B-town, imprisoned, not free.

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

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

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

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

Happy Holidays!  ■

You begin reading the article incredulously, and with a curious attitude. What could this article about me actually say? you think. What does it mean when it says that it’s about me? You keep on reading, though, because you’re hooked now. You’re intrigued. Where is the author going with this? How can he keep this up? You follow the article down the page, and your eyes are caught by the illustration on the opposite page. It’s a nice illustration. You wish that you could read it up quickly. You’d better check. Wouldn’t want to be left out.

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

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

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

You stop reading this article altogether.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But step to the future, and perhaps you’ll see that though he may be screened from sight, perhaps for now, locked up tight there’s a smile on the king of death every time you light.

The slowly falling guillotine of your heated source of nicotine Should make you now think twice. As you slip off the teletype to quiet down a hungry brain, Remember it can cost a mile to fly high for an inch. ■
ta ta for now

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

happy thanksgiving

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

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