



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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a survivor's story

Editor's note: This is an account of a UVM student's experience with sexual violence on campus and the campus investigation process. To protect their privacy, this student remains anonymous. In honor of Sexual Assault Awareness Month, **the wt** feels this is an especially important story to tell, for this student and for all UVM survivors. Trigger warning for rape and sexual assault.

by anonymous

My story sounds like a lot of others. At college, I thought I'd found my new home. I foolishly thought that UVM was safe. I knew that sexual assault was a big problem at college, but this is Vermont, right?

You've probably picked up on where I'm going with this. Usually, they go for "John Doe" in cases like these, but here, let's call him Jack Ass.

We were acquaintances, but not really friends. He preyed on my insecurities, telling me I wasn't smart enough or doing enough with my life. He told me what music to listen to and how to brush my hair. It was emotionally abusive, but it didn't feel that way, and he was grooming me to feel that I was undeserving of anyone else's love.

That's when he started molesting me. He told me it was no big deal, but also that I couldn't tell anyone. I was his sex toy and I thought that was all I was good for. This went on for weeks until a friend helped me get away.

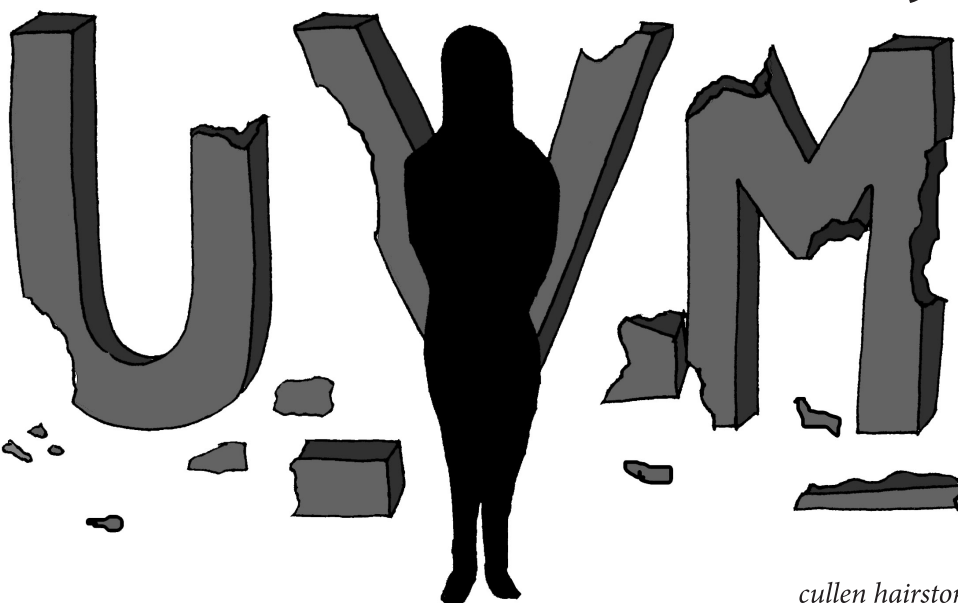
Now, I can see the room for doubt. No, I was not raped in the technical sense of the word, so does it even count? The fact is that I was the victim of unwanted sexual contact, and coercion and emotional abuse is not consent.

I wish I had reported him sooner because after getting away with me, he did rape my best friend—she screamed "no" and he forced himself on her. After that, my friend (let's call her Audrey) and I decided to make reports together.

The campus victims advocate, Judy, was extremely supportive. Audrey and I were worried that Jack would come after us, as he had made it clear that he could hurt us. Judy got to work with us right away and helped us create a safety plan with the police.

After that, UVM stopped caring.

We were promised a fair and timely investigation, but that didn't happen. The investigation took over six months, during



cullen hairston

which we were bombarded with victim-blaming. We had to answer questions like, "Are you sure it wasn't just a bad date?", "Are you reporting because you're jealous?", "Why didn't you push him away sooner?", or "Why didn't you report sooner? That seems suspicious to me."

To strengthen my claims, I provided

telling my story openly is grounds for my expulsion from uvm.

three witnesses, but they were never interviewed. The case was then dismissed--due to a "lack of evidence". When I appealed, the appeal investigator said it wasn't her job to contradict the original investigator's judgment."

Yup, that's right. An appeal's investigator's job is not to investigate any oversights or misconduct in the case. Weird. The Dean of Students told me that he had spoken to Jack and he was more than happy to set up face-to-face mediation between Audrey, Jack, and I. His best suggestion was that I could use my phone to videotape my next attack (you know, for a totally inconspicuous way to gather satisfactory evidence). The Dean told my father that Jack was a good kid who had made some bad mistakes--but wasn't guilty.

The school granted us a No Contact Order, and reminds Audrey and I that we are lucky to get it. Under the terms of the order, Jack cannot harass us or try to contact us, directly or through another person, only on UVM grounds. It's very flimsy and

easy to get around, but Dean Nestor assured us that breaking it had strict consequences.

Jack has broken it several times: texting Audrey, being places he shouldn't, and trying to convince our close friends of his innocence. He continues to do things like follow me around dining halls, but this somehow isn't even considered a violation. His punishment? A conversation with his good ol' pal, Dean Nestor.

The Dean made sure to remind me that the No Contact order was also in place to protect my attacker from slander. This means that telling my story openly is grounds for my expulsion from UVM.

Reporting is a tedious and traumatizing process. The only thing that kept me pushing though it was the misguided thought that I could get justice. Now I'm left off worse than I was before, struggling with PTSD and depression. My grades plummeted, I stopped eating, I either couldn't sleep at all or slept all day, I woke up screaming in the middle of the night, and I had to drop most of my clubs because Jack was in them.

UVM likes to present itself as a progressive school that cares about its students but I have had to learn that that is far from the truth. It's no coincidence that the 2014 UVM Public Safety Report states that sexual violence is on the rise on campus, or that Judy received 69 referrals just last semester: the University has created an environment that is safe for perpetrators. I tell my story for myself and other survivors like me. We will not be silent anymore. ■

omit to sit

by lynnkeating

Nearing the end of the semester, I don't think I have what it takes to fulfill what is expected of me as a college student—which is to sit. I sit in class and then sit to complete course assignments. I sit at work to earn money then invest those funds in more sitting in college lectures. I sit to eat my meals which give me energy to stay seated and use my brain without withering away into the dust.

While sitting and reflecting on my academic lifestyle, I realized how much I obey my sitting duties. Prior to college, I thought I would be on my toes so much that I would barely find the time to rest my legs. Wrong. Instead, after a day's worth of sitting, I find myself so completely exhausted that I look forward to sitting once again when I somewhat finish my work. I feel as if college is an upright sitting prison where I have to keep myself at a 90-degree angle in order to earn my diploma.

"Sitting" is considered to be a "rest position", but to me it is anything but.

Class time in college ranges from an hour to even four hours, where it is mandatory to sit and attentively pay attention to the professor. It is rare to be asked to get up and move our bodies around during class time. The derrières of my peers and I have become so heavily ingrained into the seats that the thought of standing feels infantile, showing how college life has manipulated me to no longer stand when I want to. This is far from elementary school, where they force you to do the "wiggle dance". If only professors required for us to do this now.

Once class is dismissed, I shuffle over to the library to (surprise-surprise!), sit. In order to submit assignments, you have to find the time to sit. Some find themselves pulling all-nighters just sitting to complete coursework. Due to my extensive sitting career, I feel as if I have officially built a relationship with particular chairs I return to time and time again. I am the new Goldilocks on the block, and I know exactly what chairs are "just right" for the work I have to do. Rarely do you find someone demonstrating perfect posture, sitting upright with their spine piled high and backs pressed against the back of the chair. It is a rare sitting, but then you accuse them for being a robot of some sorts.

My standard hunched-over sitting style is abused, yet accepted in college so that I can cram for a meaty final grade. I'm beginning to believe I will become a certified hunchback by my 21st birthday. I guess that is better than becoming a robot.

...read the rest on page 7

get inside me:

nigeria's new prez by jessebaum

student film: elixir by clarkmasterson

tremblackout by staceybrandt & mikaelawaters

action bronson by philarliss

the best news team inbox. in the universe.



hey, you there!

It's that time of year: you're having trouble breathing under cubic miles of work, more swamped than the Creature from the Black Lagoon, and you're wondering...*why am I wasting my time reading this stupid paper?*

Why read what a bunch of silly kids have to say when I'm supposed to know what Dwight D. Eisenhower said about Brown vs. Board of Education, or what Charles Darwin said about the shape of birds' beaks, or what Shakespeare said about what Chaucer said what Boethius said about what Aristotle said about Socrates? So who gives a proverbial rat's ass what we say?

Here's our answer: you can read it and you don't have to care. There's no quiz (except for each year's one randomly selected reader who must either answer our questions or become our sacrificial lamb) (just kidding, that's a joke) (see, we're all just having fun here) (fuck a syllabus, man). We're just trying to get a laugh out of you, help your eyes unwind after looking up every other word in that academic paper you just tried and failed to understand. Helps that this ain't a screen, too.

love, the wt.

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 kerrymartin

People who talk too much about their senior thesis: Oh wow, you mean, you really wrote all those pages? Wow, man, I'm like, suddenly so turned on by you, knowing that when I was out there, wasting my time being a member of society, you were at the library, herocially softening your ass cheeks as you penned the next *Communist Manifesto*. Maybe we could get dinner sometime, then afterwards you can show me all the different points of your argument... :-)

Myself: See above.

Facebook's "trending" section: I was never a Reddit guy, but this little new-ish addition to the FB Newsfeed bothers me. I'm scrolling through a bunch of news networks' posts about the Iran negotiations or farm worker protests in Baja California, and FB tells me that the biggest thing going on is some actor who's most noteworthy accomplishment in life was dying yesterday, or some teaser for a trailer for a movie coming soon to theatres. Also, there's no way that many people talk about astronomy, unless Zuckerberg is trying to expand his galactic outreach.

"Two years' professional experience required": "Oh, this? I know it looks like a rusty bucket full of pink slips, band-aids, booze, and unfiled tax returns, but it's actually my professional experience. So, hire me?" ■

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the news in brief with kerrymartin

"The militaries of [Persian] Gulf nations have been a combination of something between symbols of deterrence and national flying clubs. Now they're suddenly being used."

—Defense analyst Richard L. Aboulafla, on escalating Middle East conflicts and the huge amounts of weaponry, fighter jets and drones funneled from the US to countries such as Saudi Arabia, Qatar, the UAE, and Jordan. Our (repressive) Middle Eastern allies are now using their militaries to fight against ISIS, al Qaeda, and Yemen's Houthi rebels. As we try to strike a deal with these countries' neighbor and mortal enemy Iran, tensions are (naturally) running high.

"It's a crass, corporate, greedy move to put a brand name like Ben & Jerry's on a beer. It's bad for children—who will start looking at beer as the next step after ice cream."

—Bruce Lee Livingston of Alcohol Justice denounces B&J's plans to collaborate with New Belgium Brewing on a delectable-sounding craft beer called Salted Caramel Brownie Brown Ale, scheduled for release this fall. This doesn't change the fact that ice cream has always been a gateway drug.

"I feel so uninspired to do anything else of meaning, because I don't even get to reap the benefits of my hard work. I don't get to teach my daughter anything, I wasn't even the person who taught her how to tie her shoes. I'm missing her growing up because I gotta make ways for us to survive."

—Ebony Hughes, a spokeswoman for the Fight for \$15 movement, speaks out on the indignity of working two minimum wage jobs. The Fight for \$15 is coalition of low-wage industry workers that held a national walkout on Wednesday, and plans to force presidential candidates to take a stance on raising the \$7.25 national minimum wage.

"People think that record companies push artists. And I think that that's the biggest fallacy. I think that the artist pulls the record companies."

—Hank Shocklee of Public Enemy on the often-contentious relationship between artists and their recording labels. Public Enemy's cacophonous beats and middle finger to the system changed hip-hop for decades to come. Albums like *Fear of a Black Planet* and *It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back* went platinum and pissed a lot of people off.

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

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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.**

goodluck, jonathan

by jessebaum

Earlier this month, the electorate in Nigeria voted in a new candidate, their former dictator Muhammadu Buhari. The change was a shift from their oddly-monikered incumbent, Goodluck Jonathan, who originally enjoyed broad support due to his humble beginnings and amiable demeanor, but proved an ineffectual leader. In light of all of the challenges that Jonathan faced, particularly governing the most populous African nation with a world-famous resource curse and coping with the existential threat of Boko Haram in Northern Nigeria, Jonathan's failures were especially crushing.

Enter Buhari.

Muhammadu Buhari actually won with well over 2 million votes, though he had lost the elections in 2003, 2007 and 2011. After his 2011 loss to Jonathan, there was widespread rioting in the country between the two candidates' supporters, and 800 Nigerians were killed.

Buhari most notably served as the dictator of Nigeria from 1983-1985, after a military coup that overthrew elected leader Shehu Shagari. His style of ruling has been called "Buharism", characterized by a no-nonsense approach to journalists (jail 'em!), a hostile view of students (21 years of prison for anyone over 17 caught plagiarizing...or dissenting), a resistance to international financial intervention, an embrace of privatization, and the occasional (okay, rather frequent) use of public whipping.

The 2015 election made history as the first time in democratic Nigeria that an opposition candidate (though admittedly, an ex-strongman) has won an election. The fact that Jonathan accepted his loss without inciting political violence or rioting was enough for Nigerian novelist Ukamaka Olisakwe to comment that "As for Mr. Jonathan, I gave him a personal pardon. In his unexpected act of statesmanship, I rediscovered the man I had voted for in

2011."

Is this pardon undeserved when all that Jonathan did was comply with the rule of law and not incite violence among the politically powerless in his country?

Perhaps.

By some Nigerians, this peaceful power transfer has restored faith in the state, and the new(ish) ruler signals a coming change. Certainly Buhari thinks so—he wrote an op-ed in the *New York Times* that promised aggressive action against Boko Haram and education reforms that would help prevent fundamentalism, even as he acknowledged the challenge of beating Boko Haram and recovering the missing school girls that were abducted en masse last year.

Still, the idea of an ex-military dictator's returns to power as a sign of positive change might raise some eyebrows.

Buhari has recently said that he is embracing democracy, and that he takes responsibility for all overreaches of state that occurred under his rule. Though many Nigerians take comfort in the fact that someone with military experience will be leading the charge against Boko Haram's insurgency, their trust seems, at best, boldly optimistic.

What is strange about the events in Nigeria is that though the presidential race was framed as a *mano a mano* fight between Jonathan and Buhari, there were 14 candidates that ran. (Of course, here at home, we approach presidential elections in the same way—there are in fact always more than two options, despite the fact that third-party candidates are barred from the debates and mostly ignored.) And while Buhari's tough stance on corruption might be more than just a campaign promise—seeing as he jailed over 500 people on corruption charges

while dictator—his promise for economic growth seems suspect. After all, Buhari's economic reforms resulted in job losses within Nigeria, a country grappling with rampant inequality...though still less inequality than we have here at home. So, yeah.

At the end of the day though, we can judge Nigerians all we want for electing an ex-dictator that will probably disappoint in every sphere except the military. It doesn't change the fact that we might be stuck with choosing between our ex-president's brother and his predecessor's wife. ■



what's working in *mexico*?

by kerrymartin

What does it mean to have a functioning State? Potable water to shit in? Or does nothing short of a pure meritocracy, free from subjugation, qualify as a state that "works"?

Mexico is our neighbor with a population of close to 115 million, yet when we hear about Mexico, we hear about what is falling apart there. Yet for most of the 20th century, Mexico was one of the most secure and peaceful countries within South and Central America. After the bloody 1910-1928 Mexican Revolution, the PRI — Revolutionary Institutional Party (doesn't that seem like an oxymoron?) emerged as the region's most stable and effective political machine, maintaining one-party rule for seventy years, while other Latin American states were racked with coups and guerilla warfare. Mexico under the PRI wasn't exactly Candyland, and the PRI's well-intentioned programs—land redistribution, import substitution industrialization, "free speech"—rarely garnered their full results, but for most Mexicans, life was livable and predictable.

But since the beginning of democracy in 2000—when free and fair elections made Vicente Fox the first non-PRI president since before the Revolution—much that once worked in Mexico no longer does.

Wait, democracy? Isn't democracy made of star-dust grants the wishes from every little boy and girls' dreams?

Short answer: not always.

Mexican democracy fractured a political landscape whose former unity, though corrupt and unaccountable, kept other powerful factions at bay. When these factions are parties and interest groups simply vying for their interests, democracy works (thanks, James Madison).

However, when these factions are highly organized drug cartels—hosting leaders of the global narcotics

trade who relocated to Mexico after the DEA's 1980s takedown of the Colombian gangs—political plurality opens up the fray to more than it bargained for.

The PRI's system of striking deals with the cartels and partitioning their territories collapsed with democracy, and violence escalated. In 2006, Fox's successor Felipe Calderón (also from Fox's party) waged an all-out war on the cartels, who fought back with the most brutal tactics: public executions and mutilations that entrenched their reign of terror, government infiltrations and payoffs that expanded their power and eroded all public trust, gang recruitment and brainwashing of

"cartels are responsible for over 120,000 deaths since the start of the century, yet they are probably the institution in Mexico that works best."

adolescents, and diversified profit schemes like kidnapping, oil smuggling, and even mineral exports to China. The cartels are responsible for over 120,000 deaths since the start of the century, yet, by some definitions, they are probably the institution in Mexico that works best.

Voters tried to reclaim their lost PRI Mexico, electing PRI candidate Enrique Peña Nieto in 2012, but it would not be. The narco-estado had already taken hold, efficient only when backed by drug money. Corruption and violence drudges on.

So, at this point, what is working in Mexico?

Industrial sector: While agriculture has been seriously impaired by the 1994 NAFTA agreement that let the US flood Mexican markets with cheap, mass-man-

ufactured foodstuffs (corn, corn and more corn), factories and manufacturing plants remained viable and tempting for international companies and investors. Low wage factories called maquiladoras line the border and do in fact provide many jobs. And while low gas prices have stalled development and privatization, its oil reserves still hold barrels of economic promise.

Tourism: While fear of violence (and our 2008 Recession) has caused recent tourism lulls, sunburned gringos have just found safer destinations, like Cabo San Lucas in Baja California or Cancún on the Yucatán Peninsula. Acapulco, Guerrero, an old tourist favorite, has somewhat fallen from favor after a few street skirmishes and some dismembered bodies turning up in the plazas. Still, as long as you're not a journalist or on a gang or government hit list (pardon the redundancy), much of Mexico is still quite safe.

Hollywood Exports: If you think you've never seen a movie directed by a Mexican, you're probably wrong. But also...

Human dignity: Mexicans are starting to show they've had enough. Mass protests continue about last fall's massacre of 43 students from Ayotzinapa, Guerrero (an atrocity ordered by the town mayor, a cartel connect). Thousands of farmworkers in Baja are on strike against slave-like conditions, allowing the food to rot on the vine.

Some Mexican migrant farmworkers in Vermont say revolution is imminent. Whether an actual government overthrow happens in Mexico, or whether civil society stays standing and sees its demands for justice through, human dignity still works in Mexico—or is at least putting up a fight. ■

they cajole onto our campus. For them it is more than a college visit, it's a cultural dissertation.

around town.



top dads of campus tours a guide to uvm's prospective patriarchs

art by cullen hairston

by jackbarfuss

With the onset of spring, there comes a seemingly simultaneous rejoicing from the student body. For some, it is the promise of freedom that comes with summer; for others, it's just the weather itself. For me, however, the excitement stems from the mass migration of fatherly figures that graces our campus, with its slew of quirky idiosyncrasies and a generally outdated "knowhow" of college living. So it only seems appropriate that I attempt to characterize these wild specimens whom I have the distinct privilege of observing with the arrival of UVM's spring tour season.

"The Glory Daze" Dad

A Phish shirt and jeans from the 80's that are as worn out by time as the dad himself. This dad's lost in a limbo somewhere between freshman year orientation and the day they applied for retirement benefits. Don't get too close or they just might make plans to "hang" later.



Take-Notes-On-Everything Dad

"Can you repeat that?!" He's the type of dad that filled your complimentary UVM welcome bag with more literature than gear from the bookstore and probably took more notes on the tour than you will in the entirety of your freshman year. Every single uttering of the tour guide's voice suddenly becomes "a fascinating factoid" about your potential Alma Mater.

D1 Athlete Dad

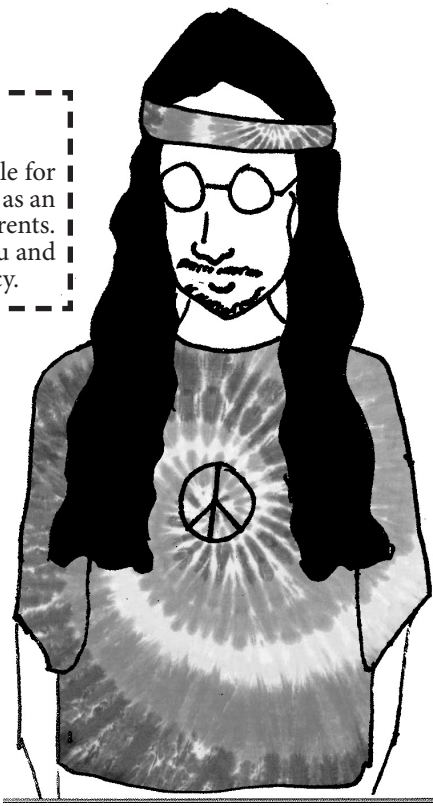
Typically identified by the wearing of a full Nike track suit or their own high school letterman jacket, these fathers are more concerned with whether or not creatine is covered by the meal plan than what kind of majors are offered.

Alumni Dad

They have their UVM sweater and an uncomfortable coming of age tale for every building on campus. Many prospective students perceive college as an opportunity to depart from the looming shadow of their protective parents. However, this is seemingly impossible when you have to wonder if you and your dad lived in the same dorm room, but hey-- at least you're a legacy.

Overprotective/Hostile Dad

Don't even think of looking at their "little angel." It seems as though the introduction of a daughter into some men's lives castigates an inheritance of the ability to demonstrate temporary psychosis in a single moment of eye contact. If you are the unlucky individual that has made the mistake of making eye contact with a dad navigating his daughter around campus, you fully understand this psychological phenomenon. Be respectful and keep your head down.



Unimpressed Dad

Make no mistake; nothing is good enough for this dad's shining star. While they wait for the Ivies to present an appealing enough offer for their child prodigy, these proud fathers decided to grace UVM with the comical exhibition of a visit from their future success story. It seems as though they've acquired a uniquely trained eye, able to discern every possible flaw of the university in order to justify why it would be an insult for their sweet bundle of joy to attend.



Mandals Dad

Self-explanatory. ■

happy hour: springtime people-watching

by coleburton

Spring is finally here, and instead of trying to persuade anyone to stay inside with this *happy hour*, the **Wf** gang thought it would be nice to provide you with a drinking game for real life. You know, outside where the sun is shinin', the grass is finally growin', and groovy drum circles are ceaselessly jammin'.

After all, with this tolerable weather, nearly everyone at UVM has also just exited a dark period in life. A time where burying yourself under seventeen blankets with your face about eight inches from a screen playing Netflix seems like the only sensible solution to warding off the bone chilling cold. So, instead of encouraging everyone's depressing (yet inescapable) binge-watching addiction, the **water tower** commands our readers to venture outdoors for some much needed fresh air and possibly some sips of some moonsh... uhhh... sunshine.

Drink when...

- you see **more than three joggers** at a time.
- you smell freshly-burnt **marijuana** with your freshly-thawed nasal passages.
- you see someone attempting to **study outdoors** (since that's always *sooooo* effective).
- you see the most **adorable happy puppy** you could ever imagine.
- a **rogue seagull** attempts to steal food from an unsuspecting victim.
- the mirrored finish of **pasty, white skin** exposed to the sun for the first time in months blinds you.
- a **longboarder** nearly **breaks your ankles** because they were blinded by said skin.

Finish your drink when...

- someone **epically fails** at whatever **outdoor hobby** they practice religiously when it isn't -30 outside.
- anyone is **rollerblading**
- people **belly flop** while jumping into Lake Champlain at Oakledge—unfortunately they always believe doing flips makes them look "cool." ■



springfest: a repudiation

by mikestorace

I had been looking forward to my final SpringFest announcement for weeks and weeks. I knew the announcement would come after spring break, but I begged friends I knew on UVM Program Board to slip me details. I even followed UPB on Snapchat to play my hand at (unsuccessfully) guessing at clues to the performer at what will be the last SpringFest to occur on the UVM Central Campus Green (that's right, kiddos—construction will destroy what little central green space still remains). Alas, I was disappointed once again.

SpringFest, and other school-sponsored concerts, are the ultimate opportunities for college students to get a close encounter with live music in an easy and comfortable setting. This is especially true for those unlucky enough to live far away from urban centers and musical venues. Having places like Higher Ground, Signal Kitchen, Nectar's, Radio Bean, and others that consistently bring great artists to town, we Burlingtonians aren't required to attend such school concerts for our dose of live music.

We have the option not to partake if we don't fancy the lineup because there are other compelling concerts to attend and better ways to spend our money. For other colleges in more remote locations, there is no option. We are blessed and cursed. Blessed in that we are not damned by a disappointing SpringFest lineup. Cursed because we will never be satisfied with anything less than a stellar SpringFest performance.

When I learned that the 2015 SpringFest artists were Disco Biscuits and Aluna-George I, like many other UVM students, was disappointed. I was looking for bigger artists with better musical credibility. For that reason, I do not think the concert will be worth my measly \$10. Instead, I will leisurely lounge on the library ledges while listening to the music from afar.

I understand the logic behind booking a jam band, I really do. I enjoy jam bands. I can get behind the mentality because of the widespread support this type of band accrues across the student body. However, a certain quality (even with a jam band) is required to maintain a level of appreciation by audiences. When a low-quality band is the main act, audiences are disappointed by a lack of climax in a performance.

It would appear that the UVM student body has expressed mild disappointment with the medium- (to low-) level artists to headline what is the highest UVM-sponsored event. This is most evidenced by the well-liked comment posted on the official SpringFest page, "The Wooks are taking over." Students could get on board with an awesome jam band such as Moe., Umprhey's McGee, or Widespread Panic (see Jay Peak on June 19). I personally would have loved to see the three above artists play SpringFest.

SpringFests of UVM past have certainly been a roller coaster of musical enjoyment. The heights appear to have been reached before I started going to school here. Legend has it that bands such as The Roots, Thievery Corporation, Cake, Gov't Mule, Ratatat, and the Flaming Lips have visited UVM to play, and if you go back far enough you will see that legends like Phish, Bob Dylan, The String Cheese Incident, Lou Reed, and Red Hot Chili Peppers have graced this school with their glorious presences.

However, SpringFests in recent history have been a bit of a letdown. During my brief stay at UVM I was able to witness Soulive, MGMT, and

Atmosphere take the stage before a crowd of disinterested drunken college students. Perhaps it is the audience that helps to explain the general lack of enthusiasm generated by the headlining artists. This was highlighted by MGMT, who played a concert devoid of any emotion whatsoever. UVM marked simply a benchmark for them in a long line of Spring 2013 college performances that I'm sure were interchangeable. Can a UVM SpringFest even be successful, given the audience and the venue?

Perhaps not, but I think the process by which SpringFest is chosen can more accurately represent the artists that UVM students want to see. I demand democracy in SpringFest selection process. UPB, why not narrow the selection down to two or three candidates and then allow the students to vote for their favorite? I guarantee the voter turnout will be better than it is for SGA elections.

Lastly, prioritize where the money goes. Instead of having a multitude of small events and freebies that dissipate money (like WinterFest), concentrate that money in a grandiose event. That event, of course, being SpringFest—with a legitimate headliner that UVM students can get excited about. ■

"we are blessed and cursed. blessed in that we are not damned by a disappointing springfest lineup. cursed because we will never be satisfied with anything less than a stellar springfest performance."

elixir a local film with global implications

by clarkmasterson

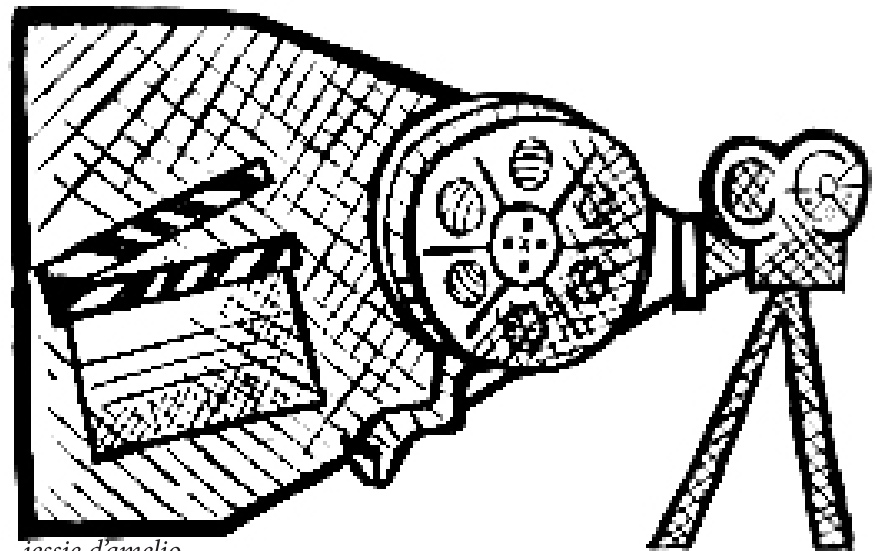
I had the pleasure of recently watching the trailer to *Elixir*, a movie premiering on May 1st, directed by UVM student Matt Lipke. Lipke is an environmental science and film production student with a passion for directing, and this movie is serving as his senior capstone project. He has produced three feature-length films since graduating from high school, along with numerous short films. His latest work pays homage to his interest in immoral environmental management and its consequences.

The plot takes place in 2115, 100 years in the future. By this time, the world is gripped by chaos following the occurrence of numerous environmental disasters. Survival has become a daily struggle, as the bare necessities of life, such as clean water, are no longer available. As a result, civil unrest is rampant and anarchy is ever-threatening. The movie follows three individuals who represent a microcosm of this grim reality. They battle the elements of the northeastern United States in search of a mega-dam known as Elixir, a site of precious clean water.

Unfortunately, water has been privatized, and the Mulholland Corporation controls the dam. These folks aren't particularly amicable and prefer to violently crush all opposition. Throughout their ordeal, the three protagonists lack technology and basic necessities, creating an environment of high susceptibility to injury and disease. Each individual is forced to internally conceptualize the idea of morality and how to apply it. To add to these woes, the Mulholland Corporation has hired mercenaries to form a "peace-keeping" militia known as "Skulks" to slaughter those who encroach on their territory.

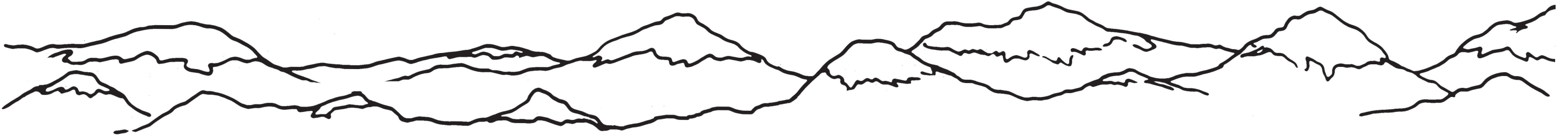
This movie helps to highlight the current problems our world faces in terms of environmental protection and sustainability. I remember hearing a report about the CEO of Nestlé saying that water was not a right, but a privilege. This is a parallel I drew with the movie, where a powerful corporation is able to privatize something everyone on this planet needs to survive. While the profit to be gained by such measures would be immense, the level of suffering would be exponentially greater.

Matt Lipke's film is a strong, desensitizing reminder: it is extremely important for the human race as a whole to treat the resources we need with care. If we wish to see future generations continue our legacy, we must remain humble. Nature is not something that can be controlled by humanity, no matter how hard we try. ■



jessie damelio

reflections.



the (tentative) adventures of **EAGLE** and **EVERGREEN:** flight night

by katelynpine and mollyo'shea

Ever since they were first years, Eagle and Evergreen dreamed of the perfect party crawl. Tired of binge watching Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt, Evergreen put on her boots that were made for walking and Eagle her best blouse—they were ready to hit the town. Here is a minute-by-minute account of their experience.

11:30pm: Eagle and Evergreen drop off their boss, Anaconda, at an undisclosed location. They try to convince her to join them on their mission. Anaconda says, “No thanks. I need a hot bath.”

11:47pm: After a delay, Eagle and Evergreen set out on foot in search of their targets: trap basements. Temperature: too cold for comfort.

11:48pm: Evergreen notices the smell of excrement. Eagle agrees it isn't a pleasant smell.

11:49pm: Large groups of biddies spotted on a mainly residential road. They appear to be loitering. Eagle and Evergreen agree to cross the street for further investigation.

11:51pm: A man emerges from a compound on the aforementioned residential road and orders the crowd to disperse, most likely to avoid any trouble. The crowd does not pay attention and continues to grow. Unwilling to risk trouble, Eagle and Evergreen proceed down the street with caution.

11:52pm: Eagle runs into part of her high school flock; they were also blocked from entry into the compound. An offer to partake in the smoking of Mary-Jane was passed up; after all, there were more parties to attend.

11:56pm: Eagle and Evergreen decide to not partake in small, intimate gatherings and count them as parties.

12:02am: Large mass spotted and followed down the hill.

12:06am: The group splits in half: to follow or not to follow, that is the question. Eagle and Evergreen note their numbing extremities.

12:09am: With a destination in mind they become increasingly aware of the difficulties of finding a street sign in this damn city.

12:13am: Party located, entrance into said party proved more difficult to locate than expected. A thorough scan of the building and surrounding lot was conducted.

12:18am: After losing some hope, Eagle spots an old companion walking in her direction who assists in their attempt to enter the party. However, the entrance was ruined by Evergreen, as she feared they were not dressed for the occasion. She runs away from front door in a hasty fashion. Fraternities: 1 Evergreen: 0

12:19am: After being startled by the well-dressed people of Greek life, Eagle and Evergreen run into one of their own: Waterbird. Waterbird appeared to be sufficiently



keely farrell

“far-gone” and implored Eagle and Evergreen to make next year a “symbiosis of friendship”. She then gave them each an unexpected kiss on the cheek and went on her merry way.

12:26am: After much wandering, Eagle and Evergreen find themselves on a dead-end street known as Converse Ct. It smells putrid.

12:29am: Another party is located. Eagle and Evergreen build up the courage to go in, but then are spooked by a young gentleman telling them it wasn't worth it.

12:40am: A damsel in distress walks toward their direction, complaining of a rough contusion. Eagle's first aid kit (miraculously) comes

into play and is the best decision she made all night. The damsel is thankful, but probably too drunk to remember who gave her the band-aid.

12:43am: A golden chariot created just for the drunken student population arrives to alleviate Eagle and Evergreen of their numb fingers and legs.

12:47am: While in said golden chariot, Eagle and Evergreen utilize a variety of social media in order to assist in their search for more parties. Their research proves to be inconclusive.

12:48am: With a new game plan in mind, Eagle and Evergreen venture back into the cold

cheers to spring

by daveanderson

With the new spring season comes warm, sunny weather (supposedly). And, with the nicer weather and the end of school, comes the timeless college tradition of daytime drinking. The definition of the appropriate times to drink becomes more ambiguous as the temperatures rise and the beaches open up. These days call for some refreshing quality beer or, more likely, cheap liquor mixed into a refreshing drink. Everybody has their pre-5pm drink of choice, but there is always the age old question— “How much booze should I be putting in this?” There is no definitive answer, but let's look at the facts.

You are drinking alcohol in the middle of the day. Assuming that your drink is a loose mixture of whatever liquor and leftover mixer is in the house, enjoying the flavor is not the primary objective. The way I see it, morning drinks serve only one purpose and societal pressures force us into making watery, uneconomical cocktails. It's all about efficiency when it comes down to it. It's the summer; moving from your tanning spot should be avoided at all costs and that includes getting up to make another drink. Therefore, summer drinks should be made with just enough mixer to color your liquor and not make obvious your drinking problem. Nobody wants to see someone passed out with a bunch of champagne at their feet, but in the summer, society is willing to look the other way from a mixie induced cat nap. Just as long as what they were drinking passed as orange juice.

“mixers are a *finite* resource; for the good of the planet we should be **preserving** them *as much as possible*”

Every responsible student knows that you can't have more than two or three drinks before going to class or sitting down to write an essay. It's just poor taste. The key is making sure that those two or three drinks count. According to alcohol EDU, all drinks are equal to 'one drink' regardless of how much 5 o'clock gin you put in it. Therefore, you can make your mixies absurdly strong while still limiting yourself to a mature, responsible number.

We all know that mixers are a finite resource; for the good of the planet we should be preserving them as much as possible. The thought of what an empty Coke bottle could do to a poor defenseless dolphin should be enough motivation to keep the soda to a sprinkle. So maybe for the overall health of the Earth, the overall health of our kidneys might have to take one for the team.

Finally, next time you are pouring a drink, think of all the underprivileged that cannot enjoy a tall refreshing glass of orange juice and vodka of questionable origin at 1 in the afternoon. Think of the engineering students, people who live in colder climates, or even just people living a somewhat functional life. Think of these people and try to fish out some of that OJ to make some room in your cup, because the real world is right around the corner, and you probably have a problem. But, it's not a problem until your friends, family and commissioned therapist sit you down and tell you it is. So, until then, ration those mixers and drink up friends. The temps are up and so should be the bottom of your glass. ■

for one last hurrah.

12:53am: Minor interaction with a stranger recorded.

1:01am: The masses erupt from the first party palace, people flowing out onto the streets. Upon further investigation, it was noted that the boys in blue had busted up the place.

1:08am: While on their trek back to campus, Eagle and Evergreen find themselves engaged in conversation with two distraught young lads. Evergreen has a pleasant conversation about a girl one lad was crushing on, although she had a boyfriend, whereas Eagle's conversation's was about the patriarchal society we live

in. The lads soon disappeared into the night, taking their emotional baggage with them.

1:13am: After a mildly successful evening, Eagle and Evergreen went their separate ways in order to get some beauty sleep. With their experiences in tow, they conclude that party crawling isn't their thing, and *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt* sounds much more appealing at one o'clock in the morning. ■

come *ski* for yourself... tips for *next year's* tremblackout

by mikaelawaters and staceybrandt

You can do a lot of things with \$249—you can buy snow pants, one ski without a binding, a textbook for your intro bio class, or one of the best weekends of your life. If you picked the last option, you were one of the lucky ones who crossed the border and spent some quality time at Mont Tremblant last weekend with our French Canadian cousins. Congratulations, you did it right.

The Mont Tremblant ski trip put on by the UVM Ski and Snowboard Club is such a ridiculous deal that the only reason you shouldn't go is if you are vehemently opposed to skiing, snowboarding, resorts, drinking, the '80s, good music, hot tubs filled with beer, having fun, being under the age of 75, mountains, or the sun. It would be impossible to describe every aspect of this weekend—partly because many moments exist in a cross-faded haze and partly because there is just too much jam-packed fun to fit it in. Whether you had the misfortune of spending your weekend in boring old Burlington or you were one of our fellow Trembluntz who raged the weekend away, we can all agree that our fun could always be in some ways improved. So your favorite **water fower** snow bros have a couple tips for those who get their minds right and plan to come get schmacked next spring.

1. Bus Munchies are a Must. Bring a good amount of food for the bus trip. Though the buses do have luxurious accommodations such as reclining seats, movie screens, and bathrooms, they do not come with a snack bar or stewardesses. I made the mistake of convincing myself that the trip would be around 3 hours (about the time it takes to get

to Montréal under normal circumstances) but I was rudely mistaken when the second movie started playing and the small breakfast sandwich that I had consumed hours ago could no longer sustain my hunger. The whole trip up takes about 7 hours with border control, a grocery stop, and waiting for people to pee, so plan to bring some serious munchies because carbo loading is essential for the weekend that is to come.

2. Forget the Net. If you're an Insta-Gal or Face-Boy, don't count on your precious Wi-Fi to follow you to the Laurentian Mountains of Québec. By all means, bring your phone to snap some cute selfies on the ski lift, but leave your comp at home—it won't get internet and there's a strong possibility someone will spill beer on it. The resort is pretty weird about Wi-Fi anyway—one of us was in a suite with seven people and it only “worked” on two devices. Admittedly, freedom from the web for a weekend was super refreshing and hugely contributed to the feeling of being at a “get-away.” I am proud to say that I sent zero emails the whole time!

3. Go Skiing. Ok, I know this seems like a no-brainer, but there are many ways to not go skiing on this trip, namely, due to a full night of constant drinking and passing out at sunrise on one of those extra-plush hotel pillows—you know the kind. But seriously, the skiing is so worth it. It's that t-shirt, bring-a-beer-for-the-lift, scream U-S-A! down the run kind of skiing. The snow is mushy and playful and cushions all your falls and poor decision making.

4. Respect the Hot Tub. It was filled with beer and when warmed up the whole area

smelled like a mixture of baking bread and brewing hops. Also, be diligent to keep the jets going at all times. When the water stops moving, particles of beer, skin cells, and other bodily byproducts settle near the surface and, even in a state of intoxication, you're reminded that you're soaking in a pool of heated, bubbling piss.

5. Never stop Hydrating. If you take a break from beer even for a few hours without a good chug of H₂O, your two day hangover and lack of sleep will knock you to the ground. Therefore, it is *absolutely imperative* that if you crack a brew at the crack of dawn to pair it with something that does not have an alcohol content and/or resemble piss. Don't wait for God, repetitive vomiting, or the bouncer at Club Epoque to force you to surrender your liquor.

6. Check your bank account before the trip and then don't look back. The cost of groceries and beer in Canada is much higher than in the USA. Coupled with the fact that you're in a resort town with escalated prices, be ready to drop some serious skrilla on booze and foods. However, the whole point of Tremblackout is to be schwaasted the whole damn time, so once you cross that border, don't stress and don't look back. You have your whole life to be impoverished and high-anxiety, this weekend is not the time to worry about it. This weekend is the time to buy five cases of beer, twenty-dollar poutine, and to make it rain on the scantily clad female bartenders at L'Epoque. ■

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!

tuesdays @ 7:30pm
williams family room, davis center

TOO MUCH SITS— continued from page 1

As I finish all of my deskbound schoolwork, I finally find the freedom to, well, sit. Hobbies galore involve me sitting, whether it may be going to spin class to sit on a bicycle, or to sit on the green to catch-up with my friends who also do nothing but sit. I even find myself sitting once again as I escape my school life for clubs, where I sit to write articles like this for fun and to knit mittens.

In case you did not know, sitting is bad for you. Researchers have found there is a higher mortality rate among people who regularly sit for a long time. Fom heart disease to type 2 diabetes and cancer, sitting is a killer. Does the university know this? Is this sit-centric lifestyle a sly plan to ruin all of our lives and to damage our generation's longevity? Sure, today there are desk treadmills and iPhone gadgets that track steps that are taken, but these ridiculous trinkets are just a materialistic way to solve the simple problem of sitting all the time.

It is necessary that we rise from our seats and move that lactic acid around our body. Take at least hourly breaks to walk outside (before it snows again) or do the wiggle dance to channel your elementary years. Especially as final season rolls around, I want everyone to become mindful of his or her sitting time. No more ifs, ands, or butts. ■

fork it over.



how to: eat for free in college

by lauragreenwood

Points are low. Cash is tied up in beer and concerts. Bank account is dwindling away. It's been said before and yeah, I'm saying it again, college students are shit at managing a budget. Before professors can even send those pesky reminders about midterms, we've all already forgotten to respect those half-assed Excel spreadsheets, which, for a laughable second, we thought would actually have any impact on our feckless spending habits. No matter how dearly you once held onto that Points Meal Plan pocket-sized "Guide to Success" and dreamed that it would be realistic to only spend 10 points per day (like seriously, have you ever been to Brennan's), it's April and that shit is gone.

If you thought you were hungry now, well, it only gets worse off campus. I'm just as broke, hungry, and helpless as the rest of you, but I've acquired a set of skills over four years that I want to pass on to you all. The following are my tried-and-true tips and techniques to scavenging for free food on campus. (Disclaimer: This is not @FreeFoodUVM, but I highly recommend that for the true freebie follower. Or google "freeganism".)

Study in Billings from 12pm-5pm. Besides the beautiful view, this spot also has the advantage of hosting some of the ritzier receptions on campus. Lectures tend to happen earlier in the day here, so make sure you scout out a seat on the upper level before things get going. From this perch, you'll have a birds-eye view of all the selection below that you can swiftly swoop in on. (When things dry up there, make your way over to the **fourth floor of the Davis Center** from 5-8pm to try and run into one of those nifty art openings and such.)

Career Center Events. Conquer two birds with one stone by pleasing your par-

"don't feel bad about becoming a smooth criminal after leonardo's shows up."

ents and satiating your starvation. In a bizarrely desperate attempt to draw students into workshops, the Career Center seems to always offer a pizza incentive to sweeten the deal and alleviate the anxiety of being there. Know you'll have become victim to their emails reminding you of your professional incompetence, but hey, it's food, dammit. Most people duck out early from these events early, so don't feel bad about becoming a smooth criminal after Leonardo's shows up.

Read emails from your department. It's easy to pass over these emails like those from Gary Derr or, say, the Career Center, but your department knows what's up.

They've got advising sessions, info sessions, admitted students events, and, oh yeah, lectures with receptions. It's like the administration everywhere knows that where there's food, there's sad, hungry souls like me willing to listen for a meal.

When all else fails, there's always **Brennan's** popcorn and oyster crackers from the **Marketplace**. Actually, I'm not entirely sure if those crackers are free, maybe don't take those. Plus, it'll dry up my market and I've only got a few more

weeks to survive through.

Well, it took a college degree to accumulate these tricks and hopefully they can still be of some use for the future. When you're strapped for cash and have been in the library so long you feel like Kimmy Schmidt, any sustenance will do. The amount of free food out there for the taking is endless (Trader Joe's samples, challah handouts, popcorn at the OP?!), you just need to want it bad enough to not be embarrassed to ask and indulge. And hey, once you're a pro, you'll realize there is really no limit to where and when Tupperware can be used. ■

fashion five-oh.



no, i would not like to meet your feet

by katjaritchie

Whenever the weather finally comes around each spring on campus, a dangerous notion never fails to cloud the judgment of a sector of our student body. As a seasoned UVM student about to leave behind this community that has been my academic home for the past four years, I would be remiss if I did not pass along what wisdom I have gained – especially if it meant I could save even one fellow Catamount from this idiotic choice:

Holy shit, put your goddamn shoes on.

It's one thing to kick off your sneakers for a walk

through the grass when the sun is shining; temperatures break 60 degrees, you've got some time between classes and the campus green is *actually green*. It's exciting! New grass feels great on bare toes! We're vitamin D-deficient and we'll take all the rays we can get!

But it's another thing to subject your unprotected soles to the interiors of buildings or to the sidewalks teeming with broken glass, cigarette butts, and old gum. Everyone else in their right mind around you has put their feet away, so what're you thinking? Seriously, no one in the whole world wants to see your feet. No one. I promise.

I get that you're in touch with nature because you're at UVM and you took a yoga class and bought a tapestry and you smoke weed like three times a week now. But going barefoot in public is not acceptable. It is neither safe nor in any semblance of proper social conduct. It's not like going braless, okay, it's not a fashion choice and it's not a statement. It's fucking gross. And you're going to step on something.

The reasons should be self-evident; imagining the negative consequences of forgoing shoes outside of one's home requires no great mental leap. Just in case you cannot conceive of such consequences through logic, here are a few:

1. It bears repeating that no one's feet are cute. Without fail, they always look sweaty, bony, and unwashed when

revealed in public (or in private, for that matter). When's the last time you washed your hands? 5 minutes ago? When's the last time you thoroughly scrubbed your feet top to bottom while singing "Happy Birthday" two times through? Oh, right, never.

2. I saw a hypodermic needle on the ground on Loomis Street the other day. At some prior point, it was filled with an illicit substance and came in contact with someone else's blood. If this image does not immediately engage your rational thought, go to Health Services and they can help to fill in the gaps.

3. Ditching your shoes does not make you appear more outdoorsy, more fit, more adventurous, or more daring. It is the glaring defiance of a social custom that is deeply ingrained in the general populus with very good reason. It only makes people wonder where the hell you got off thinking that you're too good to follow this etiquette like the rest of your (shod) peers.

4. Any part of one's body that has come in direct, repeated contact with things normally found on the ground (dirt, trash, broken glass, discarded gum, animal feces, drunk-dude urine, and apparently heroin needles) should ideally not be tracked into other's homes. This is inconsiderate.

Having provided you with common sense (that really, you should have already picked up by now), I will leave you with this: It's getting warm out there. Feet smell. There's nasty shit on the ground. Interior public floors are to be respected. Lace up, comrades, and I don't want to hear any excuses. ■



8

angel roe

trash.



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

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

You're so close
Yet so far away.
Your warmth and light
Radiate in my memory,
Giving me strength to complete my essays.
O Summer, where have you been?
Your absence for the past seven months
Has been felt by many.
O Summer, please come back
Into my life. Shine your sun onto my skin
And replenish my thirst for warmer temperatures.
Most importantly, free me from
The shackles of this institution of learning
So I may bask in your glory.

When: A cloudy, rainy day
Where: The northern latitudes
I saw: A memory of better times
I am: Waiting impatiently

the water tower



wants you!

We meet on
Tuesdays @ 7:30 pm
in the **Williams Family Room, Davis
Center**

Bailey/Howe, 2nd Floor

Girl (answering phone): Hey, I'm in the library... are you at Anthony's house? ... Okay, good... are you dressed like a slut? *hangs up call*

DC Tunnel

Friday lovin' chick: I'm working on recovering from my sobriety.

Patrick Gym

Girl: There are plenty of fish in the sea; we swim in a big-ass ocean.

Waterfront

Frat guy: This is bullshit, the stern's not even facing the fucking lake.

Off-Campus Shuttle

Girl: The Farmhouse is super yums.

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The University of Vermont

tunes.



the wonderful action bronson

by philarliss

"I feel so alive I think I shit myself." This line, from the fourth track on Action Bronson's third studio album, *Mr. Wonderful*, released on March 23, tells you all you need to know about this indie hip-hop artist from Flushing, Queens. Bronson has one of the most absurd personalities in the rap game right now. When I saw a video of him stepping off stage at a music festival to take a shit in a porta-potty without breaking verse, I realized I had found my spirit animal. My red-bearded, 315-pound spirit animal.

All jokes aside, Bronsonoliño is an extremely creative artist who has stayed true to himself throughout his career. His rhymes tell the story of what his life is actually like, along with outrageous fantasies that he shares for his own amusement: "All I do is eat oysters, and speak six languages in three voices." His ridiculous style makes it difficult to compare him to anyone else in hip-hop.

Bronson came into the game about five years ago, and since then he has released close to ten EPs and mixtapes. *Mr. Wonderful* is his first album released on a major label after signing to Atlantic and Vice Records in 2012. Having just started seriously listening to him a few months ago, I was eagerly anticipating the drop of some new music. He certainly did not disappoint. The album's creative lyricism and catchy beats are consistent with the sounds from *Blue Chips 1* and *2*, but there is definitely some ex-

perimentation going on in this record.

Bronson sings the chorus on four out of the twelve songs. I don't mean he raps the lines that make up the chorus; I mean he actually sings them. This is him exploring the different ways he can use his voice to make a good-sounding piece of music. "A Light in the Addict" and "Baby Blue" display Bronson's emotional side, with the former being about him losing his mind from the

"his rhymes tell the story of what his life is actually like, as well as outrageous fantasies"

pressure of fame and the latter being about a girl who doesn't treat him right. I wasn't the biggest fan of these tracks the first time I heard them because of their different sound, but they've grown to be two of my favorite songs from the album. I think he could keep making some really good music with the singing-rapping combo that artists like Kanye and Drake have succeeded with in the past.

A huge theme of the album is the presence of a heavy electric guitar, with almost half the songs featuring at least

one solo or riff somewhere on the beat. It adds a raw feel to the record. Instead of a bunch of complicated, overproduced beats, most of the tracks have simple, jazzy, upbeat sounds led by wind instruments or guitars.

Most of the beats on *Mr. Wonderful* could have been cooked up forty years ago. There is no presence of trap-style beats, a style that Bronson has messed around with in songs like "The Rockers" and "Alligator" from *Saab Stories*. His beatmakers kept it simple on this one, while still making sounds catchier than most of the heavy, bass-driven hip-hop that's been popular the last few years.

There are only two or three songs on the album that I would skip if they came up on shuffle. The smooth, catchy nature of the beats makes almost every song fitting in environments ranging from driving in the car at night to studying in the library. Another thing that makes this album (and Bronson's music in general) listenable is that he clearly enunciates every word he says. You can understand and follow along with every rhyme as he raps it, which is something I find difficult to do when I'm listening to artists like Kendrick Lamar and Eminem.

Overall, *Mr. Wonderful* definitely lived up to my high expectations. As long as he keeps spitting outrageous lyrics and remains his crazy-ass self off the mic, Action Bronson will be one of my favorite rappers for a long, long time. ■

earl sweatshirt soars on his second studio album

by alvaswing

Earl Sweatshirt has been in the rap game since 2009 when he joined Tyler, the Creator's rap group Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All (OFWGKTA). He was subsequently able to play the game by his own rules and set the bar as high as he wants for himself.

Earl Sweatshirt's mom is a law school professor at UCLA and his Dad is a published South African poet. This cultured upbringing couldn't have contributed more to his ability to morph what would be a seemingly clunky line into a silky thread of a rhyming stream of thought.

This style of rapping lyricism is not what I would expect to hear blended with the dark gritty beats he uses. Earl manages to pick beats that sound like you're watching television on a screen with just a little too much static to see the crisp picture. This couples perfectly with Earl's dark and sometimes depressing lyrics.

What makes Earl so different is not his age. At this point in the rap game there are a million other teenagers making mediocre tracks. What makes him so special is his self-awareness. Earl's ability to understand his feelings, coupled with his lyrical talent is what makes his music so interesting. Earl Sweatshirt's music is not what I would put on if I were having friends over; it's slower and often grim to the point of intensely depressing. Earl gets much of his inspiration from dark areas, like the death of his grandmother, his father abandoning him at a young age, and his addiction to various drugs.

Earl's self-awareness is the reason why his music has much of the same sound and atmosphere. He seems to rarely experiment with different styles, beats, or lyrics. His tone in his latest offering *I Don't*

Like *Shit, I Don't Go Outside: An Album* by Earl Sweatshirt is much the same as his last. Earl's time spent in Odd Fu-

ture has influenced him by motivating him to believe in the product he creates. Odd Future is an excellent crew because of how dedicated they are to putting out a different sound than the rest of the rap world. As dark as *I Don't Like Shit* is, it's not without tracks I'll be adding to my favorite rap playlists. The album starts with "Huey," a classic slow beat with a very reflective Earl that lets you know right from the start what you're getting yourself into. Next it's straight into his mind with "Mantra", which features a grungy trap-esque beat and quick lines. "Mantra" is the sort of song that you put on replay and slowly bob your head to as you write up a paper or roll up a blunt.

A few tracks later is "Grief", the only single officially released prior to the album. This song is the banner track for this album and touches on Earl's lack of trust in the rest of the world. It also ties into his theme of anti-socialness on the album. The next notable track is "Grown ups" where Earl teams up with Da\$H for one of my favorite songs on the album. There is a certain vibrating electronic beat in this song that is weirdly soothing, especially for the density of the lyrics. "Am//radio", the next track on the album, is about as close as Earl would ever get to a fun sounding track. *I Don't Like Shit* is a short album. With 10 tracks it clocks in at slightly less than 30 minutes.

Earl managed to put out another fantastic album with this release, and he devotes full effort on every track. All of his verses are impressive. I'm not going to say the album doesn't have its slow parts, because it does. But if you are the sort of person who enjoys their rap a little slower and a little darker, then this is an album you'll truly enjoy. ■

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marmalade

by michael finley

It was a cold and dreary Sunday when they came for me. I had just settled down for a cozy nap, a stomach full of milk, and a purr in my throat when they barged into the living room, voices loud, and their figures towering and gangly. They had reached into our small box, our home, our world, and rifled through my siblings and I as if we were clothes on a clearance rack, tossing us back in when we didn't "fit" right.

As I watched, horrified, my siblings were lifted one by one into the bright light of the room and passed from figure to figure. Each one of them fondled, frisked, and patted as they judged my brothers and sisters before my eyes, cooing incessantly. Oh god, their cooing. I still hear their baby voices *ooing* and *awing* like mindless fools entertained by the sheer fact that our facial features and extremities were uncharacteristically miniscule. When my time came to be lifted from the comfortable and safe confines of the box, I called desperately for my mother's aid. But what was she to do? She was powerless, forced to sit and watch while her precious children were auctioned off to the highest bidder.

I knew they would pick me from the moment they held me before them, like physicians examining their incapacitated patient, unaware of the fact that their patient could be examining them back. There was something in their excitement this time that was different than with the others. They seemed giddier and more enthused by the same features that had sent them swooning only seconds ago. I distinctly remember the words of the small girl, her hands like ice and her breath the odor of stale gum and peanut butter. "Look at how orange he is! He doesn't have a speck of white like the others!" the child said as she swaddled me aggressively within her pasty arms. Was that it? Was it the simple fact of my God-given color impurity that put them over the edge and made up their minds? Was I to be punished for my pristine quality and impressive display of genetic superiority? It would seem so.

The brought me home that very day, stripped me of my

"...the day I love them will be the day my *hairballs* stop tasting like *cat*..."

family only days after I had opened my eyes and laid my sights on them for the very first time. Now I would never see them again. If I had thought their unsolicited handling had been uncomfortable, the ride in the car was worse. The girl was charged with keeping me hostage, restrained in her lap by the force of her surprisingly strong hands forcing me against her chest. All around me I watched the world not only as a blur as it rushed by, but for the first time in my life. It was no way to experience the beauty of the world, and I meowed in vain the entire time, too sad to be curious and too empty inside to be sick.

Then came their home, or what they constantly reminded me as "my home too, now!" in their high pitched voices, lush with endearing insincerity. They begged and prodded me to explore their world, as if it was a gift they had generously bestowed upon me. To make matter worse, they bequeathed upon me the unseemly name of Marmalade as if to institute nausea every time they called for me.

That was a year ago. Now I live among them as their unwilling "guest". They expect me to love them unconditionally, to be their best friend, and for what? For wrenching me from my loving family and dumping me into an unknown world that I was not even slightly prepared for?

They had not adopted a family cat; they had forged an enemy.

They are bastards, every one of them, and the day I love them will be the day my hairballs finally stop tasting

like cat and my paws stop tasting like kitty litter. The parents complain, and the child never seems to leave me alone. Each day I take the rations they give me, hide away under the sofa or in the heap of clothes left conveniently on the closet floor, and bide my time until I can make my escape from this fiendish prison. Occasionally I allow them to pet me, to fuss over how "simply adorable" I am, all to let them keep believing that I belong to them. But I belong to no one, and it is only a matter of time before I elope and rid myself of these kitten knapping monsters once and for all. As for now, I wait. ■

healing after a sexual assault

by anonymous

Every day passed and with it she felt a small piece of herself break off, crumbling into the dark abyss within her. Each night bursting with terrors unimaginable, fears filling her every moment. She had just about given up hope of recovering the lost pieces of herself.

"Anyone here?" She called out into the darkness, her hot breath the only heat she found in her body. Ahead was a spot glowing in the distance; she felt herself begin to run. She reached the light, out of breath. Beneath the light sat a figure too close to her own in resemblance for reasonable explanation. The girl cautiously moved forward, the deep eyes staring back at her.

"Hello?" She stepped forward, the light meeting her with the warmth of the summer sun. She stepped fully into the light allowing her skin to soak up the heat it had been missing in the darkness.

"I'm Audrey, and you are?" The girl stared back at her for a long while before speaking.

"I am Regna." There was a pause. "I mean, look at me. What else could I be?" Audrey began to speak before Regna cut her off. "It really isn't so difficult, even for a stupid girl like you." Audrey's cheeks burned crimson. "I accept you for who you are Audrey, I know you better than anyone. We are one and the same, you and I."

"What do you mean?" Although she was warm shivers ran up her spine. Regna's voice became low causing her to growl as she spoke.

"Now listen closely, you stupid cow. I am the darkness within you, your fears, your anger, your hatred. I am everything, which makes you who you are, the pain which forces you awake in the morning, the sadness which pulls you into bed, and the anger which forces you to keep going, to move forward. I am your everything, you are nothing but a stupid, sorry shell of a person without me."

"audrey could feel *red* flooding into her face, *oozing* into her cheeks and *burning* over."

"So," She paused for a moment, considering the phrasing before speaking, "you didn't bring me here?" The sharp eyes of her inner demons fell upon her again; an emphatic no seemed to vibrate within her shaking her so that she was forced to close her eyes. "Okay, okay already!" The vibrating stopped and the cold seeped in.

Audrey opened her eyes blinking in the darkness. A set of beautiful calm eyes stared back at her, but they seemed to fade in and out of the darkness.

"Who are you?" Audrey's hands clamped around her arms, rubbing in an attempt to warm her shivering body.

"I am no one, a forgotten relic of times lost in the darkness. So far gone that I have all but faded from this world. I am Hope, or what's left of it." They stood both silent for a while; the fading of the eyes becoming a comfort in the cold Audrey found herself in.

"You're the one who brought me here?" Hope's eyes sloped up and down as if she were nodding her head. "Then get me out of here. I want to go home!"

"I cannot, I used the last of my powers to bring you." Audrey threw down her arms in fury.

"Why? How is this fair? I'm stuck here in the cold and the darkness with that crazy monster back wherever she is, and a pair of fading eyes for the rest of my life?!" Audrey could feel red flooding into her face, oozing into her cheeks and burning over. She screamed into the abyss, her voice disappearing as it attempted to penetrate the pure absence of light above her.

"I just want to go home," she whispered to the bodiless entity before her.

Audrey slumped, collapsing into herself, her eyes pressed into her knees, burying her warm cheeks into her freezing legs. There she began to cry, and although she tried, she could not stop the tears which flowed, crashing

grant daverson:
ace detective
in

"grant daverson's

final problem"

by leonard bartenstein

Grant Daverson, the Ace Detective, walked steadily down the trail to Lone Rock Point. The sparse trees in the small forest stood to the sides of him, like sticks that were bigger than most other sticks and were growing out of the ground. The trail was full of rocks, so he had to be careful as he walked through the night, because rocks on trails are easy to trip over, and he didn't want to trip, because he had to go and meet Rachael Valencé at Lone Rock Point.

It was not long before he found himself at the edge of the cliff, which looked over the dark waters of Lake Champlain Noir. To the left, he could see the lights of Burlington Noir, gritty in the dark night of darkness. A twig snapped behind him. He whipped around like a helicopter blade that is currently turning quickly, and saw her there. She approached slowly, like an evil snake—except that she was walking. "Hello, Detective Daverson," she said, slyly.

"It's Former Detective Daverson to you," he said, defiantly. She came closer to him. In fact, she came uncomfortably close to him, close enough that he could smell her breath. It wasn't bad breath, it was just that you don't usually want to be close enough to someone to smell their breath. It's just kind of gross.

"Are you upset about my drug empire?" she asked. She grinned, red-lipsticked lips parting slightly, complementing her white evening dress and dark black, high-heeled leather boots, which you wouldn't think were suited for hiking on this kind of terrain, but were fine, it seemed. "Or are you upset that I," she grinned again, smiling even wider, "was the reason you lost your precious partner?"

"No!" shouted Daverson dramatically, lunging into Valencé, tackling her to the ground. She produced a knife from her beaded purse and tried to stab at him as he tackled her, and they struggled on the rock ground for a moment, both grunting as if they were tiny piglets that ere trying to kill each other.

"It's...over...Daverson," said Valencé, pushing the knife closer to his chest.

"Not yet," said Daverson, grunting. "If I'm going down, you're coming with me."

He pushed her away, but she was not to be rebuffed. She struck forward, the knife sliding between his ribs and puncturing his blood-pumping organ. His eyes went wide as tea saucers that are used in fancy tea-time parties, and Valencé grinned in victory.

She began to stand to walk away, but Daverson's hand wrapped around her ankle. "No!" she exclaimed, but he tugged her with him, and rolled on his side, tossing both of them off of the cliff of Lone Rock Point, she screaming as they went.

Barton stepped out of the bushes, from which he had been watching the encounter. A single tear protruded onto his cheek as wind ruffled his hair and the leaves of the trees behind him. "Grant..." he murmured, a deep regret settling into his heart. He should have helped, he should have—but it was over now. It was all just... over. ■

into her jeans, soaking what little warmth her cheeks had ignited. Audrey found it hard to breathe. The mucus coating her throat swelling up in her nose and lungs, and as she struggled to inhale an ugly sound escaping from her mouth. She coughed, spitting out the muck within her. Warmth spewed out of her, when she opened her eyes she found a glowing dark red liquid before her. Blood? Her hands shook as she reached forward the red liquid glazing over her fingers. She felt another warm swelling building up within her, Audrey tried to hold it down but the rancid stench of the prior expulsion caused her to gag, allowing more to emerge from her.

"Am I dying?"
"No, no silly." A small smile appeared below the eyes, white teeth radiant in the darkness. "You're healing." ■

cat litter.



with collincappelle



a uvm community event

Christina Jake & Julia BENEFIT CONCERT

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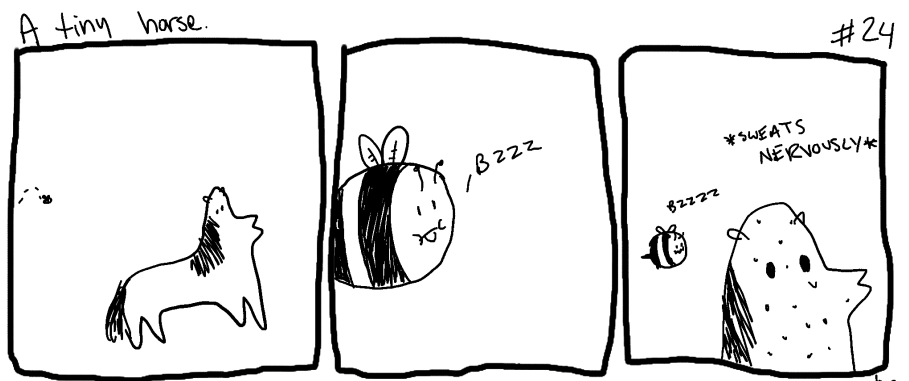
"The UVM TopCats stands behind Jake, Julie, and Christina. These three people are a part of the TopCat family, and we love them like sisters and brothers. Christina, we love you and miss you very much. You were our biggest fan and left such an impact on our lives, as friends. We perform this set for you."

Andrew Fusco

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emilygracearriviello



leonardbartenstein

Lyric of the (Bi)week:

"Everybody want to talk about who this and who that
Who the realest and who wack, or who white or who black
Critics want to mention that they miss when hip hop was rappin'
Motherfucker, if you did, then Killer Mike'd be platinum"

- Hood Politics, Kendrick Lamar