



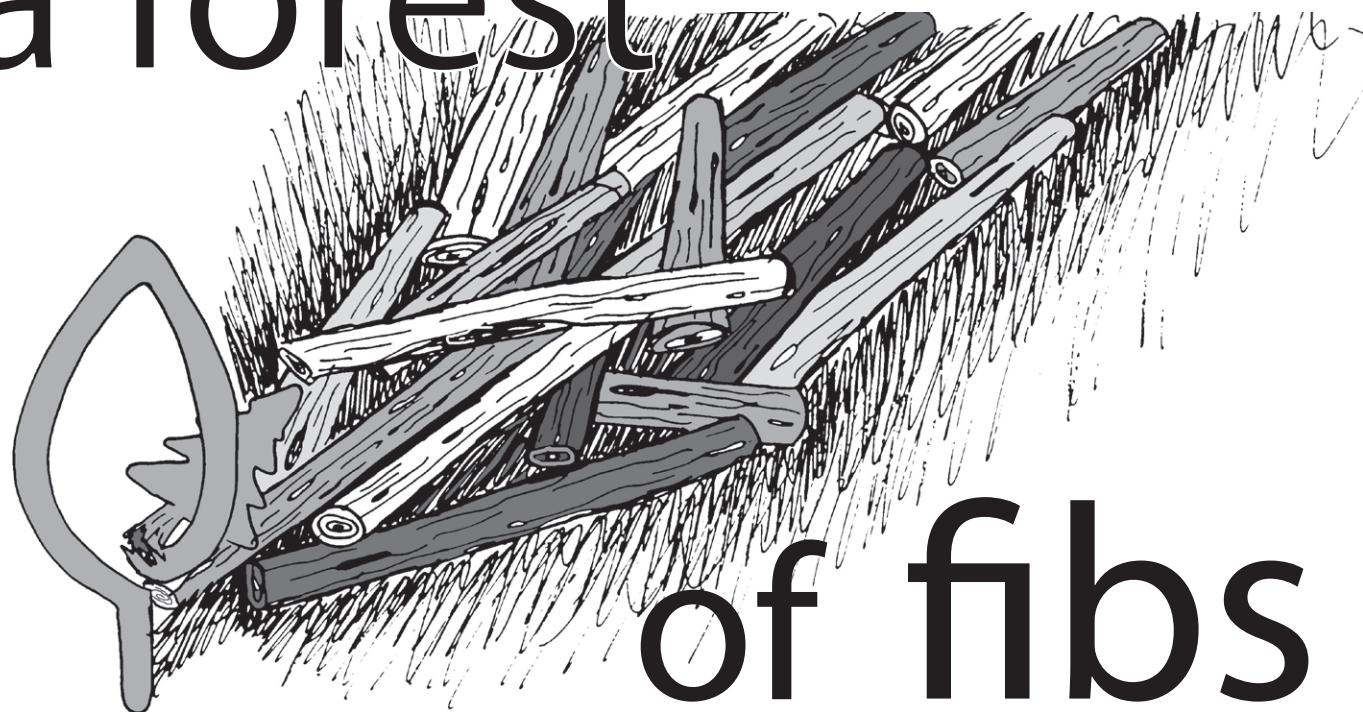
the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

volume 10 - issue 3 - tuesday, september 20, 2011 - uvm, burlington, vt

uvm.edu/~watertwr - thewatertower.tumblr.com

a forest



of fibs

by phoebefooks and calebdemers

the Sustainable Forest Initiative, abbreviated as SFI, otherwise known as “Sellers of False Information”, “corporate con-artists”, “nefarious criminals”, or “money-grubbin’ fools” is a board that sells its eco-label to companies that destroy forests. This unethical scheme is called “green-washing” and it is about as 21st century as crocs with socks.

“The green movement has been commercialized,” explained Kerry Martin, a freshman at a rally in Burlington protesting SFI. He’s right; the green movement has become more than an effort to clean the earth and preserve natural resources. It has become a culture, taken advantage of by profit-seeking corporations. Brian Tokar, lecturer of Environmental Studies at UVM and director of the Institute for Social Ecology, put it this way: Corporations are not who we should look to for a greener future.

The rally met, very appropriately, at the Rally Cat statue on Wednesday afternoon. Of the 1,000 signatures collected by ForestEthics on a petition against SFI, about 40 students showed up to march, some of which were skipping their classes to be in attendance. The other 960 petition-signers... had class. One would think a rally like this would attract a larger amount of students at a school that sells sporks on the reg, composts and spawns Environmental

Science majors like the way Nicholas Cage picks up lead roles in PG-13 action-adventure films. Sorry kids, the brown napkins in the dining halls and non-flush urinals won’t stop SFI from “certifying” the demolition of 120-acre forests. “Good for you, good for trees,” is the SFI slogan. But where are all the trees, SFI? If only the rally had gathered as many petitioners as the number of certifications SFI has granted, considering they’ve hardly ever rejected a company.

Nonetheless, our humble yet vivacious group left campus and made the walk downtown, the crowd growing slightly larger as we descended Main Street. Wandering students and Burlington natives alike joined our line. SFI slander was quickly spreading from the ForestEthics megaphones, to us shepherded petitioners, to bearded inhabitants of the streets. Some laughed, many responded with support, as one clearly put it, “How are we gonna breathe if we don’t have fuckin’ trees?” Everyone seemed to agree “It Sucks to Suck, SFI.”

Adam Gaya, ForestEthics organizer, was climaxing a higher level of enthusiasm with each car honk and each passerby he invited to march. However, during a lull in the chanting a cynical journalist was overheard saying: “I wonder how many cars are honking in support and how many are honking to honk?” To which their cohort responded,

“Pffft, just to honk, guaranteed.”

This did not stop Gaya from screaming “Hey frat bros, wanna join our rally?” As it turned out, they had greater environmental concerns: gettin’ green certified for the Phish show that evening. It

read the rest on page 3...

feel like you missed out?

Good ... you did. But that’s ok because the annual 350 event is coming up!

What is it?

According to their website, **350’s Moving Planet** is a worldwide climate rally calling for the world to go beyond fossil fuels.

Where is it?

Statehouse Lawn in Montpelier, VT

When is it?

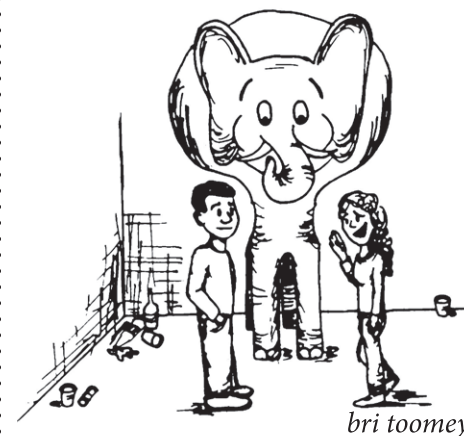
Saturday Sept. 24th, 2pm-6pm

Don’t have a car? That’s okay because we’re riding our bikes there! At 10 am, meet at the Noreaster Festival by the waterfront. To register visit localmotion.org. Don’t have a bike or a car? That sucks ... but there will be carpooling! Visit moving-planet.org for info on rides and stuff. **Don’t miss it.**

read the rest on page 3...

defriend is a dish *best served* **COLD**

by drewdiemar



bri toomey

I’m looking at photos of a buddy of mine when a certain comment I read appeals to my sense of wit and irony. I follow the link to the commenter who happens to have gone to my high school, a girl two years younger than myself who was a friend of several friends, a girl with whom I can’t quite remember ever having had a conversation.

Her page tells me that she likes my least-favorite basketball team, along with what I would call ‘shit’ music, but she’s very pretty, I have 110 friends who are her friend as well, and hell, why don’t I become friends with her? “But wait a second,” I say, as a tear wells up in my eye, “didn’t I also used to be her... friend?”

I can’t get it off my mind; I specifically remember looking at her photos of a play I was in. She used to be...friends with me, but she had decided I wasn’t worthy. Perhaps she had done one of those ‘spring-cleaning’ jobs, gotten rid of the useless friends that cluttered her news feed. Why, then, did she still have, like 700 friends? Could she really give much more of shit about every single one of those people than she did about me, a pretty cool guy who had attended her very same high school and seen her, quite frequently, in the hallways?

Scrolling through my own list of friends, I come across many whom I’ve never talked to, or seen at parties, whose existence is unknown to me aside from their annoying statuses about how lame homework is and reminders of what holiday it is. But I’d never defriend them, not knowing how much trauma it can cause to somebody who suddenly realizes they’ve been axed (I’m pretty

read the rest on page 3...

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me:

mel gibson's maccabee
by juliendarmoni

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by jamesaglio

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by jennymudari

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by dylanmccarthy

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear students,

I want to extend a warm welcome to the Class of 2015 and to all returning students. For those of you who don't know me, I encourage you to be in touch so we can remedy that! By way of introduction, I graduated from UVM in 2008 and am now the State Representative for the Burlington district that includes most of the campus and surrounding neighborhoods. Currently, I serve as Vermont's youngest legislator.

This March, I was also elected by my colleagues in the legislature to UVM's Board of Trustees for a six year term, and want to encourage all of you to be in touch with your thoughts, ideas, and questions about the University. The reason I sought to serve as a trustee was because I deeply believe I would not be who I am today if not for my formative time at UVM, and I wanted to give back in whatever way I could.

My earliest memory of the Board of Trustees is from my first year at UVM in 2004. I had gotten involved in a lot of social justice organizations on campus and joined a large protest in Waterman while the Board was meeting. I remember watching the trustees weave their way through the crowd, and feeling very distant from them – people in fancy suits who came to campus a few times a year to make pronouncements that weren't very relevant to my daily life as a student.

Later, when I became an active leader in the Student Government, then becoming President and chairing the Student Trustee Selection Committee, I got to know many of the trustees personally and realized my initial impression was wrong. They were all incredibly dedicated, accomplished, generous people that

valued student input and wanted to see UVM graduates achieve great things. They diligently followed what was happening on campus, and took the time to look beyond budget numbers and broad statistics to listen to stories and details and personal experiences.

I cannot imagine ever reaching their caliber, but I am honored to now serve among them. Some come from the legislature, as I do; some are Self-Perpetuating, holding the power to make appointments among themselves; some are chosen by the Governor; and then you have a unique privilege to promote two students as full voting members of the Board. All accounted for, it is a diverse and thoughtful group.

So please take advantage of every opportunity you have during your time here. Whether it is your peers in class or the trustees of the University, it is up to you to engage them and make your voice heard in order to make this the kind of learning environment you want to be in. This is especially important as we search for a new president, which is an exciting time to re-envision the future of our University, its strategic priorities, and its role on a local, national, and global scale.

Finally, I just want to offer my gratitude to everyone in the campus community helping with flood relief efforts in the aftermath of Irene. Please count on me as a resource if you need support for your efforts or have been affected yourself. Always feel free to reach out: keshha.ram@kesharam.org, (802) 881-4433.

Good luck this semester,
Kesha

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 water tower.
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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

the news in brief with paulgross

“It is a big fight.”

-**Absalim Gnuna**, an anti-Gaddafi commander in Libya, on skirmishes breaking out between Gaddafi loyalists and rebel forces in the ousted leader's stronghold of Bani Walid. This new set of conflicts occurring in Libya very sadly indicates that the Colonel wasn't lying when he said the Libyans were in for a long war. I don't believe in political assassination as a tool usually, but somebody needs to take care of that guy.

“If I were to tweet and so on, it would take up so much of my time.”

-Burmese pro-democracy advocate and opposition leader, **Aung Sun Suu Kyi**, on how her busy schedule precludes her from using popular social networking sites to connect with Burmese young people. For someone who's been under house arrest without telephone or water for 7 years, I think we can forgive her for not updating her status super regularly.

“We never play to segregated audiences and we aren't going to start now.”

-**John Lennon**, from back in the day, obviously, speaking about how the Beatles made an explicit policy not to perform in front of racially segregated crowds on their American tours. This fact was discovered recently during an archive analysis which uncovered an old contract in which the Beatles unequivocally refused to play in front of any audience that was not mixed race. Pretty cool.

“It is a puzzling finding.”

-**Ekaterina Maslova**, from the Harvard School of Public Health, on a recent study indicating that women who eat low fat yogurt during their pregnancy are significantly more likely to have children with asthma. The strangest part is that no such correlation is found with full flavor yogurt, ONLY low fat varieties cause this problem. Makes you wonder what they add in place of the fat...

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

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

Our generation stands at a crossroads. To the right are the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and ignorance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail of truth. 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**.

SFI -continued from page 1

is ironic that SFI held their conference in oh-so environmentally-conscious Burlington on the eve of Phish. However, holding their conference in our town was actually all part of the scheme to increase their green-cred.

We made it to the hotel and, as eager as I was to scream, “SFI, you're false, you're fake! We don't want you in our state!” into the faces of those bastard CEOs, they were inside conferencing and conspiring away. They surely knew we were there, due to the very unofficial looking hotel security standing under the Hilton's carport, but whether or not they heard us yell “saving trees is just a tease” is a mystery. Our audience consisted mostly of hotel guests who one-by-one popped out from behind their curtains and onto their balconies, photographing us crazy petitioners with their cell phone cameras. The show really got started when a couple UVM alumni clad in nothing but green towels held up buckets of green paint and asked which greedy CEOs wanted to be greenwashed.

“Students go to other schools to learn lessons, but students come to UVM to teach lessons,” said UVM student and environmental activist, Katherine Kroll. Whether or not the ForestEthics petition or our rowdy chants and slanderous slurs like “SFI don't sell me paper, because in reality you're a forest raper” got the point across to SFI, the success of the rally was in spreading information across Burlington about the fraud that is happening right here in our town. As Geode Sibbick pointed out, greenwashing is like that movie *Easy A*. I have never seen it but it's about a high school girl who lets boys pay her to tell everyone she had sex with them. Their reputations increase just as fast as those of the logging companies who pay to have their sins greenwashed away. ■

DEFRIENDED -continued from page 1

traumatized at this point.)

So I hatch a plan. I'm gonna get to know this girl whose besties cut I didn't make, despite my frequently hilarious statuses and awe-inspiring photography. I'm gonna approach her back in my hometown, at the local coffee shop her naïve privacy settings tell me she hangs out at. And I'm gonna talk to her. Real suave, real cool, like Fresh Prince would without the laugh track.

As I impress her with tales of my journalistic exploits, the confidence of a young man speaking to a young lady two years his junior will win her over. Her eyes will light up, she will lean in on the edge of her seat, and I will look at my Rolex. “Whoa, looks like I gotta run.”

“Oh, alright. We should meet up again sometime. Can I call you?”

“Actually, the best way to reach me is... Facebook.” She'll remember having defriended me, be wary of sending a new request. But her desire for me will overcome her misgivings, and I will eventually receive the inevitable friend request. And you know what? That bitch is getting ignored.

Time to buy a Rolex. ■

the shit list

by emilyhoogesteger

Silvio Berlusconi: Everyone's favorite dirty old man, Prime Minister Berlusconi was reported by the Italian press this week for making phone calls in which he bragged about “11 women outside his room, queuing up to have sex with him”. Mr. Berlusconi goes on to say that, though there were 11 women, he “only did 8, because you can't do all.” And this is the man who runs Italy - except when he doesn't, since in another phone call he describes himself as “prime minister in my spare time”. No, really.


Robert Young and Mark Rubinson: After discovering one of their friends dead at his home, this brilliant pair of Denver buddies loaded the corpse into their car, cruised around town, went to two bars and a strip club, and then reported their pal's death to the police. Sure, everyone grieves in their own way...but seriously?!

Michele Bachmann: At last week's Republican debate, Congresswoman Bachmann claimed that the HPV vaccination causes mental retardation in little girls. Regardless of (or perhaps oblivious to) the fact that this myth has been repeatedly debunked, Ms. Bachmann continues to impress us all as a paragon of sanity and sound logic.

barely-urban

dictionary

with patrickteene



girlington, noun.
Another name for Burlington during the months of September and April.

mad max's maccabee movie (must mean mel's a mensch)

by juliendarmoni

Controversial Australian actor Mel Gibson announced recently that he will direct and star in a new historical biopic detailing the life of legendary Jewish warrior Judah Maccabee, a Roman-era revolutionary honored annually during the traditional Hanukkah festivities. Predictably, the news has caused many in the media to kvetch, (Yiddish for 'are you kidding me? Are you kidding me with this shit?') including the undead corpse of the ancient Hebrew warrior himself, who reportedly “shvitzed himself” when he heard the news. “I definitely think it's a poor idea,” said Maccabee in a recent interview with *E News*. “It's too big-budget, the scripts all wrong, and I come out looking like a total pussy. I just feel like our views and policies are different. For one thing, he certainly doesn't seem to like us very much.”

Gibson, once a box office heavyweight and cross-continental celebrity is now more commonly associated with his anti-Semitic ramblings from 2006, in which he claimed, among other things, that “the Jews are responsible for all the wars in the world... at least one of them should make a good movie.”

Gibson's last religious film, 2004's *The Passion of the Christ* made more than \$800 million worldwide, and sparked considerable controversy when the DVD featured extended scenes of Mel Gibson shitting on a Torah.

The *What Women Want* star was once one of Hollywood's greatest success stories, appearing in such hits as *Lethal Weapon*; *Mad Max*; *Max is Mad*; *Max is Pretty Mad*; *Guys*; *Max is Ruining This For Everyone*; *Shit, You Invited Max?*; *That Guy's A Prick*; and *Braveheart*. But lately, amidst a storm of negative publicity concerning his 2006 schvitzings, Gibson's star has been in a state of precipitous decline. His two most recent films, *Edge of Darkness* and *The Beaver* (in which he starred alongside Jodie Foster and a sock puppet), were some of the lowest grossing of his career, attributed by most industry analysts to both the sub par quality of the films, and to the declining popularity of belligerent, high profile racism. In addition, Gibson incurred even more public backlash when his *Beaver* co-star, Jewish sock puppet Ari Weinssock, came out publicly against him, calling the actor “unprofessional” and “highly inappropriate.” “He made a number of remarks that, as a man of the cloth, I found highly distasteful,” said the sock. “I will never work with him again.”

Response from the rest of the Jewish community has been predictably mixed. Says Rabbi Marvin Hier, dean and founder of the Simon Wiesenthal Center: “Casting him as a director or perhaps as the star of Judah Macabee

is like casting Madoff to be the head of the Securities and Exchange commission, or a white supremacist as trying to portray Martin Luther King Jr. It's simply an insult to the Jews”. However, Gibson, who recently suggested the relentless media storm surrounding his infamous 2006 comments allowed him the context necessary to relate with the historically persecuted people, stated last week: “I think I understand them better now” and “I definitely think that entitles me to make a violent movie about them.”

On the flip side, Gibson's numerous supporters (source not found) bring up an interesting point in his defense; since when does popular culture demand authenticity? Indeed, some of our most beloved celebrities have gotten away with much worse than getting drunk and being horrible in the name of art. Polanski, one of the most acclaimed Polish rapists of his generation released his latest film, *The Ghost Writer*, to commercial

and critical not complete failure, while Michael Bay directs films about incredibly sophisticated machinery (instead of coloring books), and George W. Bush is the most successful published author who is also functionally illiterate.

Credibility is seldom a box office attraction; in fact, credibility is often kind of boring. If history is any indication, a fun movie embellished to the point of

factual oblivion might be just what the majority of Americans want most (aside from a white president). Films with easy, digestible conclusions often play broader than those that demand critically engaged audiences. It won Kevin Costner's *Dances With Wolves* an Oscar for Best Picture, Category: White Guilt (despite the cultural consensus on *Goodfellas*), and *Crash* swept the 2005 Oscars despite a slew of other contenders that were not terrible. Movies, it seems, can get by on just being kind of good, which, as it turns out, is just how we like them.

Nevertheless, when asked if he intended to make any more controversial statements regarding his new demographic, Gibson responded “No, but this is [still] going to be a pretty negative movie.” In an interview with **water tower** correspondent Julien Darmoni, Gibson declared: “I kind of see it as a *Saving Private Ryan* style movie, big, bloody and epic, except with less artistic integrity and deep, powerfully racist undertones.”

You can see the as yet untitled production against all your better judgment in theaters, November 13th, 2013. ■

reflections.



movie review: contagion

by shannonward

Last Friday night I was working late, but I really wanted to see a movie. Two minutes before *Contagion* started I was running down Pearl Street in cheap loafers not meant for running, clutching my huge purse, which was not meant for clutching, and wishing I'd taken off my denim jacket before leaving. Fun fact: hauling ass down Pearl Street at 9:30 on a Friday night seriously diminishes your chances of ever being thought of as 'cool'.

I made it to the Roxy, bought a ticket for *Contagion*, and also a bottle of water. The cashier scrutinized my ruined complexion, my sweat-greased ponytail, my denim jacket; "Yeah," she said. "You need it."

My denim jacket and I found a seat in the theatre and looked forward to seeing a movie which we had literally heard nothing about. And then I see Gwyneth Paltrow's face. What? She's in this? Yeah, she is. And guess who else? Matt Damon. And Kate Winslet. And Laurence Fishburne. And Marion Cotillard. And Jude Law. And Bryan Cranston. And Elliot Gould, And (I swear I'm not shitting you here) Demetri Martin. Why had I not heard of this?

Now, before you put down this paper and sprint pell-mell to the Roxy to see this, I need to tell you: It wasn't worth the run.

That's right my fellow students. This movie failed to deliver. What I wanted was a blockbuster, edge of your

seat, action-packed science fiction movie and what I got was a thought-provoking commentary on human nature. I know, right?

The basic gist of the movie is that a new unidentified virus is spreading fast throughout the world, creating an epidemic similar in proportion to the Black Death. The World Health Organization tries to find a vaccine, Jude Law tries to make a few bucks off of the rising hysteria, and I was fucking bored.

Honestly? I wanted more looting. Grocery stores, banks, hospitals, daycares, high end pet grooming salons, you name it, I wanted it looted. But no, this movie had to take the high road and focus on the politics and social consequences of a world wide epidemic. In other words, there was minimal looting, and that is never a good sign.

I mean, after a long week of figuring out my schedule, applying for jobs, and surviving hurricanes, I just wanted to let loose a little. And by "letting loose" I mean "watching people die in interesting ways on a big screen". And yes, a lot of people die in this movie but in lame, thought-provoking ways. Coughing, sweating, fainting, seizures, you know. Pretty standard. Couldn't someone have their eyes fall out or a building explode or someone walk in front of a bus? Oh wait, scratch that, someone totally walked in front of a bus.

So maybe this movie did have its merits. For the most part it was well acted, although I really can't take anything Demetri Martin does very seriously. Demetri Martin dressed in one of those inflatable quarantine suits doing tests on Rhesus monkeys with a somber expression on his face is just hilarious.

Though the movie was well acted, I didn't get attached to any of the characters because- SPOILER ALERT- Marion Cotillard gets kidnapped in the first ten minutes and then we don't see her again until the very end of the movie! At that point I don't fucking care about her anymore. END SPOILER ALERT. If they could have chosen a main character and followed them I probably would have been more upset if they died. Or at least more interested.

My main qualm is that I had to think too much during this movie. And normally I'm all for thinking, but when I'm at the movies I am just not in the mood. I recommend it to people who are interested in seeing how the world might react if we were faced with an epidemic of this nature, and to those who have always wondered what Gwyneth Paltrow looks like with her scalp cut open and folded over her face. I hope no one reading this identifies with the latter party. Overall, I'll give it a 6 out of 10. My denim jacket gave it a 9 (although he's biased because he loves Jude Law movies). ■

dear *blank*, please *blank* (uvm style)

by robintucker

Dear purple backpack wearer walking in front of me,
Please don't stop suddenly and whip around, only to walk right into me.
Sincerely, I think my nose is broken

Dear Davis Center stairs,
You get harder every day.
Sincerely, I wasn't looking for a workout

Dear Lake Champlain,
I love it when you make me feel dirty.
Sincerely, your summer lover

Dear Bailey Howe/ DC green,
Please invest in a haircut.
Sincerely, girl in short shorts

Dear Waterman,
Please represent and install some water fountains.
Sincerely, ironically thirsty student

Dear Cyber Cafe,
You smell so delicious; it almost makes me like homework.
Sincerely, I said almost

Dear UVM,
Thanks for caring.
Sincerely, the Earth.
(P.s. Sorry about the weather lately, my bad.)

Dear biker,
Please know that I hate you.
Sincerely, driver who actually likes to use the gas pedal



Art by collin cappelle

IF YOU CAN'T SEE MY MIRRORS, IT MEANS I'VE HIT ANOTHER CYCLIST



the normalization of slade

by gregfrancese

When you hear the word "dorm" what is the first thing that comes to mind? Is it a 10x10 cement block box with no carpeting that smells like the combination of beer, dirty laundry, and spilled ramen? Or do you think of a common room that is littered with food scraps, broken furniture, and a trashcan overflowing with the remnants of last night's Wings Over binge? Even if you're not satisfied with those descriptions, you probably aren't reminded of a place where dinner comes from your backyard, a common room filled with comfortable couches and walls lined with bookcases and paintings, and where letting yellow water mellow is a conscious decision. For Slade Hall and its two-dozen residents, this last description is what the word "dorm" means to them.

Another word with many connotations at UVM is "basement." Most of us think of basements as dark places where you try to crush your opponents in a game of pong, not a place where talented musicians and poets break the silence of hundreds of admiring eyes. Once again, this last connotation lives on in the basement of Slade. This association is so important to the Slade Community, that according to Emily Piché, a former resident,

"open mic nights are a big reason why you live here." When I asked the Sladers at a dinner last week how many of them chose to live in Slade based on their experiences at the biweekly open mic nights, almost everyone's hand shot up.

However, by the time the basement had recovered from spring flooding, spirits

and furniture were left equally dampened. The resulting mold, in combination with a surprising move by the Burlington Fire Marshall to limit the occupancy of the basement to 25, and ResLife turning it into a designated study space, threatened to end one of Slade's biggest contributions to GroovyUV culture – a reliable venue for quality UVM musicians. Legend has it that Phish performed one of their very shows in this very basement. Countless other talented musicians have bounced sweet sounds off these walls. One of my most vivid memories of Slade's basement included a naked rave, ensuring my in-the-closet Slade love affair. Another memory was the first time I heard Fridge and the Spins. Whether it's rock, folk, hip-hop, or spoken word, few places in Burlington offer such an eclectic mix of live music. By this time during the year, Slade should have already hosted two open mic nights and a concert.

It'd be wise, however, not to think of these new developments as an obituary of Slade. Based on my observations during my recent visit, Sladers are still among the most optimistic, down-to-Earth people at UVM – the embodiment of what drew us to this university. Even more, they want to get the word out that open mic nights are still on –same eclectic talent, different room. So, if you show up with 24 of your closest friends, you'll still be welcome at Slade, but most likely, the basement won't be your final destination. ■

taking the plunge

by caitlino'hara

Have you ever done something that's made your friends worry about your mental health? I do these things on a rather consistent basis, but when I told my friends of my plan to go skydiving, I was on the receiving end of more than a few funny looks. The quote of the month leading up to my jump was, "Why the fuck would you want to jump out of a perfectly good airplane?" Being a smartass and fancying myself a witty, humorous person, "Why not?" always seemed like a perfectly good response. But having done it and survived (hold the applause), I feel as though it's necessary to share this experience, also known as the most fun I've ever had with my clothes on.

My dad and I went skydiving together for my 18th birthday. He pulled me out of school and off we went to Freedom, Maine, home to Skydive New England and all of its quirky instructors. They don't shove you out of a plane on your own the first time, oh no. You go tandem jumping, which means you have another person strapped to your back controlling all the chords that will prevent you from plummeting to your death. Probably a good thing, I enjoyed freefalling so much it would've been really easy to forget to pull it.

So they get you all suited up in a delight-

ful full body windbreaker, circa 1985. But I suppose when you're falling towards the Earth from 10,000 feet no one really gives a rat's ass about how you look. Once the plane takes off and starts gaining altitude... that's when you can feel your stomach start to drop and you have the sudden realiza-

ing is without a doubt my most terrifying memory. I was going to go back home and tell my friends that they were right and I was a baby and my feet were staying on the ground for the rest of my life and then...I jumped.

Or rather, my instructor jumped and I

"there was nothing to feel but pure, unadulterated joy"

tion that maybe your friends were right and oh FUCK this is a bad idea. My instructor and our pilot were joking the whole way up; I was trying not to turn green. As we started approaching 10,000 feet, we shifted around so all of the lovely buckles that were designed to keep me attached to my instructor matched up with his straps and doo-dads and all that shit. I don't really remember that part; I was too busy trying to control my stomach. When the doors open, you're instructed to step onto this tiny little ledge right under the wing of the plane. Now let me just say, standing on that ledge at 10,000 feet as the plane was mov-

ing is without a doubt my most terrifying memory. I was going to go back home and tell my friends that they were right and I was a baby and my feet were staying on the ground for the rest of my life and then...I jumped. Or rather, my instructor jumped and I went with him. It took less than a second and I knew I made a great decision. Although it varies by altitude, at 10,000 feet you freefall for 30 seconds and pull the chute at 5,000 feet. Yeah, you fall at 120 mph. The fear I'd been nursing since setting foot in the plane was gone and in its place was exhilaration. Any other emotions were gone; there was nothing to feel but pure, unadulterated joy. I was laughing like a crazy fucker the whole time, feeling like it was both an eternity and an instant packed into one adrenaline-fueled moment. And once I embraced the feeling, I realized that this was how life should be lived; free of

worry. No drama, no bullshit, no applications and fuck homework. Falling towards the Earth gave me a sense of freedom that I can't quite explain. It's like that first time you're away from home, or finally being comfortable with yourself and your own skin. It's terrifying, exhilarating, and, in the end, so incredibly rewarding.

When the chute is pulled, everything goes silent. The wind stops rushing, and you're left with a view of this planet that can't really be rivaled. On one side of me I could see clear across the Atlantic, and on the other across Lake Winnepesaukee. It hit me how damn unimportant I am. As cliché as it may sound, it hit me for the first time exactly how small I am. I could see so much and yet it was so small in comparison to the size of the planet, and I was merely one little speck on the surface. For once though, I was ok with it.

It was an odd feeling as my feet hit the ground, a return to reality that wasn't entirely welcome. I wanted nothing more than to go right back up and do it all over. But I trudged back to the car, knowing without a doubt I'd one day be in the clouds again. ■

the online addiction you need to have

by jackiemann

Over the past year, I have passed much of my time procrastinating by participating in the online question-and-answer forum, Yahoo! Answers. Like many addictions, this has had a detrimental effect on my schoolwork and has made me a bunch of quality acquaintances. I check my fake Yahoo account far more frequently than my not-fake facebook account, scouring my favorite categories in hot pursuit of my next unsuspecting victim: the perfect question. Picture a lioness hunting down a particularly hefty antelope. Once I've located the perfect combination of juiciness and idiocy, I pounce. With a bit of luck and some finely honed skill, that dumbass antelope won't even know what hit him as he thanks me for my carefully crafted and entirely false answer. There is hardly a greater rush than that accompanying the joyful message, "Your answer was picked as best!" This message shines like a trophy, or a mangled antelope carcass, in my inbox every morning, giving me an unhealthy sense of satisfaction. If this alone doesn't sound appealing to you, I've compiled a list of reasons you should check out Yahoo! Answers too.

1.

Share medical advice. People LOVE to post extremely graphic accounts of their medical symptoms, generally followed by, "Do I have cancer?" It is my pleasure to inform them that no, they do not have cancer. Rather, they have an obscure condition known as milycyris for which the only cure is castration. Don't worry, I would never give bad advice in a serious situation; I only answer questions marked "URJENT!!!!" *Example:* My thumb, index finger, n middle finger hurt really bad. Wat shud I do? Do I need 2 go 2 the dr? *Answer:* Without being able to examine the affected digits in person, I can only conclude that you may have a condition involving the buildup of cadmium in the joints after giving a particularly vigorous hand job. I suggest that you seek medical attention promptly. *Source:* Geriatric Surgeon *Response:* I will go to the dr. Thank u!

2.

Summon your psychic abilities. People ask the most ridiculous questions that you could never possibly know the answer to, so it serves them right when you give them bullshit answers. Questions I have answered include, "Does she like me?" "Am I a fairy?" and "Is my bf cheating on me?" *Example:* Am I pregnant!!!!!!????????????? I had sex on Aug 8 n my peried is 5 dayz late n my boobs r rly soar 2 yesterday I ate alot of chili n I felt kinda a kicking feling in my belly mayb the babie doesn't lyk spicie food I had 2 pee alot 2day n I had sum dyereea do u think I am preggo? *Answer:* Yes! Congratulations! You display all the classic signs of pregnancy. Chili is usually a good indicator, but to check for sure, grab a mirror and a flashlight and check out the ol' cavern. If you see a cute wittle face up there (or a butt, if you're unlucky), you'd better start taking those pre-natal vitamins! *Source:* I'm a mother of 7 *Response:* OK I'll check dat thx!

3.

Why do your own homework when you can do someone else's? Perhaps the most common genre of question on Yahoo! Answers involves a 16 year old trying to get some kind person on the internet to do their homework for them. *Example:* HELPPPPPP!!!! I NEED AN ANSER IMMEDIETLY! Solve for x. 15=7x+1 Plz help I'm desprat! *Answer:* 4



lauryn schrom

As you can see, Yahoo! Answers can provide endless entertainment, since you never really know what gem you might come across next. Yahoo! Answers has improved my vocabulary greatly (I've learned words lyk plzzzzzzzzzzzzzz, boifrend, 2maro...), and I have been blessed with the opportunity spread my wealth of knowledge as I play the roles of relationship counselor, philosopher, physicist, and Home Pregnancy Test. So if this sounds appealing to you, please join me in my quest to help those poor souls unable to Google for themselves. ■

5

reflections.

#whitegirlproblems uvm edition

by sarahperda



Carly macconnell

Some people are destined for the crunchy, hippie, lovenpeace atmosphere that is UVM. Others struggle.

xoMANDiix3: Sig Ep rejected my fake ticket. Again. I need friends in higher places... #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: The guy next to me in my Environmental Studies class has yet to take his monthly shower. I'm all for water conservation, but this is getting ridiculous #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: Impaled by another longboarder outside of Rowell. Adding this to my list of reasons as to why more people should travel via Segway #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: Being judged even by the people working at the tanning salon. Just because the mountaintops are white as snow doesn't mean I have to be #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: People keep asking me which mountain is my favorite. Which one is near the outlet mall again? #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: Met another boy with hair longer than mine. If there were a female version of emasculation, this would be it #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: I've hooked up with every guy in that picture. Note to self: branch out past the athletic website this semester #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: Just threw a fork into the compost bin. Running out of the fishbowl before the Eco-Reps put it through my retina #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: Spotted: girl donning a drug rug. My hot pink dress just screamed out in agony #whitegirlproblems

xoMANDiix3: Deep thought of the day: the art of biddy is not easily perfected; it takes a truly dedicated individual to perform this undertaking (especially when surrounded by burly, bearded men in flannels and ponytails for 3/4 of the school year). Judge the mini-skirt-and-Ugg combo freely but don't hate on the biddies—it's hard to look this good all the time. #donthateuscuzyaintus

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redwall, eulalia!

by jamesaglio

I really love *Redwall*. A lot. Like maybe too much. There's just something endearing about those little varmint battle-mice in their pseudo-Catholic abbey in a land that is divided between good and evil along racial lines bold enough to make Tolkien proud. In all seriousness though, the *Redwall* books have been an enduring and captivating introduction to epic literature for children for almost 25 years now. Even though it has been years since I read one, I remember feeling genuinely sad when I found out author Brian Jacques died last winter. There has to be some reason why the *Redwall* 'thing' is so popular. To try to uncover why, I decided to look at a bunch of things that are not *Redwall*.

Test One: How long have things like this been around? The answer is a few thousand years at least. The *Batrachomyomachia*, or *Battle of Frogs and Mice*, is a miniature Ancient Greek epic poem parodying the *Iliad*.

As the name suggests, it consists of a one day long war between an army of frogs and one of mice. The story is mainly comical, mocking the seriousness of Homer's epic with the punitive fury. After an accidental death stirs the mice against the frogs, they line up for battle. The opposing armies look so intimidating that the gods refuse to intervene lest one of them be injured. And so for about 150 lines of glorious hexameter, the rodents and the amphibians beat on each other with enough gore to make Idomeneus blush. The battle is eventually stopped when the gods send down a platoon of crabs to halt the onslaught of the mice, because if there is one thing battle-mice cannot stand, it is crabs (remember that, it's important). The battle ends in a draw and more or less without a strong moral point, except maybe that war is silly, and anything can be rendered cute with a character named Filchecrumb.



lauryn schrom

Fast-forward a couple thousand years to 1972, about a decade and a half before *Redwall* was published. That year, a man named Richard Adams published *Watership Down* and more or less invented the modern animal epic. The characters of *Watership Down* are real bona fide heroes, the fact that they are rabbits notwithstanding. Unlike the *Batrachomyomachia*, where human actions are performed by animals to make them seem comical and small, in *Watership Down* actions that would be insignificant to a human are turned into adventures full of peril and turn innocent bunny rabbits into intrepid warriors. Though there is some introduction of good and evil based on species as well as some of the pseudo-classist levels of civilization, the main antagonist is still a rabbit, separating *Watership Down* from one of the main attacks against the *Redwall* universe. Even so, the similarities are stronger than the differences. Even the rabbit language, Lapine, is mirrored in the various dialects spoken by different species in *Redwall*. It should also be noted that *Watership Down* has had real lasting appeal, it is Penguin Books best selling novel.

Well, *Watership Down* is all well and good, but that was forty years ago and the kingdom of animal epics has long

been led by Brian Jacques. Now that he has passed away, and the *Redwall* saga come to a close, has the genre breathed its last breath? Not so. As proof, I'd like to direct your attention to a much beloved, currently in print, comic called *Mouse Guard*. The driving concept behind *Mouse Guard* is that there are small, isolated towns of mice, carved into tree trunks and the like, separated from each other by expanses of forests laden with predators, pitfalls, and the unpredictable weather. In order to act as protectors for mice on the go, and to serve as a sort of state police/national guard, the Mouse Guard exists.

Now it is a comic book, and the characters are very adorable, so it is tempting to say, "How can something so cute be epic?" That, however, is sort of the point. They may be cute, but they are also pretty badass, as when one of the mice takes a leap of faith into the mouth of a snake, stabbing through its palate and slaying the giant beast. Or when the Guard sanctuary is under attack by a band of heretical New World Order types and the Guardsmice fight for their lives. Despite its abundant fluffiness, *Mouse Guard* does an excellent job matching the grand scale of its predecessors. In many ways creator David Petersen has managed to distill the

core essence of the animal epic. One example of this is when Petersen says, in a note, that at its heart, *Mouse Guard* is about the mice struggling to survive in a world that is simply too big for them. This certainly rings true throughout its predecessors, and may be a large reason for the genre's popularity. It is natural to create pathos in characters that are only three inches tall, and easy to glorify their deeds. Another way *Mouse Guard* captures a major point of the genre is through the motto of the Guard itself, "It doesn't matter what you fight, but what you fight for." By taking some of the meekest creatures we know and transforming them into paragons of heroism and virtue, the animal epic, from its earliest origins to its current form, provides a perfect example of the human ideal. Though sometimes parodic and frequently seen as childish, the animal epic and its various derivatives (from *Thumbelina*, to *The Rescuers*, to *Rugrats*) all show small obstacles portrayed as overwhelming odds, pathetic creatures as conquering heroes, and commonly respected virtues as necessary traits. It has long been an important aspect of the Western literary tradition, and even with the recent loss of one of its great masters, it is good to know the form is still in good hands. ■

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getting involved 101: an organizational matrix

by lindsaygabel

For weeks now, the urgings to get involved on campus have been shoved down our throats in concurrence with the start of the new semester; if you are a freshman, no doubt this message is now permanently ingrained in your subconscious. But with more than 150 SGA-recognized clubs and organizations on campus, sheer number of opportunities is often overwhelming and can leave you wondering just how to pick and choose between such a vast and diverse selection. Which is why I shall introduce to you the Matrix! [I will withhold the clever reference to the film on the grounds that I have not seen it.] It is kind of like a logic puzzle, except not, and it is here to help you pinpoint exactly which club(s)/organization(s) might suit your interests.

Just simply choose two interests and look to the cell at which they intersect to find your perfect (hypothetically speaking) extra-curricular match.

*Please note that organizations with asterisks are purely fictional and do not exist at UVM (yet). They were invented for the purposes of combining very unrelated categories (for example, the only readily apparent amalgamation of the outdoors and artistic categories was the Society for Outdoor Basket-Weaving). ■

snow, water, ice, other terrain	environmental	social justice and/or global issues	special interest	diversity and community		campus life	leadership and/or politics	global and/or national awareness	social	media	artistic
*Soil Composition Club	*Botanical Society	Mock Trial Society	Psychology club; Accounting club	Speech and Hearing Club	academic and discipline-focused	Goodrich Classical Club	Lawrence Debate Union	International Relations Club; International Careers Club	Entrepreneurship Club	Vermont Cynic; Marketing Club	Orchestra/concert band; Top Cats; Cat's Meow
Ski and Snowboard Club	*Speed Tree-planting Club	*Athletes for Social Justice and Global Issues! SFPGJ ¹	Aikido Club; Fencing	Intervarsity Association	athletic	CLUB SPORTS			INTRAMURAL SPORTS	*UVM Athletics Broadcasting Network	Dance crews and teams; SASS ²
*Lake Champlain Conservation Project	*Tree Huggers Society		Rescue	Volunteers in Action	community service		Students for a Free Tibet	MEDLIFE ⁶	Greek life		*Burlington Beautification Project
*Igloo-building Society	Common Ground Student Farm	FeelGood	Chess Club; Gluten Free Club	Free 2 Be; Multiracial Student Group	campus life	Student Life	SGA; Class Council		/BORED	UVMtv; WRUV	University Players
Kayak Club; Sailing Team	Outing Club		Bike Users Group; Fly Fishing Club	Horticulture Club	outdoors	Triathlon Club	TREK		Slade Garden Club	*Nature Photography Club	*Outdoor Basket-weaving Club
Nordic Ski Club	VSTEP ⁴ ; AERO ⁵	Slow Food	Juggling Club	Religious and Cultural Organizations	special interest	Dairy Club	Government Party Organizations ³	Colleges Against Cancer	*Facebookers United	Film Club	Vantage Point
Broomball	*Edible Mushroom-finding Club		Hoop Dancing Club; Quidditch Club		sheer awesomeness	Running Club			*People-watching Club	the water tower	Old-time Music Club

¹SFPGJ - Students for Peace and Global Justice

²Salsa and swing society

³such as College Democrats, College Republicans, International Socialist Organization, etc.

⁴Vermont Students Towards Environmental Protection

⁵Alternative Energy Racing Organization

⁶Medicine, Education, and Development for Low Income Families Everywhere

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an album to *jick off* to: mirror traffics

by dylanmccarthy

Stephen Malkmus, the godfather of indie rock, hero of the lo-fi movement and iconic front man of the critically acclaimed, perpetually underground band Pavement. He's written lyrics as surreal as a Salvador Dali painting, and has wailed on a guitar so fucking hard you'd swear it was Tommy Verlaine, and his current band Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks have recently released their fifth studio album entitled *Mirror Traffic*.

As much as I wish I turned 18 in 1990, I've learned no amount of sacrifices to Satan or failed attempts at time machines can make that a reality. I envied those 90s teens so much for being able to absorb the greatest decade for alternative rock as it was happening. I'll always have that grudge, but I'll always be happy that I was never damned to experience the let down of a Pavement fan listening through Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks' first album. It just didn't feel right, it felt forced, like he was trying to mature in an instant. That was the vibe on the three subsequent Jicks albums as well.

When *Mirror Traffic* was announced I couldn't have cared less...until I learned Beck was the producer. Even though work on the album started long before Pavement's 2010 reunion tour, I began to hope that touring with Pavement would make his old sound sneak into *Mirror Traffic*, and now Stephen and his Jicks have finally made an album that can stand up to the likes of his work with Pavement and the Silver Jews.

The album kicks off strong with "Tigers," a fast paced yet relaxed pop tune, with sparing use of dual vocals that had me singing along by the second chorus. Malkmus sounds like he's actually having fun with this song, something absent on the Jicks' previous efforts.

The album as a whole is largely reliant on Malkmus' and Mike Clark's guitar work, and they don't let up on any track. The guitars on the album have an arid, "too cool for school"-style sound that sounds exactly like Pavement's notorious middle child *Wowee Zowee*.

The album's lead single "Senator" is not only the albums most accessible tune, but it's arguably the albums best as well. It's hard not to put this track on repeat and forsake the rest of the album, mixing mini bal-

Tracks like "Stick Figures in Love," "Long Hard Book," and "Spazz" clearly emphasize instrumental sections over Malkmus' song-writing, but not to worry, his bizarre lyrics are given plenty of face time even on the most guitar laden tracks.

"Forever 28" is a high point of the album; it seems like Malkmus is practically shouting at you to light up a joint and go to town on the air guitar just seconds into the song. There's a great clash between the creepier side of Malkmus' lyrics and his slacker roots going on in this track with lines like "I kill momentum/ When I can/ There's no parade I/ Cannot rain on with my poison eyes/ Kill me" jumping out of nowhere.

Other notable tracks include "Alex", which

lad verses with an embarrassingly catchy sex joke of a chorus, capped off by another fucking awesome guitar piece by Malkmus.

While there are plenty of speedy, guitar heavy tunes here, the slower tracks shine just as bright, and feel like they could fit right in on Pavement's *Brighten the Corners*. They center on Malkmus' lyrics, and Beck's production work is much more apparent on these slow jams adding a diverse instrumental palate like the whimsical flute on "Fall Away," the brass section that comes and goes as it pleases on "No One Is (As I Are Be)," and the chilling piano outro on another personal favorite "Share the Red."

This album kicks all kinds of ass. The only throwaway track here is the instrumental "Jumblegloss" which makes you spend the entire song waiting for something to happen. *Mirror Traffic* has a nice nostalgic Pavement-y feel to it, yet sounds like a product of its time. There's no bold experimentation going on here, and that's a good thing. You get a similar feel from each song, but with just enough differences and the occasional slow jam the album stops itself from meshing together into one big screw up. This is a must have for any fan of the alternative genre. ■

in review: a review on reviews

by jennymudari

As music lovers, we face a debate that is considerably paramount to that of the 'chicken or the egg:' on one hand, we must choose between listening to an album in full, thus forming our own opinions and potentially becoming those free-thinking individuals we always dreamed about being, or on the other less attractive hand, read some grandiose reviews made by faux-besppectacled twenty-somethings who have more attachments to their vegan cookies than to the bands you love.

In this wacky age of information, where much of what we read is online, we're doomed to drown beneath the gnarliest web-surfing waves. This may be true, but it doesn't mean we need to cash-in on what these blog-happy buffoons have to say. I like to compare sites like Pitchfork and Stereogum to a fleet of Jamaican bobsledders - they're seemingly innocent and entertaining, but somehow you find yourself standing at the end of a life-sized ice-luge, waiting to get pulverized by the crew from *Cool Runnings*. Only it's worse because it's NOT those dudes - it's a bunch of skinny boys with dirty hair.

Not to mention the ratings are fussy and inconsequential - what qualifies the massive leap from a rating of 8.2 to 8.3? Do tell, Ranking Prophecy in the Sky, do tell! One album does not necessarily make a band, and one review shouldn't discourage a whole population of potential fans from checking out their tunes.

These reviews don't even dance around the concept of human emotion and its connection to music. Where's the love, man? They follow the most simple review-writing formulas - brief history, slight praise, harsh critique, and ultimate disapproval - even my golden retriever hates these reviews, and she loves everything (I don't really have a dog). I'm beginning to question whether or not human-beings come up with this stuff and it's not just a heartless robot with a MacBook and access to Wikipedia.

With Benjamins in mind, reviews become indifferent and unimpressed in hopes of cementing an artificial status as a critic guru. Don't let these vintage-teed bros brain-wash you like they have the others, or we'll all end up running around like carbon-copied flesh-hungry zombies and not in the cool, *Shaun of the Dead*, kind of way.

That's not to say that reviews of all sorts are bad. In fact, I've been known to write a review or two in my day, and no one has bludgeoned me with a blunt object for doing so. It's not that I think what they're doing is wrong, it's just the way that they do it, and the way people react to it that seems a little too cult-t to me. Aka, Illuminati. Aka, secret societies planning on taking over the world. Of music.

I just think that the stalking of these sites is bad news bears, and frankly, a little creepy. The Holy Book of Pitchfork does not hold the answers to life, and it will not tell you where music came from or where it's going. It may very well point you in the direction of yet another cover by Bon Iver (turn back now), or you may find yourself scrolling through pages of reviews on the top "Overlooked Albums" of 2011 (run...now run faster).

Proceed with caution. Bring your mace. And the next time someone asks you if you read the review of Gucci Mane and Waka Flocka Flame's new album *Ferrari Boyz*, spray them in the face like you mean it. ■

the boys who are *girls* who are boys

by laurafrangipane

Father, Son, Holy Ghost is the sophomore effort by indie rock band Girls out September 13th on True Panther Sounds. Girls is 2011's answer to The Beach Boys, if you will, whose key members include lead singer Christopher Owens and Chet "JR" White. The album is reminiscent of 2010's *Broken Dreams Club* as it plays with the same fuzzy, retro rock sound that earned the band much notoriety and recognition. But, *Father Son, Holy Ghost* goes farther, and with more finesse, than Girls has shown previously.

The album starts off strong with "Honey Bunny", an up-tempo earworm with a dramatic tempo change and eases mid-way into "Vomit", which sounds like your brother's band's slow jam practice- if they were any good. Tempo changes mid-song and extended instrumental breaks show the band is more than just a rehashed California surfer get-up built on three minute pop songs. Layers of keyboard and guitar riffs, combined with Owens' gruff warble, make for a complex, unique and captivating sound. The guitar on this album alone shows the maturity and refinement and the growth Girls has seen since *Broken Dreams Club*.

Other notable tracks include "Alex", which

seems to describe this generation's response to most anything with an apathetic echoed "Well who cares? No you don't." "Saying I Love You" has an almost Buddy Holly element to it and has that eternal mixtape, soundtrack-to-new-relationships, quality about it. What the album does well is recreate a retro sound but remain original.

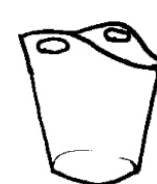
"Layers of keyboard and guitar riffs, combined with Owens' gruff warble, make for a complex, unique and captivating sound."

Girls brings out all the stops- organs and church choirs feature prominently in "Love Like A River."

Where the album falls flat is when it fails to maintain a fresh sound. "Die" sounds familiar, an homage to strong guitar-fueled power bands from the past, and is one of the lowlights to the album- remaining too simple, too unevolved, too borrowed or unoriginal. Its lyrics are too simple and clash with the precocious sound of the rest of the album.

But here, on *Father, Son, Holy Ghost*, Girls goes beyond the simple and at times, whiney, composition of their well-known hit "Hellhole Ratrace." The album represents an improvement on Girls as a whole, and is a fresh record for 2011. Check it out if you're upset LCD Soundsystem broke up and your older sister got you into Elvis Costello. ■

trash.



i want you so bad

I see you at the library
Pouring over books
With long brown hair
Shading bright green eyes,
I can't help but to stare.
Your sweater hangs off your shoulders
Revealing birds soaring up your chest.
Do I really have to say it? I'm impressed.
So if you notice me noticing you, you don't have to take a guess
Can't you tell? I want you so very badly
When: once upon a time
Where: bailey howe
I saw: A reheaded girl, with a voluminous voice
I am: in love

It's been a year since I last saw you and I simply cannot forget your magnificent eyes. I just wanted you to know...they still make me smile.
When: Last Fall
Where: The foyer in Royal Tyler Theatre
I saw: A reheaded girl, with a voluminous voice
I am: just saying.

there's two of you and one of me
but this can work! yes, can't you see?
your hair is blonde, brown, straight and curly,
I wouldn't say you're very burly.
you fed me dinner that one night
and I made brownies - quite a sight
I do hope we can meet again
I'd really like to be your friend
When: wednesday night
Where: your homey apartment
I saw: buy one get one free
I am: hungry for more

I wish we hadn't been caught,
Because our love was so real.
Those emails that you sent me,
Almost sealed the deal.
You worked closely with my husband,
Which makes this even better,
Because it took him six long years to find out
About our secret letters.
Those six years were the best of my life,
If we could have, I know our cyber sex would have been the shit
Probably better than real sex with my hubby,
And lemme tell you, he's pretty fit.
I can't believe we were found out,
And can no longer rendezvous,
My new email address is homewrecker123
I'm expecting raunchy emails from you.
When: the last six years
Where: online
I saw: a sexy coworker of my husband's
I am: the ex-first lady :)

So, you don't 'want me so bad,' well, that's fine.
I just thought I'd stop to write you a line.. I want you to know you never had my heart, and that dumping you was really smart.
When: Last weeks "I don't want you so bad"
Where: the water tower
I saw: a forgotten boy
I am: perfectly fine

COOKIES
When: NOW
Where: GET in my Belly
I saw: Cookies
I am: RRRRR....I am the COOKIE MONSTER

don't forget to check out even more IWYSBs on the blog at thewatertower.tumblr.com (hint: **like** us on facebook and the blog posts will **automatically** show up on your feed)

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

Every night I hear your boom boom boom
While I'm lying in my room room room.
I thought it was a gunshot,
But it was your fireworks that put me on the spot.
I only expect them on the 4th of July,
But every time I hear your flare I want to know why.
I wonder more and more who you are on these countless nights,
and where I can come to see your bright lights.
When: Every night, and the occasional afternoon.
Where: Willard Street vicinity
I saw: (only heard) fireworks
I am: Awaiting your next display

Its been a long time,
we fell apart opening weekend,
I got overwhelmed in the reshall,
and could no longer hold you tight in my arms.
I miss your stubby arms and legs,
and your hairy body,
wont you come back to me,
my bear,
Beary.
When: Saturday, on duty
Where: Simpson Front Desk
I saw: A teddy bear
I am: RAs on Duty

I see you at the pool,
flip and turn,
you're never a tool,
always nice and concerned.
I wish I could swim,
so fast and fly,
I go and try,
but you pass on by.
I always arrive late,
not my fault,
it's only fate.
I wish we could talk,
maybe go for a walk,
Look up at the stars,
dream now not afar.
That day will come,
with patience and time,
but for now,
the pool is fine,
I will remember,
our his and byes.
When: Late night open swim
Where: The UVM Pool
I saw: A nice, genuine, handsome young man
I am: A nice, genuine, handsome, slightly taller young man

Dear Adele,
I hope I find someone like you,
right now I am rolling in the deep,
and I want things right as rain.
Let me go back to my hometown glory,
I'll be waiting,
Your one and only.
Don't you remember,
that rumour has it,
I'm turning tables,
and I set fire to the rain.
He wont go,
But I'll take it all,
and be here with a lovesong.
When: everyday
Where: my soul
I saw: a beautiful melody
I am: daydreaming

read me!

the ear

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

Russel St.
Guy: Why haven't we smoked a spliff yet?

Davis Center
Bro 1: Dude, what'd he say?
Bro 2: He said he's en route.
Bro 1: He said what?
Bro 2: He said he's en route, I don't know where the fuck that is.

Redstone Market:
Girl: Don't fuck with me. Don't fuck with me when I'm naked.

Troll Hole
Man 1: Vegemite is awful.
Man 2: It's just something I've grown up with. Let me think of something you've grown up with that I hate... capitalism.

Outside the Marché
Frustrated girl: They are not tater tots, they are my breasts

Downtown
Man: You ate my pineapple ... I'm angry, I should put my pineapple in J_____'s butt... I could punch a hole in the wall and put my dick in it.

Bailey Howe Computers
Girl 1: hmmm...(clicks on link in email)
Youtube: Rappy McRapperson My Fanny Pack Oh shit!
I walk around town with my fanny pack (cool),
You know I've got it on, when you hear the snap of the buckle,
Around my waist (click),
And now my fanny pack is in your face!
And it's stretchy (ooh!)
It's made of elastic,
My fanny pack, is fanny pack-tastic!
My fanny pack is cool (cool),
Everybody tells me that my fanny pack rules!
My fanny pack,
My fanny pack!
Girl 1: Shit (tries to close video blasting at full volume in the library)
Girl 2: Oh my god, hahahaha. (laughing hysterically)
Girl 1: Fuck.
Library: Laughing (all staring at Girl 1)

UNH
Biddie grinding on a bro: "So like, do you think the jets will make it to the stanley cup this year?"
Bro stands in utter disbelief.

Marsh
Girl running down hallway: I will drop kick you right in the ass!

L/L Gallery, when a very attractive girl stopped to talk
Guy 1: Are you sure you're gay?
Guy 2: I don't know.. I don't know, I've never questioned my sexuality so much before.

Simpson Lobby on a Saturday night
Guy 1: Dude, we going to go get some girls tonight?
Guy 2: Man, I'm kind of tired tonight.
Guy 3: I kind of want to play scrabble.
Guy 2: Dude, I love scrabble.
Guy 1: Really? I am the shit at it.
Guy 3: We really going to stay in and play scrabble.
Guy 2: Yeah man, why not.
Guy 3: Ok.

cat litter.



bored as shit?

by gregjacobs

try these and watch the time fly by

Group Split: In this game, the object is to split groups of people walking towards you. Points are determined based on the difficulty of the split. For instance:

- 1 "point": splitting two or more people from the group
- 2 "points": people holding a conversation, making someone leave the sidewalk
- 3 "points": people who are holding hands or hooking arms or whatever
- 4 "points": people who are making out

There is also one point awarded for every second of directional limbo experienced by the other person or people.

Stump: Get a stump. Get some nails. Get some friends and a hammer. Lightly tap the nails into the stump so they stand up, then toss and flip the hammer so that the head hits one of the nails. Whichever nail gets hit has to take a "point" (in this case it's like golf). Keep going until the nails are hammered in. The first person whose nail is hammered all the way in has to do a naked lap or some shit. ■

The Longboard Slalom Game: Players sit in a good spot for observing longboarders heading downhill at speed. Each player chooses a random gnarhead and observes their descent. Points are awarded based upon the dangers the boarder encounters.

- 1 "point" for surprising a pedestrian, blowing through a stop sign or red light, and narrowly avoiding a pothole.
- 2 "points" for cutting off a bicycle, running onto grass, or losing the board under a parked car.
- 3 "points" for barely dodging oncoming traffic (honking/yelling required), bailing in order to avoid disaster, and losing a belonging in the wind.
- "Instant win": Falling off, board broken by a car, running into a pedestrian, panicked yelling

the art of greeting

a beginner's guide

by adrikopp

Let's face it—we've all had that moment: You're walking across campus and you spot someone you know coming from the other direction. You now face the ultimate decision: Do you spot and chat? Just smile and wave? Do you throw in a "How's it going?" but not stop and wait for an answer? Well here is your solution—our fail-proof guide to avoid awkward interactions. Just whip this baby out every time you see someone you know and you'll be the coolest kid in town. ■

