



the water tower.

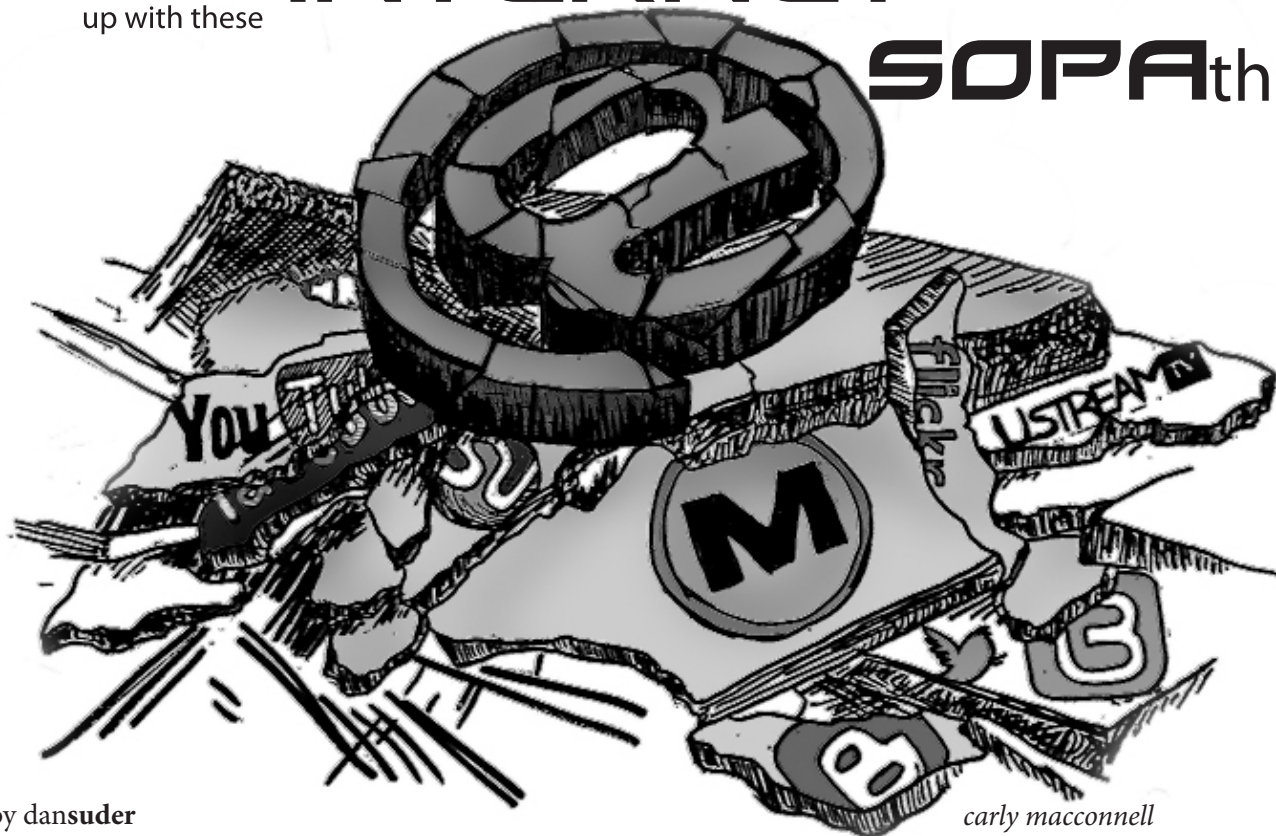
uvm's alternative newsmag

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

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

what's up with these

INTERNET bills that are SOPAthetic?



by dansuder

Last Wednesday, major websites like Wikipedia and Craigslist completely shut down for 24 hours to protest two anti-piracy bills that were making their way through the federal legislature. In the Senate, the bill was the PROTECT IP Act (which stands for Preventing Real Online Threats to Economic Creativity and Theft of Intellectual Property, but is conveniently further shortened to PIPA), and in the House it was SOPA (Stop Online Piracy Act). Both bills sought to eliminate copyright infringement and the theft of intellectual property, which can be anything from mp3s and ripped movies to counterfeit wallets and fake prescription drugs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

... read the rest on page 3

diversity requirements and rape (counter) culture at uvm

by julietcritsimilios

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

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

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

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

... read the rest on page 5

get inside me:

uvm twitter feed by gregfrancese

odd talents of our generation by robintucker

secret gems of netflix by phoebefooks

2012 fashion trends by colbynixon

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear wt readers,

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

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

See you next Tuesday,
Megan and Dan
editors-in-chief

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

thewatertowernews@gmail.com

the shit list

with emilyhoogesteger and julietcritsimilios

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

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

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

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

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

the news in brief

(and a bit of history)

Quotes by World War II generals that remain applicable today...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.**

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Special Thanks To
UVM Art Department Digital Lab

in case you missed it

by sarahperda

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

Criminal Cupcakes

A Massachusetts woman was not allowed to pass through security in a Las Vegas airport because the frosting on the two cupcakes in her carry-on was considered "gel-like enough to constitute a security risk." The TSA then confiscated the cupcakes and allowed the woman to continue on her journey. I don't know what kind of show they're running out west, but think about it: has our country honestly come to fear frosting or did a guard just miss his lunch break? Hey, when opportunity knocks...

Sesame Street Gets Racy

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

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

Cereal Killer

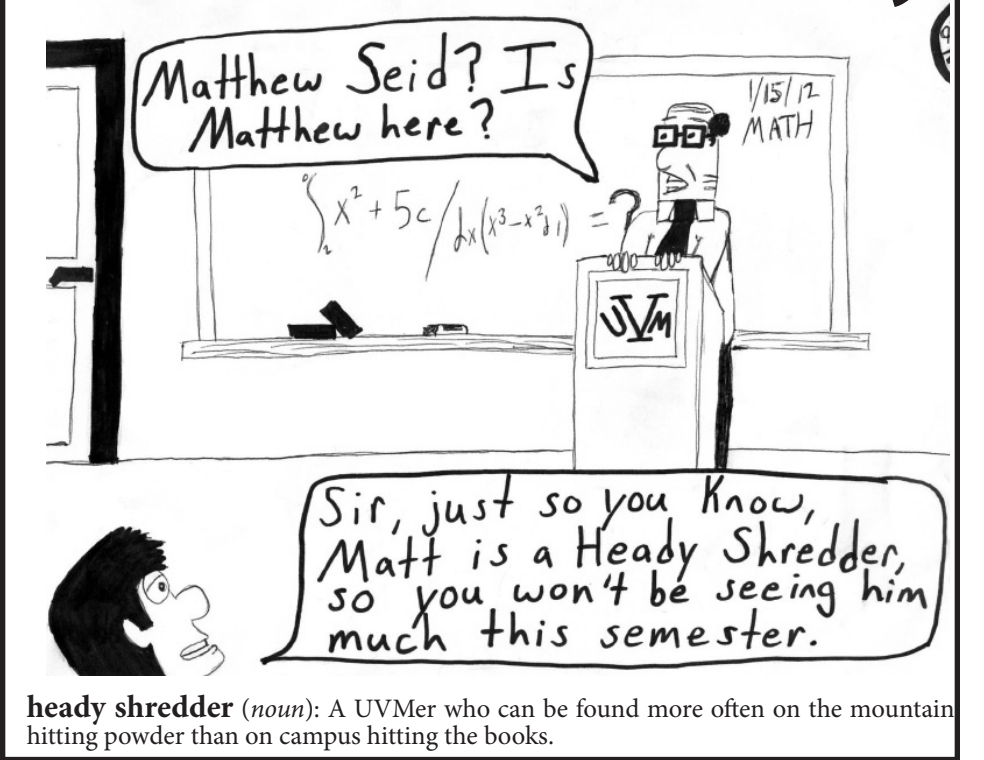
In California, a man named Fernando Porras attempted to murder his wife by dumping Goof Off, a household cleaner, into her Rice Krispies. Has he ever had Rice Krispies? Until you load them with marshmallows and butter they simply taste like air; did he really not think the potent stench of bleach was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

Bootylicious

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

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



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

the cost of money

by jamesaglio

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

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

In 2004, things reached critical mass

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

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

And despite its inherent grisliness, it is flashy, along with much of the cartel behavior. The cartel bosses, while mostly maintaining the relatively low profile of people who order other people to be killed over drug money, throw elaborate, sexy parties at private estates where the preferred musical genre is the narcocorrido or narco-ballad. Narcocorridos have their origin in the twenties when Mexican trafficking began by smuggling illegal booze and cannabis into the United States. Originally witty little ditties about the drug trade and accompanied by accordion music, narcocorridos have become dance pop music which can

the country and side jobs, such as kidnappings are frequently performed, either for ransom or to send a particularly grisly message. Ever since the al Qaeda execution videos began appearing on the web decapitation has become a favored and flashy way of handling the kidnapped.

And despite its inherent grisliness, it is flashy, along with much of the cartel behavior. The cartel bosses, while mostly maintaining the relatively low profile of people who order other people to be killed over drug money, throw elaborate, sexy parties at private estates where the preferred musical genre is the narcocorrido or narco-ballad. Narcocorridos have their origin in the twenties when Mexican trafficking began by smuggling illegal booze and cannabis into the United States. Originally witty little ditties about the drug trade and accompanied by accordion music, narcocorridos have become dance pop music which can

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

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

SOPA/PIPA- continued from page 1

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

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

fork it over.

it's (not really) getting chili out there

some food (and puns) to **warm the soul**

by megankelley

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

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

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



Easy Chili

You'll be needing:

*large stock-pot

*wooden spoon

*2 pounds ground beef

*2 onions, chopped

*4 cloves garlic, minced

*2 tablespoons chili powder

*2 teaspoons salt

*2 teaspoons dried oregano

*4 (14.5 ounce) cans stewed tomatoes

*1 (15 ounce) can tomato sauce

*1 (15 ounce) can kidney beans with liquid

What you do:

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

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

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

4) Om nom nom nom nom.

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

fashion five-oh.

big trends in 2012

with colbynixon

So you're coming back to school after a month of lounging around in sweatpants and watching excessive amounts of The Big Bang Theory and How I Met Your Mother (which apparently run for three hours each on three different channels, effectively giving you a nine hour block to watch these mind-numbing, yet delightful sitcoms). The beginning of the spring semester never opens with the excitement and panache of fall semester, but rather hits you

like a post-holiday hangover and leaves you wondering if you can salvage your year-end GPA. In essence, the beginning of the semester can be a struggle, and who has time to work on their wardrobe when they're struggling (hard)? Sure you got some clothes from Christ-mahannakwanzika, but seriously that's probably not going to tide you over for more than a week-tops. Fortunately, I am here for you, to tell you what is going to be big in 2012.

Suspenders - long used by those who couldn't figure out a belt buckle, this timeless accessory will almost guarantee you'll get laid. Can't find new suspenders? Borrow them from your grandfather, and I'm sure you'll get some - he did (back in 1951).



Campaign Buttons - sure, "I like Paul!" doesn't have the same catchiness as "I like Ike!" but I think we'll see a surge in campaign button appearances on backpacks, jackets, and maybe even suspenders. I know I will be supporting Jimmy McMillan III and his The Rent is Too Damn High Party in the upcoming year.

Bogner Ski Gear - this shit is hideous but for some reason the Europeans love it - seriously though, it's like the Ed Hardy of ski gear.

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

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

trash.

i want you so bad

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

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

I saw you outside one lovely afternoon
you kinda sorta looked like a goon
but your long brown hair, shiny like a medallion
I couldn't help but think, "damn what a stallion"
rockin' that sweater swag with your high water pants
I heard you're a greenhouse R.A. and you're really into plants
maybe one night we can go smoke some doobies
oh I what I'd do to show you my boobies
When: the best day ever
Where: outside of UHS
I saw: a sweater wearing stallion
I am: a phillies phan

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

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

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

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

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

'Tis easy to let the mind wander, to days gone by
to a simpler time, when monday nights
were but an opportunity
to stifle your work under those glorious front-desk lights
who knows what that cowbung is,
but I see you over there
editing the shit outta this
the version of you on fox news
isn't what I want to hold against you
instead of always doing layout
I think you should work on doing some lay-in.
There was that one friday once,
I think it's crossed your mind
you tried to play it as something silly
but that doesn't mean by then end of this
I won't be able to make you mine.
I give you 5 out of 5 funfetti cupcakes
When: soon
Where: in the land of free time (it's kinda like narnia)
I saw: a glimpse
I am: not gonna let it pass that easily :)

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

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

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

South Willard St.

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

Redstone

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

MLK day, L/L

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

Davis Center, fishbowl

Girl 1: I just saw a girl wearing FMBs.

Girl 2: FMBs?

Girl 1: fuck me boots

Pause.

Girl 2: is that a brand name?

December

Stoner 1: yo when was the last time you did laundry man.

Stoner 2: dude, I don't know like september

Jay Peak

Girl 1: Do you wear glasses?

Girl 2: No. Well... only to see.

Rite-Aid, Saturday evening

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

Second floor McAuley hallway

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

Patterson

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

Cyber Cafe during exams

Boy: how are your exams going?

Girl: i'm done after today! so excited.

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

Girl: *silence*

Boy: no, i'm not trying to get you drunk!

Girl: *nervous laughter* ok! bye!

Heading into the just-closed Grundle

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

Lounge by Simpson dining

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

Gentleman 1 and Gentleman 2, laughing: HUHUUUUUUHU.

NBR

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

MAT

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

North Union

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

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

tunes.



real estate: real refreshing

by jennymudarri

Put on your most flattering pair of Levi's, your grandpa's suede shoes, a button down shirt and some retro-looking spectacles, and join me as we melt into the giant puddle of indie lo-fi love, otherwise known as – Real Estate. We will explore the complexities and vast inner-workings of Matthew Mondanile's somewhat neurotic and uncomfortable facial expressions, and also unmask the true meaning behind Martin Courtney's overwhelming disinterest in pretty much everything.

I must admit, I didn't see Real Estate just for the sake of seeing Real Estate. It was The Babies – Real Estate's opening band – that caught my eye. Have you heard of Woods? And Vivian Girls? Of course you have! Well you, my friend, are in for a treat. I present to you, the Ultimate Recipe For Greatness: one part angel face – Kevin Morby, one part resident rock star – Cassie Ramone, makes twelve servings of heaven. I must admit, the crowd seemed a little weary at first – especially the wild pack of 14 year-old girls standing next to me (since when were they allowed in Higher Ground?) – but they eventually came to their senses and began head-bobbing to Cassie's riffs. Gurl Power. The lack of appreciation for The Babies undoubtedly stemmed from the crowd's adoration for Real Estate, the band they paid all of \$12 dollars to see. Real Estate History 101 commences – the lead singer went to some col-

lege in Washington, he and his high school buddies played together under various names throughout high school, something about a tape deck, and there you have it. Real Estate released their first self-titled album back in 2009 and just recently came out with *Days* this summer – as you can imagine, the second album is largely considered much more 'sophisticated' and 'dynamic' than the first, but in my

that moment when you realize the person you're talking to is actually trash talking your best friend, and then you have to reveal your true identity as the trash-talkie's main squeeze. It's just awkward.

As far as songs are considered, Real Estate played a considerable amount of tracks from both their first and most recent album. "Easy," the latter album's title track, felt the lovin' in full force as the crowd rejoiced at the sound of the opening riff. Bassist Alex Bleeker took over on vocals for one track, and I imagine that it would

“every surfy-riff, every fill, every impressive sound on their album comes straight from that man's guitar and that man's ironically charming facial tics”

humble opinion, it also lacks an honest aesthetic appeal that I tend to crave more often than not.

However, their live performance, I must admit, was for the most part impeccable. Lead guitarist Mondanile effortlessly floated up and down his guitar, all the while pushing up his sweat-laden white-Warhol-inspired glasses with his calloused middle finger. Every surfy-riff, every fill, every impressive sound on their album comes straight from that man's guitar and that man's ironically charming facial tics. Martin Courtney, on the other hand, I was more or less unimpressed with – could it be the fact that he looked like such a snob? Or that he half mumble-yelled “Just stop playing! I don't know what the f*ck to do!” at his bandmates when his stomp box wouldn't cooperate? Sorry Martin, you thought no one heard, but I did, sucka! It felt like

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

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

créatif stuffé.



selachophobia

n. fear of sharks

by laurafrangipane

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

You,
in early morning light
swollen from alcohol
are ugly
(that is what I am thinking)
(that is what I am trying
to ignore)

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

This is why
when you
ask me what I am into
and I say I like making love
I wish I could say I like being
hit
or dominated
or taken advantage of

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

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

I am alone waiting
that is
what I say in bed
the moonhaired child of the night
to myself, rocking

This poem
was supposed to be about fall
(pumpkin seeds and leaf aberrations)
(frosts and daylight savings)
but I am stuck on you
and fucking

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

yiddle me this

by theyiddler

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

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

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

check next week's issue for the answers!

remember me well

by georgeloftus

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

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

to an old friend

by joshhegarty

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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five facts about lana del rey

by sarahmoylan

Who is Lana del Rey? Other than the perfect opportunity to use the underused word “chanteuse”, it's hard to know. If you've never heard of this rasy-voiced, auburn-haired songstress, log on to the internets and listen to her first single, a smoky low-key ballad called “Video Games”.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the case of the

missing hoodie

by caito'hara

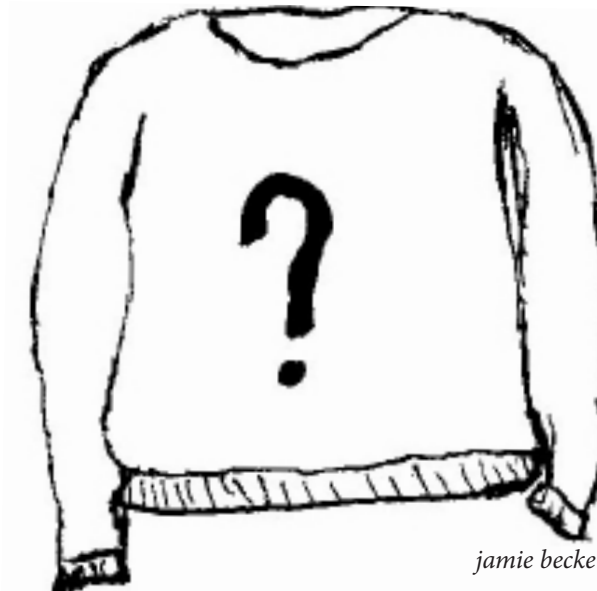
It was a quiet Tuesday afternoon over on Athletic campus. A bleak sort of day, with grey skies not necessarily threatening you, but rather teasing you with the prospect of a good storm. I was sitting quietly at my desk, bent studiously over a notebook when I realized that my hoodie was gone.

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

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

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

I started searching, retracing my steps in a frantic search. I darted between my room, the lobby and the great outdoors. I crept under stairwells, upturned recycling bins



jamie beckett

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

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

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

cat litter.



not so *tame* school traditions

by gregjacobs

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

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

Cornell: Dragon Day, during which students construct a massive dragon, parade it across campus, and then light it on fire like a Wicker Man (Nicolas Cage is not invited).

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

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

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

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



shit uvmers say

by adrikopp

"Sooo dank."

"Grundle anyone?"

"Have you seen my Birkenstocks?"

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

"Is this local?"

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

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"We should carpool!"

"Is this organic?"

"I heard it got busted."

"Catch some good pow today?"

"Fucking biddies"

"That house on Isham got a noise violation."

"Is this vegan?"

"Hey goalie, your mom called!"

"Dude, it's 4:20"

"Do you smell that?"

"Is it going to snow today?"

"They're so good live."

"Did some serious shredding today."

"Anyone got an extra hockey ticket?"

"Where the hell is Terrill Hall?" ■

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