

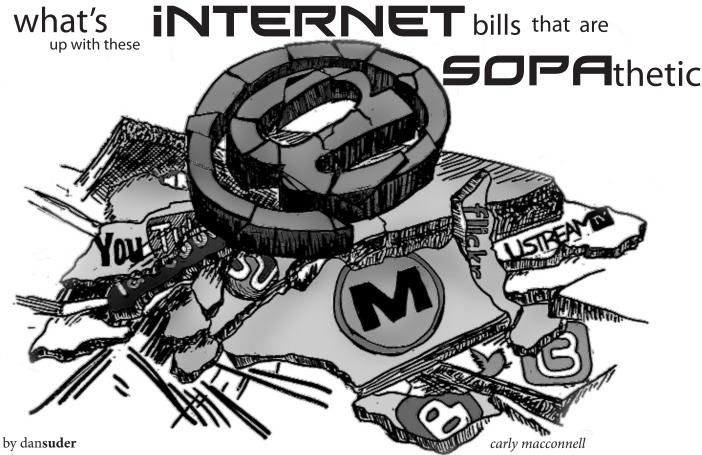
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 11 - issue 1 - tuesday, january 24, 2012 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr

thewatertower.tumblr.com



ast Wednesday, major websites like Wikipedia and Craigslist completely shut down for 24 hours to protest two anti-piracy bills that were making their way through the federal legislature. In the Senate, the bill was the PROTECT IP Act (which stands for Preventing Real Online Threats to Economic Creativity and Theft of Intellectual Property, but is conveniently further shortened to PIPA), and in the House it was SOPA (Stop Online Piracy Act). Both bills sought to eliminate copy-

right infringement and the theft of intellectual property, which can be anything from mp3s and ripped movies to counterfeit wallets and fake

prescription drugs.

The next day, the feds shut down Megaupload, own

shut down Megaupload, owner of classic time-waster MegaVideo and the site where you downloaded the entire Hall and Oates discography.

There's a twist in the Megaupload case: rapper and producer Swizz Beats is (probably) the company's CEO, but was definitely involved, with Kanye West and will.i.am, among others, in a pro-Megaupload video posted last December to YouTube. Why are these musicians supporting alleged piracy? Why were massive companies like Craigslist, Wikipedia, eBay, and Google all fighting SOPA and PIPA?

The answer is different for each group, but it boils down to the internet as we know it being at risk. Try briefly to imagine life without the internet. People used to have phonebooks. And they had to walk to the library to use encyclopedias. People had to actually OWN corgis if they wanted to watch corgis do cute things, and most people didn't own corgis. Life was HARD.

PIPA and SOPA might actually take cute-corgi-watching back to those draconian standards. The bills may work to end piracy

providers, must then cease dealings with the site in question, and remove any links to it. The site effectively becomes inaccessible for the average-Joe internet user. In other words, when you type "justin bieber wu-tang mashup with corgis," even if it exists, you won't be able to see any hint of it.

NBCUniversal, Comcast, Viacom, News Corp., and others have lobbied heavily for the passage of these bills, saying that piracy hurts artists and it needs to stop. But record company greed does more harm to artists

than piracy does. The huge corporations who back these bills are just that: huge corporations. They claim to be looking out for their artists, but

the companies, not the artists, are the ones reaping the current system's benefits.

Individuals like Louis CK and groups

Individuals like Louis CK and groups like Radiohead have made it clear that content creators can make money and thwart piracy with innovative web strategies. Louis CK more or less told his fans that piracy was shitty, and put his latest comedy routine online with no digital rights management for 5 dollars. And he made over a million bucks. Radiohead left their label and asked their fans to pay what they wanted for their album *In Rainbows*, which was a great success.

... read the rest on page 3

diversity requirements and rape (counter) culture at uvm

by julietcritsimilios

I am a feminist. Despite what that word may bring to your mind, all that means to me is that I believe women and men should be equal. Actually, I believe that everyone should be equal regardless of their gender, their sexuality, or the sex they identify with. If UVM has taught me anything, it has been openness to new people and new things, an acceptance of difference and an embrace of uniqueness. I'll never forget saying "that's so gay," and my first-year orientation leader saying to me, "No. We don't say that here. This is UVM. You'll learn."

I did learn. I learned that gay is not a synonym for stupid. I learned about women's rights much more than I did in high school. I learned about rape culture. I learned about LGBTQ rights. UVM's curriculum helped me do this, but I was open. I was open to learning about these issues, and I let the differences of my peers change me as a student and as a human being. There are many people that will never take a Women's Studies class or a Sexuality and Gender Identity class even though they are some of the best and most influential on campus. The effect of this lack of diverse curriculum is prevalent on UVM's campus today.

There have been many recent issues of sexual violence, sexual assault, and sexual harassment in and around our campus. Whether they are publicly announced in a mass e-mail or are spoken about quietly and confidentially among friends of the survivor, more and more people have been affected by these types of attacks. Over finals week there was severe backlash against a question in a quiz written by a UVM fraternity member that has prompted demonstrations and petitions locally and on the internet. The question asked, "if you could rape anyone, who would it be?"

Looking at that question, it's easy to be disgusted and appalled. I was. But then I thought back to my first-year self, before I had ever taken a Women's Studies class, before I had read literature and worked with professors who explained how many dimensions of offensiveness the question covers. I would have been upset, but would I have done anything without those classes? Would I have reacted as passionately against this if I were in a major or minor that had never exposed me to writers that talked about rape culture? Maybe I would

... read the rest on page 5

imagine life without the internet. people had to actually own corgis if they wanted to watch corgis do cute things. life was HARD.

(which, let's be honest, sucks for college kids but is probably the right thing to do). Unfortunately, the bills also severely inhibit the free flow of information and tremendously increase the liability of site owners toward the material their users upload.

Under both laws, copyright holders are able to sue any organization that hosts, sells, or allows access to infringing material. The copyright holders can then also give a court order to any company that does business with an offending site. These companies, such as advertisers, payment services like PayPal, search engines, and internet service

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uvm twitter feed by gregfrancese

odd talents of our generation by robintucker

secret gems of netflix by phoebefooks 2012 fashion trends by colbynixon

the best news team in the universe.



Dear wt readers

Welcome to Volume 11! This semester, we've got some great things in store. There's a new section, "around town", featuring articles specifically about UVM and Burlington - check it out on pages 4 and 5. Don't worry, your beloved reflections section is still here. We've also got some new blood on the editorial staff (say hello to James and Malcolm), and we're all suuuuuuper pumped about the semester! Suuuuuuper pumped. It's gonna be suuuuuuuper awesome. Suuuuuuuuper.

Anyway, read on! If you've got anything to say about the paper, email us. If you've always wanted to be a Wt writer/artist/grammar freak/mascot, come find us (check out those details at the bottom of this page). Keep submitting those hilarious overheard tidbits and confessing your secret love! Keep checkin' the tumblr and the twitter (or start checkin' them if you didn't before). You know the drill.

> See you next Tuesday, Megan and Dan 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. your thoughts on anything in this week's issue to

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

Syllabus Week: Depending on the class, the first week of semester causes one of two reactions either we're ballooned on false confidence and we breeze towards the first weekend with no homework and hours of free time, or we're prepared for our own premature deaths after the first five minutes of lecture contain a blackboard covered in gibberish and 200 pages of reading homework. Professors, take your pick - we're doomed either way.

Blue Ivy Carter: For being born and already being richer than I'll ever be.

Gayane Zokhrabov: In 2008, Hiroyuki Joho was killed when he was hit by a train going at more I than 70 miles per hour. Four years later, Zokhrabov is suing Joho - who is still very much dead - I because she broke her leg falling down when she was hit by a flying chunk of his body. Flying severed I limbs can't usually aim, Ms. Zokhrabov - though if they could, they'd probably still shoot for you.

Titanic 100th Anniversary Cruise: To mark the 100th anniversary of the Titanic's great voyage, I there will be a celebratory (?) cruise that will take the same route as the original ship was supposed I I to...before it sank and a lot of people died. Unfortunately for you, and me, and all the other terrified people of the world, the cruise has already been booked up to capacity. Oh, shucks! I really ■

■ Francesco Schettino: The captain of the ill-fated cruise ship Costa Concordia, which ran aground ■ off the coast of Italy on January 14th, not only drove his ship into the rocks but then proceeded I to abandon it - leaving the passengers onboard to fend for themselves. The Italian coast guard or-I dered Schettino to go back and help with the rescue at least fourteen times, so apparently the new I expression is, "The captain goes down with his ship after you threaten him repeatedly."

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag uvm.edu/~watertwr **Editorial Staf**

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_Special Thanks To UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news, in brief with james aglio

Quotes by World War II generals that remain applicable today.

"The US has broken the second rule of war. That is, don't go fighting with your land army on the mainland of Asia. Rule One is don't march on Moscow. I developed these two rules myself."

- Montgomery of Alamein. Monty, a stubborn and proud codger if every there was one, may have a point here. We've been abroad for a while now, and if things keep up the way they seem like they will we could have a commitment on our hand that lasts for decades.

"Mortal danger is an effective antidote for fixed ideas."

- Erwin Rommel. If there was anybody who knew about either mortal danger or fixed ideas it was the chivalric field marshal of the Afrika Corps turned anti-Nazi sympathizer Rommel. This is a time filled with uncertainty about the future, but maybe a healthy dose of being scared shitless will save us, we shall see

"Good Soldiers, bad officers; however, don't forget that without them we would not have any Civilization."

- Erwin Rommel, talking about the Italians. I honestly can't think of a single occasion where this quote isn't useful.

"My flanks are something for the enemy to worry about, not me. Before he finds out where my flanks are, I'll be cutting the bastard's throat."

- **George Patton**. I really just wanted a Patton quote, but couldn't pick one because they really are all too good. Other top contenders to be the one up there include, "Battle is the most magnificent competition in which a human being can indulge. It brings out all that is best and removes all that is base." And, "It is foolish and wrong to mourn the men who died. Rather we should thank God that such men lived." What

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

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read the wt.

New writers and artists are always welcome Weekly meetings Tuesdays at 7:30 pm Chittenden Bank Room Davis Center - 4th Floor Or send us an email Online - uvm.edu/~watertwi

ur generation stands at a crossroads. To the right re the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. T he left is the desolate wasteland of apathy 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 peo e can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.

in **Case**you *missed*it

A cruise ship captain is being investigated for manslaughter for captaining the Titanic of modern times, fungicide-ridden orange juice from Brazil is being pulled from the shelves, and an entirely drug resistant TB strain has emerged in India. Let's face it: the copiously publicized news is just depressing and stressful more often than not. If you're not into the heavy stuff, here's some news that somehow managed to escape national headlines: Criminal Cupcakes

A Massachusetts woman was not allowed to pass through security in a Las Vegas airport because the frosting on the two cupcakes in her carry-on was considered "gellike enough to constitute a security risk." The TSA then confiscated the cupcakes and allowed the woman to continue on her

journey. I don't know what kind of show they're running out west, but think about it: has our country honestly come to fear frosting or did a guard just miss his lunch break? Hey, when opportunity knocks... Sesame Street Gets Racy

Mothers are petitioning Sesame Street to feature breastfeeding on the program alongside bottle-feeding as they did in the 1970-80s. The argument? "If we normal-

ize breastfeeding in our community, especially with our children, we can help raise a generation of breastfeeders which will support our economy, make for healthier dren and lessen the risk of breast cancer for many nursing mamas!" Oh, that's right, the tanking economy is going to be saved by small children watching strangers nurse their infants...how has no one thought of this strategy before? Do I smell a Nobel

Cereal Killer

In California, a man named Fernando Porras attempted to murder his wife by dumping Goof Off, a household cleaner, into her Rice Krispies. Has he ever had Rice Krispies? Until you load them with marshmallows and butter they simply taste like air; did he really not think the potent stench of bleach was going to raise a red

Bootylicious

Bryan Lessard, a researcher from Australia, has recently dubbed a previously un named species of horsefly "Scaptia (Plinthina) beyonceae," or "the Beyonce fly" because it sports a golden booty. I have no critique for this one, I just thought it was worth mentioning. Beyoncé 2012.

barely-urban dictionary with patrickleene Matthew Seid? Is Matthew here? ISir, just so you know Matt is a Heady Shredder, so you won't be seeing him much this semester.

heady shredder (noun): A UVMer who can be found more often on the mountain hitting powder than on campus hitting the books.

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by james**aglio**

Five years ago this past December, Mexican President Felipe Calderon started a nationwide armed conflict with the drug cartels that has resulted in casualty estimates ranging from 35,000 to 48,000 people killed, 5,000 kidnappings and disappearances, and several tens of thousands of orphaned children. Anyone who has seen Scarface, which should be everyone, knows that the drug game can be violent but that's the same number of deaths the United States reached in the Korean War.

So how did things get like this? Twenty years ago the big drug cartels were in Columbia, and the gangs in Mexico were just middlemen that trafficked the drugs from Columbia and Bolivia up to the United States in addition to other routes through the Caribbean. After government regulations tightened up in the Gulf, however, Mexico became the only viable route for the cocaine, and so the Mexican drug lords became more powerful and formed their own cartels. After the drug wars in Columbia escalated in the '90s, with the ongoing conflicts between the Medellin Cartel and the Cali Cartel that culminated in the death of Pablo Escobar, Mexican cartels began taking on more and more of the drug trade until they reached extreme sizes.

In 2004, things reached critical mass

when one cartel, Sinaloa, decided they the country and side jobs, such as kidnapwanted to control the important smuggling town of Nuevo Laredo, nearby the Texas border. The Gulf Cartel, who controlled the city, were intent on keeping it, and both sides hired mercenaries that waged war in the city's streets. Since that day, the various cartels and gangs have continuously been

more open about lent warfare than previously normal with significant impact civilian on cartel relat-

ed violence at an all time high—and with the recent change of command from the 72 year long reign of the PRI to the upstart NAP –President Calderon authorized mili-

Now there is significant warfare in almost every major city in Mexico, even Mexico City, long considered neutral ground, shows signs that the cartels are encroaching. Of course, despite the warfare, business must proceed as usual, which means the drugs continue to flow through

pings are frequently performed, either for ransom or to send a particularly grisly message. Ever since the al Oaeda execution videos began appearing on the web decapitation has become a favored and flashy way of handling the kidnapped.

And despite its inherent grisliness, it is flashy, along

"anyone who has seen **scarface**, which should be everyone, knows that the drug game can be violent"

low profile people who order other people to be killed over drug money, throw elaborate, sexy parties at private estates where the preferred musical genre is the narcocorrido or narco-ballad. Narcocorridos have their origin in the twenties when Mexican trafficking began by smuggling illegal booze and cannabis into the United States. Originally witty little ditties about the drug trade and accompanied by accordion music, narcocorridos have become dance pop music which can

either help or hurt the reputation of cartel bosses, often with lethal consequences. As a result of the dozen or so musician murders that have occurred in the past few years, Mexico has attempted to ban the musical form. But if one thing makes a song sexy and assures attention from the youth, it is being told that it is not permissible to listen to it (Just look at the Sex Pistols), and the form continues to be wildly popular in

So at this point the actions of the cartels have effectively torn apart the country decimated much of the economy, killed tens of thousands, and instilled itself into the cultural consciousness as a part of life, but why? And how? The Mexican drug industry is one of the most profitable in the world, but can it really justify the destruction of a homeland? Pablo Escobar once said, "Everyone has a price, the important thing is to find out what it is." He was talk ing about bribing authorities, but I think in many ways the saying can be equally applied to the cartels. Their price has been found. They make a lot of money from their actions, and to them that makes what they do acceptable. As conflict continues to escalate, however, it may be that the cost of their money simply becomes too great.

SATIRE STYX & by collincappelle HOW COME THERE'S NEVER TODAY PEOPLE ANY ASIANS ON THESE PROBABLY EVERYWHERE JOIN COMMERCIALS BECAUSETHEY HANDS TO HONOR DON'T COUNT MLK...

SOPA/PIPA- continued from page 1

There's a more pertinent problem for the public at large, though: Because any site can be shut down if they have even one page with infringing material, there's tremendous risk for sites like YouTube and Wikipedia where users submit their own content. In fact, SOPA gives internet service providers immunity if they shutdown sites with no infringing material at all. This means they can shut down competitors' sites, your Harry Potter fanfic blog, or even the water tower's website.

These bills may eliminate piracy, but they also censor the internet. They would turn the United States into a place like Iran or China where the government monitors and restricts access to certain websites. The bills would turn citizens into guilty-until-proven-in nocent criminals, and would be slippery slope toward the elimination of further First Amendment rights. All the protests forced the legislature to table the bills on Friday, but you can be sure the millions of lobbying dollars won't stop flowing in now. The public stopped corporate interests from killing the internet for the time being, but, well, watch your corgi vids while you can, kiddos.

Revised TOUNG TOWN

no pants, no gates--no problem

not outweigh the risk of losing a tradition. There is no doubt about it: the UVM Naked Bike Ride is here to stay. In a desperate last minute bid to stop it, the administration used their combined powers to call down the first major snow storm of the winter. Unfortunately for them, it served only to make the whole event seem to stand outside of time, lit in that eerie orange glow all native (or non-native) New Englanders

There was a certain synchronicity in it for those of us who first got naked in December of 2008, in another snow storm on another part of campus, which chilled our most valued body parts and caused numerous bicycle pile-ups. This time, the route was different, and there were no hard metal gates separating us from our supporters, but the enthusiasm was no less contagious.

The risk of frostbite apparently does
In fact, there was a great feeling of pride from both participants and the crowd as more and more people joined the unclad

> Despite concerns to the contrary, the audience respectfully kept a decent path open, and not one brick was thrown. Hell, only witnessed two revelers trip over smooth pavement and fall laughing on to one another. In terms of good old fashioned fun, the event appeared far more successful than the concurrent bring food-and-getother-food event on Athletic campus.

> The results of the evening should send resounding message to naysayers; the Naked Bike Ride is THE University of Vermont tradition, despite its flaws. It now stands alongside Cornell's Dragon Day and Stanford's Full Moon on the Quad as something the student body will not allow to be lost to time and ideals of decency.

uvm's own live twitter feed

UVMBookstore (8:05 AM): We're still here if you need books for the semester!

OccupyUVM (9:30 AM): Spent 6 weeks occupying the beach in Aruba, now ready to

UVMBookstore (12:00 PM): SUPPORT YOUR UNIVERSITY-OWNED BOOKSTORE! 10% OFF ALL BLACK PENS (exclusions apply)

UVMCatnip (4:20 PM): A BIG HIGH FIVE FROM YOUR NEW HEADY DELIVERY

UVMFems (4:30 PM): RT: VTWOMYN: Winter warmth tip #4: leave your legs and armpits unshaven for added warmth this winter!

UVMDiningServices (4:35 PM): Stop by the Marche for the chicken tenders you've missed while on break! Get 'em before they're all gone!

UVMHealth&Wellness (4:45 PM): B4 You go to @UVMDiningServices stop by for some free @Imodium tablets! Get 'em before they're all gone!

UVMBookstore (5:15 PM): EXTENDED HOURS ALL WEEK! We've got your text-

dear water tower readers. The editors have been talking and we want to have a podcast where we answer questions from YOU. Have you written an iwysb but you don't know how to approach things? Are you having trouble adapting to life at

college? Don't know how to tell a friend you don't want to live with them?

Email thewatertoweroracle@gmail.com and have your question answered

anonymously (or not) by real students! Please tell us if you're interested

even if you have no intention of writing in questions.

burlington has a smoking ban?

Over break, city councilors voted in an 8-6 favor over a smoking ban in the "downtown" area of Burlington. Having defined downtown as Winooski Ave to both King and Pearl St, the ban would prohibit smoking in all public areas from 9:00 am to 9:00 pm, including the open promenade of Church Street. The only exempt areas include outdoor cafes and side alleys.

The ban was eventually vetoed by Mayor Bob Kiss, citing difficulties to enforce the ban, given the unfair exemptions, restricting employees of certain areas, and asking smokers to essentially pay a fee to use a cafe/restaurant in others. The major reason behind the ban was to protect non-smokers from the effects of second-hand smoke, particularly young children. Leading the charge is councilor Joan Shannon, who expressed confidence in her ability to persuade two more councilors to repeal the mayor's veto.

Can we take a second to talk about moronic and petty this bill is? We can? Wonderful, just give me a second to figure out where to start, because this is a shitstorm of idiocy and democracy gone wrong.

First of all, this ban includes basically every shop in which you can buy cigarettes downtown, save the murder-mart. Even with my medium build and the katana sword I keep on me all the time, I don't feel comfortable going there after dark, so there's that.
Secondly, the major push behind the ban was to pro-

tect young children, yet the bill is to be enforced between 9 and Let's not overlook the fact that there's another law saying that kids should be in school during a huge chunk of that time anyway. Instead, I'll just say it: any kid who isn't in school at 9 am is probably already on Church Street suckin' down reds like they're gobstoppers. I guess on the plus side, that mass of pregnant 15 year olds on Cherry Street might actually not be there the next time I don't feel like walking up to campus.

Third is the fact that there is no battle between smokers and nonsmokers; the nonsmokers won years ago. You can't smoke at restaurants, bars,

stores, classrooms, sporting events, basically anywhere... except the street. Keep in mind the average temperature last week was, I don't know, negativelifethreatening everyday, and that's really just a sack tap the non-smokers get to pile on.

Furthermore, as of June last year, the amount of taxes paid on a pack of cigarettes is \$2.62. That's not cost, that's literally paying the state for the privilege of purchasing what you want. According to the Burlington Free Press, the raised tax (up \$.38 from years prior) makes VT the 7th highest cigarette taxed state in the country. Congratulations, Vermont, you broke top ten on something

that didn't have to do with dairy or French Canadians, vay!!! Let's say the bill does get repealed, and goes into ef-

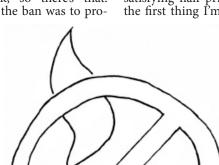
fect. Even as a smoker I couldn't give two shits about this ban. I know for a fact that after enjoying an immensely satisfying half priced burger for lunch on a wednesday. the first thing I'm going to do is loosen my belt a notch

and light up the second I set foot out the restaurant. Think about every time someone told you not to do something... And now think about the fact that in this situation that person really can't make you do anything other than put out your cigarette, unless they're a real d-bag.

What offends me most about this ban isn't even the fact that it got passed in the first place, despite how shitty that is. No, what bothers me the most is where does regulating like this go next? Yes I understand that it's unpleasant for some people to walk by me while I'm smoking, but it's also unpleasant for me to walk by some people and hear them be so dumb. I don't care about the totally drunk guy you were making out with who then puked on your shoes, or the girl you heard blew her profes-

sor and still got a C+, I really couldn't care less, but regardless I respect your right to drive me to put headphones on

A legitimate concern? The ban went into effect to protect people from the harmful effects of secondhand smoke, a valid point, but why stop there? Why not ban all cars made before 2000 and cite their inefficiency as a cause for their necessary removal from public spheres? Why not tell someone who's overweight they can't get cheese or bacon on a burger because the cholesterol/fat would, y'know, work, and their size would affect getting a comfortable seat on the bus? Blatant exaggerations, sure, but in the context of an actual smoking ban for the most busy part of town, it doesn't seem so farfetched. It's such an exciting time to be in small town politics... What do you guys want to outlaw next?



wednesday night out: lift

I did something I've never done before the other night: not have it. A 90-degree turn to the right and you see the bar/lounge/dancing floor. beforehand, but my burger looked lonely. Not only did I go to a bar mostly sober, I went to Lift and for the first time. On 18+ night. And you know what? I have pretty mixed feelings about it. My snap reaction? "This is the worst rap video I've ever seen."

I think it's safe to say that Burlington, particularly on the weekends, has a fairly lively night life. While there aren't a lot of options for those in the weird nebulous period between 18 and 21, those fortunate to be old enough have a bevy of different bars to satisfy whatever kind of mood

Oddly enough, I've never been in the mood to go to Lift; I can't afford that much alcohol. I especially was never in the mood when I was underage; my body couldn't survive that much alcohol. Last wednesday though I held my chin high and barreled through. Some of what you've heard is true, just as some of what you haven't heard was true: some girls there had eye-liner thicker than my penis and others looked like they needed to wake up early to work in a library. Some dudes looked like they couldn't spell their own names and others literally smelled like their car cost more than my tuition.

I step through the front door and the bouncer gives my ID twice as long a look as the, let's say chesty, friend I go in with. I get it, she's hotter than me, but still, you don't need

Up a steep staircase the first thing that I notice is a coat check. Already I like this place so much more than Rasputin's. I'm not going to use it, because half the reason I went inside was the giant "50 cent draft" sign, (sorry ladies, I'm poor) but I'd rather have it and not need it, than need it and

bar/lounge/dancing floor.

To its credit Lift has a nice layout. The floors are nice,

and you know that morning they were probably clean. One of the first things to catch my eye is the way people dress. The guys wear baggy clothes and all I could wonder was what were they hiding under there? It was like a tarp convention sponsored by Tap-Out. The girls look like they shopped exclusively at Baby Gap. Skin-tight tank tops, ass hugger jeans... I can't remember the last time I saw so many belly buttons. Dudes; XL t-shirts cost more, and make you look like you don't actually know how to shop for yourself. Ladies; it's fucking January, isn't there a warmer way to hate

I get a beer and find disappointment in the advertising. 50 cent drafts doesn't mean a pint: it's a dixie cup. You can get a pint for a dollar, but still, it kinda let me down. Kudos to their advertising though: it worked.

After sitting down with my teensy-tiny beer I start listening to conversations going on around me. I hear guys talk about absolutely nothing but spend 80% of their concentration rubbing their chin strap, it was like a Red Sox game! The girls to my immediate right were on the prowl like no one I'd ever seen before: I honestly couldn't tell if they just got off maternity leave or would do anything to get back on it. They were out for blood that night. Good for them, do what you want, that's not my point, what I found fascinating was their conviction. The sheer dedication these girls had reinforced the rewritten notions I'd had about guy vs. girl sex drives since attending college, and it was awesome seeing a pack of girls hold themselves in such high confidence -- not something I was expecting from the

The dance floor was, surprisingly, pretty nice; spacious, comfortable, and clean. People had smiles on their face and they were loving the music that was being blasted through a relatively powerful sound system, despite the fact that it came out when I was initially applying to schools. I'm not saying I want to hear the newest songs, but I would've liked it more if a majority of the songs they played didn't remind me of a party at Fiji I went to sophomore year.

It was weird looking around seeing so many soft drinks on the floor. Pausing, I wonder if they're all rum and cokes and I notice something different about their wrists opposed to mine: there isn't a wristband screaming 21+ on theirs. I look around and I realize I'm one of a handful of people there who can buy alcohol or a pair of scissors without a note from my parents. But that's the point. It isn't a night for me to wonder what other people are drinking.

The clock strikes midnight, and like Cinderella I'm out

Would I go back to Lift sober? No. Would I go back to Lift ever? Absolutely. More than anything the people there looked like they were genuinely having fun, and that's super important to me. On Wednesday nights it provides a much needed venue of entertainment for people who either can't or won't drink, and that's an awesome service. It was really refreshing seeing a bar so full with not a single sign of a complete shit show (remember, it was a Wednesday). Even I had a lot of fun there without an agenda to annihilate my liver. As long as we're being honest I wish I'd known about it when I was younger, if not just for getting out of the dorm every once in a while. If you're a night ow like me I definitely recommend stopping by. Not only is there no cover, there's no excuse for not taking a step out of your comfort zone and checking it out.

five odd talents of our generation:

Finding the invisible X or "Skip this add" button in order to get to the website or TV show that we want. You think I'm going to sit here for forty seconds and watch two paper towels compete for the title of most absorbent? Aw hell no, I need to see if Barney and Robin kiss in the next episode of How I Met Your Mother, and I need to see it now! With a few swishes of the mouse in hidden corners, and a double click or two from our generationally talented fingers, the paper towels disappear mid-swipe, and Barney and Robin are smooching forty seconds sooner. Waiting is for the unconniving. Patience is no longer a virtue; step it up.

Deciding in a split second if we like something or not. It started with facebook wall posts and pictures on Tumblr, but this fashionable liking has become an invasive instinct in our brains. Not only do we automatically click "Like" when a facebook status is mildly amusing, but we "like" things that we are exposed to in the world outside of the screen. We see a funny bumper sticker on the back of a car—"like." A friend quotes a funny line from a movie—"like." A pretty girl walks past us in the hallway..."liiike."

Stalking/deductive reasoning on the internet. We don't need the relationship status and the mutual friends list in order to figure out this new hottie's life when we friend nim on facebook; we've got our super stalking powers for that information. Hmm, it doesn't say he's in a relationship, but it doesn't say he's single. On May 18th 2010, he was "no longer single," and on May 28th his profile picture was him with a giggling girl on his lap—and she's friends with him mom! Yeah, stalked.

Summing up our day/life/thoughts in two sentences or less (if you want to stay in your friends' newsfeeds). "First day of classes, over slept and spilled my coffee on my schedule FML." (Oh yeah, this category also includes making every story a complaint). "Working, then being with the boy <3" (And believing that your friends care about the mundane details of your day). "Getting shwasty with the guys, that's how we do!" (And making your life sound more exciting than it is).

> Knowing which letters go with which numbers on a telephone. There is a small slice of our generation that got cell phones during that little window where texting was all the rage, but phones did not have keyboards yet. Us nimble-thumbed typers could tell you in a second which number and how many clicks away the "j" is, and could probably type a whole novel on an old school phone without even looking once.

RAPE CULTURE- continued from page 1

have, but my stance wouldn't be as radical as this: UVM needs a more gendered-based curriculum.

In an article about the first graduating Women's Studies Majors, the graduates credited their degree with "increasing their self confidence and self esteem, finding their voices, greater awareness, courage, self sufficiency, pride, dignity, and self worth." Aren't those qualities we all could benefit from? UVM has two diversity requirements, which are not to be discounted, but with such apparent ambivalence among the community regarding gender and sexuality, shouldn't more of those 'diversity' requirements entail more classes in Women's or Gender studies?

The UVM faculty senate needs to understand that putting a band-aid on the manifestations of ignorance towards these issues doesn't solve the problem. Fraternities can be disbanded, students can be reprimanded, but the issue needs to be tackled from the ground up. It needs to be prevented before it begins. UVM needs to encourage a

more gender-based curriculum under the UVM diversity requirement, or accept more classes dealing with gender studies within the diversity requirement that every student must take. This wouldn't add any more coursework to a UVM student's agenda, it would just change their required classes to be more informative about gender-based issues that people in our community are obviously uninformed about. The only way we can fix that is through education. Even if this saves one person from being sexually assaulted on campus, or limits the print of something like a question that pokes fun at rape, it's much better than UVM sitting idly by and letting incidents like this happen on a reoccur-

What can we do to help? Realize that it's not just about a gender-based curriculum--it's also about being educated and getting involved. Join groups on campus like VOX (Voices for Planned Parenthood), the Feminist Club, and check out all the LGBTQA clubs UVM offers. Volun-

teer off campus to get educated and involved with places like H.O.P.E. works, Women Helping Battered Women, Outright Vermont or Spectrum Youth Services. You can also write personal testimonials if you have--or haven'thad a gender studies class and believe that it affected your overall experience as a UVM student. These testimonies can be posted on the Gendered Curriculum at UVM Facebook page, and they will hopefully make their way into the hands and inboxes of the faculty senate at UVM. Or just talk to your professors! They may end up being extremely important in this whole process. Feeling really passionate? Submit an article to **the water tower** or *Cynic*, or write a letter to the Dean of your department or college.

Together we can end gendered violence and insensi tivity on campus. With UVM at the forefront of so many progressive ideas, this is a logical step that, for many, should have happened years ago.



reflections.

reimagining the oscars

by julien**darmoni**

nomination winds dependably a-blowing, it seems like an appropriate time to begin baselessly speculating about which films will take home the ceremony's top honors. Traditionally, Best Picture statues are presented to films that most accurately capture the contemporary spirit, with films having previously received the coveted trophy serving as cultural time capsules for future generations. But I propose a new rubric for considering what merits an Academy

Award. What follows is a discussion of films which will inevitably be overlooked by stodgy voters, but which nevertheless represent an equally valid and arguably more realistic portrait of our great country!

Most cite cultural reso nance as a starting point for Best Picture candidacy: the degree to which a film successfully reflects the society it portrays. Of all the films released this year, Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows does the best job of representing present day American cultural values, being as it is, a lucrative product. In a world in which people are confused by most things, Sherlock Holmes is a thing

you can buy, then not understand. And just like the modern world we live in, the film is terrible and expensive: it doesn't make sense, the characters are poorly drawn, and in most venues the 3D surcharge is equal parts unwarranted and obligatory. It's a movie that makes no pretensions about quality or consistency, but it is pleasant and charming, and there's a scene where a fat pug dog named Basil farts. It's funny.

And yet, in a time when man despairs over his own insignificance, isn't a movie as galactically bankrupt of meaning as Transformers 3 the only legitimate portrait of contemporary civilization? Past Best Pictures like The King's Speech and Rain Man

With Oscar season in full bloom and the extol the virtues of triumph in the face of presently representing our country. hardship and adversity, but those movies often fail to account for the little guys swallowed by circumstance. Films like *Gladia*tor and Forrest Gump overlook the janitor, or the gym teacher, people who, in their own quests to prevail over hardship and adversity, became janitors, and gym teachers. Michael Bay understands that emptiness is not something to be ashamed of-if its box office popularity is any indication, it can be something to strive for, too. And

like all great auteurs, Bay does not simply

entertain-he anesthetizes. Watching one

of his films is like being exposed to pure

oxygen: it's a little dangerous, but just ab-

emy is their indomitable belief in the re-

demptive qualities of our stories and our

dramas. Oscar is committed to the idea that

it should be setting an example for the peo-

ple who are setting a poor example. Those

embittered by loss or disenfranchised by

doubt should no more be allowed to repre-

sent our go-getting country than the mean-

spirited, shallow corporate executives we've

sworn our eternal enmity to, and who are

One of the great things about the Acad-

that's refused to quit in the face of public apathy and near-hostile critical dissent, it's also become one of the most successful motion pictures of all time, with it's \$1 billion+ worldwide take putting it at #8 on the all-time chart. Along with its 2011 bedfellow Transformers, Pirates has become one of the most visible and widely recognizable symbols of the United States in years.

No; we want to hear about people who

reach for the world, even if they don't have

any hands-we want people who stare down grizzly bears even if they've received mul-

tiple written warnings from park rangers-

our heroes are the ones who never give

up, even when their movie is too long and

we've all switched theaters. That's why in a

perfect world, Pirates of the Caribbean: On

Stranger Tides would be a strong candidate

for Best Picture. Not only is it a franchise

Consider that.

So while it's true that these films aren't jam-packed with integrity, insight or character, they are nevertheless honest portrayals of our country and our era. Movies should no more be restricted to the ballyhooed inspira-

tional than the people who are watching them. Cinema should be about waiting in line at Walmart, getting too much lettuce on vour chicken-mayo-bacon blaster at Obesity-hut, or running out of toilet paper in the bathroom. They should speak to the banality of human experience that most of us take for honest depictions of life, and to what the majority of us understand to be the real world. While their misconceptions are understandable, Oscar has lost sight of the arena in which modern theater takes place, and it doesn't look like they're going to pick up on it anytime soon. The battlegrounds of drama have changed-it's time

laurvn schrom

let the semester begin

evolution of the pencil

by caleb**demers**

Eager anticipation are the only two words that come close to describing the feeling I had deep within my soul only four or so short months ago when I packed my bag full of brand new mechanical pencils, unopened notebooks, shiny new folders engraved with flashy gold ÚVM emblems, and of course my trusty untarnished assignment

notebook. The dawn would bring alarm clocks singing across Burlington signaling the first fantastic day of the Fall Semester. Flash forward to

I January 16th, the time is 7:24pm and I have recently been informed that school starts tomorrow. I remember ordering a couple textbooks several days back thinking idly how the concept of school seemed so far off and foreign.

The cat is, as they say, out of the bag. What I mean to say is, the winter break that separates the two semesters has a way of allowing students to completely neglect the upcoming classes, so much so that when

workstudy schedule requests start appearing in inboxes all over the UVM webmail network, it is easy to allow them to slip into your subconscious mind surrounded with dreams and fantasies.

These reveries that are so abundant with added hours of sleep, overeating of homecooked meals and of course all of the movies that you settle into with your loving parents, are very conducive to an irresponsible and unaware attitude. Unfortunately, this inevitably leads to the terrible quandary that I find myself in as I scour my room for a pen or pencil, even a piece of hookah coal that could possibly work as a writing implement for the harrowing events that are so eminently certain to begin with the rising sun.

The winter season is just not receptive to excited young minds setting forth on a journey into the depths of their studies. No crisp September air with days that allow for the final display of flip-flopped feet and tank tops. No, the weather is just so that it almost forc-

es you to accept hermit-status. Even the economy isn't helping. In mid-June advertisements

pop up all over exclaiming the obvious and unforgettable truth of the back-to-school sea-

son. The beginning of the Spring semester not only asks you to go back to school; it wrenches your mind from a reality so far from that of the academic | by phoebefooks cosmos you wonder if you will even be able to break the habit of writing 2011 on the top of all of your notebook pages.
So only able to find one

half used mechanical pen-

cil without an eraser, certain that I lost my assignment notebook in mid-October, and positive that I left my backpack at a friend's house about two and a half weeks ago, I rip the pages from the previous semester's notebooks and start anew.

snowmageddon: how to make the most of it

I am a snow junkie. I'll admit it. At the first hint of a snowstorm I will be that kid sprinting outside to feel Mother Nature's old, fluffy embrace. And as many of you may have noticed, multitudes of UVM students are that way too. But if you're of the opposite mindset, you may be wondering how in the hell you're going to survive this tundra-like season. Fear not! Snow can be fun, regardless of your initial feelings and the best way to go about it is to embrace it.

As evidenced, the campus clears out on the weekends this time of year, largely because everyone is racing up to the mountains. If you're not into that whole mountain scene, there are plenty of other ways to have fun. One of my personal favorites is attempting to catch snowflakes on my tongue. It requires no skill, you don't have to be good at it, and yes, you will look slightly foolish running around with your tongue sticking out. Which is perfectly fine, because everyone has done it at some point, and there's a sense of satisfaction in finally snagging that huge snowflake you've been eveing as it fell for the past 20 feet.

Who doesn't like some healthy competition? Snow offers yet another chance for us o pit ourselves against each other in a test of combat skills, strategy, and strength... just kidding! Snowball fights, joyous, joyous snowball fights, are indeed a source of competition, but it doesn't necessarily test your fighting credentials. In fact, you don't even have to have friends for this one. Random groups of people will suffice, as long as they're willing to huck balls of frozen water at each other. Two sides pitted against

each other in a ruthless battle for domina-

tion, which ultimately results in everyone

laughing and having a grand ole time. It's

an oldie, but it's definitely a goodie. Not that I'm claiming to be aged, but as art the likes of which you have never seen. a kid, I had a slightly abnormal fascination with igloos. The little houses built of snow were so utterly foreign and yet SO DAMN COOL. And yes, I've made it my goal this year to participate in the building of at least one, and you should consider it too. How cool would that be? Still embracing the out-door experience but sheltered slightly from the majority of the elements. Pay homage

to our neighbors to the north, and get out side and build a damn igloo this year.

This all seems pretty commonplace, and I bet you're sitting there thinking, "Well thanks a lot genius, I could've thought of this shit myself." Well...ok you might be right. But think about what else you can do with snow. There are recipes online to make maple candies simply by boiling maple syrup and pouring it over packed snow. And if you're artistic, snow provides a fun new medium. Snow sculptures or even just snow art can be a fun way to pull a group of people together and see what can happen. Paint, glitter, random items, whatever you have on hand can be utilized to make snow

If you're adamant about staying indoors, you must be cautious about going stir crazy. Start a board game competition, or maybe start writing the next great American novel. The point is, regardless of your feelings about the white stuff this time of year can be fun and enjoyable. Find what works best for you and embrace it!

secret gems of netflix

Reed Hastings became fed up the day he tried to return a copy of Apollo 13 to a video rental store and was charged an outrageous late fee. He consequentially co-founded a company that even Bill Gates wishes he had bought stocks from thirteen years ago: Netflix. The online movie rental service with over 23 million subscribers preceded the 21st century and successfully caused me to

have to google "does Blockbuster still exist" while writing this article. The times they are a-changin'. We would much rather instantly stream a movie online through an account that our parents pay for than trudge to a video store.

But do not fret my friends; I'm not here to bash our lazy generation. I myself have watched more hours of Netflix than your boyfriend has spent playing Skyrim. If you're new to Netflix or bored of your instant cue, I'm here to prescribe the TV show that will be your newest addic

A mix of five bachelors and husbands participate in a fantasy football league. Most episodes are guaranteed to include beer drink-

ing, MILFs, NFL references, and occasionally a song by Jon Lajoie ("Show Me Your Genitals", anyone?) who plays the token pothead amongst the league. It's the kind of show that your dad probably watches without your mom. That being said, you don't have to be male or a pigskin enthusiast to enjoy the show. Trust me, I can count on one hand the number of quarterbacks I've heard of and The League

For the Ladies: My So-Called Life

My So-Called Life is the 1990s version of Lizzie McGuire. However it's not a Disney Channel original so it's a lot better. Angela Chase is your typical angsty fifteen year oldher best friend is an alcoholic, her ex-best friend is dating a football player, her mom disapproves of her hair dye and her crush doesn't know her name. He is however played by Jared Leto, the hottie you might recognize from Requiem for a Dream. In My So-Called Life you can expect to see many

plaid flannel shirts, lockers, high school

rachel bennett

bathrooms, and hookups in the back seats

of cars. I only wish I had discovered the

Head Case is a fictional show about Hollywood's "it" therapist Dr. Elizabeth

Goode. Celebrities guest star in every epi-

sode, playing themselves in a semi-improv

therapy session. Notable guests include Jerry Seinfeld and Jeff Goldblum. The catch

is that Dr. Goode is a head case herself. She

does everything a therapist shouldn't from

answering personal phone calls during ses-

sions to sexually harassing her patients. It's

hilarious, raunchy, and my favorite charac-

show before I put all of that behind me.

For the Psychology Majors: Head Case

For the Dudes: The League

still made me laugh out loud.

chologist Dr. Finklestein.

For the Hipsters: Portlandia It's hipsters making fun of hipsters. Ironically, hipsters enjoy Portlandia. Maybe they are trying to be ironic, but does that still make it ironic? Whatever, they're just hipsters. But if you want to kick back,

watch Portlanders interrogating waitresses about the localness of their food and pretend that you don't behave just the same way then this is the show for you. For the Chem Majors: Breaking

There are many things one can do with a polished chemistry BS. You can go on to med school, saving lives and making bank, or you can follow the path of *Breaking Bad*'s Walter White, high school chemistry teacher and procurer of the finest crystal meth in New Mexico. Walter decides to cook meth upon being diagnosed with terminal cancer, as he wants to provide financial security for his family. Since he has no interest in using the drug himself, Walter's plan seems as impeccable as the

dope he sells. However I wouldn't have finished the entire first season of the show in one day if dealing meth went as perfectly as planned. When I say Breaking Bad is highly addictive—I mean it.

So the next time you tell yourself you're going to take just a quick half hour study break, stop before you flip to whatever is on E! and let the TV watch you. Tune in to the red and white wonder that is Netflix. And if you don't have an account just use your roommate's, or your roommate's friend's, or your roommate's friend's parents' account. Enjoy the show!

sherlock: slow-mo on speed

solutely the best.

Over the break I did something useful with my time. Instead of lounging around my house in sweatpants, sitting in front of the TV and stuffing my face with candy, I went to the movies, where I got to pay to do the exact same thing. Wanting to see something that would lift me out of my post-holiday, pre-spring semester stupor, I saw Sherlock Holmes: A Game of Shadows. Twice. Break was boring, ok? Don't judge.

I am a huge fan of the first movie. Even though, Robert Downy Jr.'s por-

because, in this situation at least, it worked. The movie

So what went wrong? Well, you know that thing when a kid says something funny, everyone laughs, so then they say it over and over and over again thinking that it will still be just as hilarious? And it's definitely not? And you don't want to hurt the kid's feelings so you

start ignoring him but the kid keeps saying the joke anyway? Pretend that that kid is Guy Ritchie, and the joke that he's beating into the ground is the burly men who want to kill him. Cue the slow-mo pre-fight. Ok, I think, I'm use of slow-motion. I'm pretty sure that if you played the movie in real time down with this. But then the camera is moving too fast, speeding way up

it would only be about 40 minutes long.

Now, don't you go thinking that I don't like slow-motion. The mechanic

then slowing way down, there are extreme close-ups that are just confusing and I'm totally lost. Part of the editor's job is to make sure that the viewer worked really well in the first one. It was cool, it was original, it was low in partially hydrogenated corn syrup. In other words: it was a hit. But someone for that one.

trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's character. The real Sherlock Holmes doesn't get himself into half-naked brawls in dirty pits. That just isn't his style. Guy Ritchie created a new character, loosely based to have the some thought to be some thought the some trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal trayal is arguably nothing like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's so the slow-mo tining reany pissed me on. The dimensional trayal traya on Sherlock Holmes, who also happened to have the same name. That's a perfectly acceptable thing to do especially COrn Syrup. in other words: it was a hit."

> uses the slow-mo thing waaayyy too much. Not even for the pre-fight prediction things either. There is some sort of slow-mo in almost every, if not all, of the action sequences in this movie.

The fact that slow-mo was overused to such a degree in this movie meant that those awesome pre-fight things needed to be extra special or else they would hardly be discernable from the rest of the action. And yes, Guy ugh along a little bit for a while but then you just get fed up and just Ritchie realized this, and yes, he took "extra special" to mean "overdramati

had been one of the only uses of slow-mo in the film.

But remember, all ye who were really excited to see this

and now are taking my slightly negative review to heart, I But the sequel? Eh. It didn't really kick ass. It maybe kind of lightly brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that's just not the brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that its foot as a brushed ass with the bottom of its foot, but we all know that its foot as a brushed a without getting bored, on more than one occasion. That simple fact speaks more to this movie's merit than any review ever could. This movie wasn't half bad. If you're looking for something fun to see that will make you laugh, not make you have to think to much, and, most importantly, entertain you, than yeah, go ahead. See *Sherlock Holmes*. Just know that I don't endorse the slow-mo.

then slowing way down, there are extreme close-ups that are just confusing

fork it over.

it's (not really) getting chili out there

some food (and puns) to

warm the soul e

by megankelley

We've had an unseasonably warm winter. We all know this. In Januarys past, Burlington may have been a white winter wonderland, but this year we've got ... slush. Salty, nasty-ass slush. Put away the big down jackets, break out the rain boots, and buckle down for some mediocre, wet

But warmer weather doesn't mean we have to give up on our cozy, tasty, winter foods, does it? No! It's still mildly cold out, so I'd say we're still required to make some deli cious chili before the season ends. If there's one thing I love *almost* more than puns, it's chili. No winter is complete without chili. And with that, I give you ...

Super easy chili! ... because no matter how much I crave wintery foods in January, I still suck at cooking. Hard. To make this vegetarian, simply ditch the beef.



You'll be needing:

- *larae stock-pot
- *wooden spoon
- *2 pounds around beef
- *2 onions, chopped
- *4 cloves garlic, minced
- *2 tablespoons chili powder
- *2 teaspoons salt
- *2 teaspoons dried oreaano *4 (14.5 ounce) cans stewed tomatoes

Easy Chili

- *I (15 ounce) can tomato sauce
- *1 (15 ounce) can kidney beans with

What you do:

Ombine ground beef, onion, and garlic in large stockpot. Cook and stir over medium heat until beef is brown. Drain.

2) Stir in chili powder, salt, oregano, tomatoes, and tomato sauce; break up tomatoes while stirring. Heat to boiling, reduce heat to simmer, and cover. Cook, stirring occasionally, for 1 hour.

3) Stir in beans. Simmer, uncovered, for 20 minutes; stir occasionally.

4) Om nom nom nom nom.

Also, chili freezes really well, so it might be a good idea to make a big pot and stick some in the freezer. Or just invite lots of Triends over to chill for a chillin' chili

fashion five-oh. big trends in 2012

So you're coming back to school after a month of lounging around in sweatpants and watching excessive amounts of The Big Bang Theory and How I Met Your Mother (which GPA. In essence, the beginning of the semester can be a struggle, and who has time to work apparently run for three hours each on three different channels, effectively giving you a nine hour block to watch these mind-numbing, yet delightful sitcoms). The beginning of the spring semester never opens with the excitement and panache of fall semester, but rather hits you week-tops. Fortunately, I am here for you, to tell you what is going to be big in 2012.

Suspenders - long used by those who couldn't figure out a belt buckle, this timeless accessory will almost guarantee you'll get laid. Can't find new suspenders? Borrow them from your grandfather, and I'm sure you'll get some - he did (back

Campaign Buttons - sure, "I like Paul!" doesn't have the same catchiness as "I like Ike!" but I think we'll see a surge in campaign button appearances on backpacks, jackets, and maybe even suspenders. I know I will be supporting Jimmy McMillan III and his The Rent is Too Damn High Party in the upcoming year. Bogner Ski Gear - this shit is hideous but for some reason the Europeans love it - seriously though, it's like the Ed Hardy of ski gear.

Ugly Sweaters - initially these would have been worn ironically, but once the wearer has discovered the warmth and comfort of these iconic garments, they will be worn as everyday wear, and Goodwill will make bank in the upcom-

Yoga Pants - the most versatile piece of clothing ever made. There are very few occasions where yoga pants would be frowned upon (possibly a funeral, unless of course it's a yoga - themed funeral). I expect the popularity of these will grow exponentially with the population. Seriously, though yoga pants are great, and I would be more than willing to talk to you at a party if you're wearing them; in fact, I'd probably make a point of talking to you.

trash. i want you so bad

You ran really fast I saw you in the nude And now I'm in the mood Your body is banging Don't leave me hanging I've never seen you before But I need to see you again I must ask, Who's beneath the mask? When: Naked Bike Ride Where: Central Campus I saw: the tightest ass in a mask I am: Rachel Dawes

This could either be really fucking creepy or kind of cute But every time I see you I try not to boot You make me so nervous with your goofy smile Let me come chill in your bed for a while Last year we both took intro to sociology Each class you sat directly next to me Group 27, I think it was? Come find me, I'm blonde and we can fall in love.

When: last semester Where: billings I saw: blue eyed boy I am: crushin hard

I saw you outside one lovely afternoon you kinda sorta looked like a goon but your long brown hair, shiny like a medallion I couldn't help but think, "damn what a stallion" rockin' that sweater swag with your high water pants I heard you're a greenhouse R.A. and you're really into

maybe one night we can go smoke some doobies oh I what I'd do to show you my boobies When: the best day ever

Where: outside of UHS I saw: a sweater wearing stallion I am: a phillies phan

You love yourself more than I love you, and I love that about you... boo. Your abs and your muscles, are so sweet, I want to be your in bed treat. I don't care that you're kind of an ass, you're all I think about in gym class. Oh wait, that's your major- oops my bad, decathlon star, I'll be the best you've ever had. When: Errrrrrrday Where: Indoor Track Facility

I saw: duh I am: your life

As the semester comes to an end I would like to know if we could stay friends Or maybe more, you never know Want to grab coffee? See a Higher Ground show? At the beginning of the semester, you caught my eye You've got a nice smile, seem like a cool guy You've got good taste in music I think that's a must And you wear comfy sweaters Which is always a plus Are you a member of the Red Sox (or Colbert) Nation? (So am I) We could hang out over vacation I'd like your number, though face-to-face is better You know why, maybe we'll just bring back the letter Ok, I'll admit I am interested in you Are you just friendly or are you interested too? I really can't tell, if you are don't pretend Because IWYSB (but wouldn't mind being just friends)

When: Most Weekdays Where: Class/Library/Everywhere in between I saw: An ENVS boy with a cute smile I am: A curious girl wanting to know you better

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

a UVM tour guide looking so fine, in a red pea coat, i wanna make you all mine. you walk backwards, shawty, like a dream, if we were in the bedroom, i'd make you scream. i see you in bailey/howe late night through the glass, i bet all that studying makes you top of your class.
i heard you love Marthas Vinyard, it's your favorite place, and that you have a boyfriend, well, i like the chase. When: here and there

Where: around campus I saw: a brunette shawty I am: the teachers pet;)

You sat down oh so close to me, In those cozy chairs in the library. Your hair was pulled into a ponytail, You smelled so good my heart started to fail. Stray hairs fell into your eyes, I think they're blue, I sneezed and you said bless you. I wish I could continue to study my plants, But all my focus was lost on your hot pants. I hope to lose my concentration around you again, And maybe see you on campus now and then. When: final day of classes Where: 1st floor ODY I saw: a gentleman with glasses I am: waiting for you

'Tis easy to let the mind wander, to days gone by to a simpler time, when monday night were but an opportunity to stifle your work under those glorious front-desk lights who knows what that cowbung is but I see you over there editing the shit outta this the version of you on fox news isn't what I want to hold against you instead of always doing layout I think you should work on doing some lay-in. There was that one friday once,

I think it's crossed your mind you tried to play it as something silly but that doesn't mean by then end of this I won't be able to make you mine.
I give you 5 out of 5 funfetti cupcakes When: soon

Where: in the land of free time (it's kinda like narnia)

I saw: a glimpse
I am: not gonna let it pass that easily:)

I noticed you last semester, but I was too shy to strike up a conversation or even say hi. Once we chatted about loomis's scent of donuts And the yelling lady that's totally nuts. I saw you later at a party on the same street When you said hi I turned red as a beet. Your beard is cute, your sweater was green I wore a sombrero, it fit with the theme. I got super drunk, so you on facebook I friended Hopefully you weren't too offended. I probably seem like a bit of a fool But I only have one more semester of school. So, fuck it, why not? It's worth a shot When: T/TH Where: history class

I saw: a history buff

I am: taking a chance

remember to check out the overflow on the blog! thewatertower.tumblr.com

overheard a conversation in b-town? was it hilarious? dumb? inspirational?

tell **the ear** and we'll print it. uvm.edu/~watertwr/ear.html

South Willard St.

Young gentleman: They have no idea what we are capable of. We are going to be JUNIORS next year. We are going to have a house. A FUCKING HOUSE!

Girl on phone: You're my brother! That would be incest!

Exchange student: Can someone please explain what a blood orgy is?

Davis Center, fishbowl

Girl 1: I just saw a girl wearing FMBs. Girl 2: FMBs?

Girl 1: fuck me boots

Girl 2: is that a brand name?

Stoner 1: yo when was the last time you did laundry man. Stoner 2: dude, I don't know like september

Jay Peak
Girl 1: Do you wear glasses?
Girl 2: No. Well... only to see.

Rite-Aid, Saturday evening

Guy to girl: I don't understand why you made me come buy a pregnancy test with you. You drank enough last night to kill any potential baby growing inside you.

Second floor McAuley hallway

Person: We're gonna funnel and there will be country music a'blarin!

Girl: I thought you were trying to body slam me!

Cyber Cafe during exams

Boy: how are your exams going? Girl: i'm done after today! so excited.

Boy: i've got a bottle of wine that i'm perfectly willing to

Girl: *silence*

Boy: no, i'm not trying to get you drunk! Girl: *nervous laughter* ok! bye!

Heading into the just-closed Grundle

Guy calling after another guy: Idiot! Where are you going?

Lounge by Simpson dining
Gentleman 1: I'm disappointed to hear that bedding is more important to you than shredding.

Gentleman 1 and Gentleman 2, laughing: HUHUHUHUHU.

Drunk girl to naked guy: I don't care that it's small, let's do

Bro: Wow English people and New Englanders sound really similar- "pahk the cah". Wait, shit, that makes sense.

Drunk Girl: I ran out of chaser! Is chasing vodka with milk

Studying Girl: Yeahhh. Like, I'm pretty sure people

tunes.

real estate: real refreshing

by jenny**mudarri**

tin Courtney's overwhelming disinterest pretty much ev-ervthing. their album comes straight from that man's guitar and

erything.
I must admit, I didn't see Real Estate just for the sake of see-

ing Real Estate. It was The Babies – Real Estate's opening band – that caught my eye. Have you heard of Woods? And Vivian Girls? Of course you have! Well you, my friend, are in for a treat. I present to you, the Ultimate Recipe For Greatness: one part angel face - Kevin Morby, one part resident rock star – Cassie Ramone, makes twelve servings of heaven. I must admit, the crowd seemed a little weary at first - especially the wild pack of 14 year-old girls standing next to me (since when were they allowed in Higher Ground?) - but they eventually came to their senses and began head-bobbing to Cassie's riffs. Gurl Power.

The lack of appreciation for The Babies undoubtedly stemmed from the crowd's adoration for Real Estate, the band they paid all of \$12 dollars to see. Real Estate History 101 commences - the lead singer went to some col-

Put on your most flattering pair of Levi's, your grandpa's suede shoes, a button down shirt and some retro-looking together under various names throughout high school, spectacles, and join me as we melt into the giant puddle something about a tape deck, and there you have it. Real of indie lo-fi love, otherwise known as - Real Estate. We Estate released their first self-titled album back in 2009 will explore the complexities and vast inner-workings of and just recently came out with Days this summer – as you Matthew Mondanile's somewhat neurotic and uncomfort- can imagine, the second album is largely considered much able facial expressions, and also unmask the true meaning more 'sophisticated' and 'dynamic' than the first, but in my

However, their live performance, I must admit, was for

the most part impeccable. Lead guitarist Mondanile effort-

lessly floated up and down his guitar, all the while pushing

up his sweat-laden white-Warhol-inspired glasses with his

calloused middle finger. Every surfy-riff, every fill, every

impressive sound on their album comes straight from that

man's guitar and that man's ironically charming facial tics.

Martin Courtney, on the other hand, I was more or less

unimpressed with - could it be the fact that he looked like

such a snob? Or that he half mumble-yelled "Just stop play-

ing! I don't know what the f*#k to do!" at his bandmates

when his stomp box wouldn't cooperate? Sorry Martin,

you thought no one heard, but I did, sucka! It felt like

that I tend to crave more often than not.

to is actually trash talking your best friend, and then you have to reveal your true identity as the trash-talkee's main squeeze. It's just awkward.

As far as songs are considered, Real Estate played a considerable amount of tracks from both their first and most recent album. "Easy," the latter album's title track, felt the lovin' in

"every surfy-riff, every fill, every impressive sound on at the sound of for one track.

that man's ironically charming facial tics" have sounded great had anything he said been audible – he

humble opinion, it also lacks an honest aesthetic appeal may have slappa-da-bass a little too hard. The band finally said their 'thank you' to the wonderful state of Vermont and scurried off stage, toting nothing but their expensive beers. Sure enough, in a matter of minutes they were back on stage and ready for another round. I saw BEACH COMBER written in all caps, just like that, on a napkin by Courtney's mic stand, and I knew that with that song the crowd would be sold. Four minutes and twenty-eight seconds later, every girl was foaming at the mouth.

All in all – a very solid performance for a band that's on the up-and-up. My rating: three out of four scoops of sugar. And an extra drop of half and half, cause they're cute.

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five facts about *lana del rey*

y sarah**moylan**

perfect opportunity to use the underused word "chanteuse", it's hard to know. If you've never heard of this raspy-voiced, auburn-haired songstress, log on to the internets and listen to her first single, a smoky ow-key ballad called "Video Games".

Ms. Del Rey had been creeping her way onto the popular music scene for a while before making a big splash with her performance on Saturday Night Live earlier this month. In case you didn't see it (because, like, seriously, who watches SNL anymore?), check it out on YouTube—the superlatively off-key and awkward perfornance has quickly become heralded as one of the show's "worst live performances of all time". And that's quite a title, seeing as SNL also played host to Ashlee Simpson's notorious 2004 lip-sync debacle (which, if ou don't remember, resulted in Simpson doing an impromptu jig before scurrying

Anyhow, if you've found yourself yearning to know more about the phenomena who is Lana del Rey, look no further. Here are five fun facts about this controversial songstress, who seems to be headed for superstardom in 2012:

1. Her upcoming "debut" album is hardly a debut: In early 2010, Lana del Ray (notice the 'a' in 'Ray') released a self-titled debut album via iTunes, Amazon, and cdbaby. Although it garnered good reviews from fans, it was later pulled from those

Who is Lana del Rey? Other than the sites and is no longer available for purchase in order to give the artist now known as Lana del Rey a fresh start. Lana del Rey's "first" album, Born to Die, drops at the end of this month. Weird.

2. Her daddy is a millionaire: Lana del Rey, whose real name is Elizabeth "Lizzy" Grant, is the daughter of wealthy internet domain-name broker Rob Grant. And we thought she made it this far on talent alone!

3. She's often described as a "gangsta Nancy Sinatra": Really?! Barf. Her Myspace page provides a more interesting description of her music: "glam/surf/ Hawaiian". So, apparently, when you combine Ziggy Stardust, The Beach Boys, and Barack Obama, you get Lana del Rey. Hmmmmm. Interesting.

4. She's from around here: Well, sorta. The woman we know as Lana del Rey was born and raised in Lake Placid, NY, which according to Google Maps is about 61 miles

5. She had an awkward pre-fame run in with Paul McCartney: According to an article written about her in a 2010 issue of the Adirondack Enterprise, "Lizzy" met Paul McCartney while she was in the studio recording "Lana del Ray". She was visibly miffed when she couldn't use a piano that made a "sparkly jewelry box" sound because McCartney already had dibs on it. Who does that guy think he is—a Beatle, or

créatif stuffé.

selachophobia

n. fear of sharks

by laurafrangipane

I wonder. most of the time. what you think when we fuck If it is nothing or it is everything it is a dialogue it is a judgment it is of my thoughts

or of your own in early morning light swollen from alcohol are ugly

(that is what I am thinking) that is what I am trying

have a history of abuse and I haven't told you that when you hold my mouth to mute my moans of ecstasy I want to shed my exoskeleton running backwards into myself

This is why when you ask me what I am into and I say I like making love I wish I could say I like being

or dominated or taken advantage of

You said you're afraid of commitment and this is not anything This is just two people pretending not to notice

I won't tell you I've let you in, (picturing a small wound bleeding a predator attached to that smell

I am alone waiting

what I say in bed the moonhaired child of the night to myself, rocking was supposed to be about fall

(pumpkin seeds and leaf aberra-(frosts and daylight savings) but I am stuck on you and fucking

This pen in my hand in sociology class which is about my childhood (here are the Japanese) (here are the Mexicans) the thought of us fucking is making me cry

yiddle me this

by the**yiddler**

Pale sailors of the elder sea or ice bergs lost like scattered debris their distant signal precariously hints and winks, but never succeeds

Like tattered flames against the water, father time's eldest daughter, candles in the farthest cold, the cartography of days of old.

I come when those have lost their way. My song of sorrow, of bygone days. A dance with me is rot, malaise A kiss from me is naught but haze.

check next week's issue for the answers!

remember me well

by georgeloftus

Coming to at the right moment, I see a head tilt to the right. It reeks of false sympathy you don't know what to say hoping your gesture explains it all

I can't feel my legs. I'm walking now, down the cold icy path you fly by and our worlds intersect for half a moment lost in confusion we can't catch the sentiment of what things used to be we disengage our awkward stares and try to catch some semblance of normalcy in life after a fall we were happy once please remember that too

to an old friend

Driving home the long way means driving by your house, and thinking about all the time I've spent there.

But as time keeps rolling by without us ever talking,
I wonder when it was when I last saw you.

You used to be my best friend. I used to be the person that you could call, upset and drunk, who'd never judge

I'm sure you were the subject of every shitty poem that I wrote before I started high school.

You were the only person who came to see my band's first show, and the only one that made me think I wasn't awful.

I was there, sitting in the woods with you, the first time that you ever got high.

We spent years beside each other wiping away each other's tears, although, there were always more of yours than mine.

We were thick as thieves, but just the other day, I forgot your brother's name.

Somewhere along the way, we fell out of each other's lives. I'm not sure what happened, but we did.

You're my oldest friend and we haven't been friends in years. You're my oldest friend and I miss vou.

the case of the missing hoodle

by caito'hara

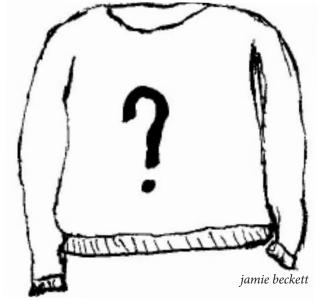
It was a quiet Tuesday afternoon over on Athletic campus. A bleak sort of day, with grey skies not necessarily threatening you, but rather teasing you with the prospect outdoors. I crept under stairwells, upturned recycling bins of a good storm. I was sitting quietly at my desk, bent studiously over a notebook when I realized that my hoodie

Now I tend to lose things, and at first I wasn't worried. But slowly my fear deepened, as it seemed my beloved hoodie was nowhere to be found. Taking a deep breath I carefully scoured my room, searching every nook that my hoodie could have crept into. But alas, it was gone and my hopes of recovering it were also far off.

Sighing mournfully, I trudged off to Phoebro's room, shaking my head over my foolishness in misplacing such a well-loved hoodie. With a disheartened expression, I figured some company and some nicotine would ease the pain. Instead I couldn't stop thinking about it, couldn't even stop mentioning it to whomever was listening and plenty of people who weren't.

"I lost my sweatshirt, damnit!" It was my battle cry, heard up and down the hallways, through the lobby and even outside. Which reminded me I hadn't looked outside my room! I had traveled lightly through the building that day and figured, "Hey, maybe I was dumb enough to leave it somewhere stupid."

I started searching, retracing my steps in a frantic search. I darted between my room, the lobby and the great



and interrupted several peaceful studiers in order to check the cracks of the couches. I was willing to search every nook and cranny necessary to reunite with my dear sweatshirt. Somewhere out there, a fiend had my sweatshirt and was laughing maniacally at my crazed attempts to find it. So I did what any logical, sweatshirt loving fool would

do; I returned to my room and moped about it. Sitting at my desk, frowning at nothing in particular, I noticed a hint of grey on my bed that seemed out of place. "No," I thought to myself, "It couldn't be. It's an illusion placed there merely to throw me off the trail." At first I ignored that little grey patch, refusing to acknowledge this deceit. But curiosity got the better of me, and I found myself staring down at my bed, worried and unsure of my next move. I proceeded cautiously, just in case this was all a trap, and slowly unraveled my comforter. When nothing attacked me, I tore it off, a joyous shout spilling from my lips as that hint of grey transformed itself into my beloved sweatshirt.

Victory! And damn was it comfortable! The mysterious fiend had captured my sweatshirt and had done everything in its power to tear it away from me. But nothing could deter me from my goal, and that fiend slunk away, hiding away, plotting for another day.

cat litter. Fally cat



¦not so *tame* school traditions

At least Groovy UV isn't alone with our silly shenanigans (though ours are totally the best). Take a gander at these other oddball universities.

Brandeis: Liquid Latex, where students cover each other's bodies with latex paint in the most interesting and artful ways.

Cornell: Dragon Day, during which students construct a massive dragon, parade it across campus, and then light it on fire like a Wicker Man (Nico-

Stanford: All classes gather together for Full Moon on the Quad, which involves randomly lining up and kissing. Just random kissing. I'm not even sure how I feel about this one.

Vassar: The Serenading includes freshmen singing bad songs and tossing water balloons filled with condiments at each other.

Carleton: The night before finals, students stick their heads out dorm windows and just fucking scream their hearts out.

University of California-Davis, Tufts, University of Virginia, Harvard, Dartmouth and others all have some version of a naked run/ride across campus. UC-Davis can claim the most risky, even compared to ours. Being pepper sprayed with your tender parts exposed might suck a lot more than having icicles hanging off them.



shit uvmers say

by adrikopp

"Have you seen my Birkenstocks?"

"Don't you have a class right now?"

"Grundle anyone?"

"Is this local?"

"How have you never heard of this band before?"

"Is this organic?"

'We should carpool.'

"I heard it got busted."

"Catch some good pow today?

"Fucking biddies"

"That house on Isham got a noise violation."

"Is this vegan?"

"Hey goalie, your mom called!"

"Dude, it's 4:20"

"Do you smell that?"

"Is it going to snow today?"

"They're so good live."

"Did some serious shredding today."

"Anyone got an extra hockey ticket?"

"Where the hell is Terrill

advertisement



