

the Water to Westers good luck with finals!

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 10 - issue 13 - tuesday, december 6, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

- thewatertower.tumblr.

heatin' u **real** reason by phoebefooks and caito'hara ook at the people around you. Actually,

check out the people around you. Check out yourself—do you notice something? Do you notice the ridiculous amount of attractive human beings living amongst us? Yes, we are a smokin' hot generation, a steamin' hot generation, a heatin' up and on fire generation. I mean, damn! It's not surprising that Burlington has had a tough time bringing in its notoriously cold winter this year, nor is it surprising that in the past century we've been undergoing a phenomenon that some of us like to call global warming. Sure, you can blame it on Hollywood, the media, the limitless availability of commercial beauty products, and the Internet, but there is empirical evidence here that cannot be denied: more hotties, higher temps.

Let's look back. Check out the people considered hotties in the 1800s. Muttonchops. Petticoats. Powdered wigs. Now Lincoln was a decent fellow, with the honesty and whatnot, but the top hat-impressive facial hair combo isn't one to recommend from the dollar menu. Hoop skirts, corsets, petticoats and hats have today's Derby-goers green with envy; sound like fun? Maybe you're into that kind of stuff, but in comparison to modern aesthetics, it's easy to

see why these trends faded.

The temperature increase all started back in the middle of the 20th century, around the time that our folks and many current movie hotties were being brought into this world as screaming bundles of joy. As they grew up and began families of their own, there was a palpable change in average attractiveness of each

new generation and, as proven later, a palpable change in the average global temperature. Sociologists examined data gathered from the last 167 years to the day, and the trend they

found was startling. Each new generation experienced a 69.9669% increase in the average level of physical appeal across the board. Even more startling is the correlation between the hotness factor and the rising global temperature. At first climatologists were baffled as to the cause and extensive research was done into "Greenhouse Gases" before the correlation was discovered and revealed in August 2010.

The debate thus turns to what in the hell are we can do about this. Environmental activist Earl Go stated recently, "There are many who still do not believe that global



warming is a problem at all. And it's no wonder; we are all soaking in the sunshine of Mila Kunis, Justin Bieber, and 50 being the new 20. But seriously... it's a problem." And he's right. We are all reveling in the fact that we are the single hottest generation to grace this planet, but global warming is a serious issue that will most likely lead to

the end of this civilization. The nature

there is empirical evidence here that cannot be denied: more hotties, higher temps

of the issue has some activists calling for weird and extreme measures. There are some crazy ideas out there including mandatory paper bags over our heads, to beauty salon protests, to the "Occupy California Cyrobank" movement which is moving into its second trimester.

On the contrary, supporters of the global hottness theory include several hip-hop aritsts whose popular song lyrics clearly explicate that hotties cause beneficial increases in temperature. Increased temperatures make us want to take our clothes off, which doesn't do much to supress the heat at all.

"Can't nobody stop the juice, so tell me baby what's use?" asks Nelly in his 2002 chart-topper, "Hot in Herre". With the climbing climate, clothing is becoming more sparse, more revealing and ironically not cooling anyone down. Nelly fashions a sexy sweatband along with his deisgner tanktop in the music video for "Hot in Herre" in which various dancers are removing their clothing due to dangerously

high temperatures... and Nelly is just loving it.

There are many sides to this debate and endless proposals and plans have been lost by the wayside, but regardless, we all have a decision to make as indi-

viduals. We can take full advantage of this sexy society or resist temptation for the benefit of future generations and the future of the earth, because after all, she is the sexiest of all mamas. We know that there are more of you out there who drool over pictures of icebergs, mountains, and tropical sunsets on Stumbleupon than there are readers of People magazine. So as hot as we know we are, let's all keep in mind how fine this planet is and how long we want it to stay that way. Stay gorgeous.

hipster or hillbilly?

reflections of a steezy southerner by adrikopp

I've never considered myself to be very southern. I'm from East Tennessee, and I'll be the quickest to tell you that Knoxville's not exactly like the dirty redneck south that everyone pictures. For one, we're hillbilly, not redneck, and if you don't know the difference, I would tell you to Wiki it, but in this case Urban Dictionary is much more enlightening: "A Redneck lives in a trailer park and goes on the Jerry Springer show; a Hillbilly lives in a shack or cabin out in the middle of nowhere and doesn't even have a TV." Well, I have a TV, but I didn't watch it much as a kid, and although I technically live in the woods, the greater Knoxville area boasts almost one million inhabitants,

area boasts almost one million inhabitants, making it hardly "the middle of nowhere."

But that's not to say I didn't have my southern upbringing. I spent most of my childhood running around said woods with a group of neighborhood kids and machetes, building forts, swinging on vines, and terrorizing local farm animals (no animals were hurt... just spooked a little...). I ate fried okra, biscuits, dumplings, and jambalaya and I attended every SEC football game played in Neyland Stadium. football game played in Neyland Stadium, including one particularly memorable tailgate for which we grilled up some gator to chow down before taking on the University of Florida.

Still, I think I came through it all relatively unmarked. I really used to pride myself on not portraying the embarrassing traits that are associated with my past. As a rising freshman in college I was actually proud: I was an individual; I was unique.... I was... well, young. When I showed up for school in Burlington, almost four years ago, most people were sincerely surprised to find out where I was from. I commonly received the comment, "but you don't have an accent!" and I guess my full set of straight-enough teeth and unripped blue jeans made me look normal enough, although it probably helped that many of Groovy UV's beloved students happen to share my enjoyment of going barefoot. Still, I hated country music, voted liberal, and I knew how to ski-so I managed to blend in just fine. But that's the real killer. While I thought I was so special for avoiding the stereotypes of my upbringing, what I was really doing is conforming to the more present stereotypes of my surroundings.

The truth would slowly leak out though. Apparently I say "tin" instead of "ten" and while I don't use "ya'll" in everyday conversation, I have this awkwardly nasty habit of using it in the possessive ("ya'll's"). It

... read the rest on page 7

get inside me:

german politics by jamesaglio

skyrim for non-gamers by megankelley

holiday card horrors by sarah**perda**

funk carioca by gregfrancese

the best news team in the universe.





Dear Wt,

hey jamie beckett/ u skateboarders who claim NIMBYs should welcome a noisey skateboard at the lake are nerds. Skateboarding is noisey, annoying and obnoxious. Go get a life. Ure probably from N.J. [sic]

- Dan Cohen, Class of '74

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list with emilyhoogesteger

teresting reading, every show on Hulu is captivating, and you feel the need to click through slideshows titled "The 100 stupidest signs in America". Why do you do this to us, internet? We were just trying to study.

Sharlotte Hydorn: Ms. Hydorn, who is 91 years old, until recently ran a business that sold "suicide kits" – which consisted of a plastic bag that seals around the neck and tubing to hook up to a gas tank. Ms. Hydorn has finally been brought to justice...for failing to file federal tax returns on said business. Well, at least one government department is on top of things.

Syria: UN estimates report that at least 4,000 people have been killed in Syria during anti-government protests there. President Bashar al-Assad refuses to step down despite intense international pressure and criticism. Apparently he's trying to top Moammar Gadhafi in the stubborn tyrant department – and in casualty numbers.

I Finding Bombs: More than 40,000 people were evacuated from Koblenz, Germany ■ ■ after low water levels in the Rhine River revealed an undiffused bomb from World ■ ■ War II. Bomb disposal teams are currently in the process of disarming it, but in the ■ meantime...didn't that war end seventy years ago?

the water tower.

uvm.edu/~watertwr

Megan Kelley

News Editor

Reflections Editor

Campus Editor

Fashion Editor

Créatif Stuffé Editor

Tunes Editor

Humor Editor

Greg Jacobs

Managing Editor Laura Dillon

Copy Editor Jen Kaulius

Staff Writers

James Aglio Jamie Beckett Juliet Critsimilio Julien Darmoni Caleb Demers Ben Donovan Phoebe Fooks

Greg Francese Laura Frangipan Jonathan Franqui Harli Frohmiller Lindsav Gabel

Laura Greenwood Emily Hoogesteger Adri Kopp Patrick Leene Cait O'Hara

Robin Tucke Shannon Ward

Art Editor

Art Staff
Collin Cappelle
Caney Demars
Gabs Drake Katie Gagliardo Katharine Longfello

Carly MacConnel Lauryn Schrom Brienne Toomey

_Special Thanks To UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief with paulgross

"I am not going to be silenced and I'm not going away."

-The 9-9-9 man himself, Herman Cain, announcing that he is withdrawing from the Presidential race. Amidst allegations of a variety of sexual indescretions, Cain decided that the stress of running was too much for him and his family. He then quoted a song about never giving up, which

"We shot down a 'Western spy drone." "The female is more coy and shy,

-An unnamed Iranian military spokesperson. They've said this like four times before—they're usually full of shit.

whereas the male is more outgoing."

-A zoologist at the Edinburgh Zoo, about two new giant pandas that just arrived. These will be the UK's only giant pandas in 17 years. Everyone is pretty pumped about it. And could you really blame them?

"It kills everything. No fishing, no dive schools, no tourists, just dead fish on the surface."

- A fisherman from the Canary Islands on an underwater volcano that has been erupting constantly for the past month. Natural disasters like these fucking suck for everyone, especially for people who live off the land like our fisherman friend here. There's nobody you can sue when a volcano destroys your livelihood.







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

contact the wt.

Letters to the Editor/General **Editors-in-Chief:**

watertowereditor@gmail.com Advertising:

read the wt. B/H Library - 1st Floor

Davis Center - Main St. Tunnel

Old Mill Annex - Main Lobby

Online - uvm.edu/~watertwi

L/L - Outside Alice's Café

Waterman - Main Lobby

Williams - Inside Steps

join the wt. New writers and artists are always welcome Davis Center - 1st Floor Entrance Weekly meetings Tuesdays at 7:30 pm Chittenden Bank Room Davis Center - 4th Floor Or send us an email

ur generation stands at a crossroads. To the right re the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. he left is the desolate wasteland of anathy and igno ance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make u reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and mayb ee your pants along the way. We are the reason peoe can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.

by kerrymartin

suffering from the recession tighten the belt and cut back on spending, they consequently salt the economy's open wounds: while people save money, industries suffer and cut more jobs. But the sluggish recovery of the Dow Jones does little to quell Americans' holiday spirit, and millions across the nation flock to supermarkets and shopping malls at Christmastime as if they were Meccas with food courts. According to top sources (like Wikipedia), Christmas

est annual "if we've proven that christmas economic can help out a bear market stimulus in many countries dur once a year, who's to say it can't help over disapproper in the ing which the economy **four** or five times a year? morning, the average American and who doesn't want christmas all she revived Joan from year long?" does one quarter of

his or her spending for the year. Department store sales increase by 54%, bookstore sales by 100%, jewelry store sales by 170%, and retail stores hire an additional 200,000 employees. It truly is, as economist Andy Williams once said, "the most wonderful

So, why must there be only one most wonderful time of the year? If we've proven that Christmas can help out a bear market once a year, who's to say it can't help the economy four or five times a year? And who doesn't want Christmas all year long?

I propose that the federal government create several additional holidays to be spread throughout the calendar, stressing the fact that their hearty celebration is key to being a true American. The reasons for, and means of celebration, will obviously vary, but by centering each holiday on food consumption, home decoration, and gift exchanges, the United States would soon look at any economic recession as a thing

Here are just a few ideas for potential holidays that would turn this economic downfall into a...uh...eco-chronic clown-

St. Phoebe's Day (March 18th)

The Day: The morning after St. Patrick's Day is an ugly sight, dreaded annually by

Vietnam Throwback Day (November

Times are hard. As millions of Americans millions of Americans, especially if it's a workday. Every working man and woman battles through each hour like an angry, aching Zeus about to give birth to Athena from his head. The aches, the shakes, and the digestive quakes can be too much.. unless you send a prayer to St. Phoebe, the Patron Saint of Hangover Cures. Everyone knows the tale of St. Phoebe, Joan of Arc's nurse: after Joan got drunk with the army boys on the eve of a battle (it was St. Patrick's

Day, after all), God came to Phoebe and blessed her

hands with the grace to make hang

to-comatose stupor by massaging her temples, and Joan went on to sack three cities that day. With St. Phoebe's Day as a national holiday, Americans would have the freedom to thoroughly celebrate the miracles of both St. Patrick and St. Phoebe with ample time

The Pay: St. Phoebe's Day would give the American economy an annual hump that would make camels jealous. The spike in commerce we already get on St. Patrick's Day would be tripled, as people purchase more drinks, ride more taxis, and pay even more public urination tickets than they do already. On St. Phoebe's Day itself, business experts estimate record profits for restaurants like Denny's, through-the-roof sales of drugs like Tylenol and Plan-B, and unprecedented iTunes downloads of calming ocean sounds. And let's not forget the most important tradition, started by St. Phoebe herself: legends say that on mornings after the soldiers' rowdy victory parties, St. Phoebe would walk around the army camp giving out les pops glacées, or, as we call them in Amurrica, Freezy Pops. The industries that would reap profit from St. Phoebe's Day are seemingly infinite.

new holiday stimulus package barely-urban dictionary



aside and partying begins

when America's mind wanders back to the days of Nam. The years 1955 to 1975 marked a golden era of national defense and patriotism, so to honor this glorious patch of history, true Americans take out their army gear - clothes, pins, hats, guns, napalm, more guns - and deck the halls in white and blue (but not red) for Vietnam Throwback Day. The spirit of the Vietnam War still rings true today, because while the US military commits occasional atrocities thousands of miles away, a man in uniform back home can still show kids what it means to be a true American. Vietnam Throwback Day, like the Fourth of July, takes place on one of America's most memorable anniversaries: November 22nd, the Inauguration of President Lyndon B. Johnson, a true American who loved his barbecue. The wintry date makes barbecuing tricky, so pray that the fire, like the The Day: There comes a time every year hopes of democratizing a Southeast Asian

country, doesn't get snuffed out. However. no Throwback is complete without a counter movement. Teenage delinquents spend the day listening to anti-Capitalist collabo rators like Neil Young and Buffalo Springfield, burning bras and draft cards, and tak ing "long weekends" across the Canadian border. Plus, someone has to get stoned and eat all those undercooked ribs.

The Pay: Vietnam Throwback Day is an economic stimulus ripe for the picking. Any real American would at the very least buy a military uniform for the occasion or get his old uniform dry-cleaned. Barbecue food would obviously be a hot commodity, and gun sales would increase by 250%, top economists predict. But the non-Americans would boost the economy too, pumping billions into picket signs, vinyl,

why german politics are just plain better chancellor angela merkel, lowering taxes, and chemistry

by james**aglio**

German Chancellor Angela Merkel is taking a stand on the Euro-crisis. Last Friday, before the Bundestag, she gave a speech in which she reaffirmed her position that a division of the eurozone to stave off economic failure was an unacceptable solution. She did however, criticize the concept of Eurobonds which would pool the debt of the eurozone countries and make the stronger ones responsible for the weaker. Her opponent, Frank-Walter Steinmeier of the Social Democrats, stated to Merkel that, "While you are criticizing other eurozone countries, you plan to bring down German taxes."

Now regardless of whether or not you have any idea what the above means, the last part should be undeniably alien. It's a politician of a major political party, critiquing the incumbent head of state for planning to lower taxes. That would simply not happen in America. If a candidate wished to say something in that vein, it would involve much verbal hoop jumping and very careful phrasing. Having said it, there would be a stunned silence, while countless analysts would be trying to determine if they had just witnessed the death of a career. Regardless of where you stand on the issue, I think it is important to recognize that there

are actual countries where a reasonable discourse on the subject can be had.

In general, I'm guessing that your everyday average UVMer would dislike Merkel's politics. She's conservative, a member of the Christian Democratic Union, supported the 2003 invasion of Iraq, slowed the denuclearization of Germany, and is frequently compared to Margaret Thatcher by the press (they even call her the Iron Frau). Granted she also has supported Islamic education classes in German Schools and just received the Presidential Medal of Freedom from Obama in February, but still, on the whole, Merkel-who for extended periods of time has been named by Forbes as the most powerful woman in the world-largely moves in political circles that would be decidedly exotic to the Vermont hoi polloi. But she is very interesting. What I find personally find most compelling about her is that she is a chemist. A physical chemist. Right before she got into politics as the Berlin Wall fell, Merkel received a doctorate in chemistry, did research, and published papers. And I love that about Merkel. I love that it implies a certain, mouthbreathiness to her. But more than how much chemistry makes me love her, it makes me love her husband de-

cidedly more.

His name is Joachim Sauer, and he is a badass. To be more specific he is a quantum chemist. He also has literally kept the lowest profile of any spouse of a head of state since post-1533 Catherine of Aragon. He hates political media attention so much that during the 2005 campaign for his wife to become Chancellor, he actually refused to give any interviews not explicitly about his research. When she won, he was absent from the oath of office ceremony preferring to watch part of it on a television in his lab while ĥe worked. He just doesn't give a damn. And when I think about how things like that work here, where the First Lady's personal charitable initiatives are deemed sufficiently portant to headline newspapers, I just have to sigh.

It's a lot easier in Germany. The issues get talked about, the heads of states have somehow managed to avoid becoming caricatures of their election promises, and the focus remains, for the most part, on the actual points not their significant others. Bonus tip: Don't follow politics but know that you want to vote for the most liberal party out there? Cast in your vote with Die





got a question?

As this is the last issue before the holilays I decided to prepare you all something special. Christmas is my favorite time of the rear and there is nothing that I like more during this season than to play, decorate, and cuddle with my pussy cats. So, for this cat lady edition I have decided to give you a list of 10 amazing things that you can do with your cat that will surely spice up the ask the cat lady!

I hope that you have fun with these because I surely will be! Happy holidays and I hope you all celebrate love, and enjoy your long weeks with your kitties.

Best Wishes to You and Yours,

- **1.** Get a cat (if you don't have 15 already)
- **2.** Make paper snowflakes and turn them into cat toys.
- **3.** Knit and then let your cat play with the yarn.
- 4. Sew stockings for you and one for your cat(s). WARNING: Do NOT let your cat any where near the thread because they could choke on it and die.
- 5. Decorate cookies with your cat. WARNING: Do NOT let your cat up on the counter near the frosting. Frosting + Cat Hair= Disaster
- **6.** Hang your mistletoe under your cat's food so every time you call him or her to dinner

you simply must give them a kiss.

- 7. Make an advent calendar with cat toys and or tasty kitty morsels and open it with your cat surprising them with a special treat each day of the holiday
- 8. Cook a large turkey and share it between you and your cat.
- 9. Pet your cat by the fireside while you're eating your hairless cookies.
- 10. Go to the pound, adopt all the cats, and celebrate the best Christmas of your life by sharing your delicious turkey with all of them. If you're feeling particularly generous you could also make and share some milk-nog with the pretty kitties.

cabbage and the stormcloaks: a skyrim guide for **non-gamers**

On November 11th, 2011 (while I was busy squealing about making super awesome wishes that will definitely come), Skyrim was released. Skyrim, as one of my gaming friends explained to me, is the fifth role-playing video game in the *The Elder Scrolls* series. Ok, great, so what? We've all been playing RPGs since Zelda. This can't be that big of a deal, right? Wrong.

Apparently, *Skyrim* is this long-awaited masterpiece with stunning graphics, extensive control over character interactions, and stellar reviews from everyone who's anyone in the gaming world. The storyline is way too complex for anyone to ever get bored, and there are well over one hundred

"the more i sneak, the better i get at sneaking. the more i swing my sword,

gameplay told a good thing).

course, as my friend Ian later explained to me, "It has dragons, Megan. DRAGONS." So I guess there are the dragons,

As the weekend of the game's release passed, I lost a few of my friends to Skyrim. A couple of them were so enthralled with their dragon-slaying that they missed a party my roommates and I were throwing. And we throw some pretty awesome parties. Not one to be outdone by a goddamn video game, I decided to don my sword and armor and check this thing out for myself.

So that's how I found myself playing Skyrim last Thursday. The game's story (which is a wee bit of a mouthful) goes a bit like this: Skyrim is a province on the continent Tamriel, on the planet Nirn, in the plane Mundus, which exists in Oblivion. Staying part of the current Empire is the

only thing keeping Skyrim safe, as a treaty signed between the Empire and the Aldmeri Dominion (a bloodthirsty collective of Elven nations who begrudgingly signed a peace treaty but are looking for

any reason to gain back territory) seems to be on the rocks. As a result, there's a civil war among the Nords (Skyrim natives)—on one side, there are the Stormcloaks, led by Ulfric Stormcloak (a truly BAMF name), who want to secede from the Empire; on the other, there are those who want to stay part of the Empire (aka wussies). I haven't quite figured out how this story plays into the game itself, but no

The game opens with the player (me!) on a wagon with some Stormcloak rebels (including Ulfric himself), all on our way to be executed. When we stop in the town of our scheduled executions, I get to design everything about my

shape, lip color, nose shape, eye color, eye shape, eyebrow

style, jaw structure, beard style, etc. I spend about 15 min-

moving on to my execution, which is oh-so-rudely inter-

me control of dear Cabbage, and I have to run away, mas-

tering the nearly impossible task of moving and looking

run, to sneak, and to jump. I try to catch salmon in the

river. I admire the mountainous scenery. I steal lots of food

and eat it. I manage to kill a sizable hairy spider. I have

a long conversation with an innkeeper about the name of

his business (it's The Drunken Huntsman. Don't pretend

you're not curious). I attempt to navigate between cities. I

do some more jumping. I admire some more mountainous

My friend Ian explains that in Skyrim, practice makes

For the next hour, I explore Skyrim. I learn to walk, to

around at the same time.

perfect (and super powerful characters). The more I sneak, the better I get at sneaking. The more I swing my sword, the better I get at swinging. The more I attempt to catch salmon, the better I get at almost drowning myself. This feature of the game gives the player immense control over how to play; it truly is whatever you make of it.

After an hour, I've gotten pretty bored. I'm convinced that I've seen it all! I've experienced everything that Skyrim has to offer! I hand the controller over to Ian, and within five minutes he has summoned multiple wolf spirits, magicked up some fireballs to use as weapons, and gotten my character killed. So maybe I hadn't quite done it all yet ... but

to know? the better i get at swinging. the more i attempt to *catch salmon*, the better cess of choice i get at **almost drowning** myself." frustrating. Ian seems to

To be fair, I can at least acknowledge the fact that everyone who really knows anything about gaming is headover-heels in love with Skyrim. The game got a 40/40 review by the Japanese magazine Famitsu. It's the first game from out of Japan to achieve a perfect score, which is apparently such a huge deal that our resident Wt editor gamen is flipping shit. So it wasn't meant for me, a non-gamer, and I know that. But I can appreciate that it's very well made without actually enjoying it, right? Can't we all be a fan of mountainous scenery and badass names like Ulfric? Yes. So with that, I say: solid game, but I'm sticking with Warcraft. I give it 4 out of 5 frosted funfetti cupcakes.

character: sex, hairstyle, hair color, weight, skin color, lip the most exciting part, exclaiming that "you can do anything you want" as if I'm supposed to know what that means. Maybe I'm a fan of games with step-by-step inutes creating a character (that I name Cabbage) before structions that explain how to rescue my sister from an evil witch (Banjo-Kazooie on N64). Maybe I'm just not a fan of rupted by a big-ass dragon. At this point, the game gives RPGs. Warcraft III is more my style. Sue me.

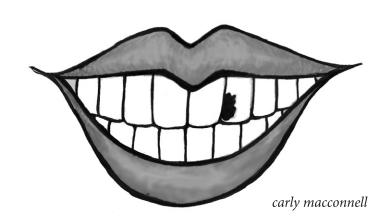


"after you"

by robintucker

I'd like to start by saying, it's not hard to open a door (with the exception of the front doors to Waterman). When I'm walking to the DC after class, and I'm heading toward the WRUV entrance, without fail someone comes out of the doors when I've got a good two blocks of sidewalk left to go. Let me ask you this, stranger from the DC, do you really think that I would rather run to the door that you are (so kindly) holding open for me two sidewalk blocks away, or open the door myself when I get there in my own sweet time? I repeat, it is not hard to open a door.

Now, I know I sound like an ungrateful jerk, but don't even get me started on those obsessive doorholders who insist that you walk through the doors before them, after they have stood there holding it for you since they spotted your shadow coming up over the hill. I'm usually too absorbed in whatever I'm thinking about/doing while I'm walking (again, I sound like a douche, but it's just true) to even realize what this wonderful, chivalrous person is trying to do. I get to the door with my ipod on and a text half written in my hand and I'm like, dude, get the fuck out of the doorway. Now don't get me wrong, I don't slam doors in people's faces, but here is my doorholding and other moral dilemmas of the mundane



rule: As I'm walking through a door, I look back. If there is someone behind my reaching for the door that I am holding, I swiftly pass them the weight of the door. I don't look around to see if anyone looks like they are about to get up, watch them pack their bag, and then usher them through the door that I've been holding for ten minutes.

Doorholding is not the only kind gesture that tends to take a turn to turtleville (awwwkward) the majority of the time. Pen-retrieving is pretty high up on the list. You know when you are in class and you

accidently fling your pen to the floor? Yes okay, and you also know that it's not the end of the world when this happens; you might even decide in the moment that you just don't have the energy to care, and you were looking for an excuse to stop taking notes anyway. Well my friend, your kind classmates will not let this happen. Something about pen-retrieving must be awfully satisfying, because whenever someone drops a pen in class, everyone surrounding them dives to the ground like hyenas, looking for the lost writing utensil, even when the

dropper really is closest to the pen. Again, thank you, but no thank you.

Now, as someone who wants to do the right thing (without going overboard) there are some cases that are more debatable. For instance, vou walk into a bathroom stall and you see someone's ID sitting on the toilet paper dispenser. Should you take it to the info desk/ look them up on facebook and call them (hey, it doesn't count as stalk ing if you are trying to help)? Or should you leave it there because it could belong to the girl who just held the door for you as vou entered the bathroom, and she migh have just realized she left it and be on her way back right now? Decisions!! Oh what stressful lives we lead.

I will conclude with a situation that should have no debate at all and something that even I, douche of mundane things, will always do: tell someone they have food in their teeth. Even if the actual telling makes for a bit of an awkward moment, it is 100 times better than carrying a piece of lettuce between your pearly whites as you talk to your friends, order a burrito, and ask your professor why did you get that B+? Be a friend. Do the right thing. Just don't hold the door or pick up my pen as you do it.

the **bare essentiality** of the naked bike ride



I saw so many penises that night. Hundreds of bare asses, a multitude of breasts, and nipples galore. I saw my friends naked, I saw that kid in my English class naked...I saw more naked that I've ever seen before,

firmed that

I had chosen the right college to attend. I didn't participate in the ride/run, because as a first year I wanted to see what the naked chaos was all about before stripping to my birthday suit. But watching my peers sprinting, jogging, biking, and scooter-ing around in circles brought a huge smile to my face. There were people of all shapes and sizes, male, female, and other, all joining together to share a common joy; the joy of nakedness. I felt connected to every single person I saw that night, and that feeling carried over into the next day when evervone was swaddled in their clothes once again, preparing for final exam hellweek.

Second semester I decided to opt out of the bike ride again, a decision that I bitterly regret (God-damnit Rachel of last year, why, WHY?) And now the Naked Bike Ride has been cancelled this year. I was shocked when I heard. I may have cried out

The administration. I wanted an explanation, and I got one a few days later. As the an email, the bike ride was cancelled due

in sorrow and cursed them. Those people.

is more than an excuse to get nude and

people together, and lets us express our-selves. It moves past differences and tears

lewd; it is a beautiful tradition that brings

have a sober friend near by who can help you if you get hurt. Also look out for the po; the unofficial nature of this year's Ride means that police will probably not hesitate to question people who are acting particularly smashed.

Despite these worries of mine, I urge you all to get naked and let loose! We all work really hard and during finals we probably have some of the highest levels of stress we'll ever experience. In the President's email he said that an "alternative event" is being planned for the night that classes end, something that will charitably benefit our community. While I applaud the administration for planning a charity event I think the timing is bad. A charity event on the night that classes end misses the entire point of the Naked Bike Ride. I would love for the school to plan an event like this some other time, when most students will actually attend instead of studying or getting naked. We have been working our asses of this semester and have a whole lot of pent up energy boiling up in our bodies and minds. We don't want a charitable event. We want a night of craziness, an outlet for all the emotions, exhaustion, and stress that come with intensive

learning. For our wellbeing we deserve to run free and have a moment of raw, naked bliss before hunkering

"the naked bike ride is more than an excuse to get nude and lewd; it is a beautiful tradition that brings people together...because in the end we are all human and we all have butts"

injuries related to intoxication. Is it just me, or does this sound like any other weekend at college? I was horrified to hear that people had been sexually assaulted; no one should have to experience that, and I can't believe that some assholes would do that on a night that should be all about community, love, fun, and pure nakedness. I can understand why these incidents would scare the administration into cancelling the bike ride, and I respect the decision to focus on student safety. However, I think they could have chosen a different solution, such as hiring more security or making more guidelines. Without funding for security the unofficial ride that will

dangerous. The University may not think its worth it to pay for students to get drunk, strip, and run around, but for us the Naked Bike Ride

undoubtedly take place is going to be more

down social barriers, because in the end we are all human and we all have butts. I think our culture is much too uptight about the naked body, and an event that entails many youth stripping and running around together helps people move past the taboo of nudity. And what other state lets people be naked in public? When naked we are all true Vermonters accepting wildness as part

We go to a school full of many rebellious, fun-loving go-getters, so obviously people are still going to get naked. There are unofficial Naked Bike Ride plans in the works, and when classes end I don't doubt that many students are going to be abandoning their clothes. If you decide to participate in this business, be careful! Without security it is going to be a lot riskier to get wasted and do physical activity. Play it safe and maybe don't get as drunk, or make sure you



reflections.

ultimate christmas movie quiz: how much do you know?

by katiealexander

This quiz is a compilation of Christmas movie trivia that you should know if you are a hardcore classic Christmas movie buff like myself. (Christmas movies are indeed a legitimate genre of cinematography.) And don't even think about using your phone or another means of accessing the World Wide Web, because you have a secret weapon to answer every question- and it's called your brain. So test your Christmas cinematic wisdom, and you may learn something that you can use as a cheesy pick-up line, say under the mistletoe.

. What is the (fictional) Vermont town where the characters stop to perform their Christmas show in the film White

- A) Maple Tree B) Pine Tree
- C) Snow Peak
- D) Green Meadow

2. What is the correct length missing from the following lyric from "The Grinch" from the film How the Grinch

"I wouldn't touch you with a

39.5

3. What does the Misfit Cowboy ride in Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer?

Llama Alpaca

4. Who is the greedy mayor in the film Santa Claus is Coming to Town?

Burgermeister Meisterburger Mister Burgeron

Miser Doldrum

Meister Bronte

5. What does one child suggest to name the snowman in *Frosty the Snowman*?

Oatmeal

Ice-cream

answers on the bottom

right page 🔣

twilight needs some re-vamping

The word "appalling," meaning awful, terrible, and horrifying, originates from the Old French word "apalir," meaning "to grow pale." It is, therefore, the perfect word to describe The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn Part I, which was appalling in so many ways, the first of which being that every character was so pale that they all looked like a blood-sucking family of mimes.



The holidays are met with extremely mixed reviews based

upon whom you talk to. There are the overly joyful people who don Christmas sweaters, blare "Deck the Halls," dress

their cars as reindeer and trim their color-coordinated tree(s)

starting the day after Thanksgiving; there are the people who

are indifferent and participate in the festivities simply because

everyone else does; and then there are people like me. Call me

a Grinch, but I'm perfectly open about it: I hate the holiday

season more than most people hate Twilight, High School Musi-

The Matchy-Matchy Christmas

This is the family that loves the holidays just a little too much.

They pile into their pristine

mini-van donning matching

turtlenecks, sweaters and khakis,

and merrily prance to the portrait studio for a four-hour photo

shoot for the Christmas card.

The children in this family have

names starting with the same let-

ter, and they usually do this pho-

to shoot in July (God forbid they

sent out their cards any later than the day after Thanksgiving!).

cal and Justin Bieber combined. Because I patiently await the

snag a front row seat right in front of a squealing group of thirteen-year-old fan girls. I did not join in their enthusiasm even though, yes, I admit, I have read Twilight. And yes, unfortunately, this movie followed the book pretty

If you are unfamiliar with the story then DON'T SEE THIS MOVIE. You have no idea what you're getting yourself into. If you are familiar the movie starts with Bella the hutying the knot (I mean, they're eigh teen. Talk about taking your time,

eh?). The newlyweds fly off to an island owned by Edward's filthy rich vampire father and they lose their virginity in a passionate, bed-breaking bout of lovemaking. The first 45 minutes of the movie views like a feel-good romance, with the central conflict being that Edward refuses to sleep with her after that first night owing to the fact that the bed got just as fucked as they and shit, and Edward is just mad and pale and did (meaning they literally broke the bed in half) and his wife walked away from the experience covered in bruises. Edward is nothing if

I saw this movie over break, managing to But after 45 minutes this movie takes a turn. You see, Bella and Eddie don't use condoms because they figure, since Edward is technically dead, he does not have the ability to impregnate her. But oh does he impregnate her. Edward's undead sperm beats the odds and manages to create a horrifying, terrible, appalling vampire fetus that literally starts eating Bella

precious minutes for a plot climax. And oh how hose 12 minutes were utilized.

I was fortunate enough (in a sense) to have read the book before seeing the movie, meaning that I had a little warning but even so, when you're sitting in the front row, in a seat nailed to the floor, facing a giant screen with the climax

"they don't use condoms because they figure, since edwith the story then you know that ward is **technically dead**, he does not have the ability to man and Edward the vamp finally impregnate her. but oh does he impregnate her."

> from the inside. Finally, I thought as I watched from my front row seat. Something awesome is

But, alas, I was mistaken. No, nothing happens. Bella sits on a couch and gets gaunter and more pregnant and more disgusting, Jacob runs around in the woods as a wolf all upset sparkly, for like literally an hour of the movie. When a film has a running time of 117 minutes, 45 of those minutes are spent on the vampire sex and another 60 are spent on the woes

of Breaking Dawn Part I projected onto it, 12 minutes can seem like an eternity.

So the climax of this movie is basically a detailed account of the result of Edward's climax. Oh, I should mention now, this film is not suitable for women who are pregnant or may become pregnant. We go from feel-good romance, to family drama, to a scene from Saw V with literally no transition. There's Bella innocently talking about her horrible ideas for baby names, when suddenly her spine snaps, her ribs break and her huge throbbing stomach

inwanted attention.

then, this Thanks-

of vampiric pregnancy, then that only leaves 12 is chewed open by her devoted husband in the most appalling C-section imaginable.

But, to tell you the truth, it wasn't the sickening birth or even the rough vampire sex that was most appalling about this movie. No, it was the fact that even though this movie made \$61.8 million dollars in one weekend, the special effects still looked like graphics from a cheap video game. It was appalling that even though they could have absolutely fit the entire book into a single movie, (anyone who has read the book knows that absolutely nothing happens in the second half. Or the first, for that matter), they had to stretch it out, doubling their profits by making two incredibly boring atrocities. I can think of at least 5 two and half minute long montages that were obviously only there so that they could drag this sucker out into a full-length feature. Hollywood should think about enforcing a montage cap, because this was just ridiculous.

So, if you're looking to be appalled, then be my guest. If not, then I do not recommend seeing this. Not even for those "it's so bad it's lovers. It's just a rollercoaster ride of bored, disgusted, bored, bored, AHHHHH OH MY GOD WHAT, appalled.

holiday card horrors

7. How much does Lucy charge for psychiby sarah**perda** atric help in A Charlie Brown Christi

1 cent 5 cents 10 cents 25 cents

A Christmas Carol?

Chicken

Turkey

Goose

Duck

8. Who is a parent of Heat Miser and Snow Miser in The Year Without A Santa Claus?

6. What does the Cratchit Family eat for

their main dinner entre in Charles Dickens

Mother Nature Mother Earth

Father Time

9. Who is the son of the district attorney, who is called to the stand to defend Kris Kringle in *Miracle on 34th Street*?

Freddy Jr.

Thomas Jr.

10. Who are the four leading actors in

Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale

Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney, Vera-Ellen

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra

Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Dion Warwick, Nat King Cole

end of the season year after year, I have had to find one surefire way to entertain myself during this month of mayhem. As luck would have it, I am annually hand delivered a goldmine of endless amusement: Christmas cards.

Nothing warms my heart more than the multitude of awkward family photos mailed to my house throughout the month of December. The conventional way to read Christmas cards is to look at the photo, "ooh-ahh" a little bit, settle on making a generic comment about it ("Wow, look how big Jon and Kate's kids have gotten!"), hang it on the refrigerator and be on your

faction about how much weight little Jimmy has put on, or how much better looking your family is than someone else's. They say you can't judge a book by its cover; however, you can feel completely free to judge a family by their Christmas card. For my fellow Scrooges, this here is how to find some joy (though at someone else's expense) during this extremely drawn out holiday season via the awkward family photo breakdown.



The Family Vacation Card

This family doesn't have time to take a Christmas picture ei-

ther because no one is ever home or no one cares enough to

assemble the masses, but the mother is insistent on sending a card out nonetheless. The last time this family was together was during that blissful week at Disney World where they

were forced to pose in front of Cinderella's Castle for the

world's most cliché awkward family photo. To the children's

dismay, this is the only picture Mom had of everyone...

The Still Matchy-Matchy But Taken at Home Picture

This family has slightly more shame than the previous family mentioned. The children whine for hours when the parents force them into outfits that match their siblings' because it's "so not cool." They plaster painfully fake smiles to their faces for all but 20 minutes and then retreat to their respective rooms to play WOW for the remainder of the afternoon.

The Awkwardly Photoshopped Together Family

My personal favorite. This family ignores all of Mom's pleas to get together for a picture and leaves her to her own devices. Mom is so hell-bent on showing everyone how adorable her little bundles of joy are (regardless of what awkward stage they're currently in) so she resorts to picking her favorite pictures of her children and creating her own little collage. This is not a joke; I have seen many sad attempts at creating a believable family photo over the years. The kicker: Mom's favorite pictures rarely (if ever) coincide with her children's, so this card is often deliciously awkward.

The Card

If you receive a plain old card, the sender is single, old, childless, or has completely given up on attempting the family pic-ture, finally realizing it is not worth the agony.

giving break, I sud denly found myself sitting on the floor of our living room playing an innocent game of Monopoly and passing around a bottle of moonshine and thought, wait, when did we become a family that passes moonshine around a board game? It forced me to really think about my upbringing-something always tried to blotch out and forget. I think a lot of people do that when they move

THE SOUTH-continued from page 1

flops until the first snow, and as a blonde

My UVM career flew quickly by (fresh-

away for college. We leave town to "run away," find out who we "really" are, truly "discover" ourselves. Well, I ran a whopping 1,000 miles away, and I can tell you now that nothing you'll learn about yourself, whether you move across the country or just one town over. will compare to what you'll find out when you take a closer look at home. It may have taken me three and half years to tease this out, but somewhere along the way I really

also quickly came to my friends' attention did become a good 'ole southern girl. I've got SEC football ingrained in my blood, I like my vegetables fried, I can't resist a sale that I refuse to relinquish the use of flip 115 pound girl I have an odd taste for whiskey. Mostly, I was embarrassed when on Jack Daniels, and I'll still argue with anyone about the proper pronunciation of "Appalachia" (which is pronounced with these qualities surfaced. Even if I breezed through the actual moment, some part of all soft a's, by the way). The more time I've me made a mental note to suppress such spent away the more I've come to realize how much I love the south, and not only embrace, but cling to the pieces I've taken men—be warned, it goes insanely fast) and with me. So what if we drink moonshine

in our living room if we're having a damn

good time, right?
UVM is about 60% out-of-state students. We make up the majority, but coming into the university think there is a part of us that strives to unite in similaritiesto all belong together and fit in. But I say, celebrate the differ ences. Don't take four vears to realize tha it really doesn't matter where you're from besides how you make it matter to yourself. Whether you're a New Hampshire "hill person", a Boston "Masshole", a Jersey "guido' or an Alabama "red-

neck"; people might stick a label on you, but they'll ultimately judge you for who you are, and most likely love you for it. Plus, (just to add some extra cheese on top) you might actually realize something about yourself along the way.

2(B), 6(C), 7(B), 8(A), 9(C), 10(A)

Answers- I(B), 2(C), 3(D), 4(A),

fork it over.



how to become the next celebrity chef

I knew this kid, Zach, who decided in 6th grade that he was doing to be the next Iron Chef. This was the REAL Iron Chef, straight outta the O.G. Japanese Kitchen Stadium. He would be the "first ever American Iron Chef" and he was really, really psyched about it.

But dreams fade; Zach moved to California and Iron Chef hasn't aired a new episode in

nearly a decade. Still, TV cooking is bigger than ever. You've got your Paula Deans and Rachel Rays, your Mario Batalis and your Bobby Flays. There's Giada and Emeril and that asshole from Diners, Drive-ins and Dives with the upside down sunglasses. And even though Zach moved on, there's definitely room for one more host or hostess. If you, like sixth-grade-Zach, have high hopes of being a food personality (a foodonality, if you will [please, I hope you won't {but also, that you will}]), here are some helpful tips:



Be pretty, Southern, or a tool – The best food shows aren't about food, they're about cleavage, accents, and bleached blond tips. If you show some sking or drive a badass car through Louisiana on your way to a fish fry, people are gonna watch that show. Some foodonalities get by with just knowing about food but they're few and far between And unly so food, but they're few and far between. And ugly, so...

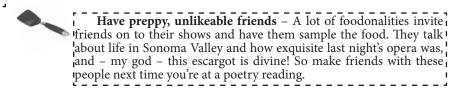


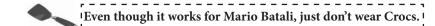
Wear fun aprons - You don't want to get flour or sriracha sauce on your hip threads, and it's important to look like a sophisticated gourmet. You've got options. You can cook naked, but that won't fly on network TV. You can just not cook with iflour or sriracha, but then you'll end up with no food, and, well, you know. You're left with option 3: an apron. They come in all kinds of colors and patterns. Some have funny little sayings like "Kiss the Cook!" or "Gift from my Mother-in-law!" Some have pockets for storing, like, spoons... spatulas... and, uh... more spoons.



Make boring things really exciting – It's your job as host to turn "stirring" into "STIR-IRING!!!!" It's helpful to have a catchphrase like "BAM!" or "Yummo!" Picture this: You'rei 'adding some kosher salt to a! bowl. You do it kind of haphazardly, casual-like. Just a flick of the wrist, and the salt hits their contents of the bowl and you say! something like "HI-YA!" or "Hot

On second thought, I've goti dibs on "hot DAMN!"





WE'RE YOUR PRIVATE AREA

Discreet sexual health services in a new downtown location. Check us out at YoursBurlington.org





trash.

i want you so bad

Oh sexy black boy at UVMtv I'm finding it really hard to tell if you're into me I don't see you that often, but when I do... Your adorable face makes my heart melt like goo You're sweet and you're funny, and oh LORD that smile! Makes me weak in the knees, like I've just run a mile. I hope I'm not imagining our flirtatious banter 'Cause baby, you are quite the enchanter.;)
Fuck it, I should just tell you how I feel
But making the first move isn't really my deal. This silly little crush is making me mad! 'Cause baby, i just want you so bad. When: every now and then Where: uvmtv

I saw: the most beautiful smile I am: a gal with a little junk in the trunk

Torn between the two, when either one would do. I'll be the honey in the middle, if you both want to diddle. In the laundry room, kitchen, or even the quiet room, after we don't have to spoon..

Your names are unknown, but you'd still make me moan. This grundle princess is looking for a meal, and you two are quite the steal.

For dinner Italian Stallion, for dessert Chocolate Irish, It'll be my only wish and I'd certainly enjoy the dish. When: not often enough

Where: here and there in Harris I saw: two beautiful men I am: a clam jammed honey

In the DC we hang out most all of the time I'm an awful writer but here is my rhyme We read **the water tower** together every week I surely enjoy your sass and your cheek We worked together every day of the summer But not during the fall which is kind of a bummer I'm abroad next semester, and you'll graduate But please have the heart to remain in this state Your eyes bright as stars so please don't blink We don't have much time so god damn let me buy you a

When: Tuesday evenings Where: DC, Dud, Deathstar I saw: A Sexy Stage Manager I am: A Poetic Pirate

Your style is sexy, your glasses are hot It seems to me you might study a lot You take copius notes during class
While I sit distracted at the back of the class.
My friend sent a frisbee right at your head And I really like your singular dread I see you out my window smokin' at MAT Maybe you would like to smoke with me Or else help me study if you're doing well Because if I manage a C it'll be a cold day in hell.

When: MWF Where: Bio

I saw: a smokin hot girl I am: doing poorly in Bio

Wednesday last week You wore that...I don't remember I'm sure you looked so amazing, so beautiful I don't have the courage to say anything to you in person But I can admire from afar Maybe one day our eyes will meet And you will know who admires you enough to write creepy newspaper poems But seriously though When: often Where:MW 4-5:15 pm Where: Philosophy 10 I saw: a cute freshman with short red hair I am: a sophomore too shy to ask you out :(

Makes me a little flush, I secretly watch you design Les Beaux, While I pretend to clean my brush. If I had more disposable money, I'd order Wings Over for you to deliver,

Because, dear friend, whenever I see you, My heart begins to quiver. **When:** Every day Where: At work, my brother's, your car I saw: Chadley
I am: Wilbur T. Johnson

Dear Cute (hipster) Girl

This is not a profession of love

Better than any hand in glove

Yeah girl, I'll be the pear tree

And you can be my turtledove

If I was Johnny Depp

So let's just square with it

Where: cook commons

basement underground

I saw: cute girl, the I am: the kid with socks on

You'd for sure be

Keira Knightley

soulmates.

Although I know in bed we'd fit

One time you took my grilled cheese

It must've been a sign from above

The most bangingest British person

I'm a hopeless romantic, and you are hipster bangin' So let's screw mainstream, and get right down to shmangin PS- if you got the "The Smiths" reference in that, we're

When: after math class, Tuesdays and Thursdays

I saw you on the left side of class in POLS 021

Lets go on a date, down to the lake,

I see you every weekend on the ice,

and on campus your ass looks nice.

I hope one day you'll say hi,

At the next party I hope I score,

Like you on the ice, number 24.

I saw: An experienced older man

Good thing I'm not allergic to dairy.

I hope you don't think I am complete freak. If I keep it up I might need new jeans,

I usually would never do anything like this,

You're roomies with my brother - That's great

Cause I have an excuse to see you more.

When: Every Night

Where: Swede Dreams

I am: A curious freshman

You work at Ben and Jerry's.

I went there twice last week.

But baby you look lean.

When: Before Break

I am: a girl in letters

I already see you daily

Cutting luon or 2 by 4.

Where: Ben and Jerry's

You appear Italian and tan.

Most likely the ultimate man.

But we should probably kiss.

I saw: A cutie scooping ice cream

The way you handle that skill saw

When: When I asked you to turn around

I saw: A sexy girl whose lips I cannot forget

maybe at the hockey house when I stop by.

Complimenting my posture was a great deed,

And I really wanna bone you, you sexy swede.

If you let me take you out it would be lots of fun

You have long brown hair, and sparkling green eyes

That's my favorite show, would you watch it with me?

I want you for me, screw all the other guys!
I asked a friend, who said your name was Allie G

We'll hang out all day and pictures of you I'll take

I'm tall, tan, and handsome, won't you give me a shot

I am: I determined guy who wants what he can't get

We can do naughty things, baby I'll show you all I got.

Where: My love for you began on school street in tha

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

Thanksgiving Break

Random Girl: I don't want to go out to dinner. Just eat me

Girl: I don't know what it feels like to be a race, because I've grown up white and privileged.

Outside the Davis Center

Sophisticated young lady to group of fellow sophisticated young ladies: It's like science! Every time I drink tequila I

Sophisticated young lady: Like I literally can't stay up late

unless I'm partying.

Gym brah: This is the last time I wear boxers to the fucking

Brennan's, casual dinner date

Girl (to Guy): Didn't you give her syphilis?

Buell St. apartment On the topic of super smash bros. Guy: It's so damn cold in our house!

Guy 2: Let's smash so hard right now that we warm up

Simpson dining hall Girl: I'm so hot my cum is curdling!

Professor: If you think that's bad you should see what I did to those puppies!

Class: "gasp!"
Professor: Now that I have your attention...

Marché

Worker 1: If you become a Ninja Turtle, then you know you're a good artist.

Worker 2: Well I guess Picasso wasn't a good artist. Worker 3: He was kinda mean. And an alcoholic

M.A.T parking lot

Sensitive, intelligent man: Vaginas are like race cars. They cost a lot up front, can be a bitch to take care of and have expensive maintenance. But fucking hell you get more pleasure out of them.

Marsh Life Science

Professor: Say for example one of my sperm is mutated. It's unlikely that I'll ever use it because I've produced 30 million sperm, but if I was to use it then my offspring would have a mutation.

Girl: awkward silence.

Redstone Campus on a groovy Friday night

Boy: I was really confused at the beginning of the semester. It just said "My RA" on the door. Then I realized that my RA's name was Myra. Mind. Blown.

Simpson Fine, dinner time

Guy 1 and Guy 2 jumping up for an epic high five Guy 1:Yay for friendship!

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





mind OVer metal mondays

by benbraunstein

Those students who consider themselves fans of the impressed. To me, they just sounded like a poor man's Ev-

lington's metal and hardcore scene Matt Longo, who goes by the name MetalMattLongo on his website MindOverMetal.org and his show on WRUV, Mind Over Metal, wants to

Éarlier this year, Matt started Mind Over Metal Mondays, a weekly showcase of local and out-of-state metal bands at Nectar's on, you guessed it, Monday night. So far, I have been to two shows, and I must say that I am impressed with the quality of the bands. Matt personally picks all of the bands that play, and boy, are they diverse. Almost every

Monday showcases different styles of metal. Of the two shows I've been to, I have seen the following

bands, most of which are common occurrences each week: Nefarious Frenzy: The first time I saw these guys, I wasn't

heavier spectrum of music – namely, metal and hardcore ery Time I Die; that is, awfully mediocre "party-metal." But I saw them a second time on Hal-

loween (their last show, unfortu-Glossary of terms used nately), and it turns out that they're much better while sloppy drunk. Vocals - Possessed by Satan As far as I know, they don't have

Vocals - Cookie Monster *Lyrical subjects* – war, death, gore Deathcore: Vocals - Pig-squealing/Cookie Monster *Lyrical subjects* – painfully amateur shit about who knows what. Profanity is ex-

any recordings up.

Abaddon: The mosh-pit for these guys was made entirely up of 300-pound fat guys, so it's safe to say that Abaddon play "tough-guy" deathcore ala Suicide Silence and Whitechapel. They do have a pretty heavy amount of "chugging" (the repetition of heavy palm mutes on

the guitar, very common in death-core and some metalcore); however, they throw in some cool black metal/death metal riffs, surprisingly enough. Their breakdowns are only so-so, though. Check out abaddon802.bandcamp.com to hear some of their shit. Boil the Whore: With a name like this, you know you're

strumental metal band and probably the easiest band here for n00bs to get into. They're psychedelic and occasionally jammy with some heavy grooves. Tool comes to

I doubt that Kairos' fans are tools). They have some recordings up on myspace.com/kairosnoise (bands still use Myspace??!?)

in for some serious metal. Like Abaddon, Boil the Whore display a fair amount of chugging, but Boil the Whore are a blackened death metal band, first and foremost. Extreme

shit right here; check out their Facebook page to hear some of it. Kairos: Kairos are an in-



funk carioca cento e um

Research projects are well known op- persexualized nature of funk carioca. portunities for procrastination. I learn more procrastinating than I do from the work I'm avoiding. It was during a recent

Much of the electronic funk carioca resembles a giant mashup. Easily recognizable songs are combined with high-enerbout of procrastination that I first heard funk carioca.

the massive shantytowns snaking up and down the mountains surrounding Rio. For a good introduction to the more elec-Besides some of the world's best samba tronic funk carioca check out the Amer-

schools, the favelas are also known for another superlative - the highest violent crime rates in the country, if not the world. Drug lords control many of the favelas, and much of the violence is the result

of a war fought genre's dibetween them and the police. This gritty verse nature. "Rock the Casbah" and "Bitlifestyle has influenced funk carioca so much so that lyrics that are overtly sexual songs "Favela on Blast" samples. A big much so that lyrics that are overtly sexual and violent are not uncommon. The lyrics, though, aren't really what make funk carioca such an awesome music genre.

Defining funk carioca can be difficult. There are various characteristics such as beat repetition, crude lyrics, and computerized mixing that are fairly common in most funk songs. That being said, two distinct types of funk are commonly seen: hip-hop-like funk and electronic funk. Ultimately, however, the artist can pick and choose elements from both types, oftentimes creating a wonderful funk sym-

"Bucky Done Gun" by M.I.A. is a good example of the first type of funk. It's less than four minutes long and it's entirely original, instead of a sampling of other songs. There is a repetitive beat, but it sounds more like hip-hop than it does electronic. A hometown DJ, Mr. Catra and tourists spend boozed up nights boois even more influenced by hip hop than and grinding in parking lots M.I.A. His songs are in Portuguese, but

watch the videos on YouTube

Black metal:

Lvrical subjects – Satan

Death metal:

tremely common

gy beats. There is oftentimes a seamless transition between various parts of the The favelas are what Brazilians call song so that a complete funk song can last

"tourists spend boozed

favelas"

ican-based DI named up nights **booty** shaking song "Favela and **grinding** in parking around minutes long lots or warehouses in the and and a great job demonstrating the

difference between a standard mashup and the funk carioca mashup is that the words to these songs have been replaced with (sometimes) unrelated lyrics to Brazilian songs. Diplo's take on funk carioca is just one example of a funk genre that has spawned an entire mega-party culture called Baile Funk.

If listening to funk carioca makes you want to shake your booty, you're not alone. Every weekend thousands of people swarm Rio de Janeiro's favelas to attend some of the largest regularly occurring dance parties in the world. Just as in the United States where hip-hop is more than just a genre of music, but an entire culture, funk has come to encompass more than just music in Brazil. Baile Funk can indicate a party where tens of thousands of cariocas (residents of Rio) or warehouses in the favelas; or, it can inif you translate his lyrics or dicate the more electronic-sounding sub genre of funk carioca mentioned above.

that go with his songs you'll definitely understand the hy-While you've been reading this article ing to funk carioca or now feel inspired ing to the world great talent in both music to listen. If nothing else, funk carioca can and dance, but is often portrayed as living expose you to favela culture - a culture in the shadow of both drug cartel violence with an incredible track record of expos- and Brazil's incredible wealth inequality.



The future is in the eyes of the innovators.

Create. Collaborate. Innovate.

Are you ready to write the next chapter of the digital revolution? Champlain's residential Master of Fine Arts (MFA) has been designed for a select group of individuals who are ready to explore the bounds of their own creativity, develop the skills to master the technology, and flourish in a collaborative environment. Envision your future with us.

AUGMENTED REALITY EXPERIENCE An Individualized Interactive Web Experience

To learn more about our MFA in Emergent Media, visit our augmented reality experience at

emergent.champlain.edu



For full financial aid consideration: Apply by February 15 MFA.champlain.edu

créatif stuffé.

a late frog Song

You teach me to dream. Reaching through pages and glowing screens, across chasms in time and through the threshold of death, your words find my eyes and ears. Your vision encapsulates my essence. The music of the spheres in glorious harmony with the music of the swamp, the beauty of the cosmos so wonderfully accentuating the beauty of our laughter. You show me that life is what we make of it and we can change it if we try. You teach me to dream.

Your life was the fruit of heartfelt living, and the pursuit of a passion that still ignites the fires that light the world. You gave us love. We gave you laughter and our smiles were the payment that made it worth the figh against the odds. Through all these years, you are the portrait of a lover, the statue of the passionate and a hero to the artists who live to open up their hearts.

You teach me to love.

fast car

Crash! Soaring around asphalt ribbons endangers life whose bare feet floor down the glass pedal. Hark? I should've heard you.. - Be mindful of your cloudlike state, where rainy roads entrap your fate way down on the valley floor. Rose petal remnants strewn in the wake of rubber torn against the forces stand as glorified totems of ghostly scorn. Now, shamed are those who saw me last, who idly watched as I turned the keys and sped away towards the crash.

The lover, the dreamer, that's who you were. And that's who you taught me to be. A life without passion, with no imagination, is a life that's not worth it to me. And you've reached through the ages, to unite us through passion, the lovers, the dreamers and me.

riddle me this

Ì am courage to those who use me well, ruin to those with secrets to quell, forth from the fruit of Grecian God, hitter I smell

So I am fashioned from crude design into what is admired as exquisite, divine, violet I shine.

Down I come like little fingers, to lick, to slap, to muddle and hinder, scales of the oldest kind of snake. A rhythm, these tiny drummers make.

Frost cries that I am cold, those who love me brash and bold. Yes, I'm lovely but old and stern. Flowers, mountains, birch and fern.

ınswers: (i) wine. (ii) rain. (iii) nature.

by bethziehl

Sitting, thinking

Constantly thinking About nothing Yet everything. Sitting, knowing Thinking we know. But not knowing Anything. Sitting, guessing, Guessing at what We think we know About something. Sitting, thinking,

Proverb Place By Brie Toomey Too many cooks spoil the broth.

fashion five-oh.

the victoria's secret fashion show: a newbie's perspective

Part fashion show, part concert, and part commercial for bras, underwear and anorexia, the Victoria's Secret Fashion Show extravaganza, now in the tenth year of its current form, opened to 10.3 million viewers last Tuesday. This is over sixteen times the size of the population of Vermont. It was also my first time watching such talents as Lily Aldrin, Chanel Iman and Elsa Hosk strut their way down the catwalk wearing nothing but lingerie and angel wings. Obviously, I was aware of the show's existence, but I never had any desire to watch it. In all honesty, I have no idea what compelled me to sit down for an hour and watch this spectacle while filling out job applications. I will admit, after viewing the commercials, I was very stoked for this event. But it seems the commercials overhyped the Victoria's Secret fashion to an anticlimactic point, akin to watching Dick Clark's Rockin' New Year's Eve (with your host Mario Lopez), and I was disappointed. To quote Dom Mazetti, "Pre game is where you hype the night up to a point it will

While visiting my cousins down in Connecticut for Thanksgiving, I happened upon the first commercial. I've never watched the show or owned anything they sell, but I am a fan of their products, so I marked the date and time down in my day planner and started my countdown. This was going to be my first time and I sure as hell wasn't going to do it alone, so when the day arrived, I settled in on my friend's futon, and with much fanfare the show started.

The first five minutes were much what I expected, starved models with biceps smaller than those of a starving child, strutting in expensive lingerie. Really quite thoroughly enjoyable. Then the shows producers decided to acquaint the viewer with the models in what might be construed as an

attempt to make them appear more human. This was ok, but it actually caused me to identify with the women even less. My favorite part of this segment involved one model who, declaring herself to be a nerd, put on glasses. The blatant use of this stereotype really put the rest of the show into perspective for me.

Of course, there were performances by Adam Levine

Kanye, Jay-Z and Nicki Minaj, which were all quite lovely, but honestly if wanted to listen to "Stronjust plug in my iPod and get a much higher quality listening experience. Overall, I felt that the show fell flat after its claims of significant grandeur.

enal performers putting on somewhat subpar acts. While some parts were decent, like the "Spell on You" segment based on turn of the century New Orleans, some structure and purpose might make for a better show, and would help

ger" one more time, I could

No, I don't think more boobs would make the show better, nor do I think getting additional musical acts would improve the situation. I think the producers should really get together and think about some structure and purpose for the show. We were all promised a night of magic, but what we got was a jumble of human interest stories, advertisements, and phenom

combat the image of objectification that's attached to it.

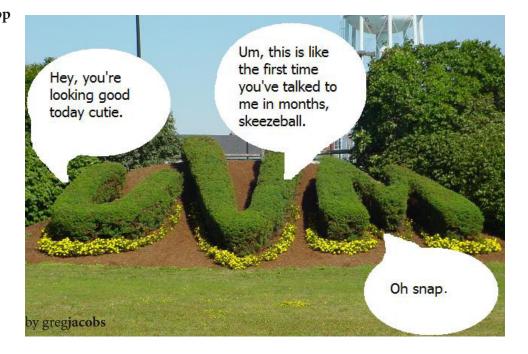


cat litter. Fally cat



Wishing you Happy Holidaze, from the Cat Litter team. gregjacobs and adrikopp





beardvember contest winners!

As many of you know, last month was No Shave November. It was the month when men and women of the UVM community - nav. the world - put down their razors and let their scruff grow fully in. Beards got patchy, chins got itchy, and lumberjack tendencies were fully realized. We at the **wt** received thousands of submissions to our annual beardvember contest. After countless sleepless nights of beardvaluations, we present to you ...



Winner: Owen Rachampbell At first glance, this beard may seem pretty normal. But we'd like to draw your attention to the two nice peaks under the bottom lip, as well as the overall patchiness of the whole thing. It's not that we don't love the effort, Owen, it's just that your beard makes you look a bit like a ... well, skeezy weirdo. Keep growin'.

the skeezy weirdo best bearded bromance



Winner: Connor Morgan and Tom Lishness Congratulations to the defending champs of the bromance category, made even bromancier by the fact that these two blokes chose to snap this shot topless! We're left wondering how the clothed roommates in the background feel about this beardlove, but we're just gonna let that slide. Nice beards, bros.

the freshman



Winner: Derek Neal We're pretty sure our friend Derek here may have confused the freshman category with that of the skeezy weirdo. The sparse moustache look is completed by the soul searching stare, making us all nearly as uncomfortable as we're betting Derek felt while sporting this bad boy. Good effort, and we're glad you stuck through to the end. Congrats!

70s porno stache



Winner: Scott Goodwin

Take a look at the picture on the left. Nice, normal lookin' guy. Now take a look at the picture on the right. Are you as petrified as we are? How can one simple moustache be responsible for such a drastic change in appearance? Now, we're sure Scott has learned to use this moustache to his advantage, letting it grow in when he needs to strip down for those hard core porns he "acts" in. But we hope he knows that that shit has to go when he wants to be taken seriously by anyone alive past 1978. Remember, Scott: with great moustaches come great responsibility.