



the water tower.

uvm's alternative newsmag

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

the big decision 2012 uvm's search for the next president



by kerrymartin

Something happened last August that told me I was entering UVM at a pivotal moment in the university's history. I was sitting at home, reading the news on my occasionally-smartphone while enjoying a pleasant bowel movement, when I found an article that made me shit myself (how convenient): University of Vermont's President Dan Fogel was stepping down because his wife had been getting raunchy with the VP. Striking stuff. We all heard about it - how Fogel received a \$410,000 severance package and, after a leave of absence, will be returning to the university as an English professor to earn three times the salary of his fellow department members - and naturally, trash talk ensued, including scathing satire from **the water tower** and dudes claiming that they Catamounted Fogel's wife. But before long, the whole thing blew over.

Since then, our interim president John Bramley has made several executive decisions that have shocked our cocks off, including canceling the first day of classes due to the "state of emergency" caused by Hurricane Irene (I think I went to the beach that day) and withholding school funding for UVM's famous Naked Bike Ride (who

doesn't want university-sponsored shrinkage?). However, Bramley's fifteen minutes of lame are over, and UVM is buckling down to choose its 26th president.

The candidates are certainly impressive, with resumés that make the average administrator skeet himself, but they've all got one thing in common: not one of them is affiliated with UVM in any way. Call me a corporation-hating hipster, but I see something wrong with the school insisting on finding a prestigious outsider and refus-

bramley's fifteen minutes of lame are over, and uvm is buckling down to choose its 26th president

ing to promote one of its own staff members. Regardless, let's meet the candidates:

Sabah Randhawa, Ph.D. He's the Executive Vice President of Oregon State University and a Professor of Industrial Engineering. He also serves as the OSU's Provost, responsible for expanding the university, planning the budget, and serving as CEO in the president's absence. Get ready for some serious penny-pinching. In his free time, Dr. Randhawa enjoys building furniture, cooking meals for his cats, swimming in pools of cotton candy, taking trips to

Lincoln, Nebraska, and giggling like a silly bastard.

Thomas Apple, Ph.D. He serves as a Provost and a Professor of Chemistry and Biochemistry at the University of Delaware. His story is inspiring, because Dr. Apple is actually an apple. Granny Smith, to be specific. His undergraduate professors at Penn State didn't take him seriously (he would just sit there and do nothing in class), but after doing graduate and post-graduate chemistry research at University of Delaware and Iowa State, he showed them. He is the only piece of fruit to date to receive thirteen federal research grants.

Curtis Jackson, Ph.D. Better known by his stage name 50 Cent, Dr. Jackson is Provost and a Professor of Economics and Ebonics at Shady Aftermath University in Queens, New York. His thesis, titled *Get Rich or Die Tryin': Economic Abandonment of the Urban Sphere in the 70s and 80s and its Detrimental Effects on Social Mobility*, went platinum six times. He's got big plans for UVM, and his presidency, to use his own words, would mark an end to "weak-ass crackademics."

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Ph.D. That's right, folks. In a public statement, Professor Dumbledore announced that he was "sick of all the

... read the rest on page 5

return of the newt

the campaign that just won't die

by bendonovan

Despite my major in political science, the voice of Wolf Blitzer blaring from the TV in my living room, and the fact that I am, apparently, the only person on **the water tower** staff who possesses the amount of pure, unadulterated self-loathing required to follow this stuff, it still surprises me when my friends ask for my analysis of the ongoing circus that is the Republican primary campaign. Fuck, I gave up even trying to understand this thing quite a while ago.

Who could? Who could have predicted a year ago that Newt Gingrich, of all goddamn people, would have a reasonably good chance of taking the candidacy home? Who would have thought in May, when Gingrich's campaign was hemorrhaging money and his entire staff had quit, that he would go on to sweep the South Carolina primary and put up a half-decent showing in Florida? Who'd have guessed that a twice-divorced, unrepentant adulterer, whose campaign relies principally on donations from the casino industry and who once told a friend that he was leaving his first wife because "she's not young enough or pretty enough to be the wife of a President...and besides, she has cancer," would emerge as the apparent consensus candidate among social conservatives?

Seriously, how the hell is anybody supposed to understand the loud-mouthed, cantankerous, thoroughly unlikable but still unshakable dark force that is Newton LeRoy Gingrich? Who among us could ever fully make sense of the un-killable hydra-headed beast that is Newt 2012?

I've said it before, but it bears repeating now more than ever: this is one weird goddamn election year.

As a politician, Gingrich is right up there with the worst of them. First elected to Congress in 1978, Gingrich became Speaker of the House after the Republicans took control in 1994. His tenure as Speaker began auspiciously enough—House Republicans worked with President Clinton to overhaul welfare, balance the budget, and pass the largest capital gains tax cut in history.

Whatever goodwill he might have earned from his early accomplishments, however, he soon managed to squander; his refusal to pass a federal budget in 1995, widely perceived to be payback for being made to sit in the back of President Clinton's plane on a state visit to Israel, led to a 28-day government shutdown that thoroughly embarrassed other Republican leaders. In addition, charges of tax evasion and

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get inside me:

red cross swag
by lauragreenwood

mac and cheese
by megankelley

love and the internet
by sarahperda

90s flashback
by sarahmoylan

the best news team in the universe.



inbox

Dear **water tower**,

It has come to my attention by several different people that you wrote about Bogner Ski Wear in the fashion five-oh big trends in 2012 section. I have noticed that you are very unspecific on the topics of suspenders, campaign buttons, ugly sweaters, and yoga pants. Though you point out Bogner Ski Wear specifically you do not say “unattractive ski wear”. Every company has many items that some do not find very attractive but other paying customers find them daring and attractive. Bogner Ski Wear in Europe (mostly Germany) is like how the United States (mostly Vermont) views Burton. I do not understand why Bogner Ski Wear was brought up in the article because most people in the United States have never heard of Bogner Ski Wear. It is a European company as said in the article so I do not get its relevance to UVM and its students and faculty.

Comparing Bogner Ski Wear to Ed Hardy is very rude. Each of these well selling companies have designers who work to sell to a target audience like every other store. You do not see this writer saying anything bad about The North Face or Gap because most students and faculty wear this type of clothing. So it is a judgment toward

students who do choose to wear Ed Hardy or Bogner Ski Wear. In the state of Vermont this is considered bullying and harassment which is an illegal act.

I especially take offense to this as could many other students and faculty. You have been inconsiderate about the people who enjoy Bogner Ski Wear. The writer had to do some searching to find Bogner Ski Wear yet he forgot to look at the directory and see if any of the Bogner's went to UVM and would be reading or being told about this article. I am Olivia Bogner the great great granddaughter of the founders of Bogner Ski Wear. I take great offense to what is being said about my family and our company. Everyone is entitled to an opinion but saying “this shit is hideous” seems very over dramatic because most of our lines are very much like what is in style in both the United States and Europe, every collection has a few items that seem unattractive to a critic (especially one who is not in the fashion industry). So as a closing note I would just like to suggest not personally attacking anyone in your reading audience or the people they may know.

Thank you,
Olivia Bogner

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 news in brief

with jamesaglio

“Those that have blocked potentially the last effort to resolve this peacefully ... will have any future blood spill on their hands...”

-**Susan Rice**, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. Last week a U.N. Security Council resolution condemning the violence perpetrated by Syria against its people failed to pass because of veto votes by Russia and China. Russia, to whom the Syrians are major weapons clients, has stated that it will never support an arms embargo on Syria. This makes sense on an economic level, but has incensed the U.N. members who didn't vote based upon their financial concerns. China called for an immediate end to the violence, but said that it believed that the resolution would only complicate matters. As it stands now, the thirteen Security Council members who voted for the resolution have condemned Russia and China. Trouble in paradise.

“People like me are what stand between us and Auschwitz. I see evil around me every day.”

-**Newt Gingrich** circa '94 on evil. Good to know you've got my back, Newt. Honestly though, it's difficult to comprehend the sheer delusional egotism that would allow an individual to publically state that if it weren't for their personal vigilance, the nation and world would be consumed by a holocaust. We can only hope that he remains as faithful to America as he has to the institution of marriage, otherwise we may find ourselves facing into the abyss.

“But Newt Gingrich is an idiot—of great renown. There is something so hopelessly gross and vile about him that it's hard to take him seriously, so let's not take him seriously...”

-**Maurice Sendak**, creator of masterpieces. I love Maurice Sendak. The writer of *Where the Wild Things Are* and *In the Night Kitchen* made the above comment during a hilarious interview with Stephen Colbert. And he has a point, which made me reconsider whether to publish three separate bits this week ridiculing the man. On the one hand, it is essentially feeding the troll. On the other, Gingrich is clearly a moron, and his self-serving faux-moral police agenda has done great harm to actual political discourse in this country. And so, just this once, I think it's high time we take some well-earned shots back at him.

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

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L/L - Outside Alice's Café
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Waterman - Main Lobby
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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**.

the water tower. uvm's alternative newsmag

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Special Thanks To
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paris, romney, t'aime

by juliendarmoni

In an advertisement financed by Newt Gingrich's super PAC, it was alleged last Tuesday that GOP candidate Mitt Romney has been deliberately speaking French in America. The accusation, which is supported by a video of Romney clearly attempting to pronounce “je m'appelle Mitt Romney” correctly, comes hot off the heels of a decisive victory in the Florida primary, in which the Massachusetts senator squashed Gingrich by a mighty 14%.

However, the revelation that Romney speaks in tongues might sway fearful southern voters back to the plentiful folds of Gingrich instead, who in light of Romney's questionable cultural persuasions is now seeming like the sole remaining bastion for pure uncut Republican values. Values like low taxes among people who have money and who don't deserve to not have it. Values like the ones taught in the Bible, about prayer, dedication and understanding. Indeed, Gingrich believes so passionately in the ideas of commitment and integrity that he married three different women, just so he could celebrate the sanctity of heterosexual union as many times as possible.

Bush, for all his faults and vices, was a president you could sit down and enjoy a frosty one with. Even if you couldn't quite make out the sentences he was trying to form, you could grab a beer and sort of try to help him along while he made his point, more or less. He was nice, is the point. Not so with Romney, who when drinking with the average American would probably order something fruity like Bordeaux, then scoff at you for asking what “wine” is. That Romney can't even commit to a single culture is just another example of his alleged flip floppery, and a further endorsement of

Gingrich's suggestion that the GOP hopeful will “say anything,” including blasphemy like “bonjour!” and “voulez-vous de pamplemousse?”

Gingrich has a vision for America, and he understands that language plays an integral role in the way other nations view us as superior to them. “English is the language of prosperity,” Gingrich famously proclaimed in a 2007 speech detailing his concern for those Spanish speaking residents of the U.S. who are caught up in the repressive cycle of taking pride in their own cultures. And just as Newt astutely pointed out that Spanish is “the language of the ghetto,” French poses a similar threat to Americans who don't support their country being taken over by foreign speaking minorities in frilly scarves.

We live in an age of doubt and incredulity. Our own president didn't even know he was born in Kenya until the media strongly encouraged him to be, and we had no idea Donald Trump was unqualified for political office until he opened his mouth and began saying things. That's why in a time when sincerity is paramount, we need an honest candidate like Newt Gingrich, a candidate who believes in good Christian values, even if those values conflict with regular Christian values. And we need a candidate who believes in English—you know, like what Jesus speaks in the Bible, after it was spoken in Aramaic, written in Greek, then translated to Latin, then to German, and then finally into English, the language it was intended to be read in.

That's why most Americans balk at the accusations that this has been the most outrageous and negative campaign trail in history. These are the issues that matter, especially if we want to continue our coun-

NEWT GINGRICH - continued from page 1

Congressional ethics violations came out of the woodwork, leading to a Congressional reprimand and a \$300,000 fine—the first time in history this had happened to a sitting Speaker—and to Gingrich's resignation from the House in 1998.

Those who thought they'd seen the last of Newt—or at least the worst of him—were sorely mistaken. On the campaign trail, Gingrich has consistently managed to serve up the sort of jaw-dropping rhetorical diarrhea that is normally the domain of drunk uncles or meth-heads with Tourette's syndrome. Palestinians are “an invented people.” Spanish is “the language of living in the ghetto.” Child labor laws should go, and poor children should be employed as school janitors. President Obama is a “food stamp President.” He also warns that the Democrats intend to turn America into a “secular atheist country, potentially one dominated by radical Islam.” If you can figure out what the hell that means, I'll happily buy you a beer.

Gingrich's douchebaggery is hardly limited to one-liners; his campaign for the Republican nomination so far has been one of the nastiest and least tasteful in recent memory. From his mind-boggling performance in the South Carolina debate (where he told Fox correspondent Juan Williams he found nothing wrong with the assertion that black people don't like to work) to his round of robo-calls to senior citizens in Florida accusing his rival, Mitt Romney, of denying kosher meals to Holocaust survivors (no, really), Newt never ceases to amaze. Just when you think he must have hit rock bottom, lo and behold, he's got himself a shovel.

With a series of public gaffes and a disgraceful tenure in public office, it's almost redundant to go after Gingrich's private life as well. But it can't be helped, and this is no time to take the high road, least of all in the pages of **the water tower**; Gingrich is, by just about anybody's account, one of the most vile, rude, abrasive, self-absorbed human beings to ever inject themselves into public life. He's been married three times (leaving his first wife while she had cancer) and

had a slew of affairs. His narcissism borders on autofellatio; his self-love has led to hilarious public statements such as “I want to shift the entire planet. And I'm doing it. I am now a famous person. I represent real power.” He once described himself as an “advocate of civilization, definer of civilization, teacher of the rules of civilization, leader of the civilizing forces,” and his press releases regularly contain absolute fucking gems like, “out of the billowing smoke and dust of tweets and trivia emerged Gingrich, once again ready to lead those who won't be intimidated by the political elite.”

Wow. How the hell are we to explain the fact that this person is actually a reasonably serious contender for the presidency

“gingrich's douchebaggery is hardly limited to one-liners; his campaign for the republican nomination so far has been one of the nastiest and least tasteful in recent memory.”

of the United States? Perhaps it's just a desperate attempt by the right to pick somebody—anybody—other than Romney, whom social conservatives still can't stand, no matter how much he panders. But I think it's something more than that.

I think Newt represents the collective id of this country—the latent motherfucker inside of everyone, driven totally by instinct and unburdened by conscience, social mores, or any inborn sense of right and wrong. Newt Gingrich is the village asshole, writ large; he's the guy you're always afraid to invite to the neighborhood block party, because you know that by 8:30 he'll have broken into the Chivas, screamed drunkenly to anybody who will listen about how the Mexicans are taking over and he's the only one that can

vermin supreme

ride our ponies into the future

by colbynixon

In a nation with mandatory tooth brushing laws, a zombie apocalypse, time-travel research and ponies for everyone, one man would reign over all as a “friendly fascist,” and he's hoping you will elect him. This is a man who routinely wears multiple ties, sports an unruly beard, and campaigns with a boot on his head. This is Vermin Supreme.

Although this is not Luke Wilson's, the society that Mr. Supreme imagines does not seem to be far off in its absurdity. During a debate for lesser-known candidates in New Hampshire earlier this year, Mr. Supreme proposed DNA cloning involving the splicing of genetic materials to create a race of winged monkeys. The function of these Oz-like mutants, would be to act as tooth fairies in Mr. Supreme's dentocentric world. Despite this, he managed to secure 833 votes in January 2012 in the New Hampshire Democratic primary. That's right, this man is a Democrat and even ran against the Democratic Party's nominee, Barack Obama, in the 2008 election. Mr. Supreme received 43 votes nationwide in this election. How does this man manage his campaign?

According to his website, www.verminsupreme.com, Vermin Supreme has raised \$135.36 this campaign cycle, ■

which is only a little more than 13% of his goal of raising \$1000. Various links on his website do not work (“Vermin Shirts” for example), and others simply serve to open your e-mail, as if you would like to send this very promising candidate your problems. The most interesting portion of his website links the viewer to an iTunes recording that can be had for \$0.99. After listening to this track entitled, “I am a Meme (Official Kampain Song),” you will realize that it is just a mash-up of Mr. Supreme lamenting that he is only a meme, and direct quotes from his debates. It is not recommended for any playlist.

How does Vermin Supreme come back campaign after campaign? (He has also run as a mayoral candidate for the cities of Baltimore, Detroit, and Mercur, Nevada--and lost each one). He is a satirist, mocking the system to which we have all grown so accustomed. The man may have very little impact on the overall campaign, but he certainly adds a bit of flavor and fun to what can generally be a bland and spiteful field. So I support Vermin Supreme's right to be a candidate, and am looking forward to more of his stunts, like the glitter bombing of Randall Terry (youtube→ “glitter bomb vermin”). ■

try's present trajectory of glorious decline. The fact of the matter is, these people are in the running to become our president, our global representative, the big papa. If journalists don't ask these kinds of questions, then we won't have the basis for making the kinds of informed, self-destructive decisions that have made this democracy

legendary. So that's why we have to be patient as our politicians duke it out like angry racist ferrets—otherwise, we might end up with a democrat again, and who knows the kind of trash those liberals “learned” at school. ■

stop them, and punched his wife when she meekly suggests that maybe he's had enough. And, of course, despite your best efforts, he shows up and does just that.

And the reason he appeals to people is because deep down inside of everyone, there is a tiny part of us that envies that asshole—the liberation that must come with casting aside every last trace of regret and shame and deference to the code of moral behavior most of us at least attempt to adhere to. He doesn't care about any of that. He makes fun of poor people; he gives foreigners, gays, and other assorted weirdos a great big middle finger; he says whatever crazy thing pops into his mind; he does whatever the hell he wants at any particular moment; he fucks literally anyone and anything that doesn't try to run away—and he's not sorry for any of it.

He is a manifestation of every primitive instinct, every dark impulse, every evil urge that everybody feels at least once in a while, but which most of us manage to keep in check. But not Newt, and he's here to shout it from the mountaintop—to preach the gospel of unbridled licentiousness to every bored, dejected, out-of-work middle-American who will listen. And goddamn if it isn't resonating.

Lord help us if he makes it through these next couple of primaries, because a nation as divided and damaged and demoralized as this one simply couldn't spiritually handle four years of Newt. We'd be flinging our own feces at cop cars and feeding our kids Marlboro Reds by day twelve. We'll have gone full-on Heath Ledger a la Dark Knight, giddily playing with razor blades as the Post Office burns to the ground. Much as I love hedonism, we as a people cannot afford to express our collective will in the form of someone as truly awful as Newt Gingrich.

Good God, did I just spend 1,300 words condemning debauchery and defending family values? Maybe the day-drinking is getting to me. Or maybe this is just one weird goddamn election year. ■

around town.



CANDIDATES - continued from page 1

witchcraft and wizardry bullshit” and he’s “ready to teach some more useful shit: Muggles know wassup.” His resumé is astounding: Sabah Randhawa might be an Industrial Engineering professor, but is he Order of Merlin, First Class? Is he Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot? Did he slay Grindelwald, the leading asshole of magic for the first half of the 20th century? Hell naww, suck my titties! He’s a favorite among students, though he has a reputation of guaranteeing diplomas to students who “cross wands” with him. Mischief managed.

Ross Perot. Businessman and would-be politician, Ross Perot, is one of those American icons that makes most people say “Who is that again?” He ran for president on the Independent ticket in the 1992 and 1996 elections – both won by Bill Clinton of course – so when he expressed interest in serving as UVM president, the administration was eager to appoint him a candidate because of his record of letting the right man win. Since 2009, when he sold his business Perot Systems to Dell for \$3.9 billion, he’s been a regular at bullfights, Disneyland Paris, and Robotrips.

Snorlax Ph.D. UVM saved the best for last. A wild, imposing presence wherever he appears, Professor of Pokébiology Snorlax is just trying to chill. He sees how flawed our education system is, so he’s got big plans in mind: too much money goes towards the administration, and not enough towards Sodexo. Too many funds are pumped into the UVM police, who tax and bankrupt small business owners who are just trying to chill, man. Too much time is spent talking about safe sex and preventing STDs, but Snorlax says we gotta catch ‘em all. Snorlax is a man (?) of the people, a voice of the student body, and a natural leader who will make Dan Fogel look like a worthless, skinny eunuch. University of Vermont, the choice is not yours. It’s the administration’s. But whoever ends up in our metaphorical Oval Office better work for our students and professors rather than for the administration’s wallets, or they’ll hear from us personally. ■

walk and roll

some little-known facts about your walk to class

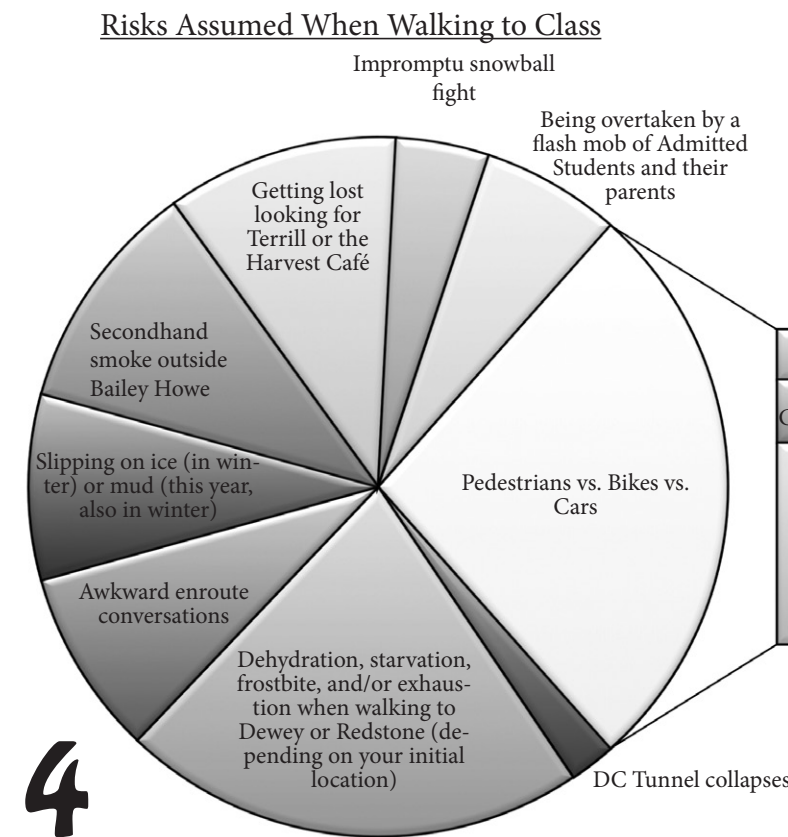
words and graphs by lindsaygabel

When my bike was temporarily MIA last semester (that is, stolen for a week until I found it again outside the library), I was forced to go the way of the masses and commute to class on foot. This involuntary break from biking reminded me that being a pedestrian is no easy feat (no pun intended). No matter how quickly you can whip out your phone to create the illusion of multitasking, you can be sure that everyone just saw you misstep on the runway in front of Bailey Howe and is now most assuredly judging you

for it. What’s more, recent developments on the Waterman Green have increased the statistical likelihood of face-planting on concrete by 60%. It’s a hostile world out there.

With the high probability that your classes will be in the farthest possible building on campus from where you are situated, as happens with mine most unfailingly (darn you, Dewey Hall), it is more important than ever to stay informed about the considerable amount of risk you incur each time you step out the door. Fortunately,

everything you need to know is laid out for you here in a way that is both informative and visually appealing, because we like to keep things graph-ic. ■

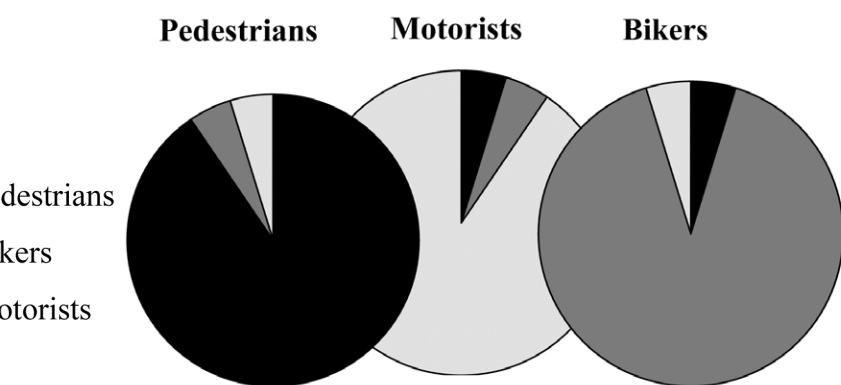


4

Deconstructing Right of Way: Pedestrians vs. Bikes vs. Cars

P > B > C	• Society's construction of Right of Way
P = B = C	• Identical trajectories
I + E + L	• Physical properties of Inertia, Energy, and the Laws of physics
Y + D	• Sociological context: Youthful delusions of invincibility and Distractions in the environment
YIELD P => B => C	• Right of Way adjusted for Reality

Percent of Time a Commuter is in the Right from the Perspectives of Pedestrians, Motorists, and Bikers



coffee & a cookie

a review of new moon café

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

This Week’s Place: New Moon Café, 150 Cherry St. 11:55AM

with caleb demers

The New Moon Café is a quaint little shop located in the heart of Burlington next to a Right Aid accompanied with relentless vagrants. The baristas are two charming lasses armed with eager smiles and empty hands just begging to grab me a cute little m&m cookie and a cup of coffee in a classy glass mug (more on this later). The young lady filling up my mug stops and asks me the most beautiful question anyone can ask an avid caffeinator: “Do you want room for milk?”

NO THANK YOU! I like my coffee like I like my Sabbath. She has made my day and provided me with enough coffee to establish myself among the rest of the hordes of students intending to spend \$3.75 on New Moon treats and six hours on thesis writing and Spanish homework in the confines of this nook.

Among the students are tables of grandmas, but not the grandmas that you want to call your own; the ones that still insist on walking off broken hips and shoveling the driveway like they did when they were young. Yes, these are the grandmas that...well honestly they are quiet and don’t effect my coffee drinking experience too much at all.

I sit sipping away at my coffee and to my surprise this lovely glass mug earlier

mentioned is a death trap. That is an exaggeration; it is hot as hell and almost unpleasant as it grazes my lips. Imagine: a beautiful liquid fills a crystal clear mug, it just screams “put me in your belly” but alas it is impossible without sending your lips through a fiery lava-filled burning inferno. The coffee is too hot.

Otherwise the place is great: high ceilings so your intimate conversations can get lost in the heavens, matching chairs, a fire place with a fire in it, free refills on your water and a sandwich bar with so many toppings it’s daunting to even glance at. All and all there is nothing much to complain about, minus the mixed bag of patrons that obviously came to spend more money than the students. Oh, but what is this? Our pretty barista approaches our table with an omelette and states simply: “Do you want this? No one ever claimed it.”

Like I said: nothing much to complain about. In fact I would go as far as to say the New Moon Café is the best place to get some serious studying done of all of the cafes that have been visited and critiqued by this column thus far. So pucker your lips, shake your hips past those colonialist gramsters, settle into a mushy couch or upright chair and let the astral feeling of Burlington’s own lunar experience wash over you. ■

this right here is my s.w.a.g.

by lauragreenwood

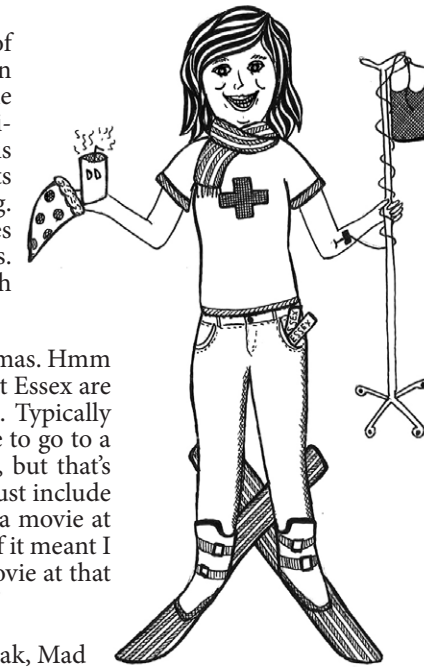
I’ve always been certifiably terrified of needles and shots, so what better thing to do than donate blood! Walking away from the experience I felt light-headed and stoked at what I held in my pockets. Not only did I receive the free feeling of doing the right thing, saving a life, being an amazing humanitarian blah blah, I also walked away with a phat pile of mostly useful freebies. To quote the phlebotomist, “We have had twice as many people as usual today, the pizza tends to bring out college kids”. And so here’s the list of shit I got just for taking a couple hours out of my day to give up some blood.

1. Two pieces of Domino’s Pizza and lots of other goodies. Sure call me cheap, but when you’re on the verge of fainting nothing in the world could have tasted better. At the American Red Cross Center, someone’s job all day is to refill the endless amount of snack baskets they have sprinkled throughout the building. A sweet grandma-like character approaches you frequently offering juice boxes and oreos. Would I like some animal crackers? Hell yeah I would!

2. A \$6.00 movie pass voucher to Essex Cinemas. Hmm actually I just looked online and the tickets at Essex are \$9.25, but albeit the discount is appreciated. Typically as someone without a car, I’d see no purpose to go to a movie theater other than Roxy’s downtown, but that’s no longer the case. Paying only \$5.00 total (just include the popcorn you know you’ll get) to go see a movie at night is a steal. I’d give away a pint everyday if it meant I could watch the newest Sherlock Holmes movie at that price.

3. A Buy One Get One Free ski pass to Jay Peak, Mad River Glen, OR Bolton Valley. BOGO S.W.A.G. at its finest.

4. A free pound of Dunkin Donuts Coffee. Cleverly advertised as a pint for a pound, this is great on so many levels. Either you love coffee and hey, now you’ve got it. Or you’re like me and don’t drink it, BUT you can get the pint and give it to someone who does for prime brownie points. “You got me a pound of coffee?! That’s so considerate, how’d you think of that?” **Sneakily high fives American Red Cross representative**



caney demars

fork it over.

17 reasons why macaroni and cheese is the best food in the world.

by megankelley

The other day, I was sitting at my kitchen table eating some mac and cheese, as I do an average of 2.634 times a day. Now, don’t get me wrong, I’ve been eating mac and cheese since I was a wee little tyke, and I’m proud to say that I’ve always appreciated its cheesy, tasty, filling, decently healthy goodness. But suddenly, as I was nom’in on the delicious combo of Cabot white cheddar and store brand elbow macaroni, a bolt of horror struck me: “WHAT IF THERE’S SOMEONE OUT THERE IN THE UVM COMMUNITY WHO DOESN’T UNDERSTAND THE GREATNESS OF THIS MEAL?” I have accordingly compiled a list of reasons why you should convert to a mostly-mac-and-cheese diet. Here we go:

1. **It is the simplest meal to make.** So yeah, you can buy mac and cheese in a box. Great. But what if we’re in the mood for some real cookin’? From scratch? For this recipe, you’re gonna need some cheese, and

you’re gonna need some noodles. Follow these instructions: Boil water. Cook noodles. Grate cheese in the meantime. Drain water. Stir in cheese. BAM. You just made a meal.

2. **There is endless variety.** Noodles and cheese, Kraft, Annie’s, Rugrats shaped noodles. There’s really nothing boring about this food. You can go in the micro-wavable Easy Mac direction, or you can go in the gourmet-white-sauce-with-bread-crumbs-on-top direction. Switch it up! The possibilities are endless.

3. **It goes well with everything.** Especially peas, in which case we get a nice little rhyme goin on. Mac and cheese and peas,

that is. But seriously, try it with milk, with carrots, with bread, with hot sauce, with ketchup, with meat mixed in, with a side of coleslaw, with apple slices, with canned tomatoes... the go-with-ability of mac and cheese will never cease to amaze you.

“look, guys, here’s the bitter truth: friends come and go, but cheese is forever.”

4. **It has cheese.** Cheese is one of the greatest things that anyone ever thought to make. You’ve got your Camembert, your gouda, your cheddar, your sharp cheddar, your seriously sharp cheddar, your Racer’s Edge cheddar... Again with the variety! Look, guys, here’s the bitter truth: friends come and go, but cheese is forever.

5. **It keeps.** Are you feeling like eating some mac and cheese, but you don’t have

the burlington art scene (yeah, it’s there)

by molliieberger

Perhaps unbeknownst to many of us here at UVM, Burlington has a remarkably great arts scene. This area is home to many galleries and museum spaces which are free to students! We’ve all seen these places around campus and around town, but how many of us can actually claim to have entered them? For whatever reason (lack of interest, lack of time or lack of awareness) these spaces become overlooked markers of a dwindling esteem for the arts. The truth is you shouldn’t ignore them, the arts are important. I consider it to be a visual expression of the human mind and therefore should be given the same attention as literature, music, math or science. It’s merely another way for us, as humans, to better understand each other so here’s a list of places to visit and experience art.

For starters, we have the Fleming Museum right on campus! You know, it’s that big brick building between Kalkin and the hospital. It has those big cone shape things in the front. Don’t be intimidated, you are definitely more than welcome to go in. Everyone who works there is super nice and willing to answer any questions you have. They have a wide variety of exhibits going on, so I’m confident you’ll find something you like. A great time to go into the museum and see all of the exhibits would be this Thursday, the 9th. The museum is having its opening reception from 5:30 to 7:30, which means free food, so that’s a plus!

Next time you’re downtown you should check out the Firehouse Gallery which is in the Burlington City Arts Center, right next to City Hall at the bottom on Church Street. This gallery is a fantastic space for contemporary art. The Firehouse pulls off some cool exhibits with the small area they have to work with. So if contemporary art is more your style, you should definitely stop by next time you’re on Church Street.

The Firehouse and the Fleming aren’t the only places to check out art. There are many stores such as Silver Maple Editions, Frog Hollow and Apple Mountain that sell prints and photographs made by Vermont artists. So if you’re interested in covering your walls with things other than tapestries or over-priced posters sold at the Davis Center, check out these spots. There’s nothing left to do but get out there and look at some art! Who cares if you don’t like some of it or even understand it? That’s all part of the experience and who knows? You may discover something you really like! ■

5

reflections.

love in the age of the internet

by sarahperda

Our generation stands at a crossroads. To the right are the perilous cliffs of hopeless romanticism. To the left is the desolate wasteland of online dating. Which do we choose? Since the Internet was introduced, we have become increasingly reliant on it to function—it puts everything from the weather in Madagascar to Kim Kardashian's thoughts right at our fingertips. Nowadays, the Internet even has the ability to find our soul mates for us through various online dating websites. While this may be useful for those who are too caught up in their thriving careers (or too scared to leave mom's basement), riddle me this: at what point will our society realize that the Internet is replacing any and all social interactions, and when will the madness stop?

My parents have known each other since they were in kindergarten. They grew up in the same town, started dating at the age of 17, and have been together ever since. So presh you could vom, right? In our generation, this is completely unheard of. High school sweethearts were previously the norm and are now an endangered species.

What has gone wrong evolutionarily to explain this? The Internet. These days, instead of handwritten love letters and tediously made mix tapes, we consider anonymous posts on likealittle.com and pokes on Facebook to be the ultimate expressions of love—kind of sad once it's put in perspective, huh? I'm not saying any of this is absolutely worthless, but I do think it is a testament to how socially inept the Internet has rendered our generation. And what better place to witness the de-evolution of human relationships than on our very own campus?

UVM is teeming with thousands of young men and women that have grown accustomed to the "hookup culture" and can't fathom the idea of romance outside of a Katherine Heigl RomCom (if you've never seen *The Ugly Truth* and/or *27 Dresses* then you haven't lived...and I probably hate you). What about the UVM environment encourages this behavior? Easy: everyone's doing it...this is the part where you pull on your protest-

ing pants and say, "Wait a minute, since when does this school conform to anything?" We Catamounts pride ourselves on being anything but the generic college student, so why are we willing to perpetuate such a blasé lifestyle? People go to parties and have DFMOs (dance floor make-outs) with randos all the time, I get that, but because we have accepted this as the new normal, romance is dying in our generation. Morning-after friend requests from said randos are now taking the place of actually getting to know someone.

The Internet was intended to bring the world closer together, but, ironically enough, it has driven us further apart by taking the place of face-to-face interactions; we don't have to work to get to know people anymore. In every previous generation, people had to actually use their words, why is ours becoming increasingly incapable of this?

Maybe it's just because I grew up with parents who have a cinematic love story, but I really do believe that our generation needs to rethink its idea of romance. Our school accommodates one of the most diverse student bodies in the world, and if we'd all just power down our MacBooks for five minutes and get to know these people in real time, maybe we could hinder this online relationship craze. Don't sit in your room and stare at the 1,831 tagged pictures of someone dating back to 2006, walk up to them in the fishbowl and just say something (ideally not about the hardcore FB stalking you performed on their profile but hey, whatever works); don't get your hands on a cutie's number at a house party downtown and then wimp out on texting them the next day, just fucking do it!

Valentine's Day is looming, and there's no better time of the year to go for gold and just talk to that special someone (especially girls...whether we admit it or not, we're extremely vulnerable at this time of year). Here's a challenge for you: channel your inner UVM revolutionist and start talking to the people you actually want to meet. You might be pleasantly surprised with who actually wants to meet you too. ■

where the wild things aren't

by rachelbennett

6

"Here, kitty kitty," I hear someone call as I trudge the familiar path from Redstone to Central Campus on my way to class. A kitty?! I think excitedly, and whirl around to share my fellow student's joy at seeing a cat on campus. However, when I turn and frantically scan the area for a fuzzy feline, all I see is a girl looking at me with crazy eyes, arms outstretched. "Come here kitty!" she cries, and starts running toward me, her fingers grabbing the air. With no cat in sight and I the only one on the path, the first thing I think to do is: RUN. Now, I may be wearing my awesome knitted cat hat, and I do tend to associate with the feline variety, but there is no way someone would actually mistake me for a cat, right?

Something is terribly awry on campus: everywhere I turn I see people petting each other, meowing, and licking cheeks in greeting. I stand frozen outside the library, staring at my so-called peers who have seemingly turned into a strange animal-student mutation. OK, I think we all know that what's really going on here: college students miss having animals in their lives, and they'll find any excuse to pretend like there are furry creatures around.

When I get back to my dorm room, it is motionless and quiet except for the whirring of my moldy mini-fridge and I sigh in sadness, wishing that my cat were there to cuddle with me. I'm sure I'm not

alone in feeling this way.

I believe that animals are an integral part of human lives. Without animals, we humans would not be able to function like we do, and I don't just mean because we eat them and do medical tests on them. Animals are responsible for a lot of our mental health; these furry, scaly, and feathery creatures are one of our main connections to the natural world, a world that we seem to be incredibly detached from.

"animals are responsible for a lot of our mental health; these furry, scaly, and feathery creatures are one of our main connections to the natural world"

When modern humans get lost in the chaos of politics, money, and technology, animals are there as a reminder of the simple beauty and joy of the earth. Because of this, petting your cat or walking your dog becomes a kind of meditation, and the few quiet moments you spend with a lovable creature can give you a break from daily stress and demands, and bring you back to yourself.

If UVM allowed pets (and I don't mean fish, fuck fish) in our dorm rooms, they would be great for

so many things: they could be entertainment when guests were over, you could play with them when you wanted to procrastinate, you could sob into their fur when you were sad, and cuddle with them on Saturday nights when you failed at getting laid.

Unfortunately, it is quite unrealistic to have a pet in a tiny dorm room. I have even begun to think that squirrels are cute, and sometimes chase after them in hopes that I can catch one and make it my friend.

I am not crazy, ladies and gentlemen—I am just pining for some animal lovin' and I don't think I'm the only one.

I actually *have* noticed my friends and peers sometimes treat each other like animals by meowing in greeting or stroking each other's hair. In class, I witness students stumbling-upon pages of cute animal photos, and I see the desire in their eyes. When finals come around, all we want is a fuzzy hand to hold, a lick on the cheek, or a purr in our ears as we scream and tear our hair out over books and notes; but we are deprived. During these times, UVM sometimes brings in dogs and cats as de-stressors, and I surely hope they do that for the next round of finals. Because while animals may seem like they just exist to stroll around our houses, shit in our yards, and wow us when we are watching Planet Earth, without them we would, in fact, fall apart. ■

meaning behind *the metal*: what your piercing says about you

by phoebefooks and harlifrohmilller

The human body is a canvas. For thousands of years, people have been decorating these walking works of art with paint, clothing, jewelry, and more permanently, tattoos and piercings. Piercings have become more prominent in recent years. Maybe that's because we've all turned 18 now and are granted with the freedom to poke holes in our bodies at our own discretion, but maybe also because a wide range of piercing locations have been discovered at almost every nook and cranny where skin can be found. The

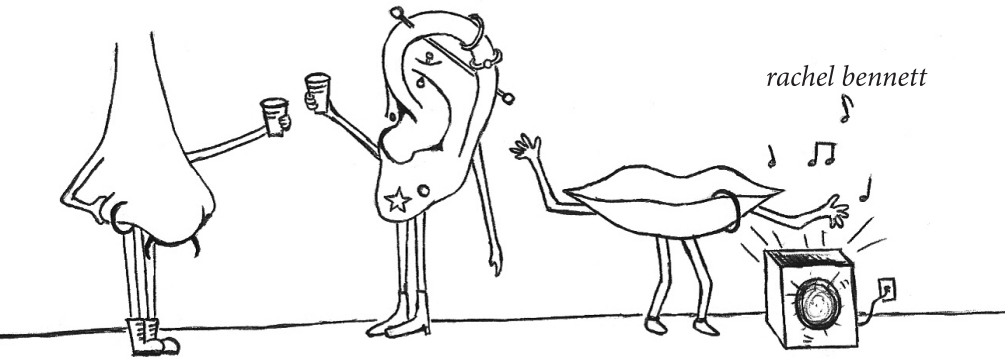
location of one's piercing can do much to reveal one's habits, personality, ballsy-ness, and even fetishes. We have compiled a list of such assumptions, which are not meant to stereotype or be all encompassing, but rather to explore and decipher the meanings behind all the metal.

The Nose Stud: Congratulations! You just turned 18! Or... you just turned 16 and are now one of the coolest kids in your high school. And your parents are cooler than mine. Nonetheless, this entry-level piercing displays a moderate level of ballsy-ness, considering the thick wall of cartilage that embraces your boogies. You are independent, stylish, and a little bit of a hipster.

The Septum Ring: Hey there, badass. This is a giant step up from the classic nose stud. Seriously, ask anyone who has had their septum pierced—this shit hurts. And not every punk rocker or art major can pull it off, but the ones that do have braved many a cold or flu with this large obstruction in their sneeze pathway in order to display their sexiness and IDGAF attitude.

The Tongue Ring: Despite what the critics say, the most innocent of men and women can still be found with this hidden treasure in their oral region. Tongue rings are not just for sluts and prostitutes, but for those who enjoy having a dirty little secret. They are mysterious and fun!

The Bellybutton Ring: Navel piercings are for those that look great in a bikini and want to add a little decoration to their smokin' bod. This is also a common one for ballsy highschoolers; and if you've got a friend with a needle, you don't even



rachel bennett

need to ask for mom and dad's permission for this one. Just make sure you puncture your navel in time to let it heal before the family beach trip.

The Eyebrow Ring: Let's be honest, you like to smoke pot. The correlation between that and poking a very creatively sought hole underneath your brow may seem unclear, but it's alllllll goood duuuudee. Maybe the shiny metal above your eyes is your excuse to never wear makeup or a distraction from those trying to discern why your pupils are so dilated. Fuck the haters; this piercing is artistic, inventive and simple, yet unoriginal.

Genital Piercings: Like the tongue ring, geni-

tal piercings are most often associated with porn stars and hoes. What people don't understand is that genital piercings are for one's personal pleasure, unlike the low-cut shirts and tight biddy skirts that are tools of the trade for the most rampant of sluts. On the contrary, as genital piercings are known to be the most painful of all, those with said piercings are inevitably BAMFs, willing to sacrifice a few moments of pain for years and years of unprecedented pleasure.

The Rook, Tragus, Conch, Upper Cartilage or Other Ear Piercing of the Like: So one day you got bored, you may have been a little tipsy, and you knew your parents would stop buying you an annual ski pass if you got your lip pierced. Considering the relatively low amount of pain associated with these perforations, additional ear piercings tend to be most exciting the first hour after you get them. But then you lay down to go to sleep and your ear starts to hate you... a lot. On the bright side,

these are generally cheaper than other piercings, and once they are healed you have many options of rings and studs to play around with. They are arguably the most versatile of piercings.

The Lip Ring: While the facts are still being disputed, there is scientific evidence showing that lip rings will increase your longboarding and wumping abilities through the motherfuckin' roof. Hey, maybe that's why these are so commonly found on dubstep bros and even females of the category as well. If you have a lip ring you automatically know how to party, and your chances of getting laid are higher than the average rager. Score! ■

catching up with marky mark: a Wt exclusive

by drewdiemar

Mark Wahlberg has recently come under fire for comments he made during an interview for GQ magazine. Wahlberg, who along with his four children was scheduled to fly on one of the airplanes that crashed into the World Trade Center on September 11, 2001, switched flights and missed out on what some might have called a tragedy, but he viewed as a potential action movie scene. "If I was on that plane with my kids, it wouldn't have gone down like it did. There would have been a lot of blood in that first-class cabin and then me saying, 'OK, we're going to land somewhere safely, don't worry,'" said the rapper-turned-actor. Wahlberg has since apologized for his comments, which many found lacking in triumph over adversity and plot twists.

I caught up with Marky Mark, who was eager to clear his name as a movie star incapable of coming up with sufficiently badass action sequences. **water tower:** A lot of people were pretty upset with your 9/11 comments.

Mark Wahlberg: Yeah, that was a big mistake. If I were on the flight, it wouldn't have been as simple as me beating up some terrorists; that would be pretty predictable. There would likely have been an over-arching plot in which everyone was made to believe I was the terrorist, or a good friend of mine on the flight who

after I kicked the other terrorists' asses would have stood up and been like "well I'm a terrorist, too," at which point I would have had to kick his ass. **Wt:** Great scenarios. The ringleader of the group of men who hijacked flight 11 on September 11th was an

around for other monumental moments in history. For example, what if you had been aboard the Hindenburg's ill-fated flight in 1937? **MW:** That's easy. I would've landed that blimp the same way I did the Italian Job.



carly macconnell

Wt: Right. How might things have gone if you were on board the Titanic?

MW: Well, I probably would have spent the majority of the cruise giving Leonardo DiCaprio an unnecessarily hard time for not being a real cop, and eventually shot Matt Damon in the head.

Wt: Thrilling. What sort of talents might you have enlisted had you been present during the Columbine shootings?

MW: I probably would have used some nonviolent tactics on those kiddos, for example my uplifting raps. I might have said something like, "You such a fool, if you think it's cool, to open fire on your fellow students at school. Instead of killing others for fun, try playing basketball, or chewing chewing gum."

Mr. Wahlberg cut the interview short, after ending an approximately six minute long freestyle, which included no fewer than three minutes of "wickawick" sounds performed with one fist over his mouth and his other hand imitating the scratching motion of a dj, and no fewer than eight uses of the word "rhyme" matched with "crime." He then bade me adio, citing many asses to kick and many events to hear about and wish he had been there to kick ass. ■

fashion five-oh.

obscure fashion: a brief history of the pocket square



with colbynixon

A couple of years ago I was at J.Crew buying a shirt, and as I was checking out I noticed a stack of silk pocket squares on deep discount. I just had to get one. Unfortunately, the only color was purple, and I do not have a purple neck or bow tie to match it. I don't think I wore it at all for the first year I had it. The first time I was going to use this entirely superfluous accessory, I went onto the interwebs to figure out just how a pocket square should be properly folded. It turns out that much like skinning a cat, there is more than one way to fold a pocket square. In the course of my research, I stumbled upon the history of the pocket square, which I digested, synthesized and will now regurgitate back to you.

I could tell you it was invented by Sir John Pocket of Square in 1803 as a means to flaunt his wealth by spending money on a superfluously unnecessary object with a very

subjective value (hey, we're not talking about art here). I could say it was adopted by the nobility of Monaco and then trickled down to the masses (it worked for Reagan).

But neither of those points would be true. The fact of the

"much like skinning a cat, there is more than one way to fold a pocket square"

matter is, the truth is unsurprisingly much more mundane. A long time ago, in countries far, far away (like England and France), people would sneeze. However, since the dis-

posable tissue by Kleenex had yet to be invented, everyone was forced to wipe their noses on their sleeves, resulting in a population that looked like they belonged in a first grade classroom. So, handkerchiefs came about. Initially, these were stored in the back pocket of the pants.

After some time, though, people (actually, mainly men, since not many women wore pants at that time) began to realize that the handkerchief would get dirty before they had a chance to use it, so they moved it to the breast pocket of their jacket. Once used, the fabric would be placed in a pants pocket. Then, in the 1920s, disposable tissues were created, and the pocket square became unnecessary for all practical purposes. At this juncture, it was a staple of suit culture, and so it remains to this very day. ■

7

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trash.

i want you so bad

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Let's be honest, you're a beast and I'm not the only one that thinks so.

A 6'6" player you came out of nowhere but the only time I see you is when I'm at work.

We've only talked on a few occasions, but I can't really count "Hi, how are you?" as a convo.

You seem like you're probably into biddies with their huge bouncing titties.

It's really too bad cause I'm def not a biddy and you're kind of a baby.

You're only a sophomore but you make me want more. I feel like an old lady, hitting the bars I get kind of crazy.

Just by looks I don't think I'm your type but if you get to know me it would be a delight.

Usually I'm just a player never wanting more then a one night stand but for some reason you caught my eye, damn.

I don't know how to approach you, you're kind of intimidating, it's obvious who you are, so why keep me waiting?

I thought I'd go out on a limb, but things aren't even read **the water tower**, but things are getting dim.

If you figure out who I am I'd be really impressed, I'd give you a clue but that would cut out the rest.

So maybe you'll read this, if you even see this. You've only seen me in my uniform but I'm willing to show more.

Where: Random days
When: My work
I saw: 23
I am: A senior

I've known you for at least a year, But felt this way for less.

I'll be upfront and real sincere; These feelings I'll confess.

I don't remember when we met. (I didn't feel this then.)

Another year I won't regret, Or miss my chance again.

This Valentine, I wrote for you (or was it just for me?)

So maybe now you'll have a clue. The truth will set us free.

When: From time to time
Where: Places on and off campus
I saw: A cute student
I am: A (slightly less cute) student

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We saw you on the street
You know, the only one we walk on.
Your voice is so sweet,

When you speak we always get a hard-on.
All the other puppets might think this poem is shitty,
But our good friend Elm is always telling us we are so very witty.

Your fuzzy green hair makes us swoon and sway,
And let's just get this clear right now, we are definitely not gay.
Your eyes are beautiful, deep and blue like the ocean,

If we knew more about physics, we would definitely put our bodies in motion.

We see how popular you are with all the male puppets,
They give you cash and you get in their car, THEY BETTER NOT BE MUPPETS!

We just realized right now what your profession is, and we are not amused.

Now we get why you are always exhausted, drugged, and boozed.
But we still love you gurl, and we shall continue to stalk you,
We know if we drive by right now, you'll hang out with us boo.

Now tell us your price, do you do a 2 for 1 deal?
Come on what do you say love? we can really make you feel.

We want to be inside you, so hon what do you say?
It would be nice if you and us could have a mutha fuckin' 3-way!

Where: Shag O'Clock
When: Um... Sesame Street. Where the fuck else?
I saw: A prostipuppet with the most beautiful fuzz ever.
I am: Correction: WE ARE Bert and Ernie (good-looking, heterosexual, and sexy as hell).

Dear Bin;

You are so cool and hip,
We should play "just the tip"

You bought me dinner last week,
And a booty call I seek;

We're in Chem 32,
So if you're looking for something new

I'm a heady chick from the ATL
Gimme a call and I'll treat you well.

The best southern charm you've ever had,
Please Hipster Bin, I WANT YOU SO BAD!

When: Tuesdays and thursdays
Where: Chem 32
I saw: A hipster
I am: Seeking more paper

Our eyes meet all the time;

You could call it eye-sharing I guess.
And you know, from across the table,
It didn't really matter that it was a nice afternoon.

And though I gladly told you what all those flags were for,
I wanted to tell you so much more.

But instead here I am
Just waiting on the sideline
Hoping you might ask.

When: Less than I used to
Where: Before, Central; now, just Athletic.
I saw: Blue eyes
I am: Wishing you would ask

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Sugarbush - Heaven's Gate Chair

Boy: Why isn't your bra in the tree?

Girl: Because I'm conservative.

Boy: ... You have a nipple ring.

Girl: Well played, Sir.

Late night Marche

Drunk girl on phone: So if we get married, does that mean you'll have sex with me?

Lunch at Waterman Manor

A bright young lady (to table full of friends): So do vegans like... have butter on their eggs?

Grundle, late night.

One late night Grundle to another: Our mother hasn't seen feet since we were six or seven.

Simpson Dining Hall

Guy on the phone: Hey dude, so I have an opportunity to have a threesome with two chicks, but I don't think I can take them both on at the same time. So I need a guy with a similar size dick as mine to help me out. You down?

House of Bradley

Classy man 1: Okay, would you rather take it in the ass from Elton John every New Year's for the rest of your life, or every time you jerk it the girl from the ring sits in the corner and watches?

Classy man 2: Definitely Elton John, do you know how many times I jerk it?

Classy man 1: Ya but I would just finish on her face to assert my dominance.

Friday at Brennans

Girl: My mom thinks that lol means lots of love, so she texted me "Grandma passed away, lol"

Davis Center

Boy 1: You were so wasted, how did you come through with the kill?

Boy 2: Viagra is a magical drug.

Religion Class

Girl: So I keep remembering new things from Saturday night... and I'm pretty sure I hugged my psych TA.

The Fishbowl

Girl: I'm down with drinking and driving, but not back from Bolton!

Boy: Word

Late-night Grundle

A Young Lady: You can't reject someone's grundle!

The Fishbowl

Girl: Oh, is this the cynic? no wonder i'm so bored!

Athletic Campus

Girl 1: I want to go to the Bassnectar and Rusko concerts!

Girl 2: I didn't know you liked dubstep.

Girl 1: Can I tell you a secret? I don't actually know what dubstep is.

tunes. NINETIES EDITION

the '90s: then and now

by sarahmoylan

My friends and I are on a nineties music kick. We've been listening to a lot of Riot grrl (nineties female-powered punk rock) at work. We're obsessed with a YouTube video that features Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore interviewing Beck just before *Mellow Gold* was released in 1994. One of us dressed up as Nirvana's Kurt Cobain for a "dress like your favorite American hero party", and most of us jizzed in our pants when we found out that Jeff Mangum—front man of nineties indie-rockers Neutral Milk Hotel—was starting his comeback tour in Burlington last summer.

So, to sum up, here's what the nines mean to us, apparently: Riot grrl, Sonic Youth, Beck, Nirvana, and Neutral Milk Hotel. Sounds hip as shit, right? Wow! Wish I'd been around for all that!

Here's the thing, though: I was. And my memories of the nineties just don't match up with what everyone seems to be fondly remembering today. What do I recall from the 1990s? I remember bouncing up and down in the back seat of the car to Alanis Morissette's "You Oughta Know" on the way home from school. I remember loving Chumbawamba's one-hit-wonder "Tubthumping" (*I get knocked down! But I get up again! And they're never gonna keep me down!*), liking Duncan Sheik's jangly

single "Barely Breathing", feeling pretty ambivalent about Aqua's bizarre bubble-gum hit, "Barbie Girl", and generally hating anything by the Backstreet Boys.

To be fair, my memories of the nineties could be skewed by my age, or lack thereof, at the time. I was but a clump of embryonic cells when the nineties began, and a nine-year old when they bid adieu. Therefore, my recollection of the public response to, say, Nirvana's *Nevermind*, doesn't exist—I had just turned one when it was released. But, for the most part, I actually think my youthfulness was an asset to my role as a cultural observer of dominant trends. I didn't have the knowledge or interest that it took to delve into the underground, art-house, indie world. As a six-year old, I only cared about the most obvious cultural phenomena that were happening around me. And my blankie.

So, does that mean we are living a lie when we define the nineties as the glory days of Nirvana, Sonic Youth, Neutral Milk Hotel, etc.? Not really—because the nature of the music industry was totally different than it is today. Back then, the gap between mainstream music and indie/underground music was very real and very distinct. Being signed to a major record label really meant something back then. Unlike today, when

the advent of digital downloads and social media marketing means that pretty much every label gets an equal slice of the marketing pie, major labels in the nineties had access to more resources and connections than indie outfits could ever dream of.

In essence, this means that I didn't know about Neutral Milk Hotel when I was nine because I had no easy way to find them and they had no easy way to find me. I was a pretty hip kid, or so I thought. But they, and other bands, were too cutting-edge for even the hippest radio stations that I, and everyone else, listened to. Plus, I had no way of finding them over the 'net, since my computer time was pretty much limited to playing lame dial-up internet games on AOL Kids and typing spelling words on ClarisWorks. Ha!

But it's not totally clear as to why the lesser-known music of the nineties is experiencing a resurgence, while nineties mainstream is so... passé. I'd chalk it up to emerging technology—music blogs and downloading sites have made some hard-to-find nineties tunes more accessible now than they've ever been. Sure, you can stock up on your favorite used boy band CDs on Amazon for a penny apiece (seriously), but



brie toomey

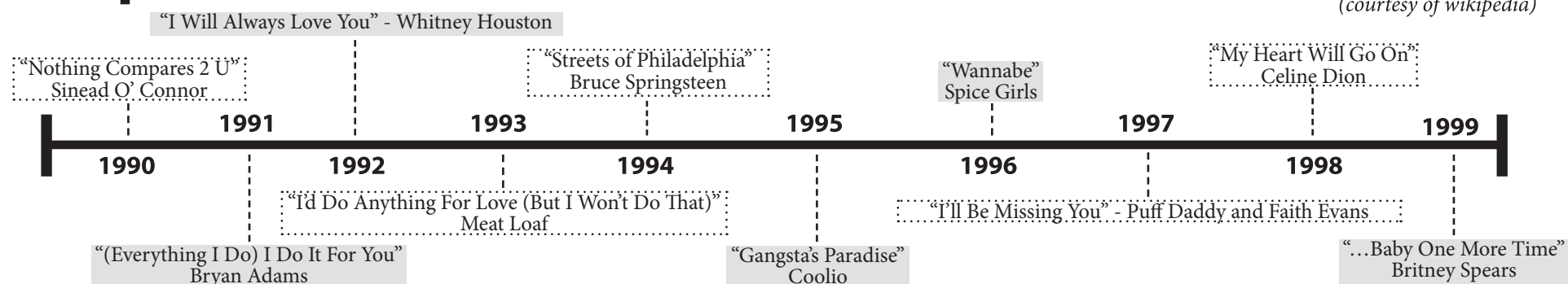
you can also stream or download more obscure stuff, like 7 Year Bitch or Cadillac, for free. For the most part, it no longer matters whether a physical copy of the music is out of print, rare, or import-only, because you can find just about anything online.

In time, perhaps "what's cool" about the nineties will change. What's happening now is just an example of how selective cultural memory really can be. I mean, who knows? Twenty years from now, Animal Collective could be the only band we remember for 2012.

And Sean Paul...could be a nobody! ■

top 1990s radio hits you might be surprised by how many nineties hits you've never heard of!

(courtesy of wikipedia)



righteous reissue!

a reminder that olivia tremor control was a pretty sweet band

by dylanmccarthy

The Elephant 6 Recording Company stands as one of the most successful, fully realized, and downright strange record labels in indie rock history. It was formed by four high school friends in the late 1980's who all shared a strong admiration for groups like The Beatles, The Zombies, and The Beach Boys—and an appreciation for musical experimentation. Come to think of it, over the past few years, Burlington has become a conduit for members of the Elephant 6. Remember Of Montreal's FallFest performance in 2009 or last summer's appearance of the legendary Jeff Mangum at the Unitarian church (starting his first tour in over 11 years)! And, just recently, one of Elephant 6's lesser-known bands that Jeff Mangum used to be apart of, The Olivia Tremor Control, began reissuing their albums. The first of the two, a 1996 album entitled *Music from the Unrealized Film Script, Dusk at Cubist Castle*, presents a delicious world that fuses 60's throwback pop, psychedelic riffs, infectious hooks, and irresistibly bizarre experimentation in a (mostly) incredible manner. Clocking in at 75 minutes with a staggering 27-song track list, one might be intimidated to engage this album, but have no fear, as instant gratification awaits any and all listeners!

The first 11 tracks on *Dusk at Cubist Castle* are damn near flawless. These tracks all feel full of life and joy! Skilled instrumentals jam through the lo-fi exterior, catchy hooks appear out of crazy left turns, and all demand multiple listens be-

fore even wanting to go further down the track list.

"Jumping Fences" sounds like Guided By Voice's take on "Wouldn't it Be Nice"—it's short and impossibly blissful in spite of its melancholy lyrics. "Define a Transparent Dream" is another high point of the album. Its first half simultaneously sounds like it's being played at Woodstock and could be mistaken for MGMT or Empire of the Sun's latest summer single (in a very good way). At the halfway point, the song suddenly sounds like it's falling apart; the tempo shifts and the music is clearly playing the musicians. My favorite track, "No Growing (Exegesis)," best showcases OTC's capability to rock the fuck out while still maintaining lyrical excellence. Lead singer Will Cullen Hart belts out, "There is no growing in knowing where you're going," just before a "Helter Skelter" reminiscent guitar piece takes over. "Courtyard" is a downright adorable, simple, Brit-pop song admitting the singer's weakness around his true love as Hart shamelessly confesses, "I'm always going back/ always going back to/ going back to where you are."

All's not happy and dandy in the world of *Cubist Castle*, however. One can't ignore the experimental center of the album, the "Green Typewriters" saga ranging tracks 12-21. "Green Typewriters I" and "Green Typewriters IV" are sadly the only remarkable songs in this saga. "Green Typewriters I" is a strictly John Lennon- and Brian Wilson-inspired tune. The lo-fi buzz compliments the warped, trippy hook as Hart murmurs, "Hey, it's been so long/ I'm

out on the lawn/ watching a hundred typewriters soaked in green paint." "Green Typewriters IV" is another Brit-pop empowered jam, utilizing the same mastery of psychedelic instrumentals found on the first half of the album. "Green Typewriters V" comes out of nowhere with creepy buzzing, ominous hiss and feedback, and insistent rhythm to produce the album's first unpleasant track. Things don't get much better for the next few tracks either. By the time you're a minute into "Green Typewriters VII," you'll be unpacking strange pieces of speech from a deep evil and it's hard to tell if you're really listening to the same album that had such upbeat and powerful songs as "The Opera House" and "Holiday Surprise 1,2,3." Shit really hits the fan with "Green Typewriters VIII," a clearly "Revolution 9" inspired, 10-minute piece of boring ambience and directionless, empty noise.

If you've made it this far, OTC welcomes listeners back to their psychedelic side. The last six tracks sound much more like the first half of the album, but don't quite reach the same level of wonder. However, the closer "NYC-25" is certainly the album's best love song as Hart sings to his proposed lover, "Pleasant dreams, but please don't sleep too long/ everything you need is right here."

All in all, *Cubist Castle* offers two sections of dreamy, psychedelic pop/rock with bold experimentation sandwiched in between. And this is the best sandwich I've gotten hold of in quite some time. ■

créatif stuffé.

the cipher

by kerrymartin

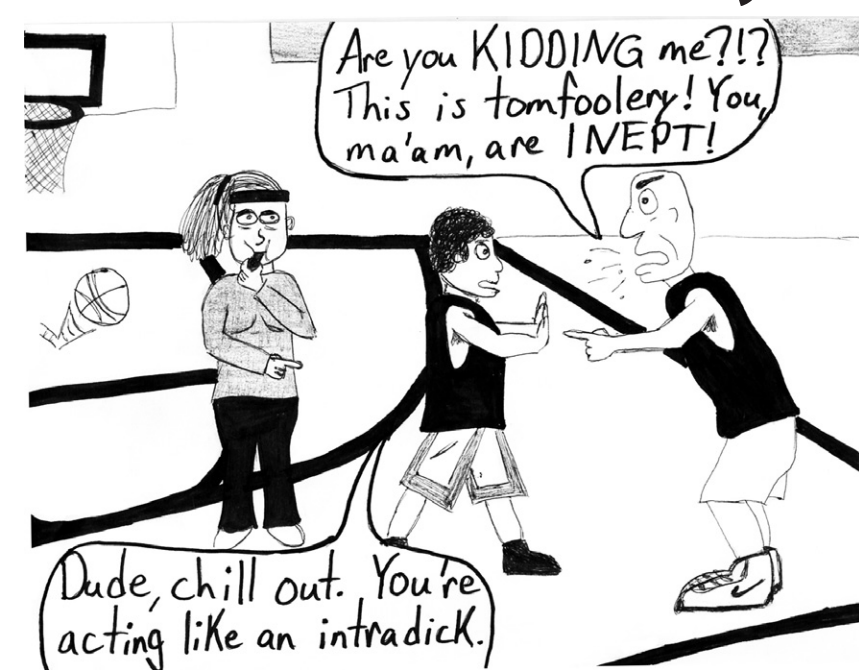
On those long days, when the average Catamount gets batted between Old Mill, Bailey Howe, and the Grundle eight times, encountering the intolerably pretentious professors and the accidentally hipster homeless, it's in our nature to sit down, take a deep breath, and make sense of our jumbled thoughts through lyrical genius. Now, for the first time, all you aspiring UVMCs can expose your hip-hop taste buds to the water tower by rapping on a variety of topics. This week, we gut Champ.

It's insane, a dinosaur in Lake Champlain?
A mundane Vermont myth, let me be plain
Invented by hipsters tryin' to break from the main
I'll blow your brain by giving Champlain a drain
And leave that Loch Ness poser gasping for water
Fictitious slaughter like Voldy killin' Lily Potter
You're grimy, I've seen you swim like an otter
Up the stream of a girl who looks like Champ's daughter
That monster exists, it lives in the dampest,
Wettest part of the state, that's UVM campus
Forties taped to our hands, we want to but can't piss
What's worse is Champ's pong skills, he can't miss
Champ's always down to drink like it's New Years Eve
Try not to heave when you yell "I Believe!"

Next week, we shoot arrows through Valentine's Day. Send your flows to kmarti15@uvm.edu by Thursday at 4:00 PM with the subject "My flow is too grimy, Ganges River" (or something to that effect). The week after next, we grill Sodexo (you can send me those raps too). ■

barely-urban dictionary

with patrickleene



intradick (noun): the one kid who takes intramural sports far too seriously

a year without fullness

by bethziehl

Walking the sidewalk, nothing seems to fill the empty spaces. The pavement sparkles in the dim walkway light and the black ice glistens. I breathe out and watch my breath dissipate in the cold air of the night. I pull my hat down tighter around my head and begin to walk faster. My boots make a satisfying noise as they hit the pavement, making me feel less alone. I glance behind me to check that no one is there and see only the shadows thrown by the streetlights. I worry that I will slip on a patch of ice and make a fool of myself, but no one is around to see me, so it's silly that I care. And yet, I do.

This is how it's been. This is how I've let things become. I walk this sidewalk because I feel like it knows me. It's cracked and damaged, beat up by the elements, and yet, there is a glimmer of hope in the flecks of mica within its substance. Things aren't all bad. Things are never all bad, but so much of the time, that's what I see. That's who I am. I can be so hard on myself sometimes.

I try my best to fill the hours so there won't be time to think of the emptiness I feel, but nothing works. It's always there, hollowing out a hole inside me as I fall asleep, all the more painfully obvious by morning.

I can't seem to fill these spaces in my life and all I see around me is an overwhelming vacancy. I call friends on the phone, sometimes only to hear a common voice and to pass time, but in the end, I am just where I was in the beginning: alone. It's nothing new to me. Maybe it's not something to be proud of, but I'm good at being alone.

I don't try to be a recluse. I just get stuck in my head a lot. Being an introvert, I know I need my time alone, but there reaches a point when one is just too alone.

What I feel is something new to me and it's difficult to describe. It's a sad, hurt empty. I've been many kinds of "empty" in my life, but this one is different. This is more like a left behind, forgotten empty. And an emptiness formed by trying so hard at things only to have another road block put in front and not knowing how to handle it. In many cases, just not wanting to put in the effort to deal with it. That's been my year. Sometimes, in this silence, I want to yell, "When does it fucking stop?" but I know it is pointless. It will only reverberate off the buildings and settle in the cracks in the sidewalk below my feet.

I wish there was a way to fix emptiness, but I don't think there's a remedy for it. There's not some equation where "a" plus "b" yields fullness. It doesn't work that way. I don't have a solution right now. I only hope that with time, it will pass or it will be filled. And I can hope that maybe, eventually, I won't walk these sidewalks and constantly be reminded of my deprecating desolation.

I listen to my footsteps again and shove my hands deeper into my coat pockets, trying to push these thoughts as far away as possible. The convenience store on the corner offers a minor reprieve. I stop to buy a pack of cigarettes and smoke outside on the street because at least smoking is one thing that is accepted by society to do alone. ■

the taste of you

by georgeloftus

smoke fills the room scratches paint the floor the only thing louder than the music is everyone else laughing smiling drinking your hands reach across the table the dark color a perfect contrast to the white cigarette they just rolled you ask if I want to go outside just be alone for a moment I don't smoke but I will for you let's just be alone if only for a moment allow our smoke to fill the sky for once and give our kitchen a much needed break

we inhale slowly and eyes lock until it's awkward a petty laugh breaks the silence apart a cut in my lungs as I struggle to breathe the compensation, the effort is more than I'm used to ultimately it's pleasant, the constriction in my brain a relaxing wave that drowns my words for the second time tonight for me, forever

they'll taste like you.

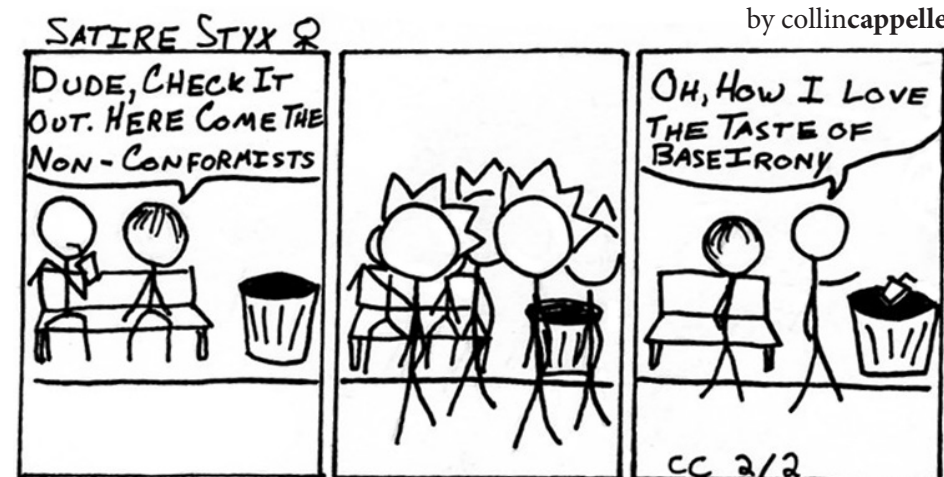
yiddle me this

by theyiddler

i. Atop a hill, a quivering eye, There my lid, were there a sigh. A fickle red fox, waxing and waning. Slip into night, darkness, its plaything. My heart it burns, my body she cries. Upon a mound my tomb shall lie.

ii. Contained in the whale-road am I. In the dark do I hide. Wise do I sound. Simple am I found.

answers to last week's yiddles: glasses and moon



by collincappelle

cat litter. mountain bingo



a game to amuse you when you hit the slopes

by adrikopp and gregjacobs

Any form of camouflage	Empty beer can on the trail	Tiny kid in the terrain park	Falling off the lift ramp	Dropped ski pole
Slalom gates	Someone wrapped around a tree	Complete yard sale	Animal hat	Pants at half mast
Someone wiping out with a camera	Leash kid	STEEZE (Free Space)	Tokin' on the lift	Russian furry hat
French Canadians swearing	Blinking light on a helmet	One-piece snow suit	Someone just reading in the lodge	Ski patrol sled rescue
Person running into the lift gates	Adult on the bunny slope conveyor belt	Hitch-hikers	Doing a split on the rail	Epic collision

win rusko tix!

submit a haiku about why you love dubstep!

post it on **the water tower's** facebook page or send an email to thewatertownews@gmail.com with the subject "dubstep haiku!"

submissions are due by 5 pm on Thursday, Feb. 9th
one winner will receive TWO TICKETS to Rusko at Memorial Auditorium on Feb. 12th.
the five best haikus will be featured in next week's issue of the **wf!**



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We want your input!

The L/L Mural Ad-Hoc committee is asking the UVM community to submit themes for the mural that shall take the place of the current L/L El Salvador mural. For more information and to submit your theme, visit the online survey!

Visit the survey at bit.ly/LLMural

Survey closes February 10