

the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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able at this university, and will end within a year. This will make UVM the first pub-lic university in the United States to take that step, a feat that has already occurred at smaller private universities. For most, going off to college is the first time we have ever lived outside of the com-

plete control of our parlounging all day in sweat-pants not washed since the last trip home, while

others use this newfound sense of freedom to question the political and social views imparted to them by their parents. For the latter group of students, many, myself included,

turn to activism. Just over four years ago, a small group of activists, working as VSTEP (Vermont Students Toward Environmental Protec-

tion), challenged our University commu-

nity to live up to our "Common Ground" mission statement. For them, respect, innovation, responsibility, openness, justice, and integrity were not just words hanging on banners in the Davis Center Atrium. These words were, at the very least, a way to demand accountability for actions of the university community. Those early VSTEP

ents. To some, this means the sale of bottled water at UVM will no longer be acceptable and will end within a year

> activists proposed a controversial ban of the sale of bottled water on the campus of UVM.

> Bottled water, they argued, was unnecessary and wasteful. Why would we ever pay for something we could get for free? Just twenty years ago, people believed that the idea of bottling tap water and selling it at

1,000 times the original cost was as ridiculous as bottling and selling clean air. Profiting from a natural resource as essential as water probably isn't in accordance with the mission statement, right? The activists argued that a bottle of water sold on the Davis Čenter's inaugural day in 2007 would not fully decompose in a landfill until at least

2407. For the savvy environmentalist at UVM, the answer to this issue seems obvious, but if there's anything I've learned from this campaign, it's that

most people at our school aren't savvy environmentalists. When I joined VSTEP I was not prepared for the campaign that followed, but I'd soon learn what it took to be a successful activist.

The first thing I learned was that not everyone feels passionate about the same issues I care about. College campuses may

... read the rest on page 5

be a star: go far!

why you should study abroad and not be a loser like me

by lizcantrell

Studying abroad is quickly becoming a quintessential college experience. Some see it as an opportunity to experience another culture and put their education to work in a new setting. Others view it as a chance to do everything they do in America, only with an accent and a couple of Euros in their pocket.

I, too, had grand ambitions of "going abroad", specifically to the most cliché of study abroad locales: Paris, France (I know, you were thinking Paris, Texas. I, too, was bummed that UVM didn't have a program there). I asked for recommendations, crafted a few personal statements, overpaid for my application fee, and was accepted. I was ecstatic. I imagined myself being sophisticated and worldly, nibbling baguettes at streetside cafes and strolling by the Seine... until my program got cancelled and my dreams deflated faster than hopes of getting to dance with your middle school crush. I didn't want to be in Burlington for another four months; I wanted to be drowning in croissants and culture, dammit!

Instead of just accepting my fate, I could have pushed myself and said, "no, I WILL go abroad". I could have applied to another program or tried for a different semester. But I didn't. I chose to stay at UVM for the whole four-year show. At first, I consoled myself by thinking, "well at least I don't have to go through all that paperwork," but even being spared the burden of endless forms wasn't enough to quiet my frustration and resentment.

Naturally, the study abroad gods had to spite me even more, so they made sure everyone I know is currently, or has just returned from, abroad. Just this semester, I've got friends in South Africa, Ireland, Italy, and Spain. All of those places are looking pretty good every time I check the Burlington weather forecast or my syllabus for class. I find myself obsessively stalking their blogs and jealously observing their latest Instagram photos of Machu Pichu, the Eiffel Tower, the Coliseum, the Great Wall, or some drunk flat-mates. Recently, I've taken to watching "how to have a hot foreign accent" videos so I can feel part of the club. I instinctively cringe when I overhear some-

... read the rest on page 6

the best news team in the universe. inbox



Dear water tower.

I'd like to comment on the article, "Diversity Requirements and Rape (Counter) Culture at UVM". As a UVM Student Government Association Senator, I have been working to incorporate queer and LGBTQA (including gender identity) perspectives into the D1 requirement. This conversation with the university has been geared toward defining the "power and privilege" clause of the D1 course mandate.

If UVM students are willing to support an additional course, a D3 perhaps, then I would be more than happy to push for it. However, I have been working under the impression that we want to avoid additional diversity requirements, while still enhancing our educations. I am in the process of e-mailing every instructor who has taught, and who is currently teaching, D1 courses during the 2011-2012 school year. These emails encourage instructors to include queer and LGBTQA topics in their courses (as far as they pertain to race and racism in the U.S.). Our cause would be greatly helped if each student encouraged each diversity instructor to incorporate these topics into

The DCRC committee is in charge of determining whether or not a course is a D1 or D2 course. I want queer and LGBTQA topics included in D1 because every student is required to take a D1 course. If gender is well examined in every D1 course, then

every UVM undergraduate student will be exposed to it, and will therefore (hopefully) be enlightened. Unfortunately, while queer/LGBTQA and gender topics are all in one D2 class or another, they are not all in all of them. In other words, students are perfectly capable of graduating from UVM without reflecting on gender/LGBTQA/

If you want another diversity course, or want more gender/LGBTQA/queer discussion at UVM here are some steps you might wish to take: *talk to me

*talk to your professors.

*talk to the DCRC committee (whose chair is Sue Kasser, and who has been supportive of a dialogue regarding such changes),

*talk to Dr. Wanda Heading-Grant (UVM's Chief Diversity Officer)

Together we can change our curriculum, and with it rape culture and homophobia. Thank you for your time.

> Regards. Kathrine Mansfield Class of '13

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

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the water tower.

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the news, in brief with james aglio

I have a fundamental belief that old things are worth reading. Here are some.

"Where they make a desert, they call it peace."

-Tacitus Agricola

Here quoting a speech by the British chief Calgacus, referring to the practices of the invading Romans. The Romans took great pride in providing "peace to the world," but it was imposed peace.

of empire...."

-Thucydides *History of the Peloponnesian War* From a speech by Cleon. It should be noted that Thucydides thought Cleon was a terrible ruler and his speech goes on to demonstrate why he believes democracy is bad. Still, an interesting sentiment out of con-

"I have often before now been con- "Shared danger is the strongest of vinced that a democracy is incapable bonds; it will keep men united in spite of mutual dislike and suspicion."

-Livy From the Founding of the City Livy, in his massive history of Rome, frequently marches forward little gems such as this. The sentiment is one that has remained true for over two thousand years, just look at the Cold War.

"I am bound to tell what I am told, but not in every case to believe it.."

-Herodotus *The Histories*

Herodotus is called the Father of History for his writings on the Persian war, but also the Father of Lies for the frequent occasions where his storytelling gets the better of him or where he passes on unverified information. This is him acknowledging it, which is a start. He also has plenty of awesome quotes about war in general, such as, "In peace sons bury fathers, but in war fathers bury sons," "force has no place where there is need of skill," and "The Lacedaemonians [Spartans] fought a memorable battle; they made it quite clear that they were the experts, and that they were fighting against amateurs.

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.

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ur generation stands at a crossroads. To the right re the perilous cliffs of punditry and pessimism. T he left is the desolate wasteland of apathy and igno ance. We choose neither. Instead, we brave the trail truth. With sincerity and humor, we strive to mak u reexamine, investigate, question, learn, and mayb ee your pants along the way. We are the reason peoe can't wait for Tuesday. We are the water tower.

the shit list

Hugo Chavez: The Venezuelan leader has accused the American government of possessing a secret weapon which is being used to give cancer to Latin American leaders. Chavez claims that, statistically, too many of his peers have had cancer for it not to be sinister plot. Though we can't technically prove Mr. Chavez wrong, we will point out that if this is an evil plan, it's quite possibly the least efficient evil plan ever.

Unwinter: Not only has it failed to snow, but the forecast for next week appears to include sleet, hail, drizzle, and flying chunks of ice. So wear your rain jacket. And your galoshes. And your bulletproof vest.

Murder in the Court: In Bavaria this week, a German businessman was on trial for embezzlement when he pulled out a gun in the middle of the courtroom and shot the prosecutor dead. The defendant, who was being accused of failing to pay insurance for his employees, was apparantly dissatisfied with such a measly crime and decided to up it to murder. Go big or go home, as they say.

full disclosure: i am a **giants** fan

and i am fairly certain bill belichick is the anti-christ - how else can you explain the patriots defeating tebow?

by tyler**miles**

a conference championship weekend in great quarterback. which both games came down to the legs of guys who looked more like tax consultants than football players, the New England Patriots and New York Giants will play each other in the one game a year that makes it socially acceptable for millions of Americans to show up to work on a Monday with a slight but conspicuous hangover.

And so the stage has been set. After critics and cement himself as a truly

All clichéd storylines that will be beaten into the ground like a dead horse by the media aside, this is a match up be tween two groups of 53 players who earn their salary entertaining the masses by smashing into one another at ludicrous speeds to the detriment of their physical and mental health. Instead of thoughtfully pondering what a sport being based Both teams were aided greatly in their so significantly upon the glorification

"the new england patriots and new york giants will play each other in the one game a year that makes it socially acceptable for millions of americans to show up to work on a monday with a slight, but conspicuous hangover"

conference championship games by turns of events that would have been attributed to divine intervention had Tim Tebow been on either team's roster. The Giants scored half of their points, including the game winning field goal in overtime, by taking advantage of the short field given to them by San Francisco's punt returner's inability to hold onto the ball, which as it turns out is kind of an important thing to be able to do. The Patriots benefited from having the potential game winning touchdown for the Ravens batted out of Lee Evan's hands at the last possible moment by a nameless member of their secondary who may or may not have been enlisted to play cornerback fifteen minutes before the game at a local Dunkin Donuts. Seriously though, the Patriot's secondary is so depleted they had wide receiver/ special teamer Julian Edelman covering the Raven's best receiver in the biggest game of their season, a situation which definitely falls into the category, "less than ideal." Then of course the Raven's kicker missed a 32 yard field goal, which was shanked so badly and was so painful to watch that experts have compared it to a Charles Barkley golf shot.

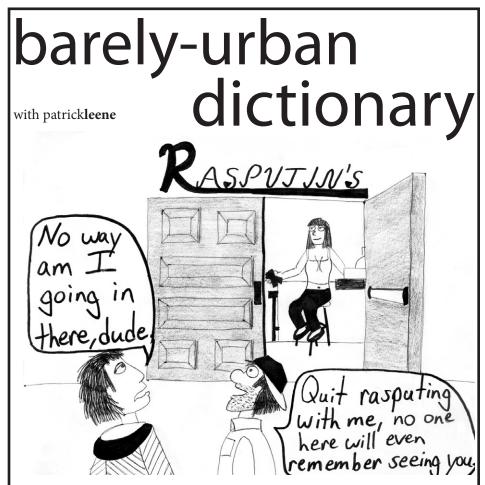
For the Patriots, this is the ultimate revenge game, a shot to avenge their only Super Bowl loss in the Brady-Belichick era, which ended what could have been the greatest season in the history of professional sports. On the other side it is a chance for Eli Manning to step out from behind his brother's shadow, silence his

of violence says about our society as a whole, I'll instead cop out and devote the rest of this article to analysis of what the masses really care about; who will win.

The Giants' success can be attributed in the most part to two sources, their ferocious pass rush and Eli Manning playing out of his mind in recent weeks. The secondary of the Giants has also stepped up their game in the playoffs, impressively shutting down Aaron Rodgers in the divisional round, then stifling Alex Smith, which is not really comparable in terms of impressiveness to the former feat (yo, no offense Alex Smith, you're a decent quarterback and imma let you finish, but Aaron Rodgers had one of the best regular season quarterbacking performances of all time).

A problem area for the Giants is their running game. Anyone who has followed the Giants this year can tell you that for most of the season watching them try to run the ball has been as frustrating and enigmatic as trying to understand why social conservatives would ever support a hypocritical serial adulterer.

Îhe Brady bunch has also ridden the performance of their quarterback much of the season. The defense however has been very suspect throughout the season especially their secondary, leading back to the whole Iulian Edelman covering Hakeem Nicks or Victor Cruz possibility that has myself and all other Giant's fan salivating like Pavlov's dog when it hears a bell ring.



raspute (verb): To argue against going to Rasputin's even though everyone ends u there late night and loving it, anyway.

just so you know

current happenings around the world

by jamesaglio

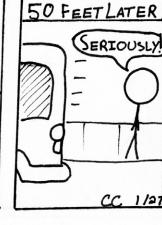
Etta James ... is dead. It is very sad, at least I am saddened by it. The legendary R&B singer released some of the greatest and most soulful pieces of music the last century has known, including "At Last," "Shelter in the Rain," and "I'd Rather Go Blind." It's all very... 60s, but if you are into that kind of thing it is impossible to dislike. Goodbye Ms. James, you will be missed. And thank you.

Greece ... The Greeks have rejected a German proposition in which an EU commissioner would have the right to oversee the Greek budget. The Greek government has stressed the necessity of controlling their own finances. To be frank, it is fairly easy to see both sides of the situation. On the one hand, the Greeks should be allowed to spend their money as they see fit, and to insist otherwise is to treat them like children. Besides, the Germans have already tried their hand at ruling Europe in the past hundred years, and I am not entirely sure the rest of the world is about to let them try again. On the other hand, it is important to remember that it isn't actually the Greeks' money that they are spending and that if there is one thing that the international community has learned it's that Athens is really good at having no money.

Svria ... Until recently, the chaotic whirl that is Svria has been monitored by the Arab League. The League, however, has pulled out as violent incidents have skyrocketed in the recent past. The Syrians are not pleased about this for two main reasons. The first is that the AL mission helped protect the citizenry of Syria, which have now been potentially endangered in the power vacuum. The second is that the withdrawal of the AL may inform the decision of the UN Security Council on whether or not to provide foreign assistance, which Syria does not want. Unfortunately for Syria, the best way to get people to leave you alone is to treat your citizens well enough that they don't decide to have a violent revolution. I guess they really dropped the ball on that one.







coffee & a cookie

a review of muddy waters

by caleb**demers**

The Specs: I go to a local coffee den, ask the barista for a cup o' joe and a cookie and write

This Week's Place: Muddy Waters, 184 Main St. 10:55 am:

When I finally make it past the assorted collection of chairs and patrons at this woodsy/den-like/artsy/comfortable coffee shop the barista responds to my coffee and a cookie request by asking what type of coffee. Luckily the large sign above the register spells it out for me with fly names like Kenyan (translation: medium), I choose that one and grab a cookie that has about 13 different types of nuts and some red things in it.

As I find a spot I consider the problem of having a coffee shop named Muddy Waters. When I put the name of the blues great out of mind I can only picture my cup of caffeine to actually be hot water mixed with dirt. Upon the first sip I realize it is much more than that. In fact it is some of the finest coffee Burlington has to offer.

The people on the other hand are a mixed bag of strung-out caffeine fiends, motivated social justice motivators, and two older gentlemen that upon casual eavesdropping hear them work the words "romance," "trombone," "hiccups," "New Yorker," and "arbitrary," into a three minute conversation.

The music is questionable, with unfortunate covers of already subpar songs (i.e.

Linda Rondstadt's "Different Drum"), but the outdoor feel of this indoor atmosphere makes up for it, complete with gusts of booger freezing wind every time the door

I have finished my treats and am becoming slightly scared as the woman I have seen drink four cups of coffee eyes the bottom of her mug as if to justify why another one wouldn't hurt. Logically, I head to the one

place left to go before going out the door.

The lavatory is pleasantly decorated with mediocre graffiti and thought provoking quotes, given the right state of mind. As I stare back at the beautiful face in the mirror, a name under a quote behind me catches my eye. Billy Joe Armstrong... but right above him is Walt Whitman and on the door is a mural of Ghandi. And this is in essence the heart of Muddy Waters.

Whether you are a prophet sent to save an oppressed people, a poet sent to free the verse, a punk-rocker sent to bring a voice to a self-proclaimed oppressed generation or just the frowning college-aged lady in the corner, Muddy Waters is the place for you.

when the clock strikes graduation

changed the day that your name is called and you are officially welcomed into the real world. However, there are certainly a few things that just won't seem so acceptable or excusable once you are roaming the world with a college degree and the permission to commence your life.

To start, going back to your high school job won't seem like the temporary money making machine that it used to be on winter break. Frying chicken and mayonnaising sandwiches will be a little harder to handle with a diploma in your back pocket, and a shocking lack of plans

Second, once you've walked across the stage and into your life as a real person, drinking yourself to oblivion and sleeping the day away will suddenly become less like a cool college activity and more

Graduation isn't that big a deal, right? like alcoholism... All of a sudden you It's not like your life will be magically won't feel like a bad ass while waiting in line at Pearl St Bev, but an unemployed alum who comes in just a little too often.

Wearing ripped jeans and shirts with crude phrases on them should probably be added to the list as well. Unfortunately for Hollister and Spencer's, this will most likely mean a significant loss of regular customers. This only applies, however, if you have actually managed to find a professional job; otherwise, as you

Now that you live in the real world, saying that you run a blog when really you are just Tumblr unfamous with 90% reblogs is just going to seem like a lie. However, your Facebook and Twitter habits will suddenly become a marketable skill that you can put on your re-

times out of 10, the right course of action

is to run away. If I learned anything from

this, it's that Burlington, and presumably

other cities, hold secrets that only scarcely

bridget fischer

make themselves known to you in the dead

lessons from the night: a chance encounter on hyde st

We've all had those drunk nights where every horrific scenario seems to come to fruition; you make a fool of yourself in front of a crush, lose sight of your grace and manage to trip over everything and everyone seeking it, and puke in whatever bathroom, yard, or alley will have you. Thankfully, when you finally manage to regroup your wits and begin walking home, God or fate generally grants you a peaceful journey to safety. If you are truly unlucky, however, the walk home is when your night truly hits a realm of fucked up that you previ-

idea existed. I happen to those lucky few who has unknowingly stumbled

into this sphere of liquor induced hell. One fateful Burlington night my fresh-

men year, I had gone through all three of the aforementioned stages of drunk debauchery, and figured that I should most likely make my way home before I managed to make a complete fool of myself (like I hadn't already). When the brisk winter air hit me, I realized that all I had in front of me was a 10 minute walk to my dorm and a bed. As I try to shake off the events of a night which I told myself I would erase from my memory forever, I met Jon. Or more specifically, Jon met me, because when I turned to start my walk home, I heard a shout behind me. I turn around to see a large man dancing in

the middle of the street moving towards me. I gave him a quizzical look, and he repeats "You have to groove to the beat of life man!" Figuring he was on some drug and to seriously fear for my safety, as this man

probably not all that interested in me, I is significantly larger than I am. I decide to universe will sometimes throw a chance laugh, then attempt to walk away. Jon had other plans though

the road, I heard a second shout, thus bequite literally in my face, and gazing expectantly into my eyes. When this large man asks for my name, I say to him 'I'm Jon'. I can see the excitement in his eyes when he
I'm just trying to spread realizes we share names, and after making the love!" At this point,

try and satisfy this man's desires by offering encounter into your path. When it does, 9 a hand shake, which he graciously accepts. While I'm still chuckling at the sight of a grown man dancing in the middle of on my hand, he begins to pull me towards However, the moment he has a firm grip him. I push Jon away, and tell him to back ginning a night I will unfortunately never off. I begin to walk away, quickly, when I forget. When I turn around again, Jon was quite literally in my face, and gazing expecaround and tell him to fuck off, Jon simply looks at me, a bit deflated. and tells me, "Hev man

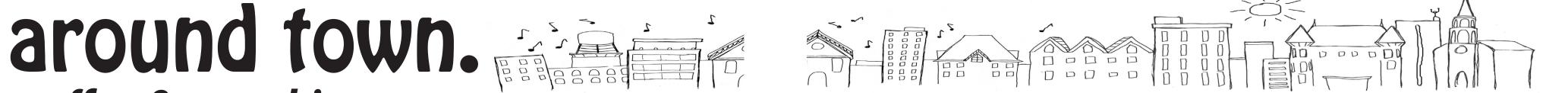
"at this point, i realized i've made a fatal error engaging this man in conversation. at two in the morning, on hyde street."

it clear he was also Jon, he proceeded to tell he turns around, begins me how exceptionally beautiful I am. At this point, I realized I've made a fatal error engaging this man in conversation. At two in the morning. On Hyde Street. There was not a soul around to witness our private rendezvous under the street lamp. And while his last comment put me on edge, what he said next rattled me to my core. He looks at me, with his demeanor unchanged, and asked me if I wanted him to suck my dick. My look of disbelief must have been my answer, because he repeats his idea when I don't respond.

Instead of making a sudden break from this conversation, I simply tell him no, and that I had to get going. Jon seems pretty determined for some physical contact though, because as I begin to walk away, he asks me for a hug. At this point I begin his spastic motions which I can only assume to be dancing, and is swallowed

When I finally made back to my dorm, I thought I had torn every ligament and muscle in my legs from running so fast. It was then that I realized that the world holds some truly phenomenal adventures. So to all my fellow drunk comrades, who believe that once you remove your sloppy self from the party to hide from the world under your safe, thick, comforters and pillows, realize that the





BOTTLE BAN- continued from page 1

contain large groups of activists, but they also contain larger groups of people who don't care about signing your water bottle petition because they have three tests and a paper due in 36 hours. Others didn't care about the petition because they were raised by parents (like mine) who think that bottled water is more convenient. Asking these people to support a ban on bottled water is like asking them to petition to put Mickey Mouse to death because of the evil empire he represents.

Getting these students to support the ban meant making it as easy as possible for them to accept the outcome of what we were fighting for. For example, increasing accessibility to water bottle refill stations around campus so that refilling a water bottle is as easy as buying a bottle of Dasani. Criticism, no matter how crazy it seemed to us, was important because it represented the opinions of members of the University com-

Successful campaigns take time; those that don't evolve die. Four years ago, banning bottled water was an issue all by itself. Over time, instead of just banning bottled water sales, the goal expanded to improving the so-called "beverage system" at UVM. Promises of more local beverages, fewer non-reusable containers, and a larger selection not

dominated by one provider allowed the campaign to appeal to a wider group of student activists. In addition to just VSTEP, the SGA and other groups of students began to develop an interest in eliminating bottled water sales on campus. The added help from these groups allowed for the passage of a resolution in the SGA (which more than 1,200 signatures supported). Statistics provided by the Office of Sustainability show just how offluential the campaign has been. In just four years sales of Dasani have gone from 362,088 bottles per year to 138,600.

For most of us, college flies by relatively quickly as we spend four years working hard to earn a diploma. While this is also true for the student activists at UVM, the real reward for many is not a piece of paper; rather it is successfully challenging the status quo. When I graduate from this University in May, the thing I will be most proud of cannot be framed. This victory, however, is not just reserved for fellow student activists. This is a victory for every member of this University community. Four years ago, a small group of students challenged the university community to live up to the values laid out by our common ground. Four years later, you have more than accepted the

fork it over.

trashy eating:

your guide to dumpster diving

by caney**demars**

trash. You wouldn't believe how much food people throw away.

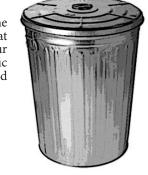
Chances are, you've heard a few things about the dumpster-diving trend breaking out all over the US. Most diving trips you've probably heard about involve late-night, sometimes illegal, missions that yield large amounts of products from various factories,

Do you find yourself struggling to maintain enough points to make it through the semester? Do you constantly feel swindled by the outrageous cost of campus food? Fear no more, because the solution is simple and happens to be sitting in plain sight. Check the diving experience a shot? You need not look further than the Davis Center marketplace, my friends. Now, I know what some of you must be thinking—that's revolting. Well, yes, but it's also convenient and it doesn't have to be gross if you play it right. So, here are a few trash-pickin' guidelines to start you on your path to professional dumpster-diving status.

Start small—check your dorm hall trash • bins or the garbage in communal kitchen areas. There's always that one kid on the floor whose parents send loads of goodies that ultimately go unappreciated and end up in the garbage. In which case—boom, you're set on generic-brand froot loops for

Packaged food is AWESOME. If it hasn't even been opened, congratulahasn't even been opened, conglished tions, you just found gold. I've found granola bars, unpopped bags of popcorn, Halloween candy, those cups of mixed veggies... I know it's hard to believe, but ya gotta trust me on this one. If it has been opened, give it a quick check-over to make sure no other trash slipped in

Be stealthy. If you're gonna go through the garbage, don't do it during the dinner rush at Brennan's. Duh. It's embarrassing. Do your digging during class times when the traffic through the marketplace is at a trickle and there are less people around to gawk at you.



The stuff on top is your best bet. If you have to get your hand goopy to get through to the good stuff, it's SO not worth it. There's nothing worse than sticking your hand through someone else's half-eaten pasta dinner mixed with unidentifiable guck, so I suggest not do-



Check the expiration date. Check for mold. Check for anything that might look suspiciously like a trap. That discarded food might have been thrown away for an actual reason and you best leave it there



away your pride and dig in.

I don't blame you if you're judging me for this; heck, I'd judge me too. It's disgusting. It's embarrassing. Sometimes you find things that make you want to throw up. Sometimes the person who threw the food away finds you eating it. It does take some getting used to, but once you've got the hang of it, I bet you'll never go back to buying everything you eat. Think of the savings! The sense of accomplishment! The sheer exhilaration of doing something that others find repulsive! Things can (and do) get messy, but it's worth it in the end when you've got a free falafel and points to spare. So throw

Share your trashy treasures with your friends. Who doesn't love a good trash-cookie party? But, word of advice-- you should probably tell said friends where you found said cookies before they ingest them, otherwise they might spit them back at you or just generally be a little peeved.

reflections. coffee: a case study

While late-night scenes involving a bedraggled student, the eerie glow of a computer screen, and the beginnings of a fifteen-page research paper that may or may not be due the following day are now only repressed memories from last semester, coffee sales at the Cyber Cafe remain constant. In order to better understand the deep-rooted relationship between coffee and the college student, the following case study explores the experiences of a casual coffee-drinker (namely, myself) and is impressively backed by no significant research.

On choosing a flavor:

Someone whose name escapes me once said, "in America you can buy bucket-sized cups of coffee in any flavor you like other than coffee-flavor". Where I'm from, there is really only one flavor and it is called Tim Hortons. Vermont coffee, by contrast, has an overwhelming array of various roasts and blends. In this way, choosing a coffee flavor is similar to buying toilet paper, bread, or cereal in that the excessive number of choices makes things unnecessarily difficult. My solution in these situations, being the coffee connoisseur that I am, is to mix a bunch of flavors together. This approach bears a strong resemblance to the Fullest Four Rule I discussed in a previous article regarding the use of multiple spices in cooking [Wf. v.10 issue 4's Off-Campus Survival Guide: Food Staples]. If the equivalent rule for coffee had a name, it would be the Rule of Complementary Caffeine Combination. And if you are curious as to why I have devised these rules for mixing things together, the only reasons that are readily apparent are (a) because I am indecisive, and (b) because they make things more interesting. As with combining spices, however, there are inevitably winning combinations and those that turn out to be really

explaining the relationship between college students and their favorite caffeinated beverage

one of these winning varieties; Pumpkin Spice/Butter-scotch Toffee/Raspberry Chocolate, on the other hand, is really quite awful.

On energy gains:
A \$1.79 quick fix for mental sluggishness, coffee produces a distinctly hyperactive state of mind; I call it the Monty Python phenomenon because every train of thought spans no more than thirty seconds and concludes with And Now For Something Completely Different. It is also worth noting that the caffeinated brain is prone to grandiose ideas and unrealistic expectations. Consider this point in the context of cleaning sprees, for instance. In large enough amounts, coffee can instill in an individual the desire to clean EVERYTHING in the most involved and timeconsuming way possible. From personal experience, this en-

tails vacuuming and mopping the floor, organizing my closet and desk, scrubbing all fixtures, pieces of furniture, and waterproof objects with a vinegar-water solution, and disassembling a sliding window.

The wisdom imparted by this example is threefold: (1) white vinegar is a natural antiseptic, (2) do not take apart a sliding window unless you are prepared to spend a disproportionate amount of time figuring out how to put it back together, and most relevant: (3)

quite awful. For example: Dark Roast/House Blend is correctly time your caffeine intake when undertaking in a heightened physical state, a crash of some sort is

inevitable. In the mind of the caffeinated individual, however, the probability of this happening becomes virtually non-existent. On the contrary, said individual often believes that he or she can continue at an accelerated pace indefinitely. The science of caffeine metabolism unfortunately says otherwise.

The concentration of caffeine in your blood has a half-life of approximately six hours and increased energy effects peak anywhere from 30 to 90 minutes after ingestion. A 3pm cleaning spree fueled by the remnants of a 9am cup of coffee will therefore likely obtain the end result of half the room being exquisitely clean and the other half looking like something off of *Hoarders*. On unpleasant side effects:

As with most good things, overindulgence produces adverse effects. When consumed in large amounts, coffee can be detrimental to your productivity and leave you bouncing off the walls like rubber when you throw it at a wall. Other unpleasant effects include uncontrollable twitching, heart palpitations, agitation, and an affinity for redundant metaphors. If the lecture hall begins to tilt on a disturbing angle, this is usually a good indication that you need to check your caffeine consumption. Given that the

on-campus coffee menu consists of Green Mountain and Speeder & Earl's, both of which are comparable to rocket fuel in terms of strength, I take appropriate measures to dilute my beverages to more appropriate caffeine concentrations. On one occasion, this resulted in an experimental beverage of one part coffee and five parts half-and-half, which, naturally, was absolutely repulsive.

On effective use:

In concluding this case study, I present to you my recommendation for the effective use of coffee. For what it is worth, I personally find this strategy to be quite effective: use coffee to facilitate study sessions instead of as a reward. You can classically condition yourself to associate coffee with the mindset needed processing information. In a Pavlovian equation, you are the dog, coffee is the food, and homework is the bell. If you are familiar with this schema, then additionally, in this example, salivation represents motivation. If I am confusing the heck out of you, then disregard the above and just know that the idea being conveyed is that coffee can be used as a motivational tool by coupling it with studying. In essence, try not to use it as a reward after hunkering down with your books, as this can train your subconscious to perceive studying as being a chore that requires a reward (coffee) for its completion. Ideally, coffee should be the catalyst by which the task of studying produces the reward of learning (and better academic performance). So next time you find yourself logging long hours at the library, rethink getting that cappuccino on your way out and opt instead for hitting up the Cyber Cafe prior to or during your study session.

what *haircuts* can teach you about friendship

by lauragreenwood

Just as the hairdresser downtown chopped off the ten inches of my friend's life-long blonde hair, I began to have my doubts if talking her into this was a good idea. Sure, we seemed to really be vibe-ing as friends, but as I heard the slow slice of the first strands and saw the shocked, tearful look on her face, the panic sunk in. After 3 months was it a good idea to talk someone into changing their look completely? Were those tears

of joy or horror? Should I keep saying this was a good idea or slowly back towards the door? As these questions flashed through my head, I began to think of how one judges the stage of a friendship.

Along each stage, a friendship faces many tests of loyalty, comfort, and compatibility. There is the initial test of similarity that sparks a friendship. Generally, ten minutes of conversation is a good time span to figure out if friend potential even exists. But beyond the "Wow, you like Adventure Time too!" and the "I agree, the Grundle has nasty food", a friendship must face the next hurdle. Unsuccessful breaching of this hurdle leads

how/when/why you met (If Juliana from New Jersey is out there, I have your number but no memory of us). The initial "Awkward Stage" of every friendship takes patience and perseverance to survive.

The test of loyalty most often comes late at night once the wild rumpus begins. A true friend will

which you struggle to remember our friends of the past, present, and future. Does a month of not talking while you were on vacation mean it's over? The person next to you in biology is wearing a Vampire Weekend shirt, should I tell them I've been to three concerts? Regret often creeps into the equation with friends that seem to have disappeared or that never worked

"the **second semester** allows us to reflect upon our friends of the past, present, and future"

invite you into their room late at out. We are left with a pot of What night after your room has been converted into a sexual dungeon by your roommate and their boyfriend. Without lovalty, friendships are often doomed to stay in what I like to call the "Halfsies Stage". These are people where conversation is enjoyable but the bestfriend-ness never kicks in. Many a night, vou've probably stopped and thought, am I really that close with this person?

2012 is the year of making connections before we all die in December. For all the friends you made last semester that appear to be slipping towards "Halfsies," take the necessary steps to bridge the gap. When eye contact is made from across class, wave or even say hi. The more you avoid the awkwardness of recognizing each other, the worse it becomes. I've Preachy as it is, the second sealready experienced the long bus

they remember, thus you just don't do anything but look intently at your cell. So as an occasional hypocrite, I'd say that's not the right approach to rekindling a connec-

As my friend's golden locks were

being swept, I got a look at her new do. I liked it, but only her verdict would matter. After endless amount of reassurance and compliments, she shook it proudly. There is photographic proof of that moment of terror as her hair was chopped that reminds me of the moment our friendship seemed tested. When my friends here immediately shut down my contemplations of getting a lip piercing, I knew they were doing me and my father a favor. The fall challenged our abilities to create, build upon, and keep up a friendship. This semester gives promises for more confusing eye contact, philosophical circles, and unpredictable connections. As per usual, the test of time will prove to be

the most difficult than any test of

a friendship we are faced with.

ABROAD-

continued from page 1

-one utter the phrase, "When I was abroad" because I know I'm about to listen to an incredibly meaningful story that I won't understand or relate to.

It's hard not to feel jealous when I observe all of my friends soaking in another culture and having the times of their lives. Eventually, I'll be out of college and won't be able to drop everything and go to a foreign country. That knowledge had been weighing on me, as I'm sure it is for those who are in a similar position.

We all have aspirations for what we're going to accomplish in college, but we get caught up in daily life and are afraid to make the change. I had the chance to do something, and I didn't take it. For any of you who are even casually considering going abroad: look into it, and do it. If you don't, you might find yourself gazing longingly at friend's pictures of the Acropolis or Notre Dome. instead of the real thing.

the problem with *theme* parties

This weekend I encountered a slight pary problem. It was Saturday night, and I was headed to a theme party! I know. That doesn't sound like a problem at all. And it wasn't. At Let me start from the beginning. It was my

friend's birthday and the theme was "clashing colors," meaning everyone had to dress in really garish, uncoordinated outfits. It was actually a really good idea. Everyone looked really stupid so no one had to feel self-conscious, we were all wearing clothes we didn't care about, so a spilled drink or something more unsavory was no problem, AND it actually prompted really interesting intellectual discussion about visual aesthetics and the theory behind the color wheel. The theme was really a win. Although I still don't understand why so many people took "clashing" to mean "wear your underwear over your pants." Still trying to figure that one out.

So, anyway, there I am, having a blast, looking like a mannequin for a store that caters exclusively to blind clowns, when someone gets the bright idea to head downtown and get

"FRESH!" everyone said (no they didn't, but I'm trying to bring that word back) and before ations. I knew it we were on our way to Church St.

It was at this point that I remembered that we look terrible. And not like, "ooo they look like they've had a long night, they need their beauty rest" terrible. I mean terrible in the "we specifically carved out time in our day to make ourselves look as terrible as possible kind of terrible. And here we were, out in society.

Where we could run into anyone. That person up ahead could be my lab partner. Across the street? That's my professor. My TA. My landlord. My apiarist. Whoever it is, even if I don't know them, they're going to see me and they are damn well going to notice me.

Not wanting to be the proverbial "party ooper" (and also not wanting to walk back nome alone looking like I robbed the lost and found of an '80s Jazzercise studio) I was forced to continue on to Church St. It was 2:00 in the morning, when Burlington is absolutely crawling with all the hippest youngsters in town, i.e.

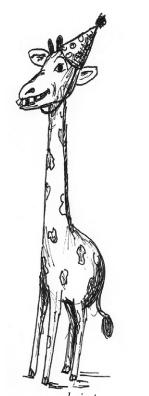
the people I want to impress. So, I think you can guess what happened. A lot of stares. Whispers as we passed. A few cat calls. Nothing unexpected. I didn't run into anyone I knew, I ate some good food, I went home, and I fell asleep. End of story. The problem is that this exact situation has happened to me before (with a "walk of shame" party) and I don't really fancy it happening again. Sure, talk all you want about being a free spirit and not caring what anyone else thinks of you, but when push comes to shove, I would like to be dressed in a manner that is considered "appropriate" and "not-fucking-crazy" for most situ-

But I have a solution to this problem. No, I do not want to ban theme parties. I think theme parties are the shit. They're fun to think one else is dressed up, they give people a chance to show their normally. goofy side, and they give everyone at the party a sense of solidarity. No, what I'm proposing is that we make EVERY party a theme party HUH? Then EVERYONE walking around

Burlington in the early hours of the morning would be dressed in some sort of outlandish way, and no one would think it remarkable in any way! WHO'S WITH ME!?

İ realize that I may be on my own at first with this idea but I'm willing to dress in costumes

every night in an effort to get this ball rolling. Maybe I'll start a trend! Maybe a Ninja Turtle coming from a Kid's TV Show Party and a Whitesnake impersonator from an '80s Party can finally get together on a night besides Halloween. Either way, making every party a theme party will break barriers, create memories, and solve the dilemmas of being "that person" who walks around town look. ing like a misguided kid in a costume store when every-



fashion five-oh. get thrifty where to score the **best used finds** in town

by lauradillon

Vintage is not cheap. It would be logical to think that since vintage is really just a glorified word for "used" it would be less expensive than going to an actual store and purchasing a similar item new; however, many times that great vintage t-shirt or oversized cardigan costs just as much as it would in Urban Outfitters.

The trick is to find the real thrift shopping. The thing about thrift shopping is that it is actually thrifty. Vintage stores essentially go through used clothing and pick out the cool stuff that is back in style. Thrift stores have that cool, stylish stuff too but it just takes more time to find. You have to sort through a pile of asexual old-lady bag dresses before you find that one cocktail dress you have been dreaming of. You have to upturn an entire bin of tacky old t-shirts but at the bottom of the bin sometimes you find the perfectly worn-in, practically translucent tee you will never want to take off. But when you finally do find your perfect t-shirt, sweater, pair of pants etc. it's worth all the trouble! Plus

Of course you could just head down to Old Gold and find an awesome t-shirt in five minutes, and if you are willing to pay out 15 bucks for a used baseball t-shirt then that's great. No judgment here; one of my favorite jackets is from Old Gold and it was worth every penny, but most of the time I want something less expensive (seeing as booze isn't cheap either). Lucky for us thrifty-folk Burlington is a great place to find awesome used clothing. Just make sure you wash it first!

Best Old Man Sweaters: Replays, Dorset St.

Next time you are down in the Barnes and Noble/UMall area check out this Hospital run thrift shop. By far the best selection of oversize cardigans, sweaters and the always-awesome sweater vest. They are about to clear out their winter inventory but if you go soon there or tons of great knit scarves, hats, and mittens.

Most Convenient Location: The Possibility Shop, First Congregational Church, Winooski Ave.

The closest thrift shop to UVM campus happens to be

located under a church. The basement shop offers some great options if you are going to a theme party and need that perfect '80s windbreaker and acid wash jeans. But if you look hard enough there are some pretty cool finds. The men's section has a wide selection of button downs, and tweed iackets. Even if you don't buy anything it is worth checking out just to meet the fantastically friendly elderly women who run the shop!

Best Vinyl and Used Books: Barge Canal St. & Speaking Volumes, Off of Pine

Thrift shopping really isn't complete without some good ol' fashioned books and vinyl. You will find this right across from Battery Street Jeans. There are two shops, and between the two of them you can find some great finds. Plus there is an old-timey photo booth!

Coolest Accessories: Battery Street Jean, Off of

The term 'hipster' has carried some negative connotation of late, but if you are ready to give in and accept your hipster status Battery Street Jeans is a great place to cement it. Great accessories, great bags, belts, sunglasses, and every once and while there are some great shoes.

Overall Best: GOODWILL, South Burlington, Off Shel-

Never underestimate the awesomeness that is Goodwill Sadly there isn't one right downtown but if you are willing to make the trek it will be worth it every time. It has by far the biggest selection meaning that for every crappy item there will be five great finds! Conveniently they have shopping carts so that you can go through the aisles and load up on flannels, sweaters, and t-shirts.



trash.

i want you so bad

you wrote about me and my crooked nose so good for you sophomore girl (I "figger" you run- that's hot, and you like my prose? maybe you're surprised your IWYSB never got run, but I'm responding- wouldn't want to ruin the fun. You seem alright kid- you're a solid person, at least that what it seems.

If you truly WMSB, then send in an article, attached with your name. Address it to me, and you might be surprised, Perhaps, I'm one of those nicer guys When: Err'y Tuesday, Mayhaps Where: You would know better than I

I saw: A hot younger girl
I am: An editor (and possibly drunk) It seemed everywhere I turned I'd see a beautiful girl on a walk But no matter how much I yearned I never had the courage to talk. Then, I noticed you were in my class-Seeing this, I almost fell from my chair. I thought I might talk to you at last; Sadly, I didn't dare. Now, however, I see a chance, So on my keyboard I now type
And hope for more than a sideways glance When you realize this to be more than tripe.

So now I step up to bat If nothing more than just to chat. When: tuesday/thursday

Where: votey 207

I saw: a girl with rosie cheeks I am: an intrigued blond guy with glasses

Damn girl, you finger spell so swell I'd like you to finger something else as well Your glasses are so cute They make me want to get you in your birthday suit I love your pulled back ponytail To me you're like the Holy Grail Your smile is amazing So you may catch me gazing
I'm dating a guy, but the relationship is ambivalent
So I'd really like to experiment I've never been with a girl But that doesn't mean I won't give it a whirl Wanna get to know each other? I'd really love to get your number

Meet me after class so we can take a stroll And maybe we can go smoke a bowl When: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Where: ASL class

I saw: A sexy lady who forgot how to spell her name;) I am: questioning my sexuality

I met you at the Collie concert you were looking good you said your name was Natalie and I was hoping you would get a little closer, give me a little tease because all your moves were screaming, "grind me baby, please." you had a friend named Leah (lee-uh) and she seemed pretty cool I hope you both did not think that I was one big tool so if we see each other on campus please don't be shy, I will try to say hi maybe we can be more than passer-bys When: Thursday Where: Collie Buddz Concert

I saw: a cute girl in a skirt

I am: wearing an ugly sweater or cat shirt

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

Your bleach blonde hair makes me smile I've been wanting to talk to you for awhile I see you at Kalkin during the week I want to give you a kiss on the cheek I'm glad you're in one of my classes I like your big black rimmed glasses In our class you're very studious I think your eyes are so beautious Your eyebrow ring is really sexy I hope next class you sit next to me When: Most weekdays Where: Kalkin

I saw: A pretty girl I am: Your future boyfriend

You looked so pretty those other girls got too shity All the time we mingled I was hoping you're single. I only got your first name and it is quite the shame, you slipped out the door while I helped my friend on the floor. You know where to find me, and I hope you do. Imagine what might be, now its up to you. When: last Friday Where: dorm party across the hall

I am: just waiting to talk to you again

We met before school, at Orientation, You work with cows that look like Dalmatians. Let's be real though, I'm not that dumb Milking Holsteins and Jerseys is so much fun. Your best friend's in England and you're visiting him soon I should visit your future waffle house some afternoon. You're strong and you're tough, enough to beat someo

But if you come to my room, I'll show you what's up. "Fuck, fuck, fuck" is all you seem to say, Boy, I would love to date you some day.

When: Everyday
Where: Where shit is made by the bucket-full
I saw: The sexiest soon to be farmer I am: Waiting for you to make a move.

You're the sweetest editor on the staff, not to mention you always make me laugh. Your taste in music is more than refreshing, It brings a smile to my eyes when you're blushing. Sunday mornings are always the best, I'm not writing this as a jest.
Your presence last Friday was surely missed, Even though I know we wouldn't have kissed. Now I'd like for a moment for all to see, the connection that someday could be. When: I see you

Where: the magic happens I saw: a foxy older woman I am: interested

I mean, you said yourself that I should do one of these things, so using my keen senses of deduction AND not to mention a little bit of male intuition (pffft, like that exists), I can assume you where trying to throw a hint my way? all I know is that I enjoy your company, your quirks and your huge...omnipresent smile (ahhh see? thought I was gonna say something else didn't you? ;]), so how about getting to know each other a little better eh?

When: Last semester, but we've hung out a bit since then Where: sociology class with cowan

I saw: a fun size, bubbly girl who's just my cup of tea I am: tall, dirty blonde, and devilishly handsome

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

Liquor section in Pearl St. Bev

Guv: So would you do that?

Girl: No, I care about my vagina way too much to put vod-

Girl 1: I just want to be a lumberjack groupie. Girl 2: Wow. You've never sounded more like a Vermonter.

A fine young lady: I need to get a hobby, like, a boyfriend.

L/L to DC Crosswalk

A promising young man: ...and so I said, "shut up, mom, I'm not an alcoholic; I'm a college student!"

Girl: Oh my god you guys, I can't have sex in Africa...I'm going to get AIDS.

Fireplace Lounge

Lady 1: Are you listening to Florence and the Machine? Lady 2: Yeah Yeah Yeahs. Lady 1: so... Florence and the Machine?

Living/Learning Thursday night
Girl 1 to Girls 2&3: Let's just cuddle in bed and watch Toddlers in Tiaras.

Basement of Patrick Gym

Guy 1 to Guy 2: The main reason I want to date her is so that I have a hotter girl friend then all of them.

Humanities House

Girl: In high school the guys I dated were all...what should I call them...well, drug dealers. Drug dealers

Hockey Game
Athletic male 1: You should write an I Want You So Bad pretending to be Andrew.

Athletic male 2: What would I say? Dear third-string soccer goalie, I want to stick it in your hole-ie?

Trinity, Move-In Day

Girl 1: In my defense, most of it is food. Girl 2: Really? Girl 1: No. Most of it is clothes.

Guy: Óbama's basically a nazi and a socialist.

Male 1: Dude, what would you rather give up for the rest of your life, oral sex or cheese?

City Market

Bro 1: You ever tittie fucked?

Bro 2: Tittie fucking isn't real. It was created by the Internet. Bro 1: No, it exists. I've done it and it was her idea.

The Drunk Bus

Girl: Crap, we have to email Chlamydia Lydia. I keep forgetting her name's not actually Chlamydia Lydia.

tunes.

hey hip hop: cool it with the intros and outros

Step 2: Save money

a hefty fine.

Regardless of where you live,

odds are good that one of your

neighbors will complain to the

po-po about blaring drums and

guitars at 2 in the morning. You

might get off with just a warn-

ing, but if you get nailed with a

noise violation, be prepared for

Step 4: Find a band

or start your own!)

Find two, three, or

would be willing to

play in your base-

ment. Or, if you're

so inclined, start one

vourself! Friends with

. mad DI skillz can take

bands that

Here's what I know about The Notorious BIG after listening to his classic track "Respect." I know he's had to overcome tremendous adversity, which actually began in his prenatal days when he executed a daring escape from his mother's womb. I know he's been partaking in bluntsmoking since age thirteen, drug-dealing since age sixteen, and, as of age twenty, honeys was tantalizin' him.

I thought that was plenty to absorb, but Biggie had something else he had to get off his mind. Biggie gets head! I know cause I listened to a girl give him head (despite her initial reluctance) for almost a minute after his verses were over. It took a little coaxing, but Biggie's proud to share his to LAX. dome-enjoyment with us.

I don't know who told rappers that intros and outros were a necessary part of hip-hop tracks. The last thing I wanna hear when I'm trying to enjoy music is a clip of a movie I've never seen, or thugs executing a heist, or phone messages left to rappers by jaded ho's.

Hip-hop is not the only genre to use such devices. Sublime and Pink Floyd come to mind, and I'm sure many other bands have thought it was cool to preface their song

But hip-hop is by far the most aggravating user of intros and outros I've come across. For some artists, it seems almost as important as the actual song. Mobb Deep makes sure to keep the listener on his toes with yelling and gunshots between tracks. Brother Ali demonstrates his commitment to Islam by allowing his audience to listen in on his teaching his daughter how to say 'Allahu akbar.' And, just so you don't jump into Biggie's "Going Back to Cali" without knowing why he's doing so, he helpfully includes the early morning phone conversation in which he gets ordered to wake his ass up and catch flight 504 from Kennedy

There are some exceptions when the intros are clever enough to be enjoyable. Who doesn't love M-E-T-H-O-D Man's various threats of torture? I'll fuckin' lay your nuts out on the fuckin' dresser, just your nuts layin' on the fuckin' dresser, and bang them shits with a spiked fuckin' bat. Whatsup? BLAAOOOO! Other than that, though, I don't give a shit about the random kung-fu movies Wu-Tang Clan has watched, whose dialogue they choose to share.

I know the water tower is very influential with many of today's leading hip-hop stars. Which I why I'm begging

all you dope please, please listen to vour the intros and outros. Keep the reclever ones if you the ones that

somehow tie in to the song, or last under 5 seconds; that's reasonable. But ask yourself: is this really necessary? Or am I just scared that my voice alone won't make this album entertaining? If that's what you're worried about, it's probably

best you leave the emceein' to the emcees.

HELLI

the **Wf** how-to: turn your basement into an awesome concert **venue**!

by sarah**movlan**

Step 1: Evaluate your basement

Are you really ready for this? Analyze your space. Are there four walls, a ceiling, and an adequate escape route in case of emergency or bad music? You'd be surprised by the number of B-town basements that don't meet these criteria. Additionally, consider your surroundings. If your house or apartment is located in a neighborhood or complex full of noise-phobic families or senior citizens, you may wish to party elsewhere.

Step 3: Clean and pimp out your basement

After hosting your first show, your basement floor will likely be covered in spilled Pabst and empty cans of Rolling Rock. So, remove all valuable from your basement. You may also want to retrofit your space as you see fit. Do you have an area that can work as a stage? Make sure it's dry, welllit, has access to adequate electricity, and properly stocked with snacks, spare guitar strings, and th expected libations to keep your performers happy. Mattresses lining the walls are a good option you expect a lot of moshing, disco balls are useful if you expect a dancing crowd, and extra seating by means of sofas or comfy chairs is always ap-

Step 5: Post a Facebook event

Make things official by creating a Facebook event for your show. Invite all your friends, and be sure to use retro clipart for your official event photo. Don't be alarmed if you soon begin to notice people on the "attending" list that you don't know. You don't have to let them in if you don't want to. But you probably

Step 6: Let 'er rip!

he night is upon you! Enjoy it.

my night at matisyahu

immensely tall skeleton

at Higher Ground, but much more difficult if guessing myself. the concert is in a real city), then I wait in line. I stand there hoping that I am early enough to be able to see the band/singer that I'm trying to see. I then fight to find a relatively comonly to have my "he looked like an

spot usurped by some jacked dude and his "attractive in the

But there are a couple of shows I will shell out energy, I caught myself wondering, "What \$30.00 plus venue fees to go see, including

When I saw that Matisyahu was coming to the State Theater in Portland, Maine for his Festival of Lights Tour on December 26, I, to quote the Lonely Island, "jizzed in my pants." Ever since missing his show at Higher Ground freshman year, I'd been looking to get to one. I asked a couple of friends if they wanted to join in this adventure, but none did, so I decided to take Eli, my fourteen-year old brother. The kid is just a freshman in high school, so I figured now was as good a time as any to introduce him to the world of live music.

We got to the show a little after doors opened, but still a solid forty-five minutes before the opener. After scouting the venue, we settled on a spot slightly off center and right up front- perfect. I looked around and we were surrounded by a mix of rednecks in Tap Out t-shirts or flannel and teenagers on the verge of pregnancy. Shortly after we arrived, these two short cute young-ish looking girls showed up. Like I said, they were definitely, probably college freshmen. As the opener came on, they pulled a classic move and asked if they could stand in front of us so they could see better. This was actually a valid request, as both my brother and I are six feet tall- we acquiesced.

About midway through the opener, this lax bro and his crew of lax biddies (for lack of a better term) rolled up next to us, and he proceeded to be the most obnoxious person con-

I'm generally not a concert guy. It's not that cert goer ever. He kept yelling, "follow me on I don't like live music, but I'll be honest, they twitter, bro," as his female companions passed kind of stress me out. First off, I've got to get to the venue and park (which is easy if you're safely assume to be vodka. I began second

Then Matisyahu came on. I thought, "YES! I've been waiting for this!" He strode out on stage, and there was this kind of hushed silence, as everyone realized he had shaved his fortable space from which to view the show, head and beard. He looked like an immensely

a trench coat Matisyahu's set in a trench coat and sunglasses"

happened to this guy?" But then, just as my doubts crept up, he started dancing around, took off the creepy sunglasses and trench coat, and launched into some more high-energy

At this point, two things happened simultaneously: the drunk, obnoxious crew to my right really started trying to snipe our spot, and the two girls in front of us started dancing up on my brother and me.
As I said before, the girls in front of us were

of a questionable age, so I wasn't about to start grinding, only to be busted by Chris Hansen. It would seem the lax bro to my immediate right had no such qualms, and when I backed off, he jumped right in. Meanwhile, Eli was still dancing with his girl, and I decided I needed a Bud

Having returned from my sojourn to the bar, Matisyahu was pulling people up onstage, so Eli and I hopped up there and rocked out to "One Day." We returned to the floor, and the two girls immediately noticed my beer. "How'd you get beer? You're not twenty-one, are you?" I nodded and replied, "I'm actually twentytwo." They turned to Eli, "You're not twentyone?" He just shook his head and smiled. We talked to the girls for a bit until they left. On the way home, Eli turns to me and says, "My friends are never going to believe I danced with a hot older girl and got up onstage." And that was the strangest concert I've been to since I ordered pizza to a Jedi Mind Tricks show.

créatif stuffé.

IIZ, we were freshmen

by laura**frangipane**

She was a shorthaired child from Maine or maybe Michigan always never thin and wore cut up tee shirts that said "Fuck the navy" with a predilection for sports bras underneath.

She didn't know what color her toothbrush was perhaps the result of too many nights spent in New England.

She thought maybe she'd get back together with her old high school boyfriend there wasn't much sense in anything else.

She didn't understand how everyone was getting hitched and why it was suddenly acceptable to wear off-white.

There were radios playing next Sunday's weather and we couldn't remember the long hard path it took to get to here.

We were different then and maybe it was easier to wear our hair long and pretend that we fit in.

This was a parade of your vainglorious life but it's turned out to be mine and useless gutter at that.

yiddle me this

by the**yiddler**

Look at me when looking fails you. Wield me when affection is what you disdain. Wear me through cloudy terrain; I'll make it less cloudy for you.

In the deepest black, a solemn white. The ever-changing face of night. A waxen, pallid, saffron, wight of crooked coin and stalagmite

check next week's issue for the answers! last week's answers: i. stars; ii. nostalgia

family

by josh**hegarty**

This house isn't old enough for ghosts. The noises must be something else. But if these walls could talk, I wonder what they'd say.

I know they've buried miseries that they'll forever try to hide. I want to hear the words they hold inside when they sit down to pray.

Fifteen years without a drink, he still calls himself an alcoholic. I know he put the bottle down to try to leave behind his shame.

And I can't imagine the betrayal he must relive every August: his father boycotting the wedding, forcing family to do the same.

I doubt I'll ever fully understand the way my mother fills with rage and storms away every time she hears a racial slui

Raising children on her own, I can only try to grasp at how the to make life hell for her.

I wonder how my brother suffered in the days when I was young because, although he had a dad, he never knew his father.

I wonder if he ever tried to reach out to the old man out West, or if he ever will. I hope he chooses not to ever bother.

This house doesn't carry ghosts. But the closets carry bones, eroding into painful memories locked inside the walls.

But the pain they've had to suffer, as we've all come to adulthood, doesn't matter. We've built a happy family in these halls

bear attack by joshhegarty

tank, looking around anxiously with the scent of alcohol on his breath. When he thought that there were no zoo employees around, he took a handful of rocks from his jacket pocket and started to pelt them towards Old Major, Stonefield Zoo's most senior resident, while yelling out, "You're just a stupid bear! How could you replace me?" One woman yelled at him to stop. An older man with his grandchildren took their hands and headed swiftly to an information desk. But Broderick took no notice of any of these things and continued to throw his rocks, all of which missed the bear by several feet, until he managed to land a hit directly in Old Major's left eye. Upon impact, the bear let out a violent roar, so terrifying that a child that had been watching the bear screamed and then began to cry. Broderick looked towards the crying boy and the look of sheer terror on the boy's face sent shivers down his spine. He quickly turned away from the polar bear tank and started to run towards the restroom, stumbling in

When he got to the restroom, he felt

Broderick stood above the polar bear a need to disguise his appearance and decided to throw away his jacket and baseball cap in the closest trash receptacle. Then he headed in to use the urinal. As he exited the restroom, two zoo employees grabbed him by the arms and pressed him against the outside wall of the restroom in a way that he would later describe as both police brutality and a violation of his civil liberties. The smell of urine and nearby garbage combined with their jerking motion and his natural predilection towards queasiness when drunk caused him to vomit, mostly onto the wall, but also slightly onto one of the Zoo employees' grey uniform with the remainder falling not-so-neatly onto his own shoes. The employees pulled Broderick's squirming body into a security office, where he was held until police could arrive.

The event was sensationalized in local newspapers, resulting in the full story of Broderick's recent job loss to be revealed, one he had paid massive costs to keep private. He had recently been fired from his position as a lead puppeteer on a popular children's show due to a series of sexual harassment accusations and a significantly larger series of payments made by both Broderick and the production company. In the following weeks, his show had been pulled off the air and replaced with a series starring a large animatronic bear, until a replacement for Broderick could be found. None of the accusing men's and/or women's names were revealed by any media outlet however, so Broderick was unable to form a compelling case against anyone for a violation of their confidentiality agreement. He was charged and found guilty of public drunkenness, lewd behavior and animal cruelty inflicted upon an endangered species. His sentence was a fine of seven thousand dollars for the cost of eye surgery on the bear, on top of the fines for his other charges, as well as six months court mandated anger management classes, and a permanent ban from not only Stonefield Zoo, but also all zoos in the county, as well as some parks and museums. This essentially drained the remainder of Broderick's no sign of stopping, surely, aggravated assavings. At no point did zoo officials bother sault and battery or manslaughto inform the court that Old Major had already been scheduled for eye surgery, as the bear, in recent years, had developed cysts

in his left eye, resulting in partial blindness. The surgery was a resounding success.

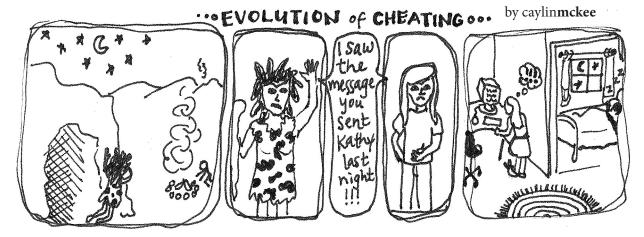
Broderick has been attending his anger management classes begrudgingly, and they've had little effect on his disposition. His unwarranted anger towards bears has yet to recede and his only means of acting upon it is hunting, which he attempts to do illegally because he has not been able to procure a hunting license. He doesn't wear the customary, alerting orange vest and since he has no idea when bear hunting season is, he simply goes out into the woods with a gun and a canteen full of vodka to look for bears on a weekly basis. He has yet to encounter one in the wild and has nearly been shot twice. This has done nothing to deter him. On the contrary, each time that a bullet has approached and missed him, he has taken to firing back towards where he thought the source to be. So far, his aim has been abysmal, but as the trend shows ter charges are forthcoming.

cat litter. Fally cat



shit no **uvm**ers

by adrikopp



"This frat is so clean."

"Burlington Police are so nice."

"I can't wait for our third

"I hate the Red Sox."

"What's a spork?"

"It's too hot to go outside."

roommate to get here!"

"I just love BU."

"I just wish this class was a little more challenging."

"I think Sodexo is making me constipated."

"No, I can't smoke, I have class in 5."

"The library is my favorite place."

"Macadamia shindig for clandestine herrings."

"Don't you just **love** the new changes to Facebook?

"Kale sucks."

"This gym is so easy to navigate."

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Looking to do some good for your community?



Come meet the wonderful men and women of Alpha Phi Omega during our rush week and see if leadership, friendship, and service are right for you!

All are welcome!

Pledge Week Events

Monday Jan 30: Dizzy bat tournament: 1-2 pm – Patrick Gym (Center court)

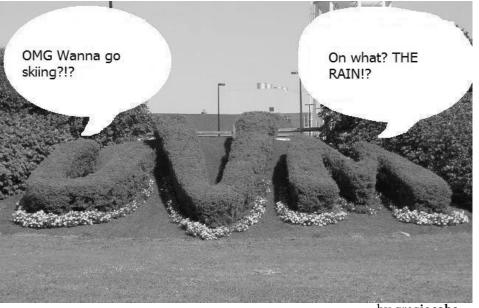
Tuesday Jan 31: Board games: 5-7pm - Davis Center Spruce Room (405)

Wednesday Feb 1: Pie making for the Ronald McDonald House: 5-6:30 in University Heights North Kitchen

Thursday Feb 2: Free wings – 5-7 in L&L Room B132

Friday Feb 3: Q&A Session – 1 – 2pm in the Living and Learning Fireplace Lounge

For more information contact Kelley at aphio@uvm.edu



by gregjacobs

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