



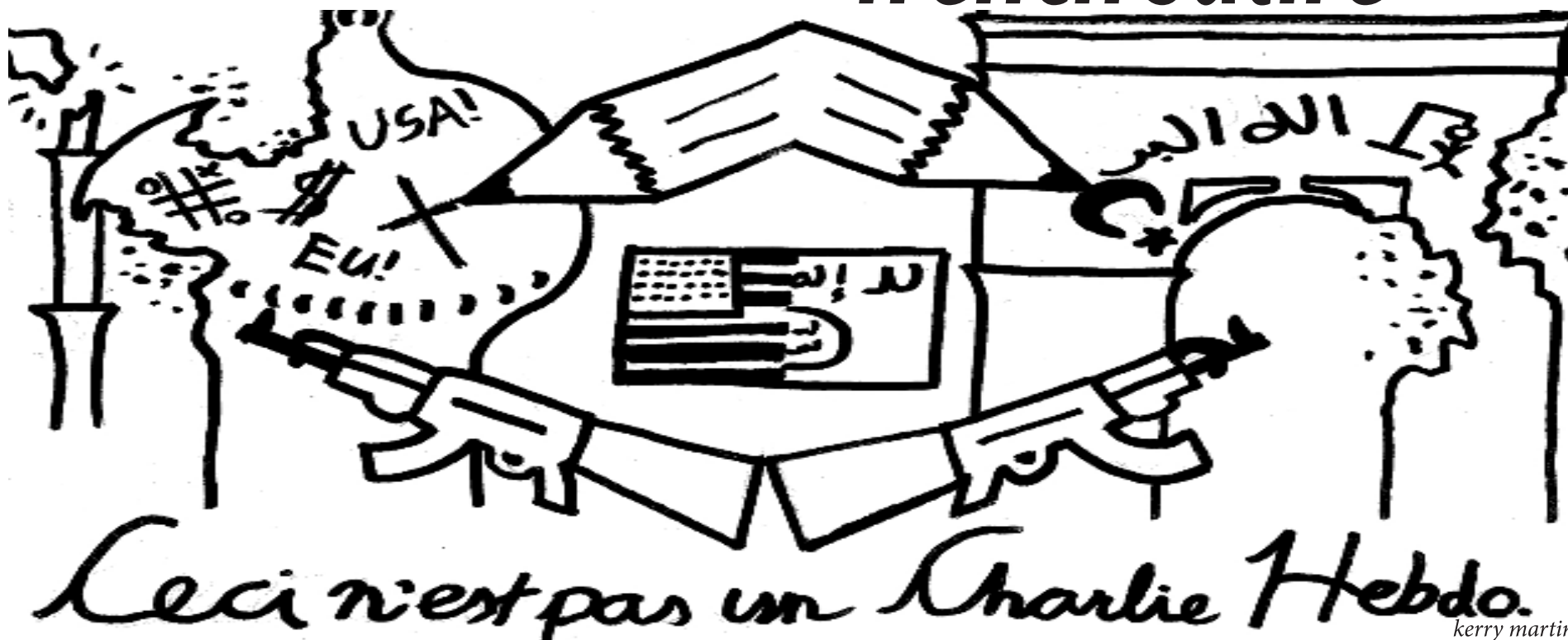
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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lessons from the attack on *french satire*



an op-ed by kerrymartin

When twelve people—eight writers, editors, and cartoonists at *Charlie Hebdo*, France's crudest and most galvanizing satire newsmag, as well as several cops and passersby—were shot dead by three French-speaking Islamic fanatics on January 7th...I didn't know what to say. And soon after, I didn't know what not to say.

My first worry—other than my dad, who was in Paris at the time, and other than the victims—was a violent backlash against the millions of French Muslims. This time, though, I rode on a glimmer of hope from the Australian reaction to December's hostage crisis by a delusional Islamic ex-con in Sydney: an outpouring of interfaith solidarity, the #IllRideWithYou movement, and the absence of any violent anti-Islamic retort. In fact, the incident in Sydney seems to have pacified a pattern of Australian anti-Muslim violence that peaked this autumn as backlash against the rise of ISIS.

But there's bad blood in Paris, a city divided from itself by being so attached to the rest of the world. France has 4.7 million Muslims to America's 2.5 million (7.5% and 0.8% of national population, respectively), and its Islamophobia predates the War on Terror by quite some time. Colonial immigrants and refugees to France (usually fleeing poverty or unrest caused by France, as

millions of French Algerians did) only exposed themselves to this racist, demeaning Francocentrism at closer proximity. Even in Paris, living Western lives, Muslims are still presumed dangerous, silenced, and ghettoized. Although January 7th was the largest "terrorist attack" on French soil in decades, it was only the loudest and most heinous strike back from an understandably embittered group in an old standoff.

With their assault on the *Charlie Hebdo* office in Paris's third arrondissement, the three attackers wrote their own demise and

"we must defend freedom of speech as a weapon *against all war*, not as another noisy firearm to wield in our own war."

unforgiving condemnation by the Western world. The only forgiveness has come from the victim itself, *Charlie Hebdo*, whose first post-attack cover bore the words *Tout est pardonné*, all is forgiven, with a picture of that fellow questioner of the system, Muhammad, holding the now-famous solidarity sign, *Je suis Charlie*.

Charlie Hebdo is not to blame, but for those who stand in solidarity with *Charlie*—the world leaders and 3.7 million other marchers in a recent Paris demonstration

only representing a fraction of this whole—it's crucial that they find and follow the real lesson from what's happened. They—we—must defend freedom of speech as a weapon *against* all war, not as another noisy firearm to wield in our own war. In this, I am least optimistic.

Through satirical writing and cartooning that lampooned every institution in sight, from Islam and the Vatican to the EU and President Francois Hollande's resemblance to a Twinkie, *Charlie Hebdo* carried on the centuries-old French tradition of mocking things out of their seriousness. The treacherous line that satirists toe, they stomped all over. And they never tried to silence their opposition, only add to the clamor.

Their track record in provoking Muslims is undeniable. They tested and ridiculed Muslim sensitivities: when a Danish cartoon of Muhammad sparked violent protests and assassination attempts against the artist, *Charlie* republished the cartoon; when the amateur film *The Innocence of Muslims* caused deadly riots for allegedly depicting Muhammad as a pedophile, *Charlie* published pictures of Muhammad posing as a porn star. Hackings, death threats, and a 2011 bombing of *Charlie*'s office had only further embroiled its artists: the most recent issue contained a Christmas card from ISIS leader Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi saying, "To your health!"

Against government advice, *Charlie Hebdo* had come to symbolize freedom of speech and press in France, ideals for which the country has fought its fair share of revolutions. Given the shackled position of French Muslims outlined earlier, it may seem rather anti-revolutionary to taunt an oppressed group. But Islam received no worse treatment from *Charlie Hebdo* than any of the newsmag's other targets did; by mocking everything in sight, *Charlie* may have provoked people to laugh at others, but it also demanded that they laugh at themselves. It was also a uniquely funny and bloodless weapon in the War on Terror, aimed against both sides. It's a breath of fresh air from provocative, Islamophobic outlets like Fox News, who propagate the very cycle of hate which *Charlie* was brave enough to laugh at.

This can't be stressed enough: *Charlie Hebdo* was a liberal, open-minded publication, the polar opposite of Fox News and the Front National, France's xenophobic political party. And like much of history's best satire, it was wildly misinterpreted. When he spoke at UVM last week, acclaimed author Salman Rushdie—whose own brilliant works of anti-colonial satire have famously backfired—said of *Charlie Hebdo*'s deceased editor Stéphane Charbonnier, "I've never met a less racist man in my life."

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the best news team inbox. in the universe.



dear writers,

...We mean **you**. If you're clutching this paper right now, you are already qualified to submit to us! We presume you've got thoughts, interests, passions, talents, social awareness, party favors...it's time to put them to use and stretch your limbs outside those stodgy sociology papers. We are actively training and recruiting the next generation of **water tower** writers and artists!

Don't be afraid, your level of commitment is completely up to you. Anything you'd like to throw our way is welcome at thewatertowernews@gmail.com.

If you'd like to learn more, if you don't know what to submit yet, or if you're just curious: we meet on the fourth floor of the **Davis Center, in the Williams Family Room, every Tuesday at 7:30pm.**

No **water tower** veterans can deny how much they learned from the paper or what a great part of their UVM experience it became. Join the crew and get inside us.

Love,

your (future) editors at the water tower.

*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 katjaritchie

Hippies: I think I've lived in this town too long. I've been accused of my fair share of definitely-untrue beliefs and hobbies—I'd take great pleasure in analyzing your astrological birth chart and thus deducing your every personality flaw, for example, and I firmly believe in the value of a good vinyasa class—but I have to draw the line when things get too far into "chakras" and "energy" and "spending twice the money on the eco-friendly dish soap." I'm so happy for your eyebrow piercing and your conceptual art ventures. Truly, I am. I'm just gonna need a minute to hide in the corner with some processed food and good old, backwoods values every so often, but after that, I would *definitely love* to hear all about your spiritual awakening.

Football: Insert opinion about sports here? I don't actually give a shit about the Super Bowl; I'm gonna watch it anyway, *you're* gonna watch it anyway, we're gonna get drunk in the daytime and that'll be that. I guess I sort of have a dog in this fight, considering the Pats are doing well or something (are they? They are, right? I'm not following) and I enjoy a vat of chicken wings as much as the next person, so whatever.

The Mid-Winter Tease: After a truly hellish, subzero start to the semester, it's a balmy 37 degrees today. The snow is basically gone. My winter coat is a little *too* toasty. February (and March, let's be real) is going to shit all over my early-Spring fantasies and we're gonna have like six Nor'Easters between now and when it actually warms up.

There's Bird Shit, Like, All Over My Car: So that sucks. ■

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the news in brief with kerrymartin

“Of all Boko Haram assaults analyzed by Amnesty International, this is the largest and most destructive yet. It represents a deliberate attack on civilians whose homes, clinics and schools are now burnt-out ruins.”

—**Daniel Eyre**, a Nigerian researcher for Amnesty International, uses satellite images to verify reports of the most brutal attack to date by Nigeria's Islamic insurgent group Boko Haram. In a span of days, Boko Haram is thought to have overrun the village and military base of Doron Baga, destroying 3,100 buildings and killing as many as 2,000 civilians. Let's just say that PR is not their strong suit.

“Thank you all for making it possible for me to be able to give this speech today. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

—**Peter Shumlin**, Democratic Governor of Vermont, thanks the Vermont State Legislature for voting him into a third two-year term in office. In Vermont, if no gubernatorial candidate receives more than 50% of the vote (Shumlin's 46.4% majority in November was not enough), the state legislature holds a secret ballot to decide the winner themselves. (The only other state that does this is Mississippi.) Facing serious flack for calling off his promised push for single-payer healthcare, Shumlin best behave himself.

“Journalism would lose its meaning if it didn't follow the dark labyrinths of power...If the Devil offers me an interview, I go to hell.”

—**Julio Scherer García**, considered the father of Mexican investigative journalism and a contributor to Mexican democratization, died on Jan. 9th at age 88. This guy had some serious spunk, and spunk'd corrupt leaders and police chiefs for seven decades.

“We feel naked. We feel like we don't exist.”

—**Mauricio Peña**, a native from Honduras living in Long Island, describes a bare feeling shared by many undocumented immigrants. New York City's new municipal ID cards, available to anyone regardless of immigration status, are designed to alleviate this legal and psychological vulnerability. Mayor Bill de Blasio's next goal is training cops to ask for ID before using brass knuckles, *krav maga*, or enriched uranium on civilians.

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New writers and artists are always welcome
Weekly meetings
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Or send us an email

Our generation stands at a crossroads. With sincerity and humor, we strive to make you reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and maybe pee your pants along the way. We are the reason people can't wait for Tuesday. We are **the water tower.**

roasting a lame duck:

the *wt* cooks the 114th congress

by jessebaum

It is surely no surprise to the worldly, beautiful, and astonishingly intelligent readers of *the water tower* that, like the cracks in the bridge between Harris and Millis, a fierce division is tearing our political system apart. The previous session of Congress, with a Democratic majority in the Senate and a Republican majority in the House, had a ten percent approval rating at its lowest point (the lowest on record! America!) and passed *close* to the fewest pieces of legislation of any Congress in US history. It is also worth noting that many of these bills that were passed and then signed into law by the Leader of the Free World were to *rename USPS post offices*.

So, yeah.

Now that the Republicans have gained the majority in the House and the Senate (despite gaining fewer votes than the Democrats nationwide, but hey, who's counting?) the newly minted (and soon to be despised) 114th Congress has just begun. With that in mind, we are here to guide you through some of their recent legislation.

HR 339

This bill, as yet untitled, is another way for supporters of the mantra *drill baby drill* to show that, for whatever reason, they fucking hate penguins. The bill, proposed by Alaska Rep. Don Young (who is ironically one of the most senior representatives), would open up the Alaskan coast for oil and gas exploration. When asked about his motivations for the bill, Young started frothing violently at the mouth and screaming "Jobs! Jobs! Jobs!" until one of his aides sedated him.

CHARLIE HEBDO— from page 1

Some critics who decry *Charlie Hebdo* as a voice of racism and oppression have even framed the Western importance of freedom of speech as a childish, destructive, and irresponsible obsession. I couldn't disagree more. It doesn't take a genius to see that Western media is rife with flaws, but the problem isn't too much freedom, it's not enough freedom. Critics of *Charlie* should redirect their anger at the real provocateurs; media moguls like Rupert Murdoch, whose monopolizing corporate ties let them dominate and subdue oppositional ideas, restricting free speech more than expanding it. This was never *Charlie's* goal.

And it should never be the goal of the millions of people who have written, spoken, drawn, and marched in solidarity with *Charlie*, including Francois Hollande, the UK's David Cameron, Germany's Angela Merkel, Israel's Benjamin Netanyahu, Palestine's Mahmoud Abbas, and countless others. #JeSuisCharlie isn't about our right to speak over other people, but our responsibility to share the conversation with everyone. It's also a difficult but extremely important challenge to the way we use language: our words must *critique* and *replace* violence, not *accompany* and *sub-text* it. As we Westerners hoist pencils and shout words from our moral high ground of free speech, we must think critically about whether those pencils are pointed *against* the tips of bullets—the ones fired at us and the many more we fire—or whether our pencils and our bullets are aimed in the same direction.

Obama, I think, understands this distinction perfectly well. He did not attend the march. ■

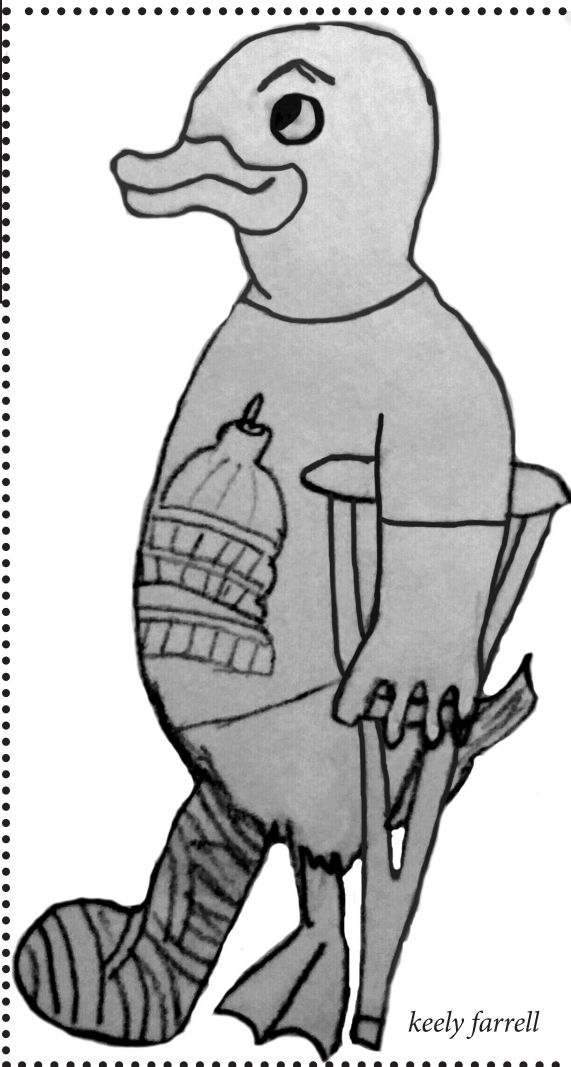
Prevention of Executive Amnesty Act

The new majority in both Houses has introduced legislation that would prohibit the allocation of funds for the new immigration policies passed in 2014, which include (but are not limited to) preventing the deportation of people brought to the US as children, as well as undocumented people that have no criminal record. Because the GOP wants *you* to know that infancy is no excuse for illegal immigration.

The legislation would fund Homeland Security and actually *increase* their budget by hundreds of millions of dollars, but provide zero funding to other departments, and effectively resume deportation of up to five million people, including children. Creative work, Representative Martha Roby of Alabama! What our government really needs right now are new laws that would prohibit existing laws by crippling their funding. It's not like there's any other, erm...*process* to do that sort of work.

There is also a Congressional push to repeal DACA, the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals law of 2012 that protects undocumented immigrants who arrived in the US under the age of 16 and have been here for five or more years. Because we also really need more law enforcement—especially federal law enforcement!—threatening young people of color. (Really?)

It's worth pointing out here that if our country hadn't pushed so aggressively for free trade agreements that bankrupted farms throughout Mexico, and if we hadn't toppled regimes and funneled arms directly to military dictatorships and rebellions throughout Latin America's history, thus setting the stage for the fantastic level of drug-related violence and instability from Mexico to Honduras to Colombia, the issue might not be what it is today.



To Reauthorize The African Elephant Conservation Act, The Rhinoceros and Tiger Conservation Act of 1994, The Asian Elephant Conservation Act of 1997, The Great Ape Conservation Act of 2000, and The Marine Turtle Conservation Act of 2004, and for Other Purposes

The title pretty much says it all. But congratulations, it's the least atrocious thing the 114th Congress has done so far. Keep 'em coming!

The Keystone XL Act

This act, passed January 9th, authorizes the construction of the Keystone XL pipeline. The Pipeline would transport heavy bitumen, known as tar sands, from Canada to the southern US for refinement. President Obama recently rejected the pipeline, however he would now have to veto this law to stop its construction. However, members of Congress who support the pipeline say that they are not worried: not only have they developed superhuman resistance to popular and presidential disapproval, they have also learned to breathe underwater in the case of melting ice caps and rising seas.

Save the American Workers Act

This bill redefines full-time work from 30 hours a week to 40, meaning that benefits that come with full-time employment do not need to be conferred to the lazybones who continue to blatantly ignore the imperative of an eight-hour day. The bill recently passed in the House and is likely to pass in the Senate, though President Obama is probably going to veto it. Obama knows that this Republican bill is partially designed as another weapon in the unrelenting war against Obamacare, meant to limit the "full-time employees" covered by the Affordable Care Act and make the law look ineffective. It continues the Republican's Obama-era hobby of pointing out a wrench in the system by *being* that wrench.

When told that the Act may increase the deficit by forcing masses of people onto government health care, John Boehner reportedly stuck his fingers into his ear and began singing Ted Nugent songs.

HR 324, 323, 322 and 316

If, after everything, you thought that our great nation's post offices were all adequately named, you are sadly mistaken. ■

around town.



back in burly:

reasons why the queen city is *awesome*

by wesdunn

Despite the fact that I live off campus and therefore technically had no reason to leave Burlington during winter break, I ended up spending most of it away from the Queen City. Christmas with Mom, New Year's with hometown friends, the annual grandparent visit...it all adds up, and before you know it, you've spent most of your break navigating bus stations and sleeping on couches. Having arrived back just in time for classes, I thought I'd be a little bit overwhelmed, having to transition from the relatively carefree schedule of winter break to the helter-skelter of college life. It's true: instead the few novels I tackled slowly over break, I'm back into the world of textbooks and retina-searing Blackboard PDFs. Instead of sleeping in and sitting around in my underwear until 3pm, I guess I'm supposed to put on pants (two pairs, with this cold) and actually go outside. But I'm psyched.

Maybe this is due in part to the fact that this is my second semester of Junior year and I can see the finish line, in a way. I'm certainly excited to move on to whatever it is that exists after college, but I'm also keenly aware of the things I'll miss if/when I leave Burlington. A few that come to mind:

Cars? What are this?

It doesn't take much time away from Burlington to realize how much everything is really not set up for you unless you're encased in a multi-ton vehicle. This isn't to say that there aren't plenty of great walkable communities out there, but Burlington is definitely one of the best I've encountered. As someone whose preferred transportation is biking, it's great to be back in a city that doesn't try to kill me when I do that. (*cough, cough*, Boston). And everything is manageably close. By bike, where I want to go is usually 15 minutes at most. Walks are usually under a half hour.

Diversity

Remember, I'm talking about *Burlington*, not UVM. Again, for being a relatively small city, Burlington has a heck of a lot going on. The Vermont Refugee Resettlement Program means that this is the home of many different people from all over the world. Walking around my North End neighborhood is often a lot like walking around a bigger city – I don't really know what anyone is saying, and I feel keenly aware of how boring my clothes seem to be. And if you're at all interested in traveling the world or teaching English abroad, in Burlington it behooves you to start by looking close to home. You can volunteer with Huertas Vermont, VRRP or get involved with the local schools and youth centers – I had a job at one point tutoring Somali students in Winooski on everything from basic math to citizenship tests.

A little bit of everything

Burlington is not big. In fact, there has been a longstanding tradition of debate as to whether or not it even qualifies as a "city." But when it comes down to it, pretty much everything you could want is here. It's not like this is an isolated frontier town – there are malls and shops that have everything you'd be able to acquire in a bigger city. There are cafes (two within five minutes' walk from my door), restaurants, bars, music venues, movie theatres, art galleries, head shops, bookstores, etc. And while having all of this neat society stuff, Burlington also has lots of great natural areas right within city limits: Centennial Woods, Red Rocks, the Intervale, Winooski River parks, Oakledge Park and North Beach, to name a few. And as so many of us know, the mountains are not far at all. I love this balance – having all the amenities of urbanity while not feeling confined within an asphalt and concrete landscape.

Food, glorious food

Burlington tends to feature on pop articles about great places for local food, and it certainly doesn't disappoint in that regard. This is a place where I can conceivably get practically all of my food from nearby – whether it's the local sections of "City Markup," the winter farmer's market or Family Cow Farmstand's raw milk delivery service. And if you don't prioritize that kind of stuff, you still have to admit that for a city of its size, Burlington's restaurant scene kicks ass.

So even though we're currently immersed in that special level of cold that causes your boogers to freeze inside your nose when you step outside, I think we should be glad to be back in Burlington. There's probably a good reason for the fact that when I tell people this is where I live, they react with excitement and/or mild jealousy. This is a great place to live, and I know I'll be trying to make the most of it while I'm still here. ■

how to not *freeze* and *die* (no promises)

by katjaritchie

Burlington is a frozen hellscape six months out of the year. If you haven't figured this out, you are likely one of the following: a cold-impervious ski bum who fails to dress for winter conditions anywhere except the mountain, or a Southern transplant blissfully unaware of just how much of a frigid bitch this town is. If the former applies to you, this article does not. For the rest of us warm-blooded beings, I'd say I can offer you a few ways to stay warm this winter, but I'm not into making promises I can't keep. Hopefully you'll have one fewer experience of crying into the bitter-cold air from a mix of windchill and seasonal depression, only to have your tears freeze to your face, but that's about the most I can offer.

If you're "one of those" who thinks it looks better not to bundle up, stop that. Stop that right now. This mostly applies to the "baby's first winter" set who came from somewhere sunny and mystical like Southern California (can a New England-born cynic with maple syrup and standoffishness flowing through her veins get away with saying "SoCal"? I didn't think so). You will look fat in a down coat that resembles a sleeping bag. Your hair will get fucked up under a knit hat. There is no way for winter boots to not be bulky and horrible. Welcome to your winter wardrobe, see you in April.

4 Layers. This goes beyond the usual; a sweater under a jacket is layering amateur hour. A pair of leggings (or two tights) fits under a pair of jeans.

Undershirts go under long sleeve shirts go under button-ups go under sweaters. If you own one of those really thin puffy coats, that's only winter coat *number one*. If you're not sure if your layer game is where it should be, an easy fix is to put on two of every type of clothing you own. If you can still put your arms down flat to your sides, better keep piling it on!

"there is no way for winter boots to not look bulky and horrible. welcome to your winter wardrobe, see you in april."

Church Street is a goddamn wind tunnel. Throw that right on top of "classical music at all times" and "outdoor no-smoking ordinance to please rich, white tourists" to add to the list of things that are terrible about it. Conserve your finances and your body heat and stay away until the sun is still up past like 4 in the afternoon.

Other places to avoid: choose your location strategically. Most slumlords who callously rent the decrepit properties in what we could lovingly refer to as the "student ghetto" (think North Union, Loomis, Hickok...and yes, you're likely being ripped off if you live there, but that's for

another time) don't really pay attention to minor details like working heat. It's best to dial down your social life and stay away from all your friends who live in those rickety-ass houses until spring if you're not trying to die of hypothermia from their un-insulated windows.

As for on-campus hot spots (literally speaking), Old Mill is toasty as fuck, so congrats, liberal arts majors: we'd better reap the benefits now before we all inevitably end up halfheartedly teaching middle school social studies, because that's all we're sort-of-qualified to do. Waterman swings freely between subzero and Earth's core, so if you walk through there really fast, you should reach a somewhat comfortable equilibrium. I can't speak for Votey or anything on hard-science turf, but if Kalkin basement's nickname is "the dungeon," I can't imagine it's all that temperate.

Assuming you still make it to campus if the temperature has dared to flirt with negative numbers (for which I applaud you), don't be afraid to disturb class as much as necessary to wrestle your winter gear back on in the middle of a lecture. Will people turn their heads at you conspicuously burrowing back into a pile of nylon and goose down? Yes. Whatever, they're just mad they're not warm. Oh, and it probably bears mentioning that there are some little-known greenhouses out by Jeffords, so if you're thinking of nursing that long-standing interest in botany, the dead of a Vermont winter might be the perfect time to get started. ■



wet dreams:

a veteran's guide to keeping fish

by kerrymartin

Alright, you guppies: so you want to set up a fish tank? Whenever I move into a new place (dorm, apartment, lean-to, etc.), fish are pretty much the first thing on my mind. I assume you're the same way, because there are two kinds of people in this world: people who own fish, and people who wish they owned fish.

I know my way around the block when it comes to freshwater fish. I started five years ago with a one-gallon bowl and a crab named Tyrone Biggums; now I have a 30-gallon community tank with 15 fish and eight live plants (which makes me the coolest guy you know). Living in a house off-campus admittedly makes that much easier, but I also maintained a 10-gallon community tank in my Redstone dorm, carrying 100% of my fish and supplies back from Petco on foot. So quit your whining.

Here are some basic tips for any current or prospective fish-owners.

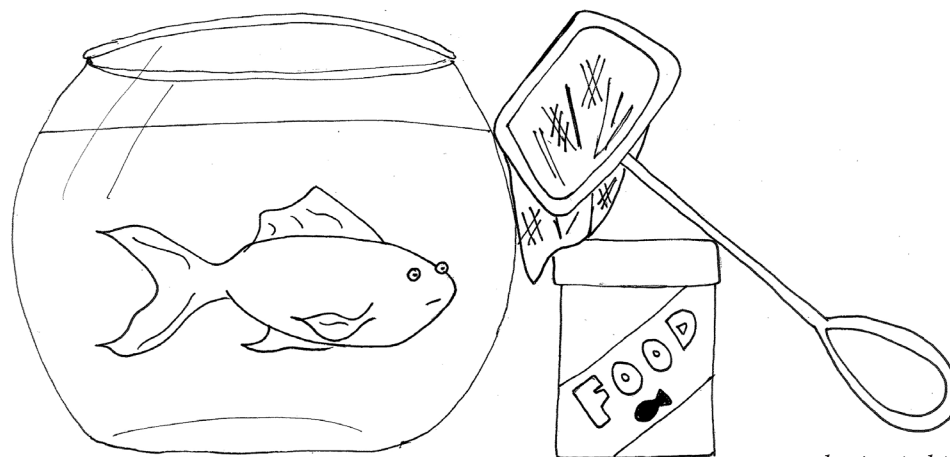
Start small but not too small.

While a one-gallon bowl might seem right for a young fish-keeping padawan, there's not much you can learn from a bowl other than remembering to feed the damn thing. Admittedly, this idea might be rooted in my irrational contempt for betta fish, usually sold in wimpy little bowls (seriously though, fuck bettas). But fish bowls actually cause more problems than tanks: they get dirtier faster, have limited filtration and oxygenation, and soon become fishy death camps (and then, flower vases). Plus, they won't teach you anything about filters, heaters, air pumps, lighting, or any of the mechanics that make fishkeeping fun and possible. Start with a 5- or 10-gallon. (Yes, 10-galloners are allowed in UVM dorms.)

Start slow, even if it seems too slow. Seriously, limiting your pace is much more important than limiting

your size. Everyone wants to walk out of Petco as some giddy motherfucker with a full octopus tank under his/her arm. But cultivating a fish-friendly mini-ecosystem takes time. Remember, you're trying to imitate lake or river water, not drench wildlife in Dasani. Before adding fish—and this should be done at most one or two fish a week for the first few months—your water needs bacteria.

Fuck goldfish.



katja ritchie

stores sell goldfish: they're cheap, they're resilient, and they live in cold water and don't require a heater. However, they won't get along with any other fish, they'll die in heated water (which all other store-bought fish require), and they shit everywhere. Fishkeepers have choked goldfish with their own shit for generations; were the roles reserved, goldfish would put our toilets on our ceilings. Goldfish are gross. Plus, plenty of other fish are both cheap and hearty: Danios should be the first things in your tank. Get three and name them Destiny's Child, because they're #survivors.

Shop around online for supplies.

With few excep-

Don't overcrowd. For every gallon of tank you have, you're allowed about one inch of fish length. It may not seem like much, but limiting fish density will make both your and their lives much easier. It will keep the water and gravel cleaner, create a calmer community, and allow individual fish to grow bigger.

Pick the right fish.

You're going to walk into store, see the most badass section of fish, and say, "Those are dope, I want those!" They're cichlids: yes they are dope, and no you can't have them. To be real, cichlids are pricks: they'll terrorize other fish and each other, nipping at fins if not swallowing other fish whole. You don't need that, you need a community tank! Danios, barbs, tetras, loaches, mollies, guppies, swordtails, angelfish, gouramis, pacus, rainbows...there are plenty of awesome fish with attitude but not aggression. Be sure to get a cleaning crew of shrimp, snails, Siamese algae eaters, and bushy-nosed plecos too!

Do water changes. Hard to call your tank healthy without regular water changes, once a month as a bare minimum. You'll want to buy and use a very cheap and simple tool called a gravel vacuum, which will suck up waste caught in the gravel as well as the dirtiest, most contaminated water at the tank's base. Make sure to refill the tank with dechlorinated water afterwards!

Watch over your kingdom. Ten minutes of fishwatching a day has been proven to reduce stress levels significantly. That's why they put fish tanks in doctors' offices. ■

happiest hour: broad city

by cullenhairston

Rejoice! *Broad City*, everyone's favorite stoner comedy show with two of the funniest women on television, just premiered its second season. *Broad City* takes place in New York and revolves around two girls trying to make it in the big city, starring *Abbi Jacobson* and *Ilana Glazer*. Their web series turned into a primetime show on *Comedy Central* with the help of legend *Amy Poehler*, one of the executive producers. With the help of the water tower, you too can get intoxicated along with *Abbi* and *Ilana* as they go about their lives irresponsibly as possible.

Drink when:

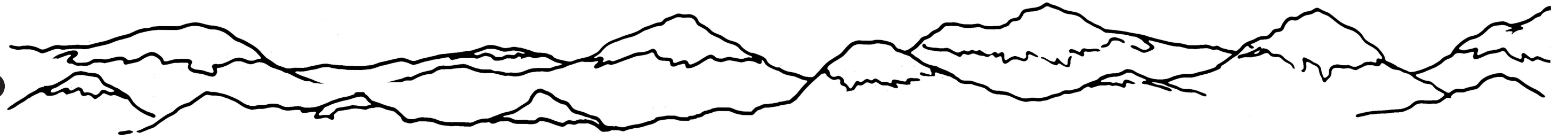
Abbi does something incredibly embarrassing around Jeremy
Ilana isn't doing any work – at work
Lincoln gets overly excited/overly depressed over something
Jaime mentions he's illegal
Abbi fails at being an artist
Ilana makes a weird face

Ilana wears something extremely inappropriate for the current situation
Trey bows to Abbi at work (after telling her to clean something)
Abbi or Ilana compares themselves to Beyoncé/Jay-Z/Oprah/any celebrities
Abbi or Ilana talks about someone's penis

Finish your drink:

Ilana mentions her sexual love for Abbi
Abbi or Ilana gets really, really high ■

reflections.



yankee swap: good spirits & sabotage

by staceybrandt

It's Christmas afternoon and nineteen members of my family and I have organized ourselves into a circle of chairs surrounding a pile of presents. With all the gifts on the ground before us, it may seem we have gathered to discuss the disappearance of the large Christmas tree. Fortunately, this is not the case and the only mystery surrounding the items is concealed within these bags sprouting tissue paper and boxes patterned with suspiciously identical snowflakes. It is in this elliptical formation where we patiently await our annual ritual: a rousing game of chance, trickery, tears, and cheers which constitute our yearly Yankee Swap.

Much less cute than Secret Santa, a Yankee Swap is not at all sentimental. Stealing, bad-mouthing, the clearance rack at Marshalls, and making babies cry are just a few things that set

“only numbers 1 and 2 matter, because 1 is the best and 2 sucks so bad you should get an award”

the swap apart. Also unlike Secret Santa, during a Yankee Swap one does not receive a personalized gift. One does not reminisce while opening the carefully wrapped package, slowly, smiling at loved ones, perhaps chuckling at an inside joke, perhaps sharing a laugh about the personality quirk that the gift brings to mind. No. To begin a Yankee Swap, a sack of ripped pieces of paper is jostled around the family room; hands ruffle around too excitedly as if expecting to discover something more than a numbered paper scrap. The numbers amount to the players involved and to the gifts sitting on the ground. It might seem like the numbers are important, but they are not. Only numbers 1 and 2 matter because 1 is the best and 2 sucks so bad you should get an award.

Once everyone has chosen their number, my aunt will explain the rules, but ultimately just insert all of her opinions about the game: “Ok, everyone goes in order of number, you pick a gift, you open it. If you have number 1, it's the best number. You get to go first and last, which really rocks.” As she begins rearranging all the gifts in the center, my aunt, who will be participating in the game, reminds everyone that once you have even slightly pinky-touched a gift you may not touch any other gift. “And no shaking them!”

Once you have picked your gift, an anonymous gift to which you are momentarily bound, you must present it to everyone in the circle. “And everyone else has to hold up their gifts! No hiding your gifts! No gift is safe!” And after that, you can either keep the gift you have or exchange it,

swap it, for someone else's gift. These trades are often carried out with malicious intentions. For example, maybe I'm not too crazy about the multi-colored flashlight-keychain pack that cousin Tommy has been swaddling ever since he opened it five minutes ago, but I am not too crazy about Tommy either. So, after opening a raspberry suede Martha Stewart throw cover, I might consider how it would accent Tommy's bedroom next to his baseball trophies and reconsider my personal need for an emergency lighting kit.

Despite the twenty-five dollar spending limit, the Swap never ceases to transform a group of upper-middle class suburbanites into a pack of barking, yipping, argyle-sock wearing baby wolves. Who knew that interlocking salad bowls or a bulk-order of pistachios could incite such madness? The value of these last-minute, probably re-gifted items sky-rockets and for some unknown reason the sparkle lamp from Target (\$14.99 sticker half-successfully torn off the bottom) has suddenly become indispensable. In the orb of this swapping space, this half-off heaven, human reasoning surpasses monetary worth and one begins to see a set farm animal shaped cookie cutters as a luxurious addition to daily life.

Needless to say, the Yankee Swap experience will be enjoyed by my family for years to come. It is one of the few ways in which we put the “fun” in dysfunctional. Though the swap works for us because our dislike for each other is quite public, there are definite risks of exposing harbored animosity between players. A Yankee Swap would thus not be recommended for a group of girlfriends relaxing by the fire over a glass of wine— Sasha will definitely find out about Emily's grudge against her from junior prom and Kathleen will find out everyone hates her. Nor the annual Christmas party at the office: Carol from accounting is on her last wits about her stolen Yoplait and everyone's already too drunk to play anyways.

In the end, it's good to know that when holiday angst comes to a breaking point, the festivities do not have to obliterate in a fit of screaming, unwanted gifts, and over-cooked food. Instead, a Yankee Swap is a joyful way to let out that anger while maintaining some holiday cheer! ■

the last dance for someone's grandmother on new year's eve

by benmoffat

Ahh... New Year's – the “holiday” that celebrates the passing of time or, in other words, the inexorable march to your own death.

I spent my New Years down in the sunny and warm state of Florida where my family and I were visiting my Grandparents who recently moved to a retirement home. Needless to say, my brother and I were ecstatic to be away from our hometown friends, who we only get to see once a year, to celebrate New Year's Eve at the old folks home.

Anyways, my grandmother made it sound like a lovely evening: a happy hour followed by an elegant six-course meal along with a band and a dance floor, all leading up to the ultimate 10-second countdown to the new year at 9:30pm (Senior citizens, understandably, have trouble making it to midnight).

So we show up at my grandparent's apartment, everyone formally dressed and relaxed from walks on the beach and ready to head down to the high-energy celebration. As the only underage person, my grandfather became my personal beer runner for the evening to help me “loosen up” as he highly recommended.

We then headed down to the happy hour where my grandparents introduced my brother and I to all of their joyous, portly and white conservative friends who were either yelling “Obamaville”, or relentlessly labeling me as a hippie when I told them I was a student at UVM. I was drinking ginger ale “on the rocks”, wishing it was scotch & soda, when I started pestering

“well, it turns out these marches end all too quickly at a nursing home.”

my brother to grab me anything that had alcohol in it, for I knew what was coming next – dinner and... dancing.

Finally we sat down for some surprisingly great food, from lobster soufflé to filet mignon. When suddenly, it was initiated. My grandmother insisted that my brother and I come dance with her and her friends under the pretext that all elderly women want to dance with dashing young lads. And that was that. We ate, we danced, we ate, we danced, we ate. Until, finally, it was the last song before the New Year's countdown. I was dancing with a wonderful petite old lady who held a very slow pace, almost to the point of struggling to move her feet, and the music stopped. We headed back to our tables for dessert and then

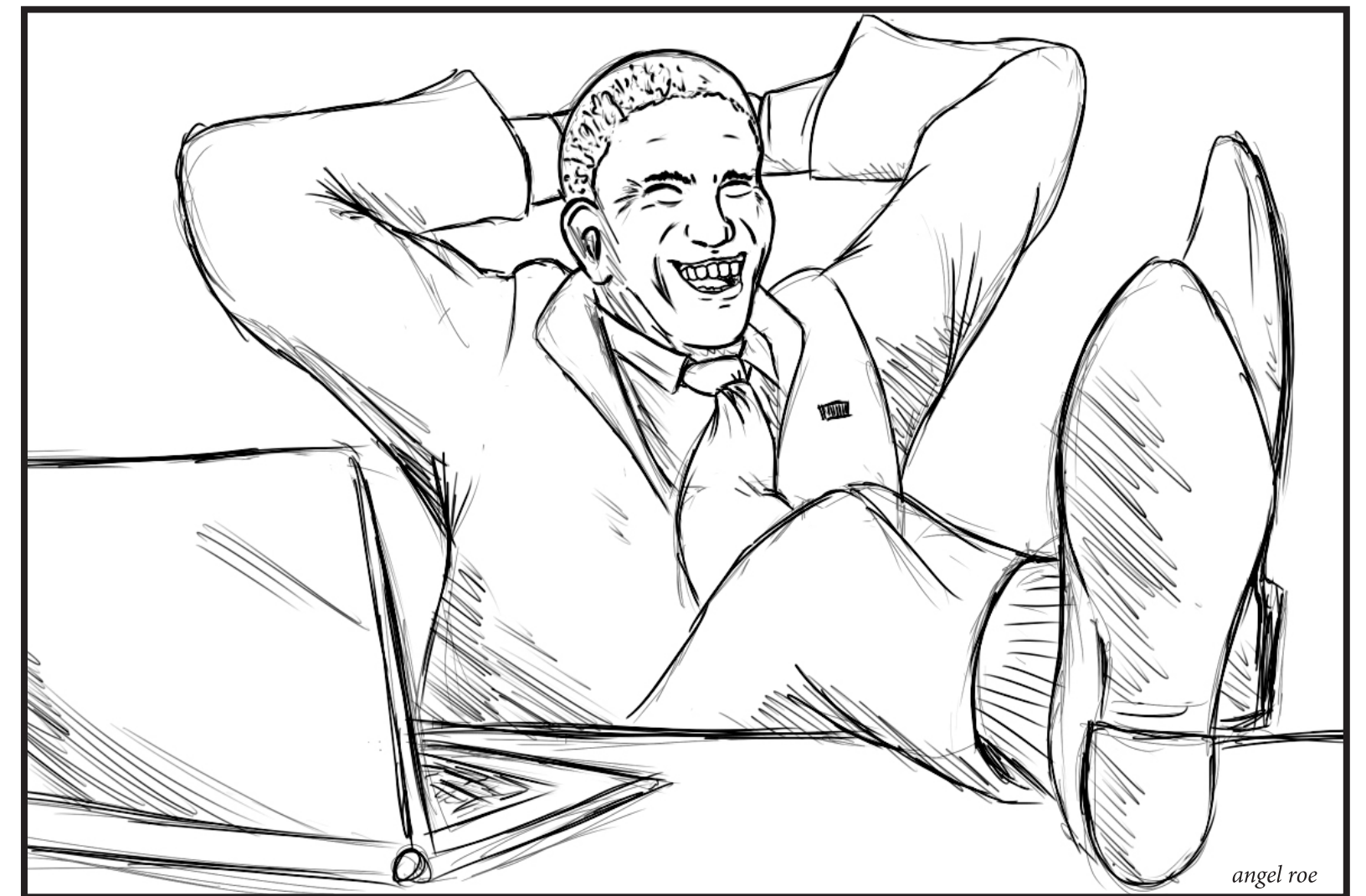
the final countdown...

Remember the “celebrating the inexorable march to your own death” part, well it turns out these marches end all too quickly at a nursing home. Apparently, everyone wasn't cut out for the hardcore partying that was had that night because by the time we reached “1” at 9:30pm sharp, a stretcher was peaking in through the back door and the lady that I had danced with last was being quietly and stealthily removed.... I had been her Last Dance.

I suppose the power of a harmonious count from 10 to 1 spoke to her. ■

obama firmly committed to no longer giving a fuck

by jessebaum



Beginning a month ago, when The Most Powerful Man in The World decided to only call on female reporters in a press conference, Obama's aides and political junkies alike have noted a change in our often-somber leader: he no longer gives a fuck.

Flying in the face of conservative dissent, the President has recently moved to normalize Cuban-American relations (ending a decades long trade embargo) and protect net neutrality for faster Internet speeds—presumably so that in his upcoming retirement he can surf HuffingtonPost at the speed of light while puffing on a Cuban Cigar.

Additionally, the president recently decided to upset the patriarchal paradigm that forms the basis of a stable society when he announced publicly that “girls like T-ball too.”

Obama has recently unveiled several initia-

tives that past Republicans had taunted that he “didn't have the balls for” such as legislating significant cuts to greenhouse gas emissions and making community college tuition-free. When asked if such initiatives might have been better placed before the disastrous election that left his party a minority in both houses of congress the president suddenly focused all of his attention on brushing his dog (Bo) and did not respond.

The president is also expected to veto several upcoming bills that would otherwise effectively bury some of his major initiatives, such as various immigration reforms and parts of the Affordable Care Act. In contrast to past presidents, who used exercised their veto power tens or even hundreds of times, Obama has only vetoed two bills.

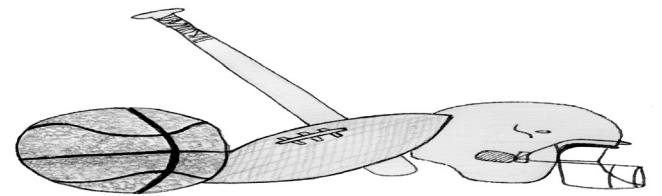
“I thought that I was being prudent with

my ‘checks’ and ‘balances,’” said the man who holds the launch codes to the largest nuclear arsenal in the known universe, “but it turns out that I was just saving the best for last.”

After a busy morning on the phone with European Union waltz and German Chancellor Angela Merkel, Obama reportedly jumped through a window to join Vice President Joe Biden on an excursion tagging DC storefronts. “I think it's great,” said Anna Williams, a DC local

“He may be balls deep in drone warfare and the surveillance of virtually every man, woman and child in the Free World, but everyone deserves to blow off some steam.” ■

highlight reel



R.I.P. peyton manning *putting down the sluggish steed*

by tombrady

It is with saddest regards that we take a moment of silence to remember the great thoroughbred Peyton Manning. On Sunday, January 11, 2015, John Elway was forced to put down his prized bronco after another losing effort in the playoffs. Peyton Manning is recognized as the most recent in a long line of losing members of the Denver Broncos breed. He has followed in the tragic footsteps of his predecessors, Tim Tebow, Kyle Orton, and Jay Cutler. It was through this despondent form of euthanasia that Elway and the rest of the NFL was able to prevent Peyton from greater suffering and even more disappointment.

Peyton the Bronco was quite the workhorse during the regular season; however, his playoff record left much to be desired. He is the holder of five regular season MVP awards, as well as the records for most career passing touchdowns, most touchdowns in a single season, and most passing yards in a single season.

“regardless, it is clear that his owners had had enough of the mediocrity.”

However, once the playoffs rolled around, Peyton left much to be desired. With just an 11-13 playoff record and one measly Super Bowl win, Peyton proved to be ineffective at surpassing

many of the other more successful thoroughbreds on the track, including his younger foal Eli and me, the great stallion Tom Brady.

It was very clear that the great horse Peyton has never been the same ever since his head and neck were reattached to his body in 2011. Peyton underwent a series of gruesome neck surgeries over his career, which clearly affected his play on the track. This season he also suffered a torn quad injury that he endured through the months of December and January. It was difficult to determine if his playoff incompetence this season stemmed more from his injured quad or from his old age. Regardless, it is clear that his owners had had enough of the mediocrity. They put him down due to a mix of old age, injuries, and lack of success in big races.

As Peyton's former owner, Jim Irsay has stated on record, he had been looking for more championship wins from his leading thoroughbreds. His decision to sell Peyton and invest in the young colt Andrew Luck has proven quite wise. His Indianapolis fran-

chise has made it to the AFC Championship Game this season where they will play the superior New England Patriots.

We will remember the great horse Peyton Manning as we remember the delicious appetizer to the superior main course. May he finally find what he is looking for in the great beyond, where records matter more than Super Bowl victories. ■



cullen hairston

the final four

nfl predictions from an expert analyst

by leonardbartenstein

The New England Patriots completely dominated the Indianapolis Colts, a win much celebrated in the Northeastern region of the United States, but not quite so celebrated by the North-Midwestern region. The win, according to a collection of New England fans I encountered stumbling out of a bar while walking downtown, was “fucking awesome,” and “just what the Patriots needed to get to the Super Bowl.” No comment from any drunken hordes of Indianapolis fans, as I assume that they are in Indianapolis somewhere. Quarterback Tom Brady was equally as eager to give his opinion of the game afterward, saying, “We totally took the ball and put it in the end zone. A couple of times, actually. That’s really what the key is to winning.” Devin McCourty, the team’s safety, butted in at this point, saying, “Tom, don’t forget, we also have to stop the other team from putting the football in the end zone, too.” Brady nodded in agreement. “Oh yeah,” he said, “that too. We had this knowledge of how to win, and we just used it to gain more points in the allotted time. Easy as pie.”

The Packers were a surprise, though. They were our underdog, if anything, but who doesn’t like a good underdog story? However, when Aaron Rodgers broke his ankle in the fourth quarter with twelve seconds left, the Packers’s collective hearts dropped. Their star quarterback was removed from the game with bones literally protruding from his skin just above his cleat. Despite this, Coach Mike McCarthy mentioned that he was “confident of his players” and that “they’d better not screw this up,” because he wasn’t sure what else could even get close to getting him “physically aroused” these days.

The Seahawks were good losers, and their coach Pete Carroll had this to say after the devastating loss to the Packers: “Never have I seen a game like that. Never will I again. The universe is so large, and constantly expanding, and I literally will never see the exact thing twice. Every moment that we continue to exist in this fiction we call ‘time,’—and this he said with air finger-quotes—“we get closer and closer to the eventual heat-death of the universe. We are simply sub-atoms in the fabric of reality, and my utter insignificance terrifies and amazes me. Also, our guys gave it all they had, and I’m proud of the effort they made out there today. There’s always next year.” He paused for a moment, and sighed. “I hope there’s another year.”

8 This brings us to the Super Bowl, and boy, will it be a doozy. While we don’t yet have the technology to travel to the future to discover what the outcome will be, and we lack the funding to actually fix the game, we can provide a few

note: at the time of writing this article, none of the games mentioned had been played—this is all speculation and is only probably what will take place.

predictions to how the much-anticipated game will play out.

The game will start off in the first quarter, the Patriots quickly using Brady’s “take-the-ball-and-put-it-in-the-end-zone” strategy fairly effectively. The Packers will come back with a strong drive, but lose possession after an attempt at making a third down at the twenty-one yard line. They’ll be more successful in holding off the Patriots offense, much to the intense enjoyment of Coach McCarthy. The first quarter will be rounded off with a field goal from the Packers, leaving the score at 7-3 at the close of the quarter. The second quarter will be the sort of quarter that gets talked about more for the commercials than the actual game, cumulating with a field goal from both teams, going into the half with a score of 10-6, New England leading.

The game will resume in the third quarter with a quick drive and touchdown by the Packers, much to the chagrin of the Patriots defense, who will kick themselves for forgetting the “don’t-let-the-other-team-put-the-ball-in-the-end-zone” part of their game strategy. The Patriots will come out with a strong drive to rebut against the Packers’s drive, but will be cut short when, with two minutes left in the quarter, a large spacecraft will touch down in the middle of the field—pun intended. The crowd and players will be unsure of what to do at first, though it can only be assumed that Coach Carroll of the Seahawks will wish that he was there to probe the invaders with questions about the greater universe outside the earth’s fragile web of knowledge. Soon after it lands, a small door will open on the side of the spacecraft, and a wave of space-spiders will emerge, instantly devouring most of the people inside of the stadium, both the players and the onlookers.

Many of the people will try to escape, but their attempts will be futile. The exits will crowd and result in more than a few human-tramplings. The space spiders will eat every person inside of the stadium, and soon after use it as their base for a full-scale invasion of earth. We can’t, as of the time of the printing of this article, determine whether or not the United Nations will authorize the use of nuclear force against these otherworldly invaders—to find that out, you’ll have to tune in to the broadcast on Super Bowl Sunday! ■

trash.



i want you so bad

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

I started behind you, I certainly gave you a look,
you carried a newspaper and a seemingly good book.

Not a hair out of place, and pants showing off that ass,
we parted ways as I walked quickly to class.

But later that day you appeared!

Traveling by bus, I swear it was fate,
if I only had the courage to ask you on a date.

We got off at the same stop, oh how I was pleased,
I'll always wish you went into the same building as me.

When: Thursday before finals

Where: Central campus

I saw: A very attractive guy

Do you like to **write**?
Draw?

Talk about the **crazy shit** that happens to you?
Maybe **write about** all that crazy shit?

the water tower



wants you!

We meet on
Tuesdays @ 7:30 pm
in the **Williams Family Room, Davis Center**
Bring your **shit** ... we want to hear about it.

water tower
aerostic poetry

College
Unemployed [Kid]
Not
Tolerating [Job Market's]
Sadism

Should
Have
Ignored
T-Swift's
Tweets
Yesterday

Boys
If
They
Could (Only)
Help
Escaping
Semen

Failing
Undergraduate
Courses...
Kidding...

Can't
Rap,
Although
Chronic
Kingbread
Admirer

So
How
Is
The
Snow
Not
Accumulating
Come [on]
Kripes
Snow

ear

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

Eds: Alright UVM, we know you weird kids say more perplexing, freaking, uncalled-for, and all-around bizarre stuff around campus. Eavesdrop on your community and let's all reflect on the good, bad, ugly, and plain old nonsensical shit everyone's talking about. Submit it on uvm.edu/~watertwr

Bailey/Howe

Girl one: Wait, why would he get his masters in business?
Girl two: Because, he wants to be able to manage... something.

University Heights North

Guy (on phone): No, really, you can drunk text me whenever you want.

Fishbowl

Girl: Oh no, is that racist?
Guy: Not if it's true!

Davis Center

Student 1: Dude, it's chyllabus week, this is like the only time you can do stuff.
Student 2: Dude... I'm in CEMS, we don't do chyllabus.
Student 1: Whatever.

Downtown

Recently-laid lass: Pussy put his ass to sleep, now he callin' me NyQuil.

Henderson's

Female 1: I love seeing pictures of other people's cats! Or just cats in general, really.

Marche

Lady: I don't want to get a hug from a huge dickhole.
Dude: ...that's docking.

Living/Learning D

Punk Rock Lady: If I'm not punk rock when I'm 80, I might as well be dead.

Athletic Campus

Angry Man: Oi! Universe! Wot you think you're doin' hangin' out in outer space? Come down 'ere, I'll kick your ass!

The Dudley Davis Center

Girl: Ba-da-duh-da-da-duh! Millenials!

Downtown:

Curious Lady: Where's her nipple?

Palace 9

Excited Man: You've got it! Sauron's Booty! You've found it!

The Fishbowl

Enlightened Woman: I need to stop using the first person in these hypothetical situations. It's going to get me in trouble.

Marche

Future Poet: It's like 10,000 monks chanting "ohm" at you all at once in the wilderness... and a yak orgasming. Fong-ing, try it.

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

tunes.



top albums 2014

by mikestorace

The War on Drugs: *Lost in the Dream*

Despite considerable criticism from Mark Kozelek's of Sun Kil Moon, the War on Drugs have produced a masterpiece. *Lost in the Dream* is simply the best album, from start to finish, of 2014. Every song melts the listener's mind, and lofts dreamily across the soundscape of the album. The major subject breached is love and loss, as it reflects a difficult time in the life of lead singer and guitarist Adam Granduciel. Lost love provides the inspiration for some of the best music ever made, as it painfully evokes the most empathic emotions from the worst of times. Let the soothing guitars of *Lost in the Dream* carry you away.

Key Tracks: "Under the Pressure," "Red Eyes," and "An Ocean in Between the Waves"

Flying Lotus: *You're Dead!*

Steven Ellison's newest album is a fast-paced adventure into the heart of man as he descends into madness. *You're Dead!* also manages to uniquely combine the genres of electronic, hip-hop, and jazz in one cohesive album.

Key Tracks: "Tesla" and "Never Catch Me"

Sylvan Esso: *Sylvan Esso*

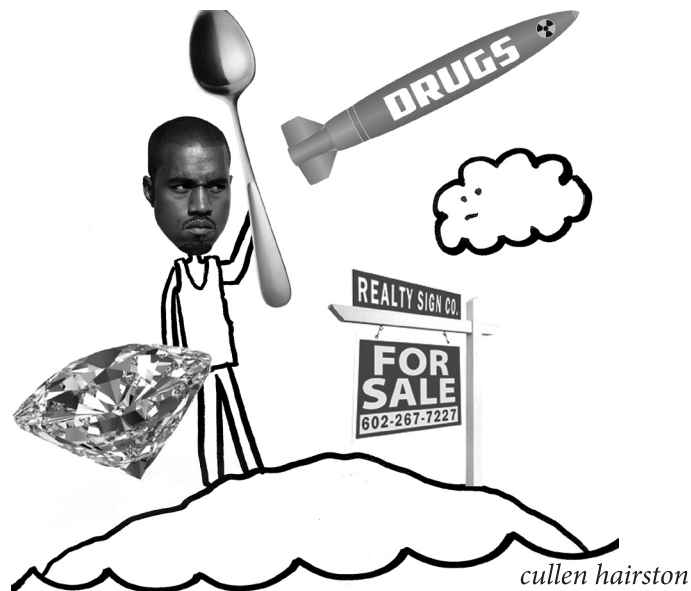
This unique and unexpected album combines the talented voice of Amelia Meath with the producing skill of Nick Sanborn of the band Megafaun. The first album by the duo is an absolute gem that features heavy synths and soulful lyrics. Interestingly enough, Meath also played in the band Mountain Man, which was based out of Bennington, Vermont.

Key Tracks: "Could I Be" and "Coffee"

Real Estate: *Atlas*

Another album tinged with songs of regret, Real Estate's third album is their most complete. Each song can stand on its own, while still playing a critical role in the album as a whole. But really, everything this band puts out is gold, including their live performances.

Key Tracks: "Primitive" and "Talking Backwards"



cullen hairston

anticipated albums of 2015

by elikarren

Death Cab for Cutie: *Kintsugi* (3/31/15)

After the departure of founding member Chris Walla, Death Cab for Cutie needs to figure out how to soldier on as a trio. The scholarly indie rock group has begun to fill their heads with the Japanese philosophy of Kintsugi. This philosophy, which is the namesake of their album, is the Japanese art of fixing broken pottery with gold or silver powder. This process of fixing seems to be indicative of the band's current struggle, and I can hope they find some gold or silver with it.

Sleater-Kinney: *No Cities to Love* (1/20/15)

Carrie Brownstein became a mainstay in our hearts with her quirky antics on Portlandia. However, before her Portlandia fame, she was the lead guitarist for Washington-based indie rock back Sleater-Kinney. After 12 years and 7 albums, they hung up their instruments in 2006, but reunited shortly in 2014. This reunion sparked a blast of creative energy that became *No Cities to Love*. If you've never heard her musical side, I highly recommend it.

Kanye West: TBA (Second Half 2015)

Love him or hate him, you have to admit that he has had a profound effect on hip-hop. He seems to be one of the primary innovators and every time he goes into isolation and makes a new album, it becomes an instant classic. It can be argued that he is the most controversial, visionary, and ever-changing mind in the industry. Whether you believe the hype, all that matters is the next chapter is coming soon, and it's sure to change the game. Yeezy season approaching.

Joey Bada\$\$: *Bada\$\$* (1/20/15)

Joey Bada\$\$ has been a medium player in the rap conversation, but he is getting prepped to join the big dogs. His fan base has been expanding rapidly as of late and with plenty of momentum coming from his two incredibly successful mix-tapes, *1999* and *Summer Knights*, his new album has potential to blow up. The Pro Era leader recently came into the news when Malia Obama posted an Instagram of her wearing one of his shirts. Even though many people are unhappy with his newfound fame, all press is good press.

Modest Mouse: *Strangers to Ourselves* (3/3/15)

Ian Brock's scratchy, angry vocals haven't been heard yet this decade. After years of touring around the world and making guest appearances at festivals, the legendary gritty garage-rock band has found themselves back in the studio. It's been 8 years since their last record, and 6 since any new music was released. If we look into the crystal ball of the past, we can remember blaring "Float On" in our youths. With their first single in 6 years, "Lampshades on Fire", released last month, it seems like we're close. Lets hope the rest of *Strangers to Ourselves* brings us right back to that precious moment. ■

Future Islands: *Singles*

Future Islands' fourth album is unarguably their catchiest and most well-loved. Spawned by their incredible performance on David Letterman, and followed up by their awesome tour (including a Burlington stop), Future Islands have massively increased their popularity worldwide this year. Although this CD does not have much cohesion, each song alone stands out as great. Much of the album has depressive tones of separation and lost love, but it nevertheless managed rise as my album of the summer. Also check out the BADBADNOTGOOD's reinterpretation of "Seasons (Waiting on You)", which is a downright awesome remix.

Key tracks: "A Dream of You and Me" "Doves" and "Back in the Tall Grass"

Run the Jewels 2

The second album from Killer Mike and El-P is without a doubt the best rap/hip-hop album of the year. Featuring what may be the best mashup of black and white since the Oreo, these two rappers drop absolute bombs on every track. If we're lucky, they will release the third installment of *Run the Jewels* in 2015.

Key Tracks: "Blockbuster Night Part 1" and "Close Your Eyes and Count to Fuck"

St. Vincent: *St. Vincent*

Annie Clark, possibly the best contemporary female guitarist, is absolutely rips it up on basically every track she records with her unique fuzzy, awesome sound. Her newest album, although not as good as *Strange Mercy*, still cracks into the top half of her body of work. This album features distinct lyrics, jamming riffs, and electronic undertones. Although, I've never seen her in concert, she seems like she would absolutely kill it live (and she's coming to Higher Ground March 6).

Key Tracks: "Birth in Reverse" and "Digital Witness"

Spoon *They Want My Soul*

Spoon has been around the block; *They Want My Soul* is their eighth studio album, and in my opinion, their most heterogeneous work to date. This album, like pretty much all of their previous ones, rocks. But it also features techno and electronic beats that ease the listener from start to finish.

Key Tracks: "Do You" and "Inside Out"

Cloud Nothings: *Here and Nowhere Else*

I had to include a punkish album in this list because, lets be honest, I have to stay true to my roots. This band is phenomenal. If you have never heard of these guys, check out this album and their 2012 release, *Attack on Memory*. Their shrill guitars will surely keep you on the edge of your seat.

Key Tracks: "Now Hear In" and "I'm Not Part of Me"

Mac DeMarco: *Salad Days*

Honestly, Mac seems like a lonely guy as he echoes "all alone" and concerned wailing throughout his second album. And I'm not going to lie, Mac's emotions freaks me out a little bit. But, at the same time, his peculiar charm keeps me spinning *Salad Days* again and again. Mac leisurely strums his guitar, and hints that there may be something amiss below the surface. "Spend some time alone" with *Salad Days*, already.

Key Tracks: "Chamber of Reflection" and "Passing out Pieces"

Other Key Tracks:

Interpol: "All the Rage Back Home"

Perfume Genius: "Queen"

Ty Segall: "Tall Man and the Skinny Lady"

Caribou: "Can't Do Without You" ■

kree ate've citough

grant daverson: by leonardbartenstein *ace detective*

the ciphers

feat. kerrymartin

Previously in Grant Daverson: Ace Detective:

Rich Barton, a small bookstore owner in the city of Burlington Noir, found that his books are being used to deal drugs by the notorious Rachael Valencé. He called upon the infamous Grant Daverson to help him on the case, who helped him uncover some clues, even solving the murder of Valencé's sister along the way. Now, however, the investigation is getting stale...

"I'm not sure where you're going with this," said Grant Daverson, tossing the manuscript back onto the counter like another log on a dying fire.

"What do you mean?" asked Rich Barton, gathering up the scattered paper in his hands, shuffling them back into order like a blackjack dealer in Vegas on a busy night, so that he'll be ready to deal out to the high-rollers when they saddle up to his table. "It's like I'm the Watson to your Holmes—the Sheppard to your Poirot—the Shaggy and Scooby to your Fred, Daphne, and Velma..." Daverson urged him on with a rolling hand motion. "My point is, it's my job to write down what happened in this mystery."

"Do you have any idea how cliché that is?" asked Grant. He lit up a cigarette inside of the bookstore, and exhaled in the general direction of the "no smoking sign," just to show how little he cared about established rules.

"I suppose I do," said Barton. He leaned back against the shelf behind the counter. "I wish I could write more, but you've gotten no further on this whole Valencé thing."

"It may seem that way," said Daverson, leaning forward against the counter like the Tower of Pisa might,

were it leaning on something, rather than leaning onto thin air. "And I'm sure that your readers, whether real or—more probably—not, think the same. But, in face, I have made progress." Reaching into his jacket, he pulled out a small envelope and placed it on the counter between them.

Barton picked it up and examined it. "Shrek: the Musical tickets?" he asked. Daverson snatched the envelope back and stuffed it inside his coat again. He rummaged around in his interior pockets and produced another, similarly shaped envelope.

"That was for me," he said. "This envelope contains my new lead."

Barton took the envelope and opened it, producing two tickets. "The Trans-Asian Bullet

Train?" he asked. "What's going on there?"

"We are," said Daverson. "And so is a large shipment of Valencé's drugs and higher-up goons."

"You know I have a small business and can't just leave—"

"We leave in two days' time," said Daverson, taking the tickets back. "Be there—" He stepped through the door, just poking his head back through to address Barton, "...or be square." ■

"He lit up a cigarette inside of the bookstore, and exhaled in the general direction of the 'no smoking' sign, just to show how little he cared about established rules."

Welcome back from break, UVemcees!!! Hard to keep your hip-hop hamstrings limber when it's cold as a witch's tit. Still, wouldn't be another week at the water tower without some wicked spittins! Don't leave me hangin' up here on center stage...waiting for others to snatch the mic. Send me your raps, on my topics or on any topic! Even no topic! Just go off! But until that happens, I'm still here, and this week, we put the fire to Nip-Hardening Cold.

When I step outside, my body's a weapon,
Ain't no guessin' how I'm actin' in this weather Tibetan,
Nips freeze in a second, start sprayin' out venom,
Til passersby reckon it's the Nip Armageddon.
Confession, the cold makes me one frigid felon
But aggression's a distraction en route to a lesson
Try to mellow down, put on "Ain't No Half Steppin"
Five-steppin' to class so the frostbite won't threaten.
White breath makes it look like I'm smokin' on resin,
They say "Why you so cold Kerry? Are you eleven?"
"Nahh brah, just spent last year in tropical heaven."
"Wish I was there, man, I'd bash your head in."
Not needed, the wind is like a smack with pipe leaden,
Cold deafenin', look like a good with face reddened.
But hark! Yonder Ira Allen reckons!
Maybe class today's a fireside share-backrub session.
Ten yards til my balls aren't at minus-one Kelvin.
Ten more I'd be eunuch and look like I speak Elven.
by babyish boomboxer Kerry Martin

Next issue, we fold on Poker. Please write raps and contribute, however long or short they are! Send your lines to thewatertownnews@gmail.com with your favorite rapper in the subject line. The best student rapper of the semester gets a fabulous prize! ■

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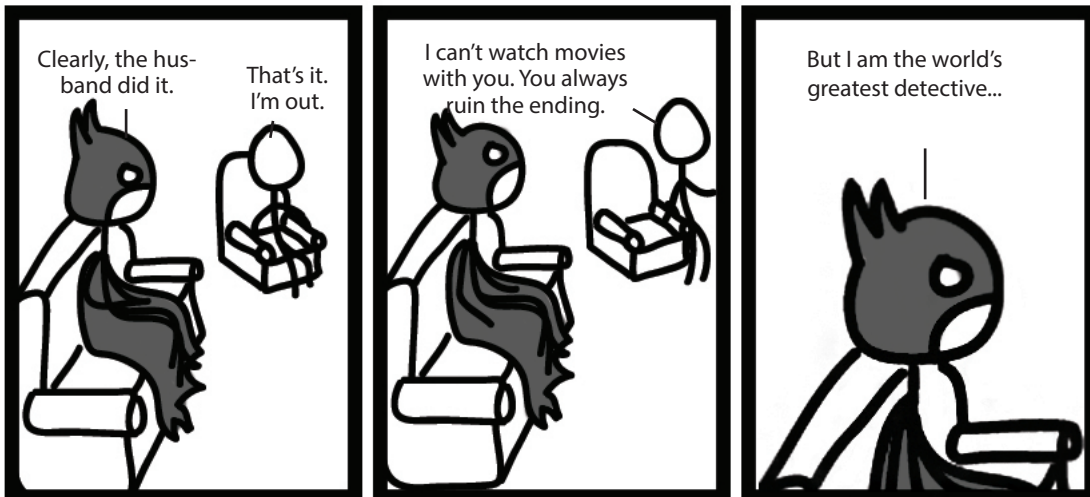


The University of Vermont

cat litter.



with collincappelle



random true stats

85% of people will dream of George Clooney naked at some point in their life, regardless of gender or orientation

The nice guy finishes last only

60% of the time.

.03% of sharks are consciously vegetarian.

Consequently only **1%** of those sharks live longer

A tiny horse by leonardbartenstein

#119



It's well known **90%** of the internet is porn but what is less known is roughly

12.5% of that is specifically tentacle porn. Thanks Japan.

95% of IT question can be answered in half the time with a simple Google search



Lyric of the (Bi)Week:

"I'll take my seat atop the Brooklyn Bridge
With a Coke and a bag of chips
To watch a thousand lemmings plummet just because
The first one slipped"

-9-5ers Anthem, Aesop Rock